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Chapter 1 to 16 Complete

Chapter: 1

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

A/N: A novella, most likely like most of my stories, because I do not do well with long ones. It won't be a drawn out, I am a straight to the point type of girl in terms of fic writing—but it will explore B and E's emotional states.

This story is inspired by true events.

C5-6

1. Columbia

Edward

The bus I was on was old, rickety and tin can friendly. I was sweating. From the top of my head to the creases between my toes, and by the frantic whirl of mini fans and musty smell of the surrounding passengers, it was evident that I wasn't the only one. I let out a stifled breath, the heat was strumming, it seemed to pluck away all breeze emitted from the fans and waving of hands. My skin had at first caught the sun mercifully—a slight tinge of gold before my lack of supply for sun block had expended. Now I was pink, the tip of my nose, the rise of my cheeks and crinkle of my brow... all pink.

A pretty local girl smiled with me, her dark raven hair swept up from her neck—she didn't seem to be sweating, her skin glistened, enticed me as I stared on with avid eyes. Her smile was flirtatious, her skin a natural bronze, eyes dark—blackened despite the surrounding sunlight. I offered a crooked smirk, knowing that she was more than likely attracted to me from her fleeting gaze. She ducked her head and looked away. I smiled a little harder then, being able to charm her was nice swell for my ego.

I considered moving, maybe taking that unoccupied seat next to her. There weren't too many people aboard considering the time of day, I could quite happily have a conversation without the gawking of a myriad of persons. I made my way over, lugging my traveller bag from the overhead bunk. Within moments I was before her, my bag at my side, an inviting smile on my lips. "Can I join you?" I knew she could understand, many residents I had encountered were fluent. I sat next to her after a soft 'yes' escaped her full mouth. We had a trivial amount of small

talk, she was quite brazen after a couple minutes had passed. She noted the burn of my skin, laughed playfully, said that a 'wiry white man like me couldn't handle the Columbian heat' and I couldn't help but think that she was talking about something other than the sun.

Her stop was coming up. She readied herself, picking up her leather purse and easing it over her shoulder. "It was nice talking," she said, her enticing accent over pronouncing each syllable. We had been flirting quite harmlessly up until then. Asking for her number would have been fruitless. I was backpacking and without a cell phone, each penny literally counted and I wasn't about to spend anything on anyone I wasn't sure to see on a long term basis. Harsh but true. Survival was prominent. I eyed her shapely legs as she passed me, admiring the strong tendons as they pulsed in movement. I imagined them wrapped around me, briefly fanaticising a hot thrash of limbs in hurried love making. I figured her to be a wild woman in bed, stereotyping her as a hot blooded Latina—I was being a pig. But as I smiled sweetly with her on departure I allowed myself the caprice... after all, she would never have the displeasure of finding my perverted mind out.

The rest of the journey was long; long and boring. I was heading toward the inner city, wanting to see more, wanting to embrace everything and become less of the common faced Westerner that had mulled vilely throughout my hometown of Forks. That town had always been too small for me and I had always been too big. I outgrew it. I outgrew the people, the way they went about their everyday lives, routine and out of habit. Despite this I loved all that lived there, in a way I guess I loved Forks too—but the thought of spending my entire life in place that could only offer so much was stifling. I longed for exploration, I longed for freedom.

Two weeks had been spent exploring the boarders, the mainland and heights. I had stepped into cocaine fields with a truck load of students, our eyes milking in the incessant cleaver hacking of middle aged sources. I was on my lonesome, bumming along once I had flirted with all three of the giddy girls that accompanied the troop of adventure seeking school leavers. They had pulled me up with them, insistent that I joined them for the small triad. Their guide was a short stout local, he wore a black bandana on his head, more than likely doing his best to keep the glare of the sun from his top—my smartassery was brimming to ask if he knew such a dark color would only absorb the heat, but I kept my mouth shut, my eyes wide with wonder as the appearance of the innocent looking plants brushed at my ankles.

Somehow, after all our sites, all six of us had ended up sleeping on a port. A small harbour that seemed out of use but still serene in its quality, being so near to the water had meant that the air was breezy. It was a nice feeling, having that cool air travel over my skin. In the dim of the evening, the sunset was dreamlike. I was left feeling nostalgic, a brief moment of wanting to be home hammered away in my gut. I missed my mother the most. One of the girls at my side looked up at me, sensing my state of homesickness. We ended up bonding over the rivets of night air, her head leaned upon my shoulder, her breath warm on my neck. I kissed her, brought my lips to hers in a moment of pure want. I wanted someone near, someone soft and girl-like, feminine and clean. She smelt of peaches, her hair billowy and waved in the temperamental heat of the climate. She was convenient—there for me to touch. And so I did. And in the morning we were all smiles, no awkward prancing, I parted from their group with a wave—no hugs, no contacts shared, just a promise to be safe on each of our travels.

The road suddenly became bumpy, my behind racketing up and down on the already uncomfortable seats. An elderly lady cursed in her tongue, a hot sliver of profanities as her belongings jumped from her lap onto the soiled bus floor. I flattened my palm against the pane of the window, doing my best to steady myself in my seat. My bag rolled past my feet, into the valley that separated each row of worn padded benches. I lunged forward in a bid to catch it, I was unsuccessful. It clamoured its way down in the aisle. Hot faced and bothered I got up, holding onto the poles situated along the expanse of the bus, steadying my feet as I took attentive steps.

"Down!" the bus driver suddenly yelled. "Down!" His voice grew more panicked, I knew he was talking to me, I was sure of it seeing as I was the only American aboard. I paused, briefly wondering if I should leave my bag to sit until the roughness of the road smoothed out, but in my eyeshot I noted the seams rolling out, my belongings were sure to scatter at any minute and the likely hood of having to fish everything out of the nooks and crannies in the vehicle annoyed me to no end.

The bus swerved, I was knocked to my feet, the elderly lady gripped me at the collar of my shirt—her eyes protective as mine bugged out in sudden shock. Her aged fingers never left me, she clasped her lips shut, her gaze fixed ahead in amazement as the bus whipped from side to side in a frantic search of grip and friction. The driver was losing control. I crawled up with all the strength I could muster, my knees feeling the impact of my fall, I was sure I had damaged something but the adrenaline coursing through me had overtaken my discomfort.

I dragged myself up and sat next to her, her death grip on me still prime. She buried her head into my chest, out of instinct I curved her under my arm, her crinkled lips moving, crying out to God in a bid to be saved. I didn't know what to do. I had no clue what was happening. Obviously the bus was veering to the side, I could feel the tension of the wheels and as we all but tipped, I feared for the worst. The driver yelped once more, the bus banging back onto the surface and at that the old woman shrieked a wonder of thanks to Jesus. I was still stiff, sweating even harder because I realized now that the bus was skidding in a feat to halt the unrestrained force it exerted. I was flung out the seat, the old woman's voice crying out in pain as her body was thrown forward, all other passengers mimicking her panic.

We had crashed.

There were groans all around me, wailing and weeping from the people surrounding. In the corner of my eye I saw a bloodied body, angled horribly, broken in several places. A piercing scream shattered my ears, the heat and dust muddled and clogged my vision. We needed rescuing, we needed it before the bus combusted. Engine fluid was sure to be leaking, the warmth sure to add some form of distress, I prayed that no gusts of oxygen would alight it; I prayed that we would all be freed; I prayed that I would see my family again.

Locals crowded around us. A milling of voices and panic struck stares as I was gingerly pulled from the ruins. I was one of three survivors, eleven were dead. I had been given a second chance. I thanked God, thanked my rescuer, I thanked the paramedic as she steadied my upper body into a brace. She spoke, her accent strong but clear, "Can you move your legs? Sir can twitch for

me?" I did as I was asked, her eyes averting to my lower body, she looked back up, silent as her stare met mine and then affixed a mask of oxygen to my mouth. I knew something was off, I knew something was wrong, but as I shut my eyes to the haze and bustle around me I couldn't find the strength in me to ask... I slipped into blackness, no longer strong enough to stay awake.

I was transported by air to New York. My parents were informed of my whereabouts, my mother frantic and in tears as I awoke to the smell of illness and reform. "Oh Edward," she sobbed. My eyes were sore, I was sore all over, every part of me felt open and salted, I cringed in pain, eyed my mother and her tear strained face.

My father's face was solemn, his eyes watery but focussed. "How are you feeling son?"

My throat was dry, barely in condition to talk but somehow I managed, "Terrible."

He smiled at me sadly. "Edward... there is something you need to know..."

I could hear the tremor in his voice. My father was a surgeon, a well established one in our small town of Forks but in the dim of the hospital lights, under all the florissant and wispy air I could see that he was helpless. Slumped in his usual robust posture, my father was defeated.

I had been classified as a C5-6 quadriplegic: paralysed from the lower chest down.

I laid there. I laid there speechless, speechless for hours until my mother looked my way and spoke softly, "Is there anything I can get you honey?"

I looked up, a hotness burned at the brim of my ducts. I let myself cry, I wasn't a crier but it came wilfully. "No mom, I'm okay..." I didn't want to worry her. I didn't want to put her through this. She stroked my brow and kissed me there, told me she would do all she could to see me through this. I gave a weak smile. "I'm okay," I repeated. I had to be. I wanted to be. What else would be left but my sanity after such a loss of passage?

Years passed.

Years of coming to terms and learning my body all over again, I couldn't move anything below my chest, I had the use of my arms and I could feel the beat of my heart—but there were no cramps or tinges of weariness in my legs, no tingles of feeling in my toes—I was numb, unfeeling, and immobile without the use of a chair.

I had always been resilient. I was quick to recover in terms of emotion. I believe solely that my years of wistfulness and longing to be different had given me an ironic state of mind. I *was* okay. I was going to be okay. I had cried when I needed to. I had let out all my anger towards what had happened. And now, after ten long years of coming to terms, I was living, I was well and I was thankful that my life hadn't been taken from me. In that horrifying moment of misadventure I could have been deemed dead, I could have been a casualty at the tender age of nineteen... but I wasn't. I was alive, I was well, I was here, and the earth would have to swallow me whole before I wallowed in any amount of self pity.

I still wanted to explore.

I still wanted to achieve.

No loss of movement could stop that.

No deeming of disability could hinder me.

Life was made for living.

And this was my second chance.

Chapter: 2

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C5-6

2. Unexpected

Bella

The sun was blazing, hot, hot, hot. I hated being hot, I hated the brightness of the sun. I longed for the winter to ascend. Improper in my dress, I was in a black knee length trench, full length jeans and sneakers, everyone around me in sundresses, shorts and t-shirts. I was sure I looked foolish, but whatever, I just wanted to be left alone and it was manifest that no one would approach me with my chin ducted south. I leaned against the limestone of the building, finishing my bottled water before deciding to head inside.

I came here because I was bored. It was my day off and I was restless, sleeping in would do me no great favor, I needed to be out in the air, however stifling it appeared. The museum was situated adjacent to the park, a lush green of pathways and fitness bunnies, roller skating young adults and dog walkers. I pre-planned a lonesome picnic, it would be fitting to eat outside...

Once inside, the hard marble of the flooring accosted my feet, making me feel as though I was walking on the slither of glass. I removed my jacket, wanting to bathe in the coolness of the air conditioned rooms. I instantly felt better. I meandered through the exhibit, wandering about the place aimlessly and admiring the works of art... Feeling tired after only twenty minutes of reading posts and eyeing displays I sat on the edge of lacquered bench, folding my trench over the bend of my knees.

The exhibition was the 'Age of Iron', I sat before a Picasso, slightly conflicted over whether or

not I found his work interesting. It was a haphazard sculpture, one that in its beauty was altogether confusing but precise. Looking at it was one big contradiction, and in a sullied state I likened it to myself.

A voice alerted me, the owner's form seated next to mine. "Picasso often used 'found objects' in his work..."

I kept my stare ahead, ignoring the velvet toned voice and eyeing the two metal colanders in the center of the sculpture. "Yeah, found in his kitchen probably."

The body next to me laughed, it was as low as his voice, serene in its quality. I turned to face him. His profile almost perfect, a straight bridged nose, a soft wave of mouth and a pronounced jaw bone. From his profile even, I could tell that he was handsome, and the thought that he was talking to me, registered as a flimsy flight of words. I decided not to look too intently into the interaction.

It was then I looked down. He was bound to a chair, his arms languidly placed on the armrests as his throat bobbed in pensive thought. Despite this, I was still attracted and my curiosity was hoisted, I wanted to see his face, I wanted to see him head on.

I laughed then. At myself of course. It was rare that I took such avid interest in males, I was partially handicapped from my lack of interaction, my conversational skill, my flirtatiousness, was that of a ten year old girl... I could really par on awful when I tried, or in my case, when I didn't.

His head turned and in a reluctant whim of answered wishes I saw him. His green eyes, his stubble, he had a heavy set of brows, strong and devious looking when relaxed, like he could at any moment become an evil character... But then he smiled, crooked and impish. "What's so funny now?" he asked, my late laughter courting his interest.

"Nothing," I replied. I suddenly felt shy, embarrassed that someone like him was making efforts to talk about artworks I had no solid clues about. I rubbed the back of my neck in a bid to ease the tension that was forming, I wanted to get up and leave. I wanted to avoid the awkward feeling I knew was coming.

He seemed to snigger, but I couldn't be too sure and I didn't want to be assuming that it had to be something to do with me. "So... do you come here often?" He grinned like he had just spoken the funniest line of them all, and in a way, he almost had.

I kept my face straight, bit the inside of lower lip as my brow furrowed in bewilderment. Was he trying to talk me up? Was he attempting to flirt? I didn't have a clue, all I knew was that those utterances were usually said to tipsy girl's awaiting the doting company of a perfect stranger. I stuttered. "I-it's a museum... I mean no, no I don't."

"I was kidding," he chided. "Just trying to break the ice..."

I took in his words, finding it quite unbelievable, he *was* trying to flirt. A part of me wanted to encourage it, but I was so out of practise. After an un-explained break up I had been left scorned, thwarted at the thought of ever finding someone attractive. From then on I had figured that no one I was drawn to would be in turn drawn to me. I was sensitive... that was evident, thin to touch, brittle in my attempts. I conjured up some courage nonetheless. I spoke soft but clear, "Ice broken."

"Edward," he said, offering a barely stretched palm.

I reached around and shook it, taking note that movement for him may be minimal. "Bella."

"And how many times has someone referred to the Italian translation? I bet its tiring to hear. Would I be a complete loser if I told it was fitting?"

I stuttered again, overtaken by his confidence, under pleased by my own. And contrary to popular belief it's not everyday that a guy would tell me that my name was fitting... and so I replied, "Um, no?"

He grinned, a light pink flushed his cheeks, maybe he was just as nervous as me—with good reason of course— *he was in a wheelchair*. I suddenly felt very small, like my lack of self assurance was acted out in a sphere of pure self absorption. For someone to be bound like that and to still be the one approaching, his poise was admirable. "Are you humouring me?"

I was instant in my reply, "No."

"Why are you here alone?"

"*Why are you here alone?*"

"I asked you first Bella."

The sound of my name on his lips was sweet. His 'velvet' wrapped around the ending, a flick of the tongue as his mouth parted in the saying. I smiled back shyly. "I'm a loner."

"Really?" His eye brow arched, that deviant smirk still placed. "Well that's a shame."

Yes, it was, but for who I couldn't quite place. Edward mussed his hair, ran his fingers through it, I didn't know if it was a nervous twitch or an attempt to fill the quiet with something more substantial. I cleared my throat, nervously fighting for something to say. "And you?"

"I'm here with family."

I nodded once, a soft 'oh' in reply. I looked back toward the sculpture, wondering how on earth I was to escape without looking a fool. In a brief meeting of eyes I had felt burned. His stare was placed firmly on mine and in a silly fashion my eyes widened, embarrassment could not cover my sentiments I laughed quietly and so did he.

"Edward! Why do you always roll off like that? Fuck this shit is boring... I saw a hot dog vender a while back, you want? I'm gonna go get—" The booming voice slowed, he took in the sight before him, that being me staring red faced at Edward and him smiling back in amusement. "Well shit, you don't waste time do you?" His voice was insinuating and it only caused me to feel more uncomfortable, he grinned at him in a familiar sense and waited for a retort.

"That's just my brother," he said, ignoring his presence. "He was just leaving."

"I was?" His reply was loud and daring. He towered over the both of us, a strong and domineering stance that trumped six foot. His hard forearms crossed about his chest, causing his biceps to bulge through his shirt. I swallowed slightly miffed.

"Yes." Edward's tone was harsh as he turned, his brother all but smiled, raising his hands in retreat and walked to the edge of the exhibit. "Sorry about that."

"That's okay," I managed, finding the loose thread on my trench mildly fascinating.

"So this is that part where I ask you if you're single..."

My breath caught my throat, his cut to the chase manner startling me. I had never been so aggressively sought after, by a man in a wheelchair or by a man in any sense. I somehow managed to find my voice. "Oh... okay."

"Okay? That doesn't really answer my question..." He grinned, noting that my awkward reply was in his favour. He reached into his shirt pocket, pulled out a slinky looking cell phone and held it out. "May I have your number?"

I recited it in a stupor, feeling as though I had stepped into an alternate universe where all people were rolling about on wheels, happy with their lives as I struggled to find my balance on two left feet. I was most definitely a fish out of water. I was most definitely at a loss for words.

"So I'll call you, and then maybe we can figure this all out?" He looked at me with raised eyebrows.

I nodded mutely, he said his goodbyes and then in a blink of the eye, he had manoeuvred to his brother's side. I watched as his burly sibling clouted him on the back and as they exited I could hear a faint rebuke. I sat there motionless. Stiff in bewilderment. Had that just happened? How did I go from un-expecting and dateless to courted?

I sat there for a further twenty minutes.

The prospect of going out with him was daunting and I hoped to God that my personality and carriage would not fail me.

Chapter: 3

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

3. Inward thought

Edward

There are so many appliances, programmed computers, and aids. My apartment is a safe haven for someone as debilitated as myself, a campsite it would seem for my sibling—Emmett has taken it upon himself to *live* in my living room. My house chair, the one I only choose to use in the house is filled with a pile of his unwashed clothes. "Emmett!" He rolls his eyes, flinging them to one side and without taking his eyes away from the game he is watching he assists me by lifting my sides into it, I didn't ask for his help but when it come to him, it's offered without saying. "Clean your shit up." He rolls his eyes again, a flip of the hand as he chomps down on his ordered pizza.

"Gimmie a break, I'm helping you out aren't I?"

"Only because you have to, given the choice I'm sure you'd be back at Rose's."

He scoffs and returns to the TV. After I do what needs to be done I make my way to the kitchen, deciding that maybe my body will love me a little harder if I cook something fresh.

"If there's room in your schedule to make a sandwich I would really appreciate it..."

I try to ignore him, because he is annoying, but I make it nonetheless because he is who he is—a constant friend, blood for blood, the only man-besides my father that I will ever love and...

"Oh and don't be stingy on the butter."

...I can't wait until Rose takes him back.

Emmett is a staple feature in my life. My mother a big reason for it, she has always worried, worried hard since my accident, worried to a point of senselessness since I decided to move away from home. Anyone would think I upped and left the country, my safety comparable to that of a soldier on the front line—I am only a few states away. She had convinced Emmett that moving here with me was a good idea, a new venture for his professional life as an accountant. He had agreed with her, to settle her and to keep an eye on his dead legged baby brother.

We were as different as day and night. Emmett is older, taller, butcher. He has almost raven like hair, the blackest of eyes, he is in turn a mammoth when compared to me—even more so now

that my legs are just a inert physical feature. Being the younger brother, I had always in a way admired his strength—but being smart enough, I knew that the worst attempt to flatter our family line would be poor imitation. And so I became the free spirit—I became fearless. I left school ready to explore. Cambodia, South East Asia, Columbia... I didn't plan on stopping any time soon.

My father would grow weary at times. His words often saying, 'but at some point son, you will have seen there is all to see, and then what?' I didn't have a reply for that. I knew that one day my restlessness would falter. It hasn't yet. I may be without the freedom of movement but I would still grow weary at the idea of staying immobile.

Emmett laughs at me. I am his favorite topic of discussion it would seem. He taunts and teases, but again my smarts tell me different. I know that it is a proud-ness that resonates in his belly. Emmett admires me I think, and if he were to ever doubt it—the feeling is mutual.

"So you and that chick from the museum..."

"What about her?"

"When's the date again?"

I can tell he wants to intervene.

"I don't need your help Em, I'm pretty sure I have everything covered."

He retreats, hands in the air as blatant as a white flag. "Just offering."

I sigh. "I know."

"So where are you taking her?"

I thought maybe a dinner was best. Somewhere where we could talk... the movies to me just seemed to be a cop out, more suited to a third or fourth date—if we were to ever get that far. I was more than aware that things could be over complicated; they often were when it came to women.

It was always like this though. My big brother being jovial when the meeting of a female was light and not serious, him turning into a complete replica of my worrying mother once something more serious took place. It had happened once. But I was wise enough to know that it was likely to happen again.

He was worried I attracted those iffy types. Those women that went about trying to control and fix and dominate. I had to laugh at that though, because controlling a man like myself would be a feat... in my eyes at least. And whilst I understood his concerns, those same concerns never bothered me. Time would tell. It would allow me to see a woman for who she truly was.

I have had my share though. Carline, the one who insisted we hold hands, kiss and engage every time we were together in public—just so people would see how unaffected she was by my disability. Teresa, who was aptly named... her pity and carefulness was all the reason she needed. Gina, who courted me as an experiment... she was, well quite understandably a freak. And then there was Tanya... who was and still is a fixture in my life. We were to be engaged, just about to be tied down, but it was a bright and sunny morning—the eve of my planning to ask her, when I saw the doubt in her eyes. Tanya was a lover of grand things, staples, family and the continuation of it. I knew that she loved me, but her love for having a child was greater... I couldn't give that to her. Ever since, she has evaluated and scrutinized my dating life. I think there are tangible moments of jealousy... she is still in awe of how I manage to date so liberally.

