



Written by Cara No

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight.

Summary: Edward is new in Seattle and gets one hell of a welcome from his college buddy, Peter, and his friends. One night gives him more than he could ever dream about, especially when a certain Bella returns his feelings.

Group sex, slash, and minor femme slash.

Participants: Edward, Bella, Peter, Jasper, Claire, Riley

Regardless of *players*, this is an Edward/Bella story, labeled Romance. No angst whatsoever.

Beta'd by HollettLA and pre-read by Kitty Vuitton



"Claire!" I shout, reaching for my dark red heels. Six fucking inches, oh yeah. "We're gonna be late, baby!"

Really late. It's already past ten PM.

A moment later, Claire joins me in the hallway, a bit out of breath.

"I'm here, I'm here," she says, and I give her a once-over, thoroughly enjoying the view. We're both shorties, both brunettes, and both pretty petite. At first sight, many think we're sisters, but then they come closer. They see her blue eyes and my hazel ones. They see her tan and my paleness. They see her athletic build and my curvier one. My face is heart-shaped; I have full lips and dimples, round eyes and a nose that is a bit upturned. My smile is lopsided. Claire has the face of a model. Perfectly proportioned and gorgeous. Whereas my hair is long, almost reaching my ass, hers is short and framing that beautiful face of hers.

"You look hot," I whisper, nipping at her jaw. "If only we had time..."

"Mmm, but we don't," she breathes out.

She's right.

Jasper's waiting for us—rather impatiently—at Deep, his boyfriend's nightclub. Mentioned boyfriend—Peter—is also impatient for us to get there, 'cause his college friend has just moved here and, apparently, we're celebrating this guy's birthday tonight. I only know that his name is Edward and that he turned twenty-seven a couple of weeks ago. Oh, and

that he was here a few months ago to visit and find a place to live, but Claire and I were in Mexico then, so we didn't get to meet him.

I guess, in a way, this is both a welcome-to-Seattle party and a birthday party.

"Let's go, then," I sigh, smiling ruefully.

She smiles seductively and kisses me softly. "Later, honey," she promises.



"God, they're *always* late," Jasper huffs, and had we not been sitting down, I'm sure he'd be stomping his foot. "Peter, call Bella again."

I smirk, relaxing in my corner seat of the booth, and take a sip from my beer. Feels so good to be back in Seattle. I'm not sure Seattle will be my home forever, but after my visit here in April, I knew right away it was at least better than Chicago.

"You know," Peter says to Jasper, "I didn't take tonight off so that you could boss me around." He winks. "Calm down; they'll be here soon."

Jasper doesn't calm down. Instead, he just looks petulantly upset. It's quite amusing, actually. "I bet they're fucking." He sulks. "Bella and Claire are always fucking, I swear."

Bella and Claire this, Bella and Claire that. I don't know how many times I've heard Peter and Jasper talk about those girls. After asking Pete about it, I found out that Jasper went to high school with Bella, and they've always been tight. They're three years younger than Peter and me, and it

was Bella who found out about Pete's club and then dragged Jasper with her here. And Claire used to work here, so that's how she and Bella met. Last but so definitely not the least...*Jesus*...apparently, they all fuck.

Peter wouldn't tell me details at the time, but the four of them are supposedly very...*close*. And it always starts the same way—with a night out clubbing.

"Hey, there's Alec, Jazz. Want me to get him for you?" Peter asks, nodding toward the crowded dance floor. I don't know who he's talking about, of course, but Jasper does and gives a small shake of his head before he goes back to sulking.

I snicker.

I can't say that I know Jasper all that well, but I do know Peter, and I've heard a lot about their relationship from him. According to Peter, Jasper's like a woman when he's upset. At any other time, he's a man's man, but when he's upset? Stay away.

That's what I'm going to do now—stay away. Besides, I've already seen a certain guest at the club watching me like I'm something to eat, and I'm not known to beat around the fucking bush. Life's too short for that shit.

"Let me know when your friends show up," I say, sliding out of the booth after draining my beer. "I think I've spotted my prey for the night."

I'm certainly not a manwhore, but it's been months since I got laid and I need a goddamn release. I'm actually more of a relationship type of guy, but...*months*, I'm telling ya.



The tension gets thicker and thicker with each movement, the music is loud and heavy, bodies are packed together on the dance floor, hands roaming, alcohol buzzing, shuddering breaths, wet pussies and hard cocks. Not that I'm making a pussy wet at the moment, but definitely a cock hard. And not just my own. The guy in front of me—Riley, I think his name was—is so ready for whatever I'll give him.

"Fuck," he moans when I grind my dick against his ass.

I smirk, thinking about telling him to meet me in the bathroom but, before I can, someone bumps into my side.

"Shit, I'm so sorry!" a woman apologizes as I look down at her. Damn, a sexy fucking woman...who is standing with another woman, also sorta sexy. "There are too many people here!" she shouts over the music, smiling crookedly, which makes a dimple appear. *Cute*. My already-hard cock approves, for sure. "Again, I'm so sorry."

"No worries, sweetheart," I say over the blasting beat. I give her a wink before returning to Riley. However, that's when Riley speaks up.

"Oh, my God! Bella!" he exclaims. "I haven't seen you in so long!" I arch a brow. *Bella?* Glancing over at the other woman, I wonder if...hmm...would this be Claire, then? "And Claire!"

Yep. Bella and Claire.

"Riley!" the woman...Bella...cries out, and then throws her arms around the man who obviously doesn't care about the raging hard-on in my jeans anymore. What the fuck is this? A meet-and-greet?

Well, actually, I suppose it is.

Instead of grinding my cock in anticipation of getting laid...or at least sucked...I now stand on a crowded dance floor, watching as Riley hugs Bella and Claire...while squealing. Wow, I really picked out a fairy, didn't I?

As if all of this isn't enough, Peter and Jasper find us at that moment.

"Edward, there you are!" Pete laughs over the music. "I tried to look for you earlier when Bella and Claire showed up, but we couldn't find you!"

Letting my eyes travel to Bella and her girlfriend again, I lean in closer to Peter and say, "Well, introduce me now, then."

Instinctively, I wet my lips at the sight of Bella. Her tiny skirt, high heels, revealing top and tight body should be illegal. And *fuck* me, her curves... She's short as hell—slight and supple—but definitely curvaceous.

"How about we take care of introductions back at the booth?" Peter suggests, and I'm all for it.



"We need drinks!" Claire announces as I slide into the booth. She follows and I hear Pete telling us that he'll be back with our usual poison in a minute.

Gin and tonic, is all I'm saying.

"Jasper, deal with introductions, all right?" he says before heading to the bar.

The new guy, Edward, is already seated in the corner of the booth when I reach the spot next to him, and I can see that Riley—who is sitting on the other side of the Greek god—is ready to return to whatever he had with Edward before I accidentally bumped into them. But that's all Peter's fault. His club is extremely popular. It doesn't help that it's a Friday, either.

"Okay, now that we're all finally here..." Jasper shoots a glare Claire and my way, and I smile innocently. He hates tardiness. "Edward, I want you to meet Bella and Claire." Now there's a smile on his face. He may hate tardiness, but he can't hold a grudge, so... "And, ladies, this is Edward Cullen. He's Pete's friend from Chicago."

"Nice to meet you, Edward," I say, extending my hand to him. I throw in a sweet smile for good measure, remembering the words Claire whispered to me on our way over to the booth just minutes ago. If we're lucky, he swings both ways like the rest of us...not counting Riley, 'cause he's flamingly gay. Bless him; there's no better shopping partner out there than Riley Biers.

"Very nice to meet you, too," Edward replies in a rich voice. He takes my hand, more holding it than shaking it, however brief it is. "Jasper's been..." He smirks at Jasper before meeting my gaze again. "*Eager*, I suppose you could say, for you two to get here."

"He's always like that," Claire chimes in, sticking out her hand, too. "Good to meet ya, Edward."

"You, too." He smiles and shakes her hand.

I feel Claire's hand on my naked thigh, and I know that we both want the same thing.

Him.



As soon as Peter returns with a tray of GTs and beer, we toast properly.

"I hope you'll like Seattle," I offer with a salacious smile.

Edward's eyes flash with amusement, but I see something else behind the humor, too. Could it be lust?

"To your 27th birthday that we couldn't celebrate in June," Peter adds, holding up his beer bottle.

"To your hotness!" Riley cries out, making us all chuckle.

"Hear, hear!" Claire seconds.

"Here's to Edward!" Jasper finishes.

Edward looks humbled as we drink to him. It's a look that only adds to the pile of sexy that he's pretty much drowning in, but he needs to get used to this. We're a close-knit group of friends, and we take care of our own. Jasper, for instance, was basically disowned when he came out as bisexual and traded in his high school girlfriend for his first boyfriend. Since then, I've been his family. My mom, too. And when we met Peter and Claire, they quickly became a part of our family, as well. Last year, we included

Riley and Alec, too. Though, they rarely join us in Peter's apartment above the club. They're into men and only men.

Speaking of Alec...he should be here somewhere.

"Hey, Bella?" I turn to Peter, and we both lean toward each other—with Claire between us—and he speaks for only us to hear. "The way you two are looking at Edward, I'd say it's safe to say that you want to include him later?"

Later. Oh, yeah. We sure do.

We don't do this often, maybe once a month—if that—but it's perfect for us. We don't want more, and we don't want less.

"Definitely," Claire replies.

I nod, grinning wickedly. "And you and Jazz?"

He chuckles. "Absolutely. I'll talk to Edward about it."

"Wait," I say, smirking. "Just follow my lead instead, okay?"

If everything goes well, Riley and Edward will both come upstairs with us before this night is over. And, hey, if Edward isn't into women, perhaps Claire and I can at least watch.



When I announce that I want to dance, Claire already knows my plan. We exchange knowing smiles, and then we excuse ourselves from the booth.

"Feel free to join us," I say to no one in particular before we walk over to the dance floor. It's packed with people, and we want the men to be able to see us, so we pick a spot close to the booth.

"Red Lipstick" by Rihanna comes on just as my hands find Claire's hips. It's the perfect song, and Claire's expression tells me that she feels the same. It's seductive and heavy, with a beat that works like an aphrodisiac.

...Don't know what you did

But you really got me feeling

That feeling tonight...

