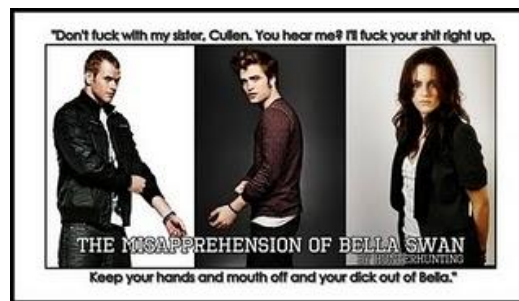


The Misapprehension of Bella Swan

by hunterhunting



Summary: *The Misapprehension of Bella Swan Regarding the Inferior Intellect of Hockey Players: Through incessant stalking and persistence, can Edward wear down Bella's resistance and teach her to embrace her inner puck bunny? A ridiculous love story. AH*



Chapter 1: WTF Makes Violence Hot?

"Jesus... I can see her beaver"
"Did you seriously just call her cooter a beaver?"
"What are you, Canadian or something?"



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

All hockey players are whores.

I realize this is a blanket statement, but I am pretty damn sure it is true because my brother is a hockey player and he is a certifiable whore. Emmett McCarty is not actually my brother by blood he's the son of my step-father, Phil Dywer, who is a hockey coach; which makes Emmett's career choice pretty self-evident.

We have a very interesting family, and by interesting I mean fucked up. Emmett has his mother's last name; my mother, Renee, has taken Phil's, and I've kept mine because I happen to like the way that Bella Swan sounds. And as nice as Phil might be, he's certainly not a replacement for my father, who I hardly see.

I live with Renee and Phil at the moment, which is mildly annoying since they don't seem to be moving past the whole honeymoon phase thing. I'm just waiting until I graduate from college and get a job that pays well so I can move the hell out of Dodge and get my own place where I don't have to worry about the toilet seat being left up or walking in on Phil humping Renee on the living room sofa.

Renee married Phil two years ago, and thus I inherited a brother. Emmett's never really lived with us, not for any length of time anyway. He usually occupies a bed during the off season, but even then he spends most of his time sleeping at other people's places, and by other people I mean women. I have heard way more stories regarding the sexual escapades of Emmett McCarty than I can stand to think about, and most of them I wouldn't repeat for fear of having the recurring images of him in various compromising positions infiltrating my mind.

I have also seen him naked.

This is not a good thing, at least not for me. It was a very scarring experience. I don't care if we aren't related by blood and that he isn't my real brother, being exposed to his junk was probably the single most horrifying experience of my life. Not to mention he's one hairy motherfucker. If I hadn't seen pictures of his mother, I would have believed she was a Sasquatch. I think the worst part was how nonchalant he was about the whole thing, all smiles and chuckles as I screamed and covered my eyes. He made some sick joke about incest and keeping it in the family, at which point I started throwing heavy objects at him. He's never used my bathroom since then, but still, the image is burned into my mind and I don't think even time or a serious blow to the head can erase that.

I am currently sitting in the kitchen, eating a healthy breakfast of strawberry Poptarts and rereading my essay on Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse*. I did not enjoy this book at all. I wanted to, I tried to, but I just can't. The stream of consciousness writing with paragraphs that go on for pages pisses me off; I don't care if she was clinically depressed and a literary genius. Sometimes not liking a book makes for a fantastic essay though. I'm pretty sure I'm going to get a mark in the mid-nineties with this one.

I shove my glasses up my nose, wishing that I wasn't so proud and would just let Phil pay for the laser eye surgery I have been researching the hell out of for months. Renee is beside me droning on and on about how I need to come to the game tonight and how important it is to Emmett that I be there.

I snort into my coffee, spewing it out of my nose. "Seriously, Mom? He lives here four months out of the year and he's only been my brother for two years." I'm fairly certain that Emmett does not give a rat's ass whether I am there or not."

"You're coming, end of story, and you are not bringing your laptop to the game," she says firmly for her, which isn't firmly at all; it's kind of whiny and pleading.

I sigh, resigned because I know if push it, she's going to start crying or something and I just can't be bothered to deal with the drama. The reason I don't want to go is because it is an out of town game and we will be gone for the whole weekend because of it. I have to read *Tom Jones* in its entirety by class on Tuesday, and spending three hours on a plane and my evening at a hockey game is going to seriously impair my reading time. Not to mention that *Tom Jones* is long, and I feel like I might hate it as much as I hated *To The Lighthouse*.

I'm not usually this bitchy. Well, sometimes I am. I prefer the terms sarcastic or cynical, though.

I go to my room and pack a bag for the weekend, shoving a bunch of random clothes in from my closet. I take a shower because I don't want to get on a plane dirty, even though I know I'll need to have a shower again as soon as I get to the hotel. I always feel repulsive after breathing in recycled air and sitting next to someone I don't know for hours.

The nice thing about Phil is that he only flies first class, so I have lots of room and a comfy seat to finish editing my essay in and then I am able to dig into *Tom Jones*, which I find very quickly I am right about. I hate it. The whole 'how to write a novel' in the middle of a novel is just . . . defeating the purpose of the novel which is supposed to be an escape from reality. Please don't remind me that your characters aren't real, thank you. I decide that I will not take three courses that focus on pre- and early-twentieth century lit in one semester again because it is just too much. I realize I probably don't hate any of these novels, I'm just overwhelmed by my workload and longing for the simplicity of something like, oh say, *1984*.

Once we get to the hotel, I take another shower as planned. I am vain enough to put contact lenses in, because Emmett always insists I come to the bar with him afterward and I hate wearing my glasses in a bar. It makes me feel as nerdy as I actually am, and no one needs to know that about me, especially his hockey buddies who all talk about their dicks and fucking and blow jobs. I think the most pathetic part is that most of the hockey groupies giggle and cover their mouths and slap at arms or grab knees when such things are mentioned.

I tell his teammates jizz tastes like shit, even if they eat pineapple. I don't actually know if this is true, but it makes for interesting conversation. It usually pisses Emmett off enough that he ushers me out and sends me home in a cab, which is fine by me.

I throw on a pair of jeans that Renee has clearly been the purchaser of. They feel like a second skin, and look like one too, but I wasn't smart enough to actually check and see if what I brought with me was going to be comfortable or not. I wear a padded bra because I have had the unfortunate experience of nip-ons at a game in the past, and slip on a tank top, covering it with a sweater because hockey arenas are cold. I leave my hair down and I actually put on makeup, because I know Renee will try and make me look like someone out of *Dallas* if I don't do it myself. I grab my wool coat, my scarf, my mitts, a hat and my messenger bag-slash-purse which houses my copy of *Tom Jones* and my Blackberry, which has a copy of my essay on it. I am ready for the game.

I shove a pack of Marlies into my bag as well, because I will totally sneak a smoke if I have the chance, even though Renee pretends not to notice I have picked up this disgusting habit. It allows me to extricate myself from situations when I am uncomfortable, which is most of the time.

The arena is packed, and I'm lucky enough to be sitting beside Phil who won't even notice if I start reading or fiddling around with my Blackberry. The whole Blackberry thing is a bit more difficult than I anticipated because I've got gloves on, and I don't really want to take them off since it is so damn cold in here. It feels like my contact lenses might freeze on my eyeballs. I prop my feet up on the boards, because we are in the front row. I can see everything, and if I even cared remotely about hockey I am pretty sure I would be pissing my pants because we are at centre ice.

But I don't, so I'm not.

Besides, pissing my pants would be nice for about six seconds while my ass and cooter are all warm, and once the pee cools, I would be wet and smelly and colder than I am in the first place.

I look up as the guys start skating out onto the ice. I'm slightly envious of the seeming ease of their feet gliding over the perilously slick surface. I'm petrified to learn how to skate. For real, who the hell wants to wear blades on their feet? Not me, that's for sure. I'm already vertically challenged; I don't need to add any fuel to that particular fire.

I spot Emmett who is just . . . huge. He's like a bear. A huge, perverted whore of a bear. He is also an excellent player, or so I am told, since I've never really paid that much attention to him. He's in the NHL, so obviously he's good. Phil stands up beside me and pumps his arm in the air and I slouch down in my seat, really embarrassed by his lack of understanding that the fist pump 'woot woot' thing where he barks like a dog was out about ten or fifteen years ago, give or take half a decade.

I pull out *Tom Jones* and start reading, keeping the book hidden beneath my curtain of hair. It's hard to read with all the conversations going on around me, and Phil hands me a beer which I gladly take. I can hear the girls behind me, who are wearing skirts that could double as a headband, as they giggle about some guy named Edward Cullen. Apparently he is new to the team. They mention

something about a Hat Trick and I scoff at the thought that one of those meatheads out on the ice would actually pull out a top hat and start doing magic tricks. Of course, my mind turns to poor helpless bunnies hopping on the ice, and then to the sharp edge of the skate as it slices through . . . Jesus, I need to stop watching *Criminal Minds*.

I close my book because I can't really focus on the ramblings of Henry Fielding while the hockey hookers talk about the size of the guys' dicks on the team. I wonder where they get those stats, is there a magazine that prints them? If so, I'm pretty sure I could guesstimate what Emmett's would be, give or take an inch either way. In the brief moment before I succumbed to absolute horror, I happened to notice it was pretty fucking huge.

Apparently Emmett's team is winning and the first period is almost over. We're one third of the way through. I excuse myself to use the bathroom and go for a quick smoke in one of those glassed in rooms that make you want to vomit as soon as you are trapped inside with all the other reject smokers. I end up taking way longer than I anticipated and the game is well into the second period as I make my way back to my seat, past the hockey hookers who look like they are going to get frostbite on their legs. Serves them right if their damn legs fall off for being loose and easily turned on by sweaty men in skates.

I'm about to plop back down in my seat when I realize shit is going down on the ice. Like really going down. I watch as one guy slams another into the plexi-glass right in front of me. I am stupidly excited and horrified at the same time, because I remember that game where the guy had his neck broken. I stop thinking about shit that doesn't matter and focus on the insanity in front of me. The guy's helmet crashes into the plexi-glass and the cage saves his face from the same fate. I am frozen as green eyes--they are so damn green, like steamed broccoli, al dente, not overcooked--meet mine. It's only for a second and then he is gone and I watch in fascination as the two men struggle to pull off their gloves. There are helmets flying and I realize that's actually very dangerous because they have blades on their feet and no helmets on their heads.

Everyone is screaming, so I figure why the hell not? I start pounding on the plexi-glass, but it kinda hurts so I settle for yelling, but then I decide no one can really hear me so I stop and just watch the drama unfold.

One guy definitely has an advantage and I realize it's the guy with the al dente broccoli eyes. I get a glimpse of his shirt and the name Cullen is written on the back. So this is the magic man? Huh. I can't really see his face at all because it's being buried under a fist, but I can certainly admire the dark hair that catches the light and shimmers red. Really, shimmering hair? I roll my eyes at myself and enjoy the show, wishing I had a bag of popcorn or maybe a hotdog to eat.

It's over quickly, though, and the refs are suddenly in the middle of it calling out penalties. Cullen is pissed, and not like mildly pissed, raging like a lunatic pissed. He glides across the ice and practically throws himself into the time out place or penalty bench, or whatever the hell it's called, throwing his helmet against the wall behind him and picking it up just to do it again.

He sits down on the bench; his face is red and his lips are mashed into a thin line as the ref chews him out. I can see him huffing away, the obvious desire to jump out the box and beat the other guy to a bloody pulp versus the desire to serve his time and get back into the actual game weighing heavily. He stays put and I feel a tug on my arm as Phil motions for me to sit down. I back into my seat, mindlessly taking the beer Phil has given me and I realize I am mildly turned on by the violence in this game. Hockey might be a bit more interesting than I originally anticipated.

I chew on my lip as I mull this--and the fact that my panties are wet--over, taking a sip of beer as I continue to observe a very pissed off Cullen watching the clock as the seconds on his five minute penalty count down. His head snaps in my direction and he meets my gaze, or at least I think he does. I can't really see him all that clearly because I am wearing contacts and my eyes are really dry. I blink several times and try to focus in a little better. The girls behind me start to twitter like ten-year-olds about how he's looking at them and I roll my eyes. I watch his eyebrow cock and I realize he thinks I rolled them at him. As I blink further, trying to provide enough moisture for my eyeballs so I can actually see him clearly, I roll them skyward again, completely unintentionally.

That makes it better and I can actually see the twitch below his left eye and the tightening of his jaw. Huh, he's kind of hot, in a hockey-player-fighter-whore way. I am beginning to understand why there are all these girls here dressed like they are ready for their shift on the corner, freezing their cooters off.

I snicker as his face turns this odd shade of puce. I make a real show of digging around in my bag and finding my eye drops, which are probably half frozen just like my toes at this point. I pull off one of my gloves and uncap the tiny bottle, which takes more effort than I would like because I can't feel my damn fingers. Leaning my head back, I squeezed the bottle directly over my eye, and miss because I have piss-poor aim. I swipe under my eye and try again; there is a vague burn as I blink and then my eye is soothed. I repeat on the other side, and of course I miss this eye, too. I have to root around in my bag for a tissue so I can dab at my eyes and wipe away the missed drops. But at least I can see better and it doesn't feel like my eyes are rusty eggs anymore.

Somebody scores a goal and everyone around me stands up. I sit there, too lazy to really give a shit because it isn't a fight, and pull my book out again. I'm figuring the best part is over and there likely won't be another fight, which is really too bad.

I read about two pages and hear a buzzer sound so I look up. I watch as Cullen jumps over the penalty box, helmet and gloves back on. I'm rather impressed with this move, because I couldn't do it in a pair of sweats and a t-shirt, let alone a whole ensemble of body armour. I watch the black puck slide across the ice and its cut off abruptly by Cullen's stick smashing into the ice. He pivots in a move that is both graceful and aggressive and barrels forward down the ice at a speed that is quicker than I can follow. I watch his stick slide back from the puck, and then it is in flight, sliding between the legs of the goalie and ricocheting off the back of the net. He's been on the ice for all of fifteen seconds.

Once again, everyone around me is on their feet and I almost feel the urge to stand, but not quite. I bury myself in my book again, sipping on my beer which thankfully stays cold because of the temperature in the arena. The unfortunate part is that it's making me shiver.

I become restless at the beginning of the third period and excuse myself to use the bathroom again, and go for another smoke. I can't even finish half of it though, because I don't *really* smoke all that much and the number of smokers in the smoking prison is making the air vile to breathe. Not to mention that it's making my contacts itch. I have to go back to the bathroom and put more drops in my eyes before I am able to go back to my seat.

I try to play on my Blackberry for a while, but I don't want to take my gloves off and I can't hit the right keys otherwise. I give up on Fielding because I'm finding it annoying as hell to try and read in a hockey arena, so I watch the game instead.

Phil hands me yet another beer and I don't bother to tell him that I'll probably be wasted by the time I'm finished drinking it. Emmett's team is winning, which is good. I'm trying to follow the action, but the game is pretty fast and I don't know most of the rules. Bodies rush by me in a blur and suddenly there is an arm smashing into the plexi-glass right in front of me. I half jump out of my seat because I've been daydreaming, spilling beer on my jacket.

I look up, thinking that there might be yet another fight right in front me and I am met once again with vibrant and fiery green eyes. Cullen gives me a smirk as he watches me wipe at the beer that is soaking into my jacket, right over my boob. My lip twitches as I frown at him because he's obviously done this on purpose and I sort of squeeze my boob through my jacket. I don't really know why I do this; I think it's kind of like when guys grab their junk at you as a way to say fuck off. Someone clips him on the ice and suddenly he is gone. I realize he has fallen and I start laughing hysterically. He pops back up and shoots me a glare before he heads down the ice after the puck. Phil gives me a funny look, but I just clink my beer against his to distract him.

Finally, the game is over and I stand up along with everyone else. I clap and cheer because Emmett's team has won and that's what I'm supposed to do. Once all the guys have left the ice, we all start filing out of the arena. I have half a mind to stay put until most of the people are gone because I hate the swarm of the crowd, but Phil is anxious to get out and see the press coverage.

It's about eight thousand degrees warmer outside of the arena, and within minutes I am sweating. I rid myself of my gloves, hat and mitts. I would like to take off my coat and sweater, but I know that I'm going to have to go back outside eventually because Emmett will be dragging me to a bar. It won't be just any bar, it'll be the one at the hotel where the entire team is staying--and incidentally, my family.

I text Emmett to tell him that we are heading back to the hotel. Of course Phil wants to stop by the locker room, and because he coaches hockey--not the NHL mind you--he thinks he has privileges that others don't. Apparently he's right, because we're ushered down the hallway. It smells like sweat

and stale equipment, beer and cigarettes. Renee looks all excited to be here and I can't help but snicker a little at how juvenile she can be.

I can actually see inside the change room and there are a fuckton of half-naked guys walking around in there, smoking cigars and drinking beer. I wonder if it's actually legal to do that or not. I turn away quickly, just in case Emmett decides to do the whole naked thing again. He comes out and of course there are photographers at the ready, taking his picture as he stands there in nothing but a towel.

I'm completely mortified and I hide behind my hair so they can't get a picture of my face, not that they would want one. Emmett and Phil do the man hug thing and the media takes a picture of the two of them before we finally leave the stadium. It takes us an hour to get back to the hotel because the parking lot is a gong show. I don't bother going back up to the room because Emmett has texted me to tell me they are going to be there in ten minutes and I can't really be bothered.

The nice part is that I can stumble back up to my room whenever the hell I want. It's actually a suite with two bedrooms; thankfully the bedrooms are not right beside each other so I don't have to listen to Renee getting boned by Phil. It's happened before. I was not a happy camper.

I sit down at the bar with Renee and Phil and he orders me another beer. I don't argue because I've lost my buzz from being in the car for so long. I tip the bottle back and drink the whole thing in about thirty seconds, which earns me a pat on the back and a 'way to go kiddo' from Phil. Excellent parenting skills going on here. He follows the back pat up by buying me another beer.

You can tell when the team arrives because all of a sudden, the bar is screamingly loud and packed. Once second I'm seated, the next I am in motion. Emmett's hairy bear arms are around me and I'm two feet off the ground.

"For the love of fuck, Emmett! Put me down," I screech like a little girl while he practically crushes my rib cage. I can see Renee scowling at me from my periphery because of the language. Sometimes I do it just to piss her off. He sets me down eventually and I'm swarmed with warm bodies and people chatting around me. It's really loud and I'm really uncomfortable. I tell Emmett I have to use the bathroom. He nods absently and continues to replay the game in detail to Phil, as if he wasn't there watching it.

I don't have to pee at all, but I take my purse and sneak outside. It's actually pretty warm considering it's early January. I lean against the wall and light a smoke, taking a drag before I watch the smoke furling out of my mouth and up into the air around me. It's still loud out here, but at least it's not as crowded. I wonder how long I can stay out here without my absence being noticed.

I can hear annoying, high pitched voices and I look around to see the very same hockey hookers who were sitting behind me perched in the laps of who I assume are members of Emmet's team. I roll my eyes and consider for a moment that they may actually be real hookers, but I think better of that since I'm pretty sure women must throw themselves at these guys all the time and they wouldn't have to pay for sex. I scan the crowd, watching the interactions with a mild degree of disgust. It's

better than thinking about how shitty it's going to be trying to read a novel with a hangover tomorrow.

A familiar pair of green eyes catch mine and I realize that it is Cullen I am looking at. I can't remember his first name because I wasn't really paying attention to what the hockey hookers were saying, except for the part about magic tricks, or Hat Tricks or whatever. Plus, I was too involved in watching the fight go down. Some girl is trying to wrap herself around him, and I am mildly repulsed by the fact that he seems to be looking right at me while she grinds herself on his junk. I stare at him, giving him my bitch brow, which is usually reserved for Emmett, and take a final haul on my cigarette before flicking it in his direction. Of course it falls way short of him and I turn away, slipping back inside before I do or say something stupid.

I find Emmett, or he finds me, three seconds after I come back inside and hauls me over to a table full of guys and more half naked women. I take a seat, because that's what's expected of me, and he hands me a beer even though I'm only half finished with my second one which I believe is my fifth of the night. The seat beside me is empty except for a jacket carelessly tossed over the back.

Emmett is talking to some random chick he is obviously not interested in. I can tell by his posture and the smile that is plastered on his face. Even though I have only known him for a couple of years, it's quite obvious when he's being genuine or not. I hide behind my hair as I snicker into my beer, because he is growing more and more uncomfortable by the second. I can't decide whether I want to save him or not, but when she grabs his junk I take pity on him.

"Hey Beefcake, stop fucking around with the whores and sit with me," I yell at him across the table.

Both his head and the girl's snap in my direction, as well as half the team because my voice apparently carries really well. I can feel myself colouring like a tomato but Emmett is smiling at me, looking quite relieved and said whore is looking rather incredulous, so it's totally worth it. The slutbag huffs and stalks away, losing her footing as her heel gives out under her. It's rather comical in a very pathetic way.

Emmett sinks into the chair beside mine and throws his arm over the back. "Thanks for the save. I thought she was gonna whip my dick out right there and I know how scarred you are from the first experience. I wouldn't want to make your dick envy worse there, Bells."

I scoff, "Whatever juice monkey, my clit is bigger than your dick. And you're welcome. I didn't want you bringing fleas into the house, or listen to you moan about your herpes flare up."

There are some expectant looks from his teammates, as he was just recently traded to the Blackhawks--which means he'll probably be home more than I realize or want--and no one here knows me. The seat on the other side of Emmett is now occupied and I turn my head slightly, groaning internally as Cullen's raucous hair comes into view. I don't look at him though, because . . . I don't know, I kind of like fucking with him since he seems to be a pretty reactive guy.

Emmett introduces me as his sister and I snort as he does that protective hug bullshit thing. Because I'm such a hottie that I need to be looked after, yeah right.

"We're only related by marriage," I point out, taking a sip of my beer and knocking his hand off my shoulder. There are a lot of people looking at me, and I'm starting the whole sweating thing again like I did when I was in the stadium. Emmett gets a thrill out of embarrassing the hell out of me, which admittedly isn't hard to do.

I shift uncomfortably, focusing on my beer for a few more seconds until conversations strike up around me again. Renee and Phil stop by the table, all wrapped up in each other to tell us they're heading up to their room. Renee makes sure I have a key and once again I am mortified by her complete lack of disregard for my social well being. I pull the keycard out of my back pocket and show it to her, sucking on the inside of my lower lip in irritation.

"Fucking Christ," I mutter under my breath, shifting in my seat again so I can shove the keycard back in my pocket. I'm really hot at this point because I'm embarrassed, so I pull my sweater over my head. Of course, I don't account for static and the fact that my tank top sticks to my sweater and comes up with it. I scramble to pull it back down with my face covered by my sweater, but the silence at the table is pretty telling. Once I bring the sweater over my head, I can see a lot of wide eyes around the table and I remember that the bra I am wearing is hot pink and my tank top is white.

I look down at my chest; oh yeah, I can see my bra right through my shirt, and now everyone at this table, including Emmett, has seen my bra. At least my cleavage looks pretty fucking good, if I do say so myself. I adjust myself, because there is not point in pretending it didn't happen.

I grin sheepishly and say, "Oops." I shrug like one of the hockey hookers, and just like that every guy at the table is asking me questions about myself. That lasts for all of two minutes until Emmett stares them all down.

Emmett gets up to go to the bar because the waitress is taking too long for his liking. It takes Cullen all of three seconds to sidle up to me.

"Hi, I'm Edward Cullen." He's all crooked smile and white teeth. I try really hard not to look at him.

"Bella Swan," I reply, giving him a sidelong glance. I can see he's kind of flustered and it's funny.

"I didn't know Emmett had a sister," he says. Damn he's got a nice voice. It's smooth and satiny and not at all what I expected. I think I expect him to sound like Kid Rock or someone equally trashy.

"Yeah, well, he likes to keep me a secret since he wants to fuck me and all," I say, my eyes widening at how seriously inappropriate my response is. "That was a joke," I say quickly, taking in his mildly amused expression.

I realize pretty quickly that his eyes keep bouncing back and forth between my chest and my face. Normally this would irritate the hell out of me, but I've sort of asked for it since I'm wearing a hot pink bra under a white tank, so I just look down, too.

"They're pretty nice for real ones, huh?" I ask and give them a little squeeze.

He blinks at me, obviously stunned and a little unsure of what he's supposed to say, as he tries to figure out whether this is a trick question or not. I do this embarrassing snicker-snort thing because I think this has to be one of the funniest interactions I have ever had with a member of the opposite sex, and look away.

Emmett is now talking to a girl whose skirt is so short, I can actually see that she is indeed not wearing underwear. "Oh my God!" I exclaim and point to the girl, nudging Edward with my elbow. I realize that I'm actually quite drunk and I don't really give a shit.

"Jesus," he breathes. "I can see her beaver."

While I am wholly fascinated with the cooter hanging out of the bottom of her skirt, I can't help but choke on my beer and turn to look at Edward. I swipe my hand across my mouth, because I'm still coughing and sputtering from choking on my beer.

"Did you seriously just call her cooter a beaver? What are you, Canadian or something?" I ask, trying not to laugh.

His brow is furrowed like he's confused, which he certainly could be. Hockey players aren't notoriously intelligent. I may have confused him with my question. Okay, so this is a complete stereotype and I'm only basing it on my experience with Emmett. I love the guy--sort of--but he's definitely not a rocket scientist. He's not even a rocket scientist's assistant.

"Um, yeah, I am Canadian." He nods, still looking confused because apparently I should know this already, as if it is common knowledge.

"And does everyone in Canada calls pussies beavers, you know, like the Brits call pussies fannies?" I ask, seeking confirmation that this is the case. I don't know why I'm interested in this information.

I watch his mouth open and close a couple of times, like he's trying to connect his mouth to his brain, but it's not quite happening. "Did you just say pussy?" he asked.

I'm beginning to wonder if maybe the helmet he was wearing isn't up to code and he's sustained brain damage. There's a pretty sweet bruise forming on the side of his jaw and I have the urge to run my fingers over the stubble there to see how it feels. It actually looks quite soft. His nose is crooked, with a decent bump on it from being broken what I can assume is multiple times. It's not ugly though, it's kind of sexy, in an I-fuck-people-up way.

"No, I said pussies, plural, as in more than one pussy, as in many, many pussies." I'm totally fucking with him now. I've definitely thrown him, which I find rather hilarious. "So really, I'm curious, when you go down on a girl, do you tell her her beaver is so wet, or smooth or tastes so good or whatever? I think I would laugh my ass off if a guy said that to me with his face between my legs." I'm totally rambling now. I know this, and I'm pretty sure I'm making an ass out of myself, because I am drunk and about two sips away from slurring my words.

"I need a smoke," I say and push my chair back from the table. My . . . beaver . . . is right at eye level with Edward's face. He's staring at my crotch like he's trying to burn my pants off with his X-Ray vision. I turn around so my ass is in his face and bend slightly to grab my sweater and my bag, taking my beer with me, not that I need it. What I need is a glass of water.

Emmett grabs my arm on my way past. "Hey, what the fuck is with you and Cullen?" he asks, all demanding and authoritative. I give him the bitch brow, because even though nothing is going on--except a bit of panty wetting--he's going into that bullshit protective mode. I look over at Cullen who is pulling his jacket on. Maybe he's leaving. That's disappointing, he was fun.

"Nothing, I'm sitting beside him, you left me there to talk to the 'Beave' here." I thumb in her direction and snicker at my own joke. "I was being polite and striking up conversation."

"You should stay away from him," Emmett warns me. Like I'm stupid and don't know he's a whore.

I roll my eyes at him. "Screw off, Emmett. I'm going for a smoke." I head for the door and as soon as I'm outside, I shiver like I'm in . . . Canada. The temperature has dropped a lot in the past half hour. I pull my sweater on and rummage through my bag for my smokes and a lighter. I can't find my lighter.

I hear a flick beside me and a flame comes into view and goes out immediately--because it's windy.

"Uh, why the hell are you following me?" I ask. Although it's not like it's he can't do whatever he wants. He was out here before . . . although he wasn't smoking then from what I recall. I purse the cigarette between my lips as Edward flicks the lighter again, holding his hand up to protect the flame with an eyebrow raised. It's kind of hard to be a bitch to him, since he's got the lighter and I don't. I cup my hands around his to keep the flame. He watches while I inhale, the embers burning orange as I take a long soothing drag, and cough.

"Shit!" I continue to choke, tears springing to my eye as I eye toke my smoke as well.

"Motherfucker!" I blink and cover my eye with my hand for a second, like that's going to do anything.

"You've got a dirty mouth, eh?" he says and smirks, flicking the lighter again. "I think Emmett's not too happy that you're talking to me, by the way," he continues, nodding in Emmett's direction.

I look over to where Emmett is trying to divide his attention between the 'Beave' and glaring at Edward. What the hell is his problem?

"Screw Emmett," I say and wave absently in his direction and take another drag of my smoke. I don't inhale as hard this time.

I watch Edward's lips as his tongue comes out and runs across the pouty bottom one. Actually, I think he might be pouting for real. He's pretty much eye-fucking my mouth every time I take a shallow drag. He's got a nice mouth, even though I can see that his lip is split at the one corner from being punched in the face. It's kind of hot actually. I might want to kiss it better.

I stand there smoking while he holds his beer in his hand. He's not smoking, just watching me smoke like he might want to ask my cigarette out on a date. His eyes are all intense and he looks . . . really uncertain and confused.

Edward is asking me a question I don't hear because I'm focused on his mouth, so I have to ask him to repeat himself.

"You were reading during the game, what book?" he asks. He looks genuinely curious, and a little offended.

"*Tom Jones*, I have to finish it for Tuesday and I've got an essay to write," I reply, wondering if I could bore him to death with education speak. Then it dawns on me that he must have been watching me while he was in the time out box-thing or whatever. I'm slightly embarrassed and maybe, just maybe, a little wet, or more wet than I already was because of his observation.

"Fielding at a hockey game, that's a little cerebral with beer and violence isn't it?" he asks.

I am utterly shocked that he knows who it's by, and that he's used the word cerebral in the appropriate context. It only takes me a second to recognize the look of panic on his face; it's one I sometimes wear when I say something that gives away the fact that I am indeed a nerd and I would much rather be at home reading or playing Scrabble than out at a bar any day of the week. Hence the excessive beer tonight. Edward Cullen is intelligent and he doesn't want me to know that. Or at least that's what it looks like.

Suddenly, he is infinitely hotter than he was five seconds ago.

One corner of my mouth turns up involuntarily and I know I'm smirking at him, because his eyes grow that much wider. Along with the smirk, I raise my eyebrow and I know this is an effective facial expression for me because I use it on Emmett when he does something like leave two drops of orange juice in the jug and put it back in the fridge. Like I'm not going to notice it's damn well empty.

I can hear Emmett calling my name and I realized that Edward is really close to me. Emmett sounds angry and I find that I don't really care. In fact, I would like to enrage him further. I grab Edwards shirt and pull his face down to mine.

His mouth is soft, his lips are warm, the stubble on his face is coarse and he tastes like beer and, more faintly, mint. I shove my tongue into his mouth, well actually that's not true. I slide it along his bottom lip and his mouth opens, his tongue meeting mine. Maybe there is something redeeming about whoring hockey players because Christ Almighty this man can kiss.

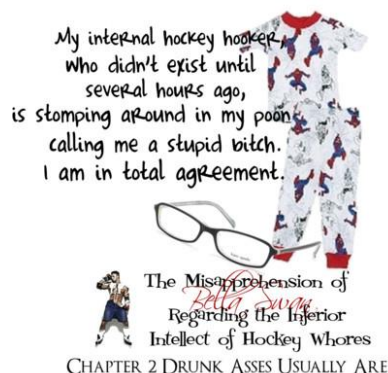
I feel his hand snake around my back and down until he's palming my ass and pulling my body into his. He's all hard lines and heat and I can feel . . . holy shit . . . that must be one massive cock under those jeans. I can feel it against my stomach and it feels pretty damn huge. At least I'd like to think that it is.

"Did you want to get out of here?" Edward asks, his lips trailing across my cheek to my ear.

"I think Emmett will kill you," I offer honestly. I'm actually a little turned on at the thought of those two going at it, kicking the shit out of each other. When did I begin enjoying physical violence? Oh, yes, a couple hours earlier.

"I think I really don't give a shit."

Chapter 2: Drunk Asses Usually Are



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

We're sort of kiss-talking which isn't as good as the whole kissing on it's own thing, but it's better than not kissing at all. Because Edward can kiss, like a motherfucker. I think I may have already imparted this information, but it definitely bears repeating. I'm nibbling on his lower lip and I'm

thinking about sucking on it in a second, because it's really hot that he doesn't care if Emmett wants to kick his ass.

His tongue is in my mouth again, and I totally would have expected him to be all aggressive and hard considering the way he is on the ice, but it's really soft and kind of sensual the way his tongue moves with mine. I think it's pretty safe to say this is by far the best kiss I have ever had. Which is sort of sad since he's a hockey whore and all.

I totally forget that we are in a public place, most likely because I am drunk as a skunk and I'm not really thinking all that clearly with Edward's tongue in my mouth.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Emmett yells, right beside my head.

I cringe because he's loud and also because I finally realize that I am on the patio of a bar, making out with a guy I don't even know, in front of my not-real-brother who is about to chew me out for it.

I begrudgingly separate my lips from Edward's and huff at Emmett. Cockblocking asshole that he is. Edward puts his arm around my waist, which is probably a really stupid thing to do considering the unnatural colour Emmett's face is turning.

"I'm sucking his dick," I say sarcastically, because I think it's probably pretty obvious what I was doing until he so rudely interrupted. He glares at me, clearly not finding my joke funny at all while Edward's fingers twitch on my side and then slip under the hem of my sweater and skim across the exposed skin. I shiver because his fingers are cold and it feels nice.

"Fine, you got me, Emmett. I wasn't sucking his dick. I was fucking his mouth with my tongue, and he was fucking my mouth with his tongue, in short we were fucking each others' mouths with our tongues. This is otherwise known as kissing, but mouth fucking sounds way dirtier, so I'm gonna go with that." I grin at Emmett as his nostrils flare.

Edward's whole hand is under my sweater now and he's trying to get his fingers into the waistband of my pants. Good luck there buddy, these are practically painted on.

"Edward, get your fucking hands off my sister," Emmett addresses Edward because I'm being an idiot and he realizes that having this conversation with me is going to be pointless.

I'm interested to see what's going to happen now. I'm all for a little fist action, then I can tend to Edward's wounds . . . with my mouth. Of course, the fact that Emmett once again pulls the sister card pisses me off enough that I point my finger at him and shake it in his face.

"Don't even," I say, like I'm getting geared up for an episode of The Tyra Banks show. I almost want to snap my fingers and tell him I am so 'fierce' and he needs to fuck right off. "You know what Emmett, I don't think you have a say in what I do, or where Edward puts his hands."

As I'm going off, I can feel Edward's cold nose on my ear and he has managed to get his hand into the back of my pants. I'm not really sure how he's accomplished this feat, but he has. It's really very distracting. As is the fact that I can feel his hand on rubbing against the side of my hip. I almost tell him this, but I think it might send Emmett over the edge and he looks like he's seriously close already.

Edward hasn't said anything; I think he might be sniffing me though. He sniffs again; oh yeah, he's definitely sniffing me. That's a little weird, but still it's kind of hot in a bizarre way, so I let it go.

"I'll tell Renee," Emmett threatens like we're four and I stole his G. I. Joe figurine.

Oh that's it. I'm going to fuck him up. Okay, that's not going to happen, because I'm pretty much the size of one of his legs, but I'm going to give him a piece of my mind. I launch myself at Emmett and because I am drunk, I'm actually fairly graceful. I grab onto the lapel of his dress shirt and pull myself up, the balls of my feet catch on the enormous buckle of his belt--because Emmett sometimes thinks he's a cowboy. I feel like I'm climbing one of those rock walls, which is a good comparison because that's pretty much what he is. A big, hairy rock wall.

"You listen to me you fuckwad, if you breathe one word of this to Renee, I will openly talk about the time we got drunk and you tried to feel me up, you got me? I'm not shitting you. I'll do it," I lie. But I think I'm pretty convincing because the look on Emmett's face is one of sheer terror.

"You wouldn't," Emmett whisper-gasps. Oh yeah, I've got him right where I want him. He's terrified.

"You wanna try me? Go for it, I've got nothing to lose. In fact, if I out you, I'll get press and then I can start that modeling career for short girls I've always dreamed about," I say to him, trying to keep a straight face because I can barely walk in flats let alone heels--which is a requirement to be a model. I can thank Tyra for this knowledge; you fucking go girl.

Emmett doesn't even catch the sarcasm and I realize it's because I've said this in front of Edward and no one but the two of us know about the incident of which I speak. It wasn't like he groped me on purpose or anything. In fact, if I was honest with him, he wouldn't be worried at all. But I am way smarter than Emmett is and I know that making him believe that he tried to molest his step-sister is the perfect way to ensure he never messes with my shit.

"I won't say a word . . . just . . . shit, I need to talk to you in private," Emmett says to me while glaring over my head at Edward.

I'm not falling for this garbage though. I know Emmett's M.O. He'll grab me and haul me up to my room and make a ton of noise to alert Renee and Phil that I'm home. It won't be good. I'll be stuck in my room for the rest of the night. I know this drill and I'm not about to fall for it.

"Ya know what?" I ask, jumping down off his body, far less gracefully than when I climbed up. I stumble backwards into Edward and he catches me, like he's my own prince hockey-whore. "I've about had it with the bullshit. I think I'm gonna call it a night."

I can't believe I'm saying this out loud. My whole body is rebelling against the idea of leaving, especially since Edward's arms are wrapped around my waist again and I feel like dry humping him would be a good idea right about now. I am pretty sure I hear him whisper 'stay' in my ear, but I'm pretty hammered, so I can't really tell if I'm right or not. It may just be that he's breathing out of his nose and it makes a whistling sound that seems like it's a word. It's totally possible; it's definitely been broken more than once and probably makes that wierd sound.

"Whatever you want to do," Emmett says amicably, smiling at me like it's the best idea I've ever had. I realize a second too late that I've done exactly what he wants. Dammit it, I'll show him.

I roll my eyes at him and turn to Edward. I root around in my bag for a pen and then write my cell number on the back of his hand like we're in high school. "You can call me whenever," I say, not meeting his gaze, before I shove Emmett out of the way and head back through the bar.

I'm really pissed at Emmett for being such a dick. I head up to my room, angry because I should be grinding all over that hot piece of violent ass, but I'm not. Instead I'm going to have to take matters into my own hands. I'm not stupid enough to believe that Edward will call me. I'm fairly certain that he'll find some other chick to make out with that isn't the hassle I am, and the next time I see him it will be all awkward and uncomfortable, which actually might be kind of fun.

Renee and Phil are locked up in their room, and as much as it's an appealing idea to sit down in front of the TV, I don't want them to hear me out here and think it's an invite to come and talk to me. Besides, Phil thinks it's okay to chat with me in his underwear. I guess this could be okay if it isn't for the fact that he wear briefs and I can see his junk through them. I have a pretty solid understanding now--pun completely intended--why Renee married him, other than his stellar personality.

I tiptoe through the suite, but I'm pretty tanked, so I trip and fall flat on my face. At least the carpet is soft. I lie there for a moment, noticing that there is something under the couch. It's a condom. A used one. Nice, especially for a suite that likely costs upward of four hundred dollars a night. I'm totally going to ask Renee if it's hers in the morning, just to see how red her face turns.

I get up and go to my room, closing the door behind me and locking it because I sure as hell don't want anyone coming in while I share some special time with my . . . beaver. I start giggling, because I think it's ridiculous that Edward called a cooter a beaver. I can't even begin to imagine what it would be like to have him say something like, 'can I touch your beaver?' or better yet, 'can I fuck your beaver?' Oh yeah, that's just weird, but it sort of makes me want to hear him say it, just so I can laugh at him. I wonder if I'd do that though, or if even something that stupid would sound hot coming from his mouth.

I realize I've forgotten to bring my travel dildo, a lovely gift from Renee when I turned twenty-one. Apparently every woman needs a travel dildo, don't you know? And it's not at all awkward to get it from my mother, or have her ask if me know how to use it. Fucking Renee. I'm forced to use my fingers to try and get myself off, I'm all horny now because of the make out session I've had with Edward-hockey-whore-Cullen.

It takes me like fifteen minutes to cum and my wrist is really sore by the time I'm done. Instead of relaxing me and making me tired though, I'm way more awake but still pretty hammered. I strip down the rest of the way and pull out my pajamas which are comical to say the least. It's quite obvious that I really didn't check to see what the hell I was putting in my suitcase when I packed, because I don't think I've seen this particular pair of pjs since I was fourteen.

They definitely don't fit that well, but I think they're pretty funny so I put them on. I can't wait until Phil sees them in the morning. I think he'll probably drop a load in his drawers, because other than hockey, his favourite thing is Spiderman and I'm wearing a pair of kid's Spiderman jammies. I check myself out in the mirror of my ensuite bathroom. Yeah, maybe I won't let Phil see me in these. The top is stretched so tight across my chest, it feels like an ace bandage. The pants, complete with the fly front because they are clearly boy's jammies, are capris on me and are also so low, they barely cover my ass. I think I look pretty hot if I'm going to be honest. Although I'm not seeing very clearly so that sort of helps.

I realize I've still got my contact lenses in so I take them out. Of course I don't locate my glasses before I start this process and then I have to look around my room for them while I'm half blind. I finally find them and my phone starts ring-singing. I look all over for it, and find it in my purse just before the song ends. I know it's going to be Emmett, making sure I made it up to the room alright, because he's an over-protective asshat. Although he's about a half hour after the fact.

"What the hell do you want, you douche-whore? Haven't you fucked up my night enough by interrupting my mouth fucking with that fuckhot teammate of yours without disturbing my masturbation session as well?" I hiss angrily into the phone while trying not to laugh. I know that it makes Emmett uncomfortable when I talk about masturbating, probably because he asked me if watching me get myself off would constitute as incest when we were loaded that one time I referenced at the bar.

"Holy fucking . . ." the voice on the other end of the line breaths out and makes that Darth Vader wooshing air sound into the receiver. This is not Emmett.

"Who the fuck is this?" I ask, suddenly mortified. Well not really since I've had too much to drink to be appropriately embarrassed.

"It's Edward, the fuckhot teammate," he says, and I can practically hear him grinning into the phone.

"Oh, hi," I respond. There is silence, and about three seconds too late, I have six witty retorts I would like to use but if I do, they will all fall flat because the moment for wittiness has long passed.

"Are you really masturbating?" he asks, and the whole Darth Vader thing starts again.

"No, I've already . . . stroked my beaver." I snicker into the phone. "Are *you* masturbating?" I ask, because the way he's breathing into the phone makes it sound like it's possible. I actually enjoy the visual this brings. I start to imagine what that might look like, Edward whacking off. I bet he gets really into it . . .

"What? No," he responds quickly, almost *too* quickly.

"Are you sure? I mean, you didn't even hesitate at all before you answered. In fact, you didn't even wait until I was done asking the question to reply." This is totally untrue, but I'm messing with him again.

"What? Jesus. Wait a minute, did you actually do that?" he asks, his voice is totally intense and I'm trying to picture the expression on his face as he's talking.

"Do what?" I ask. I'm standing in front of the bathroom mirror again, and I decide to brush my teeth, mostly because my mouth tastes like beer and cigarettes, and as soon as I get off the phone with Edward, I might go for round two of Pet the Kitty, if my wrist isn't too sore.

"U-u-uh," Edward sort of stammers which is quite humorous. "Did you stroke your beaver?" he finally spits out.

I start laughing uncontrollably, because it really does sound ridiculous, and I spit toothpaste into the sink. I'm surprised that Edward hasn't asked what the hell I'm doing.

"Fuck me," Edward mutters into the phone.

I stop laughing, first off because I immediately think it's an actual request, and secondly because now I've got this fantastic image of me underneath him and his supposed monster cock.

"Yes, I did," I reply and now my voice is all breathy and soft because I've got a porno running through my head.

"Are you serious?" he asks, and he sounds really excited. Like, really, really excited.

"Am I serious about stroking my beaver?" I ask, because I can't help it, I just want to use the word beaver.

"Can you stop saying beaver?" he asks. "Look, what are you doing right now?"

"Drinking a bottle of wine and watching porn, why?" I ask. I am pretty sure I'm going to be mortified by my behaviour tomorrow, if I can remember this conversation at all. But for now, I am thoroughly entertained by myself.

"Because I'm standing right outside the door to your suite. Did you want some company?" His voice is smooth and I can feel it as though it is a hand ghosting through the phone along my cheek.

"You are not," I counter, again with the breathy voice shit. I am beginning to realize why I never win at poker when I play with Emmett. I have a shit poker voice.

"I am, actually. Suite six-oh-nine," he replies and I can practically hear him smirking.

I run across my room and hurl the bedroom door open, catching it before it hits the wall and wakes up Renee and Phil. I throw the main door to the suite open and there he is, phone to his ear.

"Holy shit," I breathe and step out into the hall, closing the door behind me. "What the hell are you doing here?"

He's staring at me, his eyes wide as his lip twitches. "Nice." He nods at me and I look down, following his eyes. Oh yeah, now I remember; I'm wearing children's Spiderman jammies. My nipples are hard because it's kind of cold, and because Edward looks hot as fuck standing there with his jacket slung over his arm and a crooked smile on his face. I can see my nipples clearly saluting him through the thin white material. When I look back up at him, he's staring at my tits, his tongue running across his lips.

"I forgot my lace teddies at home," I snark, wishing for a split second that I actually had a lace teddy I could wear at the moment. "Seriously, what are you doing here?" I hiss at him and cup my boobs in my hands to protect my nipples from being visually molested further.

"I uh . . . I thought you might want to hang out. You could come up to my suite." He pulls his eyes away from my tits, but they flicker back down for a split second like my nipples have their own magnetic forcefield and he's being drawn into them even though they are covered by my hands.

"I was just going to bed," I say lamely. My internal hockey hooker, who didn't exist until several hours ago, is stomping around in my poon calling me a stupid bitch. I am in total agreement.

"I can see that." And there's the smirk again; God he's pretty, even with the banged up face and the bruises. Maybe that's actually a contributing factor to the level of pretty.

"I'm not going to fuck you," I warn him. I'm not entirely convinced this is the truth, but I figure if I say something like this, he'll either be cool with it or his facial expression will give away his disappointment and I'll be able to walk away unscathed.

"Okay?" Edward sort of asks it like it's a question and he's not sure whether this is okay or not. I think he's a little concerned that he's invited a lunatic to his room, but he's smiling a little and that's reassuring.

"Okay," I say back to him, nodding nervously. "Well . . . just let me get changed." I turn around to open the door to the room and realize that it's locked. And I don't have my keycard. "Fuck me," I mutter and turn the handle again, knowing full well that these lock automatically, and there is no way I can get in now without knocking and waking up Phil and Renee. If I do that, I can't 'hang out' with Edward, and I really want to even though I shouldn't. All I can think about is the prospect of possibly mouth fucking him again, and that is really rather appealing. I've also decided that from now on, I'm going to refer to kissing as mouth fucking, at least in my head.

"You don't have your key," Edward says from behind me.

"Uh, no, I don't." I turn around to look at him and he's smirking at me. It's a little irritating and a whole lot hot.

"You don't need to change on my account," he offers. "I'm actually quite partial to this outfit," he adds and now I understand completely why women are drawn to him, dressing like sluts at a hockey game to get his attention. He is a smooth motherfucker and I have a feeling I'm going to fall for his bullshit hook, line and sinker even though I am trying not to. "We could go down to the front desk and ask for another card."

"Are you kissing . . . I mean kidding me? I mean, what? No. I can't go down there dressed like this." I'm absolutely mortified by both the the Freudian slip and by the idea of walking into the main lobby in Spidey pajamas.

"Why don't you come up to my room? When you're ready to come back here, I'm sure I can have a key sent up." He offers his hand.

I look at it, and then him, biting my lip as I consider what I'm about to do. I'm certain, beyond a shadow of a doubt that Edward must do this often, and I am no different to him than any other girl. At the same time, this is so out of the ordinary for me that I kind of want to do it. I'm not sure if it's the residual booze still floating around in my system or the fact that I'm just really horny, but I slip my fingers into his open palm. The smile he gives me would liquify my panties, if I was wearing any.

He pulls me gently toward the elevator, releasing my hand so he can press his palm against my back. His pinky finger slides innocently beneath the elastic waistband of the pajama pants.

"Uh, no way." I shake my head furiously. His pinky slides out of the back of my pants, alerting me to the fact that it certainly wasn't as innocent as I thought. "I'm not taking an elevator dressed like this."

"Here," he says, and wraps his jacket around my shoulders as he pushed the button. "I'm on the twentieth floor. That's a lot of stairs, and I wouldn't want to tire you out." There's a mischievous smile playing on his lips and before I can protest further, the doors to the elevator slide open. Fortunately there is no one in there. I exhale a sigh of relief and Edward smiles crookedly at me, ushering me into the mirrored space.

I realize that I'm wearing my glasses and my hair is sort of a mess. I groan in embarrassment, wondering if this is some kind of prank and I'm going to be humiliated on national television as soon as I get to his room because he's part of the cast of Punk'd. I scrap that idea though, because I'm nobody special so all the humour in tricking me would be lost on the fact that no one would recognize my face.

No one comes onto the elevator during the short ride and I am grateful for that. Edward leads me down the empty hallway and I am suddenly very, very nervous. I feel like I might just vomit I am so nervous. I don't do this kind of thing and here I am doing this . . . thing I usually wouldn't.

"Hey," Edward says quietly and I look up at him, his eyes are soft and he reaches up and strokes my cheek with his fingers. They're rough and calloused, but the touch is so gentle, so intimate, that I almost sigh. "I just want to hang out," he says.

It's such a fifteen-year-old thing to say. And what's more, I want to believe him, but it's two in the morning. Showing up at a hotel room door in the wee hours of the night usually constitutes a booty call.

Whatever. I can always leave if I need to. It's not like he's going to hold me hostage. I nod mutely at him because my tongue is glued to the roof of my mouth. I follow him into the suite and my first inclination is to launch myself at him and tackle him to the floor, rip his clothes off and fuck him. Instead, I head directly to the bar and pour myself a shot of vodka. I shoot it straight and choke on it, because I don't do shots. My eyes water and I have to take off my glasses to wipe away the tears that spring to my eyes.

"Jesus, are you okay?" Edward asks as he pats my back awkwardly.

I nod as I continue choking. Once I can finally breathe again, I blink at him. He looks concerned and I wonder if he's instantly regretting asking me to come up here. I've already told him I'm not fucking him, but since I have a shit poker face, I'm also concerned that he can sense my bluff.

"Sorry, I'm nervous," I admit. It's like my brain has shut down completely and I can't stop the words from spilling out. Alcohol for me equals truth syrum. "I don't usually do this." Cue internal eye roll, what a stupid cliché line.

"You don't usually hang out with people?" Edward asks, looking rather amused.

"No, I don't usually follow famous hockey players up to their private suites when they come knocking on my door at two in the morning after having mouth fucked them earlier in a bar," I clarify.

"Oh," Edward says, looking a little dumbfounded by this information. He rakes a hand through his hair and looks at my mouth, and then down a little lower as I shed his jacket. "I really like the Spiderman pajamas." He grins at me.

I roll my eyes. "You like the fact that you can see my nipples through the shirt. I need some water, or some juice or something." I start rummaging through the little bar fridge under the counter. Edward is just standing there and I know I am being incredibly rude by helping myself to whatever I want in his suite, but if I don't keep the front up, I'm going to lose my shit. For real.

I settle on a diet Gingerale and ask him if he wants anything. He's just staring at me, and it's at this point that I remember how low these pants sit since they were made to house a boy's ass and not a twenty-three-year-old woman's. I may be petite, but I'm not *that* small. Thus there is a fairly good chance that half my ass crack is showing.

I stand quickly and pull the back of my pants up, and I know for sure that my ass has been showing because Edward's gaze follows my hand. I chug half the can of soda and suppress a loud belch, letting it seep out in a gust of air. It tastes like beer and the vodka shot I just did.

I walk over to the couch and sit down in the corner, tucking my legs underneath me. Edward hasn't said anything to confirm or deny my observation about my choice of bedroom attire; in fact, he hasn't said anything at all.

I hear the hiss and pop of the cap on a bottle of beer being opened since I refuse to look at him. He sits down beside me, leaning back, looking all relaxed and hot. Then he fucks me. Not in the literal sense of the word; he doesn't bend me over the arm of the couch, yank my pants down and fill me from behind. But he might as well because I'm definitely not going to be staying true to my word when I told him I wouldn't fuck him. Okay, so maybe that's a little extreme, but I'm set on at least making out with him again.

What does he do to crumble my resolve other than just by looking his ridiculously hot self? Edward starts asking me what I do and when I start yammering about college, he asks what program I'm in. I tell him I'm an English major he starts talking books. And not high school lit, like Shakespeare and *The Day of The Triffids*, but Chaucer and Morrison and so many more that I can't name because as soon as he starts discussing literary devices, I stop listening and start thinking about what he looks like naked.

One second he's talking about something literary, and the next my face is glued to his. I don't know how it happens, all I know is that I want to fuck the hell out of his mouth with my tongue. He's frozen for about half a second before he reacts. I hear the clink of his beer bottle as he sets it down and then his hands are on my body, under my shirt burning against my already hot skin. I moan, oh fuck do I moan. It's been a while since I've been touched by a member of the opposite sex and I feel like I'm about to explode out of my skin from the contact. And by a while, I mean it's been the drought of the ages for the past six months.

"Shit," he mumbles into my mouth as I slide my fingers along the rough stubble of his jaw and into his hair. God it's soft, it reminds me of those Head and Shoulders commercials where all the hot guys talk about how soft their hair is and I laugh my ass off because there is no way in hell a guy would actually admit that unless they were getting a paycheck.

I don't even hesitate now; I press my body against his, but it's still not close enough so I straddle his lap. This is probably simultaneously the best and worst idea I have ever had. It's the best idea because my aching . . . beaver . . . nevermind, my cooter is desperate for a little friction and I settle down right on top of the straining bulge in his pants. It's the worst idea because as soon as I do, I start moving on him, rocking my hips over him and forgetting entirely the fact that he probably does this all the time.

His hands slide over my back; the movement is slow and when he reaches the edge of my pajama pants which are actually halfway down my ass, he stops. His fingers slide back and forth under the edge of the waistband. He isn't making any move to push me down on him more firmly, which is really too bad, because I have a feeling he would be helping out with the friction a lot if he did.

He breaks the kiss for a moment and his lips travel over my neck as he noses my hair out of the way. "Is this okay?" he asks, inching his hands down into the back of my Spidey pants.

I moan in affirmation and grind into him. His palms are on my ass, his fingers wrapping around the swell and squeezing gently. "And this?" he asks.

I moan again, because I can't speak without saying something that might completely ruin this for me. I suck on his bottom lip because it's full and soft and really just begging for the attention.

"What about this?" he asks and pulls my body into his, shifting his hips forward at the same time. And there it is, the friction I've been looking for.

"Fuck me," I breathe out and then I freeze, realizing what I've just said.

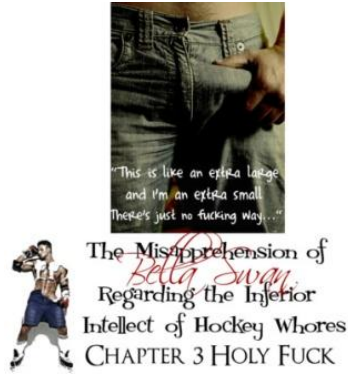
Edward's hands still but he keeps me firmly pressed against him, the tips of his fingers digging into the soft fleshy part of my ass. I wonder briefly how it would feel to be spanked by him. Probably really damn good. I needed to stop reading dom-sub porn.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to, okay?" he murmurs as his lips move over mine.

I am so screwed. I hope there's a support groups for hockey hookers, because I have a feeling I'm going to need it after tonight.

oOo

Chapter 3: Holy Fuck



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to, okay?" he murmurs as his lips move over mine.

"Okay," I agree. I decide if we stay here on the couch, that it's going to be safer. I don't know why I think this. The first time I had sex it was on a couch, so the prospect that this is less dangerous than say, oh, a very large and comfortable bed is utterly ridiculous. But I'm going to go with it anyway.

Edward's hands are kneading my ass and I'm moaning into his mouth and sucking on his tongue. At the same time, I'm grinding on him shamelessly and he's more than willing to help me out by pushing his hips up to meet mine and pulling my body closer by my ass. This is pretty fucking awesome, as far as making out with a hot hockey player goes.

His arms are thick and tense, the muscles flexed and hard as he shifts me against him. His chest is a solid wall of muscle, rippling and defined with every tiny movement he makes. I bet he looks like one of those guys in a magazine advertisement when he's naked, except not airbrushed all to hell. I'm suddenly very interested in finding out if this is the case.

I release his hair from the prison of my fingers and let them travel slowly across his shoulders, feeling the muscles there as he continues to move my body with his in what is probably the best dry hump ever. At least for me. I can feel the sinewy hardness as my hands drift down his chest and over his stomach until I reach the bottom of his shirt.

Edward's mouth breaks away from the furious and heated kiss and his lips move along my cheek until he's kissing my neck. The contrast of rough stubble along his jaw and the softness of his lips sends a delicious shiver down my spine that settles between my thighs. I buck against him, and at the same time I slide my hands under his shirt.

There is a smattering of hair below his belly button; the treasure trail that leads to what I am sure is something pretty close to gold, or diamonds--or maybe a mine of steel if such a thing even exists--because that thing is damn hard right now. This makes me feel like a rockstar, because I am making him this hard. Well, he's also got his eyes closed, and I'm grinding up on him, so that might have something to do with it. Who knows if he's imaging vagina lips -- aka Angelina Jolie or her younger

counterpart Scarlett Johansen? I let my fingers travel up toward his chest rather than down, because I am still slightly in denial about the fact that I'm probably going to get naked, even though I've said I won't.

He hums into my mouth as I run my hands over his stomach and up to his chest. The smattering of hair continues; unlike Emmett, he doesn't feel like Chewbacca. (See: things I don't want to think about while I'm making out with a hot piece of ass). Instead, it's soft and sparse, heavier in the center of his chest and thinning as I reach the broad definition his pecs. I run my thumbs over his nipples because I know it feels good on me, so I'm sure it's the same for him.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's good," he says in a tight, smooth voice as I pinch one between my fingers, affirming my original notion. One of his hands continues to grip my ass firmly and move me over him, and the other slides up the back of my shirt and tickles along my ribs. My body jerks and his hands still again.

"Did you want me to stop?" he asks, his lips brushing back and forth over my collarbone.

"No, I'm ticklish." I bite my lip and look down at him, slightly embarrassed.

"Is that so?" He looks up at me from under his lashes, a devilish smirk curling up the corner of his mouth.

I bite down on my lip to suppress the groan that's about to come out and grind down on him again, because the look on his face practically obliterates my clothes off my body.

"I'll have to remember that," he says and his voice turns gritty as the hand that is still in my pants skims along my back and winds in my hair until his fingers are on my neck and he's pulling my face to his. Even when he's intense and the kiss is rougher and harder, it's still sensuous. I have no idea how he manages to do this, but I'm happy to be reaping the benefits.

I'm left to grind on my own, but he pushes up as I grind down, so I'm still getting some excellent friction in. It feels good, but not good enough. I feel his thumbs ghosting along either side of my ribs, pushing my shirt up along the way.

He pauses just beneath the swell of my breast. "Is this okay?" he asks.

I 'mm hmm' into his mouth and the pads of his thumbs brush along the underside of my breasts and I let out a breathy sigh. He cups them in his hands, kneading softly before his fingers travel over my straining and tight nipples.

"And this, do you like this?" he murmurs against my mouth.

I moan like a whore. Like really, I let out this throaty moan that's all porn star ridiculous and I can feel my face and chest heat up with the embarrassment.

Apparently Edward likes my whore-like-moan because he pushes my Spidey top up higher but breaks the kiss and looks me in the eye, his palms flat against my chest, as if to ask if it's okay for him to go any further. And then I realize that this is exactly the case; everything, every move so far, he's asked permission to move forward. Something about this makes him that much sexier.

I slide my hands out from under his shirt and lift them over my head, and he pushed the shirt up. His rough hands travel slowly up the outside of my arms. Of course, when he pulls it over my head, my glasses get caught in it and I have to wrestle them out of my hair. He takes them out of my hands and folds them, putting them aside on the back of the couch. Up until this point, I'd totally forgotten I'd been wearing them.

And now I'm topless. Edward stares at my tits, and not just glancing at them and looking back up at me. I mean full on staring. He cups them with his hands, which are just fucking huge--his hands, not my tits, those are pretty average sized. He has really long fingers and he draws circles around my nipples with them. Then he sort of bounces them around a bit.

I try really hard not to laugh, because he's kind of like a little kid who's figured out that jello jiggles if you push on it.

"I told you they were really nice for real ones," I snark, because I'm getting a little self conscious about the fact that he's just *staring* at them and playing with them.

"They're so fucking soft," he muses, squeezing them, not looking up because apparently my tits are just that mesmerizing. "And perky." He sort of nods to himself and then leans in, brushing the tip of his nose across the swell before his lips sweep over my nipple.

I gasp and he looks up, realizing that I'm actually attached to the boob he's making out with. "Can I . . ." he trails off as his tongue peeks out and just barely touches my painfully tight nipple.

"Oh, God, please." I nod and his lips wrap around the peak and he sucks it into his mouth. I'm doing the whole whore-moan thing again, but I can't be bothered to give a flying fuck because it feels so damn good.

I abandon his chest and grip his hair instead, just in case the whole whore-moaning makes it sound like I'm an animal who is being run over by a car and he gets the inclination to stop. I'm not sure if I sound stupid, like so many of those porno sluts, or whether the noise I'm making is actually sexy like I want it to be. I bite my tongue just in case it's the former and not the latter. It doesn't matter though, I'm still whimpering away as he kneads one boob and suck and kisses the other. Then he ups the ante by grazing my nipple with his teeth.

I suck in a ragged gasp and grip his hair tightly, arching my chest toward him and then I bow forward. I press my face and my nose into his hair; it feels like silk against my lips and it smells really good, so I inhale. I realize that I'm sniffing him like he did to me earlier at the bar, but he's groaning beneath me, so I don't really think it's necessarily a bad thing to do. A little strange maybe, but not bad.

He nips across my chest, his nose sweeping between the valley of my breasts and the stubble on his cheek scraping deliciously against my sensitive skin. I can't shut the fuck up, and I keep on moaning away.

"Fuck, you *really* like that don't you?" Edward asks, his voice is low and seductive.

I think it's rather obvious that I do, but I breath out a 'god yes' and grind down on him to punctuate my affirmation. This seems to be pretty positive in terms of spurring him on to continue. When I think he's engrossed enough in loving the shit out of my boob, I let go of his hair. He sort of whimpers a bit, like he doesn't want me to stop trying to rip it out by the roots. I wind one hand back in and grip it tightly in my fingers, giving it a firm tug and he lets out this grunt of approval. Huh, he really seems to like that. I'll keep that one in the bank for next time.

As soon as that errant thought passes through my mind, I mentally check myself, because it's definitely a stupid place for my thoughts to go. I'm fairly certain that there will be no repeat performance here. This sort of helps me to gain a little perspective for about three seconds, until he does the nipple-teeth-graze thing again and then all thoughts pertaining to how this might not be a good idea are gone.

I keep one hand in his hair, but let the other travel down his side and back under his shirt. I feel like I need to even the playing field--or possibly the ice rink--and I start yanking his shirt up. He realizes what I'm trying unsuccessfully to accomplish, since I'm holding his face to my chest with one hand and pulling up his shirt with the other. He disengages his mouth from my body and I let out this pathetic whimper.

"God that is so hot, you are so fucking hot," he declares as he assists me in removing his shirt. He's still staring at my chest, and then his eyes move up to my face and back down again. I'm not sure what is 'so hot' or what it is about me that he finds so appealing other than that I'm willingly grinding all over him, but I'm not going to try and dissuade him if that's what he thinks.

Once his chest is bare and I can see the thick, flexing, sinewy hot-as-fuck muscles of his arms--not to mention the rest of his upper body--I totally forget about the nipple sucking deal and how sad I was that he stopped.

I pause my desperate grinding and just focus on what's in front of me. "Now *that* is nice," I whisper in approval because Jesus mo-fo Christ does this man ever have a rockin' body. One of the first thing my eyes are drawn to are his two tattoos, on the upper bicep of each arm. I'm such a sucker for tattoos. On his right arm is a waving Canadian flag, and on the left is some sort of crest that's all in black. I don't really care what it is, all I know is that it's sexy as hell.

I'm almost embarrassed by my lack of physical fitness as I shamelessly peruse the cut lines and thick bands of muscle that flex in Edward's arms and chest as he wraps his hands around my waist and pulls my body down into him again. You know, just in case I forgot that I am sitting in his lap and all, right over his hard-on.

I'm enjoying the sensation of my . . . beaver grinding up against his wood, but the view, well that has managed to garner my full attention. I feel momentarily bad about not going to the gym or playing any sports as I run my fingers over the soft skin covering the solid muscle of his chest down to the dips that define his perfectly sculpted abs.

I'm so damn lucky that I have my mother's frame, because I have deplorable eating habits. I'm the girl eating a Big Mac Combo and a diet Coke with a Hot Fudge Sundae on the side wondering why all the skinny bitches eating salad without dressing are giving me the death stare. Of course, I know it's because I'm usually smaller than they are and I just don't care in the least if I gain a pound at dinner, because I know the next day it'll be gone anyway. I am well aware that this will probably catch up with me at someone point and that my ass will one day expand, but right now I'm content to read my books while eating a box of chocolates and be a nerd until it becomes necessary for me to read my books on a treadmill instead.

I stop thinking about stupid things like my eating habits and let my fingers dip down a little lower, passing just beneath the waistband of Edward's jeans. The skin there is damp and hot and he groans a little when I do this. I bite my lip to stop from smiling, because I am a little overwhelmed that I am eliciting this reaction from him. This is way more fun than I could have anticipated. And hot. It's really, *really* hot.

Edward leans forward and slides his hands along my ribs until he's cupping my breasts again and settles his face between them and sort of nuzzles them. I almost expect him to do that whole motorboat thing from that silly movie I've seen before and currently am too lust fogged to remember the name of. Fortunately, he doesn't. Instead, he kisses his way over my chest and up to my neck, along my jaw to my mouth. He wraps an arm around my waist and pulls my body flush against his. I let out a slightly desperate whimper from the heat and the contact of skin against skin and Edward shifts his hips upward in response.

My hands are trapped between our bodies, and while I'm all for the skin to skin contact, I'm thinking I would like to be touching some other skin, a little lower down. I am aware that I have become a full fledged hockey hooker in the span of an evening. I am resigned and excited as I try to slip my fingers deeper into the waistband of his pants.

"We could go to the bedroom, if you'd like," Edward suggests, his voice is husky as his own fingers dip beneath the waistband of my Spidey pants to grab onto my ass again.

"No, we can stay here, I like the couch," I say hurriedly, as though staying on the couch is going to help me in this situation. I know where this is going; I'm not stupid enough to believe that I'm going to say no to this man. I'm just trying to fool myself into believing that I have some iota of control over it all. I can't even imagine that any woman has ever said no to him, and I can completely understand why.

"I'm pretty sure the bed's more comfortable," Edward responds, his lips moving over mine slowly. He runs his tongue over my bottom lip until I part them and grant him entrance. His tongue is soft

and searching as I grip onto the waistband of his jeans, my thumb brushes over the button and I press it through the hole while keeping my body tight to his. My stomach is suddenly in knots and I'm nervous as hell, because what if I'm a lousy fuck? I can't believe I'm even capable of having these thoughts while my hands are almost in his pants.

I mentally tell myself to shut the hell up and I pull back just a little, enough that Edward must think I've decided that the bedroom is definitely a more comfortable place to be. I'm very sure it is, which is my problem. The more comfortable I am, the more likely I am to follow through with what I know I'm going to follow through with anyway. It's a moot point, so I don't know why I'm bothering to try and avoid the inevitable.

Edward's hand slide further into my pants and he grips my ass cheeks firmly, pulling me hard against him as he stands in one swift motion. My hands are still halfway into his pants and I grip tightly onto the waistband as I lock my legs around him. One of his hands ghosts up my back and settles in the center, keeping my body close to his as he walks toward what I know must be the bedroom of his suite.

He doesn't bother to flick on the light, which is kind of sad, because now I can't see his body or his face. My ass hits soft fabric and he releases me, leaning over me so he can turn on the light beside the bed. Of course he's going to go for mood lighting, because he's a smooth motherfucker. The soft glow of the lamp only serves to magnify the dips and curves of his very cut body. It highlights the sharp angle of his jaw and the streaks of red in his hair. I think I sigh aloud and he chuckles as I swallow thickly.

He runs his nose along my arm and over my collarbone. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to," he says gently, repeating the same words he said when I first assaulted him on the couch, urging me backward on the bed.

"I know," I choke out, hoping he doesn't hear the slight tremor in my voice. I'm still holding onto the waistband of his pants like it's a First Edition copy of a Shakespeare play, signed by Shakespeare himself. I busy myself with unzipping it, but even my hands are shaking a little, so I'm finding that to be a bit of feat.

I peek up at Edward, and his expression is dark and intense as I shimmy back on the bed to give him enough room to climb up after me. I spread my legs and he settles himself between them, sitting up on his knees, towering over me slightly. He looks mildly ominous and wholly sexy. I fumble a bit, because he is so stunningly gorgeous to look at that I've lost my fine motor function. Finally, I get the zipper down and I reach inside and find the soft, hot skin encasing the hardest dick I have ever felt in my life.

Edward's gaze breaks from mine first as he watches my hand slipping into his pants. It has to look good from his point of view, I mean how can it not? Someone else's hand in your pants is pretty much a winner of a situation. I skim my fingers along the length and the first thing that strikes me is

the fact that there is *a lot* of length. I wrap my fingers around it and pull his dick free from his boxer shorts, because I really need to take a look at this thing.

I think my eyes must nearly pop out of my head and roll under the bed in visual stimulus induced fear when I finally manage to wrestle it out of the confines of his boxers. Because fuck me, that thing is huge. Of course my mouth works before my brain and I speak the stupidity that is running through my head.

"What the fuck is that?" I exclaim. I realize the inanity of my question because I know damn well what I'm looking at, but seriously, what the fuck?

"Um." Edward lets out a nervous chuckle, because I'm holding his dick in my hand and I'm clearly not sane. "It's my cock."

I can't help but notice that the wetness pooling between my thighs ramps up a notch when Edward says the words 'my' and 'cock' together.

"I know that, but Christ, what the fuck is wrong with it? Do you have elephantiasis of the penis or something?" I haven't looked up at him yet, because I can't stop staring at his dick in my hand. My thumb and my middle finger must have a good inch or inch and a half of space or more before they can meet each other. I squeeze, just to see if that helps bring them closer together. It doesn't. What it does do is make Edward groan and that, *oh holy Jesus*, is one hot noise coming out of his mouth. He's also laughing at me a bit, so it comes out all heavy and then there's this little snort thing at the end which is really quite cute and endearing, while also being very sexy.

"It's not that big," he says and shifts himself forward into my hand.

I finally look up at him, licking my lips as my eyes shoot back down to his cock in my hand and I lose focus for a second as it registers that he's uncircumcised. I'm fascinated by the way the skin sort of wrinkles up when I stroke toward the head and then smooths back out as I stroke down. I bet it's fun to play with when it's soft. I remember that I'm supposed to respond in some fashion to his comment and so I do.

"Are you kidding me? This is like a porno dick or something. This is huge, I realize it's not like a foot long or anything, thank Christ, but honestly, the girth alone is worrying. This is like an extra-large and I'm an extra-small. There's just no fucking way . . ." I trail off. What. The. Fuck? Have I been deprived of oxygen? Am I seriously coming up with arguments against having sex with this man, and then voicing them to him?

Instead of stopping there, I continue on like the head trauma victim that I am, "It's like a person who wears an extra, extra-large shirt trying to fit themselves into an extra-small. What the hell do you think happens to the shirt? The seams split and they burst out of it like they're the Hulk. I can't even imagine the tragedy if my beaver exploded like that," I ramble.

Edward silences me with his mouth and I am so fucking grateful because I am pretty sure that is some of the stupidest shit I have ever said to another person in my life. Particularly one I don't know and am planning to have sex with.

"You know," Edward says as his hips shift forward into my hand again, "you're pretty damn adorable." He sucks my lower lip between his and nibbles gently. "And I'll have you know I don't frequently use the term beaver. I also think it would be tragic if your pussy exploded, particularly if it happened before I have a chance to find out what it's like being inside you," he murmurs against my lips.

Oh Jesus, I am going to hell. I whore-moan again, because he's used the word pussy and he's just said he wants to be inside me. For some reason this is just about the hottest thing a man has ever said to me. I don't know if it's just the way his voice travels over my skin like warm, melted butter or the sincerity, but whatever it is, God Almighty, I want this man something fierce.

"Oh my God," I whisper as he reaches down and gently pries my hand from around his shaft and settles himself between my legs. All that's separating his disturbingly large cock from my holy land is a thin, worn, cotton barrier and I'm ready to yank my pants off, but fear of the giant cock prevents me from doing this.

He kisses me slowly, tongue pressing against mine and tangling languorously as he holds himself above me. I let my hands wander over his skin, along the hard muscles of his biceps and over his shoulder and then down along the expanse of his back until I am at his rock solid ass. I push down on it and raise my hips just to feel the thick pressure against my overheated pussy. I'm slightly relieved that he doesn't usually call cooters beavers, but at the same time it's pretty funny, so when the opportunity strikes I'm definitely going to use beaver again; just not now, because that will totally ruin the moment here.

He kisses me harder, grinding into me heavily. I'm a panting, whining mess as I wrap my legs around his waist to pull him closer, even though I truly am slightly terrified of the dimensions of his cock and what kind of damage it's going to cause. Edward places soft, open mouth kisses along my throat and over my collarbone before he reaches the swell of my breast. He uses his teeth to bite down gently before he's sucking my nipple back into his mouth. God, I really do love that.

My hands automatically go to his hair and I arch my back. I'm not really sure what purpose this serves, it's not like it's going to make him able to fit more into his mouth. He chuckles against my nipple and I wonder if I really do sound stupid and that's why he's laughing. I don't have time to ponder this before Edward is unwrapping my legs from around his waist. I think I've got a pretty good vice grip going, but apparently this is not the case because Edward untangles his body from mine and sits back on his knees.

I suck in a tortured sounding breath, because the absence of friction between my legs is almost painful. He runs his rough hands down my sides and hooks his fingers into my waistband. My whole body tightens in anticipation, but he reads it wrong.

"Is this okay?" he asks, rubbing slow circles along my hip bones as he waits for my response.

I nod and swallow audibly. "Yes, it's okay," I say, but my voice is shaky and I'm so embarrassed by my complete lack of confidence.

"If you want me to stop . . ." Edward trails off as he pulls my Spidey pants over my hips and down my legs. I watch the green in his eyes darken slightly as the material slides down my calves and he removes the last piece of fabric that keeps me from being completely exposed. And I am naked, in front of a porno-centerfold with an unnaturally large dick; goddamn do I ever feel inferior right now.

I press my knees together, trying to be modest for some reason, even though I've been brazen as hell up to this point. Edward runs his hands up the outside of my legs and then back down over the tops of them until he reaches my knees and pulls them apart. He gets them open about six inches and runs his palms down the inside of my thigh, stopping inches away from the overwhelming ache.

"Yes?" he asks, waiting for permission to continue.

Oh my God, how the hell can I even contemplate saying no? I nod, trying not to be too vigorous with the movement, and betray just how excited I am about having someone other than myself touch my cooter. I am silently grateful that I waxed last week and shaved this morning before getting on the plane.

The fingers of one hand slide lower and graze my bare lips, while he pushes my legs apart with his forearms. He moves the other hand up over my belly and then down my ribs to settle on my hip. I'm practically hyperventilating as he makes a slow pass with the back of his fingers over the sensitive skin and skims back up. He is watching the movement of his fingers along my slit intently. He shakes his head slightly, his tongue peeking out to wet his lip. "I can't even . . ." he mutters before leaning forward to kiss my knee.

His eyes snap up to mine for a moment. "Can I?" he asks, nibbling on the skin on the inside of my knee before his eyes dart down again and he slides his fingers slowly between my lips into the wet and the heat of my pussy. I am really fucking wet, like torrential downpour wet.

"Please," I moan as his fingers find my clit and he rubs a slow circle before they migrate lower and he runs his stubbled cheek down the inside of my thigh. Oh my God, is he going to . . . no fucking way. No fucking way! Oh yeah, he is.

One second it's his fingers on me, and the next it's his mouth. There isn't any real lead up, just the feel of his face on my inner thigh before I feel his tongue slide over my clit. I gasp and arch and latch onto Edward's hair, holding his face against me as I buck against his tongue. Yeah, it had been a long ass time since anyone has given me face to pussy resuscitation. I didn't expect it at all, because honestly, it's a pretty intimate thing to do, especially with someone I hardly know.

He sucks and licks and nibbles his way over my clit. "Jesus, you're so fucking . . . God . . . do you like that?" he asks. I think the hair gripping and hip bucking should make it clear that I do, in fact, like it . . . a lot.

But I moan out a, "God yes, Edward," just to make sure my whore sounds are taken in an affirmative context.

His fingers slide lower and then there is a gentle but insistent pressure as he slides one inside of me. We groan in unison. I can feel it, the building of intense sensation and I tense as the heat rolls over me in a wave, funneling its way from my limbs to the center of my body. I am going to cum really, really soon. Edward pumps his finger into me a few times before adding a second. My legs started to tremble, more than they are in the first place, and I throw my head back as I gasp for air.

Edward's fingers move slowly inside me, keeping time with the soft strokes of his tongue and the intentional grazes of teeth against my sensitive clit. I am holding on by a thread, wanting to succumb to the sensation but not wanting it to end. Edward pulls his fingers almost all the way out before adding a third and stretching me further.

"Holy shit," Edward groans against my clit. "You need to relax, Bella," he mutters into my pussy as he curls his fingers inside me and I am done. My body tenses even further as the white heat radiates across my skin and penetrates until I am quaking and shivering.

"Oh my . . . fuck." I whimper as my legs try to close, but Edward is holding them open and I'm cumming, and cumming, and cumming some more.

Edward gives my clit one more victory lick and I jerk like I'm under going a full body muscle spasm. He chuckles a little and kisses his way over my stomach, his fingers still buried inside me, still moving slowly.

"Did you like that? Did it feel good? You were so tense . . ." he murmurs as his mouth moves over my chin and his lips brush mine.

"It was . . . I really . . . you just . . ." I stumble over my words. I reach down between us and grab his dick. "I could . . ." I meet his inquisitive and slightly amused gaze. I lick my lips suggestively and my eyes dart down to where I am holding him in my hand.

He lets out this snorty kind of chuckle. "Yeah, I don't think that's the best idea right now," he says.

I don't know why it's not a good idea; I mean you give, you receive, right? His fingers are still inside of me which is really fantastic, but my ability to focus isn't all that great. He sits back and reaches into the back pocket of his jeans with his free hand and tosses his wallet on the bed. With one final curl of his fingers, he slides them out of me and yanks his boxers and pants down at the same time. I close my legs, because lying there with my beaver on display is just uncomfortable.

I'm openly staring at Edward's naked body and he looks down at me, smirking a little because I am sure he knows how hot he is.

"You're fucking gorgeous, you know that?" he asks and then strokes himself a couple of times while he watches me. No one has ever said this to me before so I'm a little stunned. I just sort of blink at him as he reaches for his wallet with his free hand and continues to stroke himself slowly with the other. Wait, is he going to give me money?

I'm about to sit up and punch him in the nuts when he flips open his wallet and pulls out not one foil packet, but a whole row of them. I sort of gape at him, trying not to think about the significance of the fact that he has six condoms in his wallet and not just one or two. He looks appropriately chagrined, but only gives me a sheepish smile and then his brow furrows a tiny bit before his face clears and he rips one off with his teeth. The zip of the perforated edge of the package separating from the rest of the profalatics and my breathing is the only sound in the room.

He releases the monster cock and rips the gold foil, rolling the latex down his shaft and then he pushes on my knees with one hand. I'm chewing on my lip, trying to figure out how the hell that thing is going to get into my holy land without causing monumental damage. I know I'm being an idiot; I mean women give birth, but it's just . . . fucking gargantuan.

"Are you sure you want to . . ." Edward doesn't finish his sentence as he runs his hand over the top of my thigh and lets his fingers drift back and forth over the juncture between my hip and my pelvis.

"I'm just a little nervous," I whisper, feeling stupid for admitting it. He gives me a crooked smile as he settles himself between my legs.

"It'll feel good, I promise. And if it doesn't, you need to tell me." He kisses me softly and I am more than aware that this is probably the most tender pre-sex moment I've ever had. I'm not really sure what this says about me since I'm about to get it on with a hockey whore, but I'll be dealing with the fallout later. Right now, I'm gonna lay back and enjoy this ride.

I tense as I feel the head of his dick slide between my slick lips. "Just relax, baby," he croons, kissing along my neck. He makes several slow passes until I'm adequately languid before I feel the head of the monster cock at my entrance and he pushes in. It's only the head, but again I tense; it doesn't feel bad though. It's just really tight and I start to panic a bit. My breathing picks up and I know if I don't get a handle on my shit, I'm going to screw this up royally since I'm clamping my pussy down like Fort Knox.

"Is that okay? Fuck, Bella, you *really* need to relax," Edward says. It's the second time he's used my name since this venture started. I feel my whole body sort of melt at the way it sounds against my ear as he kisses his way back across my cheek and his lips brush against mine. "That's it baby," he murmurs as he pushes in a little deeper.

"Oh God." I moan and whimper because he's right, it does feel really good.

"Is that a good 'oh God'?" he asks, pausing.

I have no idea how far in he is at this point, I'm figuring maybe half way or something. I mumble a yes against his mouth and he pushes in further. It's slow getting there, but finally his hips are resting against the inside of my thighs and I relax even further.

"You weren't fucking kidding," he mutters against my lips as his tongue pushes past them and searches for mine. He doesn't pull out of me and push back in like I expect him to do, instead he grinds his hips in a slow rhythm against mine, staying inside me.

"About what?" I ask as I shift against him and let out a quiet moan.

"The whole extra-small thing," he says with a strained chuckle.

"I was joking," I say in a breathy voice, threading my fingers in his hair. "It's just because you're a double-XL."

"I think it might be both," he says and rocks against me before rearing back slightly and moving inside me slowly. We both whore-moan. "I'm really glad your pussy hasn't exploded."

I snort-gasp-giggle. "Me too."

Everything turns suddenly serious as he pulls out, way, way out and then pushes all the way back in.

"Shiiiiiiiiit," he groans. He pushes into me slowly at first, taking his time as he moves over me and I lift my hips beneath him to meet each slow thrust. I run my hands over the tight and straining muscles of his back, feeling how they flex beneath my fingers and I can't seem to get enough of the feel of him.

His movements speed up and he starts thrusting into me with more force. He reaches down and pulls one of my legs up higher, changing the angle at which he is driving into me and I gasp as he hits the . . . beaver button. I choke back a laugh at the thought and it comes out sort of like a dying animal sound.

He stills immediately, one hand coming up to cup my face in what has to be the second most intimate gesture I've ever experienced in the middle of being fucked by anyone. I'm beginning to think that I've had some pretty lackluster lovers in the past since the two tenderest moments I've had during a sexual encounter in my entire life have both happened tonight with this hockey whore who I barely know.

"Are you okay? Did that hurt?" He meets my gaze, looking worried and a bit frantic and more than a whole lot desperate.

"I'm fine, it's fucking fantastic," I assure him and he heaves a sigh of relief before resuming his partially finished thrust.

He goes harder and faster. "Is this . . ." he pants, his brow furrowed in concentration as he hovers above me.

"It's unbelievable," I tell him and then without even the slightest bit of warning, my whole body flushes with heat and I feel the spark ignite and burst into flames deep in my belly. I tense, shaking and moaning as I cum again, pretty damn ecstatic that I'm getting off during sex, which never happens for me.

"Oh Christ, Edward," I scream his name, because I have no volume control as I contract my body around his.

He slams into me hard. "God that sounds fucking amazing," he grinds out and the word 'fuck' falls from his lips and he buries his face in my neck, pumping erratically. He collapses on top of me, and man is he ever heavy.

I run my fingers through his hair and we both suck in laboured breaths as I try to calm my furiously beating heart and he appears to do the same. As awesome as this has been, I have a feeling I'm going to be really sore in the morning.

What's worse is that I think I am willing to do it again.

OoO

Chapter 4: What The Motherfuck Was I Thinking?



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

I lay underneath Edward's really heavy body for another minute before it becomes obvious that I can't actually breathe properly. "Um, Edward . . ." I say breathlessly, because I really am breathless.

"Oh, sorry, I'm crushing you aren't I?" Edward says as he pushes up and lifts himself off me, effectively removing his monster cock from inside of me.

I'm a little bereft at the loss of the enormous dick that was so recently invading my size extra-small poon, but considering that I've had several orgasms, I feel pretty good about it on the whole.

"God," I suck in a full breath, luxuriating in the fact that I can actually inhale properly, "I need a smoke."

"Did you want me to call and have a pack brought up? I can do that. And I can have a room key sent up for you too, then you can go whenever you want," Edward offers, calling down to the front desk before I even have a chance to respond.

I'm mortified beyond belief; while I didn't expect to be spending the night since I'm sharing a room with my mother and step father, I didn't think he would order me a pack of smokes from room service and send me on my merry way. Is that some form of payment for my services and if so how terribly does that reflect on my performance that I only warrant a pack of smokes?

I can't even look at him as I sit up, trying to cover my nakedness, which is impossible. I slip off the bed and look around for my Spidey pants, but I don't have my glasses on and anything that is more than two feet away is blurry as hell.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Edward asks, and his hand wraps around my wrist, tugging on it gently. He's naked and glorious and I am naked and . . . well, *me*, therefore am very, very self conscious.

I'm a little miffed that he actually has the audacity to ask what I'm doing when he's the one that called the front desk to get me a key. "Um, I'm putting my clothes back on, if I could fucking well find them, since you're sending a key up for me," I snap at him.

He furrows his brow and recoils a bit but doesn't let go of my wrist. "Oh God, no, no, that's not why I . . . shit, shit, shit. I don't want you to go, I just . . . I thought it would be better if I got you the key now. I can set up a wake up call for you if you want. I mean, if you want to stay. I want you to stay, if you want to. Fuck. I know you're staying with your parents, and Emmett will probably shit down your throat if he knows you're with me . . ." He just rambles on, running his hand through his already messed up hair. If he wasn't naked with his semi-soft monster cock hanging out, I would have even called him cute. He's not cute though; he's hot as fuck and flustered.

"Oh." I just sort of stare at him, because really, I have no idea what to expect from this sort of thing, seeing as I've never actually had a one night stand, not to mention one where I'll probably end up seeing the person I had it with again, repeatedly. Jesus, this was a really bad idea.

He takes my face in his hands and presses his soft, warm lips against mine, parting them with his tongue and deepening the kiss. "I want you to stay, even if it's only for a little while," he murmurs into my mouth. I forget all about the fact that this is a bad idea and kiss him back. He pulls my body back into his and I can feel his cock twitch against my stomach. There is no way in hell that he can honestly get hard again since he just came, so I press myself up against the smooth, soft skin. I kind of want to play with it when it's mostly limp, but I'm pretty sure I'll look like an idiot if I do, so I settle for running my hands up and down his arms.

"So fucking sweet," he murmurs, so of course I have to do the whole whore-moan thing. He chuckles as he runs his nose along my cheek and kisses my neck. "I'd keep you here all weekend if I could," he says as he nibbles on the skin just below my ear.

I pretty much melt right into his body, and then I feel it; his dick *is* getting hard again. I reach down, because I just want to make sure I'm not going crazy. I graze his hip and I snake my hand between our bodies and feel around. Yup, I'm right, he's pretty hard again already.

"Did you take Viagra or something?" I ask, because I am clearly an idiot. I don't think that you can have a hard-on and then cum and get hard again with Viagra, but I'm can't be sure on that one. I just know that I should not be questioning this particular man's ability to be getting hard at all.

Edward is in the middle of a moan, and his hand is drifting down my side when it stills and the sound dies on his lips. He backs up a fraction of an inch, just far enough that he can look me in the eye without going crosseyed.

"Pardon?" he asks, cocking his eyebrow at me. Ooooh, Cullen has a mean Bitchbrow*, it might even rival mine.

I sort of pet his dick, like that's going to help with the dark look on his face. He looks almost . . . pissed that I would suggest such a thing. But honestly, who the hell can get hard three minutes after having sex? Isn't that like a myth or something? In my limited sexual experience, which can be counted on one hand, I have never had the opportunity to have more than one round of fill-the-beaver-hole in a night. Again, it could just be that I have been having sex with the wrong guys, but how the hell am I to know this?

"N-nothing," I stammer out, because his gaze is really intense and I can actually feel myself getting a little wet from it. I grab onto his dick, well I actually take in my hand sort of gingerly, because I'm not sure what the hell I think I'm doing. I notice that right now I can get my middle finger and thumb to just touch so I give it a gentle squeeze and then stroke my hand up and down once because the skin is looser now and it's kind of fun to slide it around.

"What exactly are you trying to do?" Edward asks. His voice is hot and sweet and hard, like a Werther's Original sitting on a radiator or something.

"Um, trying to distract you because I asked a question that you clearly find offensive and the way you are staring at me is making me want to explore the myth of the immediate post-sex-almost-hard-on you seem to be experiencing. The only problem is that my beaver is already feeling the ill effects of have a double-XL in an extra-small space. And I don't seem to be able to stop helping along the hard-on you are sporting, because it feels really fucking neat," I word vomit into his mouth as I nibble on his lip at the same time. Like this is going to help my cause.

"The myth of . . . feels neat? Wait, ill effects?" He pulls away from me again, wrapping his hand around the one that is on his dick and holding it there, firmly. He slides his other hand between our bodies and cups my poon in his hand. "Did I *hurt* you?" he asks and his eyes are wide and incredulous.

"What? No, but I'm pretty sure I'm going to be sore tomorrow." I sort of shift into his hand unconsciously--or not. "It's been a while . . ." I mumble at the end, wishing I would just shut the hell up. I bet if I tried to suck his dick right now I wouldn't be able to talk at all. This is starting to sound like a good plan, except for the fact that I might suffer from lock jaw if I put that thing in my mouth.

"Oh," he says. "Oh," he says again, like he's putting together what I actually meant. He brushes the back of his fingers along my bare . . . beaver lips and I shiver a little at the sweet contact. "I have pretty good stamina," he whispers as he brushes the tip of his nose along my jaw. "And if you keep doing that, I'm going to be rock solid again in about two minutes." Of course his hand is still on top of mine and he's sort of dragging my hand down his shaft as he pushes forward into it.

Fortunately, or not so fortunately, for my beaver there is a knock at the door. I'm still on the fence about this one, because even though my pussy may need medical attention if we went another round, I wouldn't want to miss out on an opportunity that I might not have ever again, even if it does make me a certifiable hockey hooker, complete with membership card.

Edward groans and swears under his breath. He releases my hand that is still holding his dick and cups my face, kissing me softly. "Don't go anywhere," he says and then sucks my bottom lip into his mouth before releasing it and dragging his tongue across the swollen skin.

"Okay, seeing as you're going to be standing at the only exit to the suite and I can't sneak by you since you'll pretty much take up the door frame with your broad as fuck shoulders, you definitely *won't* find me hiding under the bed," I say in one ridiculous breath.

"Fuck, you're cute," Edward says and steps around me, smacking my bare ass as he reaches down and picks up his boxers off the floor and steps into them before walking out the room, leaving me staring after him while rubbing my ass.

Part of me wants to throw my clothes on and try to duck out the door when he's distracted, but the other, bigger part of me wants to hang out for a bit and see if I get another glimpse of the rock solid monster cock. I'm feeling a little self-conscious about being completely naked with my beave

hanging out for the world--or really just Edward--to see, so I check the floor for my pants. I find them under Edward's jeans and pull them back on. That's better, at least half of my body is covered.

My Spidey shirt is in the main room of the suite, either on the floor or on the couch, along with my glasses. It's kind of annoying not to be able to see, but I'll deal with it if I have to. I would rather only have a two foot field of vision than go out there half naked and risk having room service dude checking out the most recent fuck of Edward Cullen. How brutal is that that I'm already referring to myself as an Edward Cullen Fuck?

I really have to pee all of a sudden, so I go to the bathroom and lock the door. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror and holyshit do I ever look like I've been worked over. My hair is just . . . a tornado. It looks like woodland creatures may want to take up residence there. I pee first and then try to tame the wilderness that has become my hair. I find a comb on Edward's vanity and I run it through the bush on top of my head. It hurts like hell, but I end up getting out the worst of the knots before I pull it up back up into a ponytail with the elastic band I have on my wrist. I have no recollection of taking down it in the first place, but clearly I must have.

My neck is flushed with red lines, probably from where Edward's stubble chafed against my skin when his face was buried there before he came. It's too bad I didn't get to see his cum face; that would have been awesome. I hope mine doesn't make me look like a total tardbox.

I splash some water on my face and use some of his mouthwash just in case my breath smells like cat food. It probably does, because I was smoking and drinking beer earlier and everyone knows your mouth tastes like ass after that. I open the door to the bathroom and Edward is standing right there. I do the whole gasping hand-to-heart thing. I don't know why people do that; it's not like my heart is actually going to jump out of my chest. The best part about this is that I'm really just palming my tit.

Edward looks down at my hand on my boob and doesn't even try to hide the fact that he's staring at them again. I move my hands to cover them.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," he says, but he sounds anything but sorry.

I snort indelicately. "Yeah, I believe that."

He peeks up at me through his lashes; Christ he has long lashes--I'm almost jealous of them.

He gives me a crooked smile. "Well, I didn't mean to scare you," he says, his voice is liquid and seductive. "But I guess I'm not all that sorry."

He runs a lone finger between my breasts and down over my stomach, circling my belly button before he slides his fingers into the waistband of my Spidey pants, right over my befuddled beaver and sweeps them back and forth.

"I-I don't know if that's a good idea." I swallow thickly. Of course it's a good idea, I have no idea why my mouth and my brain are working against me today, but they are.

"Oh no? That's too bad," he murmurs, leaning in to brush his lips over mine. His tongue sweeps out and barely touches my lower lip and I moan, of course. He trails his soft, warm lips over my cheek and nibbles along my jaw. I'm becoming a big fan of the nibbling, I have to admit. He kisses my shoulder and runs the fingers of his free hand through my ponytail. "I like this . . ." he says softly and tugs gently on it. "God, I want you again," he murmurs and I'm not sure if the words were meant for my ears or not.

I whimper a bit and he bites my shoulder. "If you break my beaver, I'll send you the repair bill," I breathe out, trying to make a joke out of it, but failing miserably because the words come out all raspy and low like I'm a phone sex operator.

Edward chuckles and sucks on the skin he's just bitten before he moves his mouth back to mine and runs his thumb over the spot he's just been bite-sucking. "I really wish you'd stop saying that, beavers are fucking ugly and you have the prettiest pussy I've ever seen," he says in that same soft, seductive voice.

I can't help it, I know that's a pretty dirty thing to say, but considering how many pussies Edward has probably seen in his hockey whoring lifetime that seems like a pretty significant compliment. I let a little moan slip out as the fingers in my pants slide back and forth over my pubic bone.

"There are cigarettes for you on the bed, did you want one?" he asks, switching gears so quickly I'm reeling. I nod mutely, because I have a feeling he has ulterior motives and Christ do I ever need a smoke. He walks backward toward the bed and drags me forward by the front of my pants until he's at the edge of the mattress.

He pulls himself up onto the bed and slides back, tugging lightly on the front of my pants. Ah, yes, this makes sense now, get me on the bed again. How dim am I? I must have lost a few brain cells from the stellar orgasms. The hand in my pants slips out and suddenly his fingers are wrapped around my waist and he lifts me swiftly up onto the bed, settling me on his lap so I'm straddling his legs.

I wish I had left my hair down so I could cover my boobs, because I am feeling a little overwhelmed by the fact that he's blatantly perusing my body. I'm not used to being this exposed to anyone but myself, and I don't really spend much time checking myself out in the buff.

He leans forward and kisses one of my nipples, taking it between his lips for a moment before he moves to the swell and give it a little bite. I gasp and grind into his lap, although I'm seated too far back to actually achieve frictional contact with the monster cock. Edward fumbles around beside him on the bed and produces a cigarette. He brings it to my lips and grabs the lighter beside the pack, flicking it and holding it to the end of my cigarette. I take in a light drag so I don't choke like I did before while he looks up at me with his chin resting between my tits.

It occurs to me that it's really dangerous to be smoking on a bed, but then again, it's not like we're planning on sleeping or anything while I smoke it. He watches me take light pulls off the cigarette.

I feel ridiculously sexy smoking while sitting on his lap. I don't know why, it's a disgusting habit and I know this. Edward's hands come up to cup my breasts and he sort of squeezes them together with his face between them, kneading them gently as he moves his face back and forth, kissing one and then the other.

"You have the sweetest skin," he mutters and thumbs my nipples.

I groan as I inhale a long drag and let my head fall back, closing my eyes and revelling in the sensation. I will totally take a broken beaver, or better yet, a pounded pussy if it means this slice of hotness will keep saying naughty things to me while he feels me up.

He releases one breast and slides his hand down my back, pulling me forward so I can feel his straining hardness against me. I buck into him, grinding down hard. I'm definitely going to have sex with him again, regardless of whether I might not be able to walk tomorrow. I don't give a shit right now.

I take another long drag of the cigarette, because if I don't I'm going to start the whole whore-moaning bit again, and that's more than just a little embarrassing.

"You're wearing too many clothes," he says quietly and takes the cigarette from my fingers, holding it to my lips. I inhale while he watches my mouth and I let the smoke furl out slowly. As soon as I've finished exhaling, Edward butts out the smoke into an ashtray I didn't even know was on the bed. He shoves it away and grabs my ass, lifting me up and pulling my pants down to my knees in one quick move.

"Are you okay with this? I don't want to hurt you . . ." he trails off, kissing my stomach while his fingers slide between my legs over the slick skin and he groans. "Fuck, Bella, you're already wet." He ducks his head down and kisses the spot right above my public bone, lifting one knee to remove my pants and then the other. I have no idea why I bothered trying to get dressed in the first place; being naked is so much better.

He pulls me down, grinding up into my pussy as his hands move along my sides and over my chest so he can hold my face while he kisses me hungrily. I try to keep my lips closed, because I've just been smoking and I must seriously taste like an ashtray, but he doesn't see to care, in fact, he seems to like it. This kiss is far more aggressive than any previous one has been and I sort of whimper into his mouth and shift against his dick. He takes the opportunity to slide his tongue against mine and he groans, except it almost sounds more like a growl and that is just beyond hot. I speed up my grinding, not really caring anymore if I'm going to be sore tomorrow and will likely need to soak in an Epsom salts bath for several hours. I wonder if one can use Polysporin on a poon.

I let my fingers slide down his chest and I tug on his boxers. He lifts his hips off the bed, effectively taking me with him. He's seriously carrying all of my weight on his thighs for a moment until I brace myself by holding onto his shoulders and place the balls of my feet on the bed. It's a really awkward position.

He moves to pull his boxers off when I open my mouth to make sounds other than moaning, "I want to do that." I look up from his lap and one side of his mouth quirks up into this half smirk-half grin thing that's ridiculously sexy and cute all at the same time.

He settles himself back down on the bed. "By all means," he says in soft, almost lilting voice and I bite my lip to stop the sound that is bubbling up in my throat. I rise up on my knees and Edward follows the movement with his eyes, looking up from between my thighs, over my stomach, pausing at my tits as he reaches up and fondles them--I'm beginning to think he might just be a boob man--until his eyes meet mine. It's almost like a challenge, like he thinks I'm too much of a pussy to do it. Which is definitely not the case, mostly.

My hands are shaking a bit, and I find this silly, because I've already had sex with him once, so I know what to expect. But I'm still nervous anyway. I lick my lips as I reach for his boxers, and my face bursts into flames because the place where I have been grinding away on him is totally drenched because apparently I'm a leaky whore. I sort of finger the wetness in mortification before I peek up at Edward who is staring at my fingers.

I push aside my embarrassment and start pulling his boxers down over his ass. He lifts his hips and I pull them down to his thighs, freeing his monster cock. Oh yeah, it's really, really hard again and it smacks him in the stomach with a *thwack*. I can't help but stifle a giggle because it's just ridiculous that a cock could make that sound from hitting skin. I rise up on my knees and push his boxers down one side and then the other until they are at his knees. I shimmy down and pull them off completely as he watches me, biting down on my lip because no one has ever really looked at me like this and it's making my body break out in blotchy red patches. I look like a human giraffee, or maybe a leopord which is a bit cooler than a giraffee.

I slide my hands up along his calves, feeling the soft hair beneath my fingers as I push his legs apart and settle between them on my knees. I'm going to do something that might cause permanent damage to my jaw, but it'll be worth it, I think, as long as I don't bite him or anything. I run my hands all the way up his thighs and I move my fingers delicately over the soft skin covering the hardness. It's stretched tight and I wrap my fingers around him, noticing once again how far apart my fingers are. I look up at him as I lean down and he settles back on his elbows, eyes dark and flaming as I brush my lips across the head just to feel the softness of the skin against them.

His body does this jerky-shudder thing that I take as a good sign, so I go ahead and give it a lick. It tastes a little like latex and spermicide, which is not all that pleasant. Fortunately I still have the overpowering taste of smoke and nicotine in my mouth to help camouflage it. Edward sucks in a heavy breath and then I wrap my lips around the thick head and taste the salt and bitter of the

seeping wetness there. He tastes vaguely like me as well, I'm guessing this is from my grinding all over him. Pussy definitely tastes way better than cock, well at least better than cum and latex.

I try to focus on the texture rather than the taste, the silky softness of his skin, the heat, the smoothness of his head, followed by the slight wrinkle of his foreskin as I try and take more of him in my mouth. I can't get him in very far, like maybe half-way or something before he's hitting the back of my throat. But the groan that comes out of him makes the beaver dam flood and I moan around him.

"Oh my fucking God," he grinds out as I suck my way back up, feeling pretty damn proud of myself. I make slow passes up and down his length, looking up at him when I pop off and lick around the head. I'm about take him back in my mouth when his hand descends on the back of my head and he pulls me up to him, his lips crashing down on mine. "I don't want to cum in your mouth," he mutters.

"I wouldn't mind," I say honestly, because I really wouldn't, even if it does taste like shit. I'd swallow Edward Cullen's jizz and probably get a t-shirt that advertised that fact.

"Jesus," Edward groans into my mouth as he lifts my leg over his. "Maybe another time, I want to cum inside you," he murmurs. He shifts my other leg and pulls me down so that my pussy slides along his cock, which I notice hangs a little to the left.

"Oh my Christ," I breathe out as hot, slick skin meets hot, thick cock. I rotate my hips over him as he slides between my lips.

"Shit, that's . . ." His breathing is heavy and he lets out this pained chuckle. "I should get a condom." His fingers are digging into my hips and he grabs onto my ass and pulls me hard against him. I shift upward against his grip and I can feel it, the head of his cock right against my entrance. He lets out this strangled groan.

"We could . . . just for a second . . ." he sort of mumbles to himself, his breathing is so erratic and I know this is a really bad idea. I'm on the pill, but I don't know who he's fucked before me and if he routinely goes bareback with hockey hookers. Still, I can't help myself; it would feel so much better with absolutely no barrier. I rotate my hips and I feel it: the head of his cock slipping just inside.

I let out this horrifyingly loud moan. The 'fuck' that tumbles from Edward's mouth is just as loud as he lifts me off him with quick grace and sets me down two inches back so my pussy is not grazing his twitching monster cock.

"We can't do that," he says quietly, looking up at me apologetically as he fumbles with a condom, ripping the foil. Something else passes through his eyes, but it's gone before I can identify it. I take the condom from his hands and roll it down the shaft.

"I know, I'm sorry," I say softly and sit up on my knees to hover above him, sliding the latex covered head between my lips and I sink down onto him slowly.

"Don't be sorry, I really wanted to." He runs his hand over my hip and up my side until his palm is on the side of my neck and I'm moving over him. He kisses me softly as I rock back and forth in a steady rhythm. I'm so full of cock it's ridiculous. I push on his chest and he lies back on the bed, holding onto my hips while I lift off him and then slide back down along his length. It's the most delicious feeling, the sensation of emptiness followed by the nearly painful fullness. I'm probably ruined now for the next dick that comes my way.

He slides one hand up my back and pulls my body towards his. I brace myself on his chest and he reaches up to cup my boobs in his hands, pinching my nipples gently as I ride him and moan his name.

"I fucking love that." His gaze meets mine and then he pulls me down so my breasts are that much closer to him, lifting his head so he can circle a nipple with his tongue. "I think I'm in love with your tits, by the way," he says and does that nuzzle thing again.

"You can date them if you want, they like bras from Victoria's Secret." I half laugh, half moan as he sucks a nipple roughly into his mouth. "Oh shit."

I know it's coming, or rather that I am about to cum. It's all the sensation: his cock inside me, the way my clit is rubbing against his pelvis, and his teeth finding the sensitive skin of my nipple that sends me over the edge. He sits up as my arms start to give out and then he's lifting me off him and settling me back down on him, over and over at a rapid pace. I'm cumming so hard everything goes black for a moment before it comes back in bursts of gray and stars.

"Is it good, does it feel good? Jesus, I can feel you cumming on my cock," he groans into my ear, since I have buried my face in his neck and I'm clinging onto him.

I'm chanting something incoherent as I thread my fingers through his hair. I realize I'm telling him I love his cock. I bite his shoulder and whore-moan instead because it's safer and I'm likely to slip up and tell him I love him. Which I clearly don't because I don't know shit about him and I can only imagine how that might cause a very hard dick to go limp immediately. I am, however, developing a very strong bond with his monster cock. I would like to buy it a little tuxedo, go back in time and take it to my high school prom with me.

"That's it, baby, I'm so close," he murmurs into my ear as I move over him. I can definitely feel how sore I'm going to be in the morning, not that I think I'll regret it. "You feel so good," he says and kisses my neck, pulling my face away from his shoulder.