My confidence always seemed to blight people. They were sure I was hiding behind something... that it was all bravado. For the first few years I struggled, internally, the physical barriers were easier... It was those moments of *what if's* and *if only's*, if only I didn't step onto that bus... But I tried, I aimed, I pushed until all those hurts drove me to believe that if it had to happen to someone, that maybe I was the guy—the only guy that could handle it. There were always things that drove people. Two of the strongest contenders being determination and desperation. Maybe I had both. And however annoying it was to piss through a catheter at night, to roll instead of walk, I was thankful for life. I think that was obvious.

However, I did have things I hankered for. Things that others may have been completely destroyed over... The control, the want, the desire, the part of me that helped to satisfy, create and love.

I also missed feet.

The feel of socks on your feet, tingles in the toes, soreness from long walks. Running too. I really missed running. And out of this came a fetish. The cuteness of female toes dipped in red paint... or whatever color they preferred... Tanya despised this—my love for feet. But she kept her mouth wired. And I kept my fetish inoperative. Her feet were off limits... much to my dismay.

I had always had inkling to suck on a girls toes... disgusting maybe... but the right type of dirty in my case. Maybe this new girl, maybe Bella wouldn't object. I don't think it was sexual. It couldn't really be, for how was a quadriplegic to be *aroused*? It was sensual maybe; it still stimulated me... although southern of the border lacked the proof. All I felt now was concentrated solely on my upper half. I had to admit though... my thoughts were very much more concentrated, when I was with the relentless use of my cock—maybe sex was my biggest distraction. Now it was a challenge. A challenge especially when it came to the need to satisfy my chosen partner. Whoever was to end up with me, whoever I took into my bed, would have to be open to experimentation—ways of exploring our sexuality and stimulating one another unconventionally.

We were to meet outside Won's at six. I arrived early, not wanting to be an ass by making her wait... she was right on time. This small, childlike smile on her face... shy yet promising. I smirked on her arrival. She was quite cute. A black wrapped dress and knee high boots, a

cascaded hair style and neatly lined eyes... Bella was as her name professed.

I just wasn't too sure she was aware of it.

"Hello," she said smiling.

I returned the greeting, and motioned for us to go inside—despite it being the summer there was a slight chill to the air.

We were shown to our table. Discussed our mutual like for oriental food. "I like Thai too," she almost murmurs. Her talk is unsure. I find it endearing.

"What else do you like?"

Bella all but blushes, I think I've made her think naughty thoughts... its quite amusing to guard her reaction. "Art. Literature. Music... reality TV."

I laugh at her last answer. "Let's leave the pretentious talk for the oldies... What's your preference? American Idol, Survivor or The Real World?"

She laughs now, and it is quiet, like a smile with a hint of sound. "All three... make over shows too, because who can resist a good before and after?"

I think I like this girl. She is reserved maybe, but playful—the best of both in a kind manner. I can tell that she maybe holding back, and I have a feeling that revealing those layers may be rewarding... or at least I hope.

Dessert comes. And in avid fascination I watch as she bites into her chocolate laced sponge. "This isn't a very Asian finish," she says, and looks to me. "I feel greedy for ordering when you didn't."

I stare at her, smiling slightly. "Don't."

"I guess it takes a little less to make others feel full." Her eyes bug slightly, as if she is having an epiphany. "Your not...are you... are you wanting to go home?"

"No Bella."

"Oh." She takes another careful mouthful, chews and swallows. She is well aware that I am staring as she eats.

"Should I stop?"

"Stop what?"

She is a terrible pretender. She knows what I mean. *"Staring."*

She smiles shyly. "Not if you don't want to."

I smile back. So she likes to be watched, or maybe it is that she likes *me* watching. "I don't... want to."

If sex was a great past time... watching her mouth was a pretty substitute... things between her lips.... I miss the usual reaction I have to these things too, I miss those embarrassing *thought out* erections. My cock between her lips may have been a sight to behold. I am thinking quite filthy ridden thoughts, but at best, all I am, is a man.

Bella seems to be aware of this. I can tell she is embarrassed or maybe self conscious. And I almost feel remorseful for the way she shifts as she eats, but not entirely... it's nice to know I still have an effect on women.

"So how did the date go?" Emmett is still on my couch when I arrive home. "You didn't invite her up for coffee?" I can practically hear the wiggle of his brows.

I roll toward the couch and conk the back of his head. "I dropped her home."

"So did she dig the love wagon?"

I make my way to my room, before yelling out, "How about you call her and ask?" And I smile, because despite our date ending less than an hour ago, that is exactly what I'm about to do.

A/N: Thanks for reading. Please review. I'm juggling three stories now, but no worries, each will be updated regularly unless I say otherwise. And nope, I don't have a schedule.

Chapter: 4

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

4. Coyness

Bella

Edward is forward. I have a nervousness to me, one that prohibits my true affections to shine through. This, (as in him) saves me from regretting my introversion. He is confident with every question, answer, and movement, and in turn I am heavily attracted despite the fact that he is in a wheelchair.

All through out dinner his stare danced across the table. And instead of looking away once I caught his glare, he would smile. It was assertive. It was charming. And the redness in my cheeks would be a tell tale sign of me falling for every line and hook he threw. *"You should smile more often, it looks good on you."* And so I did as he suggested. And then the painful subject of past relationships crept into the conversation. I told him about Tyler, how he dumped me, how I was a little more than disappointed and how I hadn't dated or even looked since. My eyebrows had risen at that point and then his hand appeared on the top of the table, he smiled and motioned for my hand. Hesitantly I gave it to him. Edward abruptly and appropriately changed the subject—a compliment to way out my ex-boyfriend's rejections. *"You are quite lovely."*

I felt so corny for saying so, but nothing about him seemed banal. Edward was one of a kind. Maybe it was because I hadn't been so adamantly admired. Maybe my inexperience made me gullible. But I was enjoying this. I was enjoying being chased.

I had fully expected to catch a cab home but Edward offered to drive me. It was then my imagination ran away with me—a picture of me placed on his lap as he zoomed down a hill... But instead he led me to a large vehicle parked down the street. He pressed a button on his chair, and a hinged ramp automatically descended. He told me the passenger side was unlocked as he backed up the ramp. With ease he maneuvered into place, (the drivers' seat had been removed), and started the engine. His left hand connected to a gadget on the steering wheel. I had never seen anyone drive with one handed controls before, but Edward did it all so effortlessly.

During the drive back to my apartment he told me about his injury. How he had been paralyzed for nearly 10 years now and how it had taken a good while for him to come to terms with it—understandably so. I had always vied for that type of strength, maybe in time if things were to work, he would instill in me some of that vigor.

We were still talking long after he had pulled up outside my building. I had wanted to invite him in but the countless amount of stairs had made it impossible for him access. Instead, whilst still lingering inside his spacious vehicle I leaned over to place a kiss on his cheek. I pulled back shyly as he smiled with me.

"I had a good time tonight Bella."

"Me too."

"I'll call you."

"Okay...have a goodnight."

"You too."

I was in a good mood. I danced about my apartment to the non existent music. I had just had a date, with a man, who seemed *very* into me. This was rare. And so I celebrated... I dragged out an unopened bottle of Irish cream. My mother had sent this to me, she often bought me alcohol,

don't ask me why—her words being 'honey you need to unwind'. By my third glass I was feeling slightly woozy. My face was red hot and the backs of ears were tingling. And so the buzzing of my phone was a little disconcerting. But when I looked down to the screen and saw that it was Edward I rushed to answer. "Hello?"

"Hello Bella." His voice was just as pleasant when I was sober.

"Hi."

"I hope you don't mind me calling, but I did say I would—remember?"

I nodded, which was quite senseless.

"This is okay right?"

"Oh... yes! Yes, it's great." Ugh, this was going well.

He chuckled at my eager tone. "I'm just getting ready for bed..."

I imagined him in only his underwear. My mind was running rampant, wondering how it was that he actually got into bed—if someone was there with him, if he needed anybody to be there with him. "Oh? Me too."

His voice took on a teasing tone, "Are you all cozy under your blankets?"

I chuckled slightly—trying my best to reject the woozy feeling I was having from the alcohol. I heard him laugh back—probably at how stupid I sounded. I swallowed replying, "Are you?" Was I flirting? Was this even considered as flirting?

He chuckled. "Are you about to ask me what color my underwear is?"

I thought about his question quite seriously before coming back with a very silly, "Are you?"

"Would you like me to?"

I hummed, really contemplating, really thinking hard about what I liked. "I like you."

"I like you too," he replied.

"I like you a lot, and not because you have no legs... I mean you have legs but you don't use them... but that isn't why I like you... I just do."

Edward seemed to find my talk quite amusing, his laughter playing it forward. "Bella are you okay?"

I let out a silent burp, thankful that I could disguise it. "I'm fine!" Realizing my own volume I

cringed, apologized, and attempted to speak in a more hushed tone. "I had a couple of small celebratory drinks..."

"Ahh," he mused. "What exactly were you celebrating?"

"You," I breathed, forgetting my composure, sounding completely foolish, completely smitten. I closed my eyes. I smiled. And then I coughed. *Oh fuck...*

"Me?"

"I mean... oh God, I didn't mean that."

"You didn't?" his voice mocked disappointment.

"This is so embarrassing. I have absolutely no filter when I drink... I'm so sorry Edward."

"I quite like you minus your filter."

"Are you laughing at me?"

He was.

Edward was laughing.

"Only a little," he said. "No big deal."

I groaned, tried to change the subject, but I was unsuccessful. My mouth was failing me, as was my brain, every sentence was beyond moronic and it only caused him laugh harder. I instantly regretted opening that bottle. I clutched my throat, attempted to stop my vocal chords from functioning, but he kept on asking questions and I kept on answering. He questioned if I was always like this when I was tipsy, to which I replied 'yes' and jokingly he told me that our second date would then involve a lot of alcohol.

"That is assuming you'd like to go on a second date."

"I would love to."

We arranged a time and place, I made sure to scrawl this down on the white board attached to the fridge, my hand writing leaning dismally to one side as I drew infantile love hearts above each 'i'.

"Well, I'm going to call it a night. Please do make sure to take care of yourself," he teased.

I smiled into the receiver and when we said goodnight for the second time, I fell asleep, drooling over the foot of my newly upholstered couch.

Alice was my sometimes friend. I would sometimes see her all month, the next few being sketchy, the rest non-existent. Most of our meetings were always initiated by me. I always called, I always went, I (most of the time) paid. There were moments where I grew tired, my thoughts leading to me thinking she just wasn't that into me—I kept her around nonetheless. Alice was fun when she wanted to be.

We were having lunch... at Burger King. Alice claimed to be broke, and I whilst I may have been generous, my pockets had somehow expended themselves for the month due to a lump sum of money I had spent on a forthcoming holiday.

We talked about her life. As per usual, she and Jasper were driving one another crazy. Jasper's gambling problems were burning holes in his monthly pay check, and Alice—once the stay at home mother, now had to find the time and money to get a sitter whilst she worked shifts at her local Irish pub.

Her son Elijah squealed in delight as he mouthed a fry. His bright blue eyes sizzling with excitement as she shoved her half finished Cola to his lips. I could tell that motherhood was running her pretty hard. And so I offered to baby sit. Without any hesitation she accepted my offer, asking me if the up and coming weekend would be any good. "I have a date," I told her.

Her eyes widened. "Fuck me!" And in a last minute panic she covered her son's ears. "Shit."

I shook my head. "You know his first word will probably be a cuss."

Ignoring me she continued, "Tell me, tell me, tell me."

I shyly offered up the details. Mentioned that he was incredibly handsome, extremely flirtatious, confident, sexy, in a wheelchair, well dressed, well spoken, educated, great personality...

"A wheel chair?"

I nodded.

"He can't walk?"

I rolled my eyes.

"I mean shit." She brought her hands over Elijah's ears. "Wow."

"He's great though."

"Well how would you know at this point Bella? You've only had one date. And he's disabled? That's a big responsibility, imagine if you get serious—married, you'd be like... his care taker, his nurse!"

I bit into my burger, listening, but not heeding. I had already thought about it. My sentiments

were to actually *not think*. Thinking was bad. Thinking made you overreact. I made a pact with myself... that pact being 'take each day as it comes'.

"You know... maybe you're only attracted to him because he's in that *thing*."

I arched a brow. "I don't thi—"

"—you are clearly diving in head first. Tyler broke your heart and now you're latching onto the first bit of attention you get."

Elijah gurgled, choking on the carbonated drink, Alice patted his back rhythmically before continuing. "And the fact that he can't walk makes you feel powerful so you have this whole 'holier than thou' syndrome going on..."

I coughed, choking on my food. I was offended for about two point five seconds, but then, I had to think about it. Was my interest piqued because he was disabled? Was I trying to knock down a cultural barrier? I sucked on my straw, gulping down my ice cold Sprite. "I think if you met him, you'd see all that I'm saying."

Alice smirked, bouncing Elijah erratically on her knee. She cocked her head to the side. "A hot disabled guy huh?"

I bit my lip, candidly confirming it for her. "He's gorgeous."

"And the whole no legs thing..."

"He has legs Alice."

"Well not being able to walk..."

"I don't know, once I got talking to him I kinda forgot."

"Hmmm." She looked to the ceiling. Covered Elijah's ears. "Wheel chair sex?" she mouthed silently.

I turned crimson. "Alice we're not that far down the road..."

"But come on, you have got to of thought about it at least!"

I wondered if I should included the fact that he was paralyzed from the chest down. I decided not to... for now, Alice knew enough.

A/n: A reader asked '*Can Edward not father children (because of his injury)?*' – Quadriplegics can father/have kids (although it is more common in female quads'), but it becomes less likely after a lengthy period, as their sperm count can diminish over time. Most choose to freeze their sperm once they learn of it.

As for sex, my fic will explore that, so if you have the tolerance more will be explained later.

Chapter: 5

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

5. Other matters

Edward

She was possibly one of the most erratic women I had ever come across.

Tanya ranted and raved about her new boyfriend Ray as we crossed the botanical gardens. It wasn't a planned meeting, after leaving work early I had very much expected to go home to some takeout and a late night movie. But she had called, said she needed some advice... and well who was I to refuse?

"He asked me if I was still hung up on you..."

I looked onward, avoiding eye contact. Maybe I was being slightly insensitive but this wasn't a subject I wanted to be broached... not now at least. Tanya bit the side of her lip, an attempt to appear innocent—she was anything *but*, it was a well known to me (of all people) that she would never *unintentionally* do or say something that would threaten to open up a can of worms.

She sighed heavily, lifting her palms to the sky in weariness. "You always do this Edward."

I remained silent.

"It's just so *you* to avoid this." She shook her head, twirling her long blond ponytail into a messy braid. Flicking my ear she continued, "I mean look at us!"

I opened my mouth to inhale, almost snorting in retaliation. "Is this a rhetorical stance?"

"Edward," she whined. "I told him *yes*."

"*Why?*"

"Because..."

I huffed. "Tanya if this was to have worked it would have."

"Are you implying that it can't? That it won't ever?"

"I'm *not* implying."

She screwed her face, her icy blue glare turning into furnaces. Tanya yanked out her ponytail, shaking her luxurious mane in a frantic manner. "You are such a—"

I stopped her before she grew ugly. "—let's not go there."

Slouching on the bench she breathed slowly. "For someone who in the literal sense can no longer make use of his out-of-action-titanic—"

I decided that her never ending rants may be in need of my never ending smugness. "—the *titanic* huh? Well at least it garnered a nick name... and here's me thinking it was rendered useless."

Tanya took the blow swiftly, knowing that I was inwardly referring to her dislike of experimentation—our attempts at love making strained due to her prude, quick, easy and lazy wants. Squinting her eyes she spoke, "Or maybe I just didn't want to spend hour's googling the malarkeys of post retarded engines."

I rolled my eyes. "When all else fails blame it on *my cock* why don't you?"

Silence passed between us, before she whimpered, "Sex is the only thing I can taunt you with Edward... I have nothing to throw at you..." She let out a straggled breath, muttering her next line, "I still love you."

I sighed. "Being vindictive won't get you anywhere with me. You know that."

Tanya leaned over to kiss my cheek. "You really were it for me."

I smiled softly. "*Were* being the operative word..." I stared ahead. "Tell me more about Ray."

Emmett lifted me into bed, groaning about his back, asking if my meal times had tripled. I ignored his jibs and raised the bed head to aid my posture, flinging the control onto the night stand I asked him if he had talked to Rosalie.

"She's still mad at me."

"She sure can hold a grudge."

Emmett's eyes widened. "Tell me about it! And honestly, all those things I said were true... she is vain, she is conceited, she is a pain in the ass..."

I laughed. "You are entirely too honest though... I would never have attempted to be that truthful."

"It was her idea to see that shit talking therapist." He shook his bowling ball of a head. "Plus, for some reason she thinks I'm scared of leaving here... those few months I was back and forth from her place were shaky."

"How so?"

My brother's eyes grew soft but he shrugged off his initial sentiments and guffawed. "I guess I still worry about you... it's like I tend to forget your not some other guy... your not some pussy that needs constant pity parties."

Emmett leaned forward, running his hands over the back of his neck he sighed. He looked torn. "I'll always be here for you bro... regardless."

An uncomfortable and warming silence drifted about us.

"Don't make me stop you," I said. "From being with her... *go* be with her."

He eyed me. "Is it ridiculous that I worry about stupid shit all the time? I worry about how you'll struggle to get into bed, I worry about if your chair flips, if your wagon breaks down, if—"

"If shit like that were to hinder me, I wouldn't be who I was today."

He chuckled. "And that's why I worry... the most."

I looked at him.

Emmett spoke, a slowed version of what had been repeated way too many times, "You are too proud sometimes. If I want to stay, if I want to help, why won't you let me?"

"Because you are a grown man, with needs and a life to live... I mean babysitting me for the rest of your life? How fucked up is that?"

"Family first Edward." And as he spoke his chest puffed up in pride. This was what was golden for him, the bond, the strength of the older brother, the submission as the lineage lessened.

"You'll end up resenting me."

"Bullshit, you're my brother."

"Go live your life."

"I can live, I can do all I want to do and still be here."

"Commit yourself to a wife... fuck, go marry Rosalie, go make some babies..."

"Edward," he sighed. "I'm going to do all of that."

"Then go do it."

"But I'll still be here."

I let out an errant breath, tired of this, and guilt ridden for the injury that kept him so close. Relenting finally I spoke, "I know."

Bella's hair whirled about her face, a silly grin plastered on her mouth as she spoke so eagerly about the six contestants now left on the current season of 'Rock of Love'. Her voice pivoted as she described their bleach blond locks, Bret Michaels' bad plastic surgery and the way his lips always seemed to be sullied in grease—which was in fact lip gloss. I laughed with her as she recounted the last task, how avid all these girls were to humiliate themselves in favor of the washed up rock star.

"He is most definitely not my type."

"Well thank goodness for that, or I'd be reaching for the nearest cowboy hat."

She brightened. "Don't you dare!" And after a while she bit her lip coyly. "You have the sexiest hair."

I smiled, the word 'sexiest' ghosting her sentence as if it was forbidden. "I do?"

She nodded. "You do."

I leaned over our small table, finding the motion uncomfortable but doing so anyway. "Is that my best asset?"

Bella gave a tight lipped smile at my flirting. "Nice eyes," she breathed. "Nice mouth... nice jaw..." She looked to where my fingers were placed. "Nice hands."

I almost blushed, giving a sly wink as I tipped my glass to my lips. "What exactly are you after?"

"Stop teasing... I'm paying you compliments." Looking away she mouthed a small forkful of her meal.

I watched her ardently. Happy that this girl was on a date with me, wanting to know what she was keeping mum about each time she failed to prolong a sentence. "You are quite a charming young thing."

Her eyes found mine. "Young?"

"25 *is* young."

"So is 30."

"I am almost a dinosaur... I'm already in the wheelchair..."

She rolled her eyes at me. "Oh Edward..." she warned, "shut up." She smiled soon after and in a bid to draw me near she reached for my fingers, ghosting the tips with her own.

I laughed again, finding her threats moot and adorable. I motioned her to scoot her chair closer and as she did so I placed a soft lingering kiss to her knuckles. "Come back to my place tonight," I asked suddenly.

Bella swallowed.

I took this as a bad sign, wanting to find a way to fill that hesitant space. "I just don't want this date to end so soon... it's almost 10... most of our dates end at 10. I just wanted some more time with you. I—"

"—okay," she murmured.

A smile replaced my speech.

"As long as you don't try to woo me on your couch," she softly ribbed. "I'm not that type of girl."

"I never pegged you as one."

She gave a shy laugh. "Good."

A/N: If you are a reader of my other fics, I will attempt to update those next week... being honest I don't feel pushed to update so quickly. Plus it might emit longer chapters, (which I'm sure those of you who do like my mess) will appreciate.

If you are interested in what I'm reading...

Legendary by **WhatsMyNomDePlume** and **Awake in the Infinite Cold** by **quotheme**, both well written and unlike me (refined).

Until next week, be good to yourselves and each other...

Chapter: 6

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

6. Morning afters

Bella

I am instantly dumbfounded. I think he's some type of tycoon. This place is far too palatial for an everyday person.

Edward moves ahead of me in a slowed pace. As I watch him I note the tight movements he makes with his arms. It has to be uncomfortable, always relying on an overused part of your anatomy. Despite his ever incessant use, his upper arms remain lean, there are no abnormal bulges of muscle or weight, neither are they pencil thin—in a pleasant fix, he is trim all over.

