



Fanfiction by Cara No

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Not beta'd, and this was written before I fully grasped the concept of *research*. Seriously, the story's a fucking mess. Read at your own risk.

Part I

Chapter 1

Bella POV.

Boredom would be so lovely. Depression would be refreshing. Maybe, just *maybe* I would at least feel alive.

I feel nothing.

I used to love. So many things, I used to *really* love, and see the beauty of. But I don't anymore. Everything just *is*.

Forks is a small town – one of the things I *used* to love. Now it's as dull as everything else. Non-existing for me.

Hollow.

I grew up here, and I went through every cliché in the book. I got married to my high school boyfriend – Jacob. We went to college together in New

York, but then we moved back to Forks. Then boredom hit. Not because the change from a big city to a small town, though. No, this was more. This started in *me*. I wasn't satisfied, I think, and I began to shut off. Things just weren't okay anymore.

All of the sudden I could start crying of the littlest things. Sometimes I had to pull over to the curb and cry it out. And when I say the littlest things, I mean really little. A broken twig on the ground. An empty juice carton in the fridge. When my fabric softener was sold out at the grocery store. When it rained. When the sun was out. When children laughed. When children cried.

You get the point.

I cried all the time. I was twenty-two years old and so bored out of my mind that I couldn't function. And the even sadder part was when I discovered that Jacob had an affair. I didn't cry. I didn't even care. Not at all. I just let it go on.

And I still do. I know when Jake says he's going to the gym in Port Angeles that... well, he's not going there at all. He's going to Leah. He's having all that hot sex that I never had. He's giving *her* the satisfaction he never gave me in the bedroom. I think she's satisfied, at least. I *hope* she is.

Someone should be...

Satisfying me has always been impossible because I want more than what Jake can give me. I want animalistic and raw. Needy and instinctual. I want forbidden and taboo.

I want connection. The feeling of belonging.

But I can't even get Jake to fuck me in the ass...

He wanted sweet lovemaking.

I wanted to shoot him.

But I didn't. I stayed married. I went through the motions. I cried. I wrote. I wrote a lot. That was my outlet. That is my dream – to *live* what I write.

I write porn. And I'm damn good at it. My books are popular. My books have saved marriages, I've heard. Too bad they can't save me.

Anyway.

My dad died a year later when I was twenty-three. We were never really close, so I can't say I mourned forever. But something still happened. I stopped crying. I stopped reacting. I stopped feeling.

I stopped living.

Now I'm a twenty-four year old zombie.

But yesterday something happened.

I saw Leah at the grocery store, and she didn't look happy. She looked downright depressed. That's when I noticed her stomach.

She's pregnant.

I didn't feel a thing. I haven't in a year. Not a single emotion in one year. But I still know what's right and wrong. I also know that you can't help who you fall for. And Leah's obviously really fallen for my deadbeat husband.

I don't know why Jake hasn't divorced me. I wouldn't care. I don't love him. I don't love anything.

When I came home, I called the hospital and made an appointment with their new therapist. Maybe he can help me sort this through. Because what I need is advice.

And maybe shock therapy, I thought sarcastically, like that would help.

So, tomorrow at 1 pm I'm meeting Dr. Edward Cullen – the newest resident in Forks.

*o*o*o*

As I climbed out of my car in the hospital parking lot, I zeroed in on the blond man just outside the entrance of the hospital.

I had seen him at the post office, but I had been too far away to be sure it was him. But now it was clear. It was definitely Jasper Whitlock.

We went to school together here in Forks, but he's two years older than me, so I can't say we ran in the same circles. He did play on the football team with Jake, though, but that was before Jasper got bullied off the team for being gay.

He was treated so badly by everyone, and I hated them all. I actually punched Jake in the face once when he made a crude remark about Jasper. I broke my hand on his fucking face but it was worth it.

It felt amazingly good.

When Jasper graduated, I never thought I'd see him again, because I know his parents never approved of his sexuality, which left him no reason to visit. And over the next two years – before Jake and I graduated – I never saw him once. Not even during the holidays, and then when his parents moved back to Texas a few years back, I knew for *sure* I'd never see him again.

Glad I was wrong...

I'm not ashamed to admit that I had a huge crush on Jasper, but I kept my distance, and then Jake asked me out instead. Not that anything would've ever happened with me and Jasper, but I still kept my distance because I was shy, timid, and boring back then.

We talked sometimes, though never enough to become friends, but I knew that with the way I was today, I was definitely not too shy to go over and say hello.

He was sitting on a bench, not looking entirely comfortable, and I had to say I was curious to know why he was here. It wasn't surprising for him to look uncomfortable after all – not after the way he'd been treated here.

"Jasper?"

His head snapped up, and recognition flitted over his features as he placed where he knew me from.

All I could think was that he was even more attractive now than before.

"Bella Swan," he smiled carefully.

"Bella Black now." I couldn't help but to grimace slightly, but I smiled more genuinely when his wary smile grew more relaxed. "May I?" I asked, gesturing at the seat next to him.

"Of course, have a seat... It sure has been a while, huh?"

"Yeah, it's been 8 years since you left," I chuckled, "I never thought I'd see you here again."

"You and me both," he huffed. "But... uh... my boyfriend got a job here," he added quietly.

For the first time in over a year, I *felt* something strong. I felt *anger* towards those who obviously made him feel apprehensive.

"Just ignore the fuckers, Jasper," I replied. "They're not worth it."

He looked at me like I had grown an extra head and I guessed it was because I was never blunt in High School. Like I said, I was timid and quiet.

"You always *were* one of the few accepting me, huh?" he smiled warmly.

"There's nothing to not accept," I shrugged. "Just too bad the ingrates here couldn't see it."

"Well, you have officially made Forks a better place to live, Bella," he grinned. "I know Edward will relax now, that's for sure."

"Dr. Edward Cullen?" I asked. "That's your boyfriend?"

"Yep, you know him? We just moved here last week," he chuckled.

"I have an appointment with him in fifteen minutes," I grinned. "Small world, huh?"

"Looks like it," he laughed, "Or maybe it's just Forks."

"Maybe. But where were you before?" I asked curiously. "Give me your rundown," I added with a wink.

He snickered.

"I met Edward in college when we lived in Chicago. He was about to graduate his first four years, and I had just started my Marketing, and then after I had finished my two years in that program, we moved to Seattle where we continued the next phase of our educations. What about you?"

"I went to NYU with Jake, and then we moved back here. Not much of a story."

"So, married, huh? Jacob Black?"

"Mmhmm," I nodded and looked down.

"That's the reason you're seeing Edward?" he asked quietly.

"Yep, pretty much."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be," I laughed humorlessly. "Marriage just isn't for me. Well, *he* isn't for me, is probably more correct."

"When I met Edward, he was sort of in your situation," he smiled, comforting me. "But for some weird reason I made him happy, and he ended it with her."

That had my attention. "Her?"

"Yea, he wasn't really out yet. Well, he *is* bisexual, but he's always been more drawn to men, but he married some chick that he barely even liked, right out of high school, just to satisfy his parents. But when we met, he just said 'fuck it'."

"Good for you both," I smiled.

"What I'm saying is that he was just like you are now. We may not have been close before, Bella, but I know depression when I see it. And like I said, Edward was the same. But he's happy now, and I have a feeling you will be, too."

Hot damn.

"Wow, you have high hopes, but don't hold your breath. Thanks, though. And I hope we'll be closer now?"

"Definitely. If there's one thing I've learned since I left Forks, it's that you should stay close to those who accepts you," he shrugged like it was no big deal, but I could see through it.

It *is* a big deal.

It's fucking horrible that you get pushed out just because you can't help who you love.

And one thing was for sure.

Jasper and I would never have talked this openly if it weren't for the fact that shit had fucked us both up. The only difference was that Jasper had risen to the occasion. I hadn't.

I was still... not quite here.

"I guess it's time for me to see your hunk of meat," I sighed.

"Damn, Bella, you've changed," he laughed. "Weren't you like... scared of your own shadow in High School?"

"Yeah, I'm really not that girl anymore." I shook my head at the memory of what I used to be.

"I'm beginning to realize that," he chuckled. "I'd say you were a cute little shy thing in school, but now you're all sexy and shit."

I snorted.

I know I look good now, but I wasn't cute in school.

"*You* are full of shit, Jasper."

"Are you kidding me, Bella?" he laughed, "I remember I had the biggest crush on you, but then that Jacob asked you out."

Excuse me?!

"W-what?" I stuttered, my eyes most likely wide as saucers. "You had a crush on me?! I had a crush on *you!*"

"Well, aren't we a pair," he grinned.

"Just don't fucking tell me I made you gay," I huffed. "My ego couldn't take it."

"Silly Bella, it's called bi. Although, I've only had a real crush you. But my man up there? That's real love."

"Naw, you're so fucking cute it's sickening," I laughed. "You're such a girl."

"Shut it, Bella. Go up there and let Edward work his magic now."

I cocked an eyebrow, waiting for him to realize how that sounded.

"Get your mind out of the gutter!" he laughed when he finally figured it out.

Jasper and I exchanged a few more pleasantries, and also phone numbers, and then I made my way up to Dr. Cullen's office.

I still didn't feel *much*, but after running into Jasper, I had to say I felt slight... contentment. It had been *nice* to see him, and it was a refreshing *feeling*. Yes, it felt *refreshing*. And I know why.

Jasper Whitlock is not only special, but he's also different from everyone else in this town.

Jesus, three feelings in one day; anger, contentment, and refreshment.

That's more I've felt in a year.

Yes, refreshment is a feeling, I promise.

Maybe I should just see Jasper instead of his partner.

Jasper being here... Something is definitely new in Forks. Something good.

*o*o*o*

"Isabella Black? Dr. Cullen is ready to see you," the receptionist said.

I nodded and stood up, and the receptionist buzzed me in.

Or maybe I shouldn't just see Jasper, thought as I came face to face with Edward Cullen.

Okay, not face-to-face in that sense, because he was sitting behind his desk, but you understand.

Hot damn, he was one sexy man. Tall, broad, handsome, hot, beautiful... you name it. I'm not even going to mention his sex-hair in reddish brown. Just damn. Oh, and he had these black rimmed glasses that made me wanna call him Master or something.

He acknowledged me with a warm smile before he got up to greet me.

Oh, someone definitely blessed him in the making. What a body...

Black dress pants, white button shirt. So proper. But then when I thought about Jasper visiting him here... for lunch maybe? Well, I was not thinking proper thoughts anymore.

God, I bet he has a big cock.

"Mrs. Black, I'm Edward Cullen. Nice to meet you," he said, smiling as he offered me his hand.

Deep, husky, honey dripping voice, I thought as I shook his hand.

"You too, Dr. Cullen. And please call me Bella."

"Have a seat, Bella," he replied, gesturing at the futon on my left, "And call me Edward."

Not Master?

What a pity.

Then it hit me. I was feeling something I hadn't felt since my last research trip to Seattle last year.

Ever since I died emotionally, I had stopped writing. But the last book I wrote was about two men being together. And I had met two nice guys that allowed me to watch, so I could write about it easier. Many times had I written about women being together, but that was easy to imagine being a woman myself. But I knew nothing of men being in the act, and when Garrett and Demitri offered to let me in to watch, I had had been overcome with the same raw feeling I felt now.

Lust.

Just picturing Edward and Jasper together was making me *feel* again.

"I thought today we could just see where things go, and then we'll deal with whatever as it comes. This is so that I get a sense of who my patients are. So, why don't we start with what brought you here," Edward explained as he took his seat behind the desk.

I sighed heavily, feeling myself die all over again as I thought about everything wrong in my life.

"I don't feel alive anymore," I murmured, looking down at my wedding band.

Plain. Gold. No rock.

I heard him get started with a notepad. "What *do* you feel?" he asked softly.

"Nothing," the answer came easy.

I leaned back and closed my eyes, trying to feel *something*. But it just wasn't there. Nothing. Not even sadness for not feeling. It was just nothing.

"Can you remember when this started?"

"I remember beginning to feel bored when I moved back to Forks after college. I had spent the four years at NYU. But I know it wasn't the change of scenery."

Going back to the day we came home, and moving into the little house on the same street as Charlie, I remember feeling the sense of dread. I was twenty-two years old and already settling down. It was horrible, but still, there was *more*. It was something with *myself* that I still can't pinpoint.

"I don't think it was Jake either, although I *do* remember feeling my chest constrict the first time I saw my new last name on a bill," I shook my head, trying to get rid of the memory.

"Did you get married after college then?" he asked.

"No," I chuckled humorlessly, keeping my eyes closed, "Right out of High School. But I kept my last name until we came back home. I just wasn't ready to give it up for Black at the time."

"Are you sure you were ready when you *did* change it?"

"I... I don't know. But he was so happy."

Scribbling.

“But do you feel like your name defines who you are, Bella?”

I thought about it, but I came up empty. And I think I know why.

“I don’t *know* who I am. And I don’t think I ever knew,” I sighed, “Or maybe I just never felt like I fit in.”

“Well, let’s start with what you love. What’s your element? Where can you really let your guard down? Is it a place or something you do?”

That was easy... a year ago.

“It used to be when I wrote. I could lose myself in my stories. I lived *through* them. But I haven’t written in a year.”

Emotional detachment.

I should feel frustrated. I should miss writing. I should be sad for not caring. But I’m a robot. I feel nothing.

“Why aren’t you writing? Did something trigger you to stop?”

Yes.

“My father died. But it was more like the last drop. I just stopped caring after that. His death just pushed me over the edge.”

There was some furious scribbling going on, but soon he spoke again, “Were you close, you and your father?”

“No. I was born here, but when I was two years old, my mom took me to live in Phoenix. She died in cancer when I was fifteen, and then I moved back here to live with Charlie. But we never really connected. I only visited during Christmas when Jake and I lived in New York.”

More scribbling.

"Did you mourn the loss of your mother properly? Fifteen is a sensitive age."

"We weren't very close either," I chuckled humorlessly, "Renée wasn't really a caretaker. She was more focused on finding someone to take care of *her*."

"Sounds like you grew up at a very young age. She was still your mother, though. There must have been feelings to be dealt with, Bella."

I shrugged, not feeling a thing, "Charlie couldn't cook to save his fucking life. Someone had to do it."

So much scribbling.

"Did that had to be you?"

"Well, I didn't want to eat every meal at The Lodge. Can't even call that food," I muttered, remembering how Charlie lived before I came here, "And since it was just him and me, and he couldn't do shit, then it had to be me."

"Could you explain how your mother's death was dealt with? Did your father come down to Phoenix?"

"No," I snorted, "Renée's sister took care of it, and then after the funeral, I was shipped to Forks."

Scribbling.

"What feelings did you go through when your mother died? Do you remember?"

I didn't even hesitate, because once again, I had nothing to feel. Not even embarrassment or guilt, "I was sad but also relieved."

"Relieved?"

I considered opening my eyes to see his expression, but I didn't.

I didn't care.

"One person less to take care of," I answered.

Scribble, scribble.

"Did you feel relief when your father died?"

"No. I died. The deputy called me at home and told me to come to the hospital. When I came, the doctor told me Charlie had been killed in the line of duty, and I just... died. I felt nothing."

"He was a police officer?"

"Chief of Police here in Forks."

Scribbling.

"Would you describe your parents as affectionate?"

"No," I scoffed, "Not towards each other, and not towards me. Never."

"That must have been hard, Bella."

"I got over it," I shrugged.

I had a feeling Edward disagreed on that one, because he wrote on his pad for a solid five minutes.

"Is your husband affectionate?"

"Not towards me," I blurted out, "But he is with Leah. At least I think he is."

"Leah?"

"Jake's secret girlfriend. Not that they're subtle about it."

Scribbling. So much scribbling.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"No. I don't care. When I caught them the first time, I simply envied their passion. But I left before they knew I was there."

There was more scribbling, and then there was a sigh.

"I'm afraid our hour is up, Bella."

"Okay," I replied and opened my eyes.

I stretched as I stood up, and then I glanced over at Edward – he was eyeing me curiously – and as he pushed his glasses up his nose slightly, I noticed a gold band.

"You're married?" I asked softly, feeling myself smile just a little, "You and Jasper?"

I wonder why I didn't notice Jasper's ring...

Once again as I thought about Jasper finding Edward, I felt... *feelings*. I was happy *for* them. Happy that they had been able to find love in each other in a world where too many people judge them.

Hopefully I would feel something about my own life one day.

"You... you know Jasper?" he asked – very surprised. Also cautious.

"I knew him a little when we went to high school together," I chuckled, "But he's two years older than me, so we were never really close. But I saw him outside the hospital before I came to see you," I smiled, suddenly feeling warmth over the possibility to have Jasper in my life, "He told me his..." I stopped there, frowning, because I remember him saying 'boyfriend', not husband, "Hmm, he told me his boyfriend worked here, and that it was you."

Edward still seemed very surprised but answered nonetheless, "Well, we're not married, but... we wear rings."

He was apprehensive. It was clear as day.

Apologetic.

God, people are stupid out there...

"That's wonderful," I offered with a smile, "You have a great guy. I have to say it was great seeing him. We exchanged numbers..."

Edward just stared at me like he was trying to figure me out, so I decided to just lay it all out there.

"I know Jasper was treated like shit in High School. I also know how unfair it was, and still is. You shouldn't be apprehensive or cautious, although I understand why you are. People are just fuckwits," I grinned at the end.

Edward let out a breathless chuckle at my little rant, but the more genuine smile that appeared after told me that what I said was right.

"Though we were not close, it's easy to see that Jasper's very happy now," I added, "And I have a feeling it's all your doing. God knows his parents haven't done shit for his happiness."

The grateful smile Edward gave me was enough to live on, "He's the reason I'm happy, too."

"Good," I smiled, "The judging fuckers can screw themselves then," I winked, "What you have is beautiful. Simple as that," I shrugged.

"You're something else, Bella," he smiled, shaking his head, "I think you just made Forks a better place to live."

"That's what Jasper said," I laughed, feeling that *warmth* again.

"I have no doubt about that."

Chapter 2

Edward POV.

Bella and I decided that since she didn't work at the time, she would come in three times a week for a month of two, and then we would see where things went. And after making another appointment for Wednesday, I said goodbye to a very special woman.

I still had a few patients left, but because of what Bella had said after our session, I couldn't wait to go home to Jazz.

What she had said about my relationship with Jasper was nothing but true. It *was* beautiful. It *is*. Nothing and no one has ever made me feel the way Jazz does, and Bella reminded me of that today.

Not that I didn't know this before, it's just that with so many judging you, you sometimes need a reminder that what you do isn't wrong, and that who you are isn't wrong either.

I've been drawn to men since I was fourteen, but it wasn't until I met Jazz that I went with it. Before that, I always lived the way my parents wanted me to. I even married that Kate-chick.

Thank fucking Christ for Jasper.

And as soon as I realized I was in love with him, I ended the marriage, and my parents ended things with me. But it was to be expected. There are no regrets, though. Never. Seven years with Jasper and I'm still in love with him so much that I don't give a flying fuck about my so called family.

Are there things we miss?

Of course.

I'm thirty years old and though I love my career, and I love Jazz, there are still things we won't have. A real family to spend holidays with. Children. That extra warmth that we both feel only women can bring in.

But it's still worth it, because we love each other.

And Bella reminded me of this today.

Bella.

There's a lot to her, that much is obvious. Twenty-four years old, married... and lost. I wouldn't say she's broken in my professional opinion, but she's definitely lost. She hasn't found what she's looking for. And by marrying early, she even stopped searching.

The first thing I noticed about her was her obvious beauty, of course. There's no denying that she's a gorgeous woman. Petite figure, toned... perky. Supple. Long dark hair, flawless skin, and to be honest; the most beautiful face I've ever seen.

But she's lost her spark... if she's ever had one. Her big round eyes should be deeper. It's like I just *know* that her eyes are supposed to be different.

And then there was the session. Emotionless, detached, expressionless. Eyes closed.

But she was honest. *So* honest. Blunt, almost. She just said what she thought, she spoke her mind, and she didn't cringe or shy away from questions.

Hopeless.

My heart really went out for her as we touched the subject of her upbringing. She was definitely always the caretaker, and I'm curious to hear more about this cheating husband of hers.

Fucking douche.

My phone rang then and I smirked as I saw it was Jazz.

"Miss me already?" I chuckled.

"Laugh it up. Did ya see Bella?"

"Wow, you don't waste time," I grinned, "I heard you go way back."

"Yep, and why am I not surprised you obviously haven't connected the dots yet? If you had, you would've called me as soon as the session ended."

"Huh? What are you talking about?"

He's always messing around, saying that I'm the ultimate man, because I miss the little things.

Bullshit.

"Remember the girl I told you about, Edward? The girl I liked in High School..."

"That was *Bella*?!" I exclaimed, thankful for not drinking coffee, because I would've choked for sure.

"Yep, she was the first and only girl I had a crush on."

"Well, I'll be damned. Can't say I blame ya, though."

"I know, right? She was cute in school, but fuck... she grew up."

"Yeah, she's beautiful, and fucking amazing, Jazz. She saw my ring and instantly told me how beautiful it is what we have. I was kinda just staring at her, wondering if she was insane, you know?"

"Yeah, that's her, alright," he chuckled, "She was always caring."

"I'm not surprised," I murmured, remembering how she's always taken care of others without getting anything in return.

"When will you be home today?" he asked then.

"I get off at five."

"You're right, you will get off. But it will be with me."

Images popped up then from our lunch earlier.

Him on his knees in front of me...

"Keep talking," my voice coming out husky all of the sudden.

"You are fucking insatiable, Edward. You really wanna do this now?"

"Fuck, yes."

I may be thirty but my libido hasn't changed one fucking bit.

"Talk to me, Jazz. Don't keep me waiting."

I knew he loved it when I was demanding, and fuck me if I didn't love it, too. It was my element.

"Fuck, okay... I actually did read something hot yesterday. Wanna hear about it?"

I was rock hard just by that.

Jazz was always reading these books by some Marie Green, and to be honest, they were kinky as hell, and always a safe way to get *real* pleasure. Let's just say that we have a good source for inspiration.

"God, yes," I groaned, stroking my cock outside the pants.

"Picture a dark underground night club. Music pulsing and loud. People dancing and fucking everywhere. Everyone's there for pleasure, Edward... Including you and me."

Fuck.

Quickly, I unzipped my pants, freeing my erection, and wasted no time in grabbing it, stroking it slowly from base to tip.

"The tension is just so thick that I can't wait to have you... I can't wait to feel you against me... fuck... You grab me close to you, and I can feel you... so fucking hard..."

"Fuck, Jazz... keep going," I grunted, "What will I do to you?"

"It's like you know just what I want... just what I need."

"And what's that? Say it."

"Fuck, you push me down on my knees... And we don't care about the people around us... they don't matter... You unzip your jeans and pull out your cock for me..."

"Jasper," I moaned, feeling myself get closer. "You have it... what're you gonna do with it? What do you wanna do with my cock?"

"I want it in my mouth. I want it hard... rough... Fuck, I'm close, Edward."

"Me, too. Me fucking, too. You like that, Jazz? You like it when I fuck your mouth?"

"Christ, yes... And I'll swallow around you- Oh, fuck!"

"Fuck!" I grunted.

I came hard, so fucking hard, but it was always like this with Jasper, and I heard him come as well, only prolonging my own orgasm.

Goddamn.

"God, I love it when you read those books," I chuckled breathlessly.

"Mmhmm, me, too. And I love you," he hummed.

"Love you, too, Jazz."

"See ya after 5 then?"

"You bet."

Bella POV.

I couldn't stop the chuckle that escaped as I watched Jasper leave Edward's office. It was time for my second session with Edward, and yet again I ran into Jasper before. Only this time, I was early and was already sitting in the reception as he walked out – slightly flushed... and post coital.

The man blushed adorably when he caught my wink, and then he excused himself quickly for a job-thing he had to deal with.

Jasper and I had spoken on the phone last night, and I knew he worked from home as a graphic designer, so I doubted he had a job-thing, but whatever.

"Isabella Black, Dr. Cullen's ready to see you now."

I knew today's session would feel long, especially if Edward asks anything about Jake.

A lot happened yesterday.

Once again I was buzzed in, and I spent exactly two seconds ogling Jasper's very fine man before he looked up with his warm smile.

Jesus, those glasses of his...

I still want to call him Master when he's looking all stern with those.

"Bella," he grinned, "Welcome back. Have a seat."

I sat down on the futon again and raised an eyebrow as I saw how crooked his tie was. Safe to say, there's nothing wrong in the bedroom with them... or in the office.

I snickered.

Edward smiled curiously. "What did I miss?"

"Fixing your tie," I replied, not missing a beat.

He looked down at his tie, then back to me, back to his tie before he did a double take and blushed, now understanding that I know exactly what they had for lunch.

Each other.

"Shit," he hissed under his breath, "I'm... I'm so sorry, Bella--"

"Don't worry, Edward!" I laughed, "I *really* don't mind," I winked. "But other patients might."

He started pulling at his hair and rambling about how unprofessional he was, and a bunch of other stuff I didn't catch. He was so adorable.

I decided to tease him to relieve the tension, "So, how was lunch? Did you enjoy him- I mean *it*... I mean, was it *mindblowing*... the food, that is," I smirked.

His head snapped up, and his jaw dropped before he recovered, narrowing his eyes at me, "You're enjoying yourself right now, aren't you?"

"Immensely," I drawled, batting my lashes at him.

He huffed, trying to look annoyed, but he failed miserably, "Jesus, I've never met a woman like you, Bella."

"I hope that's a good thing?" I chuckled.

"I *wish* I had met more people like you. The world would be a better place," he said sincerely, "It's very refreshing to meet someone so relaxed and open."

"Wow, good looks *and* a smooth talker. Jasper never stood a chance, did he?"

"Okay, Bella," he chuckled with a shake of his head, "How about we start, huh? I need to prove myself now that I am in fact a professional."

"Oh, I'm sure you are," I smiled innocently.

Edward glared at me but the corners of his mouth twitched in amusement.

"Behave."

I fought the urge to say 'yes, Master.'

Instead I nodded.

"I was thinking we could talk about your marriage today."

My face fell.

Back to feeling nothing.

I sighed and leaned back, again closing my eyes.

"Shoot."

Scribbling already? Damn, he works fast...

"Do you love him?" Edward asked softly. Always softly.

"No."

"Did you ever?"

"Yes."

"But it ended when your father died?"

"Uhm... No, I think it ended before that," I sighed, "I've never been *in* love, though. I know that *now*."

Scribbling.

"When did you realize that?"

"Last night."

"Oh? Did something happen, Bella?"

I heard him put the pen down.

"After I got off the phone with Jasper, I told Jake that Jasper was back in town. They were on the same football team... Jake just shrugged and said 'whatever' before he went back to watching his game on TV," I grimaced, "I went upstairs after that... I watched the video from our wedding... I could hardly recognize myself, but one thing was the same... I said 'I do' with a fake smile.

"I loved him. But I wasn't *in* love with him. He never made me feel special, and I'm pretty sure I never made him feel that way either. We went through the motions. I cooked, cleaned, and served him, all because that's what a wife does. And he worked, came home, ate, crashed in front of the TV. We don't know each other. I... I just don't know why we never even tried. To be honest I don't know why he proposed."

Scribbling.

“Have you ever *really* talked?”

“I’ve tried to talk about a few things, but we always ended up fighting. And when nothing happened, I gave up.”

“What did you try to talk about?”

“Mostly sex.”

Edward coughed.

I continued, “I’ve never been satisfied by him, and I wanted us to try new things. He didn’t want that. I gave up trying. That’s when I started writing. But he didn’t support that either, so I sorta hid it. I had my laptop, and then a small office that I visited sometimes. That was what I loved the most, to just go there and write my stories.”

So much scribbling.

“Have you ever considered divorce, Bella? It may sound unprofessional for me to bring it up, and I never really suggest it, especially not during the second session... But you’ve yet to say something good about Jacob.”

Always such a soft voice.

Soothing.

“That was one of the reasons I came here. I found out that Leah’s pregnant. I wonder if I should just hand him the papers.”

Scribbling, scribbling.

“Do you want to stay married to him?”

"I don't care anymore. I don't care about anything. I was more thinking for their sake, because I'm a robot either way."