We smile, and I nudge her nose with mine before I brush my lips over hers. Our hips sway sexily, hands roaming slowly over exposed skin. The kiss is soft, wet, and promising. That's how it always is with Claire. There's no deep love, but there is caring and affection. We know each other's bodies well, and our likes and dislikes match perfectly. We also have a strong friendship, an unbreakable bond. Add passion and good sex to that...

"Jesus, Bella," she moans into the kiss.

I shiver, grinding against her thigh, and push my tongue into her mouth.

...Just show me where you want me, baby

Can't fight the feeling

'Cause you really got me feeling

That feeling tonight...

I can feel eyes on us.

A rush of lust surges through me, causing me to whimper.

Our kiss grows hungrier and hungrier.

...Do you right here while the whole world's watching

All up in my mental, gotta get up in my physical...

"Claire," I moan breathlessly, breaking the kiss. I tilt my head back, catching my breath, and Claire leaves a trail of wet kisses along my exposed neck. I moan again; I can feel her damp thong against my naked thigh. "Fuck, I can feel you, baby."

...Can't, can't, can't fight the feeling, yeah

Do whatever you like...

Suddenly we're not alone anymore.



Those two girls are definitely not exclusive—at least not tonight. The looks they've been giving me...*have mercy on me.*

I watch hungrily as Bella and Claire start dancing seductively on the dance floor, and I'm so fucking torn. A part of me wants to join them in what can only be described as foreplay, and the other part of me wants to stay right where I am. Because *here*, I have Riley, whose hand is trailing higher and higher on my thigh with each pass. And *here*, I also have the spectacular view of two sexy women grinding against each other.

"You four have plans tonight, I take it?" I hear Riley say to...Peter and Jasper, I guess.

I wouldn't really know as I don't pay attention.

"No, not really," Jasper chuckles. "I think the plan is for six. Not four."

I close my lips over my beer bottle and chug down half the contents.

"Or what do you say, Ry?" Peter asks.

That's when Riley's hand covers my erection. "Oh, I say yes."

Fuck. I grit my teeth, unable to keep myself from thrusting slightly into his hand. It's just a small movement, but it's enough to let him know that I want more. Though, my eyes remain on Bella and Claire—two women who are both similar and different from the other. Equally short—surely a foot shorter than I. Dark brown hair. Beautiful eyes. Sexy bodies. They are incredibly stunning, but Bella...shit, her curves could possibly be the death of me. She's downright sinful.

She has countless pairs of eyes on her, all around the club. Does she even know?

"Edward," Riley murmurs in my ear. I tilt my head a fraction in his direction, and his hand presses down on my cock. *Sweet motherfucking Jesus.* "How about we join the girls?"

I furrow my brows, tearing my eyes from Bella, and meet Riley's gaze. I gotta admit that I'm a little confused, because for some reason I thought Riley was gay. Call it a gut feeling.

He smirks. "Oh, honey, it's gonna be delicious to share you tonight. You're in for a world of pleasure."

Share?

I realize that I've asked my question out loud when he answers. "Hasn't Peter told you about what they do with Bella and Claire?"

Oh, fuck. "Yeah?" My pants are suddenly painfully tight, and I glance over at Peter and Jasper, only to be met by smirks.

"Well, I'm in if you are," Riley says huskily, stroking me over my jeans.

I bite back a moan, and I'm no longer torn.

"All right, let's join the girls," I decide. "They look awfully alone out there."



My mind is spinning, and I have questions—questions that will all be answered before I'm a part of *anything*—but I push them down for the time being as Riley and I reach Bella and Claire on the floor. I will find out about limits, expectations, and safety later, but not now. Right now I just want to feel bodies that I desire close to me.

There's no hesitation in my actions; my hands goes straight to Bella's hips and, with Claire kissing her neck, Bella's head is already tipped back for her to see me. Her closed eyes flash open, and I stare down at her, knowing that she can see how much I want her. Only a second later, she feels how badly I want her, too, as I push my cock against her ass.

I lick my lips.

She gives me a slow, seductive, almost lazy, smile.

Heat surrounds me like a thick fog. It makes me shiver. The club is just screaming of sex and pleasure.

We don't exchange words, but they're not necessary. We already know how this night will end, and though I'm the newbie in their group—hell, I've never done anything remotely close to this—the signals are clear, leaving no confusion.

Feeling myself match her smile, I dip down slowly, in case she wants to object, and my lips make contact with the corner of her mouth. *Soft*. Her skin is soft and smells amazing. So amazing that a quiet moan escapes me, though I'm sure it's lost in the heavy beat of a new song coming on.

"Edward," she moans softly, and I almost didn't catch it, but I did. My cock throbs. *She wants it. She wants me.* So, I kiss her fully, covering her luscious lips with mine. Bella isn't a hesitator, either, and there's no fucking around. We kiss hungrily, tasting each other. Fuck. She tastes good.

At the same time, I can feel Riley right next to me, one hand on my back and the other on my stomach. His breath on the side of my neck causes another shiver to rip through me.

We move slowly, letting the sexy song set the tempo. I don't know the song, but I couldn't care less.

"Jesus fuck," I moan, feeling Claire kissing her way toward Bella's mouth. It doesn't take many beats before I can taste her, too, as the three of us share a hot kiss. I groan, letting my body take over. There's pleasure everywhere. Bella covers my right hand with hers and guides it up her soft, yet toned stomach, not stopping until I'm cupping one of her perfect tits. *Holy fuck*. Nothing petite about her breasts, that's for sure. Unable to help myself, I squeeze. Judging by her moan, she likes it.

When we break our kiss, I keep touching Bella. With her back pressed against my chest, I stay closest to her, and I grope and grind without shame. But as the girls start kissing again, I move my attention to Riley, who's watching me through hooded eyes. I smirk lazily and lean in, brushing my lips over his.

He grabs me by the neck, pulling me in for a deeper kiss, and everything intensifies. Touches become rough and greedy, and since I'm so close to Bella, she's on the receiving end of my pent-up need.

Fuck, my cock is beginning to hurt.



After an hour on the dance floor—an hour of shameless grinding and making out—we all head back to the corner booth, where Peter and Jasper are getting hot and heavy. We take the same seats as before, leaving Riley on one end, Edward next to him, then me, Claire, Peter, and Jasper on the other end.

But just because we've left the floor doesn't mean we stop being... affectionate, so to speak...because as soon as I've taken a sip from my new drink and set it back on the table, Edward pounces on me. He grabs my face and kisses me hard, passionately, all but devouring my mouth. I moan and whimper, quickly catching on, and I know how turned on he is. Hell, I've felt it for the past hour. And I want to relieve some of his...need.

"Edward," I say breathlessly, breaking our kiss. A porn star-like moan escapes me when I feel Claire's hand moving up my thigh, going straight

for my pussy. I also feel her mouth on my neck, and it's all driving me fucking insane. "Jesus," I pant. It's all so much but, but, but...I want more. "Edward, I..." Another moan as Claire pushes my thong to the side before fingering my slit. "I...Christ, let me suck you off."

"Fuck!" he hisses in my ear. Looking down at his lap, I can see that Riley's already stroking Edward's cock outside of his jeans. "Is that what you want, sweetheart? Right here in the booth, you wanna suck my cock?"

"Yes," I mewl as he sucks my earlobe into his mouth.

He covers my mouth with his one more time, kissing me deeply before leaning back in his seat to unbutton his pants. While he does that, he turns and starts kissing Riley hungrily. It's such a hot fucking sight.

"We're going upstairs as soon as you're done," Peter says, and I face him to see so much lust in his eyes that I almost come. "Your little display on the floor sent many into a fucking frenzy." He winks and then returns to devouring Jasper.

With a club this dark, I know it's impossible to see properly, but if people were to walk just a bit too close to the booth, they would definitely know what we're up to.

I love that.

"Suck him, Bella," Riley moans.

A shiver runs through me as I look down, seeing Edward's erection now freed from jeans and boxers. I lick my lips, Edward groans, Claire fingers me deeper, I fucking drip. It takes some maneuvering, but I manage to twist my body and lower my mouth onto his long, thick cock...and still have Claire finger-fucking my pussy.

I don't lick the bead of pre-cum off Edward's dick.

I suck it off.

"Oh, fuck!" Edward snarls.

After suckling and kissing for a moment, I lick his entire length before taking him down my throat completely. I can't help it, but I fucking love sucking cock.

"My girl's good, isn't she?" Claire purrs. Her fingers are currently circling my clit, tugging lightly on my piercing there, and I want to scream in pleasure.

"*Jesus...understatement,*" Edward moans loudly, bucking his hips. I give a hum of approval, wanting him to fuck my mouth. That makes him moan again. "Fuck, that's it, sweetheart. Suck it."

I do.

Hollowing out my cheeks, I suck him as hard as I can, and for some reason I want him to go insane. I want to bring him pleasure, and I want him to think...*Bella gave me that.* My teeth graze his length on the upstroke, and then my tongue follows, swirling around him as I suckle the tip. The salty flavor of him seeps out every now and then, causing me to work harder. I want more and more. So does he. He fists my hair and starts fucking my mouth in earnest and, despite the blaring music, I can hear his harsh breathing.

At the same time, Claire speeds up and her fingers inside of me make me moan and whimper around Edward's cock.

"Edward," Claire moans. "Do you want to taste Bella?" I shudder, feeling my insides coil. "Want to taste her on my fingers?"

And Edward curses. "Fuck, yes."

When her fingers disappear from me, I almost want to cry, but when I both hear and feel Edward's reaction to my taste I decide that it's so worth it. His dick throbs, he groans loudly, he shudders violently, his thrusts become erratic.

"I'm gonna come, Bella," he all but *growls*. Redoubling my efforts, I take him down my throat and swallow around him. That does it, and with a strangled moan he releases in my mouth. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"



I'm in a daze as we climb the stairs leading up to Peter's condo. Bella's mouth on me rendered me stupid, and I haven't really been able to form a coherent sentence since. The girls, giggling fucking horny girls, disappear into Pete's place, and both Riley and Jasper follow. Which leaves Peter and me in the hallway. I think he knows that I have questions, even though I can't really get them out at the moment.

He smirks. "Welcome to Seattle, man."

I let out a breathy little laugh and shake my head.

"Come on," he chuckles. "Let's grab a beer in the kitchen, and I'll explain it all to you."

