

Patience and Practice

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Chapter 1 to 4

Table of Contents

Contents

Table of Contents.....	2
Chapter: 1.....	3
Chapter: 2.....	13
Chapter: 3.....	23
Chapter: 4.....	39

Chapter: 1

Without her, the living room was too quiet and cold. I wanted to go back to her, to hold her warm, soft body, to feel her breathing align with my own...

She'd been so stressed this week over her classes that we'd cancelled our usual Wednesday date. It was just one blip in our schedule, but I'd missed her so much. The drive and all-day wait in Seattle were hell. Our time together was already limited.

Once I finally had her home with me, we'd settled down for a movie and talked and relaxed. Seven minutes after the introduction, she was asleep. Exhaustion from her studies had taken a toll on her, and despite our mutual excitement to be together again, she was so tired. While she slept, I watched three films back-to-back, holding her close and smelling her hair. I finally took her to my bed a few hours ago, but she hardly stirred through all of that movement.

I groaned in frustration, thinking of waking her tomorrow. I would let her sleep for as long as she needed to, but if her rest continued into the afternoon, I could give her a nice wake-up. I imagined kissing her throat and the spot behind her ear until she opened her eyes, the sunlight hopefully streaming into my room, warming everything. My cock twitched at the thought of how she would react to me... She loved it when I touched her, kissed her, and held her... and I wanted to do those things right now... but I was out *here* again. Sleeping alone and miserable... pretending to watch television... *fucking hiding...*

I didn't like it, but I wasn't sure what my big fucking complaint was either; there was simply no other choice. I'd already learned I was incapable of refusing her, having given in to her the weekend before last. As I'd tried honestly to excuse myself from the bed, she'd pouted and reminded me of her trust in me, begging me to stay, wrapping her warm body around mine, disabling my will to leave with soft, sweet kisses and reassuring touches. I stayed and after she fell asleep, I tried so hard to stay awake, but she relaxed me and I'd slipped.

Thankfully, I awoke only sweating and breathing heavily, the nightmare retreating before I could wake her.

I wanted her to be happy with me and I wanted her to trust me, but after that night, my sleeping restrictions were crucial to maintain. I was still a risk to her.

My fist clenched around the stopwatch, my reassurance that the alarm would sound, that I would rise before dawn, before she woke. Turning into the blanket again, I sighed in frustration, picturing her discovering me out here anyway. She *would* be upset, she *would* worry, and I didn't

want her to, because she had enough on her mind with school and other obligations. With me, I wanted her to be happy. *If she does come downstairs, you'll hear...*

That was true. I was vigilant. I had no reason to be anxious she would discover me, and once the night passed, I could work out, read and wait for her to wake up...

Suddenly I heard... *a sound...* from my room...

The noise diverted my attention, my shoulders snapping tight as adrenaline burst through my veins. Alert now, I sat up completely and shrugged off the blanket, reaching for the remote.

The volume was set on two and she wouldn't hear me gradually turn it up. I hit the button then, shrugging the blanket aside as if I wasn't trying to sleep. The quiet murmur of the television filled the room was barely audible as I strained to hear the sound again. But only silence set in. It *must* have been Bella... *Is she awake?*

Staring at the television, I formulated my excuse in case she were to emerge: I couldn't sleep. Easy enough... I raised the volume again, still listening hard, training my hearing to the stairs but getting nothing. I heard a soft noise again... *She does talk in her sleep... Oh...*

If she was talking and dreaming, I wanted to watch and listen. Hopping up, taking the steps three at a time, my heart raced with sudden exertion and the prospect of seeing her. Last time she'd giggled in her sleep, and if she did so again, I could and would lie down with her for that, knowing sleep wouldn't take me. And I wasn't looking for an excuse to go in there either; these moments were special and I wanted to appreciate them.

Hitting the landing, I stopped before quietly tiptoeing in, grinning at the sight before me. Her back was to the door, and I caught a full view of her little cotton tank top and shorts bunched from rowdy sleep, revealing slivers of the curves I wanted to touch. The room was cold, but she'd kicked off the comforter. Rounding the bed in six steps, I stared at her sleeping figure. One soft leg was exposed, wrapped partially in a tangle of white sheets. She was spread out all over the bed, her face peaceful, tranquil, beautiful.

I wondered how she would react if I slipped underneath the stack of covers, sliding straight to her. The bed would be so warm. Licking my lips, thinking of kissing that soft, full mouth again... I pictured her riding me sleepily, moaning and whimpering for me, her little fingers on my chest for support, her long hair bouncing over her breasts. *Oh fuck...* I wanted her on top of me so badly and I wondered what she'd do if I shifted her in that position. I wanted to feel her, to have her *now*.

I could slide in next to her so quickly; she would feel instantly just how hard I was for her. How would she wake up? Would she be surprised and shy, or playful and sexy? She sighed then, her lips parting slightly with the sound. She looked so pretty and sounded so peaceful. Did I really want to disturb her for sex?

And wait...what did Bella want?

I wasn't sure, but I realized that once again my selfishness quickly overlooked her needs. She was so tired earlier, exhausted was two in the morning... And was I just looking for an excuse to be with her in the warm bed? I wanted her to be comfortable in my house, and now it seemed inconsiderate to rouse her, especially after the long week she'd had. When had I become so dependent on her? *Since the beginning...* my mind whispered. That was possibly true, but what would any man do? I loved her.

Maybe I could just lie down...

If you lie down, you'll end up waking her... Enough, go back to sleep.

I groaned quietly in resignation. I wouldn't disturb her; that was the right thing to do. Imagining doing anything else was just self-torture.

With my mind made up, I forced my feet towards the door, but as I began to shut it, the sound of shifting blankets captured my attention. Glancing back, I watched her with renewed want as she turned her body towards the middle of the bed, seeking comfort from a new sleeping position, sending those shorts up higher...

"Edward..." she sighed softly as I stood listening. *Edward?*

She was thinking of me, dreaming of me?... As I crossed the room, coming closer to the bed, my hand twitched to touch her. She really would be so warm, so soft... and she was *dreaming* of me.

Memories of our last night at her dorm came forward as I clutched myself in restraint. I'd waited with her in my arms until she'd fallen asleep, planning on reading one of her books, but she began murmuring my name. Her hands had roamed my body and watching her was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. When I woke her, we'd started all over again.

"Mmmm..." she moaned quietly. *Fuck...*

I groaned back, clutching myself hard as I watched her. Again, I pictured her riding me deep, her thighs against my hips, wondering if she'd start off slow and shy, gradually working for her orgasm, or if she'd open up instead? I wanted to lie back and let her take over. *Oh God...* she would be so tight and wet.

The state of the precarious fucking hem on her shorts tore at my resolve to return to the living room, and suddenly the idea seemed impossible to entertain. I stared for a few more seconds, picturing slipping off her shorts and taking her like this, from behind... we'd never been together that way yet... Would it feel good for her? *Of course it would...*

She raised the leg draped over the comforter then, and I watched, rapt, as she shifted forward, arching her hips into the bunched-up blankets. She moaned quietly again. She was having a *sex dream...*

And just like that, the battle was over.

I quit.

I would try once; if she was too tired or not interested, I would stop.

I made my way to her, sliding into bed, keeping distance between her and my aching erection. Her ass was right there, supple and half covered. The sheets were warm and I smelled her soft scent as I slid my arm under her pillow. Leaning into her slowly, I kissed her neck upwards before licking and sucking my spot at her shoulder. She loved it when I did that, perhaps she'd even dreamed of this?

Her shoulder shifted forward and she moaned softly as I kissed the spot again, tasting her skin, moving my mouth to the top of her neck. I closed my eyes and savored the feeling of her skin as she moaned once more, waking slowly.

"Hi..." she whispered sleepily. From my position at her shoulder, I could see her eyes flutter open briefly.

"Hi," I whispered back, still kissing her. I wasn't going to waste any time. She needed to know my intentions.

"I want you, but I know you're tired. Do you want me to stop?" I asked her seriously, fairness and complete compliance in my voice.

"No..." she whispered shakily. I loved her sounds, so sweet and sexy... *Yes...she wants me.*

"Then I won't," I groaned quietly against her ear, feeling so close to her, happy she wanted this too.

I slid my hand to the curve of her waist, up her shirt to her soft breasts, causing a moan. She filled my hand and I squeezed lightly... *Fuck...warm skin...soft...*

"Did you have good dreams?..." I asked between soft kisses. She sighed as I continued to touch her nipples the way she liked.

"Yes..." she breathed back, admitting what we both knew. I wanted to ask her what she dreamed of specifically, but I knew she would be shy. *Patience... these things require patience...*

Her leg shifted against the sheets and I moved my hips parallel to hers then, my hard-on pressing into her supple ass.

"Of me?" I asked, determined lust clouding my word filter, knowing her answer.

"Yes..." she breathed again, shuddering as she felt how hard I was for her. *What were you dreaming of?* I silently wondered. I would ask her soon enough... I groaned considering her

possible answers, sucking and licking her earlobe.

"God..." I whispered, arching my hips into her. I needed her to know what she did to me. "Do you feel that?"

She whimpered and my eyes closed at the sound. *Fuck...*

I wanted to touch her where it counted and neither of us wanted to go slowly. She shifted her hips back into me as I made my way down the middle of her stomach before turning my wrist, spreading my fingers out, feeling every inch of her.

She moaned again and shifted her arm underneath her side, sliding it up to meet mine under the pillow. Our fingers locked together then in the sweetest fucking gesture. Without much thought, my hand continued lower, wanting to know how wet she was for me, how good her dreams were...

I passed her belly button as her shoulder tensed against my chest and our breaths spasmed together in the silence. Softly, I slid one finger down against her soaked clit. *So wet...* She gasped as I moaned. *Oh...*

"You like that?" I asked, blurting my familiar question without thinking.

"Yes..." she moaned.

Dipping my finger lower and sucking the skin of her shoulder, I started a rhythm, touching her in small circles, shifting my hips into her. I couldn't wait to be inside.

She moaned so prettily as I breathed hard against her shoulder, my cock throbbing and anxious for entrance and friction.

The movement of her other arm caught my attention and I froze as small, warm fingers slid under her shorts, ghosting from my forearm to the top of my hand. When they settled on top of mine, the meaning clicked. She wanted to show me? *Oh yes...*

I wanted her to guide and my hand instantly relaxed as we stilled, only she hesitated to lead. I waited for a second; our breathing ragged as the tension thickened, wondering what she would do. Did my stopping make her nervous? *Please...open up... relax and let go...*

"Show me..." I whispered encouragingly against her skin. "Please..." *Give me your secrets... show me how to touch you...* I begged her silently.

Another second passed, so I started again, softly stroking her in light circles with the tip of my finger, barely enough, hoping she needed more. Her hand lay still and light against mine as I continued though, methodical and gentle, listening to her breathing stutter with mine.

My imagination and questions quickly hit overdrive. I pictured her, alone in her dorm and

comfortable in her bed, innocently touching herself, imagining my hands in place of her own. *Did she like touching herself when she was alone? Did she play with her body and think of me? How did she do it, what made her feel good?*

I couldn't help but fucking whimper roughly at the thought as she shifted her hips against mine to open her legs a little more. I wanted to ask her, but knew that I couldn't. I had to be tactful and consider these moves thoroughly. Drawing attention to her discomfort wasn't wise. She was my shy girl, and lust or no that might embarrass her.

All my senses trained on her as she pressed my fingers into her skin before gradually taking control. I let her lead, sucking and nibbling all over her neck, careful not to disturb her instruction with unnecessary movement. A soft hiss left her lips as she pressed further, showing me she wanted more.

After a moment, we were both so fucking turned on, and her fingers grew more insistent as her hips shifted harder into our hands. I tried to see, but I wasn't going to move from my spot at her neck. She was enjoying this and her sweet moans filled my head...

But, *fuck*, I was beginning to really need her... the urge, the push to have her was growing stronger by the minute. Brushing her clit worked her up so nicely, and she was so wet for me... I could only imagine how badly she wanted me inside...

On the next stroke, I decided to find out. As we made our way down, I slipped two fingers inside of her to see how she liked that.

She moaned, feeling my fingers reach as far as they could. *Tight...wet... Oh fuck yes...* I pulled out and met her hand again, shuddering against her shoulder as my mind buzzed, intent on doing that again when we stroked back down. We slipped up and then back again, and my fingers found her once more.

"Mmm..." she moaned deeply again, a sound of permission. I groaned at that hot shit as I slid out and then in again and again, forgetting our process from a moment ago. My breathing was deep and hard, and I was so fucking excited to feel her, to be with her again, to please her. I was ready...

"I need you..." I whispered familiar words again, slipping in repeatedly, absorbing her whimpers, and imagining having her right here, right now.

"Me too..." she whimpered needily in return.

Her agreement only made me harder. Quickly, my hand moved to her hips as my fingers found the elastic of her shorts. I pulled, but her hand met mine then as she helped me. I watched in a daze, panting with want as she pulled the cloth from her hips, shimmying out of them. Her blue tank-top was the only clothing she had on, and I wanted to take it off, but it was cold in the room...

With that consideration, I reached up and grabbed the comforter, spreading it over us with a snap of my wrist. She tucked the cloth under her arm, waiting for me. With one quick slip, my sleep pants were gone and she was there, warm and silky, ready. I could make her feel good... make the worries of her week disappear for just a little while...