The pen was put down again.

"Bella..." he sighed, "Could you look at me, please?"

"No."

"How come?"

"Because it's conflicting," I replied truthfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Because when I see you and Jasper, I *feel* stuff. It's hard to explain, but as soon as I saw Jasper on Monday, and we started talking, I just felt... *stuff*. It felt natural to talk to him even though we were never really close before. And when I saw you, it was pretty much the same. You're both different from everyone I've ever met. It just felt relaxed. It felt like I could be *myself* in a way, and it was very refreshing. But then as soon as I even think about my everyday life, I die. I don't feel anything."

Shit, I can ramble.

No scribbling.

Edward cleared his throat.

"What did you do after you watched the video from your wedding?"

Subject changed.

"I prepared Jacob's lunches for the rest of the week."

It sounded like a pen snapped.

I continued, "And then we fought over his job, and then I went to bed."

Scribbling.

"What does Jacob do for a living?"

"He's a book editor in Port Angeles."

"Why would you fight over that?"

"Because Jake found out yesterday that I was a published author. He didn't know that."

"Oh, sorry, I thought it was just a hobby of yours. But why didn't he know? Isn't that something to be proud of?"

"He never approved of what I wrote. He told me to quit, and I said I did... But I didn't. I just hid it.

"The night ended with him leaving for Leah's place. Or as he said 'I'm going to the gym,' and that was that. And then this morning everything was back to normal. I made him breakfast and then he headed back to Port Angeles for work."

So much scribbling.

"Doesn't it feel like he's holding you back, Bella? I mean, if you didn't approve of his work, would he quit?"

"No, but neither did I. I just hid it. It wasn't until Charlie kicked the bucket that I stopped. I couldn't fake a feeling, therefore I could not write anymore."

"Are there things you want? You say you don't care about anything, Bella, but... are there things you long for or wish you wanted?"

Well, now there's a loaded question.

Are there things I want?

Oh, yes.

"Yes, plenty of things."

"Such as?"

"I want to feel alive. I want to *feel*, period."

"And what makes you feel, Bella?" I could almost hear the smirk in his voice.

"Jasper and you."

"Because we're different?"

"Perhaps. I don't know. You're the expert."

Scribbling.

"You need people to connect with. What you felt when you saw Jasper was most likely the feeling of liking him. And that is just what you need. You need people you like. You need people that make you feel better, and you need to hold on to things that provoke any feeling in you.

"Let me ask you this, what was the first thing you really felt when you saw him again?"

That I remember clearly, "Anger. It was powerful. It was when I remembered how he had been treated in school. I saw what a wonderful man he is, and people bullied him like relentless fuckers. They refused to have him on the team. It made my blood boil.

"That was the first thing I felt in a year. And the next thing I felt was happiness."

"How so?" he asked, his voice strained.

I can only imagine how hard it must be to hear how the love of your life was treated.

I focused on Edward last question, and the answer made me smile,

"Because he looked so happy when he spoke of you. I was happy *for* him because I knew how hard his life had been."

"You really care about him," he stated softly.

"Absolutely."

"That's proof of you feeling, Bella. I believe you feel things all the time, but it might not be powerful enough to acknowledge or recognize. But you definitely *feel*."

Huh.

I guess Edward knows what he's doing.

"And if you feel more for Jasper or even me – still a stranger – then maybe you need to think about what that means to your marriage."

"So, I should get divorced then?" I asked.

Scribbling.

"That's not for me to answer. But you say you want to feel alive. Then maybe you should focus on the things you care about most, either today, or things you *used* to love. Like your writing. Like Jasper."

"You always take yourself out," I stated.

He chuckled lightly, "Just trying to keep the distance when I work. But know that the feeling is mutual."

There was that warmth again. What is that?

Is that a feeling?

“Do you think Jacob can ever make you feel happiness, Bella?”

“No.”

Oh...

Well, there's the answer.

Chapter 3

Bella POV.

"You always take yourself out," I stated.

He chuckled lightly, "Just trying to keep the distance when I work. But know that the feeling is mutual, Bella."

There was that warmth again. What is that?

Is that a feeling?

"Do you think Jacob can ever make you feel happiness, Bella?"

"No."

Oh...

Well, there's the answer.

Right?

Edward didn't stop to let me ponder further, "What's important, Bella, is that you find happiness yourself, too. Not just to rely on others to make you feel. Friends like Jasper... and me... are perfect for support, having fun, conversing, go out, you get the idea. But what you also need is to find happiness within yourself. You need to be happy with *you*."

"And how do I do that, doc?"

*"Give yourself what you want. Take care of *yourself* for a change instead of just everyone else. What you don't seem to see is how caring you are. And how are you caring if you don't feel anything? If you don't believe your husband will ever contribute to you making yourself happy, then you have your answer."*

"So, I should divorce him, then."

"I'm not going to spell it out word for word. That's something you have to do for yourself. You are the one that has to see if you think the marriage is good or not."

Well, damn.

Scribbling, by the way.

"We've already established what you want. You want to feel alive, yes?"

"Yep," I responded.

"What are you missing in your life? It's a very broad question, but feel free to interpret. What do you want that you don't have?"

I gave it some thought, because he was right. It is a broad question. But I think we both know we're not talking about a cruise or a spa trip.

What do I want?

"Can I think out loud?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he encouraged.

"What do I want?" I exhaled loudly, "I want to *feel*. I want happiness... I want to love and be loved in return... I want to *feel* love... I know I've never had anything intense in my life, so that would definitely be cool... I mean, that's all I write about... or *used* to write about... What I didn't or don't have... that's what I put on paper... Love... being cherished... Feeling intensity... *Passion*... Something so *consuming* that you can't think straight. I want earth shattering... I want something powerful to *shake me alive*... Something different than what's already out there, because not much has captured me... if anything... I wish I could write again, I wish I

could find joy in reading fan-mail, and I wish I wanted to do more research... that was always fun...

"I've always been stubborn, and somewhat strong... always open minded and accepting, it's just that it wasn't until we moved to New York that I started using my voice to say what I wanted... But *fuck*, once I did... it was so *fulfilling* and *satisfying*... But despite being open minded and accepting, I've never really felt like I *belonged*. Either *to* or *with* someone, or to *something*. Anything. And that is something I really want... To belong. To feel like I'm *home*... I've never had that... And I guess I haven't really looked... shit...

"But yeah, I want to feel like I belong somewhere... to someone... To give and take... To love giving, but also to feel like the other person *want* to give back... Not out of guilt, or just because you're supposed to... But because you *want* it. My fucking God, I'm rambling. I'm done. There's a shitload I want or want to want."

Scribbling.

Scribbling.

So much scribbling.

Flipping pages.

More scribbling.

"Well... You're right, Bella. There is a lot you want. Isn't it time we figured out how to get it for you?"

"Yes, and please," I chuckled.

"We'll start with that on Friday. You can open you eyes now," he chuckled.

Stretching and groaning, I got up from the futon.

Edward was looking proper as ever in his glasses, beautiful smile, and caring eyes. But I on the other hand felt like I had slept for a few hours.

"Can I ask you a question?" he asked.

I raised an eyebrow. "Isn't that what you do for a living? You don't have to ask to ask."

"I meant as a friend," he said softly. Always softly.

"Shoot," I grinned.

"I have to say I'm curious. You're a published author?"

"Yes," I snickered, not really knowing how he will react when he finds out I write porn. Or hard core erotica.

"What do you write?"

"Do you want me to be blunt or do you want me to give you the correct name?"

"Be yourself, Bella," he smirked, lacing his fingers behind his head as he stretched.

Sexy.

"I, Dr. Cullen, write porn," I said. "Hard core porn."

Edward swallowed hard and leaned forward in his seat. "P-porn?"

"Yep," I replied, popping the 'p', and really enjoying Edward's wide eyes.

He started squirming in his seat – fidgeting with his glasses – and I smirked.

I do believe Edward Cullen is embarrassed. I had no idea he was a prude.

But he was saved by the bell... or the buzzer... as Edward's receptionist informed him of his next patient's arrival.

"See ya on Friday, Cullen," I sang.

"Uhm... yea, see you on Friday," he cleared his throat. "Take care, Bella."

"You, too. And take care of Jasper," I winked before I left.

*o*o*o*

I spent the rest of the day cleaning, cooking... and contacting a lawyer.

Bella Black is getting divorced.

I can't say I care, but I do believe getting out of my marriage might help me find who I am, and what I want. And I know it's not Jake.

My phone buzzed just as I heard Jake's car roll in, and I smiled at the text.

Hey, B. Wanna do something tomorrow? – Jasper.

Now this is what's so good about gay guys. You can flirt and throw in sexual innuendos without worrying.

Something? I have a name, cowboy. But you can do me. Sure. – Bella.

Well, aren't you funny today? Edward asks if he can join ;) – Jasper.

Oh, Jasper, Jasper, little do you know that that would actually be fucking awesome.

Of course! The more the merrier ;) Or I could just watch you guys! – Bella.

That would also be so hot.

Gotta go, Edward's feeling frisky ;) Call you tomorrow! – Jasper.

You lucky bitch – Bella.

"I said, what are you doing?"

Oh.

I whipped around, seeing Jake stand with his arms crossed in the doorway to the kitchen. "Oh, hey, I didn't hear you come in."

"Obviously," he huffed. "Where's dinner? I'm starving."

"It's in the oven. And we need to talk," I replied.

I wanted to get this over with immediately, so that maybe I could one day feel better. Or feel anything.

"Let's talk now then, 'cause there's a game on," he muttered as he pulled out the dinner.

Fine.

"I want to get divorced, Jake."

"No."

Edward POV.

"So, how was the session today?" Jazz asked.

I chuckled at him, knowing he wouldn't be able to hold it for long.

"You know, usually right after we have sex, you say how much you love me," I grinned. "Now all of the sudden it's 'How did the session go?'"

He smacked my chest and I pulled him closer to me, kissing his forehead.

"You know I can't talk about it, Jazz," I murmured.

"I know," he sighed heavily, bringing the cover over us. "I just wish she would feel better soon."

"Me, too. But I'm working on it," I smirked.

"Cocky, are we?"

What can I say? I'm good at what I do.

Jazz turned over with his back to me, and I followed so I could spoon him. But fuck, I can't help myself from reacting, you know.

Many things on your mind today, Edward...

Kissing his neck and shoulders, I felt my cock harden again and when it's perfectly wedged between his legs, it's kinda difficult not to continue.

"Fuck, Edward... Already?" he breathed.

"Mmhmm," I hummed. "All fours."

"Damn, what's gotten into you tonight?" he groaned as I positioned my cock against his ass.

Bella's texting, I wanted to say. But I didn't.

"You, once," I chuckled instead. "Don't you remember, baby? It was only forty minutes ago."

Without even waiting for a response, I thrust in roughly, us both still slick from our last time.

Fuck.

My eyes rolled back.

As I pulled out and pushed in again, I just knew I wouldn't do slow tonight.

"Fuck," I gritted. "I'm not gonna go slow."

"Oh, God!" he groaned.

With a tight grip on his hips, I started fucking him harder and harder – both angry and frustrated with myself... but also confused.

I couldn't stop the images from coming. Images of Bella. Images of how passionate she looked when she spoke about all the things she wanted in life. She was so fucking beautiful. Exposed. So honest.

Her words assaulted me.

Love... being cherished... Feeling intensity... Passion... Something so consuming that you can't think straight. I want earth shattering... I want something powerful to shake me alive...

"Goddamnit!" I growled as I pounded into him.

She was poisoning me with her beauty, with her sensuality, with her wishes...

"That's it, Edward," Jazz moaned.

"You're stroking yourself for me?" I grunted.

"Fuck, yes!"

More images came. Bella almost purring out that she writes erotica. So fucking sexy. I couldn't help myself from getting hard... for *her*. Fuck, so hard. Or how beautiful she was when she spoke about Jazz. So caring and selfless.

My orgasm began to build, and that's when my imagination really kicked in. Bella on her knees, sucking me off. Bella sucking Jasper off as I watch. Jasper and me as Bella watch. Holy shit... Me pounding into her tight pussy, punishing her for putting a fucking spell on me. Me tasting her. Her tasting herself on me and Jazz.

Me kissing her...

"FUCK!" I shouted, thrusting jerkily as the orgasm washed over me.

Jasper came with me, I felt him, kissed his back, loving the way he tensed and shook.

The sounds he made.

Everything about him.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" I panted.

I had really fucked him hard, and my grip on him must have hurt. We usually don't go this rough.

"Edward, you could never hurt me," he gasped.

I pulled out of him and cleaned us both off before I dragged his spent body close to me.

"I love you," I murmured, my eyes closing in conflict.

"Love you, too," he drawled sleepily.

I was in trouble.

Already longing for her – only – third session. Already picturing her...

Over and over, never ending. Hard.

I fantasized about fulfilling her wishes. In my fantasies, Bella never denied me.

*o*o*o*

I woke up in the middle of the night, because Jazz's phone wouldn't shut the fuck up. Now, why the fuck would he activate the reminder-beep? You know the one that some phones have that beeps every five minutes until you've checked the unread text or whatever.

Yeah, those suck.

I grabbed his phone from the nightstand and checked the first of two messages.

You lucky bitch – Bella.

Confused, I checked the sent message to which she had replied.

Gotta go, Edward's feeling frisky ;) Call you tomorrow! – Jasper.

I smirked at that.

But then the guilt kicked in.

I *had* been extra turned on tonight. But it was because of... Bella.

All Bella.

Sighing to myself, I checked the last incoming message.

Jake kicked me out. Can crash at your couch just for tonight? – Bella.

"That son of a bitch," I hissed, jumping out of bed. "Jasper, we're going over to Bella's."

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

"Huh? W-what's... going on?" he grumbled sleepily.

"That dipshit of a husband kicked Bella out," I growled as I threw on a pair of jeans and a hoodie.

"What the fuck?" Jasper snapped and flew out of the bed. "Did she call? Text? How do you know? Fuck, I'm gonna kick his ass."

I showed him the text, and then groaned as I saw that the text had come over an hour ago.

It was four in the morning. Who the hell kicks his own wife out like that?

"Call her," I said, tossing him the phone.

As soon as I had located her address, we headed to my car, but at this time, Bella was still not answering.

Speeding through Forks, all I could think about was her text. I could see it. I could see her... or I could imagine, at least. Probably emotionally detached, just sitting somewhere – not reacting. *She really needs to break down*, I thought. She needs to react.

"Still no answer," Jazz said in a slightly panicked voice.

Fuck.

"Do you know what kind of car she drives?" I asked.

"A rusty old piece of shit in red. A Chevy, I think."

I nodded, beginning to scan the area for a car that somehow Bella has. Can't say I'm surprised. She doesn't seem like the type who would buy a new car just because she's published. And then there was the whole Jacob-not-knowing. She probably couldn't even buy a car if she wanted,

seeing as she would have no way of explaining where the money came from. What a clusterfuck.

“What the hell? Edward, over there!”

I followed his line of vision, and what the hell, indeed.

On the grocery store’s parking lot was a rusty old truck, and Bella was sitting on the hood... just looking up at the sky.

This is not good.

“Jazz, I’ll deal with this, okay?” I said, not leaving anything for discussion.

My medical training kicked in, and as I parked the car, I gave Jazz a pointed look to stay in the car.

“Fine,” he grumbled.

I wouldn’t *ever* call Jasper feminine, but he was more emotional than me, that’s for sure, and I know he would freak out seeing Bella this way.

I exited the car and walked over to her, making sure I made noises with my feet to not startle her by just coming into view.

It’s almost mid December, what the hell is she doing out in the cold?

“Bella?” I said quietly.

Deeply worried now, because I was in full view and she still hadn’t reacted to my presence – still just looking up at the sky.

She heard me and lowered her head, giving me a small smile. “Hey, Edward,” she said softly. “What are you doing here?”

I leaned my elbows on the hood of her truck and frowned.

"We got your message. Sorry for not seeing it until now."

"That's okay."

No. Nothing about this is okay, Bella.

"Come on, beautiful, we're going to our house," I murmured, reaching my hand out for her.

"I don't wanna impose. I tend to do that a lot."

Robotic. No emotions what so ever.

"You could *never* impose, got it, Bella? You're coming with us," I said firmly, close to freaking out myself and rip Jacob a new one.

"What about my truck?"

"Leave it. We'll get it in the morning."

She finally took my hand, and it was like a shockwave of warmth went through me, leaving my hand tingling as I led her to my car.

It reminded me of what I felt when I met her for the first time.

Jazz came out just as we approached the car, and I told him to get in the back with Bella, so I could drive.

Getting back home without doing anything stupid was hard as hell, because all I did was look in the rearview mirror, and Bella was quiet and still – not saying a word. Just looking out her window.

And Jazz was silently panicking.

"You live in this house? I heard it was used to shoot some vampire movie. It's beautiful," Bella murmured as I parked my car.

I didn't bother with an answer. I mean, what was I going to say?

That didn't matter. All I wanted was to take care of the girl I had known for four days. I already felt so strongly for her, and I know Jazz loves her, most likely because they go way back. It doesn't take many minutes to get attached to Bella, and she's already made Jazz feel better about the move here. Combine that with the beautiful girl she is – inside and out – it's hard not to feel for her.

"Take her to the den and start up a fire," I said to Jazz as he lifted her out of the car. "I'll be there in a sec."

In the kitchen I grabbed some fruit, water, chocolate, and soda. There was no knowing when she ate last, and with her sitting in the December cold without a jacket, she needs to get fluids and sugar in her system.

She needs warmth. On so many levels.

Chapter 4

Edward POV.

There was no knowing when she ate last, and with her sitting in the December cold without a jacket, she needs to get fluids and sugar in her system.

She needs warmth. On so many levels.

The fire was already started when I got to the den. It was by far the best part of the house – warm, comfortable, and homey with its warm colors.

With a worried Jasper on one side, I sat down next to Bella on her other side, and I exchanged worried glances with Jazz. “Has she said anything?”

He shook his head no, and made sure she was covered in blankets. “Only that the couch was comfy.”

Jesus, what had Jacob done?

“Bella?” I said, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear.

Slowly, she faced me with the same empty expression. “Yes, Edward?”

I opened a can of soda for her and poured it in a glass. “You need to drink. Can you tell me how long you were out there?”

“Thank you,” she replied, sipping her drink. “Jake kicked me out around two, and I don’t really have friends, so I just drove around for a while.”

In my peripheral I saw Jasper’s eyes well up and I prayed Bella wouldn’t see it. She would focus on making him feel better. That’s what Bella does. And always has.

Never being taken cared of. Always taking care.

"You have us," I murmured. "Never doubt that, okay?"

I took her glass and handed her a banana and a chocolate bar, and she took it wordlessly.

"You're not wearing your glasses," she said after a while.

"Reading glasses," I replied.

What I wouldn't give to get inside her head.

"Can you tell me what happened tonight?" I asked.

I shook my head, feeling sad for her as she tilted her head back to the back of the couch, and closed her eyes.

Just like in a session.

Jasper eyed me confusingly but I just shook my head again. 'Later', I mouthed.

"When Jacob came home, he asked where his dinner was, and I told him it was in the oven. He took it out, and I said I wanted to talk to him... He said we had to do it right away because there was a game on..."

Son. Of. A. Bitch.

"I told him I wanted to get a divorce..."

Good girl. Go on, beautiful.

"He said no. I said yes. He asked why. And I said I wanted to be happy again, and that he couldn't do that... Uhm, he ate his dinner... Then he left for Leah... And when he came home again, I told him I wasn't asking. I was telling. I wanted out... And he still said no... So, I asked about Leah and how far along she was in her pregnancy..."

Jazz drew in a sharp breath at the new information to him, and I shook my head at him. "What happened then, Bella?" I continued, giving Jasper a pointed look to keep quiet.

I wanted Bella to get this out, so she could sleep, and then we could start with making her feel better tomorrow. That was really a process I wanted to get started with ASAP.

"He was shocked that I knew... and I think I got a bit snarky, because I told him I have eyes... Jake didn't like that... I was never one to talk against him... But I was so ready to move on... I really *felt* something. It was frustration, but a feeling nonetheless..."

"That's great," I praised quietly. "And then what?"

"He finally said 'fine'. And then he said it was just as well anyway, because I was just an imposer, and I had been in the way... Something about me hindering him from having a real family with Leah... So, we agreed on getting divorced, and that I would have the papers drawn up as soon as possible... Uhm... then he left again... And when he came back, he had Leah with him... He said it was their house now."

I was livid. Fucking raging.

But I couldn't show that. And it was hard. So goddamn hard.

Clenching my teeth together, I spoke as calmly as I could muster. "You did great, Bella. The right thing. And... Jacob's wrong, beautiful... You see that, don't you?"

Please say you don't believe what he told you.

"I don't know," she shrugged.

Jesus Christ.

I rubbed my face, pulled at my hair, and pinched the bridge of my nose as I tried to figure this mess out. That she needed care was obvious. She needed to know that people care *about* and for her. But would Bella really accept it so easily? And then there was the fact that in her healing process it was important that she didn't become co-dependant. It was important she started living for herself and not for others.

"That's enough for tonight," I sighed heavily. "Jazz, can you set up the guestroom next to our room?"

Jazz left with a sad nod, and I glanced back at Bella, her eyes still closed.

"Can you open your eyes for me, baby?" I murmured.

Her tired eyes met mine and she still managed to give me a smile.

"You two are wonderful," she whispered.

My chest tightened and I instinctively pulled her to me. "So are you, Bella. Believe that," I breathed.

There was no describing what I felt to have her in my arms. It felt right. Perfect.

I wanted to take care of her. Protect her.

Jesus.

"Jazz is going to stay with you tonight, okay?" I murmured, dropping a kiss on the top of her head.

I couldn't stop it.

The feeling was too great to ignore.

*o*o*o*

I was a grumpy mess of exhaustion as I dragged my ass out of bed at seven. And the shower sure as fuck didn't help.

But something did.

Before I left for work, I opened the door to the guestroom, and I swear my breathing hitched as I saw Bella in Jasper's arms – both relaxed and sleeping peacefully – legs tangled together, and Bella in Jasper's clothes.

It was beautiful.

I wanted it.

*o*o*o*

The next few months passed quickly. Bella's divorce was progressing smoothly thanks to the lawyers Jazz and I hired for her, because fuck, we wanted her to clean that sorry son of a bitch out, and though it took a fuckload of convincing, she moved in with me and Jazz for a while.

I mean, we have a three story house. It's not like we don't have room.

It was evident that both Jazz and I loved having her with us, and he and Bella quickly became thick as thieves – always spending time together. And whenever I came home from work, we would all eat together and just... *be*. The house became warmer, and I know Jazz felt the same. But we didn't talk about it.

We never talked about our growing affection for Bella. But I think we both feel it. Jasper's already had a crush on her in the past. It's far from impossible for him to feel that way again. And then there's me...

I want her.

Fuck, I really want her.

Being her friend and therapist was hard, but... being her therapist and having feelings for her – whole other level of hell. It doesn't exactly help that she's a natural flirt. Oh, and don't get me started on the way she dresses around the house. Sweet motherfucking Jesus, she's always in tiny cotton shorts – that could be so easily ripped off – and tank tops. Always naturally beautiful and fresh. Simple and casual. And her skin... Fuck. So smooth and soft.

Quite different from how Jasper feels against me.

But that's the thing. I couldn't love Jazz more. I'm still very much in love with him. The only difference now is that I'm aching for Bella, too.

*o*o*o*

Bella and I are having our first session in the house today. I want to try a new approach to make her feel, and get in touch with her own reactions, and my office isn't soundproof.

We've spent that past three months discussing everything in her life, and it feels like I know her better than anyone, but she's still very numb. She only smiles when either Jazz or I are there, and she only feels *for* someone. She's monotone in the regard to herself.

I want to change that today.

Starting with the more primal feelings – anger, jealousy, lust, hate, and sadness. These emotions are strong and the easiest to provoke, although I have no idea yet how to make her jealous. She should've felt envy when she found out about Jacob and Leah, but she didn't.

She didn't care.

The one we'll be dealing with today is anger. That's something she's already felt, and I know exactly how to provoke her.

Through Jasper.

After we've dealt with anger, we'll wait a few days or a week, and then I'm going for sadness. I think I know what to do there, too.

Don't ask me about lust. That's one I'm going to postpone.

Bella POV.

*o*o*o*

All he said was to get dressed and meet him in the back yard.

He was different at home today, because I know he's not Edward – my friend – but Edward, my therapist.

I had no idea why we didn't go to his office, but hey, he's the professional.

Living with Edward and Jasper has been wonderful, and hadn't I seen how much they liked having me here, I would've found a new place by now. But they do. And so do I.

A lot.

Too much.

I haven't told Edward yet, but for the first time in my life, I feel like I belong somewhere. I feel like this is home. Relaxed, casual, warm, and always wonderful.

Spending my days with Jasper, or when he's working on the third floor in his office, I walk around on their premises. I clean and cook because I *want* to, and I watch them bitch around like women because it makes me laugh. They really go at it when they're talking sports. And I have to say they are the weirdest gay couple in the world. That they love each other is very clear, and they're both so affectionate. But they're both also men's

men. Jasper may be just a tad more touchy feely, but other than that, they're men. They drink beer, watch games, order pizza because neither of them knows how to boil water, and they can't do laundry to save their lives.

They had Mrs. Cope to do that.

Safe to say, I gave her the boot when I moved in.

That was my condition. I help. I pay rent.

They bitched like women until I put my foot down. It was quite entertaining.

I mean, it's not like I can't afford it.

Anyway, had I been capable of the feeling, I know I would've loved them. Actually I wouldn't be surprised if I was *in* love with them. They're wonderful, perfect, and... I already said perfect.

As I walked out after pulling on Jasper's ski jacket, and my own boots, I noticed Jasper watching from the third floor.

I waved to him and he laughed.

Bitch.

"Isn't that cold?" chuckled a velvet voice.

Edward was standing in the middle of the big ass lawn – looking sexy as ever – in his own black ski jacket, jeans, boots, and beanie.

No may-I-call-you-master glasses today.

"Pfft," I waved him off, making him laugh harder.

His laughter is carefree and amazing. And his face is beautiful.

Even if he's laughing at what I'm wearing.

Yeah, I might be in a thick jacket and warm boots, but I'm still only wearing my cotton shorts and they disappear under Jasper's jacket.

"Let's get to it, doc."

"Suit yourself," he grinned.

"Alright," he sighed. "Take a deep breath... and close your eyes."

I obeyed, closing my eyes, breathing deeply – relaxing my body. Well, not fully, because I'm standing up, and I don't wanna fall.

"We will do an exercise today, and the goal is to provoke feelings."

"Good luck," I snorted.

"I don't need it, smart ass."

I cocked an eyebrow but kept my eyes closed. "Does the mindfucker say that to the patient?"

He huffed but said nothing for a while.

.

.

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"My goal today is to make you feel anger and rage."

"Okay," I sighed.

"Jasper is gay."

"No shit, Sherlock," I grinned.

"Jasper is a queer. A fag."

"Uh-huh..."

Where the hell is he going with this?

Stupid.

"Jasper goes against nature."

Oh, no you didn't...

"Who the fuck decides what's natural?" I snapped.

Edward better get to the point soon.

"God. Religion, period. The society. It's common knowledge, Bella."

His voice isn't soft today. It's mocking. I don't like it. I prefer soft and scribbling.

"They can go fuck themselves," I huffed, struggling to keep my eyes closed. "And so can you, Edward. I can't fucking believe how stupid you are. Who the hell do you think you are? You can shove your fancy diploma so far up your ass that you'll forget your title as a doctor!"

"Jasper deserved his treatment back in school."

My eyes shot open.

Did he just say that? Did he *just say* that!?

Edward was standing all casual and shit, and I didn't like it. His face still relaxed, I wanted to smack him.

I glared at him. "Fuck you."

"I'm just speaking the truth, Bella," he shrugged. "Jasper's disgusting."

I started breathing heavily, my chest constricting and heaving, my fists clenching.

I seethed, "Die."

He narrowed his eyes at me, his eyes flickering to my hands before determination took over his features. "Yes. Shouldn't Jasper and I both die for how disgusting we are?"