His lips meet mine and he kisses me softly, holding my face in his hands while his mouth is against mine, but we're only brushing lips now and I realize I'm going to cum again. I stiffen and groan, my whole body tightening as my eyes roll up into my head. "Oh God, again . . ." I sort of garble out and then I slam back down on him as he tenses, his hands vibrating against my cheek and he lets out this deep throaty groan.

My eyes snap open because I'll be damned if I don't want to see him cum. I watch in fascination as the muscles in his jaw twitch and tighten. Every muscle in his torso is tight and defined as tremors run through his body and for the first time in my life, I can actually feel a man cumming inside of me. He twitches and pulses and grunts and I am definitely going to keep this image along with the sounds in my head for future reference and times when I spank the beaver on my own because even his cum face is extraordinarily pretty.

As soon as his body relaxes, he flops backward onto the mattress, taking me with him. "That was even better than the first time," he exhales. I just sort of groan because I'm exhausted and I've forgotten how to talk.

"Are you okay? Was I too rough at the end?" His voice has that slightly panicked tone to it again.

"I'm fine, good . . . not too rough . . . tired," I mumble into his chest and he chuckles, stroking my ponytail down my back.

He shifts my limp body after a minute and pulls out of me. I whimper, not because it's uncomfortable, but because I was kind of enjoying that full feeling, even if he was going soft inside me.

He murmurs something about setting an alarm and the key card being on the nightstand. I tell him I should be back in my room by six just to be safe. I doubt that Renee or Phil will be up that early, but I don't want to have to come up with some explanation as to why I'm out of the room at that time in the morning. He says something about that only being two hours away and wanting me to stay, but I could be making this up because I'm pretty much half asleep, buried in his side.

I wake with a start because I am boiling, one half of my body is sweating. I have no idea what time it is and I can't see the clock because I don't have my glasses on. What I do know is that Edward's arm is heavy as hell. I slide out from underneath it and bite back a groan because my cooter hurts like hell, not to mention it's pretty damn cold away from the furnace like heat of his body. I slide gingerly off the bed and find my Spidey pants.

The realization of what I've done hits me like a freight train. I have fucked one of my step-brother's teammates. I will have to see him again, he is a hockey whore and now I am a hockey hooker. I feel a swell of shame followed by one of desire as I stare at his fuckhot body for a second. He does this mumble moan thing and I slip quietly around the bed and grab my key card. I see the pack of smokes just laying there and I decide I'm going to take them too, and gank his lighter. I sneak out of the bedroom and stumble around the main room looking for my shirt. I'm thankful when I find it and my phone on the couch. I start feeling around for my glasses, but I can't seem to locate them.

I hear a faint beeping sound and I realize it's the alarm Edward has set. I freeze for one terrified second before I sprint to the door and let myself out, running down the hall to the stairs and hurl myself down them, running all the way back down to the sixth floor. I let myself into my room and

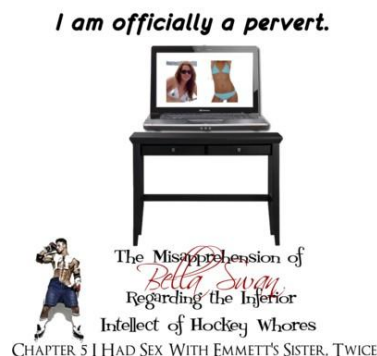
stand against the door for a second before I sink down on my trembling and sore legs, breathing hard. I wince as I hit the floor because my cooter feels like it's been in a battle--with a giant cock.

I fucked, or was fucked by, Edward Cullen. I have no idea how well known he is, how good of a player he is, except for what I have seen on the ice. I haven't paid attention to how high profile he is. But I won't be able to avoid him like I would any other one night stand. God this is going to be awkward.

What the motherfuck have I done?

OoO

Chapter 5 – I Had Sex With Emmett's Sister, Twice.



OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

There is the most annoying sound in the world infiltrating my sleep. I want it to stop. I want to kick its ass because it is disturbing the very nice dream I am having that includes long brown hair and soft, full tits that I can use as a pillow.

The sound is not stopping, though.

I open my eyes and blink steadily into the darkness, seeing my phone blinking from the nightstand. It's six in the morning. Why the hell would I have set my alarm for six in the morning? I have no idea what the hell is going on right now, all I know is I want that dream back; the warm body, the hot, tight. . . and then it all comes flooding back.

I had sex with Emmett's sister. Twice. It could be the name of a book. A very good book at that. I look around for signs that she's still here, but I can't find any. Maybe it had been a dream? There is no way; it's way too real, she was so fucking tight . . . I lift my fingers to my nose and sniff. Yeah, they smell like pussy. I hadn't been so drunk last night that I can't remember picking up a random and Bella is pretty damn memorable as far as women go, but still I feel the need to make sure.

I groan and sit up, sure that I'm going to find her in the bathroom or something. I don't bother with boxers, just roll off the bed and groan again because I am really stiff. My legs are tight and my face hurts. I'm certain my legs hurt from the rounds of fucking and that my face hurts because it's been punched by that asshole James Kuntz. At least he didn't break my nose. I'm waiting for the off season to see if I can get my nose straightened out since it's been broken twice in the past three years. And I'm not above vanity.

I head to the bathroom, hoping I'm going to find a fully, or at least partially, naked Bella in there. Just one more look at those perky, soft tits and I'll be a happy man. But when I push the door open there is no one in there. I frown, a little concerned because I'm starting to wonder if it's all in my head and I really did bring home a random, which is not actually commonplace for me, despite what most people think. Well, more random than having sex with my teammate's sister.

I go to the sitting room and flick on the light, blinking against the brightness. Again there is no one here, but I walk over to the couch and my beer bottle and her bottle of water is still sitting there, along with her glasses on the back of the seat.

Those glasses, Christ those were hot--and the Spiderman pajamas. I laugh out loud because only a girl like her could get away with wearing children's bedwear and glasses and still look hot. I'm feeling a little disappointed because she's gone and she didn't even wake me up to tell me she was leaving. It strikes me that she may have tried and couldn't. I have been known to sleep through pretty much anything and I'd been up since six yesterday morning. Plus there was the whole stellar marathon sex.

I honestly don't think I've touched tits that soft and been in a pussy that tight since I was a teenager and that is actually quite sad. If I was one of my teammates, I would be relieved that she's gone and there's none of the awkward 'I'll call you' bullshit. Except, of course, for the fact that I've got her glasses and she's still Emmett's sister, and he seems pretty protective of her.

I don't usually make a habit of asking girls to stay for several reasons. The first being that it can be a little weird in the morning when I wake up and there's a girl in my bed whose last name I don't know. That doesn't happen very often for me at all, in fact it's rather rare, although the tabloids and my teammates would all beg to differ. More often than not, I try to find a fairly intoxicated girl at the bar and we go to her place. Sometimes she's so wasted that I have to carry her into her house or apartment and put her to bed. On those occasions I proceed to write a note, *never ever* signing my full name, and make an origami rose or something equally cheesy to leave on her nightstand. She wakes up the next morning thinking she had sex with Edward Cullen and I keep my reputation. It's win-win.

Sometimes I make out with them against the door or the wall, other times it gets more heated and intense, and I end up getting a blow job in the front hallway (which I often feel guilty about afterwards), and then there are the nearly unheard of occasions when I give in to the need and have sex with a woman. That's definitely not the regular occurrence for me like it is for guys like Emmett who fucks everything with a pulse and a pussy.

In the beginning I gave into the urge more frequently than I do now, which still wasn't all that often in comparison to other guys on the team. In the first six months I had sex with maybe three different

women, and one of those doesn't even really count as far as I'm concerned. It was hard not to when chicks would throw themselves at me left, right and center--which they still do--but having sex with vapid women got old fast. When conversation consisted of telling me how hot I was and how jealous their friends were going to be when they found out she had fucked me, I lost interest really quickly.

I actually wanted Bella to stay the night, and maybe the next day so I could eat breakfast off her tits. She is pretty fucking cute, and she didn't have any of the usual reactions I got from the girls who I usually met at the bars. They were all plastic and fake, moaning about how they heard I had such a big dick and how much they wanted to suck it and could I fuck their tits? I would never live down that interview I did for *Playboy*.

But Bella, well, she didn't give a shit. She read a book during the game, she ignored me at the bar and made ridiculous comments that actually embarrassed Emmett, which is just golden. It wasn't until I slipped up and made a comment about Fielding that I actually got her attention and then, well, she was all over me. And that was some female attention that I thoroughly enjoyed.

So I'm standing in the middle of my suite with her glasses in my hand, which also smells like her pussy, wondering what the hell I should do. I can't go down to her suite and just knock on her door and give them back to her. I find I actually don't want to do this; I want to hold onto them so I have a reason to see her again which does not involve Emmett and sitting at a crowded bar, because she's fucking funny as hell. And hot. She's really hot. And she gives great head. I can completely understand why Emmett tried to get into her pants, even though they are technically related now and it should be quite disturbing.

I decide I'm going to call her and tell her I have her glasses. I go back to the bedroom and pick up my phone, searching my recent calls for her number. I press send and wait for her to pick up, but she doesn't. It goes straight to voicemail and I'm not prepared because her message is short and I have no idea what I want to say. Other than I want to have sex with her again, because I definitely do, even though it may put the welfare of my dick at risk were Emmett to find out about it.

"Uh, hi," I say. "It's Edward Cullen. I just wanted you to know you left your glasses in my suite. So, I have them. I'll keep them for you, until you call or I see you again. I'm on the road for the next ten days, but after that I'll be back in Chicago. I hope you have an extra pair, or contacts. I think you do, you weren't wearing glasses at the game. Anyway, I had a . . ." Her answering machine beeps and cuts me off. I think that has to be one of the worst messages I've ever left.

I decide against calling back because I may end up looking more stupid than I did in the first place, and I should just go back to bed because I have a headache and I'm damn well exhausted. It takes me forever to fall asleep because I can't stop thinking about Bella and why she left without even a note. She didn't even tell me she had a good time. She came a lot, so it must have been good for her. I went down her, which definitely isn't something I do frequently, or at all actually. Puck Bunnies are definitely not pussy licking material. Bella, on the other hand, most definitely does not fit into the Puck Bunny category. At least I don't think she does.

I have to admit I'm surprised she even agreed to come to my suite with me at all, but I am certainly glad she did because that was some of the hottest sex I've had . . . maybe ever. I am definitely up for a repeat performance of that, several repeats actually.

It's almost eight in the morning before I finally fall asleep, crushing my hard-on under my body and hoping it's going to subside because I don't have the energy required to take care of it. It deflates eventually and I pass out, but not hard enough that I don't dream.

My phone is ringing. Haven't I done this before? Am I reliving the same shit over and over again? No, wait, that was the alarm. I pick up the phone and grumble into it.

"Hey man, where the hell are you? We've got a plane to catch and you're holding us up," Jasper, my wingman, yells into the phone.

"What?" I ask, scrubbing my hand over my face.

I'm confused and I hold my phone out to check the time, but I'm talking on it so that doesn't work. I look at the clock on the nightstand instead.

"Holy shit! I'll be down in ten." I hang up before he can say anything else because it's three in the afternoon and I'm suppose to be catching a flight to . . . I can't remember who we're playing next because I'm freaking out. I throw on my clothes and shove all my shit into my bag, running around the room like an idiot, trying to make sure I'm not leaving anything of importance behind.

I pick up the spent condoms off the floor, because no one should have to deal with that shit but me. I piss and then shake my dick out, splattering the seat which I wipe off with toilet paper even though the cleaning service will take care of it. I am not a filthy pig. I check my reflection in the mirror and see that I look like I've been fucking up a storm, which is a good thing since I usually have to fabricate evidence and I don't have time today. I dunk my head in the sink to try and tame the insanity I call my hair. My jaw is purple from where James hit me and I know that bruise is going to take a while to heal. My lip isn't too bad; it's already scabbing over and should be healed in a few days. I'll be visiting the team physician this week for sure; it's inevitable.

My jaw is sore, but I'm not sure if this is from the punch I've received or if it's because of the amount of time I spent working over Bella's body with my mouth last night. I start to get hard just thinking about it, and I have to force myself to focus on hockey stats so I don't step into the elevator with a massive woody.

I throw my jacket on and grab my bag, checking for my phone and my wallet before I leave the suite. The elevator is empty on the way down, and as I pass the sixth floor, I almost want to stop by and see if Bella is still there, but I know I don't have time. Besides, she hasn't even responded to my voicemail. I wonder if her phone is broken because that's really the only thing that makes sense. Maybe I can get her email address somehow . . . she must have one through her school. I'm fairly certain she told me she goes to the University of Chicago and I'm thinking I can get it that way.

All the guys are already on the limo bus and Coach Banner looks pissed at me. The rest of the team doesn't seem to give a shit, in fact the usual hollers and snide comments are shot at me, awaiting my response. I need to come up with some sort of story quickly. Usually I am better prepared than this.

I sit down beside Jasper and he sniffs me. "Fuck man, you smell like beer and pussy." He's eyeing me skeptically, because Jasper is pretty much the only guy on the team who knows I'm not actually a whore and that I don't have the IQ of a stone.

I shrug because I'm sure he's right. All I can smell is Bella and I really hope that Emmett can't identify his sister's smell on me. That would be . . . creepy and potentially hazardous to my health because I'd want to pummel him. "I met some chick in the elevator," I lie.

"Oh yeah, just one?" Ben asks, taking a huge swig of a Gatorade, making me wish I had one. "No Cullen Hat Trick last night?" He snickers.

I shift in my seat, trying not to look as uncomfortable as I feel. There has never been a Cullen Hat Trick--well not off the ice anyway, but no one knows that except for myself and Jasper. I put on my game face and give him a devious grin.

"Not last night, but she was fun, fucking tight as hell."

"Tight doesn't count if you're fucking her ass, Cullen," Ben shoots back.

"Shut up and pass me a drink. I'm dehydrated and it wasn't her ass, although that would have been something else, I'm sure." I swallow thickly as I try to work the banter off.

This is what it's always like, a verbal defecation on the girls or women we 'fucked' the previous night. The older guys, the ones with wives and kids keep their mouths shut, even if they weren't holding up their end of the deal and keeping their dick out of Puck Bunny pussy. It was code or something, you never outted your teammate if he was fucking around on his wife, and sadly, half the time they were. I didn't want to be that guy, the one who had a wife and a family but still fucked around like it was okay just because I made six or seven figures and people knew who I was.

"She got a name?" Ben asks as he tosses me a Gatorade.

"Yeah, Bunny," I reply, because I'm trying to play it off like I don't remember.

"Tits real or fake?" Ben continues with the grilling session.

I want to punch him in the face for doing this today. Most of the time I just play along, telling them what they want to hear. Make it sound way better than it actually was, because usually it wasn't anything at all. Maybe some making out and some boob gropes, the occasional hand down the pants if they aren't passing out and I'm going to have to stay longer than I planned. This time it is way better than usual, but now I don't want to talk about it, mainly because I don't want Emmett to know. I don't really give a shit if he's pissed at me, but I can imagine how much shit Bella would get into for it and she really doesn't deserve it. Plus, I'm taking into consideration the possibility of doing it again, and how I'm going to make that happen.

"Real," I groan and close my eyes picturing Bella's soft, luscious tits. I remember how my teeth actually sank into the skin when I bit the swell. Or the way her nipples puckered and how her tits actually bounced when she was riding me.

"Oh yeah? That must have been nice," Ben scoffs. "Were they as nice as Emmett's sister's tits, what's her name, Belle or something? Did you fuck them?"

I spew my drink out of my mouth when he mentions Bella and bite my tongue because he says her name wrong and I want to correct him. I choke as I try to breathe and inhale the liquid instead of air.

"What the fuck did you just say?" Emmett bellows from the seat two rows back. That guy has supersonic hearing. "Why the hell are you talking about my sister?" He bounds down the aisle and stops in front of our seats.

"Sorry dude, no disrespect, we were talking about tits and I mentioned your sister's, that's all. It's not like you don't know they're nice," Ben says, sitting back in his chair, smiling away. He is probably the stupidest member of our team. Amazing on the ice, but the two brain cells in his head are pretty lonely in there.

Emmett glares at Ben for a moment before turning his attention to me. "Don't fuck with my sister, Cullen. You hear me? I'll fuck your shit right up. Keep your hands and mouth off and your dick out of Bella." His face is all red and he's huffing away.

I raise my hands in surrender. "Hey man, she kissed me." I know this is a stupid defense. I practically stalked her ass outside and I definitely would have kissed her if she hadn't gotten around to it first. But I can be an asshole sometimes and I needed to save face.

"Don't even try that shit with me, Cullen. She's a good girl, she's doesn't fuck around," Emmett spits out at me.

"Yeah, you'd know, since you tried to get into her pants, right buddy?" I shoot back.

I can't help myself. I know I'm pushing Emmett past his point of no return and that Coach will probably let him get in a few shots when he blows, considering it's his step-sister I'm talking about. But I need to divert his attention away from my involvement with Bella and back onto him. I'm also beginning to feel kind of shitty, because I suspected that Bella was a 'good girl' and Emmett confirming that for me makes me feel . . . guilty? She made her own decision; it wasn't like I forced her to come with me, or let me have sex with her, or eat her out, or suck my dick. But still. I'm feeling a little less than moral about the whole thing, and I don't really like this feeling. Mostly because I still want to do it again anyway.

Emmett doesn't even give me a verbal response, he just launches himself at me. I duck out of the way just in time, unfortunately for Jasper who gets the full force of Emmett instead of yours truly.

"Settle down or I'll bench both of you next game," Coach Banner bellows. "Cullen, up front!"

"Fuck," I mutter, pissed that I'm catching shit and that I'm being threatened. There is no way Coach will bench me; I'm too valuable of a player. Emmett elbows me in the ribs as I squeeze past him, but I don't give him the satisfaction of a response even though it hurts like hell.

Coach pulls me up to the front and starts in on the whole being a member of the team and not fucking teammates' sisters and shit like that. I don't actually know if he says anything like this because I stop listening as soon as he starts talking, but I imagine that's what he says.

"This is an important game, Edward, don't fuck it up with your dick," he says at the end of his lecture.

"You got it, Coach. It won't happen again." I smile at him and clap him the shoulder. "Good job, Coach. We done here?"

Coach nods, looking all pleased with himself and I head back to my seat. Emmett glares at me and I ignore him. I can't pull my normal shit right now with him because I'm feeling transparent, and I don't want him to catch on to the fact that I actually did fuck his sister. Twice.

By the time the plane lands Emmett seems to have gotten over the whole getting-into-his-sister's-pants comment. That's the good thing about guys; we don't hold onto shit. We punch each other out and then we go for a beer. This knowledge gives me hope that if Emmett does happen to find out about me having sex with Bella, he'll be able to get over that, too.

We all check into the hotel suites, except this time I'm sharing one with Jasper. We have our own rooms within the suite, but the common room is shared. I'm actually okay with this, sharing a room with Jasper, because he's a pretty cool guy. He's never really been part of the Puck Bunny scene. I envy his ability to do that; to just say fuck it and fuck the guys.

He just has no use for the bullshit that comes with fucking everyone who has a pussy. I wish I could be like him sometimes, but the reputation is already there for me, and it's definitely not an easy one to change. I feel the same way he does about the constant barrage of women, the drinking, the late nights, the locker room bullshit where we all exaggerate the events of the previous night so we can feel like the men we are. It's the one reason I'm okay with the fact that he knows I don't really have sex even remotely close to as much as I pretend to.

"So what really happened last night?" he asks as he grabs a bottle of Vitamin Water from the bar fridge and throws me one, too.

"Huh?" I ask, feigning stupidity. Jasper is nothing if not perceptive, so he knows something went down last night because I actually do smell like pussy.

"Last night, what happened to you? You just took off, all those girls hanging off you and you left. That's not your usual style." He raises an inquiring eyebrow at me because he knows the drill.

"I told you, I met a chick in the elevator," I say but don't look at him.

"Except that doesn't make sense, because that means you left without taking a girl with you and you don't do that, and the only other time I've seen that happen is when you've been too wasted to function or you've gotten into a fight," Jasper challenges me.

"I forgot to stock up on rubbers, you know, just in case. I needed to get some from my room. I was coming back . . ." I lie, trailing off at the end as I flicked on the TV.

"So you took her to *your* room then?" Jasper asks and of course this question fouls me up.

"Yeah." I nod, staring at the TV. "Wait, what? No, man," I stutter, because I know I'm caught. I've only brought a girl back to my room a couple of times and he is the only person who knows this. "What's with the third degree, anyway?" I bark at him.

Jasper just shrugs and gives me this look like he knows what's up, which he doesn't. I'm just being paranoid. I stare at him for a second before I become too uncomfortable and turn back to the TV.

"I'm gonna check my e-mail," I mumble and head to my room, shutting the door behind me as Jasper calls out 'sure you are.' Smug bastard.

I am going to check my email, and I'm going to troll Emmett's to see if I can figure out his password and hunt down Bella's email address. I know this is shady, borderline stalkerish behaviour, but she still hasn't called me back.

I send her a text before I become a felon, or whatever it's called when you hack someone's email account.

Hows the beaver? Did u get my msg? -E

I stare at it for four minutes before I press send and wish I could take it back. I wait another five minutes for a reply of some sort, but I get nothing so I search Emmett's name and finally find his email address on one of his profile pages. It's not his personal one, it's the team one we all have our own version of, but I'm hoping that I can get what I need from it.

I go to gmail and type in his address. If I were Emmett what would my password be? I ponder this for a moment, knowing I have three tries before I'm locked out. First I try:

Blackhawk69

This is his jersey number, so it's a good place to start. But it's wrong. I think about it for a few more minutes before I smile and type the one I'm sure it must be:

Puckbunny69

That's it and I'm in. He's so fucking predictable. He's got about ten million emails, so I search for ones from Bella Swan and an address pops up. I remembered correctly, she goes to the University of Chicago. I write down the address and then type it into my blackberry to ensure I have it for future use, because I am definitely going to email her. Even if it makes me look like a stalker. I don't care; I

have her glasses and I need to find a way to get them back to her without Emmett knowing. For her protection, of course, because Emmett doesn't scare me, much.

I've decided that being a stalker is kind of fun, so I open one of Bella's emails from over two years ago. The subject line reads: I'M GOING TO KICK YOUR FUCKING ASS. I'm pretty sure it must be an interesting email, and I almost feel bad about going through it, but not bad enough to stop. I'm finding that it has an addictive quality about it, this hacking thing, and I'm pretty sure I'll do it again. The email has been starred and put into folder labelled 'Family Vacation.'

There is a lot of 'yelling' banter in all caps from Bella to Emmett that I pass over, or skim, or read intently because it is hilarious. There is a link to an album that Emmett sent Bella labeled 'Summer Vacation '07.' I am not disappointed, a little disturbed, but definitely not disappointed, as I open the album and the first picture is Bella in a blue bikini. She's lounging in a deck chair with her hair pulled up in a ponytail and half her tits spilling out of the top. They look as real as they felt and God do I ever have the desire to find her and touch them again.

The entire album appears to be a family vacation at some cottage. There are a couple of pictures with Emmett in them, which is how I know he was there. Two of them are more than a little disconcerting; he's got her slung over his shoulder, her perky, sweet ass in the air with his huge paw of a hand wrapped around her leg. The disconcerting part is how high on her thigh his hand is and how close it is to the swell of her ass and her tasty pussy. The next pic is an action shot of Bella flailing, then another of her landing in the water. If I arranged them in a slide show I'd be able to see the progression of events like a flip book. When Bella gets out of the water, there is a picture of her lithe frame pulling up onto the side of the dock with one leg slung over the edge. I can imagine how hot that position would be if I was say . . . fucking her from behind on my kitchen island.

I have no idea who's behind the camera lens taking the pictures, and I'm not sure how I feel about this. Do they have any idea how fucking inappropriate this is? I have no idea how long Emmett and Bella have been considered family, and I guess if it hasn't been that long this whole photo album isn't that bad, but if it's been years--well fuck, I kind of want to kick the shit out of him.

It's quite obvious that Bella has no idea that she's being photographed in most of them, and she's amazingly photogenic. Before I know what I'm doing, I start saving the pics to my computer into an album I label 'Beaver' because it's inconspicuous. I can't even find it in me to feel bad about what I'm doing, especially when I get to pictures of Bella coming out of the shower with a tiny towel wrapped around her body. She's flipping the bird at the camera, so it must be Emmett behind it.

I sort of love him a little bit for doing this to her, because he gets a picture of her screaming at him and then another of her smacking at the camera. I nearly fall out of my chair when I see the next picture is of the back of Bella, trying to cover her ass, but half of it is hanging out of the towel. I've got my dick in my hand before I can even think about how wrong it is for me to do this.

I've hacked into Emmett's email account and found Bella's email address, which was what I set out to do, so I should have stopped there. But I didn't, and now I have all these pictures of Bella, almost naked, and one picture of the bottom of her amazing, tight ass staring me in the face. I right click and save, feeling the shame wash over me, but it's quickly replaced by hot spikes of desire as I start

stroking myself, imagining that I'm the one taking the pictures and the next one is of me, taking her from behind.

I am officially a pervert.

This knowledge does not stop me from stroking my dick though. I imagine Bella's soft fingers wrapped around it, her full lips stretched around the head as she sucks me, and then of course I imagine how it felt when I was inside her and the way her tits felt against my face. I open my eyes, because I realize I've closed them and I don't actually need to envision Bella, because half of her ass is on display on the screen before me. I do, however, imagine how it would feel to thrust into her from behind, holding onto her tits as the tight heat of her pussy envelopes me. I imagine how it would have felt without the condom, how much hotter it would be in there, how wet, how soft.

I groan as I cum in long, thick spurts all over my hand and my pants. I think I might have said her name out loud but I can't be sure. It's not until after I've cum that I feel remorse for looking at the pictures of Bella that clearly no one was ever suppose to see. But that doesn't mean I'm going to delete the folder I've saved on my computer. I'll just feel bad about having it and make myself feel better by whacking off to it.

I get up to wash my hands and change my pants, and when I come back to the computer I click on the next picture just to see . . . holyfuckingshit. This one is even better than the last. It's clearly the next day or something and this time Bella is getting out of the water, except she's using the ladder. Emmett should be a professional photographer or something because he catches Bella with her hair wrapped around her hand, water cascading over her chest, and the best part . . . her bikini top has shifted and one of her nipples is peeking out of the fabric. I stare at her nipple for a long time before I save that picture too, and then I log out of Emmett's email and shut my computer down before I can find anything else in his account that might make me want to whack it again.

It's not until later that night while I'm lying in bed, trying to fall asleep because we have practice at five am and a game in the evening, that it dawns on me that even if those picture were taken two years ago, I have no idea how long Emmett has been lusting after Bella, or if he still does. If he still has a thing for her that means that Emmett has probably been whacking off to them this whole time.

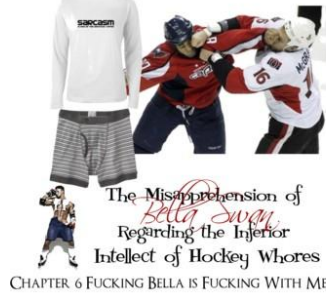
Holy shit. Emmett wanted to fuck his step-sister, for real--and maybe he still does.

And now I really want to kick his motherfucking ass.

OoO

Chapter 6 - Fucking Bella is Fucking Me Up

I'll probably take a short hiatus from the masturbation train so the beaver will be ready to fight another battle against the Woody.



OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

I am in a really shitty mood when I get up at four-fifteen in the morning so I can be down at the bus and ready for practice at five. I've been dreaming about Bella, but not in the way I would like where I've got her back in my bed with my face between her thighs. Instead I walk into the locker room after a game and find her being fucked by Emmett in a shower. This is definitely not a dream I want to be waking up from before I have to get on the ice with him.

I know it's irrational for me to be pissed off about this. I've only just met the girl and I've had sex with her twice, but for some reason I'm really irritated that my sub-conscious mind is allowing these ideas and thoughts to come out and fuck with my sleep and my mind. I need to find out more about Emmett's relationship with her so I don't have the unnecessary desire to kill him all the time. I'm really hoping his infatuation with her is over and that he's not secretly in love with her or something worthy of being on a daytime talk show.

I'm also pissed that she still hasn't called me back or texted me. I make a deal with myself to call her later, from the hotel line, just to see if she's avoiding my call. I really hope she's not. If I can't get in touch with her that way, I'll wait one more day before I email her. I'm a tenacious motherfucker when I want to be.

I don't talk to Emmett on the bus, I'm too grumpy to deal with him yet. We don't have enough time before practice to have any type of conversation and I'm all over his ass the entire time we're on the ice. At one point both he and Coach call me on it so I'm forced to back off, but I can't stop thinking about Bella in that white bikini with her nipple peeking out and I want to punch him in the face for whacking off to it, because I know he's done it. I channel the energy into practice and find I'm on my game. I just hope it continues tonight when I actually have to play against another team.

We go out for breakfast after practice; Coach takes us to some all you can eat buffet thing and I pretty much eat my weight in food. I think we've probably set them back about a month with the amount of food we eat collectively, but we'll leave double the actual costs to make up for the sheer volume of food we consume. Besides, it's an all you can eat buffet.

I make a point of sitting beside Emmett because I want to force some information out of him, and it's easier to do this when he's feeding. Everyone knows this; if you want Emmett to fess up to his

deepest darkest secrets, catch him off guard when he's involved with his second love, which is food. His first is hockey and his third is pussy. He admitted this in the interview he did with FHM, while they fed him wings and beer.

"So Emmett, how long ago did your dad remarry?" I ask him, trying to ask the question without making it look like I gave a shit about the answer. I shove a forkful of egg whites into my mouth and keep my gaze averted. I can see him looking at me with undisguised confusion and I wait somewhat tensely for him to answer.

"Um, he married Renee, like, three years ago? Maybe not that long, May of '07? Bella had just finished her first year of college and I got drafted the same month, so yeah, '07." He nods to himself and shovels more food into his mouth.

The tension leaves my body in a wave, because those pictures were taken only months after Phil married Renee. It returns just as quickly when I realize I have no idea how long he knew Bella before they got married. I'm not sure how to go about asking this without being obvious. I decide I'm just going to go ahead and bring Bella up in conversation.

"Oh yeah? So you've known Bella three, maybe four years tops?" I ask, shoving more food into my mouth so it comes off as a nonchalant question. I can feel Jasper staring at me and I know I'm going to get a million questions later.

"Uh, no, I didn't meet her until the wedding," he sort of chokes out and I have to wonder what that's all about. I don't ask anymore questions, I just nod my head and grunt while I eat more.

Once we finish breakfast we head back to the hotel, and go to our respective rooms to relax for a while before the game. I call Spa services and schedule a massage because my body is aching and I need to relax a little before the game. The masseuse will be sent up to the room in a little less than an hour.

I have some time to kill so I turn on my phone, which has been off for the past several hours because I have been checking it obsessively and I needed to stop for a while. There's a message, but it's not from Bella; it's my mother calling to wish me good luck tonight. I decide I can't really wait any longer, even though it's only been a day or something. I just want to know why the hell she hasn't called me back.

I call her cell and wait while it rings, getting more and more nervous with every passing second. I don't know why I'm being so obsessive about this, maybe because it's Emmett's sister?

"Hello?" someone says into the phone who doesn't sound like Bella. I realize I've called on my cell rather than the hotel line like I had planned.

"Um, hi. Is this Bella?" I ask, because I really don't think it is, unless her voice has gone up an octave in a day.

"No, sorry, she's not here right now." I can hear a lot of giggling, and then a 'holy shit' followed by what sounds like the phone dropping.

"Hello?" I ask, and I'm beginning to wonder if Bella has been kidnapped by a bunch of maniacal cheerleaders.

"Hi, hi, sorry, I dropped the phone. Are you really Edward Cullen, like *the* Edward Cullen, who plays for the Blackhawks with her step-brother Emmett?" She's practically panting into the phone. This is why I'm probably obsessed with Bella, because she doesn't give a rat's ass that I play hockey.

"Yeah," I say, wishing that I had texted her again instead because I realize now that my name has probably come up on her phone if she's programmed my number in, which is actually a positive sign when I think about it. "You said she's not there, will she be back soon?"

"Oh, right, yes, she's just in the bathroom, we've been doing shots. Hold on." I can hear her scream Bella's name and then the sound of feet moving across the floor. The sound becomes slightly muffled and I can hear friend tell her there's a phone call for her, but she doesn't tell her it's me. That's good. Then I hear her ask if Bella's puking; well that's not good at all. She's drunk and puking? I look at the clock by my bed. It's almost eleven here, which means it's what? One o'clock in Chicago?

"Um, Mr. Cullen?" the girls stammers out.

Jesus. Mister? "It's Edward." I'm smiling, because I think this is quite hilarious, except for the fact that Bella could quite possibly be puking.

"Sorry, Edward," she sort of breathes my name like she's in a porno. "Um, Bella's not feeling well right now, and I don't know when she's going to be coming out of the bathroom since she sounds like she's puking a lot. I'll tell her you called though?" she asks.

"That's okay, I'll try her tomorrow, just make sure she doesn't hurt herself or anything, and keep her hydrated, do you have Gatorade?" I ask, because I'm actually more than a little worried right now. Why the hell is Bella drunk at one in the afternoon on a Sunday? Doesn't she have an essay due on Tuesday? Shouldn't she be reading?

"No but I have Powerade, that's what we were using for mix," she tells me. What kind of friends does Bella have?

"Alright, that'll have to do. I'll call her later," I tell the girl who is probably just as hammered as Bella.

"Okay, bye Edward."

I hang up and stare at my phone. Well *that* wasn't what I expected.

I try not to fixate on it as I wait for the masseuse, but it's hard not to. From the sound of it Bella is pretty messed up right now and I have this terrible feeling it has to do with me. I don't like this at all.

The masseuse arrives a few minutes early and it's some tiny little Asian woman. I'm so happy about this because they usually give the best ones, massages that is. It's the ones who look like they can't lift a bag of potatoes who can make you cry when you're on their table. She works me over and I practically fall asleep, which is pretty amazing considering how worried I am about Bella. She yells at me to take a bath, shaking her finger at me and telling me 'no shower' when I nod at her groggily. I

know better than to take a shower after a massage; it's not the same thing. I do what I'm told and have a bath in the jet tub in my room while Jasper takes full advantage of the fact that the masseuse is already in our room. I'm just glad she didn't offer to give me a free cock massage; it's happened before.

I feel a lot looser and a whole lot more relaxed after the massage and the bath, even though the situation with Bella is weighing on me. I don't bother shaving, because I don't really give a shit. I pack up most of my stuff because we have a flight at noon tomorrow and I don't want to be rushed in the morning. I'll be happy when I'm back in my house and not dealing with the constant packing and unpacking. I don't mind it most of the time, but usually by the last game I'm ready to spend a few nights sleeping in my own bed.

Jasper and I leave together and head down to the lobby so we can catch our ride to the stadium. By the time I get to the locker room, I've got a mostly-clear head and I'm focused on the goal; winning. I mentally tell myself we're going to kick the shit out of Anaheim.

I'm right, we do.

I'm at center ice, facing off with the Anaheim center who is looking at me like he might just want to kill me. I'm not all that surprised as I've already managed two assists and one goal, and we're only halfway through the second period. We're up one point and I'm ready for him. He's too obvious with his movements so I can see that he's going to fake left and go right because the position of his body tells me this. His jaw is tight, flexing and hard as he taps the ice with his stick and spits. He's nervous, like a cornered dog because he already knows I'm going to take him down.

I can feel the bead of sweat trickling down my spine under the layers of padding and my jersey. The only part of my body that doesn't feel like it's on fire is my face. I can see the ref in my periphery, holding the puck in the air, but I don't look at him because I can almost feel it, sense it. The way his fingers tighten and then he blows the whistle and drops the puck.

I'm a fraction of a second quicker, and it's all I need. I hook the puck and move left, away from Anaheim's center, whose name is Moibruken--it's dutch or something for fancy pants which is just ridiculous--and pass the puck to my wingman. My skates hit the ice with a vicious grating sound as I plow forward, the blades spraying powdered ice with every push forward. Every muscle in my body burns with the exertion and I'm ready for Jasper when he passes the puck back to me. I can see the defense-man coming for me, and I know he's going to try and trip me. I move toward him instead of away, colliding with his body just as I pass the puck back to Jasper. I watch the skilled slide of his stick across the ice as the blade kisses the puck and then he shoots it.

It slips between the post and the goalie's leg just as the guy I have hit elbows me in the ribs. Of course, this pisses me off and I shove him. This almost results in a fight, which takes all of the excitement out of the goal Jasper just scored and changes it into rage. Jasper gets in the middle and pulls me back, slamming his helmet into mine, calling me a 'hotheaded fucker' and I grin, because I am one on the ice. I end up channelling the aggression back into the game and manage to put my game total to three assists and two goals.

I'm buzzing from the high when we get to the locker room and the testosterone level is through the roof with the win. Everyone is talking about pussy and fucking while I keep my mouth shut for once because I'm suddenly very tired of pretending to really give a shit about it.

As usual the Puck Bunnies abound when we get to the bar, but I'm not in the mood for it. I should be since we just won, and it's nights like these that I'm slightly more likely to indulge in meaningless, moderately gratifying sexual exploits with someone I don't know. I don't even want to expend the energy it takes to get into a cab with one of them and make out inside their front hallway or get a blow job. Mostly because it's not something I usually do anyway, but also because I can't stop thinking about Bella. I decide to call it a night when Jasper does and I get a lot of odd looks from my teammates, but I'm tired and I still haven't heard a thing from Bella which bothers me, even though she probably doesn't even know that I've called, truthfully.

Jasper doesn't say anything until we're in the elevator. "You fucked Emmett's sister," he says once the doors close and we're alone. It's not even a question.

"No, I didn't," I lie, and poorly at that.

"Jesus Christ, Edward, what the fuck were you thinking?" Jasper asks.

I don't bother to answer, because I know whatever I say is just going to get me in a heap of shit. I haven't actually admitted to anything at this point, so if I just ignore him I can continue to live in my imaginary world where Jasper doesn't know that I've fucked Bella.

I can feel him glaring at me as I stare straight ahead. It's making me really uncomfortable, and I kind of want to shove him or kick something just to divert his attention away from me--which I'm aware is counter productive. Fortunately the elevator dings and the doors slide open. This would be particularly awesome if he and I weren't sharing a room, but we are so we're clearly heading to the same place.

"Seriously Edward, sometimes I honestly believe you are as fucking retarded as you pretend to be," Jasper says to me.

I don't bother to argue, in hindsight it certainly is a pretty stupid thing that I have done. I wait for him to unlock the door for us and I grab the door before he can slam it shut on me, because these are those quick release doors that kind of just spring back on you and almost knock your teeth out with the backlash.

I head directly to the minibar fridge and grab myself a beer, because I feel like I need one. I want to call Bella again, but it's got to be pretty late for her now. I grab one of the papers sitting on the table and look down at the cover. "Motherfucker!" I spit my beer all over the page and then wipe it off with the back of my hand.

Apparently the other night had been interesting enough to make the entertainment pages because there, right before my eyes, is a picture of me with my damn nose buried in Bella's hair. Not only that, but my hand is obviously creeping under her shirt and into her pants, and I am pressing my dick

up against her ass. It isn't obvious in the picture that I was hard, but I had been, and I'm pretty damn sure Bella had been able to feel that.

The paper came out this morning, which definitely coincides with Bella's cocktail hour and subsequent puking escapades. In the midst of my mental battle where I'm trying to decide whether I should or shouldn't call her, I note that she looks good in the picture. Her face is flushed, her jaw is tight and she looks quite edible really. I'm just thankful she's wearing her sweater and not the white tank and hot pink bra, because as hot as that had been at the time, that outfit printed in the papers will tar her with the whore brush immediately. At least she looks respectable.

The unfortunate part is the caption below the picture begging the question: *Who is the latest girl to catch Edward Cullen's eye, Team Captain and center for the Chicago Blackhawks?*

There are so many reasons why I hate the media, and this is definitely one of them. I am immediately concerned that if this picture exists, then it means more do as well.

"What are you looking at?" Jasper asks and takes the paper from my hands. "Oh shit. I'm definitely right, you did fuck her." He sighs, like he's almost resigned to the fact.

"I need to check the internet." I launch myself toward my bedroom and grab my laptop, opening it and willing it to fire up a lot more rapidly than it does.

I sigh and huff at it in irritation, but I know if I lose my temper and throw it, I won't be able to gather the information I need to assess the damage that may have been done by this grave error in judgement. Well, I'm really not feeling like having sex with Bella twice is a grave error, just the part where the media takes pictures of us pre-fuck.

I do a search for recent images of myself, paired with the word 'girl' and I'm bombarded with more images of Bella and me. I am so fucked right now, mostly because it's giving me a hard-on and I'm ready to do the right click and save thing except for the fact that Jasper is now hovering over my shoulder.

"Shit man, is she grabbing your shirt?" Jasper sounds confused.

"Uh, yeah." I nod, licking my lips.

"She's a little firecracker that one, isn't she?" he asks, not really needing an answer because it's obvious that she is.

"You have no idea. She was wearing children's Spiderman pajamas when she answered the door to her suite," I offer. The memory makes me even harder as I click on the picture in front of me and the site I reach shows the heated progression of that first kiss. It's fucking hot. Like really hot.

"What?" Jasper asks. "She was wearing what? Holy . . . I can't look at this, it's almost pornographic."

I snort because it's clearly not; we're just kissing, but there's this fantastic shot where you can actually see my tongue sliding against hers. Whoever took these pictures better be getting paid good money for posting them. They are actually almost verging on erotic; it's not like a dirty fuck, it's more

like . . . something else. Regardless, I like them a lot and when I'm alone I'll be saving them to my 'Beaver' folder because I'm totally going to whack off to these.

"I should call her, I bet she's freaking out about this shit," I say, because I already know she is.

Then I realize in the top right hand corner of the page there is a bar indicating that there are over fifty thousand images of *Edward Cullen + girl* that come up and Bella has likely sifted through some of those, too. I am a masochist, so I decide to browse through some of them, trying to be objective about them. Yeah, they don't really make me look all that good. In fact, I look like the complete asshole that I have been pretending to be. For the first time in my life I wish I was a hell of a lot more transparent than I am. Sometimes being a good actor is not a positive thing at all.

I grab my phone and head to my room, slamming the door behind me. I dial Bella's number before I lose my nerve, and as it starts to ring I become aware that I have no clue what I'm actually going to say. *Hi Bella, sorry there are pictures of you all over the internet with my tongue in your mouth. Look on the bright side, at least they didn't get you in your Spiderman jammies*, did not really seem like the best way to start out.

I look at the clock and realize it's past midnight where Bella is, and I'm about to hang up-- especially at this late hour, or early, however you want to look at it-- when someone picks up.

"Hello," it's a female voice that answers, but again it doesn't sound like Bella. Why the hell can't she just answer her own damn phone?

"Hi, is this Bella?" I ask, knowing full well it isn't. I decide I'm going to pretend that I have no idea what time it is where they are.

There is a giggle on the other end of the line. "No, no, it's her mother, Renee."

"Oh, hello," I say, trying to reconcile the giggle with the image of a mother of a girl in her early twenties. "This is Edward Cullen, I know it's late but I was wondering if Bella was available." I feel like I'm going to get her in trouble or something, which is absurd because she's an adult.

"Oh, hi, Edward. How are you? I'm sure I met you after the game the other night. Excellent job on the ice tonight, and you had every right to hit that fucker," she says, ignoring my comment about the time. Maybe she stays up late all the time on Sunday nights.

It's fortunate I'm not taking a drink of anything at the moment, because if I had been, I surely would have spit it out all over the place. I'm pretty shocked at the colourful language, but now I can see that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I can vaguely remember Emmett's dad coming over, because he's a hockey coach for the minors, and the woman who was on his arm. Well, if Bella looked anything like she did when she got older . . . I can't believe the direction my mind has gone. Well I can believe it, but it's sort of disturbing.

"Thanks, I thought so too," I reply, because he sure as hell deserved what he got. I am nothing if not a person who believes in justice, especially on the ice where I can use my fists to deliver it. Off the

ice I'm totally different; I've probably been in two fights in my entire life--not in a rink. I'm actually pretty mellow when I'm not padded and wearing blades on my feet.

"Just hold on, Bella hasn't been feeling well this evening, I'll see if she's awake." I can hear Renee in the background, and there is a fuzzy sound like a hand covering the receiver end of the cell phone. I can still hear what she is saying and I'm hopeful she doesn't tell Bella it's me. Of course she does, though. I can hear Bella's voice raise about three octaves, and I know this can't be good for me.

"Hi," the voice on the other end of the line is quiet and nothing like the fiery girl I met a couple of days ago.

"Hi, it's Edward."

"Hi."

"Hi," I respond, because I am stupid and can't think of anything else to say. "How are you?"

"Um, I'm fine," Bella says. I can hear her fiddling with something and I imagine her picking at her nails or biting her cuticles. I have no idea why this image comes to mind.

"What are you wearing?" I ask, because I am absolutely retarded beyond a shadow of a doubt. I need to see the team doctor, I'm beginning to wonder if I have a head injury from the fight the other night.

"Pardon me?" Bella sounds incredulous. And rightly so.

"Sorry, nothing, I didn't mean to ask that, it just came out. I'm sorry," I say in a hurry because now that I have her on the phone I don't want her to hang up on me because I am a complete and utter pervert.

I realize I haven't actually done this since college, or at least since I was drafted which was about three days after I graduated. The whole talking to a girl on the phone thing is a little intimidating; also the fact that she's an intelligent woman is a little daunting as well.

"Do you really want to know what I'm wearing?" Bella lowers her voice and it's a sultry whisper. I can feel my dick stiffening further in my pants.

"Yes. No. Is this a trick question? Only if you don't hang up on me if I say yes, otherwise no." I exhale, waiting for a dial tone.

Her voice comes out in this breathy whisper, "I'm wearing a black lace thong and a matching lace bra, and that's all."

"Really?" I ask, and I know I'm sort of breathing heavily into the phone. I hold it away from my mouth to mask the sound.

"No. I'm actually wearing a pair of men's grey boxer briefs and a long sleeved shirt, but I'm braless and pantyless," she replies and I can hear a creaking sound. She must be lying on her bed. Of course my mind starts to wander and I can't help but try to form a visual with all this information.

"Is the shirt tight?" I ask. I am such a fucking pervert.

"Um, I guess, I mean it's a small," she replies. "And I can see my nipples through it," she adds.

Now I really am breathing directly into the phone at this point and there is silence on the other end of the line. I know she's waiting for me to say something, but I've got the best visual going right now I don't really want to spoil it with words.

"Edward?" Bella asks.

"Yes," I breathe out.

"Are you whacking off?"

"Jesus, no," I say quickly, because my hand is actually hovering over the fly of my pants ready to make a move. I've also brought my computer with me and I'm still looking at the pictures of Bella and me, specifically the one with my tongue in her mouth, which is helping along my hard-on.

"Okay, that's good. I think. Did you call just to ask me what I was wearing?" she asks, all fiery and cute and snark.

"Actually no, I called to apologize," I say.

"Oh," is the response I get.

It doesn't sound relieved, though, it sounds disappointed, which is odd considering the question that preceded it is one regarding masturbating to images of her in boxer briefs. I have the sudden urge to send her a pair of really nice ones, in a size extra-small just so I can see her in them. I can only imagine how hot she looks right now.

"I'm, uh . . . sure you've seen the pictures. . . " I don't continue, because I'm waiting for some kind of response.

"Oh, those, yeah," Bella says quietly.

"I'm really sorry about those, I didn't even think about what would happen . . ." again I trail off, because realistically I should have known this would happen.

"Whatever, it's no big deal. I've been in the media before with Emmett, you know, cause we're sort of family and all. It's not like I'm not used to it. I usually don't look like such a hockey hooker in them though," she mumbles at the end.

"What did you say?" I ask, even though I've heard her quite clearly. I can't believe she's used the term hockey hooker, but of course if she's looked beyond the pictures of her and I, I can only imagine the impression she currently has of me.

"Nothing," she sighs. "Anyway, I got your message and your text. I was reading and then I was sick, so . . . sorry I didn't call or reply. My beaver's fine by the way, nothing a long bath couldn't fix. I'll probably take a short hiatus from the masturbation train so the beaver will be ready to fight another battle against the woody." Bella pauses and mumbles something under her breath. "And don't worry about the glasses, I have another pair, and contact lenses, so it's no big deal."

"Fight another . . . wait, I want to return your glasses, they look good on you. I can drop them off when I'm back in town . . ." I say, because I want to see her again. I wonder if I sound as awkward as I feel.

"No, no," her voice raises an octave again, making it abundantly clear she's not comfortable with this option, which doesn't make me happy. "Maybe you could just mail them to me. I can give you the address," she says.

She sounds really flustered, so I'm not sure if she knows what she's actually offering me when she does this. Having her home address is a good thing, because I can not only send her things, I can definitely return her glasses in person. I write down her address, knowing full well it's not her glasses that are going to be arriving at her house through the mail.

"Okay, well . . ." I think I can hear her chewing on her nails again. "I have an essay I need to write, and I'm only half way through the fucking novel."

"Fielding?" I ask.

"Yeah, Tom's a whore," she responds irritably. It feels like a jab.

"He's not that bad. At least he doesn't try to pretend to be virtuous and honourable when he's not. The rest of the characters are far worse than he is. He's flawed, but he wears those flaws and owns them," I say, because it's true. Yeah, the book could be a bit on the annoying side with some of the 'how to write a novel' instruction manual, but the story itself wasn't bad and Tom wasn't a total ass.

I hear Bella's intake of breath and she exhales heavily into the receiver of her phone. "I never thought about it that way," she breathe-sighs into the phone. "I should go."

"Okay," I say, even though it's not. "I'll talk to you soon."

"Okay," she says in a breathy whisper.

"And Bella . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'm glad your beaver's better."

I hang up before I can say anything else equally asinine. The first thing I do as soon as I hang up the phone is browse the internet for local florists in the Chicago area. I proceed to order her a mixed arrangement because for some reason I don't think Bella is a roses kind of girl. I'm all fucking smiles

as I type in the message for the card and then put in the payment information. They should be delivered tomorrow morning which is perfect.

It's woo time, and now I need to whack off to some pictures of Bella.

OoO

Chapter 7: Edward Cullen is a Persistent Hockey Whore



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

I hang up the phone when I realize he's already gone, his lovely parting words going straight to my beaver. I'm currently soaking my boxer briefs. I wasn't even lying when I told him I was wearing briefs and a t-shirt, because I am. I buy most of my underwear from Walmart in the boys' section. I can fit into a large and I really like them, they're comfortable. I could wear an extra small in men's if I wanted to, but they don't have all the fun designs on them and they cost more. Another bonus that comes with wearing underwear made for the opposite sex is the little flap in the front for the penis I don't have as it is excellent for masturbatory purposes.

I throw my phone down on my bed and stare at it for a moment like it's the phone's fault I had to talk to Edward. It's not, it's Renee's. I've been avoiding Edward Cullen for the past couple of days. At first I was surprised when he left a message on my phone about my glasses. Of course, I assume he called because he didn't want Emmett to find out, and would rather do the awkward thing that happens when you forget something at a one-night-stand's place and have to take the walk of shame to get it from them. I can handle the whole seeing-Edward-Cullen again deal, just not minutes after I leave his room. So I didn't pick up the phone or call him back after I listened to the awkward and nervous message twenty-five times.

Then there was the text asking about my beaver. I had no idea how to respond to that. *I'm still sore but I'd like my beaver to be invaded by your woody again, thanks for asking?* Yeah, I don't think so.

Then of course this morning I'm heading over to my friend Ang's place. We are going to read the rest of *Tom Jones* together and discuss it critically so we can write our respective essays. I'm leaving it until the last minute, which is unusual for me, but I'm hoping it's going to work out. This is until I arrive at Ang's house and she pulls me inside and shoves the media whore section of the local entertainment rag in my face. There's a picture of Edward, his hot busted up face is turned toward mine and his nose is in my hair. I can see his hand sliding under my shirt and his pinky under the waistband of my pants. Shit. This is not becoming.

Of course Ang makes it a million times worse by showing me the slide show of images which are all over the internet. Apparently Edward Cullen is very, very popular. Ang proceeds to enlighten me with pictures of Edward and other girls, lots of other girls. I think it's one thing to know it's probable that he's a total man-whore, but it's another to actually see it firsthand. Ang tries to make me feel better by telling me I am so much hotter than those other hookers. Yes, that makes me feel fantastic, so much so that I grab her vodka and some Powerade and start making shooters, even though it's barely noon on Sunday and I need to write my damn essay.

By 12:30 I'm hammered and the reality of the situation hits. Of course I've been in the paper before; Emmett's my step-brother and he gets photographed regularly. And he's a hockey-whore. But these photos are . . . hot. And I'm totally aggressive in them, at least I think I am. I may be wrong, though I know how it felt in that moment to grab his shirt and pull his face to mine. The softness of his lips . . . yeah . . . I'm going to puke. I run to the bathroom and toss my cookies. I spend a good hour in there before I tell Ang I'm going home and leave her, Lauren and Alice to work on their Fielding essays without me. None of them are as hammered as I am.

I spend the rest of day learning that just because I mix vodka with Powerade doesn't mean I'll avoid or vomiting profusely or a hangover. By nine in the evening I'm feeling slightly less vile and I dig back into Fielding, trying desperately not to hate the book. I take it downstairs and read it while Phil and Renee watch the game. I can't help it, I peek up over the edge of my book every time Edward is on the ice and watch the powerful lines of his body as he moves fluidly, with an unnatural grace. I can't help but remember what it's like to be underneath him, on top of him, to have him moving inside me, how he was both gentle and forceful at the same time. I turn red and excuse myself when he almost gets into a fight, because I find it hot and I need to relieve the tension that is building between my thighs. I tell Renee I'm still not feeling well and bolt upstairs to push my beaver button.

Then, of course, I get the phone call from Edward. It's almost one in the morning when he calls, which means it must be pretty late in Cali. I think it's only a two hour time difference, but I can't be sure. I try to focus on reading, but I can't because I'm replaying the conversation over and over in my head and I have no idea what he wants from me. At first I assume the phone call and the text are to cover his ass, but maybe I'm wrong. He's trying awfully hard to get in touch with me for someone who's such a huge hockey whore, although I am convinced it must have something to do with Emmett.

I finish *Tom Jones* just after two in the morning, although if you ask me the content of the last few chapters, I can't be sure I'll have any actual recollection of the events. I pass out hard and sleep in a little because I'm still sort of hung over from doing all the shots yesterday morning.

I don't have classes on Monday, which I'm grateful for, so I spend the entire morning writing and editing my essay. It's okay, but I think it could be better. I'm hopeful I'll at least get somewhere in the high eighties.

I pull on a pair of sweats and a sweatshirt when I hear the doorbell ring and head downstairs. Renee is out doing what ever she does during the day when she not working at the holistic store and Phil is organizing some sort of hockey charity event. He's really a nice guy, even if he is a bit of a meat-head. Like father like son, I suppose.

I open the door and I just stand there, because there's some guy in his early twenties with a huge bouquet of flowers. I mean, it's colossal in the most ridiculous way.

"Delivery for Bella Swan," he says. I can only see his eyes and the brim of his hat.

"Uh, that's me." I nod and reach out to take them.

I almost drop them because they are so damn heavy. He catches them before I do and I'm swearing and apologizing and mortified. He's smiling though, and he's actually kind of cute. He's got tanned looking skin and dark eyes, and his hair is pulled back in a ponytail. His name tag says *Jake* on it.

"Jesus, who knew flowers could be so damn heavy," I mutter when I finally have a good grip on them. My finger sort of brushes against his and he looks at me with this mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Is he eye-flirting with me? Can one even do that?

"I think I've got them, hold on, I'll be right back." I hold the vase to my chest and set them down on the kitchen table before going to the change jar and pulling out a five dollar bill, which is ridiculous because a change jar should only have change in it, not bills. I have no idea if you tip flower delivery boys or whatever, but he's been nice, and he didn't just let me drop the vase on the floor, so I'm going to give him money.

I thank him and he smiles before telling me to have a nice day. I wave at him as he walks down the steps, rolling my eyes at myself because he can't see me waving with his back to me. I go back to the kitchen and look at the flowers for another minute before I move to grab the little card in the envelope. I'm pretty sure I know who they're from. There's only one person who would likely send me flowers, although I can't for the life of me figure out why.

Hope your beaver's doing well and you're feeling better.

Edward

I blink and read it again, and again. Seriously? Was this some kind of joke? Do Canadians have an odd sense of humour? He refers to my pussy in the little note card that comes with my unbelievably gorgeous and yet way over the top flowers. I lean down and sniff them. What if Renee had opened the card and read it? Maybe she wouldn't know what the beaver reference is, although she did buy me my first ever vibrator, so it's more than likely she would. Thankfully her seeing the card will never happen because I put it down the front of my pants.

It's not like it matters anyway, as soon as she saw the tabloid papers this morning with mine and Edward's pictures gracing the front of it, she was all 'you go girl' and 'he's one hot piece of ass.' I rolled my eyes and took my toast and coffee up to my room, because the last thing I actually need is for Renee to give me a pep talk about my sex life and ask me if I've boned Edward Cullen, and if so, how big is his dick? I'm not kidding here at all. I dated this guy named Sam once, big huge Native American dude and Renee kept dropping hints about how he was so tall and he must be packing some heat. I broke it off when he came over and Renee tried to hand me a box of Magnum condoms, like it was a cool thing to do. I was eighteen at the time, and I wasn't having sex with him; of course he believed that because I had the condoms, we were going to.

I put my foot down after that. Now Renee knows to keep her comments to herself until after the boy leaves the house. It doesn't stop her from making highly inappropriate comments every now and then, especially in reference to Phil's junk. I just tell her if she continues I'm taking my inheritance from Grandma Ethel and moving out. I don't want to do this--well I sort of do, but I don't want to spend my inheritance on an apartment when I have tuition to pay, but the threat is enough for her and she shuts it.

I get a text message in the early evening from Edward asking if I've received anything. I debate whether I'm going to ignore it or not. I decide I'm not going to answer right away, because I'm beginning to wonder if he isn't just a wee bit obsessive about this and I'm enjoying messing with him. I think he's honestly quite used to getting whatever attention he wants, and not really having to work for it. While the flowers are quite beautiful, I still have no clue what his motivation is for sending them, other than his obvious concern for my beaver's well being. Maybe he wants all up in it again?

This gets me thinking about his monster cock and how fucking awesome it would be to ride it again. I have to finish editing my essay, though, because I have class at nine in the morning and I don't want to be sleep deprived when I get there and hand it in. I always provide a paper copy, even though we can technically email the file and Professor Watson will print it off herself. I just like the tangible piece of evidence reflecting all my hard work, and in this case, my slight annoyance with the material I am forced to focus on. I push the thought of Edward Cullen's monster cock aside and focus on the task that is far more important. I even go so far as to turn off my phone so I won't be tempted to read the message over and over like the pathetically obsessive idiot I am becoming.

I wake up in the middle of the night with my head on my desk and my computer screen glowing eerily black. I have fallen asleep editing. It's one in the morning so I set my alarm for six and pull the covers over me, falling back to sleep. It's restless, however, because I know I still have to put the finishing touches on my essay before I go to class.

I'm desperate to check my phone in the morning, so I don't. I'm a fan of delayed gratification, which is why I'm all about pursuing a master's when I'm done with my undergrad. I want to be poor as shit for a few more years before I actually start making a decent salary and can afford to buy my underwear from a somewhat more classy location than Walmart, say Macy's or even Victoria's Secret if I'm looking to really impress. I bet they have really comfy men's underwear.

I wait all day in fact, keeping my phone turned off while pissing off my friends who think I'm purposely ignoring them after the fiasco on Sunday. They are partially right, as Alice wants all the gory details. I tell her he has a small dick as we gather round the table at the library in one of the private study rooms we've booked. We have a group project for our Contemporary Lit class due in two weeks, and we are determined not to procrastinate.

"Really?" she asks.

"If I say yes will you stop asking me about Edward Cullen's dick?" I ask.

"Probably not. Why, is it really huge? I bet it's really huge, that's what all the gossip rags say." She looks disturbingly excited.

"Maybe she doesn't want to talk about it," Ang offers.

"Yes, maybe," I reply, opening my laptop and logging onto my email.

"Look, if I fucked Jasper Whitlock and it was all over the tabloids, I'd tell everyone I knew how awesome he was, even if he wasn't. In that case I would only tell you guys that he sucked in bed, and I would tell everyone else that he's fantastic," Alice rambles.

I think this is quite a stupid thing to do, broadcast the fact that I've actually fucked Edward Cullen, hockey whore, making myself a full fledged hockey hooker. But that's just me; Alice and I live in two totally different realms of existence.

"Who the hell is Jasper Whitlock?" I ask.

"Pardon me?" Alice looks at me like I've asked who Paris Hilton is.

"I'm sure you heard me," I snark at her.

The whole table is looking at me like I'm brain damaged. That just means Ang, Lauren and Alice, but still.

"Jasper Whitlock is Edward Cullen's wingman, offensive player, and number sixty-one." Alice continues to rhyme off what sound like impressive stats, but I have no clue, because up until Friday of last week, I didn't give two shits about hockey.

"Since when do you watch hockey?" I ask, and look around the table.

Alice snorted. "Bella, I have always loved hockey."

I furrow my brow at her; this is bull. I know this, but I don't bother to call her on it, because clearly she's infatuated with Jasper Whitlock and that is why she has taken to watching hockey.

"Whatever," I sigh and open my inbox. "What the hell . . ." I trail off.

There are fifteen new messages in my inbox, which is not unusual, three of them are from Alice at various points in time during the afternoon, because my phone has been turned off. There are two

from professors, and one from the admissions office. I want to open it, but I'm scared to because it may be regarding my application to the master's program at U of C. These are not the emails that draw my attention though. It's the four emails from Edward Cullen that are freaking me out. How the hell did he get my email address?

"What?" Alice asks and Ang leans over beside me. "Oh my God! He's emailing you?"

"Uh, he sent me flowers yesterday," I mumble, not sure if I want to click on the emails when the girls are there and can potentially bear witness to the oddity that this situation is becoming.

"He what?" Alice's voice is so high I think it might sound a bit like a dog whistle. The frequency is such that I almost can't hear her.

"He sent me flowers," I repeat myself.

"Holy shit," Lauren breathes from across the table. She's got her laptop open and she's browsing pics of Edward Cullen. She has no idea I can see the reflection of it in the window behind her. What the hell is wrong with these women?

"Look, I had no clue he was so popular, or famous or whatever the hell he is, I just . . . I don't know. I have no idea why he's doing this. I don't even know what he wants from me. I think he's probably just scared that I'm going to tell Emmett and he'll beat Edward to a pulp," I natter on uncomfortably. "Can we just work on the project please?"

"Aren't you going to check the emails he sent you?" Ang asks, her arm touching mine because she's so close to me.

"Not right now I'm not," I tell her and raise an eyebrow in challenge.

"Oh, okay." She shrinks back in her chair.

That's right, I'm pulling out the bitchbrow. I give it to both Alice and Lauren as well who take the cue and drop the subject, thankfully. The meeting is relatively productive and we iron out our respective tasks for the project.

I'm itching to check my email when I get home, but first I turn on my phone. There are three missed calls, two from Edward, one voicemail and a text.

The voicemail is from Edward.

I listen to his smooth sexy voice, which actually sounds a bit unsteady and unsure.

"Hi. This is Edward Cullen calling. I just wanted to call and see if anything came for you this morning. I have a game tonight, but . . . um . . . maybe I'll talk to you later."

I listen to it five times before I save it, just like I did with the first one.

I move on to the text message.

Realized ur probably in class? Hope the essay writing went well. Just checking 2c if something came for u.

Edward

Okay, so two messages checking to see if I got the flowers. That's . . . odd.

I decide to move onto the emails.

The first one is blank.

The second one reads:

Bella?

The third one reads:

If this is you, the code word is another word for pussy.

The fourth one reads:

I'm sorry if I offended you with the previous email. I just wanted to make sure you got the flowers, and that you liked them. I didn't even stop to think you might be allergic or something, and that's not really casual conversation to have with Emmett without tipping him off.

I'm also sorry for the message on the card, it was inappropriate. I was trying to be funny. Sorry.

Edward

PS. Please don't block me from your email contact list.

I can't help but laugh because the email is completely ridiculous, and I'm really beginning to like the awkward tone and adorable fumbling of someone who seems so composed and sure of himself most of the time. I check myself, though, because I'm still pretty sure the only reason he's so intent on communicating with me is the fact that he still doesn't want Emmett to know, especially from the content of his email. It's really the only thing that makes sense.

The email was sent four hours ago and it's eight here now, so I assume he's playing right now. I decide to send him a text as I grab my newest novel on my reading list, a contemporary piece by Toni Morrison and head downstairs to watch the game.

got the flowers, not necessary, but thx

I press send before I can change my mind. I know it's not a very friendly text, but I can't help it. Regardless of the fact that he has an opinion on Fielding's work, meaning he's not void of brain cells, he's still a hockey whore--who I'm about to watch play against a team from San Jose. I don't want to send him positive vibes because in reality, I am starting to want to send him positive vibes. This is not a good thing for me. If he can just leave me alone then I can continue to fantasize about the feel

of his hands on my body, and the way it felt when he was inside me like it's just a dream and it didn't really happen. But the more he calls, the more real it gets and I'm not very fond of this feeling.

The Blackhawks are losing badly, one to six against San Jose. Edward gets into a fight and gets a five minute penalty and that's when two of the goals are scored against his team. As soon as he gets out of the box he gets rowdy again and gets another penalty. This time it's only two minutes, but it's long enough that San Jose is able to score again. There are only five minutes left in the period and there's no way they can recover. Edward looks livid, his jaw is tight and he's spitting and I can see that's he's swearing. God, it's so hot.

I watch the end of the game; following the aggressive movements of Edward's body as he skates across the ice and out of the rink. The camera pans over his sharp, angry jaw and I wonder briefly what it would be like to have sex with him when he's this riled up. I can imagine him being aggressive and fast, dominating and possessing and I can feel the wetness seeping between my thighs. I excuse myself, fake yawning and run up to my room, flipping my laptop open and running back to my door to lock it before I get out my trusty vibe and bring up the picture of him with his tongue in my mouth that I've saved in an album called 'Beaver Buttons.'

After I get myself off, I go to bed; it's pretty early which is a good thing because I feel like I can really use the sleep. Of course it feels like only moments later that I'm woken up by my phone ringing.

"What?" I growl into it, rubbing my eyes as I try and figure out what the hell is going on. I can't even focus on the clock because I don't have my glasses.

"Hello? Hi, oh shit, it's like three in the morning there isn't it? Shit. Sorry, I woke you up, didn't I?" Edward sounds panicked and possibly a little drunk, actually his words slur quite a bit, so I'm going to go with hammered.

"Edward? Are you drunk?" I ask, knowing full well he is.

"Yeah, we lost tonight. Are you pissed at me for the flowers?" he slurs.

"I know, I saw the game," I say, ignoring the second part of the statement, because I don't really know if I'm pissed about the flowers. I'm not mad about the flowers per se, I'm more angry that he feels like he needs to send me flowers so I don't go off and tell Emmett that I've had sex with him. I'm a big girl, I don't need anyone to deal with the consequences of my actions but me.

"It's my fault we lost," he mumbles. "You are pissed about the flowers. It was the card, wasn't it?"

I say nothing about the fact that they lost, because it sort of is his fault what with all the sexy hotheadedness on the ice. "No, Edward, it isn't because of the card, although that was . . . never mind. Look, you really don't need to do this, okay? I'm not going to tell Emmett about it so you can just back off, okay? You have nothing to worry about, the fact that we fucked will never be discussed with my brother," I say irritably.

"What? I don't . . . that's not why . . ." Edward stuttered.

"Listen, it's the middle of the night, you're wasted and I'm exhausted, this isn't a productive conversation. I'll talk to you later, okay Edward?" I say, trying not to be too bitchy, but I'm certain I'm unsuccessful.

"Oh, okay." Edward sounds completely dejected now and I feel almost sorry for him. Almost. But it's three in the morning, so my compassion meter is pretty damn low right now.

I don't wait for him to say anything else, I just hang up and turn off my phone, feeling guilty as soon as I put my head back down on the pillow. I'm restless for the remainder of the night, which pisses me off, because I should not feel guilty that Edward Cullen hockey whore, Team Captain, Center and all round fuckhot man with a monster cock has a conscience and fears the wrath of my step-brother.

The rest of the week follows with almost daily deliveries from none other than Edward Cullen: a set of classics which have been bound in leather and smell like heaven, a CD compilation of a band I've never heard of called The Tragically Hip--who are apparently Canadian and really popular up in the great white North. Next is a box of truffles from Godiva, a gift certificate for my boobs who Edward is officially asking out on a date since I won't call him back. (I get an email apologizing once again for the content of the card that came with the gift certificate of an unknown amount).

After that I receive a giant tin of coffee from Tim Horton's, some Canadian coffee shop named after a famous hockey player, complete with travel mug and and a mug for home. Phil tells me it's like Starbucks but cheaper and if I won't drink it, he sure as hell will. On the last day before Emmett is scheduled to come home I open a box and find a stuffed beaver wearing a Blackhawks' jersey with CULLEN on the back and his number, which is eleven. Renee is standing beside me as I open it up and she giggles like a teenager and tells me it's so cute, since the beaver is Canada's national animal and all, and Edward is Canadian. I'm thankful she doesn't clue in to the actual meaning behind the gift because I am sure I would never hear the end of it if that was the case.

In addition to the gifts, I have received daily voicemails from Edward, as well a novel worth of emails and about thirty text messages. I'm close to getting a restraining order, except for the fact that I kind of like all the attention I'm getting from him, in a sick, stalker loving kind of way.

I arrive home from classes on Wednesday afternoon to find Emmett sitting on the couch drinking beer because he's come for a visit. He does this sometimes when there is no food in his recently purchased condo downtown, which is usually after a roadtrip. I am almost disappointed that Edward isn't with him. I don't know why I expect him to be here, and it's not like he could say or do anything if he was, because it would totally give him away. Maybe that's what I want. I don't know though, and it's irritating me that I can't seem to figure out why I'm feeling and doing --or not doing, such as gracing Edward with a response--these things.

Over the course of the week some of his emails became more and more eloquent, and others are equally desperate and awkward as he awaits a response I'm clearly not going to give him. It's just bizarre. The content waffles between literary criticism, which makes me wet, and assurances that he's not concerned about Emmett being pissed at him. He even offers to tell him. I stay silent, though, because I'm pretty sure that, regardless, he's not going to say anything to Emmett unless I give him the go ahead.

"Nice pictures in the whore mag," Emmett says dryly, giving me what he calls cut-eye.

It looks like he's been waiting for me just so he can say that. I can't decide if he looks mad or not, mostly because his face is all contorted with the cut-eye expression. I don't even bother pretending I don't know what he's talking about. Although I could, Emmett usually isn't perceptive enough to catch onto these types of things.

I cover my embarrassment with sarcasm, "I know, the mouth fucking shots are awesome aren't they? I had to convince Renee it wasn't a good idea to frame them and hang them over the fire place."

"That's just wrong," Emmett grimaces in revulsion at the mere idea.

"So is the amount of hair on your body," I retort, satisfied that I have thrown him with my bitchiness. I'm right. He looks hurt and a little unsure of himself.

"That's not my fault and I keep it trimmed down," he defends himself.

"Whatever you say, Yeti," I quip back and then leave the room, knowing he's forgotten all about the Cullen mouth-fucking pics and I'm safe for now.

After dinner Emmett says he's going out to see some friends; I can hear him on the phone in his bathroom as he pisses with the door open and talks to some girl he calls 'honey.' I know it's one of his many booty calls, and also one of his regulars. Emmett doesn't date, but he sleeps around with several girls at the same time; it's repulsive actually, and I'm constantly on him about being such a slut. One of these days he's going to contract a VD and put his dick out of commission. That is a day I will relish. The only nice thing is he never brings them here, so it's not all awkward and uncomfortable dealing with the whole hockey-hooker-regular-fuck thing.

Renee is going out with Phil to watch him coach a minors hockey game. Well, actually, Renee will sit in the bar with the ladies and play on her Blackberry while Phil does the coaching thing. She likes to drink martinis until she's a giggling, wasted mess.

As soon as everyone is gone and I have the house to myself, I put on one of the new Tragically Hip albums that Edward has given me. At first I contemplate giving all the shit he has sent me back to him, but then I think better of it. I like the CDs, my boobs can totally use some new bras from Victoria's Secret, the Tim's coffee is like liquid gold, the truffles are shades below sex and the books are beautiful. The beaver is just fucking ridiculous, and it's sitting on my bed because I don't have the heart to throw it out. And I regret to admit I've snuggled with it at night like a four-year-old.

I run upstairs and pull on a pair of men's boxers and a long sleeved undershirt because it's just me and I'll be in bed long before anyone gets home. I have class at eight-thirty tomorrow and it's my longest day at school. I grab my novel and a pen, pencil and highlighter and head back downstairs. I grab a diet Pepsi from the fridge and my box of truffles and settle myself down on the couch to read. My feet are cold, so I find my slipper socks buried under one of the blankets and pull those on too. Now I'm ready to read.

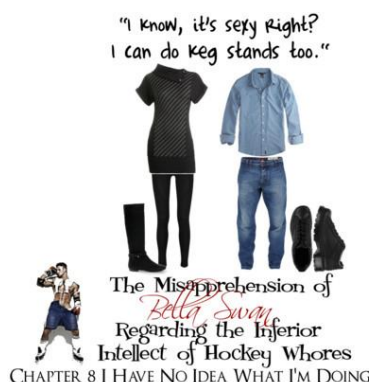
I get about three pages in and there's a knock on the door. I won't be surprised if Emmett has forgotten something, like an extra box of condoms or the bottle of hand sanitizer he needs to keep with him to wash his dick off after he's gotten some poon. I shove my pencil into my hair and push my spare set of glasses up my nose, stomping down the hallway, ready to yell at him for making me get up when all he really has to do is turn his car off for a second so he can let himself into the house.

I wrench open the door and my mouth opens and closes again and again as I stare, not at Emmett, but Edward.

"Oh my god," I whisper. "You look like shit. What the hell are you doing here?"

OoO

Chapter 8 - I Have No Idea What I'm Doing



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

I'm standing at the door, just gaping like an idiot at Edward because he really does look like shit, but at the same time he looks so damn hot. He's got a pretty nasty gash over his right eye with one of those tiny fly bandages on it holding the skin together. He looks like he hasn't shaved since the last time I saw him; he's all scruff and about a half an inch of beard, my mind immediately wanders to thoughts of how that would feel between my thighs. His hair is a raving, maniacal mess, which isn't new, but combined with the heaviness of his eyes, the slight slump of his shoulders and the general disheveled appearance it looks much more frantic than usual.

Although, I do only have that one occasion to base what is 'usual' on, and post hockey helmet hair is not a very good indicator to go by as a general rule for what his hair typically looks like. I wrap my arms around my torso because it's frigid outside and I'm not really wearing enough clothing to be standing at the door, just gawking at him for prolonged periods of time.

"Didn't you get my messages?" he asks, licking his lips nervously.

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to say about that. *Yeah, you stalker freak, and it kind of turns me on that you seem just a wee bit obsessed with me, I must be some sort of rockstar in bed*, doesn't really seem appropriate. I'm trying to decide how to answer and what I'm going to do; whether I should grab a jacket, and maybe a pair of snow pants, and come outside, or if I should invite him in. He really does look rather pathetic, and sexy, and I kind of want to kiss the spot above his eyebrow better.

"I did." I nod.

"Why didn't you call me back, or text me, or email?" There's a flash of anger and frustration in his eyes and he looks deliciously furious for a moment before the emotion fades and his shoulders sag even further.

"I don't know. What happened to your eye?" I ask, because I certainly do know why I haven't called him back; I really, really wanted to.

"You don't know?" he asks, his voice is eerily calm. He sounds even more dejected than he looks when he says this, like it's some kind of revelation that he's half expected. He also sounds disappointed. He sighs and then his whole demeanor changes as he asks the same question again, "*You don't know?*" Except this time he sounds more upset than anything else. I watch in fascination as his jaw clenches and his hands shake ever so slightly. *Temper, temper.*

"No, I don't know. I was busy, there was a lot of stuff going on. I was a little overwhelmed by all the attention I was getting because I slept with this hockey player and he sent me presents all week. Now are you going to tell me what happened to your eye?" I ask, once again trying to divert the conversation to something that feels a bit safer.

"I got into a fight, obviously you didn't see the game," he says, looking down at his feet, kicking at the board under his toe.

"No, I missed the one last night, I had a group project meeting," I reply.

It's not a lie, I've watched every other game over the past week and a half, except for the one last night. I'm actually very disappointed now, because I obviously missed one hell of a panty wetting fight.

"Oh," Edward says, peeking up at me from under his lashes. It's really hard for me not to reach out and touch the angry looking wound--with my lips--when he's looking at me like a child who's in trouble for writing on the walls in permanent black marker.

I sigh, because I know what I'm about to do is definitely not a good idea, but I'm going to anyway. "Did you want to come inside?" I ask.

"Are you sure that's okay?" Edward's eyes light up like he's Emmett opening his new copy of Playboy.

"Yeah, unless you're planning on gagging and binding me so you can take me back to your lair. If that's what you had in mind then I'd prefer you stay outside while I call the police and possibly a mental health facility," I say, raising an eyebrow.

"Uh...." Edward just kind of stares at me for a few long seconds, his hands in his pockets.

"That's not very reassuring, Edward." I frown.

"What?" His eyes have drifted up my body and are resting on my chest--my braless chest with my rock hard nipples jabbing out at him. "Oh, oh right, no. I'm not planning on gagging you and taking you to my lair. I don't even have a lair."

"Good to know." I half smile and cover my boobs with my hands. "Okay, come in before I get frostbite on my nipples."

Edward's eyes snap up to my face and he looks momentarily mortified that he's been caught staring at my tits until he realizes I'm smiling, and then he gives me this apologetic look that almost looks sincere. He brushes past me, bringing a wave of frosty air with him that makes me shiver. Although his appearance makes him sort of look a little like he's been sleeping in his car for the past few days he smells really good, like soap and faint cologne and mint gum and cold.

He shrugs out of his jacket and stands in the hallway, shoving his hands into his oddly ordinary jeans. His shirt clings to his chest and shoulders, hugging its way along the perfectly chiseled muscles of his arms. Jesus lord, he is so fucking built it's disgusting. I think I might sort of whistle-breathe as I stand there and openly admire his body the way he was ogling mine a minute ago.

"You look hot," Edward says suddenly, and his eyes widen. "Shit, sorry, I didn't mean to say that. It just came out. Please don't ask me to leave."

"Ow-tuh, huh?" I smirk at him, making fun of his obvious Canadian accent.

"Huh?" he looks confused.

"It's out, not ow-tuh." I snicker as I poke fun at him, because I'm juvenile and I'm having a hard time not looking below his waist to check out the package in his jeans. I brush past him because I want to touch him even though I try to pretend I don't have enough room to get around him and he follows behind. "Did you want something to drink? We definitely have beer."

"Uh, yeah, okay," he says and stops behind me when I get to the fridge. I grab three beers out, twisting the top off two and turn to give him one. I clink my bottle against his and chug the entire thing in thirty seconds flat while Edward's mouth hangs open. I cover my mouth with my hand when I burp, because I am a lady. I plunk the bottle on the counter, feeling much more relaxed, and then I twist the cap off the other beer. Edward is still staring at me, looking kind of stunned with his beer about two inches from his mouth.

I reach up, deciding that fucking with him is just more fun than I can pass up, and I run my index finger around the mouth of the bottle and then down the neck. "I know, it's sexy right? I can do keg stands too," I say in what I hope is something akin to a 'sex kitten' voice, even though I have no idea

what the hell that is supposed sound like. It's comes out all raspy and low. Edward sucks in a breath and I'm thinking that I may have been successful.

I step away from him, because I'm sure I'm about to do something stupid, or maybe not so stupid since it will likely get me off, and I head toward the living room. I sit down on the couch and Edward sits beside me, shifting so that he's closer to me and his knee actually touches mine. It's intimate and it makes me nervous and uncomfortable, because I pretty much want to straddle him and grind all up on his shit like the hockey hooker I have become.

"You're listening to the CD I sent you," he states and the grin on his scruffy face is ridiculously cute.

"Oh, yeah, I kinda like it." I nod and chew on my lip. This is so unbelievably awkward it's almost comical. I feel like I'm an eighth grader with a crush. On a guy with a dick the size of a small European country.

"I love The Hip, I've seen them in concert thirty-seven times," Edward says all proud, like he's won the gold medal in the Olympics or something.

"Thirty-seven times?" I ask incredulously.

He nods. "Yeah."

"Holy fuck," I reply, because that's an awful lot of times to see the same damn band.

The smile fades from Edward's lips as he licks them and his eyes darken and meet mine before he presses the bottle to his slightly open mouth and tips his head back, effectively severing eye contact. I watch the rhythmic bobbing of his throat as he swallows and I wonder when normal human functions started making me wet.

I have no idea what to do with my hands because I sort of want to touch myself, or him, so I reach for one of the chocolate truffles sitting on the coffee table in front of me and pop it into my mouth. I moan, because they really do taste that good, even if it's going to make my beer taste like crap now. Edward shudders slightly as he watches me, gripping his beer bottle tightly in his hand.

"Sounds like those taste good," he says, and it's that same seductive voice he used on me the last time I was with him and he lured me into his bed, or the hotel's bed in his room.

"Mmm," I mumble, because my mouth is full of melted chocolate and I'll be damned if I'm going to rush the experience just because he's said something suggestive. I savor the smooth texture and rich flavor before I elaborate, "They are, you should try one."

"I'm good, I'm not really in the mood for chocolate," he replies, smirking at me as he darts his eyes to my bare legs and it dawns on me that I'm wearing boys underwear and a t-shirt. "Incidentally, do you always answer the door in . . ." he motions to my outfit, "this?" he finishes, chewing thoughtfully on his lower lip before raising his eyes to meet mine again.

"I thought you were Emmett," I defend myself.

"Jesus, you walk around like this when Emmett is here?" he spits out angrily.

I frown at him, because I have no idea what the hell is going on, or why he's gone from using the 'I might be trying to seduce you if you'd let me' voice, to being totally pissed off in a span of seconds.

"Um, no, not as a general rule. I thought Emmett had forgotten his econo box of condoms and he was coming back to get them. I'm sure you must be familiar with that concept," I retort, my voice laced with accusation and irritation.

I can't help but think back to the moment when he pulled out the row of condoms, and of course now I'm pretty sure he probably packs that many because he's had occasion to use them all in one night. For a second I feel a spike of jealousy before it becomes disgust.

"Why are you even here?" I snap at him, draining my beer and slamming it down on the coffee table, making the stones that surround the candle on the little platter thing that Renee has put out as a decoration shiver and clink softly against each other.

"I wanted to give you back your glasses," Edward says and feels around for them, although if he's put them in the pocket of his pants I'm pretty sure they're crushed by now--by his dick. "They're in my jacket."

"Oh," I say, hating how soft my voice comes out and how disappointed I am that that's his reason for being here.

I don't know why I expected anything different, other than the fact that I've received more gifts from him in the span of just over a week than from all of my past boyfriends combined. It might also be because he's called me relentlessly over the week, as well as emailed and texted. I'm so confused.

I stand up because I don't know what else to do, and I think I'm might succumb to some girly stupidity and cry or snifle. Edward puts his beer down, and I can't even look up at him because I feel really stupid and ridiculously horny.

"What are you doing?" Edward asks and his voice is full of panic as his fingers wrap around my wrist. It's deja vu because he's asked me this before, but I was naked that time and reading the situation wrong.

I look down at him, his head is tilted up toward me and he rubs soft circles on my wrist as he gives me a gentle tug in his direction. "I wanted to see you," he says softly. "I can't stop thinking about you."

I think my beaver is now on fire. I'm pretty sure I can smell something burning, but then maybe I'm just about to have a seizure because of the level of hotness that is happening right now. I think that's what happens, I'll smell burnt toast and then I won't have any control over my body anymore thanks to Edward's words and his fingers around my wrist. Edward is suddenly standing in front of me, his body only inches from mine, his face bowed down so his nose brushes against mine. He trails his hot, damp fingers up my bare arm.

"Is this okay?" he asks.

God, I really love it when he asks permission. I nod, because if I speak it will come out squeaky and not sexy at all.

"Thank fucking god," he sighs.

I am instantly pressed flush against him, his mouth descends on mine and his rough, calloused fingers slide against my cheek and then his fingers curl around my neck. He wraps the other arm around my waist and holds my body to his. I moan quietly as he parts my lips with his tongue and slips it inside my mouth. I press my hips into his because I can feel him, straining against his jeans and I wonder for a moment if he's ever busted a zipper with that thing. I imagine it with little fists, trying to punch its way out and giggle.

"Are you laughing?" he asks, biting down on my bottom lip.

"No," I snicker.

"No?" he asks, his lips travel over the side of my jaw, and the week plus worth of growth on his face both tickles and scratches at the same time. It's rough and soft and it feels heavenly against my sensitive skin. The hand on my waist travels down and grips my ass, pulling me into him at the same time he shifts his hips forward into mine; he's so *hard*. "Is this funny to you, Bella?" he murmurs in my ear.

I moan, all loud and desperate as I grab his shoulders and cling to him because I am so fucking horny it's not funny at all. I grind myself into it a little more, and I'm about to palm the bulge, or something equally hockey hookerish when I hear the front door open. I shove myself away from Edward when I hear Emmett's booming voice, because everyone he talks to on the phone is clearly eighty-five without a hearing aid or simply hearing impaired.

"Oh shit," I breathe, absolutely terrified because I am half naked and making out with Edward Cullen in the living room. "I'll be right back," I whisper and then bolt from the room, up the stairs to my bedroom before Emmett can see me. I'm trying to think of a good reason for Edward to be here, but I can't come up with one right now because I am panicking. I manage to make it to my room unseen and throw on a pair of sweats and a hoodie.

I try to calm the hell down, because if Emmett sees me like this he's going to know and there's going to be a throwdown in my living room. Which would be kind of cool, but not really. Once my breathing is under control I head back down to the living room to see how Edward is dealing with Emmett. I know it's a little malicious that I'm deriving pleasure from what I hope is his discomfort, but honestly, I'm a little freaked out by all his attention. I feel like he might deserve to be uncomfortable too.

Edward is standing in the kitchen with his back to me when I come down the stairs. Emmett is facing me, and he's laughing about something. "Sorry man, I totally forgot about coming out with the guys tonight, I've got plans, if you know what I mean." He waggles his eyebrows and I can't stop myself from rolling my eyes.

"I need some of the regular action, you know man, from a girl who already knows what I like," he says before he pounds back the rest of his beer. "She's got friends, if you want to come and see if there's anything you might be interested in."

I stand there frozen; Emmett hasn't noticed me standing at the bottom of the stairs yet and I hold my breath, waiting for Edward's response, because I am sure it will be telling.

"Nah, I'm good Em, I have my own regulars, if you know what I mean," Edward says; his voice is different, hard and cocky and I want to vomit, because I've been kissing him and he's got 'regulars.' I wonder if I'm just a stop on the way over to one of them. This doesn't help with the feeling of nausea.

"Did you forget your box of condoms, or maybe your biohazard suit?" I ask, drawing attention to myself because I have heard enough.

Edward spins around and looks appropriately mortified as he tries to figure out how much of this conversation I've heard. I know that the look on my face tells him enough and he shakes his head minutely at me, but I'm not stupid. I've seen all the pictures.

Emmett smiles widely at me, because he expects these kinds of things from me and I wait for the not so witty retort, except he must have thought one up and wrote it down before he left just special for this occasion.

"Whatever, you're just jealous because your pussy's as dry as the desert. You might as well check yourself into a convent for all the action you've been getting," Emmett snorts.

I gape at him for a moment, because it really isn't a half bad insult. Unfortunately he has to dole it out in front of Edward, who is clearly as much of a whore as Emmett and is possibly trying to add me to his list of 'regulars.'

"You're a fucking cuntwhore-slutbag-assmuncher," I spit at him, because my game is totally gone and I'm embarrassed. I wheel around and stomp back up the stairs, slamming my door shut and locking it behind me. I turn on some music, very, very loud music and punch the Cullen beaver, launching it across the room before I throw myself down on my bed and scream into my pillow like I'm a pissy pre-teen. I feel better regardless of how juvenile I am being.

There is a knock at my door about two minutes later and I scream 'fuck off' at it, but of course it's Emmett and he's too stupid to know when to shut up and leave me the hell alone.

I yank open the door and open my mouth to yell at him but he raises his hands up in the air and sort of cowers away. "Don't you have a hooker to fuck? What the hell do you want?" I snap at him, standing in the doorway, trying to block him from entering my room.

"I resent that remark," he says, and looks genuinely hurt. I don't care, though, because I'm so pissed at myself and him and Edward for the predicament I find myself in at the moment. I have actually started to kind of like Edward, even though I don't want to and definitely shouldn't. I'm hurt and

angry and more confused than I was less than half an hour ago before he showed up at the door and kissed me.

"I don't really give a shit what you resent." I move to shut the door but Emmett holds it open. I lean against it with all my weight, but it doesn't even budge. I hate him and his huge hairy arms and bulging muscles.

"I think Cullen likes you," he blurts out and stares at me, looking concerned and bit shaken that he's actually said this aloud.

I can't stop the blossom of hope that forms in my chest, but I trample all over it with tabloid images of other girls wrapped around him and the words that came out of his mouth when he didn't know I was standing behind him listening.

"That's disgusting." I shake my head, but there isn't as much conviction in my voice as I want there to be. Thankfully Emmett is not very observant. "I'm not interested in your hockey whore friends, Emmett, now if you don't mind I'd like to be left alone. I have reading to do." I push on the door and this time he lets go and it slams in his face.

I smile when he yells, because it's clearly hit him.

It takes about two minutes for Edward to start calling me. He must be pressing redial over and over, because as soon as I think it's stopped it starts up all over again. I finally get annoyed enough that I fear I'm going to break it and I turn it off.

I try to focus on anything but Edward, but it's impossible so I give in and go back downstairs, half expecting him to be sitting in the living room still. He's not, though, and part of me is thankful while the other half of me is disappointed. I drink two more beers and then I'm sufficiently tipsy and exhausted enough to try and sleep.

~*~

I avoid any and all contact with Edward over the next week. I have about fifty emails from him that I put in the trash right away and don't even bother to open. I don't delete them completely however, and I know this lack of action is a problem in and of itself.

I try everything in my power to get out of going to the game tonight, but Emmett pulls the puppy-dog-slash-giant-Sasquatch guilt trip on me and I cave at the last minute. Plus, I really want to see Edward again, even though I am trying to convince myself this is not the case. I put time and effort into getting ready, which again is not something I usually do. I wear my rattiest sweats and an oversized hoodie. I don't bother washing my hair and I hide it under Toronto Maple Leafs hat, just out of spite.

Renee gapes at me when I come down the stairs and orders me to go back up to my room and change.

"What? I feel like crap, I told you that already. If you're going to force me to come to the game, I'm going to wear what I damn well please," I bitch at her.

Renee is not having it, though. She's well aware that Edward Cullen has been sending me things in the mail, although Phil is clueless as to where these things are coming from. Renee basically throws me into the shower with my clothes on, forcing me to wash my hair at flat iron point and dress appropriately.

She shoves me into a pair of thermal tights so I don't freeze to death in the arena and makes me pull a pair of leggings, which are just glorified tights without feet, on over top. Then she makes me wear a sweater dress which is way too tight. She does the whole flat iron thing to my hair, so it was clearly not just a threat when she had wielded it earlier. I'm forced into a black wool knee length jacket with a Blackhawks scarf draped around my neck. At least the knee high boots she puts me in are flats. She's not mean enough to make me wear heels--not yet anyway, though I'm sure it's coming.

I ask to stop at a pharmacy on the way to the game, pissing Phil off when I tell him I have a headache and I need some Aleve. I also buy some Ipecac syrup, because I want to have an out if I need it and I feel like I might just. I'm already nauseous as hell as we drive to the arena, and I'm not sure I'm actually going to need the Ipecac if my stomach keeps rolling the way it does.

Once again I find myself in the first row, right across from where Emmett's team will be sitting when they are on the bench. I can't decide if I'm excited or not, and I'm nervous so I order a beer as soon as the opportunity arises. There are hockey hookers a few rows back, but Renee is sitting beside me this time, whispering how she really thinks Edward is such a lovely boy, and how I shouldn't listen to the tabloids because they make up things. I snort into my beer and remind her that everything they say about Emmett is true. This shuts her up.

I can't help but sit up straighter and try to see better when the Blackhawks take the ice. Edward is clearly focused, and his mouth is set in a scowl as he charges across the ice to the bench thing. I'm surprised he's not starting tonight, but I guess it's not his turn? I have no clue how these things work. I'm trying to focus on the game while I simultaneously try to ignore Edward. I'm not very successful. I keep peeking over at him. He's shaved since the last time I saw him and his jaw is sharp and sexy, and I can't stop my beaver from drooling over him.

Something must have happened while I'm fantasizing over Edward, because suddenly everyone is on their feet and people are either cheering or yelling angrily. Edward stands up and yells what I can only assume are profanities as his face goes red and his eyes flash. Ooooh, this is going to be a fun game. The whistle blows for reasons I don't understand and Edward jumps over the boards and moves in a fiercely graceful way across the ice, snatching the puck away from someone and pivoting on the ice so that he is moving in the opposite direction, away from the Blackhawk's goalie and toward the other team.

I realize the irony as I notice, finally, that they are playing the Toronto Maple Leafs. The action is overwhelming and I feel my entire body tense and tighten as I hold my breath, waiting for Edward to score a goal or pass the puck to someone else.

It isn't until the end of the first period that someone actually does score a goal, but Edward is on the bench when it happens. He's ecstatic, though, and I realize that he's really a team player, and while

he's center and Captain of the team he's more than happy to share the limelight. I don't know how this makes me feel about him, except more confused than I already am.

Edward manages an assist in the second period, but the game stays close the entire time, and he's so involved in what's going on on the ice that he doesn't notice my presence. I'm mostly grateful for this since I don't really want him to know I'm here. I plan to go to the bar after the game with Renee and Phil and take off before the teams shows up.

The Blackhawks win, two to one, and Emmett looks pleased but not all that happy about it; like it's good but not quite good enough. Edward just looks kind of pissed in general which I don't understand.

I follow the flock of sheep out of the arena and wait around while Phil talks to people I don't know but appear to be important. I get bored eventually and tell Renee I'm going to get some fresh air. It's really cold, but I manage to pick a cigarette out of my pack and smoke it before Renee texts me to let me know we're heading to the bar, and to meet her and Phil at the car.

I wait for about two minutes before they arrive at the car and we file out into the line of traffic that is slowly dwindling, because the game has already been over for more than an hour and only the puck bunnies and the people like Phil stay longer than absolutely necessary after the game. Everyone else heads out to a local bar and gets drunk off the high of the win, or the low of the loss, whichever the case may be.

As soon as we get to the bar I look for the bathroom. The bar is crowded and it's slow going trying to get to the lit up sign that says WASHROOM. I pass by the VIP room on the way, where the team will be once they arrive. There is already a select crowd in there, some of whom are clearly hockey hookers. It makes me feel ill, because I wonder if any of these women are Edward's 'regulars.' I really don't want to have to deal with this kind of thing tonight and I've got my plan, so if it becomes a necessity I'm ready to induce vomiting.

I sit down to pee, and it takes forever because I drank at least three beers while I was at the game, as well as half of one of Renee's because she couldn't finish it. There are three hockey hookers in the bathroom, chatting away while I unleash Niagara Falls. I know they are hockey hookers because they are talking about the Blackhawks and one of them mentions Edward Cullen. My stream of pee cuts off as I tense, and then starts back up again a second later.

One of the women says something about a Hat Trick again, and I can't imagine what the hell the fascination is with Edward and magic tricks, but apparently there's more than one hooker out there has one. Part of their conversation is cut off by the hand dryer and I'm irritated that I can't eavesdrop any more for a minute or so. As soon as the waterfall stops running I rush to get out of the stall and hear what they are saying, because I am a masochist for information.

"Well I'd rather be first in line than third, I mean, who wouldn't want to be first?" one girl with fake blond hair says as she fluffs it out and pouts her lips at the mirror. Her eyes slide over to me and I give her one of those smiles that says 'I'm only being polite because I'm supposed to be' because she'll have to move over so I can wash my hands.

"Oh my god! Aren't you the girl from the papers? The one Edward Cullen was with like two weeks ago?" she screeches at me like I'm someone famous.

I'm not really sure what the hell to do, so I deny it. "Um, no, but you're not the first person to say that." I sort of shrug and laugh. "I heard he was a shitty kisser." I figure I'm lying so I might as well go all out with it.

I vacate the bathroom as soon as my hands are washed and I wipe them on my leggings as I use my ass to push the door open. I can see Renee and Phil talking to people at the bar and I sneak out onto the heated patio for a smoke.

"Hey, aren't you Emmett's sister?" some guy I vaguely recognize says to me.

"Um, yeah." I nod and take a drag of my smoke. "You're on his team aren't you?" I ask sort of apologetically because I can't remember his name. Not that I really feel too bad because he can't remember mine either.

"I'm Ben, you're Belle?" he asks and extends his hand. He's sort of giving me the once over in a not so furtive manner and smiling at me like he thinks I might want to drop to my knees and suck his dick.

"Bella, but close." I take his hand and give it a shake, a little concerned about whether they're diseased or not.

"Sorry." He gives me what I'm sure he thinks is a winning smile but it looks forced and fake and premeditated. "You coming inside to hang out with us?"

"Yeah, in a minute." I hold up the cigarette and take a long drag.

He looks a little unsure for a moment before his smile widens. "Alright, I'll save you a seat, Bella."

"Great, thanks," I reply and plaster a smile on my face as he walks back inside. I roll my eyes, because that was just disgusting. I can't believe women actually fall for that shit, but then again I have.

I finish my smoke and head inside, finding Emmett's massive form in the crowd as I move toward the VIP section, totally forgetting my plan to bolt. There's some dude standing there, controlling the flow of traffic like he's security or something and he stops me.

"She's with me," Edward's voice is low and warm and then burning as it washes over my skin and his hand finds the small of my back as he pushes me forward. "I want to talk to you," he mutters quietly in my ear.

"You don't have anything to say that I want to hear," I bite back and move forward, away from his hand and the heat of his presence behind me.

Of course it's not that easy to get away from him because he manages to sidle up beside me by shoving a chair between me and some other guy I don't know. He seems nice enough though, not so

much a hockey whore either. He doesn't seem to really like all the attention of the women in the bar, and he's kind of quiet. He's really quiet actually; he hasn't said two words to me since I've sat down and he keeps giving me curious glances. Ben, on the other hand, won't shut the fuck up about how amazing he is.

Edward keeps trying to insert himself into the conversation, and his knee keeps rubbing against mine in the most distracting way. Finally I turn to him, because the conversation between the girls has been eating at me since I left the bathroom.

"What's a Cullen Hat Trick?" I ask.

I hear Ben choke on his beer beside me and Edward blanches, shaking his head slightly.

"Wh-what?" he asks.

"What's a Cullen Hat Trick?" I ask again, cocking my head to the side as I watch him swallow thickly. His eyes are darting around the table and he looks like a panicked, cornered animal.

The guy who I was originally talking to, the one who is inordinately quiet lets out a soft sigh and I watch his face contort into something that looks a little like pity. Only I can't tell if it's directed at me or Edward.

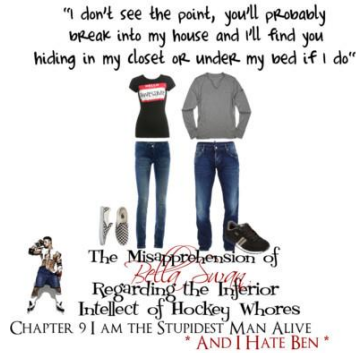
Ben is guffawing beside me. "That's when Cullen here fucks three different chicks in one night."

I snap my head in Ben's direction, blinking at him as I process the seriousness and envy and awe in his expression. I turn back to look at Edward to see if this is possibly true. He looks so conflicted.

It's at that moment that I realize I don't actually need the Ipecac syrup to save me from the horror that this evening has just become. My stomach rolls as I realize I've had sex with a super-whore. I push away from the table just as Edward reaches for my arm and I bow forward, unleashing the contents of my stomach all over the floor.

OoO

Chapter 9 - I am the Stupidest Man Alive (and I hate Ben)



OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

Shitshitshit.

Oh my God!

That's really gross.

The splash of vomit hits my shoes and splatters up my pant legs as Bella's body curls forward and she expels her last meal--which seems to consist solely of beer--all over the floor, herself and me.

"Are you okay?" I ask stupidly, because clearly she is not okay at all.

It is entirely my fault that this has happened, or rather the fault of the media's portrayal of me, which I have done nothing to dispel. I place a tentative hand on her arm, hoping to help steady her.

"Don't fucking touch me!" she exclaims and shoves my hand away roughly. She pushes her chair back across the hardwood floor, making a horrible screeching sound, alerting Emmett to the fact that something is definitely wrong.

I stand up because Bella, who is usually quite pale from what I can tell--unless she is embarrassed or being fucked by me and then she is a crazy, sexy shade of red--is so white right now she looks like an apparition. She wobbles unsteadily and leans over to grab her jacket and purse off the back of her chair. I touch her elbow, ready to catch her if she collapses because she's shaking so badly I fear this may actually happen.

She wheels around, her eyes vivid and burning with fierce rage. "I said don't touch me," she hisses out in a low voice, but I am sure at least the guys closest to me can hear her. Jasper already knows the deal and thankfully Ben is too stupid to be able to figure out what the hell is going on.

"Bella? Are you okay?" Emmett asks, his conversation with the fake looking, bottle blond on hold as he processes Bella and then my hand hovering near her arm.

He gives me a look that tells me he's getting suspicious, but I'm not about to back off. I need to get her away from these guys so I can explain that it's not true, that it's never happened and the pictures she's seen in the media are not even close to an accurate depiction of who I am.

"I don't feel well. I think I might need to go see a doctor because I may have contracted an airborne venereal disease being this close to Edward," she snarks at me while looking through me. "If you'll excuse me." She shoves her way past me and of course I follow after her.

The guys at the table laugh because they think she's being funny, well all except for Jasper who sighs and Emmett whose lip is curled up in a menacing way. He's going to kick my ass when he finds out what happened with Bella and me. That's cool, I'll take the beating if I can just hang out with her again, repeatedly, which by the looks of things definitely isn't going to be happening any time soon.

"What the hell did you do to her?" Emmett growls at me, grabbing my arm just before I can grab Bella's.

"I didn't do anything man, Ben was cracking sick jokes and then Bella threw up," I lie. I don't want to tell him that it wasn't really a joke that made her puke; it's the fact that she's had sex with me, twice, and now thinks that I've pulled a Hat Trick in the non-traditional sense of the term.

"I don't know what the hell is going on with you, or why you're so damn interested in my sister, but I suggest you back the fuck off," he seethes and then takes off after Bella as she pushes her way through the crowd toward the door.

I want to follow after her, but I don't want to suffer another broken nose for the third time in a year and a half. I definitely don't want to go back to the table, but I know if I don't there's going to be talk and that will be infinitely worse. I need to head off any speculation about Bella, because if some of those guys think that she fits into the Puck Bunny category, they're going to try and get to her. It doesn't matter if she's Emmett's sister because they have no shame, no morals and no scruples when it comes to sex with hot chicks. And that's exactly what she thinks of me. I have no idea how I'm going to talk my way out of this one.

I head back to the table even though I have no desire to, because I need to save face now and my suit jacket is still there. I hope that Jasper is covering for me, because he's pretty much the only person who can or would. I realize I have an out because I'm currently covered in beer scented puke from my knees down and there is no way I'm going to stay in a bar and get hit on by girls who honestly don't even give a shit that this is the case. It's disturbing to be quite honest.

I grab my beer once I get back to the table and pound it while standing. I slam it down in a show of irritation. I've got my game face on and I have to admit I'm pretty tired of having to wear it all the time.

"What the fuck was that all about?" Ben asks, looking far too interested for my liking.

"I don't know, Bella has food poisoning or something. I'm covered in fucking vomit. I'm gonna head home since I reek," I say irritably, hoping that I'm not going too overboard. I don't think I am, but since I'm faking it completely right now I can't be sure. I'm worried about Bella and her very physical reaction to Ben's big fucking mouth.

"Dude you can still get some play," Ben scoffs.

"And you." I point at him. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Saying that shit to Emmett's sister, have some couth man." I shake my head at him, the words coming out in angry sparks.

"But she's cool, she doesn't give a shit." He shrugs, not understanding at all where the lines were or how badly he has fucked me.

"Whatever, I'm heading out." I grab my jacket from the back of my chair.

"I'll catch a ride with you," Jasper says and I'm grateful because now he can fill me in on what happened at the table while I was talking to Emmett. I was only gone for a minute, but my teammates are worse than teenage girls and the shit that flies around the table is similar to a girls' bathroom between classes in an episode of Degrassi.

"Alright, let's jet," I say and he pushes away from the table, nodding in his solemn way as we leave the rest of the team to their usual asshat stupidity.

As soon as we are out of hearing range I furtively whisper to Jasper out of the corner of my mouth, "Was that too obvious? Will everyone know now?"

"What the hell are you mumbling about?" Jasper asks because it's loud as hell in the bar and he can't hear me do the whisper out of the side of my mouth thing.

I can see Emmett outside of the bar yelling into his cell phone, but I don't see Bella anywhere so I'm assuming that he's sent her home already. He spots us and tells whoever it is to hold on. "I want to know what the hell kind of joke Ben made because whatever the fuck he said really upset Bella. She puked again and I had to pay the cab driver triple to take her home," he yells at me and points at the splatter mark of puke on the sidewalk.

"I would have driven her home if you'd given me the chance, she shouldn't be taking a cab," I say, pissed that he's sent her home like that. I'm mad that he can't even be bothered to make sure she gets there safely.

"She's safer in a cab than she is with you," he scoffs at me and I think the reality is more likely that I'm safer because she's in a cab. I have a feeling if she got into a car with me, I might not make it out alive.

"You don't know shit about me, man," I bite back and then turn around before I can say something even more stupid to give myself away entirely.

Once Jasper and I are in my car I ask him if I've been incredibly obvious.