"You're so soft..." I whispered, sliding my hand down her hips to her knee. Her hand clutched mine underneath the pillow as our fingers laced tighter. I kissed her neck as I palmed the back of her thigh, sliding her forward for me a little more. *Yes... inside...*

Groaning in anticipation, I angled my hips downward, leaning in to her body as my knee settled against the inside of her thigh, the other bent forward a little more. I was so fucking hard for her, and I slipped between her legs easily, sliding the swollen tip of my cock in first before thrusting, filling her perfectly. I was *in*. My thoughts escaped all rational placement as hot pleasure left me speechless and immobile. *Raw... Perfect*. I groaned low again and so did she. *Fucking unreal...*

I raised my head from her shoulder then and watched her mouth part as I pulled back and slid in again, my hips meeting her ass softly as I filled her once more. I settled my head behind hers and relaxed then, trailing my fingers down her stomach again as I pulled back and thrust gently.

My breath hitched as she keened that pretty sound of pleasure once more. Motion caught my eye and I raised my head, looking down at her soft skin shaking against my hips again. I'd not pulled the blanket high enough and it was slipping, revealing more of her as I continued. I shifted once and thrust again, watching. *Fuck... I can't handle all of this at once...*

"Mmmm..." she moaned back as I slipped in and out, firm and slow but so fucking tight.

I wanted to finger her again, to touch her, to please her, to make her come for me. My hand slid from her hip to her clit again. *Wet...* I groaned in lust the moment my fingers made contact. *Fuck... fight back... not yet...*

I steeled my resolve, continuing slowly with a smooth rhythm, closing my eyes, burying my head into her neck. I continued my rubbing and shifting, licking the taste of skin from her shoulder, her hips rocking into my hand. *So good...*

My mind blanked as I drove my hips forward again and again. I let myself go and no worry I had could break through this...

She moaned my name, already anxious for more of her clit, I panted against her neck and sped up slightly, wanting more already too. Satisfaction ran through me on a deeper level and I wanted to hear my name on her lips again, expressing her pleasure. *Yes...say it again...* I prayed silently, thrusting slightly harder then. The covers slid down further as we continued, revealing all of her skin, her hips and thighs, pale and glowing against the white sheets.

"Say my name again..." I begged her shamelessly, staring down at our connection, seeing myself slip in and out of her now. "Please..." I shuddered, still watching.

"Edward..." she moaned, feeling my lengthened stride and the depth I could reach this way. I moaned back in satisfaction, watching her soft ass shake as I continued, the raw feeling consuming me as her wetness made it so easy for me to move...

She moaned as I touched her, pulling and pinching the soaked skin of her clit.

"So...deep..." she whimpered, sending me into her even deeper, just a little harder. I continued with my sucking, growling at the taste of her sweat and shampoo.

The itch to come hit me all at once again and I knew I wouldn't last much longer. Her bent knee slipped forward more as I leaned my chest into her back then, pressing her into the bed to tap every bit of her, filling her completely, deeply, absolutely. Leaning her onto her stomach, just enough that her breasts were visible from the side as they pressed against the bed, I thrust faster and longer. Her mouth was open as she stuttered breathless moans for me. I was making her feel good. *Only me.*

I looked down again, watching myself slide in and out harder now, grasping the edge of her hip again to angle her forward a little more. *Keep her happy...*

"Come for me tonight..." I moaned into her ear, thrusting hard.

She gasped and then moaned back, shifting her hips with me.

"I might..." she whimpered. "It feels..."

I huffed, shivering at her words and the hot friction as I continued shifting into her. I wanted her to keep talking.

"Tell me..." I whispered raggedly, my mind barely able to form words. I always wanted to know, and rarely could she tell me.

"It's..." she tried, stuttering a breath each time I thrust, getting deeper and deeper. The end was already close. There was too much build up, too many stimuli, too much of her. *Make it good while it lasts...*

I shifted my hips upward then, hoping to coax the words out of her, thrusting into her at a slight angle. I growled in pleasure as several consecutive whimpers from her pushed me to continue moving hard and fast. "Talk to me..." I whispered.

She moaned desperately again at my words. Suddenly, her palm met my hand as she shifted me to play with her again, pushing my fingers roughly against her clit.

"Want me to touch you again?" I groaned, verbalizing her gestures, teasing her as she gasped and moaned in agreement.

I was beginning to speak my mind freely, touching her with desperation and she needed to hurry.

I was already speeding towards release and each time she shifted back, intensifying the tight angle we had together, my resistance grew weaker. The absolute pleasure that she brought me on every possible level felt magnified in this moment. This was the height of it, the perfect physical expression of what I felt for her.

"Can't last long..." I managed as I pinched and pulled her clit hard, rubbing her roughly as she cried out in pleasure. I continued relentlessly as she gasped and moaned sweet simpers.

I dug deep then, groaning against her skin as I hit the end of her over and over.

And with that, her body stiffened and her hips locked, the stability increasing my pleasure two-fold, and I drove harder and deeper, feeling the tightness of her as she clenched around me. She came for me then and I watched her soft skin slap hard against my hips as she moaned in time with my thrusts. Her sweet sounds filled the room; the heat of her was intense and the realization I'd pleased her again swelled everything, crumbling my ability to hold back.

Mine... I thrust in... *always...* I pulled out... Continuing to pinch her as she whimpered in satisfaction, shivering and clutching my hands tightly, still riding out her orgasm.

I was drunk on her and *us*, thrusting wildly, consumed with the sensation of her wet heat, the shock of euphoria sweeping through me... Without thinking, I sped up even further, swiftly seeking more friction, more heat... more of her... and that was the end.

Digging my head into her hair, I managed a warning.

"Oh..." I stuttered, unfathomable pleasure ripping through me. "I'm coming..." I moaned in relief, holding her hands tight.

She moaned at my words and pressed her hips back into me, still giving me what I wanted. Everything spun quickly, and I came then, groaning against her shoulder as her body stuck to mine. Her hips were locked tightly in place, and I hit her deep, repeatedly, thrusting hard, and coming inside of her. Overwhelming satisfaction occupied my senses as I shuddered, coming a little more as the high of her sex left me breathless and content.

It was over then, and too quickly the silence of my room was filled only with our breathing. Relief and love for her rose in my chest and I held her to me, kissing her neck and the back of her shoulders. My arm wrapped around her waist as I pulled her in my grasp. She snuggled back, and we calmed and lay together quietly, still connected and catching our breath.

We relaxed and I slipped out of her, groaning at the loss before rolling to my back, pulling her to lie against my chest. She came to me, wrapping her body around mine and dragging the thick down over us completely. Closing my eyes, I sighed, feeling free and happy. Warmed and loved by her. She sighed too before giggling breathlessly against my chest.

Looking down, I chuckled at the sight before me. Her hair was ridiculous and tangled. Her lips

were swollen and her eyes sleepy; she looked beautiful.

"What?" I asked eagerly, slightly tired now. I'd missed her company.

"How did you know I was dreaming about you?" she asked shyly.

"You were talking a little in your sleep, but you only whispered my name," I whispered, pushing away the collection of dark strands covering my special spot on her shoulder. "I liked it."

She groaned into my chest, embarrassed and I laughed.

"There's no reason to be shy..." *I dream about you*, I wanted to say. *Only you... always...* "I liked it...obviously..."

She groaned again before sighing once in embarrassment. I kept my mouth shut as she settled against me further, burrowing her head against my chest until she was comfortable. I touched her slowly, feeling the soft skin and silky texture of her hair as my fingertips slid up the side of her neck, and back down again. Her eyes were heavy and fluttering closed, so I assumed she was going back to sleep.

The couch...

I wanted to lie here and sleep with her until morning, but I knew that I couldn't. *Ten minutes*, I told myself. I would go back and bring her something for our mess before leaving, but for now I would stay for a little longer. Lying with her like this was too warm and comfortable. With that thought, I nudged her closer and she complied, wrapping her arms and legs even tighter around mine.

"I love sleeping here..." she whispered after a few seconds of silence. I smiled and my heart swelled at her admission. *"I love sleeping here..."* She'd never said that to me before and her words made me fucking happy. That was all that I wanted, for her to be happy with me, in the home I would share with her when she was ready. She squeezed my chest with her arm then, hugging me.

I held her back, feeling the peace and happiness that only she could bring me.

"I love when you're here too..." I murmured that understatement, playing with the long hair against her shoulder.

As she got more comfortable, I relaxed completely, feeling her comfort take over as our skin stuck together under the covers. Everything was warm and soft, and touching her soothed me. For just a moment, the haze of relaxation took over and I settled into the bed with her, my mind clear of worries, my body completely hers.

Before long, I began to drift off to sleep...

Suddenly, her head popped up from my chest, her eyes meeting mine with a quizzical look.

“What?” I asked, immediately awake and concerned. *You were falling again... Shit.* I needed to get up, but not yet. She needed to fall back asleep first...

“Do you hear that?” she asked, listening carefully.

“Hear what?” I asked again, distracted. Her lidded eyes looked confused.

“Is the television on downstairs?” she whispered curiously.

Chapter: 2

Another round of giggles erupted, shaking us both. We’d enjoyed the sunset and she was playful tonight.

“What’s gotten in to you?” I asked, holding her close, kissing the side of her neck softly. “I like it.”

“Nothing, really – it’s just nice to be here with you. I can relax,” she said quietly, her voice lower than before. It was easy to distract her. I acknowledged the pang of justification her words generated, reminding myself that this *was* her place to relax, to be free from stress. She was happy with me here, and Dr. Cullen’s suggestions be damned, I wasn’t going to compromise that.

“Mmm...” I murmured in agreement, breathing in the scent of her hair and forgetting about my worries for now. “You slept so long today.” She’d slept until one in the afternoon.

“I needed the sleep. I feel better now, though.”

The sun was nearly gone and I wondered whether she’d be willing to stay out here for a while now. The sky would be nice tonight, so we could watch the stars. If not, we’d need to hit the trail soon to avoid walking by flashlight. I wasn’t sure what she wanted to do, but I’d been inside all day, waiting for her to wake up. It seemed like I’d hardly seen her since she arrived and already I didn’t want her to go, even though she would have to. A comfortable silence set in as we both became lost in thought. I leaned slightly into her, relaxing. I was still tired and disoriented, but I missed her and she was comfortable. With her in my arms, I was at peace and I relished the feeling.

Fresh, cold wind came in from the west, wisping her hair around and tickling my face. I inhaled deeply as my fatigue subsided, countered by the clean, refreshing breeze and her. She snuggled further into me and I ducked my face into her hair again, absorbing strawberries and clean skin.

She sighed, drawing my attention.

“I’m too full,” she complained leaning back against me, referencing the big dinner we’d made together. “It’s just the two of us, you know. You didn’t have to buy so much food.”

“How else will you eat?” I teased, my nose still against her warm neck, knowing exactly what she was trying to say. I had money and she didn’t, and that bothered her. She didn’t answer at first, but sighed instead. I grinned, feeling my win. She wouldn’t argue this time, which meant I was breaking through that barrier. Pretty soon, I might be able to give her gifts without complaint. “Venison is a delicacy, but do you want to eat it every weekend you’re here?” I asked. She didn’t care for it much, even if she pretended for my sake.

“No,” she conceded with a small giggle. “But, we can go shopping together.”

“You want to spend our time doing chores?” I asked, sounding slightly offended.

“It’s not a chore. We have to eat.”

“Your time is precious,” I snuggled closer. “No.”

I trailed my lips to the bottom of her neck before placing a small kiss above the collar of her sweater.

“No?” she asked.

“No.” I replied, kissing lower. “This is my house and I want to stock it with food. If that happens to be food you like... excellent. You don’t like venison, but that’s what I’ve hunted, so I buy beef. What’s the problem?” I grinned against her skin as she shivered. I was winning. I continued down, stopping short at her collarbone. “Besides, I like making dinner with you.”

She snuggled closer and turned her neck to the side for me, only slivers of her skin were visible. I didn’t like the restriction of her shirt and wanted to take that damn thing off, but I couldn’t. It was too cold out here, and we were last together a mere fourteen hours ago. I didn’t want her to think I only wanted sex during our time together, even though I couldn’t help feeling close to her after last night. Memories of her soft skin appeared and I let them linger, remembering the way she moved with me...

“By the way,” she giggled. “Venison isn’t really a delicacy.”

“Yes it is,” I whispered, recalling many a time it was considered so. The strawberry scent was stronger underneath her hair. I liked the way her warm skin contrasted against the cool strands.

“Most people think it’s gamey,” she smarted. She really was arrogant about cooking and we’d already argued the merits of venison.

“Most, but not all,” I clarified, still absorbed in feeling her skin. “Grilled tenderloin is excellent.”

“Wrapped in bacon,” she quipped. *Good point*, I conceded silently.

“Fine tastes...” I teased, tracing the angle of her neck with my nose. I was making a mess of her hair.

“Yeah right,” she giggled. Her laughter always made me smile, and I wanted to stay here now, but I needed her to make that decision. My head was clouded by her scent and her closeness.

“So, what do you want to do tonight?” I asked, my nuzzling of her hair had revealed a new spot of skin on her neck. I kissed it, regretting I had nothing planned. This was why I wanted to stay in Seattle over the weekends; there was nothing fun to do at my house. That and I could actually sleep at the hotel, with her safe in her dorm.

“I don’t know. Maybe we could play a game,” she suggested suddenly.

“A game?” I asked, my voice growing deeper as lust instantly colored my thoughts. I wondered if she’d let me blindfold her. *Fucking pervert...*

“Yes,” she said, taking my new tone into consideration. *Yes, indeed.*

“What kind of game?” I whispered, intrigued and shamelessly growing hard against her back, thinking of everything I’d like to play. Fucking hide-and-seek, for one. Tag, truth or dare, Twister, all kinds of poker... there was a ring-toss set somewhere in that garage. I was ready for anything, but what did she want to play? And why did the prospect of her suggestion excite me so much?