The floor is a maple syrup of marble; my heels are clicking, making that ostentatious noise all floozy like girls are well familiar with. I am feeling oddly out of place. A neat and shiny woman smiles with us as we pass her desk; she greets Edward by *Mr. Cullen* and nods politely at me. I tug at the wrap of my dress, wishing I wore something a little less girlish. It was a little more than obvious that Edward had been distracted by my outfit, his eyes drifting toward the v of my cleavage... yes *cleavage*.

This was a new thing. I was doing my best to allure him without even realizing it, I'll make note *not* to lean forward too often... Now that was ridiculous. Being vixen like was not my forte—Bella the academic, Bella the wallflower, Bella the square... now *that* was more like it.

But he disarmed me. When I was out with Edward I found myself flirting, I found myself laughing and blushing. I would keep eye contact and bite my lip. I would make sure to paint my finger nails, curl my hair, and squirt perfume... Edward quite noticeably, had an odd effect on me.

I had to question myself. I was beginning to worry that I was changing for him. But then again, would that be such a bad thing? I was finally feeling *nice*. He made me feel *nice*. This man, with a noticeable handicap, someone who should be in need of saving, was in a sense, saving me.

"You're awfully quiet."

"Sorry, just thinking."

"Well once we get inside, I hope you plan on sharing." He waited for me to walk ahead, a small rise of his hand on the dip of back.

We entered the elevator, its velvet looking walls incasing us—the soft interior leaving me in a daze of luxury. I imagined coming home to this; this place with its marbled floors and velvet walls. I was suddenly a little more inclined to ask what exactly it was he did for a living. He had

mentioned something to do with speaking, restoring, traveling... our conversations concerning work had shifted due to my own discomfort.

The elevator dinged, and he gestured for me to walk out first and in the back of my mind I was well aware that he was eyeing my behind. I pretended to not notice and slowed at his side as we approached his door.

"Here we are," he said, shrugged his jacket off. "Can you..."

I moved toward him, helping him out of it, asking where I should place it, he pointed to the hooks on the wall, winking as I removed my shawl.

"Come," he softly ordered as we walked into an open planned space.

I looked around, hugging my arms. I eyed the high ceilings and felt my heels accost the shining hard wooded floors. "I should—" I bent to slip off my shoes. "—take these off. I'm spoiling your floor." I was secretly thankful; my flat feet slumped onto the ground in comfort. I held the stilettos in my hand, awkwardly casting my feet inward. Edward looked down, smirking at my curled toes—I hadn't painted them and whilst my feet weren't ugly I somehow still felt self conscious without a manicure.

His gaze shifted back up. Edward moved toward the kitchen, all the counter tops had adjoining fold down parts, custom made it seemed and it was quite a sight to see him moving around in a domestic area with such ease. Pulling a lever, a cupboard slid down from the wall, he removed two glasses and discreetly popped open a bottle of wine. "This may be a few dates late but I told you eventually that I'd attempt to get you tipsy."

I placed my shoes neatly to the side, walking timidly up to the kitchen island. "For what?"

"To remove that filter of yours."

"That's a bad idea."

"I beg to differ."

I awoke wrapped in a blanket, I was still in my dress from the night before, I looked down to my feet... they were covered in a pair of knee high tube socks.

What on earth...

"You know that is usually my spot."

I shot up hearing the unfamiliar voice. I was greeted by Edward's brother; he had an amused look perched on his face.

Slowly all previous events drift forward. Edward chuckling at me as I tripped over my shoes, me laughing embarrassedly as I stumbled to my knees, him putting down a full glass of wine as an empty one rolls from my grasp. My head feeling light, the room seeming to move at every twirl of my eyes, the wheels of his chair appearing before me, me on my knees with arms either side of him, my head paced sleepily in his lap, us laughing at my state... I had made a complete fool myself. And now I was lying on a plush couch with another man grinning at me brazenly.

"I heard you can't hold your liquor."

I groaned, palming my face. "Oh God..."

He handed me a glass of water, I gulped it despite my need to pee. He then disappeared into the kitchen, arriving with a steaming cup of something—placing it in my hands. "Peppermint tea," he told me, his smile reappearing. *Was he laughing at me?* I sipped on it either way, my throat feeling a little less chalky.

"Emmett!" Edward yelled.

I flinched at his tone, clearly he wasn't amused with his brother's charms. Pushing him out the door, Emmett grabbed his coat, chuckling as he went.

"Sorry about that." Edward came to me. "I seem to always be apologizing for his behavior."

I shook my head, face still hidden by my palms. I could only imagine how terrible I looked. It was beyond embarrassing. "Please tell me last night didn't happen."

I felt his fingers pry mine away from my skin. "Last night didn't happen."

"Are you humoring me?"

Edward smiled tightly. "Yes."

I groaned again.

"Don't be embarrassed Bella..."

"Oh God this is so *bad*." I couldn't fathom what had been hammering away in my head the evening prior.

"If anything, it was quite entertaining."

"I'm so sorry," I whispered. "I guess you won't want to see me after this."

"Now why would you think that?"

I looked up to see him smirking.

"Drunk you is adorable."

"I think you mean hideous." I palmed my face again.

Edward removed my hands with a chuckle, ghosting his fingers down my cheek. "You didn't do anything *too* terrible."

I cringed, hesitant as I asked, "What happened?"

"We talked. You told me how unhappy you were at work. You told me you wanted to kiss me. We kissed, with you on my lap... It was a lot of... *kissing*."

My heart beat sped up. I couldn't believe I told him that and the worst part was not remembering a thing. I sighed at the loss. I fought for a flicker of remembrance. None of it was coming to me. My first kiss with him and I couldn't recall it...

"You are a lovely kisser," he told me.

"I am?"

"Yea." Edward's eyes burned into mine. "It's a shame you couldn't tell me the same... I wish you could remember."

I looked to his mouth. "Mmhm."

"I'd like to do it again."

I went red. "Umm, morning breath."

"Ditto, I only woke up a moment ago."

I eyed his t-shirt and pajamas.

He waited for me. He gestured for me to stand up and sit on his lap with a hand. I made sure to place myself as gracefully as possible; the feel of him against me, his warmth so near sent a giddiness coursing through my stomach. He eyed me gently, fingers brushing a clothed arm, pushing the jersey of my dress up to touch the naked skin. "Ready?" he asked.

I bit my lip, my head at a fair distance from his. I leaned forward shakily and kissed him once, minimal pull back. Edward smiled at me, bringing his fingers to my messy hair. He eased my head forward. "Don't be shy," he murmured.

His low voice thawed me. I allowed his lips to suck mine. He tasted like toothpaste. I pulled back instantly. "You lied!" I shrieked, covering my mouth in embarrassment.

Edward did nothing but smirk. "You don't smell so bad," he said, smile still apparent.

I cringed. "Ugh... this is mortifying."

"Come here," he groaned, rolling his eyes, pulling my hand away. He licked his lips once and I was too weak to resist him again. Relieved at least that I had drank half a cup of the mint tea... I felt his tongue gently push into my mouth, I moaned softly in response.

"Please," I begged, "Please let me at least..." He chuckled, kissing me still, I protested and pulled away. "Let me brush my teeth and tongue with a finger or something...this can't be too great for you."

He let me loose with a huff. "If you insist, bathroom is on your right."

I walked away flustered. I returned minty and less ruffled. I found him in the same spot, he smiled on my arrival and I slipped back onto his lap shyly.

"All better?"

I nodded and looked to his mouth again.

"Round two?" he suggested cheekily.

I nodded again.

We kissed again, I sighed feeling a little less ratty.

"Bella," he murmured

"Yes?" I breathed.

"I lied."

"About your breath?"

"No. We didn't kiss last night." His lips met my neck and I sighed helplessly. "We didn't kiss at all... you fell asleep watching TV."

A small whimper escaped me as he pushed back my hair to kiss below my ear. "I'm... mad."

He chuckled into my skin. "You don't sound it."

"But I am..."

I felt him still against me, lips fluttering on my neck in a whisper, "I'm sorry."

"That was a dirty trick," I said, pulling back.

Edward furrowed his brows. "Bella I didn't—"

"—yes you did."

He shrugged. "You're right... I did."

"You did what?"

He laughed. "I have no idea. I just figured that agreeing with you as of now is my best bet." He chuckled boyishly, his voice a tenor higher as the sound escaped him. Edward's eyes shifted, his stare not quite meeting mine.

"Who's shy now?" I ribbed.

At this his eyebrows shot up, slowly he morphed one into an arch. "Am I forgiven?"

"No."

"Bella..."

"Edward," I mirrored; a small smile on my lips, "I'm not mad."

He breathed out. "...A brief moment of payback?"

"I don't do payback, never been too good at it. I'm just not mad *anymore*."

How could I be? His eyes were far too pretty... I felt his hands caress my side. Suddenly he shifted the handles of his chair, pushing them down, laying them flat. His eyes met mine in an unsure stare.

"I want you... around me."

In his efforts I chewed my lip, feeling completely obtuse. No guy had ever truly made me feel quite like this. Not even Tyler had the ability to make me feel so compliant. When I was upset, I stayed upset. Tyler had no way of comforting me, our disagreements usually only being ironed out with time apart. I had to wonder if this was some type of strange chemistry—if Edward was capable of making me do all the things I would previously shun. Straddling a man I had only been on four dates with being one of them...

I didn't pin him as manipulative. His earlier fib was obviously a playful tactic, and if I were to be entirely truthful—I quite enjoyed it. The con was rewarding. Edward was a 'lovely kisser'.

"This isn't ladylike," I murmured, scooting my knee length dress between my thighs. He didn't say anything in return. All his energy seemed focused on the fact that I was about to be astride

his lap. When I was comfortably placed, I hesitantly put my hands to his shoulders.

"Thank you," he rasped, his hands meeting my behind. "You don't mind that do you?" he asked, his caresses hiltling.

I reddened at the gesture. "No."

"Right," he swallowed.

I watched the movement of his adams apple, suddenly finding it fascinating, too shy to meet his eyes. Being so close was altogether pleasant and frightening. I think he could sense my cautiousness. Edward's fingers ran across the rise of my back. Each movement he took was steady, his arms slowly readjusting at his sides.

"Are you comfortable?" I asked.

He nodded. Silent still, swallowing again before his hands took their final resting place. "Are you?"

I eyed my socked feet dangling at either side of him. I was sure I looked ridiculous. "Just about," I replied.

"I just wanted you to get used to this," he said softly, "get used to me. I can't feel you, but knowing that you're near... its nice."

"You can't feel me." My low murmur was a statement. I tried to wrap my head around the idea, and then for an odd reason silly things like that fact that if he were female waxing would be painless entered my head... I scoffed at myself.

"What?" he asked, his mouth quirking slightly.

I shook my head. "Nothing." I scooted closer, my hands traveling lower. "Tell me... please... where from here can you feel me?"

Edward blinked, brows furrowing as he told me, "Keep touching."

I slowly ran my hands across his shoulders, down his biceps to his forearms and up again.

"I can feel that," he told me, eyes to mine.

I looked down to where my hands lay, running them along his collar bone, down towards the top of his chest. I felt his pectoral muscles beneath the pads of my fingers, the thin material of his t-shirt unable to hide the heat his skin radiated. I stopped, momentarily to capture his gaze.

"Keep going..." he whispered.

I breathed softly, careful and curious, softly brushing the tips of my fingers over rise of his small nipples. I looked up suddenly. Edward's breathing hitched. "Does that—" I hesitated and continued shyly, "—does that feel as good for you... as it would, for me?"

His eyes seemed to burn, his throat bobbing before he answered, "Yes."

I kept going, running my fingers down until I reached the mid division of his chest.

"That's it," he told me.

I sucked in a demure breath, looking to his eyes, keeping quiet, trying not to say anything too dense.

"What are you thinking?"

"I wish you could feel more." It was honest, but as soon as I said it I instantly felt remorse.

Edward smiled softly at me. "Ditto."

I brought my arms up, closing them around his neck, nuzzling him as I leaned forward. I took a long drag of his scent, my eyelashes flickering against his skin.

Edward hummed, speaking softly through his contentment, "Kiss me."

I pressed my lips to his neck. He groaned lightly, the rumble in his throat sending a tingle up my spine.

"*Kiss me*," he repeated, as his head angled to capture my mouth.

It was a mesh of softness. I couldn't help but mil myself gently in his lap. Whilst I was aware the movement was senseless for him, my body reacted differently. Edward's hands ran from my sides to my behind, encouraging me, humming into my mouth.

I think it was an hour of this. *Kissing*. Who knew? It felt like forever. I reveled in every moment. His hands were errant, mine were locked around his neck, finger deep in his hair and stroking his neck. We stopped when I realized I was to meet Alice at 3—babysitting duties called.

Reluctantly I slipped from his lap, a simple kiss to his cheek as I stood by his door. Edward apologized, mentioning that he was unable to drive me home as he expecting his in house assistant to arrive any moment. Instead he called me a cab, insisently placing a number of bills into my palm as he tugged the length of my dress, urging me down for another kiss.

"I'll call you," he told me. "Thank you for a wonderful morning."

I left, bliss running through my veins. The cab ride home was short; my eyes closed the entire time as I replayed our morning together over and over. Arriving home was dismal. It was all but

30 minutes later—I missed him dearly.

A/N: A slightly longer chapter for my shoddiness in the prior. Please don't expect angst in this fic, you won't get it. And don't whine about morning breath, not every person is that scornful. If you can read countless amounts of smut that include things such as oral and *God knows what* you can deal with him kissing her prior to teeth brushing. **Mmmkay?**

As always, thank you for reading, and please do review! Thank you to **quotheme** (author of *Awake in the Infinite Cold*) who since favoriting this story has borrowed me a whole new barrage of readers. If you've rec'd me anywhere, whether that be in a forum or in your own fic, then let me know so I can thank you publicly and offer you an English muffin, (nothing dirty intended).

Chapter: 7

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

7. How's

Edward

Drink 1: Bella is sipping carefully, eyes darting everywhere in a nervous energy.

Drink 2: Bella has stopped sipping, is now drinking.

Drink 3: She protests to, but still manages to finish it.

Drink 4: Face is in a permanent state of blush as she loosens up and talks.

Drink 5: Another protest, drinks anyway, we're laughing animatedly.

Drink 6: She needs the bathroom, the bottle is done, she trips over her own feet.

"Fudge," she whispers.

I make my way over to her. "What did you say?" I ask. I am well aware that the word 'fudge' has escaped her but the juvenile in me wants to tease.

Bella is on all fours, a furrow of brows, she seems a little disorientated. I think I've gotten her drunk. This is very probable. I've only had 2 drinks—maybe a drink and a half, something in me kept pouring for her—I am a devil... of course I wanted her tipsy. I think I may have overestimated her tolerance. She is now, under heavy influence.

I cock my head to one side, this girl is quite endearing. Her face is red now, not from drink but embarrassment. "Oh no," she gripes.

"Are you okay?" my voice carries a slight chuckle, I can't help it. Her loose curls are dangling, her skin reddened, her lips... quite puckered, a kiss wouldn't go amiss, but I'll be a gentleman.

I am in front of her now. "Here," I offer.

Her small hands ease up, both now placed at either side of my chair. "So embarrassing," she mutters.

I start laughing. I think its down to the fact that she fell, the fact that she was hammered whilst doing so, and now, well her face is right there—in my lap, like she's about to service me. It's an odd sight. Odder because she isn't even aware of how provocative this position is, ironic because even if she did, nothing solid was promised.

She starts laughing too, but I think it's out of mortification. "I'm sorry Edward..." she sleepily says, head still hanging. "I shouldn't have drunk so much." Her apologizing for my coercing leads me to feel small. Bella is a little too innocent to being misled. I only wanted her to loosen up... she is now, in a word *wobbly*.

She gets up, makes her way to my bathroom with a bowed head. When she returns I tell her to sit on the end of my couch. We manage talk into the night. 12.30, 1.20, 2.45... I stop looking to the clock when the blare of the television finally becomes audible as our conversation dulls down.

"Hmm," she mumbles, yawning.

"Tired?"

"Hmm," she replies.

Whilst she snuggles into the puffiness of the cushions, I make my way to the bedroom, fishing out a pair of socks. She has quite lovely feet; I'm now protective of them. I don't want her darting about bare footed, and the idea that she has been doing so for a while is *almost* upsetting.

"Bella," I murmur.

She eyes me drowsily. "Hmm."

"Give me your feet."

"My feet?"

"Put them in my lap."

She does as I ask, her legs awkwardly angled from her slumped posture—it will be a struggle to get these on. It frustrates me to think how difficult this simple action is. As I handle her foot I brush my fingers beneath the pad, she giggles lazily. "Ticklish?" I ask. Bella nods slow and hums as her eyes drift half way closed. I continue doing it; timid touches that I know are too light, too gentle. Her giggles die down, she wriggles her toes, the motion is sweet to me.

"Nice," she tells me quietly.

I arch a brow, feeling playful I ask her if she can lift her leg any higher. Bella groans, I can tell she is a little worse for wear but I *want* this. It would be a first for a long while, (ever since Tanya) 3 years to be precise that I've had this guilty pleasure. She poises her left leg, her calve a tight show of muscle as it hovers high above me. I try not to look below, Bella's dress is exposing beneath. She seems to notice this suddenly. She yelps and places a cushion in the way. I laugh as does she, her leg still adrift.

"Edward, my leg is hurting..."

"Sorry," I say.

She moves it down; her toes lightly brush my lips. "*Careful*," I warn.

"Sorry!" Her body bounces up in fright. "So gross," she mutters under her breath, eyes moving about like they had done earlier.

She thinks it was scorn—it was anything but. Maybe I should ask her to do it again. Would it be so bad to take advantage of her feet whilst she was in this state? *Just one little suck*. It wouldn't hurt, plus, it's not as if I was about to pounce on her... I ponder the evils as my eyes close in mid decision. Her leg eases its way back to under her body. I miss it already.

"Hey, I wasn't done," I whine.

Her eyes meet mine. "With what?"

"Keeping your toes warm." A grin places itself on my lips.

Just one small suck.

God, I am abominable.

"You have cute toes," I tell her. "Here... put these socks on." I have to save her from my own depravity. I happen to like this girl; to have her run out of my apartment in disgust would be a major loss on my part. Another note, intimacy seems to be something she is bashful with—but then again, there is always that saying '*it's always the quiet ones*'. After all, she seems good-natured, a giver of some sorts.

Finally shrugging she takes the balled up cotton from my lap and pulls them on sloppily. "What

time..."

"Way past a decent time for you to be traveling."

"I really didn't think any of this through," she mumbles.

As gnaws she at her plumped bottom lip, I hear a familiar ruffle, a heavy footed entry, and the click of my front door being closed. "You still up?" he asks. His eyes avert to the woozy girl seated ahead and a grin appears. "Well, well, well..."

"Don't speak," I caution. "We just got a little carried away with a few drinks."

Bella squints, her face reddens as she realizes we are no longer alone. "Crap," she whispers, another few words escape her, "*Floozy, ho, dumbbo, whore...*" in an incoherent babble.

Emmett chuckles. "She's fun. Good thing I gave you heads up on the staying out late huh?"

I roll my eyes. He had been with Rosalie for the evening, my sentiments hoping that he would have eventually conked out in her bed but no, he's here, *to tuck me in of course...* "I'm fine you know."

He mimics my eye roll. "Yea? How did you plan on scooting into bed then? You're new girlfriend would've caught a hernia lifting you up."

"I could have spent one night in my chair..."

"Yea right... like I'd be so much of an ass to let that happen."

He moves toward the kitchen, makes himself a sandwich as I remember my guest. Who at this point, is horizontal.

"Bella?"

Nothing.

"She's smashed."

I look toward him. Order him to find her a cover of some sort.

"Want me to take her into your bed for you?" he asks, grin reappearing.

"Don't touch her."

He laughs. "Call me when you're ready to sleep bro."

We're kissing. It's the morning after. Beyond her embarrassment, this girl is rather assertive. Her lips come to mine for the second time, after her protests, I let her saunter away and now she returns, sweetly her mouth comes closer and I'm anticipating it.

Kissing is by far a higher reward; people forget how private this act is. Now I see couples doing it everywhere, groping and licking each other in open spaces, as if it's something for the world to witness. It isn't in my book. A kiss can be just as sensual as the following headway. And from the way she feels, looks, and whimpers, I can tell that she is as secretive as me... kisses are dear.

I feel bad again, because *again*, I tricked her. Hope she takes this as a playful gesture, and because she is smart—quick—she catches on. A small smile plays on her lips. And the intimacy heightens. Bella is now touching me, her body astride of mine, her hands feeling for my *feeling*. As she descends it grows fainter, her fingers brush over my nipples and I like it, faint but I still feel the nerves respond. It wouldn't hurt to have a firmer touch, but her style is gentle, I'll encourage her instead of correcting.

For now this is enough, and it's nice.

I feel nothing more after that, her hands are still going though, she hits my mid section, her touch is hopeful—still searching, I don't have it in me to say stop but I know I have to. Sooner she'll see that being with a man like me is challenging—something within me is hoping that she is up to it.

"That's it," I say.

I remain quiet as she pulls away. I can't read her fully, maybe she's disappointed—can't blame her for that. "I wish you could feel more," she blurts.

"Ditto," I say.

We share a smile before she is limp against me, fully resting her upper body to mine, nose buried into the sensitive skin of my neck. "Kiss me," I murmur, feeling her so near that spot, its high in its potency, my nerves standing on end as I feel her lips press a soft kiss into my skin. A groan escapes me, as I speak with a little more authority, "*Kiss me*," I instruct, my mouth slipping between the awkward cracks to find hers.

I like her tongue.