"Well, if it was anyone other than Emmett, I think your behaviour may have tipped him off. Fortunately it *is* Emmett and he's not perceptive enough to see what's right in front of him. As for the rest of the guys, well, the married ones know because they always do, but the rest of them were too focused on the fact that Bella puked and that her tits looked perky tonight to notice that you've had sex with her," he replies.

"I'm so screwed." I sigh as I start driving in the direction of her house. I don't know why I'm doing this because it's not like I'm going to be able to see her. She'll probably kick me in the balls if I try and come anywhere near her.

"Uh, yes, I would tend to be in agreement with that statement. Where the hell are we going, by the way?" he asks.

I just sort of look at him out of the corner of my eye and shrug.

"You can't be serious? What are you some kind of stalker? You'll be lucky if she doesn't take some sort of restraining order out on you," Jasper says, completely exasperated.

"Look, I don't know what to do. I've never done this before," I say.

"Done what? Stalk a girl you've had sex with?" Jasper snorts, tapping on his knee as he raises an eyebrow at me. It's not like the way Bella does it, which is both sexy and bitchy at the same time. It's completely condescending.

"I'm not stalking her," I say and then mutter 'much' under my breath, because I know damn well that I'm stalking her now. If Jasper knew about the album I have on my computer of Bella related pictures he would probably alert the police to my behaviour and then tell Emmett about it. "Look, I need your help. There's no way she's going to listen to me if I try to tell her that the stories are completely untrue."

"Well yes, Edward, that's very observant of you, isn't it? It's not like she can't just look up the Playboy article where you in no way deny that you've pulled a Hat Trick." Jasper changes the music to something more suitable for stalking. I think it might be Marilyn Manson, but I'm too worried to be bothered to ask.

"But I never confirm it either," I remind him, because I haven't. At no point have I ever actually admitted to having sex with three different girls in one night. What actually happened and what people think happened are two totally separate things.

The night in question:

Girl number one: I arrived at a party with my cousin and there was a picture of me taking her into one of the bedrooms and closing the door because she was about to laugh in some loser's face and I didn't want to get into a fight that early in the night.

Girl number two: Pictures were taken of me with another girl sitting on my lap. I made out with her but she tried to eat my tongue so that lasted all of five minutes.

Girl number three: Later in the evening I was caught on film with my sister, but all that could be seen of her was the back of her head, because I had her thrown over my shoulder. She showed up at the party with one of her older friends already half in the bag and she was only seventeen at the time.

And that was how the Cullen Hat Trick rumour started.

I know it's my fault that it even exists. I certainly could have debunked the myth if I wanted to, but I've been trying to live up to a reputation that isn't warranted and doesn't even exist to save face with the guys on my team. It seems like a stupid thing to have done in hindsight and now I have no idea how I'm going to rectify this situation.

"I really don't think that's going to be much of a defense for you there buddy." Jasper snorts as I pull over across the street from Bella's house. I have no idea which room is hers, so I'm assuming she's home safely based purely on the fact that there is a light on upstairs. I briefly contemplate whether I should open my glove compartment and pull out my binoculars, but I figure that will make Jasper ask questions I don't want to answer.

There is only one vehicle in the driveway; it's an old truck that looks like it needs to be restored and it was there the last time I was here--and fucked up with Bella. I'm not sure if it actually even runs or not, but I'm willing to bet that if it does, it's probably her truck. For some reason I would not be surprised to find that Bella is the driver of a truck.

I watch the room with the light on for a moment; the curtains are open and I can see right inside. It is clearly Bella's silhouette that stops in front of the window and draws the curtains closed. I know I can definitely say that she is safe and at home and yet I can't bring myself to drive away.

"What the hell am I going to do?" I mutter.

"Get your hand off the door handle, Edward." Jasper presses the lock button on the center console. "What I do know is that you aren't going to go in there and try to talk to her right now because the last thing she wants to see is your face."

I sigh and give him a dirty look because I know he's right. "Fine," I snap and throw the car into gear, pulling away from the curb and revving the engine angrily because I can't just get what I want when I want it. And what I want is to talk to Bella and explain myself. And have sex with her again, which is looking more and more unlikely.

I drop Jasper off and he tells me not to try to call her or email her tonight, and to definitely not stop by her house again unless I want my ass kicked, and if that's the case, then by all means go right ahead and do it. I know he's right; I know that I should drive straight home and not drive right past her house again, but I do it anyway. I stop for a few minutes because there is a light on in her room, although the curtains have been drawn. I'm not even thinking when I pick up my cell sitting beside me and scroll down to her number.

That's not quite a hundred percent true, because I'm definitely thinking, just not altogether too clearly. I don't know why I expect her to answer. It's not like she's ever willingly answered one of my calls without it being the middle of the night and her being completely disoriented. I debate hanging up when her voicemail clicks over, but of course I'm not smart enough to do that.

"Hi. Hi. It's Edward. I know you must not think very highly of me right now but if you would just give me the chance to explain . . . I'm sorry, Bella. If you could just call me when you're not puking anymore, that'd be great." It's a lame sounding message, but it's already out of my mouth before I can stop myself.

I try to contact Bella for the next week because I'm desperate to talk to her so I can explain myself. She avoids my calls as usual, and she ignores my emails. I have hope though that she's going to come to the next home game, but she doesn't. I want to ask where she is but I don't want Emmett to snap at me. He's been a little less than friendly since Bella puked on me at the bar. Jasper does me a solid and asks where Bella is and Emmett glares at me before he responds and tells Jazz that she's not been feeling well lately.

I don't like this at all. Is she actually sick or is she feigning illness? I'm getting antsy about it, because we're going on a road trip again in four days and I'll be gone for two weeks this time. I need to see her so I can try to explain the reality of the situation before . . . well I'd say before it's too late, but I think I'm already at that point. I just want to see her again. So I put on my stalker hat on Monday and find out what her class schedule is like from her mother, because that woman is in love with the idea that I may or may not have an unhealthy infatuation with her daughter.

I know where her classes are on the University of Chicago campus since I've taken the time to map them out. She's got a sociology class that I can audit if I want; the numbers in there will be pretty high, and it's likely I'll go unnoticed, but I'm not sure I'm willing to chance her seeing me and take off. Her other class is a senior seminar for English and I know I can't crash that one because seminar classes have a maximum of twenty-five students and there is no way she'll miss me in there.

I do know that Bella has a three hour gap between classes and that she has a meeting for a group project in the library, thanks to Renee. She's not likely to yell at me in a library and make a scene. At least I don't think she is. I wait just inside the entrance for her, watching for the long brown hair and slender legs which I would very much like to have wrapped around my waist again. Of course I need her to not hate me before that can happen, hence Project Stalker.

My cell rings and I pull it out of my pocket and head to the main doors so I can answer it without drawing more attention to myself than I already have. No one has paid any attention to me so far, and I'm thankful for that.

I flip open my phone as soon as I'm outside and I can talk at a reasonable level. "Hello?"

"Hey, where are you?" Jasper asks, sounding like he's in his car.

"Um, running some errands," I reply, looking around to see if he's going to magically appear beside me by doing a spin out in his car and open the passenger door, telling me to get inside.

"Oh yeah? Did you forget that you were supposed to meet me at the gym ten minutes ago?" he asks.

Clearly I have forgotten. It's eleven-ten and I know that Bella's class ends at eleven and that she's going to be walking into the library any moment.

"Shit," is my only response as I spot her walking toward the entrance of the library with her eyes focused on the ground in front of her feet. She's wearing her glasses and her hair is up in a ponytail. She should be wearing a hat but she's not. It's cold and she's bundled up in a warm looking wool jacket that hugs her curvy little body.

"I gotta go, I'll call you back," I say in a rush and hang up my phone, shutting it off so that I can follow her into the library and not give myself away because Jasper wants to know what the hell I'm up to. I already know there will be a message from him alluding to the fact that I am indeed a stalker because he knows I've been by her house several times this week, just sitting outside trying to work up the courage to knock on the door and risk being punched out by Bella, or possibly given the bitchbrow.

I follow her up the stairs to the third floor. She's wearing earbuds and doesn't realize that I'm behind her which is good as far as stalking goes. She takes the key to the private study room and pushes it into the lock, opening it and shoving a wedge into the door so the rest of her group can access the room easily. This also means that I have easy access to Bella. I definitely don't want to be wasting time, so I take a couple of deep breaths because I haven't even thought about what I'm going to say to her and slip through the door.

Her back is turned to me and she's setting up her laptop, mumbling or singing under her breath. It's pretty cute. The fact that I think it's 'cute' is a little disconcerting to me because I can't really imagine a time when I've referred to a woman's actions as cute before except in reference to Bella. I push the wedge out from under the door and close it softly behind me for two reasons. First I don't want to alert her to my presence until we are locked in this room together and I am standing in front of the sole exit, and secondly because I don't want to startle her.

I realize as I try to rationalize this behaviour in my head that the first reason clearly negates the second as I am a stalker freak and should probably be seeking some treatment from a mental health facility as Bella previously alluded. It's too late, though, because I've closed the door and I'm trapping Bella in the room with me. I'm getting a little excited about the fact that we are alone in a private room with only a sliver of a window on the left hand side of the door, leaving much of the room obscured. Not that Bella is going to make out with me, but my dick seems to be unaware of that fact. I'm also allowing myself to indulge in the librarian fantasy a little. Or a lot.

Bella turns her body in my direction slightly as she shrugs out of her coat and I honestly want to make her put it back on. She's just wearing a pair of jeans, but Lord Almighty, they are tight. I can clearly see that she is wearing a thong, or maybe no underwear at all because there are no panty lines and I'm staring intently at her ass. She notices movement out of her peripheral vision, because I've had to adjust myself, and she lets out this little gasping shriek thing. Her hand flutters delicately to her throat as she processes the fact that I am not one of her group members.

She yanks her earbuds out and stares at me for a moment before she finds her voice. "What the hell are you doing here?" she spits at me, fire in her eyes.

She isn't trying to hit me yet which I'm taking as a good sign. "I wanted to try and explain . . ." I begin but she stalks over to me and shoves her finger into my chest.

"Explain what exactly? Why you are such a whore? How you're reformed now and the press is making you out to be something you're not? How you didn't mean to fuck three different chicks in one night?" She's actually spitting on my neck and the bottom of my chin as she seethes at me. It's

one of those angry whispers because we're in a library, although I'm sure no one can hear us since we are locked in this room together, even if we were to speak at a normal volume.

"It never happened. It was completely fabricated," I say quickly. I would like to be irritated by the fact that she's still digging her finger into my chest but the contact is nice even if it's aggressive and I think it may be a precursor to some real violence.

Bella rolls her eyes at me. "I read the Playboy article, Edward."

"I never admit to having sex with three women in one night," I reply, because I didn't. I just didn't contest the assumption, which I know is as good as confirming it.

"Like hell you didn't." Bella pulls her finger away from my chest and stomps over to her laptop.

It takes her about three seconds to pull up the article and another twenty to scan to the part where the interviewer starts discussing my sexual exploits. I'm pretty sure this means she's read it more than once and I can't decide if this is a good thing or a bad thing. It means she's been thinking about me, although probably not in the way I've been thinking about her.

This article was published about three years after I started playing hockey professionally and two and a half years after I had grown exhausted by the constant barrage of women who I could easily have one night stands with. The issue arose when I discovered quite quickly that I found absolutely no gratification in doing so. That meant I was well into perfecting the bullshit responses to my supposed sexual prowess at the time. It's one year beyond that now, and still the reputation holds because I have done nothing to dissuade people from believing it is anything but the absolute truth.

"Right here." She jabs at the screen.

"I think you should read it again," I say to her, because I know exactly what the article says since it's come back to bite me in the ass so many times.

Bella sneers at me, her eyes narrowed. "Alrighty then." She clears her throat and begins reading the section of the article aloud.

"Playboy: There's been a lot of talk about your sexual exploits, I'm sure you're well aware of this fact. I'm wondering if you'd like to elaborate a little on the Cullen Hat Trick for us?"

Bella glares at me before she continues.

"Edward: Looks down at his hands before running one nervously through his hair and blushes slightly. His smile is tentative as he peeks up at me as though he's been caught stealing cookies or getting his freak on. Um, well, that's supposed to be when a person fucks three different women in one night."

Bella's voice wavers slightly as she clears her throat again.

"Playboy: Right, right, we know that, just checking. And this is named after you because you've had firsthand experience then?"

"Edward: That's the rumour."

Bella jabs at the screen. "That right there," she says, smirking at me. I can see the facade of bravado clearly because even though her eyes are on me she doesn't see me.

"That's not an admission of anything." I shrug at her.

"It's certainly not a denial." She arches her brow at me in challenge. It's really hot when she does this. It makes me want to do really inappropriate things with her on the table where her laptop sits with the article that is currently ruining my chances for this exact opportunity, mocking me.

"That article was written a year ago," I reply, as if this is going to help my cause at all.

"No, it was published seven months ago, which means it was probably written about ten months ago and what the hell does the publish date have to do with anything? You made no attempt to correct them if they were wrong, which I doubt they were, judging from your conversation about 'regulars' with Emmett and all the shit floating around out there on the internet about you," she says, her hands flailing around as she points at the screen and then me and then the screen again.

She is agitated and her eyes are starting to water. Oh my God. What if she starts crying?

"Look, I don't want to make you upset. I just want a chance to explain before you go lumping me in with all the other assholes." I hold up my hands in a show of surrender.

Bella snorts and does that eyebrow thing again. "Oh, I think you do a pretty good job of doing that on your own."

The door rattles behind me and then there's a knock. I sigh and groan because the look of relief on Bella's face is not what I want to see right now. She tries to side step me to the door, but I'm faster and bigger and a whole hell of a lot more graceful. She trips over my foot and I have to catch her, which is fine with me. I've been dying to touch her since I stepped into this room with her.

It's one of those slow motion movement sequences where she starts to fall forward and I reach out, wrapping my arm around her waist and spin her body back toward me, lifting her onto her feet again. She ends up pressed right against my chest, the top of her head only coming to my chin, her face mashed against me. She lets out the tiniest whimper as she grips my shoulders and instead of pulling away from me right away, she just sort of melts into me. Of course the fucker on the other side of the door has to ruin the moment by knocking again, rather vigorously.

"I-I need to let Mike in," she says softly, her voice barely a whisper, her eyes fixed on my chin.

"I know, just one thing before you do that though," I say, holding onto her tightly, keeping her pressed against me while I try to keep the hard-on at bay.

"I really need to . . ." she murmurs, but she's still holding onto my shoulders and I think I might feel the slight shift of her hips against mine. Although I might be fabricating this because it's what I want to happen.

"Will you have coffee with me after class? Or tea, or beer, whatever you want to drink. We can even go for chocolate milk. I just want to talk to you," I say to her.

She's peering up at me, her chest heaving against my stomach and I'm getting harder by the second. It's only a matter of time before she can feel it and I'm screwed. But I'm afraid if I let her go, she'll say no.

"Okay," she breathes.

"What? Really?" I blink at her because I am totally expecting a fight on this one. "Okay, I can meet you wherever you want," I say before she can change her mind.

"There's a coffee shop across from the Hammond building. I'll be there at four-thirty," she says and her fingers slide down my arms slowly as she takes a step back.

"You're not going to ditch me are you?" I ask.

Mike knocks on the door again, and I look back at him through the sliver of window and I hold up my finger, giving him my fuck-off-or-I'll-beat-you-with-my-hockey-stick look.

"I don't see the point, you'll probably break into my house and I'll find you hiding in my closet or under my bed if I do," she says dryly.

"I don't think I'd go that far," I reply, but the thought has actually crossed my mind in the past week, so I kind of trail off and don't say anything else.

"Mm hmm." Bella nods, but the look on her face tells me she's sceptical and I can't quite figure out why she's even agreed to meet me. Other than the fact that I'm a stalker and she probably knows that I'm not going to give up.

She takes a step toward the door and I get there before she does so I can open it for this impatient Mike guy. I smile at him and he just sort of gawks at me.

"Oh my God, Edward Cullen?" he asks.

"Hi." I nod at him and then look back at Bella. "I'll see you at four-thirty."

I reach out and push a stray lock of hair back off her face and curl it around her ear, making sure I skim the shell with my fingertips because I can't stop myself from touching her before I walk away.

OoO

Chapter 10 - I'm Still Not Sure What I'm Doing



OoO~*~Bella~*~OoO

I'm standing there with Mike sort of gawking at me and then turning his head so he can watch Edward saunter away. Mike stares as he picks away at a piece of dry skin on his lip.

"That was Edward Cullen," he says, like it's a revelation.

"Yup." I nod, bobbing my head up and down in affirmation.

Edward doesn't look back at me and I'm kind of disappointed. He looks really cute though, his hands shoved in his pockets, head down, this really adorable toque* on that makes his hair sort of curl up around it. And then he's gone. But I'm going to get to see him again in four and a half hours, so that's cool.

"He was here to see you." Mike finally looks back at me once Edward disappears from sight.

"Yeah," I say, touching the lock of hair he's slipped behind my ear because I am a spaz and I can't help it.

"The pictures on the internet of you and him are hot," Mike continues.

I finally look at him, because until now I've been staring at the spot where Edward disappeared around the corner. "What?"

"Uh, uh . . . I, uh . . . sorry, I didn't mean to . . . everyone's been talking about it. I wanted to know if it was true and it is, and I just meant that the pictures look nice. That you look nice in the pictures." Mike stumbles over his words and looks anywhere but my face as he slips by me into the room.

For the love of God. Mike has been looking at the pictures, too? I totally expect this behavior from my lovely friends Alice, Angela and Lauren because they are wannabe hockey hookers and they can't help themselves, but that fact that Mike has succumbed to the ridiculousness is more than I can handle.

"Why the hell is everyone so hot for Edward Cullen?" I ask irritably, because I'm annoyed at myself for being such an easy hooker and falling into his trap.

He just smells so damn good, and he's all scruffy and nervous looking and I can't help myself because I really want to believe he is not a fuckwit asshole super-whore. I'm still keeping my appointment with the on-campus gyno tomorrow to be tested for STDs. I certainly am not going to my regular doctor for that. I'm far too mortified by my behavior to allow someone who has known me my entire life find out that I've been promiscuous with someone who I assume has slept with the equivalent of a brothel or two worth of women.

"Because he's sexy," Mike replies and sits down at the table. "I bet he's an awesome kisser."

"Oh for Christ's sake, Mike, you sound like a twelve-year-old-girl." I snort.

"Whatever, you need to spill the details, sister, because some of us are living vicariously through you." Mike pulls out his laptop and sighs. "Why can't hockey players be gay?"

I ignore Mike and his probing comments and wait instead for Tyler, his other, more realistic crush to arrive.

Alice and Tyler show up together two minutes later and Mike perks up, looking all shy and flushed as Tyler sits down beside him and gives him googly eyes. I don't know why the hell one of them doesn't just ask the other on a damn date and get the whole thing over with. It's obvious that they like each other and it would be better than watching the two of them make sex eyes at one another while we try to work on our project.

"Alice just told off Edward Cullen," Tyler says, flailing his hands around a bit, 'accidentally' grazing Mike's arm which is on the table and has conveniently moved into Tyler's space. These two are worse than middle school girls with their flirting.

"Wait!" I exclaim, because until now I've been paying attention to the juvenile flirting rather than the words that are coming out of Tyler's mouth. "Alice did what?" I turn to look at her as she sits down and peers at my computer screen.

"I told him he was a whoring assfucker, no offense guys." She raises her hands in apology and looks at Tyler and Mike who both sort of shrug and blush and give each other furtive glances, before she turns back to me. "And that he should be ashamed of himself."

"You did what?" I ask in a squeaky, high pitched voice.

"Well he seemed to agree with me, all he did was nod a lot and apologize. I also asked him if he could introduce me to Jasper Whitlock after you two make up or whatever, and he said sure. He's going to send you a ticket to the next home game for me and he's invited us to come out afterward." Alice is all smiles as she tells me this.

I stare at her, stunned into silence because Alice knows what the hell has been going on. She knows all about the Cullen Hat Trick, about the sexin', about the puking, about the obsessive emails, texts and phone calls, not to mention the assload of gifts I have received courtesy of Edward Cullen hockey-whore-extraordinaire and stalker.

"You can't be serious," I say in this whispery voice, so I clear my throat and repeat myself with more venom and less pussification.

"Uh, yeah, I'm totally serious, you know how I feel about Jasper Whitlock's skills on the ice." Alice scoffs.

"Alice, what if I don't want to go to a game? What if I never want to talk to that dirty whore again?" I point out to her in a not so gentle manner. I don't even bother to try and bring up the fact that she's only started to like hockey since she discovered Jasper Whitlock, mostly because I only like it now because Edward plays and pointing it out would open me up for statements which would identify me as a hypocrite.

"Bella, let's get something straight," Alice says as she turns my laptop toward her and checks out the Playboy article. "I know that you've been all about how much a whore he is, but honestly, he told me you've agreed to have coffee with him so it can't be that horrible. He doesn't even say he's done that Hat Trick thing in this article anyway. He just gives an evasive answer." Alice points to the section I just finished pointing out to Edward before Mike showed up.

I don't want to acknowledge this at all because if I do, then I'll get my hopes up that Edward really isn't a whore, when clearly he is. No one is that amazing in bed if they're not a whore. It's just a fact.

I can barely focus during our meeting and I'm so annoyed with myself because I'm already hopeful that Alice is right and Edward has a good excuse for not being forthcoming in a very public article about his sexual prowess and reputation. Maybe the media just wants to portray him like this. Maybe his publicist wants him to look like a whore, although I can't even begin to understand why that would be.

I'm useless in my seminar class, and I'm called on more than once for an opinion. I think I hate this professor because I feel like he's doing it on purpose. I'm completely embarrassed by the fact that I don't have an answer because I haven't been listening to the lecture or discussion at all. I'm daydreaming about Edward's massive cock instead and I'm thinking up household items I can compare it to.

I have a half hour between the time my class ends and the time I'm supposed to meet Edward. I pack up my things and avoid my professor's gaze because I really don't want to deal with the fact that I clearly wasn't mentally present in class. I'm usually a very vocal contributor. I'm hoping he's going to leave it be for today and I'll be in better form next week.

When I leave the class I almost expect Edward to be waiting outside the room for me. It dawns on me that he knew I was going to be at the library, or at the very least it's a fairly uncanny coincidence that he showed up there at just the right time. I have no idea what to think about it, other than the fact that he's definitely got some stalkerish tendencies.

I may want to search the internet and find out if he's ever been charged for stalking, or maybe just ask my dad who is a police chief out in Forks. He can, and will, definitely make the inquiry for me. Maybe I don't want to do that, though. I haven't received a call from him yet alerting me to the

possibility that he may have seen the pictures that circulated the tabloids. He is an avid sports fan, but TSN doesn't do the whole who's-dating-who deal, so I may not want to bring his attention to it.

I go to the girls' bathroom and brush my teeth; I always carry a toothbrush and toothpaste on me. There is nothing worse than being on campus all day and having fuzzy feeling teeth. Plus, I want to have a fresh mouth for Edward, even though I have absolutely no intention of kissing him, at all. Ever again. I think.

I take my time walking across campus to the Hammond building, which is where my car is parked. I asked him to meet me at the coffee shop close by the lot because I don't want to give Edward a reason to be walking me anywhere, even though I have a feeling it will probably happen anyway. He's really damn persistent. Obviously.

It's freezing out and starting to snow again, so I have to speed up a bit because my eyeballs feel like they are frosting over. I can see my truck from across the courtyard where I am standing. When I get to the coffee shop I can't help the violent shiver that runs through my body as I step into the heat.

I really love this place. I come here all the time when I'm not studying at the library because it's so cozy and there's a wood burning fire place in the back. I'm not surprised to see Edward here already, watching me as I pull off my gloves and rub my hands together. He's sitting at the table right in front of the fireplace, looking sexy and disheveled and nervous as hell. Good. The last thing I want is for him to be comfortable.

He stands up and runs his palms over his thighs. I watch the movement and, of course, my eyes go right where they're not supposed to: his groin. I can't see anything exciting going on there, although his button down shirt is sort of obscuring any potentially eye catching view. Fortunately, Edward is too busy watching me unbutton my coat to notice that I'm trying to use my x-ray vision to see what he's packing underneath his pants.

It takes him about three seconds to cross the room and then he's grabbing for my bag. "Here, let me help you with that," he says.

His voice is low and smooth and it reminds me of the times when he asked repeatedly for permission to kiss, touch, feel . . . I can't allow myself to indulge in those thoughts or I'm going to drag him in the bathroom and let him fuck me against the wall. Then I'll really have no self-respect left at all. I have to continue to remind myself that he's a dirty hockey whore and I don't want to become his hockey hooker. Anymore than I already have, that is.

I allow him to take my laptop and messenger bag and he puts his hand on the small of my back as he guides me toward the table where he's been sitting. The chairs are so comfy. I can pull my legs up underneath me and curl right up in it. There's a glass of water at the table already, but nothing else. I deposit my jacket on the chair and turn toward the service counter where I plan to order myself a steaming hot beverage and maybe a brownie or something. I think I deserve it for this conversation.

"I'll get it," Edward says and his fingers wrap gently around my wrist. The innocent contact makes my knees go weak because the way he's looking at me is just . . . breaking my damn heart. He looks so worried and cute; like a little boy-man who has no fucking clue what he's doing.

"I can buy my own drink," I say acerbically, because I'm being a bitch and I don't like the way I feel around him. I'm not used to this.

"I know that," he says quietly, "I just . . . I invited you for coffee, at least let me get you something to drink."

I sigh, feeling guilty for being such a bitch to him, but at the same time, I'm angry because I don't think I should feel guilty at all. "Fine," I huff and plunk myself down in a chair, crossing my arms over my chest in defiance. He may be able to buy me a coffee but it doesn't mean I'm going to like it.

He chuckles and I glare at him. There's a hint of a smile pulling at the corner of his mouth and I glare harder so I won't smile too.

"What would you like, Bella?" he asks, shoving his hands in his pockets, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"A green tea latte, nonfat, extra foam," I say, "please." I don't want to be polite, but it goes against my nature to do otherwise.

"Anything else?" he asks.

I'm hungry and I figure what the hell, he's got money, and if I'm going to let him buy me a coffee he can also buy me a piece of cake. "Um, yeah," I say, looking across the room at the glass case. A brownie won't go with a green tea latte, so that's out, but the caramel cake thing with the meringue layers will.

"That caramel, layer cake thingy, please," I say and blush because I can't read the label from where I'm sitting even though I have my glasses on.

"Okay." Edward nods and goes up to the counter where the girl who takes his order practically fucks him with her tone of voice.

I can see other students looking at him and one guy at a table in the corner who is obnoxious and loud elbows his buddy and says something to him. They both stare at Edward. Either they are gay and think he's hot or they recognize him. Edward brings me my cake and then goes back to the counter to get my tea and whatever else he's ordered. I don't offer to help him.

I stick my fork into the cake as soon as he goes back to the counter to get the drinks and shove a bite into my mouth. It's so good. I never get it, mostly because it's pretty damn expensive for a piece of cake. I savour the taste, which is all the more extraordinary because of the fact that I always long to get it but can't justify paying for it when I can get an entire combo from McDonald's for the same price. It's so worth Edward's money though.

"Is it good?" Edward asks.

His mouth is close to my ear as he leans down, unnecessarily low so he can put my green tea latte in front of me. It's in a huge bowl of a cup and I can't wait to hold it in my hands to warm them because they are cold from being outside.

"Mmm hmm." I nod with a mouthful of cake as it melts on my tongue.

"That's good," he says as he sits down across from me. He's got a mug of hot chocolate with whipped cream and chocolate shavings on top. I'm not at all surprised to see this is his choice of beverage for some reason. "That drink looks disgusting, by the way."

"Green tea lattes taste amazing, thank you very much," I snap at him, as though it's a personal attack. I know they look gross; they're the color of swamp water, and the green tea stuff sort of gels on top and looks like seaweed or algae or something.

"Sorry," Edward says and I sigh, because I'm being a super bitch and I can't help it. I don't want to like him but I do. I want the article in Playboy to be a lie. I would be perfectly happy for him to be a sweet non-whore and to have a sound reason for being a liar.

"I'm being bitchy," I wave off his apology. "Thank you for the disgusting looking latte and the cake."

"Thank you for coming," he says.

I look up from my cup and he's chewing on his lip, looking so sincere I want to hug him or something.

"You wanted a chance to explain," I reply, sweeping my hand toward him in a gesture that clearly says he has the floor to speak.

My stomach is in my throat as he clears his and looks down at his hot chocolate. He's cupping the glass in his hands and I can feel the table vibrating as his foot taps restlessly against the floor.

"I'm not really like the way the media portrays me," he says quietly.

"Uh huh," I say skeptically. Of course he's going to tell me this.

"Uh, excuse us," a voice breaks the tension at the table and both Edward and I look up.

The two guys who were looking at Edward earlier are staring first at him and then at me. I look down at my cup because I'm wearing my glasses and I certainly didn't take time to get dressed for a coffee date with Edward Cullen and attempt to look nice. My hair is probably a mess and I'm barely wearing any make up.

"Are you Edward Cullen?" the same guy asks; he sounds both nervous and excited.

"Yeah," Edward says. He sounds a little tense, but he's covering it up and I can hear the fake smile in his voice.

"Oh man, you're just fucking awesome. I knew it was you. I told my buddy here I was sure it was you and he was like, no fucking way, dude. Edward Cullen doesn't go here, but I was right, it totally is you," the guy rambles on, completely oblivious to the fact that he's interrupted the beginning of a tense conversation. I almost want to laugh.

"Thanks, man, listen . . ." Edward begins, but the guy interrupts him.

"Do you think I could get your autograph, man? No one is going to believe me that I've actually met you. Fuck man, this is so cool," he says excitedly.

"Yeah, sure," Edward replies and gives me an apologetic look.

I can hardly be angry about it, he's genuinely trying to be nice to this guy who has no social skills whatsoever. The guy pulls out a copy of Hockey News and starts nattering on about how he plays defense in Junior A's and how he really wants to go pro. He's a skinny little guy and clearly a freshman and I feel sort of bad for him. Edward lets him go on for a few minutes and gives him the 'just keep working hard and you can reach your goals' speech. No wonder he's the captain of his team. I want to grind myself in his lap for being so nice to this guy. Once they're done fawning over him, Edward gives me a sheepish, pained smile.

"I'm really sorry about that," he says, dipping his finger in the melting whipped cream and then bringing it to his lips to lick it off.

I watch the movement, my own lips parting as the tip of his fingers slides inside his mouth and his lips wrap around it . . . and I'm wet. I want to get undressed and slide my fingers into his mouth while he fucks me with that monster sized cock of his. I'm pretty sure it would slip right on in there considering I'm housing Niagara Falls and he could be my Maid of the Mist* right now.

"It's okay," I choke out and actually start coughing because I've tried to breathe in the saliva that's been pooling in my mouth.

"Are you okay?"

Edward moves to stand but I hold out a hand. "I'm fine." I sputter a bit before regaining my composure.

Edward waits until he's sure I'm telling him the truth before he goes ahead and sits back down. I'm fairly certain Edward will break one of my ribs if he tries to administer the Heimlich Maneuver; he's so overzealous about things.

"Where were we?" he asks as I take a sip of my latte.

As soon as I swallow I look up at him. "You're not the person the media portrays you to be, yet you clearly don't openly deny it either." I'm giving him my bitchbrow. It makes Emmett cringe and Phil usually leaves the room when it comes out. Edward sinks down into his chair.

"I deserve that look," he mutters.

I have to fight back the smile because my bitchbrow even works on Edward Cullen. I wonder what his mother is like and what she thinks about his reputation.

"When I first started playing hockey professionally the rumors were actually sort of justified. Not totally, because everything is always blown way out proportion, but to a certain degree they were somewhat accurate. I was twenty and a rookie and there were lots of girls . . . " Edward trails off and looks down at his cup, clearing his throat and shifting in his seat uncomfortably.

I guess I can understand this. If you're single and hot and a professional hockey player women would definitely throw themselves at you, and they still do now. I am a case in point. Although I honestly didn't find him appealing beyond the physical until he made the comment about Fielding. I can only imagine how many cougars and puck bunnies would have been after his cute ass when he first started playing considering how many there are now.

"Anyway, the Hat Trick rumor is just that. I brought my cousin to a party because she wanted to meet one of my teammates. If I had known then what I know now I never would have entertained that idea, incidentally. Then there was a girl who was interested in me but she was..." he pauses and shudders visibly. "I wasn't interested at all, lets just keep it at that, shall we?" he asks, but clearly there is no room for discussion on this particular topic. "The last girl they accused me of sleeping with was actually my sister, she was underage and wasted and I was trying to get her under control. And thus the myth of the Cullen Hat Trick was born."

"But you never tried to dispel the rumor," I point out. It's all hearsay anyway. He can tell me whatever he wants and I can't prove it either way.

"No." He shakes his head and sighs. "Back when they wrote the article I still felt like I needed to protect my reputation. It's stupid, because it's just made me look like a total douche, but you have no idea what it's like, Bella," he says, leaning closer to me, his voice lowering to a soft whisper.

"You're right, I don't. I have no clue why anyone would want to come off as a whore and be happy about that," I spit out at him, irritated that I feel pity for a man who clearly likes the fact that people think he's a male slut.

"Did you know that Emmett took figure skating lessons?" he asks suddenly.

I'm thankful I'm not taking a sip of my drink when he says this. "What?" I choke out. I can't imagine Emmett in one of those spandex outfits, even as a kid.

"It's pretty normal actually, most of the guys who play professional take a year of figure skating to help develop their skills on the ice," Edward says defensively.

"Oh, I didn't know that," I reply. That's interesting, and I can't help but think of ways to taunt Emmett with this new found knowledge.

"I was in figure skating for ten years," Edward whispers.

"Pardon?" I ask and this time I do choke on my latte because I am taking a sip as he reveals this.

He waits until I've regained my composure before he continues, "My mother wanted me to be a figure skater, I wanted to be a hockey player. But she wouldn't let me quit figure skating. She said I had to do both or neither. It wasn't until I was drafted into the minors that she finally realized I wasn't going to be the next Olivier Schoenfelder."

I had no idea who the hell Oliver what's-his name-was, but I suddenly felt really bad for Edward. Why would his mother force him to do something he obviously didn't enjoy over something he clearly did?

"No one would change near me, all the guys made fun of me because they thought I was gay, which is really stupid because not all male figure skaters are gay," he says irritably, tearing a napkin to shreds with his long, skilled fingers.

I can't help but stare at them and wonder how good it will feel if I let him go ahead and touch me now. I try to curb my rampant hormones so I can focus on the real issue. This doesn't really explain why he did the super-whore persona as far as I'm concerned.

"Within a matter of months I was drafted to the majors and that's when the press got wind of me. My years in figure skating came up and it was so embarrassing. I had to do something. The shit I took over it was relentless, Bella. You have no idea." Edward looks up from his destroyed napkin, his eyes soft and pleading for me to understand what it must have been like for him.

I try to imagine what it would have been like, but I'm not a hockey player or a figure skater, so I can't relate even a little bit.

"I couldn't take it, so when I started playing for the Flames . . . which, of course, there were more puns and plays on words thrown around than I could reasonably take because of the name of the team, I took matters into my own hands. I took the occasional girl home. Not all that often, not like Emmett or anything," Edward says and looks down when I cringe in disgust at the thought of Emmett and his innumerable conquests, "but enough that the rumors that I was gay stopped and my teammates accepted me. I worked so hard on the ice to prove myself.

"I was traded up and even though I stopped sleeping with the puck . . . the women who threw themselves at me, I still couldn't kick the rep and really I didn't want to. I was so worried that my teammates or the media would bring up my past again, which really isn't something I should have been ashamed of." Edward sighs and runs his fingers through his shaggy, unkempt hair. I'm really starting to feel bad for him now.

"I know it shouldn't matter, but I was really young and now . . . well, now I don't give a shit and the rep I have is so deeply embedded I can't shake it, although I haven't really had a reason to want to until now," he says the last bit so quietly as he picks at his fingernails I can barely hear him.

"I know it's not really an excuse, but can you sort of understand where I'm coming from?" he asks, peeking up at me for a moment before he looks back down and studies the contents of his mug.

I really can understand. I don't want to but I can. I think there's more to this story, but he's pretty much poured his heart out to me which says a lot. And I believe him. I can't imagine offering up this kind of information if it's not true. How utterly humiliating. I know what Emmett is like and how he makes fun of figure skating because it's one of the only events I'll watch during the Olympics. He's constantly saying that it's not really a sport at all, like badminton--which is one of the only sports I'm actually good at.

I nod and reach out to touch his hand, because I feel so bad for him. He looks so lost and uncertain. It's funny because I realize he's kind of awkward, like me, or maybe he's just awkward around me. I let my fingers graze the back of his tense hand which is wrapped around his mug.

His head snaps up and I realize I haven't actually said anything out loud. "I think I understand, for the most part," I say softly.

He lets out this relieved sigh.

"But," I say quietly, raising a brow at him, "that certainly doesn't explain about the 'regulars' conversation you had with my brother."

I pull my fingers away from his hand and he reaches out and grabs them before I can make them disappear under the table. He rubs circles over the back of my hand with his thumb and his fingers drift along my palm.

"It's like a reflex. I didn't want him to know what had happened unless I knew you were comfortable letting him know. That's personal and I'm pretty sure you're a private person for as much as you spout off that shit in front of the guys," he says quietly.

"What shit?" I ask.

"Just the comments you make. You're funny and I love it, but I don't really think you're one to share personal details with Emmett. I didn't want to be the one to do that for you," Edward says and the circles he rubs over the back of my hand become soft strokes.

I can't help the little tiny, almost soundless whimper that rises in my throat.

"And, just so we're clear," he says, leaning forward in his chair so he's that much closer to me. I don't realize until this moment that I've done the same thing and I'm pretty much halfway over the table. "There are no regulars, there never have been, and I don't give a flying fuck if Emmett knows what's happened between us. I'll gladly take a shit kicking from him if you'll go out on a date with me."

"Oh," I say because he's raising his other hand and his fingers drift over my cheek and the pad of his thumb runs over my bottom lip. This immediately disconnects my brain from my body and all I want to do is lean forward a little more and feel his lips on mine.

"Is 'oh' code for yes?" he asks.

"Um . . ." I stammer, because I really want to go out on date with him, but now I'm worried. When I thought he was an ass it was easier to shrug off his advances, but he's so sweet and nice and I think he's genuine. What if he's pulling the wool over my eyes and he's just fucking with me? I don't want to be fucked with by him.

"I could just ask your boobs if you're going to say no. You've already said I can take them on a date, and I did get them a Victoria's Secret gift certificate. They'd probably be happy to go out with me." He smiles and I can't help the smile that pulls at the corners of my mouth. I don't know how he knows what to do to get me to fold, but his sense of humor is just as whacked out and inappropriate as mine.

"They probably would," I say ruefully as my nipples tighten at their mention. Fucking boobs.

"Please say yes," Edward whispers softly.

"My boobs are willing, the rest of me will come along, but know I'm still not one hundred percent sold on you like they seem to be," I resign. I can't believe I'm having a conversation where I'm acting like my boobs have an actual say in the matter.

"That's fair." Edward nods. "And I'm glad your boobs are sold on me."

I roll my eyes at him, even though I have the desire to rub my boobs on him.

"Are you busy tomorrow night?" he asks.

"Huh?" I ask stupidly, thinking about how his tongue felt on my nipples.

"Tomorrow night, are you busy?" he asks. "I'll be away for two weeks starting Wednesday, I'd really like to see you again before I go. I know it's short notice so I'll understand if you can't."

"Um, let me check my calendar," I say.

I don't have plans for tomorrow night. I know this, but I don't want to look too eager, even though my boobs and my beaver are so excited they're planning my outfit. I check my calendar.

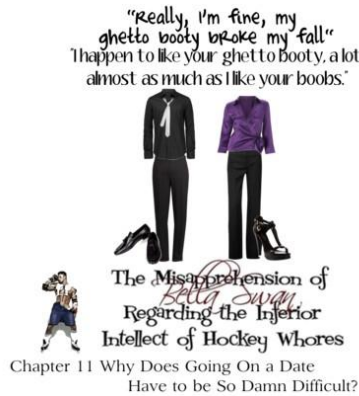
"It looks like I'm free," I say and swallow thickly.

"Great." Edward smiles and relaxes and takes a sip of hot chocolate that's probably as tepid as my latte.

I don't care if I'm drinking ice cold coffee at the moment, though, because Edward Cullen wants to take me and my boobs on a date. Looks like I might need to take them to Victoria's Secret.

OoO

Chapter 11 - Why Does Going Out on a Date Have to be So Damn Difficult?



OoO~*~Bella~*~OoO

Edward walks to me car because it's dark out and I think he just wants to. Well, I know he wants to. He puts his hand on my back, clearly thinking that since I've agreed to go out on a date with him--at least my boobs have and the rest of me has to come along by default--that it's okay to touch me. At least he's trying to be appropriate. For now.

I'm not sure if this makes me happy or not. I don't know how I feel about this whole thing. I want to go out on a date with him, in fact I want to get naked with him and be sore for four days afterward again, but at the same time I'm wary. He seems a little too good to be true, plus he's a famous NHL player who is trying to convince me that he's not a whore . . . anymore.

When we get to my truck he looks at it and grimaces. "Is this thing safe?" he asks.

"Yeah, well it runs and it's passed the safety inspection, so I think so," I reply.

"At least it's big," he muses and runs his fingers over the side of my very rundown truck.

Phil has offered to buy me a new vehicle countless times, but I bought this piece of crap Chevy with my own money. Even though it costs me an arm and a leg to drive it, I'm too proud to accept most of Phil's offered money or his gifts, except when he's flying me somewhere first class, then I'm okay with it. It's kind of hypocritical, but whatever, I'm only twenty-two, I can be contradictory about things if I damn well want to.

"Bigger isn't always better," I mutter, thinking about the fact that I need to fill the tank on this beast. I'm pretty sure my credit card is almost maxed out and I don't receive my next bursary installment for another four weeks. I also refuse to touch my inheritance from Grandma E.

"Oh really?" He raises an eyebrow at me, looking a little offended.

Of course that's when I clue in to what he thinks I mean, because he's definitely taking that as a blow to his manhood. I think about his manhood--and about how much I hate the word *manhood*-- and in this case, bigger *is* better in some ways. The only reason it isn't good is because it makes it hard to walk the next day after said manhood has plundered my womanhood. Jesus, I need to cut it with the harlequin references.

"I mean, in some cases bigger isn't better, like with trucks, because they cost a fortune to drive. As a student I try to be conservative, even though Phil has lots of money, because it's not my money, it's his," I ramble, trying to dig myself out of the hole I'm currently in. I fixate on the thought of his monster cock while this stupidity continues to pour out of my mouth.

I lick my lips, because they feel a little dry what with the amused and sexy-as-fuck look on Edward's face. He's got one hand braced on the truck behind me and he's leaning in, sort of close but not so close that it makes me uncomfortable. It's only enough to make me aware that if he moved an inch or two closer, he would be close enough to make me nervous and I might feel like he's planning to kiss me. I really want him to kiss me.

God, even my thoughts are rambling. He's got the toque* back on and his hair is curling up around the edge again, and I really want to lean forward and press my lips against his while I touch those errant curls. Instead I continue my incessant, nonsensical babble because he's not saying anything and the silence is killing me.

"But for you," I sort of sweep my hand in the general direction of his groin, "bigger is sort of better. I mean, huge is nice, it's good. And you've got huge covered pretty well. I like it. I mean it's . . . fuck." I bite my lip to stop myself from talking anymore. When the hell did I become an inarticulate idiot girl?

"So what you're saying is bigger is only *sort of* better in my case?" he clarifies as he leans in a little closer.

"What? Um . . . well, it's good, but you know . . . it's a little hard on the . . . beaver," I say in this whispery-panicked voice. "Although, maybe I could get used to it after a while. . ."

Now he's so close I can feel his warm breath on my cheek and my lips. He smells like chocolate and men's soap or whatever it is he washes his hot, firm body with.

"Can I kiss you?" he asks in this really sexy, low voice, completely ignoring my beaver comment. "I would really like to kiss you, if that's okay with you."

"It's okay with me," I say and give him a minute nod of affirmation.

"That's a relief," he murmurs as he brushes a few strands of hair away from my face. "I've been dying to taste you since . . ." He leans a little closer, so he's only an inch away from me now and I'm waiting for something to happen. I think he might finish his sentence or just follow through and kiss me already. And wait a minute, did he just say *taste*? He wants to taste me? God, that sounds inappropriately hot.

The hand that is already touching my face and my hair cups my cheek and he brushes his thumb back and forth over my bottom lip. His fingers are freezing and they make me shiver as I part my lips and inhale this asthmatic sounding breath. His eyes are locked with mine and I can't look away. I do that weird thing people do when someone they want to get it on with puts one of their fingers or digits of any kind--except maybe for toes--near their mouth; I let my tongue peek out and I taste his skin. It's sweet, probably residue from the sugary chocolate beverage he drank and stuck his finger in earlier.

His eyelids flutter a bit and then his gaze moves to my mouth and I have the sudden urge to bite his thumb. So I do.

"Shit," he says and then his thumb is gone and his mouth is on mine, his body flush against me, pressing me heavily into the frame of my truck. I wish I wasn't wearing a thick wool coat because then I might be able to feel if he's hard or not.

I let out this little moan as he parts his lips and his tongue finds mine; even when he's aggressive, he's gentle, and I have no idea how he does it, but God does it ever feel fantastic. I reach up and try to grab at his hair or his neck, but I'm wearing gloves so I can't actually feel anything. It's kind of annoying. I shove my hips toward his, wishing I could find some friction because I am suddenly really horny. For a second I contemplate pulling him into the cab of my truck. There's a bench seat and we would totally fit on there . . .

Edward must be as horny as I am because one of his hands finds its way under my jacket like he's some kind of jacket-McGyver. I don't know how he's managed to get one of my jacket buttons undone but he has and *now* I can feel him.

We both groan as he gyrates his hips into my crotch and the hand that's under my jacket finds its way to my ass. He's gripping my left ass cheek rather hard and kneading it through my jeans. I'm pretty much molesting his mouth with my tongue at this point and I'm shamelessly shifting my hips against his, dry humping him for all I'm worth.

That is until someone shouts, "Do it! Fuck her against the truck!"

Edward stiffens and releases me, taking a step back as he spins around immediately to face the would-be voyeur. I cover my face with my hands because the voice is so close and I'm totally mortified that I've been dry fucking him in a public parking lot. Even though it's dark, there are lights and it's not like we can't be seen. Campus security has probably witnessed the whole thing on the video cameras attached to the lamp posts above us.

"Oh my God," I mumble into my hands.

"What the fuck did you just say?" Edward asks as he blocks me from their view in a protective stance. His voice is calm in an eerie way and I peek out between my fingers to see two guys who appear to be about my age standing ten feet away from us. I am so humiliated.

The one guy elbows the other nervously because both of them are kind of skinny and dorky looking and Edward is pretty damn broad and built. And hot. Apparently the one being elbowed is a little stupid because he laughs and holds his hand up like he's waiting to be high fived by Edward.

"Just digging the free show, man," he says. I think he might actually be high on something.

"Uh, Marcus, I think we better go," his buddy whispers to him and starts pushing him away, eyeing Edward anxiously, like he might just recognize him. He whispers something to his buddy and he drops his hand and his brow furrows.

"No way," he breathes out. "Oh, dude, it totally is."

A university campus really isn't the best place for a famous hockey player to hang out apparently. It's clear that a lot of guys in their early twenties watch hockey.

Edward sighs, "Do you mind?"

"No, no man, so sorry," the guy who isn't an idiot stutters and pulls his buddy away, which is a good thing because I can see that Edward is close to losing his cool and I'm ashamed to say it's turning me on.

Once they're gone Edward turns around to face me, shoving his hands in his pockets, looking rather sheepish. "I'm sorry about that, I didn't mean to get carried away . . ." he says quietly.

"Oh, uh . . . it's okay," I reply, waving my hand around and pulling at my scarf, letting him take the fall for it if he wants to. I totally don't want to admit that I enjoyed the dry hump just as much as he did. Although at the same time I think it must be pretty obvious.

"So you'll still go out with me tomorrow night?" he asks, looking like he might be ill.

I'm a little confused as to why he would ask this. It's not like it's his fault a couple of stoner idiots walked by when we were making out against my truck like horny teens. And I was definitely into it. Of course I'm going to play him a bit, because I'm still a little nervous and a lot wary, mostly because I think I'm really starting to like him and I don't know if I want that to happen.

"Yeah, I guess." I shrug. I'm such a horrible bitch.

"Please don't back out on me, I promise I'll be on my best behaviour." He's pretty much pleading with me now and I feel terribly guilty for acting like it ever crossed my mind not to go out with him.

"Okay, as long as you're on your best behaviour." I nod, and then wish I hadn't said that since that probably means he isn't going to try and make out with me again.

"Good, okay. Is seven a good time to pick you up?" he asks, shifting nervously from foot to foot.

"Yeah, sure, seven is great," I say and smile.

"Okay, well I should let you get home, and I need to get to the gym," he says.

Images of Edward's sweaty body come to mind and I can't help the state my beaver seems to get into over the lovely visions. Edward holds my truck door open for me as I climb in and I lean over and give him a peck on the cheek before he closes it. I start the truck and roll down the manual window, which is really hard to do, while he stands there with his hands in his pockets--probably because they are freezing.

"Thanks for the latte and the cake," I say.

"Any time." He smiles and I lean forward so I can brush my lips over the corner of his mouth before I sit back in my seat. If I stay here too much longer, I'm sure I'll invite him into my cab so he can show me just how much better bigger is.

"I'll see you tomorrow," I say and he takes a step back and grimaces as I throw my truck into gear and it makes an awful grinding sound. I should probably get that checked out.

When I get home I find I have a text from Edward, making sure I've made it home safely and my Chevy hasn't exploded on me. I text him back to let him know I'm home safe and sound then turn off my phone because I know I'll be tempted to keep texting him all night if I don't, and I have work to do if I'm going to go out with him tomorrow night.

I read for three solid hours and make copious notes so I can write yet another cohesive essay. I have a really hard time falling asleep because I'm anxious and excited and irritated with myself for being this way about going out on a date with Edward.

I wake up the next morning feeling like I've barely slept at all and get ready for my morning class. I'm fortunate that I don't have any meetings this afternoon and my classes end at two, so I'm hoping that Alice will be available for a shopping expedition to Victoria's Secret, not that I'm planning on having sex with Edward Cullen again. Because I'm not. I think. I hope. Or maybe I don't hope. I have no idea.

Alice is all for blowing off her last class and going shopping with me. I feel a twinge of guilt, but not enough for me to tell her I want her to go to class. I haven't been on an actual date in a long time and I feel like I'm out of practice. Plus, Alice loves Victoria's Secret almost as much as she loves the idea of getting her fuck on with Jasper Whitlock.

She tries to get me to buy this garter belt ensemble thing and I look at her like she's crazy. All I want is a new bra. Maybe something comfy to wear to bed too. I have no idea how much money is on the gift card, but I'm assuming it's probably like a hundred bucks or something so I can afford to splurge a bit.

I settle on a deep purple bra. Alice insists I get a matching pair of panties. At first I refuse because I've never matched my bras and undies, but I see her point when she tells me boy's underwear do not go with the purple bra. The panties are on three for \$30, which seems like a lot of money for underwear. I can get three pairs of boy's underwear for the same price I'm paying for one pair of the sexy ones. Although I can see how juvenile underwear may not be in my best interest for this date so I go ahead and buy three pairs of sexy ones with the help of Alice. They're really pretty and I'm excited to have some new underwear because most of the ones I own are pretty ratty looking--other than my Walmart boys ones. I may need to invest in new gitch* more often, I decide.

I also pick out a really cute little sleep set that Alice tries to rip out of my hands and put back on the rack. I love it. It's this little tank top and pants ensemble. It's not Spider-man, but I think it might be time to move onto something a little more mature. I hand the girl the gift card and smile at her, hoping there's enough on the card to cover my purchases.

"Your total is \$91.53," she says before she swipes the card.

"Okay." I nod and gulp, really worried that I'm going to have to use my credit card, which I've just checked the balance on and I'm about two hundred dollars shy from maxing it out.

"You have \$908.47 remaining on your card," she says and passes it back to me.

"Pardon?" I ask, because I must be hearing her incorrectly.

"You have just over nine-hundred dollars left on your card," she repeats and shows me the receipt.

"Holy shit," Alice says, yanking it out of my hand. "He gave you a thousand dollar gift card to Victoria's Secret?"

"Um, uh . . ." I stare at the receipt in her hand because I have no idea what else to do.

"He's got it bad for you." Alice nods and looks a little too excited about this discovery.

"Correction," I say as I grab the receipt from her and take the bag from the girl behind the counter that contains my purchases. "He's got it bad for my boobs. He asked them out on the date, not me."

"You're so weird, Bella." Alice shakes her head at me and I shrug, because she's right.

I drop her off at her house and head home so I can get ready for my date. I don't really want to go all out and look really nice because I don't want to look as eager as I am. And I'm pretty damn eager. I smuggle my bag of sexy things into the house, thankful I can shove the Victoria's Secret bag into my giant messenger bag and Renee will never be the wiser. I'm hopeful that she'll be out tonight and that I won't have to deal with her incessant stupidity when it comes to Edward Cullen. She's been going on about him lately and it's driving me crazy.

I manage to make it into the house undetected and I high tail it to my room. I jump into the shower and as I'm washing myself I realize that I need to tame the beast that is my beaver. I'm about as furry as a hibernating bear--or maybe a bunny would be a nicer comparison--either way, I need to remove all evidence that I have not been maintaining my smooth beave status, just in case.

As soon as I am out of the shower, I heat up the wax I customarily use on my legs so I can go ahead and rip out my beaver pelt. I mean, really, how hard can it be? If I had more time I would have planned a session with my favourite waxer. It's pretty much the only regular and painful maintenance I'm willing to do on my body.

Alice introduced me to the world of waxing after I got dumped by a guy who didn't appreciate my neatly groomed status. I'd never been bare before and he kept hassling me about it. In fact, he wanted to shave me himself, but I adamantly refused. Honestly, I wasn't against a bare cooter, it was just his approach that I didn't like. So I wouldn't comply. It isn't like I'd had a jungle bush going on; the bikini line was shaved and the rest was neatly trimmed, and no one had ever complained before. Of course, I'd also never really gotten much oral satisfaction either. I had been apprehensive about the waxing and it had hurt like a bitch, but once I got over the initial pain and discomfort, I fell in love with the smooth, clean feeling.

I also fell in love with the tongue of the next guy I dated; while the relationship was short lived because he couldn't define the word 'frustrated,' he did spend a lot of time with his face between my legs. It was awesome. I've been pretty much the only one to pet my beaver in the last several

months other than Edward Cullen, and I figure I might as well treat myself to the feel of a smooth beaver if that's going to be the case when this little tryst is over.

I smooth the wax onto my cooter and put the wax strip on, then I lay down on the bathmat on the floor and try to mimic the actions of my waxer. It hurts like a son of a bitch, but I get most of the hair in one shot, so that's good.

I continue to smooth the wax on and rip off strips of hair, gritting my teeth against the pain. I mess up and have to do the same section more than once, and I end up with this mottled looking purple patch. Awesome, now it looks like I've been cunt punched. I finish up, and I've done a decent job, but the purple spot looks terrible. I contemplate using foundation on it to cover it up, but I think that's probably not the best idea either. I sigh, irritated because this means I won't be getting the action I keep telling myself that I'm not going to allow myself to have, even though I really, really want to. I think I may be a complete masochist.

I get dressed, noticing the irony that part of my cooter now matches my new panties. I really like the new gitch and matching bra. I feel pretty hot and I decide on a pair of black pants and a purple wrap top that I have a hell of a time getting into. I look nice but not too nice. I don't bother with make up because that looks like I'm putting effort into things and I definitely don't want to give Edward that impression. I don't know *why* I don't want to give him that impression, I just don't. Maybe because then I'll have to admit to myself that I really do kind of like him a lot.

I brush my hair and put some smoothing cream in it so it doesn't frizz out and look brutal, but otherwise I leave it alone. It's five to seven and I'm shocked at how long it's taken me to get ready; ripping out the beaver pelt must have taken a whole lot longer than I thought. I rush downstairs because the last thing I want is my mother answering the door when Edward gets here.

Of course that's already happened. I've missed his arrival since the bathroom fan is so loud it sounds like a plane landing and I definitely did not hear the doorbell ring because of it. It either that or Renee was watching for him and opened the door before he could ring the doorbell. The latter would not surprise me in the least.

I descend the stairs, running down them as though it's going to reverse time and I'll be able to stop Renee from saying something embarrassing about me. Which has probably already occurred at this point. I stumble and my foot slides out from underneath me, causing me to slide down the second half of the flight of stairs on my ass. I reach the bottom and both Renee and Edward are staring at me, wide eyed and concerned. Edward crosses the room quickly and I jump up and try to brush it off like nothing has happened.

"Are you okay?" he asks, running his hands down my arms, as though he's trying to check me over without doing a full body exam.

I'm definitely okay with him checking me over, except it would be a hell of a lot better if it wasn't in front of Renee or because I can't walk down a flight of stairs.

"I'm fine, that happens all the time," I say and rub my ass, because it's a little sore.

"Bella can barely put one foot in front of the other without falling on her ass," Renee offers helpfully. Of course she doesn't stop there. "So it's a good thing she's got herself a ghetto booty, because she needs the extra padding."

"Oh my God," I whisper and look at the floor shaking my head in complete humiliation. It's a wonder I don't have more psychological issues. "We should go," I say quickly as I grab Edward's arm and walk through the kitchen, hoping that I can make it across this particular surface without falling. I have a pretty good shot at it seeing as I'm holding onto Edward's muscular forearm and he probably outweighs me by close to a hundred pounds, so he's more than likely to catch me before I fall.

"Don't you want to see the flowers Edward brought you, he's such a gentleman." Renee bats her eyelashes at him and I almost want to drop kick her. Is she seriously flirting with my date?

I look over at the kitchen counter and there's a huge bouquet of mixed flowers, similar to the ones he sent before. "Oh, those are beautiful," I say, torn because I don't want him to think I don't like them, but I don't want to spend any more time with Renee than I have to under these particular circumstances. I know she'll start showing him embarrassing things, like my Scrabble competition awards from high school or something, and I'll never get to see his monster cock again.

I pick them up and sniff them, and then do it again, because they smell wonderful. Edward is beaming, like he's all proud of himself for doing something so sweet. "Can you put them in some water for me, please?" I ask Renee as I set them back down on the counter.

"Don't you want to stay for drink? I can get you a beer, or maybe a martini, it's cocktail hour." Renee smiles brightly, apparently excited about the idea.

"No, I'm good, I think the ghetto booty comment was humiliation enough for one night. Maybe another time," I snark at her and grab Edward's arm again so I can pull him in the direction of the door away from more potential embarrassment on my part.

"Oh, well, okay then, you kids have fun," she calls after us like we're fifteen.

"Sorry about that," I mutter as I yank on my jacket and shove my feet into my shoes before grabbing my small, goes-with-everything black purse and slinging it over my shoulder. I keep glancing back toward the kitchen, just waiting for my mom to come and give him a kiss on the mouth or something as a way to send us off. She's done it to one of my dates before.

"It's fine, I think she likes me," he says quietly, smiling as he pulls on his jacket and slips his feet into his shoes.

I open the door and usher him outside, breathing a sigh of relief once we are a safe distance away from the house. Edward presses a button on his keys and his car starts and the doors unlock. I have no idea what kind of car it is, but it's black and nice. He opens the passenger side door for me and I slide into the seat, still feeling embarrassed about the whole falling-down-the-stairs episode and Renee talking about my 'ghetto booty.' It's really not that considerable in size, I can still fit into boy's underwear so that has to say something about it.

As soon as Edward gets in the car I can feel him looking at me. I peek over at him and I'm right, his eyes are trained on me and he's got an amused look on his face.

"Thanks for the flowers," I say, feeling like an idiot.

"You're welcome. Are you really okay? That looked like it hurt," he says as he reaches out and brushes my hair away from my face because I'm trying to hide behind it.

"Really, I'm fine, my ghetto booty broke my fall," I say dryly.

"I happen to like your ghetto booty, a lot, almost as much as I like your boobs," he says in that smooth sexy voice and can feel myself succumbing to the desire to dive across the seat and mouth fuck him.

But then I remember that I have a gift certificate with over nine hundred dollars remaining on it dedicated to my boobs and my booty. "Um, by the way, why the hell are you giving my boobs a thousand dollar gift certificate to Victoria's Secret?" I ask.

I cross my arms over my chest because as soon as I say the word boobs he looks at them. It's not like he can really see anything special since my jacket is covering them, but still.

"You've used it?" His eyes light up and he smiles widely as he puts the car in gear and reverses out of the driveway. He extends one arm over the back of my seat as he looks over his shoulder, but he doesn't bother removing it once we're on the street, instead he fingers my hair.

"Um, yeah, but that's not the point . . ." I begin, but he interrupts me.

"What did you get?" he asks, licking his lips as he looks over at me before focusing his attention back on the road.

"What did I . . .? What?" I ask, not sure how to answer that, because I don't want to be honest about it at all and most of the time I'm a crappy liar.

"What did you buy? Did you spend it all?" He's so excited he's practically bouncing in his seat.

I look at him like he's crazy and he composes himself.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have asked you that. It's just . . . I've never bought a woman something like that before and I'm just glad you're using it." He swallows and his throat bobs. "Sorry."

I'm happier than I should be that he's never done something like that before, but I try not to let on that this is the case. I'm also very pleased that he looks nervous and appropriately chagrined for asking me what I bought even though I want to tell him. "You just want to know if I bought something for my boobs," I say wryly.

"Maybe." Edward grins and I roll my eyes and try and stifle the smile as I turn my head toward the window so he can't see my expression.

It's silent in the car for probably a minute, which makes me nervous. I chew on the skin around my fingers because I don't like chewing on my actual nails--I pick those off instead.

"I'm sorry, did I make you uncomfortable? I didn't mean to . . ." Edward says.

I look over at him and he appears worried. I feel kind of bad for him because it seems like he's always apologizing for something.

"I'm not uncomfortable, I'm just nervous. I'm really sort of a nervous person, like all the time, so it's not you at all," I sputter out like an idiot.

"What are you nervous about?" he asks, trying to look at me and the road at the same time.

"Right now? I'm nervous that you're going to crash this really nice car before we get to the restaurant and I'm not going to have a chance to eat dinner or make out with you again," I say. I wish I could access my verbal filter when I need it the most.

Edward turns right and then stops the car. I'm staring at him and my heart rate picks up. "What are you doing?" I ask.

"We're at the restaurant," he says as he puts the car into park and unbuckles his seat belt. "And I'm going to make out with you."

He leans across the center console, the arm that's across the back of my seat sliding with the movement of his body and his fingers brush along the back of my neck. His lips ghost along my cheek and I turn my head toward his so that his mouth meets mine. I sigh at the sensation and I contemplate the option of moving to the backseat and getting naked.

"God, you taste good," Edward murmurs into my mouth. Of course I have to moan.

He fumbles around and I hear the click of my seat belt and then he sits back. I lean toward him and he cups my cheek in his hand. "As much as I'd like to stay in this car for the rest of the evening and make out with you, I'd really like to take you out to dinner. I've been going about this a little backwards up until now," he says softly.

I'm not sure what he means. Is he trying to woo me or something? I'd like to be wooed by Edward like we're back in Shakespearean times. Well maybe not; the outfits those guys wore weren't very sexy and people rarely bathed back then. I almost ask him if he'd rather make out here for a while instead and we could just go back to his place and order pizza, but that will definitely make me look too eager --and like a colossal hockey hooker, as well-- so I nod and open the door instead.

Edward puts his hand on my back and guides me toward the entrance of the restaurant. He opens the door for me and I can feel him watching me as I take in the ambiance of the restaurant. It certainly isn't a dive. I unbutton my jacket and Edward steps up behind me.

"You look gorgeous, by the way," he murmurs in my ear as he helps me remove the jacket and his fingers skim the length of my arms. Even that simple touch makes me want to find the nearest

bathroom and get a little freaky. I'm pretty sure the bathrooms in here are nice because this looks like a swanky restaurant, so the idea isn't completely out, yet.

Edward takes off his jacket and he looks super-fucking-hot. I can't believe I didn't notice how good he looked when we were at my house. Of course, I was sufficiently embarrassed at the time. He's got on a dark button down shirt and a silver tie with black dress pants on. I stare at him for a moment before I look away and mumble that he looks really good, too. I am so wet right now it's almost gross. I might need to wear Lightdays panty-liners or something around him.

We're taken to the back of the restaurant to a private table that's secluded, and Edward asks if I drink wine. I nod and he shows me the list, but I don't really know much about wine except that there are some bottles out there that cost eight bucks which don't taste half bad.

"Red or white?" he asks.

"Red, preferably," I say.

He orders a bottle of wine, and I know I'm going to get wasted really fast if I'm not careful because wine hits me like a ton of bricks.

I look over the menu and decide I'm going to eat steak because it's probably really awesome here. My menu doesn't have prices on it, and I'm a little confused as to why that is.

"There are no prices on my menu," I whisper conspiratorially.

"That's okay," Edward whispers back, one side of his mouth curling up in a smile that makes the fountain of beave turn on. I hope I don't soak through my damn pants.

I'm about to ask him another question when the waiter comes back and asks if we're ready to order. Edward looks at me and I shrug and order the filet Mignon wrapped in bacon, because if I'm getting steak it better be hugged by a pork product. I order it medium since I know it'll come med-rare in a place like this no matter what. Edward looks a little stunned at my choice and I wonder if he knows something about the prices that I don't. Maybe it costs enough to feed a small country. Or maybe he's surprised I'm eating something other than salad because I'm a girl? I don't know.

The waiter asks me if I want Caesar or garden salad. Most of the time I would say Caesar, but I don't want to have garlic breath, so I decide it's better for me to go with the garden. Edward orders seafood something-or-other. The waiter addresses him as Mr. Cullen which I think is kind of hot. I almost expected him to take me to a sports bar to watch a hockey game or something, rather than a swanky restaurant.

As soon as the waiter's gone Edward reaches across the table and runs his fingers over the back of my hand.

"I'm glad you said yes to coming out with me tonight," he says in that voice that makes me want to get naked on the table.

"Me too," I say and I bite my lip because I'm feeling a lot horny and a little shy.

"God you're sexy," he murmurs, his eyes are dark as he slips my fingers into his hand and raises it up so he can kiss the back of them. It's funny how he can be so smooth sometimes and other times he fumbles around like I do.

"I wish I didn't have to go tomorrow," he sighs.

"Oh yeah, you've got another series of games?" I ask, even though I already know the answer because Emmett is going too and Phil won't shut up about it.

"Mm hmm, we have six this time, but they're spread out a bit more, so we'll be gone for two weeks. Didn't Emmett tell you that?" he asks.

"Um, Emmett doesn't really stay with us much, unless he's out of food or whatever. He used to stay a lot more in the off season, but I think he might be seeing the merits of getting his own place. Plus I'm pretty sure he just stays at the hockey hookers' slut lairs most of the time," I offer.

"Hockey hookers?" Edward cocks his head to the side and smiles at me questioningly, but his eyes look troubled.

"Uh, yeah, girls who sleep with hockey players," I mutter, because I'm one now, too, apparently. I look down at the table and I'm relieved when the waiter brings me my salad and Edward his soup.

I dig in, mostly because I want to avoid restarting the conversation that's been abandoned.

"So, you said you're from Canada, what part?" I ask as I spear a leaf of lettuce.

"I'm from Guelph," Edward says as he holds his spoon almost delicately, it looks weird and I almost laugh but realize that's not at all appropriate. Also, the name of the city he's from registers.

"You're from where?" I ask.

"Guelph, it's in Ontario, about an hour away from Toronto," he says, as though this kind of geographical information is going to change the fact that he's from a place that sounds like a mythical cartoon city.

"Like G-U-E-L-F?" I spell out, trying really hard not to laugh at the name of his home town.

"No, well, yeah, that's how it sounds but it's spelled with a p-h, not an 'f'," he says.

"Oh, well that's an interesting name for a city," I say, nodding like I have an idea where it is in relation to Toronto, which I've never been to.

"Have you ever been to Canada?" Edward asks me, watching as my fork hovers near my mouth and I shake my head before I stuff my face with lettuce.

"Hmm, you should come when we play Toronto next. I'll take you to Guelph; it's really nice, you might like it," he suggests and my stomach flip flops at the notion that he's inviting me to fly to see one of his games in the future. Although there's no way I can afford to do something like that. The idea alone is nice though.

He turns the conversation toward me and asks me about my classes and my major, as well as what I want to do when I'm finished with my undergrad.

I eat my entire steak because I'm starving and I'm hoping I'm going to need an energy reserve for later, even though I'm simultaneously trying to convince myself that I'm not going to let him fuck me in the back of his car in the restaurant parking lot.

He orders something chocolaty for dessert to share and I can only handle a couple of bites because I'm so full.

"What time do you fly out tomorrow?" I ask, wondering if he has to take me home right after dinner, because I haven't thought that far ahead until now.

"Not until one, so I can sleep in." He smiles deviously at me and I blush because I'm pretty sure he understands the motivation for my question.

He pays the bill that I don't get to see, and I don't bother putting up much of a fight because it's kind of nice to have a man offer to pay for my meal, even though I'm usually all about paying my way. Unfortunately I feel like I would probably have to wash dishes or offer my first born to be able to afford this particular dinner. I have never had a piece of meat that tender in my entire life.

Edward helps me into my jacket and lifts my hair, brushing his lips across my neck before letting it fall in a wave down my back. I shiver.

As soon as I am secure in the car, my palms start sweating and I have the urge to bolt or throw myself at him. Either one seems like a good option.

"I was wondering," Edward says as he slips into the driver's seat and puts his hand on the back of my head rest, "if you'd like to come back to my place for a while, we could have a drink . . ."

Now he seems nervous, as though he's not sure if he should be asking me this or not.

"I really enjoy spending time with you, Bella, and since I'm not going to see you for two weeks I don't think I'm ready for this evening to be over." His voice gets lower as he leans closer to me and I stop breathing because I'm definitely expecting him to kiss me.

I'm not disappointed.

Edward slips his hand behind my neck, and since neither one of us is buckled in, we can lean over and really start making out. We're definitely fucking each other's mouths right now, and if I have anything to say about it, we're going to be doing a hell of a lot more than that when we get to his house.

OoO

Chapter 12 - I Definitely Want to do This Again



OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

She tastes so good, like wine and chocolate, and her mouth is soft, and her tongue . . . I want her tongue circling the ridge at the head of my cock. I need to check myself; just because Bella has agreed to come to my house and we are making out like fifteen-year-olds in the front seat of my awesome car does not mean that she's going to have sex with me again. I really hope she wants to have sex with me again. God, do I ever want to have sex with her. It's all I can really think about as she shoves her hands in my hair and moans into my mouth.

She sucks on my bottom lip and then releases it, panting a little as she lets go of my hair and sits back in her seat, her eyes wide and her chest heaving. I need to get her home.

"You are unbelievably sexy," I tell her and she blushes, biting down on her lip as she looks away.

I have no idea how to read her; she goes from feisty to shy in the blink of an eye. I really hope I don't fuck this up tonight. One of the things I want to do, other than have sex with her, is try to convince her to come see me and the team play against the Leafs in less than two weeks. Although, I'm not really sure that she wants Emmett to know about this and that will make it pretty damn hard to hide. I'm not opposed to this in the slightest though. I'll gladly take his wrath if Bella will spend some time with me in my home country.

"Thanks," she murmurs and fastens her seat belt. She fidgets a little and I realize I'm just staring at her profile, thinking about getting her naked. I am such a dick.

I back out of the parking spot and drive across the city to my house. I live on the outskirts of Chicago because I don't want to be hounded constantly by people. It's a quiet neighbourhood and my neighbours generally leave me alone and treat me like a regular guy. Bella is unusually quiet on the way there and she fiddles with the radio. I'm really fucking nervous about bringing her back to my place because I actually like this girl.

I pull into my driveway and up to the house, punching in the code on the remote garage door opener above my head in the visor so I can park the car.

"Wow, you have a nice place," Bella says quietly as she looks out the window at my house.

I pull into the garage feeling a swell of pride because Bella approves so far. I desperately want to impress the hell out of her. I don't really think she's a materialistic person though. This is confirmed when she sees the classic Charger painted like it's from the Dukes of Hazzard, minus the confederate flag, of course--already parked in the four car garage, and the speedboat, the Seadoos and four wheelers, and doesn't say much about them.

"You have a lot of things with engines," she observes and I laugh.

"I have a cottage on a lake. I like to go there a lot in the off season for down time," I tell her as I park the car.

"Oh, wow, that's really nice. Phil has a cottage, or what he refers to as a cottage, which is really just a giant house that he pretends is a run down old shack," Bella says as she gets out of the car. The cottage I own is about the same size as my house, so I think Phil and I are more alike than I would like Bella to know.

"Is your garage heated?" she asks, furrowing her brow.

"Um, yeah." I nod.

I like tinkering with cars in my very limited spare time, so having a heated garage is essential. I restored the Torino on my own, but I don't want to tell Bella this because I feel like that would be bragging and I don't think she's into egoism.

"Your heating bills must be astronomical. I go to school with this girl who rented a piece of crap house and she cranked up the heat because it was always cold in there and ended up having to pay a thousand dollars a month in heating bills," she rambled. "Actually, that's a lie, I have no idea how much she paid, but it was a lot. I don't know why the hell I'm telling you this."

I had no desire to tell her what it costs to heat my house, because while it isn't a thousand dollars a month, it certainly isn't cheap. I'm also very entertained by her ridiculous ramblings.

"I can't wait to have my own place," Bella mutters as I put my hand on her back and lead her toward the entrance to the house.

"Why don't you get your own apartment or something?" I ask, thinking about how convenient that could be in the future.

"It's too expensive. I don't have the money for that and my scholarship barely covers my tuition," Bella replies as we step through the side entrance and walk down the hall to main foyer. "Holy hell, this is awesome."

I'm definitely not surprised to hear that Bella has a scholarship since she seems highly dedicated to her education. The fact that she reads novels at hockey games is a fairly decent indicator that she's studious, which is unbelievably hot as far as I'm concerned. I'm not used to having real conversations with women and the prospect makes me hard.

"Why doesn't Phil set you up with your own place?" I ask. I'm certain that Phil makes decent money coaching minor hockey. Enough that he could afford to do that for Bella; even if she isn't related to him by blood, she's still technically his daughter.

Bella does that eyebrow thing that makes me feel like I'm being scolded and also like I might want to get her naked and fuck the look right off her face. "I don't need Phil's money," she says harshly, passionately.

"Oh, right." I nod, realizing that Bella is the kind of girl who likes to make her own way, which adds to the sexy that embodies her. It explains why she tried to pay for half of dinner and I had to wrestle the billfold out of her hands. There is no way I will ever tell her that it was four hundred dollars. I think she might bag me for that, or at least try.

I help her out of her coat and I'm pleased that I can see her body again because the shirt she's wearing is awesome in that it makes her tits look fantastic. I try hard not to stare because I don't want her to think that the only reason I've invited her back here is so I can have sex with her again. Even though I want to and it is *part* of the motivation. I really think I like this girl--woman--but at the same time, I do have a dick and she's got some pretty stunning cleavage going on at the moment. The way she leaned forward during dinner made them push together in the most eye-fuckingly glorious way and I can't get the image out of my head.

I decide my best bet is to take her on a tour of the house and offer her a drink so I don't do anything stupid right away. I don't want her to think that all I'm after is getting laid, because my history and my past actions with her might lead her thoughts in that direction. Having sex with her the first night I met her does not paint a pretty picture of me. If Emmett wasn't her brother and didn't know her as well as he does, I wouldn't have the slightest clue that what she's done with me is not typical behaviour for her at all.

I show her around the main floor. I leave the upstairs for later, because I'm hoping I'm going to get to show her what my bedroom looks like. I also have a library-slash-office across the hall which I'm thinking will be my ruse for getting her up there in the first place. It's the first time I've ever wanted to show a woman my collection of books, most of the time I'm trying to pretend I don't actually read anything but Hockey News. Considering Bella's past reactions to talking about literature, I have a feeling if I bring her up there, I'm guaranteed to get her into my bed.

I almost feel bad about the fact that I'm plotting a way to have sex with her, but it's been a while since Bella and I had sex and the dreams I've been having are pretty damn graphic. I'm at the point where I would really like to act one or several out with her. Still, I feel like an asshole for thinking this way, although it's not like I only want to have sex with her just one more time. I'd like to do it several more times, on a regular basis at this point, and this is only our first official date. I can't even being to imagine how much more intense these urges are going to get the longer I hang out with her.

I'm very relieved that I spanked the monkey right before I picked her up, because just the thought of getting her up to my bedroom is making me hard.

Once I finish the tour of the main floor, I take her downstairs where the bar and the entertainment room is because it's safe and as far away from my bedroom as we can possibly get.

"Oh my God, you really are a dude." Bella snort-laughes, which is really cute, particularly when she covers her mouth with her hand in embarrassment.

I shrug because it's true, and I feel self-conscious that she's going to think I'm a huge loser or a walking stereotype because of the stuff I have down here. I'm worried that I should have taken her to the library first and that this is going to ruin my chances at getting her up there at all, or worse, demo my chances at a second or third date.

"I just like to play games," I reply, feeling a little defensive about it.

"I'm not making fun," Bella says softly, and then walks over to my wall of trophies.

I feel like an egotistical ass for having them all out on display, but then again I'm proud of my accomplishments. I keep all my figure skating trophies in a box and only put them out when my mother comes to visit. Once I almost forgot to put them away before a party I was throwing and I came very close to being a social outcast by my teammates all over again. My diplomas are hanging safely in the library which no one ever sees.

"You don't need to look at those," I say as I stand behind her.

I want to take one more step forward and press my body against her back, feel the curve of her ass against my dick. Bella turns around, surprised that I'm so close and she does that little gasp thing where her hand flutters around her throat. Her skin is turning red and blotchy on her neck, I can tell that I'm making her nervous which is good because I'm extremely nervous, too. I don't like this feeling; it's weird. I'm used to having a couple of beers and having some girl fall all over me. Bella isn't like that at all; she's skittish and wary and none of the things that impress most women impress her.

"Yeah, I'm sure you have them all out here so people ignore them," she snarks. "Besides, if I had all these trophies, I'd totally have them on display and I'd point them out all the time. I'd probably put up a flashing neon sign that says 'I am awesome' over top of it. So really, you're understating your awesomeness in my objective opinion."

She's smiling as she says this, and then she looks over my shoulder and her eyes widen and light up. "You have an air hockey table!" she exclaims and claps her hands together.

"Um, yeah." I nod and look at the table on the other side of the room near the bar. I'm mildly confused as to why this excites her so much considering she doesn't really know much about hockey from what I can tell.

"Wanna play?" she asks and grabs my hand, dragging me in the direction of the table.

"I thought you didn't really care all that much about hockey," I say.

"I don't, well I didn't, I'm starting to like it more now. We have one of these at Phil's, Emmett used to make me play with him all the time. I'm gonna warn you, I'm pretty good." Bella juts her chin and chest out which makes me want to grope her and laugh at her at the same time.

I just smirk. "You're on, but I think we need to wager something."

I know this isn't a fair thing to do; there's no way Bella is going to win because I'm a professional hockey player and she is not. But I want to win something, other than the glory of beating a girl who doesn't even really know the rules of hockey and calls the penalty box the 'time-out bench thingie.'

"What kind of wager?" Bella asks skeptically, chewing on her lip as she stands in front of the table and runs her hand along the edge.

"If I win, I get to take you out again as soon as I get back," I say. I don't tell her that I'm thinking I want to take her away for an entire weekend, or even longer if the opportunity arises, because that's a little over the top. I don't want to scare her off with my vaguely concerning obsession with her, but I definitely want that to be an option.

"Um, okay," Bella says and she blushes softly while she rubs her throat with the tips of her fingers. "And if I win, I get to take that Dukes of Hazzard car for a ride."

I stare at her for a second, wondering if she can actually be serious about this. I don't think she has any idea how awesome that car is and how much time and effort went into the painstaking restoration. I immediately push away any fears I may have, because I'm going to wipe the floor with Bella's ass anyway. Well, I'd like to do something to Bella's ass, and maybe while she's on the floor, but in the context of the game I am definitely going to win.

"You're on," I say as I round the table and reach over it to shake her hand.

She gives me this devious smile and then yanks on my hand, pulling me forward unexpectedly. She leans in and I get a delicious view of her tits, pushed together and supported by a purple bra that matches her shirt. My dick is so hard I feel like it might burst through the fabric of my pants.

"Be prepared to have your balls handed to you, Cullen," she whispers against my ear and drags her lips across my cheek before releasing my hand and pushing back away from the table.

She's got this smug look on her face that I don't understand, unless, of course, she really wants to lose and go out with me again. That gives my ego a boost and I flex my arms, pulling my button up over my head so I'm only wearing a white t-shirt and dress pants. Bella's eyes widen perceptibly and her mouth drops open the tiniest bit; her eyes glaze and focus in on my chest and I'm feeling damn good about myself. That is until she shimmies her hips and leans farther forward, taking a ready stance as her breasts press together and her shirt gapes slightly, exposing more of the soft, pale mounds of heaven. I really want to fuck her tits, which I know is disgustingly inappropriate even if it's true.

I sneer at her, my competitive nature coming out. "Oh, I don't think so sweetheart," I practically growl at her. Bella's eyes grow wide and then narrow, and I understand in that moment that she's just as competitive as I am. This is going to be really fun.

I decide that I'm going to play nice in the beginning and let her think she's going to win, but I soon realize that Bella is actually quite adept at this game. She scores two goals within the first two minutes, punctuating each one with a 'take that motherfucker.'

"Best out of three." I nod at her as I sneak the puck by her goalie and smile condescendingly.

"If you feel like you need to be beaten twice." She smirks back, her eyes alight with mischief.

"You're going down, baby," I threaten.

"Now that," she says, as the puck ricochets against the side of the table and heads toward my goalie, "is definitely something I'd like to do again."

It takes me a couple seconds to get what she's saying and I look up at her, my mouth dropping open as her tongue peeks out between her lips. All I can see is the image of Bella's lips wrapped around my cock and her warm, wet tongue stroking over the head.

"Take that motherfucker!" she yells.

I blink, because I'm confused, until I realize she's scored again. Damn it. I have to work my ass off to recover, but she's thrown my game with the images of a blow job and I can't stop thinking about it, so she wins the first game. She prances around with her arms in the air, jabbing her finger at me.

"I am awesomeness." She smirks and I have to admit that I think it's quite sexy, if not a little irritating that she's beaten me, however unfairly.

"I let you win," I lie, because my ego is a little bruised.

"You wish, come on Cullen, obviously you don't want another date that badly if you're going to let me beat you like that," she taunts.

Bella pulls her hair up in a messy ponytail and I stare at her neck, because it is long and her skin is creamy and pale and leads to her throat which leads to her collarbones which lead to her chest. Not to mention the view of her tits is totally unobscured now that her hair is out of the way.

I'm wholeheartedly trying to beat her now, but the harder I try, the harder she tries and I come to the realization that I might just lose and she'll get to drive my car. At least she'll have to go out with me again to do that, although the thought of anyone else driving my car makes me feel a little ill.

I'm still stunned when she manages to beat me, even though I shouldn't be at this point. She's breathing heavily and there's a light sheen of sweat on her forehead. I'm even a little worked up, my heart-rate is considerably faster than normal and I'm hot as hell--I mean temperature wise.

"On your knees motherfucker!" she yells out when she scores the winning goal, a huge smile of pride spreading across her face as she grabs the puck and kisses it.

I raise an eyebrow at her. "I want a rematch," I murmur as I take a step around the side of the table toward her.

"You're a-a sore loser," Bella accuses and takes a step back so that she's rotating clock-wise away from me around the table. There's a mild look of panic on her face and I watch as her throat bobs with a nervous swallow. It's wrong of me to like the fact that she appears slightly fearful, but I can't help it.

"I won fair and square," she says, but her voice is soft and timid, and more than just a little unsettled with a hint of defiance.

I think it's so fucking hot that she's beaten me, but I'm enjoying this too much, this strange stand off, her uncertainty.

"I still want to take you out when I get back," I say softly as I take another step toward her and she takes one back so that we are directly opposite each other on the table. I want to reach over and hold her there. I want to pull her up onto the table and get her naked.

"But you didn't win," she says, blinking quickly as she she shifts to the right and then to the left, unsure as to which direction she should go. She is playing the game right along with me and I *really* want to know what she's going to do when I catch her. Because I will.

I fake right and go left, the same direction she starts to move, but I am much faster and far more agile than she is. She may have beaten me at air hockey, but there is no way she can outrun me. She shrieks when I grab her wrist and pull her body against mine.

"I know," I murmur as I let the fingers of my free hand drift over her cheek and she lets out this soft, sweet whimper, "but you cheated."

"How did I cheat?" she asks, trying to sound incredulous, but the breathlessness of her voice makes me want to pull the tie on her shirt and touch bare skin. I shouldn't, I want to, but God I really shouldn't. Or maybe my conscience should shut the hell up and let me do what I damn well want.

"This shirt is very distracting," I say as I skim her collarbone and follow the line of the shirt with my finger tip until I am at the swell of her breast, "and I want to see what's under it, since all I've been catching is little glimpses for the past half hour."

I lean in, letting my nose brush against her cheek, my mouth almost on hers but not quite. "Is this okay?"

"I guess," she whispers so quietly it's almost soundless and I kiss her even though she doesn't sound as sure as I would like her to.

As soon as my lips touch hers, I press my entire body against her and she moans, her hands running over my arms and along my shoulders until her fingers are in my hair. Her lips part and she presses

her hips into mine. I react, I'm so fucking horny and all I want is to touch her. It's going to be at least two weeks before I get to do it again, even if I have my way--which I'm used to getting. I slide my hands down her sides and over her hips, cupping her ass.

"Oh God," she moans into my mouth which spurs me on, apparently the whole beating me at air hockey and being stalked around the table has made Bella just as hot as it's made me. I lift her up off the floor and set her ass down on the edge of the air hockey table.

"Oh fuck," she mutters, fisting my shirt in her hand as she hitches one leg over my hip. I grind myself into her; I have no self-control, it's all I really want to do. I can't stop thinking about how tight she is and how good it will feel if she lets me get inside her again. Not that I expect it; I'd really, really like it, but I certainly don't want to place any expectations on her at all.

I hold her soft body against mine, splaying one hand out on the center of her back before I break the kiss and travel a slow path down her neck and across her collarbone to her chest. When I reach the fabric of her shirt I pause and shift my gaze to meet hers. I don't want to assume that just because I've been here with her before that she's going to want to do it again, especially considering the shit she's heard about me since then.

"Are you okay with this?" I ask; I don't want her to think she doesn't have a choice.

"My boobs are," she half groans, then shifts her hips up toward mine and I bite down without thinking because she's pushing right up against my dick, and God do I ever want to get naked and fuck her. She gasps and I'm ready for her to hit me or kick me or grab my balls for biting her, but she arches her chest toward me instead. I think I'm in love with her, well at least with her tits.

I pull the fabric down and I get the first full view of the bra I'm sure is brand new, thanks to me. Bella has fantastic taste in lingerie. For a second I wonder if she's wearing men's or boy's underwear like she said she was on the phone that one time. I can picture matching panties, but at the same time, it would be really sexy to see her in those briefs she was talking about. I want to offer to come with her the next time she goes to spend some more of that gift certificate, if she hasn't spent it all already. I decide against bringing this up right now, seeing as I'm about to nuzzle her breasts.

"I love your tits," I admit, as I squeeze one and then push the satin and lace cup down until her rosy little nipple peeks out at me. I circle it with my finger and watch the skin pucker and tighten before I take it between my lips and then suck.

"Oh my Christ, that feels so good," Bella moans. "I think the feeling is mutual by the way."

Her hands are in my hair and she's holding my mouth to her body while she breathes in fast pants. One of her hands smacks down on the table and she throws her head back, her dark hair sweeping across the white surface. I can't help the smile that spreads across my face because she looks so unbelievably sexy like this. It's such a stark contrast from the intellectual and quirky woman I had dinner with, and I'm intrigued by the different sides of her that I've seen so far.

I want to make her feel good, because I desperately want her to go out with me again after tonight. There's something about her--beyond the fact that she's got a really tight body that she seems

completely unaware of, and she's incredibly smart, and she doesn't give a shit about who I am--that makes me want to spend more time with her, both in and out of my bed. I realize that making her feel good isn't going to be the end all to be all for her, but I hope it will help.

I feel guilty for focusing all my attention on one nipple when the other one is clearly lonely. I slowly slide my hand along her back toward her side because I want her to lose the shirt she has on. She releases my hair and I let out a muffled groan. I don't like that she's not touching me anymore and I think I might also be in love with her hands, and maybe her mouth.

Kissing her is almost like having sex her--okay, so not quite--but when she calls it mouth fucking, it's because that's pretty much what it is. Making out with Bella reminds me of the way it felt in high school, when everything was new and really fucking awesome.

I lean back enough so that I can watch what I'm doing for a second. I cup the swell of her half bared breast in my hand, the nipple slick and glistening and I can feel the coil in my stomach. Never in my life have I ever had such a primal urge to rip a woman's clothes off and just plow my way into her, which I'm definitely not going to do because I want up in this woman again, many more times if at all possible, and that won't be happening if I try to get inside that tight, tight, *holygodinheaven* tightness without proper priming. Besides, if I use my fingers, I'll still be able to smell her on them in the morning. Maybe that's a little twisted, but I definitely don't care since I'm about to undo the tie on her shirt and unwrap her perfect tits. I think I need to have a mould made of them or something.

"Can I?" I look up as I ask her permission to continue. I don't know why I do this, maybe I want some type of affirmation that she wants me to touch her this way. Maybe I just like the way it sounds when she moans out a yes. Either way, she seems to approve because she does this breathy gaspy-moan thing right before she answers every time.

"Please," she says and I think I might just cum in my damn pants like a teenager because it almost sounds like she's begging. I brush her bare nipple with my thumb and she moans softly as I pull the tie and her shirt loosens and gapes open, revealing half of her other breast. I start pulling the fabric away because I want to bury my face there and stay that way for hours. Clearly I'm full of shit, since there are other things that I want to do more, but at some point in time I plan to have a nap while using Bella's chest as a pillow.

As soon as I have her shirt open I cup both her tits in my hands and push them up so they're squished together. "Seriously, I can't get enough of these," I say to her and lean forward so I can kiss my way across the swell of her neglected breast while I pinch the nipple of the other one. I don't know how long I spend doing that, moving back and forth between Bella's tits like that, but her arms start shaking and she's panting away, grinding up on me, which is absolutely fantastic because the friction is amazing and adding to the eroticism of having Bella half naked on my air hockey table with my face in her tits.

"Oh my God, I think . . . holy . . . I-I-I . . ." Bella starts to stammer and she drops to her elbows as she exhales a whimpering breath. "I'm . . . there's no way . . ." I scrape gently along her nipple with my teeth as I release it from my mouth because I want to ask if it feels good, or if she wants me to stop. I hope it's the former and not the latter. She gasps as I pinch the other nipple and open my mouth to

speaking when the sexiest moan in the entire world fills the room and Bella's back arches up off the table before she flattens against it completely.

"Are you okay?" I ask, concerned because she's laying there like a sexy, limp fish. Her whole body has gone lax and her legs have dropped from my waist.

"Oh yeah, I'm better than fine," she mumbles. "I think I just came."

I watch the patches of red start to appear on her chest and up along her neck, and I try not to look as smug as I feel because I haven't even gotten started yet and she thinks she's already cum--from nipple sucking at that. I don't think I've ever met a woman who can cum from having her nipples worked over.

"From this?" I ask, pressing my tongue flat against her nipple and licking upward.

Bella gasps and her hips buck against mine. I can actually feel her pussy twitching through my pants. "Well that and that fact that your monster cock was rubbing up on my clit," she says.

"Oh, right." I nod and kiss my way back up to her mouth mildly disappointed that it wasn't just the result of my mouth on her. I have to be careful not to be too aggressive with her, because right now I feel like do when I'm on the ice, keyed up and ready for some kind of speed and release. Bella's small frame underneath me reminds me how much stronger and bigger I am than she is, and that I am definitely not on the ice.

"I want more of you," I say as I nip at the skin of her neck.

Bella lets out a tiny whimper and I press my hard-on firmly against her and shift my hips into her just to hear the sound grow louder. "Edward," she murmurs as her hands slide down my back and grip my ass, pulling me closer while she shifts her hips up to meet mine.

I hold her waist, rubbing circles along her ribs until I'm at the waistband of her pants. I slide them inward, trying to get my hands between our bodies while maintaining the friction. Her breath falters and she stiffens slightly.

"Is this okay?" I ask, because I've forgotten that I can't just take what I want. I brush my thumbs back and forth along the soft skin right beneath the waistband of her pants.

Bella bites her lip and squeezes her eyes closed for a second. "Y-yes," she stammers.

"Are you sure?" I ask.

She doesn't sound sure and no matter how fucking bad I want to get inside her tonight, I definitely don't want to push her to do anything she might regret later, which may lead to my never getting inside her again. She hesitates, her breathing laboured as she squeezes her thighs against my hips.

"Yes, no, yes, I'm not a slut," she blurts out and then her eyes go wide and she sits up, releasing my ass from the grip of her hands and clasping them over her mouth, as if that's going to stop the words from reaching my ears.

"I know that," I say not backing away. I'm not sure what's going on but I don't want Bella to think I've ever had that impression of her.

"Really? Because I fucked you, or you fucked me, or we fucked each other the first night we met and if I weren't me I would definitely think I was a slut," she mumbles from behind her hand.

"There's nothing wrong with being physically attracted to someone," I say quietly as my fingers curl into the waistband of her pants and I try desperately not to pop the button and show her how good physical attraction can be.

"I know, I just . . ." She drops her hands from her mouth and I lean in and brush my lips against hers.

"You just?" I prompt, working on distracting her from the less than pleasant conversation by pulling her body closer to mine and getting the friction I need in the process. Bella lets out this little moan and closes her eyes for a second before she replies.

"I just want your fingers inside me, and then your monster cock," she says in this low voice that makes her sound like a sex goddess, which I'm beginning to think she is, even if she's oblivious to it at this point. "I would tell you to go straight to the cock part, but I didn't have a chance to slap my beaver today, so I'm definitely not ready for that," she continues as she slides her hand between us and gropes my crotch. She's my own personal dick Medusa.

"Fuck," I groan because I'm dying to have her hands on me, or her mouth, but I'm thinking it would be a much better idea to focus on what I can do for her instead. I don't want Bella thinking about being a slut, since she's not one as far as I know. I'd reassure her by telling her at one point I was probably pretty damn slutty, but I don't think that would go over well right before I try to have sex with her again, or at least round a few bases, so I keep my mouth shut, figuratively speaking, and kiss her as I flick open the button on her pants.

As soon as I get the button open I slip my hand inside and find smooth, smooth and more smooth until I find really fucking wet.

"Jesus, you really did cum," I mutter.

"I told you I did, I wasn't lying," she breathes. "Oh God, that's so . . ."

"I've never felt anyone this wet before," I say stupidly.

"That's not really a turn on," Bella sort of snaps at me.

I clearly am not thinking about the words that are leaving my mouth, because who the hell wants to be reminded about the fact that the person they're making out with has touched other pussies? It would be the same as Bella telling me she'd never seen a dick as big as mine--which she sort of did--but at least she did it in a way that didn't indicate that she was comparing me to others, like I am currently doing to her. Fuck, I'm an idiot.

"I'm sorry, that was a stupid thing to say," I apologize and kiss her while I rub tight circles around her slick clit before I slide my fingers down and find hotter, wetter, tighter and push two fingers in.

"Oh my God that feels . . . it's okay," she exhales and moans. "Just don't stop doing that."

It's at about this point that I realize she's not wearing men's briefs like I was half hoping, but what feels like the same satin and lace as is the fabric of her bra. This means she matches, and I'm trying to come up with the image in my head, but I'm not very creative that way so I'm probably not doing it justice. I groan and dip my head so I can suck on one of her nipples which makes her do that ungodly and disturbingly sexy moan thing I've kept replaying in my head, over and over since the last time I had some part of my body in hers. I would like to get her naked, but at the same time, I think it's better if we take it a little slower and I can make her cum again before I try to do that.

She doesn't seem to know what to do with her feet and her legs, but I don't want to stop what I'm doing or move because fingering her until she cums on my air hockey table is like a wet dream for me. Every time I play air hockey from now on will be accompanied by a very hot image of Bella in a purple bra with my hand down her pants.

I watch her pale skin flush as she arches and pushes down into my hand, the soft moans getting louder as her breathing increases. She's trying to watch what I'm doing to her and I'm trying not push things too far too fast by taking her pants off right now even though I want to.

She must be thinking the same thing, though, because she lifts her ass off the table and pushes her pants over her hips, looking a little shy and a lot uncertain as she does this. I lean in and kiss her, because I'm hoping that she isn't second guessing herself right now for purely selfish reasons. I use the fingers of the hand that isn't buried inside her to push her pants down, and then there is soft, warm, bare leg under my palm and one of the sexiest pairs of panties I have ever laid eyes on in front of me.

They're all lace and satin and pretty and sexy, and Jesus I am so worked up. I can't wait to get them off her. I twist my fingers inside her because I know I'm going to get one of those amazing moans if I do and I'm right. My dick is so hard I feel like I might just explode if I manage to get real friction anytime soon. As soon as I do the finger curl thing and Bella lets out that moan, her whole body starts to shake like a tiny earthquake is taking over her and she gasps. Her eyes roll up into her head and she calls out my name, her head thrown back and her chest jutting out toward me. I really wish I could take a picture of this and save it in my Bella album because it is so fucking hot.

I can feel her tighten around my fingers, pulsing and wet and hot. I decide I want to see my fingers inside her and I change the angle of my hand, pushing the front of her panties down.

"What the fuck is that?" I ask, and I know I sound really pissed off, because I think I might be.

"What?" Bella's head lolls forward and she looks completely confused and blissed out.

For about half a second I feel good about myself. I've still got my fingers in her, except I'm not moving them anymore. I don't think I can move them, or any other part of my body. Except for maybe my mouth. There's a huge purple mark right above her pussy lips and I'm wondering if this is the reason she's told me she's not a slut. I want to know if someone else has been touching my beaver. I think I might need to kick the shit out of someone if that's the case.

I give speaking a shot. "Is that a fucking hickey?" I don't even recognize my own voice.

OoO

Chapter 13: I Knew Waxing my Own Beaver Was A Bad Idea



OoO~!~Bella~!~OoO

I raise my hand to my neck, feeling around because Edward is asking me if I have a hickey. I know this is fruitless, because you can't actually feel a hickey, you can only see one. I don't get why he's so mad about a hickey, especially since he's clearly the one who would have put it wherever it is. I am so confused, my mind is all fog and orgasm-induced euphoria so it takes me a moment to realize he's not looking at my neck. His gaze is focused between my thighs where his hand is-- his long, rough, skilled, awesome fingers still inside me-- but the expression on his face is far from the blissful serenity I've been feeling up until I look at him.

I frown, because he looks so unbelievably angry that it is both hot and scary at the same time. Embarrassingly enough, I get wetter just from processing his expression and I can't help the little noise that comes out of my mouth. I am such a hooker.

The sound I make pulls Edward's gaze from my beave and up over my chest to my my face. *Holy shit*, he looks absolutely livid and I have no idea why. I try to shrink back and close my legs at the same time, even though his fury only seems to feed the hooker in me and I'm leaking all over his fingers and myself and his air hockey table. I am going to need to find a Hockey Hooker's Anonymous support group, I think. I really have no control over myself at the moment, which is slightly disconcerting.

I look down to where Edward's gaze has just come from and I understand his anger immediately. In my lust-induced haze of stupidity, I have completely forgotten about the fact that when I ripped out all my poon hair earlier in the evening, the mark left behind looked like a bruise, but I can definitely see how Edward could mistake it for a hickey. It really does look like one.

"Oh my God, that's not what it looks like," I say.

As soon as the words are out of my mouth, I realize that by saying it that way, it sounds like it is *exactly* the way it looks. I'm not sure whether I should be concerned that the only part of Edward's body which has moved since he's asked me if I have a hickey just above my cooter lips is his head and his mouth. His fingers twitch slightly inside me and I think this could be a really good sign or a really bad one. Either way it feels good and I whimper before I continue my explanation.

"I hadn't waxed since the last time we were, you know, together . . ." I begin, shifting slightly because I'm starting to get uncomfortable with Edward's fingers inside me and him just glaring at me. I don't dare ask him to remove them though, mostly because of my newly acquired hooker status. As uncomfortable as I may be, it's nice to have something that isn't made out of plastic or my own fingers inside my poon.

Edward's brow furrows, clearly he is not familiar with the art and pain of poon waxing. So I continue, "Anyway, you sort of sprung the date on me, so I didn't have time to make an appointment to get my beaver waxed and you seemed to like it the last time, and I like it way better like this." I wave my hand down between my thighs and blush a little.

Edward follows the movement with his eyes and they stay fixed there for a second while his thumb, which has been resting on the skin just below the purplish-red spot, moves up a fraction of an inch toward it. Sadly this means his thumb also moves a fraction of an inch away from my clit. I take a better look at my poon, which is actually starting to look a little irritated. It isn't until now that I remember how sensitive the skin is for about two days afterward and that I'm probably aggravating it by letting Edward touch me and grinding on him like I have been.

His fingers slide, twitching upward inside me and I can't help but shift my hips, because he's just about to hit that spot that makes my legs quiver. He raises his eyes again and cocks an eyebrow at me, making me feel bad for being so focused on my own pleasure and not fully explaining the situation. He does look a little less angry though.

"So I thought I could do it myself, you know, wax my beaver? I mean I do my own legs, and I thought it really couldn't be that hard to do, but apparently it is because that's what I did to myself," I finish with a poke at my bruise. I cringe; it actually kind of hurts.

"That's from waxing your pussy?" he asks skeptically.

I nod. "No one but you and your fingers, or your mouth, or your behemoth dick or my fingers, and my collection of vibrators has been near my pussy in the last six months. Oh and the gyno from the walk in clinic . . ."

Jesus, why the hell can't I just shut up when I need to? I must sound like such a loser. Even though Edward has told me he's not a whore, he must get more action than I do. Of course he chooses to focus on the part of that sentence which is only mildly less horrifying.

"The gyno?" he asks.

"Uh yeah, but she was female, so no worries there," I assure him, glad he's not asking why I've gone to the gyno. I really don't want to have to tell him the truth, which is that I was paranoid I had contracted a contagious hockey whore disease and needed to make sure my vagina wasn't going to shrivel up and fall off. Now that I know he's not really a total whore and doesn't have sex with everything with a pulse and a beaver, I feel a little guilty for the whole preemptive gyno thing, but how was I to know? That and the fact that I think she may have actually tried to feel me up a bit . . .

Thankfully, Edward decides to focus his attention on the other tidbit of information I let slip in the midst of my verbal vomit.

"You have a collection of vibrators?" he asks.

His fingers curl in and up and I do that damn moaning thing, followed by this odd sobbing sort of sound because I can't stop the information from spewing forth even though I want to.

"Not a collection really, just a few . . . a travel one that Renee bought for me, and a couple other ones I ordered in the mail, and one that Alice bought me, but it's really weird looking, and it's kind of textured like all these balls fused together and really thin. I don't think it's very effective for getting off with but maybe I'm using it wrong," I muse aloud.

"Oh my God, I need to stop talking," I mutter because the look on Edward's face tells me this is not something he's expecting from me. He looks simultaneously disturbed and turned on.

"Jesus, Bella," Edward says and then his lips are on mine again and he's fucking the hell out of my mouth with his tongue. He rubs a soft circle on the skin just above my cooter and while it feels sort of nice, it's also starting to burn and I realize that the waxing is catching up with me and it's getting really sensitive. I should have taken this into consideration before I went and ripped out my beaver pelt.

Thankfully he drags his thumb down and presses on my clit, causing me to make another odd sound that Edward really seems to like. All of a sudden we're in motion and his fingers are no longer inside me, instead I'm wrapped around his waist and he's carrying me over to the expensive looking leather sofa on the other side of the room.

"You are so sexy, everything about you is so unbelievably sexy," Edward says and I wonder if he's heard me rambling my ass off about waxing my poon and my dildo collection at all.

He lays me down on the couch, holding the back of my head in the palm of his hand while he hovers over me, one knee between my legs and the other on the floor. He reaches for something above me and then slides a pillow under my head. God, he's sweet and thoughtful. It's hard to keep my wits about me. I want to have sex with him again. I also want to preserve some of my remaining dignity and make him wait a while. Like maybe until our next date. It should technically also be a lot easier to attempt to follow through with this tentative plan now that I've had a couple of orgasms. Of course, I can still remember how it feels to have him inside me and that is the one thing that makes me really want to get it on with him again.

Edward pulls his shirt over his head and then he is hovering half naked over me. His hair is hanging down over his forehead and it almost covers one of his eyes but not quite. He's so incredibly hot; his body is cut and his muscles are straining and flexing and it's hard to remember why having sex with him isn't the best idea when he looks this good. Plus I've already done it before, so what's the harm in doing it again?

I run my hands down his chest to the waistband of his pants and slide my fingers between the material and his skin. He's so big that I just get my fingers past the tightest part and I'm already grazing the tip. And it's wet. So I moan.

"Do you have any idea how hot that sounds?" he asks as I fumble with the button on his pants and then it's undone and I'm wrapping my fingers around the hard, damp, hot shaft of his monster cock.

"Oh shit," Edward groans and he shifts his hips forward into my hand, the now exposed head of his cock hitting my leg in the process.

We're both making noises that sound like the soundtrack of a porno, me because I'm finally touching his ridiculously huge dick again and him because it probably feels good. I'm trying to convince myself that it's okay to give in to the urge to have sex with him even though this is our first official date. But the last time was so damn good and it's really all I have been able to think about outside of the fact that I thought he was a super-whore. I can't even use the excuse that I'm possibly tipsy this time because I didn't really drink all that much at dinner and I ate a shitton of food.