"Okay," I reply, still in my daze, and follow him to his kitchen.

With the thought of what may come next, I can't help but let my eyes roam over Peter as he heads to the fridge. I mean, we've never...*done* anything, so to speak. We hit it off as friends when we met in Chicago for

college, and that's that. I knew he was gay—well, that's what he told me he was, but if he's into Bella and Claire... Anyway, and he knew I was bisexual. The attraction just wasn't there, and now as I check him out, I can't say that things have changed. I think it's because we're pretty similar. Maybe not in appearance, though we're both tall, dark-haired, and broad-shouldered, but when it comes to our personalities. Our lack of attraction for one another could also stem from what we like in bed, of course. We're both toppers. I've tried bottoming, but...nah, not my thing. Fingers are golden, and nothing can top a g-spot orgasm, but cocks up my ass aren't for me. Peter's the same, and we're definitely better off as friends. Even when he dropped out after freshman year and moved to Seattle to open his club, we stayed in touch. And when I finally got fed up with the bullshit in Chicago, Seattle was the first city that came to mind.

"Here ya go," he says, bringing me back to the present. He hands me a beer, and I nod in thanks. "So, I'm just gonna lay it all out, all right?"

I release a breath. "Sounds good," I say with a quick nod.

"Okay." He smirks. "So, Bella and Claire...it started pretty simple: they were horny—and you'll quickly come to notice that those two are fucking insatiable..." *Goddamn*. "And Jazz and I were," he chuckles, "we were drunk." This time, *I* smirk. "Whatever. After a night downstairs, we ended up here, and..."

"One thing led to another?" I guess, chuckling.

"Yeah." He grins and rubs the back of his neck. "Anyway, Jazz has been with several girls in the past, and he loves sex regardless of gender." Like me, then. "And I realized that the setting was..." He blows out a breath. "It was very erotic and fucking hot." He shrugs. "We all loved it and saw no reason to stop after that first night. Since then, we've hooked up about once a month. Usually, it's just the four of us, but Alec—you haven't met

him yet, but he's a close friend—and Riley, they've joined a few times, too. Alec only plays with Riley, though."

Yeah, in my mind I see naked bodies everywhere, and though the image is certainly appealing, it also comes with concerns. Protection, for one, and...well, Peter and Jasper are in a committed relationship, as are Bella and Claire, and I don't know about their limits...if they have any.

"Is there a fucking protocol?" I ask bluntly, ignoring the slight awkwardness I feel. "Pardon the pun, by the way." I snicker.

Pete laughs through his nose and takes a sip from his beer before answering. "Well, I'm the only *man* allowed to fuck Jasper, if that's what you mean. And he only bottoms, so..." I nod, understanding, and I admit that I'm relieved. I can see what Peter means by being incredibly turned on by the setting—and I imagine the tension thick and heavy—but I don't see Peter and Jasper in a way where I'd like to *fuck* them. "But when it's just us and the girls, we don't exactly have anything to worry about."

"So, you have sex with Bella and Claire?" I ask curiously.

"Fuck, yeah." Another grin. "They're kinky as hell, I'm telling you." He lets out a low whistle; I shake my head at him, amused. Like I've mentioned, I'm a relationship type of guy. To say that I'm new to this, er, *scene*, would be the understatement of the year. Jesus, it's group sex. A fucking orgy. Yeah, very new to me. But the idea is mouthwatering. I'm not going anywhere. "It's because it's them," he says pointedly, most of the humor now gone from his voice. "Because of *who* they are, not *what* they are. We were friends for quite a while before that night; we were close, *really* close." I nod, 'cause I get it. Peter isn't into girls in general, but he loves Bella and Claire in a way that gets him excited by their closeness. "Anyway," he sighs, "to get back on track... When it's only the four of us, we just know what goes."

Hmm. "And when others join?" I ask, arching a brow.

"Oral sex," he responds casually. "Or sex with the girls. Any kind." He winks. I swallow hard. "We just let go, you know? It's about our bodies' pleasure."

Uh-huh.

Oh, fuck me, the visuals...

"As for protection..." He has my attention again. "We get tested often, and we always come out clean; we want to keep it that way. You're clean, I hope?" I nod quickly. I've never had a STD, and I'm glad this is important to them. It relaxes me. "Good. So, if you're fucking Bella, for instance, and you wanna fuck Riley, just grab a new condom and wash up before you get started."

Of course. That goes without saying.

"Riley's gay, though, right?" I ask.

He nods. "Yeah, and he definitely wants a piece of you tonight."

My cock is waking up after Bella killed it, I see. "Oh, that can be arranged." Then I hesitate. "He only bottoms?"

I'd love to drill into Riley, but that's as far as it goes, unless we're talking oral.

"Both," Pete replies. "But don't worry; he already has you pegged. He knows what to expect."

I chuckle. "Okay. So...we done?"

Yeah, I'm a bit eager. Sue me.

"We're far from done, wouldn't you say?" he shoots back with a wicked smirk. Ah, touché. I guess we have all night. "But yeah, we're done here, and I can hear that we've missed the beginning in there, so let's go."

He's right. As I strain my ears, I can hear moaning coming from the living room—the same living room I was in two days ago for a movie night. And as Peter and I reach mentioned room, the sight could not be more different than the one two days ago when we had dinner here.

Motherfuck. Riley and Jasper are seated on one couch, both naked, and Jasper's sucking Riley's cock. Then, on another couch...*Christ...*two naked women going down on each other.

"Fuck me," I whisper under my breath.



When Peter and Edward finally enter the living room, Claire and I smile seductively as we walk toward them. We're both naked, and the way Edward takes us in...*uuuungh.* He clenches his jaw when he eyes my bare pussy, and I wonder if my clit ring turns him on.

"Take good care of him, kittens," Peter tells us with a wink, and then he zeroes in on Jazz and Ry.

"Oh, we plan on taking care of him," I vow, licking my lips. "Very good care." Edward curses as Claire and I immediately start undressing him. She goes for his jeans and I tug on the hem of his black t-shirt. "I don't think you need this," I whisper. I'm desperate to see what's underneath,

'cause I felt something sharp when we danced before—something on his nipple.

He reaches up and grazes his knuckles over my right breast. "No?"

Shiver.

"No," I breathe out.

"God, you're so fucking stunning, Bella," he groans before dipping down to kiss me. I meet his kiss with passion, only allowing a pause so that I can pull off his shirt. I don't know where it lands. My focus is solely on Edward. Our tongues mingle with our lips completely locked. His hands cup my tits, kneading them roughly. "Oh, fucking hell!" He breaks our kiss, looking down with wide eyes. I can't help but smirk. On our way up here earlier, I told my girl about Edward's cock, and let's just say that she's eager to see if I was full of it. "Goddammit, Claire," he moans.

She hums and releases him. "Damn, you were right, Bella."

"I know," I murmur and caress her cheek.

She sucks him in again, and I return my attention to Edward, this time to his muscular torso. Defined abs and pecs, broad shoulders, and...mmm, like I suspected, his left nipple is pierced.

"Can't fucking believe this," Edward mumbles, scrubbing both hands over his face. "Okay, stop." Claire and I look up at him, confused. He licks his lips. "I need to fuck you. Either of you, just...*now*. And..." He releases a breath, eyes only on me now. "I need to lick your pussy, sweetheart."

I flush, feeling a rush of wetness coat the lips of my pussy. "Well, that settles it, baby," I say, tugging on his hand. "How about letting Claire ride your thick cock? That way, I can always ride that handsome face of yours."

He just stares at me for a while.

And swallows hard.

And curses again.

But then he's in motion. "On the carpet, girls," he commands quietly, bending over to grab his jeans off the floor. Back pocket, wallet, foil wrapper, fuck yes. Claire and I follow him obediently to the thick carpet by the coffee table, and there he lies down on the floor. "Bella, get that pussy over here," he tells me as he rolls on his condom. "And...Claire, ride my cock for all you're worth."

Ungh!

"Come here," he whispers as I kneel beside him. "Kiss me."

I smile softly and brush my fingers over his cheek, taking a quick moment to just...watch him. He's so incredibly sexy, but there's also something very sweet about his features, especially his eyes. They may be dark and lust-filled, but they're beautiful and gentle, too. Leaning over his face, I kiss him softly at first, letting the tip of my tongue flick his upper lip. He moans quietly, and one of his hands cups my cheek.

But as we become more and more aware of our surroundings, our need seeps through. Sweet turns to greed, gentle goes rough, tender becomes desperate. And when Claire sinks down on his cock, he snarls in my mouth before commanding me to sit on his face.

I giggle breathlessly as he palms my ass and tries to push me down on him, and he flashes me a gorgeous grin. "No teasing, sweetheart," he says gruffly. "I have a pussy to eat now." He exhales hotly over my wet flesh, causing a shiver to run through me. "Beautiful fucking kitty," he mumbles...to himself, I think. With his hands on my ass, he urges me

closer and closer, and then I'm there. *Oh, God*. He licks the entire length of my sex, humming and breathing heavily.

"Edward," I whimper.

"*Jesus*, you taste delicious," he moans around my clit. "Claire, fuck me harder."

Claire cries out in ecstasy. Moans and the sound of skin slapping together fill the room. To my left, I see Peter ramming his cock into Jasper from behind while Jazz continues to suck Riley's cock. I'm quickly losing my mind. Edward devours my pussy, entering me with his tongue before licking upward and wrapping his lips around my piercing. He makes me shudder and mewl, and...*ohmyfuckingGod*, his fingers come in to play, too.

"Oh fuck!" I cry out, grinding against his face. He hums and licks me harder. I flush everywhere as heat spreads through my body. "Oh, oh... *ungh...yesss...*"

"Close," Claire whimpers. "God, Edward..."

"*Fuck*," Edward curses. "Come on my cock, Claire. Fucking come!"

His husky command sends ripples of pleasure through me, and I can feel my orgasm beginning to take over. More, harder, deeper, faster. Edward moans and grunts as he fucks me with his tongue and fingers. I can feel him tensing, and Claire rides him furiously as she starts coming, too. *Euphoria*. Wave upon wave crashes over me, nothing leaving my mouth but a silent scream.

Edward.

Afterward, Claire and I collapse on the floor next to Edward, panting and gasping.

I've lost count of the shivers running through me, and as Edward ghosts his fingers over my arm, one shiver sets off another. They just keep coming.