I was shaking. My blood was boiling. I had no control. Them dying? They're the most beautiful people on earth. They're loving. They don't judge. They help. They're perfect. They can never be wrong for loving each other.

Words weren't enough for me anymore.

I charged.

Running towards him, I saw only one thing. Red.

I saw red for what he had said, and with his filthy words polluting the air, I jumped him. I hit him. I kicked. I thrashed when he pinned me to his body. I couldn't move any longer. So, I screamed. I screamed what an idiot he was. I shouted for him to let me go. I *screamed*. It felt good. It *felt*.

Liberating.

Freeing.

I screamed out.

"*Let it go, Bella...*"

I screamed and panted, completely out of breath, but I didn't care. I didn't care about air right now. I was just so... *mad*. Furious. Angry. Raging.

Livid.

And it felt *so good*.

"That's it... Perfect..."

It felt.

The blood pumping, ringing in my ears – the adrenaline making me heave. My body was *alive*. I could feel it *everywhere*. Everything was alive in me. Clenching and constricting, pounding and rushing. Yes, *rushing*. Something was inside of me rushing.

I screamed again.

"Channel it, Bella... You're doing so good, baby... Come on... Channel it."

I heard him, but I couldn't hold on to it. I wasn't done yet. I needed *more*. So much more.

But my fuel was running out, and I drew a ragged breath.

"Breathe, beautiful... You can do it... Focus on your breathing..."

I slumped my forehead against his chest, and I felt weak. So weak for not being able to keep my rage going. I don't know why I felt that way. Rage is not good. Not healthy.

But it felt so *liberating*.

"You... didn't mean it... did you?" I breathed weakly.

"Of course not, love," he whispered against the top of my head. "It was just apart of the exercise. I needed to hit a nerve."

Suddenly I felt tired. Just exhausted and spent.

"I'm telling Jasper," I mumbled petulantly.

He tightened his arms around me, and I could feel his lips curve into a smile.

"You really don't think I already talked this over with him?" he chuckled. "What do you take me for?"

"Hmph."

*o*o*o*

A few weeks passed and I was an emotional mess.

Edward was relentless with his fucking exercises in the garden, and after we had brought out anger, he taught me how to deal with – how to channel it, and keep it at bay. It was hard, and Edward may have ended up with a scratch or two.

His fault.

Sexy bastard.

We still had two sessions every week at his office at the hospital, but every Saturday, he mindfucked me in the backyard. And last week it was sadness. Now I'm crying every fucking minute of the day, and I can't stop. Everything sets me off. It can be a TV commercial about diapers, it can be Edward and Jasper kissing, it can be when they compliment my cooking, it can be when I realize my gas tank is empty in the truck.

You get the picture.

I cry.

The first time was when Edward came home from work, and he kissed me on the forehead before kissing Jasper so sweetly – telling him he loved him. And I just broke down. I was literally a weeping mess, blubbering out how adorable they were.

The next time was the damn diaper commercial. Those babies were just so fucking cute that I broke down again.

I'm spent.

Cooked and done.

This feeling shit is overwhelming.

It started with Edward's way of bring out sadness of me. And he did it in a very unconventional way. We hadn't even decided that it was a session. We were simply sitting in the den, watching a movie, and Edward draped his arm over me and murmured, "You know Jasper and I love you, right?"

As soon as I saw the raw honesty in his eyes, I burst into tears. The only warning was pricking and stinging, and that lasted all of three seconds before my eyes welled up. It was so *overwhelming*.

And I cried because I couldn't say it back. I don't know what love feels like, and I would never lie to Jasper and Edward. I want to be honest with them. Always. And they love me for who I am.

I was so fucking sad that it led to rage and I hating myself. I hated myself so much for being fucked up. I hated that I couldn't pinpoint what I did feel for them. Because I know that I feel now.

Warmth all over whenever I see them, especially Edward. There's always a wave of something washing over me when he's close. I can always feel

his presence. And it prickles, tingles... It's fluttering and warm. It feels in my chest. It's whenever I see Edward smile, whenever I feel them touch me, whenever I hear Jasper snicker in amusement, whenever I hear Edward's voice, whenever I listen to Jasper play guitar, whenever they look at each other with so much love that it's radiating, whenever Edward plays the piano.

Is that *love* I feel?

I know they're both everything to me, so on some level I know I love them immensely. I'm just afraid that my feelings go deeper. They love me as their 'roommate,' friend, and confidant. They know I'm there for them.

But I think I feel more.

And that can't be good. That's just setting me up for heartbreak.

I'm just tired now. The way Edward's been pushing me relentlessly. The way they tell me they love me. The way I feel after a session. The way I'm beginning to feel happy. The way Edward's smugness for succeeding just makes me want to kiss the hell out of him instead of punching him.

He's basically been playing God out in that fucking garden, and he's brought out so much crap in me. Crap that I now have to deal with.

And he's smug. Because I'm getting better.

But I'm tired.

Four months with Edward and Jasper, and I'm tired, but I'm also... me. I'm home. I belong. I feel.

Too much, but whatever.

Chapter 5

Bella POV.

I hate waking up in the middle of the night.

I hate it.

Pretty much like I hate Mike Newton.

Hatred and disgust are the newest feelings I feel, and can pinpoint.

Actually I've felt hate for a while, but channeling it is very new.

Yesterday when Edward took me to the grocery store, I failed to channel my feelings, and disgust was oh so revealed.

Forks is a small town and you're bound to run into someone you know. It happens everyday, and when we happened to run into Mike motherfucking Newton, he just had to hit on me.

Edward took the opportunity to introduce himself, and when Mike blatantly asked if he was my boyfriend since he'd heard about my divorce, Edward said that he lives with me *and* his boyfriend.

Mike took it too far.

He didn't say anything but his face said it all, and when I saw his disgusted expression, Edward had to physically drag me out of there.

I *hate* Mike motherfucking Newton. I'm *disgusted* by him.

Edward had merely brushed it off, because they're used to that reaction.

But I give a fuck.

It may be hopeless to waste your energy on – as Edward told me – but I can't just let it go.

I hated Edward for five minutes.

Anyway, I dragged my hating ass down the stairs to get some water, but I stopped short on the last step when I heard grunting and moaning coming from the den.

I sucked in a deep breath, unable to leave, and very aware of what was going on. With my room right next to theirs, I had of course heard them before, but this... this was new.

Could I take the last four steps and peek into the den?

"Fuck," Jasper hissed. *"Right there."*

Oh, God.

I recognized the feeling surging through me immediately. It had been the same that I had felt the first time I saw Edward.

Lust.

Oh, God.

I couldn't stop myself. Soundlessly, I made my way over to the edge of the doorway, and what I saw took my breath away.

A rush of wetness dampened my panties – something I hadn't felt in so long – as I saw the scene in front of me. The room dimly lit by only a fire, and Edward and Jasper lying on the soft and thick rug in front of it. They were both naked.

So beautiful.

The light from the fire danced over their moving bodies so erotically, so hotly, and so sensually. Both slick with a sheen of sweat. Their breathing erratic, legs tangled together. Kissing, hands roaming and caressing. Moaning. Moving in synch.

Oh, *God*.

Edward kissed his way down Jasper's chest, making him hiss in pleasure, and he didn't stop until he reached Jasper's very hard cock. And the way Edward kissed and licked... it was... earth shattering lust that rushed through me.

Desire.

Jasper fisted Edward's hair as he started easing Jasper's cock into his mouth... So hot. And from the light of the fire, I could see the glistening of their liquids. Erotic. *Intense*.

"Fuck, I love your mouth," Jasper groaned, his words sending shockwaves of lust through me.

Edward hummed around him and as he changed his position, I saw Edward. I mean, I *really* saw him. His erection was out of this *world*. Huge, thick, and rock hard. The sight of it turned my breathing into shallow pants, and I had to cover my mouth with my hand to keep quiet.

"So close..." Jasper breathed.

Fuck me.

I saw how he tensed under Edward's touch, and I watched as Edward increased his pace.

Nothing had ever felt this intense before. Watching Jasper release in Edward's mouth, hearing them both moan and groan of the release... It was indescribable.

Edward released Jasper and slowly kissed his way up again, and I witnessed it all. I witnessed the love they poured into that kiss. Their mouths and tongues moving in perfect synch.

This was what I wanted to write about. This intensity.

"I need you," Jasper panted.

Oh, shit, are they...?

Fuck, they are.

I quickly hid behind the door as they moved around, but when I heard Jasper again, I couldn't stop myself from going back to my spot.

"Fuck me, Edward... please."

Jasper was now bent over the back of the couch, and Edward kissed his back while applying lubrication to Jasper's ass. And I couldn't believe what I was about to watch. But I couldn't find it in me to hate myself for it. I just couldn't. This was too erotic to miss.

I saw everything. Their profiles.

"Ready for me?" Edward whispered as he positioned his thick cock at Jasper's entrance.

"God, yes," Jasper gasped.

So am I...

And in one swift thrust, I watched Edward's cock disappear into Jasper.

"*Fuck, Jazz,*" Edward gritted out, his face beautifully contorted in pleasure.

Breathing, groaning, gasping, grunting, and the sound of slick skin slapping together filled the air, and it was... again, no words can describe it.

Beautiful, raw, needy, and passionate – words I would use, but they're still not close to capturing it fully.

There is no describing Edward's body either, but as my fingers began to itch for the lettered keyboard, I tried; muscular, broad, beautiful, defined, sexy, built.

He's blessed.

They both are.

And my God, Edward's ass deserves an award...

The slapping of their skin got louder and I could see how tight Edward's grip was on Jasper's hips, both of their faces strained. It wouldn't be long.

By now I was silently panting and gulping, clutching my chest with one hand, and covering my mouth with the other, and my eyes were wide. I didn't want to miss a thing and I cursed myself for having to blink.

"I'm... close," Edward groaned, pounding harder and deeper, making his ass cheeks clench tightly. "Fuck, B-... *Goddamnit!*"

"Come in me, Edward... Please come in me," Jasper moaned.

Oh, God!

Edward tensed and drove harshly into Jasper one last time, hissing out profanities as his orgasm took over.

I couldn't breathe, and I was covered in a light sheen of sweat. It wasn't enough. I needed more, but I couldn't do it alone.

Just by watching them, I was on the edge, but memories of my old life and how I had to satisfy my needs alone... Those memories had me crying silently as I walked up the stairs again.

Alone.

I *hated* myself.

*o*o*o*

That night as I dreamed about the two men I was living with, I received my answer. That night as my walls were down, I could pinpoint my feelings. I could recognize and acknowledge it all.

I *love* them.

And fuck my life, because I'm *in* love with Edward. My crush on Jasper is also back in full force.

I'm screwed.

Feelings are suddenly my enemy. I love feeling, and being alive again, but nothing good will come out of this. *This* will just break my heart. *This* will just make me lose the only two people I have ever *truly* loved.

*o*o*o*

"Good morning, sunshine," Jasper chuckled as I entered the kitchen.

"You're looking awfully grumpy this morning."

No, really? I watched you two make love, and then I realized I'm pretty much in love with both of ya! Now, why on earth would I be grumpy?

Fucker.

"Fuck off, bitch," I grumbled as I walked over to the cup of coffee that an amused looking Edward held out for me.

"Thanks," I mumbled, ignoring that fluttering in my stomach that I now know what it is.

Love.

Ugh.

Fuck my life.

"Something wrong this morning?" Edward asked, his face still so fucking amused.

I looked up to face him fully, but as soon as I saw those sparkling green eyes, I lost my snarky attitude.

I'm in love with you.

I started crying.

Edward POV.

Saturday today. That means another session with Bella, but I'm not really sure what to do today. Lust and envy are the only primal emotions left before we move on to lighter, less heavy emotions as happiness and hope.

But lust is really something I'm having a hard time to deal with when it comes to Bella, especially since I realized I'm in love with her.

It was last week when we were outside on the porch listening to Jasper jam with his guitar that Bella snuggled her way into my arms, resting her face on my chest that it hit me just how strong my feelings were for her.

It's that warmth rushing, sending shockwaves through me. It's that intense spark.

With Jazz I have a warming feeling in chest, and I love him more than life itself. But that *fucking* spark I feel whenever Bella is near... it's so *powerful*, and it's getting harder and harder to ignore.

I'm also running out of time.

I have to speak to Jazz about it, I just don't know how. What I feel for both of them is simply impossible to hide. Had it only been a crush or something, then I would've buried it, but this is goddamn love. I'm in *love* with her.

"Good morning, sunshine," Jasper chuckled then, and I looked up to see an adorably disheveled Bella enter the kitchen.

"You're looking awfully grumpy this morning," he added.

I walked over to the counter and poured her a cup of coffee – she really looked like she needed it.

"Fuck off, bitch," she grumbled with a glare.

Yep, she needs it.

I smirked and offered her the cup, and she mumbled a thanks.

Fuck, she's cute.

"Something wrong this morning?" I teased.

She shook her head slightly before tilting her head up to meet my gaze, and I just lost.

I remember how depthless her dark brown eyes had been before, but they had changed. *God, they have changed.* They were not only deeper and more alive, but also liquid. Liquid pools. So expressive.

I love you, Bella...

Then she started crying.

Awesome.

This wasn't new with the latest developments, but I could still never get used to it. It broke me to see her in tears.

"What's wrong, beautiful?" I asked softly, taking the coffee from her before wrapping my arms around her.

She fits perfectly...

"Nothing," she cried, the sound muffled by my chest.

I tightened my hold on her and looked over at Jazz who was as clueless as me.

"Wanna talk about it?" I asked.

She shook her head but I ignored her and led her into the den where I sat down with her on my lap.

"Talk to me, beautiful," I murmured.

"You always call me that," she whimpered, her head buried in the crook of my neck.

"Beautiful?"

She nodded.

"Because you are. So beautiful," I whispered.

She was quiet for a while, and I took the opportunity to just breathe her in. It's not exactly a secret that I crave her flowery scent. It's just so her.

After a few minutes, she sat up straighter and hitched her leg on the other side of me, effectively straddling me.

I swallowed hard as I looked into her eyes. "Feeling better?"

She smiled sheepishly. "Yeah. Sorry for always breaking down."

"Don't be. It's hard in the beginning until you get your emotions under control," I smiled. "But what was the reason this time? The memory of a diaper commercial?" I winked.

She smacked my chest but that just made me laugh.

Fuck, I really love her.

"There's one feeling I've discovered myself, by the way," she mumbled shyly after a few moments.

That had my attention. And curiosity.

"What's that?" I asked.

Looking me dead in the eye, she replied softly. "That I love you and Jasper."

Fuck. Me.

All air left me in a fucking whoosh as I crushed her to my body, and I felt nothing but love and pride for her.

"That's fucking amazing, Bella," I whispered. "We love you, too," *more than you'll ever know...*

Love is not an easy feeling to pinpoint since you can love in so many ways, but that Bella did it, well, that's just fucking great. And yes, I'm goddamn proud of her.

Bella POV.

"Give me the goddamn remote!" I laughed.

"No!" Jasper laughed back. "We're watching the game. I'm not going to suffer through some godawful chick flick!"

"We're not watching anything. *You* are watching the game, and it's not a chick flick," I huffed.

He didn't even listen to me anymore. He didn't even care when I pouted. And he won't exactly care if I squeeze my boobs together, so what can I do? A woman can't do shit in this house to get her way.

Nothing.

Just sit and mope and wait until Edward gets home from work. Oh, and he's bringing pizza.

Fucking A.

Another month has passed since I told Edward and Jasper that I loved them, and now we're all I-love-you-sluts who say it all the time. It's just that when I say it, it means more... but whatever.

Anyway, we're celebrating today, because my divorce is finalized, and I'm officially Bella Swan again.

It wasn't a difficult divorce, far from it actually. I only had to see Jake three times – twice with our lawyers, and once when Edward helped me clear out the little I wanted from the old house.

Edward may or may not have punched Jake in the face and he may or may not have cracked his nose.

Jake threatened to press charges.

I told him that if he did, I would tell his father that Jake had sold an old family heirloom in order to buy a part for his fucking car when we were in High School.

Was my threat juvenile?

Meh, it worked.

Of course, it helped that my lawyer was a big-shot, and Jake's fucking broke now.

I can't deny that Edward and Jasper pushed the hardest because I just wanted to be done with him, but since Jake's infidelity wasn't exactly hard to prove thanks to a very ready-to-pop Leah, it helped sealing my case. I hear they're living with Leah's mother in La Push at the moment.

Naw, too bad.

Anyway...

I'm free, and guess what. I feel good. I'm happy.

And also, I'm itching to write again.

"Stop pouting, honey. It won't help," Jasper winked.

"Bitch," I said and flipped my hair over my shoulder.

Jasper just laughed before turning back to the TV, but that's when I saw the remote on the other side of him.

Chewing on my lip, I planned and schemed deviously...

It's just a remote for fuck's sake, Bella.

Whatever.

I pretended to do the whole yawn-stretch-and-drape-an-arm-over but instead of just draping my arm over him, I used his shoulders as leverage to pull myself over his body, so I was straddling him, and then I could reach the remote.

Only problem is... Jasper's fast.

"Nice try, baby," he laughed and held the remote over his head.

"Goddamnit!" I squealed, trying to reach it.

"You're kinda smothering me with your tits, but that's okay," he chuckled.

I looked down and started giggling like a little girl as I noticed how right he was. Trying to reach the remote, I was effectively pushing my twins in his face.

"Give me the remote and I'll stop," I laughed.

"Then I'm definitely not giving it to ya," he smirked and pretty much *nuzzled* my boobs.

"Oh my God, Jasper!" I squealed. "What the hell are you doing!" I laughed.

Jesus, doesn't he understand that he can't do that without turning me on!?

I squirmed and tried to push away but he held me tightly around my ribcage and chuckled darkly into my chest.

Oh, God, he's actually really nuzzling my breasts.

Before I really lost it, I huffed in defeat and settle back down on his lap.

That's when I felt him.

Our heads snapped up at the same time, and our eyes locked.

He was hard.

And pressing right against my pussy.

Was... was he... turned on?

By me?

I exhaled sharply and accidentally squirmed, making him groan and close his eyes. And when he opened them again, I whimpered under my breath at the sight of his unmistakably lust-filled eyes.

"Bella..." he whispered, his eyes flickering to my slightly parted lips.

Christ. How do I stop this? I can't do this... But I want it. Shit, I really want this.

But I want it even more with Edward.

Much more.

And I won't betray him. Ever. Neither of them. No.

Fuck my life.

Then we heard the front door open and slam shut.

"PIZZA!!!"

Our bubble burst.

Chapter 6

Bella POV.

"PIZZA!"

Our bubble burst.

The thick air thinned, and we breathed heavily as we came down from... whatever that was.

I stood up, straightened my shorts and wife beater, and Jasper... adjusted himself. Biting my lip and shaking the images out of my head, I took a deep breath before I walked out to the kitchen where Edward was taking out beers from the fridge.

"Hey, gorgeous," he winked.

Yes, really. Fuck my life.

"Hey, handsome," I chuckled, a bit uncomfortably.

What that man does to my lady bits...

"Hungry, Ms. *Swan*?" he grinned and came over to hug me. He did that a lot.

"That sounds so good," I murmured into his chest.

No more Isabella Black.

Good riddance.

Jesus, he smells so goood...

"What about me, huh?" chuckled a certain Jasper.

Edward waved him over and I buried my face as deep as I could, trying to stop the images from popping up.

But they came.

Of the three of us...

I heard them kiss chastely above me, and I wanted to cry. But I didn't.

"You're just so cute it's making me sick," I grumbled instead.

The two men chuckled at me.

"You jealous, baby?" Edward teased.

You have no idea.

"Who wouldn't want what you have?" I huffed and let him go, making my way over to the pizza.

"You'll find it, honey," Jasper assured.

I already have.

"I need to get laid," I snorted. "Haven't been fucked in years," I added in a mutter.

Then I think I left two gaping men as I took two slices of pizza and a beer to the den.

Truth is, I've *never* been properly fucked. Always the same sweet lovemaking.

Why do you think I've written books of hard core porn? Because I'm sexually satisfied?

Don't think so.

*o*o*o*

Jasper... and also Edward, but mostly Jasper, have been whining to me about my writing for a while now, and yesterday they took advantage of me because I was drunk. So, I drunkenly promised I would give them my pen name today.

They know about what I used to write, but what *I* know that *they don't* know, is that they're very familiar with my books. Again, mostly Jasper, but also Edward. But yeah, I've seen my books in Jasper's office.

All of them.

So, I'm going to tell them, but first I have a session at Edward's office. Today he's apparently going to try to provoke another feeling, but he said that the office would be a less confusing place to do it. I have no idea what he's talking about.

*o*o*o*

"Dr. Cullen," I purred after the receptionist had buzzed me in.

"Ms. Swan," he replied curtly.

I raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong with my first name? And what's with the mood?"

"We're going to provoke lust today, and I really need to keep this professional. Have a seat."

"You're gonna make me horny?" I blurted out.

You're already doing that, Edward, especially with those glasses.

"Have a seat, Ms. Swan," he repeated, not looking me in the eye.

Well, fuck.

I sat down with an annoyed huff and just closed my eyes right away. Edward wasn't fun when he was all prissy, and now I just wanted to get this over with.

"You know, I have no fucking problems getting horny, Edward. I feel lust all the time," I snapped.

"You do?" he asked, seeming genuinely surprised.

"Lust is one of the most primal emotions, of course I feel it. It was one of the first feelings I recognized even before you brought me back to life."

"And here I thought I was the one with a medical degree," he muttered.

"How do you know about which emotions are—"

I cut him off, "Research for my writing."

He sighed.

We both took deep breaths. Most likely to calm our prissy asses down.

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"I would like to go back to something you said during our first session, Bella. You mentioned that you lived through your stories? Could you elaborate that?"

Soft voice again. Much better.

Another deep breath. I was ready.

"Jacob couldn't give me what I wanted. That's how I started writing. I wrote what I wanted to have for myself."

Edward flipped pages and pages until he read out loud, "Earth shattering, intensity, passion, mindblowing... That's what you wanted?"

"Yes, and Jake couldn't deliver, so I wrote it. I researched, I met people who are into the things I'm into, and I became a fucking master of pleasuring myself."

Throat clearing and scribbling.

"Could you describe your love life with Jacob? Was it always the same? And where did your writing fit into this?"

"Jacob and I were each others first," I sighed, "and it was clichéd. Prom night. After that, we started having sex a few times a week until we moved away for college. It was usually the same. Missionary. In and out. No real passion, and without foreplay. It didn't exactly help that he wasn't very... equipped. Anyway, in college I met this girl, and we took a literature class together. Alice Brandon. She and her boyfriend, Alec, they were really passionate. They were always so affectionate, and at parties they could get so hot and bothered that they forgot about others. They would just keep going until someone stopped them, and then they would find an empty room to continue.

"That's when I first realized that I didn't just want more, but I *needed* it. I recognized myself in what they were doing. So, I started reading about some stuff online that I wanted to try, and I would also talk to Alice. I would bring it up with Jake, or sometimes surprise him, but he never responded well."

Scribbling.

Throat clearing. "So, this was in college. Did you try to bring it up again? You were together for six years after all."

“Well, yeah, I brought it up. The first time it wasn’t really anything special. Just some sexy lingerie, a vibrator, the suggestion of trying more positions. That was Alice’s advice – to start off slow – and I agreed. And the next time I brought it up, there was more.

“I think it was the third year in college, and Alice was once again the inspiration. She wasn’t with Alec anymore. She was with Tanya. And I found it very erotic. That was my trigger to bring it up with Jake again. I thought that maybe what I suggested wasn’t enough... maybe he wanted more. So, I suggested more toys, and also a threesome.”

Edward coughed.

Maybe he’s coming down with something, I shrugged to myself.

Jasper was also coughing and talking hoarsely this morning when I came out of the shower.

I hate being sick.

Anyway.

I rubbed my closed, tired eyes, and continued, “But once again Jake said no. He had what he wanted. He wanted the slow shit that had me drier than the Sahara.

“Alice was the first one to suggest divorce, and to be honest, I don’t know why I didn’t follow her advice.”

I sighed. There was so much I wanted. Needed.

Knowing that you’re a sexual person and not having someone to share it with is a fucking pain. And not the good kind of pain.

“Did you approach him again after that?” Edward rasped.

I made a mental note to drive to the pharmacy on the way home.

“Not for a while,” I answered. “After that second time, I found writing. That satisfied me for a while. And when I wrote my second book, I based it on Alice and Tanya. They let me watch for research, and that’s when I realized why my first book was a failure. Before watching them, I had no idea what *real* passion was. So, I got a new book deal, and I put more hours down on researching. Alice and Tanya were very supportive, and they helped me immensely.” I chuckled at a memory that flashed through me. “They even asked me once to join them... and *God*, I really wanted to. They were so beautiful together. It was sweet love even if it was rough and fast. The love shone through their eyes, and they poured everything they felt for each other in every kiss.”

I sighed, “But I said no. It would’ve been cheating. There was no way I could mask it as research, and that was a line I wouldn’t cross.

“The last time I approached Jake was when I was writing my fourth book. It was about a man and a woman this time, and my hopes were to involve Jake a little. There was one thing in particular that I really wanted to try – and because I was writing the book from the female character’s point of view, I wanted to be thorough, and explain the feelings in detail. But when I brought anal sex up with Jake, he was repulsed.”

Edward started coughing a shitload, and I thought about opening my eyes, maybe tell him to go home. But I waited instead. He’s a grown man, and if he wants to cut the session short, he just has to say the word.

After a minute, he apologized and told me to proceed.

So, I did. “Yeah, so he didn’t want that. But I didn’t want my book to suffer, so I did extensive research on the subject instead. I interviewed Alice, Tanya, and a few of their friends – both male and female – I read

books, and Tanya also hooked me up with a bunch of toys I didn't even know existed.

"Since she and Alice had agreed on not seeing men together – but still wanted to feel something more than fingers – they had a fucking room full of toys." I grinned at the memory of them showing me. "So, in order to get as close as I could without cheating, I used the toys Tanya gave me... on myself. It wasn't easy but still very pleasurable, and I really wish Jake would've been there... but he wasn't. I gave up after that.

"I lived through my stories, and I pleased myself with toys... and the images from watching others. I fantasized of that raw passion – of someone loving me so much that we trusted each other fully. Trusting each other enough that when I told him to use me as a fucktoy and throw me around like a ragdoll, I knew that he would do it because he trusted me to tell him what I wanted.

"And sometimes I *do* want emotional sex, but it doesn't have to be slow or simple to get emotional. I saw that when I watched Alice and Tanya. They could use each others bodies for animalistic pleasure, but the love was still there in their eyes. The trust was there all along, otherwise they never would've done it."

Silence.

Just breathing.

I waited for several minutes.

Throat clearing.

"You lost contact with your friends after you moved back home?" Edward asked quietly.

"Everyone but Tanya and Alice. They're still together, and Tanya's my editor, but then last year when I dropped everything, I stopped answering their calls. And since my contract was up, I decided not to renew it. Tanya was pissed, but I just wasn't feeling it anymore. I'm thinking about calling her, though. I'm itching for writing again."

Scribbling, scribbling.

"That's great, Bella. I think that would be really wonderful for you."

"Yeah, I hope so. I was thinking about calling Demitri and Garrett again, too. They were really great last time, and if they're still together, I doubt there will be problem."

I actually decided right then and there to call both Demitri and Tanya. This session was really working for me, and I could see myself sitting by the laptop again. I could see myself doing research. I could see myself buying new toys and outfits to try on.

All of the sudden I found myself *really* excited to get started.

"Who are Garrett and Demitri? Friends from New York?"

"No, I met them on the Érotique Convention in Seattle a few months after we came back home from college. I was looking into the male gay scene, and they volunteered to be my go-to-guys. So, when I wrote one of my last books, I spent a few weekends with them."

Okay, I'm getting worried about Edward now.

"Are you okay, Edward? Should we cut this short?" I asked, concerned.

"I'm fine, Bella. Just coming down with something, I think," he whispered and cleared his throat.

"I think Jasper's getting something, too. He was a bit flushed and speaking hoarsely after I got out of the shower this morning... I hope it's nothing serious... I can make some chicken soup for dinner," I offered softly.