“Hmm. We could play cards...” she said.

I grinned, wondering which game she had in mind. “Yes, we could. Though I must warn you, I’m a master at all hands.”

She giggled. “You’re so cocky.”

“Am I?” I asked, kissing her neck again. I chuckled, thinking of my cock pressing against her back. Her word choice was accidental, but I teased her without thinking, shifting into her. Her breathing hitched and her shoulders stiffened against my chest.

Just like that, I couldn’t think clearly anymore. She was quickly becoming fucking impossible to resist, sitting right between my legs, so fucking soft and so close to me – too soft and too close to start being playful without consequences. I lowered my hands then, anxious to touch her and kiss her for a minute if she didn’t mind.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, apologizing for my erection and aggression, moving my fingers down the length of her arms.

“It’s okay...” she said sweetly, a little breathless now. *Okay?* Was that an invitation?

“Is it?” I whispered against her ear, hoping she would say ‘yes’.

“Yes,” she whispered back, her voice shy and reluctant, but *aroused*. I knew she liked it, but I wanted her to tell me so.

“Good...” I agreed against her neck, a wave of lust crashing in on me, blurring my thoughts further. I pictured her lying against me, my hands in her panties like this... “Can I touch you?” I whispered, waiting for another ‘yes’, wondering what color they were. She’d come out of the shower earlier fully dressed and I had no idea.

“Mmm...” she moaned, feeling me press against her back now. My fingers twitched once before I filled them with her soft breasts. The moment my hands made contact, my cock stiffened irreversibly. I wanted her and she wanted me. The lust between us was already palpable; we needed to leave now, or I wasn’t sure we would stop...

She exhaled shakily as the cold wind blew past us once more, reminding me of the elements working against us. It was cold, so I began strategizing, considering how to make this work. She felt warm and we had a blanket. My eyes darted to the old tree at the edge of the meadow, its silhouette visible in the dark. So many times I’d fantasized about having her there...

It wasn’t that far away, either. I could pick her up and take her over there, lay her down so easily...

“You want to go back?” I asked, needing a resolution quickly.

“No,” she answered, confirming what I wanted to hear.

I groaned as lust surged, that single word all the permission I needed. Licking and sucking her ear, I moved my hand slowly downward as fantasies begged for consideration. She turned her head to the side and I leaned down, kissing her softly, shivering as her fingers ghosted up my neck and tangled in my hair. I wanted her.

Pulling back to propose that we move, her dazed expression taunted me as I tried to clear my lust, still tasting her kiss. She was delicious and I tried to focus, but as she grasped my thigh to scoot closer, pressing my hard-on firmly against her back, I forgot entirely why I had stopped. She wiggled in even more, her full mouth holding my attention, my thumbs rubbing her nipples as her eyelids closed. I could barely feel them under her sweater, but they hardened as I tasted her again, still sweet from dessert. I couldn’t stop, so I continued, groaning with her as our tongues met.

She whimpered and her legs drifted open for me. *Oh fuck... already?*

“Take off your jeans...” I whispered, breaking away only for those words, picturing her playing along with me like last night. I wouldn’t say anything to encourage her, but I hoped she’d lead

the way again tonight.

“Okay...” she whispered back, her hands darting to the button at her waist. I watched over her shoulder as she unzipped and wiggled out, her back pressing firmly into my cock as she shifted. I groaned at the pressure, kissing her neck and watching intently as her bare legs glowed in the near darkness.

She had on sexy, black panties and the instant she was free, I wrapped my hands around her stomach and pulled her hard against me. We moaned together as she slipped her fingers back into my hair, encouraging me, responding to everything. Without delay, I moved one hand down her stomach until my fingers slipped inside her panties. She moaned and I burned with need to have her now.

“Shit,” I stuttered, feeling her soaking wet already. I tried to keep my mouth shut, but I couldn’t help it. What had I done to make her so wet? I wanted to know, to break open the secrets of what made her want me. The more I knew, the more I could please her... for now, my mind filled with fantasies of laying her on the blanket and pulling her legs to my shoulders.

“You have no idea how...” I rambled thoughtlessly, feeling her breath hitch against my chest.

“Tell me...” she whispered suddenly, gasping quietly as my finger brushed her clit. Her hands were on my thighs, bracing herself and I stared down at my hand, watching. She always let me touch her however I wanted... I groaned at how fucking sexy that was... she really was mine.

“*Tell me...*” Her words came back, barely breaking through my scattered thoughts. She wanted me to *talk* to her and if she was asking, I would tell her. I wanted to. Inhaling her scent, I swept a handful of her hair across her other shoulder, opening more territory for my mouth and told her the truth.

“I wanted you so badly... and last summer...” I murmured against her neck, random memories flashing through my mind: the way she’d giggled on Jasper’s porch, her skin glowing by Alice’s pool, her innocent smile on my porch every night. In the bookstore in Port Angeles and in my clothes that night, soaking wet. I circled firmly against her clit and closed my eyes, enjoying her soft whimpers. “I’ve always wanted you from the first day...” I kissed down her neck until my mouth was halted again by her shirt. It was too cold to take it off, but I wanted access.

I sat up straighter then, nudging her forward, sliding my other hand under her sweater and bra without thinking. The action was swift and she gasped, my cold fingers making contact with her warm skin.

“Sorry...” I apologized, kissing her again, stopping for a moment before teasing her with my fingertips, making it up to her. She moaned and shifted her hips into my other hand, forgiving me. My fingers slipped against her as she gripped my hair tighter. She matched my every movement; want for her surged out of nowhere, pushing me to take her.

“What else?” she whispered. She wants to know more again? That was the second time she

asked. *Ah*, she was curious too. *She's opening up to me.*

“Everytime we were alone... every night... I wanted to kiss you... taste you...” I whispered. “In the cabin...I would've...” I stopped, groaning at the memory of how badly I'd wanted her. I was censoring my words, but my thoughts recalled visions of taking her hard on that countertop. She moaned and I was emboldened by the sound as my imagination flashed my next move. I gave in, finally slipping my fingers inside.

“Yes...” she gasped a deep breath, arching her hips softly into the penetration. I shuddered again, playing in a slow rhythm. She was so fucking wet now.

My incoherent mention of the cabin sparked additional recollections and I saw her again, lying next to me in those white panties with the yellow band, taking my fingers. She was so loud that night. I repeated my actions, sliding inside of her, slipping up to her clit and then back again, inspired by the memories of her hands all over my skin.

I was thoughtless, shifting against her back, sliding my fingers inside repeatedly, lost in memories and fantasies. I wanted inside of her so badly. Thinking was becoming impossible and my imagination hit overdrive as I pictured her taking me from behind on this blanket, her long hair reaching her ass, her back arched for me... her hips in my hands, under my control. *Oh fuck... slow... steady... stop...* I reminded myself. *She's not ready for that yet...*

She wasn't ready; she seemed fucking fragile and that would be deep and intense. She still needed practice. My mind switched to my next fantasy instead as I imagined her in my arms, riding me, her nipples hard from the cold, her skin pale, shaking and blushing... in the meadow at night... in my arms... That image was too much for my restraint. Her leg began to shake and her whimpering was consistent – suddenly, I couldn't wait anymore.

“I want you now...” I whispered seriously. Saying the words aloud made me realize then just how hard I was for her.

“Yes...” she whispered in return.

Yes. I pulled my hand out as she turned quickly between my legs, climbing into my lap as we continued to kiss. She straddled me in her sweater and panties, grasping my neck as I held her in my arms then, loving that she was fucking anxious too.

I ran my hands up her long socks, sliding under the sides of her panties, grasping her bare ass as I thrust my hips upwards. Her skin was so fucking warm and silky and I clutched her as we kissed, sloppy and fucking wet. Under my jeans, the tip of my cock nudged her, and she whimpered with each of my shifts. I pulled her hips against the awkward angle, hoping she would ride me. *Please... stay on top...*

She groaned, shifting and teasing me. *Her sounds...* I could touch her and worship her this way. Soft nipples in my mouth, bouncing for me, coming alive...

But she wasn't ready for that either and disappointment flickered for a moment as she grasped my shoulders, pulling me on top as her back hit the blanket. What would it take to get her to open up for me completely, what more I could do? I hoped her continued shyness wasn't my fault. I was always cautious, but was there something I was missing? Something I was doing wrong, something she didn't want to tell me?

The prospect made me sad, but I wasn't capable of deep of thought, so I complied eagerly with her unspoken request, settling between her legs, glancing once to be sure the blanket beneath us was spread out enough.

We were actually comfortable and she was ready. I palmed from her waist, over her hips before sliding her panties down to her thighs. She lifted herself to assist, reaching for my belt and unbuckling it quickly. I heard my zipper slide down just as I kissed her lips, slipping my fingers between her legs. She gasped and I nibbled her full mouth, brushing back and forth, teasing her clit. My rhythm was steady until her cold hand slid under my briefs. I opened my eyes in surprise again, meeting her lidded expression with my own. *Damn...* That was bold and fucking hot.

Because of her shyness, we were both aware she was showing me she was comfortable and I would do nothing to interrupt her. Her soft hand wrapped around my shaft before gliding up. She swirled her fingers around my tip and I swallowed hard as I rubbed her clit, enjoying every sensation of touching each other. She was eager and her hair was wild, spread out against the dark blanket. I didn't want her to stop. Her bottom lip pulled between her teeth as her other hand went for the side of my pants, pushing down as I kicked them off.

"Your skin is so soft here..." she whispered, palming and tickling me. Her sweet words went straight to my cock, hardening it further. Again she'd verbalized her dirty thoughts for me tonight. I settled against her side and kissed her neck, hoping to keep her talking.

"Yeah?" I whispered, shifting into her hand without thinking. I nibbled her and sucked as she continued to stroke me, feeling the skin and teasing me. A cool gust of wind hit us and she shivered. "You can touch me anytime..." I breathed, nearly incoherent as she continued stroking. She moaned and her wetness increased yet again.

"I'm ready," she whispered, shifting her legs open further for me. I raised myself and stared at her mouth as her cold hand led me in. I kissed her full bottom lip as her legs wrapped around me. Eyes clenched in preparation, I slid in.

"Shit..." I groaned roughly, grasping her waist as I stilled, trying to hold back the immediate need to thrust and feel. She gasped, perhaps at my cursing again, or from taking me that way, but I couldn't apologize. I was in with my first thrust; she was raw pleasure. With my eyes clenched shut, I tried to think of anything except the feel, but she throbbed, my cock was fucking hard from her teasing, and I was already in so deep.

"You okay?" she whispered, her fingers in my hair. I slid out reluctantly, relinquishing every hot inch as we kissed.

“Yes,” I groaned, pulling out and then shifting in again a little quicker. I had to move, no stalling would decrease the pleasure I’d have to manage in order to make her feel good.

I opened my eyes then, meeting her gaze for a moment before her lids fluttered closed. I slid out, moaning with her as we fit together perfectly once more. Control was mine as I fought the urge to drive forward until satisfaction.

After a few moments, I began a steady rhythm and she felt so good. Memories of my fantasies in this meadow came forward, but I didn’t get lost in them. I had her here now, with me. I didn’t need to dream. With that reminder, I continued to stare at her closed lids, watching the pleasure on her face.

“That feels good...” Her lips quivered. I moaned in agreement, feeling her tighten around me suddenly. It really was the angle.

Automatically, I stretched one arm back and raised her knee to my hip. She whimpered and grasped my hair. *Yes...* I hit a spot deep within her and she liked it. Her mouth parted in pleasure and I slid my free hand to her hip then, holding it in place as I continued, burying my head against her neck and nibbling her skin.

Thrusting deeper, I lost myself to the rhythm of having her. The whips of cold wind were hardly a distraction as our legs tangled and my ears filled with the sounds of our skin and her moans. I let everything go except her. Moments passed and we gradually moved faster, but I was only stirred from euphoria when she spoke again.

“I wanted you here,” she moaned suddenly, in a rush of words, pulling my face up with her cold hands. Her eyes were lidded, but we stared as shock pervaded, rousing me from my stupor. She was talking to me... She was *talking... Fuck, yes... tell me what you want...*

I wanted to encourage her, but I kept my mouth shut, speeding up automatically, listening. Even through the lust and sex, I couldn’t shake the need to be careful with my own words for now. She was so sweet and I didn’t want to embarrass her... or... worse, make her withdraw.

“Every night...” she moaned against my lips as I thrust tighter at her words. My head spun with her confession. Her fingers slid into my hair as her neck bent back in pleasure. I watched in awe before my brain switched on. Dizzy, I tried to keep her going.

Our deep breaths were synchronized and I lost my train of thought completely.

“I missed you,” she moaned, her voice quivering, spurring on questions I wanted to ask. Everything was happening so fast.

I wanted to tell her how much I missed her too, but I let her continue, thrusting faster, unable to stop myself as she gasped, whimpering for me and tightening her grip on my hair. I watched her close her eyes and yet, I wanted to keep her talking. Once she opened up, I’d never let her go back. I wouldn’t last much longer...

“Keep talking to me...” I begged. “Do you feel good?”

“Yes...” she moaned. “I wish...” She stopped then but I continued, waiting. *Say it... say it...*

She *wished*? I was shocked and fucking elated that she was speaking, telling me things, but giving me *wishes*? *Fuck yes...*

“What? What do you wish? Tell me...” I groaned impatiently, incapable of thinking of anything but that word.

“Touch me, please...” she rushed out.

I growled. The way she asked was so sweet, so fucking innocent... *Dirty girl...* She just wanted me touch her, and I wanted that too. I resituated my strength, freeing my hand to slide my finger over her wet clit. She gasped and I relished her responsiveness.