"That was..." I can't find my words.

Edward smiles against my skin, dropping a soft kiss on my shoulder.

"Holy fuck," Claire pants.

Forcing myself to sit up, I see that Peter, Jasper, and Riley have collapsed, too. But that sure doesn't mean we're done. I still need a dose of Peter and Edward, and I'm certain that Riley also wants a go with Edward.

"You and me later?" I murmur to Edward, looking at him from head to toe, and that's when I notice that he didn't come.

He sees what I noticed. "I held back." He gives me a mischievous smile. "I can't come like women can, you know." I chuckle. "Men need recovery time, and there's so much to *do*." He winks.

"Mmm," I hum and dip down to kiss him. "Can I watch you with Riley?"

"Fuck, yeah," he breathes out, nibbling on my bottom lip. "As for your earlier question...absolutely—you and me later."

Can't wait.

"Let's take this to the guest room, guys," Peter says lazily, and Claire and I jump up.



As I roll a new condom on my cock, I stare at the scene in front of me. One huge bed. Bella and Peter in a tangled mess, which causes some weird reaction in me, Jasper and Claire...and Riley, who's waiting for me.

"All fours," I tell him with a grin. Then I grab the bottle of lube on the nightstand and join them on the bed. I don't look at Bella and Peter, not wanting that feeling running through me again. But I know they're fucking. Not only that, but I know Pete's fucking her ass. "Fuck," I mutter, positioning myself behind Riley. Pouring a healthy amount of lube in my hand, I use it get him ready for me.

I drop a kiss at the base of his spine. He moans and arches his back, all while Jasper stares at him. Christ, this is...different, and even more so when Jasper and Riley meet in a hot kiss. Not only that, but while Jasper fucks Claire and kisses Riley, he also strokes Riley's dick.

"So good," I hear Peter moan, and I can see him in my periphery before I look ahead of me.

With a shake of my head, I refocus on Riley. My fingers...his ass...his moans...my need.

Jasper and Claire leave the bed, only to use the wall on my right. I watch as he picks her up and rams his dick into her pussy.

"Yes!" Claire cries out.

"Now," Riley whimpers.

I blow out a breath and grab my cock. Then I slowly push it up his ass.

Oh, Jesus fucking...

My head lolls back.

Moans and cries filled with pleasure are all I hear, and they fuel my desire. Picking up a steady pace, I pay close attention to Riley's sexy body. My hands wander, as does my mouth. We move together; I thrust, he pushes back. And when I reach under him and fist his hard cock, he urges me to go faster, harder, deeper. He wants a good fuck, and I give it to him.

Sweat starts to bead on my forehead as I drive in and out of his tight ass.

"Fucking amazing," I grunt, swiveling my hips. At the same time, I can practically feel someone staring a hole in the back of my neck; I can't stop myself from looking back. And what I see are Bella's gorgeous eyes, burning through me. When Peter slams into her, she lets out this sexy, breathy moan, which causes me to react by fucking Riley a little faster. She licks her lips and then mouths my name.

I blink slowly, a violent shudder ripping through me.

"Holy shit," I breathe out, facing forward once more. The woman is driving me insane already. My cock throbs when I think about fucking her later, but when Riley clenches down on me, I clear my head of all things Bella. And it works. Thankfully. "Are you almost there, handsome?" I whisper in his ear. I give his cock a solid squeeze, too, and smear a bead of pre-cum around his tip. It makes him moan and buck against me, at which I grin. "I don't want you to come yet," I tell him firmly, trying to catch my breath. "You know why?"

"Oh, God," he groans in response. "Tell me—fuck, Edward...tell me!"

I chuckle breathlessly and stop stroking him. Instead I focus on finding my own release. Not that it'll take long. I won't last many more seconds.

"You'll see," I moan quietly, moving both my hands to his hips.

My abs tense, my balls tighten, and a tickling sensation begins to make itself known along my spine.

Grinding my slick cock deep into his ass, I get lost in our movements. I even stop breathing and black spots fill my vision as my climax surges through me. My dick pulses with each stream of cum; it feels like he milks me. But instead of feeling drained and tired afterward, I feel energized and hungry for more. So, I slowly pull out of Riley, only to flip him over and cover his body with mine. I kiss him deeply, pushing my tongue into his mouth, and I let my hands roam.

"Christ," I pant, threading my fingers through his hair with one hand. The other dips between us so I can touch his hard cock. "Want me to suck you off, baby?" I whisper huskily against his lips.

"Fuck—please," he begs and arches into me.

I kiss my way down his taut body. Much like me, he's thin, muscular but lean. Like a swimmer. Only, I'm a bit taller and more broad-shouldered than he is.

He fucking whimpers when I drop an open-mouthed kiss on the head of his erection.

"Mmm," I hum as he fists my hair. Without a warning, I grip his cock and lower my mouth on it, sucking him hard. He cries out, and in the background, I hear the distinctive sound of Bella climaxing.

"Oh, Peter!" she screams.

I screw my eyes shut.

"Edward, oh God—that's it," Riley moans. I cup his balls, squeezing them gently in my hand, and set a faster pace in order to get him off. He tastes salty, all man, and a bit like whatever shower product he uses. It's been a while since I gave head, but I admit that I enjoy it. It may not be like eating pussy, but seriously, what is? "Yes!" I graze my teeth along his length, and when I look up, I see his scrunched-up face and tightened abs. "I'm—I'm fuck, so close."

As I redouble my efforts, I feel a soft body behind me and luscious lips ghosting over my spine.

Bella.

I groan.

The vibrations my groan sends up Riley's dick is evidently enough for him to come.

With a tug on my hair, he warns me a few seconds before he releases down my throat.

"You're so sexy," Bella whispers in my ear.

There are those shudders again.

As much as I want to have my way with her right now, I'm momentarily spent and leave my spot to collapse farther up on the mattress, my head resting near Riley's shoulder.

"That mouth of yours," he groans and places a hand on my chest.

I chuckle breathlessly just as Bella crawls over to us. Extending my arm, I pull her close to me. "Good, was I?" I tease Riley, and he grins and scoots closer.

"Out of this world." He kisses me lightly on the lips. "Too bad you've already fallen under a certain chick's spell." He shoots Bella a playful glare, whereas I'm stuck on stupid.

Have I been that obvious?

A loud "Fuck" brings us out of our musings, and we all turn to see Jasper delivering one last thrust into Claire's pussy before they both orgasm.

After that, we're all on the bed, limbs tangled, our breathing labored, and our chests heaving.



"Claire and I are gonna order pizza," Bella suddenly says, and she drops a soft kiss on my neck before leaving the bed. Her exquisite body is all I see as she walks out. "A break is in order, right?"

"Fuck, yeah," Peter yawns.

"Extra cheese on my pizza!" Jasper bellows.

"You and I can share, baby," Claire coos to him, putting on a t-shirt that I doubt belongs to her. It's way too big, so I figure it's Peter's or Jasper's.

"You and me." Jasper winks at her.

Sensing that everyone is about to follow the girls, I jump up first and head to the bathroom. In there, I get rid of the condom, take care of my needs, and wash up quickly. My toothbrush from last time I slept here is still in

its spot, so I brush my teeth, too, before I join the others back in the living room.

Both Riley and Bella let out low whistles as I enter, probably because I'm the only one who's still naked. And since I used to be this awkward, geeky fucker, my cheeks tint red while I hurry to pull on my jeans. However, I can't find my shirt.

"What the...?" I look around on the floor, searching for a black t-shirt.

"I hope you don't mind," Bella says, sauntering over to me. God, her legs are so fucking sexy—smooth and perfect. I raise a brow at her, now seeing that it's my shirt she has on. She gives me an angelic smile and looks up at me from under her lashes. Sweet Jesus. "It smells so good, you know?"

A slow grin takes over my features, and I dip down to kiss the spot below her right ear. I also inhale deeply, causing a low groan to rumble in my chest.

She shivers.

"You smell like sex," I counter in a whisper, and I remember the delicious flavor of her from when she fucked my face earlier. "I hope you know I want to add to that scent soon."

"It's a date," she whimpers softly.

"Okay, break it off, guys," Peter complains from the couch. "I need some carbs before I get worked up again."

Bella and I chuckle, and then she says that she's taking a shower before the pizza gets here.

"You know where the bathroom is, baby," is Jasper's reply as he sits down next to Pete. "And I'm next!" he calls.

"Then me!" Claire shouts from the kitchen.

Well, if that's the deal, I want one, too. So, I hop on that train and get in line. Riley, on the other hand, says that he wants to head downstairs to the club again and see if Alec's still there.

"It was a *great* pleasure to meet you, Edward," he purrs, dragging a finger up my chest.

I can't help but laugh a little. "You, too." I touch his cheek. I'm definitely being truthful; Riley seems like a nice guy, just perhaps not my type.

"Ah, well." He sighs and leans a little closer. "One for the road?"

Closing the distance, I kiss him deeply but chastely, ending it with a chuckle when he dips his fingers into my jeans.

"Damn." He bites his lip and flicks my nipple ring, at which I back away and chuckle harder. Even Pete and Jasper are snickering. Tonight, everyone around me—except for Peter—probably thinks I'm this cocky, suave fucker. That couldn't be further away from the truth. I'm not a predator, nor am I overly confident. Tonight's just been...different. "If you ever want to, you know...Peter has my number."

"I'll remember that." I wink.

And then Riley leaves.

Approximately thirty minutes later, the pizza arrives, and I'm next to use the shower.

"We'll save you a few slices!" Peter hollers right before I close the bathroom door behind me. The room is completely fogged up, but I don't give a shit. I take my shower, and I take my time.

Later, when I return to the living room, I plop down in the empty seat on the couch between Jasper and Bella. They're still eating and chatting about...well, I have no idea what they're talking about, but I don't really care. I am, however, hungry as hell, so I dig in.

"I'm not sure, but," Bella's saying, "I think she's coming to visit soon. You know she's gonna demand that you two come." She points a finger at Peter and Jasper. "We could have a dinner party."

"Who're you talkin' 'bout?" I ask with a mouthful of pizza.

"Bella's mom," Claire says. "She moved to San Francisco last year, and whenever she flies up here to visit Bella, we have a blast." She grins at Bella. "I swear, your mom is the coolest."

"Word," Peter says, nodding.