Edward POV.

She's clueless.

So fucking clueless that it's almost funny.

I *did* end up cutting the session short, because I couldn't take it any longer.

I was hard. Rock hard. And so goddamn close to just jumping her.

She had no fucking idea what she was doing to me. She had no clue about how sexy and sensual she is. When she speaks, it's like... Jesus, let's just say that I can see that she's an author. The way she described her friends, Alice and Tanya... I can't say I've *ever* been turned on by girl-on-girl, and I'm still not, but to hear *Bella* speak about it. To hear *her* talk so passionately about something so erotic...

Fuck.

There are no words to describe today's session. She was literally dropping bomb after bomb after bomb. It was everything she said. Toys? Sexy lingerie? Being used roughly? Voyeurism? Anal sex? Gay and bisexual? She's into all that?

Could she be any more perfect?

Doubt it.

Have to say I'm curious about this sickness Jazz apparently had this morning, though.

I know how *I* would have reacted had I seen Bella coming out of the shower. But is Jasper feeling that, too?

One can only hope.

*o*o*o*

I had never been this eager to get home before, but I only had one thing on my mind now. And that is to talk to Jazz.

I need to know if he feels what I feel.

Not that anything will happen, but it will be a relief if Jasper and I are on the same page.

I had to laugh when I came home. The first thing that hit me was the smell of chicken broth. Jesus, I just couldn't keep the lust out of my voice, and I don't know how many times I had to cover a groan or two with coughs. Hence the chicken soup Jazz and I will be served tonight.

"Hey, baby." I smiled.

"Hey, hot stuff," Bella chuckled. "Feeling better?"

I stifled a laugh. "Uh... yeah, a little. Have you seen Jazz?"

"I sent him to bed, 'cause he was flushed and breathing heavily when I came home and found him in the den."

Um... okay?

"Okay," I nodded, dropping a kiss on her cheek – trying very hard not to linger – and headed for the stairs.

I opened the door to our bedroom and chuckled when I saw my Jazz looking very bored by the window.

"Bella said you were sick?" I smirked.

Seeing him now, I knew everything. He was as sick as I was.

And Bella had probably just caught him watching porn or something in the den earlier.

"Oh, hey. I didn't hear you come in," he grinned.

I walked over to the window to him, standing behind him and kissed his neck. "How sick are you? Will kissing you land me at the ER?"

"Bella's overreacting," he chuckled, turning around in my arms.

Threading my fingers through his hair, I pulled him in for a kiss, and this was what I knew so well; the comfort, the feeling of being home.

I sighed, breaking the kiss before it got too heated.

Time to talk.

"We need to talk," I murmured, kissing him once more before backing away.

"Yeah, we do," he nodded with a furrowed brow.

Okay?

We sat down on the edge of the bed, leaning forward on my knees. "Can I go first?"

"Of course," he replied.

I took a deep breath and blew it out of my cheeks, and then I just blurted it out.

"I'm in love with both of you, and I can't ignore the fact that I want you both."

I was never one to beat around the bush anyway.

"You're *in* love with her?" he asked quietly.

I nodded, hoping like hell that I haven't messed shit up. But I can't deny what I feel. I spent years doing that before I met Jazz and I won't do it again. No matter what.

"Damn," he muttered, chuckling a little. "And I thought *I* had it bad."

Chapter 7

Edward POV.

I nodded, hoping like hell that I haven't messed shit up. But I can't deny what I feel. I spent years doing that before I met Jazz and I won't do it again. No matter what.

"Damn," he muttered, chuckling a little. "And I thought I had it bad."

My head dropped in relief that it at least wasn't just me, even if he wasn't *in* love with her.

"You like her then?" I asked.

"A fuckload," he chuckled. "I wouldn't say I'm in love with her, but I definitely love her. I want her. I'm sexually attracted to her. And she's the most perfect woman I've ever met.

"Something just clicked when she came into our lives. I think we both need her in our relationship, you know?"

I was so *indescribably* relieved.

It felt like I could breathe properly for the first time since I realized I had feelings for her. And I was also immensely glad for not feeling jealousy or anger anywhere.

I remember seeing Jasper and Bella together the morning after she arrived here, and how perfect it looked. I didn't just want Bella for *me*. I wanted her for *us*, although I was *madly* in love with her.

This is hardly shit we will act on but to know that we're somewhat on the same page... it's nothing but ultimate in this situation.

"She knows that I'm attracted to her, though," he chuckled nervously.

I smirked and sat up straighter to face him. "If you're talking about her seeing you flushed and hearing you speak huskily, you're wrong. The woman is downstairs making us both soup, 'cause apparently I was hoarse and husky at the session today," I laughed at how clueless she was. And so cute.

"Ah, yeah? And what turned *you* on so much?" He cocked an eyebrow. "Cause I saw her in nothing but this tiny towel that barely covered her ass."

Now there's an image...

"Damn," I smirked. "But I've got one better. I may not be able to discuss my cases, but I can tell you this; we talked about what she wanted in her sex life."

"Jesus... She kinky?"

"You have no idea," I groaned, rubbing my face. "It was so fucking difficult to sit there and listen to her."

"Yeah, well... That's not how she knows I like her," he sighed heavily. "A few days ago, we were in the den. She wanted to look at some chick flick, and I wanted to catch the cowboy-game. She tried to reach the remote, but I held it up... The girl fucking straddled me and shoved her tits in my face."

The fuck?

"Are you serious?" I asked incredulously.

"Dead serious. That's the thing with her. She doesn't know she can affect us. She's dead set on that we're gay and gay only. I don't know why either, cause I've told her about my crush on her in High School, and she knows about you being married to Kate before."

"So, what happened?" I asked, disgustingly intrigued.

"She sat back down and felt my erection," he grinned.

Fuck. Me.

"How did she react?"

If she was turned on... Jesus, the possibilities. I mean, if she liked seeing Garrett and Demitri together...

He shook his head and dragged a hand through his hair. "She froze in shock, but then the tension shifted... it was intense, Edward."

To be honest, I was feeling my pants tighten.

"Did anything happen?" I asked.

I hadn't considered that, and though I wouldn't *really* mind... I would still prefer that we talked about it first. And the thought of Bella going behind my back didn't sit very well with me. I'm not saying I'm possessive, but over her I think I *would* be. And it's weird, but it would feel more of a betrayal from *her* than Jazz. But that's most likely because I know now he's not in love with her.

Right?

Right?

Fuck, this is messed up.

I need a therapist...

"No, you came home," he winked. "And don't worry. I would never do anything without clearing shit out with you. I was about to ask her at the time if she felt what I felt, because I didn't know you felt the same... or more... But like I said, you came home."

I nodded, once again relieved.

With a deep sigh, I leaned back on the bed, staring at the ceiling... *like I would find answers there...*

"You have my permission, you know," he murmured quietly, "But I need to know if you want her for yourself-"

I cut him off. "Don't even think it. I'm so in love with you both that it kills me that you would even think that, alright?"

He exhaled and relaxed. "Good. Same goes for you."

"I want you to know, though, that I don't fantasize about having her for myself, Jazz... Well, I guess I do that, too, but what I'm saying is that... shit... I can just imagine the three of us together, you know?"

"Oh, I've done that, too," he laughed.

Fuck, yes. It was just proof of how perfect we were for each other, and no matter what, I'll always have him.

"Not to make assumptions... but should we talk shit out? Like decide what's allowed and such...?"

"Sure," I shrugged. "Now that I know where you stand in regard of our feelings, I don't mind. We'll just have to promise each other and *her* that nothing can break us apart. I don't want us to do anything if it means we'll lose her as I friend. I wouldn't be able to deal with that."

"Fuck, you have it bad, Edward," he chuckled.

"I really fucking do," I sighed tiredly.

But I couldn't exactly regret anything. I loved loving her. I love being in love with her. She's brought so much into my life without even knowing it.

“Okay, so, without making her sound like an object... It’s okay to take things to another level as long as we don’t lose her.”

“Sounds good,” I nodded.

Still doubt anything will ever happen, though. She’s never shown interest in us that way. She’s never talked about her past, and how she’s into watching. Had she done that..

“And you and me?” he continued. “Is this something we should tell each other? I mean, if something happens.”

I thought about it, and it struck me that Jazz sure as hell seemed hopeful and... eager. Was I eager? More than anything. But I’m in love with her, and setting myself up for heartbreak is nothing for me.

“If something happens between you and Bella, just let me know that it has started or whatever,” I decided.

“Same for you then,” he nodded. “Oh, and Edward?”

“Mmhmm,” I replied, facing him.

“Not to sound like a chick, but I can see it work out for you. I trust you, and I know our rings matter. I know we’re in love, which is why I can see how good you and Bella would be together. I really don’t think we’ll lose her. She loves us.”

I said nothing, because again, I don’t want to get my hopes up for nothing.

The only thing I do know is that if she ever shows interest just a little, I will act on it.

Bella POV.

I bet they're fucking. *Fucking animals, those two.* Damn, I'm jealous. God, I just want him... them. Gah! How fucking messed up this is!

They should have me admitted.

Bella Swan at the age of twenty-four; in love with her gay friend, Edward. And crushing wildly on his life partner, Jasper.

Add sexually frustrated, and you have me.

A goddamn freak show.

Going from emotionally dead to feeling everything, and so intensely in just little under five months is not easy.

It's a good thing I something great going on for myself now.

I didn't waste time when I got home today, that's for sure. I called Tanya immediately.

Guess what?

I'm going to New York in three weeks.

Tanya gave me a goddamn speech about how stupid I had been for staying with that Jacob-fuckwit, which of course included her men-are-scum rant, and then she ranted and ranted about how the fuck I could go a year without writing.

I apologized.

She forgave me after calling me a hot but prissy bitch.

I'm a writer again, and all I have to do is write a rough draft or a short story for her to see, and then we'll draw up a new deal for me.

Bella Swan is very happy.

And I already have an idea about what to write.

It took a while. A long while. But eventually I heard the two men in my life come down the stairs.

I glared at them. "Just because you're all so fucking perfect, doesn't mean I want you to flaunt it in my face, m'kay?"

"What did we do now?" Jazz laughed, both of them taking a seat by the kitchen island.

"I mean, don't flaunt you fucking-like-bunnies life style in my face!" I snapped. "Thanks to dear old Eddie and his session, here, I'm more sexually frustrated than ever." I fixed my glare on him and his smirk vanished. "You, you piece of... of... of sex-hair with call-me-master glasses, thanks to *you*, I'm all *fucked* up in my lady bits!"

Oh, damn, I'm really out there.

Yep, they should definitely ship me off to the nearest asylum.

Taking a deep motherfucking breath, I closed my eyes and tried to calm my ass down a peg or seven.

"Is this her time of the month?" I heard Jasper whisper.

My eyes shot open, and I took real pleasure out of seeing him visibly shrink under my glare.

"Run," I told him in an eerily calm voice.

He obeyed.

Good for him and his nuts.

When I heard a door close on the third floor, I relaxed.

“Men, huh?” Edward huffed, trying to be funny.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

“Sorry,” he muttered.

I huffed and turned back to the fucking soup they no longer seem to need.

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“Sex-hair, Bella?” he asked after a while.

I didn’t need to see him to know he’s amused.

“Mmhmm, and call-me-master glasses,” I added.

More salt, I thought as I tasted the soup.

“What kind of glasses would that be?”

“The glasses you have at the office,” I replied, not missing a beat.

“Call-me what?”

“Master. Are you challenged or something, Edward? You want me to spell it out for ya? The glasses make you look stern in a thong-soaking way. Stern like a Dominant, AKA motherfucking Master!”

Basil. We need basil for the soup. Yeah, that’s what’s missing. Of course.

*o*o*o*

After the fuckawesome soup, I clinked my glass like I was going to give a speech.

They looked amused.

I'm funny today, apparently.

"I have news," I grinned.

They nodded for me to go on and gave me curious looks.

"I spoke to Tanya today after my session," I told them. "My editor," I clarified for Jasper. "I told her that I wanted start writing again, and she asked me to come out to New York in three weeks!"

They said nothing.

That was not the reaction I hoped for.

"You're... you're moving to New York?" Edward asked quietly.

I was confused.

Then it hit me what it sounded like when I said I was going there.

"No!" I laughed. "I'm just going out there for a meeting," I assured. "Like I could ever leave you two," I added with a wink.

They both exhaled loudly before wide grins took over their faces, and then I was crushed in hugs.

God, I love them.

They actually thought I'd leave them? Like that was ever possible.

Silly boys.

After they sat down again, I proceeded to tell them what Tanya had told me, and that I had to write a draft or a shortie for the meeting.

"So, what are you gonna write?" Edward asked.

"Nope, no way, uh-uh. First of all, it's time you tell us your pen name," Jasper demanded.

Edward agreed with him.

Damn.

But I knew it was time.

I leaned forward over the island and whispered.

"Marie Green."

They both froze.

I smirked.

Now Edward knew exactly what I wished for since I had told him I lived through my stories. Never again would he have to ask about that in a session.

"Fucking hell," Jasper breathed out. Eyes wide. "Are you serious? You're Marie Green?"

I nodded.

"Damn," he groaned. "You write some steamy shit. I can't fucking *believe* this!"

"Believe it," I winked.

"But why the name? I mean, I get Isabella *Marie* Swan... but Green?"

"It's my favorite color," I shrugged. "And I couldn't come up with anything better."

"And you're gonna write more books?" he grinned.

"Yep."

"Fucking A. Seriously, Bella, that is fucking amazing. Your books are the so goddamn hot."

"Why thank you, kind sir," I giggled.

Edward – fucking finally – found himself at this time.

Throat clearing.

Maybe he should have more soup.

"That's wonderful, Bella. I'm happy for you," he smiled warmly.

Mmm, swoon.

"Okay, now I wanna know what you're gonna write about," Jasper said.

"I'm gonna write about the two of you," I smirked.

Both their heads snapped up in a whiplash movement, and at the same time, "What?"

"If it's okay, that is," I said. "Then it will be about you two."

This is where you see Jasper as a woman. There was no bouncing or squealing, but he looked giddy and excited like a kid on Christmas, and his grin almost split his face.

"Demitri and Garrett?" Edward wondered with a raised eyebrow... and an odd look I couldn't understand.

"Yep. I spoke to them earlier. They're still in Seattle, so I'll go there this weekend."

"Now I'm confused," Jasper frowned.

I was about to explain, but Edward beat me to it. "Bella knows a gay couple in Seattle that she's worked with before. My guess is that she'll write about us, but use them for researching. Am I right?" he asked me the last part with that same odd look.

"That's right," I nodded.

"What kind of research?" Jasper asked with narrowed eyes.

"I watch them. First I write a draft of the positions I wish to use, and then I watch them for reference... Sorta to see how it plays out, and after that I rewrite if it's needed."

"That doesn't make sense to me," he frowned, crossing his arms over his chest. "Why don't you just watch me and Edward if you're gonna write about us?"

For so many reasons.

Had I considered it? Yes, briefly. But I doubt I could manage it again. The last time I saw them was before I realized I was in love with Edward. And watching them now... I'm afraid it would be too painful.

And also... I had no fucking idea they were into that.

"Wouldn't that be weird to have me there?" I asked quietly. "I mean, I know Garrett and Demitri for that one reason. The intensions were made clear when we met. But you two are my friends. I don't exactly love Garrett and Demitri."

"It wouldn't be weird for me," Edward said then.

"Me neither," Jasper grinned.

Fuck.

"Would it be weird for *you*, Bella?" Edward asked softly.

I couldn't for the life of me figure out his odd expression. And as I chewed on my lip, I allowed myself to just look at him without caring about how it could be misunderstood... or in this case; right on the money. Because I was *really* staring.

His eyes were apprehensive. His brow furrowed. The small smile careful... almost wary.

I understood it then. He's uncomfortable.

"I'll go with Garrett and Demitri," I said firmly. "I can see you're uncomfortable, Edward. It's okay, really."

His expression changed then – into a frown. "No, I'm not uncomfortable with you watching, Bella. I'm wary of this affecting the relationship between the three of us. I don't want there to be tip-toeing or awkwardness afterwards. Frankly, I think it would be a fucking turn on to have you there, but I won't risk anything to lose you."

"See? He's not uncomfortable," Jasper coaxed.

Edward thinks it would be a turn on?

To have me there?

His eyes never lied to me, and as I looked at him now... there was no hesitation. He spoke the truth, and Jasper obviously wanted it.

Huh.

"Okay," I said slowly, letting it sink in. "But before I cancel with Garrett and Demitri, you might wanna know what you're getting yourselves into."

"Bring it, sexy," Jasper grinned.

I shook my head in amusement. "You're so fucking gay right now, you know that, right?"

Edward snickered and threw one of his panty-soaking winks my way.

Ungh.

I clenched my thighs together.

"Hey, at least I don't snap my fingers and yell out OMG or WTF all the time," Jasper huffed.

"No, you're all man with your drama queen huffing instead," I deadpanned.

"Oh, you'll see how much of a man I am soon enough," he winked. "Now tell us what we're in for."

I already know you're all man, Jasper...

"Fine," I sighed. "I will write a rough draft on the positions I want you in, and then you two will act them out. And when you do, I will be *right* there... just a *few* feet away... *watching* you."

I really wanted them to realize that I would literally be right there.

"Will you film us?" Jasper asked, not intimidated whatsoever.

"No, you ass, I won't film you," I laughed. "I will just take notes."

He just shrugged.

I know that if I *did* video tape them, I would abuse that film over and over and over and over... yeah, you get my point.

I would watch it.

A lot.

"Sounds good," Edward shrugged, not affected either.

Fine then...

"Are there any positions you don't do? Is there anything that's off limits?"
I asked then.

"Sixty-nine," they both replied.

"That's the only one," Edward added. "We just never liked it."

"Alright," I nodded.

My phone rang then, and I pulled it out from my jean pocket.

Caller ID Alice Brandon.

Chapter 8

Bella POV.

Caller ID Alice Brandon.

"Just a second, boys," I grinned.

They nodded and fell into some quiet conversation while I answered.

"Well, well, if it isn't my go-to-girl," I purred into the phone.

"*BELLAAA!!!*"

Alice is one that squeals. Frequently.

"Aliiice," I mimicked.

"*Ohmifuckinggosh! T told me you called! I've missed you, babe!*"

"I've missed you, too, Ali. How are ya? Still hotter than hell?" I chuckled.

"*Hotter! Oh and guess what! We got engaged!*"

"You got engaged?! Oh, my God, Ali, I'm so fucking happy for you!"

I'm a woman, I'm allowed to bounce up and down.

The guys stared at me like I was crazy, but what-the-fuck-ever, my girl is engaged!

"*I know, right? We did it last month. Anywho, that's not why I called.*"

"Okay?" I chuckled.

"*T told me you're writing again? And that you're coming out here soon?*"

"Yep, in three weeks," I smiled.

"Well, plans have been changed. Can we come to you instead?"

"Why? What's wrong with New York?" I asked, confused.

Alice and Tanya will *not* like Forks.

"Well, I sorta checked your address... is it true that you live in the house where they shot that vampire movie?"

I should've known.

"Yes, it's true, Ali," I sighed, chuckling.

"OMG! Can we come there!? Please, please!"

I bit my lip and glanced at the guys who were watching me curiously. "I don't live here alone, Ali. It's not really up to me."

"I know! T told me you live with two guys. I knew you could do better than Dipshit Black. But anyway, there's more..."

Uh-oh...

"What?"

"Have you thought about Tanya's offer? You know you're the only one it goes out to." she said quietly.

Jesus.

Had I thought about it?

Oh, yes.

Tanya had bluntly – after she forgave me – asked me if I would bail out again if they asked me to join them for... you know.

So, had I thought about it?

Absolutely.

"Yes, I've thought about it, Alice."

"And?"

"And I'm saying yes."

"Oh, thank fuck. It's gonna be so hot, B. But there's more."

What the hell?

"What?" I gritted out.

"I wonder if we can film it."

Oh.

"Sure," I shrugged. "As long as it won't get out."

"Absolutely not. We promise. So, can we film it at your house?"

And there it was.

"I have to ask the guys, okay?"

"Sure thing. I'll call you back in half an hour, m'kay? Ciao!"

The line went dead.

What the hell have I gotten myself into?

Me being in a home made porno with two chicks?

Actually, that could be fucking hot.

Slowly and reluctantly I sat down by the counter again, thinking that I might as well get it over with, because I know Alice. She's an eager little thing.

"So... that was Alice," I mumbled.

"Yeah, we got that," Edward chuckled.

You can do this, Bella. Just be blunt as always. Right.

"They wanted to know if they could come here instead of me flying out there."

"Sure. It's your house, too, baby," Jasper shrugged.

Not if you kick me out for asking to shoot lesbian porn...

"Spill, beautiful," Edward smiled knowingly.

Damn, that man can read me like an open book sometimes.

"Tanya and Alice asked me to join them again." I gave Edward a pointed look, so he would understand.

His eyes bugged out.

Good, he does understand.

By the time I had explained to Jasper what I meant, Edward was back to life.

"Okay," I sighed. "The thing is that Alice is sorta obsessed by that vampire movie they used this house for, or more correctly; the Jackson-dude starring in it, and she's wondering if they can use this house for shooting a home made movie. I think you know what kind of movie we're talking about."

"Will you be in this movie, Bella?" Jasper smirked.

I rolled my eyes. "Yes, Jasper, I will."

"In that case, fuck yes," he grinned and waggled his eyebrows.

Is he serious? Wagging his eyebrows? Because of a girl-on-girl...on-girl?

I turned to Edward who was... not really in the present, so I snapped my fingers in front of his face.

"Is that okay for you, too, Edward?"

"If you're in it? *Jesus*, yes," he groaned, rubbing his face.

Okay?

I'm confused. Why the hell are they acting like they are turned on? By me no less. This is weird. And frustrating.

*o*o*o*

The past few days have been weird. Really weird. Ever since I got off the phone with Alice and Tanya, Jasper and Edward have been a lot... closer... than normal. They're always holding me, kissing my temple, my cheeks, my forehead... Jasper's even kissed me chastely on the mouth a few times. And don't get me wrong, I love it. I crave it. I want *more*. So much more. But it's confusing. They act like I turn them on, and it's messing with my head.

Oh, and yesterday when Jasper left for three days of work in Seattle, he held me tightly, kissing me, and I definitely felt him get hard.

Do they want me or something?

Because it sure as hell seem like it.

And last night when it was just Edward and I, he just kept touching me. It was mostly innocent, but what he doesn't seem to understand is that every time he's even near me, I'm on fire. And when he dropped a somewhat sensual kiss on my neck while I cleared the dinner table, my knees almost buckled. So, today when Edward asked me to have a movie night with him, I decided to just go with it. I won't initiate anything, but I won't shy away either.

I'm also gonna leave the pajama bottoms and t-shirt for a white wife beater and a pair of black boy shorts in lace.

*o*o*o*

"You coming, baby?" Edward called from the den.

We'll just see, won't we...

I was in my new outfit for the night, and fuck me if my ass wasn't showing. Jesus, they only cover half of it, but hey, he's not into women, right? It shouldn't matter what I wear. Oh, and the wife beater may be just a tad too tight.

After pulling my hair into a ponytail, I was ready.

"Yep. What movie do you wanna see?" I asked, not even stopping at the couch. Instead I walked passed in to the movie shelves, bending over just because maybe there's a good movie down there.

Innocent, right?

"Jesus, woman, what the hell are you wearing?" he exclaimed from the couch.

I smirked and kept scanning for movies as I answered innocently, "I couldn't find the pajama bottoms I wanted so I just skipped it... So, what's your poison for the night, Edward? Comedy? Drama? Action?"

"Horror," he replied.

Classic guy-move. Now, how should I interpret that?

Does he want me? Is this something he would just like to try? I mean, he used to be married. I'm sure he's been with women before.

Or is he just very touchy?

"Jeepers Creepers?" I suggested. "Although, you better be prepared to be my body guard for the night," I added.

"That's okay... Put it on."

So, I did.

And then I walked over to the couch where Edward sat in his normal sleep wear – pajama bottoms... and nothing else.

Yep, Edward's been very bare chested around the house lately. Don't ask me why.

He smiled – though it looked forced – and held his arm up for me, and there was no way I'd have it any other way. I had to fight the urge to snicker as I rested my head on his chest, feeling the way his heart pounded.

Something was definitely up. Either he was uncomfortable with how much skin I was showing, or he was attracted to me. But it wasn't *nothing*. There was nothing relaxed and casual about that way he acted.

Half way through the movie, though, I gave up. He wasn't fully relaxed, but he didn't make a move either, so I assumed... well, I don't know what I assumed.

My eyes fluttered closed.

*o*o*o*

"Bella, baby, wake up," I heard Edward murmur.

Mmmmmmmmm...

"Beautiful? Time to get you to bed."

I fell asleep?

Damn.

"Let's get you to bed. The movie's over."

"Oh," was my clever response before I yawned.

I stood unmoving and sleepy as hell as Edward switched off the lights, and then he led me up to my room.

"Love you, Edward. Good night," I mumbled sleepily and went to hug him.

"Nu-huh, you said I was your body guard for the night, beautiful. Now, which side of the bed do you want?" he smirked and entered my room.

The side you're on?

I would have told him that I was capable of sleeping alone, but I was done with this. He knew very well I wasn't deadly serious about the body guard comment, I mean, we've watched horror flicks before.

"Doesn't matter," I shrugged. "I'll usually just end up in the middle anyway."

He dropped his pajama bottoms and I was awarded with a lovely view of Edward in tight boxer briefs in black.

They house a huge cock and a very perfect ass, I remember.

He flashed me that damn crooked smile, and got into the bed... my bed. Jesus...

Plastering a nonchalant look on my face, I walked over to the chair next to my bed, and pulled the wife beater off, leaving me in nothing but my black boy shorts.

I heard his sharp intake of air, but I ignored it, and climbed under the covers – not stopping until I was in the middle of the bed.

"Scratch my back?" I asked innocently and uncovered my upper body.

This was nothing new, of course. Edward often scratched my back, although I'm never naked when this happens... and we're never in my bed.

"Of course," he whispered.

I felt him scoot closer, and the warmth that radiated from his body made me shiver, and he wasn't even touching me. To say I have it bad would be the understatement of the century. And then I felt his large hands on my back.

I hummed, and I felt him scoot even closer before he started working his magic hands on me.

"Oh, Edward," I hummed quietly.

This was no faking. But I did add his name on purpose.

Fucking sue me.

Edward's breathing hitched, and the atmosphere shifted.

I recognized it.

It was the same thick tension I had shared with Jasper, only, this was heavier. This was something I wasn't sure I could stop.

I moaned as his fingers reached the sides of my breasts, and I knew now. I knew this was the same for him. And he proved it. All of the sudden, I was pressed against his hard body, and his mouth latched on to my neck, sending shock wave upon shock wave of lust and need through my body.

"You have to know what you're doing to me, baby," he breathed, and grabbed my hips to pull me even closer.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned.

He's so fucking hard...

His close proximity, the open mouth kisses on my neck, his huge erection, his large hand covering my hip... I... I couldn't stop it.

He wants me.

"Do you want me, Bella? Is there any chance you feel the same?" he mumbled against my neck.

"Edward," I whimpered, trying to rub against him.

"Fuck," he hissed, tightening his hold on my squirming body. "I can't stop myself, Bella... I... I can't fucking stop."

"Jasper-" I managed to choke out, but Edward didn't stop his magic on my body.

"Wants you, too, beautiful... We both want you," he murmured.

Oh, God...

"We've talked about it," he whispered, licking the shell of my ear. "We can't hold it in, baby... Jesus, I can't take my hands off of you."

I couldn't function. It was a thick haze, and I never wanted it to stop.

"Tell me it's not just us," he pleaded. "Tell me you want this."

"Fuck, Edward," I almost sobbed. "I do... God, so much... but..."

Edward quickly flipped me over, and he hovered over me... so closely... his eyes so sincere... so dark.

Earth shattering.

"I don't want any regrets, Bella," he murmured, his eyes watching me intently. "And I want complete honesty. I... I'm in love with you."

Whimpering, I closed my eyes, but tears spilled over anyway.

He loves me like I love him?

"Don't cry, beautiful," he whispered and kissed them away.