“Does that feel good?” I moaned, the pleasure of her words, her body, and everything else crashed down at once. Another round of questions rose up, begging to be asked. “Tell me how it feels when I play with you...” I whispered urgently, trying to keep her engaged; my tact had disintegrated.

”You always make me feel good... always...” *Always*. I growled and let go, fucking her hard and swift, tasting her skin, envisioning her touching herself instead, making herself come, wishing it was me...

“More. Talk to me more... I want you to...” I pleaded, my mind impossibly blurred. I was fucking gone.

I wanted to ask her my questions so badly and restraint was becoming more difficult. I wondered again, my darker thoughts growing more perverted as she gasped when I went deeper. I continued to watch her, unable to remove my eyes from her face as my curiosity burned. What went on in that mind when she thought of me? Her hands wrapped into my hair even harder, tangling and pulling as I pictured her panting, touching her clit, pushing her fingers inside of herself.

Reason invaded for a brief moment, reminding me of this fine line. I wanted answers now, but the more time we spent together, the more sexual she became on her own. I would gradually win this war of communication and she would open up to me slowly, on her own terms, and not because of my pushing.

But what had she been thinking of last night, she was dreaming and saying my name? What fantasies in her dreams made her wet for me? I wanted to know... was there more I could do for her? And I was doing it again, driving my thoughts forward, actions that would result in speaking. *Stop thinking...* I reminded myself of her advice months ago, trying to enjoy the moment. *Be patient...*

She wasn't talking anymore. Broken from my impossible questions, I pressed against her clit again, touching that little spot in circles, thrusting harder, remembering those countless nights I wanted her here. Her pink tongue darted out of her mouth as she licked her lips, and unbidden fantasies came forward. I pictured her comfortable in her little bed again, biting and licking her lips, thinking of me... wishing I was there...

I dug into her, groaning as the tip of my cock hit the end of her over and over and over again. Her head reeled back slightly and I watched her breasts bounce under her sweater, the pale skin of her hips bright in the darkness.

I thought of nothing else as I watched her eyes clench in pleasure; the sound swelling my fucking pride. She was mine. That affirmation reminded me of her needs, needs she wanted fulfilled by *only me*. I needed to please her now and I wouldn't last long, so I touched her faster, my fingers working her frantically, my arm straining with the task of holding me up now. She moaned again, louder this time and I couldn't stop. Shy or no, she was working me over.

There was no resistance I could muster and her higher, sweeter moans were impossible to ignore. I tried to stay quiet as the need for release invaded, and my fist grasped the blanket for restraint, but each inch of her lit my cock on fire and every nerve came alive, making silence impossible for me as well. We were panting and breathless and I moved my arm underneath her, holding her close. She was beautiful, her hair was everywhere.

Satisfaction of my release broke through the intensity of our connection and all too fucking soon, it was over.

I came hard, digging my head into her neck and breathing in her scent as my hips twitched their last exertions, the pleasure of sex ripped through, leaving me both instantly exhausted and fucking exhilarated. As my head cleared, I realized that she hadn't come this time. *"You always make me feel good... always..."*

Instantly breathless with the frustration of missed opportunity, I stayed inside of her as she calmed, lifting my hips to slip out of her after a moment. My shoulders strained from support as annoyance with my performance deepened. Technically, I'd done everything right, but we'd moved too fast, and in the end, I'd come too quickly.

We were still half-naked and the chill of the air sent shivers through both of us. Capturing her waist, I rolled her to me, wrapping her in the blanket, silently apologizing. Her head met my chest and she sighed, tangling her legs with mine. I couldn't see her face, but she sounded content... or so I hoped...

"Was it okay for you?" I asked, wanting her words, especially after what she'd said a few moments ago. "You didn't...?" I whispered, frowning at my own statement. She lifted her head from my chest to my neck and sighed again.

"I don't need to every time..." she whispered, leaning against my ear, so sweet. I closed my eyes

and felt her lips on my skin, kissing. My disappointment was complete, though.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered. I could have slowed down, could have taken more time to please her. Next time, I would pay more attention.

“I enjoyed myself,” she laughed, kissing the skin of my neck. I tried to forget the frustration and focus on her instead – she made it easy to do so.

Her arm searched for the blanket before she snatched its edge, drawing it further around us. She always wanted to be close to me and I was happy she felt that way too. Last night, she’d even said she loved being here with me. Recalling her sweet admission, I let the happiness of that memory hang around.

For a moment, neither of us spoke. She was so warm, even in the cold. I watched small strands of her hair float from my chest with the wind, shining in the moonlight. The realization of everything I had now bloomed again, urging me to hold her even tighter. After so long, she was mine, and although I had grown content and happy with her by my side, I never stopped feeling thankful.

“So...” she whispered. “Do you still want to play cards with me tonight?”

Chapter: 3

*Out of the tree of life, I just picked me a plum
You came along and everything started to hum
Still it’s a real good bet, the best is yet to come*

*The best is yet to come, and wont that be fine
You think you’ve seen the sun, but you ain’t seen it shine*

*Wait till the warm-up is underway
Wait till our lips have met
Wait till you see that sunshine day
You ain’t seen nothin’ yet*

*The best is yet to come, and wont that be fine
The best is yet to come, come the day your mine*

*Come the day that your mine
I’m gonna teach you to fly
We’ve only tasted the wine*

Were gonna drain that cup dry

*Wait till your charms are right, for the arms to surround
You think you've flown before, but you ain't left the ground*

*Wait till you're locked in my embrace
Wait till I hold you near
Wait till you see that sunshine place
There ain't nothin' like it here*

*The best is yet to come, and wont that be fine
The best is yet to come, come the day that your mine*

- The Best is Yet to Come, Frank Sinatra

*

I would wait for her – anytime, in any place, for as long as she needed – but after three rounds of Emmett's drinking game and all of her brazen flirting, I was drunk and anxious for her return. Again I wondered what was taking so long, but tried to stop worrying; afterall, she was probably just putting on something nice for me.

Smiling and sinking down into the pillows against the foot of my couch, I listened to Frank Sinatra's lively promise of good times to come. This record of old music brought a distinct peace over me, my appreciation encouraged further by my current state of intoxication, but that was entirely her fault. I drank the beer because she'd insisted on it, and her wine consumption was just as reckless tonight.

*Out of the tree of life, I just picked me a plum...
You came along and everything started to hum...*

In fact, *all of this* was by her design: the music, the thick comforter from the guest room spread out for us on the red rug in my grandfather's office. Even the little game of truth-or-dare we'd played was her idea. Already we'd had so much fun together – not since that first weekend of our reconciliation had she seemed so cheerful and sweet. After her first glass of wine, her smile was permanent as she chatted and giggled with me, gossiping about her classes and professors. I soaked up every fucking detail, enjoying her speaking so freely, so comfortable in my arms, and in my house. Her happiness was distracting, but we continued our game in between her musings and complaints about the poor lighting in her dorm and her mother's childish antics. *We*, as in *her*... winning nearly every damn round.

If we weren't playing a game of blind fucking chance, I would have supposed she was cheating. My cards were terrible, her rules were ridiculous, and she enjoyed every moment of toying with me. If she wasn't so damn cute when she gloated, I would have tried harder, but I liked her this way – feisty and confident, sassy and sweet. So I played along, confessing to losing my virginity

to my neighbor at seventeen, listing off my most embarrassing high-school moments for her amusement, and admitting to fantasizing about having her all over Jasper's cabin. When I chose a dare, she thoroughly enjoyed my impersonation of Mickey fucking Mouse and her free laughter at my other truthful admissions was a sight to behold. She was happy with me and nothing could take that away.

And I really fucking liked this song... Frank Sinatra knew a thing or two... and now I knew exactly what his words meant.

*Still it's a real good bet, the best is yet to come...
I picked a plum...*

I relaxed, soothed anew by the music and beer, sighing deeply as my back hit the blanket, fucking loving that Bella had set all this up for us. The lingering satisfaction from our sex in the meadow and the security of having her by my side all night rendered me completely fucking content – something I'd not felt in a long time. There was more in store for us tonight, too – I couldn't wait for her to come back, because when she returned, I knew I'd get even more out of her. Before leaving the room, she'd blushing danced away from giving me details of her dream from last night. I closed my eyes, listening to the melody rise with appreciation, recalling her sweet confession from moments ago.

"What did you dream last night?" I asked, watching her small, warm fingers play with mine as we lay on our sides.

"What?" she spluttered, looking at her hand, surprised and embarrassed.

"Last night. Your dream... it was of me and you..." I reminded, wishing she would meet my eyes, already smiling at the memory of how wet she was when I crawled into bed with her.

She frowned. "I thought I only said your name..."

Our eyes met and I smiled wider, raising my brows.

"Oh..." she blushed, absorbed again in tracing my hand.

"Tell me..." I urged. Grasping her chin, I lifted her face for a soft kiss of encouragement. "Truth, remember? Don't get shy, please..." I breathed against her lips, already wanting more from her kisses. On impulse, I nibbled and she laughed at the sensation. My touch had broken her dare of me not touching her for ten minutes, but she didn't complain.

"Tell me," I insisted, remembering my mission to eliminate her resistance. I wanted to know.

"No..." she whined.

"Tell me..."

“I dreamt of doing it... with you... of course...” she admitted quickly. Her face turned down and then she rolled away before hopping up unsteadily to leave, already tipsy from the Merlot we’d found in the basement while searching for the cards. “I need to change into something more comfortable...” she said, slipping from the room.

The moment between us ended abruptly and her shyness had returned, but she answered my question that time, giving me the response I’d sought since watching her hips shift against those sheets last night. Her disposition *was* different and not just from the wine; she was more open and relaxed, and the more comfortable she became, the more she would divulge...

*I’m gonna teach you to fly
We’ve only tasted the wine
Were gonna drain that cup dry*

I sighed, laughing. Frank was right about so much...

As if on cue, the sound of soft pattering feet on the wooden staircase echoed down the hallway, breaking my concentration from the music. Her light, quick steps brought her closer and *there she was*, moving toward me in fucking purple *long johns*, similar to those I had worn as a child, but for *girls*... That *was* new and *special*. Just for me... *Fuck yes*...

“Hello again,” she said, her smile still shy. She crossed the room quickly with lidded eyes, stumbling only once in her inebriated state as she came toward me and the blanket. My reactions were so slow; I’d barely moved to help her when she resumed her spot with another small misstep. I laughed as she smiled so beautifully, her chin on her knees and small feet peeking from the hem of her pajamas, delighted to be near me again too. Picking her wineglass up from the table by her side, she drew a breath and seemed to relax. Her dark eyes darted down to the stack of cards as she began to shuffle, avoiding my staring. She was so hot when she looked at me like that... drawing me in, the pretty pink of her cheeks so bright... The colors of her hair were highlighted and shining, glowing from the firelight flickering behind her.

“Ready to play some more?” she asked.

“I’m always ready...” I sat up on my elbows, eyes narrowed in challenge, determined to change my luck this time.

She rolled her eyes, distributing the cards between us. “Remember, even if you draw black and have the higher number or suit, red wins. Red is the key...”

“Go, then.” I encouraged.

Flipping her card over, she snorted at the selection. I groaned – her red queen of hearts beat my black king. This game was bullshit.

“Ha! Truth or dare!” Bella laughed, the contents of her wineglass swirling in her tipsy hand. She enjoyed taunting me with this endless luck. I watched the sheer amusement on her face for a

moment before a sobering realization crept in. Caution was still wise and I couldn't choose truth again. She might ask new things that were less lighthearted... Things we'd probably never discussed, hence the purpose of this game.

"Dare."

"Why not truth?" she asked, suspicious about my selection.

"I want a dare," I said, shrugging.

Unconvinced, she smirked behind another sip of her wine before setting her glass down, her eyes perceptive and questioning. "Fine, then. I dare you to give me *three* truths."

"That's against the rules," I argued. "You think I'm hiding something?"

Her gaze widened as those lips parted at my impulsive question, as if thoroughly considering her response.

Fuck! Why did I ask that? What if she *had* specific questions? She *was* more curious now that she'd had much to drink... so what three things did she want to know that she couldn't ask under normal circumstances? I watched her more closely, my heart beginning to race as her brow furrowed. Even through my drunken haze, I hoped she wouldn't ask about the war.

"Do *you* think that *I* think you're hiding things?" she asked sadly, lips drawing into a pout.

She was upset. *No*... I didn't want her to be melancholy; I wanted to have a good time with her. Reassurance swam in my thoughts, but her lips really were so distracting this close, full and slightly colored from dark Merlot. I needed to touch them, to feel their plump softness against my fingers... But what was she asking me again?

"Are you going to back out of the challenge or not?" she asked, determination in her voice now. I knew that tone. She was pouting.

"I'm not backing out..."

"Good... then can I ask my question, or are you too chicken?" she questioned, her tone suddenly playful now. With relief, I realized the source of her change in demeanor. The subject was sex. *Sex. Yes...*

"Go..." I smarted off, amused by her clever tactic. She took yet another sip before gingerly setting her glass down. Another wave of heat hit her cheeks and I could see their color by the dim light of the fire.

"No giggling. I want good questions," I warned, sure now that nothing too serious would come from that silly grin.

“They’re good...” she insisted, glancing up at me in the way I liked again. “Well...” she started shyly, “I was wondering... when we touch, you always get... *you know?*”

Hard. “Yes,” I answered automatically, burning with instant curiosity. Were these the kinds of thoughts she had about me? Why she made my cock hard? *Holy shit...* This was a bold move and I wanted her to ask me whatever the fuck she wanted.