I stop trying to convince myself of anything when Edward's lips descend on my neck near my ear and he starts breathing heavily; these little grunting sounds start coming from him. God, it's hot. Plus I can see the muscles in his arms flexing as he holds himself above me and it's quite mesmerizing. It's so unfair that he's this sexy. How the hell am I suppose to say no when all I can think of is his cum face and how much nicer it will be if it's a direct result of him being inside of me?

I'm stroking away, keeping a firm grip on his dick while he kisses his way across my skin and his mouth meets mine again. I'm not going to tell him I want to have sex with him, because I don't want to appear slutty. I want him to think he's seducing me, which he kind of is, but not really, because that sort of implies that I need to be convinced and I don't think I do.

"I really want to be inside you," Edward groans as he brushes his lips back and forth over mine.

I whimper pathetically, because it's things like this that make me feel like the hooker I am. I can't say no to that. I realize I've stopped stroking and Edward pushes up on his arms so I can see his broad chest and thickly muscled shoulders and another small sound escapes my lips which I try to muffle but am unsuccessful.

"Shit, sorry, we don't have to, I don't want you to do anything you'll feel bad about later," he murmurs, totally misreading my whimper and the reason I've stopped stroking him.

I don't know how he does it, but it's those kinds of things paired with the earlier comment that makes me want to be his love slave. For a second I'm distracted by an image of me in a black corset

with a black collar on that he pulls me around by. Once again, I think I need to stop reading all that D/s stuff.

"I want to," I say softly, wishing I felt a hell of a lot more confident in my decision making process right now. I want to be bold and sexy and show him just how much I want him instead of being timid and awkward.

"Are you sure?" Edward asks as he trails his fingers down my side and they slide along the satin band of my panties, which are far more comfortable than I thought they'd be for butt-floss. "Just because we've had sex before doesn't mean I expect you to want to have it again right now, if ever. I'm getting carried away, you're just so fucking gorgeous and you feel so good . . ."

He wraps one of his hands around my hip, his fingers kneading the skin. He sounds so sincere. He looks even more sincere. I can't *not* have sex with him. I know it's going to be ridiculously good and then I won't see him for two weeks so clearly I have no choice but to give in to the urge before my fingers and my plastic wangs are all I have.

I'm still holding onto his cock and it's still, really, *really* hard. I slide my hand all the way up and run my thumb over the tip until I come in contact with wetness that I spread around the head. His breathing accelerates and his eyes do this half-closing thing while his mouth drops open. I can see his fillings, he only has a couple at the back. It's nice to know he has good teeth and oral hygiene, although I can't be positive that they are all his own.

"I really want to," I say all breathy and low, like I'm trying out for a job on the street. All I need is my hooker boots and I'm all set to go.

"Yeah?" Edward asks as he thrusts himself into my hand and starts pulling down my undies.

I nod, because if I let any other sound escape it'll be a moan and then I'll look ridiculously eager.

"I should really take you upstairs," Edward murmurs, looking a little conflicted, probably because that means I would have to stop touching his mammoth cock in order for us to get there.

"I'm good here, I like your couch," I say.

I reach down with my free hand to push his pants over his hips so he doesn't get any silly ideas which may give me time to think about the fact that I shouldn't be giving it up again this soon.

"My bed is more comfortable, and there's more room," he says as he kisses his way down my chest and over the swell of my breast, until he's sucking my nipple into his mouth. I groan because it feels so damn good. Edward is definitely a boob man.

He releases my nipple from his mouth and looks up at me, flicking his tongue out to touch the hard, wet peak, awaiting my response.

"I'm sure that's true, but that means we have to stop what we're doing," I point out.

"Mmm, that's a valid argument," he says as he sits up and pulls my panties down my legs. He stops about half way and gently pries my fingers from around his shaft so he can take them off completely. I'm clearly too mesmerized to be able to understand that he can't take them off if I am still holding onto him without it being awkward.

I'm still wearing my bra, but both my boobs are half hanging out, and it seems as though Edward likes it that way. I sit up part way and push his pants down to his knees, almost getting hit in the face with his dick in the process. I sort of bob and weave out of the way and giggle like an idiot. I raise my hand in a defensive position just in case I'm going to get whacked in the head by his swinging dick. Of course, due to my lack of co-ordination I manage to smack it, causing Edward to bow forward and swear.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," I say hurriedly.

I grab onto his dick to stop the swinging and the potential for vision loss if it hits me in the eye. I don't know what I'm thinking really . . . maybe I'll kiss it better? I sit up fully and now his monster cock is level with my boobs. Edward no longer looks like he's in pain, instead he looks like he's going to jizz all over my chest. His pants are half off and he's got one knee up on the couch between my legs. His other leg is resting on the floor and I let mine drop down beside it so they're touching.

He's watching me and I get this idea in my head. He seems to have a really huge fascination with my boobs; it's a little strange in a cute, sexy kind of way. I do something I've never done with anyone before; I rub his dick over the swell of my boob just to see what he'll do.

"Oh fuck," he groans and suddenly he's fisting my hair in his hand tightly. Like, really, really tightly. One second he's all soft and sweet and 'is this okay' and 'are you sure?' The next he's got my hair wrapped around his fist and his whole body is wound tighter than a coiled snake, ready to strike, which is ironic since I'm rubbing his 'snake' all over my boobs.

"You have no idea . . ." he trails off, his jaw locking as I run the head between the valley of my breasts wanting to see what happens.

I watch his hand twitch by his side and I decide to push it just a little bit further and I slide the shaft, which is now pressed flush against my skin over the swell of my breast so that the head comes in contact with one of my nipples. I have to admit, it's really hot in a boob fetish kind of way. I wonder if that's actually a fetish, like leather and bondage and PVC.

He lets out this deep, resonating moan that I swear I can feel in my bones, or my poon. And once again I am a leaky whore. I'm just thankful that his couch is leather and I'm not going to fuck it up by leaving permanent evidence of my presence all over it. I lean forward, because it's just too tempting and run my tongue over the tip of his cock while I force myself to look up at him. Then I circle the now moist head around my nipple.

I'm just about to take him back into my mouth, because this time he doesn't taste like latex, and the hardness covered in the soft skin feels so cool--as in neat, plus I know he liked it last time and I'm more than willing to do it again.

I don't have the chance to follow through because my head is being pulled back and Edward's mouth is on mine in the most aggressive, intense kiss I have ever experienced in my entire life.

"Oh God," I moan.

I'm still holding onto him, gripping him tightly in my hand as I stroke him harshly, because he's still holding onto my hair except it feels really good in a forceful, commanding way that I'm totally not used to. His whole body bears down on mine and the weight is delicious. I'm not sure how he's managed it but his pants are no longer on and we are both naked, well, except for my bra which is halfway down my torso because Edward has yanked it down this far but not taken it off.

He settles himself between my thighs and I curl the leg that's on the couch around his waist and release his cock because I don't want my hand trapped between us.

"Jesus, I want you," Edward groans out and I can feel him, hard and thick against my thigh.

He moves over the two inches necessary to put him right into alignment with my beaver, which is definitely open for business now. Of course that's when the whore-moaning starts up because there is direct frictional contact with my clit and I think I might explode. He's sliding his bare cock over my ridiculously wet pussy and I'm shifting right back against him, praying he's going to slide it on in there with no questions asked.

I know I should be more concerned than this, but God in heaven, this just feels amazing and I can't be bothered 'caring' about whether I'm being slutty right now.

"Should I . . . ? Do I need a condom?" Edward asks and pulls back looking uncertain. He's still holding onto my hair and he must finally realize this because all of a sudden he's kneading the back of my head with his finger tips. "Sorry." He grimaces as it dawns on him that he's been pulling on it.

"S'okay, I read a lot of Dom-sub stuff in my spare time," I say.

As soon as the words are out of my mouth I know I've said something I really shouldn't have, and that him pulling on my hair is hardly the same thing as him actually tying me up and me calling him Sir or Master.

He stops rubbing against me and his eyes widen. "Pardon me?" he asks.

"Uh, nothing," I say and shift up so that I can distract him with friction, biting my tongue to stop myself from ending the sentence with Mr. Cullen.

It becomes infinitely more clear to me that while Edward is sweet and soft and gentle, he can also be something totally different. The way he is looking at me now and kneading the back of my head with stiff fingers is proof of that. I decide this is the time to reach down and try and snake my hand between us so I can get him closer to where I want him to be and the one place that is most likely to keep him from asking more questions.

He takes my wrist gently in his hand and lifts it over my head, pinning it there, not tightly though. I can move it if I want to. My breathing is accelerating and I'm pretty damn excited about the position

I'm currently in. This is hot. His dick slides between my lips and I bite the one on my face to keep from making noises that are stupidly embarrassing. I wonder if this means he's caught the D/s reference and, if so, what does that mean? Jesus, I hope he doesn't think I want him to tie me up or anything, because I don't, mostly.

"Do you like that? Does it feel good?" Edward asks, his mouth beside my ear.

"God, yes."

Yup, there it is, the porn star moan that I can't keep from coming out.

"Can I?" he asks. "Are you, do you take . . ." he fumbles a bit, trying to find the right words to ask me and I'm glad that I'm not the only one at a loss here, it's such a weird ass conversation to have right before you have sex with someone. "I don't ever go without a condom, should I put one on?" he finally spits out, his lips moving across my cheek and he leans back, rubbing a continuous circle on my pinned wrist with his thumb.

Oh my God, he's nervous. Just like I am. I don't know what the significance of this is, but I know there must be some. Does he want to go without a condom? This is our first date and the third time we've had sex, although there's been a month between these occasions, but it feels like it's both the first and the thousandth, even though there is nothing predictable about it. I'm like a train wreck on acid right now.

I have no idea what's going on other than I'm about to have sex with a guy who isn't a hockey whore like I thought he was. But at the same time we're kind of being whorish by not getting to know each properly, regardless of the millions of emails he's sent me and all the other stuff. I really wish my mind would turn the hell off so I could just focus on the feel.

"Do you want to?" I ask, because I don't want to be the one to admit I want him to go bareback first.

"Not particularly, no," he admits.

"I'm on the pill," I reply, "and I've been responsible up until now."

Fuck, well that was the wrong thing to say. I've just admitted that what we're thinking about doing is completely irresponsible. Dammit. That sucks.

Either Edward doesn't catch it or he chooses to ignore it, because he shifts his hips up, the head of his cock moving over my clit before sliding back and down and then he's finally right there. He pushes forward slowly, just until the head is in. It's like a teaser, like one of those tiny spoons of ice cream they give you when you want to try out a flavour. It's just a taste, but not enough to really give a good indicator as to what it's really going to be like when you eat an entire cone.

The nice part is I already know and I'm really interested in having more, because this is going to be so much better than the last time. There's no funky smell of latex, no gross spermicide residue, there's just massive, unbridled monster cock ready to make a temporary home in my beaver den, or whatever the hell you call them.

Edward groans but doesn't move forward at all, just holding position like he's waiting for something. I shift forward, trying to urge him on, but he shifts back so that he's no further in and no further out.

"Are you sure about this?" he asks, looking like he's not all that certain himself.

"Are *you* sure about this?" I repeat, because yeah, I'm pretty damn sure--well for the most part.

"Definitely," he says and that must be the beaver signal or whatever it is he's looking for because all of a sudden he's pushing forward and holy fucking hell am I ever full. Of monster cock.

I moan like crazy, all loud and deep and long as I bury my face in his shoulder, my forehead in his neck. "That's fucking awesome," I mumble-moan into his skin.

At the same time he makes this garbled sound; it's kind of like a bunch of words all strung together that make absolutely no sense whatsoever. It sounds like 'flumothohshitregoo' so of course I want to make sure it feels good for him too. I can't imagine it doesn't, but I just want to check, plus I kind of want the ego boost.

"What?" I ask as he grinds into me slowly and sucks in these nearly hyperventilating sounding breaths.

"It's unbelievably fucking awesome." Edward presses his lips against my neck and then I feel his teeth skimming lightly over my skin. "This is unreal."

I am feeling way less guilty about this now because of his response. In fact, I'm starting to feel rather fantastic about my decision to give it up again without making him wait three months for it. I'm an adult; I can afford to be a bit of a hooker once in a while. In fact, it's a little freeing.

"It feels so good Edward," I say, hoping he's going to agree because I'm a fan of the ego boost.

"Jesus, good isn't the word, Bella, being inside you is like fucking heaven," he grinds out and then pulls out slowly, almost all the way. It's phenomenal how I can actually feel the ridge at the head of his cock because he's so damn huge.

"Oh wow," I say because I feel the same way about his ridiculously enormous cock. "Thanks."

He pushes back in just as slowly and I lift my hips to meet his while I try to raise my leg that is currently on the floor and put it . . . somewhere. Edward still has one of his own legs on the floor so I find that try as I might, I can't get any leverage in the position I'm in. It's the same for Edward though, because when he tries to speed up he has to shift positions and that definitely doesn't work. He ends up crushing me underneath him and I can't even enjoy the feel of him deep inside me because for a few painful moments I can't actually breathe at all.

"Shit, I'm sorry," he says as he pushes up on one arm and slides the other one under my body to wrap around my waist. I'm not sure if he thinks this is going to help or what, but I'm willing to do just about anything to keep him moving inside of me.

"That's okay," I mumble, trying to shift around to make it easier for him to get his rhythm back.

Now I see why the bed would have been way better. I look at the floor, but it's hardwood and I'll have a bruised tailbone if we do it there. The only other option is by the fireplace on the throw rug but that's on the other side of the room and I'm not really interested in having his dick removed from my body unless it's absolutely necessary. The other unfortunate thing is that I'm beginning to sweat a bit and the leather of the couch is starting to squeak whenever we move which is a little on the distracting side. I start pushing on his chest and he looks confused, slightly upset and a whole lot disappointed.

"Did you want me to stop?" he asks, his voice breaking and the words come out sounding choked.

"No, sit back," I say and he does that eyebrow raise which makes me want to do whatever he says. "Please." I give him my most angelic smile and his mouth drops open. He doesn't resist as I gently push his body away from mine so that he's on his knee but still inside of me, gripping the back of the couch with one hand and me with the other.

I'm think I'm getting drunk on my sexual power at the moment. He holds my body to his and I manage to keep a solid grip on him as he rearranges us. *And* he manages to stay inside me, which is absolutely fucking wonderful. We maneuver awkwardly; well I'm awkward and Edward isn't. There's some less than graceful fumbling on my part, but eventually his back is against the cushions and I'm straddling him on the couch. Oh yeah, this is a fantastic view, of everything.

I run my hands over his chest and my thumbs over his nipples; he groans while he wraps his hands around my waist. We both look down as he lifts me off him and watch him slide out of me, almost all the way. Jesus am I wet; his cock is almost sparkling because we're directly under one of the pot lights and it's reflecting off his juicy looking shaft.

"How good does that look?" he asks. I don't really think he's looking for an answer, although I'm inclined to give him one.

"Really fucking good." I nod as he ever so slowly drops me back down and I am full of him once again. Well, it looks really good except for the giant purple bruise that looks like a hickey, but I'm pretending Edward put it there with his mouth.

"I know, eh?" He nods back at me. I really love it when he says 'eh'. It's so damn adorable.

His eyes are hooded and there's this lazy, sexy grin painted on his face. I run my fingers through his hair and try to decide whether I want to watch his face or what's happening from the waist down; it's a difficult decision seeing how amazing both look from this particular perspective. He leans in and sucks on a nipple before pressing his face between them and groaning again as he continues to lift me and settle me back down on him.

"You have no idea how good this feels, Bella," he says, his voice slightly muffled by my boobs.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I do," I reply.

"No really, I've never had sex without a condom before," he continues, apparently becoming the trauma victim I usually am by saying whatever is in his head at the time. It's actually nice to not be the only one affected this way.

I have no idea how to respond, saying that's good to know and a relief doesn't really seem right, although I'm almost tempted to say it anyway.

Instead I respond with, "Oh, it must feel good then," because I am clearly an eloquent person.

"Fuck, yeah." He nods and rubs his nose over the swell of my breast as he lifts me up and then settles me down again, groaning on the downward motion. "Have you ever?"

"Have I ever what?" I gasp out because he rotates his hips under me and hits that spot that makes me see stars and constellations behind my eyes.

"Have you ever had sex without a condom before?" he grinds out, holding me firmly against him as he changes things up and starts a rocking motion that is *very*, very stimulating. I think I'm probably going to cum soon if he can just stop asking me questions about my past sexual experiences which totally detracts from the phenomenal sex we are currently having.

How the hell do I answer that kind of question? Yes, I have, with the last long term boyfriend I had who I went out with for a year. I am pretty sure no one wants to hear that kind of response right in the middle of sex. I know I certainly wouldn't. Who the hell wants to have a conversation during sex that consists of anything but the words 'more, fuck me, harder, right there, yes and I'm cumming' anyway?

So I decide that I'm going to put an end to the conversational sex we are having and make it moaning sex instead. "I can't wear a condom," I reply, my snarkiness staying with me even in the throes of passion.

I follow it up with, "Oh god, Edward, that feels so amazing, fuck me harder." I'm quite genuine about it, even though it sounds like a pretty bad, cliché line.

It works, because all of a sudden he lets out this low, rumbling sound that comes from deep within his chest and he lifts me up, his dick pulling almost all the way out and then slams me back down on him. Oh God, that's just unbelievably good. Awesome. Spectacular.

"Oh Christ," I pant as he maintains this new, hard, intense rhythm and I'm on the edge, oh God am I ever on the edge.

"Is that good, is that better?" Edward asks. "Is it hard enough?"

I brace my forearms on his shoulders, gripping onto his hair for leverage. This seems to push him to go a little faster and a little harder, which is perfect because he hits *that* spot with every deep thrust.

"Oh my God, yes, Edward, holy . . . Jesus." I'm moaning and whimpering and then he has to go and suck on one of my nipples like the nipple loving hockey-stud-former-mild-whore he is and that's all I

can take. I cum, the whole world turning a star burst of white and black as I try to bury my face in his neck. Of course he doesn't let this happen.

"Look at me," Edward demands and his voice is so authoritative and commanding it's obvious once again why he's the captain of his team. He's holding my face in his hands, gentle but firm and there's not really an option for me to avert my gaze.

I look at him through my slit-like, sex-hazed eyes and try to focus on his face through the blur of monochromatic fireworks. I think my mouth might be hanging open and I can't stop the way his name falls from my lips in this really fucking loud moan.

"God, Bella, that's so . . ." he rasps and then his eyes widen a bit and his brow furrows as I shift my hips against him, getting more friction which serves to reignite the waning orgasm into yet another full force burn. "You're gonna make me cum," he warns.

He thrusts into me hard twice more as I rock over him, unable to take my eyes off him as he cums inside me. He's so damn hot.

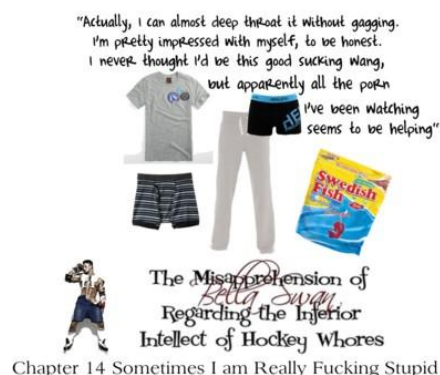
As soon as his body relaxes he starts moving me on him again. I don't expect it since I've just had a major orgasm followed by a mini-orgasm and I don't need to have another one. However, once I get started I can have many, many in a row, so I'm not going to dissuade him.

I'm so out of it by the time I cum again I scream out the words, "I love you," before hastily tacking onto the end, "monster cock."

Shit. Dammit. What the hell is wrong with me and where is my brain filter when I need it?

OoO

Chapter 14: Sometimes I am Really Fucking Stupid



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

I'm still trying to come down from the high of my orgasm, but I'm well aware of the fact that I've said something I shouldn't have. I don't have the slightest idea how to get myself out of this one.

"What did you just say?" Edward asks, his hands on my still-shifting hips.

"Nothing," I mumble into his shoulder and shift a little harder, trying valiantly to distract him.

"Bullshit," Edward says, but it sounds a little breathless so I keep on keeping on. I really don't want him to think that I meant it in any way other than showing my unwavering devotion to his cock.

I can't be in love with him; I hardly even know him that well yet. However, I can have the desire to erect a shrine to his amazing super cock and hang banners from the windows of my bedroom stating this fact. Not that I've considered it or anything.

"I wasn't talking to you," I mutter and bite his shoulder. This definitely helps my cause because his fingers tighten on my waist and he shifts under me just a bit. It's enough to make me moan though.

"Oh no?" Edward asks.

"N-no," I stammer as he continues this tortuously slow grind. "I was talking to your monster cock, not you . . ."

I can't handle it, the way he's moving me, the part of me that it's hitting inside is more than I can take and I cum for the fourth time, whimpering pathetically as I melt into his body. I'm like a limp noodle.

"Jesus," Edward mumbles as I shake and shudder and my body continues to contract around him in the aftermath. "You're like a cumming machine."

"I know, that's why I was thanking the monster cock, because it's all him," I say.

"You do realize my dick is actually attached to me, right?" Edward asks.

"This coming from the man who addressed a card and gift certificate to my boobs," I retort.

"Touche," is Edward's response and I can feel his lips on my cheek, curling upward. My misspoken words are clearly forgotten.

I can't even believe that I've managed to get away with this.

"Will you stay the night?" Edward asks suddenly.

I really want to; as soon as he says it my stomach flip flops. The problem is that I'm a little concerned about what Renee will say to me when I get home in the morning. I'm trying to weigh the options: do I want the potential for another round of monster cock or do I want to be spared the ridicule by Renee and save myself from being accosted with personal questions?

"You don't have to," he says and I can hear the disappointment in his voice already. "I just thought maybe . . ."

"I want to stay," I say quietly, feeling a little shy, even though his dick is still inside me and I've been making my cum face at him relentlessly for the past half hour or so. Sometimes I don't get myself at all.

"Yeah?" he asks.

I nod and he touches my face and raises my chin so his lips can find mine. I shiver, because it feels good and I'm also freezing. I've been so caught up in my stupid comment and the fact that Edward just asked me to stay the night that I haven't noticed how cold I am until now. When Edward notices the shaking, he pulls back and runs his hands over my goosebumpy arms.

"Here," he says and grabs his t-shirt so he can pull it over my head.

I swim in it because Edward is huge and I am not. His shirt smells fantastic and I hug myself a bit before wrapping my arms around his neck and leaning forward to kiss him.

"Thanks," I murmur quietly.

"Did you want to go upstairs now?" he asks.

"Okay." I'm thinking that if I'd known I was going to be staying the night anyway, I would have taken him up on going to his bedroom in the first place.

He lifts me off him and the monster cock, which is now softish vacates my cooter. Maybe continued exposure to his cock will make me go from an extra small to maybe a small, or a medium. I hope not, because that might affect the feeling for both of us. I wonder if he'll want to have sex again before we go to sleep. I also wonder if my body can handle it. After four orgasms I don't feel like my body or my brain is equipped to deal with another round of fill the beaver hole and the subsequent result thereof.

He guides me through his house, which is really quite nice and a lot neater than I expected. I must not have been very observant on the way through the first time. I don't know why I think he's going to be a slob, maybe it's because Emmett is. Random papers sit on the kitchen counter when we pass by, and he grabs a couple of bottles of water. I almost expect him to grab Gatorade or Vitamin Water to replenish our electrolytes. Maybe the activity wasn't vigorous enough to warrant it?

When we get to the bedroom, I am equally impressed by his decor. I wonder who picks it for him. I'm thankful that he's not sporting a Blackhawks bedspread or anything. His bed is black wood and low to the ground. I think it's called a platform or something. The sheets look a little rumpled, like maybe he had to rush to make the bed this morning. His bedspread is grey and the rest of his room seems to be the same theme accompanied by neutral colours. It's almost serene.

"This is . . ." I trail off, trying to find the words I need to describe the subtle masculinity of his room. "Nice," I finish.

"I like it," Edward says and guides me further inside.

He shows me his bathroom, which is red, black and white, and really cool. He searches for an extra tooth brush and finally comes up with one in the back of his drawer full of random stuff.

Once I finish with the nightly routine, I join him in his king size bed. It's a far cry from my double and much like is own continent. I could sleep in this bed and never actually know that he was here, except, of course, for the fact that as soon as I slip under the sheets, he reaches over and pulls me into his bare chest.

I ask him about the line up of his games for the next two weeks, even though I've already looked on the NHL website and know what they are already. He's going to be playing near his home town on the last game. He tells me all about it and I pretend to be surprised. I think there might be an allusion to me coming out to see the one in Toronto, but I'm half asleep when he mentions it because he keeps running his fingers through my hair which is extraordinarily soothing.

I must pass out hardcore because the next time I wake up it's after seven in the morning and Edward is still sleeping peacefully beside me. I turn slightly toward him and he grunts a little, but doesn't move otherwise. It gives me some time to study him. The sheets are wrapped around me but not him, so his entire torso is exposed. I run my hand over his chest and marvel at how soft the skin is and how solid the wall of muscle is beneath it, even when he's completely relaxed.

I continue my sensory descent, my fingers moving over the smooth skin as I follow the path with my eyes. When I reach the edge of his boxer shorts, I peek up at his face and he's still sound asleep so I figure why the hell not? I lift the band and take a wee gander inside. His monster cock looks much less harmful in this state.

It's almost cute. Well, not really, it's still pretty damn huge, but not nearly as daunting as when it's hard. I stifle a giggle because, goddamn it, I've never seen a real live snuffie before and it's so fucking cool. The head is all tucked up inside the soft skin, just the eye peeking out at me from under the turtleneck.

I look back up at Edward who is oblivious to my peter peeping and I work on shimmying his boxers down his hips just enough to be able to look at it freely without the waistband snapping back on me. I want to have my hands free to poke at it. I also want to see if it grows like one of those sea monkey things you order out of an old school comic book. The ones that you put in a glass of water and they go from pill sized to huge. I've yet to have the privilege of watching Edward's dick grow as it's always been hard when I've managed to get to it.

There is still no movement from Edward, and I can't believe that he can sleep through something like this. I poke at it with one finger and it jumps a bit. Edward lets out a heavy breath and moans quietly. I rearrange myself beside him, so I can hover over his dick without straining my neck. I lean over and run my fingers up and down the soft length, feeling the skin wrinkle as I go. This is awesome.

Next I decide to pick it up in my hand. Edward is starting to rouse just a little, and I figure I maybe have another minute or so before he wakes up and ruins the opportunity for me to get some alone

time in with the monster cock. I can't believe how fun it is to play with when it's not hard. Not, of course, that it isn't fun to play with when it *is* hard.

My fingers actually touch each other as I wrap them around the shaft and I pull the skin down, retracting it so the head pops out and then I push it back up and over so the entire head disappears. Edward moans again, but he's not quite awake yet so I rest his dick back on his stomach and take the foreskin that is wrinkled over the head and give it a little tug further upward. Then I pretend it's a mouth and start moving it around like his dick is talking to me. I'm such a spaztard. I can't help it; I giggle and Edward starts to stir.

I look up at his face as I'm manipulating his foreskin and his eyes flutter open while his brow furrows. The first words out of his mouth are, "What the fuck are you doing?"

Hmm, well, that's not really the kind of response one expects when their not-hockey-whore . . . whatever Edward is to me, I guess my 'sexual superstar' works as a label for now, wakes up to my hands on his dick.

"I'm playing with the monster cock. Well, actually, I'm playing with the foreskin," I reply and then realize how inane it actually sounds once the words come out of my mouth.

I stop stretching the skin around the head of his cock and smooth it back down along his shaft. Edward's eyes close and he lets out this really long, low sigh-groan and his monster cock grows perceptibly in my hand. Neato. I do it again, pushing the skin up and then smoothing it back down watching as it twitches and grows some more. I shift, because this is having an effect on my beaver and I'm getting a little damp and hot over this.

I lick my lips, because they are dry and I realize I'm breathing kind of porno heavy. I'm definitely enjoying myself more than I should be. It's so fascinating, though, watching his monster cock grow and the skin stretch and smooth out until it is tight and only moves fractionally with each stroke.

As soon as Edward is fully erect--I can tell this by the distance between my finger and thumb--I look up at him. Ooooh, well, I think I might be getting lucky again this morning from his expression. As soon as my eyes meet his, he reaches out his hand lightening fast and cups the back of my neck, pulling me to him.

His mouth meets my jaw and there is no damn way I am going to kiss him on the mouth because I can still taste the sourness of sleep and it is not sexy at all.

"Give me a minute," I say and slip out of his grasp for a second, intent on getting to the bathroom before he can unleash the beast on me. But I am no match for the speed of Edward Cullen, center and team Captain for the Chicago Blackhawks. Not even a little bit. His arm is around my waist and I am stomach down on the bed with his body fully covering mine before I can manage to move two feet away. He's one quick fucker. Literally.

I feel his raging hard-on against the small of my back and then, oh God, there is no way in fucking hell . . . it's right there, between my ass cheeks. Sliding along, and then . . . huh, well that feels way nicer than I thought it would, but still, that thing will never have a chance to fit in there.

Of course my mouth works before my brain does and I shout out, "Exit only, it's exit only!"
Oh. My. God. How mortifying is this?

Edward pauses for a moment and then realizes what I mean before he chuckles, "I wouldn't dream of it," he says. He pauses for a moment, rethinking his choice of words and then rephrases his comment, "Well, that's not true but I have no intention of trying that with you."

"Wait a minute," I say, as the head slips past my backdoor, making my ass cheeks clench in defiance. "You've thought about that?" I'm curious and incredulous. No one has ever so much as grazed my 'hole that shall not be penetrated.'

I'm beginning to understand that this is not the best time for this conversation to occur because the tip of Edward's cock is currently pressing up against the 'hole that shall be penetrated very soon', and I'm delaying this by talking about things that don't need to be discussed at the moment.

"Thinking and doing are two very different things, Bella," he mutters as his hot breath washes over my shoulder and I feel his hand between my thighs. He pushes two fingers inside me, his cock rubbing over my clit as he does this and I am going to lose my ever loving mind in a moment from the stimulation.

Of course, it isn't until he removes his fingers and suddenly there is hard and massive pushing against me and then slowly slipping inside that I actually do pretty much lose my mind because this position is like hurtling myself into Stimulation Station.

This means that the moaning starts up in full force, and it's all high pitched like a cat in heat. Which I pretty much am at the moment. Edward's chest is against my back and his legs are on either side of mine, keeping my own pressed tightly together.

"Is it okay?" he asks. He is always concerned about this sort of thing.

I whimper because it is the only sound I can make.

"Is it too much, baby?" he asks.

Oh God, he's calling me baby; I think I might just cum on the spot. He's still, unmoving, and his lips are on my shoulder blade. I can feel the bones at his hips pressing against my ass and the movement of his stomach on my lower back as he takes deep breaths.

"No, it's so good," I exhale as I grip onto the sheets beside my head. Edward's hands slide up to cover mine and then he moves and the 'so good' turns into damn well fantastic. Holy fuck, it's just insanely awesome, the way this feels.

"Oh my fuuuuck," Edward groans. "It's so tight."

I don't know why, but those words make me feel infinitely better about myself and the fact that I'm giving in to him and his monster cock yet again. It makes me feel like I'm kind of not a hockey hooker and more like a not-quite-virgin. It's stupid, but whatever, I'm going to revel in my virgin-like status which is a direct result of Edward's massiveness versus my smallness.

He keeps this slow, shallow rhythm going, which allows the head of his cock to move constantly against *the spot*. I can't believe I ever doubted that the elusive spot ever actually existed. It feels so damn good I can't stop my word vomit, so I shove my face in the pillow and moan away. That way only the pillow knows how good it feels, over and over again. I am incapable of shutting up, but I fear I sound like a complete idiot, hence the pillow-biting.

As awesome as it feels with Edward's whole body pressed against my back and the slow, steady thrusting where all I can do is move my ass a little bit to help out with the friction thing going on, I don't think I'm likely to cum this way. I need a little beaver button action and I have an inkling that it would take about five seconds of rubbing to accomplish this.

I'm not sure if Edward is psychic or something, or he can just tell by the pitch and frequency of my moaning that I'm getting close, but he shifts his weight off me. He releases my hands and wraps one arm around my waist, as he sits up and pulls me back with him. I brace myself on my forearms because I am just too close to the edge of an orgasm to be able to support myself any better.

"Edward," is the only word that comes out as he pushes back inside me, his hand running down my back and the one that was around my waist moves lower. His fingers move down my belly to the smooth skin of my beave. His fingers slip between the wetness then he just grazes the other spot and I lose it almost immediately. Well, that's not quite true, he circles my beaver button a couple of times and then he presses down hard just as he pulls out and pushes in the tiniest little bit. Then I explode into this shuddering, moaning mess.

"That's right, baby," he says, like he's just scored a goal. Which I guess he has. Or at least I have, or he's scored the goal for me. Any which way you look at it, a goal has been scored thanks to his monster cock and his fingers.

Once I can actually see more than a black haze and my whore moaning has subsided to quiet whimpers, Edward shifts us so that his knees are between mine. He sits back, pulling me onto his lap, holding me against him, his lips on my neck. His hands move from my waist and between my thighs up to my boobs while he stays inside me--God, is he ever deep--and he keeps going until he murmurs that he's going to cum.

I reach down because I'm thinking I can probably have a second orgasm if I'm quick about it. I'm right; I go over the edge again just after he does. He collapses onto his side and brings me with him. He's a little sweaty, even though this time has been soft and slow pretty much the entire time, unlike last night. Of course he was definitely working a lot harder than I was through this entire session.

We lay there for a while and he runs his fingers up and down my stomach and over my hip.

"Did you want to get some breakfast?" Edward asks.

I'm pretty hungry; the morning sex, while not especially taxing for me since I was mostly moved around and not really the controller of the movement, has left me with an appetite. However, I don't have a change of clothes and I know what my hair looks like if I don't have a shower.

"Uh, what were you thinking?" I hedge.

"There's this place not far from here that has an awesome buffet," Edward says like a true hockey player. Of course he wants unlimited food options.

I wonder what it's like to watch him eat a meal unfettered by things such as portion sizes.

"I don't know if that's such a good idea, Edward. I don't think I want to appear in the media where rags wearing the same thing I did last night looking like I've been worked over. Which I have. Think about it," I say, turning around to face him, covering my mouth with my hand because my morning breath is pretty heinous. "Do you have mints?" I ask.

"What?" he asks because I'm mumbling behind my hand.

"Never mind, I just don't think that going out in public the morning after I've been on a date with you is really going to be a good plan. It's one thing if Emmett sees pictures of last night, since it doesn't look all that incriminating, but if he sees me in the same clothes the next morning, he'll pitch a fit."

Edward opens his mouth to speak, but I press my breath-humid hand to his mouth so I can continue.

"It's not that I really care if he knows about the date, but you're going to be on the road with him for two weeks. I can't imagine it being all that pleasant if there are before and after pictures, that's all."

"Oh, okay," Edward says, but looks a little disappointed. "I can make you something here. I don't have a whole lot since I'll be gone for the next couple of weeks . . ." he trails off, sounding apologetic.

"That's okay, I like pretty much anything. Do you have Poptarts?" I ask, sitting up and stretching because I'm a little stiff from all the sexing.

"Uh, no, I don't eat Poptarts." Edward gives me a funny look and I just shrug.

Of course he has to reach up and fondle my boobs. Then he does that nuzzle thing. I watch him for a moment while he makes out with my tits and has a silent love affair with them.

"That's fine, I'm sure you'll have something I like," I reply, a little breathlessly. He pouts when I move away from him and lean over to pick up his shirt from the floor, slipping it over my head. I look for my underwear, but they are in the basement, along with the rest of my clothes.

"Can I borrow some underwear?" I ask.

Edward's eyes light up and he jumps off the bed, his now half-sort-of-limp cock swinging in all it's snuffleupagus glory between his legs. Penises are interesting. Particularly his.

He grabs me a pair of boxer briefs that are going to be way too big on me, but it's better than walking around with my cooter hanging out. Once I am adequately dressed and Edward has on a pair of boxers and sweats--but no shirt--we go down to the kitchen. I watch the muscles in his back move as he holds the stair railing on the descent. God, he's got a hot body.

Once I'm in the kitchen, I immediately start browsing through his cupboards to see if I can find anything I might like. Everything is whole wheat and whole grain and there is nothing coated in sugar. That's disappointing.

"What are you looking for?" Edward asks.

I turn to look at him as I open yet another cupboard. "I don't know, Fruit Loops, Cinnamon Toast Crunch, even Honey Nut Cheerios would be good," I say and turn to peer in at a bunch of stuff that doesn't look like breakfast food.

"I don't have any of those," Edward replies.

"Seriously? Not even Honey Nut Cheerios? What about Frosted Mini Wheats, those would do in a pinch? Or Eggo Waffles," I concede.

"Uh, no, none of those either." He shakes his head and goes to the fridge and starts rifling around. He pulls a container that looks like cream or milk, but upon closer inspection I realize it's liquid egg product. "I can make you an omelet or something," he offers.

I come up behind him and check out the contents of his fridge while he pulls out the orange juice. This isn't the stuff from the can; it says freshly squeezed on the side. He has that real fruit jam, but none of the really nice stuff that's actually super sweet. I'm saddened and mildly distressed by this.

Edward pulls out a frying pan and starts the process of making an omelet. I haven't said yes or no at this point because I'm still checking out the rest of his cupboards before I accept his offer to make me one.

I am super excited when I stumble upon his candy cupboard which has two chocolate bars in it and a bag of Swedish Fish. It's pretty pathetic as far as candy cupboards go, but I will make do with the contents.

"Awesome!" I say and hold them up triumphantly.

Edward gives me a quizzical look. "You're not really eating Swedish Fish for breakfast, are you?"

I shrug, I'm thinking about it since he doesn't seem to have anything remotely appetizing in his cupboards. "Yeah, why not? Besides, they taste good. And what the hell is that thing you're making?" I point at the white gelatinous mixture that is in the frying pan on the stove. I think it's supposed to be the beginning of an omelet, but it can't be, because it's white and not yellow.

"It's an egg white omelet, it's healthy and it tastes good," he replies, moving around me to grab a container of precooked veggies from the fridge before he dumps a load of them on top of the disgusting looking egg whites. It looks pretty unpleasant.

"Well where's the bacon? All I see are veggies; you need bacon, or at the very least ham in your omelet for it to qualify as an omelet. Does it even have cheese? And that's just gross, whites only? The yolk is the best part." I'm just saying all this to irritate him. He's obviously one of those healthy eaters. Maybe I can irritate him enough that he'll fuck me on the counter. That would be hot.

"Egg whites are full of protein," Edward replies, sounding all snotty as he pours two glasses of his expensive, freshly squeezed orange juice.

I smile at him and pop a red fish into my mouth and hum contentedly, chewing slowly as he watches me with narrowed eyes. This is so fun. Who knew he could get bent out of shape over egg whites and Swedish Fish?

"So is jizz but you don't see me harvesting yours so I can drink a glass of it," I say.

Edward is in the middle of taking a sip of orange juice and he spits it out all over me and his omelet. At least I'm not wearing my own clothes. "Jesus, Bella." He looks a little taken aback.

I really love that I can stun him with my perversion. I know he isn't a hockey whore, but he's definitely got more experience than I do, so phrases like these shouldn't be all that surprising, at least I don't think so.

"What? It's true, at least I think it is." I shrug.

Edward stares at me for a moment, "You're an interesting woman," he says quietly and flips his omelet.

I refuse to let him make me one. I'll be more than happy to have Poptarts or something like that when I get home. If it's close enough to noon, I may even consider a trip to McDonald's for a burger, otherwise I'll get myself a McGriddle. Those are awesome.

Edward forces me to try his omelet and I refuse to admit it actually tastes pretty good until I've eaten about half of it. I'm sure this means Edward will be hungry five minutes after we leave, but they'll probably feed him on the plane so I don't feel too bad about it.

It's almost ten by the time I'm dressed in my own clothes and Edward has put his bag in the trunk of his car. He drives me home, telling me he's going to call me this week and I try and be nonchalant about things, but I'm really not. I don't like that I feel like I'm falling for him. It makes me nervous. I could get hurt, and not just by his monster cock.

He kisses me goodbye and gropes my boobs a couple of times while I rub his crotch. I'm such a hooker for him.

"I get back exactly fourteen days from now, will you be available?" he asks.

"I'll check my schedule and get back to you," I reply. I'll be damn sure to be available, with a smooth beaver to boot.

"Okay," he says quietly and kisses me one last time before he sits back in his seat.

I get out of the car, trying not to look reluctant about it, even though I am. I wave as he backs out onto the street and heads toward the airport, or wherever he's meeting the rest of the team so they can fly out.

I get a text before I even get in the door:

Tell your boobs I miss them already :)

Be still my beating heart. What a romantic. I laugh and reply:

My boobs will go shopping in your honour

I'm in the door, slipping my shoes off when my phone vibrates again and I check for his next text:

I really love black and red

I smile, because he's so fucking cute even though he's just as much of a spazwhore as I am.

All blissful post-orgasmic awesome feelings are obliterated when I hear Renee in the kitchen. Has she heard me? Can I sneak by her without her seeing me? I tiptoe down the hall and peek around the corner.

"There you are!" she's all smiles, her eyes lit up like she's had four martinis. "I have cinnamon buns for you."

Dammit, bribery. I love cinnamon buns and they're from Ann Sathers*. I'm screwed. I promise myself I'll only eat one, or maybe two at the most, and then I'll hightail it to my room because I have a feeling I smell like I've been having sex and that's both repulsive and kind of makes me want to do it again because I am Edward's hooker, and I mean that in the best way possible.

"Sooooo . . ." Renee draws out the word and tents her fingers under her chin as she smiles at me. I've got a huge mouthful of cinnamon bun and I'm pretty happy about this, although I know it comes with a price.

"So," I mumble with my mouth full of food.

"Are the rumours true?" she asks.

"What rumours," I ask, although I'm pretty sure I know what she's referencing.

"Does he have a giant penis?" Renee asks with wide, curious eyes.

Jesus, she's like a fourteen-year-old boy. "I wouldn't know mom, I'm a virgin," I say, completely deadpan.

Renee bursts out laughing, "You are not, I remember the first boy you had sex with. It was your first year of university and he was really cute."

I stare at Renee and blink. I know who she's talking about. She's right. I did have sex with him, and he was my first, and he was really cute. He was pretty average in size, at least in comparison to the other guys I'd been with since him. In relation to Edward, he would be tiny.

"His penis is tiny," I say and take another huge bite of bun.

"Bullshit, you came in here walking like you'd been riding a horse, and you made a face when you sat down. It is huge." Renee claps her hands together excitedly.

I wonder if she realizes this is not a conversation a daughter wants to have with her mother. "Mom . . ." I put up my hand to stop her but of course she is unable to take any sort of hint.

"You know Phil's got a pretty big one, penis that is, but I've heard that Edward's is like a horse penis, you know, massive? It must make it nearly impossible to give him a bj," she continues.

I try to remember where the duct tape is. I think it's in the junk drawer, but I can't be sure. I wish I had access to it immediately. I could just shove something in her mouth to shut her up. There is a dish towel close by.

"Actually, I can almost deep throat it without gagging. I'm pretty impressed with myself, to be honest. I never thought I'd be this good sucking wang, but apparently all the porn I've been watching seems to be helping," I say. I'm going for shock value and hoping it works.

"Ooooh, really? Can you tell me which videos they are? I could really use some pointers . . ." Renee says.

I roll my eyes and stand up, taking the rest of my cinnamon bun with me. "I think I'm scarred enough for one day, Mom, thanks for the cinnamon buns and the sex talk, it's always a pleasure." Just as I'm about to head for the stairs, I turn around and grab another bun because I definitely deserve it after this conversation.

I bolt up the stairs, shouting 'lalalalala' all the way because I can hear Renee yelling after me. I slam my door shut and lock it, putting on loud music as I savour the remainder of my awesome cinnamon buns.

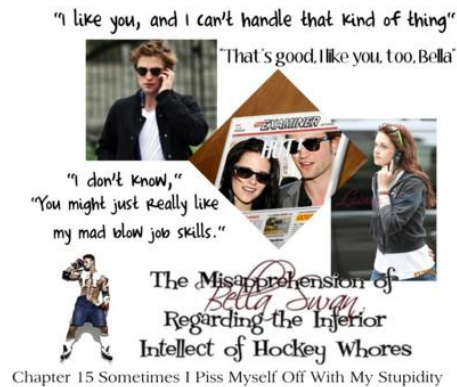
My phone beeps and I check my messages. There's one from Edward.

I can still smell you on my fingers.

Oh God. That's so dirty, and hot. Maybe we can have some phone sex this week.

OoO

Chapter 15 - Sometimes I Piss Myself Off With My Stupidity



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

Edward sends me the occasional dirty text over the next several days and some short emails, but his schedule and mine don't mix with his flights and the time changes, so the most I get is a few minutes on the phone with him when I am half asleep. The conversations are hazy at best, but I'm almost certain he asks me about my beaver. Although I don't talk to him much, he does send me flowers incessantly. Every other day there is a new bouquet and I have to admit, as much as I appreciate the attention, it is freaking me out just a bit.

It only takes a few days for the anxiety to start to creep in, despite his efforts-- or maybe it's because of them. I don't know, all I can really say is that I'm a spaz and I can't help the direction my thoughts take. I shouldn't have had sex with him after our date, or slept over at his house, or had sex with him again in the morning. I know without a doubt this makes me look easier than I already am in the first place and that makes me feel like a huge hooker.

There are innocent looking pictures of the date night when I scour the internet, nothing that is too incriminating, thankfully. Emmett will likely see them and be pissed, but at least there is no mouth fucking. I am highly relieved that the windows of his car are darkly tinted and our make-out session was not captured for all to see. That might make Emmett a raving lunatic about this whole thing. He takes this protective brother role a little too seriously as far as I'm concerned.

~!~OoO~!~

Alice and I are sitting in a coffee shop, looking over the questions for our latest assignment. I'm ready to call it a day, mostly because all I can think of is Edward and it's driving me damn well insane. Three days after he left, I couldn't contain myself any longer and was forced to resort to using my vibrator to get myself off. Now that I've had a real peen again I feel deprived by the ineffectiveness of plastic. I'm thinking about how I might need to give myself another round of beaver lovin' when I get home to tide myself over because Edward's monster cock keeps infiltrating my mind when I should be focused on the novel I'm supposed to be analyzing the hell out of.

There's a media whore mag on the table next to us that someone has left behind, and I reach over to grab it because I'm becoming one of *those people*; the type of person who stands in line at the

grocery store and leafs through the whore mags just to make fun of the people in them because they are jealous. Except now my fixation is on one person and I can't help but be a little more interested in how I look beside him than I reasonably should. I'm always checking for the next hot picture of Edward, because they are all very, very hot. Then I search them on the net and save them in my 'Beaver Buttons' folder.

I stare at the picture in front of me and I want to scream. There he is, looking gorgeous and disheveled . . . with his arms wrapped around a blond and her lips on his cheek. He's all smiles and sweetness. There are more pictures, his arm wrapped protectively around her, her tucked into his side. I want to kick his ass. I can't see her face; I'm not sure if I want to be able to identify her anyway. The hooker in me wants to kick her ass and knock out all her teeth which is disturbingly violent of me. I'm more of a lover and not much of a fighter.

I realize I've started to think of Edward as my boyfriend, which is stupid, because we've been on one date. We're definitely not serious, regardless of the flowers and the mildly-stalkerish things he tends to do in relation to me. I feel so dumb. Here I am getting my hopes up that there is something going on that can be considered a relationship and of course he's with another woman. When did I become a stupid girl? And why the hell was he so intent on having me come to one of his games if he is just planning to whore it up the first chance he gets? I don't get it.

"Bella?" Alice asks. "Why are you breathing like that?"

I glance up at her as she arches an eyebrow at me, looking rather concerned about my well-being.

I flip the magazine around and she puts down the book she's reading to look at it. She furrows her brow and then furrows it some more as she puts her nose closer to the page as if that's going to help her decipher the image.

"She's kissing him and he's touching her," I say, because that's not already obvious from the picture.

"I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation," Alice replies, but she doesn't sound all that convincing.

"Yeah, I'm sure there is, too; he's a whore and I'm stupid. I should have known better," I reply irritably and flip the magazine closed. I can't look at that shit anymore. I'm also too upset and pissed off to be effective, which means I'm not going to get the work done that I'd anticipated. What makes me even more angry is that this is going to push all my carefully outlined timelines back this week and mess my schedule up.

Dating Edward Cullen is turning out to be a detriment to my studies. I feel like I need to do something. Something physical maybe, other than have sex with someone else or even myself. Maybe I should go for a run. Lots of people do that to release pent up energy; I could try it.

"I need to go," I say to Alice.

"Bella, you should really just call him, not right now, but later when you've calmed down. There really must be a good reason for this. He's called you non-stop and sent you all these flowers . . . it doesn't make sense for him to . . ." Alice says in her most rational, gentle tone.

She can definitely see how worked up I am over this. She's got her kid gloves on and it annoys me further. I cut her off, "Oh yes it does make sense, if he's a whore. I'm sure the whole I'm not a whore line he gave me is the one he gives all his repeat fucks, or whatever the hell I am. It's probably some elaborate ruse."

I know I sound like a total lunatic. What I'm saying makes no sense at all, but I'm such a spaz I can't stop the crap that is coming out of my mouth. I wish I had a dirty old sock to stick in it so I would stop talking. Scratch that, I'd take a clean sock because the alternative is gross and I don't need that kind of masochism to add to my list of psycho-social deficiencies.

"I'll call you later," I tell Alice as she sighs and watches me pack up my bag.

I leave her sitting at the table, looking at me like I really am crazy and I head to my piece of shit truck and drive it home. It takes me forty-five minutes to find my damn running shoes, mostly because I haven't worn them in over a year and they're hidden in the back of my closet behind my porn stash. I change into some sweats and an old t-shirt and go back outside.

It's really cold out so I start moving immediately to warm myself up. I start a light jog and I'm winded about thirty seconds after I start. I'm determined to make this work, though, because I need to do something that does not involve crying or calling Edward to ask him, "WHHHHHHHHHHHHHHY?????????" while I whine like a high school girl. I keep jogging, but by the time I've gone a block I have a stitch in my side and my mouth is dry. I'm huffing and panting, and not in a good way--like the way I pant when Edward's face is between my thighs, or his fingers or monster cock are inside me--of course the latter is accompanied by a lot of moaning.

I'm completely out of breath and I can't even stand up straight. The one positive is that I can see the golden arches from where I am and it's not so far that I can't make it. I'm also prepared with my debit card. I don't care that it's February, I need a McFlurry or at the very least a sundae or a milkshake. I open the door and inhale the familiar scent of sterile floors, greasy fries and cooking meat-product. It's like coming home, except I don't have to cook anything for myself.

I order a vanilla milkshake and fries and have a seat at a table near a window. I flip the lid off my shake and start dipping my fries in it, loving the sweet and cold versus the hot and salty flavour combination. I devour all of it and feel a little better, until my focus is no longer on eating and I remember why I ended up here.

Fucking Edward Cullen, literally, is the reason I'm in the situation, sitting in McDonald's by myself and eating fried, crappy food. I'll probably end up with the moops* later because my stomach is sensitive and I can't really handle dairy all that well.

When I get home I'm not surprised to find several emails from Edward and a couple of texts, wondering where I am. I ignore them, because I can't talk to his lying-whore ass at the moment. Or at least I suspect he's a lying-hockey-whore, although I can't be sure until I talk to him, and even then it's questionable because I really don't know all that much about him to be able to discern the truth from a lie. All the more reason I should have waited before letting him stick his dick in me, again and again.

I spend the next two days avoiding him and he calls me non-stop. I turn my phone off and delete messages before I even listen to them. It's a stupid thing to do, I know this, but I'm so wound up and freaking out because I don't want that girl to be some random puck bunny. If I don't talk to him he can't confirm or deny anything. I think I might be losing my mind just a tad.

I don't know how to deal with all the publicity stuff now that I actually care about it. Before when I appeared in the whore mags, it was laughable because I'm just Emmett's step-sister and never the center of attention. Now I'm not just a 'sister,' I'm a hockey hooker and Edward is my hockey whore, and he is always the center of attention. I had no idea this would put me front and center, too. I've never really cared all that much about how I look, but now, well that's definitely changed. I don't want people to look at me and wonder what the hell he's doing with me and I've never been *that girl*. I can't stop comparing myself to that blond hussy, or fixating on how close together I think my eyes are, or how my bottom lip is way too pouty for the size of my top lip. I hate that I've become this chick for no good reason.

I meet Alice in the coffee shop after my seminar class. She's annoyed with me because I've been keeping my phone turned off to avoid all contact with Edward. She actually had to stop by the house today before class to make sure I had scheduled our coffee-slash-study date, knowing full well that texting me would be futile. I know I'm inconveniencing her, but it's better than the alternative which is seeing exactly how many times Edward has called me because I know I'll fold and I think I might vomit from the anxiety of calling him.

She doesn't even look at me when I sit down across from her. Instead she shoves a folder toward me, flipping it open.

"What the hell is this?" I ask as I am greeted with more pictures of the same blond woman and Edward. As I leaf through the folder I am increasingly disturbed by the sheer volume of them.

"She's his sister," Alice says in exasperation.

"Huh?" I look dumbly at her. I vaguely recall Edward telling me about a younger sister while we were on our date.

"Rosalie Cullen is Edward's sister, she's twenty and goes to college in Canada. He flew her out to a game last week because it's colder than Frosty's balls this time of year in what's that state called?" Alice pauses for a second, and before I can correct her and tell her that there are provinces in Canada and not states, she finds the information she is looking for. "Oh right, Ontario, and he was playing somewhere warm. Apparently they are very close," Alice rattles off as she taps the paper in front of her, yet another picture of Rosalie and Edward gracing the pages of whatever magazine she is looking at.

"Oh," I say stupidly. "I didn't realize."

"Well that's obvious. He called me, you know, to explain." She holds out her phone and shows me Edward's cell number. "I have no clue how he got my number either," Alice says, raising an eyebrow at me in question.

I furrow my brow in confusion. "What did he explain exactly?" I ask, trying to figure out how he possibly could have gotten access to Alice's number.

"About the photos." She points to the folder in front of me. "You know, if you read something other than novels, you might fare better with this sort of thing."

I don't say anything about the fact that up until I saw the pictures with the blond who I now know as Edward's sister Rosalie, I've been scouring those magazines like a junkie looking for smack. I sigh, feeling absolutely horrible, because I've made a terribly uninformed assumption about someone who I've only gone out on one date with and yet have had sex with four times. I am a brain dead hooker.

I immediately pull out my cell phone and go to my voicemail which is completely full. I also check my text messages and find that there are about twenty of them. I've already deleted all of the emails, but not 'forever.' They sit unread in my deleted emails folder, awaiting my execution. I fear their content.

I start to sift through them and begin to feel increasingly ill about how little regard I have had for Edward. After the first day of unreturned emails Edward begins to worry about me. It's about twenty-four hours after I initially saw the pictures that he emails, texts and calls, leaving a voicemail telling me that that woman he was photographed with is his sister and he's sorry he didn't tell me he was flying her out beforehand because it was a last minute decision. I feel like a heel.

I text him immediately to let him know I'll call him when I get home from school. I get no response and after five minutes I put my phone in my bag so I stop staring at it. I really hope he has a practice wherever he is, or that he's doing something that requires him to have his phone off, otherwise I may have to apologize for jumping the gun. I really am not a fan of apologizing at all. I rarely have to do it, either, because I am most commonly right. Apparently this is not so when it comes to Edward Cullen.

I have a class to go to so I put my phone on vibrate, but the only message I get is from Alice. I'm worried now that Edward is mad at me, or maybe he doesn't want to talk to me at all and I've ruined this whole thing. I'm such an idiot.

When I arrived home I ran up to my room and called his cell phone again, but it went straight to voicemail so I hung up without leaving a message. I spend the rest of the evening warring with myself because I want to text him again, but I don't want to look all desperate and needy. He has a game tonight, which I watch with rapt attention and I drink beer the entire time. I'm actively trying to get a buzz so I have an easier time trying to go to sleep tonight. I even decide to take a Robaxacet* because I want to be a little high and drunk to make the passing out idea come to fruition.

I get paranoid at the end of the game because Edward looks really pleased with himself. He scored two goals and he looks so hot, and now I'm worried that he's going to find some random girl to celebrate with because I've been ignoring him for the past few days.

Once the game is over and all the replays are finished I resign myself to the fact that this is all I'm going to get of Edward tonight and I make my way upstairs. I get ready for bed and lay there, staring

at the ceiling, half in the bag and hopped up on pills I never use. It takes me about an hour to finally fall asleep and my mind spins like I'm on a carousel. This is the exact reason I don't do relationships anymore. I suck at them. I get all worried and stupid and emotionally attached as soon as I have sex and then I'm done for. It's why I haven't had sex with that many people. Not that don't want to, but more that I can't handle the thought that the awesome sex I've had is going to end and then I'll be back to my hand and my plastic toys that have no warm body connected to them. Also I don't like to be rejected because it hurts.

I clutch the Cullen beaver to my chest as I drift off into a fitful sleep. I wake to the sound of my phone ringing and I reach over onto my nightstand in frantic confusion, pressing the wrong button several times until I finally answer it.

"Hi, hello?" I say. I'm so disoriented. I've been having dreams about Edward and his hands on my boobs.

"Hey," a soft, warm voice says back. It's Edward. I'm so damn happy it's ridiculous.

"Hi," I breathe out like a porn star.

"How are you?" he asks, sounding all tentative and cute.

God I love him. Wait, what? No, no, I don't love him, I love the cuteness, though.

"Okay. Sorry I didn't text you until today . . ." I trail off, clearing my throat because it's raspy from sleep. I'm not sure what else am I going to say partly because I'm half asleep still and partly because I don't want to admit that I've been pining over him for the past few days, thinking he was all up in someone else's beaver.

"I should have warned you or something. I know how those pictures look," he says quickly.

Oh my God, so he's not even going to be irritated with me for jumping to conclusions? He actually expects it, which means that I get off scot free in this whole thing. Excellent, that means I don't have to apologize, this time anyway. I know I'll do something idiotic again and an apology will be immanent.

"Oh yeah, those . . ." I trail off again, actually feeling pretty guilty about the whole thing. "I like you, and I can't handle that kind of thing," I blurt like an idiot. Goddamn it, I was doing such a . . . mediocre job at pretending it was really no big thing and now I've shot that mediocrity all to shit.

"You like me, eh?" Edward says, throwing in his Canadianisms just to make it more difficult for me to deal with my damn hormonally charged desire for him. I've stupidly admitted that I like him, which now gives him the advantage.

"Um, yeah," I say grudgingly.

"That's good, I like you, too, Bella," he says softly and I feel like a sixteen-year-old who just got asked to be someones girlfriend. I'm so spastic. "Although I would have thought that was pretty obvious by this point."

"I don't know," I reply. "You might just really like my mad blow job skills."

For the love of idiocy, why can't I get my mind out of the gutter when I'm talking to him or say something remotely appropriate? The boobie groping dreams may have something to do with this, but the fact that I'm horny and miss his monster cock may also be contributing factors.

"Well, your mad blow job skills are wonderful and all, but I'm a bit more partial to the entire package. Although, if I'm going to be honest, my favourite part of you is your mouth, followed by your boobs," he replies.

I'm a little stunned by this comment, well not about the boobs part because that's been glaringly obvious for quite some time now. I'm fixated on the entire package part and more than that, the mouth comment because I'm having trouble putting it into context. I'm not sure if he means my dirty mouth, my overall mouth skills or something else entirely. More than anything, I don't like how giddy I'm getting about all of the above.

I must be silent for a very long time because Edward is suddenly backtracking. "I don't mean your mouth in the sexual sense of the word, well not entirely, because God it's just fucking phenomenal . . ." he trails off for a second before he picks up verbal momentum. "What I mean is that I love the things you say because you're witty and funny and sexy as hell, not to mention gorgeous. I want to fly you out to my last game later this week. I know you have reading week* , we can stay in Toronto for a couple of days and then I can take you to Guelph," he rambles quickly.

"How do you know I have reading week?" I ask, because I really can't focus on the part about him inviting me out for his last game at all. It's like some sort of fantasy, being swept away and flown out to a foreign country. Okay, not foreign, but the people in Canada speak french and they also have accents, so that helps.

I really want to go see him, but at the same time it might make things a little more complicated than they already are, especially where Emmett is concerned. I know he'll shit a brick when he finds out about Edward and me and apparently there is more to find out than just random fucking. I can't even imagine what kind of hellfire will arise for Edward because of that. Emmett is pretty over the top with his reactions sometimes; he's such a Leo.

"I talked to Renee, she's a wealth of knowledge," Edward replies and I'm not sure, but I think I might hear a smidgen of derision in his voice when he says this.

"Oh my God, what the hell did she say?" I ask, thinking back to the conversation we had the morning Edward dropped me off after the sex-fueled sleep over we had. Sex. I really want to have it again. I start breathing a little heavy when I remember the way he pressed his chest against my back and took me from behind, but not doggy style; it was so much better than that.

"Nothing you need to worry about, baby," he says softly into my ear and I can feel myself getting all warm and wet between my legs. The whole 'baby' thing drives me insane. I forget that I should be asking him about Renee's stupid big mouth because he continues speaking in that sexy, fuck me voice, "So will you come?"

"What?" I breathe into the phone because I immediately assume he means come as in cum and I'm stunned into speechless fantasies where Edward's fingers and tongue and his monster cock are all achieving this feat for me.

"Will you come to the game? I really want to see you, and we can spend a couple of days together, just the two of us . . ." he trails off suggestively.

Oh God, I really want to say yes but I can't afford to do that, and then there's my fear of Emmett's potentially face-damaging reaction, which would be devastating. I love Edward's pretty, pretty, face and I want it to stay that way. Not to mention, there is also the possibility of being photographed by the media. Emmett hasn't called about the most recent pictures of my date with Edward, so I'm hoping that means he hasn't had a chance to see them, most likely because he's been spending all his time with his dick in some hockey hooker's pussy.

The thought of a couple of days alone with Edward makes my thighs clench and my beaver quiver. No joke, quivering happens.

"I don't know, Edward, I can't really cover the cost of a ticket and how would I explain that to my family and Emmett?" I ask as my hand travels over my stomach and down between my parted thighs. I give my beaver a tentative little stroke over my underwear. My eyes roll up and I stifle a moan.

"Bella?" Edward asks, his voice is suddenly rough and intense.

"Um, yeah?" I respond as I try to touch myself without making any sounds or breathing into the phone like I've been running a marathon.

"What are you doing?" Edward asks.

"Um, well . . ." I hesitate; should I, shouldn't I? I think back to the text he sent me last week after he left, telling me that he could still smell me on his fingers and I moan without realizing what I'm doing until the sound is out of my mouth and I can't mulligan it back.

"Fuck, are you touching yourself?" Edward breathes. "Oh God, please tell me you're touching yourself."

"I'm touching myself," I whisper and slip my fingers into the little pocket in the front of my underwear. I love how convenient boys underwear are.

"Are you serious?" Edward asks and he sounds like he might be touching himself, too. I imagine this; his fist wrapped around his cock as he pumped his hand . . . "Bella, baby?"

I moan into the phone because he's called me baby, again. "Yes, I'm serious," I reply and start rubbing my beaver button in earnest. I really wish I had a free hand so I could get one of my trusty dildos and manage dual stimulation. Unfortunately this is not an option for me so I continue rubbing away as Edward starts to whisper dirty things in my ear about how he wishes it was his fingers and his mouth and finally his dick. His breathing becomes more and more erratic and I can hear it--the

sound of his palm running up and down his rock hard shaft. At least I'm imagining this is what is occurring on the other end of the line.

"Oh God, I'm so close," I mutter because I totally am and I murmur the words, "don't stop." I'm not actually talking to my own hand, I'm talking to Edward and his dirty mouth because that's the driving force behind the orgasm I'm about to have.

"I can't wait until my face is between your thighs again," he says huskily.

I moan his name and some profanity as I feel the heat funnel into the centre of my body and radiate outward into my limbs. The phone drops from my ear and I continue to pant and moan like the whore moaner I am as my orgasm washes over me in waves of ecstasy.

I can hear Edward's voice, soft and distant while he croons in what he thinks is my ear but is actually the comforter I'm laying on top of. "That's it baby, cum for me, cum all over your fingers for me. God I wish they were mine . . . I can't wait to see you, baby . . ."

In a moment of clarity I suddenly realize that this *is* almost like a relationship or something and I wonder how the hell this has happened. We are having phone sex with each other for Christ's sake. I also wonder when the hell I got so comfortable with Edward that I'm willing to jill-off for him over the phone.

"Ah, fuck, I'm gonna . . ." Edward garbles and I scramble to get the phone because he's been jacking it at the same I've been jilling and I want to hear him cum on the phone. I close my eyes and picture his cum face.

I wish I had the balls to say something like, 'I wish it was my lips wrapped around your cock,' or anything equally dirty, but I can't do it. I'm embarrassed just thinking about it, which is ridiculous because if ever there is a time for me to feel comfortable saying dirty things to Edward, it's now, over the phone when he can't actually see my face.

Instead I settle with, "Oh God, I want to hear you cum," and even then I'm embarrassed enough that I break out in a wave of heated dampness.

Edward groans my name in the sexiest way and I can just imagine his face as he cums all over his stomach. I wonder what he's wearing and I choose to imagine him naked.

I give him a moment to breathe before I attempt conversation again. My attempt is actually pretty lame to be honest. "Sooo. . ." I say.

"God that was hot, are you wearing men's underwear? I pictured you wearing men's underwear, and topless . . ."

"Oh, well, uh, you got the underwear part right, well almost since they're boy's not men's, but I'm also wearing a tank top," I reply, a little taken aback that Edward is fixated on my apparel *after* we've had phone sex.

"Would you send me a picture?" he breathes.

"Um, I don't think that's the best plan Edward, I mean what if it gets leaked all over the internet?" I reason, although I totally want to do this in the worst way, even though I look terrible in most pictures.

"Oh, huh, yeah, that might be bad," Edward says and his voice grows hard as he continues, "I really wouldn't want anyone else seeing you naked, or partially naked."

I'm a little turned on by the fact that he doesn't want anyone else to see my naked form, which is just ridiculous because that's the way it should be. At least that's how I think it should be.

"Will you come to Toronto? I can have the ticket sent to you tomorrow," Edward says hopefully.

"I want to Edward, but I'm just a little worried about how it's going to look, me showing up at your game by myself . . . maybe I can see if Phil wants to go and then we can all come. That way it doesn't look so . . ."

I'm not sure why I'm still so worried about Emmett's reaction. It's not like I care what he thinks, but at the same time, Edward has to play with him for the rest of the season. I can't imagine Emmett being all sweet and lovey with Edward when he finds out that he's sticking his monster cock in my beaver den.

"I don't really give a shit about Emmett or his reaction," Edward says, sounding a little irritated.

"You say that now, but what happens when he flips his shit? Have you seen him in action? It's insanity," I mutter.

"If you don't want to come, Bella, you can just tell me," Edward says softly, sounding a little defeated.

"Of course I want to come," I say quickly, feeling bad for giving him the impression I don't want to see him. "I just . . . give me until tomorrow night to see if I can work something out. I don't really want you to have to buy me a plane ticket and send me a ticket to the game as well. Phil can totally cover that if I can convince him we should go," I reply.

"I want to buy the ticket for you," Edward says in what I would almost classify as a whine, except it's sexier and grittier and actually sort of whiningly hot.

"When you make the playoffs, you can fly me out to watch one of those games," I offer.

"Yeah?" he asks.

"Yeah," I reply and yawn. "Um, Edward, it's like four in the morning and I have class at nine, so I need some sleep."

"Oh God, sorry about that. Okay, I'll talk to you tomorrow sexy girl," he murmurs softly, making me shiver from the sound of his voice and the way I can almost feel his fingers running over my sides as he speaks.

"Okay," I exhale loudly into the phone.

"Night, baby."

I think I am in love with that particular term of endearment, not to mention the art of phone sex. I want to hear him call me baby over and over again while we phone fuck in the near future. Like maybe tomorrow night.

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Chapter 16 - I Am the Stealth Queen and I Love Hockey Fights



OoO~*~Bella~*~OoO

The next day I invite Alice over to study at my house. I rarely do this, mostly because I don't want to be home if I can avoid it, and also because Fridays are the one day of the week that Renee doesn't have something scheduled, whether it be working her part time job or just hanging out like a lady of leisure. Although currently she is not here and I have no clue where she may have gone. Today I need Alice's help, and Renee's presence may actually have been a blessing. Ironic, I know.

Renee is still out when Alice arrives, and we go up to my room immediately so Alice doesn't get overwhelmed by Renee's insanity when she does get back from wherever she is. When Renee comes home, she's like a cyclone you don't want to get caught up in. If she's been shopping, she has to try on everything, undressing and redressing in front of you. Often this takes place in the kitchen. The issue arises when Phil comes home or even worse, Emmett stops by. Other things to know about Renee: she only wears thongs. It's a wonder I'm not a whore, or more of one than I already am.

As soon as we get up to my room Alice walks over to my bed and holds up the Cullen Beaver. My fingers twitch with the urge to rip it out of her hands. It's a silly reaction to have and I'm slightly baffled by it, so I turn away from her.

"Oh my God, what is this?" Alice asks, looking at it with incredulity and a bit of awe.

"Well Alice, it's a stuffed beaver," I reply, refusing to look at her as I fiddle with my iPod and find some nice calming music to read to. Also, if I watch her holding the beaver, I may just tackle her.

"Yeah, that's pretty obvious. Where the hell did you get it?" Alice turns it around, inspecting the back of the Blackhawks jersey it's wearing.

"Edward sent it to me," I mutter quietly as I jack up the volume of the music, hoping that I've covered up my words with the noise.

"He what? Are you serious?" Alice stares at the beaver for a moment and then at me. "Bella, do you sleep with his beaver?" she asks in a mocking tone, trying to sound perverted as she goads me.

I don't answer immediately, but the colour I turn is commentary enough for her, and I know she knows I am totally sleeping with Edward's stuffed beaver.

"No," I lie.

"Oh, Bella." Alice looks over the beaver at me, wrapping her arms around it and nuzzling the back of its head.

I'm actually getting a little pissed about the situation. She's touching my Cullen Beaver and I'd be remiss if I didn't admit that the feelings I'm having regarding the beaver have to do with being just a tad territorial about my presents from Edward. I don't let anyone else touch my CDs or the books he's sent me. I also ate every single last truffle from the box of Godiva and I refused to share even one with Renee.

I try not to reach over and grab the beaver out of her hands, but my body sort of lurches toward her without my permission.

"Shut up," I reply. "Besides, you can't tell me that if you had a full body pillow in the likeness of Jasper Whitlock you wouldn't be trying to hump it in your sleep."

Alice drops the beaver on my bed and wipes her hands on her pants while she gives me a look of sheer disgust. I realize what she thinks I mean.

"I don't hump his beaver, Alice. I was trying to make a point, you pervert."

"Oh," Alice says and watches while I pick up the beaver and cuddle it furtively--or not so furtively--before I set him back on the bed and pet his little beaver head and stroke his cute buck teeth.

"So what's going on?" Alice asks because I'm fidgety and bouncy which are telltale signs that there is something going down.

I'm about to tell her, but the sound of the doorbell ringing stops me. I'm pretty sure I know who it is.

"One second," I hold up a finger and jog down the stairs, flinging open the door.

"Hi Jake." I smile involuntarily because he's holding a huge bouquet of flowers with a Canadian flag perched in between white and red carnations and lilies and a bunch of other pretty flowers I can't identify. My smile turns into a grimace because Jake is wearing way too much cologne. He's clearly dumped almost half the bottle on himself before coming to work. It's overwhelming to the point where I can barely breathe. It's been three days since I've received flowers from Edward, which is quickly becoming the standard time between deliveries for him.

"How's it going, Bella?" Jake asks, returning the smile with relief, missing my change of facial expression since he's looking at my boobs. The last time he was here, I was pissed off and took it out on the flowers. I'd also made mention of hockey whores and hookers, so I can feel my face flush in embarrassment over my lack of tact and verbal filter.

"Good, sorry about last time." I grimace a bit as I take the flowers from him.

"It's okay, don't worry about it. I'm guessing you made up?" he asks, nodding at the flowers. I'm not sure, but it almost sounds like he's disappointed for some reason. I must be imagining that since it doesn't really make sense for him to feel that way as my flower delivery guy.

"Uh, yeah, we did," I say, feeling a little awkward.

Jake looks down at his feet and nods at the ground. This is weird.

I excuse myself and take the bouquet of flowers to the kitchen and suck in several deep, cleansing breaths. I can taste his cologne in my mouth. Yuck. I grab five bucks and take it to him, thanking him as he gives me what looks like a forlorn smile before he descends the stairs of the front porch back out to his delivery truck.

"Oh my God," Alice says from behind me.

"Jesus," I slap my hand to my chest, "you scared the hell out of me!" I exclaim.

"I wonder how pissed Edward would be if he found out the guy who delivers all his flowers to you has a crush on you," Alice ponders as she turns around and makes her way to the kitchen to inspect said flowers.

"Jake doesn't have a crush on me," I reply, but suddenly I'm not so sure if that's true or not.

Alice snorts but drops the subject as she inspects the flowers. "Hey, there's a box . . ."

I push her out of the way to get to my flowers and whatever else Edward has sent me. There is a small box and a card. I open the small card first because, of course, I want to see what he has to say.

I can't wait to see you and touch you, hopefully in my hometown.

Alice is leaning over my shoulder trying to read the card. "What's this? His hometown? Is that a sex reference? Oh my God! *Oh My God!* Bella, what the hell is going on?"

I look at Alice, trying to give her my best can-you-please-calm-the-fuck-down bitchbrow but she waves me off. "Oh, don't even bother, spill it," she demands and clearly, since she's my best friend, I'm not going to hold out on her . . . much.

"Edward wants me to come see the last away game on Sunday in Toronto. Then he wants to take me to Guelph, which is where he's from, to spend a few days with me because he knows it's my reading week. I told him I didn't think it was such a great idea because Emmett might flip his shit," I reply.

I'm beginning to realize the Emmett excuse is not a good one. Even if I get Phil to agree to take me, I won't be coming home with them and Emmett will find out all about Edward and me. I can't figure out what the actual issue is surrounding this. Maybe part of it has to do with the fact that I really don't know what I am to Edward at this point. I'm more than just his hockey hooker from what I can tell, but other than that, I have no real reference to go with. It's not like we're in high school and he can ask me to be his girlfriend and go steady. Or can he?

I know Emmett will be angry because he, just like everyone else, believes that Edward is a complete and utter whore, but I'm sure he'll get over it so technically it should have no bearing on what I'm doing here. Not to mention, Emmett is more of a whore than anyone else I've ever met, so that's like the pot calling the kettle black, or rather the Sasquatch calling the Yeti hairy.

I'm still trying to sort out my rationale when I realize that Alice is talking to me and pretty much reiterating what I am saying to myself in my head.

"Who gives a shit what Emmett thinks?" Alice huffs. "Edward wants to take you on a vacation, and who cares if it's in buttfuck-nowhere-Ontario? The thought's still there. Plus, he wants to take you to his hometown, that's even better than taking you somewhere warm because it's like, I don't know, special. We have to go," she declares.

I raise an eyebrow at her, because she's thrown herself in there now, too. I know without bothering to ask that this is a ruse for her to meet Jasper. Alice can definitely afford her own plane ticket if she needs it, and I probably could, too, if I dipped into my inheritance, but I don't want to touch that until I absolutely have to.

"I have to convince Renee that we need to go to Toronto." I sigh. "Because once she wants something, she won't stop pestering Phil until she gets it."

I shudder as I think about the ways and means by which Renee achieves this with my step-father. I shake my head to stop the images I don't want from leaking out into the forefront of my brain as innuendo laden dinner conversations start to resurface. Gross.

I know that this weekend is going to be all about embarrassing revelations if Renee is in the picture, and she most likely will be. I'm not sure I'm ready for this because I don't know what kind of relationship I have with Edward. If it's even a relationship at all. I'm confused. It can't really be a relationship after only one real date, can it?

"I'm all over it." Alice rubs her hands together. "But, if I convince her, and I will, I get to come along."

I nod, because I know this has been her ploy all along, and I'm too wound up to bother fighting her on it. Besides, I can totally use her support.

"We better get this stuff done today then, because if we don't we'll be up shit creek without a paddle when we get back." I nod to the work we have to complete for the week following reading week.

Reading week is the biggest farce in the world. It leads you to believe you'll actually get a bit of a break, but all you do the entire week is read your ass off and complete essays. Then again, I guess it is appropriately named, but March Break was so much nicer back in the day when I could take the entire week to sit around and watch shitty TV and pretend to catch up on work. Now I actually need to get a bunch of things done if I'm going to be otherwise engaged, preferably with Edward's monster cock.

Alice and I work for several hours and she intermittently plots how she's going to deal with Renee. I'm pretty sure it won't be all that difficult for her to accomplish considering that Alice is the Maverick of convincing people to do things. Besides, Renee always wants to go on trips, regardless of where they are.

Renee comes home at around five, bringing with her a load of takeout because she rarely cooks, and if she does, it comes straight from a box and goes directly into the oven. She never pretends to be able to cook, instead she looks to me for assistance when I am home, which admittedly is rare these days.

The fact that I'm in the last year of my undergrad and I'm hoping to secure my mentor for my Master's program in the fall by the end of the month has a lot to do with this. Being at home stresses me out with all the inappropriate parental affection and talk about Emmett's successful career as a hockey whore. I'm looking at being a professional student for at least three to six more years, depending on how far I can get which means monetary gain is a long way off. Thus I am unable to move out. It's a vicious cycle.

"Oh, look at these flowers!" Renee waves her hands in the air like she's ready to break out into a dance routine. She sniffs the blossoms and lets out a satisfied hum before she picks up the box beside the vase and shakes it. "What's this?"

I totally forgot about the box since I was so focused on Alice's reaction and how we--or rather she--is going to convince Renee to convince Phil that we should go to the game on Sunday.

"Um, I don't know," I say warily because I have no idea what kind of gift Edward is likely to send me. I'm hopeful it's nothing inappropriate or at least nothing sexual because I don't want Renee to bring up the whole horse penis thing again.

"Well, open it." Renee thrusts the package at me and I take it from her reluctantly, praying to the porn Gods that it's not actually porn and I'm not going to be subjected to one of her sexual tirades again. It happens far more often than is reasonable.

I slowly unwrap the paper and I'm met with a bunch of what appears to be candies in the shape of maple leaves. Huh. This is definitely not offensive in a worrisome way. I've become accustomed to Edward's mildly inappropriate gifts and/or cards and emails. I open the box and pick up one of the candies, popping the entire thing into my mouth. It starts to melt immediately. Oh God. It's heavenly. It's like . . . maple sugar. Soooooo good. I do the contented moan thing. Both Renee and Alice stare at me.

I don't want to share them because I'm a greedy hooker, but I feel bad moaning out my food pleasure while they stare at me. "Want one?" I ask grudgingly with a mouth full of melting maple sugar and hold out the box.

They both take one and make the same noises I did. I get why they were looking at me now. They sound like they're on the brink of a sugar orgasm.

"Can you even get these outside of Canada?" Alice asks, "I'd go to Canada just to get something like this . . ." she mutters as she reaches for the box and plucks out another one.

How much more fucking subtle can you get?

"I don't know," Renee muses as she picks another candy out of the box.

I'm looking at the small box of maple heaven and thinking that I don't really want to continue to share it, especially since no one knows if you can actually get it here and it's a nine hour drive to the border. I guess I could just ask Edward if he can get me some more. Knowing him, he's likely to send me a year's supply or something. Not that I'd complain about that all that much since they are pretty damn tasty.

"Maybe Bella could ask Edward." Renee looks pointedly at me.

I shrug and nod because I don't know what else to say and I'm already planning to anyway.

"Doesn't he have a game in Toronto this weekend?" Alice asks and I stifle a smile because I know exactly what she's up to now.

"Oh!" Renee gets all excited and bounces up and down, her plastic boobs, courtesy of Phil's bank account, barely move at all. "We should go! You have next week off, don't you, Bella? I'm sure I can persuade Phil since it's the second to last game before playoffs." I can see Renee formulating a plan in her head and I'm shocked at how easy this is. I fully expected Alice to have to work for at least ten minutes to get Renee to this point. Instead it takes her one question, and I'm taking some credit with the maple sugar candies.

"What about you, Alice, would you like to take a trip to Canada with us?" She turns to me and asks, "Does Edward have any hottie friends you could set Alice up with, Bella?" She doesn't pause long enough for me to answer before she starts again, "I think I read somewhere that he and his wingman are really tight, not like that kind of tight or anything." She shoots me another look to see if I've caught her drift. "This is going to be so much fun!" she exclaims and claps her hands together like she's a teenager or something.

"I wonder if we'll need to bring snowshoes with us," she ponders as she takes out her cell phone and starts texting away. I have no idea who she could be communicating with, I didn't even know she knew how to text. I shouldn't be surprised.

Alice and I help set the table and Renee goes to change her outfit. When she comes back, I know that I'm going to want to play music extra loud tonight so I'm not exposed to the perversion that will likely occur. I narrow my eyes at Alice, even though it's not her fault. She grimaces as she takes in my mother's skankwear. She really does look like she's been shopping out of a hooker magazine. She's wearing tight jeans and a leopard print bustier. It's mortifying. Worse, when she bends over I get a glimpse of her ass crack and the matching leopard print thong she is wearing.

"At least they're not like my parents. I think the last time they had sex was when I was conceived," she whispers when Renee leaves the room to chat on her cell phone with Phil.

"You say that now, but when you witness it first hand and find their lube on the coffee table after they've had a romp on the couch, I bet you'd be singing a different tune," I reply acerbically.

Alice grimaces in disgust and I raise an eyebrow at her as if her reaction proves my point entirely.

When Renee comes back in the room she looks all flustered and it squicks me right out. I bet they've been having porno conversations over text messaging. It's happened before and I've unwittingly been the one to discover the horror of Renee and Phil's softcore porn texting. It happened when I had to borrow my mother's phone so I could text a friend when my battery died on my own phone. I read four lines before the content sunk in. It was the most horrifying experience ever.

Alice and I sit through a painful dinner where Renee and Phil make goo goo eyes at each other and finally, she brings up the topic of the game in Toronto. Phil checks his calendar and Renee's hand disappears under the table. Three seconds later he's scheduling flights and refusing to let Alice pay for hers. Renee slides her chair closer to Phil and winks at us.

I can tell Alice is a little emotionally scarred from the whole experience, but honestly I can't feel too much pity for her considering I've been dealing with this for the past few years. She only has to witness it in small doses that she can easily forget with one night of drinking. This is my life until I get my own apartment. I'm beginning to think that it may need to be sooner rather than later. I want to save my inheritance for a down payment on a house, but with the way things are looking right now that may not be reasonable.

I decide I'm not going to tell Edward I'm coming; I'll surprise him instead. Actually this is Alice's idea, and while I don't necessarily feel as good about it as she does, I go along with her because, well I've never surprised anyone before and I think it might be fun. Also, Renee and Phil think it's a great idea to surprise Emmett and I'm inclined to agree that he'll be pretty excited to have us there. I hope we can catch him red handed with a hockey hooker, although knowing Emmett he won't even care. On second thought, I don't need that kind of visual image staying with me for the rest of my life.

I spend all of Saturday reading and drafting an essay so I don't get behind on my assignments. It isn't until about four on Saturday afternoon that I realize I need to go out and buy something in black or red--or both--for Edward, or rather for my boobs for Edward.

I grab my ridiculous Victoria's Secret gift card and head over to the mall so I can purchase something. I find a few sexy things. One of them is this bra and panties set that has the cutest red underwear with little black ruffles along the bum and the bra sort of matches. I buy a couple more things so I have lots of options and I also make sure to pack some of my trusty boy's underwear because Edward seems to really like the idea that I wear them. I also buy a little something special that I think he'll really like even though it didn't come from Victoria's Secret.

I jill off before I go to bed and finally fall asleep at around one in the morning. I still wake up early and spend most of the morning in a spastic tizzy, trying to figure out what I'm going to wear to the game tonight. I decide on a pair of jeans and a shirt because, honestly, I can't be bothered to get dressed up. I put those items at the top of my luggage and throw on yoga pants and a hoodie for the flight.

Alice shows up at my house with two suitcases, dressed up like she's ready for a night out clubbing, and I give her a quizzical look.

"Uh, you do know we're not getting on Soul Plane, right?" I ask her.

"Haha, very funny, I just want to be ready for Jasper," she says and pats her own ass.

"Right," is my only response, because what the hell else am I going to say to a pleather skirt and the rest of her ridiculous ensemble.

Alice is clearly uncomfortable on the flight in her less than appropriate attire. Three guys in their early thirties who look like they are heading for a weekend of debauchery hit on her. Thankfully, Phil is there giving them dirty looks and clearing his throat while he flexes his biceps at them. They are smart enough to back off and leave Alice alone. I am thankful that I have the common sense to dress in what Renee refers to as 'grubby' clothes.

I have to turn my phone off once we get on the plane because I realize that once we cross the border there are all sorts of roaming charges if I answer my phone because we're in Canada. I can't believe how much money it costs to send a damn text message an hour away from the US border. I'm not too worried, though, since I sent Edward a good luck text before I got on the plane and I'll see him soon enough. I'm pretty excited about the whole thing. Surprising him is the best idea ever.

When we land in Toronto, we get a rental car in the form of an Escalade because Phil thinks it's a cool car to drive. I don't have the heart to tell him he's not a thug rapper. We drive to the hotel, which is only a block away from the arena which Edward will be playing in, along with Emmett, of course, since that's the reason Phil thinks we're all here. Alice decides, ironically enough, to change out of her hooker outfit and put on something more climate appropriate. I do the same, throwing on jeans and a shirt with a wrap sweater, along with my coat, mitts, scarf and hat because it's pretty damn cold.

After dinner we walk over to the stadium and I have to admit I'm kind of surprised by how normal Toronto is. I don't know what I expected, elves or something? I'm aware that it's not as though we're in the North Pole just because we're north of the US border and everything. I realize this is a stupid thought process, it's not like I'm in some Dr. Seuss book where there are Whos and what have you.

Edward is relatively normal, apart from the fact that he's definitely a stalker and he's got an enormous dick.

The part of the city we are in is really beautiful; the buildings and stores are lovely and I can definitely see myself visiting here again already.

Alice is yammering away excitedly about the game and how she plans to meet Jasper. I'm not paying attention to her at all and this becomes abundantly clear when Alice says to me, "Do you think that's a good idea?"

"Definitely." I nod emphatically, pretending I've been listening the entire time.

"Really, so you think that scaling the boards and jumping onto the ice so I can blow Jasper in front of a crowd of thousands is a good way to introduce myself?" Alice asks as she raises an eyebrow at me.

"Uh." I blink at her, wondering if I seriously told her I thought this was a good plan. "No, I don't think you should do that."

I don't want to tell her that my introduction to Edward wasn't much better than that. At least there was only mouth fucking and not blow jobs, not until later anyway.

"I need some help here." Alice is looking at me, wide eyed and nervous.

"Alice, just be yourself and don't spaz out like I do. Just relax and I'm sure everything will fall into place. Oh, and don't tell him you love him or his cock or anything. At least not right away." I can feel myself heating up because I know I'm saying stupid things.

"Oh my God, did you tell Edward you love him the first time you met him?" Alice looks incredulous and a little hurt that this is the first time I'm admitting it.

"I may or may not have professed my love to his cock when I was cumming on it the second time I had sex with him, which was incidentally the first time I met him," I sigh, defeated because I should have known I would get suckered into telling her something like this.

I would try and keep this kind of information under wraps, but Alice is so damn persistent that once she knows there's dirt, she digs until she gets it. It's better just to cough it up and let her run with it because the alternative can be rather infuriating.

"I knew it, it is huge isn't it?" Alice asks.

"Oooh, are we talking about Edward Cullen's penis?" Renee has sidled up beside us while Phil talks on his Blackberry.

"Jesus, mom," I mutter in humiliation.

"I've read that it's like a horse penis, you know, like that *Jackass* movie where they masturbate the horse, big like that," Renee continues, unable to stop herself from saying the things that come to into her perverted mind.

I know I come by it honestly, but for God's sake, at least the inanity that comes out of my mouth isn't this embarrassing. I hope. Or maybe it's just this embarrassing because she's my mother and she's talking about the dick I'm planning to have inside me before the night is over. Above and beyond that is the fact that she's watched that horrifyingly disgusting movie. *Jackass* was made for teenage boys and clearly my mother has the mind of one.

"I read that, too. God, I can't even imagine something that big not doing damage," Alice replied, speaking around me to Renee.

"What the shit?" I ask, glancing back and forth between my mother and my best friend who are talking about my . . . about Edward's huge dick.

"Well, Bella was walking around the morning after her little 'sleepover' like she'd been riding a horse." Renee does the air quotes thing when she says sleepover, although that clearly is not the source of my mortification.

"Oh, for the love of Christ, do I need to start talking about Phil's tighty whities in order to get you to shut it?" I ask, completely infuriated.

"I love his tighty whities; they make his ass look great," Renee defends, totally missing the point.

"Seriously, Mom, that is not a visual image I need in my head right now," I say, ready to start la-la-la-ing if she doesn't put a sock in it.

"Fine, fine, Alice and I can talk about it later, when you're out having a smoke or going to the bathroom," Renee says pointedly.

I ignore her because I have nothing to say about my nasty habit, especially since her mouth is mortifying and far more disturbing than the fact that I smoke occasionally.

The rest of the walk, which is thankfully short, passes in silence. One we get to the arena we take our awesome seats and Alice looks completely shocked by some of the outfits or lack of outfits that the hockey hookers are wearing.

"What if that's what Jasper is looking for?" Alice eyes a girl who has converted a Cullen jersey into a mini-dress with a pair of black boots on.

I would totally get one made for myself to wear for Edward in the bedroom. I actually start planning a whole Blackhawks bra and panties ensemble in my head.

"I seriously doubt that's his type, Alice. He's pretty reserved from the couple of times I've met him," I reply, trying to put her at ease. I don't Japser very well at all, but he seems like the opposite of Emmett so that's a positive.

Phil gets us a round of beers, but Alice orders one of those Smirnoff Ice things that tastes like sugar in a bottle with some vodka and lemon flavour in it. I can't stand them because the hangover is hellish.

I'm beside myself with excitement when Edward gets on the ice along with the rest of his team. I can't wait to see him and I'm totally going to molest his fine ass the second I do, Emmett be damned. I'll get Alice to run interference for me or something, or I'll just tell Emmett to fuck the hell off. Either way, it's been two weeks and more fuckery than is reasonable since I've seen Edward, and my beaver is looking for some serious wood.

The Blackhawks are doing well by the end of the first period and I drag Alice out to the bathroom and to have a smoke, mostly because I can see Renee is trying to feel Phil up and I don't want Alice to be alone with her to talk about Edward's cock while she's trying to grab Phil's. Which Renee would totally do in a public place with my friend watching.

When we get back, the second period has already started. Edward is looking a little irritable; I can tell by the set of his jaw and the overly aggressive way that he is skating that something is off with him. They're winning so that can't be the issue.

By the beginning of the third period, the Blackhawks are up by two. Edward is at center ice, waiting for the puck to drop and I can see him tensing visibly as the guy from the Leafs says something to him. Edward's head snaps up and I can see the rage rolling off him in a palpable wave. He drops his gloves and yanks his helmet off in a matter of seconds. I watch in horror as he grabs the cage of his opponent's helmet and he starts punching him in the stomach.

Edward is just . . . kicking the ever loving shit out of this guy and the rest of his teammates are holding the other guys off them to keep the fight fair. Although I have no idea how fair it really is since Edward is now on top of him, trying to get his helmet off. He manages this feat and then he starts punching the dude in the face. Leaf s' guy is trying to hit Edward, and he manages a couple of shots to the face but they seem to be completely ineffective. It's impressive and kind of hot in a violent, sexy way. I'm such a hooker.

I'm a little worried about Edward's penchant for aggression when most of the time he's so passive. I can see that Edward is yelling at the guy as he basically slams his face with his fist repeatedly. I'm sure if I was close enough, I would be able to see spit landing on the Leafs dude's face.

Finally, the refs get their shit together and pull Edward off the other guy who is bleeding all over the ice. It's disturbing, and hot. God, is it ever hot. Edward is raging and freaking out as they drag him off the ice.

"What are they doing?" I ask, feeling rather frantic.

"He's been ejected from the game, Bella. He just kicked the shit out of someone." Phil gives me this strange look, like I'm stupid for not knowing this.

Of course I know this. What happens now? Edward is so furious as he stomps awkwardly down the hallway in his skates, then he's gone and I can't see him anymore. I sit for all of a minute while I chew my nails, trying to figure out what to do now. I need to see him.

"I need to pee, I'll be right back," I say in a rush and bolt before anyone can stop me or follow.

Someone needs to calm Edward down, and I'm hoping that person is going to be me.

I make my way through the stands and down the hall to where the locker room is. I have no idea how I'm going to manage to get my ass in there, but I've got to try because Edward is furious and I'm finding his inability to control his temper unbelievably sexy. I want to calm him down, possibly with my mouth on his monster cock.

I'm surprised that there aren't a bunch of arena security guards hanging out just outside of the change room like I expect there to be. I can hear Edward yelling in there. I'm a little concerned to be honest, because I'm pretty sure he's in there on his own.

I look around but the two closest guards are chatting up some slutty looking hockey hookers, so I sneak into the change room. I walk down the hall, the sound of things being thrown and Edward swearing getting louder the closer I get. I peek around the corner and that's when I see him.

It looks like he's only wearing a pair of boxers and for some reason his package appears larger than usual. I wonder if it's a figment of my imagination because I haven't seen him in almost two weeks. The rest of his uniform is strewn around the room and he's currently hurtling his skate at the wall. I watch it slam into the wall and some of the cinder block cracks in the process.

Holy shit, that's terrifyingly hot. His muscles are tensed and rippling. His body is tight and wound, his jaw is flexing and angry. I watch in fascination as he roughly removes his other skate and then hurls it against the wall as well, heaving and panting with his fury.

I'm wet and nervous, and God do I ever want to have fierce, angry sex with him right now.

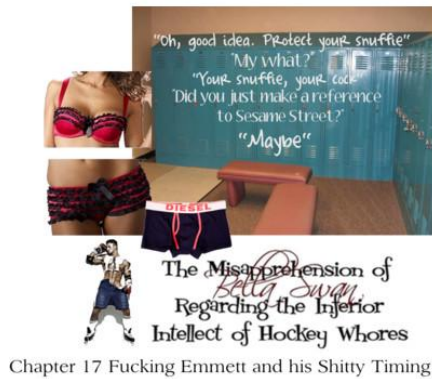
"Edward," I murmur softly and his head snaps in my direction, eye flashing with vibrant fury.

Oh. My. God.

I'm so going to get laid in a locker room. Go me.

OoO

Chapter 17 - Fucking Emmett and His Shitty Timing



OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

I'm antsy and pissy when I get to the stadium because I haven't been able to get in touch with Bella at all today. I received a text message from her in the morning and, at the time, I was still hoping that she would agree to come to the game tonight, even if the flight was last minute. But after her morning text there was no more communication and I'd sent her several text messages, left two voicemails and typed three emails before I was forced to head to the arena.

So now I'm suiting up and pissed off because all I want is to spend some time with Bella. Maybe we could have had a few days alone where I show her my hometown and have sex with her a lot, but that dream is gone because she's not replying once again. There is no way I've been photographed with anyone either since I haven't left the hotel room for anything except my massage, practice and food. The worst part is that this is an important game and I can't afford to be pissy because I'm likely to fuck up when I'm feeling like this.

I'm not pleased.

Although, if there's one thing I'm looking forward to it's kicking some shit on the ice tonight.

The first period goes smoothly in spite of my shit-tacular mood. I like it better when we're up more than one point, though, because it makes me feel like I've got a bit of a buffer going into the next period. Jasper keeps telling me to keep myself in check because I'm extraordinarily aggressive on the ice tonight, but I can't help it. I'm fired up. It really sounded like Bella was considering coming to the game and now I feel like I'm being played. I don't like it and I'm not accustomed to this; being the pursuer instead of the pursuee.

I hate not getting what I want and what I want right now is Bella, here.

I know I'm playing like an asshole. I'm all over people and I'm being intentionally antagonistic. So at the beginning of the third period I'm at all not surprised when the Toronto Center, Randy Dick--who's parents are clearly assholes just like he is based on his name alone--starts lipping off before the ref drops the puck. But when it gets personal I find it nearly impossible to contain the fury that I've been keeping locked inside all day.

"So, Cullen, I hear you got yourself a new puck bunny to play with," he goads.

I don't say anything because I know I'm going to get myself in trouble I don't need if I respond, and I want to win this game. That won't happen if I get kicked out in the middle of the second period.

"I also hear she's all over the Hat Trick idea, except that she'd take three guys on instead of being one of three chicks. . ." he says and I can tell he's just winding up.

I don't know where he comes up with this bullshit, and I'm sure he has no idea that I'm all about Bella these days since he doesn't know shit about my life, but the mere thought of Bella with anyone but me makes me see red. Worse is the fact that he doesn't seem to realize I'm about to kick the shit out of him if he doesn't shut his mouth.

"So I'm thinking I'd like to get in on that action, maybe me and my teammates can have a go at her. What's her name? Isn't she McCarty's step-sister or something? Hasn't he already fucked her?" he asks as he smiles cockily at Emmett who clearly hasn't been paying attention to the conversation. If he had I'm sure he would have the same reaction I do.

I stop thinking and start acting. I drop my gloves and rip off my helmet and start pounding on him. I'm so fucking mad I can't see anything but red, and I want to rip his tongue out and shove it up his mouthy ass. This guy is clearly a stupid asshole and I feel the need to show him, with my fists, just how much I appreciate his commentary and his thoughts on *my* woman. Because Bella is mine and there will be no other dick invading her sweet, tight pussy except for the one attached to my body, ever. At least this is what I'm thinking as I beat the shit out of my opponent.

Finally someone pulls me off him and I realize I've done some pretty decent damage. I'm sure I've broken his nose and possibly knocked out a few teeth, maybe bruised his ribs a bit. I really hope I've cracked a couple. Then I get kicked out of the game and the ref starts threatening me with a five-game suspension. I start yelling at him because, goddammit, he was standing close enough to hear this assfuck taunting me. Apparently taunting does not warrant a serious ass kicking, though.

I'm pulled off the ice and it takes two refs to get me there. Coach meets me before I get to the locker room to rip a strip off me.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Cullen?" he spits in my face.

"That fucker, that . . . he was saying shit . . . he was mouthing off and fucking talking shit about my fucking woman, about getting up in her shit and I . . . fuck!" I can't even string a damn sentence together and I notice that most of my words are coming out in the form of profanity. I've totally lost it.

"This is about a broad?" coach asks incredulously, yelling in my face.

He knows better than to do something like this, or maybe he doesn't. But it just riles me up more.

"She's not a fucking broad!" I yell back.

"Calm the fuck down, Cullen, I'll deal with you later," he huffs and stalks back to the bench where the rest of the team is equally irritated, with me or the situation I'm not sure, but I know I'll hear about it later.

I head to the change room and start ripping off my gear, throwing it around the room. I unlace my skates and whip them across the room individually, smiling as they hit the cinderblock walls with a satisfying crack. I've probably ruined them and I don't really give a shit right now about the two grand I'm going to have to pay to replace them.

"Edward."

I hear my name, and for a second I think I might actually be going off the deep end because I swear on all that is good and holy that it's Bella's voice. I look up, wondering if my sanity really is leaving me as I take in what is clearly a hallucination. I'm beginning to wonder if someone slipped me a hit of acid or something. I only tried that shit once when I was a teenager. I'm not a fan of anything that has gasoline or rat poison in it to make me high. I used to smoke a bit of reefer once in a while, too, since it's pretty much legal in Canada and all, but I've never hallucinated someone so clearly before.

My hallucination begins to walk toward me, tentatively at first, because I must look a little on the whacked-out side. I'm pretty sure Dick must have hit me pretty hard a couple of times because my jaw hurts. I've also been clenching the hell out of it which probably doesn't help at all.

"Edward, are you okay, baby?" she asks.

Bella is calling me baby? That's kind of hot; I think I might like that a lot. And then she touches me and I realize in my lingering rage induced fog that I'm not having an acid flashback, but that Bella is actually here in the locker room and I am almost naked and really, really pissed off about being kicked out of the game.

She touches my damp, sweaty, bare chest. I must smell like shit, the whole room must smell like a jockstrap, actually. I'm sure she's disgusted by it, even though she's pretending not to be, another reason why I want to be able to call her my girlfriend and parade her around all the time. Not like a trophy or anything, just like a . . . hot-as-fuck girlfriend.

"Do you have any idea how hot it is when you get into a fight like that?" she breathes quietly. Bella runs her hands over my chest some more, her fingers trailing through my chest hair, which there admittedly isn't much of.

"What?" I ask, because I'm dumbfounded and not sure what's going on at all since she's here and isn't supposed to be. "I thought you weren't coming."

I know that I'm stating the obvious, but seriously, I want to know why the hell she hasn't bothered to call me and tell me that she decided to come to the game. It definitely would have saved me a hell of a lot of trouble, although it's doubtful that I would have been able to control my temper even if I had known she was sitting in the stands all along. And now, well she's telling me how hot it is when I'm violent. That's a little concerning, I think.

"I wanted to surprise you," she says softly, all sweet and pretty and hair flipping as she pushes it back over her shoulder and then reaches out and runs her fingers down my chest toward my stomach. "You're so angry," she observes, watching her fingers move down before she peeks up at me. She's biting her lip. It's making my brain shut off.

"They kicked me out of the fucking game," I reply, reminded once again why I'm so irritated right now.

"You kicked the shit out of that guy; he was bleeding," Bella murmurs, picking up one of my clenched fists. She brings the bruised skin of my knuckle to her lips and begins to press soft kisses there before her tongue peeks out to taste my skin. It can't taste good because I've had my gloves on but she does it anyway.

Then she presses her lips against the back of my hand and starts to speak again. "It made me wet," she says. And of course, just to clarify in case I'm not sure what she's referring to, she continues in the same sultry voice, "When you get into a fight, I mean, that's what makes me wet."

I watch her face go red as the dirty words continue to pour out of her mouth even though she appears as if she's trying to keep them from spewing forth. I'm pretty damn excited that she's talking this level of dirty to me, it's making the anger which is currently dominating me morph slightly into something more like desire and need.

She looks mortified and she ducks her head while she runs her free hand along my forearm and up over my bicep. My dick is getting really hard what with all the kissing on my knuckles and the porn soundtrack coming out of Bella's sweet mouth. The unfortunate part is that I'm wearing a cup and I'm bent at an unpleasant angle. The unpleasantness is only getting worse now because she's running her fingers over my shoulder, along my neck and up into my sweaty hair.

"You're so hot," she murmurs, almost sounding forlorn as she moves closer and presses her body against mine. "I missed you," she says the words so quietly that I barely hear them.

This time she actually sounds somewhat ashamed, but before I can respond with words, her lips are on mine and I have no restraint at all. Two weeks without her and the uncomfortable chafing of my own hand as my sole form of relief does not a replacement for Bella make. The way she smells, the way she feels against my body and in my arms, combined with fact that I'm still pretty damn angry about getting kicked out of the game and the potential five-game suspension is like an emotional, hormonal, testosterone and adrenaline cocktail for me. I can't stop touching her and I can't stop being pissed. I regret to admit this does not make me thoughtful or careful with Bella.

I grab her ass and pull her body into mine, and she moans into my mouth. I find her tongue with my own and there is nothing soft and gentle about this kiss. I'm too pent up and on overload.

"God, I missed you," I mumble around her tongue and she does that moaning thing again.

She shoves her hips into mine with more force than before. "Ow, what the hell?" she asks and palms the front of my shorts before she rubs her pussy. She's unable to see the cup, but she can definitely

feel it. I just hope her hip thrust into it hasn't caused any damage that would make it difficult for us to have sex in the near future. Preferably the *very* near future.

"Cup," I explain as I start pulling her toward the showers where the lockers are, away from the door and the security guards who are manning the locker room.

For a second I wonder how the hell Bella managed to get in here, past those very security guards who are supposed to be guarding the door, but the feel of Bella's hands slipping into my shorts and trying to sort out the whole cup business is distracting, and I figure I can ask her about that later when I'm not about to have sex with her in the locker room.

"Oh, good idea." She nods softly as she speaks against my mouth, "Protect your snuffie."

"My what?" I ask.

"Your snuffie, your cock," she clarifies before sucking on my bottom lip.

"Did you just make a reference to Sesame Street?" I query, trying to raise an eyebrow at her while still trying to kiss her at the same time. I don't think it works.

"Maybe," she mutters and bites my lip, probably as a distraction from the children's show reference to my most prized body part.

I'm a little disconcerted that she's referencing my cock in relation to a giant fuzzy, make-believe elephant, particularly since I take care of my personal grooming and there's no seventies style dick-fro going on down there.

As soon as I think we're far enough away from the door I start yanking her shirt over her head and I'm met with the most amazing bra I have ever seen. Ever. It's awesome. It's red and black and lacy and frilly, and her boobs are nestled in there like two soft, satiny pillows from heaven. I push them together to enhance her perfect cleavage and press my face into them.

"I missed you, too," I tell them and Bella laugh-groans.

I kiss my way over the swell, squeezing slightly. I open my mouth and suck on the soft skin which causes Bella to make those fantastic sounds I love so much. "Do you like that, is that good?" I ask, because while I'm pretty sure she does and it is, I like hearing her say it.

"Oh, God, yes," she whimpers and then shoves my face further into her breasts.

"I love this bra," I mumble from between them.

"I thought you might," she breathes as I walk her backwards until she is pressed against the lockers.

As soon as she has something to lean up against, she arches her chest toward me and as much as I want to admire the way she looks in this sexy bra, I also want her naked so I can have sex with her. I like taking my time with Bella, I prefer it actually, but right now I am way too on edge for that. I'm

hoping I have several days to show her just how much I've missed her even though I'm currently not capable of providing such a demonstration of affection. I just want to get it on.

I reach behind her and unclasp her bra, pulling it away from her body and dropping it on the floor beside her shirt. As soon as it's gone I cup her breasts in my hands and start kneading away, kissing her hard, running my thumbs over her tight nipples. We're both groaning and panting and my dick is literally aching now because of the damn cup. If I don't get this thing off soon, I'm going to have a broken dick, or a sprained dick at the very least and then I'll be relegated to mouth and finger duty for the rest of the week where Bella is concerned. That is not okay. My dick will not stand for it, pun not intended at all.