Bella smiles sweetly and grabs another pizza slice. "I'm lucky, yeah."

"Do you visit her often?" I ask curiously, most likely 'cause I have this thing for California. Had I not been offered a good job here in Seattle, I probably would've tried my luck in LA or any other city down there.

"She's actually at Berkeley," she corrects Claire and then smiles at me. "I visit her—absolutely."

Jasper snorts. "Bella, you would marry the Bay Area if such a thing were possible."

Bella shrugs. "It's beautiful there, especially at Berkeley."

I find myself nodding in agreement and definitely at a town like that. Man, can you imagine all the libraries they must have there?

"I disagree," Claire sighs, a faraway look on her face. "My dream come true would be to live in New York or—or Paris or London." Another sigh slips out.

Glancing between the two girls, I wonder how serious they are about each other. They seem very casual, in my opinion, but what the hell do I know?

"Fuck, I ate too much," Jasper grunts and tosses a crust on the table. He rubs his stomach. "I'm so full."

"Me, too," Peter groans, which soon morphs into a yawn. "Shit, what time is it?"

Checking the time above the flat screen, I see that it's almost four in the morning. *Holy fuck*. I actually feel a little panicked, and I glance over at Bella next to me, desperate to see if she's tired, too. As far as I know, Bella and Claire are exclusive aside from this one weekend a month, which means I only have one shot. Maybe there will be more, but...I really fucking want her. Tonight.

"I think I'm gonna crash. I'm too beat to continue," Claire says tiredly. "Is it okay if we spend the night?"

"Of course, honey," Peter responds and stands up. "You and Bella can take the guestroom. I'll help you change the sheets." He stops and turns to me. "You spending the night, too?"

I look to Bella; she gives me a subtle nod.

Thank God.

"Yeah—thanks." I nod at Peter. "I'll take the couch."

"Well, for those of us who aren't all that exhausted, how about a movie?"
Bella suggests, eyes flicking between Jasper and me.

I'm oddly giddy when Jasper admits to being tired, too.

I'm gonna be all alone with a freaking sex goddess!

Then it dawns on me. Maybe the night is still over. Maybe they only play with others when everyone's around.

"Goodnight, guys," Jasper says with a wave; he's the last to leave.

Then we're two.

True to her word, Bella puts on a movie, and then we sit stock still on the couch for about twenty minutes or so.

Don't ask me what the movie is about. All I can think about is the woman next to me who's only wearing my t-shirt.

"Oh, fuck this," Bella huffs.

Right before she throws herself at me.



One second, we're quiet and facing the screen, and then she's suddenly straddling my lap and kissing the ever-loving shit outta me.

Instinctively, my hands cup her perfect ass and pull her down on me, which is when I notice that she's not even wearing panties.

"God, you're so fucking sexy," she whimpers, peppering my face with kisses. "Tell me you want me."

I cup her cheeks and find her lips. "Like you wouldn't believe, sweetheart," I admit, panting into her mouth. Threading my fingers through her long hair, still damp from her shower, I deepen the kiss and draw her closer to me. She smells so amazing.

My hands slide underneath her—my—t-shirt and reach up to palm her luscious tits, while she moans and starts kissing my jaw, and then down to my collarbone.

"Jesus," I hiss as she lowers her mouth to my pierced nipple. Sparks of pleasure shoot through me as she flicks the nipple ring with the tip of her tongue. "Fuck, keep going," I moan. It feels so fucking good, especially when she wraps her lips around it and sucks gently.

It reminds me of when I sucked and lapped at her clit piercing.

"I need that fat cock inside of me, baby," she begs, finding my mouth again. *Yes, yes, yes, yes.* I kiss her greedily and tug on the t-shirt, silently telling her I want it on the floor. "All night," she pants; I start kissing her neck, "I've thought about you."

"Me, too." I groan and pull off the shirt, revealing her flawless body to me. "Christ," I breathe out, "I can't get over how fucking beautiful you are, Bella."

She attacks again, mouth on mouth, tongues mingling, and her hands slip between us to work the zipper on my jeans.

I smash her breasts together, fucking addicted to them.

"I want to fuck your tits," I blurt out, outta breath.

She grins and peers up at me. "Go for it."

And the winner is Edward Cullen!

Scrubbing my hands over my face, I peek through my fingers as she walks over to the other couch—it's bigger than this one—and lies down.

"Come to me," she says, lazily trailing her hands down her body.

I'm there in a heartbeat, and I take the opportunity to grab the box of condoms from a side table. Tossing them on the floor, within reach, I cover Bella's body with mine.

"Wait." She presses a hand to my chest. "Take off your jeans first."

Good call.

Once I'm as naked as she is, I crawl over her and kiss her softly on the mouth.

"Gorgeous," I whisper as I settle higher up. Straddling her stomach, I look down at the vision before me, pretty damn sure I've never seen something so appealing. Everything from her dimpled smile and round eyes to her perfect pussy and delectable ass. "Yesss," I hiss when she grips my cock. She works me up, makes me harder, as I palm her breasts. "Push them together, baby."

She lets go of my cock, and we switch. She cups her tits, and I give my cock a few rough strokes.

"Grab the lube," she says.

I nod and twist my body to reach the lube on the same side table from where I took the condoms.

She watches me hungrily as I soak my erection in the slippery lubricant.

When she licks her lips, I can't take it anymore.

"Let me fuck them," I say gruffly, and she lets me slide my slick cock between her tits. Oh, Jesus H. "*Fuck*," I moan. "Keep them together—yeah, tight, like that." She whimpers as I begin to move. It's so hot, so wet, so goddamn glorious. My head tilts back; I focus on the pleasure, on her breathy moans, on each push of my hips.

"Edward," she whines. I look down at her. "I don't want you to stop until you come."

My brows furrow. "I need to be inside of you before this night is over."

"We have time, don't we?" she chuckles, and I think I die there for a minute. How fucking insatiable *is* this chick? "Here; take over." She grabs my hands and places them on her breasts. I hold them together, still thrusting, but at a slower pace now. And then I watch as she reaches for the lube and coats a finger in it.

That makes me raise a brow, not to mention that I stop moving.

"Can I finger you?" she whispers.

My eyes widen in disbelief.

My cock throbs.

Is she for real?

"I mean, if—if that's not your thing," she stammers, "I totally get it—I just thought..."

"Fuck yeah," I say, releasing a breath. I nod and swallow. "Do it."

Slowly, a seductive smile stretches over her lips, and she trails her hand up my thigh, keeping her wet finger off my skin.

I have to swallow again, seeing as this woman just makes my mouth water.

"Just one finger," I say, feeling her hand on my ass.

I shudder in pleasure and anticipation.

She nods and cocks a brow. "You're just a topper?" she guesses.

"Yeah."

When her middle finger gently rubs my hole, my hips buck, causing my dick to slip between her tits again. I groan and decide to give up on counting the shivers and shudders Bella elicits from me. She's—like I said—a freaking sex goddess, and she's way out of my league.

"Oh *God*," I moan as she pushes into me. Again, my hips push forward, and with each movement she makes, I move in return. Soon, we've established a rhythm where I thrust and she withdraws. So, whenever I slide back, her finger slips farther inside my ass.

"I'm just gonna..." She doesn't continue her sentence. Instead she twists her arm a little and, truth be told, it doesn't look very comfortable for her. But when the pad of her finger rubs against my prostate, I get that she's doing this solely for me. "There? Does that feel good, baby?"

"Christ, yes." I nod furiously and gulp. "So good—fuck, amazing." I pick up speed and fuck her tits faster. I also push them together a bit harder, checking Bella's eyes for discomfort. But she just grins and tells me to go on.

Which I do.

I lose myself completely, certain that I've never felt this kind of pleasure before.

Moaning, grunting, gasping, and groaning, I go rougher and rougher. It's the way she loves it, I realize, when I squeeze her tits together even harder and pinch her constricted nipples. The cry she lets out, along with the way she arches into me and throws her head back, makes me wonder if she's trying to ruin me for anybody else. If she is, she's doing a damn good job of it.

"I want you to come on me, Edward," she begs breathily.

I spit out a curse, which turns to a whimper when she adds pressure to my prostate.

It sets me on *fire*. A rumbling, sensational burn rushes through me, and I know I'm only seconds away from coming.

"Close, sweetheart," I grit out, squeezing my eyes shut. I bite down on my lip, and then Bella makes me explode without warning when her free hand comes up to gently tug on my nipple ring. "Fuuuck!"

It feels like the air is knocked out of me; white fire flashes behind my closed eyelids, and millions of eruptions taking place inside my body render me motionless and stunned. But as out of control I am, I'm still aware of the streams of cum that pulse out of my cock and onto Bella's chest. I *feel* each and every one of them seeping out of me.



While I recover from what has to be the best orgasm in my life—so far—I worship Bella's body.

My kisses are deep and leave her breathless. My fingers fuck her. Our bodies slide together. We can't get close enough. I make her toes curl when I eat her out. There's no knowing where she begins and I end. The taste of her pussy on my tongue is something I'm growing addicted to. She cries out and pulls at my hair. In return, I slam three wet fingers into her tight ass while I draw out another orgasm from her with my mouth on her pussy.

By the time she comes back from her high, I'm hard and ready for her again.

Tonight, I've had three orgasms; Bella pants out that she's had four.

It will be a while before we climax again.

With a new condom rolled onto my stiff cock, I push into her drenched pussy.

This time, it's slow.

The frenzy and fire are gone.

But it's okay.

This is more.

Tangling her legs with mine, she uses them for leverage to meet my thrusts.

"Can't get enough of you," she confesses, whimpering into my mouth.

We're beyond kissing. Now it's more about being close and exchanging heavy breaths.

"You're amazing," I respond, swallowing. I swipe the tip of my tongue over her upper lip, and she captures my bottom lip between her teeth. A small nip makes me smile.

I feel obsessed.

When a small bead of sweat trickles down from her hairline, I'm there to kiss it away.

She claws at my back.

Then I kiss her again; it's been a while.

"Edward," she begs. For what, I don't know. But when I press my body harder to hers and grind my cock into her pussy, she seems satisfied. At least for a moment. When that's not enough, for either of us, we squeeze each other so tightly that we're bound to have bruises tomorrow.

I hiss through clenched teeth, feeling her nails digging into my shoulder blades.