“But why *exactly*... I mean I know *why*, but why just from touching or...?” she trailed off, waiting for me to finish her thought.

“I can’t help it.” I said obviously. Was she really confused on that? “You’re beautiful.”

“Oh... umm... can I ask my second question?” she whispered, avoiding my compliment.

“Of course...”

She darted her eyes to the ceiling, thinking for a moment. “Well... I was also wondering... is *it* bigger... than other men’s...?” she whispered, meeting my eyes in a timid expression, suddenly vulnerable and just fucking adorable...

Did she just...? “Yes,” I groaned, leaning forward to pull her to me. She shrieked in delight as I grabbed her, rolling her back onto the rug too quickly for her to resist. Her skin radiated against my hands through the thin material of her pajamas. What was she trying to do to me? “What’s this all about? You got me drunk and now you’re teasing me...” I whispered against her mouth in a kiss, light-headed as fuck. We nibbled and tasted each other immediately, my tongue tingling from the mix of wine and Bella.

“Did I? Well... you should know your limits,” she taunted, giggling.

My mouth trailed to her neck and she sighed as I sucked her soft, flowery skin. Kissing her was so nice. “I know my limits, but choose not to follow them,” I mumbled.

“Well... it’s your own fault then.”

“Maybe.”

“Can I ask my last question?”

“Of course...”

“What’s one thing... we’ve not done... that you want to do?”

Only one thing? Ideas barged through as I continued to taste her soft neck, avoiding answering immediately, giving myself time to think. Just like the prospect of playing games, that was an open invitation, but how to choose? I wanted her everywhere. I wanted her on my couch, in my car, in every room of my house...

But then again... if I *had* to choose *one* thing, I wanted her mouth on my cock, but there was no polite way to ask for it. During our first weekend together, she told me she'd never done that before...

"What?" she asked again. I cleared my throat, determined to tread lightly.

Laughing against the skin of her collarbone, I tried to play it off. "There are *many* things I want to do..." I said, hoping she would press me for an answer, kissing to her ear now. Had she been leading up to this question all night? If that was the case, I wouldn't hold up the show.

"Just one thing..." she encouraged.

"One thing?" I confirmed casually.

"Yes..."

"If you want to..." I whispered, my mouth sucking and tasting more of her now. "I wouldn't mind feeling your mouth on me... but only if that's what you want, too..." *Please want that... please...* I silently begged.

She swallowed loudly, considering my answer as I raised my head, meeting her drugged eyes with my own, equally dazed by one another. I wanted to say something more, but she was poised to speak, too. I nearly asked what she wanted to say, but stopped when she sat up suddenly, quickly crawling between my legs. I leaned back against the blanket. *Whoa...*

"I can do that..." she said with a sure, sweet smile, her long hair swirling around her shoulders as she moved right away to undress me. I thought to speak again, but fell short of words as my heart began to race, my hands grabbing at the blanket beneath me. When the cold silver of my belt grazed my stomach, I shuddered. *She was going to do it...* The idea of seeing her pretty mouth on me was too much, too sudden, and too fucking wonderful.

"You sure?" I breathed, anxious and excited now.

With a sure nod, she swiftly unbuttoned my pants, managing the process with ease. A second later, I lifted my hips as she pulled off my jeans and briefs, sliding them down until I was lying naked for her. Hard and ready, my cock stood up between us. Parting my legs further with her own, she paused for a moment to take me in before slipping her hands underneath my shirt. I ripped it off and threw it aside, wanting no barriers if I could help it, staring back at her with pure fucking lust. Her soft hand lowered and I watched as fingertips circled my head, all of my senses trained on and waiting for the arrival of her mouth.

Those tight little pajamas hugged every one of her curves, and although she was still fully dressed for now, I *would* have her again after this...

I wanted her to begin and it seemed like she was waiting for something. My heart was pounding

in my ears, the sound of the crackling fire and the faint scratching of the finished record made each second pass slower.

“Like what you see?” I murmured, my swallow too loud in the room.

“Yes,” she whispered. “I still can’t believe... it’s so soft...” Her fingers stroked me gently, still a little awkward but slightly more familiar than last time. I groaned at her sweet response, wondering if she was delaying because of second thoughts, or because of nerves? The thought that she was *naturally* this curious sent a rush of blood up my shaft, visibly swelling the head, fueling the quick, steady throbbing that was quickly taking over everything. She scooted closer and I watched her with awe, one single thought echoing above all others: mine was the only cock she would *ever* put her mouth on.

Focus... I concentrated, not wanting to repeat my failure to please her from the meadow. This first time needed to be a good experience, or she might not want to do it again.

“Um... I don’t know how...” she said, glancing up at me with those big fucking brown eyes, the thick, throbbing head of my cock still just inches from her mouth.

“That’s okay...” I reassured. “Just kiss it.”

“Kiss it?” she wondered aloud, surprised by my simple response.

“Yeah...” My hips lifted slightly without thinking. *Kiss it, fucking please... please...*

I waited, anticipating, each second still ticking by slower than the last.

She closed her eyes to begin and I let out a deep breath as soft lips *kissed* my shaft once, twice, and then a third time, her pink tongue darting out on the fourth, sliding wet and warm against my head just once. *Oh fuck, yes...*

Groaning, I clutched the blanket harder to keep my hands from her hair, shivering at the wet heat of her teasing tongue. Slowly, she continued kissing and experimenting with small licks against my skin, so ready to please me, transitioning after a moment from quick, soft pecks to pressing her full lips against me. *Fuck...* that was sweet torture, but I didn’t want to interrupt already with requests for more.

Even through my lidded eyes, I saw this for what it was. That same willingness to divulge her little secretive dream was encouraging her bravery now. She *wanted* to suck my cock – she wanted to fucking please me too. I had already known that, but watching her desire in action was something fucking spectacular. And then she pulled away...

“Was that good?” she asked sweetly, staring and holding, her grip still firm.

I nodded. “Perfect...”

Why did she stop when we were just getting started, though? I wanted to feel her again, wanted her to continue and the entire fucking sphere of my concentration focused on that possibility, shoving all other thoughts aside. My thudding, racing heart was a nagging reminder of my excitement. I needed and wanted more if she was willing.

“If you want to... you can put it in your mouth...” I whispered quickly.

Nodding with my instruction she complied immediately, enveloping the head of my cock with her full, plump lips. Just as I'd asked... *Oh... fucking hell...* Softly and steadily she slipped her mouth down a little further, following her instincts without any prompting from me, sucking my sensitive tip before slipping even lower, her mouth so raw and hot. I tried to focus on the enormity of the moment: Bella was *sucking my cock* and the vision of her mouth on me, her little fingertips barely touching as she gripped... was fucking *unreal...*

And she was doing so well, taking her time and being so patient... Moaning at the warm roughness of her tongue and slight scrape of her teeth, my hips shifted upward of their own volition. So fucking badly I wanted to reach out to her hair again, to help her if she wouldn't mind, but I couldn't move. *Should've gotten her naked for this...*

And then her soft fucking *everything* slipped away again, the warmth immediately receding as she kissed my cock once more before disengaging. She was blushing and smiling as she straightened up, the wetness on her lips still visible in the flickering firelight. She laughed sweetly, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand as our eyes held, fucking *enjoying* herself. She liked pleasing me, putting me in her mouth like that... did it make her wet?

“Tease...” I growled softly, hoping any embarrassment would be eased by humor. I wanted her to feel good about what she'd done, empowered by her control of the situation. I was going to let her take over even further if she wanted.

“Come here... I want you...” I whispered, the haze of my drunken lust still hovering. My cock was still throbbing as she came right to me, settling against my bare chest and plunging her fingers into my hair. I slid between her parted legs, shuddering at how fucking badly I wanted her already as long strands tickled my arms. Our bodies pressed together with one of my hands clutching her ass while the other roamed her back, warmed now from the fire.

I kissed her hard, letting her know I was grateful to have her in my arms again as she rolled her stomach into me just once, her lips quivering against mine. And fuck, I wanted her to ride me tonight. The transition would have to be perfectly timed, but I would try. Groaning again at the prospect, I moved her onto the comforter, my hard-on prominent between us as I thrust my tongue into her mouth. Remembering my curiosity from a moment ago, my hand slipped inside the band of her pajama pants to test her wetness. *Oh... No panties... Fucking soaking wet... Sucking my cock turned her on.*

I grinned against her mouth as she shivered. “Did you like that?” I whispered teasingly, loving that all her shyness was slipping away. Her eyes were closed, but I wanted them open when I slipped inside of her. She moaned in response, lids fluttering, kissing me back hard as I circled

her little clit with one finger. Knowing how much she'd liked what we'd done earlier emboldened *me* now.

"You love it when I touch you..." I stated that obvious fact just for fun, watching her dark eyes flutter as I slipped down to tease her entrance. She was so wet and now that I thought of it, was there anything she *didn't* like? She seemed to want everything I did to her. "You love how I play with your clit?" I whispered into her kiss.

"Yes..." she breathed. "That feels so good..."

Oh... answers... "Yeah?" I asked, wanting to hear her keep talking. "Do you touch yourself when you're alone... when we're apart... in your dorm?" I asked quickly and finally, heat spreading across my skin with the knowledge that my words were so irreversible. My cock rubbed continuously against the thin material of her pants as she pressed closer, shifting methodically with my hand as I clutched her ass in the other, rubbing her wet little pussy. I couldn't keep my fucking hands off her.

"Sometimes..." she gasped. *Sometimes...* "But I can't do it... like you do it..." she whimpered.

Oh? "You can't?" I confirmed, more determined to give her what she needed now. She couldn't touch herself the right way? Licking my lips, I slid my fingers to her clit again before slipping down once more.

"No..." she whispered. "Only you... I've tried..."

"Oh... fuck, that's so hot..." I moaned, recalling my fantasies of her playing with herself in her bed. Wanting me was one thing, but never had I considered she'd *need* me that way. "Don't worry... I'll show you..." The word 'practice' was on the tip of my tongue, but wisely I held back. "But you have to tell me what you like..." *Tell me now...*

Her soft whimper went straight to my cock and I groaned at the sweetness of the sound, entranced by her readiness for me. Slippery and silky and... *fucking... yes...* In reward for these small confessions, I slid two fingers inside of her and she moaned at the feeling.

"I wanted to tell you so many times..." she cried softly. "You always asked... and I wanted to..." *Oh, fuck...* that's what she wanted to say all along, each time I begged her to speak, asked her what she was feeling and wanting? That she wanted my fingers on her? Sensing a chance to get more information, I pressed on. "Why didn't you tell me?"

A rolling groan left her throat as her eyes clenched tighter, but she wasn't biting her tongue this time. *She was going to talk to me...*

I slid in and out slow, but intentional. "I didn't want... to say something wrong..."

Wrong? Why would anything she said be wrong? "Bella... just tell me what you feel... that's not wrong."

“I know... I’m sorry...”

“Sorry? If you know... then tell me... what do you want right now?” For motivation, I rubbed her more firmly before entering her again, still moving slow. My eyes were glued to her pink face, wishing her eyes would open when she talked to me this way. She bit her lip and I growled at that shit. What *did* she want?

“Tell me...”

“I want...” she tried, her eyes still shut tightly. “I want you... inside me... right now...”

That was all? “*Inside me... right now...*” I thrust my hips up with her words and when she whimpered, pressing harder against my cock, we were done playing games.

“Take this off...” I whispered, slipping my wet hand out of her pants to pull at the hem of her top. Like an anticipated present, the wrapping was nice, but I needed her naked *now*... She moved to help me, and I glanced down as her hair fell everywhere, staring at her as she revealed more skin. Sighing at the sight of her soft pink nipples against my chest and her tight body pressed against me, my hands were instantly all over, tracing her shoulder blades, kissing her collarbone, soaking up every fucking shaky breath and soft moan. She sighed in contentment as I rolled her to my side.

“These too,” I whispered against her mouth, pulling at her waistband urgently. Helping me, she pulled them off, kicking them away quicker than I expected. The moment she was naked, our bodies crashed together as we kissed until she broke away with a question in her eyes. Her hair spread out everywhere, across the blanket and her shoulders; fucking hell that was hot...

“Is there something else you wanted, maybe a second thing?” she asked, still a little bashful, but eager now.

This time I didn’t hesitate. “You... I want you to get on top of me... I want you to show me what you like... I want to know what you want... I want to see it... will you?”

I pulled back to watch her answer me, seeing the last hint of shyness fade from her lidded eyes. She nodded in agreement again, biting her lip once more, but there was no time for reluctance. She already agreed, and therefore she was mine now.

My hands were on her, pulling her hips upwards, watching her transition in two simple movements before resting her small palms against my stomach. *Yes...* This was happening.

Sliding up slowly to straddle my thighs, she was naked and fucking sexy, completely on display for me. Restraining my hands to her knees for the moment, I absorbed the full sight of her, so fucking beautiful like this. The elegant curve of her waist tapered in and her breasts were full ready for my touch, covered slightly by her dark hair. For so long, I’d dreamt of her with me like this: my girl bare and wet for me this way, all warm skin and perfection – ready to fuck me

however she wanted.

I tried not to stare at the way her hips flared, perfect for my grip, or the way her wet pink skin glistened in the half-light, even though I fucking wanted to. Instead, I kept to her dark, lidded eyes as she scooted forward further, her lips parted as she glanced at my swollen, straight erection. She was ready and so was I. Leaning forward, her hair bounced against her skin as she speechlessly maneuvered my cock, easing me into her gently as sparks of heat and wet flooded everything. Warmth enveloped my world and with one more shift, I slid in completely. We moaned as she took me, slick and fucking tight. *God...*

Thankfully we'd already been together tonight; there would be no fucking possible way my drunk ass could handle her otherwise. Penetrating her fully and deeply then, I slid my hands up to grasp her little ass, pulling her closer and pushing in deeper as she began to rock.