It's a tease.

She's a tease.

Little tap like touches before it slides over mine. We kiss for a while, until she leaves. Shame really, I could have done that until evening...

Emmett announces that he's spending the night with Rosalie. I scoff at his timing, and call Czarick.

Czarick has worked for me as an aide for the past 6 years. I've grown fond of him, he is slightly effeminate, his behavior has me meandering, I am sure fire that he is bisexual at least but Czarick is always assuring me that this is not the case—that he grew up in a house full of women and is just in touch with that side.

"What are the plans for today boss?" he asks, Polish accent thick as he pours himself a whisky. He likes his alcohol, and unlike Bella can hold it well.

"Nothing much, washing, some grocery shopping..."

Prior to having my apartment refurbished and altered Czarick had lived in with me. It was nice to have breathing space, and the perks worked well for him—he loved his new apartment and it was only a walkway from being on call.

"So your brother tells me you had fancy time yesterday night." He wiggles his eyebrows, and it is evident that Emmett's influence is all the more corruptive.

"Don't listen to him," I barter.

"Oh? So no fancy time?"

"No. Well yes. Depends how you see it," I say.

"Mr. Cullen, you are blushing."

I wheel away. "Get to work Czarick. I don't pay you to look pretty..."

He resumes to the house work. As I find my way into the bedroom I catch a glimpse of myself in the length way mirror; my face as flushed and as bright as ever. It doesn't bother me though. Instead I smile; it's been a while since anyone has made me feel this way. I think about calling her, but eagerness never faired too well when it came to females... I distract myself with lecture speeches until its time for a shower.

A/N: Regarding Edward's body, here is a clearer picture for you.

Quadraplegics: Limited movement in arms, hands, legs, feet etc.

Paraplegics: No movement from waist down. My Edward isn't paraplegic btw, note in the first chapter his disability is defined (C5-6).

My Edward: I have based on a real guy who - has no to little movement below, feels very little, has control problems with organs which are internal, can feel in arms, hands, fingers but movement is sometimes limited—strained. He is hilarious and confident, and a true inspiration

*and I love him so very much. *wink wink*.*

Thank you again for reading, and if you review, bless you.

Chapter: 8

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

8. Moving

Bella

"Thank you so much Bella." Alice takes Elijah from my arms. "Were you a good baby?"

Elijah doesn't answer instead, he head butts his mother.

"Motherfuck!" She scrunches up her face in discomfort, rubbing her temples with a free hand. "That shit hurt."

I sit defeated on her couch. I am not exhausted but I am slightly languid. I don't want to make a move to go home just yet—although Jasper is eyeing me expectantly. He stands by the living room door, a beer in his hands and speaks in an untimely manner, "You should get going Bella... you look tired."

I slump forward. I can take a hint. I've served my purpose for the night. "Right," I say.

Alice smiles at me, bounces her son a little. It is past midnight and he is still awake. When it comes to parenting, their style is a little more than relaxed. I have an inkling that Elijah will grow up to be either an introvert comic book lover, or a complete burn out. Its early days, I'll keep my judgments to myself.

"I better go," I say. I have indeed outstayed my welcome.

As I walk out the front door, I roll my eyes. Jasper was way too busy scratching to even realize that a ride home would have been appropriate for me considering the time.

The couple lived in Flatbush; it would take me at least an hour and a half to get home via subway. It would be a long trek, my face brightened a little at the prospect of daydreaming. This would be my only form of entertainment, this and the many night workers and weirdoes that boarded the carriages with me.

I pulled out my phone, it was now a silly habit to check it for messages every once in a while. I had no idea why, I was quite aware that Edward didn't text—ever.

The journey home consisted of me conjuring up imaginary versions of both mine and Edward's babies. It was fruitless. It was amusing. I was most probably the weirdest person on the subway that night.

"Isabella! Are you anywhere near done? Order up!"

Ding!

"Isabella! I need those sirloins, rare, rare... red!"

Ding!

I never understood why people ate...

Ding!

...red meat

Ding!

...rare.

"Isabelle!"

"My name is Bella!" I screeched over dry pans. "I'm sealing them, give me 2 minutes..."

"Two minutes is too long!"

I hate this. I hate cooking with a time limit. Scratch that, I hated cooking period. I had no idea how I ended up here. In a kitchen full of people who loved what they did, I felt like an intruder—no passion was emitted from me, nothing but pay was keeping me here.

Michael yells again, dings the bell again, calls me again, "BELLA!"

"It's done!" I fling the meat onto the plate, garnish it, wipe the sides. "Done!"

He smiles. "About time." And just for kicks; *Ding!*

I hate that damn bell.

"You look lovely." Edward's hand is placed softly at the rise of my behind.

I am walking slowly, this chair isn't built for sudden movement, not that I mind—these shoes are quite uncomfortable. I wonder if my choice in footwear is inconsiderate, it hadn't daunted on me how much taller I was (deceivingly) appearing whilst stood beside him.

And it's as if he's reading my mind. "Those shoes are lovely too."

And just because it's me, I trip over an uneven paving stone. I make a sound that is somewhere along the lines of *'oof'*, I quickly catch my balance thanks to the sturdy back of his chair.

"Are you okay?" there is of course laughter in his tone.

I redden and nod. "Great."

"I guess sexy shoes call for a little caution."

My eyebrows rise.

Edward catches this, he smiles impishly. "Did you buy them especially for me? They look brand new."

I roll my eyes. "Don't flatter yourself; I've had these for months."

He chuckles. "Ah, well a man can dream."

"You have a fetish for high footwear?"

His eyes somehow meet my jean clad calves. He speaks with something underlining, "It's more along the lines of the inhabitant."

He is forever complimenting me; it is nice yet at the same time unnerving. I've never had a man openly tell me how attracted he is to me. It usually goes by more a way of physical assertion—words are a new frontier, and for some reason much more potent. I shake my head. If Edward was after anything, I was more than sure I wouldn't be able to give it to him, and so I reply with a, "You are strange."

He offers a closed mouthed smile. "Very."

A walk in the brisk evening air is whimsical—especially when each step is slow and measured. We have nowhere to go but we are still moving. Edward talks, slow and measured sentences that sometimes quicken, this doesn't take away from the sensual ride of his voice—he could in fact read the phonebook, and still I would listen.

But the bliss is overridden, that touchy subject arises yet again. "What is it that you do? I don't think that subject was ever fully broached." He furrows his brows briefly. "If it has been..."

forgive me."

"Err." I try to say 'chef'. Not that being a cordon-bleu cook was anything to be ashamed of—but when my heart wasn't in something, it read true on both my face and voice. "A cook."

He smiles. "So I can expect some home catering soon?"

"Err, I guess... if you wanted me to...I woul—"

"—I'm not holding a gun to your head Bella."

I let out a breath. "It's just... I don't know..."

"You're not happy?"

I smile, perceptiveness is an attractive quality. "No, not at all."

"Security?"

I look down at his raised brows. "You're sharp."

"A decade spent shy of a quarter below and there are times you seem almost invisible." He looks away, pressing the controls on his chair a little gentler. "Gives you time to scrutinize."

"You don't give me the impression of someone who would just... disappear."

"Sometimes you can be present, speak and nod and laugh but some people never get past the exterior."

I hum in understanding. My eyes suddenly light up; a part of his gall has worn off on me... "You see past my exterior?" I ask teasingly.

He chuckles. "Oh no... with you I'm just as shallow as the next. Pretty things tend to dazzle you know?"

"I dazzle you?"

"I don't know... why don't you walk ahead of me for a while." He smirks. "Give me something to focus on."

I blush and cross my arms about my chest. "Naughty," I mutter.

His hand reaches out to tug at the flutters of my long cardigan. "Quite."

We reach the corner end of the bridge and continue moving. We talk a little about life, we flirt more in the absence of seriousness. He tells me to walk closer so he can touch me. I feel an

excitement in my tummy as his hand ghosts my back.

"Do you want to sit?"

"Yes," I say a little too quickly. My feet are killing me, but I don't mention that detail.

There is a low wall outside of a small office. All the lightening is dim, and the dark of the evening is secretive. I sigh unintentionally as I sit. Edward maneuvers his chair along the front of the wall.

"Those look quite tough on your soles."

I stretch my legs out ahead of me. "Are you always so discerning?"

He tilts his head to the side in indecision. "Want a foot rub? It won't be too pressured—for obvious reasons—I have a very gentle touch."

I contemplate placing my feet in his lap. "Feet aren't off putting for you?"

"No."

I decide to decline his offer. "Maybe another time."

"I'll hold you to that."

"You want to touch my feet?" I ask disbelievingly.

His impish grin appears. "I want to touch *you*."

I laugh, pleased that my blush is evading me. "You are something else."

We are now in his car—if you can call it that, it borders a moving house with all its space. He drives using his controls as we listen to some type of R'n'B—the lyrics are amusing, overtly sexual... I chuckle as I hear an '*oooh baby*'—a fake throw of passion from its songster.

"What's so funny?"

I point to the radio. "Is he for real?"

Edward smirks. "Baring your soul can be embarrassing at times."

I scoff. "He is not baring his soul... He's singing about sex."

"Sex can be embarrassing too."

A slight silence follows his words. I try to think of something to say, but stupidly it evades me. I sense a barrier of awkwardness. The song finally changes; the radio d.j is now taking requests. I pray to God that it is something much easier on the ears.

"Bella?"

I turn to face him. "Yes?"

"Are you wondering about it?"

"About what?"

He pauses, and then speaks sort of gallantly, "Sex."

I blink. I look ahead. I don't know how to answer, because yes, I have been—but we've only been dating for a couple of weeks, not even a month and I am worried that these thoughts are too intrusive.

We are all of a sudden not moving. Edward has driven straight into a handicapped zone and shut off the engine.

"Bella?"

I face him, feeling horrid. I am nervous; I don't want this man to feel any less of a person if he *can't*. Sex is nice—but it's not something I'm *absolutely* craving. I enjoy being touched, but I enjoy being romanced even more.

I've known him for a small amount of time, but he reads me so well. In turn I want to please him. I want him to know that sexual intimacy is something I can have patience with.

But again he surprises me. Edward speaks earnestly, frankly. He doesn't appear seedy *or* defeated; instead he calms me with tolerance.

Nothing is foreboding.

"I can't feel much below about mid-chest, but I feel everything above that." He continues with a concentrated look on his face although, his eyes don't quite meet mine. "I get erections sometimes; but I have no control over when or how long they last... *But*," he added softly, "not being able to '*do it*' at abandon, doesn't stop me from being attracted to you and wanting to be in bed... with you."

The long breath I am holding slowly extracts. Hearing him tell me this sends a heat surge to my belly. I feel every inch of my skin redden—but not in embarrassment—in something else.

I am sheepishly elated.

I try to make light of the situation. "You just told me you want to sleep with me."

A beautiful smile brightens his face. "I did."

I smile back; I draw in my lips and look ahead in pleasant silence.

Out of nowhere he asks, "Could I have a kiss?"

I don't speak. I undo my seat belt and awkwardly bridge the gap between us; carefully I lean onto the arm of his chair and angle my head. Our lips finally meet. He is so warm. His soft mouth suckles mine and he hums when I do it in return.

"Edward," I whisper.

"Yes?" he huskily replies.

"I want to be in bed with you too."

My words are juvenile and breathy. I feel the dwelling between my thighs twitch—I am slightly guilt ridden but I can't help it now that he's admitted *that* want to me. All my thoughts are suddenly wayward, I think of how much experimenting will play into our time together—a warning sign flashes; trust will be an implicit requirement.

Edward puts my thoughts at ease unknowingly. He smiles against my mouth. He opens his and I find courage to slip my tongue inside. We kiss for a little while longer. I am uncomfortable at this angle, my legs are feeling strained, my side twisted. But his kisses are making up for it.

"Do you want to... spend the weekend... with me?"

I draw back a little, my hand still on his chair, my face still facing his. "All weekend?"

He nods slowly, once. "Sleepover," he replies carefully.

I hesitate, realizing that this invitation means something along the lines of intimacy. But I want to be brave. I want to believe that he won't hurt me, that I won't hurt him...

"Yes please." This comes from nowhere, but it receives a warm welcome.

He smiles in a relieved manner before looking to my mouth. "Come closer."

I lean forward more readily this time; I stop short of our lips touching.

"What are you waiting for?"

He is so handsome.

I feel as though I should tell him this.

"You're gorgeous," I whisper.

Edward looks at me, his eyes wide. "Really?"

"Yes," I reply breathily.

I look to his mouth. I don't even realize what I am doing—that being my heavy breathing.

"Bella," his breath dances along my face.

I hum stupidly. I close my eyes. My body is aching still in this angle, but I can't find it in me to care. "Edward?"

He chuckles. "Kiss me silly girl."

I open my eyes. His are smiling back at me. We kiss until it's time to go home.

A/N: They are moving along quite quickly... *But* this story is pure romantic fluff (with a little drama), so I won't apologize for it.

It will be fairly short in length.

Gimmie a break =), my other stories are pure angst and tension... I need an outlet.

Chapter: 9

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

9. Pre-sauce

Edward

Dr. Tanning exits my house; I close the door in his wake and sit back feeling dejected. I haven't felt this way in a long time.

I'm fairly happy, I'm fairly successful. I'm good, usually...

The movements in my hands are becoming more limited. I'm depending heavily on my thumbs over fingers, and although the difference may go unnoticed to those surrounding—to me it

hinders my freedom even further.

I sigh and make my way into the living room. Bella would be arriving soon, I had made sure to prepare. I had Czarick clean the house and run errands, I've asked him to be on call just incase there is a glitch. Like always he complies, a wriggle in his eyebrows as I mention my company.

"Did you order the Viagra's? Did you want me to buy some new underwears? Oh what am I saying... no underwears necessary..."

"Czarick you are entirely inappropriate."

"Nonsense Mr. Cullen, I am asking in your favor only... I want you happy, you know this."

"I know Czarick."

"Want me to pray for big erection?"

"Boundaries," I warn.

"I am able bodied and erection come hard for me too."

I stifle a laugh. I put this problem down to him being with the wrong sex. But I understand boundaries and so I keep quiet.

"Edward?"

She's straddling lap again. She's wearing a pair of silk pajama's and she's warm, she smells like peaches and she's kissing my neck. I am fuzzy and in a bit of a haze. I don't want to talk but I do anyway.

"Yes?"

"I really like you."

I kiss her neck. "I really like you too."

"Edward?"

I am a little annoyed at her need to keep talking but I answer. "Yes?"

"Do you think... *oh God*, that feels..."

I smile as I lick and suck her ear lobe.

"Oh God... *Edward*..."

I kiss down her jaw. I reach her mouth and kiss her softly.

She pulls back, rests her forehead to mine. "Do you think that we're moving too fast?"

"Do you?"

"I've never spent the weekend with a man I've known for little less than a month."

"Bella, we don't have to anything you don't want to. I asked you here because I want more time with you."

She smiles and kisses me sweetly. "You're so..."

I shut her up by latching onto her bottom lip, I suck it between my two and she moans. I breathe through my nose and kiss her harder.

She pulls back. "...so great," she croaks.

I smile—my grin helpless as I see the color in her cheeks brighten. "You're full of compliments," I tell her.

Bella's breathing is labored. Her chest rises and falls as she runs her hands through my hair. "I... Edward... I want..." She bites her lip and buries her face into my neck. "God you make me feel so..."

I chuckle, a little nervous, a lot curious. "Are you okay sweetheart?"

"Mmmhm," she mumbles.

"You sure?"

She kisses up my face, her lips whispering against my skin, it feels good—really good. We continue kissing, my hands are resting idly at her side. I feel her pull them up, inward, close to her...

"Touch me?"

I eye her surprisingly. I fully expect to ask her if she's sure, if she sure she's ready for me to fondle and rub. I don't want her to feel pressured. I clear my throat and pre-plan what will come next, because I will always have to be prepared—spontaneity isn't in my favor. Instead my own voice betrays me. "Where?"

She bites her lip. Taking my lax hands in hers, she threads her fingers through mine and kisses my palms. Its nice, its sweet, its Bella. "I um..." she reddens. "I..."

"You...?"

"Should I take my top off?"

My eyebrows shoot up, my eyes widen and then, because I am a dog, I grin.

Bella blushes furiously. "I mean... *Oh God*... I'm so stupid... never mind, never mind..."

We are still holding hands but she soon drops mine, I slide them down her body and think about what to do next. I act on instinct. I say, "Come here darling." I kiss her, we kiss some more, I feel her relax a little. I push my hands under her button up shirt. She gasps and then moans. Her skin is so soft, the silk of her pajama's are no contest. I keep going up, up and up until I hit wire of her bra. I run the tips of my fingers over it. I can't feel it but I tease her anyway. "This must be uncomfortable."

Her face is at my neck again. I feel her smile against my skin and then she mumbles something incoherently and sighs. I move my hands down and rub her sides gently. Bella moves to my lips, her mouth parted, her body flushes in color.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Do you want to stop?"

"No," I say.

Bella reaches down, and clasps her palms over my hands. She drags them up, I swallow thickly. I'm still not sure what she expects. I'm not sure if I should say something, if I should tell her what to expect. I don't want to kill the mood; I don't want to spoil this for her. She drags my hands back down and releases them. She is shaking slightly. I think she's nervous.

"Bella you don't have to..."

And then I witness the first button come undone. I shut up and watch. I just stare, because I'm just a man, a man who happens to like the look and feel of breasts, and she's about to show me hers. At least I am assuming so. Slowly each button comes undone, my eyes drift downward and her skin looks soft to touch. She hesitates at the last button. Her breath catches her throat.

"I'm nervous."

I look into her eyes and for a long while we just stare at one another. My eyes drift to her mouth, it shut tight and pursed. I let my tongue peek out to lick my lips and she bites her bottom one in response. I think she likes my lips, I think she likes my tongue. I smirk then, because I'm feeling a little... cocky. Mainly because she's nervous, is that wrong? It probably is but *hell* I'm the one in a wheelchair... I don't know if my previous explanation concerning my flaccid cock syndrome is sufficient. I hope she isn't expecting full on sex, I haven't taken any Viagra. I haven't had that talk of positions and comfort. She seems like a girl who appreciates comfort... *Karma Sutra* is

not in her vocabulary. But then again I may be speaking too soon.

"I'm not perfect," she suddenly says.

What is it with women and body image? I look on with avid eyes and I see a stretch of skin over the expanse of her hips—a few small silver lines that come with growth. She mumbles something about stretch marks and her ex being bothered by them. I hold back a laugh. What real man would honestly care about that? She's still a woman, she's still soft and sweet and... *breasts*, she has breasts, plump full and waiting to be...

"It doesn't matter to me," I say.

"It doesn't?"

I smile and roll my eyes. "You're pretty shallow you know?"

She smiles back, swinging her legs at my side. "I am aren't I?"

"Besides... all I'm really concerned about are your boobs after all."

She grins and whacks me disbelievingly. I see a blush overtake her skin.

"Well?... I'm waiting to ogle here..."

Bella giggles and shrugs out of her pajama top. "You're lucky you're you." She looks to my face with a risen brow. "Otherwise I would be thoroughly offended."

The smile on my face widens. "Just hurry up and take off your bra."

She crosses her arms about her chest defiantly.

I furrow my brows in a sulk. "You're going to deprive a poor wheelchair bound man the joy of his girlfriend's naked breasts?"

Bella freezes. "Girlfriend?"

"That's what you are... right?"

She goes pink, slumps forward and kisses me chastely. "Yes," she breathes. "*Yes.*"

I chuckle against her lips.

She smiles into our kiss. "You have a breast fetish?"

"Amongst others," I whisper, thinking of her perfect painted toes.

She eases back and reaches for her clasp. Slow, so slow... her shoulders etch forward and her bra straps drop. She holds the cups to her flesh and I am anticipating seeing her bare. I just want to rip it off her, but I won't—I'll be a gentleman. She smiles shyly at me and removes the padded cotton from her chest. It's a beautiful sight. Her breasts are tear-dropped and heaving. She is a healthy size, a nice amount of fill for the palm of hands. The thought of diving face first into them is tempting, to have one in my mouth and feel the soft tissue plump about it. I lick my lips as I eye her nipples, deep beige pink and so very sexy.

"You're beautiful," I tell her.

She hesitantly reaches for my hands, her eyes beseeching as she shyly places them over her flesh. She sighs at the contact. "Your hands are nice. They feel... good on me," she confesses. She squeezes her palms on top of mine and sighs again.

I am finding it all so tender, all so innocent. This girl is something different. She's a gentle form of assertive, she soft and sweet. I really want to tell her this, but I can't find it in me to interrupt her soft sighs and murmurs. Bella keeps my hands on her. She begins to move my palms against her now puckered nipples—back and forth, in slow circles. She's using me politely and I don't mind at all.

"Oh," she breathes.

"Is that nice sweetheart?"

She nods with eyes closed. "I like it when I'm touched here," she tells me quietly.

"You do, don't you?" I look at her in thoughtfully.

She is unbelievably alluring like this. She looks so lovely on top of me—so pretty and flushed and feminine. I want to kiss her again, but I know that my hands are providing her pleasure and so I allow her whatever she wants.

I see her nipples are hardening even further, she is circling her hips on my lap, her skin is getting hotter, her chest is jutting out. I know that look, I know that way of feeling. Bella is turned on, very, very turned on. I like the power I have. I like the way I'm making her feel. It's boosting my ego. It's making me want to see how far I can take her.

"Lean down darling, I have something to whisper in your ear." *Something dirty, well not too dirty.*

Her eyes are still shut, blindly she leans in and she arrives perfectly at my lips.

"I really... really wouldn't object to these being in my mouth right now, to suck, and lick, and tease... would you enjoy that? Is that something you'd like sweetheart?"