"How can this ever work, Edward?" I cried. "I'm in love with you, too, but..."

"You love me?" he breathed and swallowed hard.

I could only nod.

"Do you want Jazz, too?"

I nodded hesitantly, keeping my eyes closed.

I was so scared that our perfect bubble was about to burst. I couldn't live without either of them.

"Are you in love with him?" he asked softly, nuzzling my temple.

I shook my head slightly. "Not like I love you," I sniffled.

"Do you want me even if I have Jazz?" he asked thickly, his body tensed.

He's nervous, I recognized.

"I... It's hard to explain," I whispered, my eyes welling up all over again. "I want you both..." I swallowed hard. "But I'm in love with *you*... I love you both, and I'm attracted to you both... S'just, there's more with you."

Please don't let this be over, I chanted in my head.

"Can I tell you what I feel now?" he whispered before he kissed the spot below my ear.

I shivered and trembled, but managed to nod.

"I'm in love with both of you," he sighed, and kissed my eyelids. "I want you both. I want the three of us... But with you... God, Bella, I can't ignore that charge I feel whenever you're close... I can't stop myself from feeling that *you* are my soulmate... It's just that... I feel like Jazz is a big piece of it... Does that make sense?"

He was nervous again.

I wasn't.

We feel the same.

"I make perfect sense," I whispered. "We're all fucked up, but it fits us, right?"

I felt him smile against my forehead. "Couldn't have said it any better myself, angel."

Could I really have it all? Could the three of us make it? Could we have it?

Jasper's not here.

"What does Jasper feel?" I asked quietly.

"The same way you do for him," he murmured. "He wants it all, too. The three of us."

"Could... Oh, my God, can we really do this?" I just had to ask.

"Yes."

And that was all I needed. I trusted him. Someway, somehow, we would do this. All together.

I smiled and let the warming feeling consume me.

"Can I please kiss you now?" he whispered, his eyes so happy.

I think my beaming smile was answer enough.

Softly he pressed his lips against mine. And it was that spark. Igniting.

It wasn't enough. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I pulled him down, and he groaned loudly – his sound sending waves of heat to my core – and we started kissing more firmly, our mouths moving perfectly together. Parting our lips at the same time, our tongues met in the middle, and it was everything. It was fire. 4th of July and all that. I was *home*. I *belonged*. I *felt* so much.

The kiss turned frenzied and our bodies connected, making us both moan, but it still wasn't enough. I needed more.

"Please," I whimpered in his mouth.

"Anything, love," he panted.

I arched my back as he started kissing my neck and collarbone. "Make me yours, Edward."

"Fuck," he hissed. "Are you sure, baby? I don't think I can go slow. I want you so much."

Yes!

"You know... what I feel about slow," I gasped as I felt Edward's lips around my nipple.

"You're goddamn perfect, Bella," he whispered before his tongue darted out, flicking my nipple. "For so long, I've dreamt about this... So beautiful... Perfect."

"Oh!" I moaned as I felt him hook his fingers under my panties.

"You're sure?" he asked again.

"Yes, please, Edward!"

My panties were *ripped* off, and I started panting in pleasurable shock. It had never been this way. Never had anyone ripped anything off of me because it would take too long to take them off properly.

This was what I wanted.

"Fuck, you're flawless, Bella," he... well, he whimpered.

I opened my eyes and sat up slightly to lean on my elbows, and I noticed Edward was sitting up between my legs, stroking himself through the boxers... his eyes fixed on my bare pussy.

Hadn't I seen the hunger in his eyes, I would've been nervous. But it was there so evident. Raw. *Needy*.

Hunger for what *I* had.

"Let me see you, Edward," I whispered. I needed this. I needed to see him hard... for *me*.

Now it was my turn to watch him intently, and I did so while licking my lips involuntarily. But it was just so sexy watching him lose his boxers.

God, he's really fucking huge...

He continued to stroke himself, watching my pussy, but now he wasn't still. This time his hand caressed my thigh, up... up...

"So soft," he whispered quietly. "Exquisite."

"Edward," I pleaded.

Fucking finally, I felt him reach me. His thumb – so softly – stroked the length of my very wet sex, and it was *more*... His small touch gave me more than anything I had ever felt.

"God, you're wet, baby," he groaned. "Is that because of me, Bella?"

Jesus, how he can still form words, I don't know...

"Yes," I moaned. "All... for you."

"Lie back, beautiful," he commanded softly.

As soon as I was settled, I felt him. I felt the tip of his tongue flick my clit, his thumb still stroking my slit. It was maddening... until he added pressure, and his tongue parted my folds to lick me firmly.

"Fuck, Edward!" I gasped, arching my back.

“Never... I will never get enough of this... of you,” he murmured against my flesh.

I ignited. It was buzzing. My entire being came alive at his touch. And Edward had control. He held the power over me.

I loved it.

Soon I felt two fingers tease my entrance, and I was trembling with anticipation. He licked and sucked on my clit relentlessly, and I was already edging close – close to something I hadn’t felt in more than a year. I had tried and tried by myself, but for a whole year, I could never orgasm.

“Oh, fuck!” I gasped then.

Edward fingers were inside of me, curling upwards, in, out, in, curling, teasing, his tongue still working its magic... It was... *mindblowing*. And fuck, the sounds of pleasure he gave away – it was like he loved what he was doing... like he was savoring me.

Worshipping me.

Trembling and tensing, I edged closer and closer, my blood pumping in my veins, and it left me panting breathlessly. Tingling and surging, building.

So close...

“Come for me, Bella,” he whispered before he took my clit between his teeth.

Explosion.

My vision filled with black spots, and I fell apart. So hard. So powerful. White heat. Coursing through me... wave after wave. I couldn't breathe. I could only feel.

All consuming.

Edward brought me down gently, slowly, and then I felt his loving kisses up my body while I tried to regain my breath. It was there in every kiss he planted – the adoration, the love, the devotion.

He loved me.

"I love you," he breathed against my pulse point. "So much, Bella... That was... Fuck, so beautiful."

"Thank you for bringing me back to life," I whispered.

The love shone in his eyes and I knew that we could do this. All of it. There was hope, love, and determination.

"I love you," I breathed.

Our eyes locked as I felt the tip of his cock at my entrance, and it was like a silent conversation as we gazed at each other. We didn't need to ask questions because we knew so much about each other, that we kept it in our gaze.

We told each other the three things necessary.

I trust you.

I love you.

I'm yours.

Slowly, he entered me. Inch by inch. Stretching me fiercely. It stung. But it was the pleasurable pain that made everything real. It was what I had

craved. *Oh, God, he's big.* I felt everything. I felt his restraint. I felt him twitch. I heard and saw him grit his teeth. I felt him fill me. Completely.

When our hips met, we both shuddered out a breath, and once again I came to life. The feeling of feeling everything... Everything so perfect. Powerful. Intense.

"Fuck... so tight...A-are you okay?" His voice was strained as hell, and his eyes full of concern for my well being.

I was more than okay.

Now I wanted raw and instinctual that I knew Edward could give me. And instinct was not telling Edward to stay still. His love for me told me to stay still, but I already knew he loved me. Now I wanted him to listen to his body.

I wanted him to go insane.

This is what I've been waiting for...

"You know what I want, Edward. You know me," I breathed, looking him in the eye.

He knew everything. He knew what I had suffered through. He knew what I craved. He knew the emotions I lusted after.

He knew me.

And what kind of creature I am.

Edward's features changed. The love and adoration was still there, but now he was thinking '*Yes, I do know her, and I know exactly what she wants*'.

I know him, too. And I know he wants it as much as I do.

He pulled out slowly, his eyes never leaving mine, and it was once again a silent conversation.

His eyes were questioning. *Are you ready?*

I nodded. *Yes.*

His eyes softened. *I love you.*

Mine did, too, and I swallowed emotion. *I love you, too.*

He slammed into me.

All air left me as the sharp sting made me clamp down fiercely around his... my fucking *God*, I underestimated his size... Jesus.

"Any regrets?" he whispered darkly in my ear. "Are you sure you wanted *this*?" he emphasized *this* with another hard fucking thrust, and once again it left me breathless.

I could only nod, because his taunting words combined with his raw roughness left me speechless. And so fucking horny.

"It doesn't really matter anymore, though," he grunted. "You gave me your consent, and your pussy is so *tight*, so slick, that it's *impossible* for me to stop."

Oh, God...

He pulled out, and swiftly thrust in again – so fucking hard that he moved my body up the bed. It was everything. The pain that intensified every pleasurable emotion. The heat, the constricting, the buzzing and tingling... the building. *Oh, shit, the building.*

He gripped me tightly and for the first time in my life, someone was actually fucking me. I would never tire.

"You will never deny me, baby," he growled. "I'm already addicted. Say you won't ever deny me."

"Never," I gasped. "Fuck, Edward!"

My second orgasm was already building, and the way he hit my deepest spot with every thrust was slowly but surely sending me into insanity. Everything was let go of. I could *feel* it. The slapping of skin, the loud groans, my panting and moaning, and oh, holy shit, he just pressed his thumb against my clit... oh, God...

No restraint.

"You're mine now, Bella," he panted. "Fucking mine."

"Yes!"

He lifted my hips up slightly, and pushed in again, even fucking harder, and even deeper... I didn't even know it was possible... Can't form... coherent... thoughts... God!

"Come," he gritted out.

Primal.

I'm done.

I screamed out his name, almost choking as the violent orgasm didn't wash over me, but *pushed* me down. So heavy. So... *everywhere*. Pulsing rapidly, pounding, out of control.

And with a guttural groaned version of my name, Edward spilled into me, and I had never felt more belonged, connected, and *satisfied*.

I'm marked.

He collapsed on top of me, and we were both panting messes for several minutes until Edward reluctantly pulled out of me.

"Fuck, I'm spent," he groaned as he collapsed next to me. "You okay, angel?"

There was the love again. The caring. His eyes always so expressive.

"No, I'm perfect," I hummed. "I'm fucked."

Chapter 9

Bella POV.

There was the love again. The caring. His eyes always so expressive.

"No, I'm perfect," I hummed. "I'm fucked."

He chuckled breathlessly and pulled my limp body against him. "Christ, I love you, Bella. I don't think you realize how perfect I think you are."

Always that soft honey dripping voice...

"I'm also very yours," I sighed, kissing his chest.

"You bet you are, love. And you have no idea how much you own me."

I looked up, and deep into his eyes... Sincere, honest, truthful.

"I love you," I whispered.

"I love you, too, angel."

I was home.

*O*O*O*

Waking up to Edward kissing my neck has to be one of the best feelings in the world. Oh, and his morning wood wedged between my thighs, also a very lovely feeling.

I love spooning...

"Good morning, beautiful," he whispered.

"Indeed it is," I giggled sleepily and pushed my ass towards him, making him groan.

"Never deny me?" he murmured as his hand covered my breast, gently pinching the constricting nipple.

"Never," I breathed, closing my eyes. "I'm yours."

Slowly his hand traveled south, cupping my pussy that was getting wetter by the second.

"Do you know how overwhelming it was for me last night to be inside you?" he murmured as he started fingering me slowly, teasingly.

I couldn't speak.

"The feeling of burying myself inside that tight pussy of yours..." he breathed, seeking friction between my thighs. "So fucking powerful, angel."

He spread the wetness around, up and down my sex, and always paid extra attention to my clit... and it left me moaning and squirming, wanting more.

Always more.

"And tasting you, Bella... Jesus... There's no enough."

"Please," I moaned.

His hand left my pussy, and I heard him moan as he sucked his fingers. I was so ready. Then he lifted my leg up, and I held it up as he positioned himself at my entrance, and in one swift movement, he pushed inside me.

"So wet, so tight," he groaned against my neck.

With my leg up, Edward started moving inside me, always focusing on both of us – never selfish. He read my body as well as he could read my eyes, and when I started breathing heavier, he firmly stroked my clit with

his middle finger. And as I glanced at him, moving behind me, he stared down at where we were joined with so much emotion that it left me breathless.

This is what I write about, I thought, and now I have it.

The tempo increased as we both edged closer, and when we came together, it was silent – our eyes locked. It was perfection in every way. The way his thrusts could be rough and hard, and at the same time he could watch me with so much love and adoration.

As long as he looks at me in that way, I know watching him and Jasper together will be nothing erotic, beautiful, and something intense they will share with me.

To be blunt: I can't fucking wait.

*o*o*o*

Edward's been following me around like a puppy all day. At first I was thrilled, already ready for more. But he insisted that we gave it a day, because I was sore. I was sore, but so what? Who cares? Not me.

Anyway, he insisted that, after four rounds of fucking, loving, and more fucking, we'd take a break. He was so sweet when he took care of me in the bath tub, washing me, caressing me, kissing me... but not relenting on the schmexing.

Bastard.

I even tried to go down on him, because I really, really, wanted that, but he turned me down, saying that he wanted me to relax and rest. Doesn't he realize that sucking him off would also be pleasurable for me?

So, why is Edward following me around?

I have no idea.

*o*o*o*

I'm sitting on the kitchen counter with my lap top, shopping for sexy outfits for a few stories I'm outlining, and I can see Edward fidgeting in the doorway.

"Would you like me in a sexy school girl outfit in plaid?" I asked casually.

"Undoubtedly," he answered quickly before coming over to sit down.

"What are you doing?"

"Well, I have a few stories in the making, and I like to bring it to life as much as possible. So, if I write about a catholic school girl, I like to dress the part when I'm writing," I answered, clicking 'buy' on the outfit.

"Are you fucking with me, baby?" he asked with wide eyes.

"No. Why?"

"You're driving me insane," he groaned, pulling at his hair. "You can't say shit like that, angel. Don't you realize how hot that is? Fucking tease..."

I snickered. "Hey, you're the one saying no to sex, not me."

He glared at me. "I'm trying to be a considerate boyfriend, and you're not making it easy."

That was another thing. All day he's been saying things that make him include the words boyfriend and girlfriend – like he's trying to wrap his head around it – and the grin he's been sporting throughout the day is just so fucking adorable.

"Fine. I won't tease you, baby," I chuckled. "How about you just fucking tell me why you've been following me all day? I'm not stupid, Edward. I can see there's shit you want."

He watched me carefully, reading me, and once again pulling at his hair, but now also pinching the bridge of his nose.

Edward's really bothered by something when he does that.

"Spill," I demanded, closing the laptop.

"Fine," he mumbled. "I've been thinking... and I don't want there to be differences between us."

"Go on," I urged softly.

I really didn't like that he looked so nervous and... apprehensive and vulnerable.

"Well... I don't want us to be separated... I wanna sleep with you every night," he said quietly.

I understood what he was saying, and I think I just fell even more in love with him. But I hated that he felt so insecure.

Scooting over across the kitchen island, I placed my legs, so he was in between them, and I leaned in to kiss him softly.

Edward stood up, kicking his stool back, and pulled me closer to his body so we could deepen the kiss.

This was not my intention, though, so I broke the kiss and rested my forehead against his.

"You know I love you, right?" I asked.

He nodded and closed his eyes.

"You're everything to me, Edward. I can't function without you and Jasper. But you, you are *my* soulmate, too, Edward, and I don't want you to feel apprehensive around me. About anything. Do you want to know what I want for us three?"

He nodded again and tightened his hold on my waist.

"I want everything with you, Edward," I whispered. "I want the future. I'm not just in love with you today or next month. I know- I *feel* how real this is. I know it's forever.

"Is this conventional? Not even a little. But it's for us. The three of us. You said it yourself, Edward; we can make this work. And I believed you. I still do.

"I don't want us to hide anything, because that can actually cause more harm than right. We need to be open with each other, especially if we're three people in the relationship. We haven't even talked to Jasper about this yet, and we're already apprehensive? We can't have that, Edward. Do you understand?"

He nodded, his eyes still closed.

"Do you love me, Edward?" I asked softly.

"More than anything," he whispered thickly. "I... I can't deny that there is something out of this world between you and me... What I feel for you goes deeper than anything I've ever felt... I'm just fucking scared that Jazz will think I don't love him anymore.

"I can't live without either of you, Bella, but I can't deny the intense hold you have on me."

I didn't know this. I had no idea. I knew he loved me, and he was so confident – so sure. But now he seems scared.

Loving one person is hard itself. Loving two must be terrifying, especially if he thinks I'm his soulmate. But what makes us good soulmates is that we want the same things.

"I'm your only soulmate?" I asked.

He nodded. Remorse evident in his features.

"Well, what makes us perfect soulmates, Edward, is that we can't live without Jasper. I love him so much that it scares me. I didn't know love could be this strong... not until I met you two. It's us three, okay?"

Edward opened his eyes, and my own eyes welled up at the sight of his'. They were vibrant, and swimming with emotion. I had never seen Edward this vulnerable before. He always struck me as the most confident man. Always sure. But now I see that even he needs reassurance.

And I know both me and Jasper are happy to give it to him.

"I will always have you?" he murmured.

"Always, Edward. I will never deny you anything. But what I want you to know is that I don't think there's anything I will even *want* to deny you, because we want the same things."

"Fuck, I love you, Bella," he breathed.

"I love you, too."

*o*o*o*

For the rest of the day, and well into the night, we talked. We talked about everything, and we agreed that there was no 'too soon' in our relationship. If there is something on our minds, we say it right away. We share everything. All of us.

At first I wondered if this wasn't something we should wait for until Jasper came home, but Edward wanted him and me to have everything cleared out first. He wanted to know exactly what I wanted in my future, and he wanted to tell me what *he* wanted. He also told me that he and Jasper had had this discussion, and they both wanted the three of us to work out.

We touched every subject. Everything from their past, my past, and our present, to our future.

Edward told me about how it had been worth it to give so much up for Jasper, and he told me how they both had pretty much saved each other when they got together. With both their families pushing them out of their lives, they only had each other to rely on. No more holidays with the parents. No watching your family grow.

I thought Jasper's parents had been awful, but they hadn't pretended he didn't exist. They had in terrible ways complained how wrong it was to love someone who wasn't a girl, but they hadn't abandoned him completely.

Edward's family had.

His parents had been upset when he came home and told them about his divorce with Kate, but when he told them about Jasper, they had just told him to get out. He wasn't welcome there anymore. He was disgusting. Even his brother thought Edward was repulsive.

Only one family member had stuck by Edward, and that was his Aunt Esme, but she lived in London, so there was really never anyone for him when he had found Jasper.

But Jasper was worth it. Still is.

I couldn't really wrap my head around how idiotic people are, but I know that my own parents would've judged me fiercely had they been alive.

And as soon as it gets out in Forks that I'm living with two men the way I am, they will judge us, too.

But I don't care about that anymore.

What we have is right for us.

Everything Edward and I talked about brought us closer, almost fusing us together, and it was wonderful. It was what we needed. We needed to make sure we were on the same page.

We didn't just talk because we thought we needed it, though. We talked because we wanted to be closer. We talked because we were interested in each others thoughts. And one example was when Edward wanted to know more about my writing. He asked if I wanted more, less, or different. And I told him I loved writing as Marie Green, and even now that I love my life, it's something I wish to continue. I also told him my dream of writing something 'normal' under my own name one day. But writing will always be for me. We'll just have to see under which name and genre one can find my work.

There was one time Edward became nervous again, but this time it wasn't apprehension or fear. He was nervous because he wanted to know what I wanted in the future. He wanted to know if I was one to want marriage and children.

He explained that a couple of years ago, they had discussed both of those subjects, and neither of them were interesting in adoption, and they both agreed that if they did have kids one day, one of them would be the biological father. He continued with explaining that after tests had been made, they found out that Jasper was close to infertile, and that that had put everything on hold. The result had caught them in a bad time of their lives when they needed good news, and this just halted them.

Edward couldn't deny that he really did want children, and his age wasn't exactly working in his favor. But his hope is to become a father before he's thirty-five.

The problem was that they both wanted children that were biologically theirs, and if Edward became a father, he would feel guilty when Jasper couldn't.

Marriage was nothing they wanted for themselves. Jasper wasn't into the whole charade at all, and Edward didn't care. The rings they wear are a symbol to them and no one else. They exchanged them because they wanted to wear that symbol.

And Edward had looked so adorably nervous when he asked what I felt regarding all this. He wanted to know if I one day saw myself getting married again. He wanted to know my own feelings towards having children. Nervously and rambling, he had almost begun to apologize for asking these kinds of questions so early in our relationship, but he just couldn't stop himself from asking, because these were thoughts he had had for a long time. This had been on his mind since he realized he was in love with me. And the fantasy of being with me had been on his mind ever since we met.

Five months. Yes, to some that's a very short period of time, especially considering how we met. I was barely alive – emotionally dead, and everything around me was shattered. But I don't care. Five months – whatever. If it's right, it's right. I love them. They love me. We want this. Of course we should talk about what we want in our future then. Especially if you're in the situation the three of us are in. It's just good that we're putting all our cards on the table. That means we know. We know what to fight for – to work for.

I had climbed up in Edward's lap and told him my truth. I told him that I don't think about marriage at the moment, but that things are different

with Edward. And if he one day wants me to have his name, I will be honored. Lastly I told him I would love nothing more than to bear our children one day.

Edward threw his own rule about waiting with sex out the window right then and there in the den. He made love to me passionately, he fucked me hard and fast, he kissed, nibbled, and licked. He did it all, but no matter what, the same love was always there. Our silent conversations, our expressions, our bodies – we could just read each other so well.

That night I fell asleep in Edward's arms... in what he calls our bed. That was what had started his thinking that day. He wanted me in the same bed as him and Jasper. That was what he meant by not separating us.

To be honest, I couldn't see it the way Edward did. He said he wanted the two he loved close to him.

Bella Swan was just horny by the idea.

Of course I'll share the bed. I want nothing more than to be close to them both. But I couldn't stop the images from popping up.

You know which images I'm thinking about.

Yeah, you do.

Chapter 10

Bella POV.

Edward and Jasper have been sitting on the porch for the past two hours. He came home from Seattle today and Edward asked me if it was okay that he spoke to Jasper about everything that's happened in the past three days.

I said 'sure', but now I'm so fucking nervous.

From my spot in the kitchen, I can see Edward's face clearly, but Jasper has his back to me. There's been smiling, chuckling, furrowed brows, chaste kissing, grinning, thoughtfulness, concern, mischief, beaming, and lots of nodding.

That's all from watching Edward.

Now, how do I interpret that?

Are things fine?

I mean, have Edward and I jumped to conclusions? Will Jasper be okay with all of this?

The thought of him being against this makes me wanna cry. I couldn't lose him. And I couldn't lose Edward. I need them.

"Hey, you."

"Holyfuckingshit!" I screamed, jumping ten feet in the air.

Okay, maybe not, but shit!

"Jasper!" I gasped after I turned around. "You fucking scared me, you piece of shit!"

I was panting and clutching my chest as he just stood there grinning with arms crossed. Fucking idiot. Sexy smirking idiot.

"Deep in thought?" he smirked. "I even said your name before I approached."

Oh.

"Well, fuck," I huffed.

It was impossible to glare at him but I sure as hell tried.

"Are ya gonna be pissy all day? Or can I kiss you now," he winked.

Huh?

And he calls *me* blunt?

Is... is he serious? Is everything okay? Does he want what Edward and I want?

Maybe you should answer him, Bella...

Right.

"Uhm... yes? But... is everything okay?" I asked.

"I'd say things are more than fine," he murmured and closed in the last distance between us.

Threading his hands in my hair, he looked down at me with darkened blue eyes, and it was *our* love, it was trust, mischief, friendship, adoration, hope, and want.

Sighing in relief and contentment, I closed my eyes just as his soft lips met mine, and it was different. It was lust and love. It was playfulness and comfort.

Light and easy.

It was perfect for Bella and Jasper.

It was seriously turning me on.

His tongue swiped against my bottom lip, and with a moan, I parted my lips. Our tongues met carefully – like testing the waters – but it wasn't enough. Even with Jasper I wanted more. So, I wrapped my arms around his neck, and our bodies came together as our kiss deepened. The feeling of him against me... so hard to explain, but it's like he's increasing my libido.

Aphrodisiac.

Never breaking the building kiss, Jasper led me backwards until we reached the kitchen island, and then he lifted me up – cupping my ass – and ground me against him, making me whimper in his mouth as I felt his hard cock.

Panties soaked? Check.

"Fuck, Bella," he groaned before thrusting his tongue deep in my mouth.

All of the sudden I felt Edward's presence, and I opened my eyes to see his lust filled ones staring right back at me, and I moaned loudly as he pressed against Jasper all while keeping his intense gaze with me locked.

Jasper broke our kiss and we panted breathlessly, but soon he dipped down to kiss my neck, and I tilted my head to give him access.

'I love you,' Edward mouthed before his lips went to Jasper's neck – his eyes still locked with mine.

'I love you, too,' I mouthed back, and then I closed my eyes to just *feel*.

It was hot, so hot... the tension thick and heavy... panting and shivering, there was nothing I could do but to follow my body's needs.

Then there were four hands on me and I moaned out loudly as I felt the distinct spark that left my skin on fire from Edward's touch. Goosebumps appeared and I trembled – this was it – I was so ready for more.

I needed it.

And as Edward could read my mind... "Take her, Jazz," he whispered.

Oh, God.

"Fuck, she tastes good," Jasper groaned, licking my collarbone.

The next thing I knew was Jasper pulling off my tank top before lowering me down on the counter top. I didn't even feel the cold surface as heat already surging in my body won easily.

"She's gorgeous," Jasper whispered as his hands covered my breasts.

I arched my back to feel more, but they were clearly in charge.

"I know," Edward murmured, caressing my stomach reverently.

I adore you.

The sound of a zipper being pulled down had me moaning in anticipation, and when I heard Jasper's loud groan, I propped myself up on my elbows to see... oh... my... god... Edward stroking Jasper's cock so close to my clothed pussy.

"Please," I whimpered. "Oh, God, you're beautiful."

"You like that, angel?" Edward murmured. "You like me touching him this way?"

"Fuck, yes," I breathed.

To be honest, I was getting tired of doing nothing, so with a determined push, I hopped off the counter, and sunk to my knees right in front of Jasper.

They hadn't anticipated my movement, and they both hissed as I placed my hand above Edward's – us both now moving on Jasper's cock.

More. I want more, Edward.

Leaning in, I flicked my tongue at the head of his dick, and Edward let go of him abruptly as Jasper moaned.

"Fuck, I have to see this," Edward breathed.

In my peripheral I could see Edward touch himself a few feet away from us, but all I focused on now was Jasper.

His cock was long and thick, and I almost had the urge to name it, but those were the feelings Jasper brought out of me. Mischief and playfulness.

"You want my mouth on you, Jazz?" I murmured and planted an openmouthed kiss on the head. I fucking savored the taste of his pre-cum.

"God, yes," he moaned.

As I eased him into my mouth, I took pleasure of hearing both my men groan. It made me feel powerful.

Humming around him, I began to move in and out, cupping his balls and tugging slightly.

"Fuck, you're good," he gasped. "Shit!"

It was instinctual and frenzied as I worked him, and I lived for the noises they both made. It made me want more. It made me want to do more... harder.

"Bella... Fuck, I'm already close," Jasper gritted and pulled out of my mouth.

I whimpered at the loss and actually pouted.

He lifted me up to a stand and dipped down to kiss me sweetly. "The first time, I want to come inside you."

Oh, God.

"Okay," I breathed.

"Edward told me you like it rough? Is that true, baby?" he asked tauntingly.

Glancing over at Edward, I saw him send me a wicked smirk that sent a rush of wetness to my pussy.

I could only nod to Jasper.

"Perfect, Bella," he breathed against my neck. "You're perfect."

For just a moment, I had my eyes closed, but when I opened them again, I felt Edward's hand grab me. He was now standing next to the kitchen island, and he dipped down to kiss me softly, making me forget the world..... until I felt Jasper grab my hips and pull me in his direction, also yanking down my shorts and panties.

And when I felt Jasper's cock tease my slit, I knew what the plan was.

With Jasper behind me, and Edward in front of me...

"Jesus, so wet, Bella," Jasper murmured, dragging his cock up and down the length of my sex... driving me insane!

"Taste her, Jazz," Edward said, stroking himself right in front of my face.

Please... just please...