"Closer," she cries, and I comply. "*More.*" *Yes.*

"I need you," I pant, even though I currently can't have her more than I already do. "Christ, I'm fucking desperate."

"Yes," she moans, capturing my mouth with hers...once more.

Needing to reach even deeper, I hook my arms under her legs; she takes the hint and, soon, I have them on either side of my face. And the woman is bendy as *fuck*. Even in this position, my chest touches her tits, and we can continue to kiss like we're gonna die tomorrow.

I have no idea how long I drill into her, how many times we kiss until we gasp for air, or how many times we switch positions.

But we always come back to me on top of her; it's the closest we can get to one another.

The burn in my stomach intensifies when she whispers, "You make me want more."

Breathing harshly, I press my lips to hers. "Same here, sweetheart."

Forehead to forehead, noses touching too, we speed up at the same time as we chase our final release.

"I'm close," she whimpers.

I nod against her and swivel my hips. I also snake a hand between us and circle her clit slowly but firmly. "I'm almost there, too," I gasp, blinking when a bead of sweat reaches my eye. "Fuck," I chuckle breathlessly. "Look what you do to me."

She kisses my eyelid. "I can't—I can't hold back."

"Don't." I shake my head and flick her piercing with my thumb. "Don't hold back. Come."

A couple seconds later, I watch as she falls apart in my arms, her lips parted in a silent scream.

Then it's my turn.

With a curse, I succumb to the orgasm and, once again, I'm completely out of control.

Minutes pass where we just lie there panting.

"Spend the night with me," I request, still breathing heavily into the crook of her neck. I squeeze her. "Please?"

I feel her nod, which makes me smile, and I also feel her fingers running through my hair, which makes me shiver and hum in contentment.

16 *Beta* NOTE

As I pour coffee into four mugs the next morning, I have Claire next to me, looking thoughtful. Edward is still asleep on the couch, but Peter and Jasper are up. They're in the shower.

"You sure looked cozy when I woke you up," she says quietly.

My cheeks heat up. "We didn't crash until six this morning," I admit, handing her a mug. One glance at the clock on the microwave tells me it's only eleven now.

She grins and leans against the counter. "God, you're so fucking cute, sweetie." I give her a look, and she chuckles. "What? I'm just saying the truth. And I want you to be honest with me, you know?"

"I know." I nod and look down at my own mug. The attraction between Edward and me was impossible to ignore yesterday. It didn't go unnoticed by anyone, especially not Claire.

"You like him, don't you?"

I release a breath. "I don't know him."

When I finally meet her gaze again, she's smiling knowingly. "But you want to."

Yeah, I can't deny that. "I do," I sigh. "But I don't know if he does."

"Oh, please." She snorts. "The man is so into you. You could be blind and still see how much he wants you. Go for it."

At that, I can't help but smile giddily like the girl I am. And I knew Claire would understand.

"Damn. Figures I'd lose you to a cock," she drawls. Thankfully, there's amusement in her eyes. "How can I compete with that?"

I nudge her side with my elbow. "Hey, maybe this can be that push you said you needed." Claire wasn't lying last night when she said her dream was to move to New York or Europe, but the dream is a bit more elaborate than that. She's this amazing photographer, but she doesn't see herself clearly, and so she's stuck here in Seattle. She once told me she needed a push. This could be it. I mean, I wouldn't call myself an enabler, and I'm pretty sure she's been staying for me, but that doesn't mean I haven't tried coaxing her into following her dreams. I certainly have, but she's a persistent little thing.

"Too intimidating," she says dismissively. "I'm content to stay in Seattle."

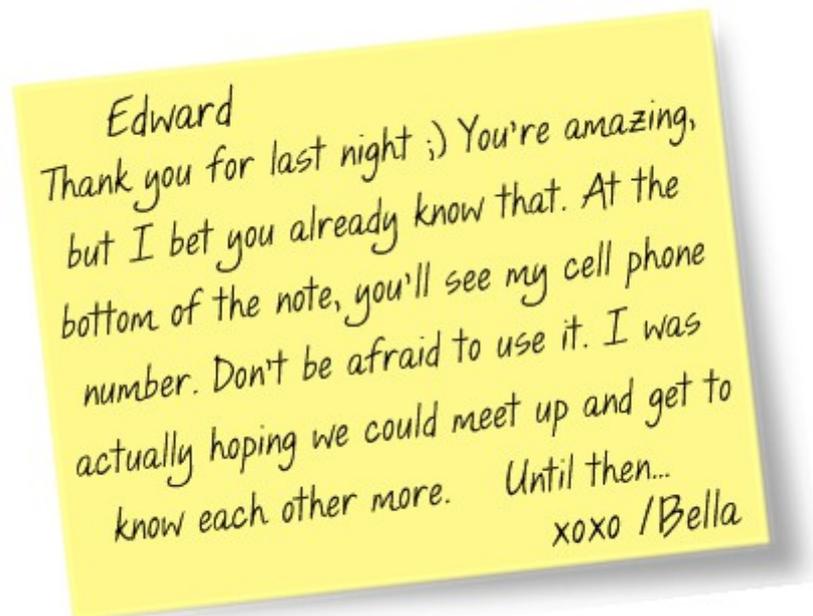
"Stop that," I snap, quietly but harshly. "You're just gonna regret it. Twenty years from now, you'll go, 'Fuck, why didn't I at least try?' So, you gotta do it. Seriously."

"Claire's gotta do what?" Peter asks, entering the kitchen. He grins and takes the coffee I offer him. "Damn, I need this. Thanks, hun." He kisses me on the forehead.

"Claire needs to follow her dream," I respond. "And now I'm gonna follow mine. Well, my new one." With a cheeky wink, I leave the two in the kitchen, and I'm glad that Peter picks up where I left it. He wants her to move forward, too.

On my way to the living room, I make a quick detour to the hallway where I snatch the little notepad and a pen from the hallway table. Then I head to the living room and sit down on the empty couch.

It may be the weekend now, but I still have work to do, which means I'm leaving, and I don't want to wake him up.



About ten minutes later, Claire and I go home to the two-bedroom apartment we share, and we go home as friends. Because regardless of what Edward wants with me, it doesn't feel right to continue with Claire when I'm developing stronger feelings for Edward.



Much to my excitement, Edward makes use of my number a few hours after I get home. For some reason, he texts me instead of calling, but I take whatever I can get. Anyway, we agree to meet tomorrow for coffee

at Denny Park, which is close to where I live. After pinpointing an exact location, I continue processing orders and do some paper work before I go to bed and sleep like a fucking baby, waking up the next day with a smile on my face.

The smile is still there as I arrive at the basketball court and see Edward waiting for me.

He has his back to me, so I take the opportunity to just stare. It's a nice summer day, not particularly sunny but hot, so he's wearing a white t-shirt, moss green cargo shorts, and black Chucks. There's also a pair of black headphones on his head, and he's got a paper bag in his hand.

He's too sexy for his own good.

I'm dressed casually, too—short denim cut-offs, a black, long-sleeved t-shirt, and matching ballet flats—but, unlike me, he makes casual look to die for.

Smoothing down my hair, I close the distance and tap his shoulder.

He startles a little and pulls off his headphones as he spins around.

Oh, sweet baby Jesus, the man is wearing glasses. Sexy, fuck-hot, mouthwatering black-rimmed glasses. And his eyes, so bright and green and, and, and...I'm ready to die now.

"Hey, you." He grins.

"Hi." I duck my head for a second, a feeble attempt to hide the cheesy smile on my face. But then I look up, 'cause I want more; I want closer. Not knowing where we stand, I go for the next best thing. "Can I listen?" I point to the headphones around his neck. Hey, it will bring me a single step closer to him. That's what counts.

"Yeah, I don't think so," he chuckles, taking a small step forward. I like that—I approve. How about a few more? "For as long as I can remember, I've been teased about what I listen to."

Now I'm intrigued. "You can't say that and expect me to drop the subject." I smirk up at him and take yet another step. Only a couple feet separating us now. "You gotta let me listen."

He smiles down at me, not saying yes or no, but when I reach for the headphones, he remains still.

Victorious, I put on the headphones and adjust the size, and I can't help but laugh—fucking gleeful—when I hear the chorus coming on.

Closing my eyes, I make a fool of myself when I mouth the words and master the skill of playing air guitar.

...And I'm gonna keep on loving you

'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do

I don't wanna sleep

I just wanna keep on loving you...

With a happy sigh, I slip off the headphones and return them to a laughing Edward.

"I'm glad I amuse you," I giggle, curtsying.

In my periphery, I see a bunch of kids chasing a clown on the basketball court.

Weird.

Seriously, talk about random.

"You're fucking cool, you know that?" Edward chuckles and shakes his head. "And, I gotta say, more than a little goofy."

"Says the man whose iPod is probably full of that kind of music," I retort.

He shrugs, a silly smile on his lips. "REO Speedwagon rocks. And I never said being a goof was a bad thing, did I?" True. He didn't. "So, does that mean I've finally found an ally? You like 80's music, too?" He looks so hopeful.

"I'm willing to admit that it's good," I concede, "but I prefer modern rock."

"Eh. At least you won't tease me."

I shake my head no. "Definitely not. And my mother just might fall in love with you. Growing up, that's all I listened to, 'cause she was obsessed—still is."

"Sounds like a cool mom," he says softly, looking to the basketball court next to us. "So..." He faces me again. "I brought coffee and bagels." He holds up the paper bag, and before I can thank him for being so sweet, a slight flush covering his cheeks distracts me. "Um, Pete told me what you liked."

Did he, now? And why would Edward go to such lengths?

I hope it's because he likes me.

"Wanna find a place to sit?" he asks.

"Sure!"

For a few minutes, we walk farther into the park, talking comfortably about trivial things. I find out that he's very happy with his new job at the Lemieux Library on Seattle University's campus, which surprises me. Not that he's happy with it, but that he works in a library. I tell him that, and

he chuckles and says that most have the same reaction. He also says that once I've gotten to know him better, it will make better sense.

"I'm the ultimate bookworm," he confesses, grinning boyishly. "I even have a t-shirt saying 'I hate e-readers.'" I chuckle. "And you know the lower case 'i' that comes with all things Mac? Yeah, so it's 'iHate e-readers'."

I laugh. "Remind me not to buy you an iPad or a Kindle for your next birthday, then."