She moans rather loudly and I'm finding it a little amusing... okay *a lot*. It's like tickling someone with a feather. It's funny to think that before my accident I would have been as hard as

a rock. I would have been fighting to get to inside a girl and just erupt—now in an odd sense I feel a little high on power... Where one part of me fails another excels. I can giggle inwardly at the 'cum face' and become triumphant in my experiments. My brain is working overtime to turn this girl on, to prove that nothing will ever hinder me despite my obvious flaws. It will take a little work, a little maneuvering, but who's really complaining when the job is being done?

I really want to see her lose it. Is that bad? Am I evil?

"How do you feel about foreplay?" I ask.

She circles her hips on me once more and opens her hazy eyes. "Haven't... don't... never really...*ahh Edward.*"

I hold back a guffaw. She is circling more, I am still palming her breasts, I squeeze and drop my hands. She whimpers and pouts unintentionally.

"Can you stand for me?"

She does as I ask.

"Do you trust me?"

She nods with a bitten lip.

This will be fun. But first, practicalities are at hand. I don't plan on being in this chair all night and so as I tell her to put her shirt back on (temporarily). I make my way over to the land line and call Czarick. She waits as I tell her he's only coming to aid me with getting into bed. She flushes as he arrives. He grins at her, eyes drifting back and forth between us. She sits and waits as Czarick wheels me into my room and helps me into bed.

"Have fun with your lady Mr. Cullen," he says with a smirk.

I tell him to get gone and within a matter of moments she's standing before me with a scared and anticipating look on her face.

A/N: Too much fluff for you?

Chapter: 10

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

10. Pretty

Bella

I can't believe myself. I feel like a hussy—a very besotted and smitten hussy—a *hussy with a heart*? I just showed Edward my breasts. I shamelessly grinded on his lap and made inappropriate noises. I hope I didn't sound stupid. *Oh God*, what if I did? I never made those sounds with Tyler... well, this is embarrassing.

I chew my lip as I wait for Edward's employee to finish. I hear the bedroom door shut and he appears.

"I am Czarick," he says, extending a hand.

I shake it and smile. "Bella."

Czarick doesn't wait around, he slams the front door on departure and I jump. I shuffle like a geisha towards Edward's room. I knock before I enter. Edward is in bed. He looks devastatingly handsome, a grin on his face as I smile back shyly. I take a seat next to him. He rises up the headboard using a switch by his side, and reaches out pulling me towards him. "I want to kiss you for a while, is that okay?"

I nod and then we begin to kiss. His tongue slides over mine; I shudder and ease myself closer. I whimper like an idiot and I feel him smile into my mouth. I can't help it, I love the way he smiles. I love the way he is always so bright... he is so sweet... I smile back and then he shocks me; he bites my bottom lip and nibbles. He is even sweeter now.

I feel him tug at the back of shirt. "Isn't it hot in here? Why don't you take this off?"

I smile coyly and stand. I know he's seen me sans bra but I'm still shy. I feel stupid for acting this way. I've never been so sexually open with a man before, but Edward is just *persuasive*, charmingly persuasive. I take my top and bra off and hesitate at the elastic of my pajama bottoms.

"Take them off," he says lowly.

I thumb the edge, still shaky.

"Please?"

I pull them down. My panties are thankfully pretty and matching. I decide that I should keep these on, but Edward tuts playfully. "Those too... Please?"

I open my mouth to say something. He reaches out and tugs at the frilly edge. He is biting his lip; his eyes are locked on mine and there is a smirk forming. I lose myself for a moment and shove them down. I step out of them and stand with hands covering.

"Bella..." he says disappointedly. "Would it help if I told you that you get to see me too?"

I feel childish, because Edward has to coax all my actions out of me. I remove my hands and walk around the bed. I pull back the covers and slip inside. I take time to feel the soft cotton against my newly naked skin. I can imagine falling asleep here, spending the night, waking up happily next to this perfect man...

"Hey."

I turn to see that he is still smirking.

"Hey," I say back.

And stupidly now is when I finally realize that he is without his shirt, without clothes. I feel myself grow hot. We're going to do it. We're going to be naked together. I have no idea how this will work out. What part goes where, if any of our parts will actually interact or if this will take all night. I scoot closer; I thread an arm through the covers and rest it on his bare chest. It's warm and flat. I decide to be forward, I duck my head underneath.

"What are you doing?" he asks, laughter in his voice.

I don't reply, instead I allow my eyes to drink in every part of his body. It isn't overwhelmingly defined but he fit and slender. I stroke his chest and place a kiss on his nipple. Edward hisses and hums. "Get back up here," he growls.

I feel like a naughty school girl. I mischievously drift further down, liking this playful tone he has so effortlessly set. I get to the band of his branded underwear. "Lacoste?"

"You're muffled all the way down there," he says.

"Designer underwear?"

"I put on something pretty just for you."

I giggle and reply, "You knew I'd show you my boobs tonight?"

He laughs and reaches beneath the covers, tickling the side of my jaw. "Get back up here so I can kiss you."

I shake my head and ignore him. Being under the cover is making me bold. "Can I take them off?"

I hear him hesitate. Suddenly the covers are removed and thrown over my head. I am exposed and red faced. "You want to see little Edward?"

I can't help it. I laugh, and straddle him. "Can I?"

"You know..." he starts and then stops. He furrows his brows and for the first time he seems at a loss for words. I lean forward and press a lingering kiss to his lips. I want to make a silly sound, because the tips of my breast are brushing against his nipples. He makes the sound for me and groans. "You're a sexy little thing."

I blush, because no one has ever told me this.

He breathes in. "Bella?"

"Yes?"

"If I don't get hard... don't feel bad... okay?"

I nod, and lean in to kiss him again. I've googled the hell out of his condition, most of it confused me, none of it totally in line with what I've learnt so far—but that's the internet for you, information is not niche or reliant, especially concerning individual circumstance.

"Can I see you though?" I shift and go bright red, I feel myself grow a little excited, a little damp, I'm a little thankful that he can't feel a thing.

"By all means," he offers.

I remove myself from on top of him and scoot down so that I am head level with his designer underwear. I pry it from his pronounced pelvis and I am happily ogling his nakedness. I skim his underwear down his legs. They are heavy but slender, sparse hairs decorating the skin... he is pleasing all over, surprisingly normal in appearance. I don't know what I was initially expecting. I take them off him completely and eye his penis.

"Wow," I murmur, much more to myself than to him. I shyly stroke a finger down its length. I take it in my hands and it is weighty. He is... big and... *pretty*.

"Having fun?" he suddenly asks, eyebrows arched.

I smile shyly. "It's pretty," I say.

He chuckles. "My cock is pretty?"

He just called his penis 'cock'. I wonder what he'll call my vagina. I wonder if he is a dirty talker. I hope so. I blush at my inward thought. I never knew I was such a pervert.

"Yes, because it is." It really is. It's smooth and long and chubby and perfectly formed. I imagine him hard and wonder if it will fit. I wonder further how he will actually get hard, as the usual paths of erotic thoughts are lost because of his impediment. I've read up about Viagra and injections and pumps. I hope to God he is more prone to using the pills because the thought of

pumps and needles is terrifying.

"You look good with it," he teases.

I smile and handle it more deftly, this of course is pointless, but his hot skin feels so nice in my palm. I play with it a little. I fiddle with the testicles; I stroke the sides and circle his tip. I've never had the pleasure of touching a man so intimately, so closely and (weirdly) innocently...

"Bella although this is a pleasing sight, I'd much more prefer kissing you."

"Sorry," I say. I smile and straddle him again. I whimper *again*. I can feel him against me; we're naked against each other. I circle my hips without thinking and bite back a small moan. Edward's hands rest gently on my back, he caresses the rise and fall of my cheeks and this time it can't be helped...a loud and embarrassing moan escapes me.

"Hmm, nice ass." He squeezes once more and chuckles. I lean down with eyes closed and kiss his warm mouth. His hands travel up and he's holding me flush against him. My breasts press into his chest and I moan again. He is really turning me on, so much so that I am growing even wetter. I feel some nervousness in the pit of my stomach, I'm so scared that I'll mess this up but at the same time...

"Edward..." I breathe and he chuckles *again* and I'm turned on *again*, and it is like a merry go round of sexual arousal and apprehension. I break away from his soft mouth and look at him with a scared expression. "What do I do?"

He strokes my cheek tenderly. "Relax... Whatever happens here is just for me and you..." His voice is so soft and gentle; it both turns me on and warms me.

"You're wonderful," I croak. I lean in and kiss him, because I can't get enough of it. I whisper his name mid kiss.

"Yes sweetheart?"

"I'm so horny." *Oh God*, was I meant to say that? I don't think I was meant to say that.... Why did I say that?

He laughs into my mouth. "That's good to know."

I pull back. "I'm so stupid."

He kisses my nose. "No you're not..." We stare at one another in a nice silence, just smiling and admiring until he says, "Should I touch you now?"

I don't know where he's implying. Either way I nod enthusiastically, like a fool, and he grins at me and squeezes my breasts. His touch is still soft, the pads of his thumbs teasing my nipples. I moan and whine and grind and say, "Mmmm, yes." I let my head fall back and I enjoy his hands.

I am making a mess on his 'cock'. Oh sweet Lord, I am wet and wetting *him*. I look back to his face and his head is down, his eyes on our mutual join.

"You *are* horny aren't you?"

Yes. The answer is yes. And it is undoubtedly obvious because he can now see the mess I've made. It's relatively small but it's evident. *God*, I just came a little on his penis. It feels weird, because he isn't erect and now I'm not sure if he's enjoying this. "Edward is this okay?"

He looks back at me. "Of course baby, why wouldn't it be?"

He just called me baby. That shouldn't sound so good but it does. I really like that; I really like being called baby by him. I feel like a high-school-er now. So silly and puppy love like... *He's my man and I'm his 'baby'...* "Are you sure?"

"Bella we're being intimate, this is what's meant to happen." He says this with authority and a little ridicule. "Why are you asking? Are you uncomfortable with this?"

My eyes widen. "No!" I yell. "No... I just... I don't know... I just don't want to be...selfish."

"Oh." His thumbs purposely brush my nipples again and I hold back my noises. "I like giving," he tells me. "I like it a lot."

I rest my hands on his shoulders. I want him to be truthful. "Because it's your only option?"

He furrows his brows. "I don't see it that way."

"Then tell me how you see it."

"Really?" He looks at me incredulously. "Right now? When you're all horny and wet?"

I blush and whack his chest.

Edward sighs and speaks, "Women and their need to talk..."

I whack him again.

He laughs and relents. "Because I want to see you happy. Because I want to see you satisfied. Because it's a great feeling knowing that it's me who's making you happy... and satisfied." He stares at me long and hard, and then that impish grin reappears. "Because I want a mouth full of boob."

I whack him for the third time, softening the blow with a kiss. "You want to... make me..."

"Yes..." he murmurs, his tongue sliding over mine. "Yes. I really want to make you... come."

I moan and feel a familiar tingle down below. His hands roam about my upper body, back to my front and he is caressing my breasts again, brushing my nipples, causing me pleasure as I grind against his...

"Bella..."

I can hear him but I'm too busy enjoying the feel of his hands on my breasts.

"Bella..."

"Mmmm."

"Baby I can't give you full on sex right now but I can..."

I don't let him finish. I crash my lips to his because I really don't care. I can come with his hands caressing my breasts and me rubbing up and down his naked flesh. I can have a pleasure ridden orgasm just like this... It feels so nice, so good that I am forgetting and becoming completely self assured and greedy. I feel him smiling into our kiss. He pushes me away slightly. Our breathing is heavy and we are both excited... *well I am.*

"Do you want me touch your..." He looks down at my happy vagina.

"I like rubbing it on your..." I look down at his pretty penis.

"Are you sure? I don't mind..."

I ignore him again and begin grinding. He laughs and teases my nipples with his palm. I keep moaning stupidly. I am hot all over. Red hot and blotchy. I should be embarrassed but I'm feeling too good to even care.

"I can do more you know..."

I reply with a careless, "Mmmm."

"Whilst I'm fine with you humping me, I'd be much more obliged in further participation..."

I open my eyes. He is *still* smiling. I smile back, my shyness arriving once more. "What do you want me to do?"

"Has anyone ever..." He licks his lips and eyes my wetness. Immediately I know exactly what he implying and it so mortifying that I squeak. He chuckles. "Stop being so silly Bella, it really isn't that big of a deal."

"But it is!" I protest. "You'd have to... *taste it*," I whisper.

"That's the idea," he says.

My ears start ringing, because no one has ever tasted me and I am really horny and really turned on by the prospect and he seems so willing and so sexy and so...

"Stop daydreaming," he chides. And then he smirks. "You're thinking about it."

"So what if I am?"

"That means you want it."

"So what if I do?"

Edward rolls his eyes. "Are we in a playground?"

I flick his nipple. "Stop being so mean."

"Stop being so shy." He runs his hands up and down my sides. "Be free with me... please... I'd really like that... if you were... it makes things easier for me, for us..."

I bend to kiss him. "Okay," I say to his lips. And I start to move again, and it starts to feel even better this time. I can't help myself. I grow more aggressive and my movements speed up, I break away from him and arch my back in pleasure. "Oh God, oh God..."

"Are you coming?"

I nod and keep moving on him frantically, rubbing myself all over him. My movements are becoming all the more slippery and messy and his hands are making my breasts feel so good. I open my eyes and shove myself up his body. I really am on the brink now, I can feel it coming and I want him to know it. After all, he said be free...

Edward seems to understand this; he doesn't ridicule me when I push my breasts to his mouth. I am a little smug that I can, that my breasts are full and ample. I sigh and whimper in pleasure as his tongue attentively touches the nipple. It feels so good. "More," I ask. And then he smirks like the cocky man he is and sucks it between his soft lips. "Ahh..."

He keeps it in his mouth and speaks around it, a muffled "Nice?"

"Mmm yes," I breathe.

And so his wet mouth clamps back around my nipple and he sucks some more, and my hands are willingly pushing them up as an offering, interchanging and desperate for him to keep doing what feels good. I grind and rub and it's coming, it's coming and *oh my* I'm going to orgasm and it's been so long...

"That's it baby, let go..." he whispers, breaking away.

I moan loudly and collapse onto his shoulder, shuddering and breathing heavily as my arousal twitches and calms.

"My mouth would have been even better," he scolds.

I whack him and smile into his neck. I lazily ease back and kiss his mouth. We kiss and smile and kiss some more. He pulls me back and speaks, "Are you tired?"

I nod red faced. "I should clean you up."

He instructs me to where the toiletries are and I make a big deal of cleaning him thoroughly with wet wipes, he chuckles as I call him pretty and then he asks if he can wipe me too. I escape and clean myself up in the bathroom. I return a little calmer and sleepy.

"Sweetheart can you do something for me?"

"Of course," I reply dreamily.

"It's not very romantic..."

I crawl into bed, surprised at how at home I feel. "Tell me."

He holds up a condom.

I furrow my brows.

"It's not what it looks like."

I take it from him. It is a condom but a catheter is attached. I fiddle with it curiously.

"So my piss can drain into a bag during the night... that is if I actually piss."

I giggle. He laughs with me. It's not exactly a funny thing but it's the way he explains it, it's so abrupt and modest. And he is so devilishly handsome. I am lost in some type of fanatical whirl... Edward is fast becoming my new center.

"You're a silly girl."

I wiggle the condom in his face feeling sillier. "I am?"

"Who would find a catheter funny? Most would be put off... it's for old people with incontinence problems... not that I'm incontinent by the way."

I can see the sense in it; he would have to have some lift him out of bed to use the bathroom... I giggle some more, kissing his sharp jaw. "But you are old."

He laughs. "You said 30 wasn't old."

I straddle him and handle his pretty penis; I begin to slip the condom on. It doesn't feel weird. This doesn't feel weird. As a matter of fact, I like being this way... so open and carefree.

"You said you weren't happy at work?" he suddenly asks.

I look up from what I am doing.

"I have a new job for you." He smiles at me wickedly and I can tell this will be naughty. "You can put that on each night, since you think my cock is so pretty." He looks to the catheter.

"Oh yea?" I roll it down. "I don't work for free you know."

"I'll pay you."

I grin. "You better. You certainly can afford it."

He pulls me forward once I'm done. "With kisses."

My stomach fizzes in delight. "Yes please."

Eventually I fall asleep... on his chest... with my hand wrapped protectively around his pretty penis... and condom catheter.

A/N: Some funny fluff and a little citrus twist. Only a couple chapters left. Feel free to tell me if this fun to read, or just weird.

WhatsMyNomDePlume is the sole owner of this Edward!

Sorry to all of you who were crushing. The guy who inspired this story is actually engaged, so you can't have him either... sucks.

Chapter: 11

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

11. Callings

Edward

The morning after and we wake simultaneously. Bella is ridiculously shy. She walks to my bathroom, a shuffle as she closes the door and returns a little fresher. I however, am still naked, still with morning breath, still extremely sleepy. I want to fall back into a slumber, I want a lazy weekend but she comes back looking alert and it's as though she's wondering what's next.

"Should I dress you?" she asks.

I shrug, eyes closed, feeling lethargic.

"Are you mad with me?"

I smile at her question, still with eyes closed, "Stop talking will you?"

"You want me to be quiet?"

I mumble and hum groggily.

I hear her huff but I'm just too lazy to respond. She takes initiative, I can hear her moving about my room, I can hear her sliding a wardrobe door open. I grow a little vigilant, I watch her as she fingers through my work clothes. She's reading labels, chewing her lip, thinking that maybe I am a little pompous. I'll inform her that Czarick is the one who buys my European suits and that I, most of the time have no care as to what I am wearing. She shifts and finds a drawer. Her fingers dance along the wood and she seems hesitant to open it.

"Third draw, sweat pants," I murmur.

She opens it deftly and drags out a Nike bottom. I see her air it out, holding it up like a mother would and walking toward me. She looks quite natural wrapped up in my bathrobe, like she is already here—living—being—attached. Maybe I should be annoyed, maybe I should be pissed that she's wearing my favorite house robe but I'm not. I am indifferent.

"I'm going to dress you now," she says, her voice small. "I figured you'd want to shower, so I'll avoid the complication of underwear." She seems to be talking to herself. "Being topless is okay right? I mean Cz—, I forgot his name... sorry, he'll be okay seeing you topless right?"

"Modesty is forgone," I mumble.

She is wiggling about, trying her best to get me covered and it's funny, the look on her face. I chuckle and lay there, feeling all the lazier and maybe even a little blissful. She is a much better vista than Czarick. I think if this is to continue, I'll insist that it is done with *her* topless.

"There," she huffs. "Dressed."

"Thank you." I tug on her fingers, pulling her up and she hovers over me for a rewarding kiss. I hum and sleepily ask, "Shower with me?"

Her eyebrows shoot up. "With you?"

"Yes."

"Okay?"

I close my eyes again. "I'm not forcing you."

"I know... I do want to... be in the shower... with you."

I smile. I run my fingers over her behind, feeling masterful.

She does this so easily, making me feel above and beyond. She has this quality to her, innocence I think—but it isn't tedious or testing, it's as though she is being careful, and it reads as thoughtful.

Once Czarick has aided me and I am in the cubical chair of the shower I call for her. I am a little less grumpy and now all I want is to have her here. Mornings don't ring in my favor, and ever since I was young it has been this way.

Bella arrives and is still in my robe. "Off," I say pointing to her covering and she rolls her eyes, sheepishly removing it. Her feet turn inward and her hands cloud over her body. She comes inside, clicking the door shut and standing awkwardly before me. I gesture toward the opposite seat and she sits. Turning on the jets we get wet and seeing her naked and soaked causes a whole overload of amorous thoughts to run through my mind.

She isn't centered on our nakedness though, her eyes are roaming, and finding things to marvel at—the marble, the size of the room, the many shower heads, the controls and swing handles and God knows what. For a moment I feel embarrassed, I feel like a show horse. It passes by briefly as she asks, "Is this a steam room too?"

I nod through the mentioned steam, blinking through the whiz of water. "Will you wash me?"

She gets up. "Okay, where are your..." She finds a loofah, on her knees before me armed with shower gel.

I tickle her jaw. "You're sweet," I say. *And willing. And lovely.* She is so quiet, so trapped in her own bubble, and then she appears like this, surprising me a little, making me realize she is fuller of sentiment than I would have at first noticed.

I let her lather me up. "Do you usually do this all on your own? What if something, happens?" The cringe in her voice is apparent.

I point to the swing handles. "I try to pull myself up."

"So it's happened before?"

"Once or twice. I have a call button on the left, its nothing to be too worried about."

She moves down, I am getting a thorough scrubbing on my lower body. She rubs the loofah about me, asking if every move is okay, concentration amidst her features. She crouches; bending almost, breasts dancing and jiggling and it has me mesmerized. I reach out and handle them, slippery with water and soap.

"Stop," she scolds.

Like a child I huff, releasing her fleshy delights. I smile to myself, happy that my girlfriend has pretty breasts, really wanting to spend a full day just fiddling and playing with them until I tire. She soaps my top half up, eyes meeting mine once she realizes I can feel it all. Taking her time she is more ardent with her hands, touching every part of me, slowing and caressing.

"Is this okay?"

I hum in response, the steam and steady jets, her hands and soft body, it all makes me happy.

"You're really beautiful you know."

I've never been called beautiful before, it's uncomfortable, bordering effeminate. I open one eye, witnessing her take me in, moving about my body in some type of trance. It's nearly amusing; the way she looks at me, with soft eyes, almost as though she's never seen a man before. Her fingers move over my nipples and it makes me want to grab her, but I am denied sudden movement, and so her touches are left to taunt me—making me open my eyes, making me want her full attention. I groan. "That's entirely too nice of a feeling for you to expect me to just sit here and not touch you."

