

Disclaimer: SM owns Twilight, but I wrote this fanfic ;)

Beta'd by HollettLA

And Francesca has helped me with all things Italian

~CaraNo

# Isla de Cullen

## Chapter 6

BPOV

"Emmett is so hot!" Rosalie whispered frantically.

"Eww," was Alice's reply.

But it would be weird if she thought otherwise, seeing as they were cousins and all.

After a delicious meal on the patio, I was cursing Mary, because after the pizza, she had said, "How about you kids go enjoy yourselves for a while?" Yes, that was what she said, and that was why I was sitting by the pool now...with Rosalie and Alice. And the very loud Emmett was thrashing around in the pool, unaware of the looks Rosalie was sending him.

I was bored.

I'd much rather be with Mr. Cullen...or even Mr. Whitlock, but no. Instead I was sitting here, pretending to read the magazine in my hands.

"Bellezza?" I heard a voice call—a voice that could only belong to Carmen.

"Yes?" I replied. Looking over my shoulder, I could see her in the kitchen window.

"Could I have a word with you, bella topolino?"

Anything to get me away from this.

Putting my magazine aside and throwing the cardigan on again, I made my way to the kitchen where Carmen waited with a big smile.

"What can I do for you, Carmen?" I asked, smiling back to her.

"I wanted to know if you'd like to help me?"

"Of course, anything you say."

Sitting outside doing nothing was fine. For an hour. That hour had passed hours ago, though, and Carmen certainly saved me in the nick of time. But that had always been me; I needed something to do, something to occupy my time with.

"We're eating my special pasta Alfredo tonight, and perhaps you can make a salad," she suggested, bringing vegetables out of the fridge. "Do you like to cook, Bellezza?"

I blushed at the nickname as I washed my hands, wondering a little why she seemed to have taken an interest in me. I hadn't seen her do the same with Rosalie or Alice.

"I do," I replied as I dried my hands. "And I love Italian cuisine. It's one of my favorites."

"Oh! Have you ever been to Italia?"

She handed me a cutting board and a knife, and I gathered the vegetables next to the board, smiling as I realized there were ingredients to make my-

Huh. Um...

"I have." I nodded, smiling at the memory. "My dad took Mom and me there over the summers when I was younger. By the way, do you have pine nuts?"

"Certamente, sì!" she replied, apparently excited about that...for some weird reason. "Where in Italia?" she continued. She rummaged through the cupboards until she found the nuts and handed them to me. "There you go."

"Thanks." I smiled. Now I had the ingredients to my favorite salad. "Lake Como?" I had no idea why it came out as a question. "My dad rented a house there sometimes, and we always loved going there but...uh, Dad's sorta busy, so we haven't been there for years."

That always saddened me, that Dad started working more. I didn't think about it often, because this had been my life for the past seven or eight years. It was normal to me now, but still, when I looked back at the family vacations and outings, it made me sad that we didn't have that anymore. Well, Mom and Dad still traveled. A lot. But I didn't. I was stuck in Forks.

At least until I graduated from high school next spring.

"Why the sad face, bella topolino?" Carmen murmured.

I shook my head, ridding it of the sad thoughts, because I was just being silly, especially here on Isla de Cullen—a place meant to be savored. It was an island I already loved; it was stunningly beautiful here. I could only imagine coming here when it was summer. How gorgeous it had to be here then.

"I'm fine," I said, smiling genuinely as I focused on the salad. "I love it here," I added truthfully, looking around me. "It's all so rustic and warm."

"It is." Carmen nodded, smiling. "Tesoro even redid the kitchen for me when I moved here. Before, it was all black and white. Didn't fit the house and it didn't fit me," she said, puffing her chest out, which made me laugh. "Now it fits."

I agreed.

"You call him Tesoro?" I asked curiously as I started chopping the lettuce. She referred to him as Mr. Cullen earlier but now...hearing her calling him Tesoro, or "treasure", I found it fitting. Most likely because Carmen didn't seem like one to use formalities, and also because Carmen was more like family. That was very clear before when we ate outside. She and Mr. Cullen talked like friends, and Carmen struck me as a mother figure, even to him.

"He is Tesoro, si," Carmen chuckled. "He is always around so many who work for him. He is boss all the time. I like taking care of him."