I gasped out loud as I felt the motherfucking *magic* of Jasper's fingers dive into me and immediately hit my spot. *Okay, so he has magic fingers. To say the least.*

Unfortunately, his fingers left my pussy too quickly.

"She tastes good, doesn't she?" Edward murmured huskily, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear. "Fucking amazing."

Jesus, they're playing me.

"She really does," Jasper hummed. "Can't wait to feel those juices on my cock."

You don't have to wait, I wanted to say. But instead, I took matter into my own hands... or mouth.

I sent Edward a wink before I quickly grabbed his huge erection, and lowered my mouth on it.

"Fucking Christ, Bella!" he moaned.

I smirked internally, feeling him twitch in my mouth, and then I relaxed my throat so I could swallow around him. And I sucked him as hard as I could.

"Holy shit," he panted breathlessly. "Jazz, *fuck* her!" he growled.

Christ, I could come just by listening to him...

As soon as I felt Jasper at my entrance, I let Edward go for a second just in case I'd involuntarily clamp my teeth down-

"Oh, my God, Jasper!" I gasped as he drove into me.

There was just so much happening around me, and it was getting really difficult to focus. What should I focus on? Edward touching himself right in front of me? Him kissing my neck? Jasper fucking me relentlessly? Jasper's Houdini-fingers rubbing my clit? Oh, and then there's the whole orgasm-building inside me.

Suck Edward's magnificent cock...

Yes, please.

Breathing deeply and erratically through my nose, I lowered myself on Edward's cock again, and I shivered violently as he threaded his fingers through my hair – his touch always so worshipping in some way.

"So... tight," Jasper gritted, and I was already getting so close.

So close.

Focusing as much as possible on Edward, I swallowed around him, tugged on his balls, and let my tongue swirl – basically multitasking – because the thing is that I really want Edward to be my firsts. He was the first in this relationship to fuck me, love me, and come inside me. And now I want him to be the first to come in my mouth – before I come with Jasper.

But my fucking God, that's going to be hard if Jasper keeps up his magic touch with his fingers.

"Angel... fuck, I'm close," Edward grunted.

Oh God...

I was on fire, and I was getting desperate for more air, but what I found more important was their pleasure. I wanted to give them everything.

Clenching my walls around Jasper fiercely, I simultaneously sucked Edward in as deep and hard as I could, even grazing my teeth against his thick cock.

And then I heard them both.

"Ah, shit, Bella!" Jasper gasped.

"Fuck, baby!" Edward growled.

He came hard and fast, and thankfully Jasper slowed just a little as I drank my Edward down. It was so primal, so sexy, and it left me closer to the edge than before – really feeling the orgasm shake my core – and Edward's face was beautifully contorted as I took everything he gave me.

As soon as Edward had come down from his high, I let him go and started panting furiously, and allowed myself to focus on what Jasper gave me.

"Oh, shit, fucking hell," I panted breathlessly as he hit my g-spot. "Right... there, Jasper!"

Edward kissed me, whispered to me, and soon it all became too much.

"Come, baby girl," Edward whispered. "Come on Jasper's cock."

I constricted, trembled and shook – my body convulsing as everything exploded, and I practically gasped and sobbed out my mindblowing orgasm.

Jasper followed with a loud groan, and together we rode it out.

As my orgasm subsided, Jasper caught me right before I collapsed, and he brought me to his lap, sitting on the floor.

We were all catching our breath on the floor, and when my breathing returned to normal, my post-coital bliss just made everything so quiet and peaceful.

I smiled lazily into Jasper's collarbone, hoping that I would always remember this moment.

Edward POV.

Thirty years on this planet, and I'm finally blissfully happy. Everything is great. The two most important people are with me, and I have everything I want in this moment.

What's even greater is that Bella and Jazz feels the same.

It had hit me so hard when I felt the insane connection with Bella – like she's my other half – and I had been scared. It had terrified me because I didn't expect the war of emotions inside me. My body and heart didn't want to fight the revelation that Bella's my soulmate. But there was still my love for Jasper that made me feel guilty. Like betrayal.

Bella had put my mind at ease when she explained she felt the same for me. It made my heart soar to have her say that she felt the same connection. The way we could converse with our eyes, the way we could read each other bodies, and the way we could feel each other before the touch... it's just too much to deny.

And being with Bella... There is no describing what I felt when we shared our first night together. I had lied awake for hours, just watching her.

I could see everything in her. I could see my future, and I would literally die if she left me.

I had compared my feelings, and I had compared Bella and Jasper. They were so different yet the same. Both beautiful souls with big hearts. Both insanely attractive – just very different.

Jasper and I have been with each other for seven years. He's my first and only man. And I know I'm the first man he fell in love with. What he and I have is comforting, relaxed, and natural. We're both the same. We know when to back off because the other needs space, and we know when to push because the other one is closing himself in. But we're men – the same kind of man. We've never felt that need to shower the other one with compliments or be cheesy romantic with each other. What we have has always been solid. We love each other, we say it frequently, and we have our rings as that symbol. And I don't know if it has anything to do with us being bisexual, but we've always felt that there is something you do with women, and then something you do with men.

It's hard to explain, but I noticed the differences as soon as I realized what I felt for Bella. With her I wanted all that romance. I want to constantly tell her how beautiful she is, and how perfect I think she is. Never with Jasper, because we just *knew*. We know how attracted we are to the other, and we know our love will be there. And once again, it's hard to explain, because it's the same with Bella. We know – it's so easy to see how much we love each other... and yet still, I want to be vocal in my affection as well.

With her I want all that cheesy romance. I wish to take her out on dates – the problem is that I want to do this alone. That's something I wish to have with her, and her only.

Yes, I was scared.

I was so conflicted that I was close to tears when I spoke to Bella about it in the kitchen, and I'm not a very emotional man. Not when it comes to crying, anyway.

Then we had spent the remainder of that day in the den, just talking it all out. I had shared my past with her, and she had been showing the emotions I only feel inside. She had been the one cursing and crying when I told her about my family, and she had been the one comforting when I told her about my marriage. She was just there, listening, comforting, caring.

And when I voiced my wish for marriage and children, Bella once again proved to be my soulmate. She has no idea how overwhelming it felt to have her feel the same about me. Not having children has been one of my biggest fears, being in a gay relationship, and I didn't know just how much that had pained me until Bella told me she did see children in our future.

It was like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders, and it was nothing but heart warming to feel that relief.

Still, everything wasn't perfect yet. Jazz was still out of town and we needed to talk to him about all this. I knew he would be thrilled that everything worked out, but I was still nervous in the regard of my feelings.

But Jasper being Jasper calmed me. For two hours we stood out there, and I told him everything. I told him what had transpired since he left, and I told him the conversation Bella and I had had the previous night. And Jazz noticed my connection with her when I spoke about her, and that's when he calmed my fears. He knew it wasn't a competition, he knew I loved him, he knew I wanted them both. He just knew.

And that is what has made me the luckiest bastard on earth.

Chapter 11

Edward POV.

"We should do something," Jazz sighed as he abused the remote control. Clearly it wasn't being nice to him. Clearly it was unable to deliver. Clearly there was nothing good on the TV. "Fucking shit."

"What did the remote ever do to you?" I chuckled, watching as he zapped through the channels by punching down the buttons with unnecessary force.

I knew he was being moody. Actually we both were but I wasn't quite as bad as Jazz.

Why?

Because we've been working all day. Jazz had a crappy meeting in Port Angeles with clients, and I had a crappy day with patients. Yeah. So, we came home, hungry, tired, and grumpy.

Only to find Bella locked up in her office, working on one of her stories.

Then when Bella emerged an hour later, the only thing Jazz and I had accomplished was showering off the day, but not completely because we were still moody and... I'll admit; bitchy. However, Bella's a strong woman and she didn't take out shit. She just ordered us away while she started on dinner, and it smells fucking amazing, but we're not allowed to show our asses in the kitchen until she says so.

At home, she's boss lady.

So, now we're lounging in the den, wearing pajama bottoms. Pajama bottoms to make this day go away. This day of suits, meetings,

appointments, and complaining. Simply put; it's just been one of those days.

"Damn it, I'm starving," I muttered. "Maybe we should just order pizza. I mean, we can eat what Bella cooks, too. It's not like one pizza would ruin our appetite."

Jazz was still zapping through the channels, sighing and huffing.

"Are you even listening to me?" I asked, getting annoyed already.

"No. Did you see what Bella was wearing?"

I laughed incredulously at the change of topic, but... yeah, I saw what she was wearing.

I'm not blind.

"Yeah," I sighed, leaning back on the couch.

Nothing but a midnight blue satin robe that ended mid-thigh.

Yeah.

"And she order us away? That's just not right, Edward."

Believe me, I know.

Jazz and I had been all over her when she emerged from her office, but still she pushed us away.

Cocktease is what she is.

And fuck, it's her fault. These past couple of days since our first time in the kitchen... Christ, we've been... *busy*, so to speak.

"It's official," Jazz huffed, also slumping back on the couch. "Two hundred channels and there's shit on."

Another wave of deliciousness wafted into the den then, and we both groaned out of hunger.

"It's her Chicken Parmesan, Edward," Jazz grumbled.

We love her Chicken Parmesan.

"I know," I muttered, placing my arm on the back of the couch as I looked over my shoulder. Not that I saw anything but I still looked, hoping, wishing Bella would appear and tell us dinner was ready. "So fucking starving."

On more than food.

The tie around her waist had taunted us. It would've been so easy to just yank it open, exposing her...

Fuck.

With a fucking pout that only Bella could bring out, Jazz let his head fall back, closer to me.

"She won't see that, you know," I chuckled quietly, eyeing his mopey pout.

Leaning forward, resting my forehead against his, I kissed said pout.

"Don't turn me on," he mumbled, sucking my bottom lip into his mouth. "I won't be able to survive."

I chuckled into the kiss, placing my right hand on the back of his neck.

"What, horniness and hunger's the way to take you down?" I asked, pushing my tongue inside his mouth. "Good to know... Fuck..."

He pulled me closer. I took the hint and pushed him down on the couch.

I hovered over him, kissed his jaw, moaning into his mouth as he dragged his fingers across my back.

"Maybe she'll come if... mmm, fuck... she knows what we're doing," he groaned quietly, rubbing his hardening cock against mine.

Fuck yes.

"Then let her know. *Now,*" I growled, placing openmouthed kisses on his neck. "Get her in here."

I rubbed my erection against his, hard.

"Bella!" he moaned loudly, sending shivers through me. "Get your sweet ass in here!"

Images of the three of us from last night flashed before my eyes. Limbs tangled. Mouths tasting. Hands roaming. Fuck, we had been desperate in here yesterday. On the thick rug in front of the fire. Bella had told us that she had seen us one night in here... she told her how indescribably turned on she was. That was the trigger for me and Jazz, and we had seduced her right then and there, taking everything she offered us.

My cock throbbed. Jazz felt it and slid his hand between our bodies. *God,* I groaned internally, feeling him wrap his fingers around my cock. Be gone, fabric.

Damnit, angel, get in here. We need you.

"Fuck," I grunted, bucking against his hand.

Then our stomachs growled.

God-fucking-damnit. Yeah, we stilled.

"That is fucking it," Jazz huffed, pushing me off him. "Bella's killing me with horniness and food, and you're killing me with horniness. I swear you're conspiring against me."

I chuckled, still breathing heavily, and watched as he started pacing in front of me, most likely trying to get his erection down and breathing under control.

"Bella, baby?" I called, still chuckling breathlessly. "You're killing Jazz here!"

Another huff coming from Jazz. "You're not innocent, Edward."

I just shrugged and adjusted my cock.

Down, boy.

Down.

Then... finally... "Alright, you horny fuckers, dinner's ready!"

As if on cue, our stomachs growled again, and we were off in a flash, not caring that we would look like two complete idiots strolling into the kitchen with semi erections. It was what it was.

However, before I reached the kitchen, I made sure to put on my glasses, knowing just what Bella thought of them. And I doubt I could please her more than entering the kitchen in nothing but my light blue pajama bottoms and my glasses. Oh, and the erection I was still trying to will down. But yeah, I knew she had a thing for my glasses, not to mention the new way I was dressed at home.

She had a thing for my cock, too.

"You two are insatiable," Bella giggled, taking her seat by the kitchen island.

Jazz and I froze, staring at her incredulously because... Come. On. Bella. Who the hell are you to talk, you nymph?

"What?" she asked innocently, pouring wine into our glasses.

By the way, she was still wearing that tiny robe. Nothing else. I knew, we both did, Jazz and I, because we had seen her bend over to check the over before she ordered us away.

"You wanna talk insatiable, sweetheart?" Jazz asked, arching a brow.

"Don't know what you're talking about," she said dismissively. "Besides, I'm different. I'm sexually deprived. You aren't."

Nice try, I thought dryly and took my seat next to her.

"Whatever you say, baby," I said, patting her shoulder.

Jazz took his seat on the other side of Bella but he was out of the conversation because I saw him pretty much eye-fucking the counter, so... I sorta did the same, and yeah, I'm out of the conversation now, too. Holy fuck.

"My mouth is watering," Jazz whispered.

There was food everywhere. And that's when I noticed everything else, too. The lights were dimmed and candles were lit. Wine. There was food everywhere. Her Chicken Parmesan in the middle. Penne pasta. Salads. Mozzarella and tomatoes. Olives. Good God.

"Have I told you that I love you, baby?" I asked her, still eyeing the food.

"Mmhmm, me, too. I love you, Bella," Jazz murmured, most likely also keeping his eyes on the food.

The fucking feast.

"Naw, shucks," Bella chuckled. "I love you, too, boys. Now, dig in."

And we did.

We ate like the men we are.

Bella might have sent us some weird looks but Jazz and I were too busy eating to decipher them.

"Mind telling us what you've been writing all day, baby girl?" Jazz asked, sipping his wine as he eyed Bella's robe appreciatively. "Cause you looked a little flushed when we got home, you know."

Good question. Good question.

"I'd like to hear that as well," I murmured, cocking an eyebrow as I noticed how Bella squirmed in her seat a little. "You must have been writing something... quite hot."

She flushed. Even her chest. And she sipped her wine, obviously stalling.

I wasn't having it, and neither was Jazz who was out of his seat before I could get up, so I remained seated and watched as Jasper stood behind her, leaning down. Breathing her in, making Bella squirm more. He moved her hair. I swallowed. Fuck. I couldn't tear my eyes off of her. The way she tried to remain cool, calm and collected. It wasn't working. Not when Jazz repeated his question very huskily. Not when his hands slid around her and up, fuck, to cup her breasts.

"Tell us, baby," he growled quietly in her ear. "Tell us what you were writing."

Her eyes closed. Her chest heaved.

My cock hardened. Fuck.

My fingers twitched. I wanted it. Her. I needed to have my hands on her, too.

I needed it. Even more when Jazz tugged her ponytail back and captured her mouth with his own. My eyes narrowed.

I was hard.

I needed.

"Tell us, Isabella," he breathed in her mouth as he cupped her breasts again. Pulling and kneading, pleasuring her. "You know you will. Quit stalling, baby."

She whimpered.

I clenched my teeth.

Something's not quite...

I shook my head, clearing it.

Then I was out of my seat, unable to just stand by. Closing the last distance, I stood next to them both, not hesitating when I fisted Jasper's hair, breaking their kiss. But fuck, I needed, too.

"Time for bed," I gritted out. "Both of you. Up. Now."

They both moaned at my demanding voice, and I backed away slightly.

"I won't repeat myself," I said quietly but firmly before I blew out the candles. "I want you both naked in our bed within the next two minutes."

Then I headed for the stairs, taking them two at a time, and turned for the bathroom.

I was trembling. Pumping and surging. I felt like an animal.

My cock was painfully hard.

I knew I needed to calm down but it was fucking hard. Even as I splashed water on my face, I couldn't control my breathing. It was both of them driving me to the brink of insanity. Both of them being so incredibly sensual and sexy. Then both of them using that on each other... Fuck, I couldn't stand it. It was too much. And I had a need for control. I *needed* to be in control.

A couple of minutes later, I left the bathroom and walked straight into a wet dream. *My* dream. Because naked on our kingsized bed, Jazz and Bella kissed passionately, letting their hands roam freely.

I watched as Jazz buried his face in Bella's neck. I watched as her head tipped back, giving him more access. I watched as her hands trailed his back, spurring him on.

Then she saw me, and I found pleasure in the way her eyes darkened further.

The way the two of us could feel each others presence.

You and me.

My bottoms were gone. My glasses and boxers, too.

"Edward," Bella whimpered. "We need you, baby."

I approached the bed, climbing in on Jasper's side, and he turned to me, rolling over on his back as I moved closer. Dipping down, I kissed him hard, immediately pushing my tongue inside his mouth. And Bella... oh, Bella. She moved closer, too, and started kissing Jasper's neck. The two of us moved over him with my body closest, pinning him to the bed with mine.

Eager and needing to feel more of Bella, I snaked my right arm around her waist, pulling her closer so I could feel her skin. Fuck, I was a savage. Rough, pushing and pulling. Needing.

When Jazz started panting, I broke our kiss, only to kiss Bella instead.

I sucked her bottom lip into my mouth. My hand cradled her neck, making sure she stayed close, and Jasper... fuck, he moved under me, seeking friction. Hands everywhere, Bella's whimpers in my mouth, her sweet taste invading my senses, my cock sliding along Jasper's, Bella's breasts pressing against my side. Fuck. More. I needed more.

"Taste so good, baby," I groaned in her mouth. "Fuck, more."

"Yees," she moaned wantonly. "Christ, baby... lie back," she panted, breaking our kiss. "Let us make you feel good, Edward... please..."

Fuck.

Jasper murmured his agreement with Bella and pushed me down next to her so that I was on my back between the two. Then they both moved over me, making me moan loudly when I felt their hands, their eager, followed by their mouths.

"Where do you want me, Edward," Jazz asked huskily as he kissed my chest. "Anything and it's yours."

I growled and threaded my fingers through his hair, guiding him down my body.

"Suck my cock," I moaned, and Bella was there then, kissing my face. "Fuck, I love you... both of you... yesss," I hissed, feeling his hot mouth take me down. Deep down, no teasing. Tongue swirling around the head and down again. "Goddamnit, Jazz... just like that..."

"And where do you want *me*, Edward?" Bella purred, nibbling on my lip.

"Do you want my mouth on you, too?"

"Fuck yes!" I grunted as I hit the back of Jasper's throat. "You, too, baby girl," I moaned. "Suck me off."

She moaned and I gave her the same treatment, threading my fingers through her hair before guiding her down to where Jasper was.

"That's it," I moaned quietly, watching as the two licked, kissed, and suckled my cock. "Fucking hell, what a sight," I breathed. There was no way I could look away. What they did to me... pleasuring me... Licking, making me wet, sucking, making me moan, taking turns like they were both addicted to me. Fuck. Their tongues met as they both kissed the head of my throbbing cock.

"Fuck, Bella!" I groaned as she took me down her throat. Deeply, holy shit, I was really down there, and God, the way her throat constricted around me. "Christ, baby girl," I moaned, "So fucking eager."

The woman moaned around me.

I was harder than steel, in awe of her. As was Jasper.

His hands, mouth, on my balls, licking, kissing, pleasuring.

"You taste so good," Bella whimpered, suckling the head of my cock. "I want more, baby."

I locked eyes with her, saw her raw need. And all I wanted was to pleasure her, to give her what she needed and desired.

"Anything, Isabella," I whispered. "Name it."

"Want me to fuck you?" I asked, motioning for her to come closer, which she did. "Want my cock inside that tight pussy of yours?"

"God, yes," she begged.

Jazz sucked my cock into his mouth again then, and there was one thing I wanted before I finally fucked her again.

Tugging her even closer, I whispered against her mouth. "Give me your sweet pussy first. I need to lick it."

She flushed, panted and whimpered.

"Straddle my face, baby," I murmured huskily.

Jasper hummed around me, making me grunt and buck my hips against him. "Goddamnit, Jazz," I breathed. "Fuck, yes... right there..."

Oh, God...

And Bella obeyed. Straddling my face, giving me her sweet pussy, and I wasted no time, especially not when I saw arousal glisten along her slit. She really fucking needed me.

I breathed her in, a growl rumbling in my chest, and my tongue tasted her. Lapping and delving deeper, I drank from her without teasing. Entering her. Fingers. Tongue. Moans.

Cupping her luscious ass, I pushed her down on me, effectively buying my face in her pussy, and I lived for the sounds they both gave me. Jasper's humming and moaning around me. Bella's gasps and whimpers as she fucked my face.

When she had finally given into her body's instincts, I let her ass go and returned one hand to Jasper's hair while the other caressed Bella's smooth thigh. It was everything. Damn, pleasure everywhere. And still, I needed more. I wanted to please them both just as they pleased me.

Plus, I was getting close, and I was nowhere near done with these two.

"Baby," I breathed heavily, dropping openmouthed kisses on her clit. "You want my cock, don't you?"

"Yes," she moaned. "I do... Oh, God, I need it..."

I already knew how I wanted them.

"Then sit on it," I grunted, tugging on Jasper's hair. He released it with a pop. "Sit on my cock and fuck me."

"Okay," she breathed heavily, dismounting my face.

"Jazz," I moaned as he kissed his way up my body. "Oh, fuck, Jazz..."

He reached my mouth, kissed me hard, passionately, and I returned it eagerly, loving the taste of myself in his mouth. And Bella straddled me, no teasing, and sank down on my cock in one swift move, making me groan in Jasper's mouth. Fuck. She really didn't waste time, that woman. Christ, in her pace I was going to come fast.

"Give me your cock, baby," I moaned in his mouth. "Let me suck you off. I know you want it."

They both moaned.

"Christ, Edward," he breathed as I propped myself up on my elbows.

Leaning over me, he gripped the headboard for support.

I licked my lips. "Touch yourself, Bella," I murmured huskily as I watched Jazz's cock. "I want you to touch your clit and fuck me hard while I suck Jasper's cock."

"Oh, fuck, Edward!" Bella moaned, sinking down on me harder.

The position I was in wasn't the most comfortable for oral sex but it worked in order to keep my climax at bay, and I wanted this. I needed

their sounds of pleasure. I needed them to be utterly satisfied by what I could give them. So, when Jazz was close enough, I sucked him in immediately. I tasted the pre-cum that had leaked out. Fuck. More. I took him down the way I knew he loved it, sucking him hard, grazing my teeth along his erection, and the sounds followed. It was both of them. Bella's moaning as she used my cock for her pleasure. Jasper's grunts as he slowly fucked my mouth.

His hands in my hair, making me shiver.

Her hands on my thighs as she leaned back for a better angle.

Fuck, I was there. Deep inside of her.

"I'm close, Edward," she panted. "Fuck, your cock... oh, God..."

I hummed around Jasper's length, feeling my own release come closer and closer.

Shivers. Goose bumps.

Shifting slightly, I held myself up on just one arm and elbow, and then I gave Jasper what I knew he loved. It was what I knew drove him mad. It was what I loved doing for him. We all had turn-ons and his was definitely ass play. So, slowly I used my free hand and circled his entrance. And already he knew.

"Fuck, Edward," he whimpered.

Need.

"Give them to me first, Edward," Bella gasped, and before I could fully register her words, she leaned forward and sucked my two fingers inside her mouth.

I groaned as I licked the underside of Jazz's cock.

"Fucking hell, baby doll," Jasper groaned, obviously seeing what Bella was doing.

"Much better," she moaned, releasing my fingers.

Wet fingers.

As I swirled my tongue around Jasper, I pushed my two fingers inside of him. His response was instant. Grunting and bucking against me, he sped up. I continued fucking his ass with my fingers, but I knew. I knew I wasn't going to last. Fuck. The coil. The tingling.

"I can feel you, baby," Bella cried out. "So hard... oh, God... come inside me, Edward... please!"

Fuck!

I released Jasper's cock, unable to fight it, and I closed my eyes tightly, feeling every muscle in my body tingle and tense as the orgasm rushed through me. Powerful. Mindblowing.

Out of instinct, I thrust my hips upwards, meeting Bella's thrust, and she was done.

I came hard, spilling into her convulsing pussy as she moaned out her own release.

I wished I could see her.

It was then I opened my eyes to find Jasper pumping his cock in front of my face, and I moaned involuntarily, also twitching inside Bella's pussy. Yes. My eyes snapped to Jasper's and I sped up my movements, fucking his ass harder and faster.

He understood and pushed his cock into my mouth again.

"Fuck. Close, Edward," he gritted out.

I felt him. Knew his signs.

It didn't take long until I tasted him more. More. Swelling, throbbing.

"I'm... oh, fuck, Edward, I'm coming," he moaned loudly.

And he did.

In hot streams, he came down my throat, and I took it all, bringing him back slowly and surely.

"Fucking hell," he panted as he collapsed next to me. "Fucking... fucking... hell..."

I was on the same page, breathing heavily as I relaxed down onto the bed. Completely spent, sated and satisfied.

Then came the shivers as I felt Bella's soft kisses. Still straddling me. I was still inside her. Hot, warm, soaked. Enveloped.

She whispered in between kisses. "That... was... so... sexy... Christ..."

I hummed, snaking my arms around her.

The bed shifted and I felt Jasper, too then, as he scooted closer, and it was the three of us. Bella on top of me. Jasper right next to me.

Yeah. Heaven.

"I love you," Jasper sighed contently, kissing Bella's lips softly before kissing me, too. "And you. I love you, too. But I'm fucking spent."

I chuckled breathlessly.

"Same here," Bella hummed, kissing my jaw. I tightened my hold on her.
"I love you."

"I love you," I said, nuzzling my nose with hers before capturing her mouth with mine. "Both of you..."

But...

No buts.

Live in the moment.

So, I did.

*O*O*O*

It took a few days but Jazz and I finally managed to get the truth out of Bella. And it turned out that it was about us she had written. Me and Jazz.

She was ready to watch us.

She needed a few days, though, because she had evidently bought something online that needed to arrive first. Don't ask me what it was because she refused to tell us.

"Stop, Jazz! I'm not telling you!" Bella squealed as Jasper tickled the shit out of her.

Yes, we were still trying to find out.

I mean, what would she need to buy? It was just me and Jazz.

"Edward! Aren't you gonna... gaaaah! Save me?"

"No," I chuckled, shaking my head before I returned to the article I was writing for a medical journal. "You're on your own, love."

I could've worked on the article in my office on the third floor but... for some reason I didn't. I wanted to be closer to Bella... and Jasper.

"Just tell us, sweetheart," Jazz whined.

"No!" she laughed. "Now get off me, cause I need to start dinner."

I chuckled at the two, cause they acted like goofs sometimes.

"Fine," Jazz huffed. "I need to get some work done anyway. Lemme know when it's dinner." And with that said, he trudged the stairs to his office upstairs.

"Such a boy," Bella snickered as we both listened to Jazz stomp his way up the stairs. "Sport, sex, and food. That's it, huh?"

"You say that like it's a bad thing," I joked, keeping my eyes on the lap top in my... well, lap. "But you forgot work. Advertising is on his mind, too."

"Like psychology is on your mind?" she asked, sliding closer to me on the couch. "Whatcha writing anyway?"

I withheld the smile. But I was on to her. She couldn't be coy for shit.

"I am writing an article on men going through divorces," I replied, and it was getting hard to focus. Especially when she was sitting so close. "It's for a study they're doing at Stanford University."

"That sounds interesting," she said, and the tension lifted as she sat up straighter. "Why men and not women?" she asked curiously.

It took no convincing to get me to talk. It was my passion after all, and I loved that Bella took interest in my work.

“Because there have been so many studies on women already,” I told her, shrugging a little. “They asked me to participate after one of my previous articles. And that one had been about women. This is pretty much an after study because they gathered a lot of attention, and they wanted to focus on men now.”

“Wow. That’s really amazing, Edward,” she murmured. “So, will you go to Stanford or something?”

My heart constricted. I knew why. She was just... loving. Attentive and caring.

I sighed contently and closed the laptop, always eager to just... talk to Bella. She was a smart woman and like I said, I loved that we had much in common.