"Just trying to figure out... what feels good for you."

"Kissing you, touching you, that feels good."

Her face reads as confused and so I ask her to sit down, on my lap, sideways so we can talk. It's a little slippery, but she is careful. She finds her balance and settles.

"It's like... effervescence.... Sometimes the sensuality of one person, well it can make up for a lot of things..."

She kisses my jaw, a look of pursuance on her face. "Sounds trippy, like you might be into tantric?"

"New age isn't really my style."

"Then what is?"

"Kiss me when I ask you to," I say, voice almost lost in our man made waterfall. "Walk around, topless..." I grin. "I'm pretty easy to please."

She rolls her eyes. "Edward I was being serious."

"I'll let you know what I need. I'm not shy by any means." And I say this, making sure she understands that her shyness is something I want gone. "It's a major time waster, especially for someone like me."

She sighs, looking to me squarely. "I haven't been with anyone like you... you know, so intimately."

"Not even your ex?"

"I don't think he loved me very much." Her forehead wrinkles, her face aging slightly as she speaks, "I wasn't really too much of a catch you know? ...I was this quiet, unsocial person."

I don't speak, I hold her, I just let her air whatever it is she wants to tell me. Women like to talk, this much I know.

"And he was good to me, well nice enough... a friend that turned into something more but I never felt as though he really *wanted* me..."

I kiss her shoulder, keeping my touches subtle.

"I wasn't his type, but I was available. I don't know... We were never the type of couple to lay about and just be together, it was always one or the other—being friends or being in bed—*not lovers*, lovers is too passionate of a word... I don't know how to describe it... am I making sense?"

"You are." I look at her, wanting to lighten her mood. "But for all intents and purposes, I'm happy that it led you to here... And please do reframe from mentioning the words *you*, *bed* and *ex* ever again."

"You asked..."

"Yea well I'm being bratty here. From now on it's just you... and me."

She smiles and we continue our shower. I get to watch her lather. I get to watch her wash off. I am blissful and smug and a little tired at the fact that she thinks she is unsexy—but I have plans to make her see otherwise... I save room for them until she feels comfortable.

"What do you do exactly?"

We are back in bed. Sheets are fresh thanks to Bella; I've learnt that she may have been a maid in a previous life. I can't say that I'm disappointed; it's nice that she's domestic. She snuggles into me, fingers dancing through my sparse chest hair as she awaits my response.

"Engineer."

"Fancy."

"Not really, I go to schools sometimes, teach students."

"You teach at colleges? You have a doctorate?"

I hum, hand stroking her hip.

"You're a professor?"

I scoff. "Oh no, not at all."

"But you teach..."

"I had a 2 year contract at M.I.T but I was out of there straight after. I wasn't too steadfast with those kids—I couldn't be serious enough to be...well *serious*. Plus marking thesis after thesis and revisiting all those math and physics formulae's I had to drag through in school got really boring."

"So you're a problem solver for companies now?"

I rub her skin, nodding. "Mmm, something like that."

"And they pay you mega bucks huh?"

I laugh. "For a few equations of course."

She sighs into my shoulder. "I didn't go to college."

"Why not?"

"Money. There was one scholarship and it went to another girl. I was smart but she was smarter... I left high school, worked in a diner, became a cook, thought that maybe if I went on a couple of short courses I'd learn to love cordon bleu... I don't." She breathes out. "It was just convenient. I mean I don't hate it, but I don't love it."

"You just didn't find what you were looking for," I add.

"I'm not savvy. I'm just getting by. You should probably be with someone who is more like you, more ambitious, more of a go getter..."

I'm a little taken aback. I have dated savvy women. I've dated high flyers but their vocation never was a focal point. To be honest, it was nothing I cared for. Work was work. I'm not sure if I should tell her to hush, because insecurities can be deep rooted, and sometimes (from experience I know), words are cheap. But I try. I kiss the side of her face. "I think you're bright," I say. "I think you're intelligent... and sweet... and sexy... and beautiful."

She smiles into my neck. "Yea right... you just want to see my boobs again." She pokes me, and then stills. "...I really like you Edward." Her face looks nervous now, she isn't relaxed anymore.

I mirror, "I really like you too Bella."

She nods, smiling through her shakiness.

I think this means something more, but neither of us are stupid enough to break the bliss with something serious—her lack of confidence concerning her work is enough rain for now.

"Hey," I whisper. "I'm not judging you... I never would."

"I know."

I stroke her hair, feeling its texture under my palms. "Do you know what you want to do?"

She is quiet for a moment, a simple honest answer leaving her, "...no."

I can tell she feels a way, embarrassed maybe.

"That's okay... Perfectly fine," I murmur. "You have a lifetime to figure it out."

"A lifetime? I want to live for the sake of living not for the sake of a vocation..."

I can't offer her an out. I can't insult her by suggesting that her working isn't necessary, we've only been dating a month after all. I have no clue if she has hidden ambitions, if she is just too shy to tell me at this point—and so I just stay compliant...letting her know that I'm here, for comfort if anything, as her man companionship was my biggest gift.

"You could always retire from cookery professionally... but cook for me, in the nude, all the time... no apron."

She laughs. "Edward, your middle name should be 'pervert'."

I laugh with her, happy that a little humor isn't wasted.

"And I'd do that for free," she teases. "Just nothing that splatters."

I grin and hold her close. Whether or not she's lost, feeling listless, waiting to figure out her life,

I could get used to this. I kiss her hair. "You'll find your way."

"Yea?"

"Yea," I reply. "Of course."

A/N: I'm struggling, fluff isn't something I'm too great with. I'm super cynical. Anyhow, I'll be back with my fictional romance and my forged self importance next week. Feel free to tell me I'm corny, this story has corny written all over it.

Meanwhile, there is a contest taking place. Some of the best authors around are judging, so you should enter. Mmmkay?

To enter, use this link (minus the spaces): [http : / www. fanfiction. net/u/2379475/](http://www.fanfiction.net/u/2379475/)

The deadline is June 30th, so you have time. The theme is Superheros and so you can have fun with it. I may even enter. I will be reading all of the entries too-just because... so make it good.

Thanks for reading.

Chapter: 12

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

12. Whiplash

Bella

I like hearing him breathe. I put my ear to his chest, the rise and fall of it makes me feel at peace. "You smell of me," he mumbles, sniffing my hair. "And my shampoo."

I can't remember the last time another man noted his own smell, noted the way his smell had reassigned itself to another. And it's silly, but it's all these silly things that make me like him.

The obvious is great. His strength, inner and outer is venerable. But it's these little things, the way he giggles at his own short comings, the way he kisses me so passionately—without the expectancy of more, without the *want* for something more. And maybe it is down to the fact that more is sometimes out of the question... but I doubt it. I've never felt so cared for. A measly month with him, and I all of a sudden feel adored.

It's hard to say how I feel exactly. I can't be a fool to rush my decision, to openly admit that I am

in love. I am well aware of honeymoon periods—even if I have never had one. I know that there is a chance this is all very temporary. But my heart is strong, so strong it's aching for me to believe the opposite...

This morning he is still as grumpy. He isn't shy in hiding his dislike for it either. And I'm probably sugar coating his mood, but with his mumbles and groans, it makes our romance all the realer. Evidently everything is tangible. I, myself am temperamental—the mornings for me are dependant on the day ahead, and because I am in his bed, my mood is light.

I lay back, watching him as his eyes remain hooded. Edward groans, huffing, and I find myself snuggling up to him. "Still sleepy?" I ask.

"Hmph," he replies.

I fight back laughter; he looks ridiculously sleepy and sexy...

"You're so cute," I sigh, kissing his collar.

"Umph," he retorts, closing his eyes yet again. "Quiet you," he mumbles dryly, a slight smile forming on his lips.

We spend a lot of time in bed, not that I mind. I was supposed to cook for him, he was supposed to take me for a long relaxing drive... but it seems that lazing under the covers is the favored thing to do.

The afternoon comes and Edward nudges me. "Let's go for a drink."

Whilst we are out together, I often see people watching us. This has happened before, but today I am contemplative, and I'm thinking long term. A part of me is defensive. I want people to butt out, to get on with what they are doing. All these drifting stares... it feels intrusive.

Edward sits, his thumb hooked around the handle to his beer glass. We talk about nothing, our chit chat flirty. I order a cherry brandy and he scoffs, teasing my taste. "It's a grandmother's drink." I shrug, getting used to him jibes—in a way I am sure this is a prelude to hardcore flirtation.

My mood is still slightly stifled by those around us, and so I get a little serious, and I ask if he notices.

"Sometimes," he says. Looking around he adds, "They think you're my nurse."

"What?" I look to him with a smile but he didn't look as though he was joking. "You mean, like I'm just taking you out of the institution for a little air?"

"Yeah, exactly. You're wearing a white shirt, and besides, people just assume that you're a nurse,

because who else could I be with?"

I was waiting for a smile, a smirk, something that would tell me that this was just another lucid observation. Instead his brow furrows, he sighs eyeing his hand hooked loosely around his glass.

"I'm not totally oblivious Bella... but what would be the point of me looking for sympathy... of feeling on show just because of who I am? Everyone already knows what I am, what you are... sometimes, detachment is necessary."

I feel myself mirroring his actions, thumbing my glass, looking down. "So it does bother you?"

"Sometimes." He looks to me. "I'm not the way I am through any amount of denial. You can still be hindered, and happy."

"Do you think I'm a happy person?" I don't know why I question him this.

He stares at me, no smile, no expression whatsoever. His stare drops back down to his drink. This version of him is unusual, as if for a small moment in time he's focused on his problems, wishing things were different.

"I think... that maybe... I could make you happy." He chuckles nervously. "Or at least try... I get that you're still searching Bella... and maybe all I am for now is something different... something—"

"—no," I say. "You're great... It's just sometimes I think that maybe I'm the wrong fit for you... you're just always so upbeat, and well I'm—"

"—no," he says. "*You're great.*"

We smile at each other.

"You just admitted that you want to make me happy."

"I did, didn't I?" He let's loose a breath. "Well shit... that's pretty epic isn't it?"

I bite my lip, fight my smile. My heart thumps a little louder; my hands tremble around my sickly sweet drink. I don't know what its like to be in love, or if I'm even sure that what I feel for Edward is that intense.

But it feels nice.

And now I think that maybe my doubts, the few made all but a couple of seconds ago were in vain. I look at him, all of him. And all I want to do is, "kiss you..."

His eyebrow quirks.

"I mean... can I? I know you don't like the public thing, but I—"

"—forget it," he cuts me short. "Forget what I said about it... I want you to."

His hand brushes mine softly. I shuffle over in my chair, breathing steadied as I get giddy at the thought of people watching us. It's stupid really, the way I'm feeling... I lean in, and our lips meet, and it's slow, and soft.

"Sweet," he murmurs, mouth still at mine.

I moan, want a little more as he slips his tongue past my lips. I want to sit astride his lap and I abrade my linen pants down to nothing... I can't get over the way a simple kiss can make me feel so hot.

When we pull back his stare darts behind me, he speaks with a small smile, "And now they think my nurse is taking advantage me."

"They're stupid..."

"Very," he playfully replies. His fingers tickle mine as they lace on the top of our table.

This moment that we're sharing is quite tender, but there's a twinkle in Edward's eye, the type that warns me he is about to say or do something a little less than chivalrous.

"How do you feel about role play?"

I arch an eyebrow.

He continues, "A naughty nurse maybe?"

My face heats up. I can't really see myself being seductive, or as Edward puts it, naughty... But still, something about the suggestion is influencing my confidence—the thought that he could believe I was capable of fitting that character.

I think about it.

"You might as well," he pushes. "It's evident that all those people staring think that you are one already..." he chuckles.

I shake my head.

"Is that a no?"

I hesitate, shrugging.

"Come on... stop being such a stick in the mud."

"Are you calling me boring?"

"Yes."

I chew on my lip, somewhat offended. Dejected, I slump back.

"Stop sulking," he teases. "If anything, it will probably make it all the more fun..."

"Oh sure," I huff. "Fun with boring Bella."

Thumbing his glass handle, he takes a long sip of beer.

"That hurt my feelings," I mumble.

"Sorry... sometimes I can be, a little insensitive."

I think I know this already, it was often foreshadowed in his responses—the way he just got on with things sans complaint... Edward was often aloof concerning his own limitations. "It's okay," I sigh.

Our fingers lace again, something different between us, something candid. We've spent so much time romancing each other, kissing and touching, not much time revealing our secrets. Edward knows a little about me... I'm not too sure I know the things that he is unhappy with.

His previous confession of wanting to make me happy warms me. I guess in a way I am being exactly as he had suggested—a stick in the mud. Maybe I should try a different tactic, being shy has never gotten me far anyway...

"How naughty?" I ask.

"As naughty as you're comfortable with."

"Right." I nod, seriousness in my tone. "I don't do rubber, or whips, or anything that involves humiliation... or pain."

Edward chuckles. "I'm not a complete pervert, Bella."

I can't quite believe we're discussing sexual adventures over beer and brandy, but I must admit the alcohol is loosening me slightly. "Well it was your suggestion, what do you want from me?"

He tugs at my fingers, eyes sincere as he tells me... "Intimacy."

"And a naughty nurse fantasy is something that will give you that?" I ask reproachfully.

"No." He gets frustrated, slips his own hand away. "Don't be like that. Don't act like I'm

cheapening what we have by being playful."

"...I'm sorry... I..."

"...you overreacted."

"Yea," I murmur, "I'm not used to this."

"What? A man telling his woman he wants to try something different?"

I smile uncomfortably, "A man calling me his woman..." I look away. "A man wanting me the way you do... It's scary you know? Like I don't know what the hell to do, if I can..."

"Stop." His face is apologetic, some form of understanding finally resonating. "I'm sorry too. *Shit*," he sighs.

He's really thinking about it all, I can see it on his face.

"I like the way you are Edward...it doesn't mean I want *you* to change."

"I meant what I said." His eyes look on earnestly. "I want to try. I want you happy."

I nod slowly, unable to say anything... sentiments so heartfelt that all I want to is please him... over and over again.

"Will you let me?"

I nod again.

"Come here," he pleads.

I move toward him.

"Closer," he whispers.

I move until I am as close as I can possibly be.

We stare at each other until all I can focus on is his mouth. There is a weird sexual chemistry between us, something that I can't describe. But he's still tender, he's still sensitive...

We end up kissing, and it's probably uncomfortable for the people around us, witnessing Edward and I—but in the moment, I can't find it in me to care.

We're exploring one another, our personalities finally merging, finally dealing with all those things that may or may not set us apart.

When we pull back we both smile, my hand stroking his face as we do. After a while I feel mischievous, my own mood giving me a quaint belt of whiplash.

"How about... a dirty doctor?"

His face shows his surprise. "You as a doctor?"

I shake my head. "No," I say. "...you."

"Are you being serious?"

I prepare myself mentally for my next push... "I'm feeling a little under the weather."

He grins deviously, bringing my fingers to his lips. "Well in that case... *Doctor Dirty* at your service."

A/n: Believe or not, the last part of this chapter is based on a real conversation... I just tried to make it fit for this fic. I just hope that no one in my real life finds out that I write fan fiction...

I have submitted an entry to the 'Superhero Contest for Twific'. I had fun writing it. Go to my profile to read, vote if you like... or don't.

Thanks for reading.

Chapter: 13

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

13. Bolt

Edward

Things progress, from kisses to confessions. I allow myself room to be not so happy go lucky, and maybe it cracks at the Edward she knows, it may even lessen her like for me—but in a way, the honesty is freeing. Her eyes stare hard from where she is seated, her throat bobs as she sips from her terrible choice in liquor—Bella listens and waits and lunges in for even more kisses.

I think she likes me still.

This is good. So far much has been nice. I think nothing is about to deter her, although again, and

again, her wariness can sometimes act as an impasse. Being who I am, with what I have, and the years I've lived, a lot of it is tedious.

She takes my opinion well, swallows it with a frown but conquers them with sweet successful attempts. She's strong I would say, but I'm not too sure she knows it. She could very well have her way with me, wrap me around her finger even... but I know she won't, she doesn't have *that* in her.

Still I feel the need to steel myself. I like her enough, I may even like her more than I'm willing to bet on, but I'm cautious. I don't want to be a passing convenience for her to retell to female friends... I'm fighting the fight against becoming a parody. And she might not know it, but despite my causality I am just as vulnerable.

But like I said, I like her. Bella is pretty, smart, understanding... she's my girlfriend and maybe falling in love is inevitable; I'm just hoping that this time around it isn't temporary... I feel old, a 30 going on 30 something quadriplegic... I have to be honest with myself as to whether or not age is on my side.

But all these thoughts are normal I'm sure. I'm not about to rush this... but in a way I want to. It's as though I am savoring the flavor of something sweet, scared that an aftertaste will kill my joy. And so when people question my demeanor, it annoys me.

I guess underneath it all everyone is a little insecure, and even if it bothers me that my attitude will never be good (or even bad) enough for people, I will just choose to roll with the punches, because ever since 10 years prior that is what I have been doing.

But Bella, sweet girl Bella is just as. In the midst of our growing seriousness, we keep a mischievous air—because we both are smart enough to sense that life up until now has been challenging, and we are both looking for relief.

"You're undeniably sweet," I tell her as we arrive at my apartment building. She is walking ahead of me, her ass looking pleasantly curved and pronounced in her pants. I think about grabbing it, because I can if I please, but I resist, charm replacing deviousness.

"Is this a diagnosis?" she asks seriously.

I laugh, my slip in memory to our role play snapping into place. "Oh no, just an observation."

"A little unprofessional don't you think?"

We get into the elevator, I wait for the doors to close before I swat her behind, unable to resist. "No back talk."

She squeaks, her eyes widening. She lets loose a small giggle before looking ahead. "This is so weird," she cavaliers.

"You don't enjoy a good spank?"

She snorts a little laughter. "You sound like a dirty old man."

I arch a brow. "You know what that makes you then?"

"A hussy?"

I guffaw as the elevator doors open.

"A floozy?"

I gesture for her to get out and follow.

Bella walks backwards, hand clutching her purse in front of her, her voice breathy and downright sexy as she teases, "A dirty girl?"

I stop my movement, my hands fall lax at my sides abandoning my wheels. I'm a little clouted, and she is a little too alluring—especially with that pouty look. I grin and say, "I like dirty girls."

Spinning on her heel she walks forward. "I bet you do."

She's coming again. This would be for the second time, and it seems that with each orgasm she gets louder. I feel quite haughty. I'm doing this; I'm making her come like she apparently *never has before*, (her words not mine).

We used the Viagra. It worked as usual, my cock stiffening for the longest while as she had her way with it. Her favorite thing to do of course is admire, and stare, and comment all these ridiculous notions concerning its prettiness. I take initiative, and I do as she does. I focus on my favorite part of her nakedness, her breasts are just divine, *any would be*—but there of course something satisfying knowing that Bella's breasts are in a way mine.

She giggles and whimpers. We goof around, a little role play—she calls me Doctor and I call her Nurse, but somewhere between my first time inside her, and her tongue licking at my own sensitive nipple, we get too distracted. The visual is enough. Her face is lusty, and uncontrollable, and its so, so good of a feeling seeing her like this, like all of her self doubt has finally eroded.

"Ed... what... oh..."

I chuckle, I can't help it—be it out of amusement, or pure happiness...now I simply can not tell.

"Edwarr..."

This must be it for her, just as she is about to curse, she collapses against me. I stifle my laughter

because all my emotions concerning it are now confused, but it rumbles, and she senses it, and so she hits me.

"Asshole," she mumbles, pressing a tight kiss into my neck. "All you do is makes fun of me."

I trail my fingers up her spine. Trying to figure it out for myself as I hold her as close as I can. "Sorry sweetheart."

She *pffts* against my skin. "Don't sweetheart me." Shifting she sighs. "You're still hard."

"Another go?" I ask, ticking her sides.

"You're not a fairground ride..."

I smile as she faces me. "But I'm yours," I say, *and I really am*.

She gives me this look, as though I am some type of dream. She shakes her head and giggles. "I never knew sex could be so..."

"Fun?"

She blushes. "Sexy."

I lick my lips, eyeing her slightly sweaty skin, the way her nipples seem to flush a deeper pink. I can't stop staring, our conversation left to die as she catches her breath, the rise and fall of her tits keeping rapt. "You're pretty," I say, eyes glued to her full view.

"And you're sexy." Bella leans down, kissing me. "And handsome, and..." Her mouth stops at the scruff of my jaw, "You have a big..."

I smirk as she kisses downward. "Mm," I sigh. "Ego fully loaded."

She dismounts, and rolls onto her back. I lower the bed head, and she snuggles into me. Her body warms mine, and I find myself wanting her closer... I tell her this and she shifts, her leg draping around both of mine. "Edward?"

I hum and draw on her naked side, feeling sleepy.

"Thank you for my weekend."

"No need to thank me beautiful," I murmur.

She kisses my nipple, breathing out as she does. I hold her and think about asking her to stay an extra day. Maybe we could make a quick stop at her place for her to repack and I could drive her to work... I wouldn't mind. But something stops me from asking.

We drift off, and it's another peaceful sleep until the morning comes.

There's this nagging pang in my chest as I watch her pack her things in her away. It won't stop, but I smile nonetheless. I watch on from my desk placed in the corner of my living room, I hear her shoes tap against the hard wood and I admire the way her hair falls over her swelling chest as she bends to fix all her clothes into place.

She really is pretty. And I want her pretty to stay around for longer... I really want to just unpack that stupid hold-all and tell her to come and sit on my lap as I kiss her until we end up exhausted from affection.

Evidently, I am turning into a pussy it would seem.

"I'm good to go," she tells me.

"Well that's a shame."