I smiled. It was obvious that she loved Mr. Cullen.

"Do you have children of your own?" I asked next.

"Si, Tia and Angelo. I show you picture later. They still live in Italia."

"And what are you ladies doing?"

Velvet voice.

Shivers. Oh, the shivers.

"Oh, Tesoro! I'm just getting to know Bellezza," Carmen exclaimed with a wide smile. "Did you know she has been to Lake Como?"

I narrowed my eyes at her, feeling like...I don't know...like she had some ulterior motive.

"Has she now?" Mr. Cullen took a seat on the barstool across from where Carmen and I worked. His smile was beautiful, and his eyes were curious. "When was she there?"

I chuckled. "She was there for the last time when she was eleven."

His smile widened; it reached his eyes. "With your family?"

"Yes. With my mom and dad." I tried but failed to keep myself from blushing. But in my defense, it was his intense gaze, the way he looked at me.

"Do you have any siblings, Bellezza?" Carmen asked.

"Um, no," I replied as I took the salad bowl she handed me. "It's just me."

Mr. Cullen was next. "And your father's a lawyer?"

"Yeah." I nodded, figuring Mr. Brandon had told him. "He has an office in Seattle but travels all over the country, and then he's home during the weekends. Or some of them." Once I had finished cutting the vegetables, I poured them into the bowl before grabbing the bag of pine nuts. "No one's allergic, right?" I held up the nuts.

"No," Carmen said. "Though, I am not sure about Jasper and his sister."

"I can go ask," I offered.

The last thing I wanted was for someone to have an allergic reaction just because I crushed nuts in the salad.

I quickly located Rose, and she told me that she wasn't allergic but that she didn't like them, so I decided to ask Carmen if I could make a simple garden salad for those who didn't like pine nuts.

Mr. Whitlock was harder to find, but after a while I managed to track him down on the patio with a book in his hands, and thankfully he wasn't allergic. So, after that was taken care of, I returned to the kitchen, and I had a feeling I walked in on something because Mr. Cullen was scowling before he spotted me, and Carmen was...well, she was smirking.

"Oh! Was anyone allergic?" she asked, motioning for me to join them, but...I wasn't sure. I didn't want to interrupt.

"Um, I can come back if I was-"

Carmen cut me off. "No, no! Come here, Bellezza."

I chanced a glance at Mr. Cullen, but he was smiling at me so I figured it was okay.

"No one was allergic," I said, answering her earlier question. "I was wondering if I could make a small garden salad, though, because Rosalie doesn't like nuts."

"Oh, you are so considerate, Bellezza," Carmen gushed. "Isn't she, Tesoro?"

Again, I narrowed my eyes at her, studying her as she took out more vegetables for me.

What is she playing at?

"I never said she wasn't, Carmen," Mr. Cullen chuckled, half in amusement and half in what appeared to be annoyance. I decided to ignore whatever had transpired while I was gone, and instead I focused on the salads.

But of course, Carmen wasn't quiet for long.

"What are your plans after high school, Bellezza?"

"I don't really know yet." I kept my eyes on the cucumber I was slicing.

"All I know is that I'm leaving Forks as soon as possible."

"You do not like small towns?" she continued.

"Yes and no. I enjoy the quiet, but I get bored easily and Forks is just too mundane and grey. Everything is on repeat almost. Sunday dinners, gossip...it's just always about the same things..." I trailed off, realizing I was rambling.

Mr. Cullen asked the next question. "No plans on going to college?"

"No, Sir," I replied, chuckling a little. College was the last thing on my mind right now. "I mean, who knows in the future, but for now I'm happy with modeling."

I really expected a question coming from Carmen about modeling, but it never came.

Perhaps she already knows.

When the salads were done and Carmen had prepared the pasta, she started talking about setting the table in the dining room, so I offered to help, but she shook her head at me and said, "Go rest for a while, bella topolino. Thank you for your help."

I was about to protest because I wanted to help, but...well, Mr. Cullen spoke then.

"How about I show you the garden?"

I loved that idea.

Once we reached the living room, Mr. Cullen asked if anyone else wanted to join, but before I could plan a pity-party about not having this moment alone with him, I figured out that Mr. Cullen was way ahead. No one was

interested in seeing something they'd already seen countless times before, and Mary and Elizabeth were busy with the decorations.