“They asked me to,” I said, facing her on the couch. “They invited me, like they did last time, but I said no. I don’t really see the point, and I don’t need it. It would only be to present the article before they publish it, and they can do that without me.” Again I shrugged because to me it wasn’t a big deal. Writing articles was fun and I loved throwing myself into a subject on the depth, but once the work was done, I was done and ready to move on. The publishing and the dinners wasn’t for me. Never had been. That was more my father. “Public events aren’t really for me,” I added in a chuckle.

She smiled ruefully, knowing exactly what had been on my mind. I had told her much about my family and they were the ones attending charity functions, banquets and benefits. I never saw the point. I mean, why spend a thousand dollars on a fancy plate of food when that money could go to whatever charity they were having the dinners for. To me it’s ridiculous to host an expensive dinner and then once you’re there and you have paid the insane amount for said plate, you still have to donate. It

seems easier, to me, if you just donate. Simple as that. You don't need the fucking dinner.

Unless you feel like you're there to show your fancy family off, of course.

"But is this really the same, baby?" she asked softly. "A public event like this would only be to give you the credit you deserve, right? It wouldn't be for fancy suits and Botox-wives, would it?"

True. But it was still too close to home. Too close to what I grew up with, and I didn't want that. I didn't want shallow and fake. I wanted comfortable and relaxing. Casual.

"It's still not me," I hummed, relaxing as she slid her fingers through my hair. Automatically I leaned back against the couch. It was heaven. "I'd much rather stay here, you know," I murmured, tilting my head to face her. "*Here* I have everything I need and want."

I tucked a piece of hair behind her ear, once again feeling my chest constrict as she smiled beautifully and leaned into my hand, kissing my palm before leaning forward to kiss my lips.

"I love you, you know," she murmured softly against my mouth. "And no matter what you do, I think you're amazing."

Jesus...

"Do you?" I whispered. The question was out before I could stop it.

"I do," she replied firmly, cradling my face. "Edward, I can't even begin to *imagine* the pain you must have felt, but what I *can* do is make sure you know that you didn't deserve any of it." Crawling onto my lap, she continued, softly but still firmly. "What I *can* do is make you see how wonderful you are. For everything you do. Whether it's work or something with me or Jazz, you're amazing and someone to be proud of."

I blinked. Stared blankly at her. Completely immobilized.

She knew of my insecurities of course, and truth be told, I loved my life and my insecurities rarely got in the way, but she still knew it was there and... the things she told me... I wondered if she knew how much they mattered to me.

"I love you." It was all I could say.

I love you... so much. With all my...

"I love you, too," she said simply. "I'm here for you, and if you don't want to go to Stanford because it's not you, then I support that wholeheartedly. The only thing I wouldn't support is hiding, cause you're stronger than that."

Still pretty much speechless. She was... Christ... no words.

But *her* words still turned and twisted in my head. It *wasn't* me, and I had *no* desire to go to Stanford, but... there was one thing. It wasn't big but... I had thought about it a few times over the years and I always questioned myself.

"They've asked me to teach seminars," I said quietly. "Not Stanford but a few other universities."

"Do you think I could?" I asked, finally meeting her eyes.

"Yes."

So simple. A yes. To her it was obvious. She had faith in me.

"I love you," I said again, kissing her chastely. "I'll think about it."

"Please do and I'm here when you wanna talk about it," she replied. Then came a wicked grin. "But I gotta say, Professor Cullen sounds... very... sexy."

Goddamn.

Twitch.

"Oh, yeah?" I whispered, letting my lips ghost over her jaw. "Does my Bella have a naughty fantasy?"

"Hmmm," she hummed, rolling her hips over my crotch. "Bella has several."

I tightened my hold on her hips, pulling her closer to me.

"Do tell, baby girl," I growled playfully as I kissed her neck.

"I will," she purred. "But not now. I really do need to prepare dinner."

With a wink she was gone.

Fucking tease.

"You just earned yourself a spanking, Ms. Swan," I called after her.

"Can't wait!" she called back.

Seriously. Nymph.

That night I spanked her. Hard. We both did, Jazz and I.

*O*O*O*

We stared at her, hoping to hell that she was fucking with us.

But she just sat there. On the kitchen counter, looking awfully happy with herself.

She had just told us everything, explained... everything.

"You're kidding, right?" Jasper exclaimed. "You want us to fuck outdoors? It's freezing, Bella!"

"What he said," I said, nodding in Jasper's direction.

Bella had told us last night that today was the day because a big ass box had been delivered to the house yesterday, and now everything was in place. She was ready to take notes. She was ready to watch. She was telling us it was taking place in the backyard. *She...* was fucking insane.

The delivery, by the way, wasn't just big. It was massive, and inside the massive box were parts you put together to make heaters. Mentioned heaters, four of them, was to be put up outside to create some sort of cocoon, big enough for the three of us to move around freely. And these fucking heaters were in place this morning when Jazz and I woke up. Actually, we woke up just in time to see a couple of men take off – men that Bella had hired to construct this shit. So, now we had a heated space created – a space that would make sure our dicks didn't fall off. I know, bullshit. There was also a tree – Bella's reason for all this. She wanted us to use the tree because apparently our jobs wouldn't sell. No, *apparently* it wasn't enough to have a PHD in psychology, and it wasn't exciting enough to have a job in advertising. So, Bella had changed our jobs in her book... about us.

Now, Jazz and I both worked in construction... in the book. About. Us. In the book about *our* lives. Granted, I didn't expect her to use our real names, which she didn't and for that we were thankful. Same went for locations. We don't live in Forks in the book. But... our jobs? Come on.

Not that I didn't see Bella's angle, though, because I sure did. She had even put up a survey on her Marie Green-site where she asked her readers about fantasies.

Construction workers were apparently a hit. Tool belts, you know. Manly men, coming home after a hard day's work. Work where you use your hands. Yeah, apparently women eat that shit right up. So, now we're construction workers, Jazz and I.

And she wants us to use the nature.

I know, *insane*.

"Don't worry, boys," she said like nothing was fucked up in the world. "We'll get the hot tub going on the porch, so you can hop right in after you're done."

Does not make me feel better.

"Look, baby," Jasper said, putting on a serious face. "It's not like we need to act it out just like in the book, right? I mean, can't we just use a wall right here? Inside where it's toasty warm? We can always pretend it's a fucking tree."

"Yes, that sounds good," I said. "I can pretend. I can pretend real good."

But no. Bella wouldn't have it, stating that it wasn't just our positions she wanted us to try out. It was also the environment to see if it was feasible. Well, I can answer that right away. It's not feasible because my nuts will fall off. But when I told Bella this she just laughed and said, 'I want you both outside in twenty minutes.'

Yeah, cause she's boss lady.

So... twenty minutes later, Jazz and I found ourselves outside. Dressed in jeans and t-shirts, and we were huddled together in the so called heated area. Bullshit. Okay, fine, I admit. It was warmer but... nowhere near enough. And the tree Bella wanted us to use was ice cold. Poor Jasper is

all I'm saying because he's the one forced to lean back on that tree.
Without a shirt.

"Ready, boys?" Bella giggled, approaching us in my fucking ski jacket. Yeah, she was comfy and warm in my jacket. Though she still wore a pair of those ridiculously tiny shorts. But that was her. At least she had a jacket, and... apparently Jasper's boots.

"You give Bigfoot a new meaning, sweetheart," Jasper drawled as he eyed his boots on Bella's tiny feet. And he was right, it looked ridiculous to see her in her 5'3" shortness, and then his boots.

Whatever.

"Yeah, yeah, funny shit," Bella said, waving Jazz off dismissively. "Now, let's get some fucking work done... pun intended."

I was not amused.

"Yeah, because I'm so fucking turned on," I deadpanned, folding my arms across my chest. "Please, Bella, please help me get this massive erection down. I beg you."

Jasper chuckled, nodding in agreement with me, but hey, it was all true. If she thought we could get hard out here, then she had lost her fucking mind. But Bella didn't chuckle. No, if anything, she looked at me like... wait, what? Why does she look horny?

"Oh, don't worry, baby," she purred quietly, dropping her notebook on the ground. "Have some faith in me."

Jasper and I exchanged looks of confusion.

Walking over to one of the heaters, she stood up on her tiptoes to reach... something... behind the heat-lamp, hanging in a small bag.

The fuck?

"You think music's gonna work?" Jasper asked skeptically, and we both watched as Bella placed her iPod and mini-speakers on top of the bag on the ground. "I got news for you, honey; it won't."

"I agree," I said. "What we need is heat. Not music."

Alright, I was bitching about the temperature because it really wasn't that cold with the heaters but... well, I was on a roll.

"It'll be hot," Bella chuckled, enjoying her pun. "I have no doubt about that. And no, music's not everything."

She pushed play then and an undoubtedly sexy song came on – a song we'd had sex to before – but it wasn't enough.

"This song will go on repeat," she said casually, standing up from her crouch. "And it will help set the mood."

Jazz and I said nothing. We were still full of doubt.

But Bella wasn't, and she grinned wickedly as she approached us. There was definitely lust in her eyes and truth be told, it made me question myself a little but... no. Surely I know myself well enough to know that this won't work.

Come with me

Into the trees

We'll lay on the grass

And let the hours pass

Take my hand

Come back to the land

Let's get away

Just for one day

She didn't stop when she reached me, and I was caught off guard when she snaked her arms around my neck, followed by her legs wrapped around my waist, and then she captured my lips in a passionate kiss. There was no warning. She just kissed me. Hard. Her tongue swiped over my bottom lip. Automatically I parted my lips for her and my tongue met hers. Shit. I was stunned, but my body worked. My hands found her tight little ass and I started kissing her back with eager.

It was wet, hot, and fiery.

I groaned into the kiss before deepening it.

My hands easily slid under her barely-there shorts and I was met with smooth skin as I pulled her closer to me. Closer to where I needed her because... I was getting hard.

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Speaking just for me

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Crying just for me

"Fuck," I moaned as Bella broke our kiss.

Once she was on the ground again, she gave me another wicked grin... and then she unzipped my jacket... and let it fall to the ground... and... and... fuck.

"Fuck, Bella," Jazz breathed.

She stood there. Wearing nothing but her tiny cotton shorts in black. Nothing else. My jacket was pooled by her feet. Goose bumps rose on her body but... it couldn't just be the cold because... I knew her eyes. I knew her body, he signs. She was turned on beyond words.

I knew we were gawking but... she was just too fucking beautiful for words. Standing right here, on the edge of the forest. Practically naked.

Desire.

Let me hear you

Make decisions

Without your television

Let me hear you speaking

Just for me

She walked up to Jazz then, again hitching her legs, but Jazz was more prepared and met her with eager right away, almost devouring her as he pulled her off the ground.

My breathing hitched as their tongues met and as usual I found it impossible to just stand by, so I closed the distance between us and my lips went straight for Bella's neck while my hand slid between them. *Fuck*. Soft, smooth. Bella moaned as I cupped her breast and rolled her

constricted nipple between my fingers. It wasn't enough. God-fucking-damnit, I was hard and needed more.

Metropolis

Has nothing on this

You're breathing in fumes

I taste when we kiss

Take my hand

Come back to the land

Where everything's ours

For a few hours

Bella was panting as she broke her kiss with Jasper.

I was ravenous and wasted no time.

Placing a hand behind Jasper's neck, I kissed him forcefully, thrusting my tongue inside his mouth, eager to taste them... her... him... her... them. More. I needed more.

Bella was back on the ground. I was an animal.

Without giving Jasper a warning, I pushed him backwards until we reached that fucking tree, and I pinned him to it, never breaking the kiss. He tasted like man and... us. The three of us. And I was eager to take it. Everything he gave me, I took.

"Goddamn, Edward," he groaned as he put his hands on my hips. Closer. He needed closer, too. "More... fuck, I need more."

I know.

He was hard against my own erection.

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Speaking just for me

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Crying just for me

“Oh, God,” Jazz and I both moaned as we felt *Bella*.

She worked us quickly, unzipping our jeans and pushing them down our hips, immediately followed by our boxers. Yes, the chill hit us but... fuck, it was nothing compared to the feeling of her hands on us. It was hot and sexy. Again we wanted more. There was no going around it, because she sent us into a frenzy of need.

“Fuck,” I gasped, breaking the kiss to... see. I had to fucking see this. And there she was. On her knees next to us, eyes on our erections, hands roaming, touching and feeling.

Jasper bucked his hips when Bella stroked him, and in the process he moved against me. Bella liked that. She fucking whimpered as our cocks touched.

"You like that, baby?" Jazz breathed, brushing his knuckles over her cheek.

"Yes," she moaned as we did it again.

She was making me lose my mind. Again. She was good at it.

Let me hear you

Make decisions

Without your television

Let me hear you speaking

Just for me

Wrapping my fingers around my cock, I rubbed it against Jasper's tip, making us all moan. And Bella followed. The sexy fucking nymph moved closer and tongued our cocks, licking pre cum off of us.

"Christ," I muttered, eyes locked. I just could look away.

She was a fucking vision, kneeling before us, eager to please her men.

Slowly I stroked myself as Bella sucked Jazz's cock inside her mouth, and I couldn't stop myself. The way she looked... the way she hollowed out her cheeks... so fucking sexy. So, I caressed her cheek, tracing her lips with my thumb. And I felt them both. Jasper's erection, slick and hot. Bella's plump lips as she worked him.

Lips. I needed lips.

Looking up, I met Jasper's lust filled eyes and there was no waiting. Our mouths met immediately in a sensual kiss that spurred us on. More. Fuck, more.

I growled.

Come with me

Into the trees

We'll lay on the grass

And let the hours pass

Take my hand

Come back to the land

Let's get away

Just for one day

She took me down. Deep down, not stopping until she could swallow around me, and I moaned loudly in Jasper's mouth as I fisted his t-shirt. It was time it came off. It was time for more. I was so fucking ready.

"Fuck, yes," he hissed, realizing what I was doing.

I pulled the shirt off him before removing my own t-shirt. Then I kissed him again, harder than before, all while Bella deep throated me like a goddamn sex goddess.

Hot, slick.

She released me with a pop and I pulled her roughly to a stand, breaking my kiss with Jasper before I covered her mouth with mine.

She tasted of me.

It made me feel... almost... possessive.

"Taste good, angel," I breathed in her mouth.

"That's all you, baby," she purred.

Her sounds made my cock throb.

"Now," she breathed heavily. Chest heaving. Cheeks flushed. Fucking sexy. Hooded eyes. "I think we can begin, yes?"

I smirked at the cocktease.

That was my answer before I turned back to Jazz.

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Speaking just for me

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Crying just for me

After kissing him chastely but passionately, I kneeled before him.

In my peripheral I saw Bella sit down on my jacket, legs spread, and I groaned as I saw the wet patch. I wanted it. All of it. And I was going to have it... after Jasper. So, I focused on him, sucking him into my mouth, deep and hard.

It was sensual and erotic. They were both there. Bella's heavy breathing as she scribbled and watched us, and Jasper's moaning as he started fucking my mouth.

It made me moan around him.

Let me hear you

Make decisions

Without your television

Let me hear you speaking

Just for me

"Fuck," I heard her whisper.

My little nymph was definitely the kinkiest woman I've ever met.

"God, Edward," Jasper groaned.

He was already close, and I wasn't surprised when he whimpered as I released him... but I didn't make the rules. Bella did. And my smirk told him as much. However, he knew what would come next, and soon his pout was gone.

"You can't wait, can you?" I murmured huskily as I stood up. Against his lips I growled, "You can't wait to have my cock inside your ass."

He moaned.

She whimpered.

It made me feel powerful.

"Hold onto the tree, baby," I commanded quietly, smirking cockily.

He obeyed and turned around to hold onto the tree, and I faced Bella, who understood and threw me the bottle of lubrication. Fuck, she was horny.

They both were, and it felt like I had the power over both of them. I loved that. It was me. In control.

Metropolis

Has nothing on this

You're breathing in fumes

I taste when we kiss

Take my hand

Come back to the land

Where everything's ours

For a few hours

As I kissed his spine, I teased him first, fucking his ass with my fingers as I spread the lube around, but it wasn't just for the two of us. It was for Bella, too, because I could see how she watched us. Her eyes, chest, breasts... everything showed how turned on she was.

"You two like this, don't you?" I chuckled darkly, pressing an openmouthed kiss to Jasper's back that made him shiver violently. "Have you seen her, Jazz? She can't wait to see me fuck you."

"Fuck, Edward!" he moaned. "Just... I... I need you!"

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Speaking just for me

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Crying just for me

I slammed into him, making us all gasp.

Fuck.

I gritted my teeth, tipped my head back, and... just felt him. Wrapped around me. Tight. Pulsing.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," Bella chanted breathlessly.

With hooded eyes, I turned in her direction... to see her touch herself. Notebook forgotten. She was fucking touching herself as she watched us. Naughty girl.

I focused on my Jazz again, loving the way to tensed around me.

"Want me to fuck you now?" I ground out as I gripped his hips.

"Yes!"

My pleasure.

So, I fucked him. I fucked him hard. Over and over, pounding into him.

I owned them with what I did.

"Bella," I groaned. "Get over here and stroke Jasper's cock."

"Fuck," Jasper whimpered.

"But... but..."

"No buts, Bella," I growled. "You're not writing anyway. You're touching that sweet pussy, aren't you? I'm fucking watching you, so get over here."

She obeyed like a good girl.

Let me hear you

Make decisions

Without your television

Let me hear you speaking

Just for me

"Kiss me," I grunted, already feeling my orgasm approach.

Again she obeyed and we kissed hard, possessively, as she pumped Jasper's cock. And I continued driving into him the way he loved. I knew it wouldn't be long until I felt him.

"Fuck, Edward," she gasped as I bit down on her lip. Not hard but... hard enough for her to feel it.

More.

Harder.

Deeper.

"Touch yourself," I commanded her. "I want us to come at the same time."

They were both trembling and chanting under their breaths.

I had focus and control. My cock pounded into Jasper, my mouth was placing openmouthed kisses on Bella's shoulder, and my hands... my

hands. My right hand held Jasper tightly, fingers digging onto his flesh, and my other hand...

She was so fucking smooth. And I felt her, with an idea in my head... a wish... a raw desire to claim... Slowly, I let my fingers ghost over her ass. Barely touching. I breathed her in, kissed her neck hotly and wetly.

She shivered and moaned.

"I know what you're thinking, baby girl," I whispered in her ear. My hand added pressure. My fingers circled. Closer.

Come with me

Into the trees

We'll lay on the grass

And let the hours pass

Take my hand

Come back to the land

Let's get away

Just for one day

"Oh, please, Edward," she panted.

I chuckled breathlessly against her neck... just as my fingers ghosted over her back entrance. I wanted it. She fucking wanted it.

I hummed as I felt Jazz. So slick and tight around me.

"Christ, Bella, I'm close," Jasper grunted.

Bella slowed down her hand on his erection, both of them moaning and breathing heavily, and I knew we were all close to finishing. And knowing that Bella was a kinky little girl, I knew she was going to fall over quickly as soon as I gave her what she wanted. Fuck, I would most definitely follow.

"Bella's almost there, too," I muttered, moving my hand to her soaked pussy, and I stroked the length of her sex, gathering wetness, all while she stimulated her clit.

She knew what I was doing.

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Speaking just for me

Let me see you

Stripped down to the bone

Let me hear you

Crying just for me

She gasped when I pushed my middle fingers inside her... Christ... tight ass.

My balls tingled. My breathing sped up. I felt it everywhere.

"Fuck," I groaned loudly, letting my head fall back as I continued sliding my middle finger in and out of her ass. In the same pace as I fucked Jazz, I worked Bella. Christ... closer, closer... so fucking hot.

She cried out in raw pleasure, tensing around me.

I knew she had used toys before, so I didn't hesitate to push a second finger inside her, and fucking hell, she was tight.

"Oh, fuck, Edwaaard!" she moaned.

We were all there. Right on the edge.

"I'm... I'm... shit... *Bella*..." Jasper grunted.

Let me hear you

Make decisions

Without your television

Let me hear you speaking

Just for me

The climax surged through me. Over me, under me. Everywhere. And I felt their orgasms. Both of them. Bella was so fucking tight around my fingers, clenching and pulsing. Jasper was the same around my cock. I came hard, deep inside of him.

It went on.

Panting like a marathon runner, I leaned forward, dropping my forehead on his back. Completely spent.

"I'm dead," Bella whimpered as I pulled my fingers out of her.

Backing away from us, she collapsed down on my jacket, chest heaving rapidly.

She was a vision.

Shivers ran through me and Jasper and I pulled out of him as I kissed his back softly, also rubbing soothing circles where my fingers had dug into his hip.

“Christ, I’m with you, Bella,” he chuckled breathlessly.

So was I, and my muscles ached.

“Shower and then the Jacuzzi?” I suggested quietly as I zipped my jeans.

And fuck me if Bella’s eyes didn’t darken.

“You’re insane, baby,” Jazz told her, obviously noticing Bella’s reaction, too. “But yeah, the Jacuzzi sounds good.”

I smirked. We were all fucking insatiable.

.
.

“Maybe I could write hot tub scene with the two of you,” she said casually as we headed back to the house.

Jasper and I just stared at her.

“Nymph,” we said in unison.

“Are you complaining?” she shot back with the bitch-brow cocked.

“Fuck no,” we said, shaking our heads.

No complaining whatsoever.

I was already planning my next move for Christ’s sake, and having her ride my cock in the Jacuzzi was just one of the things.

Chapter 12

Edward POV.

Today's my last session with Bella. We both think it's gone too far with us now being together, and I can't really put a distance between us anymore.

I wouldn't say she needs therapy anymore, but I did set up with one of my colleagues in Port Angeles, so she can get an evaluation, and maybe a few sessions to just talk things out, *maybe*.

At 1 o' clock, my receptionist buzzed Bella in, and I prepared myself for one last session with her.

I pulled out her file with my notes from my cabinet, and I took out a new note pad.

"Dr. Cullen," Bella purred, effectively making my cock twitch.

As always.

"Bella," I chuckled. "Have a seat."

She took off her coat and-

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

"Something wrong, Dr. Cullen?" Bella asked innocently.

She's a cocktease, that one, I thought as I adjusted my hardening cock, and she should be punished good and proper.

Yes.

"No," I said huskily, taking in the sight of her outfit.

The catholic school girl outfit has arrived, I see. A short, short, really fucking short skirt – in green, blue plaid – that barely cover her tight ass. A tight, tight, really fucking tight button shirt in white – no bra, and cleavage showing – oh, and white innocent looking knee socks. Did I mention the pigtails?

My Bella's far from innocent.

She wants to play? Fine, I'll play.

Session? What session?

"The principal sent me in here because I was misbehaving," she said innocently, biting down on the tip of her index finger.

Oh, she really wants to play.

"Sit down, Isabella," I said as sternly as possible, but it was still impossible to keep the lust out of my voice.

Bella obeyed and sat down like she usually does – leaning back and closing her eyes – but this time, she didn't have jeans to cover her. This time she had a short barely-there skirt, and my fucking God, she doesn't have any panties.

Fuck, I can see her.

All of her.

Bare, sweet, tight... pussy.

And I had to cover my groan with a cough as I saw the glistening of her flesh.

Bella's so wet.

I have to have her.

I cleared my throat. "And why did the principal send you to my office?"

I knew very well what Bella's view on dominance was, and I also knew how much she loved to see me in my glasses. I may have started wearing them more often around the house.

"Well, it was during mass... I wasn't interested in what the priest had to say, so I snuck off," Bella explained sweetly.

Mass? Ah, right, she's a catholic school girl.

Amen.

"Where did you sneak off to?" I asked, unable to stop myself from stroking myself outside the pants.

"To the bathroom. And I got caught."

"Caught doing what? Going to the bathroom is not illegal."

Her chest started rising and falling rapidly, her nipples taut, and fuck, she's so wet. So wet.

"Touching myself," she breathed.

FUCK!

I grabbed my cock harder as it twitched. "Where did you touch yourself?" I demanded to know, my voice strained.

"That's a dirty word, Dr. Cullen. I can't say that here," she whispered.

Oh, God, she's made for me...

"Then show me, Isabella. Show me where you touched yourself."

I heard her moan quietly, and I swear my cock almost burst through my pants.

Slowly her hand made its way to her breasts, and I groaned. I couldn't help it.

"Show me how you touched your tits," I said.

Immediately her hand disappeared under the fabric, and she cupped her breast, kneading it, and she moaned.

"Is that all you touched? Or were you even naughtier?" I asked in a condescending tone.

Her breathing sped up, and I couldn't wait any longer. I unzipped my pants and pulled my cock out. There was no choice. I just had to do it. Bella heard the sound, of course, and I smirked as she moaned loudly.

"I was naughtier, Dr. Cullen," she breathed.

Stroking my cock gently, I continued the game. "Show me where else you touched yourself."

Her hand continued kneading her breast as the other hand traveled down her stomach, and I watched intently as she made contact with her exposed pussy. We both moaned as her middle finger came in contact with her clit, and I really needed to get to the punishment. Now.

"You've been a bad girl, Isabella. Really fucking naughty," I groaned.

"I know," she whimpered, continuing to touch herself. "The principal told me that you would diagnose my problem," she moaned. "He said I was bad, because I confessed I loved the feeling of touching myself."

Bella Swan will be the death of me.

"He's right," I grunted, stroking my cock harder now. "And you need to be put in your place for misbehaving."

"Anything, Dr. Cullen. I'll do anything for forgiveness," she whimpered.

Yes, I know you will, angel...

"Stand up and come over here," I ordered and walked to the other side of the desk.

Bella obeyed and I grabbed her roughly, placing her hands on the edge of the desk.

"Bend over," I said.

Her breathing hitched, and I could already smell her arousal. Heaven.

"Spread," I added.

For being naughty, she obeyed very well, and as she stood bent over – her back arched – I began to plan my punishment for her.

Standing behind her, I teased her wet folds with the head of my cock, and it was teasing. Not enough for either of us. Bella wasn't the only one who loved it rough. The way I fucked her sometimes should probably be outlawed, but it was perfect for the two of us.

"I wonder how I should punish you," I murmured, coating my cock in her juices. "You're supposed to behave like a good Christian girl, Bella... Not a slut."

"Oh, fuck!" she moaned.

My hand struck her hard, twice against her soft ass cheeks. "Watch your mouth, Isabella, or I'll put it to better use."

"Ah, shi-" she caught herself mid-gasp, and bit down on her lip, settling for a needy whimper instead.

I had to chuckle when she desperately tried to get closer to me by perching her ass up higher.

"Such a desperate little slut you are, Bella," I muttered, entering her tight heat with just the tip of me. "Maybe I should fuck the sins out of you."

"Please!" she begged.

Without warning, I grabbed her hips tightly and slammed into her.

It took all my restraint not to scream out in pleasure, but it was so fucking hard. I seriously wished we weren't in my office right now, because she's incredibly tight around me. I felt her everywhere – her slick walls squeezing me fiercely.

Knowing that my sexy girl can be somewhat of a screamer, I roughly grabbed her to me and covered my hand over her mouth.

"Not a word, little slut. We wouldn't wanna be interrupted," I whispered darkly.

Her response beside the desperate moan was to clamp down on my cock. This was her way of showing frustration and annoyance. Yes, Bella wanted to be fucked hard today. Hard it will be, but she will not go against my orders, she will not show disobedience, and she will not give me her temper.

Letting her face go, I gave her one final warning, "If I hear anything but breathing coming out of your dirty mouth, I'll stop fucking you. Understood?"

A gush of warmth seeped out from her pussy, and I smirked at the affect my words had on her.

She nodded, and I moved my hand back to her hip.

"Good girl," I murmured as I pulled out of her.

Then I slammed into her again, only to pull out and slam in again. Over and over. Harder and harder. Angling myself better, I bent my knees slightly, pounding in again to reach deeper, hitting her sweet spot. More. Faster.

So tight...

Relentlessly abusing her tight heat, we both panted and gritted our teeth to keep quiet, and I was rewarded with breathy whimpers and gush after gush of her sweet juices.

When I felt her get too close to release, I abruptly pulled out from her, and without letting her know a thing in advance, I spun her around to face me.

"Get on your knees," I told her.

She gulped before she nodded eagerly, and complied.

"Open up," I said, holding my cock right in front of her hot little mouth.

Once again, she obeyed immediately, and I eased my cock into her mouth, not stopping until I hit the back of her throat.