"You can help me if you want," she whispered. I shuddered and groaned, chills spreading across my skin with her sweet words.

"No..." I murmured. Not even the throbbing and clenching and wet warmth of fucking heaven could deter me. She was going to come for me tonight, just like this... My control was great and this would be a slow builder. I could make her happy first tonight, and not with my fingers.

"Does that feel good?" she whispered, her breath hitching at the last.

Good? I choked in shock, my heavy eyelids opening. Was she *unsure*? It was too much to concentrate on anything now but the bliss from her hips as they slowly, methodically swallowed my cock, but... didn't this feel good to her? *Words... speak... fuck...*

"Perfect... you?" I breathed as she slipped back and then forward again.

"Feels good..." she moaned. *Good? No... no...*

"It gets better. Take your time..." I whispered hoarsely, nearly incoherent as I watched her thick hair continue to bounce softly in time with her breasts, gaining momentum with every shift.

Taking my advice again, she closed her eyes then and let her head fall forward completely as she readjusted her position, strengthening her legs at my side, breathing and trembling. She moaned with me as I shifted again, her eyes wide and surprised at how good I felt inside her. *Yes...* Palming her ass as she began to shift more naturally, my other thumb slid to her clit for encouragement.

I was captivated by her, watching the small muscles of her stomach contract. She was fucking beautiful and sweet, perfect and mine and everything I had ever wanted here in this moment...

Fuck... I wanted to tell her, but she needed to hit her stride before I started opening my fucking mouth. She slipped back and then forward again, triggering fucking fantastic pleasure, whimpering sweetly and biting her lip before strengthening her position once more, getting nice

and deep now, loving how I felt inside of her. I wanted to pinch her nipples, to suck them, to touch her everywhere... anything to make her happy. *No... let her do her thing... patience...*

I would try to be patient, but this *was* the best fucking sex we'd had, though, and I still wanted her to control it, but I also *wanted* to participate... My hands and mouth itched to touch her and each time she snapped forward and whimpered, my need to take control intensified. Both threatened to take over; with my inhibitions lowered, I gave in to just one temptation, the lesser of two evils. Words delivered themselves.

"I love you..." I whispered impulsively, high from being inside of her, from having her. "You look so fucking hot like this... your skin's so soft..." I moaned in appreciation, my eyes roaming over her, stopping at her pretty face. Her head lifted, wonder and lust weighing her lids as our eyes held. "How does it feel... you have to tell me now..."

"My body is tingling..." she moaned, arching her back slightly, her nails digging into my stomach. *Oh damn...* She drove me crazy when she grabbed me that way, desperate and fucking mine. The raise of her head had brought her long hair to the tops of her nipples, no longer obscuring them from my view. I watched them bounce again.

"Where...?" I pleaded with her to tell me, lowering my hand to her clit. "There?" She jumped at feeling my thumb rubbing her so hard, so sensitive, but ready for more.

"Yes..." she whimpered, clenching her eyes, the sound of her voice ringing around the room.

"You're so sweet to me... so fucking sexy," I whispered impulsively again, recalling how she'd wrapped her legs around me in the meadow just a few hours ago.

"I love how you feel inside me..." she gasped, her body relaxing as my thumb pressed hard and consistent against her clit. She moaned again, and that sweet sound would be my undoing. *God. This is fucking unreal.*

With that remark, my hand tightened in restraint as she rocked faster, deeper, slipping along the full length of my cock before snapping me back into heat and euphoria. There was nothing like the feeling of her body as she moved, the penetration more powerful with my grip on her curves. Slowly, she gained momentum, riding me deeper, whimpering as we worked together, bringing her closer to the edge, my need to come for her trailing slowly behind. I wasn't ready to give in and I planned on enjoying this fully; my control was in top condition with all the sex we'd had this weekend.

After a minute, I began to really bounce her slightly, watching her body react to me, feeling the slight burn of exertion eventually as she took my cock. She hadn't felt anything yet and I could give her more; I was ready to go on for as long as she needed to. I just needed to know what she wanted.

"What else do you love...?" I pressed, unable to control my mouth now, lifting my hips to give her more to ride, and wanting to know everything. She moaned again, nails digging harder into

my skin as she leaned forward, pressing into my chest. I liked that... she was weakening from ecstasy...

“You...” she breathed, shifting her hips just a little harder.

“Me?” I confirmed, knowing what her answer would be, but wanting to hear it with my cock deep inside her.

“Yes...” she whimpered. Grasping her ass, I pulled her firmly into me each time she shifted forward, groaning as she took every inch.

“Fuck... I love you too, just... watching you right now is better than anything... ever... fuck...”
Rambling, I stopped, staring at our connection now, seeing myself disappear inside of her. My mouth was hanging open, but fuck it... she was *taking me*.

“This was my dream...” she whimpered suddenly, her eyes meeting mine for the first time in too long, her voice stronger than before. *This? Riding me?* “You feel... so *good* like this... I knew you would...”

My head reeled as my pride swelled at her praise. She was talking so *dirty*. This was her dream too – no wonder she was so wet when I came to the room. I could only imagine what she’d wanted me to do to her over the summer... and then opportunity dawned; I could ask her now... and she might answer...

“You wanted me in the meadow and like this... what else?”

She moaned, breathless at my questions, shy and exhilarated all at once. She felt guilty for wanting to fuck me, for having those dirty thoughts, but she also wanted to tell me, too...

“Where?” I pressed, unable to stop watching her.

“In the cabin... I wanted you too... so badly, I was ready for you...”

I growled at that sweet shit as she began bouncing all on her own, her head lolling. I had admitted the same thing for the first time tonight and even though I fucking knew she wanted me, it was nice to hear her say it. Too many nights I had stroked off to reminders of her with me on that bed, of her coming for the first time with my fingers in her panties. And then I ruined it, *fucking disgraceful*...

I clenched my eyes, pushing away the unwelcome memory. “I know... I shouldn’t have left you... I’m-”

“Shhh!” she interrupted, the brisk sound disrupting my concentration. Surprised, I stared as her heavy lids opened further, her gaze now direct. “I’m glad we waited...”

I lost my train of thought, groaning at the reminders of pinning her against the door of her dorm,

of losing control those first nights, my aggression taking her breath away... I wanted her so fucking badly then, jerking off four fucking times a day... desperate and horny. Now I had her...

Enjoy it... my mind shouted. And I did. I couldn't hold back anymore. Gritty and carnal, I hardly recognized my own voice as I grabbed her too roughly, needing to tell her every inch was hers if she wanted it.

"That's what you wanted, huh? Was that your wish last night... to come for me?" I guessed, all vocal restraint abandoned now.

"Yes..." I teased faster, giving her what she needed as she continued after another deep breath. "I can't... without you... only when you touch me..."

"Only when you touch me..." Only I made her come... only the way I touched her could do this... *Fucking hell yes... motherfucking bingo...* and I was fucking doing it for her. I lost a little more control then. Sweet, rough sex was one thing and so was her shy version of dirty talk, but hearing her secret that way drove me crazy.

No wonder she'd wanted me to touch her so badly she was ready to demonstrate. Although I knew the mechanics, realizing the key was exhilarating. The way to make her come wasn't penetration, touching her nipples, kissing, or saying her name, it was the way I touched her. I could definitely fucking handle that...

"I'll keep you happy... I'll touch you anytime... I just want you to feel good, to have what you want..." I groaned again, chills hitting my skin as she began to bounce faster.

"I will..." she promised, agreeing with my dirty words. I really couldn't resist participating any longer. Sitting up, I steadied her firm little ass with my hands as I thrust up, matching her rhythm before taking it up a notch, growling against her mouth, swallowing her gasp. Showing her what I could do for her, our rhythm matched as I pushed in deeper, her wet heat adjusting to ride me faster this way now.

She moaned unsteadily, sliding at our new angle, the pleasure hitting her just as hard as it was hitting me. *Fucking deep...* Her warm fingers wrapped harder into my hair as she pulled me closer. *Fuck...* I loved that. She was *claiming* me that way, pulling me to her, bringing her body even fucking closer.

"Fuck yes... show me how you want it. This is what you get when you tell me... fucking naughty girl..." I growled against her lips, truly unable to hold back anymore, the alcohol pushing words forward as I shifted her back to take me again. She moaned sharply as I grasped her hair in one hand, helping her fuck me with the other, every ounce of my being desperate to rock her closer. "You fucking belong to me... you're mine..." I groaned roughly, not that she seemed to mind – further proof she was just as deep in this moment as I was.

My breath quickened at hearing her soft whimper of agreement. Grasping those soft hips hard now, my fingers dug in, the wet heat consuming everything as she rode me back, shuddering at

my full penetration. With my other hand, I rubbed her clit methodically, the way she led me on my bed after dreams of fucking just like this. Thrusting my hips to give her everything I could, my grip tightened and she reciprocated, grasping my skin and my neck with her hands, holding on for a better ride.

“I can’t believe you’re riding me like this... sucking me that way... please... fucking come for me soon...” I managed, struggling against the suddenly intense itch to release, desperate to feel her come apart in my arms, to know I gave her what she wanted. “Fuck...” I growled, watching myself disappear inside her again and again. “Let go... come for me... fucking please...” I groaned, working her clit as I had last time, knowing I could only hold out so long.

She continued to moan sharply, increasingly desperate and anxious, working for it too, whimpering as I pinched her little clit harder, thrusting up and pulling her down. I wanted it to last, but I needed her to find her release.

And then just as I asked, she came for me yet again, lips parted and breath hot against my cheek. Everything tightened then and I surrendered to her as pulling fingers and nails scratched my skin. Her hair was everywhere as her head dug into my shoulder, crying my name as she let go in my arms. Once again, singular focus was impossible, but I relished her desperate fucking sexy cries as she finished coming so hard on my dick, the sounds of her pleasure not as loud as I wanted, but genuine and satisfied all the same.

I was ready now too, but I wanted her to tell me she liked it. Yet again, the words formed and I didn’t stop them.

“Bella...” I whispered breathlessly, gaining her attention. Her head lifted, dazed and overwhelmed, sweat sticking her hair to her skin. “Do you like when I come inside you?” Her eyes widened, but she didn’t blush. The high of her orgasm had receded and dark hair slid around her shoulders as she began to rock for me again. We licked our lips together, breathing unsteadily. Her pace was perfect and I clutched her close, rocking her into my cock just enough, waiting for her answer.

“Yes... I want it... make me yours...” she whispered sweetly before grasping my hair, crashing our lips together before fucking my mouth with her tongue. *Holy shit...*

The grip of her hands against my head, pulling and tugging in combination with her words sent me over the edge. Too hard, I clutched her little body in my arms, groaning and coming for her with a deep shudder of pure satisfaction. Sensations invaded as the wetness and heat and *pleasure* increased everything. Unable to hold back, I let go inside her. *Only her.*

“Only you...” I whispered, my words encouraging her tighter grip on my hair and skin as I finished completely, feeling the throbbing of my fucking fantastic release recede quicker than usual, her soft hips rocking to a slow stop.

And then it was over; drunken exhaustion hit me hard as we stayed together, her body in my arms. For at least a minute, I breathed against her skin, letting the crackling of the fire behind her

soothe me as I recovered. Our sweating skin was barely discernable as her long thick hair clung to us both, warm hands trailing patterns in my hair as I relaxed further. I loved that shit.

And when the high of my release dissipated, clarity crept in once more. I hugged her close, realizing again in my sobering stupor how far we'd come tonight. At least for now her shyness was practically non-existent and as the warmth of that thought spread through me, I kissed her neck, happy about conniving my way into her deepest thoughts, opening her up for me.

“You were perfect... so fucking good... thank you...” I praised her.

“Thank you?...” she asked.

“Yes...” I whispered, her bottom lip in between mine now. “Thank you for telling me the truth... for opening up to me... for letting me in... I know it wasn't easy, so... thank you...” My sincerity was obvious and she shrugged, her dark eyes a little bashful even with my cock inside her. Again I wondered if I could get her in the shower with me. We could break even more of the barriers tonight...

Maybe, but I didn't want to move just yet. My hands wrapped around her back and she sighed again, settling her cheek against the crook of my neck.

“I'm sorry it took getting me drunk,” she admitted, light humor in her voice, hugging me back now. “Besides... I know you'd do the same for me.”

Chapter: 4

The early spring light filtered through my window, lighting the floor and the western wall with yellow sunbeams. Lying still and comfortable, I closed my eyes, the world still tilting from too much drinking last night. My head was pounding, but the acetaminophen was slowly taking effect. In a few minutes, I would feel better.

For now, I was doing just fine with her so near, a little bored and wanting to play with her, but patient, too. Tightening my grip on her waist, I pulled her closer, though. She was so warm under my blankets, just inches away from my morning erection. I really did want her to wake up and she had to have a hangover, too—which meant prime opportunity teasing.

Oh yes... it was time to get up.

Opening my eyes, I lifted the corner of the blanket subtly, sighing at the sight before me. I was a fucking lucky man.

She was breathtaking this way, naked in my sheets. Underneath the thick wool blanket, soft

cotton bunched low around her waist, urging me to slip my hand underneath, to feel her nice little ass. I wanted to kiss her, suck her, feel her warmth against my skin and tongue.

But I stayed back, privately admiring the thousands of brown strands scattered across my sheets, her skin, and the pillow. The bare skin of her back looked so soft and I ached to kiss it. So I did.