She looks to me with her usual coyness. I think she's waiting for me to be roguish... say something naughty, maybe even tease her for last night.

But I can't.

I look at her and I just can't say a word, nothing witty or sly, or playful.

"You can... stay." I feel myself go red. "I mean... if you want."

She opens her mouth, and then closes it, and then, "Stay?"

I clear my throat. I've always had this problem, admitting when I'm in need for company. It's stupid maybe, but there are times when kindness tends to tug at my dignity. Bella is shifting from two feet to one, her other foot stepping inward, rubbing the side of her ankle. Its little things like that, that manage to make her adorable... and at this thought, I am definitely sure that *I am* turning into a pussy.

"I could drive you to work."

"Really?" Her eyebrows shoot up. "You want me here?" And now she just looks confused.

I can't help but smile. "Yea... I want you here."

"For how long?" she asks.

"Hmm." I play ponder. I grip my wheels and roll forward. I do as I usually would, being the tyrant I am... I aim a pointer finger to my lap. Bella bites her lip, hiding her silly smile as she takes a seat.

"Hi," she murmurs.

"Hi," I reply. "So... I was thinking..."

She nods slowly as if I am somewhat challenged. "I gathered that."

I roll my eyes, grabbing her face abruptly as I pull her down for a full kiss. She squeaks, her little breathy hum making our lips vibrate pleasantly in unison.

I think that maybe if I had my cock to myself it would be in a permanent state of rigidity, it just might be that my lack of input on its state is a blessing in disguise... otherwise I'm pretty sure a girl like Bella would classify me as *'pig!'*

"Edward," she mumbles between kisses.

"Hush," I whisper, sucking her lips between mine. She knows I'm just being amorous, and for all selfish intents and purposes, at times like this I tend to favor continuous hot and heavy over broken intervals.

But a woman will always find a way to make her point, even if it is to your own inconvenience, and Bella is no different. She pushes at my chest, pulling back from my needy mouth.

"God, you're greedy," she scoffs almost breathlessly.

"No shit," I speedily reply, pulling her back for a round two.

I get what I want, which of course is her lips—her luscious pillowy lips that just taste, and feel, and look *so good*. For fucks sake I want her naked again... it's only natural. A pretty girl on my lap, with pretty lips, and pretty everything else... she makes me *pretty* happy. I chuckle at my own wonderings. I pull back and am still smiling.

"What?" she snaps. "Am I a funny kisser too?"

I shake my head.

Bella smacks my shoulder. "Edward you're such a bully." She says this and snuggles into me, her mouth sighing as though she is a little exasperated.

"No sweetheart," I say, stroking her mussed hair. "I'm not laughing at you, promise."

"No?"

"No."

"Then what's so amusing?"

I kiss her forehead. "I'm enjoying you, that's all."

"Hm." She shifts back, her eyes staring dazzlingly into mine. "I'm pleasing to Mr. Cullen PHD?"

I snort. "Please God, *don't* refer to me as Mr. Cullen, makes me sound like an out of date philander." I instantly picture an un-sexy man *trying* to be sexy. I always saw that type of name play as antiquated.

She arches a brow. "Well at least now I know how to piss you off... *Mr. Cullen.*"

"Ugh." I cringe, unable to stop myself. "Yea... and totally turn me off," I squirm. "Please stop."

She giggles. "Okay sexy."

I grab at the side of her hip. "Oh now *that* is much better."

"Anything for your ego huh?"

"Oh I don't know, you're pretty sexy yourself."

"Yea?" she sounds so unsure.

"You are..." I kiss the side of her pretty mouth. "So..." I kiss her equally pretty jaw. "Very..." I suck on that area of her neck that makes her shiver. "Very sexy."

Her shoulder's rise and fall in scheduled movements. I can't seem to figure out how many times I will have to reassure her, I *don't* want to tire of her... I don't want to feel the fatigue of it all. Surely by this point she has to know how much I want her.

"You know I want you," I say simply.

I think she's blushing.

"Yea," she murmurs. "I do."

I grin. "Then stay?"

"I can't. I'm meeting my mother for dinner tonight."

"Cancel it," I whisper, placing an errant hand on her breast. "Tell her your boyfriend is dire need of your attention."

She bites her lip with a smile. "I can't cancel on my mother, Edward."

"I would cancel on mine."

She arches a brow. "Where do your loyalties lie?"

I thumb her nipple and she gasps. She looks so good with her mouth open like that, I imagine all a manner of things that could fit between her plump lips... *oh if only*... I close my eyes to remember, it's a faint but potent memory, and oh how I miss it.

Bella kisses the side of my neck, her lips soft and careful, she is almost too good at that, and I am almost too incapable of hiding my delight. She has to be the most affectionate woman I have ever been with, always complimenting, always touching, always kissing... and for the first time in a while, I am feeling overtly sensual. Highly sexual, wanting to experiment wildly and freely, but she is so innocent, so cute... that it becomes a seesaw of indecision's.

I finally reply, honest and brutal, "My loyalties lie with my own needs... unfortunately, and it would seem that I need *you*."

She stares me wide eyed. "Really?"

"Yea."

"Edward?"

I kiss her once before I rest back to hear her.

"How do you feel about me?" she asks, her voice low, *and I think*, nervous.

I swallow, I think this is the part where I confess just how much I like her, just how much I am dreading really needing her... Because falling in love is like losing your legs... nothing you do is your own anymore, you can become owned by your situation, owned by your owner, and if you're not careful, consumed.

"*Shit*," I say to myself.

"Sorry," she croaks. "I didn't mean to... I... oh fuck," she sighs. "Never mind." She makes a move to rise but I keep her in my lap.

"Don't assume the worst all the time," I tell her. "Just wait for the answer, running won't do you any good."

She takes my scold and sits back down.

I clear my throat, feeling a little obtuse myself. "Honestly," I begin, halting my usual candor, "I think this, *us*... is serious."

Good enough, right?

She should understand what I mean by this, right?

"I think I'm falling in love with you, Edward." Her words release themselves with domino effect... her throat shaking, her mouth trembling... I think she's about to bolt, about to get up and run for the exit.

I stare at her a little taken aback, wanting to say something back but finding it ever increasingly difficult.

And just like that, my own stupidity causes her to get up and walk away from me. Bella grabs her over night bag and walks to the door. The silence is horrible *and so am I*... I am just so stupid and stunned.

I would have easily bet that my character was charming, likable, enduring maybe... but I would have never of guessed that this girl making her way out of my apartment would ever fall for me so quickly. She is only 25, she is unsure of every thing else in her life, and so I had assumed that I would be boxed into that very same corner... the *'ifs, buts and maybes.'*

I hear the door open, and just as she is about to step out I get feeling back in my throat.

"Bella," I call. "Wait."

She turns, unable to stare me in the face.

I haven't even moved, I don't think I can... my own heart pounding as I give her something that I'm sure would take time to let go of.

"Me too," I say.

More silence.

Nothing.

Not a word.

Time stands still, as does she. Bella abruptly drops her bag to the floor. More seconds pass, and then...

"Fuck my mother."

I look to her, my eyes shooting wide open as I grin so brightly it splits my face in two. "Where do *your* loyalties lie Bella?"

She shrugs, her face an inconsistent smile and sob. "With my own selfish self... the self that's falling so stupidly in love with you..."

Chapter: 14

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

14. Wondering

Bella

Falling in love is like nothing I've felt before. It covers stuff. It makes things pretty. I realize all the things that may or may not be faults, but I can't find it in me to care.

I smile a lot. I smile for no reason whatsoever. I sit and stare at things, and it would seem as though I am simple, but I'm not. I'm just thinking... thinking about the way I'm feeling and how nice it is to feel this way.

"Evening sweetheart."

"Hi," I say dreamily. It's like having the wind knocked out of me. It's unnerving, like I'm treading on something fluffy and pliable.

"How did the dinner go?" he asks, starting up his engine.

I fish for my seatbelt, we are heading somewhere, but Edward refuses to tell me *where* exactly. I feel as though this is a bad idea. I should be prepared, and I'm scared shitless at the thought that I may be meeting his parents... I think this is what is about to happen. I think Edward is taking me to meet his folks, and despite my floaty falling feeling, the prospect of it all is making me jittery.

"I told her about you," I say, referring to my mother.

He smiles as he drives. "Oh yea?"

"Yea," I say coyly. "Told her I met this guy, told her I was *inlovewithhim*."

I may or may not be having issues with admitting this out loud, because *falling* and *being* in love are different, and it clouts me silly when I realize I just made a huge distinction.

"Say that again." His voice is all of a sudden quiet and thoughtful, not his usual tune. He sounds vigilant, he sounds careful.

"Erm."

"You told your mother that you love me?"

I nod. "Kinda."

"Wow." And that is all he says, nothing more.

It kind of hurts, but I don't know if I'm entitled to hurt, I don't know if I can force this feeling onto him just because it's what *I'm* feeling... I mean, that wouldn't be fair, that wouldn't be right. And so I sit there in the passenger seat, silent.

Edward breathes in, his body looking completely normal from where I sit, as though he isn't disabled, and for a moment I imagine that he's not.

I wonder what life with an able bodied Edward would be like. I wonder if he would force me to work out with him, if he'd take me places to get active, go hyacking and mountain climbing, and do all a manner of things that terrify and intrigue me. I wonder again if he misses sex, if he's putting on a façade for me just to pass the time. I wonder if me blurting out the word 'love' is a mistake. I wonder if he was without his chair if his eyes would ever even be cast into my direction.

"Edward?"

"Yes?"

"Say you weren't in a chair..."

There's a suspicious look in his eye. "Okay..."

"And you had full use... of your body... *Would you...* Is what we have..."

He gives a confused look, before insisting me to, "Spit it out Bella."

And so I do, I literately babble with my mouth, "Would you even give me a second glance?"

Edward's face turns sour, his lips curl, and his brows turn inward. "Are you kidding me?"

I stay quiet. I can tell he's pissed at this point.

"You think I'm settling for what I can get? Is that it?"

"I..."

"...What the *hell* Bella?"

Edward has up until now, never cursed at me, not with such bile, or anger, or... resentment? I sit still, glued, frozen and afraid to answer. I feel as though I have insulted him by insulting myself.

And I have in a way. I've suggested that he's incapable of doing any better, of getting what he wants, of being a man... and *oh shit* I wish I could just think before I speak, take back that question, and rephrase my sentences...

He sighs long and hard. "Sorry, that was improper of me."

"No... no, you're right to be angry. I'm stupid."

"No you're not."

We reach a red light. I concentrate on it, the sight burning my eyes, making me want to shed premature tears. I hold myself back, I don't want to look a mess, I don't want mascara to run down my face.

I breathe in and out, and turn to him as I speak, "I'm trying to think of ways that excuse the thought of you ever falling for someone like me."

I'm being honest, because in life I have learned that being a pessimist stops you from ever hitting a disappointed low. He hasn't told me he loves me yet, he hasn't re-uttered his feelings for me since the day I stood at his front door and told him just how much I was feeling for him. It makes me feel stupid, but the emotion of love shimmers over the threat of being hurt.

"Don't think like that Bella."

There's another silence, the light changes and we are driving at a moderate speed, the traffic getting heavier as we move along the highway.

Edward speaks up again, his voice low and paced, "I'm taking you meet my parents. I told them you mean a lot to me. I told them that things are fast moving but appropriate."

"Okay," I say, waiting for him to continue.

"We're only a few minutes away... I'm pulling over." He does so, his van like car finding a spot to rest in as the silence suffocates our once airy atmosphere. Edward switches off the engine after a moment of it running. "I would love to run over who ever it was that made you think they way you do."

I fiddle with my hands, thinking that there is simply no one to blame but myself.

Edward continues, "For such a beautiful person, the way you see yourself... Bella it's *ugly*."

And I do the stereotypical thing, I look to him and ask stupidly, "You think I'm beautiful?"

"Depends." He looks me over, a smile fighting to take over his handsome face. "Will you stop being such a downer? You have quite a lot to be happy for, you're alive, you have all limbs intact. You look good naked, you have a boyfriend that looks good naked..."

He has a way about him, this ability to just not care and be as he feels—there are times when its chafing, but its times like this when it is perfect. I smile shyly as I twiddle my thumbs, I feel his hand reach out, and he pulls me toward him.

We don't kiss, or hug, instead he gets serious, his face straight as he tells me, "Don't let your hang ups become you... please..."

"It's hard," I reply, because it is, and I am so used to under appreciating myself and the way I go about things.

"Life's hard," is his curt reply. "You are worth so much more than your worries Bella. It may only be a month into this," he gestures between us, "but I look at you and I just can't help but think your life would be so much better if you just took hold of what was waiting for you."

Right now, at present, all I want is him, and I know a relationship isn't the answer to my problems. I know being kissed and loved won't give me booster—it will comfort me, it will pleasure me, but it won't place me forward.

Edward stares and asks, "What's running through that head of yours?"

"You," I say.

"What about me?"

"I want you." I note his smile, its soft, as is his touch. "I want you to want me too." As I say this, my stomach twists, because the pessimist is fighting for a chance to rise up. Its warning me that rejection is on the horizon... its knotting my insides with instant regret regarding my truthfulness.

"What do you want me to do then?" he asks. "How can I assure you that this—me and you—is what I want?"

I shrug stupidly, knowing deep down that I know *exactly* what I want to hear.

He squeezes my hand once. I look up and he is swallowing, his eyes cast down. "Remember what I said about wanting to make you happy?"

I nod.

"Well how can I when you won't tell me what it is that you want exactly? I'm not a mind reader, Bella."

I look out the window, so scared to be so open. Our hands are joined but loose, and I all of a sudden just want to go home to my bed and my blankets.

"Bella..."

"Tell me you love me," I say pitifully.

He keeps quiet and I fear the worst. Again, like before, like with Tyler, things are officially askew.

"That's what you want?" he asks.

I don't dare look at him as I tell him yes. "But I want you to mean it," I add.

It's awkward—atmosphere stuffy and uncomfortable. I seriously now, want to just jump out and walk back to my apartment. I want to change out my stupid clothes and scrub my face clean so that I can just fall asleep.

"You know I do Bella... I..."

I wish this was as straight forward as everything else, but evidently it isn't—not for him at least. And it makes me feel so stupid. My insides start to shake, a silent rumble that feels so violent but shows no sign of perceptibility. And it's always been like this for me, my insides twisted whilst my outsides are seemingly select. I'll cry when I get home, for now I just want this to be forgotten.

"Its fine," I intercept.

I don't fiddle. I look straight out the window hoping to God that he'll rev the engine back up. I have to keep my cool until this meeting is over. I'm not too sure if I can. I zip open my purse and dig inside, hoping to find an aspirin or painkiller... I just need to numb my brain a bit. My rummaging covers the horrible silence, but not in the best sense. Now I am getting frantic, and I get feel my lip quivering, I must look absolutely crazed.

I keep looking, and looking, but nothing is there. This bag is too big, my belongings too unorganized, my hands too unsteady. I feel my face scrunching, deconstructing the way all faces do just before they realize they are about to let tears escape, and it is so shameful... To be trapped in my boyfriend's car, begging him to tell me he loves me, whilst on the way to meet his parents... and I can't for the life of me find a fucking aspirin...

I get so frustrated that I 'ugh!' flinging the bag forward and slamming my hands to my knees. I would do anything to be given leeway to just run. I am the while he sits still, not a bone moving, and I know it is if anything, not by choice.

Edward watches my tantrum, probably wondering just how insecure and messed up I might be. And I want to defend my actions, I want to rant and complain and say *'growing up I was always the outsider... I had no one ever tell me how great I am... I had no one ever pass me an admiring glance... I was vapor... I was no one...I...'* blah, blah, blah... and that's how it sounds as I think it out. How can I be so self obsessed to think that this is a valid corner to prance in?

I slump back and refuse to breathe. I don't want him to hear how uneven my breaths could be.

"I'm a pussy."

Sharply, I turn.

"I'm a big old pussy."

"No you're not," I say.

"Look at what I'm doing to you," he replies. "And I have the nerve to tell you to just go for it..." he sighs. "*Sorry Bella.*"

I'm dumbstruck. How can he think this is his fault? I'm the basket case here after all... But I can't find the urge to say it aloud, instead I stare at his perfect face as he looks to mine. He looks so serious now. His brows seem thicker, the small lines on his forehead deeper. His lips turn downward, and then he speaks, "You terrify me sometimes."

"I do?"

Edward smiles softly. He almost shrugs. I keep quiet, trying to understand... had my freak out freaked *him* out?

"What's terrifying is when a girl has absolutely no clue about herself, she doesn't know the heights she can reach, she doesn't know the feelings she can trigger..." His eyes drift to the outside, I hold in my stomach... "And so said girl will keep on doing what she's doing. Keeps making me smile, keeps making me wonder... and I wonder and wonder, and my wonder eventually turns into want."

The air around us is filled with trepidation, but I keep in place.

"And I want this girl so much its uneasy, like I can't control it... and Bella, I *hate* not being in control."

I shakily speak, "You hate being with me?"

"I hate the way I'm making myself feel about being with you."

I don't know what to say. I don't know if this is good or bad... but it sounds... *awful*.

"I've loved before," he tells me. "I've loved a woman, and I loved her to the point of wanting marriage."

That hurts. Knowing that another woman made him feel that way *hurts*.

"But now I'm looking back on it wondering what the hell made me feel that way..."

"You loved her," I murmur, almost spitefully.

"Yea I did... I loved her a lot."

I am officially on the verge of punching a hole into my own chest, because tears are too timid to even express the way I am feeling... its heavy, its dramatic...

"But I'm *in love* with you."

My head freezes.

"And with me being in love and all, well that means that the girl sitting next to me has full reign... as in no control for me... as in she can tell me to jump and I'll ask how high—figuratively speaking, of course."

I turn to look at him with stupid girly burning tears in my eyes.

"Sorry for acting like such a pussy, Bella. I..."

And it's like I have no control over myself either. I unclip my seat belt and fling myself at him so rapidly that my purse spills its contents onto the floor. My mouth hurts as it smashes into his, he moans and it makes me want to kiss that hurt away.

"Sorry," I breathe between kisses. "Sorry."

"S'fine," he whispers, his hot mouth molding into mine.

We kiss, make out, suck each other's lips to death...

I can't explain what its like to kiss the man you love, how deep the fire goes in your belly, or even how fast your heart races. All I can say is that I don't want this feeling to ever go away.

I lean back only slightly, to tell him I love him, that I don't care how short of a time we've been together... that all that matters is how much I want to please him and take care of him and just be with him.

But he just about beats me to it.

"I love you, Bella."

I kiss him once and smile wholly. "I know."

For me, growing up in a single parented, and fairly reserved setting, it was like walking into a

sitcom. Edward, his brother Emmett and his father argued loudly about everything from where to get the best bagels to how often to change the oil in a car... All the while Emmett's girlfriend would roll her eyes, and his mother would smile on adorningly only adding to the cacophony with a quirky high pitched giggle. She piled our plates with food and made sure that all of us were eating. "Those greens better get downed!" she told her son's firmly.

"You ever smelt a vegetarian fart?" Emmett asks. "Real ripe," he mutters, forking up a stem of broccoli.

Rosalie gives her boyfriend a dirty look, turning to his mother to complain. "Your son played Dutch oven last night, nearly suffocated me to death."

I stare on in fair amusement. It seemed as though his family were quite open, Rosalie having absolutely no care when it came to mentioning her and Emmett sharing the same bed.

"That's not a way to charm her," his mother scolds.

He shrugs. "We've passed the charming stage, mom."

I eat and listen, feeling shy but oddly comfortable.

"So Bella..." His mother grabs my attention. "Edward tells us you're a chef?" She dumps a mighty spoonful of cabbage on my plate, her look just as firm, silently telling me that she expected me to eat, eat and eat. "How do I shape up?"

I chew and swallow, somewhat intimidated. "Great," I manage. "Delicious."

This seems to appease her. She grins at me, her smile just as pretty as her son's, and pats his back. "I like her," she tells him.

Edward kisses his mother's aged hand. "So do I," he adds, eyes meeting mine. He holds my gaze and I feel my face heat up. I hope he realizes that he can't look at me that way, not in front of his parents at least.

His father clears his throat, alerting us in his direction. "So how's our son treating you? Good I hope."

I nod, failing to keep eye contact, my face so hot that I am beyond embarrassed. "He's treating me wonderfully," I reply timidly.

Emmett smirks. "But you're not at the Dutch oven stage yet are you?"

"Ugh, Em, shut up." Rosalie flips her golden hair to one side and murders her chicken leg with one bite. I can hardly believe she is able to make such a hog like action seem so dainty...

"Um... I wouldn't say so, no."

Edward cuts in, bluntly telling them, "We're in love."

It doesn't go as I would have thought.

No one drops their forks or spits out their food, no awkwardly reaches for a sip of water or croaks a dubious '*great*'...

Instead, they all just carrying on eating, and it's all just a little too strange.

Emmett waves his chicken leg in our direction. "Well finally, and here's me thinking that Tanya girl had your nuts stuffed in her purse."

I choke, and reach for my water. Rosalie chuckles and stares at me as if I am out of my depth, and I most probably am.

"Tanya," his mother says. "I never did trust that girl."

"Can we not talk about my exes?"

"Your mother's just happy that you've settled down with a nice girl, finally."

I arch a brow; half curious, half jealous that his father has made it sound as though Edward has had somewhat of a lustrous dating life. He squeezes my hand under the table, I think this is an apology, and I think I may just have to ask him about his exes once we get some time to ourselves.

"Remember that time she booked your holiday together right on the day of Ben and Angela's anniversary? She was so sly about it... Angie was pissed; you missed one hell of a party..." Emmett eats and speaks directly at me. "Angie's our cousin; she and Tanya didn't get on..."