Reluctantly I move my hands away from her boobs and I start yanking on my shorts. I manage to get those off, but I'm still wearing the jock strap. I need to get the damn thing off and free myself before my dick ends up bruised. Bella realizes what I'm doing and she starts trying to help. Suddenly she's on her knees in front of me and I can barely contain myself because she's topless and on the floor in the locker room. It's so hot and depraved and fuck it. I wanna fuck. Really bad.

I feel like I'm eighteen again, all hormonal and stupid as I watch her make quick work of the jockstrap, she shifts her head to the right as she frees me so she doesn't get hit in the face with my twitching, swinging, super-hard erection.

"Mmm," she sighs as she grips it in her hand and gives it a soft, slow stroke before she nuzzles my dick against her cheek, "I missed you."

Bella is talking to my dick while she practically hugs it. I think I love her.

Just as I'm about to pull her back up and rip the rest of the clothes off her body, she pushes the foreskin back and looks up at me. She brushes her lips back and forth over the head of my cock with half-closed eyes. It's what she does next that really pushes me over the edge, though; she runs her tongue along the slit at the head of my cock. It jerks in her hand and I groan really fucking loudly and slam my hands against the lockers, making her jump.

"Sorry," I apologize for scaring her, but when I process the look on her face I realize I've startled her but I certainly haven't scared her. In fact, she looks excited. She even does it again.

I clench my jaw against the sensation. I really don't want to cum before she even sucks on it or before I have a chance to get inside her. This is like my number one fantasy right here, having sex in the locker room. Well, maybe not my number one fantasy but pretty damn close anyway.

I can't take it, though, watching her on her knees like this, so I haul her up to me and kiss her hard while she strokes me with her hand. She's forced to let go when I pull her pants down and rid her of her shoes. I get a glimpse of the panties she's wearing and while I definitely want to see her in the boy's underwear I know she sports from time to time, this is just too fucking amazing for words. Now I wish I would have waited to take off the bra so I can see them together. She's wearing these red mesh things with black ruffles on the ass and I'm pretty sure they match the frilly part of the bra she was wearing before I discarded it on the floor. I'll have to make sure she wears them again together just to verify.

I pull them down her thighs and take a moment to touch her, running my hands back up the outside of her legs. Her skin is soft and smooth and delicate; I want to appreciate her for the gorgeous woman she is but I'm too tightly wound. As soon as I reach her hips I cup her ass in my hand and then slide my palm down the back of her thigh to her knee. The motherland is right in front of my face and while I can't wait to be inside her, I am well aware that no matter how wet she may be, if I don't at least do a little priming there is no way it's going to feel good for her. I lift her leg to my shoulder and kiss my way up the inside of her thigh, nipping a little along the way.

Bella starts up with the moaning. I really love it when she moans, and she does it a lot, which is even better. Bella is unbelievably vocal, and not in a pornstar way that sounds forced or weird. It's hot and sexy and makes me want to keep on going because it's becoming my favourite sound in the entire world.

"Is this okay, baby?" I ask, waiting for the words before I continue. I can tell it's okay, but I want the breathless, panted words that make my dick ache for the warmth of her body.

"I love it when you call me that," she exhales and then whimpers, "Yes, it's better than okay, please."

I place two small, soft, wet kisses on the inside of her thigh, just shy of where she wants my mouth. Then, without further warning, I slide my tongue between her smooth, pink lips and holy fuck, she isn't kidding at all when she says she's wet because she's drenched and Jesus Lord in heaven have mercy because I'm not going to make it out of this without doing or saying something completely fucking perverted.

"Oh, fuck," I mumble into her pussy.

"Edward," she moans as I suck and lick furiously because I need to get up in there as soon as humanly possible.

I push two fingers inside her and remember just how tight she really is. It doesn't take me long before I'm able to work another finger in and then one more. She's so slick and wet, and God, she's cumming and moaning my name and leaking all over my hand.

Her fingers are twined in my hair and her other hand is splayed out, slamming against the lockers repeatedly. She's yanking on my hair and I finally realize she's trying to get me to come up for some air. As soon I stand up her eyes bug out and she removes the hand from my hair and wipes my chin with her palm. She looks mortified.

"Oh my God, that's so . . . I'm such a leaky hooker," she mutters in a self-deprecating tone. I really hate it when she says things like that, even if the leaky part is true.

"I love the way you taste, Bella," I murmur in her ear, trying to reassure her that I find the fact that she gets this wet particularly sexy. I'm also egotistical enough to want to believe that I'm the reason for the wetness. I stroke myself a couple of times, coating my dick in the wetness from my hand before I pull her body flush to mine and grab her ass, lifting her off the floor. I pin her to the lockers

and slide her up my shaft until she reaches the head of my cock and then I lower her down onto me as she wraps her legs around my waist.

"You feel so . . ." I groan, unable to finish the statement because there are no words to describe the sensation of being inside her like this.

I have to stop thinking about how fantastic it feels and focus on something else, like how pissed off I am that I'm likely going to be suspended for the first few playoff games. This helps stave off the impending orgasm I don't want to happen when I've done nothing but enter Bella. Unfortunately, it also reminds me that I'm pissed off, and I pull out and thrust into her much harder than I intend to.

"Holy shit," Bella gasps as her head thumps against the lockers.

"I'm sorry," I grind out through clenched teeth because I desperately want to do that again, immediately.

"For what?" Bella asks, looking confused and wanton as she grinds her hips against mine and whimpers softly.

"Uh . . ." I begin as I am a little bewildered. I'm certain that should have been a little painful, considering that was far from gentle. But I don't have a chance to explain myself because Bella cuts me off, her grinding ramping up a notch just before she starts to speak.

"Come on, Edward, please," she says in this low, rough, sexy voice, her lips moving over my jaw until she reaches my ear. "I need you to fuck me." She punctuates this statement by bucking into me again.

That's it. I can't deal with this kind of dirty Bella talk and be expected to have gentle sex with her up against the lockers, which I realize is a ridiculous expectation in the first place. I lift her up and shift my hips back, pushing forward and pulling her back down at the same time.

"Oh my fuck!" Bella's eyes pop open and she looks at me, stunned.

"Like this?" I half-grunt, half-groan.

She nods and there's a garbled response as I lift and drop her again, her eyes rolling back. Her head lolls and hits the lockers with a metallic thump. She starts moaning then; the sound is deep and guttural and I can't help but feel like I'm losing my mind a little bit. I can't stop the desperate thrusting and I'm almost worried that I'm not going to have a chance to have sex with her again in the next few days because I'm sure I'm going too hard right now. But God, it feels so good.

I'm still trying to stave off the same damn orgasm that keeps threatening to overtake me. My focus is twofold. My primary concern is Bella's body and how it feels with her wrapped around me. Her heels are digging into my ass. Her fingers are tight in my hair, yanking on it slightly and she uncurls one hand so she can claw at my back and hold on for dear life because I am a relentless machine.

There is something so gratifying about the slam of our bodies against the metal of the locker with every thrust. Bella releases a moan with every push forward and I grunt in response, like I'm some

kind of Neanderthal man. My lack of control is a little worrisome, but Bella honestly seems to be enjoying herself and I'm watching intently for any sign that says she's not.

"Oh, God, right there," she moans when I change the angle just a bit to get a better grip on her.

I shift my hips back and then push into her again as she rotates her hips at the same time. I bow my head and bite down gently on the swell of her breast. It's the only thing I can do that isn't forceful at the moment. She lets out the sexiest, sweetest cry and I can't help myself, I need to hear some words of confirmation that this is as good for her as it is for me. I feel like I've been on the brink of an orgasm since I entered her.

"Is it good, do you like that?" I ask as I slide into her again.

"Oh my God, yes, Edward," she breathes out, and the words are high pitched and feverish. She grabs onto my shoulders tightly. "Harder," she murmurs in my ear.

"Are you sure?" I question her because I'm already going pretty damn hard as it is.

"Definitely, I'm definitely sure," Bella breathes as she kisses my neck with an open mouth.

"Fuck," I hiss as I comply with her request, the banging of the lockers getting louder as she pants and moans, and I know she's getting close because she starts chanting, which is completely normal for her. I find it ironic and a little odd that I already know what's 'normal' for her when she's cumming since we've only had sex five times, but I'm not about to analyze this now.

Over and over she tells me how much she loves my cock. I have to admit, it's pretty damn hot and excellent for my ego.

Suddenly I am being squeezed so hard I think the circulation to my dick is being cut off. Bella calls out my name along with a string of colourful profanities as she cums. Hard. I feel like the fucking champion of the world.

"I'm gonna fuck you until you can't walk," I groan, immediately regretting the disturbing words which have just left my mouth.

That's no way to talk to the woman I am currently having aggressive, hot sex with against a set of lockers, regardless if it's probably going to be true. I wait for her to slap me across the face but that certainly doesn't happen. Bella's nearly limp body stiffens and she moans, the end of her orgasm fires right back up again and she's clenching and moaning all over again. Huh. Maybe it is the way I should be talking to her, because she sure as hell seems to like it.

Just as I fall over the edge into the abyss of sexual gratification and mild mortification over my previous statement, I hear noise in the locker room. I clamp my hand over Bella's mouth, stifling a long moan as I register the voices of my teammates.

"Woohoo, sounds like Cullen's got a live one in there," I hear Ben's voice.

"Oh, shit," I exhale quietly, panicking because both Bella and I are naked and we've been anything but quiet. And we're fucking in the locker room.

I definitely do not want my teammates walking in on us right now. Mostly because I don't want them to see Bella naked.

"Holy shit, Edward." Bella mumbles from behind my hand as her head rolls from side to side on the locker door it's pressed against. "That was so hot. When can we do that again?"

I'm a little shocked to be honest. I've been less than a gentleman and she seems to be perfectly fine with that. She's still shifting her hips against me weakly, like she's trying to get me hard again, which honestly wouldn't be that difficult if it wasn't for the fact that my entire team is about five seconds away from rounding the corner and discovering us.

What's worse--or maybe ego boostingly fantastic--is that Bella is in such a lust-orgasm induced haze that she still isn't clueing into the fact that we are no longer alone. Well, as alone as we possibly could have been with security guards hanging out in the hallway just outside the locker room.

"Bella, baby . . ." I start to whisper and she groans and grabs my hair, pulling my mouth to hers. She kisses me fiercely before yanking my head back with a lot more force than I imagine her capable of.

"I love it when you call me baby," she whispers in her bedroom voice.

It's then that I hear the footsteps and I know I'm so fucked it's not even funny. I tuck Bella's head into my neck so no one can see her face and shift my body so the only part of her that they are going to see are her legs wrapped around my waist. Even that's too much exposure. I don't want anyone to see any part of her, particularly in this moment.

"What the fuck are you doing, Cullen?"

Emmett's voice echoes through the locker room and while I don't particularly care if he knows about Bella and me, I'm pretty sure that walking in on me having sex with her in the locker room is not going to go over very well or help my case in any way.

"Oh no," Bella whispers into my neck, "we're so screwed."

I'm pretty damn sure she's right about that.

OoO

Chapter 18- Just Because it Feels Good Doesn't Mean it's a Good Idea



OoO~!~Bella~!~OoO

I'm about thirty seconds post amazing double orgasm when the noise in the room finally registers and Emmett's booming voice disturbs my haze of bliss. I'm beginning to think that having sex in a locker room probably isn't the best plan. Too bad I've already done it. I hate that hindsight is always 20/20.

It takes me T-minus two seconds to understand that Edward's protective stance is a result of him trying to protect me from the horny, perverted eyes of his teammates. My legs are exposed and so is his ass. My face is pressed into his neck and I'm still not lucid enough to realize that biting him is not appropriate.

"Jesus, Bella," he mutters in my ear as I suck on his neck.

"Wait a fucking minute, is that . . . no fucking way, no fucking way, NO. FUCKING. WAY!" Emmett bellows.

I'm certain he's figured out it's me. I'm not exactly sure how, because he can only see my hair and my legs from the calf down. I'm assuming that my hair makes me very identifiable, and possibly my moaning of Edward's name as I came hard and fast may have attributed to Emmett's ability to identify me.

"Is your dick inside my sister, Cullen?" he continues yelling.

Oh yeah, he knows it's me for sure. I'm horrified, and so embarrassed it's laughable. I mean it's bad enough that I'm naked, wrapped around my . . . Edward, who I'm in a yet-to-be-defined relationship with, but the fact that my step-brother is now yelling at him while his dick actually is still inside me is just beyond any level of mortification.

"I'm your step-sister, Emmett." I pull my face out of Edward's neck so I can state the inappropriately obvious. Like the technicalities are going to stop the rumble which is about to go down here. "And Edward can stick his dick in me whenever he wants," I continue in unnecessary defiance. I'm already doing exactly what Emmett didn't want me to, only now I've taken it to the next level by getting it on publicly, for all his teammates to witness.

I might as well have thrown dynamite in a gasoline fire.

"I'LL FUCKING KICK YOUR ASS, CULLEN!" Emmett continues his over dramatic bellowing. It's quite unnecessary as he is mere feet away from us, and truthfully, Emmett *is* prone to overreacting.

"It's okay, baby, let me handle this," Edward says softly and strokes my hair, being all sweet and gentle as he kisses my shoulder, which is a stark contrast to the angry, dirty fucking we've just engaged in. Not that I'm complaining because I certainly enjoy both sides of him. I'll take him as Jekyll or Hyde.

He lifts me slightly so that his now-almost-totally-limp dick slips out of me. I sigh despondently and shiver slightly as the warmth of his body leaves mine. He sets me down on the floor, rubbing my ass because my legs are sore and I'm having a hard time standing up on my own. He wasn't lying about fucking me until I couldn't walk. I feel like my legs may just give out. Emmett is continuing with his verbal tirade the entire time.

"Did you just call her *baby*? How fucking long has this been going on? Get your damn hands off my sister!" he yells.

His face is an unnatural and worrisome shade of red. It's almost verging on purple at this point. I'm not sure if he's going to have a heart attack or not. It's at this point that I realize I'm naked and the entire team is standing behind Emmett, waiting for some kind of showdown.

"This isn't going to be pretty," I murmur, touching Edward's chest as I duck my head, more embarrassed than I have ever been in my entire life.

I'm also equally satisfied, which is saying something about Edward's abilities as a lover. I am almost thankful for the women who have come before me. I say almost because I would rather there not be a list of women who have enjoyed the wonders of Edward's monster cock.

I try not to focus on Edward's cock anymore as I glance over at the lockers I was recently pressed against. My clothes are strewn all over the floor and there is no way I can reach them without someone getting a glimpse of my lovely, well-used cooter. Edward can't get them for me either because he's currently acting like a human shield, guarding my naked body from their hungry eyes. Okay, maybe *I'm* being a little over dramatic here. I'm sure they're not really all that fixated on seeing me naked, at least not the majority of them. I think the real excitement is from the prospect of Emmett and Edward fighting each other. I'm a little disgusted by the fact that this idea is making me hot in the beaver when I've barely even cooled down from the awesome sex we've just had.

"Cullen, I'm not going to tell you again, get the FUCK away from my sister." Emmett is no longer bellowing, instead he's changed to the quiet-calm voice he uses when he is so furious he can barely function. This is not good. This means that Emmett is going to break something and I have a feeling he's going to try to break Edward.

Edward spins around and I since I am looking at the ground I see his dick swing in the process. I have to hold back the inappropriate laughter. It's something I have a tendency to do when I'm under a lot of stress and right now is one of those times. Plus, Edward's swinging monster cock is pretty funny to

observe. I hear it slap against his thigh when his movement stops. I really do love his penis. I want to pet it and put it on a leash and walk it, or maybe give it a sponge bath. Maybe he'll let me name it.

I step up behind him and put my hands on his back so I can peer over his shoulder at Emmett. My boobs press up against his back and my cooter comes into contact with his amazing ass. No one can see anything but my forehead and my eyes from where I am standing behind Edward but I still wish I had something as simple as a towel to make me feel a hell of a lot less exposed.

Emmett shifts his angry glare from Edward to me. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" he shouts.

"Pardon me?" I ask, all snarky-like, as though I can't hear him. I'm already sick of the yelling.

"Do you think it would be too much trouble to ask for a towel for Bella, or are you really that interested in having the entire team see her naked, because I sure as fuck don't want that happening," Edward says in a low voice.

He reaches back with one hand and his fingers graze my hip. I rub my boobs on his back, because I'm his hooker, if nothing else. Jasper is the one who tosses a towel to Edward, who in turn hands it to me. I hope it's clean and I don't end up with crabs or something. If it's Jasper's, I feel safe for some reason. I don't believe he ascribes to the same set of principles as some of his other teammates, namely Emmett-and Ben. For the health of my beaver's, I hope this is the case.

Emmett waits until I'm wrapped in the towel before he decides to take a swing at Edward. It's totally unexpected, at least / don't expect it to happen. Both Edward and I duck. Emmett's giant fist misses my face by mere inches. I can actually feel the woosh of air on my cheek as his fist flies by.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Edward is now yelling at Emmett and he shoves him, hard.

Emmett stumbles backward and it takes him a moment to right himself. Emmett looks livid and Edward looks feral. It's so hot-Edward, not Emmett. I don't want them to fight though because if they do they might get hurt or someone might get in trouble and I definitely don't want that to happen. Why can't everyone just get along? Oh right, because I've just been caught fucking my brother's teammate in the team locker room. Carry on, then.

"You could have hurt her," Edward says as he takes another step toward Emmett and shoves him again. This time Emmett is ready and he goes to punch Edward in the ribs but Edward's much too quick and he blocks it.

"Enough," I yell and shove my body between the two of them.

Emmett smells foul. I wrinkle my nose and push on his chest while I press my back on Edward's front and try to move them away from each other. I'm tiny in comparison to the two of them, though, so I'm completely ineffective.

I'm gripping the towel with one hand and pushing on Emmett with the other. It's gross, the way my hand dampens on the carpet he calls chest hair. I didn't even realize he was shirtless until I touched him, he has so much hair on his body-it's like a personal sweater.

"What the hell are you doing with him?" Emmett yells at me.

He spits all over my face in the process and I nearly gag. This is so repulsive. I'll never have sex in a locker room again. I hope I don't get plantars warts or athlete's foot from standing on the dirty floor without socks on. Okay, so the floor isn't dirty at all, this is like a damn hotel room except it smells like dirty, sweaty boys and sex-thanks to Edward and me.

"Well, Emmett, we were having sex. And it was fucking awesome, until, of course, you came in here and brought your posse with you and started yelling at me. Which you don't need to do, by the way. I'm standing right here, I can definitely hear what you're saying just fine without you trying to shower me in saliva and shatter my eardrums," I say, only pausing once to take a breath. I'm so impressed with myself.

"He's a giant man-whore." Emmett points an accusing finger at Edward.

I want to laugh, partly because the term 'man-whore' coming from Emmett's mouth is absolutely hilarious and that fact that he believes it's alright for him to judge, particularly when he really is a man-whore in the truest sense of the word, is scoff-worthy. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black.

"Says the walking venereal disease," I quip. God, I'm good today.

"I'm clean, I don't have any fungus growing on my dick," Emmett defends himself.

"Well that's a lovely image, thanks for that," I retort. I wish I wasn't such a visual person because I'm currently picturing his wang covered in black fungus, like it's suffering from a case of gangrene.

I can't believe I'm having this kind of argument with Emmett right here in this particular location. And here I thought getting caught having sex was embarrassing, apparently it's only the tip of the embarrassment iceberg. I would like to be anywhere else but here right about now. In reality I would most prefer to be sleeping in Edward's bed, with his dick pressed up against the small of my back. At this thought I take a step back, away from Emmett and toward Edward.

My back meets his front and I feel his limp, but still generously hung monster cock pressed against the exact spot I have been thinking about. The only unfortunate part is that I'm not completely naked anymore. That's not a bad thing though considering the entire team is watching us. A few of the older guys looks mildly amused and the younger ones, closer to Emmett's and Edward's age, seem to be holding out for either a fight or my towel to drop. Part of me almost wants to let it go just to see what will happen.

I envision them like a pack of wild dogs, jumping over each other to get to the breasts and the beaver. I also envision Edward slinging me over his shoulder and snarling at them while he grabs my ass. I have a fucked up imagination that seems to run rampant at the very worst of times. I almost moan. Fortunately I don't because I have the sense enough to know that would be extremely embarrassing.

Edward wraps his arm protectively around my waist and I think that Emmett might just explode. He looks like the kettle I compared him to earlier and I'm just waiting for the top of his head to pop off and steam to come pouring out, along with the limited amount of brain matter he has in there.

I decide that I'm in the mood to push Emmett's buttons more than I already have. I turn my head toward Edward's chest and look up at him, trying to be all innocent and coy. It must be working because I can feel him getting hard against my back. That will really piss Emmett off.

"I think I'd like to get dressed now since it doesn't look like we'll be going for round two until much later," I say in this low, pornorific voice.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Emmett fumes. It's awesome.

"I fucking knew it," Ben says from the front row, right behind Emmett. I can't say I'm surprised to see him there. He might as well wear a shirt with flashing letters on it that says 'I'm a HUGE perv.' He shifts his dick and sighs before he continues, "Of course Cullen gets the bunny who wants to fuck in the locker room multiple times."

Edward's arm tightens around my waist and I hear a sharp exhale of breath. I watch as Emmett whips around to face Ben. "She's not a fucking bunny," Emmett and Edward say in stereo.

Edward's voice is loud beside my head and I cringe away as much as physically possible, because it hurts my ear. I'm impressed by the way their voices merge into one. I wonder what they would sound like if they ever did a karaoke duet.

Emmett takes a step toward Ben, who is now on the receiving end of his wrath. Better him than Edward as far as I'm concerned. Ben raises his hands in the air and starts apologizing. I take this opportunity to shift my ass against Edward's dick before I try to move away from him and pick my clothes up off the floor. Of course, Edward is not willing to allow this to happen, probably because he is sporting quite the woody. And possibly because he's enjoying the friction more than he should.

Edward lifts me off the floor by my waist and carries me over to my clothes while Emmett yells at Ben. Once I've secured my clothing we manage to sneak out of the main locker room to another room I didn't even know existed. I'm not really sure how we manage to go unnoticed, but I'm relieved that I am no longer under the watchful eye of a room full of sweaty dudes.

There are couches and a giant flat screen TV in here. I can still hear Emmett yelling, and there are other loud voices, but I'm too stunned to focus on what they are saying.

"Why the hell did we have hot angry sex against lockers when we could have had it here, on this couch. I mean God, Edward, you could have just bent me right over and . . ." I gulp as I watch his jaw clench and a muscle twitches in his cheek.

Oh, that was totally the right thing to say. I smile inside and clench my thighs together to stop my beaver from barking out orders to spread my legs. Do beavers bark? I have no idea. No matter, I do not think that Emmett would be very receptive to finding us fucking in the next room, less than

fifteen minutes after he's witnessed it in the first place. I don't think Edward's pretty face will survive if I try to pull something like 'let's see how quiet we can be.'

"Don't start because I might want to do just that," he says softly in that very calm, smooth, sexified voice that sends shivers up my spine, confirming my initial thoughts. "Besides, there's a couch in our hotel room, and we'll have plenty of opportunity for me to bend you over it later."

I gape at him because I totally don't expect him to say something like this even though I should. I have to urge to drop my towel and jump on his cock since it is standing at attention. I look down. And sigh.

"You need to get dressed, Bella," he says as he grinds his teeth. He acts as my cover even though it's totally unnecessary-since we are the only two people in the room-holding the towel up in front of me while he peeks over it so he can watch me dress.

"I love those panties," he sighs.

"I brought boy briefs," I whisper as I shimmy back into my pants and cover my panties.

"Fuck," he mutters and I look down as his dick pokes the towel. I stifle a giggle and the urge to poke it right back through the terry fabric.

I just finish pulling my shirt over my head when Emmett walks into the room, again. Edward is wrapping the towel around his waist, trying to push down his woody, which my beaver would gladly devour. Again.

Emmett hones in on my dressed form before taking in Edward's hard on. His fists clench and he starts spazzing a bit, muttering things under his breath. It kind of sounds like a yoga mantra or something.

"I'm so gonna kick your ass, Cullen," he threatens.

I roll my eyes. "Oh, whatever Emmett, this isn't Fight Club, you guys aren't going to have a throw down," I spit out at him and then turn my attention to Edward. "But if it was, you'd definitely be Tyler, Edward. He's so fucking hot."

Emmett gaze shifts to me and he looks incredulous. I can see him trying to decide if my potential wrath is worth pursuing this. I know he has no idea how attached Edward and I are, and to be quite honest, I'm not even sure what lable we would apply to our relationship. I guess we are probably seeing each other in some form; naked at times and clothed at others.

"It's not like you need to defend my honour or anything. It wasn't like I was a virgin before Cullen here managed to get his monster cock in my tiny cooter," I smile at Emmett, enjoying his discomfort.

Edward coughs from beside me, looking a little stunned at my comment, and possibly miffed by my revelation. I will never understand why guys, particularly those who have clearly dipped their wick in a whole shitload of poon, will get all up in arms about the fact that the girl they are seeing has had

sex before. It's not like it was awesome in comparison, but Edward doesn't need such ego boosts as that.

"Edward, do you think you could give us a minute?" I ask.

"Sure thing, baby, I'm gonna shower," he murmurs and kisses my temple.

"Don't you call her baby," Emmett seethes, pointing a meaty finger at Edward.

Thankfully, Edward doesn't respond to him, instead he brushes the tip of his nose just above my eyebrow while his lips ghost over my cheekbone.

Emmett glowers at Edward. Jesus. He really needs to drop the big brother act. "I happen to enjoy it when Edward calls me baby, so you can shut the hell up," I snap at him. I turn my face into Edward's shoulder and mutter under my breath, "Particularly in the throes of passion."

Apparently I'm not nearly as quiet as I think I am.

"Will you fucking stop that shit?" Emmett asks, cringing in disgust. Even Emmett has limitations and I don't want to surpass them for fear of him freaking out again.

Edward saunters away, a slight stagger in his step, possibly from the semi he's still sporting but most likely because of my perverted comments which paint his sexual prowess in a very positive light. He does give Emmett a wide berth, just in case he decides to strike, angry Yeti style. It's a real possibility, he's turning puce again.

"What the fuck, Bella?" he asks as soon as Edward is out of the room.

"What the fuck, what?" I ask, this is going to be fun.

"You're fucking Cullen? How long has this been going on?" Emmett hands are on his hips like an angry mother-an angry Yeti mother.

I shrug. "I guess since the first time I met him?"

Emmett's eyes grow as wide as saucers. I can see him putting things together. I watch the wheels turning, in fact I can almost see the steam coming out of his ears because his brain is in overdrive. I feel a little sorry for him, as much as love him like a brother, he really is lacking in intellectual fortitude. This must be a fairly difficult process for him. At least he's cute when he's fully dressed and sometimes, when he's not out whoring his dick, he can be awfully sweet. It's too bad no woman he's ever been with knows this about him, at least none that I'm aware of.

I try to focus on the actual words he's speaking rather than the random thoughts that are floating through my head.

"You . . . you . . . I . . . you, but he's a whore, Jesus, Bella why the hell are you getting involved with someone who's only out to wet his dick with you?" Emmett looks truly perplexed. It's probably one of the deepest things he's ever said to me.

"Because he doesn't just want to wet his dick with me, or in me, or whatever." I sigh, at least this is the impression I have. We do have wonderful conversations through email, over the phone and in person. "He's really not like that when we're together. Well, I mean most of the time, today is an exception. I think he was just . . . heated over being ejected from the game. And honestly, I have to say that was by far the hottest . . ."

"Seriously, Bella, I think we're even, you can drop it now. I'll never talk about the time you saw my dick ever again if we can put this incident in the vault," he places his hand over his heart in assurance.

Wow, he uses the word incident in the proper context. I'm impressed.

"I just don't want to see anything bad happen to you. I mean, I know you think I'm a fuckwit, and I know I'm a huge man-slut most of the time, but I do have a heart. Don't think I've forgotten about that ass that you dated earlier this year," he says.

I'm stunned. I know Emmett laid off on the asshole comments after Stephan and I broke up—mostly because I had what would probably be considered a complete emotional breakdown when Stephan referred to my pussy as Fort Knox. I should have known letting down the guard for him was a bad idea. One would think I would learn from previous experience what effect spreading my legs has on the opposite sex but clearly this is not the case.

Apparently I was way more emo about that whole breakup than I originally thought, considering that Emmett is bringing it up again and is apparently voicing his concern for my well being. Emmett had attempted to be as sensitive as his dysfunctional brain would allow at the time of the break-up. That meant he would do things like rent horror movies and watch them with me, or we would play Vice City on PlayStation and he'd allow me to win. Emmett is so competitive, he cries when I beat him at air-hockey, so letting me win at Vice City is a pretty big deal.

"Look, Emmett," I say as I sit down on the edge of the couch, "I know you're trying to help out here, but honestly, I'm not stupid enough to make the same mistake twice. Edward's a decent guy, and I know what you think he's like, but I see a different side of him that is not completely testosterone and semen fueled."

"But . . . what if Edward . . ." he begins, looking concerned and slightly constipated as he tries to formulate a full sentence in his head before letting it come out of his mouth.

I raise my hand to stop him. "Really, Emmett, I get that you have protective bullshit urges, but I'm good. If I need you to fuck Edward up over something I'll let you know," I tell him.

I'm actually joking when I say this, but his eyes light up like he's in a nudie bar.

"Really?" he asks, clearly excited by this prospect.

"Really." I nod, even though I will never in a million years sick Emmett on Edward if things don't work out. I can knee a man in the balls and thoroughly enjoy it if he is deserving of the pain.

"I'm gonna shower," he announces.

Apparently our deep conversation is over. I wave him off and grab a water from the awesome fridge that looks like one from a convenience store-except way cooler-and plunk myself down on one of the sweet leather couches in the lounge after I flick on the TV. There's a rerun of The Smurfs on. Wicked. Now I get to watch the whore Smurfette doing her thing.

I can't help but think back to the shitty breakup with Stephan even though tiny blue dudes are gracing me with their amazing entertainment value. I don't want to allow my mind to wander in that direction but since Emmett brought him up it's impossible not to ruminate on it for a short while.

Stephan was an asshole and he pretty much scarred me sexually for life and then bailed on me. He didn't do anything too weird, he was just . . . he sounded like a hyena when he was cumming, it was fucked up. He had a tiny dick too, well in comparison to Edward at least. But I think everyone has a tiny dick in comparison to Edward. Realistically though it was small, I hardly felt anything at all when we had sex, which was only a handful of times, thankfully.

Two weeks after we started having less than mediocre sex I went in to a coffee shop near campus to get myself a caffeinated beverage. He was there, with some girl and a few friends of his I didn't know, not that I actually knew any of his friends which probably should have been a tip off that things weren't on the up and up in the first place. I think I was just tired of being alone and the lackluster, high pitched sex was better than nothing. Anyway, the chick beside him was rubbing his leg. She was cute enough, blond hair and blue eyes, and she was wearing one of his stupid pretentious blazers over her too small shirt. He never let me wear his blazers, not that I would want to but still, it would have been nice if he at least offered.

And then Stephan did something that will probably stick with me for the rest of my life, apart from dog whistle moaning sex-or at least until I'm senile. He looked at me like he didn't know who I was. He even asked me if he could help me and when I realized, before I made an enormous fool out of myself-or more of a fool than I had already made-that he was probably fucking the blond beside him I turned and walked away after muttering that he looked liked some douche-whore I used to know with a small dick. That part was gratifying. As was dumping the mocha-frappa-whatever with whipped cream on his windshield when I exited the coffee shop. I was remorseful immediately because it had cost five dollars and the sky was threatening rain. The drink wouldn't even have had a chance to dry on the windshield with my shit luck.

Later, when I was no longer under the impression that it was something I had done, I tried to understand why I had sex with him in the first place. He was entirely selfish and his dick was really small. It wasn't like the sex I had before hyena-cummer was much better, but God, that was just awful.

I haven't really dated anyone since then, because I'll be fucked if I am going to let the same shit happen to me again. So I get the irony in that I'm allowing myself to get involved with a reformed man-whore-who-was-never-really-a-man-whore, at least according to Edward, is not lost on me. In this case I already thought I knew what I was getting myself into. It's not my fault all the rumours turned out to be false and that Edward is actually a very nice guy.

Ben joins me a few minutes later and disrupts my inner musing. He has a very determined look on his face; this should be interesting.

"So you and Cullen, huh?" he gives me a sly nod, or at least what he believes is one. It makes him look like an idiot in all actuality, or a bobble head.

"Mmmm," I raise an eyebrow. "That's clearly a rhetorical question since I'm sure you heard me moaning his name," I offer. No need to pretend like it didn't happen.

He attempts to discreetly shift his dick in his pants, but does a God awful job. Instead he appears as though he is wrestling with it, like he's trying to scratch it while he has a conversation with me. God, he's creepy.

"So, I know Cullen has a big dick and all, but I'm pretty fucking awesome in the sack . . ." he trails off, leaning toward me.

I blink at him, not sure if he's serious or not. His facial expression and the blank look in his eyes tells me that he is, in fact, quite serious. That's just disgusting.

"I have a policy which doesn't allow me to have sex with people whose IQ's are lower than that of my pet fish," I reply, smiling at him.

"You have a pet fish?" he appears confused.

"Jesus," I mutter, wondering when someone else is going to show up and save me from the stupidity of this conversation.

Thankfully Edward appears, freshly showered and dressed in a black pinstripe suit. I want to get naked again. He approaches the couch, standing right behind me and I clamber up the back, grabbing onto his tie and plastering my mouth to his. He's definitely taken aback by my aggressive and public display of affection in front of his teammate-because kissing is so much more intimate than being fucked against lockers apparently. I can see a couple other guys saunter in out of the corner of my eye while I fuck his mouth with my tongue.

I hear the words, "That's hot," coming from the couch and I pull back immediately. Of course Ben is getting off on what is supposed to be me physically demonstrating that I'm not interested in anyone but Edward.

Edward glares at him.

It's at that moment that I come to my senses and take in the fact that all the guys in the room have heard my sex noises. I also know that I was particularly loud this time. I feel like such a hooker. I think my face may be on fire as Edward picks me up and sets me down so I'm sitting on the back of the couch and he's standing between my thighs. I shove my face into his chest in my embarrassment.

"Well, leaving the locker room should be interesting," one of the guys who has just appeared says as he grabs a Gatorade.

I look at him quizzically.

Then I understand, I have to leave through the same doors I came through and there are always camera crews waiting out there. How the hell am I going to get out of here without everyone in the world knowing I fucked Edward in the locker room?

OoO

Chapter 19- And Here I Thought I Could Fit in a Duffle Bag



OoO~!~Bella~!~OoO

I stare at Edward for a long time. Closing my eyes, I hope for the ability to beam myself out of the locker room. Unfortunately, when I open them I'm still standing here staring at Edward again. At least he's pretty, and the suit he's wearing makes me want to get naked again instantly. But I won't, because it would not be appropriate; not that I've ever been a fan of appropriateness or anything.

"There is no way I'm leaving this locker room," I blurt out.

This is definitely unreasonable. I am aware that I will have to leave this room eventually. I know my eyes must literally be as wide as saucers, like those strange greeting cards with the animals on them whose eyes are half the size of their head; I'm so freaked out. I don't want pictures taken of me in all my hockey hooker glory. Of course, because I am unable to contain myself, I continue on a mini-tirade about why I can't leave the locker room, just in case Edward or any of his teammates that are within ear shot are interested in knowing.

"People are going to think I'm your hockey hooker. Or maybe they'll start some rumours that I'm gang banging the team. Then you know what will happen?" Edward opens his mouth and blinks at me, looking as though he's going to say something. I cut him off, "I'll tell you what's going to happen. Ron Jeremy or one of his friends will try and set me up with some porno contract and it'll be called Bella does the Blackhawks and they'll try and make me do double penetration and I wasn't lying

when I said that my ass was an exit only hole. No fucking way. Just because I like to watch dirty porn doesn't mean I want to be in one."

I suck in a deep breath. I feel like it's not enough, like I can't get sufficient air into my lungs. I'm all sweaty and clammy, and I feel terrible. I think I might be having an anxiety attack. Edward is staring at me like I'm unstable. The rest of the room is quiet, except for Ben.

"I'd totally buy a porno with you in it," he says.

I laser-beam holes through him with my eyes. I think he means it as a compliment, but he's too lacking in intelligence to be able to understand that there are two men in the room who will likely want to kick his ass for saying things like this. I look over at Edward, ashamed of myself for enjoying the murderous glare he is giving Ben. Edward looks primal and yet sophisticated in his suit while he practically bares his teeth at him. My panties are doused by my porno-style wetness. I almost moan out loud, which would be really, really bad right now.

"I'm not going to be in a porno," I say, but my voice is shrill and choked sounding.

I am panicked and maybe just a little crazed right now. I hope Edward is going to fuck me into oblivion later tonight so I can forget all about this fiasco. Well, maybe not the part when I got fucked up against the lockers, but the aftermath I would willingly erase from my mind permanently.

"Ben, I swear to fucking God . . ." Edward's voice is venomous. He looks lethal and while I am mortified by the prospect of leaving the locker room, I'm also too much of a girl not to enjoy watching him get all pissed off at Ben.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, it appears that Ben is smart enough to back the hell off and he holds up his hands in surrender. Smart move, but sadly it means that Edward calms down and I really, really like a pissy, wound up Edward. Particularly when his dick is in me.

"What the hell is going on here?" The coach comes in and stares at me. "Did one of you hire a hooker? Haven't we had this discussion before?" He looks pointedly at Ben.

"Oh my God," I mumble into my hands, utterly mortified.

"Watch your mouth, Coach, that's my sister," Emmett says in a controlled voice, the tone of which holds warning and a lot of pent up anger. I'm thinking that's mostly due to catching us having sex-oh, and the fact that I'm now being pegged as a Puck Bunny of the lowest form.

"Your sister is a hooker?" Coach asks.

Is everyone in this room except Edward mentally challenged? Are they all below the intellectual average? More importantly, do I actually look like a hooker? I peek out from behind my fingers, trying to furtively scope out a mirror. I'm currently ascribing to the childish notion that if I put my hand over my face and I can't see anyone, no one can see me either. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I'm not dressed up slutty or anything, but my hair is a mess. I don't remember Edward's hands being in it, but apparently they must have been because its pretty wild looking. If anything I look like an expensive escort, which is not *nearly* as bad as a hooker.

"She's not a fucking hooker, she's my girlfriend," Edward roars.

Literally, he roars. It's loud and guttural and it makes my ears hurt since I'm standing close to him.

I've had enough of the hooker conversation. I step around Edward, I need to find a way to get out of here without being noticed. I think I may be in shock right now. It dawns on me that he's called me his girlfriend and I haven't even acknowledged that fact. While I might want to be his girlfriend in the worst way possible, putting a title on this thing we have makes it way more . . . intense? Real? Scary?

I can see Emmett's hockey bag sitting on the floor in the adjoining room and it gives me an idea. Those bags are huge and I am small. If I pull out all of his crap, I can most certainly fit in there. He can wheel me out and no one would be the wiser. I stride across the room feeling all eyes on me. I am almost completely oblivious to the handful of mostly naked guys in the room.

I have a goal: avoiding the walk of shame out of the locker room into the paws and jaws of the media whores. I start yanking Emmett's stuff out of his bag. I get out one sock before I am almost knocked over by the smell. It's repulsive.

"Holy hell, Emmett, did something die in your hockey bag?" I ask.

"Those are my lucky socks," he defends himself. Like luck is going to make them stop smelling like a carcass.

"Those are disgusting, how do you not have trench foot from wearing these things?" I ask. His socks smell like something is rotting in them. "Have you checked to make sure you have all your toes?"

I don't wait for an answer and shove the offending sock back in the bag and zip it up in a rush. I can't believe how putrid the smell is; my eyes are watering. I think the hairs in my nose are burning off from the odour. I look around the room and spot Edward's bag. I rush over to it and unzip it. Everything smells a little sweaty, but not unclean so I'm willing to make a temporary home of it. I start pulling items out, surprised at how much stuff fits in there. No one has said anything at this point and I haven't even bothered to look up.

"Bella, baby, what are you doing?" Edward is kneeling beside me, looking at me like I'm mildly insane.

I raise an eyebrow at him and pull out his skates and a couple of the bigger items in his bag before I step into, it doesn't smell bad at all. In fact, I'm quite partial to the odor; I think I would like to hang out in his hockey bag on occasion. As soon as I think this, I know I'm in need of some professional help, but I am also inclined to attribute my reaction to the fact that I'm spazzing out about having my picture in the local media whore mag where I'm labeled as a hooker extraordinaire.

"This is how you're going to get me out of here," I say, my tone belying my irritation that he actually needs to ask. I mean, isn't it obvious?

"Bella you don't need to do that, no one is going to think you're actually a hooker," he says quietly. For a moment I wonder if he's lost his mind too.

"Really, Edward? I think you're being awfully naive if you believe that people aren't going to think I'm a super slut if I walk out of this locker room with the entire team behind me. And people already believe you're a whore, how will I avoid that label if I saunter out of here looking like an expensive prostitute hanging off your arm?"

I am halfway into the bag at this point. I will most definitely fit in here. No need to worry about looking like the hooker I am. I am relieved that I will be able to avert this crisis.

"You don't need to do this." Edward's face looks pained. I can see regret and sadness pass through his eyes. I wonder what he regrets. I hope it's not the fuckhot sexin' we just had.

"I just don't want to create more problems for myself," I say quietly, trying to shimmy down a little deeper into the bag. I have to bend my legs to fit the rest of my body in here. Edward pulls me up and out of it before I can sink fully into it and zip myself up. It would be a lot like being in a body bag which is not the most pleasant thought.

"We can use the emergency exit," Edward suggests.

"There's an emergency exit?" I ask. I haven't noticed an alternate exit up to this point, although I have been awfully preoccupied. I'm not sure why Edward doesn't mention it until now, I could have saved myself a modicum of humiliation if he'd said something several minutes ago.

Edward nods.

"Well then, that's a much better option than snuggling with your jockstrap," I reply snarkily.

Edward tells the coach we'll meet them at the rental bus thing we're going to be riding in. When he opens the emergency door of the locker room, I hesitate, peeking out to make sure there isn't someone with a camera waiting to snap a picture of me. I have my hand over my face to block my identity and I'm peeking through the slits in my fingers. When I am sure there is no one there, I take Edward's extended hand and I follow him down a hallway and some stairs until we step out into the cold, Canadian winter night.

Edward wraps an arm around my waist and pulls me into him. "See, much better than riding around in my hockey bag," he says into my hair.

"Agreed." I nod into his chest as he guides me across the darkened parking lot toward a bus that is waiting for us.

It's at this point that I realize my parents and Alice are probably freaking out because they have no idea where I am. Once we are on the bus, I pull my phone out of my pocket, turn it on and check my texts. There are twenty-seven. Edward has sent fifteen of them and the rest are from my mom and Alice. Because I checked before I left for the Great White North, I know that the roaming charges are super expensive, so I quickly shoot a text off to Alice and one to my mom. I let them know that I'm safe with Edward and tell them we'll meet them at the hotel bar where the after party-because there is always an after party-will be.

Once I've finished texting, I turn to Edward and he looks hurt or upset, or something like the two combined.

"Why didn't you respond to my texts?" He sounds like I kicked his pet beaver.

"Do you have any idea how expensive the roaming charges are here? I think it's stupid, since we're what, an hour away from the US border? And honestly, Canada is just like a huge state in the north anyway isn't it? I know it's run by the Queen and all, but really it would just be more convenient if we had the same money and government system and all that garbage," I ramble.

Edward looks completely mortified by my rationale, and I'm pretty sure I've insulted his Canadian heritage or whatever. I decide to get back on topic. "Did you also know that every text I send costs seventy-five cents when I'm in another country? That's halfway to a coffee from Starbucks and I can't live without Starbucks. I can live without texting for a few days, though. Besides I knew I was coming to see you and I figured you would like the surprise."

"I'm going to pretend you didn't say any of that shit about Canada being an extension of the US, Bella, because I know you don't really mean that." He narrows his eyes at me.

Ooooh, he looks a little pissed. I'm definitely going to say something like that again when he's getting ready to push my beaver buttons. I can see that being the perfect way to get him all riled up. Maybe he'll smack my ass for it. I can't believe I'm entertaining the idea of having Edward smack my ass, better yet I'm getting wet over it.

Edward mutters something about my phone being old and me needing a new one. I don't know what he's on about. I'm really good at using the T9 function and I can't afford to be buying a new cell phone just because it might be better than the one I have. Besides, that doesn't really have anything to do with why I didn't text him. I don't bother to pursue it, though, sometimes Edward just gets worked up about things. I feel like his being ejected from the game might have been partially my fault for not calling him all day.

I think he's sensitive. It makes me want to cuddle with him, and let him fuck me on the bus. I should just get a shirt with the words: 'Cullen's HOOKER' on it.

We don't have to wait long before the driver takes us around to the doors where the rest of the team is. There is a ton of paparazzi hanging around and I'm certain they are looking for Edward, considering his performance on the ice and his behaviour. I know I shouldn't encourage that sort of aggression, but God is it ever hot.

"What happened on the ice anyway?" I ask as I watch Emmett answering some questions. He looks like he's concentrating really hard. It's probably a difficult question, like, 'what's your middle name?'

"Huh?" Edward asks, his eyes flicker to mine and away.

I try to decipher his expression, but it looks carefully blank. I'm sure he knows what I'm referring to.

"What did that guy say to provoke you?" I ask and my voice comes out all breathy and a little hoarse as I recollect just how hot that violent outburst was. I think I whimper or make some sort of mini porn-type noise.

"I don't remember. He was being a dick," Edward says evasively. His entire body is tense and he's practically vibrating with anger. I know he's lying to me, but I just don't know why. I start to call him on it when the rest of the team piles onto the bus, preventing me from accomplishing this. He looks relieved. I'll be sure to get the truth out of him later and I know just how to do it: with my boobs.

The guys razz the hell out of him the entire way to the bar but they don't say anything about catching us fucking in the locker room. I'm not sure if it's because Emmett will kick the shit out of someone if they did or because Edward is likely to do the same. Edward looks more and more pissed as they continue to give him hell for getting so hot headed during such an important game. While I'm a fan of hot and bothered Edward, I don't really want him to be in a pissy mood for the remainder of the evening. Even if it might benefit me later on.

I'm happy when we finally pull up to the hotel and make our way inside. Edward puts his hand around my waist and pulls me into him. I'm not sure how comfortable I am with this kind of public affection, but it's a little late to be questioning it now since we were pretty public with our affection in the locker room.

I'm completely overwhelmed by the amount of attention I'm getting right now. People are staring and then there's some picture taking, and I have the urge to cringe away from the camera and hide. I know no one really cares who the hell I am and it's the team that the focus is on, but at the same time I know I'm sticking out like a sore thumb.

Some of these things belong together, Some of these things are kind of the same

Can you guess which one of these doesn't belong here? . . . I have no idea why Sesame Street song lyrics are in my head as I try not to get all worked up about the fact that I am the lone female amidst a throng of suited-up hockey players.

"My family is here and I want to introduce you," Edward says just loud enough that I can hear him over the noise of the bar once we are inside.

My eyes widen. Oh, God, I have to meet the parents. What if I say something stupid? It's likely to happen because this is me we're talking about and I have a propensity for stupidity. I'm sure that Edward's mother is nothing like mine and I fear that she won't approve of me. I'm also curious to know if Edward's father is as hot as he is.

My palm is sweaty as Edward slides his fingers between mine and gives my hand a squeeze. I squeeze back but I can't seem to let up on my grip.

"They're going to love you," Edward whispers in my ear and kisses my neck as he guides me to the VIP section and I am greeted by a woman who has the same colour hair as Edward, and the same lovely, al dente broccoli eyes. I'm kind of hungry now that I think about it; the locker room sex must have made me work up an appetite.

Once I get past the fact that they have the same hair and eye colour, I take in the rest of her. Holy shit. This woman looks like she's just finished her Miss. America speech for the Cougar Component. I mean, she's beautiful, but her hair is *huge*. It's this contrived style that must have a least seven cans of hairspray in it. Okay, maybe not that much, but if I put a match within a ten foot radius of her head, she would definitely go up in flames.

As I stare at her and no one else, I realize that Edward is introducing me to her. I close my mouth and try to smile naturally. I watch as she looks me over and I can feel her deciding that I am not good enough for her son - at least this is what I believe is happening in my head. I just can't get over the hair.

"Mom, this is my girlfriend, Bella. Bella, this is my mother, Esme." Edward is beaming. It would be cute if I wasn't so damn stunned by the pageant queen before me. It makes sense, though; she did make him take figure skating for eleven years and the aura she gives off makes me believe that is something she would definitely do.

"Hi, it's so nice to meet you," I say through my plastered-on smile.

Usually when I'm uncomfortable, I crack inappropriate jokes or say something stupid. People laugh, think I'm an idiot and don't pay any more attention to me. I can't do that this time because I want Edward's parents to like me. And he just introduced me to his mother as his girlfriend. This is crazy. I have no idea how to deal with this. I didn't even get the chance to say I wanted to be his girlfriend; he just started introducing me that way. Don't people ask those sorts of questions nowadays, or is that relegated to ninth grade? I have no idea. My dating history isn't really all that fantastic or extensive since I didn't officially have a first boyfriend until I got to college.

"I had no idea Edward had a girlfriend," his mother replies and gives me a limp noodle handshake. One of those ones where she only grasps my finger tips and then drops them right away like I have a disease. This is going so well.

Edward seems oblivious to the estrogen explosion going on before him and he turns me to face his father. Holy vowel sounds. Edward may have his mother's eyes and hair, but he definitely looks like his father, and his father is *hot*. Seriously fucking hot. I'm disturbed that I can even think this. He's got to be in his fifties or something. He's got hair so blond that it's almost white and icy blue eyes. He's pretty just like Edward, and at the same time he's distinguished. I think I'll be pretty happy if Edward looks this good in twenty-five years, not that I'm planning ahead or anything.

Edward's father is much warmer than his mother. His name is Carlisle, which just reeks of pretension, but he seems like he might be a closet hippie. He's all chilled out and relaxed. He rubs his wife's back which seems to calm her estrogen storm slightly. She doesn't look like she wants to kill me now, maybe just maim me.

As Carlisle begins to ask me a question, a girl, probably a couple of years younger than I am, comes sauntering up to bar with a fruity drink in her hand. "I'm so excited I get to drink here!" she exclaims and throws her arms around Edward's neck.

For a split second I want to have a throw down, but I recognize that she's his sister and I have nothing to be jealous of. Except for the fact that she's nearly six feet tall with platinum blond hair that looks natural, and it flows in these lovely waves down her back. She also seems to have the perfect body. Damn her. She's wearing casual, wide-leg, worn jeans and a t-shirt that says, "100% Recycled Material." She's also wearing Birkenstocks. Edward's sister is a hippie. Clearly she takes after her father.

"Don't get drunk and make a fool out of yourself," Esme reprimands as she looks at one of her hot pink nails.

Edward's sister ignores Esme completely and turns to me. "Oh my God, it's the soft-porn photo girl!" she shrieks so loudly that all conversations stop around us because people think an alarm has gone off. "You're even prettier in real life, and I can totally see why Edward was trying to stick his tongue down your throat." She nods at Edward as if he's going to confirm this.

I want to run away. I want to be able to pretend this isn't happening, but it is. I can tell by the stunned look on Edward's mother's face that she is totally in the dark about the photos of Edward and me mouth fucking on all over the internet and in the media whore mags. I can't imagine how since they're everywhere. Carlisle is frowning and he looks like he knows what she's talking about considering the way his cheeks are flushing and his ears are going red. Oh, God, Edward's father has seen pictures of me making out with his son. That's gross.

"Edward, not again!" Esme exclaims, her hands on her hips.

"Mom, it's not like that. Bella is my girlfriend, I'm allowed to kiss her," he justifies.

This is so bizarre, I feel like I've been beamed into an episode of Family Ties. Alex P. Keaton is going to show up in a minute and he'll be on speed. It was the one episode I recall of that show, and it was the one where Alex develops a drug problem, fortunately it was resolved by the end of the half hour. I hope this situation is resolved just as quickly, although I have my doubts.

As I watch Edward become more and more like a little boy being chastised, I am almost appalled. Then I get that his mother is in denial about his son being a whore. Or a fake whore. I wonder if she even has access to the internet. I'm suddenly very, very interested in the workings of the Cullen family. It's like watching a social experiment gone awry. I feel much less horrified by my own mother's behaviour as I watch the interaction between Edward and Esme and the rest of his family. I wish I had popcorn or a basket of french fries to snack on while this goes down.

"Bella, there you are." Emmett worms his way into the group. Well, worm is probably not the right word. He's too large to be able to worm into anything, so he barrels his Yeti ass into the group and says hello to Mr. and Mrs. Cullen. He even calls them by their last name. Esme giggles and tells him to call her Esme. It's ridiculous and very similar to Renee.

Then Emmett introduces himself to Edward's little sister, who I have yet to be formally introduced to because the focus has been on Edward sticking his tongue down my throat in widely-publicized pictures.

"You two could be sisters," Emmett says to Esme he takes Rose's hand and bends to kiss it.

Rose and Esme giggle and Edward looks like he's going to have a coronary. Carlisle looks irritated. I'm sure if he's seen the pictures of Edward and me, he's also heard about Emmett's reputation. I hope he has, and more than that, I hope he actually cares. I can already see that Emmett is in hockey-whore-wooing-mode.

"You are such a fantastic player," Rose says and takes Emmett's arm. "You have such a strong aura."

I watch in horror as she guides him away from her family and they allow it to happen. Edward is now squeezing my hand so hard I'm sure he'll break it soon if I don't say something. What I want to say is that Emmett's strong aura probably has to do with his current case of VD or maybe the amount of body hair he has on him makes it look like he has an aura when really he's just a Yeti in training.

I don't say this, though. Instead, I lean over and press my boobs against Edward's arm and whisper, "You're going to break my hand, baby."

I say the word baby breathlessly, not to be sexy, but because I'm trying not to be a wimp. Also, he's usually breathless when he calls me baby and I like that, so I'm thinking he'll probably feel the same way if I do it to him. His whole body tenses even further for a moment and then he loosens his grip on my hand and mutters, "Sorry."

Carlisle starts asking me questions about myself, my family, my friends, completely ignoring the fact that his daughter just walked away with a super-whore. I want to ask him if he knows what Emmett is like, or at least warn him, but I'm not sure how to bring that up in conversation without it being really, really awkward.

Esme is quiet and observant and it makes me nervous. Carlisle's line of questioning reminds me that I haven't seen my parents or Alice yet and I'm beginning to wonder where they are. I want to check my phone, because it's been vibrating in my pocket relentlessly for a while now-which I've gotten used to and I'm enjoying, or at least my beaver is-but I don't want to be rude. I think Esme would find it incredibly inconsiderate and I don't have any desire to upset her or make her like me any less than she already does.

"I assume you'll be coming to the house tomorrow afternoon sometime, Edward?" Esme asks as she sets her empty glass down on the bar. "And you'll be staying for a few days?"

The last part sounds more like an order than a question. Clearly, Esme Cullen rules the roost.

"Actually, I'm going to stay here in Toronto for a couple of days. I want to show Bella around the city. We could come to the house on Monday evening and spend a night or two. I want Bella to see where I went to University." Edward rubs my back soothingly.

Does he know I'm freaking out about this? I'm a little stunned to say the least. I have no knowledge of this plan he's concocted; staying in Toronto and then staying in Guelph at his family's house. I can't even imagine that Esme would allow us to sleep in the same room together. I don't know why I

think this, I just do. And two days with the amazing pageant hair queen? That seems like insanity; I have no idea how I'll be able to avoid staring at it constantly.

I wish I could pull him aside and tell him that this isn't an awesome idea at all. I came here thinking we would be locked inside a hotel room for a few days while he fucked me in every conceivable position known to man and few we can make up on our own. Follow that up with a whirlpool bath and some Epsom salts for what I am hoping will be my slightly worn out beaver, and I would have called that a plan for the new few days. Apparently Edward actually wants to do something other than have sex with me. Part of me is very happy about this, but the other part of me-mainly my beave-is a little disappointed.

"Oh, well then," Esme looks completely taken aback, "I guess we'll see you Monday evening." She smiles at him but it looks so fake I almost want to cry. She hates me.

Esme puts her manicured hand on her husband's arm and whispers something in his ear. His eyebrows raise and he smirks a little, winking in mine and Edward's direction. What the hell is that about?

"Guess we better get a move on, looks like the booze is having its desired effect," he says to Edward who rolls his eyes at his father and makes a gagging sound. It's almost like he's a twelve-year-old. Although his father is acting like a teenager with a hard-on, so I guess it fits-in a disturbing way.

I think these two might be just as bad as Renee, maybe not as overtly so, but still. As soon as the thought passes through my whirling mind, I hear Renee behind me. Shit. I really don't think meeting my mother is going to be helpful in making Esme like me more. I'm more inclined to think that she'll probably like me even less. My life sucks right now. I should get a shirt with that catch phrase on it to wear on such occasions. I could have it on under my clothes and when the need arises I can unveil it.

"Bella, baby girl, there you are!" Renee exclaims. "I wasn't really worried about you. I knew you must have gone to find your man and make him feel better," she says in my ear but she practically yelling so everyone hears anyway.

Oh God. She called him 'my man.' I can feel the real embarrassment coming. This is just a warm up.

"Hello." Renee waves excitedly at Esme and Carlisle and I brace myself for the impact of her insanity. She's probably three sheets to the wind at this point. I can see a flask poking out of her purse. Way to be discreet, Renee.

"You must be Edward's parents. I'm Renee, Bella's mother," Renee reaches out and shakes Esme's hand in what can only be considered one of her more appropriate gestures. At least she doesn't try and hug her. Esme smiles politely and nods as she introduces herself, her bouffant hair moving in tandem with the slight bob of her head. Not a hair moves out of sync with the rest of her.

"And you must be . . ." Renee turns her charm on. I silently pray she doesn't try to flirt with him in front of me, his son and his wife, not to mention and Phil. I know this is too much to ask, though.

"Carlisle Cullen," he finishes for her, "it's a pleasure to meet you."

Carlisle gives her a panty-melting smile. It's the same one Edward gives me, right before he tries to get into my pants.

"Oh, the pleasure is all mine, I assure you." She winks at him.

This is disgustingly mortifying. I contemplate ordering shots.

Of course Renee doesn't stop there. "I can definitely see where Edward gets his looks," she continues to simper at him while Phil keeps his arm around her waist, completely oblivious. Esme actually looks entertained.

Renee turns to Esme and gives her a huge smile, like she shouldn't be offended by the blatant flirtatiousness going on. "And if the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, you must be a very, very satisfied woman." Renee waggles her eyebrows at Esme.

Oh, for the love of Christ, is my mother talking about Edward's dick abilities with his mother? What happens next is so unexpected I practically die from shock.

Esme stares at Renee, looking vaguely as mortified as I am by this comment. She reaches up and pats her hard pageant hair nervously and flushes. "I'm not sure what you mean," she glances at Edward and me and then at Carlisle, trying to piece things together.

Renee is unable to muzzle herself and she leans forward as though she's going to whisper a secret in her ear. Of course, the bar is loud and one cannot hear anything below yelling. "Phil told me that when his son Emmett was born the nurses wanted to take pictures, he looked like he was sporting a kick stand, you know how it is, like father like son."

"Oh!" Esme's eyes widen until I fear that she is going to look like an anime character permanently. "I see, well, uh, I suppose that's the case then, like father, like son."

Well, at least I'm not the only one who's going to die of embarrassment tonight.

OoO

Chapter 20 - Our Mothers are Embarrassing and My Boobs Are Awesome



OoO~!~Bella~!~OoO

"For the love of God," Edward mutters and looks at the floor, appearing rather embarrassed by the turn in the conversation.

I have to say it's nice not to be on the receiving end of things for once. I can't believe this conversation is taking place, and of all the birth stories, I bet this is the best one I will ever hear.

"What?" Esme looks at Edward with big doe eyes, all innocent looking, except she's anything but. Her embarrassment regarding my mother's inability to keep her thoughts to herself has clearly dissipated. "I'm just telling the truth." She giggles.

"Well, I think it's time for us to be heading home," Carlisle says as his voice cracks. At least he's appropriately mortified by the fact that his wife is currently discussing her son's penis with my mother.

"And you know," Esme leans closer to my mother, because apparently they have become best friends in the past five minutes, "I am definitely satisfied," she yells over the music. She flails her hands as she talks and accidentally whacks Carlisle's junk.

Carlisle tries to get away from her hand but he's backed up against the bar so he has nowhere to go. This is horrifically entertaining. I really hope there are people taking pictures of this. As soon as I think this, I hope the opposite because it's embarrassing enough to watch this take place. I can't imagine what it would be like to see it on the newspaper stands or on the cover of a media whore mag.

Carlisle moves to protect himself but Esme is oblivious to the damage she is doing so he takes a different tactic and pulls his wife in front of his junk, wrapping his arm around her waist. He says something to her through her huge, hard hair; the sound waves travelling around in there must be absorbed by hairspray or something because I hear nothing. Whatever he says does the trick. Esme abandons the conversation with Renee-thankfully-and grabs Edward, pulling him into a hug and kissing him on the cheek. Then she molests my mother-not really, they just hug and Esme invites her to come over on Monday night for dinner with us. Fortunately, Renee and Phil have to leave on Sunday, so that won't be happening.

I can't even imagine the Ricki Lake type environment that Edward's parents' house would become if it transpired.

Esme even gives me a little pat-hug on the back before she and Carlisle traipse their way out of the bar.

"What about your sister?" I ask Edward as I watch his parents disappear through the crowd.

"Oh, my God," Edward looked terrified and goes after them immediately. Fortunately they haven't gotten very far; I think Esme may very well be trying to feel up Carlisle as they make their way through the crowded bar. "Aren't you taking Rosie with you?" Edward yells when he reaches them.

I have no idea what they say in response, but apparently Edward isn't happy about it. He says something else to them and Carlisle shrugs. I am in total disbelief that his parents are willingly going to leave their daughter with the likes of my VD carrying step-brother. Who knows, though, maybe she's a whore too and they are match made in heaven, although I will never dispense this logic to Edward. He seems to have a pretty tight bond with his sister.

I stand at the bar while Renee talks smack about penis size. I order shots because it's literally the only way I'm going to be able to get through this ridiculous evening, at least until my mother and step-father decide they're calling it a night.

Edward returns to the bar, looking tense and agitated even though he forces himself to be cordial and polite with my parents. He's eyeing the shots like Emmett eyeing a porno mag so I try to save us both from any further humiliation by saying we should go celebrate his win with the rest of the team.

Phil takes the hint and tells Renee he wants to go back to their hotel room. Of course Renee has to embarrass me by offering me some sage advice. She smiles as she tells me I should definitely make sure I have condoms with me if I'm planning to stay with Edward for the rest of the weekend.

I decide the best way to deal with that is to ignore her and walk away. I'm smart enough to take Edward with me.

"Do you have any idea what the hell just happened?" I ask him.

Clearly I am concerned that he will no longer want to date me as a result of the absurdity of our mothers. They are like a cataclysmic event and I imagine the more comfortable they get with each other, the worse it will become.

"Not really, but I think our mothers like each other, and I also think they are very similar. I have to admit, I was a little nervous about you meeting Esme because she's, well, the way she is." Edward kisses my neck as he wraps an arm around my waist.

I nod in understanding. I know how he feels since our mothers seem to have the same verbal filter problem. I am aware that it seems to be genetic in my case, and from the little I know of Rose, that trait might have extended to her as well.

"At least we know that humiliation is around every corner at every family gathering," I lament.

It's not until after I say that do I recognize that I am planning on bringing Edward to said family events, whatever they are. I'm in deeper than I realized. How the hell did this happen?

"I'm sure we can make it through them, as long as we stick together and as long as I know I'm going to get to spend some quality time with your boobs later in the night," Edward replies.

Does this mean he's willing to come to family events, does this mean he wants me to come to his? I think it does and the most distressing part about this is that I'm excited by the prospect. Who actually wants to subject themselves to that kind of torture? Apparently I do and so does Edward. He must have formed an overly strong bond with my boobs to be agreeing to potential future humiliation.

When we finally make it to the roped off section of the bar where his team is sitting, Rose and Emmett are nowhere to be found. I know I saw them over here a few minutes ago. This does not make me happy, although I don't point it out to Edward. I'm sure his sister can hold her own, but if Emmett adds Edward's sister to his hockey hooker conquest list I can see the WWE throw down coming, and for once I don't want to witness it.

As gargantuan as Emmett is, Edward is pretty damn aggressive when he's pissed off. I have no idea who would win in a fight between those two and I'm not so sure I want to find out anymore. It was sort of hot to imagine before I'd seen Edward really lose his shit. Now that I've borne witness to his temper, I'm not all that interested in watching it flare up in response to my stupid, yet sometimes lovable step-brother.

Glancing around, I do spot Alice, however, and she is all cozied up to Jasper. She's not in his lap, but she's close enough. Better than that, Jasper is the picture of a gentleman; he's got his arm wrapped loosely around the back of her chair with his body turned toward hers and he's looking right into her eyes while she talks about something which must be very interesting.

"Check it out." I point the two of them out to Edward.

"Holy shit, will wonders never cease," he mutters. He squints as he takes in Alice and cocks his head to the side. "I've met her. Isn't that your friend, Alice?" he asks and I nod. "She's really very nice, you know." He continues to look at me, holding my gaze. "She was extremely helpful when you weren't talking to me."

That's totally a jab at me. I can feel the sharpness of his statement and the hurt that emanates from him because of it. He did a very good job of hiding that emotion when we were on the phone, distracting each other with phone sex and heavy breathing. Now he sounds like a little boy whose mommy didn't tell him she loved him today. That makes me feel like shit.

"I'm really sorry, Edward," I apologize immediately; it's belated and I should have done it long ago.

I'm surprised at how quickly those words come out of my mouth because it's a rare day for me to apologize. I must be a really shitty girlfriend. I make a pact with myself to be better, not just by

giving him awesome blow jobs, but also by being truthful and calling him when there are problems or I'm worried. The issue I see with this is that I will likely be calling him all the time because I'm sure I'm going to be one of those paranoid freak girlfriends. It's one of the reasons I think I try to avoid that label. It's pretty damn scary to be someone's girlfriend, especially when that 'someone' is famous and hockey hookers want to ride his monster cock all the time. Not that I blame them, of course.

I wrap my arms around Edward's neck and look up at him. I bat my eyelashes and rub my boobs against his chest—well more like the top of his stomach since he's so much taller than I am. "I know I'm a spaz," I admit as I finger the curls at the back of his neck.

His hair is getting long but I like it like this. There's more to grab onto when his face is between my thighs. It's a relief that he doesn't have one of those mullet hair styles which you usually find on dudes who live in trailer parks whose best friend is named Jim Bob or something. Emmett's hair often looks like that right at the end of the season, it's ridiculous.

"You kind of are, eh?" He nods and quirks his head to the side.

I want to be offended, but he's said 'eh' and I've just admitted I am a spaz. As much as I'd like him to tell me otherwise, I know he'd be lying and that's not what I want. Plus, he's running his hands up and down my sides, grazing by boobs every time. I'm getting a little hot over it and I'm trying to decide how long we have to stay before we can go back to the hotel room and get it on again. Judging by the coziness of Alice and Jasper, I'm thinking I don't really need to worry about how she's going to get to her room.

"I know I should have just called you and let you explain, but I was worried that you were going to tell me that you were hooking up with someone else and I was going to be your side hooker and I don't want to be your side hooker so I just avoided you altogether," I ramble as I stare at his chin. "It was stupid."

"God, you're adorable," he says softly, brushing my hair over my shoulders as he tries to look down my top. "I'll forgive you if you let me play with your boobs when we get up to our room."

He's called it *our* room. That makes me tingly between the thighs. I like this 'our' stuff more and more, even if it makes my palms sweaty.

"Hmm, I think I can handle that," I reply as I envision Edward shirtless with his face nestled between my built-in flotation devices. "But will you be focusing your attention elsewhere as well? I would hate for the rest of my body to get jealous of my boobs."

"That all depends . . ." He raises an eyebrow at me and I can feel my panties bunching up. He's pulling out the aggressive, hot as fuck, I'm-team-captain-and-I'm-still-kind-of-pissed-about-getting-thrown-from-the-game look.

I want to pull him into the bathroom and let him titfuck me right now. I never imagined I would ever allow that thought to enter my mind and now I'm seriously contemplating it. How messed up is that?

I can feel Edward getting a semi under his suit. I try to rub myself on him but his hands on my waist don't really allow for much movement. I think he might actually be playing with me, knowing he has the upper hand based on my word vomiting. Damn it, I should have played my cards a whole lot better and not revealed my hand all at once. I'm not very good at the stealth maneuvering where I get him to give in to me, rather than the other way around. I seem to be incapable of faking him out, mostly because my mouth keeps running.

He gives me a soft kiss and I'm all melty like butter against him. Once I'm no longer wrapped around him like a limp noodle, he guides me toward the table with his teammates who have all heard me cum-which is hellishly embarrassing-and I make a beeline for Alice.

"Oh, hey!" she exclaims and jumps up from her chair to wrap her arms around me. "I need to use the little girls' room and you need to come with me."

Way to be subtle, Alice.

"Okay." I shrug as I turn around to face Edward and Jasper who both appear perplexed by Alice's sudden need to pee, or primp, or whatever it is they think girls do in the bathroom together. "We'll be right back after we're done talking about you two in a public restroom," I say as I smile at them and Alice shoves me from behind.

I can hear Edward chuckling and Jasper snorts. He's used to me and my sometimes-inconvenient-honesty by now. Even though Jasper's only met me a handful of times, it doesn't take long to become accustomed to my ridiculous mouth.

Once we are in the bathroom, Alice yanks me into the wheelchair accessible stall and flails her hands as she mouths things I can't understand.

"Alice, I can't read lips." I put my hands on my hips and stare at her.

"Oh. My. God!" she screams.

I cover my ears with my hands as she jumps up and down like she's on a pogo stick. Evidently she's lost her marbles.

"What?" I yell back.

She grabs my hands and does that thing that girls do in the movies when the dude they like likes them back or asks them out on a date. She squeals loudly and jumps around in the confined space. I'm glad we chose the large stall or she'd be banging into the wall and people would wonder what was going on in here, not that they aren't already.

"I think I'm in love. Okay, well, clearly that's a lie, but Jesus, Bella, Jasper is probably the hottest guy I've ever met in my entire life and he's smart and I think he's got all his teeth - which is unheard of for a hockey player. Does Edward have all his teeth?" Alice is not even breathing as she speaks. By the end she's wheezing, though, and I have to remind her that she needs oxygen to function.

She sucks in a deep breath and continues. I know better than to cut her off when she's in the midst of one of her monologues, and I think this is going to be a really fun one.

"So after you took off and decided to make Edward feel all better in the locker room," she begins, far more loudly than is necessary since I'm so close to her.

I cut her off, "Shhh, this isn't a sound proof bubble. People can hear you."

She rolls her eyes. "Seriously, Bella, all the guys are talking about it. Well not *all* of them but some asshole named Ben won't shut the fuck up even when Jasper told him he's going to kick him in the nuts. He was even going on about it with Emmett there, but that blond tree hugger seemed to be a pretty decent distraction . . ." Alice trails off, looking at the wall behind her.

"Do you happen to know where Emmett may have gone?" I ask, trying to sound nonchalant.

"I don't know, he took off with that girl about ten minutes ago. They were practically eye-fucking each other, and I would know because I've been doing the same thing to Jasper all night." Alice smiles widely at me.

"You know the tree-hugger is Edward's sister, right?" I ask, because she's the one who pointed out that detail in the first place.

"Really? She looks so different in real life," Alice muses for all of three seconds as she stares at my chest, contemplating this. "Anyway, as soon as the game finished, I followed your mom and Phil to the locker room area because I definitely wanted the chance to see those boys up close and personal. Then, of course, Jasper comes out of the locker room and does this interview where he totally defends Edward's position and talks about the stress of the game." Alice sighs like she's watching Dallas Green* singing at a private concert.

"As soon as we got here, I made Phil introduce me to Jasper and we've been talking ever since. He's got more than two brain cells to rub together which is so nice, and he's definitely not a whore, which is even better. I think I want to have his little hockey babies." Alice nibbles on her fingernails and her eyes get all far away.

I can't help but picture it, Alice having a little tiny baby with skates on and a hockey jersey, and a helmet of course. I snort because this image is funny.

"What?" she asks, sounding offended.

"Nothing," I wave my hand around, "I'm really glad you two have hit it off so well," I say sincerely.

Someone bangs on the door and asks if we're done with our therapy session. It's actually pretty funny except for the fact that it's rude even if it's true.

"Piss off," Alice yells and drops trou so she can do what she apparently came to do in the first place. I turn around, mortified that she feels like it's cool for her to pee with me in the confined space. I know we're close, but this is a little overkill.

When we finally step out of the stall and into the bathroom, there's a line of girls standing there waiting for us to be done. I hightail back in before someone can take the stall and pee because I don't want to have to go five minutes after I leave the bathroom and be forced to stand in the line. It's a shitty thing to do but I'm not all that concerned; being with Edward is giving me a set of balls I didn't have before and I feel a slight sense of entitlement because I'm with the team. It's stupid, but I want to flaunt the fact that I'm Edward's girlfriend, even though less than a couple hours ago it was weirding me out.

I tell Alice to keep her mouth shut about Emmett and Rose because I don't want Edward to be in a pissy mood. I have a feeling if he knew that his sister left with my step-brother I wouldn't be reaping the benefits of Edward's wrath this time. Edward would more than likely shit a brick and try to kill Emmett. I don't find the idea of conjugal visits all that sexifying.

Ironically, Edward is asking Jasper if he's seen Emmett when we return to the table. I give Jasper the eye and then raise a brow at Alice. It's sweet the way he stands up and pulls her chair out for her, tucking her back into the table as he sidles up beside her. I can see that Ben is half listening to Edward and Jasper's conversation and I'm concerned that he's going to spill the beans. I'm debating as to whether or not I should kick Ben in the nuts under the table when Jasper speaks up, saving me from potential ball destruction.

"He left a little while ago, he had stomach cramps or something. I think he ate bad seafood for dinner. Your sister said she was going to get a cab home or something like that. She wasn't drunk and I'm pretty sure she called your parents. They may have even decided to turn around and pick her up from the sound of the conversation she was having with them when she left," Jasper offered.

"I don't know, if she's taking a cab that's a long way. It's like an hour from here to Guelph," Edward says as he kneads the back of his neck anxiously. "I should make sure she's okay." Edward stands up and pulls his phone out of his pocket. His jaw is tense and his brow is furrowed. "I'll be right back, baby," he says to me as he leans down and kisses the top of my head.

I watch him walk away before I turn to Jasper. "Is that whole story bullshit?" I whisper across the table so Ben can't eavesdrop. I don't know how I always end up sitting right beside the fucker.

Jasper nods, looking mildly concerned. Jasper doesn't ever look anything but calm so this is definitely worrisome.

"Holy shit, do you think she'll tell him where she is? She's not dense enough to do that, is she?" I ask him. My hope is that she doesn't answer her phone when he calls.

"Nah, I mean she's not the brightest star in the sky, but she's not stupid enough to tell Edward where she is right now, besides I highly doubt that she's going to be answering her phone at all," Jasper says suggestively, assuaging my fears slightly.

"Ew, that's just gross. I can't even imagine that, it's almost like bestiality." I curl my lip up in disgust at the thought of someone getting it on with my Yeti-not-real-brother.

Jasper scoffs and Alice looks repulsed, which is ironic because she's the only one of three of us who hasn't seen his ass naked.

The three of us chat for a few more minutes before Edward comes back looking distressed. I don't want him to focus on this for the rest of the night, but he's distracted because he can't get in touch with Rose. I wonder if Edward has openly bashed Emmett to her before. He's not really the kind of guy who would do that, at least I don't think he is. I would hate for Rose to get involved with Emmett without knowing what she's getting herself into. I text Emmett on the sly telling him that if he's planning a fuck and chuck, I'll wax his balls in his sleep.

Edward decides he wants to go up to our room and I ask Alice if she's okay. Although we have a shared room the plan was never for me to be spending the night there.

Alice and Jasper seem like they could care less if we leave them alone, in fact, as soon Edward suggests leaving, Alice focuses all her attention on Jasper and vice versa. I wonder if Jasper is the kind of guy to wait before he has sex with someone. I'm also curious as to whether Alice will give it up tonight if the opportunity presents itself. As much as she likes to talk about how she'd ride Jasper until the sun comes up, she's a pretty traditional kind of girl and isn't as likely as I am to fall for a hockey whore's charms. Although, Jasper isn't a hockey whore, so maybe that negates everything.

Once we're in the elevator I wrap myself around Edward. "Alice and Jasper seem to be hitting it off," I say quietly as I unbutton his suit jacket and slide my arms around his waist.

"Mmm," he mutters distractedly. "It's practically unheard of for Jasper, he's almost like a monk."

"So you don't think he'll try to seduce Alice on the first night?" I ask as I move my hands up and down his back to his ass. Edward's ass is awesome. I bet I can bounce quarters off it, or better yet Loonies and Twonies. Canadian money even sounds like it belongs on a board game.

"I don't really know, but I don't think he's that kind of guy. Although anyone under the right circumstances with the right chemistry might find someone they are so unbelievably attracted to that they just can't help themselves," he murmurs in my ear before his lips brush along my neck.

I know he's not talking about Jasper anymore. I wonder if he's down with elevator sex. Just then, we come to a stop. We grab my stuff from my room and get back in the elevator. Edward checks his phone and texts his sister as we head up to his suite.

I commandeer the bathroom immediately. I find my new pajamas and put them on. I'm hoping this is going to be enough of a distraction for Edward so he stops fixating on his sister's whereabouts and starts focusing on my boobs and my beaver.

I brush my teeth and run my fingers through my hair, checking myself out one last time before I open the bathroom door. Edward is standing in the middle of the suite with his suit jacket open and his tie hanging loose. The top two buttons of his shirt are undone and he's focused on his Blackberry instead of me. He's so intent on whatever it is that he's checking out, he doesn't even hear me approach. I'm assuming he's still trying to track down his sister or his parents. I mentally wish him

good luck on both frontiers, considering they are all probably getting some form of action, however disgusting that thought may be, and I'm hoping to get some of the same.

"Hey," I say softly, feeling a little self conscious now. I had hoped I could stand in the doorway of the bathroom and flick my hair over my shoulder while using the door jamb to prop myself up on. Now I'm standing in front of him with nothing to use as a posing prop.

Edward glances up at me and averts his gaze back to his phone. I can feel the tears starting to well up in my eyes at his lack of response. Fortunately, his head snaps back up and he drops his phone on the floor so I don't have to start crying about it.

"Holy fuck," he exhales and reaches down to adjust himself immediately.

That's more like the response I'm looking for. "Do you like my new jammies?" I ask and bat my eyelashes at him.

Edward doesn't answer, he just reaches up and cups my boobs in his hands. I'm wearing a Blackhawks t-shirt and a pair of matching panties with the head right over my cooter. The same head is also stretched over my chest. *Go Blackhawks*, I give myself a mental fistpump. He seems to be fascinated by my chest more than anything else, which is not surprising.

I decide it's time to start undressing Edward. I pull his tie over his head and push his jacket off his shoulders. He's reluctant to let go of my boobs so he shrugs out of his suit jacket quickly and hastily unbuttons his shirt so there are no more reasons for him to divert his attention away from my boobs.

"I love your breasts, Bella," he sighs and starts to pull my shirt over my head.

"Wait," I order while holding up a finger in front of his face. He looks at me like I'm crazy.

"Give me a second and then my boobs are all yours," I say as I push his hands away. He glares at me for a moment before crossing his hands over his chest. He's like a petulant child.

I turn around so he can see the back of the shirt. It says CULLEN on it with the number 11 in big, white lettering. The panties read: CULLEN'S ASS. It was really embarrassing having them made, but the way he rumble-groans makes the near humiliation worth it. I'm sure the dude behind the counter where I had the shirt and panties made thought I was insane.

Edward runs his hands down my sides from behind me, resting them on my hips for a moment. He rubs circles there with his thumbs before he palms my ass. This must mean he really likes them.

"Are you sure this is exit only?" he asks as he squeezes both of my bum cheeks.

"What?" I shriek and whirl around, stumbling backwards in my haste to get away from him. He can't be serious.

He's grinning deviously and he begins stalking toward me. I grab my ass as though I'm protecting it from an invasion.

"There is no way, Edward, no way on God's green earth. It's not an option, access denied, access denied!" I screech. My voice is so high I sound like I'm one of the Muppets or maybe like I've been inhaling helium.

Edward holds his hands up in supplication. "I'm just kidding, baby, I promise." His voice is low and gritty and seductive. I'm still a little wary of him, though, because this isn't the first time he's said something about getting up in there and I'm a firm believer that if he's talking about it then he wants to do it.

That's just my opinion.

I almost back myself into a corner, but I turn my head just in time to see the wall come into focus. I side step in an attempt to get away from him and, of course, I trip, giving Edward the advantage. I find myself in the air and suddenly I'm on the bed, face down and Edward's body is covering mine. His monster cock is pressing against my ass cheek and I wriggle, trying to get away from him and his giant light saber before he can try and wrangle his way into my pants with that thing.

"So help me God, Edward, I will never let you touch my boobs again!" I threaten. I mean it, too. . . maybe.

He lifts himself up so he's no longer resting on me and I flip over underneath him. He's doing a push up over top of me. The way his muscles are flexing above me is super sexy. Not to mention the tattoos on either arm are enticingly close. I have to resist the urge to run my hands over them and trace the designs-with my tongue.

"I was just playing, baby." He pouts as he settles his hips gently between mine. "You know, you're just too easy to rile up, it's very hard to resist."

His lips move across my jaw and he kisses me softly. I can feel him saying sorry with his mouth and his tongue on my skin. After a few blissful minutes of making out and the grinding of the monster cock all over my beaver, I am sufficiently relaxed and no longer worried about his potential desire to enter the 'no go' zone.

He glides his hands down my sides until he reaches the hem of my shirt and pulls it up over my head. I'm still wearing a bra, because my boobs look much nicer when I have one on. Edward takes it off right away, though, not even pausing to admire it. He *has* seen it before in the locker room, so I guess it's not really all that exciting anymore.

As soon as my boobs are free, he pushes them together and nuzzles into them. He kisses and sucks and nibbles along the swell. It's driving me crazy because he doesn't even come close to my nipples. I've never considered myself one for nipple stimulation to get off, but since meeting Edward, I may feel differently about that.

I'm a whore-moaning mess, writhing away underneath him as he finally circles my left nipple with the tip of his nose.

"Oh *God*," I groan.

"Does that feel good?" Edward asks.

I can feel him smirking on my boob.

I thread my fingers into his hair and yank on it because I'm irritated that he won't just suck on my damn nipples and put me out of my misery. He's not being very nice to me tonight, well aside from the amazing, albeit humiliating, locker room sex and the fact that he's showering my boobs with attention, but honestly he could at least lick my nipples. All this teasing is killing me.

I bite my tongue to stop myself from begging him. He'll give in sooner or later. I snake one of my hands down to the waistband of his expensive pants and start tugging on the button. It pops off and I smile because now he'll have to have them tailored. I bet it costs him more to have a button sewn back on than it does for me to buy a new pair of pants.

As soon as I'm in the general vicinity of his monster cock, his mouth surrounds my nipple and he sucks.

"God yes," I moan as I grind myself into him arching my back at the same time to encourage him, not that he needs any encouragement.

"You taste so good. God, I missed your tits," Edward murmurs into them, squeezing and kneading and kissing and sucking.

I briefly consider enrolling him in some sort of boobs anonymous group based on his obviously obsessive love for mine. I decide against it, though, because it feels too good and I want him to keep doing it.

I find the perfect alignment for his monster cock and my beaver, adding to the stimulation which gets me closer to the ever lovely orgasms he continues to provide for me. I'm actually pretty close when Edward groans out, "God I want to fuck your tits."

I stop moving because I'm shocked by the tone of his voice. He sounds almost desperate and a wee bit aggressive. It's unbearably sexy.

"Oh shit, did I say that out loud?" he asks, looking embarrassed as his hips still against mine. He appears very concerned, possibly because he thinks I'm going to be disturbed by that admission. It's hardly a surprise, what will all the boob lovin' he's been doing up until now, that he wants to slide his dick between them. I'm definitely more turned on by the thought than I expect to be.

"You can if you want to," I offer shyly.

"What?" Edward asks, his eyes are as wide as saucers and he's looking at me in complete disbelief.

"You can . . . fuck my tits," I repeat his words, testing them out. That sounds really dirty; I like it.

Edward scrambles up onto his knees. "Are you sure?" he asks, practically panting because he's so excited.

I squeeze them together for him and nod, biting my lip because this is something I've never done before. In fact, until earlier this evening it wasn't even an act I would have entertained engaging in, but now I find it incredibly erotic.

Edward is out of his pants before I can blink and he straddles my torso, gripping his giant cock in his hand. Oh God, it's leaking. He rubs his thumb over the tip and drags his hand back down the shaft, grunting quietly as he thrusts his hips forward to meet the stroke of his palm.

"Is this okay like this? I mean we don't have to be in this position . . ." he trails off. His eyes are fiery and his body is tense.

I nod, reaching up and wrapping my hand around his tentatively, looking at him. Holy shitballs is he ever sexy. I definitely like the view from here, lying under him with his dick in my hand is really hot. I try and sit up slightly so I can lick the head. It's probably a good idea to lube this baby up if he's planning on fucking my boobs.

"Oh fuck, Bella," he rasps. His eyelids are heavy as he looks down at me.

I'm just about to slide his cock between my tits when he stops me. "I have lube."

I give him a questioning look because I honestly want to know why the hell he would be traveling with lube.

"My hands are rough and I was hoping you would come see me play and I figured it might be good to be prepared in case we decided to have a lot of sex," he mumbles quickly as he searches through the top drawer of the night table.

That makes sense; his hands are a little on the rough side. I don't really mind, though, since his hands always make me feel good. He lubes himself up and then rubs more on his hands before he massages it into my chest. As soon as he slides his cock between my breasts, I squeeze them together. Edward grabs onto the headboard and his mouth drops open.

He grunts with every slow thrust and I have to admit it's strangely erotic to have his dick between my boobs like this. The sexiest part is the way his muscles flex and contract above me; his abs, his chest, his neck, his shoulders and his very sexy arms. I have the best view of his body this way. I start whimpering and moaning as his moans get louder. He lets go of the headboard and takes over squeezing my boobs together. He runs his thumbs over my nipples and quickens his pace as he groans loudly. He's mumbling things I can't understand, but it's still hot. I reach around and grab onto his ass, helping him maintain the pace he's currently moving at.

I can tell he's getting close and that he's going to cum soon. I'm pretty sure I don't want him to cum all over my chest, though; that's just gross. I gently grab the shaft on an upward thrust and wrap my lips around the head.

"Oh God, baby," Edward groans as he leans forward and cradles the back of my head in his hand to help support me.

He cums about three seconds later. I mentally pat myself on the back for taking one for the team. I'd rather swallow than have his jizz cooling on my chest.

"You didn't have to do that," he says breathlessly.

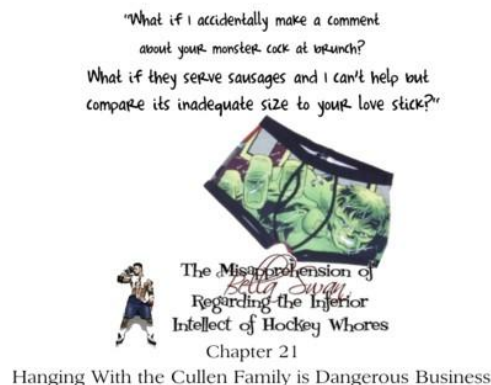
"I can always use the vitamins," I snark as I release him from my mouth and kiss the tip.

Edward moves down my body, cradling my face in his hands as he kisses me softly on the lips. I don't invite tongue or anything because that would just be nasty. He kisses his way over my nipple and down my stomach until he's pulling off my panties and then he buries his face between my thighs so he can show me how much he appreciates me letting him have sex with my boobs.

I'm all for spending the rest of the weekend locked in this room.

OoO

Chapter 21-Hanging with the Cullen Family is Dangerous Business



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

For the next two days Edward shows me around Toronto, and we have a lot of sex. My poon is extra sore by the end of the second day, thanks in part to the aggressive, yet hot, locker room sex. I need a break from his monster cock so we are forced to go out more than we stay in. He takes me to some cool shops and I attempt to buy some overly expensive vintage clothes with my own money, but Edward insists on purchasing the things I want. It's both annoying and sweet. I don't have a choice but to accept his forced giftery because he constantly uses his fuckhotness and his charisma to stun me into acquiescence. He's very hard to resist and he knows it.

While we are out, women fawn all over him. It's impossible not to be aggravated by it, and not to feel at least a wee bit self conscious as well, considering he's so fucking hot he practically burns holes in every thing he touches. The nice thing is that Edward is very aware of the attention he gets and he seems to be perceptive enough to know how it makes me feel. He's constantly doing things to let the hookers know he's not on the market. When they start giving him googoo-slut eyes or jutting their chests toward his face, he'll touch my hair or run his fingers along my jaw or kiss the back of my hand like he's some proper gentleman out of a romance novel, even though the locker room sex clearly demonstrates that this is not the case.

Occasionally he'll graze my boob with his hand. Other times he'll pull me into a dark secluded corner wherever we are and kiss me while he gropes my boobs. There is a lot of focus on my boobs, which is not surprising since they are his favourite part of my body.

We're lucky that the media whores don't catch us going at it because the making out is almost a constant, just like the media attention Edward gets. We are clearly two very horny individuals. Edward seems oblivious to the photographers who follow him around like starving, rabid rodents while I am mortified by their presence.

I'm sure I check my reflection every time we pass a window and I'm not even that vain most of the time. The last thing I want is to be caught looking like a slag and appearing on the cover of some whore magazine or a crappy newspaper where they cover ridiculous things like who Edward Cullen is spending his time with.

Each time the photographers show up, I attempt to shove my face into Edward's chest and try to use my hair as a shield. People probably think he's dating Cousin It. I'm sure that there will be rumours about how I have some type of facial deformity because I'm always hiding my face.

On Monday morning after we have sex in the shower, we pack up our bags and check out of the hotel. Edward rents a Lexus SUV with tinted windows to cruise around in. I freak out about ten minutes into the drive toward his mother's house because it feels like my ass is on fire. It turns out the Lexus has heated seats and mine is turned up rather high. Edward laughs at me for a good five minutes while I sulk and cross my hands over my chest, feeling silly. Stupid rich boyfriend who can afford to drive cars that have keyless entry and other features that don't come in a piece of shit vehicle like mine.

I'm bitchy because I'm nervous about spending time with Edward's family. It's one thing to meet them at a bar where it's too loud to have a normal conversation with them, but it's another to be forced into their home to eat a meal where I'll have to make small talk and tell them about myself without saying something completely stupid. Educated I may very well be; socially graceful I am not.

We drive in silence for a while and I don't start to pay attention to my surroundings until Edward pulls onto what I can only assume is a dirt road, since it's covered in snow.

"Where are we?" I ask as Edward stops the car in the middle of what looks like a forest, or a least this road-which can hardly be considered a road-is lined with trees making it *appear* as though we are in a forest.

"It's an off-roading trail," Edward explains.

"We're going off-roading in a rented Lexus?" I ask. Edward is an intelligent man, so he should know that this car is not built for off-roading. Besides, why the hell would I want to go off-roading before we have a meal with his parents? It would be my luck to pee myself or something equally horrifying while we are engaging in off-roading business.

"No." Edward smiles at me and unbuckles his seat belt before putting the car in park. He leans over and kisses me. "I want you to tell me what's wrong," he says softly.

"Nothing's wrong," I lie unconvincingly.

"Liar," he murmurs as he kisses my chin.

"I'm nervous," I admit because I think he's going to kiss me and I'll be truthful with him if he continues to try and seduce me in the forest, in the middle of winter.

"What are you nervous about?" Edward asks and he pulls away so he can look at me. He looks serious. It's hot. Although I'm pretty certain I'm slightly biased and I'm going to think that every look Edward gives me is hot-except maybe a constipated look, that would not be hot.

"I don't know. What if your mom hates me? What if I say something dumb in front of them or I do something to embarrass you? It's not like we've been dating all that long and you don't really know how ridiculously inappropriate I can be in social situations. I mortify myself sometimes, actually quite often, and while that's fine among my peers, it's totally different when I'm dealing with the parents of my successful, wealthy, intelligent, inordinately hot and extra-well endowed boyfriend." I suck in a deep breath at the end because I manage to get the last part out in one breath. I can totally survive under water if I need to seeing as I'm pretty damn long winded.

"Bella, my parents are going to love you. Have you not noticed that they're pretty laid back people? My dad and my sister are tree huggers and my mom is, well, she's probably certifiable, but she's harmless, except for her hair." Edward smiles as I grimace at the memory of his mother's hair. It really is awful. It's like Miss America Pageant threw up on her head.

"What if I accidentally make a comment about your monster cock at brunch? What if they serve sausages and I can't help but compare its inadequate size to your love stick?" I ask.

I am very aware that these are stupid questions, but I am in serious jeopardy of saying something this humiliating because it's what I do when I'm nervous, or orgasmic apparently, but the latter is irrelevant.

Edward stares at me for a moment, and I'm sure he's trying to decide if I'm serious or not. He cups my cheek in his slightly rough hand-I'm thinking he could use a manicure or one of those paraffin wax hand bath things-and rubs his thumb along my bottom lip. It feels pornographically nice and I have to exert all kinds of self-control not to lick it or suck it or bite it. That would give him the idea that I might want to have sex with him again, and while I certainly *do*, I don't think it would be wise

to be late for brunch because we've been fucking in his rental vehicle in the forest because of a thumb suck. How weird does that sound?

"Did you just call my cock a love stick?" Edward asks. One side of his mouth curls up into a smirky-smile and I want to simultaneously kiss him and give him a Wet Willy for making fun of me.

"I don't think you're focusing on the issue here," I lament.

"Baby, everything is going to be fine. You have nothing to worry about, okay?" he says soothingly.

I don't want his reassurances to work, but they are starting to. It's like he's hypnotizing me with his voice and his pretty, pretty eyes. He leans forward and kisses me softly. The soft turns into heated after thirty seconds or so and we end up making out for fifteen minutes. It's long enough to get us both hot and bothered and also long enough to almost make us late. The sexual tension in the car is thick like potato-leek soup. Even though I have the urge to give Edward road head, I don't think it's fair for him to get off and me to suffer through brunch unsatisfied.

I manage to keep my hands to myself during the last fifteen minutes of the drive by sitting on them. The make out session was helpful in terms of getting my mind off the problem, but once we stop making out I get nervous all over again which sucks.

We drive into the heart of the city, or what appears to be downtown, and I use that term quite loosely. It's quaint and tiny, nothing like Chicago at all. I think I might like spending a few days here with Edward, despite the fact that we'll be staying with his family. I'm also interested to get to know his sister better, and to find out if she's getting it on with my disgusting step-brother. I can't help being a curious little hooker.

Edward pulls into the driveway of an old, huge, brick house. It's beautiful and I'm super excited to see what it's like inside. Edward squeezes my hand and adjusts his pants before he gets out of the SUV. I can clearly see that he has a hard-on from where I'm still sitting as I check out his package. I hope the cold air helps get rid of it before we get inside. The only thing more horrifying than me making comments about his package would be him sporting a woody for his whole family to see.

I get out of the vehicle when he closes the door and cuts off my view of his awesome bulge. He grabs both of our suitcases and brings them to the front door. I would offer to help but watching him lift heavy objects is definitely hot. I'm such a stereotypical girl.

Edward opens the door and announces our arrival. His mother comes shooting out of the kitchen and I am stunned once again by her horrifying hair. I think it might be bigger and harder today than it was when we were at the game. It's impossible not to stare at it. Fortunately, the eighties inspired attire that she is wearing helps distract me. I know that the eighties have come back in fashion, but I think she honestly must have pulled all her old duds out of the attic and is wearing them for the second time around.

What I don't understand is how Edward's mother has managed to get away with this atrociousness without actually being lynched by the fashionista police in all the media whore rags. I'd ask Edward

but I'm concerned that I might upset him if I bring up his mother's abhorrent fashion sense. He may be sensitive about it, and from what I can see he's likely to defend her.

"Edward!" She flaps her hands around in the air as she waits for him to put the bags down. Once he does, she grabs his face in her hands and plants a big old sloppy kiss on his mouth. Huh. They're a little overly affectionate in Canada.

Edward cringes as she hugs him and he rolls his eyes, giving me what I can only describe as an exasperated look. Apparently this is not something he enjoys, which is a good thing because if he did, I might be channeling some Hamlet Oedipal complex worries his way.

Once she lets him go, she turns to me and gives me what I interpret as a mostly genuine smile. "Bella, it's so good to see you again."

And then she hugs me.

I am struck immediately by the heady smell of Aussie hairspray. It's pungent and thick, at least it's not Aqua Net because that might decimate my already faulty sense of smell. In all honestly, I have terrible olfactory senses, so the fact that I can actually smell the hairspray in her hair is a testament to how much product she uses. Her hair is so solid it hurts my face when I'm pressed into it. I worry I might get caught up in it like a fly in a spiderweb. Small animals must get trapped in there, never to be seen again. I imagine mice nesting there and have to stifle a giggle.

The next mistake I make is trying to talk while hugging Esme. "It's nice to see you again, too," I say, but because my face is pressed into her solid hair, some of it ends up in my mouth and I have to hold back the splutter and the desire to spit because the taste is simply horrendous.

I fight to compose my face when she releases me. I need to drink something stat so I can rid myself of the taste of hairspray. Esme ushers us into the kitchen and I offer to help with brunch mostly because I don't want to just sit around and answer questions. I'll be much more relaxed if I can focus on something other than the fact that Edward's mother is a bit of a fruitbar. Besides, I'm decent in the kitchen, meaning I can do better than a box of Kraft Dinner if given the opportunity.

Fortunately Esme is a good hostess and she offers me something to drink right away. I'm even more grateful when she offers me a mimosa. The champagne washes away both the jitters and the horrible taste of hairspray lingering in my mouth.

Esme allows me to cut fruit and I take to the task with great enthusiasm. Edward's dad shows up at the kitchen door in a pair of plaid jammie pants and a Grateful Dead t-shirt.

"Carlisle, are you high?" Esme puts her hands on her hips. "Bella is here!" she exclaims and gestures at me with one hand.

I look from Edward to his father, then to his mother, and back again. I take a closer look at Carlisle. I'm confident he is, in fact, high as a flipping kite.

"I'm testing out that new batch of medical marijuana this week. It's research, honey pie." He shrugs and slides his hand under his shirt, scratching his stomach lazily. He's got some serious abs under

that shirt and I look away quickly because I do not want to be ogling Edward's father. That's repulsive and wrong. However, I am pleased by the notion that Edward will likely look this hot when he's older.

"How are you, Bella?" He grins at me. "It's nice to see you again."

He appears to be genuinely happy to see me, more so than Esme was, anyway. I watch as he tries to discreetly raise an eyebrow at Edward, but considering that he's high, he's not very covert about it. Looks like that medical maryjane is definitely effective, and quite potent.

I smile in return and tell him it's nice to see him again, too. I fib and say I'm doing well. While I want to be confident that this is going to go fabulously, I'm freaking out about this whole situation. I think I've only 'met the parents' once before this and it was a bizarre experience. It did, however, explain a lot about the guy I had been dating at the time.

I've been so focused on the people around me and my lack of comfort that I've failed to take in the decor of the house. It looks like a bohemian gypsy got into a fight with a southern belle and they both exploded all over the place. Everything is either uber frilly or from the set of That Seventies Show. It's hard to process it all. I wonder how a laid-back man like Carlisle can stand it because I certainly find it overly stimulating. Maybe he's tripping out to it or something.

I don't get a chance to fixate on this for long because Edward's sister comes into the room, and tagging along behind her is Emmett. Shit is about to go down and I don't know whether to be excited or scared.

Edward's back is to them so I do the most logical thing in the world; I grab his hand and pull him toward me. My intention is to molest him as a distraction, but I realize I'm in the same room as his parents and that's not a good idea if I want them to like me and not think I'm a hooker. So I just stand there, staring up at him with what is most likely a confused expression as I stroke his thumb with my fingers. It takes me a moment to recognize that I'm giving his thumb a hand job.

Edward gives me a funny look but the sound of his sister's voice distracts him from my thumb job and he turns around. I can't see his face any longer, which is probably a good thing since I'm sure he's livid. I usually find that pretty hot and it tends to make me inappropriately wet. I'm a wee bit concerned because he's squeezing my hand so hard I think he might be at risk of breaking it. That's not a good thing because I happen to need my hand to be able to type up my essays and my assignments. And let's not forget the importance of jilling off.

"What the fuck?" Edward yells. He's loud. He scares his mother half to death.

Actually he scares me half to death, his mother just looks at him and tells him to use his inside voice. What the hell is this, elementary school?

"Edward," I say quietly, trying to get his attention in the gentlest way possible as his grip on my hand tightens.

I don't want to enrage him further. Unfortunately his focus is not on the hand that he's crushing, it's on Emmett who's standing behind Rose on the other side of the room, smiling his ass off. For the time being he is smart enough not to be touching her.

"Hey man, how's it goin'?" he asks, like it's no big deal for him to be in Edward's parents' house.

"Edward," I say again, slightly louder than before.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he asks, but he doesn't yell this time, instead he uses the ultra-calm voice.

That's not good; the ultra-calm voice is a red flag and Emmett is too dense to run. Worse than that, I am now honestly in fear for the welfare of my hand. I do the only thing I can think of. I lean in and bite Edward's arm.

"Ow," he exclaims and snaps his head in my direction. My distraction works.

I almost want to cringe back in fear because of the look on his face, except this is Edward we're talking about and as badass as he might be on the ice, and as frisky and dominating as he can be in bed, there is no way he can intimidate me. Okay, so that's not entirely true, but his family is here and so is Emmett, so I'm pretty confident I can wind him down a titch instead of up.

"Why the hell did you bite me?" he asks, letting go of my hand.

"Because you were crushing my hand and words weren't working." I place my uninjured hand on my hip and jut it out to the side while I squint at him. I'm trying to channel my best unimpressed look, but it's hard to maintain because he looks so confused.

"Shit, baby, I'm sorry," he murmurs.

He looks at my hand and takes it between his and inspects it, with his lips.

"Edward, please watch your language," Esme interjects, removing his attention from my hand as Edward looks to Esme and then back to Emmett. Damn it, this might get ugly.

Edward completely ignores his mother and glares at Emmett and then Rose. "What the hell, Rose?" He motions to Emmett.

"What do you mean 'what the hell'?" she flips her hair over her shoulder and adjusts her tie dyed t-shirt. It's so snug I can see the outline of her bra. She's also wearing a flowy skirt that falls to her ankles. She is totally not Emmett's type at all, and yet, apparently she is.

"What are you doing here?" Edward asks Emmett again, abandoning questioning his sister. She does appear genuinely confused so that may be part of the reason he moves on to Emmett.

"I invited him," Rose replies for Emmett.

"Why?" Edward spits out.

I watch his back ripple and his fists clench. He is totally pissed off. I debate as to whether this would be a good time to drag him upstairs and get naked with him. Unfortunately I can't do that now because his family is here and having sex is not on the brunch menu. We can do that later. I'm banking on the fact that he's going to remain pissed off for a while.

"Um, because I like him?" Rose rolls her eyes but her body language gives her away.

She wraps her hair around her finger nervously and looks down at her feet, her face flushing in embarrassment. I know that feeling; it's the one I get when I think about Edward's monster cock. Emmett has snared her with his Yeti magic. It's so disturbing it's almost funny.

Esme and Carlisle are watching this entire exchange with some interest. They both appear mortified and amused, but neither one is making a move to stop the conversation. I seem to be the only one who knows where this is going and it's not going to be good.

"You like him?" Edward asks incredulously. "He's a whore!"

Part of me wants to defend Emmett, because he really is a nice guy under all the whoriness. The unfortunate part is that it's completely true, and if Rose was my sister, I would try and castrate him before he could get his dick into her. Sadly it appears this has already happened and Edward is too late to save his sister. Maybe I'll offer to take her to the walk-in clinic later today or tomorrow.

"He's a whore?" Rose looks shocked, and now she looks pissed, too. Clearly this is a family trait. "Look who's calling the kettle a pot," she says.

It seems as though Rose may not be as smart as I thought, what with completely butchering that saying and all. Edward looks confused while Esme stares at Edward in horror. Apparently she gets what Rose is trying to say.

"My baby is not a whore," Esme defends Edward's non-existent virtue.

If only she knew the truth. Edward may not be a whore, but he can certainly be a dirty, dirty boy.

"Oh, my God." Edward palms his face in embarrassment.

I look around the room because this is beyond ridiculous, and the expressions on everyone's faces are hilarious. Rose looks like she's out for blood, Esme looks like she might want to run screaming from the room, Emmett is staring at Rose's tits, so I'm pretty sure he has no idea what's been said at all, and Carlisle is totally amused. I think I really like him.

"Get your head out of the sand, Mom, Edward is totally a whore. I'm sure he waited all of ten minutes to try and get Bella here into bed. I mean, I read all that stuff in those magazines with all the silly fashion stuff in them," Rose says and waves her hand in Edward's direction.

"Wait, what?" Emmett is suddenly paying attention.

"You know those magazines right by the check-out in the grocery store, I can't help looking at them, but I never buy them because that would be bad for the environment," she says. I love the logic in that.

"No, I want to know about the stuff you read," Emmett says, looking panicked.

"What?" Rose looks confused.

It takes about five minutes for the two of them to sort out what Emmett wants to know. I don't offer up any assistance because I know what he's getting at. Emmett is afraid that Rose has read about his sexual history, which is extensive. The way he goes about trying to find out what she's heard about him is so convoluted that they never do figure it out. They completely abandon the topic and Emmett seems to forget that there was every an argument brewing with Edward in the first place.

During the time it takes to sort this out, Esme manages to get brunch on the table, completely ignoring the discussion that is nearly fist fight inducing. Carlisle looks bored and disappointed while Edward still looks pissed even though I'm trying to distract him by rubbing my boobs on his arm.