So, we left. Just the two of us.

"You knew they were gonna say no," I chuckled.

It wasn't very cold right now, though it was windy, but my cardigan was enough.

"I did, yes," he replied, smiling down at me in amusement.

We walked in silence for a while, apart from a handful of times when Mr. Cullen pointed out a few things, such as the path that led to the staff houses, the path leading down to the beach, the beautiful rose garden his grandmother had built when it was their island. And that was how I found out that Mr. Cullen had inherited the island, and that he had left Chicago as soon as he could in order to move here. He also had a house in LA but was rarely there.

"Wow, this is amazing," I whispered, completely wide-eyed as we reached a small beach on the other side of the island.

It was a fair-sized island, long but thin, which meant it only took about fifteen minutes to walk across it, and right now we were on the opposite side of where the docks were.

This beach was nothing but gorgeous. Small and secluded with rocks and cliffs, white sand, exotic trees and bushes. It was clearly manmade. There was also a small, white beach hut, and when I saw the little porch, I could picture Mr. Cullen's grandparents sitting there, enjoying the sunset, having a romantic dinner... It was so beautiful.



"My grandfather made this because it resembles the beach in Brazil where he proposed to my grandmother," Mr. Cullen explained, smiling. "And when they passed, I made sure to keep it maintained."

I was speechless.

"Come with me," he murmured, taking my hand.

The shivers came, but it felt like that was something I would have to get used to, because they were there whenever he touched me. He turned my body into a mush of need and want.

The inside of the hut was simple, yet luxurious. Only a single room, and it was painted in white—everything was white. The plush couch, the pillows, the drapes, the small coffee table, the thick rug, the wooden dresser in the corner...all white.

Then I felt Mr. Cullen standing right behind me. Closely.

"Take off your clothes," he commanded quietly.

I drew a shaky breath, shivered violently...and obeyed.

My breathing picked up.

I heard Mr. Cullen unzip his slacks.

My cardigan landed on the floor. So did my bikini. I was naked. The tension crackled. He was so close, standing behind me.

In my periphery, I saw his black pullover and his pants being dropped on the floor.

Oh, God.

Then, dressed in nothing but black boxers, Mr. Cullen walked past me and sat down in the middle of the couch.

He was hard. Rock hard, huge, and ready.

"I need that little mouth of yours again, little one," he said huskily as his eyes roamed over my body. "And I need to prepare your sweet pussy for me, because I won't wait long." As he spoke, he stroked his cock outside the boxers. "In fact, I'm pretty sure I will take you tomorrow after the shoot."

I exhaled, feeling my body heat up.

"Do you want that, sweet girl? Do you want me to fuck your pretty little pussy tomorrow?"

I flushed scarlet and moaned. "Yes. Please, Sir."

"Good. Now get over here. I want you on all fours."

I scurried over, whimpering in desperation as he gripped my hips, positioning me on all fours on the couch so that my face was directly above his huge erection. Oh, and his hand...his large hand on my ass, kneading, teasing...fingers wandering. No, he wasn't one to ask for permission twice. He was going to take what I had offered without hesitation. Just like I wanted him to. Just like I needed him to. This...forceful, this controlling, this...strict man, he had me at his mercy.

With his other hand, he pushed his boxers down, and I moaned again when his cock sprang free. It was difficult not to lean down and kiss that drop of pre-cum away. I wanted it. I wanted it all. I wanted to do better this time. Not that I didn't please him before, but I knew I could do better. I wanted to be better.

"Suck me off, little one," he whispered softly, just as two of his fingers made contact with my slit. "Now."

Fuck. Yes. Now.

Remembering his earlier words, I breathed deeply through my nose, preparing myself for his not-so-gentle personality, and I sucked him in as deep as I could. I struggled, trying to relax my throat to accommodate all of him.

"Fuck, yes," he hissed, and I smiled internally as he throbbed in my mouth. "Use your tongue, little girl. Get me nice and wet."

Ungh.

I obeyed, sucking him deeply before licking him on to upstroke, and then repeating, but it was goddamn hard to concentrate when...oh...his fingers were...slowly pushing inside me. Two of them. Stretching me. Teasingly yet persistently.