One thing was certain: nights didn't belong to me, but mornings like this made up for every hour I slept on the couch. I sighed and moved a little closer, keeping my hips back while tracing her shoulder blades under the covers now. Her skin was so warm and silky, and she had three consecutive freckles on the corner of her shoulder. I traced them and she moaned. My fingers probably felt cold to her.

"Good morning," I whispered, leaning closer on my elbow, trailing a few small kisses on the little dots. She sighed, wiggling her hips once as my stubble scraped her back. "I know you're awake," I pressed, a little louder now. "It's time to get up..."

"No..." she whined, rubbing her face on the pillow. I chuckled. She was stubborn in the mornings, and a little bratty, but I wouldn't give up. She would be cranky at first, once she woke up, I'd make her feel better.

"I'll make you breakfast..." I tempted.

Another whine.

"I'm not stopping until you're up..." I assured against the skin of her back, tracing the long line of her spine. She shivered and rolled slightly onto her stomach, taking the blankets with her. But I moved closer, sliding next to her now, my hard-on pressing right against her sheet-covered ass.

"Edward..." she moaned pitifully, turning her face deeper into the pillow.

"Umm..." I hummed against her shoulder blade, my hand slipping over the curve drawn just for my hand. "You smell so good. Like sex... and shampoo, and... you..." I murmured, bringing my tongue to her shoulder for a little taste.

She groaned, stronger, but more alert now. I was still pretty fucked-up, so she had to be in bad shape.

"Do you feel okay?" I asked her quietly, leaning over to inspect her pouty profile.

"My head's spinning," she whispered. Given that response, I was being pushy, but I wouldn't retreat. She was so soft and warm, and I missed her.

"Do you feel sick?" I asked, assessing her condition. I left medicine for her head and some water by the nightstand, but that wouldn't help nausea.

"No..." she assured—too quickly—her eyes still closed.

“Would you tell me if you did?”

“Yes,” she whispered. “I wouldn’t lie to you,” she promised. I groaned roughly at her words, my love for her growing in that moment. She really *wouldn’t* lie to me.

“I love you,” I whispered into her hair, nuzzling my face into the mess. She snuggled into the blankets, getting more comfortable. If I didn’t get her out of bed, she’d stay here all day.

Quickly, I ran through possible methods of luring her awake. If her head was hurting and she was as drunk as I was, maybe she wouldn’t want to eat, but I could try getting her in a hot shower. Our progress last night was undeniable; we had so much fun together. Now that her walls had fallen, she might follow on her own if I led the way. And if last night was any testament to her desire to please me, she wouldn’t resist if I was waiting for her.

“Hey...” I whispered.

“What?” she asked, her voice dry and rough.

“I have an idea to make us both feel better...”

“What is it?”

“Will you meet me in the shower?” I asked, picturing her there with me, wet and in my arms. I had wanted that for so fucking long. She didn’t answer at first, so I kissed her neck before sliding across the bed. The room was cold and I knew she’d immediately miss my warmth.

“Where’re you going?” she mumbled, lifting her head from the pillow, her eyes squinting.

“To wait for you... my head hurts and hot showers help. Take that medicine on the nightstand and come in...” I grinned, hoping she wouldn’t see through my tactic.

I tossed off the blankets and the sheet, walking naked to the shower without looking back, the lingering alcohol fueling my excitement.

I started the water and stepped in, confident she wouldn’t be long. So I waited. The searing water sprayed sharply over the back of my neck, easing my headache. The heating element was old, so the water was always scalding at first, but I didn’t mind. Under the spray, I tried to focus beyond the pounding in my head, hoping to hear little feet approaching.

I soaped up and rinsed quickly so my attention could be on her. Once finished, I relaxed against the wall, still listening, wondering if she’d be wearing the sheet or be completely naked.

“Will you keep your eyes closed?” she called quietly from the doorway.

“Yes.” And on my honor, I did, smiling with my head down. *Fuck yes...* she’d come to me, just

as I knew she would.

I heard her move and my heart raced in anticipation, the rustling of the falling sheet discernable over the sound of the water.

“Can I open them now?” I asked anxiously, sensing her forward movement. The shower curtain was pulled back only halfway.

“Yes...” she conceded, as if her initial request was ridiculous. I turned to see her standing naked and pretty in my bathroom like this. She was a mess, her fucking hair sticking up everywhere and spread all over her shoulders. I groaned, grinning as she rolled her eyes at my reaction, covering her breasts and that little patch of hair. Modest after all this sex—I loved it.

I laughed at her cute fucking everything. “Come here, but be careful. The water’s hot and it’s slippery in here.” Holding out my arms to help her enter, she stopped covering her breasts to take my hand, her little red toes stepping carefully over the shallow divide.

Though out of the direct stream, she was in the shower with me. Finally.

Pulling her close in silent thanks, she snuggled right in to me, wrapping her arms around my waist, dry against wet. I was hard against her stomach, but she didn’t seem to mind. I couldn’t focus on that anyway; before anything else, I needed to fulfill my promise to make her feel better.

“I like this already...” I whispered as she closed her eyes, laying her head on my chest.

I shifted on my feet and the hot water hit my back at an angle, sending little droplets splashing against her pretty face. They lingered on her lashes, a few on her lip. She shivered from the cold air against her back and snuggled closer, blinking to clear the water as she glanced up at me the way I liked.

“I’ll ease you in, okay?” I whispered, kissing the top of her nose.

“My head really hurts...” she mumbled against my chest.

The water hit us both, cascading in little streams from her ears to her neck, over that spot on her shoulder, to her breasts crushed against me. I wanted so badly to follow the trails with my tongue.

Fuck. My cock began to throb, imagining pinning her against the shower wall. I was tipsy, but I could hold her...

“I’m sorry,” I murmured into her hair, breaking from that vision. A twinge of guilt nagged at my conscience. We had already been together so much this weekend, and she had to be sore. Being fucking greedy was unacceptable. Still aching against her stomach, I tried to focus on anything else.

With a sigh, I decided an innocent massage of her head would be best. Grabbing the shampoo, I poured some on top of her hair without warning, surprising her as the cool gel touched her scalp.

She giggled with a lazy smile. “That tickles...”

Spreading the shampoo further, I lathered the strands from top to bottom. The hair underneath was barely wet, though. We needed more water.

Tilting her shoulders, I leaned her head further into the spray. The stream splashed her directly and she winced at the heat, but stayed under, hugging me to her. My hands began to work, loving the feel of the soap and her thick hair sliding between my fingers. She sighed, enjoying it, too.

After a few more rinses than necessary, the shampoo was finally gone. I wondered if she would let me bathe her, but thought better of asking. Touching her with soap and water and having her naked and in my arms like this would be too much.

“Edward?” she murmured.

“Hmm?”

“You know what?”

“What?”

“I just realized... I really don't remember everything... from last night...”

“You don't?” Had she been that drunk? “I'm sorry.” I whispered, kissing her forehead. I suddenly felt guilty for allowing her to drink so much. No wonder she had a headache.

“It's not your fault... I should know my limits.”

I laughed, remembering her saying those exact words to me, giggling in my arms in those sexy purple long johns. They were still on the floor of my grandfather's office. Around midnight, she had wrapped herself in the sheet and come to sleep in this bed, so drunk and happy, falling asleep instantly while I slipped away until dawn. Did she not remember laughing with me all night, or our sex? Did she not remember opening up to me like that?

Normally, I would have wondered if her lapse in memory meant she'd backslide into shyness, but this morning was proof to the contrary. She was naked and in the shower with me, letting me wash her hair, my cock hard against her stomach. All without blushing once. This was progress...

I sighed, happy over what this could mean. All of my patience was coming to fruition—I had always known it would just take practice. She wasn't completely open with me yet, but I wasn't sure I wanted her to be. I rather liked the occasional blush—just in moderation, and not in

response to our intimacy, or to telling me how she felt.

“What?” She looked up, dark eyes lidded from sleep and alcohol, wondering why I was smiling.

“Nothing... you said those words to me last night...”

“I did?” Her big, curious eyes made it kind of cute that she couldn’t remember.

“Yes.” I chuckled. Her nose was adorable from up here and I wanted to bite it, but I didn’t. “I was drunk... and you said I should know my limits.”

“Oh no... this is so stupid! I can’t believe I don’t remember!” she pouted, more dramatic than usual.

“Are you still drunk?” I asked, trying not to laugh.

“A little,” she admitted, looking embarrassed.

“Hey... don’t get shy. We had fun last night, being together... it’s okay. I shouldn’t have let you drink so much.”

She blinked, seeming to absorb my words, resting her head on my chest once more.

“What did we do?” she asked, her voice unusually small.

“What do you want to know?” I played with her hair, wondering how to explain the sweet way she sucked my cock, and took her pleasure on top of me.

“The truth...”

“What do you remember?”

“I remember changing into pajamas, coming downstairs, playing the game and drinking a glass of wine...” she answered certainly.

“Do you remember kissing me?” I asked, trailing my other hand down her spine now.

“Yes...”

“Do you remember asking me those questions?”

She thought for a moment, blinking erratically, a droplet from her lash falling to her cheek.

“No...”

Fuck... I wanted to remind her.

“What?” she whined anxiously, reading my face now.

I grinned. “Well...” I leaned in close, pecking her chin. “First...” I kissed her lips, touching her cheek with my other thumb. “You asked me why I get aroused when we touch...”

“And what did you say?” she breathed, curious all over again.

“That I can’t help it.”

“And then what...” she whispered, swallowing hard.

“Then...” I said, tracing a drop of water down her neck with my finger now, over her collarbone, ending at her nipple. I rubbed with my thumb and she moaned, closing her eyes. “You asked if mine was bigger than... others...”

“What did you say?” she asked simply.

“What do you think I said?”

“Tell me...” she insisted sweetly, looking up at me now, her lips so full and pink and plump and... I couldn’t think when she was like this—so innocent and genuinely wondering.

Then she glanced down, seeing my cock hard between us. “Oh!” she remembered, and then giggled again, digging her forehead into my chest. “I remember now... I tried to...”

“You didn’t *try*,” I corrected, leaning down to kiss her. “You *did*...”

She laughed again, the sound so sweet in the small shower.

“Why’s that funny?”

“No... no... I just remember... you know...”

Sucking my cock. “No... I don’t know.” I lied. “What do you remember? Tell me... or you can *show* me...” I suggested, normalizing that right off the bat, growing freer with my words now. There was nothing to be ashamed of.

“Do you want me to?” she asked, eyes even bigger. Would she? I didn’t answer, wondering what to say. “You *do* want that...” she accused playfully, sort of teasing me, but definitely... comfortable. A little confident, even.

“Of course I do. You expect me to say no?” I laughed, deciding to be honest.

“No...” she blushed.

“Good, cause I won’t... ever...” I promised honestly.

“That’s okay. I want you, too... always...” she said sweetly.

Even now? I wondered. But wait... I just decided not even five minutes ago to give her the space she needed. Why was she so ready now when we’d had so much sex this weekend? Taking me in her mouth would only tease me, and she had to be sore.

“Don’t you need time to recover?” I asked, a little suspicious.

“No. Do you?” she teased again, her eyes on my mouth.

I looked down at my ready cock between us and she followed my eyes again, laughing before blushing for the second time. I wasn’t sure why my erection wasn’t embarrassing her, but that meant only good things. She didn’t mind that I was always ready for her, in fact, she seemed to like it. I kissed her once more, happy she was being so open and free with me.

“So...” she ventured. “Was it okay?”

“*Okay?* We need to remove that word from your vocabulary. More like wonderful... sexy... perfect...” I said, kissing between descriptions.

She blushed again, and before my imagination could stop, considerations formulated. Before last night, we had so many boundaries, but it seemed like new possibilities were open now. There were so many things we could try. Last night was a huge step for her, but so was this moment. She was wet and naked, and I could easily return the favor. I decided to take advantage of this opportunity.

“I want to try something...” I hinted, kissing her ear, my hands falling to her hips.

“What?” she replied softly, her breathing already a notch faster. Did she sense what I would ask?

“Can I show you?” I asked, searching her eyes, hoping she’d just say ‘yes’. I was fairly sure she would.

“Yes...” she whispered, still curious and anxious.

Yes. The tension between us surged before either of us realized it. Locked into her gaze, I placed my hand on her ass, both of us exhaling in response as I backed her up to the tile. It was cooler out of the stream of hot water, its spray barely reaching my legs now. We both shivered as I pressed against her, her skin soft in my firm grasp.

In one movement, I slipped down her stomach, kissing her as I settled in front of her on my knees. With one hand on her hip, the other sliding up her thighs, I slowly made my way to the middle. She trimmed a little trail for me, and I fucking loved that. Staring up at her, I saw the lust in her eyes, but her legs were closed and she was standing as if unsure what to do. Still holding her hip, I moved my thumb straight to her clit, touching her, softly circling. She gasped, her face

apprehensive, but eager, wanting to know what this would feel like.

Her legs were still pressed together though, and I needed her to let me in. She knew what I wanted, so was this a game we were playing? Would surrendering make her feel dirty? Did she want me to work my way in? She was breathing erratically, her little belly button rising and falling. I kissed it. "Open your legs for me..." I whispered, letting her know she didn't have to be nervous. She slid one foot to the side, granting me access.

Slowly, I pressed my mouth to her little clit, licking and sucking just once, tasting the soap and salt of her skin.

She gasped, feeling my tongue against her before I returned my full mouth to that sweet spot. Her fingers threaded in my hair as she relaxed. Closing my eyes to concentrate, I went at her, moaning at her reactions, sliding my thumb to her clit, rubbing, sucking in its wake.