I have no idea what the hell is happening between Emmett and Rose, but I have to admit, even though the two of them seem about as deep as a puddle, they get along really well. Emmett is actually trying to be polite, or as polite as he's capable of being.

Brunch is awkward to say the least. Carlisle tries to make it less so by asking me about my studies and telling me all about the lit classes he took in university so he could meet ladies. Esme doesn't look impressed by the turn in this conversation but at least we aren't talking about how much of a whore Emmett or Edward is. Also, I'm not saying anything exceptionally stupid, which is a bonus.

Edward drops little barbs at both Rose and Emmett that neither one of them are apparently intelligent enough to pick up on. It's either that or they're too busy feeling each other up under the table to notice.

As soon as brunch is over and I've helped clean up the dishes, Edward grabs our bags and heads upstairs to what I assume is his bedroom. I almost expect one of his parents to tell us to leave the door open. I don't know why I think this, but I just feel like it's something that Esme might try and enforce.

"I got the loft when I was a kid," he says as we make our way up a narrow flight of stairs. It's a pretty awesome room as far as bedrooms go. I can only imagine how cool it would have been to have his room as a teenager. The ceilings are high and angled, and the room is open and spacious. There is hockey paraphernalia everywhere and a couple of posters of scantily clad chicks to boot.

He's still tense and stiff and definitely pissy as he drops our bags on the floor and shoves his hands into his pockets.

"Are you okay?" I ask as he flops down into a chair.

He sighs irritably. "My sister is hooking up with your whore of a step-brother. No, I'm not okay."

I wish I had the ability to reassure him that Emmett is not, in fact, the whore he is portrayed to be, but the reality is that Emmett *is* a whore and Edward knows it.

"I know it sucks, Edward, but maybe this time it's different. I mean, Emmett doesn't do the whole 'brunch with parents' kind of thing," I offer.

He gives me the evil eye and doesn't bother to respond because there really isn't a point. I would feel the same way if I was Edward, so I drop the issue.

"Why don't we go out and do something? You can show me your university campus or whatever you want," I suggest.

Edward agrees that this is a good idea and he takes me for a ride in the SUV. He gets several phone calls, all from people who must have known him before he became famous. He asks me if I want to meet some of his friends later tonight and of course I say yes because I'm just dying for some dirt on Edward, pre-hockey fame.

He shows me around his old campus and while the school is exceptionally beautiful, it's like a damn wind tunnel and I'm freezing my ass off by the time we head back to the vehicle. Fortunately, Edward decides to warm me up with his mouth on mine and his hands on my boobs. Once we're done making out, we drive downtown and walk around the freezing, quaint streets, past a bong store and a Thai restaurant. It's peaceful and relaxing until a gaggle of media whores start taking pictures of us.

I expected it at the game because that sort of thing always happens and I'm used to it there. I even expected it in Toronto because it's a big city, but I didn't anticipate it happening here in his home town. It takes me off guard and I try to hide behind him, shrieking like a little girl when they begin snapping round after round of photos. You would think they pulled a gun on us by the way I'm reacting.

"Baby, calm down, it's just photographers. They're harmless," Edward says softly in my ear as he pulls me into his side and kisses my temple.

I want to be overcome by the sweetness of his protective gesture, but I'm too worried about how red my nose must be from being outside for so long. I probably look like Rudolph which means every woman out there who wants Edward's fine ass and his monster cock will see my red nose and make fun of me. I have no idea why I'm so paranoid about how I look when I'm captured by the media. It's never been an issue until now.

Maybe it's because when I've been photographed previously, I've been beside Emmett or Phil or my mother. I know beside any one of them I look decent, but Edward is just unnervingly hot, it's hard not to feel inferior to his sexiness.

Regardless, I'm not too thrilled about the photo taking. "They're like grizzly bears," I mutter into his shirt.

Edward laughs and pulls me in the direction of a store. We wind up in the Dutch butcher or something. There is an awful lot of black licorice candy in many varieties and there's also a ton of meat and clogs. It's bizarre.

"How are they like grizzly bears?" he asks once we are safely browsing the candy section.

"I don't know," I say honestly, because those words just came out of my mouth without my brain processing and filtering them first. "Bears are cute and fuzzy, but when you get near them they'll eat you alive and totally enjoy your screams of pain, just like media whores."

It's the best I can come up with. Edward gives me an amused look and fills a bag with candy. He asks the lady at the counter if he can go out the back door. Apparently she's known him all his life and readily agrees to this. We sneak out with me acting double-oh-seven crazy, ready to do a tuck and roll if necessary to escape the camera lens.

Once we are in the vehicle, we decide to go back to Edward's parents' house because it is getting close to dinner. Edward refuses to tell me what we are doing later in the evening with his friends. I don't bother pressing because he seems pretty excited about his secret, even though I hate being kept in the dark about things.

Dinner isn't nearly the fiasco brunch was since his sister and Emmett seem to have disappeared. I'm just glad that Edward doesn't ask where they are because I'm not sure if I can deal with him fixating on the issue or getting pissed off again.

Once dinner with Pageant Queen Esme and Dr. Hippie Cullen is over, we go upstairs and I start fishing for clues as to where we are going, but Edward is not providing hints. I huff my way to the bathroom to brush my teeth and fix my hair and make up. I feel like some sexual torture might be on the menu since Edward is not letting me in on what we have planned for tonight.

I strip down to my undershirt and underwear before I open the bathroom door that connects to his bedroom. I'm ready to use my methods of half-naked persuasion to help get the intel I need. I want to know what we're doing so I can be prepared. What if he wants to go to a night club? I don't do night clubs because they freak me out. There are too many people and I don't like to dance when I'm forced to rub up against random people in the process.

Edward is sitting in his computer chair with his back turned to me. He's got one of those headset things in his ear. Most of the time I think they're really stupid and that people look like idiots when they're walking down the street talking to themselves. On Edward, though, it's kind of sexy, in a pretentious way. I'll probably tease him about it later. He sounds irritated and he's swearing, but when he hears the door of the bathroom open he spins around in his chair.

"I gotta go, I'll call you back later in the week," he says and hangs up. "I think these are my new favourite panties of yours."

He looks me up and down, taking in the figure of the Hulk, right over my beaver. It looks like he's punching his way out of my underpants. They really are awesome underwear. I don't think they can

honestly be classified as panties because they're not meant for adult women to wear, but I can't help it; I love them. And the Hulk kicks ass.

"I think these are called underpants, not panties." I look down at them, stroking the Hulk affectionately. Of course this means I'm feeling myself up.

"I don't give a shit what you want to call them, they look perversely fantastic on you. It should be illegal for you to wear them," he says as he adjusts himself and then twirls his finger in the air, signaling that he would like me to turn around and show me the back of said underpants.

I comply with his silent request and I'm rewarded with a heavy exhalation of breath and muttered profanity.

As soon as I'm facing him again, he curls his finger toward him and I saunter over. Well, I *attempt* to saunter over to him. I'm not sure if I'm successful or not, but he seems preoccupied with my undies so I try not to fixate on whether I look like an idiot or not. He wraps his hand around the back of my leg and continues to stare at my underpants, which, of course, makes me feel the need to talk to ease my discomfort.

"I love the flap," I say and finger the opening as I look down at my hand over my beaver. "It's very convenient."

Apparently my missing verbal filter is an asset because Edward really seems to like this. He stares at the flap for a moment before brushing my fingers out of the way and sliding his own into the little pocket in the front, skimming the skin just above my cooter. I moan in anticipation. I might have to send a thank you note to the maker of these underwear.

Edward's eyes are sleepy with lust and want as he slides his fingers into the warmth and the wet between my thighs. I'm perpetually leaky around him; it's almost like the rainforest in my underwear. His other hand is still wrapped around my thigh and it travels upward, slipping beneath the elastic hem of my undies to knead my ass.

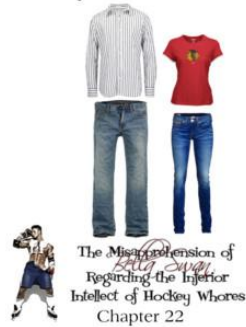
Just as his fingers finally make their way inside and curl forward to hit the spot that makes me feel a million shades of sheer awesomeness, the door to his room bursts open. My moan dies on my lips. Standing in the doorway, holding out a picture of Edward in a bright pink skating outfit is Edward's mother.

Clearly, Edward needs to learn to lock his bedroom door and his mother needs to learn to knock.

OoO

Chapter 22 - I Swear to Fucking God I'm Going to Lose My Shit

"That would be bad, I've been a bad, bad girl Edward.
Maybe I need a spanking."



I Swear to Fucking God I am Going to Lose My Shit

OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

"Oh my God," my mother exclaims. She raises the humiliating picture of me that she's holding in front of her face like it's a shield.

She backs out of the room, fumbling as she reaches for the door and slams it shut. My fingers are still buried inside of Bella. I don't want to remove them, but the way her thighs are clenched together alerts me to the possibility that she may want me to stop trying to get her off. It's logical considering that my mother just walked into the room while I had my hand in her underwear.

"You should learn how to knock," I call out after the fact.

"God her hair is fucked up," Bella mutters under her breath.

I don't have time to think about what she's just said because I can hear the thunder of my mom's feet down the stairs. She sounds like a damn elephant. I wonder how I managed to miss the sound of her ascending them. Maybe she was trying to sneak up on us. Serves her right for walking in; hopefully she will think again before she comes barging into my room next time. Or maybe I should just get a damn hotel room and screw staying at my parents' house anymore.

"I guess you should have locked your door, huh?" Bella asks in her tone reserved for irritated snarkiness.

I look away from the closed door and up at Bella. Her face is beet red and I feel like a complete ass for not thinking of that in the first place. My mother is usually a lot more respectful of my space. I am beginning to think she may have done this on purpose, although I can't be sure if this is really the case or I'm just being paranoid.

"Sorry baby," I mumble and debate as to whether I should distract her with my fingers or just give up on giving her an orgasm.

She makes the decision for me by pushing my hand away. Even though I still want to feel Bella up, or at least finger her, I know she's entirely too embarrassed to enjoy it. She's chewing on her lip,

looking anywhere but my face which makes her abashment over the situation extremely apparent. Not that I blame her for feeling that way, all things considered.

She shrugs, looking rather uncomfortable. "I should probably get ready to go out, wherever it is we're going," she mumbles and twists her hair around her finger.

I pull her into my lap and hold onto her for a few minutes, telling her I'll be sure to lock the door tonight so we don't have to worry about any intruders. She nods and pushes on my chest, removing herself from my lap under the pretense of continuing to get dressed. I can still sense her discomfort in the way she moves around the room, her shoulders hunched and her lip between her teeth.

I tell her I'll be back in a minute, giving her some privacy. I don't tell her I also intend to talk to my mother about her inability to give me any. Bella doesn't question where I'm going because she's too preoccupied with the contents of her bag, or at least that's how it appears. I'm worried that she's more upset about what just happened than she's letting on, which is pretty typical for Bella.

I find my mom in the kitchen, humming away. I narrow my eyes at her, taking in the content smile that is playing across her too-pink lips. It's not very flattering and, thanks to Bella's observation skills I'm finally noticing that her hairstyle is pretty horrendous as well. At least she can't hide behind her hair the way Bella does - it's far too full of crap to move, even in hurricane winds.

"Do you want to tell me what that was all about?" I ask her, leaning against the doorway with my arms crossed over my chest.

I'm hoping I look intimidating. I'm pretty sure I do because her eyes widen in shock when she sees me standing there, glaring at her.

"What do you mean, Edward?" she asks, her voice betraying her lack of innocence in the matter.

I cock an eyebrow. Yeah, she's not fooling me at all. I continue to glare at her while I wait for her to fess up.

"Oh, you mean about . . . that." She waves her hand up toward the ceiling. "I'm sorry, I was just looking through some old pictures and I found my favourite one of you when you were competing. You remember, when you were close to being an Olympic competitor?"

She looks at me expectantly, as though I'm going to sit down and reminisce about it with her. I won't, even though I *do* remember that time. It was horrible; I was skating several days a week and when I wasn't skating, I was at hockey practice. I was always exhausted. It sucked.

My mother swallows uncomfortably and looks away. "Anyway, I thought I would share it with you and Bella. I suppose I should have knocked."

"Damn right you should have knocked!" I practically growl.

"Well it's not like I expected your little girlfriend to be parading around half-naked trying to entice you . . ." she defends herself.

Her words made me bristle because I know what she is implying: that Bella is a slut and she is trying to take advantage of me. I honestly don't get it; my mother has her head so far up her ass when it comes to me. I think she still believes I'm a virgin or something equally insane. It was her damn fault I couldn't get laid until I went to university, thanks to the figure skating bullshit she forced on me. Well, that and the fact that I was a pretty huge nerd, but I choose not to focus on that part.

"Don't even start." I hold up my hand in warning.

Of course my mother doesn't heed it. She continues to voice her opinion like she always does, whether it's solicited or not.

"What? I'm your mother, and I have a feeling about this one. I think she's one of those money hungry floozies who only wants you for your bank account and your good looks." She puts her hands on her hips and nods. "Oh, and your fame, don't forget that! I don't want my baby corrupted by some puck-slut or whatever it is you call them."

She pokes her finger at the air as if to drive home her point.

I cross the room, slapping my hands down on the counter as I lean over. I'm glad there is a forced two feet of counter top separating us, because right now I'm not too happy with her.

"Look, I know you worry about me, but let's get a couple of things straight: Bella is not a puck slut. If anyone could be considered a slut it would have been me so I would appreciate it if you would keep such comments to yourself in the future," I rage at her.

She opens her mouth to interrupt, clearly horrified by my self-effacing statement, but I am louder than the squeak that passes her lips.

"Oh no you don't, I'm not finished." I jab my finger at her from across the counter. "Bella is not after my money, she definitely doesn't give a shit about my fame and who the hell uses the word floozy any more? What is this, 1920? Is prohibition making a return?"

I'm pretty impressed with my own wit on this one, and I mentally pat myself on the back. "Oh and couple more things. I expect you to be polite to Bella. I care about her and she's important to me. I don't want you to mess this up for me because you can't deal with me having my own life and finally finding a woman I want to be with."

I turn around and stomp out of the room and up the stairs, back toward my bedroom and Bella.

When I get back to my room, Bella is surfing the net. She's wearing super tight jeans and the red Blackhawks shirt with my name and my number on the back and the logo stretched across her boobs. I love them. The shirt, her boobs, whatever is under the shirt cupping her boobs-I wish I was that bra.

"You look unbelievably hot," I tell her.

"Is this appropriate? I mean should I change, I didn't know what to wear . . ." she trails off as she looks down at her chest and then runs her hands over her ribs.

Fuuuuuck. I wanna touch her boobs.

"That's appropriate." I motion to her chest. "I want you to wear that, definitely."

She smiles and watches as I change into jeans and a dress shirt. I have to employ all my restraint in order to resist getting her naked. I constantly remind myself that we're going to be staying together for the next couple of days, and I'll get to have sex with her again, probably a few times even. Part of me wants to have sex with her with that shirt on, even if it means her boobs would not be on display. I try to refocus, looking for my wallet and making sure I have everything I need.

Besides, I really want Bella to meet my friends, and I definitely don't want to focus on the bullshit that is going on with my baby sister and Emmett. I am ready to rip his balls off and feed them to him. I try not to think about it and I revert back to focusing on Bella's breasts. I want to see her bra again because it's lavender and has little lacy bits on it that make me want to kiss and suck and lick and bite . . .

Damn it. I'm hard again.

As soon as I'm ready, I suggest we leave so I don't try and get it on with Bella like I want to. I also think I'm not likely to persuade her to give it up right now considering my mother has already interrupted us once.

"Is there a back door or something?" she asks at the top of the stairs. She's fidgeting with the hem of her shirt and chewing on her bottom lip.

"Um, yeah, but the car is parked out front," I reply as I watch her eyes flicker from the stair case back to my bedroom.

"I know, but uh . . ." Bella starts scratching at her neck as she rummages through her purse for something. It's huge, almost the size of a duffel bag, but after a minute or two she still hasn't found what she's looking for and I get the feeling she's avoiding my gaze. She's also stopped speaking mid-sentence.

"What's up?" I ask, taking the steps necessary to bridge the gap between us. I rub her arms, wondering if she's nervous about meeting my friends. I already know they're going to love her and she won't have any problem fitting in with them.

"Um, I don't know Edward. Your mother just caught you petting my beaver in Hulk underwear, so I'm not all that interested in engaging in conversation with her at the moment," Bella mumbles in her snarkiest voice.

I'm beginning to understand that Bella's snark appears most often when she's nervous or stressed. Sometimes it's just because she needs to comment on something particularly inane, but most of the time it has to do with her nerves more than anything else. I feel shitty for not thinking about how this situation might affect her. I'm mortified, so I can't even begin to fathom how she feels.

"Damn it, right, well I just talked to her . . ." I attempt to put Bella's mind at ease regarding this unfortunate situation.

"You did *what*? Oh God! You talked to your mother about my beaver? Look, I know this family is close, but honestly, that's just over the line, Edward!" Bella's eyes are wide and she looks like she's about to have a heart attack.

"No, wait, you're totally jumping to conclusions here. I didn't talk to her about that, I talked to her about her privacy issues. She won't be doing that again," I tell her.

I'm not about to tell her the content of rest of the conversation I had with my mother. I will be taking that to the grave. Bella's self-esteem is already lacking, so she doesn't need the kind of hit it would take if she knew what my mother had said. Besides, my mother is most likely upset because I've finally brought a girl home and she thinks no one is good enough for me.

"Oh, okay, well that's good. But I still don't really want to see her right now so do you think we can go out the back? I'm all about avoiding any more awkwardness, especially considering I'm already nervous about meeting your friends." She runs her hands up and down my chest as she peers up at me.

"Sure, baby, whatever you want." I kiss her softly and reassure her. "And you really have nothing to worry about when it comes to my friends." I'm the one who should be worried. These guys have known me my entire life, so they have tons of dirt on me.

We take the back stairs and walk around the side of the house to the SUV. I text my buddies to let them know we are on the way. Apparently, they are already there and they've started drinking. This should be an interesting night.

"So . . ." I begin as I reverse the car and avoid looking at Bella. I'm about to introduce her to my real friends, not that my teammates don't qualify as real friends, but these are the guys I grew up with who knew me before I became a seven figure earner.

I can feel Bella looking at me, waiting for me to say something else because I've started speaking but I feel like I'm on pause.

"I'll get over the thing with your mom," Bella says softly. "I think anyway, as long as she doesn't ever bring it up."

"She won't," I promise her and hope to hell that I'm right.

I reach over and put my hand on her leg and she covers it with her own. I give her thigh a squeeze and she threads her fingers through mine.

Neither one of us says anything for a couple of minutes, which normally isn't an issue but today apparently it is.

"I'm nervous," I blurt out.

Fuck, way to be subtle, Cullen.

"Seriously?" Bella asks.

We reach a red light so I look over at her and smile sheepishly. "I was pretty dorky as a kid, and you're going to meet all the guys I grew up with . . ." I trail off and let her make her own conclusions.

"Um, Edward, have you not noticed that I'm a total nerdy spaz? If anyone should be nervous, it's me," she says and then holds up a finger to stop me because she has something else to add. "And I can't see you being dorky at all, by the way."

I snort. Yeah, well if my mother brings out more of the photographs she used as a shield earlier today, Bella will know *exactly* what I'm talking about. Not only that, but there are trophies from elementary school for spelling bees, and later, I was part of the Mathletes and the Chess Club. Throw figure skating on top of that and I'm lucky I had any friends at all.

"Well I was, and I'm sure the guys will tell you all about it. They're going to like you as much as I do. Well, hopefully not . . ." I reply, rethinking the last part of my statement. I don't want anyone else feeling the way I feel about Bella.

It only takes ten minutes to get downtown and park the car. The walk to the bar is short because downtown Guelph is small, and Bella squeezes my hand as I open the door for her. As soon as we're inside, I look around and spot my friends.

"Cullen!" Peter yells and holds up a half-full Guinness. He looks like he's had several already.

I'm definitely right about the guys liking Bella; she fits in right away. They don't say anything inappropriate in front of her, which isn't a problem since Bella is usually the one who drops the comments which make people choke on their drinks. Tonight is no different.

"I need to break the seal," she tells me, yelling in my ear over the music, but she's loud enough that the whole table hears.

I let her out of the booth we're sitting in and watch her ass as she navigates her way through the crowd.

"Dude!" Garrett pushes his glasses up his nose. "She's super hot!"

I smile, because fucking right she is. "I know."

"And she's hilarious, and she thinks it's cool that you're a nerd," Eleazar points out.

"I know that, too," I reply.

"And she doesn't give a shit about hockey," Peter adds.

"Well, she gives a shit about it more now than she did before, but yeah, she's doesn't really care about the hockey thing," I agree.

"So the rumours about you guys getting it on in the locker room . . ." Eleazar whispers across the table.

At least he thinks he whispers it. Sadly, he doesn't.

"Oh, yeah," Bella slaps him on the back, having returned from the bathroom without any of us hearing her approach, "we totally did that. It was awesome. The shitty part was getting caught by the rest of the team."

I'm so stunned I forget I have to move to let her in. Bella doesn't wait for me to get up; she just climbs over top of me and smiles at Eleazar who looks completely mortified.

"Sorry I came back before Edward could give you any details," she apologizes and the best part is she sounds sincere.

"I shouldn't have asked," Eleazar mumbles.

"Whatever, Alice has been texting the shit out of me for the past three days looking for details. I'm ready to block her because she's going to put my cell phone bill through the roof," She grumbles before continuing. "We're totally going to have a sleepover when I get back and I'm going to share all the dirty details with her," she says, her eyes lighting up at the prospect. "Oh, unless you want me to keep the details to myself." She looks to me, biting her lip as she awaits my response.

"Feel free to share with Alice, but only about the locker room." I lean in and finish in a whisper so the rest of the guys can't hear, "What I do to you later tonight I want to stay just between you and me."

Bella shivers and grins. "I can handle that."

She turns her attention back to my friends and spends the rest of the evening with her hand on my thigh, grazing my hard-on every once in a while to torture me, which I'm definitely okay with.

By the time we leave the bar, I'm ready to have sex with her in the car. It's late and Bella is definitely tipsy while I'm stone sober since I'm the driver.

"You are so hot, do you know that?" Bella slurs her words slightly as she leans into my side.

I'm half-carrying her at this point and my biggest concern is whether or not she'll be conscious by the time we get home. I know it's selfish of me, but I don't want her to pass out before we have a chance to fool around. I have plans for her and I don't want to have to put them off. I would also prefer it if I didn't have to whack off tonight. I will if I have to, but I honestly do not want that to be the only option I have.

"You think so?" I ask as I tilt my head and kiss her temple.

"Seriously, Edward, you know you're hot. You're so hot you're on fire. I'm actually glad you were a nerd as a teenager, because it makes me feel better to know that you suffered the same plight I always have," she rants as she stumbles along beside me.

"Do you want a piggyback ride?" I ask her, because she can barely stay on the sidewalk and it's slippery because of the ice. The last thing I need is for Bella to fall and hurt herself. She doesn't have enough padding to break her fall and not end up with bruises.

"Okay!" she exclaims.

I hoist her up on my back and carry her the rest of the way to the car. She makes it difficult to focus by kissing my neck and telling me how sexy I am. Once we are in the car, Bella tries to sit in my lap, telling me she's cold. Then she tries to stick her frigid hand down my pants.

"Whoa, baby, your hands are a bit frosty," I murmur as I capture her lips with mine and hold her wrists so she can't go pants diving again.

"Sorry," she mumbles into my mouth. "I'm so horny. I want to fuck you right now," she breathes.

Even though she's drunk, she's still incredibly sexy. It's hard to not give in to that particular desire but I'm not sure fucking in a rental car in the middle of a parking lot is the best idea considering the amount of publicity I'm garnering at the moment. There were at least three photographers on the way to the car. Even though they can't see inside the windows, I don't want to risk any speculation, particularly with an inebriated Bella.

"As much as I'd like that right now, I think it would be better if we wait until we get home," I say softly and run my fingers along her jaw before I pull away from her.

She looks disappointed, but it's definitely necessary to postpone such activities until we are in the confines of my bedroom.

"Okay," she sighs and sits back in her seat.

I try my damndest not to speed home but it's a challenge. When we get back to my parents' house, everyone is asleep. Getting Bella upstairs quietly is a feat in itself, though, because all she wants to do is make out; in the hallway, on the stairs, in front of my parents' room, in front of my door. I finally get her inside my room and this time I lock it.

As soon as the door is locked, Bella starts pulling my shirt over my head. "God, you're the sexiest man alive. Did you know I have a folder of pictures of you on my laptop? Is that weird? I always pick the hottest ones and then when I'm not with you, I look at them and jill-off, but it's not the same as when I'm with you, obviously. None of my dildos or vibrators have anything on the monster cock. He's in a league all his own." Bella punctuates this by sticking her hand down my pants and grabbing my dick.

"Baby, we're going to have to be quiet, okay?" I whisper-groan because she's being awfully loud. She is also stroking me with her warm, perfect hand and God does it ever feel good.

I have to admit I'm happy she has a folder of pictures on her laptop as well. Although I'm certain she didn't break into someone else's email account to find dirty pictures of me and save them into that folder like I did. I should probably delete them now that I see Bella's boobs all the time.

"Oh, right, we don't want your mommy to hear us," she whispers. "That would be bad, I've been a bad, bad girl Edward." She runs her hands over my chest to my shoulders before she presses her body against mine. She stands on her tip toes and kisses my neck. "Maybe I need a spanking."

I'm not sure if she's serious about that or not. She's definitely drunk and I don't want to take advantage of her, but I think it's so damn hot that she would ever think to say something like that to me. My first urge is to go right ahead and smack her ass, but I don't; I squeeze it instead and she moans into my mouth.

"Remember baby, we have to be quiet," I murmur. "If you can't be quiet, I can't make you cum."

Bella gasps quietly and removes her lips from my neck. "I can be quiet, I promise." She looks up at me with wide eyes.

She's so damn tempting. I don't think she even realizes this, how sexy and alluring she is, even if she says and does bizarre things sometimes. I find those qualities in her almost intolerably enticing.

"Good, that's good." I nod in approval and guide her toward the edge of the bed.

I undress her slowly, savouring the unveiling of her body. I love the way she looks naked: her breasts, the curve of her waist, the swell of her hips, the lean line of her legs. As soon as she's unclothed, I sit her on the edge of the mattress. Bella reaches out and pulls my pants down to my knees. I step out of them and watch as she runs her hands up and down my chest and stomach. She's at eye level with my dick and I'd be lying if I said I don't hope she might just want to kiss it or something.

"Hi there," she whispers and gives him a . . . pet? And she giggles. She looks up at me apologetically. "Sorry," she murmurs and focuses back on my cock, which is unbearably hard because she's been grazing it under the table all night long.

She grips my dick in her hand and strokes it a couple of times as both of our gazes are locked on her hand while she moves it over my shaft. "You really are enormous," she sighs as she leans forward and brushes her lips over the tip.

"Oh God," I mutter and slide my hands into her hair. I really want her to give me head but I definitely won't ask for it, even though I have the urge to do just that.

"Mmmm," she murmurs and brushes her lips back and forth, again and again before she finally, *oh - fuck*, finally takes me into her mouth. "See?" she mumbles with my dick in her mouth, looking up at me, her lips stretched around me. "So big."

"Holy Christ." I exhale as she begins to stroke and suck in earnest while maintaining eye contact.

I'd like to say I last a long time, but Bella keeps moaning-very quietly- and I keep watching, so it takes much less time than I want it to before I'm warning her that I'm getting ready to cum. Bella releases me from her mouth and leans back as she strokes me, watching my face.

"Bella, I . . ." I say in a strangled whisper before my dick twitches in her hand and I cum all over her chest. I groan a whole lot louder than I should when it hits her tits. "That is just so fucking hot," I tell her, rubbing soft circles along her cheekbones with my thumbs.

Bella looks down at her chest and frowns slightly before looking back up at me. "Huh, that wasn't nearly as gross as I thought it was going to be," she mutters. "Actually, it's kind of erotic," she looks up at me and smiles. "It's almost like a porno."

I smile back at her because sometimes she is absolutely ridiculous and absolutely right at the same time. I reach over to my night stand and grab her some Kleenex as she releases me from her hand. When I look back at her, she's rubbing her finger along the wet jizz on her chest. She brings it to her lips and grimaces. "Yeah, it still tastes like ass though."

I laugh at her and wipe the mess off her chest, taking my time because now that I've cum I can focus on making Bella feel good, and see how quiet she's capable of being. This should be fun.

"You should lay down," I tell her as I climb up onto the bed with her and guide her to the pillows.

Bella bites her lip and rubs her thighs together as I run my hands up her legs and over her hips before I straddle her.

"What are you planning to do to me?" she asks as she runs her hands up my thighs to my hips and back down again.

I lean down and kiss her softly. "I'm going to make you feel so good, baby," I whisper in her ear. "As long as you can be quiet, that is."

Bella's moan is stifled by my neck, which she is biting. It feels really fucking good.

"Good girl," I murmur as I flick my thumb over her nipple.

She moans again, not as quiet as she was a moment ago.

"Shh, baby." I cover her mouth with my own and kiss her, stroking her tongue with mine.

"Sorry," she says when I pull back and look at her face. "I'll be good." She presses her hips up but since I'm straddling her, she doesn't have much room to move and definitely isn't going to be getting any friction that way.

I kiss my way across her shoulder and along her collarbone to her throat and follow the path of her chest with my lips until I reach the valley between her breasts. Running my fingertips along the swell, I purposely avoiding her nipples because I know it drives her crazy. Tiny, soft moans fall from her lips as she arches her back, looking for some kind of relief. Her legs press together beneath mine.

"Edward, please," she whisper-moans as she threads her fingers through my hair and tugs slightly.

I kiss my way over her luscious breast, biting the swell along the way because, really, I just can't resist, and she gasps, turning her head into the pillow to muffle the soft moan that escapes. I flick my tongue over her nipple and blow on it, watching it tighten in response.

"Oh, fuck yessssss," Bella hisses.

Her reaction is enough to spur me on, and I suck her nipple into my mouth and graze the sensitive skin with my teeth. She whimpers and bites her lip to stop the sounds from leaving her mouth. I want to hear her, but at the same time, watching her struggle to stay quiet is so fucking sexy. I definitely don't want to admit she can probably be as loud as she wants and my parents won't likely hear anything. But on the off chance that they might, I keep that information to myself.

I split my focus between both her breasts; touching, tasting, biting, nibbling, sucking. I want to fuck them again, but I've already cum once- on her tits, no less - so I'm happy to give Bella some relief in return, eventually. I know I'm not being very nice by keeping her legs pinned together. Usually when I'm focused on her breasts, she has the opportunity to grind all over me. This time I'm keeping her immobile. I know I'm pushing her close to the edge but giving her no real release because she can't get the friction she needs between her thighs to get her off.

Just when I think she's going to lose it, I kiss my way over her stomach and part her legs. I brush my lips along the inside of her thigh, several inches from where she actually wants me and she groans in frustration.

"Please, Edward, please, I just want you to . . ." she murmurs desperately. It's so hot. I'm so hard that I wish I had something to rub my dick against.

I blow across her clit and she moans a little louder than she intends to because one of her hands leaves my hair and clamps over her mouth. She looks down at me with wide eyes. I raise an eyebrow at her, my mouth only an inch away from where she definitely wants it.

"Please don't stop, Edward, I just want your mouth on me . . ." she trails off breathlessly.

As much as I want to torture her some more, I can't hold off any longer. I lean in kiss the soft skin right above her clit before I slide my tongue along the swollen flesh. Bella gasps and whimpers and holds onto my hair tightly as she bucks her hips against my mouth.

"That's it, baby, that's exactly what I want," she breathes.

I suck and nibble and lick and kiss as I knead her ass with my palms. I slide my thumbs along the inside of her thighs-I'm getting a little close to her 'freak out' zone and I'm doing it on purpose- and her whole body jerks slightly from the contact. I wonder what that's all about. I do it again. Bella moans, loudly.

I stop what I'm doing, because as mean as it is, I want her riled up as much as possible. The wetter she is the easier it's going to be to go for a long time and I want to be inside her for as long as humanly possible.

"What are you doing? Don't stop!" she exclaims in a furious whisper, her eyes flashing with panic.

"I don't know Bella, you're having a hard time being quiet . . ." I murmur and let my thumbs slide in a little further, closer to the place she doesn't want me to be.

Apparently she is so worked up she doesn't even notice where my thumbs are, because she tugs on my hair and lifts her hips, pressing my face into her pussy. I nibble on her clit and graze her entrance with my thumb before sliding my finger back just a bit, to see what she'll do.

A strangled moan leaves her mouth followed by the question, "What are you doing?" but it's quiet enough that I can continue, so I do. I abandon the backdoor because even though I'm sure she'll probably like it I'm also afraid she'll inflict some kind of damage to me if I don't back off. I slide my fingers forward, ignoring her question and circle her entrance before sliding two fingers into the warmth of her body and her back arches.

"That's it . . ." she whimpers.

All it takes it one last swirl of my tongue and curl of my fingers before Bella cums hard. Her body is shaking with the restraint it takes to stay silent because right about now is the time when she usually lets it all out. Often she tells me how much she loves my mouth or my finger or my cock. Her struggle to remain silent makes her body vibrate as her jaw clenches and her fingers clutch the sheets and pull.

I make my way back up her body and as soon as my mouth is close to hers, she kisses me furiously, wrapping her legs around my waist.

"Oh, my God," she whispers into my mouth. "That was so good. Your mouth is amazing."

"So is yours," I whisper in return and kiss her again as I slide back and forth between her thighs before I feel the head of my cock at her entrance.

She stills as I press forward slowly. "And your monster cock, let's not forget how amazing he is," Bella gasps.

"Does that feel good, Bella? Do you like that?" I murmur in her ear as my hips meet hers.

"So much better than good, you have no idea . . ." she trails off, biting down on my shoulder as I rock forward and back, starting a slow, steady rhythm.

Our breathing is laboured and quiet moans fill the space around us as she moves her hips in time with mine. As much as I like being on top, being able to control the pace, I also like the way it looks when Bella is riding me, so I flip us over.

Oh yeah, that's fucking fantastic, and of course I tell her this as I cup her breasts in my hands and squeeze as she pushes away from me, her hand on my chest. She shakes her hair out, allowing it to cascade around her in a wave. She's gorgeous and I'm grateful I've already cum once so I can last longer.

Bella looks down at my hands on her chest and then further down. She moves one hand and reaches down as she lifts off me, her fingers grazing her clit as she drags them down my shaft, lowering herself back down. As much as I love her boobs, I want her body closer to me so I run my hands down her sides and pull her body toward mine so she's leaning over me.

Her breath is coming in quick, short, gasping pants and I know she's just as close as I am. I grab her ass and shift against her, fast and hard, staying deep inside her.

"Oh, God, Edward, I'm going to cum again," she whispers as she moans.

"Me too, baby," I tell her, encouraging her to let go.

I release one of her ass cheeks and slide my hand behind her neck so I can kiss her to swallow up the sounds I know she won't be able to prevent from coming out of her mouth.

We shift against each other and Bella's body stiffens as my fingers accidentally-on-purpose graze her back entrance just as she cums.

"Holy fuck, what are you . . ." she flails before digging her stubby nails into my chest.

Her entire body locks down and her eyes widen in surprise. She clenches around me so tightly, it's like being inside a virgin again.

"God, I love it when you cum on me," I groan as my own orgasm passes through me and I explode inside her.

Bella collapses on top of me and breathes heavily for a minute. I rub her back while she regains her composure, soft moans vibrating across my chest as she exhales.

"You touched the 'no go' zone," she whispers.

"Sorry." I rub her back. I'm not sorry at all.

"Bullshit." She snorts, sounding rather exhausted.

"I would never . . ." I mutter, trying to decide what exactly I would never do.

If given the chance, would I get up in there? Uh, fuck yeah. Knowing the dimensions of my dick, do I think it is realistic? Definitely not, but that doesn't mean I can't think about it. Or make her feel good by using a finger or two. I wonder if the 'dildo' she was talking about the first time we had sex at my place is actually anal beads and Bella isn't aware of that fact. I'd like to find out though.

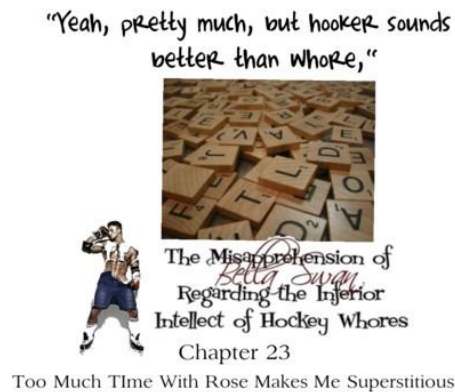
"It didn't feel bad," she admits and I smirk into her shoulder. "But that doesn't mean it's not still an exit only hole, so don't get any crazy ideas," Bella warns me in a sleepy voice.

"Mmmm, okay, baby," I mutter and pull the blankets over us.

I'm pretty sure, based on her response, I'm going to try that again. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday, and I'm banking on Bella liking it a lot more than she thinks she will.

OoO

Chapter 23 - Too Much Time with Rose Makes me Superstitious



OoO~#~Edward~#~OoO

The next morning I have moderately quiet sex with Bella in the shower. She can make a bit more noise in there because the fan is on and the water is running which drowns out some of the sound. Shower sex with Bella is so damn hot; any sex with Bella is hot, but something about her wet is just . . . devastatingly erotic.

I try not to leave Bella with my mother unsupervised after the discussion we had for fear that she will say something to Bella that will hurt her feelings. It's a difficult thing to avoid, though, because my mother doesn't work, meaning she's home all the time. For all her talk, Bella is a 'sensitive soul' as Rose would put it; she takes things quite personally and seems to try to cover hurt feelings with sarcasm. Something tells me if my mother says anything nasty Bella will take it to heart. I don't need my almost-loony-tunes mother making this relationship more difficult for me.

I can't avoid leaving the two of them alone the entire time though, so when my father asks to talk to me in private I don't have a choice but to go with him. I'm sure I already know what this is about; the conversation I had with my mother yesterday. I expect him to be mad at me, which he is to a certain degree, but not as much as I anticipated.

When we come back from our little chat, I find my mother and Bella pouring over my photos and trophies in the study. I am mortified until Bella holds up the Scrabble Tournament trophy and the Chess Club metal and smiles gleefully.

"Edward, you're my hero," she says as she rubs them furtively over her chest, like she's hugging them.

It's not fair to taunt me like that.

My mother has most of my figure skating trophies and medals hung up alongside my hockey ones from my pre-NHL days. There are pictures of me in my various, horrifying spandex and sparkle outfits right beside the ones of me in my hockey gear. I look like I have a split personality.

"We should have a tournament some time," I say as I point to the Scrabble trophy, which means I am also pointing at her boob based on the way she is holding it.

I have a great idea as to what kind of Scrabble tournament I would like to have with Bella, and it would include stripping. I know I'll be the winner in the end either way.

"Oh, you are so on!" Bella's eyes light up. "I'm even better at Scrabble than I am at air hockey."

This brings to mind our post air-hockey activities and I have to think of wearing pink spandex and embarrassing things to prevent the hard-on from springing forth that is threatening to humiliate me. Fortunately, I have a sizable bank of embarrassing moments to choose from so deflation happens rather quickly.

Of course, my mother has to voice her opinion and requests that we all play a game. At least we won't be looking at my skating pictures anymore. That is the most humiliating thing a parent can do to their offspring. It's no wonder I moved out when I was twenty.

Rose comes downstairs as we are setting up the game at the kitchen table, Emmett-free thankfully, and Esme forces her to play as well. I love my sister, but she's not very academically inclined. She's sweet and lovely, but spelling words isn't really her thing. Fortunately she's a good sport so she goes along with it. Unfortunately, all the words she tries to spell are perverse and she gets them wrong.

"Rose whore is not spelled h-o-o-r," I sigh, because this is the fourth word in a row she's had trouble with.

"Are you sure? I mean isn't hooker spelled h-o-o-k-e-r? Aren't hookers and whores the same thing?" she asks.

"Yeah, pretty much, but hooker sounds better than whore," Bella interjects.

I have no idea what makes hooker seem like a better term than whore, but I do know she's referred to herself that way before and I don't like it.

"Whore is spelled with a 'wh,' Rose. It's like 'why' or 'what'," I tell her.

"Oh!" she exclaims excitedly, "I have a 'w'."

I begin to correct her again but Bella kicks me under the table and shakes her head. "That's awesome Rose, you got a triple word score! That's thirty-three points." Bella smiles and Rose beams back at her.

My mother gives me a small, ashamed smile because Bella is being her sweet self.

Rose and Bella seem to be hitting it off really well, despite the fact that they are definitely polar opposites. This makes me very happy because Rose is really important to me and so is Bella. I want all the women in my life to get along. My mother watches Bella interacting with Rose, in her genuine, albeit spastic way and is on her best behaviour for the remainder of the game. I try not to look or feel smug about the fact that my mother's impression of Bella was clearly wrong and that my

taste in women has definitely improved since my high school and university days. By the end of the game, it feels like my mother is finally warming up to Bella in the way I want her to.

Bella helps Rose make words, or make up words, whichever the case may be, and Rose ends up winning the game. My competitive nature makes me want a rematch, but I know I'll have a chance to beat Bella later with what I hope will be a very different set of rules.

OoO

Bella and I go out with my friends again on Wednesday night to see a local band. Bella is as spastic a dancer as she is a person and it's comical to watch in a very sweet, fun way. She's not very coordinated on the dance floor, which isn't a problem for me because I don't dance unless I have to.

"I recognize this song!" Bella yells in my ear as the guitarist starts the base line for a Hip song.

She starts jumping up and down in her excitement, making her boobs bounce. I don't think about what I'm doing before I do it; I simply reach up and cup them in my hands.

"Edward!" Bella exclaims. "We're in the middle of a bar." She swats my hands away.

"Sorry, they looked like they wanted to be held." I shrug in apology.

"Oh, my God! Edward? Edward Cullen is that you?" I feel a tap on my shoulder and I turn around, trying to place the very familiar voice coming from behind me.

I recognize the woman immediately. "Bree? Hey," I say and swallow hard. This isn't good, I definitely didn't expect to run into one of the few girls I knew before I became more than just a dorky figure skating nerd.

"It *is* you! See, I told you it was him." She elbows the woman beside her playfully. "Edward, this is my partner, Maria; Maria, this is Edward Cullen, I knew him before the rest of the world did," she explains to the statuesque woman at her side.

I wrap my arm around Bella's waist, partly because I want to show off my girlfriend just as much as Bree seems to want to. Also, both Bree and Maria are checking Bella out and I'm feeling slightly emasculated and more than just a little protective of her.

"This is my girlfriend, Bella," I tell them. "Bella this is Bree, an old friend of mine."

I say a silent prayer that Bree doesn't give Bella any more information about our past relationship than is absolutely necessary. Clearly Bree has found her better half and she comes in the form of a six-foot blond bombshell.

We chat with Bree and Maria for a few minutes before they move through the crowd to find their friends. Bree hugs me and tells me Bella is hot. I tell her I know.

When they walk away, I have to kick Eleazar in the shin to prevent him from revealing to Bella the fact that I once dated Bree. I don't need that kind of embarrassment at the moment.

OoO

Thursday is our last day together because Bella has to work on her essays. Even though I try and give her time and space to work on them while she's in Guelph with me, I know it's hard for her to focus on anything education related. I'm having the same problem giving any attention to the fact that the playoffs are coming up and I have interviews to schedule and practices to attend and workouts that I have been staunchly ignoring. I completely boycott my voicemail messages and my emails, even though I know I probably have important ones I should deal with.

I take her to the airport on Thursday evening with the promise of seeing her when I get back on Sunday.

"I had a really good time," Bella says as she fiddles with the buttons on my shirt.

"I'm really glad you came," I tell her and kiss the end of her nose, running my hands up and down her back. It's going to be a long three days before I see her again.

Bella snickers. "I came more than once."

I smirk at her, knowing damn well that's the truth and loving that her mind goes there immediately. "If I don't get in too late on Sunday night, can I pick you up on the way home from the airport?" I ask.

"Sure, if you want to. Won't you be tired?" Bella questions.

"Maybe, but I want you in my bed again, and I want to hear you cum the next time I make it happen," I whisper in her ear.

Bella whimpers quietly as she wraps her arms around my neck. "Well when you put it that way . . ."

I kiss her, not caring that people are taking pictures of us shamelessly making out. I want people to know I'm with this girl and not to preserve a false reputation, but because she's important to me. I want people to talk about her and wonder if she's my girlfriend and I'm definitely looking forward to answering that question in the affirmative during my next interview.

No part of me wants her to get on that plane without me. I'm also not very keen on the fact that she has to keep her phone turned off until she's back in the states so I won't be able to contact her for a few hours to make sure she's okay. I know it's overkill, but I'm slightly obsessive about being able to contact her, I'm also obsessive about her boobs but that's irrelevant. I internally vow to buy her a new phone because the one she has is archaic and I also plan to switch providers for her, or at least upgrade her plan. That way she can text whenever she feels like it without the ridiculous charges and I can always get in touch with her. I'm not sure how I'm going to get her to accept the gift, but I'm sure I'll be able to find a way to entice her with it.

When I get back to the house, I'm too antsy to sit around so I take Rose out for drinks so we can talk.

"Bella's awesome," she says as she takes a sip of her pint.

"I know," I reply and check my text messages for the seven-hundredth time today. I know Bella's got a lot on her plate and she texted me when she got home, but I'm like a junkie. I should have taken a picture of her when she was here so I could use it as my phone wallpaper.

"Do you think she's your soul mate, Edward?" she asks as she twirls the crystal hanging from her neck.

Rose is into Tarot reading and energies and auras. I don't get half the shit she talks about, but it seems to make her happy, so I just smile and nod when she starts talking about that kind of thing.

"I don't know. I like being around her. She's fun, so it's easy to be with her and I don't have to hide who I am." I shrug.

"Hmm, yes, I guess that's true. All the fake-out man-whoring is finally over." She sighs, rolling her eyes.

"Don't even start, Rose, you weren't the one who had to take eleven years of figure skating to appease Mom. You just got to do whatever you wanted without having to worry about it," I defend myself.

I know it's a lousy defense. If I didn't want to skate, I should have just stopped. But I didn't want to disappoint my mother and telling her that I hated skating would have ruined her dreams for me. I was fortunate that I was drafted into the NHL when I was. Had it not happened when it did, I probably would have ended up in the Olympics instead, and that would have changed the entire course of my life.

"Oh, don't even." Rose raises one of her eyebrows at me. "I know it was hard for you Edward. I know being as dorky as you were in high school was permanently scarring, but don't think I didn't suffer for it. I'm your little sister, so everyone expected me to be just like you. Imagine my teacher's surprise when they found out I could barely do fractions whose older brother could teach the class.

I know what she means. I know what it's like when people have certain expectations of you and when you don't live up to them, how difficult it can be. I could only imagine how hard it was for Rose going to high school to be faced with the same teachers I had. They would expect her to be smart and athletic just like I was. Rose took remedial classes while I was in the Honours IB program for the nerdy kids. I even looked dorky when I was a teenager. I had no sense of style because my mother was responsible for dressing me until I hit grade ten and by that time the damage was already done. To add insult to injury, I was skinny until I went to university and started hitting the gym and the protein shakes regularly.

Rose, on the other hand, was a tall, gorgeous blond and sadly she lived up to the stereotype in a lot of ways. It sucked for her just as much as it sucked for me, just in very different ways.

"Yeah, I know it was rough for you, Rose. I'm sorry about that," I mumble into my drink.

"Whatever, I'm pretty. I can get away with it." Rose shrugs it off and smiles. "And I definitely did."

I decide to change the subject, because taking a trip down memory lane based on high school experiences is not something I feel like doing, particularly when Rose says things like that with that devious glint in her eye.

"So, what's the deal with Emmett?" I ask.

"I was wondering how long it would take you to ask." She smirks at me.

I hate it when she does that; it's *my* facial expression and when she uses it I feel like I don't have the upper hand. Of course, that's exactly the case right now and she knows it. I'm in full on protective-brother mode and that makes me weak. I hate showing any signs of weakness.

"I'm assuming he's gone back to Chicago," I state flatly.

Rose nods and takes another sip of her beer, not offering up any other information.

"So?" I prod.

"So, what?" She smiles at me over her beer.

Damn it. I want information before I go off on her. I might be worried about nothing, but from the look on her face, I am probably right to be concerned.

"Look Rose, I know you're a big girl, but Emmett, well, he's a dirty whore and I don't want my baby sister getting some form of STD because of a lapse in judgement," I say into my pint.

"Is that what Emmett said to Bella when she started dating you?" she shoots back.

I expect this kind of response. "Probably, but the difference is that I'm not actually a man-whore and Emmett openly is. Bella can even attest to that. Why, did Emmett tell you different?" I ask. I'll fuck his giant ass up if he did.

"We didn't talk about his sexual history. I'm not really concerned about what he's done in the past or who he's done it with." Rose shrugs at me when I give her an incredulous look.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Rose? Emmett has probably slept with the equivalent of half your campus," I hiss at her.

Rose frowns as she ponders this. "When you put it that way . . ." she trails off and runs her finger along the edge of her pint glass.

"Thank God," I mutter.

"Wait, you don't think he swings both ways do you?" she asks.

"What?" I nearly choke on my beer as I process her question.

"You said he's probably slept with half my campus. You mean at the entire college right? There's like probably twelve thousand people and there are lots of guys. Are you only talking about the girls on my campus?" Rose wrings her hands anxiously as she awaits my response.

"Yes, Rose, I'm only talking about the girls," I assure her.

This is what I'm talking about when I say that my sister, while lovely, is not the most intellectually inclined. She takes everything literally and sometimes the way she processes things makes absolutely no sense at all to me. I worry about her constantly because she's so easy to take advantage of. If she's going to continue to see Emmett, despite my warning, he better believe we'll be having a chat about the way he's going to treat her.

"Oh, that's good." She sighs. "I was worried there for a second."

"Honestly Rose, I don't want you dating him." I punctuate the statement with a slap of my palm against the table.

"Look, Edward, I know you're looking out for me. I appreciate it, but I'm a big girl and I can make my own decisions and my own mistakes. I like Emmett and he's been nothing but a gentleman," she says and rolls her eyes.

"Emmett a gentleman? That'll be the day." I scoff.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Rose crosses her arms over her chest.

"I mean that Emmett is one of the first guys to regale us with the finer details of his sexual escapades," I say biting my lip. I'm hoping this will be enough to get through to her.

"Regale?" Rose asks.

I sigh. "He blabs his big fat mouth about who he fucks."

"Well you don't have to be so crass about it," Rose huffs. "And you have nothing to worry about because I haven't had sex with him, so there's nothing to tell."

"Thank Christ." I exhale loudly, more relieved than I've ever been in my life that my little sister chooses this moment to give me far too much information than I can ever want. But then I stop and actually listen to what she just said, and my jaw drops. "Wait a fucking minute, are you serious?" I ask her as the gravity of what she's telling me hits home.

"Of course I'm serious. I'm not a slut." Rose flips her hair behind her shoulder in defiance.

"I have no idea what to say to that," I mutter. I think I'm in shock. Emmett will fuck anything with a pulse and Rose is pretty, so I definitely expected him to try and have sex with her. I'm so damn glad this isn't the case.

"Do you even know how much of a double-standard this is?" Rose asks irritably.

"What are you talking about?" I ask, knowing full well what she's referring to.

"You waited all of, what, two hours, to get to know Bella before you jumped into bed with her and that's totally okay, but if I went and did the same thing it would be the end of the world. It's not fair. Plus," she says, holding up her finger to silence me as I attempt to defend myself. It's good that she stops me because I have no justifiable defense at all. "How do you think Emmett felt when he found out his sister, step or not, is sleeping with one of his teammates who is also notoriously known as a giant man-whore? Even if it's not true Edward, that's what everyone thinks about you."

I have the decency to look ashamed of myself because I know this is an accurate statement. What kind of role model am I for my little sister? I look like a complete womanizer in her eyes.

"Now I know better than that, Edward, because I'm your sister and I even though I don't do well in school, I'm smart with people." She taps her temple. "I know that you're not really like you pretend to be and even though I think it's a stupid thing for you to do, I've never said anything, until now."

I lean back in my seat and sigh, because this has been such a huge problem for Bella and I. "I know, Rose, and I'm paying the price for my stupidity now aren't I? Emmett wants to kick the shit out of me and I know I'm compromising Bella's integrity . . ." I trail off. I don't like that Bella being with me automatically paints her in a negative light. It's something I know I need to talk to my publicist about.

"I don't think you understand how hard this is for Emmett. Do you know what Bella has been through in her past relationships? Did she tell you about the last asshole she dated? Better yet, does she even know that you've never actually had a girlfriend before?" Rose raises her eyebrow at me, looking rather smug.

Rose leans back and crosses her legs, looking rather satisfied with herself because I am definitely wearing an expression of shock on my face.

"I've had a girlfriend before," I mumble into my beer, remembering my run in with Bree. "I ran into one of my former flames last night."

Calling Bree a 'former flame' is laughable, but I did date her regardless of whether there was passion in the relationship or not.

"Bree Parker does not count." Rose waves at me dismissively.

"How did you . . ."

"I don't know." She shrugs and points to her head. "I just know these things."

"She does count by the way," I say authoritatively. "And so do Irina and Charlotte."

"I'll give you Charlotte, but Irina is debatable, and I still don't think Bree counts. She's married to another woman."

"That doesn't mean we didn't date each other," I defend myself.

I secretly think it's my fault that she switched to the other team, though. We were both virgins, and well, I didn't really have a handle on my size back in the day. It wasn't a pleasant experience for her I'm sure.

"Whatever." Rose shrugs noncommittally.

"I want to know how you know about Bella's past relationships." I lean forward and attempt to stare her down.

She rolls her eyes at me. "You don't scare me, you know." She flips her hair behind her shoulder again. "And I know because, unlike *some people* I know, I spent most of my time with Emmett getting to know him as a person, not just trying to get into his pants."

"I get it." I raise my hands in surrender. "You're right. I should have waited with Bella and I'm glad that you aren't following in my footsteps."

"Now what else do you know about Bella's relationship history?"

Rose smiles gleefully because she thinks she's won this argument and now she has something I want: information.

"All I'm going to tell you is that the last guy she dated treated her like absolute shit and Emmett is really worried you're going to do to her what he did. That's all you're getting out of me. The rest you'll have to ask Bella about on your own. Maybe you should spend some time talking instead of getting it on," she says sarcastically.

"We talk all the time, I'll have you know," I tell her, because we do. We've just never had a discussion about past relationships other than when I told her I wasn't a man-whore.

"Just don't fuck this up Edward, because you're not the only one who loses if you do," she says and finishes her beer. "Now take me back home because I have a Skype date with Emmett in an hour."

The words Emmett and date in the same sentence coming from my sisters mouth makes me bristle. I finally understand why he's so upset about me dating his sister, because even the thought of him talking to Rose on the phone almost puts me over the edge.

When we get back to my parents', there's a message on their voicemail from my publicist-ironically-asking that I give him a call immediately. I don't like the tone of his voice, so I avoid calling right away. Instead, I call Bella and talk to her for a while before I order flowers which will arrive the following morning. I've already sent her a package of the black licorice treats that she liked when she was here, but I doubt they'll get there until early next week. I want her to have something from me before I get back to Chicago.

Just as I hang up with Bella, my publicist calls me again. I didn't realize he'd left two messages on my phone while I was out with Rose.

"Hey Aro," I answer the call immediately.

"Hey kid, why am I hunting you down?" he asks irritably.

I know I should have called him right after the last game where I got kicked out. "I've been busy," I mutter, knowing that this kind of attitude is only going to get me into more trouble than I'm already in with him.

"Yeah, don't I know it. We've got some damage control to do after your behaviour during the last game. You've got an interview next week with GQ magazine and you're going to be on the Chicago morning show. We need to hammer out some details," he tells me.

"Okay, just tell me what you want me to say and I'll say it," I acquiesce because I know it's easier to do what he tells me in order to keep myself out of trouble. Well, more trouble than I'm likely to get myself into if there isn't someone directing me.

"What's this I'm hearing about you having some kind of girlfriend?" Aro asks.

"Oh yeah, Bella, I meant to tell you about her . . ." I trail off because I'm not sure why I haven't told Aro about her up until now. I know it's something I should have done right away so that we can deal with how the press is going to perceive it. I'm sure he's not only pissed at me about being kicked out of the game and possibly suspended, but he's probably irritated that I haven't be forthright about my relationship with Bella.

"Yeah, well, how attached are you to this chick?" he asks.

"She's not a chick," I spit back at him.

"Fuck." Aro sighs into the phone. "So I'm taking it this is serious then? Are you in love with her or something?"

"Uh, I-I, uh," I stutter, because I think I actually might be and the last person I want to admit that to is my agent.

"Look kid, I'm just going to lay it out there. You're on the short list for one of the top fifty sexiest men of the year. I need you to keep this relationship on the down low for a couple more weeks, just until you've done the interviews and the playoffs are well underway, and then you can declare her undying love for her," Aro tells me.

"What's the difference between saying something now and waiting a couple of weeks?" I ask. I don't see how it matters either way.

"It's better if you look available going into the playoffs and for the magazine and interview spots. Trust me kid, just give it a couple of weeks and then you can go ahead and shout it over a damn megaphone for all I care."

"What am I supposed to tell the interviewers?" I ask, because there are pictures of Bella and I all over the place. It's not like we've been subtle about it; the ones from the airport are particularly obvious, what with my tongue being in her mouth. I don't understand why Aro waited until now to bring this up if it was going to be a problem.

"You're good at evading questions. Just do what you normally do, answer without answering," he tells me.

"Fine," I say. "But I don't really see why it's such an issue."

"Just trust me, Edward. Have I ever lead you astray?" Aro asks.

We talk for a few more minutes and I check my schedule. I'll need to fly out tomorrow night so I can be prepared for all the 'damage control' I need to do. I'd like to thank Randy Dick for his big mouth and my short temper for getting me thrown out of the game and into this mess.

I don't feel good at all about this whole situation. I don't want to keep my relationship with Bella under wraps anymore. I also don't want to keep feeding the rumour mill to keep up the pretense that I'm a man-whore. It's a conversation I need to have with Bella soon, but I want to do it in person and I don't want the play-offs hanging over my head when I do it either.

I promise myself that as soon as I'm able to be open about my relationship with Bella, I want to work on a complete image overhaul. I'm sure Aro will be supportive.

I book a flight for the next evening and I text Bella. I don't know how much I should tell her, if anything at all. I'll deal with that later, though. It's late and I'm tired.

I have a hard time falling asleep, and when I do, I have dreams where I'm figure skating and I can't get to my partner before she falls. It bothers me that I'm having performance anxiety dreams. It's not like I've never had them before, but these feel different. Even more disconcerting is the fact that my partner looks like Bella.

I'm used to the stress around playoff games, and I know the pressure is on, but something about these dreams make me wary. I worry that my inability to catch my partner is a mirror for my reality and that I'm not going to be able to keep Bella the way I want to.

I brush it off by telling myself I feel this way because I've been spending time with Rose and all her voodoo Tarot stuff is freaking me out.

Dreams are just dreams. At least this is what I'd like to believe.

OoO

Chapter 24- Son of a Bitch, Motherfucking Fuck



Fuck you, Edward Cullen,
and your amazing monster cock



The Misapprehension of
Bella Swan
Regarding the Inferior
Intellect of Hockey Whores

Chapter 24 Son of a Bitch, Motherfucking Fuck

OoO~!~Bella~!~OoO

I don't want to go home, but I have to. Edward is sweet and touchy-feely as he kisses me repeatedly in front of the security gates. I think we may be bordering on inappropriate, but I'm not going to see him for a few days so I'm stocking up on mouth fucks. The security guard gives me the eyebrow raise and I give him my bitchbrow back. I'm entitled to act like a hockey hooker when I'm making out in an airport terminal with one of the hottest guys on the face of the earth.

I have to run once I'm through security since Edward wouldn't let me leave until the last minute, but I don't mind. I need to build up the endurance anyway for our marathon sex sessions. That boy isn't lying when he says he's got good stamina. He's like a machine, except better, because he's Edward.

I sleep all the way home because I'm exhausted from being kept up most nights by Edward and his monster cock. I even dreamt about his penis while I was laying right beside him. I woke up more than once with my hand down his boxers, holding onto it like it was a handle or a security blanket. I wake up from yet another Edward penis dream as the plane is landing. I'm curious as to whether I've been talking in my sleep since the flight attendant is looking at me rather strangely. In this case I decide that not knowing is probably best for me; ignorance is bliss.

I text Alice as soon as the plane lands. I've prearranged for her to pick me up because I don't want to be stuck in a car with Renee for forty-five minutes. I know she'll try and get all the gritty details out of me, and I don't think I can stomach that kind of conversation. She's bound to give her two cents which will likely include anecdotes I don't want or need to hear.

I am also aware that Alice won't be any better in her quest for information or her penchant for sharing more information than is absolutely necessary. She's my best friend, though, so I feel like it's okay to talk about the action I've been getting, because it is pretty damn stellar. Besides, if she's been getting action, she's likely to tell me all about it. My mother, on the other hand, is not someone I want to share that kind of personal information with. It's gross.

Alice is freaking out when she picks me up. She gets out of the car and jumps on me as soon as she sees me and her car is in park.

"Oh my God!" she yells into my ear. "I have so much to tell you! I think I'm in love. Well, probably not, but I am totally in lust with Jasper Whitlock and I've already merged our faces to see what kind of babies we would have-you know, using that computer program?" She pauses long enough to look at me, but not long enough for me to respond with anything other than a nod. "They would be so pretty."

"You're kidding about the last part, right?" I ask.

I'm not sure if I think this is okay behaviour for Alice or not; it's kind of creepy to do something like that. Although now I want to do the same thing with mine and Edward's faces to see if we'd have pretty babies too, not that I want babies with him or anything.

"Um, no, why, is that weird? I did it for you too . . ." Alice chews on her lip as she helps me put my bags in the trunk of her car.

"No, Alice, that's not weird at all," I lie. It *is* weird, but I want to see the pictures.

I could have predicted this outcome all along. Alice is very much a romantic, and she dives in head first every time she gets into a relationship. She regularly tells me she's in love after the first date, and then two weeks later she thinks the guy is a loser. I hope this isn't the case with Jasper because it would be really fun to double date, but I'm not going to hold my breath.

The best part about the drive home is that Alice doesn't ask me one detail about my time with Edward because she's too busy talking about her time with Jasper. I'm fine with that, although I do want to tell her about the locker room fuck. No matter, we have eons of time and her Jasper stories are quite entertaining. I'm thinking we can continue this conversation another day over facials or pedicures or whatever other crazy girl bonding ritual Alice decides we need to engage in to cement our soul sister status as hockey hookers.

Alice snaps me out of my internal pondering of life's little mysteries-like feet and why people choose to touch them for a living-by sharing the size of Jasper's dick. While I've never measured Edward's, presume he's bigger, not that I'll tell Alice that.

Apparently Jasper is an amazing lover, and I get to hear all about how awesome he is in the sack. I can't really complain about the sharing, though, because I'm invariably going to be giving her the finer details of my own escapades when she forces it out of me. We have a great give and take relationship. Alice even offers to come inside and run interference for me with Renee. I really do love Alice; if she wasn't my best friend and I didn't like . . . penises? Peni?-what the hell is the plural of penis?-I might want to date her. Except I don't pet beaver unless it's my own, so that's the end of that.

It must be my lucky day because Renee isn't even home when we get there. Alice hangs out with me for a while and I tell her all about Edward's mother. I think she warmed up to me close to the end of the visit, which is a good thing. No one wants to be hated by their boyfriend's mother.

When Edward left me alone with her so he could have a pow-wow with his dad, I was definitely nervous, but Esme is an interesting woman. She told me a million stories about Edward's childhood

and his teen years which were hilarious and quite telling. She also kept asking me if I thought she should get her hair cut, which was weird. I mean, what the hell was I supposed to say to that? I told her she had lovely hair and that there were lots of really funky styles out there that I thought she could pull off. I started naming popular, gorgeous females in the media which confused her because she didn't seem to know who I was talking about. Apparently Edward didn't get his brains from his mother, either that or she doesn't watch TV or read magazines.

The best part about hanging out with her was when she showed me all the pictures of Edward as a figure skater. Edward looked like a complete douche, but I will never, ever tell him that. The spandex outfits were just too much; it was hard to keep a straight face. He was skinny and definitely nerdy and completely adorable. In short, Edward was a very gawky, awkward teenager and the way he dealt with his fame, as well as the assumption that he was a gay figure skater, makes a lot more sense now. I have to admit he looked like he might be batting for the other team based on some of those pictures. If any of them were ever leaked to the media they would have had a field day with them.

Oh, and his junk was totally visible in all the pictures. It's too bad the high school girls weren't smart enough to snap him up. Or maybe that's part of the reason he didn't get action in his teen years; the girls were afraid of the monster cock, unlike now where I embrace the enormity of his fuck stick.

Alice seems shocked that Edward was a nerd when he was in high school. I remind her that I, too, was a nerd back in the day and she laughs at me. She tells me that I'm still a nerd, which is true. She also tells me I'm a hot nerd and that's probably what drew Edward to me in the first place. I roll my eyes at her but I can't help wondering what exactly it is about me that he finds so intriguing. There are leagues of women out there vying to get a piece of him who are way better looking and much less of a pain in the ass than I am.

Alice asks me what the deal is with Emmett and Rose since she's seen pictures of the two of them in the whore mags. I tell her I don't know, but that I'm sure Emmett will spill the beans the next time I see him. All I need to offer him is some dirty, dirty porn and some chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream. That combination always renders him putty, or an overly hairy Yeti, in my hands.

After hanging out for a couple of hours, Alice gets a phone call from Jasper and bails on me. I don't mind, because I need some time to unpack and maybe take a bath. I feel gross after being on the plane-like I usually do-even if Edward did manage to upgrade my seat to first class without me realizing it until I handed the attendant my boarding pass.

I get into the tub and lather up a poof so I can slough off the imaginary film I feel like I am wearing. Of course, I take extra time cleaning up my beaver and one thing leads to another and I start touching myself while I think about Edward and his monster cock. I'm just getting ready to really go at it when my mother knocks on the door and asks me when I'm going to come out so she can get all the 'deets.' She even uses the word deets and I'm sure she's 'air-quoting' on the other side of the door even though I can't see her. So much for some alone time. I tell her I'll be out in a few hours to irritate her and she taps her nails on the door until I relent and get out of the tub. I really need my own place. I'm starting to think I should saving my inheritance for a down payment on a house and go ahead and move into my own place.

I check out my beaver when I get out of the tub, and I'm irritated at the amount of hair growth there is already. I just waxed the damn thing and it's starting to grow in. If I had the money, I'd totally laser the hair off my beaver. Unfortunately I don't have the available funds for such an endeavour, so I'll just have to deal with waxing or shaving until I can afford something like that. Besides, what if I want a little variety? What if Edward wants a little variety? Maybe I should ask him about that.

My imagination takes off and I start day dreaming about his face between my thighs until the sound of my mother's voice on the other side of the door squashes the fantasy like a spider. I come out wrapped in a towel and try to get by her, but she's persistent and somewhat like a yapping chihuahua. I allow her to follow me into my room and, of course, she wants to know all about the time I've spent with Edward. I give her a very, very abridged version, even though she presses for more.

Then she drops the bomb on me that she's already invited Esme and Carlisle out for dinner when they come down to Chicago again. Apparently my mother and Edward's mother have exchanged numbers and have been messaging each other on their Blackberries like teenagers. For some reason I'm surprised that Esme has a Blackberry, or that she would even want one. That totally blows my theory about her not having media access. People with Blackberries are definitely Internet savvy as far as I can tell. If I had a Blackberry I would use it all time damn time. I wonder if Carlisle, the hippie doctor, has to carry one around with him. I'm guessing yes since he works in an ER most of the time. I also wonder if it annoys him or if his ring tone is a Bob Marley song.

It's late when Renee finally leaves me alone and I'm just about to pass out when Edward finally texts me to tell me how much he misses me. He also lets me know he'll be back tomorrow night, but it will be late so I won't get to see him until the next day. That's not a bad thing since I have a lot of stuff to do before he gets home. As much as I enjoy spending time with him, I really do need to focus on my school work considering that I'm at the point in the semester where everything counts. Not that it doesn't always count anyway, but I have mid-term essays due on Monday that I've barely begun thanks to my awesome week with Edward.

The following day, I plow through a ton of work and I'm satisfied with the progress I've made. It's late in the afternoon when Jake the flower guy stops by with a huge bouquet of orchids and various other flowers that I can't name. He's wearing way too much cologne again, and I practically throw money at him in order to get him off the front porch so I can resume breathing. I debate as to whether the constant smell of flowers has permanently damaged his olfactory senses and he has no idea he wears entirely too much cologne. It would be an interesting study to perform if I was science major or a botanist, which I am not.

Emmett stops by a little later and raids the fridge. I don't know why he does this; it's not like there is anything decent in the house to eat since Renee doesn't cook and I'm often not home to perform that function. Sometimes we have yogurt or maybe some leftovers, but otherwise there isn't much in the house unless you count snack foods, and I certainly don't.

"Hey," he says from the inside of the fridge.

"Did you run out of food at Poon-central, or did you just get tired of eating the same thing over and over?" I ask and snicker at my own perviness.

"Haha, I just thought I'd stop by and see how my step-sister is doing after your little holiday. I'd like to thank you in advance for scarring me permanently with the locker room fuck-a-thon," he says as he pulls out a giant cucumber and takes a massive bite of it.

"That's disgusting," I reply.

"No shit, imagine what it would be like if you walked in on me boning some chick." He points the cucumber at me as if to make his point that much clearer.

"No, I mean you eating that phallic symbol is disgusting." I shove the cucumber out of my face and he takes another giant bite.

"Does that mean you don't think me boning some chick is disgusting?" he asks as a shit eating grin spreads across his face. A chunk of chewed cucumber ends flying out of his mouth onto the floor when he snorts at his own lame joke.

I know he's trying to rile me up; it's what he does best. I look down at the chunk of cucumber in revulsion as he kicks it; it skids across the floor and under the stove. Awesome, now it can shrivel up under there until the next time I pull the stove out to clean under it. I know he's done this to further irritate me, and possibly distract me, although it doesn't work. Unless Edward's monster cock is involved, I'm decent at remembering what the hell I've been talking about.

"I don't think that's something to joke about considering the chick you're currently boning is Edward's little sister and as much I love you as a hairy, vile step-brother, I won't stand in Edward's way if he wants to kick the shit out of you for it," I tell him.

"I'm not boning Rose," Emmett says defensively. "And I trim."

"Whatever dude, I'm pretty sure you're not capable of making love to anyone but yourself so you can call it whatever you want . . ." I say, attempting to push all of his buttons at the same time as I pull a container of chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream out of the freezer. "Also, you have long hairs peeking out of the neck of your shirt, so I guess the trimming isn't going so well."

Emmett cranes his neck but he clearly can't see the neck of his own shirt to know if I'm telling the truth. I'm not, but it's fun to make him try and look.

"I haven't slept with her," he blurts out and then has the decency to look horrified for lying to me.

"Seriously, Emmett, I'm not an idiot." I roll my eyes.

"Don't tell anyone," he whispers, gripping the cucumber in his hand so hard I think he might crush it.

I process his stance and the expression on his face. "Oh, my God, you're serious." I stare at him in disbelief.

"I know it's hard to believe, but, Bella, I haven't even *tried* to bone her. We've made out and shit, so I touched her tits and that kind of thing, and I may have tried to . . . never mind," he pauses, rethinking how much he's going to share with me, "but I love talking to her. She really gets me," he says as he tries to appear cool and collected. He is nothing close to that. I can see that he is freaking out about it and I feel bad for him. He has no idea what it's like to want more than sex and maybe a snuggle.

"Really, don't tell anyone," he begs me.

"Emmett, is it such a bad thing for someone other than me to know that you're not trying to get into Edward's sister's pants? I'm sure that will help resolve some of the tension between the two of you," I reason with him.

"Well, it's not that I'm not going to try and get into her pants, because I definitely will, but I'm just going to take my time with her because . . ." he pauses and scratches his head. "Well, I don't exactly know why I want to take my time. I just do. The guys can't know though, because they already think I've slept with her."

"Did you tell them you slept with her?" I ask.

If this is the case I'm going to be pissed at him for making Edward's sister look like a hooker when she isn't one. I know I'm lucky that Edward didn't brag about me to the guys. When I think about the fact that he didn't do that, I get a little gushy inside because even then-when the only thing he really knew about me was that I was loud in bed and I loved his monster cock-he still wasn't willing to soil my reputation. Obviously I'm well equipped to do that on my own; see locker room fucking for details.

"Not really," he mumbles through a bite of cucumber.

"What do you mean by not really?" I narrow my eyes at him and use my 'parental' voice which makes him nervous.

"Well, I didn't tell them I did, but I also didn't tell them I didn't." He has the good sense to look at the floor when he says this.

I'm sure he already knows what the expression on my face is going to be. I'm not happy with him at all, but I know that Edward has done the same thing for a long time and I also know that it's hard for a leopard to change its spots, even if they are only stick-ons-at least in Edward's case.

For Emmett, not getting laid is unheard of, and I am aware that he has his own stupid whoring reputation to uphold. I need to appeal to the other side of him, the mamma's boy I know exists within, even if his real mother is a dumb bitch and his step-mother is whacked out.

"I get what you're saying, Emmett, but let's look at this objectively, if you pretend like you're fucking Edward's little sister, how bad is that going to look on you?" I say in my gentle, tucking-you-into-bed voice.

Emmett appears confused by this. "I don't get it, what do you mean?"

"Well, Edward's sister is quite young and she's also someone the media is already familiar with. She's not just some random, nameless chick you're sticking your wang in. She's one of your teammates' sisters, you know, sort of like I'm *your* not-real-sister?" I raise my eyebrow at him to punctuate my point.

"There are hundreds of pictures of Rose and Edward together on the net. It's no secret that they're close. She spends a lot of time under the scrutiny . . ." I pause as I watch Emmett's face contort in confusion because I'm using words he doesn't understand, " . . . I mean the watchful eye of the media whores. How do you think it's going to make you look if you go around spreading rumours that you're boning her?"

"I know what scrutiny means," he says irritably as he ponders the rest of what I've said. I suppress the urge to ask him to define it as I wait for him to continue. "I don't want people to think Rose is a skank," he replies after a minute of silence.

"I'm sure you don't." I nod at him. "Just like you don't want people to think I'm a hooker for sleeping with Edward, even though I made myself look like one anyway."

"Can you please not remind me about that? It was bad enough seeing the end of it, let alone hearing it," he huffs. "And I'm still not happy about this whole situation either, Bella. Just because Edward hasn't been taking all the puck bunnies home recently doesn't mean he's a changed man."

He puts his hands on his hips, taking his angry stance. It's quite comical considering he's holding a half eaten cucumber in one hand and it looks like a night stick or something.

"That's like the Yeti calling the Sasquatch hairy," I mutter and snicker.

"What?" he asks because I haven't said it loud enough for him to catch it.

I sigh. "Once again that's like the pot calling the kettle black. Imagine how Edward feels right now, thinking that you're doing his sister while knowing the number of girls you've put your wang into. It's a nightmarish thought." I shudder. "Besides, Edward isn't even really a whore; he just pretends to be," I say flippantly.

Oh, God. I didn't mean to do that. I'm not sure if Edward wants people to know that he's not a whore. I would like to think it's okay for me to out him like this, but I have no idea and it's probably something we should discuss. I find it completely ridiculous that I feel the need to discuss whether Edward still needs to pretend he's a whore or not with him, but that's not the current issue.

"What do you mean?" Emmett asks, narrowing his eyes at me.

Fuck.

"Nothing, just forget I said that," I say, which is a stupid thing to do because it immediately evokes curiosity.

"No way, dude, what do you mean he just pretends to be? Is that some bullshit line he's trying to feed you?" Emmett's face starts to go red as the unnecessary anger sets in. He clenches his fists over

and over again. He's reminds me of The Hulk when he gets mad, which reminds me of my underwear, which reminds me of Edward's mother walking into his room when Edward's hand was in the flap. I switch off that part of my brain immediately because I do not want to be thinking about my own humiliation yet again.

"No, it's not bullshit, Emmett, and I never should have said anything so just forget about it. Besides, this isn't about Edward and me, it's about you and Rose and you telling your boys that you've banged her when you haven't just to save face. It's stupid and immature. You're almost twenty-nine; you need to grow the fuck up, Emmett," I rant at him.

I need to get him off the topic of Edward and me, and Edward's non-whoriness. It works; he looks guilty and I continue to lecture him about the importance of honesty in relationships before we both finally chill out and I beat the hell out of him in a game of air hockey. Then he kicks my ass at Rockband and we're even.

I hope that Rose can do the impossible and tame Emmett's inner whore. I also hope he doesn't do something stupid and mess it up before it has a chance to become an actual relationship. As pissed as Edward is that Rose likes Emmett and vice versa, I think it might be good for Emmett based on what I know of Rose. She's sweet and fun and pretty, and she doesn't put up with Edward's shit so I'm praying that she won't put up with Emmett's either. They also seem to be on an even playing field intellectually which is a good thing for Emmett, I'd hate to see him get taken advantage of by some money hungry hockey hooker. Sadly, if Emmett does fuck up it's going to make things hella awkward for Edward and me, and that's not something I'm looking forward to if it should happen. Besides, I'm plenty awkward all on my own, I don't require Emmett's stupidity to help me in that area.

OoO~!~OoO

Edward calls me when he gets in but it's really late and I'm exhausted, so we only talk for a few minutes. He's sounds just as bagged as I am, so we agree to see each other the following day. My beaver and I are very excited.

He shows up at my house late in the afternoon and takes me back to his place. I don't understand why he won't let me drive over there, unless it's to render me incapable of leaving because I won't have a way to get home unless he drives me.

He's all over me the moment we're alone, and not just for the sex, even though we get it on twice before we do anything else. First, we have sex in his car because I've always wanted to do that, and it seems like it would be fun. It's not bad, but I don't have a lot of room to move around so it's kind of awkward. Lucky for me, Edward is awesome and I still get to cum. The second time is when Edward takes me upstairs and shows me his library. I jump him immediately, even though we've only been dressed for all of fifteen minutes. I make him have sex with me on the sliding ladder like they do in that movie *Atonement*. While it's not the most comfortable position in the world, it's super hot to have sex surrounded by all these books.

Afterward I notice that Edward has two diplomas hanging on the wall; he has one degree in English Literature and one in Psychology. He is the sexiest man alive. I have to stop myself from trying to get it on again because my beaver needs a break. We snuggle in his living room and talk for hours about literature and some of the psych courses he took when he went to school before we decide to watch a movie.

I pick one that's rated NC-17 and I know for a fact that there are naked boobs in it. Not surprisingly, we have sex again. This time he bends me over the arm of the couch. After round three, we're both exhausted and he takes me to bed, promising he'll get me up in time to make it to my first class in the morning.

OoO~%~OoO

Over the next week, we spend more time together than we do apart, but something is off and I can't figure out what it is. When we're alone together, Edward is amazingly sweet. We don't always have sex, which is also nice, even though I could easily ride the monster cock every time I see him. Despite that, it's good to know that there is substance to our relationship. We talk a lot, play Scrabble, watch movies, and hang out with Jasper and Alice once. As much as I love Alice, she's so gaga over Jasper, and conversely so is he over her, that I can barely stand to be around the two of them. I hope Edward and I aren't that disgusting.

Admittedly we don't go out much; Edward tells me he just wants to lay low after the fight and the locker room sex because he doesn't want the negative publicity. We managed to fly under the radar for the most part with the locker room sex. The rumours alluded to the prospect of some unsavoury events taking place after Edward left the ice, but there was nothing concrete for anyone to go on which surprises me. I definitely thought someone would have recorded me being extra loud in there. Part way through the week, Edward does a couple of interview spots to dispel the rumours. The article features an ever evasive Edward where he doesn't confirm or deny anything.

I don't like the fact that my own leopard-spot-changing thoughts resurface in the face of these interviews.

I want to talk to Edward about his current reputation and what that means for me when we're out in public together, but he seems stressed out and I don't want to make it worse for him. He's already freaking about the games he's missing because of the fight he got into-thanks to me.

He's so frustrated that he'll miss the first few play off games, and I don't want to make life more difficult for him by bringing up inconsequential things like his hockey whore reputation when the Stanley cup finals are coming up. I try not to be offended when he's not as affectionate with me in public. I tell myself it's just because he doesn't want to feed the rumour mill, which definitely makes sense. But when we're together outside of his house or his car and the cameras are present, he leaves distance between us where he didn't previously.

The day before the first of Edward's three game suspension, he's grumpy as hell and he keeps bitching about someone named Aro. I think he means the chocolate bar, but soon I figure out he's talking about a person and I wonder whose mother would name their kid that. It finally clicks that

his publicist and Aro are the same person. When I try to talk to him about it, he gets snappy with me and then apologizes immediately by nuzzling my boobs and then my beaver.

I'm quick to forgive him, even though I feel like there might be something that he's not sharing with me. I brush the feeling off though, he doesn't have to tell me everything that's going on in his life.

The following night, Alice picks me up because we are going to watch the game together even though Edward isn't playing. Phil and my mother are taking their own car which is fine with me; it's nice to have a friend to watch the game with.

Edward is pissed off the entire game since he can't play. I cross my fingers that he will be in a better mood next week when he can be on the ice again since his PMS-y attitude is getting on my last nerve. Still, he looks so hot even though he's tense. He's not allowed to wear his uniform, so he's wearing a suit instead, and God, he's like sex personified in that dark navy masterpiece.

I'm looking forward to making him feel better after the game. My beaver gets excited by the thought of him being aggressive again, not that there isn't always a hint of that aggressive nature below the surface. It's just different when he's pissed off about something. He seems to be a little less restrained at those times and I thoroughly enjoy the hot, intense sex when he's particularly aggravated.

I'm currently staring at the back of Edward's head while Alice moans about Jasper's hotness beside me. Alice and Jasper have been practically glued to each other since we got back from Toronto. It's been all over the whore mags because it's completely unheard of. Jasper has never been seen publicly with women it seems, and the fact that he and Alice are openly spending time together makes for good publicity. Alice pretends she isn't fazed at all by the attention, although it did take her two hours to get ready for the game.

"Oh, God, just look at him," Alice sighs as Jasper skates down the ice.

"He's awesome," I say because that's what she wants to hear. Also, it's true.

"He really is, Bella, and he's such a rockstar in bed. I mean, he's got to be the most romantic man I've ever met . . ." She natters on and on about him. I can't be mad at her, though, because I've definitely done the same thing to her regarding Edward in the past few weeks.

The team seems to be managing despite being down their team captain and center. I've never noticed how good Jasper is because I'm usually focused on Edward and how hot he is. To be honest, I've never focused on much about the game other than Edward, but now that he's not playing, I am finally cluing in to the fact that their team is really good. At least that's what it looks like to me. These boys are fast and apparently awesome because the score is currently four-one in favour of the Hawks.

They win the game; it's their third win in the series and they only need one more win to move on to the next round, getting them that much closer to the Stanley Cup finals. The crowd is going crazy and the level of excitement is high. It's a contagious feeling, and my own excitement ramps up a notch as I absorb it from others around me.

Immediately after the game, Alice and I follow Phil and my mother to the dressing room doors. When we get there, some of the members of the team are being interviewed. Even though Edward didn't play, there seems to be a great deal of interest in him. I can only catch bits and pieces of a few of the questions being asked of him.

" . . . three game suspension . . . quite the fine . . . reflect on you as the captain . . . sexiest man of the year . . ."

The last one really piques my interest, and I push forward so I can hear what he's saying.

"It's an honour to be nominated for something like that, especially when I'm up against some powerful and influential people," Edward responds to what I believe is the last question. I still have no idea what they're talking about.

He can't see me because I'm too short and there is a crowd of people surrounding him, trying to get up on him, or just get a better look at his hotness. I push forward as I try to get closer so I can hear what he's saying to all the whore mag workers.

" . . . rumours about a relationship . . . girlfriend . . ." another fragmented question filters through the crowd to my ears. Damn it, I wish I could hear what the hell the media whores are asking him.

Edward lets out this huge laugh before a smirk curls up one corner of his mouth. "Those are just rumours," he says as the crowd quiets enough that we all can hear him. "I don't really do the girlfriend thing."

His eyes are shifting through the crowd and I watch him swallow. Everything feels like it's moving in slow motion. I want to kick the shit out of someone, and I want to cry. Edward has just publicly denied any relationship with me, which totally makes me look like the hockey hooker I apparently am. I feel ill. And I'm pissed.

His eyes meet mine and he looks unnerved and guilty. Fuck.

His response feeds the vultures and they are looking for more. " . . . the girl you've been seen with . . . teammate's sister . . . rumours . . ."

I watch his mouth move and I hear the words, "Just friends."

I've heard enough, and I don't *want* to hear anymore. I turn around, away from his gaze because I can't even begin to process what this means. I don't understand why he would string me along like this and then humiliate me in such a public way. It's horrifying.

I push my way through the crowd, trying to get away as quickly as possible. I hear Emmett in the background and a bunch of booming male voices. I don't bother to look back.

I don't want to see the results of my stupidity.

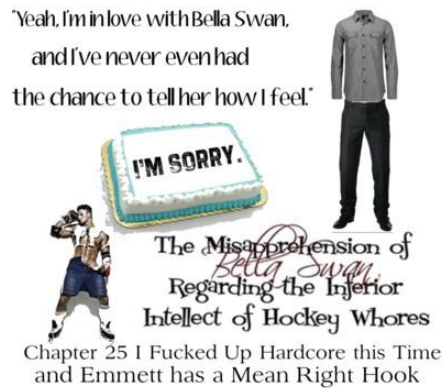
The lesson I've learned today is to never believe a hockey whore, no matter how sweet he seems, because they're always full of shit in the end.

I've also learned to keep my beaver on a tight leash. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be in this position in the first place.

Fuck you, Edward Cullen, and your amazing monster cock.

OoO

Chapter 25 - I Fucked Up Hardcore this Time and Emmett has a Mean Right Hook



OoO~#~Edward~#~OoO

As soon as the words are out of my mouth, I regret them, and I hate Aro for making me feel like this is a necessity. I don't even give a shit about being the 'Sexiest Man Alive' or whatever the damn title is. Not if it means I'm going to hurt Bella, which is exactly what I've done. I'm a fucking idiot.

"You fucking asshole," Emmett bellows from my right.

I turn my head in time to see his fist coming toward my face. I don't have time to move before it connects with my nose; all I hear is the crunch of my bone and cartilage breaking for the third time in a year-and-a-half. I know I deserve it, but it damn well hurts.

"Motherfucker!" I yell and cup my hand over my nose. I can feel and taste the warm flow of blood as it pours out of my nose, over my lips and down my chin.

I'm so pissed off. I haven't played the last three games; I've been an asshole to Bella while we've been out in public; Rose is talking to Emmett every day according to my mother, and now he's punching me in the face because my stupid publicist has given me the shittiest advice in my entire career. I know I've fucked this relationship up and now I want to take it out on someone. Emmett seems like a good option since he just broke my nose.

I surge forward as he grabs my suit jacket with the intent of aiming another punch at my face. I block it and swing with my left, hitting him square in the jaw.

"Son of a bitch!" he yells at me. "You stupid fucker! I'm going to kick the shit out of you!"

"Bring it on, sisterfucker!" I yell back because I'm furious and stupid.

Jasper shoves me back against a wall and pins me to it with his forearm across my throat. It really is the only way to restrain me at the moment because I am completely out of control. "Shut your fucking mouth, Cullen, you're lucky we don't let him have a go at you right now, you stupid fuck," he spits at me.

The look of disgust on his face tells me that I'm not currently in his good graces. Jasper doesn't curse and he doesn't get violent unless it's absolutely necessary. The fact that he's acting this way indicates that I am right to think I've fucked this up good and hard.

The media is going crazy and coach is busy trying to do damage control on my behalf again. I'm still so furious that I'm seeing red, but I have the wherewithal to keep myself in check because the last thing I want now-in addition to the fact that I've probably destroyed the only relationship I've ever had that's been worth pursuing-is to be suspended for more games.

Jasper shoves me down the hallway toward the locker room and away from the media circus. Before we manage to get through the doors, I hear a familiar female voice.

"Jasper! Jasper wait!" Alice shouts.

Jasper loosens his grip on me slightly and turns toward Alice, but she's not looking at him; she's glaring at me. As tiny as she is I'm instantly afraid of her wrath. The anger of a best friend is probably the worst thing there is.

She comes right up to me and slaps me across the face, hard, apparently not swayed in any way by the blood that is currently pouring from my nose.

"That's for being a douche," she says angrily and then she knees me in balls. "And that's for Bella."

I buckle, because size aside, she's got one hell of a bony little knee and I think my balls might be sitting in my throat. I cough and sputter, "Holy fuck, Alice." I wheeze.

"Thanks, babe," she says to Jasper.

I have no idea what happens after this because the whole world is coloured with white spots and I can barely breathe. I've just been handed my ass by a tiny girl.

I'm ushered into the changing room by Jasper who mutters something that sounds like 'serves you right.' I'm not stupid enough to argue with him. Alice's knee to the junk does nothing to assuage my temper though; if anything, it makes it flare up even more.

"Son of a fucking bitch!" I yell as soon as we're in the locker room and I can take an adequate breath. I'm looking for something to hit. I want to hit Jasper for letting Alice kick me in the balls, but I know better. "I'm so fucked, I'm so fucked . . ." I keep muttering the same three words as I pace around the room, trying to rip my own hair out by the roots.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Why in the world would you say something like that to the damn media?" Jasper asks. He sounds just as aggravated as I am.

I can hear the team just outside the locker room, and I know that they're going to be in here in a few seconds. I'm also aware that they are bringing Emmett with them. I'm not sure if they'll release him when they get in here. I almost welcome it because at least I'll be able to unleash some of the pent up anger that is currently ruling my body.

"Because Aro told me to, that's why!" I shout at him.

I don't have a chance to explain any further because Emmett is yelling a blue streak of profanity at me as soon as he sees me.

"I'm gonna fuck your shit up, you asshole! I'm gonna rip your head off and shit down your throat!" He tries to throw off Ben and Joe who are holding him back.

"I'd like to see you try," I goad him, unbuttoning my suit jacket and shrugging out of it.

"Don't be an idiot, Cullen," Jasper says to me, his palm colliding with my chest as he shoves me backward.

It's the wrong thing to do because I'm not thinking clearly. I rear back and punch Jasper in the face before I have the chance to process what I'm doing. It only takes a second before I'm laid out on the ground, Jasper's knee at my throat.

"What the fuck is wrong with you guys?" Coach yells before Jasper can return the face punch and/or Emmett is unleashed on me again.

Jasper lets me up, but not before telling me I'm an asshole. I have a feeling he won't be getting over this incident particularly quickly. Fortunately, Coach is focusing on Emmett for now since he was the one to throw a punch first.

"McCarty, you wanna tell me what the fuck's gotten into you? The media is having field day with this shit. You mind telling me why the hell you needed to publicly beat on your own teammate?" Coach spits out angrily.

His face is redder than I've ever seen it before. He doesn't give Emmett a chance to answer, though; he continues on because it's tirade time, and he can go on for hours if he wants to. Some of the guys sit down as they know this is likely going to be one of the long ones.

Coach continues to lecture us about being a team, about how this should be a celebration as we're close to winning the first series in the playoffs. Now no one is going to remember how well the game was played; all they're going to remember is McCarty whaling on me. Then he makes his most

important point: our rivals are going to know there's dissension in the ranks; they're going to know that we have a weak link in our team, and they're going to take full advantage of it.

"So, Cullen, you want to tell me what the fuck you did to piss McCarty off?" Coach looks at me expectantly.

I almost miss the question because I've zoned out. I'm lucky that I don't respond with a 'huh?' Instead I hang my head in shame. I feel like absolute shit right now for a multitude of reasons. Not only have I let my team down and potentially screwed us over during the remainder of the playoffs, but I've also royally fucked up my chances of taking my relationship to the next level, which should have been me publicly declaring her as my girlfriend tonight. Instead I'm sitting in a locker room with a broken nose and a decimated ego, and my whole team is pissed at me.

"I followed Aro's advice," I sigh.

I need to fire his ass.

"Do you think you could elaborate on that, Cullen, because I have no idea what the fuck that means," Coach says irritably.

"Aro, my publicist, told me I needed to remain 'available' until the end of the playoffs," I mumble because when I hear it aloud, it sounds absolutely inane.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Emmett bellows. "You just humiliated my sister and broke her heart in front of millions of people so you can act like a whore in public?"

"No, man," I say as I rake my fingers through my hair, trying not to lash out at anyone else right now because this is my own damn fault. "It's not like that. That's not what I meant to do."

And it hits me, what he's said; that I've broken Bella's heart. The thought makes me feel ill, and worse than that, I feel something else. I feel like I've been punched in the stomach because if Emmett is saying what I think he is, that means that Bella might actually be in love with me . . . just like I am in love with her. Jesus, I really have fucked this up in the most monumental of ways.

I lift my head and meet his heated gaze. I've never seen Emmett so mad, but at the same time, I don't think he has a right to be any more pissed at me than I am at myself. I'm also overwhelmed and on the defensive, so I do the one thing I can - I hit below the belt.

"And who the fuck are you to talk about acting like a whore? Don't think for a second I don't know that you're fucking my sister, you cocksucker," I spit back at him.

Emmett's eyes widen in surprise and the last words I ever expect to hear come out of his mouth.

"I haven't had sex with Rosie," he blurts out, and then he looks terrified.

I stare at him and say nothing. I know he's not lying; he's just as horrible at lying as Bella is. If they were actually related, I would think it's a genetic trait because they're so bad at it. More than that,

he hasn't referred to the act as fucking; he's referred to it as having sex and he's called Rose 'Rosie'. I can't even begin to process what this means.

"Wait a minute," Coach says which thankfully breaks the uncomfortable eye contact Emmett and I are currently engaged in. "Are you telling me this is about a chick?"

"Bella is not a chick," Emmett and I say in unison.

This is just ridiculous.

"You know what?" Coach says. "I want to see both of you tomorrow, and you better come up with a way to fix this shit. You'll both be doing interviews to straighten this garbage out, so you two better kiss and make up so you can get your damn stories straight."

With that Coach storms out of the room and leaves the team staring after him. As soon as he's gone, everyone is looking at me, giving me the death stare. No one seems to be pissed at Emmett like they are at me and he's the one who hit me in front of the media first. Usually the guys will get over this kind of thing rather quickly, but not tonight. Jasper isn't even talking to me.

I wait until the entire team is gone before I leave the locker room. I don't go the bar because I know my presence isn't welcome there. Instead I go home and stupidly try to call Bella. I get her voicemail and the message is as follows:

"Hi, you've reached Bella, the dumbass hockey hooker. I'm too pissed off and humiliated to answer my phone, but you can leave a message, unless you're Edward asshole Cullen. In that case, you can fuck the hell off. Have a nice day."

I sigh and hang up, then throw my phone across the room and listen to it break. It's not nearly as gratifying as I want it to be, so I go to the basement and I take all my old skating trophies-not my hockey ones though-and I throw them against my dart board until they are a heap of broken marble and plastic on the floor.

While throwing the trophies at the dart board, I drink rye straight from the bottle. I'm blind drunk an hour later, which is when I call Aro and fire his stupid ass for fucking up my relationship with Bella. He tells me I'll regret this decision. I tell him to fuck himself in the ass with a hockey puck and hang up.

OoO~#~OoO

The meeting the following morning with Coach and Emmett is brutal. We manage to work out a story that sounds feasible, but also paints me in a shitty light. I deserve it though, so I don't argue. I'm also incredibly hung over and have no will to fight now that the meaning of my life has been removed. I am feeling rather over dramatic.

The next few days are just as shitty. Practice is awful and Coach Banner is right, if Emmett and I can't deal with our shit, we're going to fuck up the playoffs and destroy our chances of making it to the finals. It'll be the first time we've won the Cup in nearly fifty years, and I don't want to be the reason why this doesn't happen.

Coach tells me what interviews I need to attend this week, and he tells both Emmett and me in no uncertain terms that we are to keep our personal issues off the ice or he'll be trading my 'bitchy ass'. I can't blame him for being angry with either one of us, particularly me.

I keep getting phone calls from magazines because I no longer have a publicist. It's a pain in the ass because I have no idea what to tell them, if anything at all. I haven't notified my agent, which I know I need to do. I have no idea how Zafrina is going to react to the news, although there is a chance she is already aware and is awaiting my phone call. The more I think about this the more plausible it becomes. Zafrina is definitely the type to let me stew in my own idiocy and force me to come crawling to her to get myself out of the shithole I've created.

In addition to avoiding my agent I also avoid my mother who is calling me relentlessly. The messages she leaves are scathing and I am horrified by both the content and the fact that they are completely warranted as a result of my behaviour. I don't even have the balls to call my sister because I already know what she's going to say, and it will be ten times worse than what my mother is spouting off on my voicemail.

After my epic stupidity, I give Bella the better part of the week before I call her cell phone again to find that the number is out of service. I have no idea what to make of this; I can't imagine that Bella would change her phone number because of a simple-yet extremely damaging-misunderstanding. This is Bella, however, and she is quite prone to overreacting.

I decide to call the house number, hoping I can catch her off guard and she might answer the phone. I'm highly aware that she will probably hang up on me right away, but the least I can do is try.

"Hello, Dwyer-Swan residence," a female voice answers on the third ring.

Sadly it is not the voice I want to hear, but it is Renee. Maybe I can convince her to get Bella on the phone.

"Hi, Renee," I say meekly like the giant pansy-ass I currently am.

"Edward," she says icily and I know that I'm not likely to persuade her to help me at all. There is silence on the line for several moments and I'm about to speak when Renee picks up the conversation for me. "You fucked up big time, didn't you?" She sighs into the phone, confirming my initial thought.

"Yeah." I kick at the leg of my bed and nod even though she can't see me.

"Bella doesn't want to talk to you," she states matter-of-factly.

"I know," I reply as I sit down on the edge of the mattress.

"I'm not going to help bail you out of this one," Renee says after a pregnant pause.

"Okay." I heave a despondent sigh. I expect this from her. She is Bella's mother after all; it is her duty to protect her daughter, and I'm lucky that she isn't ripping me a new asshole.

"Christ, Edward, you need to be more of a fighter. Stop being such an idiot and make a move. You haven't even sent her flowers, and you always send her flowers whether you've messed up or not. How do you think that looks to her?" Renee sounds irritated with me now, which is better.

I realize this is what I'm looking for; more people to tell me how badly I've screwed this up and what I need to do to fix it, seeing as I have no clue what the next step should be.

"You think I should send her flowers?" I ask Renee.

"No, Edward, I don't think you should send her flowers," she replies, using that tone of voice mothers reserve for when they want to make you feel like a complete idiot.

"But then . . ." I begin to protest. I honestly have no idea what to do.

"You're a smart boy," she says and then amends the statement, "at least some of the time. I'm sure you'll figure it out, and if you don't then you damn well don't deserve to be with my daughter anyway, Edward," she says before she hangs up.

Bella's mom hung up on me. This is way worse than I ever expected it to be. I try to call Jasper because he is the only other person I can think of who might be willing to help me. Unfortunately I get his voice mail, so I'm left to my own devices.

I try one last person; my father. He's not likely to be of much help, but it's worth a shot.

"Hey, Edward," he exhales into the phone.

I'm sure he's using some of his medical marijuana for 'research purposes.' I make small talk for a minute or two until I can't stand the awkward chit-chat. "I fucked up with, Bella."

"I know, so does most of the continental U.S. as well other English speaking countries who watch hockey," he points out.

"I need your help, I want her back," I tell him, I'm desperate.

My father is confused until I explain to him that I'm looking for advice, not a way to get her into the ER so I can force her to talk to me, which isn't a half-bad idea if I get really desperate.

"Didn't you ever mess up with mom?" I ask because as much as I love my mother she is nuts and I'm sure my father has been in the dog house plenty of times.

My father sighs into the phone. "Listen Edward what I'm about to say to you is never to be repeated to anyone, ever. If you do I'll remove your testicles, is that understood?"

"Uh, yeah?" I reply, not sure I want to make that kind of deal, but I'm desperate.

"I love your mother, and yes I've messed up but Esme and Bella are very different women. I can buy your mother flowers after I do something stupid and tell her she's beautiful and all is forgiven. Bella is clearly a very intelligent, driven woman who has different expectations. Do you understand what I'm telling you?" my father asks in a whisper.

"I think so, don't buy Bella flowers?" I reply.

"Jesus," my father sounds exasperated, "No, don't buy her flowers. Look . . . never mind . . . I have no experience in what you're dealing with. Esme and I spent most of our dating years high. It was hard to fight when you had the munchies."

I thank my dad for his useless advice and hang up the phone, no better off that I was before I spoke with him.

I stew for several hours trying to figure out what I can do to get Bella to talk to me. I know from past issues that she is unlikely to respond to an email, and frankly I'm too chickenshit to send her a message because I don't want to know if she's blocked me. I think that will crush my ego beyond repair.

If she won't see me and she won't answer my phone calls, I can do the one thing I've done before that works. I can hunt her down, or at least show up at her house unannounced. That's the best chance I have at talking to her. As tempted as I am to go to the florist based on what Renee has said, flowers are not the best option. Even my father agrees with this. Another alternative is go to her school again, but I don't have her schedule this semester and I know that Renee is not going to give it to me this time.

Based on my lack of available options, I resolve to go to her house first to see her, and if she's not there, I can go to the University campus and attempt to swindle someone into providing me with her class schedule. I want to bring her something, though. I'm at a loss as to what that something should be. After standing in my kitchen for twenty minutes trying to make some sort of decision, I settle on a green tea latte and I'll pick up a cake, too, just in case. I'm not sure what I'm preparing for, but a cake seems like a good plan. Bella likes cake and it tastes good, so it should be a winner.

I get dressed, figuring that I should look presentable, so I throw on dress pants and a button down shirt. There is nothing that I can do about my nose, unfortunately. It's definitely broken again, and it's fairly swollen and purple. The white bandage does a good job covering it up though.

I stare at myself in the mirror for a minute, debating as to whether or not I should shave. Well, I know I *should* shave, but I can't because I'm growing my playoff beard. It bothers me that I'm going to go to Bella's looking like a homeless guy in nice clothes. It's a tradition that I'm not about to mess with, though, considering the position I'm currently in with the team. The only way I'm getting back on their good side is if I can manage to play well tomorrow night during what should be the final game in this series unless I manage to fuck that up too. If I shave my beard, the guys will never let me live it down, and I'll likely jinx the game. I do clean it up around the edges though so I don't look like a werewolf.

I grab my keys and head to my car, knowing I look like hell and hopeful that this will make Bella take pity on me. I hit a cake store on my way to Bella's, only to find out that I need to pre-order it if I want it in fifteen minutes. That's no good. I make a side trip to Dairy Queen, praying they'll have ice cream cakes available. I know it's not the same, but considering it's the end of February, at least I don't have to worry about it melting before I get it to her.

Fortunately they have cakes ready, so I buy one and have them write 'I'm Sorry' on it. The girl who puts the words on the cake looks at me strangely, probably because my face is a beat up mess and I look ridiculous in the outfit I'm wearing paired with the silly beard I'm sporting. Luckily I don't have to explain why I'm buying an ice cream cake with 'I'm Sorry' written on it to anyone. The last stop I make is Starbucks for the green tea latte.

My palms are sweaty as I pull into Bella's driveway. Her truck is there, which means she is likely home. I pick up the ice cream cake and her latte and head up the steps to her front porch. I take a deep breath before I ring the door bell.

It seems like it takes forever before someone comes to the door. It's not who I'm hoping to see though; it's Phil.

"Hello, Mr. Dwyer, how are you this afternoon?" I ask nervously.

Even though he's Bella's step-father and has only been in that role for a short time, I'm still aware that he is a parent of some description and that I've hurt Bella, which means he's suffering in some way because of it. Even if the suffering is indirect, I know what it's like living with a scorned woman thanks to having a sister like Rose. If she was miserable, everyone else in the house had to be miserable too.

"Edward." He nods at me and crosses his arms over his chest, blocking the doorway.

"I was wondering if Bella is home," I ask, suddenly feeling like a teenager.

"Yeah, she's home." He nods again.

"Oh, well, um . . ." I stumble over my words, I know no one is going to make this easy for me, but this is so awkward it's painful. "Do you think it would be okay if I spoke with her?"

"Bella doesn't want to see you right now, Edward. In fact, I'm pretty sure she never wants to see you again, but don't quote me on that. You know how women are, they change their mind like they change their panties." Phil smirks a little as he says this last part.

"Oh, okay, could you just give these to her then? The box needs to go in the freezer; it's a cake," I explain.

Phil gives me a strange look, but takes the cake and the latte from me before closing the door in my face. That definitely didn't go as planned.

For the next couple of days, I wait for some sign that Bella received the cake but I get none. I call her house daily but Renee and Phil are like phone Narcs and they pick up every single time. I email Bella, I even text her old number and get a message back from some guy who tells me to fuck off. I go to her school and try to find out what her schedule is but no one is willing to help me. I blame it on the damn beard.

I hope I'm going to see her at one of the playoff games, but she's not with Phil and Renee whenever I spot them, which is every game. I do, however, see Alice who refuses to divulge any information to

me about Bella. Emmett, on the other hand, likes to taunt me relentlessly by talking about her group project that she's working on with some guy from her class. I don't know who this asshole is, but I want to kick his ass for spending time with Bella.

I do my interviews and go to hockey practice. I play well during the playoff games, and we make it through the second round. I want to share my excitement over the prospect of making it to the finals with Bella, but after two weeks, she still isn't talking to me so that's not a possibility.

I hire a new publicist who is completely on board with an image overhaul. I have two more interviews set up for the coming week, and I'm hoping to dispel some of the rumours that are flying around about my 'heartbreaker' ways.

The day of the interview, I get desperate and check out Bella's profile page on Facebook, but she's blocked me. I go to Emmett's instead to see if I can creep her page, or maybe her photos.