Mental note: hide your precious Kindle, Bella.

Kidding. I need my Kindle for all the erotica I read.

"Oh, I definitely will," he teases, nudging my side. "Hey, you wanna sit down over there?" He nods at a group of picnic tables on the grass.

"Sounds good."

"Now it's your turn," he says as we head for the tables. "What do you do for a living? Still in school?"

"No, I kinda hated school," I admit. "I dropped out my second year, took a business class online, and started my own company." At his confused expression, I continue. "Um, I run a web shop called Knickers—you know the clothes where you can add your own text?" He grins, nodding. "Yeah. It's what I do, but only with panties," I finish lamely.

"That's—that's different," he laughs softly, and then leans closer. "Does that mean you're wearing a pair now—with something funny written on them?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" I wink.

That's when we reach an empty picnic table, and it sounds like Edward mumbles, "I do, actually," under his breath.

Score!

Edward sits down first, and instead of sitting across from him, I scoot in next to him, still wanting to be close. But he doesn't seem to mind.

"Vanilla latte with cinnamon, right?" He hands me a large paper cup.

I smile and nod. "Thank you." Leaning in, I kiss his cheek.

I'm sorry, I just had to.

"What was that for?" he laughs through his nose and reveals two bagels from a smaller bag.

"I had to." Honesty's the way to go, isn't it?

"You had to?" There's both amusement and curiosity in his eyes. "Hmm, I wonder what Claire would say if she knew you walked around and kissed other men all day long."

I arch a brow; that wasn't very subtle of him. "All day long, Edward? Really?"

He shrugs and chooses not to respond, and after that, it's quiet for a while. I want to tell him that, first of all, what Claire and I had never ran deep. We're great friends, and...well. We simply enjoyed each other. Second, it's over. And then I want to ask Edward out on a date or something; I want to know if he wants more, too.

"Bella, can I ask you something?" he asks quietly, eyes on his bagel.

I pick a few sunflower seeds from my own bagel and toss them into my mouth. "Anything."

Tilting his head, he looks at me through squinted eyes, due to the few rays of sunshine breaking through the clouds.

"You and Claire—are you exclusive?"

"Um, we *were*," I answer, gauging his reaction. So far: nothing. Just a slight furrow of his brows. "We entered our relationship knowing that it was for the time being. We care for each other and there's attraction, but that's about it. She's one of my best friends—it was just time for me to move on."

He frowns. "You speak like you've broken up."

I gotta smile. Pretty big. "We have. We parted ways yesterday." Then I feel the need to add, "Okay, that sounded drastic. It's not like I won't see her when I get home," I chuckle, "but we're no longer *together*, no."

"Oh," he mouths, looking like he's trying to solve a math problem. "Um, *why* aren't you together?"

This is where I bring back REO Speedwagon, right?

"'Cause I'm gonna keep on loving you, Edward," I say solemnly. "It's the only thing I wanna do. I don't wanna sleep. I just wanna keep on lov-" I burst out in laughter when Edward grabs me in a fucking headlock. Not only that, but he tickles me with his free hand. "Gah, stop it!" I screech, fighting him as well as I can.

"Cheeky goddamn woman," he laughs, jabbing me in my ribcage.

Tears of mirth well up in my eyes as a result of his attack, and he won't stop!

I'm down to wheezing giggles. "I'm gonna piss my fucking pants!"

"You're wearing shorts!"

"Argh!" My arms flail all over, and it happens to be my salvation, because I accidently whack him in the head. "Oh, my God, are you okay?" I cough/laugh/choke out. A *very* pretty sound. "I'm sorry—so, so sorry."

"I'm seeing stars," he mutters, blinking repeatedly.

I can't help myself. "I'm known to have that effect on people."

At which he shoots me a playful scowl.

But then his gaze softens and he wraps an arm around my shoulders.

"Kidding aside," he murmurs and drops his forehead to mine. "Are you and Claire really over?"

"Yes," I whisper.

You know that thing with the butterflies in your stomach? Yeah, they're totally real.

He swallows. "Why?"

"You know why." I trail my hands up and find purchase on his shirt. "I want more, Edward."

Noses touching.

"With me?"

I nod. "Or the clown I saw over at the basketball court*omph*—"

He cuts me off by crashing his mouth to mine.



"You need to relax, son," Dad says as he enters my car.

I've just picked him up at Sea-Tac, and he's meeting Bella and Renee tonight.

Yeah, Bella's mom flew in yesterday, and it's easy to see where my girlfriend gets her bluntness from. Let's just say that the Swan women are a ballsy pair.

My dad and I? Not so much. I mean, I can deal. Hell, I love it, but I'm nervous about Dad's reaction. And since he's the only family I've got—not counting Bella and our friends—it matters a lot. Hence being nervous as fuck.

I adjust my glasses. "I'm relaxed," I lie and put the car in reverse.

"You're a terrible liar," he scolds with a grin on his face. "Really, what do you have to be nervous about? It's not like I'm meeting *your* mother." I grimace at that. "Too soon to joke about it?"

"A tad," I say sarcastically. Truth be told, it's not really too soon. My parents have only been divorced for a year, but the past ten years have prepared us all for the outcome. Ten years ago, that's when I introduced my parents to my first boyfriend. I was seventeen.

Esme screamed at me, called me disgusting, and said I was no longer her son.

Dad accepted me right away.

After that, he tried to get my mother to understand, but it didn't work. A year went by of living in a home with too much hostility, and then I was off to college. Dorm life saved me, and that's where I became happy again. And I at least had my dad on my side.

I honestly have no idea why Dad put up with Esme's crap for so long, and Bella asked me the same thing when I told her all this, but if I had to guess, it'd be that my father is a romantic who still held out hope for Mom to come around.

At one point, when I came home with a girlfriend instead, Mom seemed to return to her old self, but all that went straight to shit when my three-month long relationship ended and I met another guy.

I haven't spoken to her in two years, and I have every intention of keeping it that way. Narrow-minded people have no business in my life.

"You love her, don't you?"

"Huh?" I tilt my head in his direction but keep my eyes on the road.

"Who?"

"Bella," he chuckles.

Oh. Yeah, I do. We actually exchanged our first I love you's last week. I just couldn't hold it in when she undressed one night and revealed a pair of panties with my name written on the front. These huge, all-caps letters, you know?

Luckily, she said it right back...and then she attacked me.

Sure, we've only been together for a few weeks—*seven and counting*—but when you know, you know. And I know that I'm ridiculously in love with her. So much that I practically live with her. Partly because she's closer to my work, but mostly because I hate being away from her. Plus, since

Claire left for Italy last week, Bella's all alone in her apartment. Well, not anymore.

"I'm gonna marry her one day," I tell Dad with a silly grin. Bella just brings it outta me. Bella's also gonna carry my babies. Moving too fast? Fuck that noise. We're both family-oriented and know what we want.

There's no rush, but we've definitely had "the talk".

A potential move to California has also come up in conversation. It's something we both wish to see happen and, in that event, we'll probably go with Berkeley or San Francisco. Bella wants to be closer to her mom, and I just have a thing for California, probably because we vacationed there a lot when I was little.

"She loves you, too, I take it?"

I smile. "She does."

"Good. I'm happy for you, son." He gives my shoulder a squeeze. "And you met her mother yesterday."

"Yeah." I let out a shaky chuckle. "She's...she's different. *Exuberant*." Make no mistake, Renee is a sweetheart, much like her daughter, but she's very...high on life? And to think the woman is a professor of psychology...Jesus Christ.

"You don't like her?" he asks, concerned.

"Oh no, I do," I assure. "I'm just not used to someone so happy and in-your-face." I shudder, thinking about this morning when Renee stormed into Bella and my bedroom at six AM, exclaiming what a beautiful day it was. I'm mighty thankful Bella's not *that* excited about *every little thing* in life. "You'll know what I mean when you meet her."

My dad, the humble Carlisle Cullen, may very well have a heart attack.

He's usually very quiet and soft-spoken. He prefers to bury his face in a book, which is where I got my own love of books from. When I was little, we spent hours in his study, never speaking, always reading and learning.

His favorite subject is history, which he also teaches to high school kids.

The rest of the ride is silent, and we're lost in our thoughts until I park in the garage under Bella's building.

"Brace yourself," I mumble a moment later when we reach the seventh floor.

Opening the door, I'm assaulted by the delicious scent of Bella's curry chicken. It's addictive and my stomach rumbles in approval. We both love Indian food, though Bella's love for India goes a bit further. Her entire apartment is decorated in dark, rich colors. Purple, burgundy, dark red, and gold. Fabrics and pillows everywhere. Same goes for candles and ornaments. Admittedly, I love it, too. It's very homey.

"Sweetheart?" I call, taking off my hoodie. "You can just hang your jacket there," I say to Dad, pointing at the black wrought iron *thing* on the wall. I'm sorry, but I can't just call it a simple hanger or shelf or...whatever. We're talking swirls, knobs, hooks, and spirals. "And just leave your bag on the floor." Later, after dinner, I'm taking him to his hotel. The same one Renee is staying at, coincidentally.

"What an interesting piece of art," Dad muses quietly. He hangs his jacket on an iron swirl that sticks out a few inches from the wall.

"In the kitchen, baby!" I hear Bella shout, followed by a hushed, "How do I look, Mom? I'm so nervous. I need Mr. Cullen to like me."

I can't help but smile, and Dad returns it.

"I have a feeling I will," he whispers.

The difference is that we Cullens *know* how to whisper.

As for Bella's clothes, I'm sure she'll look gorgeous as always. We're all a casual bunch. Tonight I'm wearing black cargos and a white button-down, sleeves rolled up to my elbows, and two buttons unbuttoned. That's casual for a night of introducing the 'rents.

Dad is wearing something similar, but with a tie added to it.

When we get to the kitchen, I see that my earlier statement was true. Bella looks gorgeous in a black and white flannel shirt that reaches just below her ass. Black leggings cover her sexy legs, and a white leather belt is fastened around her waist. And like mine, her sleeves are pushed up to her elbows. Last but not least, she's wearing the silver bracelets—Bella calls them bangles...something—that I gave her on our one-month anniversary.

"Hi!" She walks over to me with quick steps and throws her arms around me. All I see now are her pouty lips which are painted in deep red. Holy fuck, that's hot. "I missed you."