I nod mutely and cast a stare at Edward; he's staring at his food, cheeks slightly pink.

"Mmph," his mother mutters. "Anywho, it's all a little soon for a month, don't you think?"

Now this, *this* is what I was expecting, although it does come rather late.

"We know... but it feels right," Edward replies, squeezing my hand once more.

His father speaks, mouth half full. "You're mother and I met and fell in love within a week..."

I look toward her, she's blushing and I can tell she most probably feels just as passionate about her husband now as she did back then. "We were young," she shrugs.

"And frisky," he adds.

Rosalie sniggers as she steals a scoop of something off of Emmett's plate.

"That's disgusting."

"Oh? How do you think you got here, Em?"

Edward's brother raises his hands. "Please, parents and sex is just...*no*."

His mother gets up to fetch us dessert, and I pretend I don't notice the pleased smile she gives Edward as she moves toward the kitchen. I bring my napkin to my mouth to hide my own happy smile.

Meeting the parents wasn't as daunting as I had initially thought.

A/n: *I think* about one chapter and an epilogue left. (If you are reading my other story *Stampede*... the same goes for that story too.)

If you've mentioned something in a review that remains unanswered the best thing to do is PM me, I'll do my best to get to it.

Thanks for sticking with me.

Chapter: 15

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

15. Simple Sweetness

Months later...

Edward

"I don't want to scratch you like last time."

"You won't."

"Edward, you can see up my crotch."

"Nice panties."

"The things I do for you."

She babbles on, her voice trailing off as she stands over me on the bed. My eyes flutter, something inside bubbling up, an anxious excitement—I can't quite remember the last time something made me feel this giddy. I use my hands, reaching up, running flattened palms up her legs. My lips part, her toes brush, and I groan.

"You like that?" Her eyebrow quirks. I answer with a wiggle of my tongue. Giggling she speaks, "God, you're such a weirdo."

I grab her foot, stilling it. "I'm kinky, there's a difference." It's sensual, even with all the derision... Bella has taken a liking to making fun of me quite a bit. And like she says, this is most definitely our own personal brand of affection.

"I'm in love with a pervert," she muses, wriggling as I suck a toe. She pulls her leg back, running the smooth skin of her foot over my jaw. She eyes me curiously, soaks in all my expressions. "This is turning you on isn't it?"

"What do you think?" I place her toes back in my mouth. She allows me my perversion—my twisty sense of eroticism. I have the best view. Her cute, shapely legs poised for my pleasure, my extra baggy t-shirt swamping her, allowing my eyes access to her plain white panties...

I think I just might get her to place that pretty panty covered crotch on my face afterward.

Emmett and Rosalie are here, Bella is cooking and strangely enough enjoying it. On our days off she sleeps here, brings little to nothing with her, and walks around in her underwear. Over time I've seen her grow more confident. When I tell her she's beautiful she takes the compliment gracefully... and then she strips—I've come to learn that compliments fuel nudity, as does affection, and so often I indulge in both.

"That smells amazing." Rosalie, once the terse one worded wench—is softening. Emmett has broken her. She smiles and blushes and looks at him as though he is her only life line. She's fallen in love with my brother, and I think this has somehow bonded her to Bella.

Sometimes I catch them giggling to one another, my name, Emmett's name, and then laughter. I can only imagine what stories they are swapping, but I really don't care—I've never been one for bashfulness.

Both Emmett and I are being perverts. Rosalie is wearing a short skirt, and Bella is wearing a tight pair of jeans... her ass is getting rounder—I'm liking it. Our women look back toward us, eyes rolling as they continue to gossip on about something neither of us will find interest in.

"I heard you offended her mother."

Bella stifles a smile. "He spit out her casserole."

"I tried to be subtle about it—her eyes are hawk like."

"For a man in his thirties you would think you'd have a little more finesse." Rosalie dices something green, she knows she can't cook—but that isn't stopping her from trying.

"I have a weak stomach," I lie.

"To be fair, my mom's culinary skills are pretty bad. If I wasn't so used to it, I would have done the same."

Emmett stands closely behind Rosalie, places his hands on her hips. "This is exactly how I like seeing you. Now all we need to do is get you pregnant."

She holds a serrated blade in the air. "Ugh, Edward is so rubbing off on you."

"Hey," Bella snips, shoving her to the side.

I lean back in my chair, my smile smug. I don't think I tell her I love her enough, I don't think I show her either... I soon shrug off that feeling, sometimes she makes me feel soft to the point of being parked far beyond my comfort zone. She isn't a child, she knows how I feel, and so I assure myself that I don't need to be a complete sap to prove it.

We eat on the veranda, Bella fixed it up—two days prior she had visited the agriculture store to pick up outdoor furniture and whole barrage of foliage. I look over her work, remembering the half day she had spent scurrying outside, back and forth between it and the kitchen. She seems to be passionate about décor, always fluffing my cushions, always straightening pictures and alighting fixtures—and I am the first to admit that out here looks picturesque. We all admire it; we sit around the re-varnished second hand table and eat merrily.

I like the way it all feels—like we are some sort of family. I forget to fret over my actions. I find myself touching her at any given interval—stroking her thigh, rubbing her back, kissing her when the others talk amongst themselves. "I love you," I murmur sneakily into her ear.

She eases back, holds my face in her palms and nears me again to offer a chaste kiss. "Ditto."

"Bella!"

Her friend is small, and skinny. Her head a little too big for her body and her clothes a little too hard and rock chick for my liking. She is moody looking but in the same breath welcoming. I can tell that there is a familiarity between them—years of knowing and being together.

"Hey."

They hug and Alice looks down toward me. She smiles a little uncomfortably, reaches out her hand and we shake. "Nice to finally meet you," I say.

"Cool," she replies.

I want to answer back, but I know my sarcasm wouldn't be welcomed. Bella has mentioned that Alice can be either awkward or boorish. She was raised by a father with drinking problems, and in a weird twist of fate is somewhat in the same boat with her husband.

Alice has a coarse shell, but despite me knowing her background, I fail at warming toward her. My open mind is fighting to remain so. She just doesn't come off as the type of person I'd want to be around. But this is someone Bella cares for, and so I try.

I spend a lot of time playing with her son; he crawls up into my lap and pokes at my chest. His podgy fingers grip at my face, his mouth dribbles on my shirt... "Da!"

"No baby, that's not your daddy," Alice corrects. "That's Edward."

"Da!"

I grin toward Bella as she bites her lip amused.

"Edward," Alice repeats. "Ed-ward."

"Da! Da! Da!"

"Daddy Edward," Bella teases.

I look up from him as I clutch his sides. "Funny."

She chuckles. "It's cute."

Alice moves forward, offers to take him from me, and mentions his afternoon nap. I know she's uneasy, but I am passive in the presence of my girlfriend. When she leaves the room Bella walks over, places one arm around the back of my chair and sighs. "Don't mind her."

"I don't think she likes me."

"She was the same when I first met her."

"Oh, so it has absolutely nothing with the fact that I'm in a chair?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. Who cares?"

And that's the way I feel exactly... and with Bella at my side, all my worries are even lighter. I maneuver her, place her on my lap and we talk and kiss until Alice returns. She doesn't clear her throat or speak—silently she clears up scattered toys. There is a look of disappointment on Bella's face, she bites her lip like she always does and leans into me. "Sorry," she whispers.

When we leave, Alice leans in for an awkward hug. I meet Jasper on the way out—he grunts a greeting, nods towards Bella and asks what to order for lunch. We all linger in the hallway as he disappears into the bedroom, and as I take hold of Bella's hand I notice the look in Alice's eyes.

And then I realize this has nothing to do with me. There is an unspoken tension between the two women, although I am sure that Bella is determined to ignore it. Alice is a friend, someone she loves, and I know from experience that my girlfriend loves hard—she covers for Alice, for all her problems... her insecurities.

We leave, and I don't broach the subject of jealousy. Instead I concentrate on us—because in the end, that is all that matters.

Once I take her home, I stay outside her apartment, contemplating, over thinking... missing her, *terribly*.

My cell phone comes out, speed dial is punched.

"Edward?"

It rolls off my tongue in one breath.

It's not romantic in the slightest.

It's fast, uncomplicated, *but* heartfelt.

"Marry me."

The line is silent until she finds her voice, a simple, "*Okay*."

"It's still early, let's go get you a ring."

And then she laughs, her giggles so girlish that it warms me in a way that only she could. I smile into the receiver and sit and wait for her to reappear. She attacks me with a long slow kiss as she slips into her seat.

The jeweler is independent, a fair trader, and ancient. Most of his pieces are gothic looking and quaint. Bella's taste is unusual; she spots a thin band, a champagne colored stone that picks up the light in feathery prisms. "That's so pretty," she muses. Her eyes are bright and I know she wants it.

"That's been sitting there for the past year," the owner tells us. "Most couples go for the traditional white diamond." He keys open the lock and slides the glass to one side. The ring sits in its velvet huddle; he picks it up and gestures for her left hand. "If it doesn't fit we can always resize—a three day wait, I do all the work personally."

But there's no need to resize, because it fits her just fine—and I can see the sparkle in her eye—it matches the glint of the atypical ring. "You like it?" I ask.

Her head nods, her face goes pink.

I buy it.

We leave and everything feels weird and airy. I can't quite believe that I am engaged, and from the looks of things neither can Bella. Driving back to my place the ride is quiet, we listen to pop songs on the radio and every once in a while when we reach traffic stops, I take her hand and press it to my lips.

There isn't much of a verbal exchange. The atmosphere between us is different—the pent up emotion suddenly bursts, and once we are in the bedroom our love making is charged and focused. I concentrate on her, but she fails to orgasm—her thoughts are else where and so we retire and lay in an aftermath.

I am unsure of what to do, if I should touch her some more or just lay still. Her body merges into mine, and her breath is sweet on my lips. "I just want to be close to you," she says softly.

"You don't want to finish?" I ask.

"Can't right now—so many things running through my head."

"Good things?"

She sighs, "How much I love you... it's almost too much you know? I couldn't..." she stops, her brows furrow. "I couldn't come—it's overwhelming... I can't even believe its happening..."

I understand. Things are simple. Sometimes too simple. Drama is non existent, and so there is no escalation, no cliff dive, no climax. Everything drops to a soft cushy landing—I've never felt so secure with a woman... and its reassuring.

I know that she'll be here, that she'll make sacrifices for me and love me with out complaint. I know that I love her, that I can't see myself with out her... that I so want *this* to progress and happen. I'm beyond ready.

"Its real," I assure, and a blissful silence follows. We lay naked and just be. Our breathing now matching, our bodies wound together in promise.

And this is how it should be. For leading such a complicated life, I laugh inwardly at the irony of how effortless we now are. It doesn't matter what the challenges outside of our love are, for now I am sure that together it can only get better.

"Let's go to Vegas."

"Are you being serious?"

"I want it now."

I chuckle. "I'm *not* getting married by Elvis... Plus, my mother would pitch a fit."

I know what we have is special—expeditious some may say, but steady. I trust her with my heart, and as she lays her head on my chest and her arms circle around me, I know that she feels the same.

fin.

A/n: An epilogue set in the future will follow.

Thanks for reading (despite my mistakes etc), like always your words were sweet... like sickly sweet.

This wasn't an educational on quadriplegics... and I didn't want it to come off as one... and I didn't want to overcomplicate anything.

I wanted to write a fic where the disadvantaged/disabled weren't made out to be charity cases/bitter/whiney/weepy/weak/totally emotarded. I didn't want anyone to be 'saved'. I didn't want anyone to be extraordinary or spellbinding. I wanted to write so that you saw that he was just a regular guy, and she was just a regular girl.

Hope I achieved it... if not, *ah well*.

Thanks to my inspiration. He is solid proof that sexy men come in all shapes, forms, and chairs.

Anywho.

If you have unanswered questions the PM is the better way to contact me.

You are *all* so very sugary.

Chapter: 16

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

C5-6

Epilogue

Bella

Charlie is nonchalant concerning Edward's disability. He interrogates him like he would a criminal—absurd questions like *"What type of work do you do?" "Is that a good income?" "You giving my baby, babies?" "Can you?"* I manage to interrupt. My father sighs at the reality. I'll be married soon; I'll belong to another man. He's a little protective, sometimes too much.

Edward's sense of humor is dark. He is hiding a smile. He thinks my father is cartoon character. "I'll give her whatever she wants."

My father scoffs. "You better."

"Dad..." This is mortifying. Whilst Edward's family had been polite—my father is coarse. I dump a spoon of gravy over his chops and stomp off toward the kitchen.

I'm acting childish—but being around Charlie brings out this side in me. Quite frankly my family is far from ideal. My mother is shackled up with her third boyfriend since her mid life crisis; she like me is flighty... and irresponsible. My father is a loner. He grunts a lot, complains a lot—but loves so incredibly hard that I spend a lot of time overlooking his need to be such a grouch.

"Hey there, big baby."

"Shut up."

Edward chuckles and begins to caress my behind. "It's okay," he assures. "He's just looking out for you."

I turn sharply from the sink. "He's harassing you. He's being a jerk. Oh God, why can't my family just be normal..."

"You're asking for your family to be normal, yet you're about to tie yourself to a man like me?" He kneads my left cheek. "You're getting meaty down here."

Often, Edward gives meditative judgements and loutish remarks *all at once*. It's as if he can't keep all the thoughts he thinks in his head—one minute it's tender, the next it's impish.

"Great," I mutter. "My father is a jerk and I'm fat."

He sniggers, "Oh Bella, stop worrying."

I spin on my heel. "You know what? I'm not. I just had an epiphany. This new family we're creating is somewhat perfect. The two most important men in my life are assholes!"

He comes toward me. "You're not fat."

"I know I'm not."

"And your father isn't a jerk."

I look at him.

"And I'm not an asshole."

I arch a brow.

"Okay maybe just a little bit of an ass."

My silence seems to be doing all the talking.

"Okay I'm an asshole, but you still love me, and I still love you, and we're still getting married, so none of that matters."

I grunt. I had made dinner, I had cooked and cleaned and bought new jeans because favourite pair were a tiny bit tight... "Ugh, my ass *is* growing."

"Correction, it's *been* growing."

When Charlie leaves he hugs me so tight that it's near suffocating. He tells me he loves me, that Edward better treat me right or he'll drag him out of his chair and make him crawl. His threat is hilariously terrifying, and once he leaves and I reiterate it Edward—the laughter that resonates from his belly is so loud it echoes for all to hear.

I'm used to this now—the way he finds every dismal thing funny. In a way it makes all the bad things lighter. Edward sees nothing as too big. He gets on with it. He finds humor in the worst of situations. It's endearing. It's frustrating.

Sometimes I wish he'd baby me, and tell me that it'll all be alright. But he doesn't. Edward makes a smart remark, something to the point and quick—it always makes me snort—it catches my throat and soon I'm laughing along with him.

I think he's making me stronger. I'm not so quick to panic or be the pessimist. I find myself dealing with it, remedying my worry by thinking of all the things that keep me thankful.

He keeps me thankful.

"Leave that." He grabs my arm. "Czarick is coming to clean up. Let's go cuddle."

I plop down onto his lap, exhausted. With a wet kiss to the cheek, he smiles and moves us both toward the bedroom door.

Students scribble and concentrate as he lectures. I sit in the back, chewing my lip as I fantasize straddling the class professor. My cliché daydream is turning my cheeks a bright pink. I can't help it though. He looks so sexy and refined as he runs over numbers and science and God knows what.

Witnessing this side to him makes me realize just how smart he is. Edward's brain must be a wonderland. I think of how lucky I am. I feel as though that maybe I should be the ever going template for hope, and the thought makes me giggle.

A serious looking boy with wire frames turns in his seat and shushes me.

I think about last night, and how sweet it was having him whisper things in my ear—happy thoughts until the end of class...

Afterward, I wait for everyone to file out. The lecture room is empty and still. My shoes tap against the floor, Edward looks both bored and tired. I want to kiss him better. I know how much he hates this job—but his mother had insisted on making our wedding a spectacle, and once she met my mother the two had become as thick as thieves. Now we are both working twice as hard at jobs we both dislike—we plan to go on a fancy cruise—we plan to move into a bungalow and cultivate a greenhouse for fresh produce so I can cook and experiment and bask.

Being responsible is something he's good at—he's teaching me well—he rewards me in ways that leave me heated and hungry. I have the best soon to be husband that ever lived.

"Let's go home," I say.

He doesn't say a word. He's too weary for it. Taking my hand, he presses it to his lips. I plan a night of nursing and attention—it looks like he needs it.

~o~

After making him something to eat, I sit on the tallest counter top—my legs dangle from the height, and his chair is between them. Edward's hair is fluffy from his shower; he sips hot chocolate as I run my fingers through it. His head rolls backward, "You always know how to make me feel better," he sighs.

Hearing his voice still has an affect on me. I wonder when that feeling will go away—I know butterflies don't last forever. I take his empty cup, placing it on the side as I watch his eyes close. He hums, he sounds sleepy but content. I play with his hair a little while longer and his hands come to stroke up the sides of my bare legs.

"What do you have planned for me tonight?"

I slump over him, my hands slipping over his naked chest. "Whatever you want—aren't you

tired?"

He groans. "Yes. I can't wait to live this contract out."

I hate that I can't elevate him from his work—maybe this is how he feels for me too... but Edward is resilient, probably the hardest working person I know. For this, I try not to be idle. I don't want to be.

"One more year..." I wonder what will come after, if he'll take a sabbatical from work to spend time as a newly married man. I wonder what I'll do. I wonder if I'll quit and become a house wife. Either way I'm not scared. I can admit this. I'm not worried about a thing. "What are we gonna do after?"

I feel him shrug. "What are you gonna do?" He kisses my fingers, one by one. "You know we're only doing this for the wedding..."

"Mmph."

He chuckles. "We're both in the same boat here, baby. We're scared shitless of our mothers..."

"I swear this is more their wedding than ours."

"You want this though, right?"

"I want you."

I can almost hear the roll of his eyes. "I know *that*, but Bella... this wedding is huge, our mortgage, our plans... all of it, *huge*. Is it what you want?"

I hike my legs up, resting my feet on either side of his arm rests. His tiny kisses to the inside of my knee tickle—he knows all my 'spots', pays them all a lavish amount of attention.

"I don't know," I say. "I've never had a huge *anything*... so I just thought, why not?"

"Interesting logic," he murmurs.

I swat his cheek lightly. "Shut up. You knew what I meant. What about you?"

Edward rubs his stubble against my thigh. He makes it hard to concentrate... his soft touch and kisses cause my body to excite. "You happy—that's all I want."

I kiss his hair. "You're way too good to me."

"I'm at your beckon call, honey." There's such sincerity in his voice. His previous tug of war—the way he'd always hold back—it's gone now. Nothing beats having him willing to serve me, make me happy, make me feel safe...

"I'm here for you too," I say.

"I know," he replies. "I know you'd do anything for me."

I smile.

It's true.

"You should move in here..."

I roll my eyes, we've had this conversation so many times before—but I stand firm on my belief that it can wait. Maybe I'm holding on to the little part of me that enjoys my apartment. Edward's place is nice; a big bathroom and kitchen, a comfy living room and spacious veranda... but I want to wait.

It's the traditionalist in me. I want to move in when I feel comfortable in knowing that the house I live in is ours, all *ours*. We've seen the place we want. It's out of the city, a failed attempt at a safe house that had been gutted and reconstructed. I want it so badly, Edward hadn't seemed too bothered... his eyes darted up toward mine in question as the agent awaited our decision. He was leaving it all up to me. I had never felt so grown up as I did then.

"I told you, *no*."

He groans. "So stubborn."

"I'm here every other day anyway—"

"—exactly! You might as well just move in permanently."

"What happened to you giving me what I want?"

He huffs. "A whole year? I'm going to have to wait a whole year to live with you?"

"You can wait."

"I'm old," he whines.

"Boohoo."

Edward looks up with a glint in his eye. "You are such a tease."

Confidently I bend, he ogles my breasts. I feel a little slutty, but hey—he's mine, all mine. I let him look and lick his lips. Hopping off the counter, I stand. "Come on. Let's get some rest."

I hear the movement of his chair against the polished floor. "Think of how easy it would be for

you to just fall asleep here and not have to go back to your place to pick up extra clothes. *Come on baby...*"

I keep walking.

It's nice to be wanted.

We are in the foyer. I stand, looking to the high ceiling. I feel him grab my hand; he kisses my fingers like he always does. "Beautiful."

I sigh because it is. This house is perfect, and after our fourth visit I am more than sure that this is where I want to be. I want to grow old here, I want to walk around bare foot and paint every surface... I'm in a daydream, thinking of how I ended up here, amazed that my life is slowly taking shape.

He's still kissing my fingers. Edward likes to take his time with me, never in a rush when he shows his affection. "You're so amazingly beautiful," he whispers.

I look to him, a sad smile is there. "I want this," I say.

"It's yours, sweetheart."

I take my place. I sit on his lap and kiss him solely. His lips are so soft, his arms are so warm, and I hope he understands—it's not just the house, it's everything. I want it all, and I want it with him... only him. And so I speak, I press my forehead to his and smile completely content. "It's ours."

A/n: Thanks again.

Errors.... 'Colombia! Not Columbia'—(*in some parts of the world it is spelt this way—and it's not just a college in the US—the world is bigger than the Americas' my loves*). 'He's paraplegic, not quadriplegic!' —*sigh*. I would never ever be so ignorant to write up my own 'idea' of what having a disability is... so let just leave that (mistaken) observation to the waste side. For the grammatical errors, I'll change it when I can.

If outtakes are made, they'll be posted to the same thread.

I took all the burns, all the critiques, and love, and I thank you all.

It's whatever.

Have a nice night people.