There are recent pictures of her with the blond guy I met the day I tracked her down in the library. They look very cosy together which pisses me off. Apparently she's gone 'out' with him. I'm angry that she's moved on so quickly and that I've fucked up this badly.

I head to the bar where I'm meeting the journalist a couple of hours early. I want to have a pint to take the edge off because the thought of Bella dating someone else already makes me ridiculously angry.

By the time the journalist gets to the bar, I've had three pints and four shots. I'm just starting my fourth pint when she sits down beside me.

"Edward Cullen?" she asks, looking me over with a slightly incredulous expression on her face.

"Hey," I reply, lifting my beer in a general salute.

"I'm Victoria Chase from FHM." She extends her hand and I take it in mine, giving her a firm yet uncoordinated handshake.

"Let's do this thing." I motion to my pint before I take a sip. As an afterthought, I offer to buy her one as well.

The questions start out easy enough. She wants to know how I feel about going to the playoffs and the possibility of winning the Cup knowing that the Blackhawks haven't won in 49 years. I give the standard humble answer and notice that I'm slurring my words. I order a glass of water and down it, but Victoria orders us shots and I can't say no, nor do I want to. Eventually she moves on to the harder questions surrounding my fight with Emmett, the rumours that he's dating my sister-which he's been very open about so it's completely unnecessary of her to ask if I know about it. Then she brings up Bella. I know this is going to happen because it's a topic of conversation with every interviewer. Most of the time I'm evasive, but the combination of the alcohol and the Facebook pictures has put me over the edge and I lose it verbally.

"Bella Swan is the girl that got away," I moan into my beer.

"The girl that got away? But I thought you were just friends," Victoria leads into the next question. Her eyes are lit up like Christmas; she knows she's hit the jackpot.

"We were never just friends. I'm sure you've seen the pictures," I say to her and pull out my phone, accessing my albums and pulling up the first photo ever taken by the media-the one with Bella and I kissing. "Does this look like just friends to you?" I ask her.

"No, not really." She smiles at me, urging me to continue, and continue I do.

"That's right, because honestly, what about this looks friendly to you? Nothing, that's what. All that mouth fucking isn't friendly, it's hot. Why do you think I have this picture saved in a folder on my computer? I'd make it my screen saver if I didn't think Bella would object to it," I babble on, running my thumb over her tiny photographed head.

"Mouth fucking?" Victoria raises an eyebrow at me.

I wave my hand around in a slightly manical way. "That's what Bella calls it when she wants to piss off her brother. Kissing, mouth fucking, it's the same thing. It just sounds so much hotter when Bella says mouth fucking."

"I'm confused, Edward, does that mean you were lying when you said you were just friends in the interview? You remember, the one where you and Emmett started brawling immediately afterward?" she asks, batting her eyes innocently. Vulture.

"Of course I was lying. My damn publicist told me I couldn't go public with my relationship until after the playoffs were over, and I listened to him. Now Bella won't talk to me, and I've completely fucked this whole thing up. I don't even know what to do, because I'm so in love with her." I sniffle pathetically into my pint and try to cover it up by taking a huge swig and choking on it.

"You're in love with Bella Swan? The step-sister of your teammate Emmett McCarty?" she asks for clarification.

"Yeah, I'm in love with Bella Swan, and I've never even had the chance to tell her how I feel," I lament.

"Why do you say that?" Victoria prods when I don't resume my diatribe after taking a gulp of beer.

"Why? Because thanks to my former publicist, I did the stupidest thing in the history of relationships. I publicly declared that there was nothing going on between us when clearly there was. It's so stupid. *I'm* so stupid for agreeing to do that. What I should have done was profess my undying love for her instead, or at least admitted that I'm dating her, or *was* dating her." I run my hands through my hair in frustration.

"So what you're telling me is that your publicist told you not to go public with your relationship? Do I have that right?" she asks me, taking a dainty sip of her own beer.

I nod pathetically; my head doesn't really feel like it's attached to my body.

"And why would your publicist tell you to keep your relationship a secret? Particularly when you've already been quite public about it already, you know with the mouth fucking . . ." she trails off, leaving an opening for me to skewer myself on.

I know I should just shut up, but years of pretending to be something I'm not have finally caught up with me, and I can't hold it in any longer.

"Because I'm a complete idiot. All this time I'm been faking it. Faking that I'm this playboy who sleeps with random women. I don't do that; I've *never* done that. Okay, well that's not entirely true. During the first season, I probably slept with like, four women, which was double the number of women I'd been with before I became a hockey player and do you know why that is?" I ask her but don't allow her the opportunity to respond. I ramble on knowing that I'm definitely digging myself a hole I'm not sure I can get out of.

"I'll tell you why. I spent eleven years taking figure skating lessons, wearing pink fucking spandex and glitter outfits because my mom wanted me to. All I wanted to do was play hockey, but no, she wanted me to be an Olympic figure skater not a hockey player. Why you ask? Because of things like this." I point to my broken nose. "So everyone in high school thought I was gay, not to mention I looked the part since I was awkward as hell and a giant nerd in all the advanced placement classes. It was horrible, so when I finally got out of my home town, I thought I would be free of the stigma that followed me, but was I?" I look at her, imploring her to stop me from humiliating myself further. Of course this doesn't happen.

Victoria, the information vulture, urges me to continue.

"Of course I get razed by my teammates. They all think I'm gay too, and they made fun of me relentlessly during my first season so I took women home, or took them to their homes, or hotel rooms. Most of the time nothing even happened. Okay, stuff happened, but it was just making out and shit for the most part. I built a stupid reputation and continued to try and live up to it and now look where it's gotten me. I'm so fucked," I rest my forehead on the bar because the room is spinning.

"I think I'm drunk," I tell Victoria.

"Do you need to end the interview? It's okay if you do, I think I've got plenty of good material here," she says cordially.

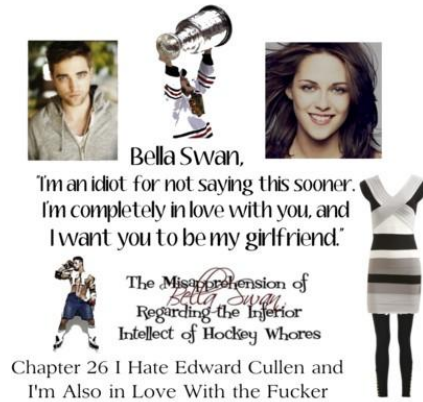
I know my new publicist is going to kick my ass for this. I don't care though; it's about time I set things straight, even if it's not the way we had necessarily planned it.

I nod and shake her hand, waiting until she's left the bar before I call Jasper who apparently is finally talking to me again.

"Hey, man, I need your help," I mumble into the phone. "And a ride."

OoO

Chapter 26 -I Hate Edward Cullen and I'm Also in Love with the Fucker



OoO~#~Bella~#~OoO

I am so pissed at myself for allowing Edward to worm his whoring way into my heart. It serves me right for being so damn stupid. Even my sub-par-intellect brother knew that I shouldn't date him but did I listen? No, of course not. The other thing that should have tipped me off that Edward isn't a good choice for me, but didn't, was the fact that Renee was all for me dating him; this is the same woman who thinks a leopard print dress is an excellent fashion statement. I should know better. Damn it. I hate my life right now.

I walk around in sweats and a ball cap in the days following the game, trying to hide my identity. My mother finally intervenes when she sees me about to leave the house in the same clothes again, for the fourth day in a row.

"Bella, get your ass upstairs and shower." She stands in front of the door, impeding my exit from the house.

I debate whether I have the physical energy to push her out of the way. I know I don't have the emotional energy to deal with the guilt I'll feel for pushing her, so I turn around, hoof it back up the stairs-stomping like a peeved four-year-old-and get in the shower. I'm definitely smelling ripe, and I reluctantly admit to myself that it does feel good to get the dirt off my body. Residual hockey hooker grime is what I call it as it washes down the drain and leaves streaks in the bottom of the tub. Gross.

My intention is to put on the same clothes I've been wearing for the past few days just to spite Renee for making me take a shower, but when I smell them, I gag. I'll be burning them later since I'm fairly certain the only way to get the odour out is to bleach them, and that will take far more effort than I'm willing to put forth at this juncture.

Renee is in my bedroom, hunting through my closet for something for me to wear.

"Here," she says and hands me a sweater dress and some leggings.

"What are you doing?" I ask her, looking down at the clothing in my hands in confusion. First and foremost, I don't recall purchasing these or wearing them before. Secondly, I want comfort, namely some awesome ratty sweats and a hoodie.

"I'm helping you. The last thing the media needs is more of you in the same smelly clothing. You need to get a grip, Bella, you should to at least appear like you've got it together. Make Edward think you don't give a shit even though it's the furthest thing from the truth," she says as she searches through my jewelry box for accessories.

I don't have very many; I've never been a big jewelry girl.

"Edward hasn't even sent me flowers. I'm sure he's out fucking the most recent hockey hooker that spread her legs for him," I mutter and root through my underwear drawer.

I find the Hulk undies I was wearing at Edward's parents' house and feel ill. I think I'll have to burn them along with my stinky clothes so I don't have the reminder of Edward's amazing fingers and the humiliation of his mother walking in on him using them on me-or in me.

"He called here yesterday, since you changed your cell phone number," Renee says pointedly.

It was a hasty decision, but as soon as I left the game, I called my cell phone provider and asked to change the number so I didn't have to deal with relentless calls from Edward. The lack of flowers makes me believe that may have been unnecessary until Renee divulges this piece of information. I'm also aware that my extreme measures put me in the 'over-reactive-chick-possibly-slightly-if-not-really-really-neurotic' category.

"What?" I shriek. "Why didn't you tell me? Was I home? Why didn't you let me talk to him?"

I'm angry at myself immediately for even caring that he's called. I don't want to see him. Well, I do want to see him so I can kick him in the balls and tell him he's a stupid asshole for fucking me over like that. I maybe, sort of, possibly also want him to have a very good reason for saying something so awful in front of millions of people. I don't want to be known as the girl he was 'just friends' with because we were never just friends. The first media whore picture ever taken of us together should be enough to dispel the 'just friends' bullshit.

"Bella." My mother puts her hands on her hips and tsks at me. "You do not want to talk to that boy right now."

"I know," I sigh, because for once Renee is right. While I might feel the desire to have words with Edward, I am very aware that talking to him right now will probably make things worse for me instead of better.

"Even if he has the biggest you-know-what in the continental US," she tacks on at the end, just to make sure I haven't forgotten that she's the most inappropriate mother to walk the face of the earth.

"Jesus, mom," I groan. "Can we please not talk about Edward's unit? I'm really not in the mood."

She mutters something else under her breath that I don't hear, and I don't bother to ask her to repeat herself because I'm sure I don't want to know what she's said.

She helps me get ready for school, and by the time I leave, I look better and I also I feel a smidgen less pathetic than I did before. At least when the media whores track me down I'll be looking decent this time around.

OoO~*!*~oOo

For the next two weeks, I live vicariously through Emmett's hockey games, although I refuse to attend them. That means I might run into Edward and I can't handle the humiliation. He doesn't try to contact me again after the phone call that Renee intercepted which leads me to believe that I'm right; he really doesn't give a shit about me. He probably just wanted to try and save face or something in case I went to the media and unloaded the whole sordid story like a Jenny Jones hooker. Stupid asshole.

Even still, I can't bring myself to throw out all the things he's given me. Instead, I store them in a box and shove it in the back of my closet with my smelly running shoes. Except the Cullen Beaver; I keep that under my bed during the day and I cuddle with it at night. In the morning I punch it in the face and shove it back under the bed because I'm slightly crazy.

Emmett stops by one afternoon with his relationship-bliss-glow expression plastered all over his face. I hate him just as much as I hate Edward right now. Okay, not really, but I do hate how happy he is since I'm miserable. I can't be mad at him, though, because he totally deserves to feel some love from me since he punched out Edward post-public humiliation.

"Hey, sis, how you hangin'?" he asks as he grabs a bag of Doritos from the cupboard and rips it open.

"Limp and to the left," I reply, deadpan.

"That bad huh?" He nods as though he understands, which he doesn't.

"Seriously, Emmett?" I give him the bitch brow, but I don't even have the effort required to make it a good one. Judging by Emmett's lack of fear, it falls flat.

"Look, Bella, I know you feel pretty shitty about this, but it's probably better this way. Edward is just a huge asshole, and you can do way better," he says as his phone rings. He holds up a finger as he answers it. "Hey, babe . . . I'm with Bella . . . no, no way, I'm not telling her that . . . he's a dick . . . sorry, I know he's your brother . . . I don't . . . okay Rosie . . . I miss you, too . . ." he says between shoving handfuls of chips into his mouth.

"What did Rose say?" I ask.

"Huh?" He looks at me with confusion.

"Rose. What did she say about Edward?" I clarify.

"Oh, uh, I don't remember." Emmett scratches his head.

I'm not sure whether I believe him or not, but it's likely he's already forgotten so I don't bother to press him for more information. I don't even think I care to know anyway. It might get my hopes up that things will work out, and I don't need that kind of disappointment right now. Especially when I'm this close to exams. I have too much riding on this semester to fuck it up over a hockey whore. This is what I tell myself, but it doesn't make the ache in my heart go away. I know I fell in love with Edward Cullen, and I hate myself and him even more because of that fact.

Emmett takes me out for a McFlurry because he can afford to be a big spender. We sit in his car while I eat it, and he continues to tell me how much better I can do. He even offers to set me up with some dude from another team.

"Emmett, I don't want to date another hockey whore." I glare at him and make him go through the drive thru one more time so I can get a sundae since I'm not in a dairy and sugar coma yet.

"Randall isn't a whore, Bella. He's a great guy," Emmett says enthusiastically.

"His name is Randall, how awesome can he be?" I ask, rolling my eyes as I stare out the window thinking about Edward and how much I miss his stupid ass, among the other parts of him.

"He goes by Randy," Emmett defends him.

"Even better, isn't that another word for 'horny'? Don't people say 'I'm feeling randy' or something when they want to get it on?" I ask.

It's not Randall's fault his parents named him in relation to horniness, but I don't want to think about dating anyone else right now. Besides, I could never get serious with a dude named Randy; it would be awkward every time I said his name and laughed.

"Wait a minute, didn't Edward get suspended for kicking the shit out of some guy named Randy?" I ask Emmett, because I'm almost positive this is the case.

"Oh, yeah, he did, but this is Randall Balls, not Randy Dick," Emmett says with a straight face.

"Are you serious?" I stare at him with wide eyes as my body begins to shake with the laughter I am holding in.

"Yeah, why?" Emmett, my perverted brother, does not seem to connect the ridiculously pornographic last name with the stupid first name.

"Randy Balls?" I ask and burst out laughing. "You want to set me up with a guy named Randy Balls? What the hell is wrong with you? Can you even imagine what would happen if we got married? My last name would be Balls, Bella Balls!"

I continue to laugh hysterically until I start crying, and of course this turns into hysterical, desperate sobs because I don't want to end up as Bella Balls, I want to be Bella Cullen, and now that's never

going to happen. I feel like I'm in ninth grade all over again and the boy I like has told everyone he knows that he thinks I'm ugly and a loser, which actually happened to me incidentally.

My life really does suck Randall's balls right now.

Emmett has no idea what to do, so he offers to buy me more ice cream, but I shake my head no and tell him to take me home. To make matters worse, I feel the beginnings of the telltale stomach cramps and a potential case of the 'moops' on the way. At least it takes my focus away from the shitstorm that has become my life in the past few weeks.

"I'm really sorry, Bella," Emmett says once we get back to the house.

"Whatever, it's not your fault." I shrug as I wrestle with the seat belt.

"Well, it kind of is since I'm the one who introduced you to Edward in the first place. If I'd been able to stop you from meeting up with him the first time, I could have warned you about him." Emmett rubs the back of his neck.

I feel awful that he feels guilty. "Emmett, let's be realistic about this. I probably would have hooked up with him anyway, regardless of what you said about him."

I don't know if this is true or not, but I'm going to pretend it is. I even believed that he was hockey whore in the beginning and I slept with him anyway. I'm sure Emmett's warning would have acted as a catalyst rather than a deterrent.

"Besides, you kind of did try to warn me in the first place. It's obvious that I'm a complete idiot," I berate myself.

"I can punch him in the balls if you want," he offers, not even bothering to argue with me regarding the fact that I am, indeed, an idiot.

"That's really sweet of you, Emmett, but if I ever see him again, I definitely want to do it myself," I assure him.

Emmett pats my shoulder and gives me an awkward car hug where my face ends up in his armpit. I hold my breath until it's over and wave him off when he offers to come in and play air hockey with me. I can't even think about playing that game now because it brings back the times when Edward and I played it and ended up getting it on on the table.

"I'll see you later, thanks for the ice cream, Em," I tell him and head into the house.

I fall into an ice cream coma, but it's not as restful or peaceful as I hoped it would be. I dream of Edward and his air hockey table, except in my dream it's not me he's with, it's some other hockey hooker.

OoO~#~OoO

After three weeks of stewing, Alice has had it with me. She decides she needs to take me out. She's very much on the fence about the whole Edward situation. In fact, she's expressed guilt more than once over kneeing him in the balls. I have the action shot of that one saved in my new "Edward Cullen is a Douche" picture folder. I know that Jasper is influencing the way she feels about the situation since he's Edward's wingman and best friend. I'm just not up for hearing any more of Edward's excuses, and I'm petrified that if I talk to him, I'll take him back and get hurt again. If that happens, I think I might lose my shit. Not that I'm not already losing my shit, but it will be way worse if he breaks my heart again.

I won't survive. Okay, I'll survive, but I'll cry a lot, and I'll probably end up gaining twenty pounds from excessive eating. I will likely also rebound and have meaningless sex with some asshole who will think it's more than just a rebound-depression fuck and stalk me. Then I'll have to call my deadbeat father and cop in the podunk town he lives in to have a restraining order put on the guy. Of course, at that point, I'll have to deal with all the lovely things my dad's likely heard about Edward and me in the media over the past several months and he'll try to coerce me into coming for a visit. In my fragile mental state, I'll cave and have to watch my dad drink beer and stare at the TV until he's blind drunk. Worse, he may try to take me fishing, which is about as exciting as watching paint dry.

Now I'm making up scenarios to deter myself from calling Edward, even though it's clear that I want to.

"Have you talked to him?" Alice asks, already knowing the answer.

I respond with silence and a raised eyebrow.

"Bella, come on, you can't give him the silent treatment forever. Besides, Jasper says all this has something to do with his publicist . . ." She sighs as we get into the cab in front of her house.

Neither one of us is driving since we're both planning on getting shitfaced.

I was under the impression that this was supposed to be a night where I didn't have to deal with the Edward situation. I was unaware that Alice was going to harass me about talking to him too. I'm sure she and Renee are conferring about my moods and this is part of the issue. Over the past week, Renee has been hinting-not so subtly - that I should rethink my Edward Cullen boycott. I don't get why she would encourage this, he's only called the one time that I know of and It's not like he's sending me flowers and singing telegrams or anything. There hasn't even been one of those hot air balloons or a plane flying overhead with an 'I'm sorry I'm a Douche Nozzle' banner attached to it.

Renee also keeps flipping the paper open to the sports section for me or she brings home the media whore mags and points out any reference to the Blackhawks and Edward. It's infuriating.

"Whatever, Alice, does this means you're on his side now?" I ask irritably.

"No, I'm not on his side but honestly, Bella, you're miserable. Just talk to him. If nothing else, you can at least get some closure," she reasons with me.

This does not make me feel better. Even though he's hurt me worse than even Stephan did, there is a huge part of me-which I hate, incidentally-that does not want closure on this relationship. It's this exact reason why I definitely do not want to contact him. I glare at her as the cabbie pulls into the parking lot, and we pay him. I don't say anything else until we are out of the cab.

"Can we not talk about Edward tonight? I just want to forget about him for a while," I request, feeling rather pathetic.

Alice nods as we walk toward the bar. It's only then that I realize what she's attempting to do. I know for a fact this is the bar Emmett and the team often frequents.

"We're not going in there," I tell her.

"Why not?" she asks.

"I know what you're doing and it's not going to work." I narrow my eyes at her and drag her across the street to a pub. She attempts to protest, but I silence her with the bitchbrow.

There's a crappy cover band playing which reminds me of my week with Edward in Guelph, except the band there was good. We finally manage to snag a table for two and order a pitcher of beer from the waitress.

We try to talk but it's really loud in the bar, so I find it nearly impossible to carry on a conversation with Alice which almost defeats the purpose of going out. At the same time, I don't have to talk about Edward which is definitely a plus, even though I can't stop thinking about him.

"Bella?" I hear Jake, the flower delivery guy's voice before I smell him.

"Oh fuck," I mutter quietly as I turn toward the overpowering scent of cologne. "Hi Jake," I yell over the music .

"You remember my name!" he exclaims happily. The grin on his face is ridiculous, and I know I've already made mistake number one. "I totally thought it was you. I haven't seen you in a while." He stands there with his hands shoved in his pockets nodding at me, his expression rather manic. He really is an odd dude.

"Yeah, no flower deliveries to the Swan residence lately." I nod back in the same way, my stomach feeling like lead. The bobble-heading is almost contagious and it's the only thing that keeps me from drowning in the emo of not being sent flowers by my former hockey whore. I have the urge to look at Alice and see if she's bobble-heading too.

"So, I, uh, read that you and the hockey player aren't actually a couple or anything . . ." he trails off and kicks the leg of my chair as he stares intently at the top of the table.

Christ, this is awkward.

"No, apparently we're just friends, even though I've had his dick in my mouth." I snort.

It's not until the words are out of my mouth that I recognize how inappropriate I'm being. Alice choking on her beer and the expression on Jake's face pretty much cements that notion. He looks like his eyeballs are going to roll out of his head.

"Right, huh." Jake nods some more and blinks repeatedly. "So, uh, I was wondering, since you're not actually dating that guy, did you maybe want to go to a movie or something?" he asks.

I stare at him because what the hell else am I supposed to do? He's been delivering Edward's wares to my house for quite some time now. We have a customer-delivery dude relationship. I've probably tipped him well over a hundred bucks at this point, so maybe he thinks I like him more than I do. I'm not sure what the rationale is for asking me out but I'm feeling like a movie date is crossing the customer-delivery guy line. Besides, I'll choke to death if I have to deal with his cologne for an entire evening.

I know the silence has stretched on too long when he clears his throat and says, "Uh . . . I . . . uh . . ."

"Look, Jake, it's really cool of you to, uh . . . ask me out and try and cheer me up, but honestly, I'm not really in a place to be going to the movies with anyone but Alice here." I thumb across the table at my best friend. "She's the only person who can reasonably deal with my emo ass, but thanks for the offer."

"Oh, right, okay," he bobbles his head in understanding, "Well, see you round," he says before he walks away.

I feel bad, but it's for the best. Besides, I made mention of the fact that Edward's dick has been in my mouth and he asked me out immediately following that statement; he probably thinks if he takes me to a movie, I'll blow him. If he talked to Edward, he'd know that it takes much less than that to get one of those out of me. Or at least it did. I'm turning over a new leaf, one that no longer includes blow jobs without definite commitment.

"That guy wears a lot of cologne," Alice observes. "It's too bad since he's kind of hot."

I shrug. "I guess. I just can't get past the fact that he smells like he's bathed in a bottle of Drakkar Noir."

"Yeah, that's a little off-putting," Alice agrees and then, of course, she goes into a monologue about how good Jasper smells all the time.

I tune her out and think about Edward because I'm a glutton for punishment. As much as I want a distraction from him, I can't seem to stop finding things that remind me of him enough for that to happen.

I know I need to talk to Edward, but I don't want to because I'm petrified of what he's going to say. Alice is right, though; I need to either close the door on this relationship or figure out if it's still worth pursuing. Just because I know I need to do it doesn't mean I will though. Just because I'm academically intelligent, it doesn't mean I always do the smart thing. I think my biggest fear was the possibility that this relationship couldn't or wouldn't go anywhere, and it wasn't until he publicly

denied being with me that I realized I really wanted this relationship to turn into something more. I don't know what that more is, but I do know the label of girlfriend would have been very welcome.

OoO

I'm sitting in the kitchen the following morning when Renee comes in, holding a magazine in her hands that she smacks down on the table dramatically.

"You're coming to the game," Renee says with finality. Renee never uses that tone, so she must mean business.

"What game?" I ask, feigning ignorance.

The Blackhawks have made it to the Stanley Cup finals, and they are playing what could be the title game tomorrow night. I'm already aware of this because I've watched every game secretively on my laptop in my room. I've also seen how crappy Edward looks and it makes me smile. Although his beard is kind of sexy in an I'm-a-caveman way.

She raises an eyebrow at me. "Emmett will want you there since it's the first time he's ever been in the finals."

"But . . ." I protest, even though I secretly want to go. I just don't want to admit it outside my head.

"No buts, Bella, you're coming with us." Renee puts her hands on her hips and stares at me.

"Fine." I mope and roll my eyes. "What's this, another Blackhawks interview where one of the members of the team makes a complete ass out of themselves?"

I think back to Edward's Playboy article and then I think about Emmett's FHM article, both of which are slightly mortifying for very different reasons.

"Most definitely, but I think you should read this one. I think you might find it very . . . entertaining and informative," Renee says to me before she leaves the room, a satisfied smirk smeared across her smug face.

I know what she's trying to do. She thinks if she leaves it here after saying something like that, she'll entice me to read it. She knows me too well; I crack under the pressure after five minutes. I flip open the magazine and it automatically opens to a page with Edward's picture on it. He looks hammered. I cock an eyebrow at him, as if his picture can sense my disapproval.

I'm annoyed with Renee because I don't want to read an interview featuring Edward, particularly when I'll have to see him tomorrow. I'm about to flip it closed when I notice the italicized caption in the middle of the page:

"Yeah, I'm in love with Bella Swan."

I blink incessantly as I attempt to process the words before me. I stare and stare and stare, trying to decipher what this means, other than the obvious. As nice as it is to see it in print, I would have liked

to have heard those words from Edward's mouth. Would he say it while making his fuckhot cumface at me? Would it be something simple, like cuddling on the couch and the words just pop out? After I get over the initial shock of seeing those words in the pages of a whore mag, I shake my head and read the entire article at lightning speed.

When I am done, I am certain of two things. One, Edward should never drink copious quantities of alcohol before he sits down for an interview. Two, Edward Cullen is in love with me, and his publicist is an asshole. That's technically three things I am certain of, but, whatever, the point is there.

I call Alice and tell her that I'm going to the game tomorrow. She asks me if I've read the article, tipping me off to the fact that she and Renee are definitely in cahoots over this. For once, I don't mind their meddling. I have no idea whether I should call Edward or text or email him. I don't want to resort to any of these methods of communication, but I'm not sure if I want to show up at the game without giving him some kind of warning.

Also, I'm still apprehensive about how much of this he means, considering he was wasted according to Victoria, the whore-mag journalist who interviewed him. In addition to the above factors, I'm not sure he actually *deserves* a warning. If he had just told me what his asshole publicist wanted him to do, I could have dealt with it, or *we* could have dealt with it. Either way, I'd like to think we could have had a reasonable discussion about why his publicist is a dickwad and Edward shouldn't follow his advice.

When I confide this information to Alice, she is totally supportive, having been there with me through the Stephan ordeal as well as the various other assholes I've managed to snag along the way. She also points out that Edward is not one of those guys, and I should probably give him a chance to explain himself in person. I know she's right. I'm a neurotic mess and I should probably see some kind of shrink, or meditate or take art therapy so I can stop being an idiot about this. It's also evident that I'm going to have to talk to Edward about how insecure I am and how I really do suck at relationships, although that's probably stating the obvious.

It's in this frame of mind that I go to bed. My mind continues to spin for several hours before I finally pass out and have the weirdest dreams ever. I dream that Edward's monster cock is a superhero and he saves me from the giant boob ball that is about to roll over me and crush me. Super Penis has googly eyes and he talks out of the hole that he usually cums out of. His feet are his balls and he wears a red cape with 'MC' emblazoned on it. Oh, and he has a little mustache and a French accent. Like I said, it's a bizarre dream.

The next day, I do something I usually try to avoid: I go to the spa with Alice and Renee. I get a manicure and pedicure, which creeps me out since I find feet so weird. I also get my hair done. I look pretty damn good when I leave to get ready for the game.

My stomach is in knots by the time we make it to the arena. Alice is the only one who is capable of keeping me from bolting thanks to my anxiety. I haven't gotten in touch with Edward, even though I did cave in and try. I called his phone earlier in the day, but I got his voice mail. I'm sure he's been at practice or whatever it is the guys do before the biggest game of their hockey career. I know that Emmett hasn't been available either. I also know that Edward's entire family is going to be at the

game as well. The pressure is intense. I don't even know if his parents know we haven't talked in well over a month. It really does feel like a lifetime, even though it's not.

We have the same awesome seats as we did the first time I saw Edward play, which means I can see him perfectly from where I am sitting. I am beside myself with anticipation and trepidation, even though I have several hours before I'll actually have to talk to him. Still, I get to watch him in his natural habitat, on the ice, which makes me hot in the beaver at the mere thought.

"Oh, here." Renee bounces up and down in her seat beside Alice as she reaches into the duffel bag she calls a purse and pulls out three black, puck shaped pillows. She hands one to Alice and one to me.

"What is this?" I ask.

"It's called a butt puck," she says and snickers.

"Did you just say butt puck?" I ask, because damn it, that is just way to close to the words butt fuck for my liking, my ass clenches in immediate defiance.

"It's to keep you from freezing your ass off on these chairs and," she ignores my question and turns the pillow over, "it's a cheerleading pillow!"

I gawk at her. On the front of the pillow she is holding are the words 'GO McCarty!' Alice's says 'GO Whitlock!' and mine clearly says 'GO Cullen!' I want to believe this is a joke, but upon closer inspection, I can see that there is a hand shaped pocket on the back of the puck pillow so I am able to wave my puck in the air with ease. Oh, holy Jesus, what has my mother done?

"This is awesome!" Alice exclaims.

I roll my eyes and sit down on the butt puck, trying not to snicker because of the stupid name. Pillow talk ceases as the boys begin skating out onto the ice. Alice is gripping my arm and my mother is whooping up a storm. It is not helping to calm the raging anxiety that renders me silent and immobile, both of which are highly uncommon for me.

As soon as Edward skates out onto the ice, my heart speeds up and I inhale a sharp breath as my chest constricts. For a second, I think I'm having a heart attack, but then I realize it's just that I'm in love with this man and I've not had the chance to say it out loud that is making me feel this way. Also, he is mere feet away from me, separated only by a Plexiglas barrier.

He looks so hot when he's faux-unkempt. His beard is groomed neatly, unlike some of the other guys who look like they just crawled out of their alleyway and decided to play professional hockey.

"Oh, God, Jasper is sex on skates. I can't wait until after the game. It doesn't even matter if they win or lose," Alice says in my ear since everyone is cheering and it's the only way I can hear her.

I give her a quizzical look because how can she say it doesn't matter if they win? "Of course it matters if they win," I scoff.

"No way, Bella. Think about it, if they win I have hot victory sex, if they lose I get to have sexy make-Jasper-feel-better sex. It's win-win for me," she rationalizes.

I nod slowly, absorbing that information. She's totally right. It doesn't matter if they win or lose, she wins by sex default. I am envious of her current relationship status and her certainty that she will either be victory fucked or will provide solace sex. I wish I knew what was going to happen, and whether or not I'll ever be reunited with the monster cock or not. My beaver doesn't seem to realize that a reunion isn't immanent considering the way she's lubing up in preparation for what might never happen again. God, I really hope I can get my shit together enough to have a real conversation with Edward. One thing at a time, though; the game is first.

Edward looks like he is concentrating very hard. His brow is furrowed and his usually pouty lips are set in a straight line. He doesn't even look around, he simply skates in and waves as his name is announced and heads straight to the bench thing.

I'm so nervous I'm starting to feel like I might throw up. Fortunately Phil buys me a beer, and I accept it gladly. I chug it to help quell the nerves. I watch Edward as Phil hands me a second beer which I sip slowly. There is no need for me to go and get pissed drunk before I need to talk to him. His whole body is tense and it looks like he's grinding his teeth. I want him to notice me sitting here, but I'm not about to wave around my butt puck cheerleading pillow in order to gain his attention. So I stare.

Halfway through the first period, Chicago is tied with Philly one-one, and I can't hold on any longer or my bladder is going to explode. I rush to the bathroom and back in record time. I don't even bother to stop at the black hole of death for a cigarette, mostly because I've almost given up the habit entirely. It requires too much energy to get dressed and go outside for one in the winter, and Renee is annoying about it so it's not worth the aggravation.

I'm just about in my seat when a body slams against the Plexiglas scaring the living bejesus out of me.

"Holy shit!" I gasp.

It's deja vu. Those pretty, pretty al dente broccoli eyes are boring into mine just like they did the first time I saw him. They hold shock, surprise and a whole lot of sexy as his mouth drops open. I raise my hand and wave shyly at him. He's so close; if it weren't for the damn Plexiglas, I would be able to touch his sweaty, fuzzy face.

Our gazes lock for the briefest moment before he pries himself off the glass and seemingly reluctantly skates away but the heat that flames my body stays with me long into second period. When Edward isn't on the ice, I can feel his gaze on me and I meet it often. He looks hopeful, worried, desperate, sad and determined all at the same time. Interestingly enough, I'm sure the exact same emotions are flitting across my face as well.

The rest of the game is a blur of action. I can't even begin to follow most of what is going on because I'm so preoccupied with Edward. However when Philly scores a goal in the third period with two minutes left in the game, I nearly have a spaz attack. The game is tied and they go into overtime. I'm

on the edge of my seat, my butt puck no longer underneath me but pressed up against the glass as I scream Edward's name. And just like that, he scores a goal and the game is over.

The crowd goes absolutely wild, myself included. The Hawks have won the Cup, and Edward has scored the winning goal. We make our way out of the arena and Phil drags the three of us, willingly of course, toward the locker room. There are a whole mess of people up there, most of which are media whores, but because of Phil's odd status we manage to get through the crowd of people.

Edward is being interviewed; he is beaming as he holds up the trophy-which is just gigantic. Someone is asking him how it feels to be responsible for scoring the winning goal. He is eloquent and humble which is so damn hot. He is also very distracted, and it is only when his eyes meet mine that his smile widens impossibly and he totally changes topics.

He passes the trophy to a teammate and grabs the microphone from the media whore who tries to hold onto it. It's comical the way her arm extends as Edward yanks it out of her grasp and there is clearly an expression of panic on her face. Frankly I'm a wee bit concerned as to why he's grabbed the mic out of her hand.

"I just need to say one thing," he assures the media-whore person, but she still looks nervous. She's probably read the recent article where he was wasted.

"Bella Swan," Edward meets my gaze through the crowd and my heart feels like it's about to explode out of my chest, "I'm an idiot for not saying this sooner. I'm completely in love with you, and I want you to be my girlfriend," he announces for the entire sports watching nation to hear.

OoO

Chapter 27 - Public Love Professions, Communication and Making Up Are Wicked Fun

OoO~!~Bella~!~OoO

I am learning that Edward is a very extreme person. He either does it all the way or not at all. I think it is the cheesiest declaration of love I've ever heard, and at the same time, it's completely fitting for us because we are both ridiculously spazzy.

I am completely frozen, and I am certain that my mouth is hanging open in utter shock. I know that I should move, that I *need* to move in his direction. He hands the microphone back to the media whore and pushes his way through the crowd toward me. I feel like I'm in a very poorly written romantic comedy; all I need is Adam Sandler to make an appearance and I'm all set.

"I love you," Edward says when he reaches me. I can't actually hear the words, though, because it is too damn loud. The romance and sweetness of the situation is devoured by the incessant clicking of cameras and the overwhelmingly loud and raucous cheers of the crowd. This is definitely not the way I imagined the first ILY going, but I guess I'm going to have to take it. At least it will make a good story somewhere down the line-like maybe our wedding-not that I'm thinking that far ahead.

Edward takes my face between his damp, slightly smelly hands and presses his lips against mine. I giggle because his beard tickles my mouth and my nose.

I disregard the smelliness of his hands and the dampness of his palms on my skin and thread my fingers through his very wet and sweaty hair. Yeah, this is bordering on gross. Edward doesn't seem to mind at all, though. He removes his hands from my face and wraps them around my waist, nearly bending me backward. I part my lips for him when his tongue brushes against my lower lip and the mouth fucking commences. Even though we're in a very public place and I'm mortified, I part my lips and welcome the mouth fucking because *God*, I've missed him more than I'd like to admit. As hot as it is, considering how long it's been since we've done this, I'm thinking it would be a good plan to stop while we're ahead.

"Um, Edward?" I mumble into his mouth.

"I fucking missed you," he murmurs and grabs my ass.

"Yeah, uh, me too, but do you think we could continue this somewhere slightly more private?" I ask, because I really don't want to look like a complete ho-bag if I can avoid it.

"Huh?" Edward pops back into reality as he surveys our surroundings and becomes aware of our very public display of affection. "Oh, God, yeah."

He nods fervently and wraps an arm around my waist, pulling me along with him as he clomps his way to the locker room. Once we are inside, I realize there are several mostly naked guys milling around. Now that I know them all by name, it doesn't feel appropriate for me to be looking at their unclothed forms like they are manmeat, particularly with my sort-of-hopefully-soon-to-be-boyfriend-again beside me.

"Oh shit!" I exclaim and cover my eyes with my hands. "Look Edward, I'll meet you at the bar, okay?"

I motion with my elbows in what I'm sure approximates a spazzed out version of The Chicken Dance before I try to leave the locker room. I slam into the wall instead, because I'm still obscuring my view with my hands. Edward turns me in the direction I need to go and then stands in front of me.

"You can open your eyes and drop your hands now, Bella," Edward says softly.

I spread my fingers and peek through them.

"Promise me you'll be at the bar?" Edward asks me, his brows furrowed. He looks so hopeful and I know that once again I've been a bitch, but this time I feel like it's at least somewhat justified. He did tell the entire nation we were just friends, after all.

"I promise." I nod and allow him to kiss me one last time before he lets me go and I take my leave of the locker room.

I'm thankful my parents and Alice are waiting there for me, otherwise I'm sure the media-whores would be taking a bite out of my ass. I am so damn nervous about meeting up with Edward. As awesome and embarrassing as it is to have him publicly declare how he feels about me, I also know that we definitely need to talk. This whole situation has showed me just how poorly I function in a relationship and how little I know about making them work.

Sadly, Edward and I seem to be two peas in a pod in this department, considering he made a public declaration of love right after his team won the Stanley Cup-talk about stealing one's own thunder.

As we make our way to the bar with Alice chattering excitedly beside me, I begin to wonder if Edward's declaration has been made simply because of the high he's currently on from winning. I know I'm likely being stupid, but my lack of self-confidence is clearly an issue for me, otherwise I wouldn't have ignored Edward for over a month. If I'd had the guts, I would have confronted him and kicked him in the balls over it instead.

The bar is crowded and loud when we get there. Everyone is in a celebratory mood since the Blackhawks have won the Cup for the first time in nearly five decades. It's impossible not to get caught up in the excitement of it all, and I end up drinking a little more than I should. By the time Edward finally shows up with the rest of the team, I'm tipsy and awkward at best.

I'm not sure what I should do. I know that we need to have a relationship talk, but I'm not all that keen on doing it right now in light of the fact that he's just played a key role in winning the Stanley Cup. Due to current circumstances, I decide it might be best if I hold off on that until I'm more sober than I currently am. Edward must be on the same wavelength as me since he doesn't bring anything up. Instead, he guzzles a beer and downs four shots in a row while holding me against his side and kissing me sloppily on the neck-which shouldn't be hot, but is.

I think I'm extraordinarily horny, as it's been a while since I've had monster cock exposure, or any exposure to any part of Edward for that matter. In addition to this, Edward is wearing a black suit and he looks sexy as sin. I'm a wee bit concerned that I'm not going to be able to resist having sex with him before we get to the talking part. As awesome as this might feel, it's definitely not a good plan in the overall scheme of things.

None of the guys on the team seem surprised to see us together, likely because of Edward's declaration of love post game. Emmett doesn't even comment, although that may be due to the fact that Rose and Edward's parents are at the bar, and Rose is currently nestled into Emmett's chest. The most interesting part is that Edward doesn't even seem to care. He chats away with everyone, but I notice that he stops drinking. I follow suit, even though I'm nervous and would really like the alcohol as a buffer for what's likely to come later tonight, or this morning as it were-considering the time.

Somehow Edward and Emmett drift to the topic of air hockey, and I feel myself going red at the memory of Edward's air hockey table.

"Bella's a rockstar at air hockey," Edward says as a lazy smirk spreads across his face. He grabs my ass and gives it a squeeze.

"Fuck, I know." Emmett nods furiously and sounds completely exasperated.

"Oh, is that the game where you play hockey on a little table?" Rose asks.

"That's right, sweetie, remember the one I have at my place?" Emmett turns his full attention to Edward's sister as he rubs her shoulder in the gentlest, sweetest manner possible.

What the hell has happened to Emmett?

"Ooooh, I like that game!" Rose exclaims excitedly.

"Me too," I slur minimally, thankful my buzz is beginning to wear off. Mostly I just want to interject myself into the conversation. Also, it's true.

"We should play that the next time we're all together!" Rose suggests with a great enthusiasm.

I begin to agree with her when Edward interrupts, "No way, Bella's a hustler at that game. She's kicked my ass before."

He punctuates this with a furtive grind of his dick into my hip and a soft kiss on the shoulder. At the same time, he squeezes my ass again. Goddamnit, if this kind of overtly sexual behaviour continues I'm going to be at risk of dragging him to the bathroom.

"You too?" Emmett looks at his feet, sounding rather embarrassed.

It takes me a moment before I realize they are still on about the air hockey thing, considering that I've been focused on the feel of Edward's very hard erection pressed against my hip. How I have missed the monster cock in all his majestic glory.

"Dude, it was probably the most emasculating thing that's ever happened to me, and I figure skated for eleven years, so that's saying something." Edward laughs as he holds me tight to his side. I wiggle around just to feel the monster cock against me.

"Tell me about it," Emmett laments. "No one ever expects their athletically challenged sister to beat them at air hockey."

"I'm not athletically challenged . . ." I begin to defend myself.

"No, baby, you certainly are not . . ." Edward murmurs in my ear.

"Whatever Bella, you can't even make it down a flight of stairs most days without tripping on something," Emmett exaggerates.

This is totally not true; Emmett is just trying to get a rise out of me. I might be on the clumsy side at times, but I can definitely walk just fine the majority of the time. A ridiculous argument ensues in which Edward defends me and continues to make sexual references. Clearly, we are both horny.

Eventually, we close the bar, and Edward gets a cab to take us back to his place. He's not drunk by any stretch of the imagination, but he has been drinking and he is responsible. I maintain a safe distance from him in the back seat, forcing a few inches of space between us for fear that I will jump his hot bones in front of the cabbie if we are touching each other.

As soon as we are inside Edward's foyer, he takes my face between his hands and kisses me. "God, I fucking missed you. Do you have any idea, Bella, *any idea* at all how it's been for me these past five weeks?"

He doesn't wait for a reply, and I honestly believe he isn't looking for one, at least not one of the verbal persuasion. He sounds as desperate and emo as I've been. Knowing how hard it's been for me to be away from him, I am beginning to believe it's been just as hard for him.

"Edward," I mumble against his lips and push on his chest.

My body is rebelling against my mind. My beaver is aching to be touched by Edward's hands, and maybe his tongue, and she definitely wants to be penetrated by the monster cock. I worry that if I allow him to continue kissing me, I won't be capable of coherent thought, let alone words.

"I know we need to work things out, baby, but can we just have tonight first? I just want to celebrate . . ." Edward wraps his arms around me and kisses me deeply, his tongue sliding against mine as he grinds himself into me. His beard is kind of awesome in a rugged, lumberjack way.

I don't want to say no to him. But I fear I must, even though my beaver now wants to kick the shit out of me.

"As much as I want you to fuck me into oblivion, Edward, I really do think we need to talk first," I say in a breathy voice.

I'm hardly convincing myself that I want to stop, let alone Edward and his cock. He softens his kisses as though he's preparing to stop, but when I fail to push him away, he maintains a slow mouth fuck.

I can feel the monster cock against my stomach, and man have I ever missed the hell out of him. Edward lifts me up, forcing me to wrap my arms and legs around him like I'm a koala bear. We both groan at the sensation, and he moves toward the stairs with me. In a rare moment of ungracefulness, he trips on the first stair. I think it's because he's expecting me to tell him to put me down and he's trying to be hasty about getting me to the bedroom before I have a chance to regain my composure. We land in a heap on the stairs. Edward doesn't even break the kiss through all of this; he's quite coordinated.

"Wait!" I cry out in frustration.

Edward leans back, panic written on his face along with something else. It almost looks like defeat.

"As much as I'm enjoying this, we really do need to talk," I pant. At least this time I sound slightly more convincing. I'm also pushing on his chest, forcing his monster cock to vacate the area my beaver resides in.

Edward sits down on the step below me and takes a deep breath as he runs his hands through his hair and scratches his beard. "You're right, I'm sorry, we do need to talk," he says quietly, his gaze moving from his lap to my face.

My stomach drops into my toes because we are doing this right now. I've never had a 'we need to talk' conversation that hasn't ended in a break up before. I stiffen with the anxiety that this brings. I am aware that I'm being completely stupid and irrational. I push down the nerves and idiotic thoughts, swallow and peer down at him as he manages to loom over me on the stairs even though he's below me.

"Why are you sorry?" I ask, because I really want to know what he thinks he's done wrong, and I want to hear him say it. I also know that I, too, must apologize for being such an epic spaz, and I'm stalling.

"For what I did to you, for saying you were just a friend when I should have said I'm in love with you, for listening to my stupid ass publicist, for not asking more questions about your past relationships, and for not telling you how I felt about you sooner," he says softly.

It's a decent list. I've already forgiven him, mostly. He tentatively reaches up and rubs his thumbs under my eyes. I didn't even realize I was crying until I process his concerned and sad expression and feel the dampness on my skin.

"It really hurt," I mumble honestly, unable to meet his gaze as I speak. "When you did that . . . publicly denied being with me," I clarify as though it's not obvious what I'm referring to.

"I so sorry, baby, I regretted it as soon as the words came out of my mouth, but I couldn't take them back, and I didn't know how to fix it once it was done." He kneels on the floor in front of me; it can't be a comfortable position to be in since it's hardwood.

"You only ever tried to call once and you didn't even send flowers . . ." I say softly as I pick at the seam of my jeans.

I want to know why he didn't try harder. I mean, I did get a hell of a lot of emails from him the first few days post humiliation. I didn't read any of them, but still, Edward is usually pretty over the top at the best of times. He didn't even send me anything weird.

"I didn't send flowers because I was told it would be a bad idea and that you would just throw them away. And I came to the house, but Phil wouldn't let me talk to you and you changed your phone number, Bella. That was a pretty heavy indicator that you didn't want to talk to me," he defends himself.

"I did try to call the house several times though, but Renee or Phil answered every time and they told me in no uncertain terms that you didn't want to talk to me. I didn't know what else to do. Oh, and I brought you a cake, and a latte, one of those seaweed ones," he adds, looking pathetically hopeful.

I had no idea Edward had stopped by because Phil didn't tell me. I was also only aware of the one phone call. I intend to have words with my parents when I see them next. I do recall an evening when Phil came to my room with a Starfucks for me, looking rather pleased with himself. That sneaky bastard. And here I thought he was being nice. I wonder what he did with my cake.

"I didn't know you stopped by," I admit and chance a peek at his face.

God he's hot. It's making it difficult for me to have this conversation because all I want to do is forget about all the issues we have and make out or go straight to having make-up-slash-Stanley-Cup-victory-sex. His is also still wearing that damn suit, which is distracting. He sighs and reaches up to push the hair out of my face.

"Well I did, and I tried to call, and I emailed you countless times. I would have called you if you hadn't changed your phone number," he says pointedly. "I know I've made a mess of things. Just give me a chance to fix it, Bella. You're here, which means you must want to try and work this out, unless you're just here for . . ." he trails off, looking uncertain and vulnerable as he motions below his waist.

It's the first time I've ever seen Edward look insecure. It's rather endearing and heartbreaking at the same time.

"I'm not just here for . . ." I gesture to the front of his pants.

I glance up at his face and I'm surprised that he looks relieved. I can't imagine why he would think I only want him for sex; isn't that a dude thing? Then I remember that Edward is a famous hockey player and women must want to use him for sex all the time.

"You need to let me in," he says softly.

"I know." I nod and look down, away from his gaze.

This is hard for me to do, even though I know it's necessary. It's things like this that make me vulnerable, and I'm definitely not the most adept person at communicating in a relationship. I think this is pretty obvious at this point. Edward waits, clearly expecting me to divulge some information since we are in the middle of baring our souls to each other, or some such thing. I suppose it's unavoidable since he's publicly declared his love for me. I know that if I feel this strongly for him, I should find the guts to tell him about my very crappy relationship history so he gets why I'm so insecure.

Edward must sense my anxiety over this because he sighs and takes my hand in his. "You know Bella, I'm kind of flying blind here. I don't have a whole lot of relationship experience. But if we're going to make this thing work, and I really want to do that, you're going to have to tell me what I need to do or not do to make things run a little smoother. I realize that some of the things I've done have been hurtful or thoughtless on my part, but every time something goes wrong, you shut me out. You can't keep doing that if we're going to be together."

"Hurtful or thoughtless?" I give him the bitchbrow. "You denied having a relationship on national TV for millions of people to hear. I think that goes a bit beyond hurtful. You were a complete asshole."

Edward blinks several times as he takes in my defensive posture and the terse quality of my voice. He looks down. "I deserve that," he mutters.

I sigh heavily, because as right as I may be regarding this particular point, I know that he's also right about me shutting him out. I take a deep breath, steadying myself before I begin, feeling really crappy about the number of times I've done this to him in the past few months. It's not okay, and if it was anyone else other than Edward, the guy probably would have fucked off by this point. I wouldn't have blamed him either, because I know I'm kind of a head case at times. I'm fortunate that Edward hasn't had a ton of girlfriends, and he likely doesn't know any better.

"You do," I nod in affirmation, "but I get why you had to do it. I just wish you would have told me what was going on instead of me reading it in an article. I thought . . . I don't know what I thought. I was too afraid to talk to you because I didn't want Emmett to be right about you," I ramble nervously, picking at my fingernails.

"What do you mean by that?" Edward eyes cloud over and his expression darkens.

"Well, he said that a leopard doesn't change his spots. Actually he didn't use that analogy, but that's what he meant. I started to freak out about it since you were acting strange in public, you know what I mean, not trying to grab my boobs or cop a feel all the time. Then Emmett made that comment and then you . . . well, you know . . ." My knee is bouncing a mile a minute, and I can't even look at him because I'm so nervous. I can't stop the stupid tears from leaking out of the corners of my eyes. I hate being such a girl about things sometimes.

"I'm so sorry I've made you feel this way, Bella. I should have gone with my gut and not followed Aro's advice. In retrospect, I should have fired him a long time ago. I can't go back and change what's happened between us, and for the most part I wouldn't want to anyway, except for the way I hurt you." Edward reaches up and cups my face in his hands. I'm shocked when I realize they're shaking. "I'll do whatever I have to to make it up to you."

"It's my fault, too." I sniffle as I meet Edward's panicked gaze. His brow furrows in confusion. "I should have just asked outright if something was going on, but I didn't want to rock the boat. You had playoffs coming up and you had been kicked out of that game. I figured you were stressed and I didn't want to add to it. I thought I was being neurotic or something, since we both know I am." I shift my gaze away and suddenly I feel Edward's lips press softly against mine.

"I love that you're neurotic," he murmurs softly against my mouth.

I move over on the stair and Edward sits down beside me. I tell him about Stephan and how awful that relationship was. He gets so angry that he offers to find him and kick the shit out of him. I appreciate the gesture, however I tell him Stephan and his useless penis aren't worth the effort. That definitely doesn't help.

I tell him about the boyfriends I've had before Stephan, none of them having been very nice. I admit that I probably-definitely-have shitty self-esteem, and while I'm smart, I don't have much common sense when it comes to being social. I reveal that I was a giant nerd in high school, and they put me in all of the advanced classes, which made me even more of a social leper.

The more we talk about it, the more I realize that Edward and I truly do have a lot in common. We've both dated someone who ended up being gay and we've both experienced the social woes of high school because of being smart, and in his case, a figure skating hockey player.

I feel a lot better after I unload all of it, mostly because he doesn't go running for the hills. I know this relationship is going to take a lot of work, and that it's not going to be easy.

"You promise that you'll talk to me first before you freak out about something?" Edward prompts me.

"Well, I'll probably have a spaz attack, but as soon as it's over, I'll remind myself to talk to you. But I'm warning you, I might get kind of emotional about things," I tell him.

"I can handle emotional, Bella. What I can't handle is you not talking to me at all," Edward says before he leans in and places a soft, sweet kiss on my lips.

"I've missed you so much," I murmur as he moves his hand and cups the back of my head. I think we are done with the talking for now.

And just like that, everything is okay. It's the first time I've had a conversation like this in a relationship which hasn't resulted in my heart being torn out and stomped on. It's definitely making me emotional.

"You have no idea," Edward practically moans into my mouth. He parts my lips with his tongue, a soft contrast against his scratchy beard. He pulls my body into his, turning me as his leg comes to rest between my thighs. We are now lying rather uncomfortably on the stairs, but I don't give a shit.

The kisses turn from slow and reverent to fevered and wanting in a matter of minutes. I have a feeling we are about to have some serious make-up sex.

"I want you to be naked," I tell him and finally get the buttons of his suit jacket open. It's a feat and a half since he's pressed firmly against me.

Edward wraps one arm around my waist and begins dragging me up the stairs while still trying to kiss me and grind with me. It's awkward, but also sexy as hell. I can't even imagine the coordination it is taking for him to be able to do this, because I certainly don't have it. I keep bumping my head and elbows on the stairs along the way.

"I can't wait to be inside you again," Edward groans into my mouth.

He sets me down near the top of the stairs, apparently unable to wait until we are in the privacy and comfort of his bedroom. The nice thing about Edward's house is that he's the only one who lives here, so we can have sex wherever we want.

Edward pulls my shirt over my head and shrugs out of his suit jacket. He yanks on his tie and removes it before he nimbly opens the buttons on his shirt one at a time. I've never seen anyone's hands move faster than his. In the meantime, I fumble uselessly with the clasp of my bra, completely incapable of getting it open.

Edward gapes at me as I do this, probably because I am jutting my chest out at him. His eyes are dark and hungry as he slides his fingers into the front of my bra between my boobs and then he yanks, hard. My bra snaps off, one of the straps goes flying and ends up ricocheting off the railing.

"What the hell?" I ask, because really, what the hell? This is a brand new bra.

"I'll buy you a new one. I wanted it off," he says as his mouth descends over my glass-cuttingly hard nipple and his palm covers the free one.

He groans and squeezes and gropes and sucks and groans some more as he grinds his monster cock between my legs. I don't bother to fixate on my ruined bra, instead I focus on holding Edward's head against my chest so he won't have the inclination to stop sucking on my nipples because it feels fucking amazing.

"Oh, God! I missed your mouth," I sigh and whimper, banging my head on the wall behind my head.

Edward looks up when he hears the low thud but he doesn't release my nipple. His arms and shoulders are tense and straining, and he looks disconcertingly hot as he sucks on my nipple while squeezing my boobs at the same time. I give him my best whore-moan.

"That's so fucking hot," he mutters around my nipple, hard pressed to give up on making out with it, I suppose.

"You know what's hot?" I ask him, my voice coming out raspy and low. I hope it sounds sexy and not like I have smoker's voice or something unappealing.

"Mmm?" he mumbles.

He wraps one arm around my waist and pulls me up into him as he stands. How he manages to keep his mouth attached to my breast is beyond me, but he is definitely talented in this area. I can see why his mother wanted to keep him in figure skating, because he must have been amazing what with his grace and coordination.

"You, half-naked," I moan.

"You think?" he responds with a cocky lopsided grin as his fuzzy chin brushes over my nipple with the slight nod of his head.

He knows he's hot when he's half-naked. How could he not? He has the most amazing body ever, as far as I'm concerned.

"You know what's even hotter?" I ask him as he carries me down the hallway. He finally releases my boob from his mouth and I slide down the front of his body until my beaver is in line with his wood. God, have I ever missed this particular part of his anatomy.

"You naked?" he asks as he grabs my ass and squeezes.

"No." I shake my head and run my fingers through his hair, which is wild since I've had my hands in it for the past several minutes. "You naked," I reply as we make our way through the doorway of his bedroom.

As soon as he settles me on the bed, I begin frantically trying to unbuckle his belt and yank his pants off. I am so damn horny.

I manage to find the coordination to pull off his pants and his underwear at the same time. It's a challenge, considering Edward is hovering over top of me in a very sexy, somewhat alpha-male stance. I sigh as I run my fingers over the head of his monster cock.

"I really missed you," I mumble under my breath. Apparently my whisper voice isn't as quiet as I think because Edward responds.

"Are you talking to me or my dick?" he asks, looking only mildly offended and mostly entertained.

"I'm talking to both of you," I say, drawing my gaze up from the sight of my fingertips running over the smooth head of his snuffie, along the cut lines of his abs to his chest until I finally meet his eyes. "But mostly you, *you*," I clarify and crane my neck so I can kiss his lips.

"I should hope so," he says to me, sounding the tiniest bit angry or defensive. I'm not sure which, but I don't like how it's affecting the mood in the room.

"Hey," I abandon his dick and take his face in my hands as I pull him toward me, capturing his lips with mine. "Nothing was the same without you," I admit.

That must be the right thing to say because Edward's body is suddenly pressed flush against me, and his kiss grows deeper and definitely much more aggressive. His lips travel over my neck and I stifle a whorish-moan as he nips the skin there. I turn my head and notice one of his jerseys hanging over the back of his chair. I know I shouldn't be noticing things like this while Edward is kissing my neck and grinding all over my beaver, but it's red so it's obvious.

"You won the Stanley Cup tonight," I murmur.

"Mmm, we did," Edward says. I don't fail to notice that he doesn't take credit for the win. He's such a team player.

"But you scored the winning goal." I run my hands over his shoulders and down his back, circling my hips as I push up into him. My damn pants need to come off.

"Does that make you hot?" he asks me, his eyes lighting up in the most devilish way.

I think I may have struck a chord, and it appears to be the right one. I'm all about stroking Edward's ego right now, among other things. "Everything about you makes me hot. Your skills on the ice made me so wet I had to bring extra panties to the game so I could change them between innings," I whisper-lie, trying to make my voice husky or something related to sexy.

"They're called periods in hockey, Bella, innings are for baseball," Edward snickers as he sits back on his knees and pops open the button on my pants.

"Oh," I respond. I can't come up with a witty retort because his fingers are brushing over my beave, and I can no longer think straight. Of course, this means I start saying stupid shit. "Why do guys always use sports metaphors for sex?" I ask as he pulls my pants over my hips.

"Because we can relate to them I guess." Edward humours me by responding as he drops my pants off the edge of the bed and runs his rough hands up the outside of my thighs. He leans down and kisses my knee before trailing a path of kisses upward, toward my beaver. "I think I'm about to round third base." He grins up at me as he gets closer to the holy land.

I'm all out of snarky commentary and I've been reduced to mumbling and moaning, so I grace him with a wanton sound as he parts my thighs and settles his face between my legs.

"Oh, my lord," I sigh as his fuzzy stache and his beard come in contact with my beaver lips. "That feels weirdly awesome."

Edward chuckles and presses a kiss just above my pelvic bone before I feel his tongue glide along the length of my slit. We both whore-moan like crazy. Well, I whore-moan and Edward makes this tremendously sexy sound that is half-way between a growl and groan. His hands clamp down on my hips, grabbing at the sides of my ass as he pulls my body up toward his face. He's mumbling things into my beaver that I can't understand, but the sensation it creates is unparalleled so I'm not about to stop him to find out what I'm missing.

Edward lifts my hips so I'm resting on my shoulders and neck on the bed. His mouth is still attached to my clit, and the fingers of the hand that is not working to help support me move toward the promised land and then they are inside of me. I use my arms to help support the new angle he is working my body at; I think it's time to start taking yoga so I have better endurance.

I whore-moan with abandon, even though this isn't a position I think I'm likely to be able to maintain for long. Edward has the most amazing fingers and mouth, and they are working on me in tandem. I'm getting closer; I can feel the blood rushing toward the center of my body-specifically to my beaver button-and my whole body feels as though it's about to burst into orgasmically blissful flames.

Edward twists his fingers inside me at the same time as he grazes my clit with his teeth. My body drops to the bed and I'm wholly surprised that he's able to follow me based on the speed with which my ass hits the mattress. It's at this moment that I explode into orgasm, my entire body feeling like it's being sucked into a vortex of sensation. I have no idea what sort of sounds I'm making, if any at all, because my whole world seems to have gone black.

"Was that good?" Edward asks, his head is no longer between my thighs. Instead his face is about an inch away from mine and I can feel the monster cock twitching on my stomach.

"Edmehgaw," I mumble.

"Is that a yes?" Edward smirks, looking awfully pleased with himself. Not that I can blame him, of course. If I had just made him momentarily black out from sucking him off, I'd be pretty damn smirky.

I nod in lieu of answering verbally. I reach down between us with jelly hands and try to grab the monster cock so I can give it a little hand love, and if I can find the coordination, I might just try and kiss it.

"No, baby." Edward shakes his head and grabs my hand, raising it above my head. He wraps my fingers around the bedpost and runs his hand lightly down my arm.

"But . . ." I manage to protest, kind of.

"I'm already worked up enough," he tells me as he grinds his dick into my stomach. I want him to move down about six inches. "All I want is to be inside you."

Edward is clearly psychic because the monster cock slides along my stomach and nestles himself against the beave. Edward reaches down and runs the head back and forth over my beaver button a couple times, probably just so he can hear the porn-like sound track that issues forth from my mouth. Then he grants my wish by sliding home.

"Holy shit," Edward groans.

"I know." I nod into his shoulder and then bite it, because, hot damn, it's been a while and Edward is *huge*.

"I missed you so much," he murmurs, his lips brushing over my cheek.

"I missed you, too, baby." I moan as he begins to thrust slowly, filling and emptying, rubbing and grinding.

We stop talking because it's distracting; instead we focus on each other's bodies. Edward is pressed flush against me and the weight of him is heavenly. I know he's supporting himself almost fully, but he's so close to me, like he can't stand to have an inch of space between us. His chest brushes against my nipples with every stroke, which feels ridiculously good. I watch Edward's back for a moment, the way it ripples and flexes as he moves over me. I'm also observant enough to notice a small tattoo on his back that I've never seen before. I can't tell what it is, and at the moment I don't really give a shit. I can look at it later.

We're both panting and making sex noises. Edward's face is buried in my neck and I can feel his hot breath with every exhalation. He kisses my shoulder before he raises his head and meets my gaze. I can tell he's just as close as I am; it's in the tension of his jaw, the furrow in his brow.

I'm locked in his gaze, unable to break it as he shifts his weight slightly so that every time he thrusts forward, his pelvis grazes my clit. I thread my hands through his hair and exhale unsteadily as I read the emotions that play out behind his eyes. I'm going to cum and it's going to be unbelievable.

"Bella," Edward breathes as his hands slide under my shoulders and clamp down as he pushes into me, gentle but fast and *God* does it ever feel good.

Just as I feel the heat pooling low and fierce in my stomach, I say the words I've been avoiding until this very moment, "I love you."

I think I moan the words and I'm hoping they are at least semi-coherent or I'm going to feel like an idiot when he has to ask for clarification. My eyes beg to close but I won't let them; I hold his gaze as the sweetest smile spreads across his face followed by the unexpected reply; "Oh fuck, I'm cumming."

His lips part, his eyes glaze and his entire body tenses as he pushes into me, deep and hard, hitting that special place inside me that makes me see stars and fireworks and Leprechauns. Never mind the Leprechauns, they're kind of creepy. His whole body trembles as my beaver hugs the monster cock, hard. I let out a high pitched moan as my eyes flutter and rebel against my desire to watch Edward cum like the Stanley Cup winner he is.

We must lay there, completely immobile for at least five minutes, which feels more like forty-five. "Holy God, that was intense," Edward pants, touching my cheek as I look up at him blearily. I'm so orgasm-stupid right now.

"Uh huh," I agree.

"Bella." Edward kisses me softly.

"Mmm," I reply articulately.

"I love you, too, baby."

He rolls us over so I'm laying on top of him, with his dick still inside me. Neither one of us moves to rectify this, though. Instead, Edward pulls the covers over us and we lay there, content and blissful.

I know that this isn't going to be easy, making this relationship work, and that I'm going to have to learn to communicate better. Edward is definitely worth the effort. I figure if I can be open and honest about things in the bedroom, I'm off to a decent start.

OoO

Chapter 28-Hidden Porn Folders Make for Interesting Arguments

OoO~%~Bella~%~OoO

"You know there's plenty of space in my house," Edward says for the twentieth time as I browse the paper for available apartments close to the university.

I ignore him and continue scouring the classifieds for something that isn't a basement apartment in the thug district. I made the mistake of thinking that some below ground dwellings could actually be nice; so far that theory has been proven wrong. At this point, I have come to the conclusion that basement apartment equals mouldy, tomb-like living quarters.

"Honestly, Bella, I don't get it. My house is huge. You already sleep there four nights a week, and you wouldn't have to pay the unjustified rent attached to one of those awful places you're looking at. Are those neighbourhoods even safe?" he asks irritably, tapping on the counter in aggravation.

I give him the bitch brow and he huffs.

"You don't want to move in with me?" he asks quietly as he shifts in his seat, inspecting the counter top in front of him, and my expression softens. He's so sensitive, it's hot.

"It's not that, Edward. I've never lived on my own, and we've only been together officially for a few months. Even then, it's been on and off," I tell him as I move from my seat at his kitchen island to his lap.

I am trying to be rational and reasonable for both of us, even though I do want to move in with him. Lord knows Edward lacks the compunction for rational thought at times, this being one of them. He looks upset by this reality, so I run my fingers through his hair and kiss him lightly on the lips so he knows that I'm just stating a fact and nothing else.

"I want to live in a crappy apartment I can call my own for a while. I want to know what it's like to live in a shithole, so when I stay at your place it feels like I'm living in an episode of Crips," I rationalize for him. I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him again, this time with more zeal.

It's been a month since the night of the Stanley Cup win and Edward public profession of love. I've enrolled in summer classes so I can get a head start on my Master's thesis this fall. I feel like I'm doing adult things with my life and I want to live like one; in a shitty apartment close to campus. I've also had enough of Phil and Renee who still think they're on their honeymoon, apparently. Last week, I walked in on them getting it on-on the living room couch, no less. It was horrifying. I turned around and went straight back to Edward's; I haven't slept at home since.

Edward sighs into my mouth, knowing that I won't be relenting on this issue. I'm too determined to have this experience. Besides, if I move in with Edward, it will make the feelings that we've only recently verbalized all that much more real. I'm not at the point in our relationship where I can honestly commit myself to living with him. It's not that I don't think our relationship is going to last, because I certainly do. The problem is that if I move in with Edward, I have to admit to myself that I'd like it to go one step further, and I'm not interested in that much reality. At least not yet.

I plan to be slightly oblivious to this internal knowledge for a minimum of six months. That seems like a reasonable amount of time to live on my own and allow our relationship to develop. Also, it

gives Edward enough time to employ his persuasion tactics so he feels like he's made the effort necessary to coerce me into moving in with him. I've learned this is something he really likes to do.

"At least let me come with you to see these places," he mumbles against my lips as his hands find their way under my shirt. Like I'm going to say no when he's about to feel me up.

OoO

Edward comes with me on what turns out to be the shittiest apartment hunting expedition in the history of the world. I have no real ability to judge whether this is true or not because it's the first and probably the last time I'll have to do this, but Edward makes such a stink about the places I can afford, he very nearly exasperates me into moving in with him. Fortunately, I see through his ploy and finally find a place I can afford that isn't in 'the hood.' I manage to distract him with excessive cleavage long enough to sign the lease and secure my deposit.

I pack all of my belongings into various sized boxes, labelling them meticulously so I know what rooms they need to go in. I have absolutely no furniture for my tiny living room or any small appliances, dishes, etcetera to put in my kitchen. I know I need to go shopping to rectify this situation, but I'm too busy with school and packing to be bothered. Besides, I already stay at Edward's most of the time, so it's not like I really need to have plates. That's what takeout and Chinette are for.

Edward, Emmett and Jasper help load all of my boxes into the pitifully small U-Haul truck I rent. Well, Edward actually rents it for me since I don't seem to have the foresight required to remember to order one ahead of time. I'm not sure what I thought I was going to do; maybe move all my stuff with my truck, even though I'm highly aware that it can barely make it anywhere with only the weight of my body in it, let alone the contents of my bedroom.

Alice and I are responsible for driving my truck to the apartment, although Edward requests that I stop to pick up a pizza on the way there. I do as I'm asked, grabbing a load of snacks to go with it since boys eat a lot. By the time Alice and I get there, all of the boxes are already unloaded, which isn't a surprise since I don't have all that much stuff to begin with.

What is more surprising is the fact that there is a brand new sofa and a huge flat screen TV set up in my living room. My kitchen also has stuff in it that I don't own. Clearly Edward has been lightening his bank account. Even though I want to be irritated that he's done this, considering I specifically asked him not to, I can't find it in my heart to rain on his parade because he looks so damn excited. I graciously accept his gifts and work on unpacking my bedroom with Alice. While we're doing that, Edward and the boys attempt to set up the bigger items, such as book shelves and other things that would take a long ass time for me put back together on my own.

Once the majority of the unpacking has been done, everyone but Edward takes off and leaves us to deal with the boxes which remain.

"My house is nicer than this," Edward mutters in disdain as he tries to shut the cupboard door for the sixth time after filling it with my old school plastic cups I have collected from McDonald's over the years. It doesn't close completely, though, popping back open each time.

"I think we've already established that, Edward. Just because you've never lived in a college grade hovel, doesn't mean I can't have the experience," I reply as I open a box I don't remember packing.

It's full of pots and pans still in their plastic wrapping and foam dividers, which, coincidentally, match the pots on the outside of the box.

"Seriously, Edward? I don't need thousand dollar pots." I glare at him.

I have no idea how much they cost; it's just a guess, but I know they can't have been cheap, which is what I would have purchased if given the opportunity.

"They were on sale," he mutters.

"That's what you've said about everything in this place that you picked up for me," I snap back.

I know I should be appreciative, but this is ridiculous. I'll be moving in with him soon enough, so all this expensive stuff he's bought me is just going to go to waste anyway. I tell him this without thinking about what I'm divulging, and he beams at me. Damn it, so much for allowing him to coerce me.

"So you want to live with me?" Edward asks.

"You have an air hockey table, what kind of fool would I be to pass that up?" I snark at him as I try to wriggle my way out of his arms when he pulls me into them.

"I'm hurt, Bella. To think you only want me for my game room . . ." he says with a mock pout and trails his lips along my neck.

"Not the whole game room," I clarify, "Just the air hockey table."

I wrap my arms around his waist and let my hands migrate south to his ass. God, his ass is fantastic. I wish he would wear a Speedo at some point even though I hate them more than any other swimwear in the world; it would still look hot on his ass. Also, the fact that his junk would be on display—or at least the outline—is yet another bonus. The articles that would be printed, and the paparazzi pictures that would be taken if I were able to get him in a public place with it on, would be amazing material for my 'Beaver Button' folder.

"Forget unpacking, you admit you want to live with me. Why not just move in now?" Edward pulls on my ponytail and gives me that damn look that makes my beaver contemplate devouring my panties to get to his monster cock.

"Because, Edward, I want to do this on my own for a while. We've been through this. I need to live by myself; I need time to be independent. When I move in with you, it's not like I'm going to be a substantial financial contributor. I want to suffer for a while so I can get all excited about being taken care of," I rationalize with his highly egotistical male side.

While it doesn't happen very often, sometimes Edward can be a total dude; take his obsession with my boobs for example. And his need to be the 'provider.'

"Fine, but don't get all snarky with me because I can afford to buy you nice things. When you move into my place, I'll relegate them to my cottage. I need new furniture up there anyway." Edward smiles angelically at me and kisses the end of my nose. Damn him and his wily ways.

We spend a couple more hours unpacking, after which I get restless and take a shower, telling him I need some private time. It's true; I need to shave my beaver, seeing as it's been two weeks since the last time I waxed, and there's already new growth. I have no idea how I'm going to be able to afford to rip out my poon hair by a professional now that I have to pay rent. I hate shaving; it makes my beaver appear as though it has a five o'clock shadow all the time.

When I exit the shower, I feel much better and far less hairy. I ask Edward if he wants to take one of his own. He takes me up on the offer and grabs one of my brand new, courtesy-of-Edward towels from the linen closet. I scowl at the plush, lovely fabric and ogle his fine ass at the same time. I am definitely a multitasker.

While Edward showers, I decide to order in some dinner. I have no phone book, and I can't seem to find my laptop, but Edward's is available so I pull it out of the carrying case and set it up on my brand new dining room table-again, courtesy-of-Edward-hoping I can score Internet access off one of my neighbours. It only takes a minute to hack someone else's connection before I am looking at Edward's email, since he's left that browser open. He has a ridiculous number of them which are currently unanswered. Even though I am curious, I don't bother to invade his privacy. . . much.

I minimize the open screens to get to his desktop. What I *do* notice is the number of folders he has on his desktop. He has folders for everything; it's crazy. I see one called Beaver, and I wonder if it has something to do with Canada, and roll my eyes at myself. I don't know what allows me to rationalize looking in the folder because I'm certain it has nothing to do with his country of origin and everything to do with porn. I check over my shoulder. For what purpose, I'm not entirely certain as I can hear the water running in the bathroom, and there is no one else in the apartment. Maybe I'm awaiting the arrival of the folder-hacking fairy, who knows? She hasn't showed up at this point, so I click on the folder like the nosy, pseudo-hacker I am.

There are dated folders inside the main folder. The first one I click on has recent pictures of Edward and me. We are making out in a public place like the hookers we are. I smile before I realize his mother has probably seen those pictures.

The next folder is called "Beaver Sleuth." I snort because it's clearly hilarious, and I want to know where Edward came up with it. I feel better knowing that he, too, has a porn folder of us, thanks to the media whore attention our relationship has garnered up to this point.

I go ahead and click on the "Beaver Sleuth" folder and wait while it opens. I gasp when I see pictures of myself from a couple of years back when Renee and Phil had just gotten married and wanted me and Emmett to bond on a family vacation. Of course, Emmett found several douche-whores to hang out with the entire time. It was quite the experience. But that is neither here nor there. What I want to know is how the hell did Edward manage to get copies of these pictures?

As I continue to browse the pictures, I come across one where my nipple is actually peeking out of my bikini top. I am mortified, mostly because Emmett caught me like that, but also because Edward has seen it. Not that he hasn't seen my nipples up close and personal many, many times, but I want to know why he feels the need to have old pictures of them peeking out for the world to see—from Emmett, no less—when he can have the real thing any time he wants.

I'm so engrossed in my internal musings and checking out my own partially exposed rack that I don't even hear Edward come up behind me. In fact, it isn't until his hard-on is pressed up against my back that I realize two things: a) I'm creeping on his computer, and b) I didn't put real clothes on after my shower unless you count barely-there shorts and a tiny tank top, with no bra.

"Watcha lookin' at?" he asks as his lips find my shoulder.

I don't know whether to be angry or not. My voice decides for me. "You tell me." I arch an eyebrow that he can't see.

"Oh, fuck," he mutters quietly as he takes in the photo filling up the screen.

The most interesting part is that his immediate reaction is to reach up and grab my boobs, as though he's trying to protect them, from what I have no clue, but he squeezes them gently nonetheless. Maybe he's just trying to distract me.

"It's not what it looks like," he says.

"Oh, really?" I ask as I try to turn around, but Edward keeps me pinned against the table by putting more weight against my back with his chest and his monster cock. "So this isn't a picture of me with my nipple showing that you somehow managed to get from Emmett? And I want to know what the hell he's still doing with pictures like these, and why in the world would he share them with you?" I grow increasingly hysterical as I gesture wildly to the screen before me.

It's a tiny bit disconcerting that he has these pictures and the only person I know who had, and evidently still has, access to them is Emmett. Even though he promised to get rid of them long ago and clearly didn't follow through. More worrisome still is the notion that he would willingly share them with my boyfriend. That's just . . . fucked up in a Hamlet's mother kind of way.

"He didn't share them with me," Edward immediately defends Emmett.

This means one of two things; Edward found them on the net somehow or Emmett really did share them with him and he's protecting his teammate and my step-brother for some unknown reason.

"You have three seconds to start explaining before I kick your ass." I stiffen in front of him and glare at his hands which are anxiously kneading my breasts. "And don't bother telling me I can't kick your ass because I know that. But I'll definitely give the monster cock a smack because I'm pretty sure he's the mastermind behind all of this . . . this . . . boob porn," I finish as I wave at the computer screen and then yank Edward's hands off my chest.

"Okay, okay." Edward raises his palms in the air in submission.

I push my ass out against his still-hard monster cock; my boyfriend is such a pervert. "Back up," I order.

Edward immediately complies by taking a quick step backward. I spin around and cross my arms over my girls. This is so I look like I'm angry, which I am, and also to cover up my awesome rack so he's not distracted as he tries to explain why he's got boob porn on his computer of me from well before we met each other. I suddenly wonder if he's been harbouring a secret crush on me for years, which I think is mildly endearing and definitely super creepy at the same time. I allow myself to mull this over for a moment while Edward collects himself. He looks like he's in a state of sheer panic.

"Remember when we first had sex?" he begins.

"Don't try and distract me with sex!" I jab a finger into his solid chest.

"I'm not, I'm not," he replies quickly. "But you do remember right? The first time and the second?" He smirks for a split second before he schools his expression as I tighten my arms around my boobs and inadvertently create cleavage for him to ogle.

"Yes, of course I remember." I nod curtly as I try desperately not to envision that night and how awesome it was. God, it was fucking amazing, which is why we are currently standing here. That, and the fact that we love each other.

"Do you also remember how you took off without telling me you were leaving and didn't call me back after I left you messages?" he asks with what can only be an accusatory tone. Dear God, we weren't going here again were we? For a famous guy, Edward has a pretty soft ego.

"I told you why I didn't bother calling you back . . ." I hold up my hands in supplication. His gaze drops from my face and I am forced to cross my arms over my chest again.

Edward nods at my obscured boobs before looking back up at me. "Now don't get mad at me," he says as a precursor. This isn't going to be good, I can tell already. "So I was getting desperate to talk to you. I mean, you just left and I didn't know what to do. I thought maybe I'd done something wrong. I wanted to see you again. I was . . . I don't know . . . I couldn't stop thinking about you. You were on my mind constantly," Edward admits sheepishly.

We've never talked about what happened after that first time we met and fucked the hell out of each other. "Really?" I ask and cock my head to the side.

"Yeah, really. There you were, this incredibly sexy, intelligent woman who didn't care about hockey and you liked the fact that I was smart. How could I not be taken with you? So when you didn't call me back, I resorted to," he bites his lip and looks down, "hacking into Emmett's email to find your email address."

"You hacked into Emmett's email?" I ask incredulously.

"Yeah." Edward nods.

"That's illegal," I state the obvious.

"I know. You're not going to tell him, are you?" Edward's eyes are as wide as saucers.

"Uh, I don't think so," I say as if I'm not quite decided. I wave a hand at him, motioning for him to continue so I can formulate an opinion on his felonious actions.

"So, I ran across an email to you, and when I opened it up, there were all these pictures of you in a bikini. I couldn't help myself. They were there and just begging to be saved in a folder. I didn't know if I was going to see you again, or if you *wanted* to see me again, and God, Bella, I really wanted to see you again. You told me you loved my cock, how could I not want to see you again after that?" Edward gets a wistful, faraway look on his face before he continues, "So when I saw the picture with your nipple peeking out, I thought to myself, 'Self, I've already seen these nipples up close and personal. I've had them in my mouth, and I know how they taste. Is it really that wrong for me to have a picture of one of them playing peekaboo to look at while I whack off occasionally?'"

Edward stops rambling for a moment to see how I'm taking his truth vomit.

"You whack off to the pictures in this folder?" I ask quietly, thumbing behind me at the computer. I know I should be angry, mortified, maybe slightly concerned about how stalkerish Edward was at the beginning of our relationship, but my beaver is already very, very interested in the visual image of Edward stroking his monster cock.

Edward, like the massive horny, pervert he is, must sense my sudden arousal because he takes a slow step toward me as he nods. "Did you want to see my favourite ones?"

"Okay?" I ask like it's a question.

I look down as Edward adjusts himself through his towel. As soon as he's close enough, he leans down and brushes his lips against mine. "I'm really sorry I have those pictures of you, but only the ones from Emmett. The rest of them I'm not sorry about at all. They got me through all the weeks when I was away and I couldn't see you or touch you or be inside of you," he murmurs.

He's a crafty devil. I would like to formulate a response, but I'm too busy fucking his mouth with my tongue. We kiss like that for a few minutes, with Edward's very obvious hard-on pressed against my stomach.

"If you want, I can hack back into Emmett's account and delete that email," he offers as he kisses my neck and gently turns me around to face the computer again.

"That sounds good." I nod, trying to hold back the moan as he pressed himself firmly against my back and then gyrates into me as he reaches around and clicks the cursor. He opens the Beaver folder and scrolls down until he reaches the folder entitled 'JACK.' I laugh because I get why it's called that. I'm definitely going to set up a 'JILL' folder on my own laptop now to match his.

I can completely understand why this folder is labeled as such. Edward has a ridiculous number of pictures of my cleavage in this folder, and much of it looks like it's come from his cell phone camera. I wonder how often he snaps photos of me when I'm not looking. There are also pictures of me in a t-shirt with the CULLEN'S ASS panties on. I remember that particular occasion very well. Edward

wouldn't let me put pants on to watch the movie he had picked out. It wasn't really an issue since I lost the underwear ten minutes into the flick. Apparently, he had snapped a pic while I was bending over to get something just before they disappeared.

"I have a pretty nice ass," I comment.

"Oh, it's better than nice," Edward agrees with me and nestles his dick against my lower back. I can feel part of his shaft pressed against my ass cheeks. His hands migrate from my waist to my hips and his thumbs find their way beneath the waistband of my shorts and begin sliding back and forth along my low back and the top of my ass.

"It's still a 'no go' zone," I warn him.

"Oh, I know that, baby. Your ass is far too nice to violate with this," Edward murmurs seductively in my ear as he presses his monster cock against the top of said ass.

I moan because, God, that sounds so damn dirty, and for a moment I entertain the idea that maybe we could . . . no way. That's never going to happen. Ever. That thing does damage to my cooter if I'm not prepped enough-which has only happened once-I can't begin to fathom the kind of trauma that would be caused if he tried to get it into my 'area 51.'

I hear the soft sound of Edward's towel hitting the floor, and my entire body flames with heat because he's naked behind me. We are so going to do it in my new kitchen, possibly on top of my new dining room table. Awesome.

"I think these need to come off," he says in that same soft, seductive voice.

It's different, somehow, from the way he usually is when we're getting it on. I can't seem to put my finger on it, though. He's always very cautious and courteous, even when he's aggressive, which seems contradictory but isn't really when Edward is involved. I'm sure it will come to me eventually, in the meantime I'm going to enjoy some kitchen lovin.'

I press my palms flat against the table and lean forward, pushing my ass out toward him as he pulls my shorts down over my hips. His monster cock slides along my 'access denied' crack, and I stiffen while he chuckles.

"Relax, baby." He kisses my neck before he lowers my shorts the rest of the way and discards them somewhere on the floor.

As soon as the lower half of my body is unclothed, Edward slides his palms along my sides and pushes my tank top up and over my head. He cups my boobs in his hands and grinds his very hard, very hot dick against my lower back and ass.

"This is going to be fucking awesome," he mutters.

"Oh, God," I moan as his kisses and nips at my shoulder.

He releases my boobs so he can push the laptop further back on the table. I'm assuming this is to give us more room. As soon as the laptop is out of the way, he gently pushes my body forward and runs one hand down the centre of my back while he holds my hip with the other. He shifts and nestles his dick between my ass cheeks.

"Edward," I warn him, but I'm also moaning, so I know I'm hardly convincing him that I don't want any part of his games.

He backs away from my body so that the monster cock is no longer making contact. I think I would rather have him close to the 'no go' zone than not pressed up against me at all. He slides his hands up and down the outside of my thighs and murmurs some vague sound of approval at what he sees.

"What are you doing?" I ask as I crane my neck to look at him over my shoulder.

"Admiring your body and thinking about how exactly I want to have you," he says quietly.

"Oh," I whisper back. "Well then, have at it." I lift a hand and motion toward my backside.

I feel Edward's fingers curl around the front of my knee before he lifts my leg up and out to the side. I have no idea what the hell he's doing, and my first reaction is to resist. "Baby, you really need to relax so I can take care of you," he says softly as he rubs my ass cheek with his free hand.

I give in and lean forward onto the table, resting my cheek against the surface and let my body go mostly limp. "That's much better," he voices his approval. He continues to raise my leg until my knee is resting on the table as well. Oh, now I get it. I'm positioned as though I'm about to climb up onto the table, and the angle I'm at should be conducive for excellent penetration and a fantastic view of my beaver for Edward. He's all about the visual stimulation tonight, apparently.

"You are so hot. God, Bella, do you know how long I've been fantasizing about something like this?" Edward asks. I'm almost positive it's a rhetorical question, so I just moan. "Except I thought it would be my kitchen island, but this is just as good. Besides, we can definitely do it again at my place, in my kitchen, maybe when you finally move in."

A moment later, I feel his lips on my right ass cheek before I feel his tongue running along my slit. I'm shocked for all of a second before I succumb to the sensation of his mouth on me, and then his tongue is pushing into me and he's groaning and I'm whore-moaning up a storm.

"I love the way you taste," Edward mumbles into my beaver. Amen to that.

"Edward, please," I beg. I'm not specific, though, because all I want is to cum, so I don't really care how he gets me there.

"Please what? Is this good? Do you like this?" he asks as his thumb brushes over my clit followed by his tongue, and I jerk against the table.

"Mmm," I moan semi-coherently. "I want to cum, Edward."

"I bet you do," he murmurs as his fingers finally find their way inside me.

It doesn't take long before I am spasming around them, muttering profanities and telling him how much I love his fingers and his mouth.

I push up on my arms weakly and try and snake my hand beneath my body, blindly groping for the monster cock so he can find his one true home, inside my beaver den. At the same time, I look over my shoulder, but it's really awkward.

"Is this what you're looking for?" Edward asks as his dick thwacks me on the left ass cheek.

I gasp-moan and nod. I can't believe Edward cock-spanked me. He leans forward, pressing his chest against my back. His kisses my cheek-the one on my face -and brushes the hair out of the way before he whispers that he loves me in my ear. Then he runs the head of his cock between my ass cheeks and past the 'no go' zone before he pushes his way inside me. We both groan in satisfaction as he fills me. He moves inside me slowly, knowing that this kind of position takes a little more getting used to for me since he can go so much deeper. It's unbelievably intense.

"I really like this table," I tell him breathlessly.

"Me, too. I especially like eating you on it. Next time I want your thighs wrapped around my head while I have you for dessert," he pants into my ear.

"I like that idea." I chuckle and moan as he hits *that spot* with each thrust.

He pushes away from me, his chest no longer against my back. His hands are on my hips as he pulls out slowly and thrusts forward even slower. I try to push back against him, but he's holding me firmly in place so I can't move at the pace I want.

"Is this good? Is this what you want?" Edward asks.

It occurs to me that while he is asking because he truly is a courteous lover, it's also because he wants to hear me say dirty things while we're having sex. I also think it might be an ego thing, but I can't be sure. I'll have to test that theory at a later date. Edward already knows that I want him to go faster, and possibly harder once the faster has been established, but he wants to hear me say it. What a dirty fucker, literally.

"I want more," I moan, because I do. I want more speed, more friction, more orgasms.

"Like this, baby?" he asks as he speeds up ever so slightly and pumps into me harder, but it's still not enough.

I shake my head in frustration because he's still holding my hips in place. I push up on my arms, arching my back.

"Oh, fuck, that's just . . ." Edward groans and then he really starts fucking the living hell right out of me on my new table.

Damn right, 'that's just.' As soon as I push up on my arms, he hits that spot inside me that makes me see stars and bunnies and the porno moans issue forth.

"Holy God," I exhale, grabbing onto the edge of the table as he pounds into me. He's like a jack rabbit. I cum insanely hard, falling forward onto the table, gripping the edges for dear life because he's not even close to finished from what I can tell.

He slows down, though, allowing me to come down from the orgasm roller coaster I seem to be on. Less than a minute later I feel another one approaching.

"Oh, Christ, Edward I'm going to cum again," I warn him.

"I'm almost there, wait for me, baby," he asks. Well, actually, it sounds more like a demand.

Wait, what? He wants me to wait for him? How the hell do I do that? I squeeze the beaver, hoping that's going to stop my orgasm from coming faster than it already is. I don't have much hope that I'm going to be able to hold out for much longer, not that I know how to hold out in the first place.

"Edward, I can't . . ." I start to say but my words catch in my throat as I feel something . . . possibly his fingers on either side of my entrance where he's pumping in and out of me. And then there is a finger perilously close to my backdoor.

"Edward," I moan in warning, but, goddamnit, as soon as his finger comes in contact with my 'no go' zone, I push my ass toward him. What the hell? That's definitely not supposed to happen. Edward takes this as a sign of approval and suddenly I feel pressure and then, oh, my GOD, I am cumming so hard everything goes white and I think I might be going blind.

"Jesus, God in heaven," I cry out as I shudder and clench around him. He's got a finger in my bum, that bastard.

"That is so hot," Edward grinds out as he thrusts into me, over and over and over again. I realize he hasn't even cum yet, and worse, I think if he keeps it up, I'm going to cum *again*. And I do, just as he finally, finally pushes into me one last time and stills, grunting his release.

Once we both catch our breath and all of his body parts are no long invading mine, I wobble around on unsteady legs and try and get angry at him for doing what he just did. "You . . . no access . . . not allowed, and you . . ." I mumble shaking an unsteady finger at him.

"You didn't like it?" Edward catches me in his arms and sits me down on the table, looking concerned.

"That's not the point!" I exclaim, because yeah, I liked it, but I specifically told him that wasn't a place he could be putting his parts.

"So you did like it." He smirks at me.

"I hate you." I smack his chest weakly.

"You love me." He smiles and wraps me in his arms.

"Whatever," I mutter, irritated that I liked what he just did to my bum.

"I won't do it again if you don't want me to. I just thought I'd try . . . I don't expect to ever get anything in there other than a finger or maybe two," he assures me.

"Okay," I reply.

"Okay, you don't want me to do it again?" he asks for clarification as he strokes my back.

"Okay, as long as it's just a finger or two," I mumble back.

Damn him.

OoO

Two weeks after I move in, a new tenant arrives. Marcus is a rocker dude who thinks he's awesome and apparently has a big old crush on nerdy little me. It's just my luck that he moves in next door to me, and he's loud as hell, playing death metal at all hours of the night. I try not to be too pissed about it, but it makes it hard to study. I'm not used to all the noise. He also drops by every day to ask if I want to hang out. It's annoying and he has terrible body odour. What is it with guys who hit on me being smelly? At first I feel bad for constantly shutting him down, but after a while his persistence begins to grate on me.

I don't tell Edward about him hitting on me for the first little while because I don't want to give him more ammunition as to why I should move in with him. I'm not ready for that. I don't think. At least not yet. When I do tell him my theory is proven accurate because he immediately finds several reasons why I should stay at his place more often than the three or four days I week I already sleep there.

One evening Edward comes over to slum it with me in my apartment and watch fuzzy TV because I refuse to spend money on cable. Marcus is home and playing Megadeath or something. I can sing along if I want to since I know all the words even if I'm uncertain of the name of the band.

"What the hell is wrong with that guy?" Edward glares at the wall separating us from the barely muffled sound.

"Maybe he has a hearing impairment," I offer.

Marcus' hearing is fine; I think he plays it at this volume to cover up the fact that he's whacking off all the time. He seems like that kind of guy; one who would stroke it repeatedly and need a loud soundtrack to cover up the sounds of his passion.

"How long does this go on for?" Edward settles himself back into the couch aggressively. Then he moves around as though the couch is uncomfortable, which is ridiculous because it's like sitting on a cloud.

I shrug. I don't want to tell him it's nearly constant.

"Bella?" He cocks his sexy eyebrow at me, his tone demanding a reply.

"It's not that bad," I mutter and look away.

"You're lying," he tells me. "I'm going to have a word with this guy."

Edward stands, ready to tell Marcus off. I can't let this happen. If Edward sees Marcus and Marcus looks at me the way he usually does-like he wants to hump me-Edward is going to kick his stinky ass, and I'll get kicked out of my apartment for domestic disturbance or violence with a deadly weapon-Edward's fists.

"No, don't. Honestly, it's not that bad, I sort of like this kind of music," I lie.

"Why don't you want me to go over there?" Edward is too quick, too smart, too perceptive for his own good. In the past couple of months, he's figured out more about me than I ever expected him to. It's like he's reading my mind half the time.

"Um, uh . . ." I stammer, hardly convincing him that he shouldn't go over there. He's got his arms crossed over his chest and he's angry, which makes him look hot-well, hotter than usual.

"Is that guy still trying to get you to go out with him?" Edward asks incredulously.

"No," I lie again. I need to learn how to lie better.

"Oh, for fuck's sake." Edward's jaw clenches and he reaches for me, lifting me off the couch and dragging me over to the wall that connects Marcus's apartment to mine. He presses me up against it and pins me to it with his body.

"Edward, what are . . ." I begin to question what the hell he's doing until he grinds himself into me.

"We're gonna make a little noise of our own." Edward smirks suggestively, but his eyes are dark and possessive. Ooooh, angry, dark, possessive, sexy Edward is awesome. I think I like it.

"Oh." I feel the monster cock rising to the occasion. "Oh."

I'm naked in a flash; my clothes literally incinerate off my body thanks to Edward's smoldering gaze-not really, he's got nimble fingers though. He only bothers to lose his shirt and undo his pants before he lifts me up and lowers me onto him. From this position I can see his newest tattoo acquisition-which is a bunch of intricate symbols that aren't finished yet, according to Edward. I still have no idea what the hell they mean, but they are sexy as hell.

The sex is hard and loud, which is the point.

It's hard and loud, which is the point. Edward slams his hands against the wall several times, and at one point, the music stops completely-right in the middle of one of my epic whore-moans where I tell Edward I love his cock.

Then the music comes back on, louder than before. Fortunately this pisses Edward off even more, which means I get to have several stellar orgasms since he's channelling his anger into my pleasure and being loud as hell about it.

When he finally cums, he cracks the drywall when he slams his hand against it, or maybe it's his fist, I'm not sure but he leaves a hole in it.

I can't stand up on my own after he sets me down. At first, he's worried that he's hurt me-which he hasn't-but when he realizes he's fucked me until I can't walk, he gets all cocky. He decides he's hungry and that we need to go out for a snack. I'm too post-orgasm dumb to argue, so I just pull my clothes back on and try to figure out how to use my legs again.

I try to be quiet as we pass Marcus's door, but Edward has other ideas. He knocks hard enough to make the light above us rattle. It takes a minute before Marcus comes to the door. His eyes flicker over to me and then away. I watch as his face goes beet red, and I almost feel bad for him.

Edward's nose wrinkles as he takes in the odour that emanates from Marcus' pores. He keeps one arm wrapped protectively around me as he gives Marcus a far-from-friendly smile. "Hey buddy, Bella's too polite to ask you this, but you mind keeping your music down a little in the future? It makes it hard for her to study, or think, or function." Edward stressed in the 'funk' in function, making it sound like fuck-shun.

Marcus stares at Edward for longer than is appropriate; he even looks down at Edward's jean covered junk and then over at me.

"Oh, yeah, yeah, sure." Marcus bobble heads at us.

"Thanks, man." Edward palms my ass as he guides me down the hallway, away from a very distraught and mortified Marcus.

Two horrifyingly embarrassing weeks after the wall fucking fiasco, after which Marcus completely avoids me, and several of my neighbours give me knowing winks, the pipes in my kitchen burst and my apartment floods while I'm at school. The landlord tells me it's going to take over a week to fix it. Edward comes over and tells him it's not acceptable for me to be without water for a week. Apparently my landlord does not care that Edward is a famous hockey player. As a credit to Edward, he definitely doesn't try and use his fame to get anything out of the guy.

Unfortunately my landlord's 'not-my-problem' attitude pisses Edward off. After a yelling match where Edward nearly threatens to kick his ass, it's decided that I'm going to move out of 'this shithole of an apartment' and into his house.

After I hastily throw a bunch of stuff into an overnight bag and we are on the way to Edward's place, he is finally calm enough to have a reasonable conversation. I have learned that Edward has quite the temper, but 99.9% of the time, it only comes out on the ice. Most of the time it's funny, some of the time it's hot, and on rare occasions it's mildly unnerving-in those cases it's often because he's made someone bleed. This time I find it hot.

"You don't have to move in with me," Edward says and reaches over to take my hand.

"I know." I nod. I'm well aware I don't have to do anything I don't want to.

"But I'd rather you don't live there. We can find you a new apartment," he continues.

"That won't be necessary," I tell him.

"It's totally necessary! Your landlord is an asshole, and your next door neighbour humps your adjoining wall while you sleep," Edward says irritably.

"No, Edward, I mean it won't be necessary because I'd like to move in with you, if you want me to," I clarify for him.

He glances over at me, checking to see if I'm serious. He pulls into his driveway and parks the car in the garage.

"Seriously?" he asks, looking uncertain.

I nod and bite my lip because he's so damn cute when he's being insecure. We are quite the pair.

"I've had enough of the independent living bullshit. I know what I want and that's to be with you as much as humanly possible," I say softly.

The off season is coming to an end, so Edward will have to start hardcore training again soon and then he'll be on the road for weeks at a time. I want to stock up on time with him, and the easiest way to accomplish this is to live with him. Besides, I love him; he's where I want to be.

"Yeah?" A grin spreads across his face.

"Yeah." I mirror his smile.

"That means I get to wake up to your boobs every morning," he whispers, his eyes lit up with abject glee and desire.

"Yes, Edward, that's exactly right."

"I'm totally getting them another Victoria's Secret gift certificate to celebrate," he tells me as he leans over, cupping my boobs in his hands while he kisses me.

Moving in with Edward is going to be awesome.

OoO

Epilogue: The Monster Cock is Bella's Superhero and He Always Gets the Job Done

OoO~!~Edward~!~OoO

"Bella, baby, are you ready to go yet? We need to be at the airport in a couple of hours." I peer into the bedroom. She's nowhere to be found. I could have sworn she said she was getting her bags together.

"Bella?" I call out again. I'm met with more silence. This is strange, because where there's Bella, there is rarely silence. Where the hell is she?

"Whatcha doin'?" Bella scares the crap out of me as she comes out of the guest bedroom which also functions as her 'private space.'

"Jesus," I gasp and try to compose myself so I don't look like an ass in front of my live-in-girlfriend. Not that I don't do that on the regular anyway. "I was looking for you. Are you ready to roll?" I ask as I take in her outfit.

She's definitely not ready to go. She's wearing booty shorts and a tank top *with no bra*. Bella's not wearing a bra and we really, really need to leave in the next fifteen minutes so we can make it to the plane on time. But she's not wearing a bra.

She looks from my face to her chest and covers herself with one of the books she's holding in her hands. It's not enough, in fact it barely covers one of her boobs. She raises the other hand, which is also coveting a book, to shield her other straining, erect nipple from my greedy eyes, but the damage is done. I've already seen them; the image is burned in my mind and the monster in my pants has awakened.

"See what you've done." I motion to the front of my pants and glare at her book shielded boobs.

"I'm sure we have time to sort that out," she replies seductively and rubs the books over her boobs as she lowers them, exposing her braless, visible nipples. I do adore it when they greet me this way.

Oh, Lord, that's so hot; Bella rubbing books on her boobs. I may need to have her do that while we have sex. I begin to visualize this: having sex all over a pile of books. Maybe they should be old magazines I'm about to throw out since I don't actually want to ruin my books, and that's a distinct possibility if we have sex on them. We could surround ourselves with books rather than lay on them and she can use a couple of my less favorite ones to rub on her boobs. That seems like a better plan.

Of course, this causes me to recall the time where Bella and I reenacted that library movie scene; that was unbelievably erotic. I think it was a little awkward for Bella-having sex on the ladder in the library-but it was totally worth it, and I'd do it again in a heartbeat.

Apparently my dick is all for following through with my thought processes because he's trying to strong arm his way out of my pants and get to Bella's boobs and possibly between her thighs, since that's his favourite place to hang out.

"We don't have time, Bella," I whine.

I'm embarrassed beyond belief that I actually sound like a child who isn't getting his way. In many ways, this is the truth, but still, I'm a grown man. I should be able to control myself to some degree- or at least control what's hiding none too covertly in my pants.

"That's okay," Bella simpers at me as she sways her way over and rubs her boobs on my chest. I can feel her nipples through the thin fabric of both of our shirts, and it is not doing anything to help curb the swelling in my pants. "I can solve your problem on the way to the airport, as long as you can multi-task."

I stare at her, trying to think through the lust-induced haze that has currently Pacman'd its way through my brain. I'm almost positive I heard an allusion to road head in that statement.

"What do you need me to do to help you get ready?" I ask her as my hands migrate to her chest of their own accord.

"I guess you could hold my boobs for me," she snarks, glancing down at my hands and raising her eyebrow at me.

"Consider it done." I smirk and knead them because I can.

Of course this leads to moans from Bella and then kissing, and of course there is some over the clothes cock-to-beaver friction before my phone alarm goes off, signaling that we have five minutes to get in the car and go. We pry ourselves off each other and load up the rest of the vehicle. I surreptitiously check my bag one last time to make sure the Tiffany's box is still in the front pocket.

I don't even give Bella the chance to change before we leave, forcing her to bring her outfit along, citing that she can get dressed on the way. This means I'll get to see her boobs in the car.

Once we're on the road, Bella fiddles with the radio and then unbuckles her seat belt and follows through with her problem solving strategy. I also love the fact that Bella is nice enough to put her hair in a ponytail so that I can see what she's doing while she's doing it.

I recline the seat back slightly to give her more room to do her thing. I'm going to admit that it's rather difficult to concentrate on driving while Bella's lips are wrapped around my dick, but I can work on getting better at that if she decides she wants to do it again. The nice part about having to split my focus between the road and what's she's doing below my waist is that I definitely last longer than I would have had she given me a blow job right after rubbing those books on her boobs.

I cradle the back of her head in my hand as she slides her mouth up and down, up and down. It's not until I'm groaning and cumming that I realize she's had "Sex on Fire" on a loop the entire time she's had her head in my lap. I also realize that I'm going almost a hundred miles an hour.

We get to the airport in record time, and I'm lucky enough to evade getting caught for speeding and indecent exposure.

Bella takes her hair down and checks her reflection in the mirror, passing her fingers over her swollen lips. She pops a stick of gum into her mouth and winks at me before she gets out of the car. Fortunately we don't have to go through all the bullshit of customs and checking in because we're at a small, local airport where personal planes fly out of, rather than commercial jets. I don't make it a habit of telling people I have my own plane or that I have a pilot's license. It's pretentious, and it makes me look like a douche, so I keep it on the DL. I took flying lessons as a kid since my father had

a thing for flying. It was something we did together a lot, before the figure skating and hockey practices took up the majority of my time.

"So this is your plane?" Bella asks, giving me a sidelong glance as she inventories the plane and then me, like she's trying to reconcile how the two fit together.

"Uh, yeah." I nod my head, feeling stupidly self-conscious. I don't know why I feel like this since Bella doesn't give a shit about this stuff.

"Right on." She nods and starts pulling her bags out of the car.

I love her even more for her lack of reaction.

Once we're in the air, Bella starts asking more questions about our specific destination. She knows that I have a cottage, although I haven't shown her pictures of it because I want it to be a surprise. She also knows it's in Canada.

"Where, exactly, are we going again?" Bella asks.

"We're going to the Muskoka's* ," I tell her, smiling as she bites her lip and cocks her head to the side.

"And that's in Canada," she confirms what she already knows.

"It's about two hours north of Toronto, give or take a half hour of driving." I nod.

"And we're going to Lake Muskoka, right?" She looks back out the window of the plane.

"Mm hmm." I nod again.

"Does every place in Canada have a weird ass name?"

Bella roots around in her bag for something and produces lip balm which she slathers on liberally, making her lips glisten. It reminds me of what they look like when she's just popped off my dick. Damn it. I need to settle down. I'm way too excited for this week for my own good.

"I don't know, they sound pretty normal to me, but then I grew up hearing them." I shrug.

"Is there indoor plumbing? I'm not going to have pee in a bush or one of those outhouse things am I?" Bella appears very concerned about the potential of using nature as her bathroom. "When I was a kid, my mother sent me to Girl Scout camp and I'd never been camping before. We had to use one of those outhouse things that smells like someone took a giant crap and tried to cover it up with floral spray and there were spiders in there!" Bella's voice rises an octave or two as she gets more and more worked up about this possibility.

"There's indoor plumbing, Bella, you don't need to worry about peeing on spiders." I laugh at her.

She grumbles something about it not being funny, but relaxes back into her seat and enjoys the rest of the flight with me. She's adorable when she takes in how beautiful the Canadian landscape is, first

passing over Toronto and then once we are beyond the cityscapes, it is all tree and rock and lake systems.

It only takes a couple of hours to fly to the Muskoka airport, and it's another hour or so to drive to my cottage. I pull into the driveway and park the vehicle before I turn to Bella and take in her expression. She's gawking, her mouth hanging open and her brow furrowed in what appears to be disbelief.

"Um, Edward this isn't a cottage," she tells me.

I laugh and grin. "What did you expect, a run down shack?"

"Um, well yeah, I guess." She nods. "This is a house, Edward. A really, really nice house on a lake. I think I expected a trailer and a tent or something."

"You like it?" I ask, awaiting her approval. I know it's a little excessive, but I only get to come here a few times a year, and I wanted something that would be comfortable and functional. I can definitely see myself retiring here when I can no longer play professional hockey.

"It's beautiful. Can we go inside?" she asks, her face lighting up with the prospect of discovering what my home-away-from-home looks like.