His left hand fisted my hair, and he tugged harshly, forcing me release his cock with a pop, and I met his eyes. His dark eyes, commanding, sexy, smoldering.

"Focus on sucking my cock, understand?"

Oh, God. This was the real him. This was him not holding back.

"Yes, Sir," I breathed out, trying to rub my thighs together for friction...but Mr. Cullen wouldn't have it.

"No. I will please that pussy of yours. Not you. Now, suck me hard."

Fuck!

He pushed me down, keeping his hand on the back of my head, and I gagged.

"Relax," he moaned, still holding me down. "Relax your throat, my sweet girl."

Breathe through your nose, Bella!

It worked after a while, and I chanted it like mantra in my head. Just breathe through your nose. Breathe through your nose. Relax. It worked, and my desperation returned in full force but, thankfully, Mr. Cullen appeared to know my body very well, and he resumed fingering me. Harder now, and I understood. If I sucked him hard, he fingered me hard.

"Mmm, that's it," he groaned. "Such as good little girl."

My entire body became a live wire.

I knew Mr. Cullen loved it hard, so I added as much pressure as I could, hollowing out my cheeks and adding teeth as I took him down my throat over and over. More. Faster. Fucking frenzy. It made me feel good.

"Fuck!" he moaned loudly, and then he slammed in a third finger into my soaked pussy, making me gasp around him. "God, you're a great little cocksucker, kitten...ungh...so fucking good."

His praise, his fingers, his moans, his everything, it made me swell with pride. Not to mention my approaching orgasm that came closer and closer, faster and faster.

Yes!

So close. So close.

"Yes, fuck," he grunted. "That's it...swallow my cum. Swallow it all."

A second later, he swelled in my mouth and pushed me down on him hard as he exploded. spurts of the hot liquid slid down my throat, and his roughness sent me to the edge.

"Don't you dare come yet, Isabella."

Shit!

Before I could even register the movement, Mr. Cullen flipped me over, and I was suddenly on my back with him leaning down toward my throbbing pussy. As soon as I understood what he was doing, my eyes stung, craving tears, as I tried to hold back the orgasm.

"Make it a rule, little one," he told me sternly. "Either you come on my cock, or in my mouth...unless I say otherwise. Understood?"

"Yes!" I practically sobbed out. "Please...ungh, please, Edward!"

"Perfect. Moan out my fucking name," he whispered.

I will, I screamed internally as I spread my legs wider.

"Good girl," he muttered. Then his mouth was on my pussy, and I thought I was going to fly off the couch with the way I arched into him. "Such a greedy little girl," he moaned against my pulsing flesh. "Good thing I'm greedy, too."

Please, please, please.

I panted.

Gasped.

"Come in my mouth, little one. Give me everything."

I screamed.

He moaned and licked and sucked.

I was out of breath.

I came so hard. So fucking hard, and I had no control over my body whatsoever.

"Again," he demanded, and with that, he curled his fingers inside of me, reaching a spot that caused me to choke.

He rubbed and circled.

I was out of control, forced to go along with what my body did—how it reacted. He was rough, adding so much pleasure and slight pain; it was enough to send me over again. Only this time, I couldn't fucking breathe as the orgasm assaulted me.

By the time I managed to gasp and gulp for air, I was pretty sure he'd killed me for a while. No, that didn't make much sense but...shit...I was done.

I just focused on breathing. For a long while.

"Christ, I love your body," I heard him whisper.

It made me smile, and I would've said something in return but I was still a bit dead. Even as he trailed soft kisses up my body, I said nothing. But it was all his fault. His fingers, his words, his roughness, his magic tongue...

I shivered.

He kissed me, softly on the lips, and I was still smiling. I smiled as we kissed slowly, our tongues mingling caressingly. Couldn't stop smiling.

"I must say you have a very cute post-coital smile, Ms. Swan," he teased before dropping a soft kiss on my nose. "Quite adorable."

I flushed. Of course.

"Yes," he murmured slowly. "Then there's that blush of yours." He pressed his body fully against mine, making me shiver again. "Feel what your blush does to me?"

God, yes, I felt it. He was already getting hard again.

Nothing wrong with his libido, that's for sure.

"Had not it been for the fact that we're probably late for dinner, I would've needed that mouth of yours again."

Christ, this man and his words.

Yes, too bad we have dinner.