"Oh... my god..." she breathed, a sound of pure pleasure that made me shiver. Motivated, I continued nibbling her, eliciting more sweet moans and yanks of my hair. She whimpered each time I licked her, shifting her hips softly into my mouth. I did it again and again, working her up, wanting her to come for me this way.

Trembling and gasping, her knees bent as she weakened, pulling my hair hard. She was tipsy and couldn't stand.

"Oh... God..." she moaned again, sliding down the shower wall. *Fuck...* I was weakening her knees. Screw the acetaminophen; *I* was making her feel better.

After a moment, her panting grew heavier as her hips shifted against my mouth. She wanted more. Without warning, I slid two fingers inside her, teasing the rough wetness of her special spot. She gasped as I thrust firmly, tickling her inside.

"I... can't... handle it..." she gasped, her hips bucking now. In all the times we'd been together... she'd never been so... *desperate*. She was so fucking wet and I needed to be inside.

Not yet, though. Maybe she *couldn't* handle it, but she *loved* it. This was practice. I wasn't going to let her quit on me. I just needed to be patient; she would come soon...

I growled, anxious and determined now. Sucking and nibbling, I thrust my fingers deeper, desperate to make her come for me like this. I loved feeling her this way when it happened. I clutched her tighter, restraining the consistent rhythm of her hips as she shifted against the penetration and my mouth.

Less than a minute passed before I felt her tension increase. She tightened around my fingers intermittently, the spasm of her stomach muscles against my thumb telling me she was close.

In the meantime, she was weakening, leaning almost completely against the wall, her head thrown back, dark hair clinging to the tile, fingers pulling my hair. My knees burned, grinding

into the grout as I worked her over, sucking and fingering, my neck beginning to ache. Intensifying my grip to steady her once more, I pressed her against the wall for stability, but it was too slick, and she was too weak.

Moaning and tightening her little hands in my hair, she slid further, her skin squeaking as she tried to stand. We needed the bed, but I wanted her to come first. I sucked her hard then, bringing her skin into my mouth, pulling gently but insistently at the sensitive spot with my lips and teeth.

Finally, she came, pulling my hair and crying out so fucking loud... The sound bounced off the shower walls, echoing in the small space. *Holy fuck...* I couldn't believe her reaction, but I had little time to focus. I caught her as she slid down with a whimper, her tiny waist in my hand. I stood, kissing her instantly, letting her taste herself, and still rubbing her swollen clit. My body pressed her into the wall and she straightened, dazed and breathless, but kissing me back.

"I want you..." I whispered hoarsely, staring at her perky little nipples as they heaved against my chest. Small drops of water still peppered her skin.

Shaking and still trying to catch her breath, she nodded, feeling my cock against her stomach. We would go, but neither of us moved just yet. Nothing else compared to having her vulnerable and wet in my arms like this, so small and pretty and mine, glowing from her orgasm, high from the pleasure I gave her. Slowly, I slipped my hand up her body, rubbing her nipples and kissing her, helping her calm as we stood staring at each other.

After a moment, she closed her eyes to feel, not ready for me to stop kissing or touching her. Finally, her breathing settled.

"Please... take me to your bed..." she whispered, opening her eyes and leaning forward, ready to go. In my mind, it was *our* bed, but I didn't correct her. The lust and the desire in her expression lit a fire inside me, causing a rush of blood to my cock. It had been painfully hard before, but now we really needed to move.

Slipping my hands to her ass, I lifted her light body, steadying my feet on the wet tile as she followed my strength, wrapping her legs around my waist, her little hands around my neck. Her body pressed against me, and I groaned as my cock brushed against her wetness.

Turning, I peered around her face as she kissed my neck, fixed on the path ahead, so anxious to be inside of her now.

But I needed to focus. I would never fucking drop her, but I was dizzy, my heart racing from the lust, the alcohol, and the hot water. The thumping reverberated through my head, fucking with my equilibrium and blurring my thoughts.

"Hold on tight," I said, taking the cold tile one step at a time. Once my feet touched the hardwood of the bedroom floor, I knew I'd make it. The bed was just a few feet away. Greedily, I afforded myself the opportunity to attack her mouth then, thrusting my tongue against hers, the taste of her mixing with the sweetness of her mouth. She moaned and I groaned back as my

knees hit the bed.

“Let go,” I whispered, leaning, bracing my hand to lower her weight.

Bouncing slightly on our tangled sheets, her hands unraveled from my neck. She scooted up the bed, her body fucking bare for me, legs relaxed and open this time as I crawled to her. My cock was aching, brushing against her thigh as I scaled her. Her arm rose, beckoning me, the loose cotton sticking to her skin.

Rolling quickly, I lay next to her on my side, pulling her close by her ass. And she came right to me, kissing, wrapping her arms around me. It was cold in this room, but I was warmed already by her.

“That was amazing, but I want you now... you...” she said.

Glancing between us, she reached for my cock, erect and throbbing against her stomach again. I shuddered, breathing hard as I waited for her to touch me, anticipation and suspense occupying all my thoughts. She kissed me again, distracting me until her fingertips met the soft skin of my head.

Groaning against her bottom lip, feeling her slide down my shaft slowly, I kissed her mouth in sensory overload. The tension between us doubled, the silk of her fingers circling, gripping firm, before stroking from base to tip.

“Fuck, yes...” I whispered, my word filter nonexistent, loving that she was seducing me like this. Her gaze was heavy with lust and want, eyes fixed on my lips. “You’re so good at that...”

The corner of her mouth twitched and I kissed her again. Bolder now, she wrapped her full hand around me, pulling me impossibly closer. Leading me... by my cock.

“You’re a good teacher...” she whispered.

I moaned, her words coinciding with an upward slip of her thigh before she rested her knee on my hip. Sliding against the sheets, I shifted into her grip, closer to where I wanted to be. Inside...

“Am I?” I breathed, wanting her to say it again. Did she really think that? I tried... always to make her comfortable here, and happy with me...

“Yes...” Her leg slipped higher, wrapping around me now. With a slight wet sound, the skin of her lips parted, holding my attention as she rubbed my tip against her warm entrance. Unable to stop myself, I pushed immediately, so eager to get in. She closed her eyes and moaned at the feeling.

I lost traction halfway as her tightness closed around me. *Fuck...* she was so small. Pulling back for my first solid shift, the weightless buzz of sex and alcohol blurred everything.

“Oh...” I stuttered weakly. “You feel... so good...”

My head collapsed against the pillow as she kissed and sucked my neck, sparking chills and shivers as she nibbled my ear the way I liked. I moved in deeper, so fucking ready to feel her, to be with her, to have her until I couldn't anymore.

My thoughts were scattered, but appreciative. She was wet because she loved the way I touched her, kissed her, made her mine. I moaned into her mouth as I pulled back and slid inside again, wrapping her leg higher on my hip, feeling her soft skin in my hands, changing our angle.

“Yes...” she whimpered, her hips grinding into mine already. Her hands were all over my hair, and her leg dug into the back of my thigh. We moved together, so deep, quickly breathless, and moaning at the intensity. I was hardly pulling out, just filling her over and over again.

“Don't stop...” she whispered, speaking her thoughts aloud.

“I won't...” I breathed into her ear, shifting firmly and repeatedly. “I don't want to...”

“Feels so good...” Her whimper was a plea for more.

I breathed unstably, completely lost in her sweet words. She was perfect, and I just wanted to feel her now, so connected and close. I rolled her slightly, clutching her knee, fucking needing more as our wet skin stuck together. Every stroke pushed me further into euphoria. It was so much to handle... the tight heat of her, the way she was moaning.

“Edward...” she whimpered, my head pressed against her shoulder now. Groaning at the way she said my name, my cock slid in and out of her wetness faster, my mind and body in a vacuum of pleasure, pure sensation with no rhyme or reason, no beginning or end. Just me and her...

“I love you,” I whispered, raising my head to see her lidded eyes fixed on my face.

“I love you,” she replied, kissing me, pulling my neck close and absorbing my next few thrusts with tiny moans. Slipping my hand between us, I touched her clit, playing now.

“Do you know what else you said last night?” I whispered.

She gasped as I touched her wet skin more firmly, unable to remember.

“You said... only I can make you come... not even when you touch yourself...”

She moaned in agreement, grasping my shoulders tighter, pulling my hair slightly. Her leg wrapped firmer, latching on, pulling herself into me for even more.

“Is that true?” I asked, wanting her confirmation.

“Yes...” she whimpered, so sexy, turning her head into the pillow, biting her lip.

I moaned, gritty and unstable. The reminder of last night sparked new need as I thrust deeper, longer, more completely, giving her what she needed as I played between her legs. And I was struck by her. The way she looked with the fire behind her last night, seeing her sexy and bare for me, ready and mine—that was one thing, but this... this was *us*. Her shyness wasn't completely gone, but this was close enough for now. And... something was different about this moment, about the way she felt to me.

“I can't... believe how good you feel... can you go harder?” she moaned softly, solidifying my thoughts. She was asking me for what she needed as her nails scratched my neck, gasping consistently as I touched her. I groaned again, thrusting hard and swift now, bouncing her against the slack of the bed with the power of my legs. The headboard began tapping the wall.

I growled in satisfaction, feeling her clench wet and hot over and over. The closer she got, the more she was losing herself for me, the harder she would come. I loved that part, seeing her let go for me, in my arms.

She moaned a guttural ‘yes’ and I stroked her harder and faster, feeling the shock of bliss and sex as her fingers pulled my hair again. I continued to thrust and feel, touching her little clit, wanting to make her feel good for me again.

“Oh...” she tried to speak, closing her eyes tight, her words pretty moans now, her nipples bouncing against my chest. I was going to come soon, and I could bring her, too. But she was holding out on me.

“Come for me, again,” I pleaded, wanting to watch her come apart, so open and free, high on being with me. “Please...”

“Yes...” she cried urgently, desperate again, clutching my shoulder and hair. “I will.”

Our wet skin smacked and I wasn't going to last long with her whimpering that way.

“You're so beautiful,” I told her, whispering breathlessly against her mouth. “You're mine and I'll always love you. This...” I rambled, but stopped. My chest suddenly constricted with the heat of telling her how I felt.

“Edward...” she breathed against my lips, so loving and reverent, her voice strained. *Needing* me to give her more. *Only me*.

And then something changed as her tone struck me again, leaving me reeling. Opening my eyes, I watched her face relax, sliding in and out faster now as my throat tightened. The sensation and constriction was shocking, but not in a bad way... in a deeper way. A new way.

She was all I wanted and I knew that— during every single moment we were apart and every single moment we were together – but, *feeling* it now was different. She gave me love always, but it was more than that now. Something *morepowerful*, unstoppable and indefinable,

something just... *more*. I *needed* her.

The tightness hit me again, and I tried to control it, ducking my head down to her shoulder, clenching my eyes tight, unable to focus on anything but the... *emotion*.

“I need you, too...” she whispered, running her hands through my hair, and I loved that. But I was saying something without realizing I was speaking.

With only seconds of warning, and one thrust deep inside of her later, I came hard. Shuddering a long moan of relief, I twitched inside of her before pure release swarmed, the strength of pleasure ordinarily rendering me incapacitated covered in the face of this stronger... feeling.

Momentarily overwhelmed, I breathed against her shoulder before slipping out of her, lying back to catch my breath, trying to clear my mind. *Where was this coming from?* My chest swelled, but my heavy exhale couldn't push it away.

She was by my side then, so warm and soft, wrapping her arms and legs around me, cuddling against my neck. She pulled the blankets over us as I took another deep, staggered breath. The tension released slightly as she pressed her body against my side completely. Then her mouth met my ear.

“Edward...” she whispered calmly between sweet kisses, running her hands through my wet hair. I closed my eyes for a second, loving the way she touched me. “I love you more than I've ever loved anything, ever,” she whispered, as if sensing my thoughts.

At her words, I opened my eyes, feeling her pure love for me in her tone and words. From the corner of my vision, I saw her wet hair sticking to my chest, splayed out across the pillow and the bed. My face was hot, and I was ridiculous, but I couldn't look at her yet, so I swallowed away the lump in my throat and listened.

“If I couldn't have you, I wouldn't want anyone else. I wouldn't be happy,” she said. I moved the bunched strands from her shoulder, tracing her neck and her collarbones with my finger to avoid her eyes. “I need you, too... so much...” she finished in a small voice. “You're everything to me... and... I want forever with you...”

Forever. I knew what that meant. She wasn't ready yet, but she would be one day. When she finished school, and when everything was better.

Finally looking into her dark eyes as her words rang around my head, I understood that she knew what I was feeling. She needed me, too. I had slipped and spoken my thoughts aloud, but she had *felt* it, as well, and probably before this moment.

Everything between us was mutual, and that meant we shared the best kind of need ... the kind I would never lose nor give away, because she needed me just as much as I needed her.

I had to wonder: what had I ever done to deserve her? To deserve *this*? No deed, no act of mine

had ever rendered me worthy of her, save my decision to try to get better. To be with her in the right way. I had to believe that was it, but regardless, I had her now. Through some strange stroke of luck—maybe even through some act of God. And I would hold on to her, cherish her, like no one else ever could.

“Good... because I’m keeping you.” I kissed her, playing it off as best I could, so grateful for the chance to love her, to need her. Pressing her soft lips against mine a second time, she hugged me tight, settling her chin on my chest.

Her eyes shone brighter when she looked up that way again, with all the feeling she had in her strong little heart. I touched her beautiful face, flushed not from shyness, but from feeling good with me. She was so small and soft, and my scarred hands were rough against her fine skin, but she didn’t care.

And although she already knew, one day—when she was ready to be my wife—I would tell her everything I had ever felt for her. But for now, this was enough for us. She was mine, and I was hers, and neither of us would ever let go. Always. Forever.