We grab our things and head inside. I've had neighbours stock the fridge for me with the essentials and open all the windows to air out the place as I haven't been here in a while, and I wanted it to be fresh and open for Bella when we arrived. I've promised to send them tickets to next season's Toronto games as a thank you for their help.

I show Bella around the place, taking her through all the rooms. The cottage is almost all windows across the front, giving me a fabulous view of the lake and the surrounding area.

The master bedroom is no exception, with an entire wall of windows facing the east. We can lay on the massive hammock I have set up on the walk-out deck and watch the sun set. I'm so fucking excited to have outdoor nature sex with Bella. I don't even care if she's loud and the neighbours hear. Well, maybe I do. If I was into that BDSM stuff she likes to read, I might try to gag her or something, but I'm not, so that's not going to happen. We'll just have to play the 'see how quiet we can be' game instead.

OoO

Bella falls in love with the 'cottage.' She also falls in love with my Seadoos, my kayaks, and my speed boat. Bella decides she wants to learn how to water ski which ends up being absolutely ridiculous because Bella, while coordinated in the bedroom, is not coordinated at all when it comes to any kind of sport. She even struggles with hiking.

My first inclination is to have our neighbour's kid, Seth, teach her while I drive the boat. The kid is semi-pro, so he's an awesome skier and knows what he's doing. What I don't consider is that Seth is nineteen and Bella is really fucking hot in her bikini-her Blackhawks bikini, I might add. I can almost

deal with the fact he's checking out my woman's boobs as much as I am, but what I can't deal with is the fact that he's sporting wood and trying to hide it.

Seth's father, Harry, drives the boat while Seth ogles Bella, and I grab her ass under water as I teach her how to keep her ski tips parallel to each other. I make comments about her leg strength that are overtly sexual and completely fluster her. I have to give Bella credit; she really does try hard, but after falling six times, she gives up.

Later that afternoon, we kayak over to a natural whirlpool, and I show her my appreciation for her bathing suit by having hot 'natural whirlpool' sex. By the end of the day, we're exhausted from all the activity, the beer, the sex and the sun that we crash out on the couch and watch a movie.

I must pass out at some point because I have the best dream; Bella lets me have sex with her boobs while she's wearing her Blackhawks bikini. I open my eyes to the sound of giggling and then the flash of a camera. *What the hell?*

"Bella?" I blink blearily as I regain consciousness and slowly become coherent again. Bella's got her lower lip between her teeth, her lips curled up in what is definitely a devious smile. I narrow my eyes at her. "What are you up to?"

That question is rewarded with more snickering and a very cute but worrisome snort. "You're snuffie is a super hero," she bursts out into a fit of laughter.

I look down at my semi-hard cock. "What the fuck? Are those googly eyes?" I stare at my emasculated dick in shock.

Bella nods excitedly. I have no idea how I've managed to sleep through this; my dick is wearing a cape, it has googly eyes stuck to the head in such a way that the hole at the tip look like a mouth, and has she . . .

"Did you draw a mustache on my dick?" I ask incredulously.

"I did; I wanted him to be French," Bella pets my dressed up dick and then fixes the cape it's wearing, smoothing it out.

My dick is a French Superhero. That's fantastic. "French?" I ask as I try not to react to the fact that she's touching my dick at the moment because this is fucking weird.

I am curious as to why my dick is decidedly French, and I can't contain my desire to understand her convoluted logic. Bella has some very strange ideas about how things work in this world.

"Yeah, he's suave, you know, like a French dude? He's always romantic and says the sweetest things." Bella gives my dick an affectionate stroke and then leans over and kisses the tip of it-below the Super Dick's drawn on mustache.

"Um, Bella, my dick doesn't talk," I tell her, wondering if maybe I'm still asleep and this is simply a very strange dream.

However, the up and down motion of her hand on my cock makes it obvious that I am definitely awake.

She rolls her eyes at me. "I know he doesn't talk in real life, but he does in my dreams, and he has a French accent."

Of course, because dreaming about my dick as a Superhero isn't strange enough. No, he's got to have an accent.

"Once, I dreamt he was wearing a tuxedo and we went to prom," Bella tells me as she continues to rub him. "You know, kind of like Clark Kent and Superman? The prom penis even had glasses."

I'm losing focus. I'm still shocked because Bella has dressed my cock up, but her hand feels really nice, and she's leaning forward as though she's about to kiss him again. She does. This is so fucking bizarre. And suddenly it's starting to get really fucking painful.

"What the . . ." I sit up and groan as my shaft engorges with more blood thanks to Bella's dick pets. The cape is too tight and it's cutting off the circulation to the head of my Super Penis. "Bella, it's tied too tight," I tell her.

I start to panic. I'm only about three-quarters of the way hard and my dick isn't even close to finished swelling.

"What?" Bella looks at her hand, wrapped around my shaft under the little cape my cock is wearing.

"The cape, it's tied too tight! You need to get it off," I tell her, trying to push her hands away. Maybe if she stops touching me I won't get any harder and the throbbing pain won't get any worse.

"Oh! Oh God! I'm suffocating Super Cock!" She frantically tries to pull at the string she's tied into a little bow.

The grazing of her fingertips along the head of my cock does nothing to assuage the hard-on I'm sporting, and the cape gets even tighter. She gets the bow undone only to manage to tie it into a knot.

"Shit!" she exclaims, her tone of voice doing nothing to diminish the panic that is rising in me.

"Let me try." I push her hands away, hoping that if she's not touching me at all it will stop my dick from getting any harder than it already is. Of course, Bella has to stand up, and she's only wearing a tiny pair of shorts and a completely see-through tank top. And she's not wearing a damn bra again. Shit. I scream like a little girl as the pain in my dick intensifies.

"I'll get scissors!" Bella runs from the room, taking her pointy nipples with her.

"What?" I yell out after her, the images of a severed penis flashing through my mind, helping to ease some of the ache in my cock because it deflates marginally. The problem is, the blood that is already trapped above the neck of the cape is slow to drain and I'm still harder than I'd like to be.

Bella comes back into the room with a pair of huge scissors. So, of course, it's necessary for me to freak out since she wants to put them near my cock, and the idea of any sharp object close to my most prized possession in the world freaks me right the hell out.

"Edward, we have to get the cape off! I promise I'll be careful, but your snuffie is suffering," Bella says gently, motioning to the head of my cock and drawing my attention to the deep red, nearly purple hue it's starting to turn.

"So help me god, if you cut me, Bella . . ." I glare at her, not finishing the sentence. I am definitely not impressed right now. I'm ready to threaten her with a 'no orgasm' clause for the remainder of the trip if she hurts my dick any more than she has.

"I won't, I promise. Just let me get this off," she says, her voice shaking as her lower lip trembles. Oh, God, she looks like she's about to cry.

"Give me the scissors." I hold out my hand because the last thing I need is for her to start crying while she's cutting the cape off my Super Cock.

Bella hands them over, sinking to the floor as she wrings her hands in distress. I take a deep breath and think of Grandma Masen without her teeth in. That seems to help with the deflation enough that I can slip the scissors between my shaft and the string, snipping it so it's no longer cutting off the circulation to the head of my cock.

I flop back on the couch, heaving a huge sigh of relief as the blood flow equalizes in my dick and the ache fades.

"Edward?" Bella asks in a small, watery voice.

I don't open my eyes because I don't want to know if she's crying. If she is, I can't be mad at her anymore, and considering that I've just had a pair of scissors against my dick, I definitely want to be angry for a few minutes.

"Hmm?" I grunt.

"I guess that wasn't a very good idea," she mumbles in return.

I crack an eyelid open and look at her. "Ya think?" I snort derisively and then feel badly because she *is* crying.

"I'm sorry, I thought I tied it loosely enough," she says as she reaches up and plucks the small cape from my lap. "I even measured it against the circumference of my hand span." She demonstrates this by forming a circle with her forefinger and thumb, raising it to her face and looking through it.

My dick is still hanging out of my shorts and he's slowly deflating. I notice that there is something written, or embroidered rather, on the back of the cape. I grab it out of her hand and peer at the letters 'MC' created in such a way that they mimic the way Superman's 'S' is written on his cape. It's also blue and red.

"Where did you get this?" I ask, my curiosity once again getting the better of me.

"Um, I made it," Bella tells me, except it comes out sounding as though she isn't sure she wants to admit this. In fact she sounds quite embarrassed about it.

"Seriously? You made a cape for my dick?" I know I sound like I'm in total and utter disbelief at the moment, because I am.

Bella nods. "I thought it would be funny."

I continue to stare at her.

"I guess I was wrong." She looks down at her hands and then back at my cock, biting her lip.

"I guess so." I quirk an eyebrow at her.

"I could make it up to both of you," she says shyly and tentatively puts her hand on my thigh, about six inches away from my mostly-soft-starting-to-get-hard-again dick.

While I don't want Bella to think she has to perform sexual favours in order to redeem herself for almost causing permanent damage to my penis, my superhero cock definitely has other ideas. My dick swells as I imagine Bella's hand or mouth or boobs surrounding him. Bella smiles softly at me and runs her fingers gently up and down my shaft.

"Mouth or boobs?" she asks as she leans forward and gently peels the googly eyes off the head. Thank God she didn't glue them on.

"Both?" I ask, feeling selfish.

"Okay." Bella kisses the tip, looking me in the eye before she engulfs the head in her mouth. She pops off for a second. "But I want you to finish inside me, if that's alright with you."

"I guess I can do that," I acquiesce.

OoO

Once we've had sex, Bella makes a replica of my dick out of orange play-dough and dresses it up as a Superhero after she fixes the cape. She leaves it on the kitchen counter so we can look at it whenever we're eating. It's ridiculous.

Even after Bella dresses up my dick like a Super Hero, then creates a Playdoh replica of it which she uses as a centerpiece, I still want to be around her, so I know I definitely want to marry her. Which is why I've brought the ring I bought with me to the cottage. At first, I wasn't sure if I would ask her while we're here, but I packed it anyway, just in case. After the Superhero dick stunt, followed by the titfuck-blow job apology, not to mention how easily we mesh living together, I don't think I can wait much longer before I put a ring on her finger.

Tomorrow is our last day here, and then we have to go back home to reality and life. My plan is to cook her a special dinner and ask her to be my wife while we eat dessert on the dock. It better damn well not rain.

I take the ring out of my pocket and shove it in the nightstand drawer to keep it safe. We're going out in the boat, and the last thing I want is to lose it in the water, seeing as it cost a small fortune.

After several hours out on the lake, dock hopping with the neighbours, Bella and I return to the cottage.

"I need a nap." Bella stretches up on her tiptoes and yawns, exposing a sliver of bare stomach as she does so.

I gaze longingly at her skin. I can think of other things I'd like to do that also involve the bed. Under the pretense that I'm going to join her in sleeping, I follow her to the bedroom. She flops down on the mattress and groans as she writhes around. Apparently this is her way of getting comfortable. She pats the bed and invites me to lay down beside her, so I do. Bella snuggles into my side and rubs her beaver on my thigh.

"Are you sure you want to take a nap?" I ask her.

"Maybe." She snickers and rubs herself on my leg again.

"Maybe?" I quirk a brow at her.

"Come to think of it . . ." she trails off as she slides up and over, straddling my hips and pressing herself against my cock. "I might not be as tired as I thought." She smirks at me.

God is she ever sexy.

She leans over and presses her lips to mine as she shifts her body against me, starting a slow, sweet rhythm. The kissing deepens as my hands travel over her sides and her hips, ending up on her ass as I push her down harder onto me. We should really be naked.

Bella must be reading my mind, because suddenly she sits up and away from me, yanking her shirt off in one fluid motion before she reaches behind her and unties her bikini top, setting her boobs free.

"Oh God," I groan and reach up to brush my thumbs over her already tight nipples. I sit up and run my tongue over the puckered, soft skin and Bella rewards me with one of her sexy moans.

We continue like this for quite a while: me touching, groping, licking, sucking, biting as Bella grinds in my lap until she cums. As soon as she comes down from the high of her orgasm, she shudders and pushes me away. I flop back on the bed, waiting to see what's going to happen next. Bella rarely takes the reins in the bedroom, usually allowing me to lead, which is fine with me because I actually enjoy that kind of control. At the same time, I love it when she takes initiative; particularly in the form of her boobs or her mouth on my dick.

"I want you here first," she runs her fingertips along her lips, "then here," she lowers her voice to a sultry whisper as she drags her index finger down her throat and pauses between her breasts, biting her lip as she lowers her gaze. Oh Lord, I love this woman. "And of course here." She runs her palm along her stomach until she's cupping her pussy in her hand.

"That sounds fantastic." I nod excitedly as I grip her hips and try and restrain myself from flipping her over and getting things started.

Bella smiles proudly and leans over my body to the nightstand where the lube is. I've always had it for masturbation purposes, but considering the amount of tit fucking we do, I make sure I bring it everywhere we go, just in case. Plus, it's sexy as hell to watch her rub it onto her boobs. I love the way her boobs glisten in the muted light of the room when she lubes them up in preparation for sliding my dick between them.

We've drawn the blinds to make it easier to sleep, so it's fairly dark in the room already, causing her to fumble around in the drawer. She pulls something out that definitely does not resemble the lube we are looking for.

"Damn it," she says as she inspects it, "this isn't lube." She sits up, turning the package over in her hands. "What is this?"

It's at that very moment that I realize what it is: it's the engagement ring. I reach for it in panic because I'm not ready. Well, I'm ready, but I this isn't part of the plan. I don't intend to ask her to be my wife just before I'm about to fuck her tits and her mouth.

"It's nothing, give it to me," I order, reaching for it as she arches away from me.

This pushes her boobs toward my face, specifically my mouth, which is distracting.

"No way." She holds the box away from me. "Is it weed or something?"

"What? Why would I have weed?" I ask incredulously. I haven't smoked pot since I was in university.

"I don't know, because this is Canada and it's pretty much legal here, isn't it? Like Amsterdam," she reasons, holding the box behind her back.

"Yeah, not quite, Bella," I reply, trying to get a grip on her arm, but she slips away from me before I can get a solid hold on her. "Just give me the box," I demand.

"Why won't you tell me what's in it? Is it a sex toy? Are you planning to shove those weird balls into my beaver or something?" Her eyes light up with mischief.

"Weird balls?" I ask because I have no idea what she's talking about.

"Uh, never mind." She looks away, apparently embarrassed by what she's said, which makes me want to know what the fuck she's referring to.

She skitters off the bed and runs to the bathroom with the box before I can stop her.

"No!" I yell after her. "Don't open it, just give it to me and I'll show you what's inside!"

"I'm not going to fall for that," she says from inside the bathroom. I turn the knob, thankful she didn't think to lock it. Just as I push the door she flips open the box, finding the second, smaller box nestled inside. I watch her as she blinks in confusion.

"Edward?" She looks up at me, picking up the small, velvet covered box while the other one drops to the floor.

Oh, shit. I need to fix this, stat. I don't want this to be the way I propose to her, with the two of us standing stark naked in our bathroom-me sporting a semi.

"Just give me the box, Bella," I say softly, stalking toward her slowly.

With trembling hands she ignores me and flips it open. Damnit, why the hell can't she listen?

"Oh, my God!" She exhales slowly.

I guess we're doing this now. I drop to my knee in front of her, which gives me a fantastic view of the smooth cleft between her thighs. I look up, over the amazing swell of her boobs as I reach up and pry the box from her hand. This isn't even close to ideal, and all the careful planning I've done has gone to shit. I can't even remember the heartfelt speech I've planned out in advance, so I say the first thing that comes to mind.

"Isabella Marie Swan, I love you with everything that I am, will you marry me?"

"You have a semi." She points down at my dick.

This certainly isn't going the way I envisioned it in my head. "Um, I think that's beside the point." I clear my throat. It hasn't occurred to me that she might say no. I'm so screwed if she says no.

"Wait a second, did you just propose?" Bella appears flabbergasted.

I nod because my mouth is so dry I can't even form words.

"Edward we've barely been together for half a year." Bella bites her lip and stares at the ring that I'm still holding out to her. My hand is starting to shake from the anxiety. Is this how rejection feels? If so, it sucks.

"We can have a long engagement," I bargain. She blinks at me and her gaze moves down from my eyes to my waist. I'm still a little hard, which is miraculous considering that she hasn't said yes yet.

"I hate weddings," she says softly.

"We can get married up here by a justice of the peace, on the end of the dock at sunset. A damn Rastafarian can marry us if that's what you want. I don't give a shit about the wedding part, all I want is for you to be connected to me in the most important way possible. It can be just the two of us, and we can wait until next summer, or the one after that if a year isn't long enough for you," I tell her.

"Are you sure you want to marry me? I mean, I know I have a killer rack and all, but eventually those are going to sag," she says to me and cups them in her hands.

"Is that a yes?" I ask her, desperate to get up off the floor and hold her boobs myself.

"I can't imagine anyone else's dick between my boobs, or in my mouth for that matter," she says softly.

I'm trying to figure out if that means what I think it means. I stare at her for what seems like forever until she finally figures out that I'm still not sure what the verdict is.

"My boobs agree to marry you." A tiny smile graces Bella's lips.

"And the rest of you?" I ask, standing up so I can look down at her. This perspective of her boobs is equally lovely.

"Well, my whole existence is dictated by them, so yes, Edward, I'll marry you." Bella nods.

I exhale in relief. "That's good, that's great," I nod repeatedly, "I was worried there for a minute . . ." I murmur and take her hand in my shaky one, pulling her toward the bed so I can sit the fuck down before my knees give out. I'm feel like such a pussy right now.

I climb up on the bed, pulling Bella along with me. She settles herself on my lap, keeping her bare beaver far enough away from my semi that they aren't at risk of touching each other and ruining this moment. I let my gaze move from my dick up her body, pausing at her boobs, which I plan to worship soon in thanks for being the driving force behind her agreeing to marry me.

"I almost thought you were going to say no," I admit and lift the ring out of the box, slipping on her finger. "I promise to spend the rest of my life trying to making you and your boobs extremely happy."

"I'm sure between you and your super cock, that's not going to be an issue," Bella says softly and presses her naked body against mine, sliding along my dick as her eyes flicker between the ring and my face. "I love it, by the way."

"Yeah?" I ask, looking for reassurance that I made the right choice when I picked it out.

"Mmm, it's beautiful." She nods.

I hold her body against mine as I flip us over, taking her newly-ringed finger in my hand. I thread my fingers through hers and kiss the back of her hand before I raise it over her head and press it into the mattress. Her back arches, shoving her boobs out. I dip my head down and kiss her nipple softly, waiting for the moan I know is coming if I continue to tease her like this. She exhales shakily as I flick my tongue out.

"Mmm," she murmurs her approval. "I guess this means you're tying me down."

I pause, my entire body stiffening. Has she just asked me to . . . "What?" My head snaps up to meet her sleepy, needy gaze.

"You're tying me down," she says with a small smile on her lips.

"You want me to tie you down?" I ask incredulously. Jesus, well she has been reading a lot of that porn while we've been here, so I shouldn't really be all that surprised.

"What?" she asks, looking confused. "Oh, oh!" Her eyes widen in understanding, "No, I meant as in tying me down, making me your wife . . ." she trails off as she bites her lip looking like she's actually contemplating my misunderstanding, "But, if you wanted to tie me down, I wouldn't be opposed . . ."

"Seriously?" I blink at her, trying to imagine her being tied to the bed. I look at the frame behind her head, sizing it up.

"If you wanted to . . ." She leaves it open for me, wrapping her leg around my waist as she grinds into me. The warmth and the wet make my head fuzzy and my dick even harder than it was a moment ago.

"Um, we just got engaged. Don't you think that's a little . . . I don't know . . . unromantic?" I ask her, wondering how the hell we managed to go from getting engaged to contemplating light bondage in celebration. Because I seriously am.

"We don't have to. I just thought . . . maybe you would like it," Bella says softly, running her free hand up and down my arm. She squeezes my other hand, the one that is threaded through hers, partially restraining her. I guess tying her up really isn't much different than this, except my hands would be free to roam . . . but hers wouldn't and I don't like that idea.

"Maybe another time, I just want to love you," I tell her. "And I want your hands on me, is that okay?"

Bella cups my face in her palm and brings my lips to hers. "Of course it's okay, I love touching you and more than that, I love you."

"And I love you," I tell her, running my hand down her side as I grind into her as gently as possible.

I roll off her, laying beside her as my fingertips skim over the soft skin between her thighs. I circle her clit, loving the sounds of her moans as I break from her mouth and trail kisses over her throat and collarbone down to her chest. My fingers find their way inside her as I suck a nipple into my mouth and bite down gently.

Bella gasps and arches her back, her hips gyrating slowly against my hand. I know she's going to cum soon by the way her body begins to tighten. Her moans get louder as her hands go to my hair and she gasps as I suck harder and graze her nipple with my teeth again. I release her from my mouth, looking down at my fingers buried inside her as her mouth parts in a silent moan, her eyes connecting with mine. She reaches for me as her hips buck upward and her feet press into the mattress.

"Oh God," she moans as she wraps her hand around the back of my neck and pulls my mouth to hers. I kiss her hard as she rides out the first orgasm and I don't pause as I remove my fingers from her body and slip between her thighs again, pushing inside her.

We both groan in satisfaction as my hips meet hers. We keep kissing as I start to move in slow, even thrusts as she holds onto me. Our lips brush, tongues meeting with soft caresses. I bear my weight on one arm, tracing the soft line of her cheekbone with my fingertips as we make love. It's unhurried and reverent as Bella cums again and again, my mouth on her breasts, her neck, her lips until we are cumming together.

I hold onto her as I roll us over on our sides and Bella snuggles into me.

"I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you," I murmur into her hair.

"Mmm, me neither." Bella sighs and kisses my chest.

We lie there for what seems like ages, and I'm just drifting off to sleep when Bella's body shudders and a stifled giggle bursts from her mouth.

"What's so funny?" I ask groggily.

"Nothing." Bella giggles again.

I lean back and blink, raising an eyebrow at her, because clearly it's not nothing.

"I was just thinking about Super Monster Cock." She snickers.

I roll my eyes at her. "That's just because he's been making you feel fucking amazing for the past hour."

"You don't need to fish for compliments; the moaning should be enough," she snarks at me.

"Mmm." I tuck her back into my side as my dick starts to react to the memory of the sounds she makes when we're having sex.

"I was thinking . . ." She lets out a little snort-laugh as her body shudders again from repressing her laughter.

"You were thinking . . . well that can't be good.," I smirk into her hair.

Bella smacks my arm. "I think I'm going to make him a tuxedo." She snickers.

"You're going to make who a tuxedo?" I ask.

"And I'll make a veil for my beaver and they can have their own private ceremony . . ." she continues in a quiet voice that I have to strain to hear.

"What are you talking about?" I look at her in confusion.

"Your monster cock, I want to make him a tuxedo for our wedding." Bella's entire body is shaking at this point with pent up laughter.

I shake my head. "And this," I take her face between my hands and kiss her, "this is why I want to marry you, you crazy, crazy woman."

~ Fin ~

The Misapprehension Of Bella Swan s & Extra's

Outtake One - Playboy Interviews Edward Cullen

You would think a hockey player, someone who spends most of their life on ice, would be used to Chicago winters, but it seems as I wait for Edward Cullen - and get an explanation call from his agent - he hasn't quite mastered the cold/snow mix and is over an hour late for our interview. I wait patiently at Kuma's Corner, a Roscoe Village burger joint with a heavy metal vibe complete with blaring Metallica music and burgers named after hard rock themes, sipping my iced tea and going over my notes.

I decide to wait ten more minutes before giving up. It would be a shame though. I would be lying if I said I wasn't looking forward to interviewing Chicago Blackhawks' pretty boy, twenty-four year old Edward Cullen, and picking that interesting and all around provocative mind of his. As cliched as the game itself, Cullen lives and plays by the rules of hockey; you miss 100% of the shots you never take. He plays hard on the ice and it would seem from the paparazzi photos making the rounds these days, he's plays even harder off the ice.

Edward Cullen grew up in Guelph, Ontario, Canada with his sister Rosalie and parents, Carlisle and Esme Cullen. A virtual natural on the ice from the moment he put on his first skates at age three until now, he has been solidifying his place within the ranks of the greatest hockey players of all time. He breaks record after record, all the while maintaining fierce determination on the ice. Just how determined? Damn any man, woman or child that gets in his way during a game. Oddly enough, this mentality seems to be his motto in his private life as well. With his stunning good looks and suave demeanor, he attracts hordes of women wherever he goes and always has his pick of which one (or two or three...see why I wish he'd show up?) to spend time with.

I check the time on my phone, ten minutes have come and gone. I start to gather my things, but when the people at the tables surrounding me begin to whisper and point, I turn around to find

Cullen has made it after all. I wave him over and after an apologetic grin, he walks to our table. He's tall, quite tall actually, and holds quite a presence, not just with his height but with his entire self. His trademark copper colored hair is covered with snowflakes that he quickly brushes off, and even though it looks very strategically messy, I'd be willing to bet he'd claim the 'roll out bed' look. He smiles at me warmly, a grin full of perfectly straight, white teeth that no doubt are capped from losing a tooth here and there playing hockey.

It's hard to imagine as I sit across from him and exchange pleasantries that this is the same hardass Edward Cullen we see on the ice. He seems timid in his actions and words and I see very little evidence of the ferociousness and well, violence he exhibits while he plays. It's all orchestrated quite well to the untrained eye, but I've been interviewing this type of guy for too long not to figure out there is a hell of a lot more going on behind the quiet intent and panty-dropping green eyes. I may be a chick, but I'm also a journalist for Playboy magazine. I interview, chew up and spit out these suave fuckers for lunch. Less than ten minutes into meeting him, I had a pretty good idea what I was going to be dealing with.

Edward Cullen was an arrogant young man who was using his talents for hockey to grab the world by the balls and the ladies by their Chicago Blackhawks g-strings.

He orders a beer to drink and the Black Sabbath burger. When the server asks him if he wants onions on his burger, he says 'Yes,' but after brief contemplation changes his mind. I briefly consider why he changed his mind and chuckle to myself when I realize there is probably a lady waiting for him after the interview with me. Cullen takes notice of my reaction and shrugs his shoulders.

This seems like a golden opportunity.

Playboy: No onions, huh? Do you always have a last minute aversion to onions?

Edward: *Looks up at me from under his lashes and gives me a boyish grin.* Not in particular, no. I just prefer not to have shitty breath while I'm being interviewed by a particularly beautiful woman.

*Playboy: *After I was done snorting at his response, I figured he needed a careful reminder of my occupation.* "I appreciate that, but you do know who I work for and what I do for a living, correct? I work for Playboy. I write articles and do interviews with movie stars, athletes and celebrities of all kinds. I write for men. Men don't want to hear about you calling me beautiful. They want to hear about hockey and chicks and fighting and money. So, with that, how does it feel to be the highest paid athlete in all of the NHL?"*

Edward: *Blinks furiously* Um, well, I guess it feels pretty good. I have to work hard to stay at the top of my game, and making the kind of money I do puts me under scrutiny. I have to play harder, better, faster than everyone else to make what I earn justifiable. Most of the time that's not a problem for me, unless I fuck up, and then the shit hits the fan. Everyone wants me to fuck up, it's much more interesting than when I'm doing what I should be, which is scoring goals and fucking women into oblivion.

Playboy: Yes, the ladies. We'll get to talking about them shortly. So, the aggression and intensity we see on the ice is as much about the game as it is giving the middle finger to all the people who might doubt you?

Edward: I didn't mean it like that, is that how it sounded? Fuck. No, it's not about giving everyone who doubts me the middle finger, it's about showing the general public that I take my job seriously. I don't want to be that player every looks at and says 'why the fuck is he getting paid that much money?' My first priority is my team, always. I don't want to let them down by messing up. Does this make me an asshole on the ice? Maybe, probably, but I'd rather be an asshole who wins the game than the one that doesn't.

Playboy: Do you feel that way off the ice too? Don't want to let people down by messing up? How can you separate the two?

Edward: That's more than one question. Which one did you want me to answer first? Do I feel that way off the ice? Of course I don't want to let people down, off the ice it's a different story. The pressure is different, I guess. People are always watching, I don't want to fuck up, but I'm a human being and things get twisted around and misconstrued. How do I separate who I am on the ice from who I am off the ice? That's a tough question because those two worlds are heavily intertwined for me. I spend way too much fucking time with the guys I play with both on and off the ice, so it's hard for one not to influence the other.

Food arrives and he immediately bites into his large burger. He almost looked relieved to have a full mouth and get a little break from my questions.

Playboy: Sorry, I'll keep it to one question from now on. How's your burger?

Edward: *Chews extraordinarily slowly, once he swallows, he grins at me.* It's great, and yours?

*Playboy: **swallows** It's wonderful. I think it's the best I've ever had.*

Edward: ***Swallows his bite of burger and chokes, coughing so hard that he actually begins to turn red. A sip of his beer helps to dislodge the piece of burger and once he's regained composure he smiles.*** That good, eh?

I look at his blushing face and know exactly what the cocky boy is thinking of. I have to say, in all of my years writing for Playboy, I never been so blatantly ogled and flirted with so fiercely. I somehow know this is all part of the dance he does, flash that panty-dropping smile, and throw the f-word around to get me to fawn all over him. However, I'm not falling into his trap and I think he's getting more irritated by the moment, because his usual charm isn't working on me.

Playboy: As a matter of fact, yes, it is that good. Shall we continue? What was growing up in your family like? And I'm sorry, yes, that was two questions and I promised only one at a time. Forgive me.

Edward: It was interesting. My mother is a passionate woman and my father is very driven, so my goals were important to them. I've got a younger sister, so that's always a pain in the ass. Not that

she's a pain in the ass because she's not, she's actually really cool, and four years younger than I am. What I meant is that I take my role as an older brother seriously and I've always been there to protect her, but now I'm always on the road and not living close to my family can be difficult-which is what I meant when I made the pain in the ass comment. We're really close-my whole family and me. I miss being around them, but I try to spend time with them in the off season as much as I can.

Playboy: What do you miss most about living in Canada?

Edward: Tim Horton's. I know you all have it here in the states, but it's not the same. I don't know why, but it's just not. I also miss not having people take the piss out of me because I say about properly. I don't say a-boot, I'm not from the east coast. I also miss beaver tails and people who speak fucked up Canadian French.

Playboy: I lived in Chicago most of my life and we don't have Tim Horton's. I'll have to Google it later to see exactly what it is. What the hell are beaver tails? Is that one of those sexual Canadian euphemisms?

Edward: You don't know what a Beaver Tail is? Fuck, you are missing out. It's this slab of fried dough, shaped like a beaver tail-like a donut, only better. Then you slather it in your topping of choice, my favourite is cinnamon and sugar but you can just get powdered sugar, apple pie filling, chocolate, they've got a whole bunch of things you can add to it. Anyway, we used to go on vacation to Ottawa, you know, the capital of Canada? There's this big canal that freezes over and shit in the winter, we used to go skate on it and then we would have beaver tails when we were done skating. I didn't catch onto the porno reference until I was way older, but I can see how you might make that mistake since you can pretty much cover any kind of beaver in various toppings and eat it, right?

Playboy: Personally? I wouldn't know because I only swing toward dick, but the ones you just described sound so incredible, I might consider giving one a taste. Speaking of beavers, I work at Playboy. I'm willing to bet I see more beavers on a daily basis than you do.

Edward: I'm willing to bet you're probably right. I'd be willing to shadow you for a day if you'd be so accommodating. It must be a hard job, looking at beavers all day.

Playboy: What do you mean by...accommodating? Because I know I don't need to tell you that you have quite the reputation.

Edward: What? Oh, oh! **His eyes go wide, like he's suddenly just realized my inference** I didn't mean it that way, well you know . . . of course I'd love to look at the naked female form all day long. I'm a fucking man, with a dick, but I didn't mean that you needed to be 'accommodating' **he air quotes around the word** I just meant if you would accommodate me. Fuck, I'm making an ass out of myself aren't I? Are you always this disarming?

Playboy: Disarming? That's harsh, dude. You want to know what I think? I think having a woman interview you, a woman who writes for Playboy none the less, makes you a little nervous and that's why you think I'm disarming...Any truth to that? And no, you're not making an ass of yourself. Quite the opposite actually.

Edward: Honestly? Being interviewed period makes me nervous. The fact that you are a woman doesn't have anything to do with it. Mostly. Sort of. Maybe just a little bit. The fact that you write is incredibly sexy. Sorry, I shouldn't have said that. I'm not trying to hit on you, sometimes I say things which sound really inappropriate when I'm nervous. Which, clearly, I am right now.

Playboy: See, I'm learning more and more about you that I never would have expected. I never would have expected a guy like you, who's photographed with a plethora of beauties, would think a nerdy writer chick is sexy.

Edward: That's sort of a stereotype isn't it? I find literacy extremely sexy. Why can't I find women who write attractive, am I only allowed to find the ones who can barely spell their names fuckable?

Playboy: You can call it stereotypical or you can call it what I think it is...I know what I see. If perhaps, you were photographed with a Pulitzer Prize winning author, for example, then you would show people that would be what you were attracted to. I'm of the mindset that the public makes decisions based on what they see. Is it fair? No.

No need for defensiveness. We're just talking...getting to know each other...Cool? Want another beer? I think I'll join you this time around.

Edward: Oh, oh. Uh, yeah, I definitely need another beer.

The waitress comes around to see how we are doing and Edward informs her he needs another beer, orders one for me along with two tequila shots.

Playboy: Tequila, huh? I am working right now. I can't get loaded.

Edward: I'm not trying to get you drunk, you don't have to do one if you don't want to. I mean, I can just do them both since I've got a pretty high tolerance and all. I'd like it if you'd do one with me though since you seem like the kind of woman who can hold their liquor pretty well.

Playboy: I can hold my own. I'm not so sure I can keep up with the likes of a young athlete, but I can go with the flow. Besides, additional drinks might make you relax enough for the questions I have coming.

The waitress returns with the drinks, setting down a beer and shot along with a salt shaker and lime slices, in front of each us. I lick my wrist and sprinkle salt on it, just as I was licking up the salt, I notice Cullen staring. We toast our shots with a nod and I down mine quickly, chasing it down with a squeeze from a lime slice.

Playboy: Stare much?

Edward: Huh? *Clears his throat and looks down at his own shot before shooting it quickly.* Sorry, that was fascinating. *He mutters under his breath.*

Playboy: Moving on. It was widely reported that you were upset about not making the Olympic Team. In fact, you were quoted saying, "That's what you get, Canada, for letting me go, Motherfuckers!"

Edward: *Blushes furiously* Uh, did I say that? I don't remember saying that, although I had a lot to drink last night so you know it's quite possible. I really didn't expect to make the Olympic team, although it would have been nice to play for my home country. It's quite the honour and it might be a good thing that they lost, they'll play Germany next, which will be a challenge, but at the same time it gives them more of an opportunity to gel as a team.

Playboy: Do you think of Chicago as your home now or is Canada always home?

Edward: I really enjoy Chicago, it's a great place to be and I've met a lot of amazing people. But I do know that I might not spend the rest of my career here because of the way hockey teams work, so can I really call it home? Home is where my family is and that's in Canada.

Playboy: That's cool. Who has the hotter chicks? US or Canada? I don't have the exact quote, but I seem to remember reading something about US girls being easier to lay than Canadians? Care to elaborate?

Edward: Pardon? *blanches noticeably* I said that? I don't think I said that. When did I say that? Both Canada and the US have really hot women, Canadian girls are just a little different, I don't know how to explain it exactly. Easier to . . . uh . . . I don't know about that, I mean I played for the Gryphon's for a while and then got drafted to the minors and I didn't get a lot of action in the beginning. Once I made the NHL, that's when things sort of picked up for me and I played for the Flames which is a Canadian team, so I can't really say that's true, even if I did say it, which I can't remember saying.

Playboy: Well...okay, you don't remember saying that, but there's been a lot of talk about your sexual exploits, I'm sure you're well aware of this fact. I'm wondering if you'd like to elaborate a little on the Cullen Hat Trick for us?

Edward: *Looks down at his hands before running one nervously through his hair and blushes slightly. His smile is tentative as he peeks up at me as though he's been caught stealing cookies, or getting his freak on.* Um, well, that's supposed to be when a person fucks three different women in one night.

Playboy: Right, right, we know that, just checking. And this is named after you because you've had firsthand experience then?

Edward: That's the rumour.

Playboy: Rumour-Sumour. You can't just say 'that's the rumour' when a sexual situation is NAMED after you. Are you neither going to confirm nor deny participating? Or do I need to buy you another shot to get you to open up a bit more?

Edward: What do you want me to say? I can be a gentleman when I want to be and I don't talk about things like that. It's private.

*Playboy: Yes, you need another shot. *I wave our server over and order two more tequila shots.**

Okay. Fine. You don't want to go there, but I gotta ask. The name, 'The Cullen Hat Trick' came from somewhere, right? When did you hear about it and more importantly, if you didn't...indulge...in that kind of thing, why is named after you?

Edward: Uh, um, well, I . . . the guys from the Flames made it up. At first it was in reference to my skills on the ice, because of the night I scored three goals in a row. We were playing against Los Angeles Kings and it was the middle of the second period. We were down two and worried that we weren't going to make a come back because we'd lost a couple of key players. I ended up scoring two goals before the end of the period and a third one at the beginning of the final period, hence the Cullen Hat Trick. Then it took on new meaning when photos of what was supposed to be a private party were leaked . . . so, you know, the guys changed the meaning of it, I guess . . .

Playboy: Private party, huh? Is this the same party where photos were leaked in which you were surrounded by three beautiful women? I think one was straddling your lap, one was behind you biting your shoulder and the other was next to you and you were kissing her neck. Damn those teammates for jumping to conclusions! I mean, clearly, based on those pictures alone, there doesn't seem to be any possible way you would be partaking in such debauchery.

Edward: That was totally photoshopped, and they did a really shitty job, I might add. You can clearly see it's not actually my head on that neck, the skin tone doesn't even match.

*Playboy: **Server returns with our tequila shots** Okay, so if those were photoshopped, which pictures were leaked that caused a problem? *grin**

Edward: I don't think it was really pictures, well I guess there were pictures, but nothing that gives concrete evidence that I've been with three girls in one night, or at one time. I've been photographed with three different women, but that doesn't mean I've slept with all of them in the span of time the pictures were taken, it also doesn't mean that I didn't.

*Playboy: You are one tight lipped motherfucker I'm going to down my tequila shot here because you aren't making my job very fucking easy. Go ahead, ask me a question as I drink this. **picking up salt shaker** I'll let you see how easy it is to just answer a question directly.*

Edward: How big is the biggest dick you've ever had in you? Or are you gay?

*Playboy:**finishes swallowing tequila shot** I dunno, how big are you again? If I recall correctly, you were sporting at least nine solid inches.*

Edward: *Coughs into his hand and mutters something that sounds like "almost ten"* That's not taking into account girth though and what does that have to do with anything? I've never been in you, or is it just for comparison sake that you ask?

Playboy: I knew you wouldn't remember me.

Edward: Pardon? That's a joke right? You're joking, clearly. I would definitely remember having sex with you, definitely. You're just fucking with me? I know you're just fucking with me, you must be . . . I'm not that kind of . . . shit.

Playboy: Why would you remember me? I mean...exactly how many women have you slept with?
slides tequila shot over to him

Edward: I'm not answering that question. My mother might read this interview. And that's kind of personal right? How many women have you slept with? Better yet, how many men? And was I good?

*Playboy: **snort** With as much as you are on Perez Hilton for all you antics I hardly think you are overtly concerned about Mom seeing this, but I will respect that. You ask me too many questions. People don't want to know about my sex life. I will say this though, as far as you, you seemed to be sucker for natural breasts and white cotton panties.*

Edward: What? **blinks rapidly and looks nervous** What do you mean? I mean, huh? And those pictures are always taken out of context. I don't even . . . I have not had sex with you. I would remember that. I always remember sex. Always.

*Playboy: I'll tell you my number if you tell me? And I let you off the hook. We haven't had sex. I always remember too especially if...well...never mind. Are you going to drink that? **pointing to tequila shot***

Edward: Oh right. **takes the shot** I don't really want to say, but I will if you go first. And I knew you were fucking with me.

*Playboy: Okay. I'm not gay, but I sure have been around a lot of beautiful, naked women working at Playboy. How men have I been with? None. I'm saving myself for marriage. **smiles and sips beer** Your turn.*

Edward: Isn't that sweet? But I don't buy it. And I haven't been with any men either, so we're even there.

Playboy: Don't be a pussy. I told you my number. I can't help it if you don't believe that I find the sanctity of intercourse a serious thing and prefer to wait until I find my future and life long partner to share my virginity with.

Edward: You work for Playboy, I find that very difficult to believe. And I already told you my number. I haven't slept with any men. I haven't even fooled around with a dude, even back in my college days when experimenting was okay and all that shit, so I think we're even. Oh, and I too am waiting for marriage to share the sanctity of intercourse.

*Playboy: I'll ask about any hanky panky in the locker room in a minute and I will let you off the hook for your number, but I have to tell you...I don't like being lied to. I'll replay it, but you did say "I never forget sex." So, you HAVE had sex. Furthermore, you are damaging your credibility by lying to me on the spot for everything else you deny. **coughcullenhattrickcough**.*

Edward: Fine. I've had sex. You got me. I've had sex with **puts hand over his mouth and coughs* while he says a number that is completely unintelligible **happy now? *smirks victoriously.**

Playboy: This makes me very happy. So, since there have been so many 'wrong' reports of you, I'll ask for clarification. Do you have one special lady in your life right now?

Edward: Uh, no, I don't have a girlfriend or anything. It's hard to have any kind of relationship right now, what with being on the road a lot and not having the time to invest in it properly. If there's one thing I don't do it's half-assed anything.

Playboy: I'm sure there are many that catch your eye and vice-versa. I mean, you are very good looking.

Edward: Um, thanks. And yeah, there are lots of attractive women out there, but you can't see someone's personality from across the room, can you? Just because someone looks good doesn't mean that the inside matches the outside.

Playboy: No, but the outside is what initially draws you in. I don't think you look at Playboy for the personality of the girls do you?

Edward: Typically no, but then I'm usually looking at them while I'm whacking off, so they don't really have to say a whole lot, do they? Although it's nice when the centerfold has something interesting to say, don't you think? I think it gives her a personality so she's not just a body and a face.

Playboy: Oh yes, the bios the centerfolds fill out are really key. It really gets you into their minds because, of course, that is really what the men reading Playboy are looking for. And before you ask, yes, that was sarcasm. You're a young, rich, good-looking guy...there is nothing wrong with saying you're looking at tits and ass and not for what her IQ is. I'm just not talking about a Playboy article either. No one would blame you if you saw a girl in the crowd and wanted her, even if came to find her to be as dumb as a door nail. Random, meaningless, enjoyable sex isn't a crime, you know?

Edward: For a virgin you're pretty passionate about this subject, aren't you? Sure random, meaningless sex can be enjoyable, but sometimes it's nice to have a conversation with someone that doesn't consist of 'will you fuck my tits?'

Playboy: Lets keep the questions focused on you, shall we? And tit fucking can be fun, right? I mean...from what I've heard.

Edward: Sure, if you're a fan of tits. I'm a fan of breasts. A big fan. I really like boobs, a lot . . .

Playboy: Real or Fake?

Edward: Really? You need to ask that? Real ones are always the nicest. All soft and warm and soft . . . Yeah, I like them real, but those tend to be few and far between, sadly.

Playboy: Can you always tell the real from the fake? Do you have to get them naked first to know or can you tell clothed?

Edward: Uh, well, with padded bras and those ones with water and shit in them it can be hard to tell, but for the most part I feel like I know when they are real before I get under the clothes. I mean, they're really soft when they're real and not so much when they're fake. So yeah, most times I know if they're fake or not. There are moments when I'm surprised though, and that can be a bit disappointing.

Playboy: I can imagine. It's false advertising. That's why I always tell guys up front...ah...never mind. Anyways, do you want another drink?

Edward: Uh, sure, and you always tell guys what? That you're a virgin? You do realize that's like the world's biggest challenge for a guy, right?

Playboy: I ask the questions, remember? Why is banging a virgin such a challenge for some men? Is it like...all caveman...making your territory shit?

Edward: I don't really know. I guess that makes the most sense. It's like no one has ever been there before, so a guy would feel like he's conquered the pussy or something. Like he now has some claim on the pussy. Jesus, that sounds really fucking dumb. Can you edit that out?

Playboy: I can edit out anything I want. No problem. However, I have to tell you, you may have coined another new Cullen phrase with that comment...'Cullen, Claim of the Pussy.' Has a ring to it, don't you think?

Edward: Jesus, I'm really fucking myself in this interview aren't I? I like the consonance in that name though, makes it sound good, not that I would want anyone to use it.

Playboy: I'll keep it on the down low. Speaking of keeping things down, I was looking at your Twitter page this morning and do you realize you have over 65,000 followers on there. 65,000 people waiting to hear what you have to say. That's a lot of people. Does that make you feel uncomfortable that you have eyes everywhere watching you?

Edward: I just worry about the times when I mess up, or do something that can be portrayed in any way that may negatively reflect on my team or my family. It's not really me I worry about, it's the people I care about. I also worry that I might disappoint my fans, both on and off the ice.

Playboy: Someone will always be disappointed. You can't avoid that. Is this why you try so hard to put rumors to rest?

Edward: Uh, what rumours exactly are you talking about? And I know someone will always be disappointed, but I still don't like that fact.

Playboy: Well, the rumors we've talked about here, like, The Cullen Hat Trick and that US girls are easier and the photos at that private party. You've ducked or denied every one of the things I've read about you. Are they all just misunderstandings? Or do you feel the need to deny unsavory things that are printed about you because you have that concern of disappointing people?

Edward: Um, uh, I guess that stuff is kind of personal, so you know, I just, uh, fuck. I don't know. I guess. I realize it's stupid of me to assume you aren't going to ask me questions that are personal and might make me a little uncomfortable, but fuck, you just can't stop going right for my junk, can you?

Playboy: Do you seriously want me to answer that? Dude, you need to chill out and think before you speak, but since you asked, I'll answer. No, I can't stop going right for your junk and frankly, I'm a little disappointed that you don't want me to.

Edward: What? Are you . . . is that a joke? You're joking right, I mean all the shit you've heard about me and likely believe. . . that's just . . . You are clearly joking. And I just suck at answering the personal questions.

Playboy: Do you want to share a dessert?

Edward: Uh sure, I like chocolate things.

*Playboy: What about this chocolate brownie gooey thing? *points to picture in menu and motions server over* And by the way, yes, I was joking. Plus, I think I'm entirely too old for you.*

Edward: Hardly, you're what, 25? And yeah, that looks really good. Although that may mean you don't get much of it because I can eat like a motherfucker.

*Playboy: *I turn my attention back to Cullen after ordering dessert and I notice he is frantically typing away on his Blackberry.* Am I keeping you from something? Or are you just bragging to someone that you're in an interview with a chick from Playboy? By the way, 25 isn't even close, but I appreciate the compliment.*

Edward: Um, actually it's my little sister, sorry, she needed some advice on something.

Playboy: Oh really? Was she wondering if you could ask me how she can pose for Playboy? Don't worry. That happens all the time.

Edward: Absolutely fucking not. There is no way on God's green earth my sister is going to appear in Playboy. No offense, but that's my fucking sister.

*Playboy: Well, I don't think that's your decision, is it? *Server comes by and drops off chocolate dessert. I pick up my fork and look at Cullen to see if he's doing the same, but he's staring out into space, his face red.**

Edward: I don't give shit who's decision it is, it's not happening. It's my little sister, that's just . . . it's just . . . it's wrong. Can we talk about something else?

*Playboy: Sure, no problem. So, I Googled your name earlier. Do you realize when you search there are over 40,000 pictures of you with chicks that pop up? Here, have some of this. It's orgasmic. **I push the chocolate cake toward him***

Edward: No shit? That's a lot of pics. I'm sure half of them are of me with my family though. *Digs in and take a bite, moaning because it really is orgasmic.*

*Playboy: Ahhh...No. That's why I said "40,000 pictures of you with chicks." Not 40,000 pictures of you and your family. *I pick up my Blackberry* I'll show you if you want?*

Edward: 40,000? There's no way, there has to be some sort of mistake, or there must be lots of duplicates, like thousands of duplicates. *looks at the Blackberry* holy . . . wow, this really doesn't make me look all that good, does it?

Playboy: I guess that depends on what you consider looks good or not. If being photographed with thousands of different women bothers you, then yeah, I guess it doesn't look good. But if it doesn't bother you, then...its all good. Speaking of being photographed with thousands of women, do you want to go to a party at the Playboy Mansion next time you're in LA?

Edward: Seriously? Fuck yeah, I want to go to a Mansion party. That would be awesome. There are always really interesting people at those parties. Would I get to meet the man himself?

Playboy: Well, you are a superstar. I'm sure he'll want to meet you just as much as you want to meet him. If I tell him about you, you're as good as in. Plus, he has a soft spot for me, ever since I posed for Playboy years ago.

Edward: Really, which edition? I probably have it, I've secretly had a subscription since I was old enough to buy it.

Playboy: That was a joke. I write for Playboy...don't have the goods for posing. Do you keep all your past issues?

Edward: Um, yeah, of course. There are excellent articles in Playboy.

*Playboy: Oh really? Which articles of mine are your favorites? Can I have the rest of this? **points to rest of chocolate cake***

Edward: Well, you did the one with Collin Firth didn't you? And the one with that dude, what the fuck is his name? *Edward taps his chin* and yes, feel free to finish that.

Playboy: Robert Pattinson?

Edward: Who?

Playboy: Shut the fuck up. You live under a rock? Robert Pattinson? Twilight? The dude who is sharing the top spot with you as far as sexiest man of the hour? Ring a bell?

Edward: Oh, right, that dude. Yeah, now I remember reading the article. That guy suffers from word vomit a little bit, doesn't he? That was a funny fucking article if I remember it correctly.

*Playboy: He was very fun. Reminds me a lot of you too. Kind of shy, nervous, but surprised me by the end of the interview. Like...really surprised me. We...um...spent some time together after the interview together. And well...you know how it goes after one too many cocktails and we ended up...**gazes off with a silly grin.** Oh...sorry...what we were talking about?*

Edward: But clearly you didn't have sex with him or anything since you're a virgin, so how good could it have been anyway?

Playboy: Who said anything about sex?

Edward: Uh, isn't that what you were alluding to? That you got your freak on? It's not like you just sat around and played Scrabble all night.

Playboy: I alluded to nothing. So, you think that because I had a good night out with an attractive guy that automatically means I had sex with him? Now who is the one being judgemental now?

Edward: Sorry. I'm a pervert. I can't help it.

Playboy: Pervert, huh? What's your favorite position?

Edward: Hmm, that's tough. I really like woman on top, that's really hot. I like being able to watch what's happening cause I'm a visual guy. But sometimes I like to be in the power position. Legs over the shoulders is always good, but uh, that's not always possible because of my . . . anyway. Sex from behind is good too, but then I can't see her face, so you know, that means I can't gauge how good it is for her. If she's vocal I can usually tell, because of the sounds, you know? But if she's quiet . . . Christ, I sound like a total douche whore.

Playboy: Ummm, I was talking about hockey positions.

Edward: Oh, uh, well, can we just go back and take that last part out then? I like center best.

Playboy: Sure. I'll be sure to take that part out. So, hypothetically, if you were into a chick...what would you do to impress her?

Edward: *scratches the back of his head* Um, I don't know. I guess it would really depend on the chick and what she was into. I would want to take her on a date and do something fun, without media coverage because I'd want some privacy.

Playboy: How long has it been since you've been on a 'date?'

Edward: Um, God, I have no fucking clue. It's been a while, I can't really remember . . .

Playboy: So, you don't have to 'date' a girl to have sex with her, right?

Edward: Well no, technically I don't think it's a requirement, but it's always nice to have to work a little bit for it don't you think?

Playboy: I wouldn't know. I'm a virgin, remember?

Edward: Seriously, you can stop pretending, you know that right? Besides, you don't have to have sex to know that working for the attention of a woman, in whatever form can be quite gratifying.

Playboy: Okay, I'm stepping out of the box for a moment and going to be slightly inappropriate. You have fucking fantastic hair and I'd be lying if I said I haven't been sitting here thinking about touching it and losing my virginity to it this whole interview. Do you hear that often? About your hair, I mean...I know there are oodles of women begging to lose their virginity to you daily.

Edward: You want to lose your virginity to my hair? Uh, that's a first. My hair is a pain in the ass, it doesn't ever do what I want it to, but apparently this is a good thing.

Playboy: Can I touch it?

Edward: You know how wrong that sounds right? But yeah, you can touch it.

*Playboy: I think we passed what sounds right and wrong ages ago. **He leans forward with a timid smile and I reach my hands up, running my fingers through his messy locks. It is beyond soft and as I drag my fingers through the strands and down to the tips, I accidentally moan loudly.** Yeah, I think I just lost my virginity. Anywho...Speaking of losing virginity, When did you lose yours?*

Edward: Uh, um, God, that was a while ago. I lost my virginity to my first girlfriend on prom night. It was pretty pathetic and probably not very good for her. We were both virgins, and uh, well, I'm pretty well endowed, so you know, that would have affected her comfort level with the whole thing . . .

*Playboy:**picks up Blackberry and starts plugging away** Yeah, I came across your prom picture when I was doing some research for the interview. Look at how cute! **Hands Blackberry to Cullen.*

Edward: Oh my Christ, what the fuck is going on with my hair? Yeah, that's not a flattering picture at all.

Playboy: Dude, is that a mullet? I thought that went out of style when I was in school, not a few years ago when you were still there.

Edward: No it's not a mullet, it's just a bad cut. And back in the day I was still trying to tame this *points to his head* now I just leave it the fuck alone because there's really nothing I can do.

Playboy: A little defensive about the hair, aren't we? Then I won't even get into your "claims" about your dick size.

Edward: *snorts* It's not a 'claim' it's a fact. If it wouldn't scare the shit out of you I'd show you what I'm talking about. I'm joking by the way, about showing you.

Playboy: What would I be scared of? A penis?

Edward: It's hardly just a penis, but yeah, being a virgin and all it might scare the living hell out of you.

*Playboy: *slams the rest of my beer* Edward, it's time I've come clean. I'm not really a virgin and I've seen more dick than Jenna Jameson. Before I was a writer for Playboy, I worked for Playgirl. Now that I've come clean, and you are so intent on proving what a perfect gentleman you are, how about we go see a movie or something before the game tonight? Then I can go with you to the game and you can let me get a sneak peek inside the locker room? I've had my eyes on that Emmett dude. Yummy. Sound good?*

Edward: I figured you were lying. Playgirl huh? Well that's . . . huh. A movie, yeah I could do a movie, there's an awesome action film I want to see, you like action? I can hook you up with tickets, and a pass to the locker room, but I'll warn you now, it's a pretty dirty place . . .

Playboy: I think I can handle some action to watch and then a visit to a dirty place.

Edward: I'm sure you can.

OoOoOoOoO

Outtake Two - Emmett's Sister is Unbelievably Hot EPOV FGB

"See that chick over there in the stands? That one wearing a jersey as a dress? I'm totally going to fuck her after the game," Ben says in an overly loud voice from beside me on the bench.

I wish he would shut the hell up. He's messing with my focus and he says the same thing every game; the only thing that changes is the girl and the outfit she's wearing. It's irritating as shit.

"You can have her blond friend." He nudges me with his elbow and spits on the floor.

I look in the direction he's pointing and roll my eyes. The girls he is talking about look absolutely ridiculous. It's cold enough to freeze alcohol in here and they're half naked. At one point very, very early in my career, I might have found this appealing, but not now. I scan the arena and notice a few familiar faces.

My attention is drawn to a girl whose head is inclined as though she is looking at something completely enthralling below the Plexiglas, which is impossible since all the action is above her current line of sight. She's either sleeping, which I find hard to believe considering the noise level in here, or totally engrossed in her lap. I'm slightly offended that she's sitting in the front row and not even paying attention to the game. Those are prime seats, and they cost a hell of a lot of money.

"Cullen," someone shouts, pulling me from my thoughts and back into the game.

I shoot up off the bench, jumping the barrier so I can get to the ice and the puck. I'm in the mood to kick some serious ass tonight since one of my opponents is acting like an asshole. He's a rookie, and he's behaving like one despite his coach's and teammates' efforts to rein him in. All he needs to do is make one more idiot move and I'm going to knock his ass out.

It doesn't take long before this happens. He trips me up, slamming me into the Plexiglas in front of the chick who was focused on her lap before. She's actually very attractive and she's definitely

paying attention now. I meet her shocked gaze for a split second before I spin around so I can kick the shit out of that asshole.

As soon as I turn around, all the pent up aggression I've been holding in bursts out of me in a fit of rage. I start reeving on him, pulling his helmet off and dropping my gloves so I can get in some solid hits. I try to keep my temper in check most of the time, but when I'm on the ice, it's a whole different world, and sometimes I just can't contain myself. This is one of those times.

The rookie makes the fatal mistake of trying to fight back, but I'm not having it. He lands a couple of solid punches to my face which pushes me over the precarious ledge of civility I'm balanced on. I know he's trying to go for my nose since it's clearly been broken a couple of times and every re-break hurts that much more; fortunately he keeps missing so I lay into him. When the refs finally manage to pull me off him, I'm hit with a five minute penalty, which pisses me off further; now I can't do anything to assuage the frustration.

I act like a complete ass by throwing my helmet and stick at the wall once I reach the penalty box. The ref skates over and starts chewing me out, asking me if I want to be suspended for the rest of the game. I bite my tongue because *that* is definitely not what I want. What I do want is to continue to kick the living hell out of that kid who tripped me up and tried—unsuccessfully—to break my nose.

Flopping down on the bench, I try to calm my breathing as I watch the clock and drive myself insane. I'm not good at bringing myself down from the rush of anger I often feel from being in this kind of situation. Rubbing my sore jaw, I scan the ice, irritating myself further because I should be out there helping my team, not sitting here because I can't keep my head in check when a lousy rookie does something stupid. I check out the spectators, my attention drawn to the girl who was focused on her lap before I got into the fight. She's no longer enthralled with her thighs, though; now she's looking at me.

I wonder what her rack looks like. I start to fantasize about it, wishing I could see her better from this distance. I would also be happy if she wasn't wearing a winter coat, which is impeding my imagination; although it's a hell of a lot more respectable and practical than the outfit the puck slut Ben wants is wearing. I imagine Lap Girl with a generous B-cup or maybe a small C. Big enough to slide my dick between them, but not so large that it would get lost—not that that's even possible considering how generously I'm endowed.

She ruins my fantasy by rolling her eyes at me. For a moment, I worry that she's caught me trying to check out her boobs, but that's not even remotely possible considering how far away I am from her and how thoroughly her coat covers her. The deliberate eye roll only serves to make my foul mood even worse. Then she does it again. What the hell?

She pulls something out of her bag, and I expect her to start reading a gossip magazine or something equally vapid. Instead she puts some drops in her eyes, missing completely on the first try. Well, that explains the eye roll, making me feel marginally better about her reaction to me.

There isn't time to contemplate this further because my penalty is over, although the focus on Lap Girl's rack has helped to tone down my anger to a tolerable level. Now I'm only mildly pissed and slightly horny. I jump back onto the ice, honing in on the puck; I'm ready to score a goal and make up for my juvenile behaviour. I manage to make good on my mission, stealing the puck and bulleting down the ice to the net. With a flick of my wrist I slide the puck between the goalie's legs, putting me back in the team's and the spectator's good graces.

The next time I'm on the eye-rolling-girl's side of the ice, I try to check her out again. I'm not paying attention to what's going on in the game, and I slam into the glass right in front of her, scaring the crap out of her. She's reading a book, Fielding in fact; I recognize the cover in the few seconds I'm able to focus on what she's holding in her hands.

I want to be pissed that she's reading literature while at a hockey game, but I can't be. Instead, I find myself getting turned on by it, which is not really ideal when I'm wearing a cup. She grabs her tit at me through her coat. It reminds me of when guys grab their junk to say fuck off, only this is strangely hot because she's palming her own tit rather aggressively, and I think I'd like to do the same, only when there's nothing covering it.

Some idiot slams into me and takes me down, diverting my attention back to the game which is where my focus should definitely be. Skating down the ice I commandeer the puck from the other team and score another goal. We end up winning three-to-one thanks to my final contribution.

The roar of the crowd follows us off the ice and all the way down the hall to the locker room. There's a mix of back patting and razzing as we all shower and change out of our gear. I check out my reflection in the mirror; my eye and jaw are already blue, and my lip is split. I've had worse, but I'm not looking forward to the bar. There's something about having one's face beaten in that seems to really appeal to the ladies, and I don't have the patience required to deal with it tonight.

During the first five minutes I'm in the bar, I get hit on six times, proving my theory about the damaged face, so I go outside for a breather. It's cool out, so I'm hoping it will act as a deterrent for some of the more persistent puck bunnies. Unfortunately, Ben is out on the patio, along with the heat lamps and those slutty looking chicks he pointed out at the game. He calls me over, and I am accosted immediately by the blond one he offered up to me earlier.

She smells like cheap perfume, and she's wearing entirely too much make-up. I'm not opposed to make-up, but I think it looks much nicer if it's not blatantly obvious that a woman is wearing it. In this case, it's so thick, she looks like she's getting on stage for a performance. I could probably scrape it off with a spatula. In addition to the stage make-up, her boobs are definitely fake.

I debate as to how long I'm going to have to stand here with this over-processed, perfume-y girl hanging off me when my attention is drawn to the corner of the patio.

Smoking a cigarette, looking very uncomfortable and annoyed, is the Fielding-boob-grabbing girl. I bet hers are real—at least they were in my fantasy during my penalty. If I play my cards right, I might even get to find out if this is the reality. She's no longer wearing a jacket, so I can see the outline of

her chest through her form-fitting sweater. I think I'm right; she's a small C-cup, which is absolutely perfect—for me, anyway.

It's then that I check out her face again. She looks just as hot as she did at the game, especially since she's smoking. I haven't had a cigarette since well before the season started, and it's days like this when I feel like one, even though I know it would cost me my stamina at the next practice. I allow my gaze to move from her pursed lips to her eyes, only to find she's staring back at me. Her lip curls up in what appears to be disgust before she takes a huge haul on her smoke and flicks it my direction with her eyebrow arched. It's a sexy look even though it's likely intended to be bitchy.

I have no idea why she's looking at me like that until I remember that I've got my arm wrapped about another girl's waist, and I think I may have been eye-fucking the Fielding girl. I drop my hand from Blondie and excuse myself because I have sprung a semi, and I don't want Make-up Face to think it has anything to do with her.

Extricating myself from the situation is much easier than I thought it was going to be. I take the girl's number after I tell her I need to go back inside and promise to call her later. As soon as I walk back into the bar, I shove the paper into my pocket until I find a garbage can. When I get to the table, I can't believe my luck; the Fielding girl is sitting beside Emmett.

She doesn't seem the puck bunny type, but if ever there was a night where I might give into the temptation of meaningless sexual gratification, it would be tonight with her. I check to make sure my semi isn't obvious before I make my way through the crowded bar over to the team's VIP table. Just as I reach them, Emmett puts his arm around her and pulls her into him. Fuck, that's not good. The last thing I want is for this girl to go home with Emmett, not only because it would mean I don't get her, but also because Emmett is an asshole when it comes to women.

The only positive here is that my jacket is already slung over the back of the chair beside her, so I slide in right next to her. Maybe when she realizes that Emmett has the depth of a cardboard cutout, she'll get bored. If nothing else, I can tell her he's a hairy motherfucker, and that I fear for her wellbeing lest she get tangled in his chest hair and suffocate.

She doesn't even acknowledge me when I sit down. I know that my face is banged up and that often is the catalyst for conversation with women, but I get nothing, not even a sidelong glance. Emmett does introduce her, however—as his sister—and her name is Bella. At least I know now that the hug was platonic. Unfortunately, if she's the sister of a hockey player, she's probably already aware of Emmett's reputation and my own, as well. Truthfully, if she was my sister, I would do everything in my power to keep her away from these guys, myself included.

Emmett's dad, a coach for a minor league team, stops by with his wife—who is clearly Bella's mom. They have the same hair and the same mouth. I can practically feel Bella's mortification when her mom, introduced as Renee, checks to make sure Bella has her room key.

Bella's face is a shocking shade of red as they walk away, and she fidgets for a moment, swearing under her breath before she sheds her sweater. I can't stop staring as the thin white tank top beneath sticks to her staticy sweater and comes up with it, sliding along her torso and up, up, up

until it reaches her chest and then . . . oh thank the fucking Boob Gods . . . I can see her bra. Actually, everyone at the table can see her bra. I want to stand in front of her and block the view, but I can't because I have a massive hard-on.

Her tits are *definitely* real. The cleavage is full and lush and soft looking nestled between hot pink shiny cups with a lace edge. God, it's so fucking hot. I want to nuzzle her boobs; I want to let my dick slide between them . . . I want . . .

They disappear as her shirt descends back over them. I'm devastatingly disappointed that they are no longer visible, but her tank top is practically transparent, and I can make out the outline of her hot pink bra through it. I want to see them again, so I introduce myself—it's worked before, once I simply told a woman my name and she flashed me—but this time, unsurprisingly, it does not.

The conversation which ensues post-flashing is bizarre and full of snarky, witty banter on Bella's part, some of which is slightly disturbing, particularly the part where she jokes about Emmett wanting to fuck her. I immediately want to kick his ass, but once I realize she's not being serious, I calm down.

When there is a lull in the conversation, Bella looks around the bar, obviously a little uncomfortable with me. She nudges my arm and points to Emmett who is chatting up a puck bunny at the bar. I follow her gaze because she looks completely incredulous. The girl Emmett is talking to leans forward, her tiny, almost non-existent skirt riding up so I can see what's underneath.

"Jesus, I can see her beaver," I whisper to Bella.

She immediately jumps on my ridiculous slang for the term vagina and proceeds to use the word pussy multiple times in a row, interchanging it with beaver. I am aware she's taking the piss right out of me, but hearing a hot chick, who is clearly intelligent, use the word pussy and referring to me eating someone out sends my body into overdrive. The semi I'm sporting turns into a monstrous, raging hard-on that I would really like to introduce to Bella's beaver, pussy . . . whatever.

The shade of red her face has turned informs me that she is embarrassed by her verbal tirade on beaver slang. Completely flustered, Bella excuses herself from the table, so, of course, I follow her. I'm ignoring the nagging voice in my head that tells me this is a bad idea since she's Emmett's sister, even if only by marriage. She's also staying with her parents, and I imagine it won't go unnoticed if she's not there in the morning. Regardless, I'm intrigued; I find her sense of humour and her disinterest in me enthralling—as well as her rack.

I grab a lighter off a table as I follow her outside and flick it as she mutters something into her bag with a cigarette pursed between her lips. When she realizes I'm in front of her, she looks confused and completely taken aback.

I hold the lighter out, cupping my hand around the flame as she leans in. Bella's eyes stay on me as she takes a drag, the smoke going into her eye. She sputters and swears like a sailor as tears spring up and well over in the corners thanks to the direction of the wind. Commenting on her colourful language I watch as her lips wrap around the cigarette again. It's at that moment that I can feel eyes

burrowing into my skull, and I look through the window of the bar, hoping it isn't the girl I brushed off earlier. Emmett is glaring at me, but I don't seem to care; besides, we're just talking.

We lapse into silence, and I have no idea how to deal with her or the lack of conversation as she smokes her cigarette and stares at me, saying nothing. It's unnerving, and it makes me uncomfortable, so I ask her what she was reading during the game, even though I already know. I'm still trying to understand why she would come to a game and read. It's not like Fielding is light reading either; it's heavy and dense, requiring focus. For me, this means quiet, and a hockey arena is far from peaceful.

Once she cops to reading Fielding, I say something about the heaviness of the story, and I know I've fucked up; the expression on Bella's face says it all and then some. She looks shocked and then her expression morphs into something rather sinister and devious and very, very sexy. In one sentence, I've given away the fact that I'm not a dumb jock.

For a moment, I worry that this is going to get back to Emmett, although I'm not sure he has the mental acuity to understand what having read Fielding means. I've spent my entire hockey career trying to keep the fact that I'm intelligent under wraps, as per the directive of my publicist. Suffice it to say, I've messed that up entirely in the span of thirty seconds.

There is also the little issue of my former figure skating career that needs to remain on the downlow as well, but that's irrelevant for the time being

My fears are put on hold as Bella yanks forcefully on my shirt, and her mouth connects with mine. The softness of her chest pressing against my ribs is a minor distraction from her lips and I try not to think about how much I want to touch her boobs while I'm kissing her because, Lord in heaven, she can certainly kiss. I focus on the warmth of her mouth, the silky feel of her tongue, the taste of cigarettes and beer and something sweet I can't identify, but I'm sure I'll be able to if I can just keep kissing her.

Wrapping my arm around her waist I pull her closer, palming her ass because it's also soft and round, kind of like boobs without the nipples. Plus, I still have that raging hard-on, so I feel the need to relieve some of the ache by pressing myself against her soft and pliable body.

I kiss along the smooth skin of her cheek and her jaw until I get to her ear so I can covertly ask her if she wants to leave. We don't even have to go back inside the bar; we can leave through the patio and head back into the hotel from the front doors.

Bella is under the impression that Emmett will kill me, and from the sound of his angry, booming voice in the background, I think she's probably right. This is definitely not a well laid out plan, but I want to do it anyway, regardless of the consequences. I can handle Emmett. In fact, I'd lay him out right now if it meant I would get to spend some more time with Bella, preferably alone, and with less clothing on.

Emmett barrels his way outside, yelling at Bella for making out with me. The conversation which follows is both confusing and entertaining, although I stay out of it. Instead, I keep my arm wrapped

around her waist, sliding my fingers under the waistband of her jeans while I try to figure out what kind of shampoo she uses.

I'm surprised at how well Bella holds her own against Emmett, and when he threatens to rat her out to her mother, Bella loses it on him, scaling him like a mountain. She blackmails him into keeping his mouth shut, and she's so annoyed with the situation that she leaves, but not before giving me her number.

"You stay the fuck away from my sister," Emmett says as I watch her storm back into the bar and push her way through the crowd. I wonder how long I'll have to wait before I can call her . . .

I shake my head at him, not wanting to get into it right now. I'm pissed off, and if I say anything, I'll just end up getting myself into more trouble. The last thing I need is to get into a fight with one of my teammates in a bar. The press would have a field day with that. I head back inside and sit with my team, throwing my jacket over the chair beside me so no one else tries to take it. I'm not in the mood for making conversation anymore.

Emmett takes off half an hour after the 'mouth fucking' incident, as Bella so eloquently referred to it. As soon as he's gone, I come up with an excuse to leave because I'm bound and determined to see Bella again if it's at all possible. Most of the guys are feeling pretty good at this point, so they don't notice my exit or the fact that there isn't a girl on my arm.

I luck out at the front desk; the woman who is working there knows who I am and apparently would like to provide personal room service when her shift is over. I don't decline the offer until I find out what room Bella is staying in. I take the woman's phone number down on a business card and toss it in the garbage as soon as I'm out of her line of sight.

Once I get to Bella's room, I realize I can't just knock and ask her to hang out, so I call the number she wrote on my hand. She yells at me at first, until she realizes I'm not Emmett. By the time she puts two and two together, she's already admitted that she thinks I'm hot, and that she's been masturbating.

I'm stunned speechless for about five seconds. Then my imagination goes to work, and I start to think about all the ways Bella could be getting herself off.

After we have a conversation about masturbation that makes me harder than I was before I came to her door, I admit that I'm standing outside her room. Bella comes out into the hallway looking ridiculously fucking hot, her expression one of utter disbelief. Bella's nipples are saluting me from beneath her spiderman printed pajamas that appear to be five sizes too small.

Bella covers her boobs with her hands, so I am forced to look her in the eye. I feel a hot strike of jealousy because her hands are where I want mine to be, so I peek down at them again. Once I regain control of my eyes and peel them away from her chest, I invite her to my room.

She tells me that she was just about to go to bed, which is obvious considering what she's wearing. It's either that or she's going out trick-or-treating dressed as a ten-year-old boy. Considering that Halloween has long passed, I'm confident this is her bedtime attire, lucky me.

Bella stands there for a moment, processing my invitation as she bites her lip. Just when I think she's going to say no, she blurts out, "I'm not going to fuck you."

"Okay," I reply, because I have no idea what else to say to that.

For some reason, I'm also very happy to hear those words come out of her mouth. I like that she's not just going to open her legs because I'm a hockey player and she wants to become another notch on my bedpost. Not that I have a huge number of notches, but she doesn't know that. In fact, if she knows anything about me at all—at least from the media's perspective—she would believe that I'm a man-whore and her declaration is completely valid. At least I know where I stand thanks to her inability to edit what comes out of her mouth.

Bella's hesitation is palpable even though she's agreed to come with me. She turns around to go back into her room so she can change, much to my disappointment. Fortunately for me, she doesn't have her key card with her. Bella is hilarious as she freaks out, and I try to calm her down. My semi-serious suggestion is that we go to the front lobby and get her another key card. She adamantly refuses that option considering her state of dress—or undress as it were. I'm inclined to agree, because the last thing I want is to be walking through the lobby with her half-dressed.

When we're about to get on the elevator Bella spazzes out, so I offer her my jacket to cover up with. No one gets on or off the elevator while we make our way to my room.

Bella is so nervous and skittish by the time we get to my floor, I'm afraid she's going to change her mind and bolt.

"I just want to hang out," I say as I guide her down the hall.

It's not true; I want to do much, much more than that, but I think I could actually like this girl because she's funny and definitely smart, not to mention witty, sarcastic and her body is smokin' hot.

As Bella takes a tentative step inside my suite and looks around, she shrugs out of my jacket, heading directly to the bar fridge. I take the opportunity to check her out again; the Spiderman pajamas are to die for. Something about a grown woman in superhero night attire makes me hard—harder than I already was, anyway. I also find the fact that she's not wearing any make-up and she has glasses on incredibly sexy.

For as brash and snarky as she is, there's an air of innocence about her; she seems so unsure of herself and the situation I've put her in. The last thing I want is to cause her to run, so when she moves over to the couch, I leave some distance between us. That way we can talk, and I can try and stare at her nipples without her catching me. And from what I can see through her shirt, she's got nice ones.

We talk about her university program and what she plans to do once she's finished her degree. It turns out we've taken some similar classes and read a lot of the same material. Bella goes into great detail about her courses this semester, filling any periods of silence with nervous chatter. I start to have second thoughts about inviting her up here, not because I don't want her here, but because

she's obviously out of her comfort zone. Usually when I'm alone with a woman, she throws herself at me, but Bella is certainly not doing that. In fact, she's doing the exact opposite: huddling in the corner of the couch as I sit next to her, not touching her even though I want to.

Bella starts in on a Virginia Woolfe novel she's been reading and I weigh in, because I've read it before. At the same time I'm debating as to whether I should call down and have a key card set up for her so she doesn't feel like she has to stay here with me.

Fortunately, I don't have to ponder this very long because Bella's mouth is suddenly pressed against mine. I don't react immediately, but as soon as it becomes apparent that she has no intention of stopping any time in the near future, I set my beer down on the table beside me and I wrap my arms around her waist. Bella deepens the kiss, and I slide one hand under the back of her shirt to gain some skin to skin contact.

And then Bella moans.

It has to be the single sexiest sound I've ever heard in my life. It's throaty and low, and it vibrates against my lips as she sucks on my bottom lip. She shifts her weight, straddling my lap as she moans again. Bella's hands are in my hair, sliding, groping, smoothing, gripping as she grinds down on me and pants into my mouth. Jesus, this is getting heavy quickly.

I slide my hands down her back to her ass and find that her pajama bottoms are so low, half of her cheeks are already exposed. What I wouldn't give for a mirror right now. I love breasts; I will always love breasts, but Bella has the nicest ass I've ever had the pleasure of grabbing.

"Is this okay?" I ask her, making sure she's okay with this before I continue, because I definitely want to continue.

Bella lets out a soft moan and grinds herself into me. It feels so damn good. I slide my hands down lower into Bella's pants and grab the lush curves.

"And this?" I ask as I give her bum a squeeze causing her to moan again and shift against me.

Fucking hell. "What about this?" My voice turns gravelly as I pull her body toward me by her ass and press my erection against her, circling my hips.

"Fuck me," she exhales against my mouth and then lets out a little gasp of shock, her body stilling as she processes her words.

I don't move, afraid that if I let go of her, she'll get off my lap, and I definitely don't want her to do that. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to, okay?" I reassure her, kissing her softly.

"Okay," Bella says in a breathy voice and presses into me again.

My reassurance that I don't have any expectations from her must be exactly what she needs, because Bella starts rocking her hips against me in earnest, sliding herself along the length of my erection through the barrier of our pants. I'm really damn glad that her pajama bottoms are very, very thin cotton.

Bella's hands are in my hair, her fingers running through the strands and tugging a whole lot harder than I'm used to, and I think I like it. She moves her palms down my neck and across my shoulders. Her soft, warm fingers slide down my chest and over my stomach until they are under my shirt and against my skin. I murmur wordless approval and kiss Bella's neck, sucking gently at the skin there, not wanting to leave marks she'll likely have to explain later.

My shirt rides up with her hands, which are moving across my chest and then—oh fuck, she pinches my nipple and goddamn, does it ever feel good. Usually when I'm making out with a woman—which isn't all that often, contrary to popular, public belief—the first thing they go for is what's between my legs. But not Bella; her hands are everywhere but there, although she is doing a very, very good job of dry humping the hell out of me so her hands aren't really necessary anyway.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's good," I murmur as I slide my fingers up under her tight top, along her ribs. I don't know why I call her 'baby', usually I don't call the women I get intimate with any sort of nickname but it just seems to slip out of my mouth before I can think about. Her entire body stiffens and jerks with the contact. I don't remove my hand from her body; instead I keep it where it is and ask her if it's okay. I really want it to be okay.

Bella looks at me, her gaze shy and tentative, her face colouring with embarrassment. "I'm ticklish," she mumbles.

"Is that so?" I ask, rubbing my thumb back and forth over her ribs, just inches below her boob. "I'll have to remember that."

I come to the immediate conclusion, from the expression on her face alone, that there is no way she's done this with someone before. At the very least, picking up a random stranger is a rarity for her—her entire demeanour screams of vulnerability and a strange kind of naivety that is undeniably appealing.

Something about this makes me want to get inside her, even though I clearly shouldn't. The aggression I've been channeling on the ice turns into an untamable sexual craving—for her. I kiss Bella much harder than I intend to as I cradle the back of her head in my hand, my fingers twining in the soft satin of her hair, and I search her mouth with my tongue. This time, she tastes like ginger ale, mint gum and faintly of smoke.

I slip my hand from her hair and slide it under her shirt, pausing at the underside of her breast, asking permission to continue. I don't want to push her, but God do I ever want to touch her boobs. As soon as I get an affirmative answer I cup them in my hands. Oh Christ, they are fucking amazing; the weight of them, the softness, the way they fit perfectly in my palms. I take my time, allowing my fingertips to slowly drift toward her nipples. They tighten as my fingers brush over them, and the sexiest sound in the history of the world falls from Bella's lips.

It takes all my reserve not to flip her over on the couch, unbutton my pants, push her breasts together to create what is no doubt the most amazing cleavage in the world, and slide my dick between them. I'm almost positive this would be taking it one step too far. Instead, I push her shirt

up higher and meet her gaze. Unable to speak, I silently ask her permission to remove the article of clothing which is impeding my view of her boobs.

She raises her arms over her head, submitting to my implied request, and I slowly slide the material over her head, not focusing on getting it off her in a hurry. This is because I'm completely enthralled with the sight of her fantastic fucking rack. Holy shit, Bella's boobs are phenomenal, and they are definitely, without a doubt, very, very real.

It takes me a moment to realize Bella is struggling to get out of her top and her glasses are caught in her hair. I untangle them and discard her shirt on the couch as quickly as possible so I can go back to worshipping her rack. I cup them in my hands again, appreciating the fact that I can see them much better now. I'm completely enraptured by them; I think I may even jiggle them just to watch them bounce.

"I told you they were nice for real ones." Bella laughs nervously.

"They're so fucking soft," I tell her as I release them from my palms only to cup them again. "And perky," I muse aloud as I lean in, wanting to taste one of her nipples. Of course, I ask permission first, because I don't want to assume she'll be okay with it.

As soon as my mouth makes contact with the tight, deep pink nipple, Bella lets out another sweet moan of approval and grips my hair in her hands, shoving her chest toward me. I suck a little harder before I graze the sensitive skin with my teeth. Bella gasps and arches further before bowing forward, pressing her face into my hair.

I switch my attention from her right breast to her left, because I wouldn't want to make one feel neglected over the other. Bella's moans get breathier and more aroused as I get closer to the other nipple.

"Fuck, you *really* like that don't you?" I smirk against her nipple, feeling like a champion for making her react like this.

"God, yes," she moans out, whimpering as I suck gently.

Bella's hands return to my chest, and she helps me out of my shirt with an urgency I share, her boobs bouncing as she works to get it over my head. I think I have already fallen in love with them, her boobs I mean. I could spend the entire night nuzzling, fondling and kissing them, and I hope that this will not be the only night I get to do this. Bella's hands run slowly over my arms and along my chest before they travel over my abs and back up again. Her bottom lip is between her teeth as she takes in my body with her heavy, glassy gaze.

Her voice is soft and breathy as she murmurs, "Now *that* is nice." Her eyes follow her hands back down over my abs.

I lean in, cupping her breasts again, and I press my face between them, kissing one and then the other. I can feel Bella's hands between us as they migrate south. As soon as her fingertips dip below

the waistband of my pants, I groan. She is so close to touching the head of my cock, and I'm not about to deny that I really, really want that to happen.

I pull my attention away from her boobs for a moment to suggest that we go to the bedroom. Bella's body stiffens for a moment. "No, we can stay here. I like the couch." Her voice is breathless and raspy as she clears her throat.

I smile into her chest and drag my mouth along the column of her throat, up to her lips. "I'm pretty sure the bed's more comfortable," I attempt to persuade her, sucking on her bottom lip for a second before I slip my tongue into her mouth.

She grinds into me, her fingers dipping farther into my pants which I take as an affirmative that she agrees with me. I reach down, my hands moving beneath the fabric of her pants and I lift her up as I stand. Holding onto Bella's spectacular ass, I carry her to the bedroom.

I set her down on the bed and immediately lean over to turn on the bedside lamp so I can see her. When I lean back, I notice that Bella's eyes are moving over my face and my body, her throat bobbing as she swallows thickly. It's very easy to see that she's nervous; her fingers are gripping the waistband of my pants to the point where her knuckles are turning white, and her eyes are wide as she lets out a shaky sigh.

I let my lips and nose brush along her arm and over her collarbone. "We don't have to do anything you don't want to," I remind her gently.

I don't want her to change her mind and leave, and while I would definitely like to be able to get into her pants with more than just my fingers and possibly my mouth, I don't want her to think I assume she's going to have sex with me.

"I know," she says as her fingers start to move again, searching for the button on my pants. Her hands are trembling, which is an incredible turn on for some reason.

She slides back on the bed, keeping her hands on my waistband as I climb between her legs. I kneel between them, watching as she pushes the button through the hole and then pulls the zipper down. The anticipation is definitely worth it, as is the view. Bella's tongue peeks out and wets her lower lip as she pulls the teeth of my zipper apart one by one. Her ponytail rests on her right shoulder, covering the top half of her nipple, brushing against it with every move she makes.

I run my hands up the outside of her calves, hoping to help calm her nerves since her hands are still shaking. She reaches into my boxers, and I groan at the feeling of her soft, warm fingers as they slide along the length of my shaft. I'm no longer focused on her face or her boobs, instead I'm watching as her wrist disappears inside the black material. She sits up and reaches out with her other hand to pull the waistband down, exposing first the head of my cock, followed by the shaft.

"What the fuck is that?" Bella gasps.

My eyes flash up to her face. The expression she is wearing is worrisome; her mouth is hanging open, her eyes are wide and unblinking. I look around the room, expecting a cockroach or maybe a spider on the wall, but there's nothing that I can see. Then I realize she's still looking at my dick in her hand.

"Um..." I chuckle, feeling self conscious and uncertain. "It's my cock." Is there something wrong with it? Is it deformed? Ugly? Weird looking? No one has ever said anything to that effect before.

Bella shifts on the bed, her thighs parting a little more as she licks her lips, her stare never moving from what she's holding in her hand. "I know that, but Christ, what the fuck is wrong with it? Do you have elephantiasis of the penis or something?"

Jesus, maybe it *is* deformed. Maybe that's why all the guys in the locker room give the cursory glance-and-look-away-quickly when I come out of the shower. Bella's fingers tighten around my shaft which causes my attention to shift from her face back down at her hand. God, her hands are small; there must be two inches of space between her finger and her thumb.

I groan and chuckle nervously, finishing with a gasp as her short nails skim the surface when she squeezes harder. I tell her it's not that big as I shift into her palm, hoping this means she's going to continue using her hand on me for a while, despite her apparent fear of my dick. I wonder if she'll let me cum on her chest . . .

Bella starts rambling as she continues to stroke my cock, talking about how it's like something from a porno and that she's an extra-small and it's an extra-large. It's hard to focus on the words with the way her hand is moving over me. Of course, she keeps on talking and stroking, which is rather amusing and mildly distracting. She compares my dick being inside her to the Hulk exploding out of his shirt. She also uses the term beaver to reference her pussy, which is both funny and somehow hot.

I lean down and kiss her, hoping to distract her from what appears to be her trepidation regarding my cock. "You know," I tell her as she continues to stroke me, "you're pretty damn adorable." I also feel the need to let her know that I don't refer to the female genitalia as a beaver on a regular basis. Of course, I can't help it when the pervert in me finishes that statement with, "I also think it would be tragic if your pussy exploded, particularly if it happened before I have to chance to find out what it's like to be inside you."

Shit. I didn't mean to say that. Well, not really. I was definitely thinking it; I just never intended to voice it. Bella's moan gives me hope that maybe she does want the same thing I do. I test out that theory by gently prying her hand from around my shaft and settling myself between her thighs. Oh God, she's so warm, and damp. Jesus, I can feel the heat and the wet through her pajama bottoms.

Bella moans some more as I kiss her harder and deeper, seeking out her tongue with mine. Her hands travel over my back, and her calves slide up my thighs. Suddenly, she's gripping my ass and arching into me. The way her body moves against mine, the tight friction against my cock makes me ache to be inside her. I compensate for the need to get the rest of her clothes off immediately by grinding into her repeatedly. I kiss my way over her neck and chest, moving down toward her nipple, biting softly before sucking it into my mouth.

Bella bows off the bed, shoving my face into her boob as she whimpers my name, followed by a low moan and a comment about my elephant dick. I stifle a victory laugh because this is the exact response I want to elicit from her. I slowly kiss my way to the other luscious, nipples mountain of softness to even up the attention I've been giving her right boob before I go lower, kissing over her stomach. Sitting up I and hook my fingers into the waistband of Bella's pajama bottoms. Her entire body stiffens, and she sucks in a gasping breath.

Fuck. I've pushed her too far, too fast, and she's going to shut me down. "Is this okay?" I ask uncertainly. I rub circles over her hips and pray like hell that she says it is because I really don't want to end this here.

"Yes, it's okay," she whispers, her fingers coming up to her throat, shaking slightly.

I tell her I can stop if she wants me to as I begin to pull her pants down over her hips, hoping against hope that's not going to happen. She doesn't say anything, though; the only sound is her laboured breathing and mine as I pull them down and slide them off her legs. Bella presses her knees together, her face turning red as she bites her lip, suddenly shy. Jesus, now *that* is the pinnacle of sexy, and I'd bet my entire salary this year she's not even aware of it.

Bella watches me as I run my hands over the outside of her thighs before sliding my palms over to the inside of her knees, parting them slightly. I stroke down the inside of her thighs with my palms. I can't fucking wait to touch her.

"Yes?" I ask as I knead the skin with my fingertips. *Please, please say yes . . .*

She nods, her head jerking with the movement, eyes blinking rapidly. I slide one hand down to her lips—which are . . . holy fuuuuck . . . smooth. I definitely do not expect this; I don't know why. I think I expected her to be trimmed or whatever, but not bare. Maybe her nervousness made me believe that she's completely inexperienced, which would have explained her reaction to my dick. Although why she would chose to come to the room of a hockey player if she was new to this game is beyond me. I don't fixate on this for too long, because I really just want to touch and . . . lick. I definitely want to lick and suck and nibble, which is not something I usually think about doing at all. Mostly it's fingers, and on the very rarest of occasions, there might be some marginally gratifying sex.

"I can't even . . ." I mutter to myself as I lean down to kiss the inside of her knee. Looking up I meet her gaze. "Can I?" I ask as I shift my eyes back down to where my fingers are. I stroke up and down her slit; Christ is she ever wet. While I wait for some type of response I circle her clit with the tip of my thumb.

"Please," she whispers.

I don't need a further invitation. I drag my lips down the inside of her thigh and dive right in. She is so soft and wet and warm against my tongue. The second my mouth comes in contact with her clit, Bella's entire body jerks and her fingers latch onto my hair, holding my face to her pussy. I lick and suck and bite and lick some more as Bella moans.

"Jesus, you're so fucking . . . God . . . do you like that?" I ask her, knowing full well what the answer is going to be.

My reward is Bella moaning out, "God, yes," followed by my name. I slide a finger inside her and groan at the same time she does. Lord almighty, it's snug in there. I go slow, adding another finger as I continue to work her with my mouth. Her legs start to quiver and she tightens around me.

Bella voice is a low, sexy sound as she tells me how much she loves my fingers while she contracts around them. At first I think she's cumming, but after a few slow strokes inside her she relaxes and the tightness, while still there, isn't nearly as intense. I decide to use one more finger, because if I'm going to get my cock inside there, I really don't want to hurt her and she's pretty damn tight. I pull my fingers almost all the way out before sliding them back in, along with a third one. It feels like I'm being clamped on by a vice.

"Holy shit," I groan against her clit, imagining how tight that's going to be around my cock. "You really need to relax, Bella." I curl my fingers, searching for that soft, smooth spot inside her when Bella's entire body bows upward off the bed and she gasps.

"Oh my . . . fuck," she groans as she clenches around my fingers, her body pulsing with an orgasm. Her legs tense and attempt to contract along with the rest of her body. I have to press down on them with my forearms to prevent her from crushing my head in a leg lock. Her body shudders and quakes beneath me, her breath coming out of her in ragged pants as she comes down from her climax.

I kiss her clit and give it one last lick, her body jerking with the contact. I chuckle because she's quite animated in bed and I like it. I kiss my way up her body, keeping my fingers inside her as I stroke her softly, wanting to keep her going while I bring her down slowly.

"Did you like that? Did it feel good?" I ask her, checking to see if she's okay. "You were so tense . . ."

Bella stumbles over her words as she gives me an affirmative response and then reaches down to grab my dick. I'm so ready to go I could cum on contact. I tell her that's not necessary as I sit back and try to find my discarded pants so I can get a condom.

I look over at Bella who is now staring at my dick; her face is flushed, lips parted slightly and I smile because I've scored in more ways than one tonight. "You're fucking gorgeous, you know that?" I murmur, looking over her body from her long lean legs to the gentle curve of her waist, up over the soft expanse of her stomach to her unbelievable breasts, all the way up to her stunning, flushed face.

I stroke myself a couple of time with the hand that was just between Bella's thighs, the slick, satin wetness coating my dick. Flipping my wallet open with my free hand I yank out . . . oh shit . . . Ben is such an asshole. That fucker. I remembered him shoving extras in before I left the locker room, I just didn't think it would be a whole row of condoms. I give Bella an embarrassed smile because now I look like an enormous whore. For a moment I wonder if Bella is completely unaware of my reputation, but figure that's probably unlikely.

I focus on getting the condom out of the package and rolling it over my erection. Even though they're magnums, they can still be a little on the tight side and tonight is one of those nights; I'm extra hard

over this girl. Bella watches me, chewing on her lip the entire time. I give her one last chance to tell me she doesn't want this before I slide my hands down her thighs and rub along the juncture of her hip and her pelvis.

"I'm just a little nervous," she whispers quietly, her eyes shifting away from my cock and up to my face.

I give her what I hope is a reassuring smile because I don't really know what to do with that statement. She was so different in the bar than she is here alone with me. Like a fucking idiot, I tell her that it's going to feel good, but I make sure she promises to tell me if it doesn't. The last thing I want is this to suck for her; then I'd feel like crap. I kiss her as I slide the head of my cock along her slit. Her body tenses up completely.

"Just relax, baby," I murmur and kiss her neck. I continue to make slow passes along her slit until she's no longer tense. When she's languid and she starts to moan again, I position myself against her entrance and slide the head in.

Holy. Fuck. Extra-small is right. I ask her if she's okay as her body tenses again and quietly encourage her to relax while I kiss along her temple and over her cheek, brushing her hair away from her face. I free it from the elastic which is already halfway out, letting it fan around her. Bella's breath comes in short gasps for a minute before it turns into deeper, more controlled exhalations. I push in a little farther as I brush my lips over hers. "That's it, baby."

She tightens up again and mutters an 'oh, God,' so I stop again, waiting until I've relaxed her sufficiently to keep going. I push into her slowly, savouring the feeling of being inside her and really, really wishing I didn't have to use a condom. Once I'm all the way in, I have to agree that she is definitely an extra-small. Bella's laugh is strained as she asserts that it's my size, not hers that's responsible for the tightness. I try to focus on what she's saying, but I'm concentrating too hard on trying not to cum before I can even get in one good thrust.

I give it a test-thrust, pulling out only about a third of the way before pushing back in. "I'm really glad your pussy hasn't exploded," I murmur against her lips.

Bella makes the cutest sound as she agrees with a moan and a giggle.

Pulling almost all the way out, I leave only the head of my cock inside the tight, wet warmth of her body before I slide all the way back in. The sensation is overwhelming, and I desperately want to go harder and faster but I don't. At least not at first. I take my time, staying deep inside her, feeling the way her body moves with mine in a slow, gentle rhythm.

Bella's hands are on me; running through my hair, down my back and up my sides as her hips lift to meet mine with every thrust. Her legs are wrapped around my waist as we move together and while her moans are nice, they aren't as good as the ones that were coming out of her mouth when my face was between her thighs. I run my hand down her hip and along the outside of her leg until I reach her knee. I push her leg up, shifting slightly so I can go just a bit deeper, although I'm already pretty damn deep inside her.

Bella gasps which I take as a good sign; that is until a noise that sounds like I might be causing her discomfort or pain follows. I stop in mid-thrust, half of my body desperate to push all the way back inside while the other half, the better half, stops to check and make sure that Bella is okay.

"I'm fine; it's fucking fantastic," she reassures me, lifting her hips to meet mine.

I gauge the force of my thrusts and the speed at which I move inside her by the sounds she's making. God, does Bella ever sound sexy. All of a sudden, her body stiffens and her head slams back into the pillows. For a split second I think I've hurt her; that is until she clamps down around my cock and the words, "Oh God, Edward," leave her mouth.

An orgasm rocks through her body and I watch as she falls apart underneath me. Just as the last wave passes through her, I slam into her hard, my own release rocketing through me. I pump into her, my whole body buzzing from the intensity as I press my face into her neck. I collapse on top of her and try to remember to breathe as her fingers glide through my hair. Holy hell, I want to do that again.

I lay on top of her until she groans my name breathlessly, and not in the way that she was saying it a minute ago. I immediately push up off her, because I'm crushing her. My barely deflated erection slides out of her, and I have the urge to get right back in there. Instead, I pull the condom off, tie the top in a knot and fling it over the side of the bed. I'll pick it up later.

Bella takes a deep breath. "God, I need a smoke," she says on the exhale.

I look over at her; her eyes are closed, lips parted, fingers trailing down her stomach and over her hips as she rubs her thighs together. Yeah, I definitely want to get inside her again, although I'm not going to hold my breath. I don't even know if she'll want to spend what's left of the night with me or whether she's going to want to leave as soon as she gets a key.

Wanting to keep her here as long as possible I offer to have a pack sent up to the room because I would really like to watch Bella have a post-sex smoke. I lean over and pick up the phone and decide to get her a key while I'm at it so she doesn't feel trapped in here if she doesn't want to stay. Room service jumps on my request and lets me know someone will be up to the room soon.

When I hang up the phone, I turn over, ready to . . . I don't know . . . snuggle with her? Grope her some more? Have sex again? But she's already up off the bed. "Hey, what are you doing?" I ask as I reach out to pull her back into bed.

Bella's response is snippy and short, and she won't look at me. Oh shit, what the hell have I done wrong? I think about the sex which she seemed to really like, and then run over the past few minutes. I'm having smokes brought up for her; that should be a positive, and I've secured her a key so she doesn't have to knock on the door to her suite or go down to the front desk.

Oh fuck . . . Bella thinks I want her to leave. I scramble off the bed, keeping a firm grip on her wrist so she doesn't try to escape and attempt to explain myself. I end up sounding like a complete moron as I seek to persuade her to stay the rest of the night with me. Her stunned, uncertain response is a relief because she's no longer trying to get away from me or attempting to get dressed.

I take Bella's face in my hands, her skin soft and delicate beneath my fingers. I lean down and kiss her gently, letting her know that I want her to stay. Her hands come up and rest on my biceps as I draw her closer to my body; my dick is already starting to react. It'll only be a couple of minutes before I'm ready to go again . . .

Bella's hands move up and down my arms as she moans into my mouth. Suddenly, her fingers pass over my hip and then she's reaching for . . . oh yeah, that's nice. She grazes the head of my half-mast erection. Just as I'm about to let her know I want her again, she asks me if I've taken Viagra.

I freeze, wondering if there are rumours out there about my stamina, or possibly one of the women I've taken home in the past decided to spill it to the press that I didn't have sex with her and now she's getting back at me by saying I'm impotent.

"Pardon me?" I ask, paranoid and emasculated, and a little angry to be honest.

Bella looks up at me nervously as she pats my dick. "N-nothing," she stammers in a whisper.

She wraps her fingers around me, giving my shaft a light squeeze before she strokes up toward the head and runs her thumb over the tip. I ask her a question, but I can't remember what the question is after it comes out of my mouth since she's started stroking me, her thumb brushing over the tip with every upward movement of her hand. Bella's response is a bunch of nervous word vomit, which I find both endearing and amusing. But when she says something about 'ill effects' and being sore tomorrow, I immediately worry that I've hurt her. I feel remotely better when she informs me that my size and the fact that she hasn't been with anyone in a while is the reason for her sore pussy.

Just as we're about to get started on round two, room service shows up. I pull on a pair of boxers and tell her not to go anywhere, giving Bella's ass a smack on the way out of the room just to get a rise out of her.

I charge the smokes to my credit card and throw the guy a twenty before sending him on his way. I want to get back to Bella as quickly as possible so we can pick up where we left off before we were interrupted. When I get to bedroom, the bathroom door is closed and the water's running so I grab an ashtray and set it down on the bed with a lighter.

Just as I'm about to look for the condom I tossed on the floor after round one, the bathroom door opens. Bella practically jumps out of her skin since I'm standing right in front of the door. Her hand goes to her chest and she palms her tit. Fuuuck . . . and the hard-on I'd lost when room service came is raging all over again. I apologize, because I've clearly scared the shit out of Bella by lurking outside the bathroom.

She gives me a disbelieving look as she continues to palm her boob and snorts; it's an adorable sound and I take a step toward her, running my fingers down the valley between her breasts. I slip them into the waistband of her pants, which are back on, much to my dismay. I skim the back of my fingers along the cleft just above her pussy.

"I-I don't know if that's a good idea," she stammers breathlessly. Her eyes close and her lips part as I continue to sweep my fingers back and forth against her.

Her hair is back in a ponytail. I thread the fingers of my free hand through it and give it a little tug. "I like this," I murmur in her ear. God, do I ever want to be inside her again. I kiss her neck, trailing my lips over her shoulder before biting the skin gently.

"If you break my beaver, I'll send you the repair bill," Bella jokes in a breathy voice.

I laugh, because even though it's clear she's still nervous, she's incredibly sexy, either in spite of it or because of it.

"I really wish you'd stop saying that. Beavers are fucking ugly and you have the prettiest pussy I've ever seen," he murmur as I bite the skin on her shoulder and kiss the red mark I've left behind.

I draw her toward the bed and the pack of cigarettes perched on top of it. Hoisting myself onto the mattress, I lean forward and pick Bella up, settling her down on my lap. The position is perfect as her boobs are close to eye level. I lean forward and kiss one of her nipples before biting down on the swell of her breast. Bella gasps and grinds into me; unfortunately, she's about four inches shy of my dick.

I light a cigarette for her and watch her smoke it for a couple of minutes. Bella takes short, light inhalations before she tips her head up and exhales at the ceiling. I watch her lips wrap around the end and think about what it would be like to have them wrapped around my cock. Of course, I would never ask her to do that, particularly since she doesn't know me very well at all . . .

I shift my attention back to her boobs, playing with them while she finishes her cigarette. When I brush my thumb over her tight nipple, she moans and grinds down on me again. I help her out by pulling her body into mine so she has something to rub against—namely, my erection.

"You're wearing too many clothes," I murmur, taking the cigarette from her and butting it out in the ashtray on the bed before I help her out of her pants. At one point, her pussy is right in front of my face, so I press a soft kiss just above her pelvic bone. Oh God, I can smell her . . .

I pull Bella back down into my lap, grinding into her as I cup her face in my hands and kiss the hell out of her. Bella starts a moving over me, sliding along my shaft through my boxers. I need to be naked. I lift my hips, planning to shove my boxers down without moving Bella too far away from my cock, but she stops me.

"I want to do that," she says quietly, licking her lips as her eyes shift down to my boxers.

"By all means." I settle myself back down on the bed and let her have at it.

Bella rises onto her knees, and I follow the movement of her body with my eyes, reaching out to run a finger down her throat and over her shoulder. Bella's hands slide down my chest as she exhales in a rush. Her fingers brush over my erection and the wetness that was left behind from grinding on me. I groan at the sensation and watch as Bella's body flushes from head to toe. Lifting my hips off the bed I attempt to make it easier for her to get my boxers off. Bella pulls them down and my dick springs free, smacking against my stomach.

Once I'm naked, I fully expect her to climb back in my lap because I am all for some skin against skin grinding. But that's not what happens. Instead, Bella runs her hands up my thighs and takes hold of my erection, stroking me a couple of times; she licks her lips as she meets my gaze.

And then she leans over and kisses the tip of my cock. Holy fuck. I'm going to get a blow job? I lean back on my elbows and wait to see what's going to happen next. Bella's hair is brushing over my thighs, and I'm really glad that she's got it up in a ponytail again because I don't have to try and hold it out of the way to see what she's doing.

Her tongue peeks out and she licks the head, like it's a lollipop, or an ice cream cone, or something that tastes good. Before I can blink, her lips are wrapped around the head and all I can feel is hot, wet suction. She starts stroking me with her mouth, taking me in deeper each time until I can feel the head hit the back of her throat. Jesus, there's a lot of cock in her mouth.

"Oh my fucking God," I groan as the head hits the back of her throat again. I'm definitely at risk of cumming soon if she doesn't stop. I gently put my hand on the back of her head, wrapping my fingers around her ponytail. I tug and pull her up to me. As much as I'm enjoying her mouth on me, I definitely want to finish inside her.

I lift her into my lap and continue kissing her, so fucking ready to get inside her again. As soon as her pussy makes contact with my cock, she starts sliding against it.

"Shit that's . . ." I have no words because *Holy Christ* does that ever feel good. . . I want to know what it feels like to be inside her without a barrier at all. Knowing that this is not an option, I begin feeling across the bed with my free hand. "I should get a condom," I say in a gravelly voice as I try to find the fucking things on the bed while I pull Bella tightly to me with one arm.

Bella shifts against me again, sliding up higher this time. I groan when I feel the head of my cock at her entrance. Maybe we could . . . just for a second . . . it would be alright to slip inside the wet heat of her body. Bella lowers herself slightly and the head slips inside her. Jesus, God in heaven it feels amazing. And if we continue like this, I'm going to cum in two minutes since I have never, ever had sex without a condom.

I pull her off me, setting her down away from my cock so I'm not tempted to do that again. I find a condom and rip the foil, muttering to her that we can't do that. I feel shitty when she apologizes—and then lowers herself down on me. Kissing her softly, I hold her body to mine as we start to move, letting her know she has nothing to be sorry for because I sure as hell wanted to do the same thing.

Bella pushes on my chest so I'm lying on the bed while she rides me. Her hips roll and her boobs bounce as she lifts off me and settles herself back down over and over again. I pull her down toward me so I can fondle her while she rides me. My name falls from her lips in a moan as soon as I roll her nipple between my fingers.

Her mouth drops open and her eyes go glassy as her legs start to tremble. I realize she's about to cum and the shaking in her arms means her body is going to give out soon. I sit up, wrapping my hands around her hips as I pump into her. I can feel it; her body tightening around me, contracting violently as she moans out my name.

"Is it good? Does it feel good? Jesus, I can feel you cumming on my cock," I groan into her neck.

Bella's moans get louder and then she starts mumbling something into my neck. Her eyes are glazed and unfocused as her head lolls forward and her cheek rests against mine.

"I love your cock," she murmurs over and over into my ear. There's nothing like a mantra in which a woman professes her love for your cock to make you feel like a rock star.

I slow down my thrusts as Bella's orgasm wanes, her body limp and her breathing ragged. I'm so close now; I take her face in my hands and kiss her as she holds onto my shoulders. Her body stiffens and incoherent words fall from her lips as she slams herself down on me and cums again, which in turn pushes me over the edge.

I don't think I've cum this hard in my entire life. I'm almost concerned that I might have blasted through the condom with the force. Falling back against the sheets, I pull Bella down with me. I make sure she's okay because we definitely went a little harder than I intended at the end there. She snuggles against me and mumbles into my chest. I can't make out anything other than the words 'fine' and 'tired.' I pull out of her and discard the condom on the floor before I settle her under the covers. Once I've set the alarm on my phone so Bella can make it back to her room before her parents wake up, I stretch out beside her.

I'll be sure to let her know I definitely want to take her out on a proper date and do this again before she leaves in the morning. As soon as my eyes are closed, Bella shimmies her way over and tucks herself into my side, mumbling incoherently as she settles against me and puts her hand on my dick. I can't help the smile that tugs at the corner of my mouth, because, even unconscious, Bella wants me.

I can't *wait* to spend some more quality time with this girl, both in and out of a bed.

OoOoOoOoO