"Missed you, too." I dip down and kiss her softly, forcing myself to keep it PG-13. "You look beautiful." I touch her cheek. She smiles rather shyly, actually, and I back away a little to get the introductions over with.

"Sweetheart, this is my father." I gesture at Dad. "Carlisle Cullen. And, Dad, this is Bella Swan, my girlfriend." Okay, so I just like the word girlfriend. Sue me.

"It's so good to meet you, Mr. Cullen." Bella smiles politely and extends her hand. "Your son is really amazing."

"I'm glad you think so, because you're stuck with him now." Dad grins and shakes her hand. I snicker and roll my eyes, catching Renee's beaming smile as she stands slightly behind Bella. "And call me Carlisle, dear."

"Carlisle," Bella returns with a nod. I think it's pretty fucking adorable that my girl is blushing. I've never seen that before. "And this is my mom—Renee." She ushers her mother forward. "Renee, Carlisle."

"Pleasure to finally meet you!" Renee's still beaming like the sun as she offers her hand to Dad. According to Bella, she's wearing what she usually wears: skinny jeans and a big, airy tunic with a tank top underneath... 'cause the material of the red tunic is sorta see-through.

She looks like a modern hippie...if that makes sense.

Glancing at Dad, I see that he's staring at Renee as if she's better than sliced bread. Not saying a word—just staring.

Dude.

"Right." Bella clears her throat. "Dinner's ready, so why don't you take your seats in the living room—that's where we'll eat. Edward, could you give me a hand?"

"Sure." I nod and then watch as Renee guides Dad to the living room. As they leave, I hear Renee commenting what a handsome young man my dad is, and... Uh, at the age of fifty-six, I'm pretty sure Dad has ten years or so on Renee.

"Well, that was weird," Bella mutters.

I snort and wrap my arms around her waist. "You could say that again."

She hums, hugging my midsection, and I just savor for a moment. I've worked all day, and then I went to pick up Dad at the airport after a quick

shower and change at my own place, so I haven't seen Bella since at the ass-crack of dawn this morning when Renee woke us.

"I love you."

"Love you, too." I grin and kiss her on the lips. "Now, you said something about dinner?"

'Cause I'm starving.

And about five minutes later, I finally get to dig in when we're all seated around the small kitchen table in the living room. I have Dad next to me—he has seemingly snapped out of whatever daze he was in earlier—and Bella across from me. Then Renee next to Bella.

"Son, you never told me," Dad says, loading rice onto his plate. "How did you and Bella meet?"

"Excellent question!" Renee exclaims. "Oh, I bet it was something romantic."

Bella and I exchange a look.



I take a sip of my wine, knowing that Edward's got this.

We have prepared ourselves for that particular question with a story—one that we can tell our parents, our children, our grandchildren...

A story that is all lies.

A nice tale.

We had so much fun, sitting on the couch—that's currently located behind Edward—one night, cooking up a bunch of bullshit to say.

There was alcohol involved...and later, some hardcore fucking.

Good times.

"Should you tell the story, or should I, sweetheart?" Edward smirks. Under the table, his feet lock with mine.

I wanna sit on his face.

"Be my guest, baby," I say sweetly.

And so he begins... "Well, we met through Peter when I moved out here. They were throwing me a welcome-to-Seattle party." Okay, so this part is true. "And when Pete introduced me to Bella, I thought she was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

In truth, he saw a hot piece of ass grinding with her girlfriend.

We all know the truth, don't we?

"...I asked her to dance, which we did for at least an hour..."

They say sharing is caring, and while that was the truth up until I met my Edward, it's not a motto I wanna live by anymore. Edward doesn't want that, either. In fact, he told me flatly that he refuses to share me.

I found his pinch of possessiveness hot as fuck, so I sucked him off. We were on a date when this conversation took place, and the blowjob happened in a bathroom.

We got caught.

"...sat in a corner booth and started to get to know each other..."

A few days after that date, we were on a crowded train heading to a concert, and I admitted that the thought of getting caught was something that turned me on beyond words.

I remember how his eyes—as he gazed down on me—darkened with lust.

I also remember, standing right behind me in the crowd, how he expressed his own opinion by finger-fucking me. Right. There.

"...and we had a few more drinks before we all decided to end the night with some coffee up in Pete's condo..."

Next was the date he took me on the week after that. We were on the ferry to Bainbridge, and...good God, just thinking about that day dampens my panties.

We *almost* got caught.

"...I sat with Claire and Bella, listening to stories about Bella's childhood..."

But I think the hottest moment was when we visited an adult book store two weeks ago. It doesn't just carry books but also toys and movies, and you know those booths? Yeah.

He took me from behind in one of those, and we left the door ajar.

We definitely had an audience.

I recall how my pussy clenched down on Edward's cock when he whispered in my ear, "You love knowing that someone's watching you, don't you? You want everyone to see how I slam my cock deep inside of you—how I can just push you up against a wall and take whatever the fuck I want from your body."

Phew. I take a breath and reach for my wine again.

Is it getting hot in here?

"...didn't want the night to end, so we watched a movie together..."

Another sexy moment was when we filmed ourselves having sex and then watched it together...*while having sex.*

We were on our bed, the TV in front of us, me on all fours, and Edward kneeling behind me. As I—on the screen—rode Edward, reverse-cowgirl style, the real Edward fucked my ass while we kept our eyes on the TV.

"...before we said goodbye, Bella gave me her number..."

So, the next time we meet up with Peter, Jazz, Claire, and maybe even Riley and Alec, we won't participate in the group dynamic. We will, however, watch the others and then be watched in return.

I imagine Riley staring hungrily at Edward's cock while I suck on it. I imagine Peter and Jasper moaning when Edward shoves his cock inside my ass. I imagine Edward and me getting triggered by the sight of Riley and Alec fucking. And I imagine many voyeuristic weekends in the future.

The possibilities...

Edward and I will probably move to Berkeley soon, but we will always visit our family up here.

Like I said, we're a close-knit group.

"I called her the very next day and asked her out," Edward says, finishing our cleverly spun tale.

"I love you," I mouth to him.

"I love you, too," he mouths back, pushing up his glasses.

"That's so sweet," Mom says, sniffing. "So romantic."

Carlisle smiles proudly and clasps Edward's shoulder. "I raised a true gentleman."

I blow a kiss to Edward, at which he winks. Oh, and his ears tint red.

Edward
RING
EPILOGUE
EIGHT MONTHS LATER

As soon as we get into our rental and I turn on the engine, I have to tell Bella to stop bouncing in her seat.

'Cause I refuse to live through that all the way from San Francisco to Berkeley.

"Look at it!" she shouts, shoving her left hand in my face.

I laugh and drive out of the airport parking lot.

"I've seen it, sweetheart." I grab her hand and kiss the top of it. "I bought it, remember?"

I popped the question two days ago when our vacation started, and once Bella had said yes and thanked me...twice...she said that we just *had* to tell our parents in a special way—simple phone calls weren't good enough. So, we flew down here today to surprise Renee with our engagement. We're also here to look at a few condos, 'cause I start my new job here in

a few weeks. And then, in four days, we're off to Chicago to break the news to my dad.

Peter, Jazz, Riley, and Alec congratulated us yesterday with a big dinner, and, well, then we fucked. Bella was in heaven, surrounded by five men. Not that anybody but me is allowed to touch her, but there was still plenty to *watch*. Um, anyway, they're all happy about our engagement, though they're sad that we're moving. But we'll be back to visit. Since Claire landed her internship at a fashion house in Rome, she'll be able to come home and visit every four months or so, and we hope Bella and I will be able to do the same.

"And you have excellent taste in rings, baby," she squeals, planting a loud kiss on my cheek. "Did you have help?"

I give her a look. "What do you think?"

The only thing I knew going in was that Bella needed something unique.

"Oh," she giggles. "Riley?"

I grin and turn left, heading for the highway. "Riley," I confirm. Bella once told me there was no one better than Riley if you needed help shopping. Well, I took that advice to heart and called him last month. So, yeah, he helped me find the antique platinum ring with those colorful rocks. What can I say? My girl loves her colors. The middle one is a light blue diamond—princess cut—and it's flanked by two light green emeralds and then two sapphires. Same cuts on those.

When Riley showed it to me, I knew it was perfect.

It will be even more perfect accompanied by a matching wedding band when Bella takes my name next summer.

"We should put on our song," she decides, reaching between our seats for her bag in the back. Amused, I keep driving—casting the occasional glance at her perfect bubble ass which is in the air. Had her skirt been a few inches shorter, I would've been granted a view of her newest pair of panties. Pink cotton with black seams, and they have "Edward makes this kitty purr" on 'em.

Gotta love it.

"I can't find your iPod, baby!"

"In the bag on the floor," I reply as I maneuver us through the traffic.

"Found it!" She plops back in her seat and fastens her seatbelt before hooking up the iPod to the stereo. "Okay, here we go."

For the next hour or so, we listen to one of my beloved 80's lists. REO Speedwagon is very much included.

When we finally arrive in the college town that is Berkeley, Bella gives me directions to Renee's house. It's a hacienda, she tells me, and then she goes on to tell me what a great neighborhood this is to raise kiddos.

I squeeze her hand, completely overjoyed.

"Do you think your dad will be happy?" she asks when we drive onto Renee's street.

"Definitely," I say, nodding. "He adores you."

Dad has even spoken about retiring early or simply taking a new job—in California. Ever since Bella and I told him we had plans to move down here, he's been confiding in me about wanting to leave Chicago behind him.

He wants to be closer to us.

"Here we are," Bella murmurs, pointing to a house on our left. "I hope she's home."

I turn into the driveway and park next to another car. "If she's not, we'll wait."

We leave the car, walking hand in hand toward the door. It's a pretty house, one story, with a perfectly kept front yard. Bella tells me there's a pool in the backyard, and she says this with a wicked glint in her eyes.

I love that glint. It always means we're gonna go kinky on each other.

After knocking once, Bella twists the doorknob and opens the door. "I guess she's home, then." We enter the house. "Mom!"

The small hallway opens up to a large living room...

...where we come to a screeching halt.

'Cause right there, on a big couch...

"Oh, *God*." I turn my back on them and gag.

"HOLY FUCK!" Bella screams.

"Well, shit," Renee mutters.

"Um..." Yeah, that'd be Dad.

The End
THANK YOU FOR READING