"I'm gonna fuck your mouth, okay? And I want you to suck me hard."

I locked eyes with her as I pulled out, needing to see if there were signs of discomfort, but all there was, was reassurance and love. Oh, and lust. A fuckload of lust.

My dirty girl.

Threading my fingers through her hair, I gripped her, and thrust into her hot and wet mouth, and I was overcome with the animalistic, almost sick pleasure that made my head fall back.

And then I just focused on feeling her.

Thrusting in and out – and she took me far – down her throat, swallowing around me, sucking hard just as I told her, and it was goddamn amazing.

Bella whimpered and hummed around me, tugging on my balls, swirling her delectable tongue to savor what I gave her.

“You like this, slut? You like being dirty, don’t you?” I grunted.

I felt her nod, and I chuckled down at her, “Just a little bit more, and then I’m gonna fuck your pussy raw.”

Her eyes bugged out and instantly she lowered one hand to her pussy.

It was a divine sight.

Unfortunately, seeing her tough herself just made me go insane, and as my orgasm started approaching, I pulled out of her.

Grabbing her, I had her bent over my desk again in no time, and I towered over her body to whisper in her ear, “I think you’re beyond redemption, Isabella. I think you enjoy your punishment a little too much.” And with that said, I struck her ass once, twice, three times.

And Bella moaned.

My dirty fucking angel.

“Ready for my cock, baby girl?” I taunted as I positioned my glistening cock at her entrance again.

"Please!" she practically sobbed. "Please, Dr. Cullen, give me your cock!"

Anything for you, I thought as I rammed into her. No time to waste. Her slick heat enveloped me completely, and I fucked her into oblivion. Once again, harder and harder with each thrust. Deep. So fucking deep. Rubbing her clit, pinching it, stroking it, I brought us both closer and closer. Skin hard against skin, moaning, grunting, and panting.

More.

More.

Always more.

Never will I get enough of her.

She's mine.

All mine.

Only mine.

She will *never* deny me.

I've *marked* her.

Fuck!

Bella constricted around me as she almost choked out her orgasm, and I fucked her as hard as I could before I followed, spilling my cum into her.

Mine.

Jesus, what the hell is wrong with me...

"Are you okay, angel?" I breathed heavily as I pulled out from her.

After quickly buttoning me pants again, I bent down and kissed the red marks from my tight grip on her.

"Yes," she panted. "So incredible, baby. Fucking amazing."

Yes, you are, love. I however have gone insane...

When the hell did I get so possessive? I don't even have a reason to be possessive.

I was an animal, I thought as I caressed the red skin on her hips.

After cleaning her up, I carried her over to the futon and placed her in my lap.

I was worried. Partly for how rough I had been on her, and partly for my thoughts. They had been so powerful and consuming. The words had controlled me fully. And the sick thing is that I took pleasure of them. I liked the thoughts.

Bella hooked a finger under my chin, making me face her, and this was *her*. This was my Bella. Always knowing everything about me.

She smiled softly. In assurance. *I'm fine, Edward.*

I frowned, knitting my brows together. *Are you sure?*

She smiled again, gave me a nod. Eyes full of love. *So sure. I promise. I love you.*

I started to speak. *But-*

Her cocked eyebrow shut me up. *Edward.*

I sighed. *Fine.*

"I love you." She smiled.

"I love you, too," I whispered.

We were quiet for a while, and I just did what we both knew I needed.

I held her.

Kissed her.

Caressed her.

I knew we both loved our sex the way it had just been, but this time was different for me. It was about claiming her more possessively than I had ever done before, and I don't know why I felt the need. I don't know why I loved it.

Could it be because Alice and Tanya are coming tomorrow?

Bella had talked to both me and Jazz about it since we had changed. When she agreed on doing that movie, she was still single. And she wanted to know if we wanted her to bail out. She said it didn't matter to her, and I know my Bella. I know she spoke the truth.

Jazz was his old self and demanded that she went through with it as long as he could watch.

I on the other hand... I'm not sure. I mean, I know there are no feelings behind it, and I'm honestly intrigued to see it. I may not find many women attractive, but I sure as hell find Bella attractive. To me, she's sex incarnate. Always beautiful and naturally sensual.

No, I really don't see any problem with them being together. Honestly.

I may not be eager for it, but I'm definitely interested.

So, no, I don't think that's why I'm all of the sudden turning into a class-A caveman.

"You're everything to me, Edward," she murmured softly.

And just like that, I was calmer. She just... *knows*.

She's... *everything*.

Jesus Christ.

"I love you, angel," I sighed, burying my face in her hair.

"I love you, too. Now..... What do you wanna do tonight?" she asked then, a lighter tone.

"I don't know... Anything on your mind?"

Hitching a leg over the other side, she straddled me, and gave me a playful smile. "Well, I spoke to Jasper earlier, and he will be home around four, tomorrow morning... Something about a meeting being rescheduled."

"Alright," I nodded.

Jazz had left for a deal in Tacoma yesterday, and was supposed to be home tonight. It wasn't unusual for his trips to get extended. His business was really popular, and right now he was hoping to bring home some big online campaign that he would design for a company in Tacoma.

We were excited for him, because the campaign will be really big, and his work will be seen on major web sights like CBS, MSNBC, MySpace, VH1, and eBay.

"What does this have to do with tonight?" I asked.

"Well..." she purred, pressing her body against mine, "I was... *inspired*... by something last week," she whispered before kissing my neck.

It was suddenly very hard to focus.

“Uh-huh,” I managed to get out.

“Something you and Jasper did,” she continued, grinding her pussy against my hardening cock.

“And what was that, baby?” I groaned, closing my eyes.

Last week, last week. What happened last week?

“When I watched you,” she whispered.

Oh, fuck.

That I remember.

Vividly.

It was a good fucking day.

Pun intended.

And now I’m hard.

“Reminiscing, Edward?” she breathed.

I swallowed hard. “Fuck, yes.”

“As I said, something you and Jasper did... inspired me,” she continued.

“And what was that?” I moaned as her hand found my cock.

She licked and nibbled her way up to my ear, and then she breathed out, “I want you to fuck my ass, Edward.”

Everything but my dick froze. That little fucker was twitching and very much alive. Well, not little. I’m not arrogant, but I’m very equipped.

And then my mind started reeling. She wants us to have anal sex? She wants me to fuck her in the ass? Oh, God, I'll be her first there, too. I've thought about... of course, and... I've felt her... Fuck... *Another way to claim her.*

So tight.

God, I remember how tight she was...

No.

It will hurt her.

"Bella... no," I murmured. "I can't hurt you that way."

"Hurt me? You could never hurt me, Edward," she replied, sitting back so we could see each other fully.

"You're already so fucking tight, angel," I explained. "And that's your pussy. I can't even--"

"Edward."

"Yes?"

"Shut up and let me explain."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You may be the first one to take me there, but you *do* remember me telling you about what I did when Jacob said no, right?"

Toys. So many toys.

"Yes."

"Good. Now, you are of course bigger than what I used before, but that will just be hot, baby." Then she gave me the damn pout. I can't say no to her then.

"But," you're tiny, "It will," hurt, "I," love you too much, "I can't be," responsible for hurting you, "I really fucking," want to, "But... fuck."

Nice. Very nice, Cullen.

"Are you done?" she asked dryly with a raised eyebrow.

Yeah, I'm really fucking done...

I sighed in defeat, giving her a nod.

"Do *I* want *you* to have anal sex with *me*?" she asked.

I looked her in the eye. Really looked at her. Reading. Searching.

Damn, she really wants it.

I nodded hesitantly.

"Do you want it?" she asked then, softer.

"Yes." I really, really do...

Her smirk said, *Yeah, I know you do, baby.*

Then she shrugged. "But if you don't want to, I can always speak to Jasper."

Mine.

My cock twitched in agreement.

Yes, mine.

Grabbing her, I pulled her to me, and grazed my teeth against her neck.

“Mine, Bella. You hear that? *I* will be the one. Understood?” I growled.

I really *am* a sick fuck...

Chapter 13

Bella POV.

He was adorably nervous to hurt me. But that was nothing new. It was just Edward. He doesn't know that he could never hurt me. Never. And that night when we were both lying in our bed, he proved it by focusing solely on me and my body. Kissing, licking, murmuring, caressing.

He was also prepared, and he wouldn't have done that if he didn't care. He wouldn't have prepared a bath for me for the aftercare, he wouldn't have cared to make me feel relaxed and blissful before we started, he wouldn't have set up with different lubricants and oils, and he wouldn't have asked and asked and asked and asked if I really wanted this.

But I did. I do.

"Are you ready, angel?" he whispered in my ear.

I was still in post coital bliss as I nodded and hummed.

"Close your eyes, and just feel me, beautiful."

He was lying behind me, spooning me, and he had just used his magic tongue on me. Of course I was ready. With him I wanted everything.

Turning on the egg vibrator he had pushed up against my g-spot, he kissed my neck sensually as his hand started caressing my ass.

That was another thing he had done for me – the vibrator. I wouldn't have thought about it, but Edward did. By having the vibrator inside me, there would be pleasure from the beginning that might make it easier to override the sting of Edward entering me.

Always loving.

I think I heard Edward opening the bottle of lubricant, but I was enjoying the vibrations deep in my core too much to care.

"So beautiful," he whispered quietly.

Then I felt his middle finger, slowly and gently tease my back entrance, and he did it so reverently that I didn't even tense. I just kept focusing on his kissing, his soft touch, and the vibrations.

Although, what he did now was really fucking pleasurable, and even when he added pressure, entering me slightly... damn, his fingers are also magic.

The rhythm was slow and building, his middle finger moving in and out slowly, his kisses hot and wet against my shoulder and neck, and his hips moving against me in the same pace as his fingers. Erotic.

Slowly adding his index finger, there was still only pleasure since I had used larger toys there before, but if he wanted to enter me before I came, he better get to it.

"More, Edward," I breathed shallowly. "Please."

I felt his silent chuckled against my shoulder. "Anxious to have my cock in you, baby?"

"Yes," I moaned.

His words...

A third finger was added, and I tensed slightly before Edward's kisses relaxed me. It was still so erotic, still heavy, still hot, still pleasurable... still not enough.

"So tight," he breathed.

He worked me slowly but relentlessly. Whenever I was close, he turned off the vibrator, using the remote, and then he started over. In and out, in and out, a little bit faster, in and out, slightly harder, turning on the vibrator again on full capacity, in and out, deeper, harder, hot kisses, shallow breaths, in and out... he was driving me mad.

"Please, Edward!" I cried out.

"Are you desperate, baby? Are you really aching for me yet? Are you so frustrated I haven't given you my cock yet that you're losing your mind?" he cooed close to my ear.

"Fuck, yes!"

"Good."

His fingers disappeared then.

But the vibrator was turned on – full force.

And then I felt him.

The tip. Slowly rubbing against me, adding more pressure, more, more, but still wonderful. Still distracting me with those wet kisses. Still so goddamn loving.

Whenever I was on the brink of an orgasm, he added pressure, effectively bringing me back by the harsh sting.

"Are you... okay?"

His voice was strained. Seriously, really fucking strained, and I knew how hard it was for him to not follow his instincts.

Was I okay?

Absolutely.

It stung badly, but like I said, I've used toys before.

"I'm fine, Edward," I said softly. "I love you."

Reassured by my words, he pushed in more, more, more, waiting, ah, that stings, fuck, waiting, caressing my skin, soft kisses... I relaxed.

More.

More.

I choked on a breath as he was fully sheathed in me.

"I'm sorry, love... just relax... it'll get easier... I love you so much..."

His shallow whispers wafted over my neck and it made me shiver. It still stung badly to be so stretched, but I was also becoming emotional for the immense love he showered me with. This was something *I* wanted, and still *he* apologized. Only Edward.

After a while, I was able to focus on the vibrations again, his gentle touch, and it made me automatically rub my thighs together.

"Fuck, baby," he breathed out sharply. "Don't... don't do that."

"I'm okay, Edward," I whispered. "It's okay to move."

"A-are you sure?"

I responded by arching, making him hiss, and then finally and so slowly, he began to move. It took a while, and more lubricant was added, but once the pain was gone – only a dull ache left – I was able to relax fully, and move with him. Again it became emotional, and a few silent tears escaped me. It was the intimacy, the closeness, the love, us moving silently in synch, his breathy kisses, his hand caressing my stomach and breasts, his grunts, and my small gasps...

It was just so much.

I knew it took a lot for him to take things slow, but once we locked eyes, I saw that it wasn't just me who was emotional. In his eyes I saw that he was thankful for me, that he adored me for choosing him to share this with, and though Edward is not one to cry, he wore his feelings on the outside.

You're my everything.

I love you.

It was all there. And I told him in our silent way that I felt the same.

He dipped down to capture my lips with his', and we were both gone. Everything ignited and he began to move faster and deeper, making me moan out in pleasure.

"You're so fucking tight, baby," he gritted out. "I'm... I'm not gonna be able to last."

He seemed so apologetic that my heart clenched. Did he really expect me to come from my first experience with anal sex? I mean, it was very pleasurable right now, but I wasn't close. That would come later when the dull ache was no more.

This was something I didn't just want for myself. This was about Edward, too – him claiming me.

I loved that feeling. I loved how raw he was at the office today. I wanted it again.

"Edward, come in me," I whispered. "Mark me."

His eyes shot open and they flared. Dark, so dark. Intense. This... this was my Edward.

Crashing his mouth on mine, and roughly gripping my hip, he started moving hard and fast, and I simply watched him. It was powerful and raw. It was perfect.

"Tell me you're mine, Bella. Fucking tell me," he growled into the kiss.

"I'm yours," I gasped. "I'll never deny you."

His head fell back, and he shouted out an impressive line of profanities along with my name as he came hard inside me, and never had I seen anything more beautiful.

I never will.

This. Fuck, it's Edward.

All Edward. Forever.

"Fuck, Bella," he panted breathlessly after he came down. "Just... fuck."

I reached for the remote and turned the vibrator off.

There was only one thing on my mind now, and that was to get in that bathtub with my Edward.

And Edward didn't disappoint.

He spent the rest of the night taking care of me. Loving me. Thanking me.

And... I'm in trouble.

I can feel it.

Something. Something isn't right. It *feels* right, my heart and body says so. But my mind is trying to tell me something.

*o*o*o*

"What time is it?" Jasper asked for the umpteenth time.

I checked my watch... again, and rolled my eyes. "Add ten minutes to what I told you the last time, baby."

He pouted and nuzzled his nose against my cheek.

"Don't be all moody now, sugar," he chuckled quietly. "And speaking of sugar; I think you owe me some."

I giggled and faced him, pecking him softly as I cuddled closer.

We both hummed.

Comfort. Light. Easy.

Alice and Tanya were to arrive around noon, and Jasper was acting like a petulant kid in his... *eager*. It wouldn't surprise me if once they got here, he would start asking about our plans for filming. He was *really* eager.

"Have you seen Edward?" I sighed, resting my head on his shoulder.

I hadn't seen him all morning, and he was usually up so early on Saturdays. But he was still asleep when I woke up at eight with Jasper, and then when I checked on him around ten, he wasn't there.

But the house is big.

It's just that it doesn't seem like him to not say good morning before he either works out in the basement, or holes himself up in his study.

"He's thinking," Jasper murmured and I looked up at him, his eyes never leaving the TV.

"Thinking? Care to elaborate?" I asked, sitting up straighter.

"Edward is a caretaker, and if he senses any kind of problem, he closes himself in to figure shit out. I wouldn't worry about it," he shrugged.

I wouldn't worry about? How-? Of course I worry!

"Jaspe-"

The sound of the doorbell cut me off.

Jasper was already back to grinning like that kid on Christmas, and after a deep breath, I was on the same page.

My friends were here.

Rushing to the door, I grinned like a buffoon as I ripped the door open.

Cue the sound of three squealing chicks.

"Bellaaaaa!" they squealed. Loudly.

"Tanya! Aliiiiice!" I squealed right back.

And it was like everything had to happen at once. All while squealing, bouncing and hugging, I also had to check them out for changes – and they were still smoking hot, of course. Tanya in her blond full hair with side bangs, sparkling blue eyes, bombshell body, and... just perfect in her 5'9" tall glory.

Alice on the other hand, who shared my 5'3" shorty-ness, had changed a bit. Now she had jet black hair in a spiky bob that made her look fierce. And then of course her light green eyes, alabaster skin, and pixie-like features.

My gaze locked with two huge diamonds then, and once they understood why I was back to squealing, they joined in.

"They're so gorgeous!" I gushed. "Damn, I want one," I half-joked.

I never had a diamond on mine...

They were both the same – white gold and a huge solitaire diamond.

“Well, maybe one of your boys can give you one.” Alice grinned with her eyes locked on something behind me. “You hit the jackpot with those ones, Baby B.”

I spun around to see Edward leaning in the doorway, and Jasper with his huge grin, hands in his pockets like he was restraining himself from pouncing.

Edward smiled warmly but there was a crease in his forehead that told me something was wrong. And I made a mental note to push for answers later.

“I know,” I murmured, my eyes still on Edward. “I’m one lucky bitch.”

He winked at me, and I relaxed slightly.

“Okay.” I grinned. “Alice, Tan, this is Edward and Jasper. Edward, Jasper; Tanya and Alice.”

I kept my eyes on Edward as they greeted each other, and I couldn’t understand the odd look he had. But I knew I didn’t like it.

“Well, B,” Tanya sighed. “They are handsome... despite having dicks.”

I had to laugh at that, because it was so Tanya.

She wasn’t bisexual like Alice, and she had never been with a man, nor did she plan on it.

“So huge,” Alice added as she looked them both over like they were statues in a museum.

She was right, though. To me and Alice, they were certainly tree tall. Jasper with his 6'2", and Edward with his broad shoulders and 6'3" frame.

"How about we go into the den, get to know each other?" Jasper suggested.

There were nods of agreement, and the girls followed Jasper, but I grabbed Edward's hand to pull him back.

"What's wrong?" I asked softly, looking up at him.

"Nothing," he said with a forced smile.

"Liar," I replied, cocking an eyebrow at him.

His expression changed into one that didn't try to hide that something was wrong, but his eyes pleaded with me.

Not now. Please.

I sighed, "Fine."

*o*o*o*

The next two days passed quickly, and everyone got along perfectly. Well, except Edward. He was... withdrawn. He was still there, and he even seemed to like Alice a bit, but he kept quiet mostly, only fully relaxing with me.

It worried me.

I tried not to worry, but it was hard. Whenever I caught him giving me an odd look that I couldn't understand, my heart would break, because I hated seeing him down. When he was down, I was down.

Jasper tried to calm me down, but it didn't work. And then he said some cryptic shit about '*things are changing... but for the better.*'

I didn't understand that but he wouldn't explain.

Instead I tried damn hard to focus on the good. For instance, Tanya loved my shortie about Jasper and Edward, and now I had a new 3-book deal.

I also found out that they were moving to Los Angeles in a few months, and that was at least better than New York. Now that they were back in my life, I wouldn't have to go across the entire country to visit.

It also made me happy to see that Alice and Jasper were getting along. They really hit it off since they both work in advertising, and Jasper didn't waste second to show her his office where he could show off all his cool software... and shit. Because I don't really care about computer software.

Anyway.

Lastly, we've set a date for our little movie, and it will be the day after tomorrow... in the den.

*o*o*o*

Something was seriously wrong.

Yesterday, the girls and I spent hours shopping together before our spa appointment, and then when we got home, it was obvious to see that Jasper and Edward had been fighting.

Did they talk to me about it?

No.

Was I nervous?

No, I was terrified. Big difference.

So, to escape the tension, I took Tanya and Alice to a bar in Port Angeles. But the weird part was that Alice wasn't enjoying herself. Tanya and I both asked her about it, but she blamed it on a stomach bug.

We didn't believe her.

When we came home, I found Jasper in one guestroom, and Edward in another.

I slept in our room alone, scared shitless.

But I'm not going to focus on that, because everything has been set up in the den, and we're wearing matching underwear that just look fucking gorgeous. Midnight blue lace. Very see through.

Oh, and heels. High, high, heels.

"Damn, girl." Tanya winked as I joined them in the den. "This will be a fucking pleasure."

I hope so, I thought as I scanned the room.

Edward stood in the doorway with a deep frown, but I knew it was useless to approach. He just kept quiet. And then there was Jasper. He was happy. So fucking happy.

Sitting on the couch right in front of where I would be with the girls, he appeared to be very heterosexual at the moment, just staring at Alice and myself.

Mostly Alice, though...

I that why Edward is off? Is he jealous?

Alice interrupted my thoughts by putting on the music for the night. It was the kind of music I often used when I wrote – heavy, sexy, dark, gothic, and pulsing.

Rev 22:20 by Puscifier. Listen to it. Have sex to it.

You won't be disappointed.

I threw back a glass of wine to get away from the feeling of unease, and then I walked over to Alice and Tanya.

But before I reached them, Edward reached me.

He grabbed my arm, not saying a thing, and dragged me up the stairs to my old bedroom.

Chapter 14

Bella POV.

I threw back a glass of wine to get away from the feeling of unease, and then I walked over to Alice and Tanya.

But before I reached them, Edward reached me.

He grabbed my arm, not saying a thing, and dragged me up the stairs to my old bedroom.

I didn't speak. I knew Edward needed to do whatever he was doing now. Maybe he would finally open up and talk about what's been bothering him. One could only hope.

Once the door was shut behind us, he spun around and pressed me up against the door, a furious glare fixed on me.

With his fingers loosely gripping my throat, he breathed heavily as he dipped down.

"You're mine, Bella."

He spoke with an eerily calm voice.

"I'm sorry I'm not as casual about this as you and Jasper." He sneered.

"But I'm done pretending. I can't *fucking* allow this."

He pressed me harder against the wall, his breathing turning shallow. "I thought you understood, Bella, but apparently you don't. Am I going to have to remind you?" He tsked. "Am I going to have to remind you who you belong to, baby?"

Oh, God...

I had felt Edward's possessiveness before, but this... this was new. This was a whole other level of fucked up.

The sick thing was that I took pleasure out of it. I craved it. I craved him, and only him. Yes, things were definitely about to change in our relationship.

Was I going to lose him? Because something was really wrong here.

The thought terrified me.

I couldn't lose Edward. Never. I would die.

And Jasper, asked a small voice in my head.

Yeah, him too. But Edward... No, I can't. I can't lose him.

Then I felt the big bulge in Edward's jeans pressing against my stomach.

"Who do you belong to, Bella?" he growled close to my ear, fingers still holding me around my throat.

I whimpered as he ripped off my underwear with his free hand.

I couldn't speak. There were too many things I wanted to do, but nothing I could say.

I wanted him to claim me like the animal he appeared to be, I wanted to kiss him softly and tell him I love him, I wanted to cry, I wanted to give him everything he wanted, I wanted to cling onto him – beg him not get rid of me.

"Tell me!" he demanded.

I gulped, my eyes wide as I met his gaze. "You," I breathed.

For as long as you'll want me...

"I'm not convinced," he snarled, unzipping his jeans. "You were going to fuck those girls down there, Bella. How the *hell* can I believe that you belong to me when you want them, huh?!"

My mind was spinning faster than it ever had, and my heart broke for him. I hadn't seen this. I didn't know he felt this insecure. He never let on. And then it hit me what kind of hypocrite I was. I could never watch Edward be with other men like I was going to be with Alice and Tanya. I wouldn't be able to bear it. I mean, I was having an uneasy feeling when he was with Jasper for crying out loud. That was however a feeling I liked to ignore best I could, but that didn't erase the fact that I took great pleasure of Edward not sleeping with Jasper without me anymore. He said he didn't want us alone anymore. Only the three of us.

But that was weird, because he seemed to have no problems being with me alone.

"You're awfully quiet, Bella," he gritted out quietly.

His face showed nothing but hurt and fury.

My eyes welled up and my hands went to cradle his beautiful face. "I love you, Edward. I'm yours. You have to believe me," I pleaded.

I couldn't stand this. It was too much. It hurt me.

Oh, God, I had hurt him. This was *my* doing. *I* had made him feel like this.

"I will never deny you, Edward," I breathed out, pleading with my eyes for him to see my truth.

In a whiplash movement, I was dragged to the bed and pushed to the middle of it, and Edward stripped down before joining me – hovering over me, studying me, reading me.

"You're not thinking about Alice?" he asked quietly, as his hand restrained mine above my head.

"No." I shook my head for emphasis.

"Tanya?" he asked as he dragged the tip of his hard cock along the length of my sex. "You really seem to like her," he muttered bitterly.

"As a friend," I whimpered. "I only want you, Edward," *please believe me...*

He was in my face in less than a second, our noses touching, and he searched. He searched for trace of lies.

He would find none. I told him with my eyes.

I arched into him. *I want you.*

My eyes only showed desperation, devotion, and love because that's all I felt. *I'll never deny you. I love you.*

He pushed into me harshly without warning, and I gasped, our eyes still locked in a thick haze.

This was sick.

I loved it.

With my hands above my head, he covered my body with his as he started pounding his thick cock into me. Over and over. Without mercy. No restraints in him.

"You're mine," he growled close to my ear. "*Only mine, Bella.*"

"Yes!" I gasped as he hit my g-spot. "Only yours!"

"I own this pussy," he breathed. "I own your orgasms. *I* give them to you."

His words shook me to the core, and I managed to struggle free so I could cling to him. And I did so desperately, my nails digging into his shoulder blades he fucked me hard.

"God, I'm addicted to your pussy, Bella. Your smell, your taste, the heat... tight... I will *a/ways* crave it."

It didn't take long before my orgasm approached.

"Edward," I moaned loudly. "I'm... so close... Oh, Edward!"

"That's it, baby. Come for me. For *me*."

Always for you, I thought right before I fell apart, screaming his name as I convulsed.

Edward followed as soon as I came down, and I milked him as hard as I could, but it wasn't enough. There was a new hunger in me, and I needed more. So, when Edward collapsed next to me – on his back – I straddled his hips, still panting from my orgasm, and I kissed him. I kissed every surface I could see. His perfectly shaped lips. His eyelids. His forehead, cheeks, temples, nose. His chest, nipples, abdomen, ribcage, collarbone, neck, throat. I kissed it all. First slow and loving, but as he started to respond, it turned frenzied.

Rolling around in our bed, all tangled together, we kissed like our lives depended on it. We nibbled, caressed, sucked, licked, kissed, and bit.

Our breathing turned erratic as he lavished my breasts with openmouthed kisses, and I pulled his face to mine.

"Take what's yours, Edward," I whispered.

He was already hard again, and he crashed his lips to mine, our tongues battling, but I surrendered almost immediately. Never would I deny this man. He was my other half.

Soon he left my face, and kissed his way down to my pussy, and he settled between my legs.

"I love it when you smell like me," he said huskily as he kissed my flesh. "Your taste mixed with mine..."

He sucked on my clit then, and my fire was ignited the way only Edward could. And he proved how much he owned me by the way he worked me. He knew my body better than I did. He knew what I wanted and loved. He knew when I was close. And he knew how to play me, bringing me back before I fell over.

"Please, Edward," I begged. "Let me come."

His fingers fucked me slowly, and his tongue lapped up everything he drew from me.

"Not yet. You said I could take what's mine," he murmured. "There are a lot of things that's mine on your body, Bella."

He left it at that but I understood that he planned on taking his time with me.

I didn't mind.

"Come here, angel," he whispered, holding a hand out for me.

I took it immediately and he pulled me up to a sitting position before he kissed me passionately, leaving me breathless.

"Your mouth, for one... is mine," he hummed in my mouth. "The way you kiss, baby... the way you speak... the way you smile... the way you suck my cock."

Oh my fucking God...

A wave of wetness coated his fingers that still worked my pussy slowly, and of course he noticed.

"You like sucking my cock, Bella?" he cooed as he kissed the corner of my mouth.

"No." I shook my head. "I love it."

"Show me," he said. "Show me how much you love it."

Impatiently, I leaned down towards him, but before I reached it, he dodged and lied down on the bed next to me, and without explaining, he grabbed my hips and pulled them towards him.

I knew then what he wanted.

Sixty-nine.

"Fuck, yes," he hissed as I straddled his face. "I want you to ride my face while you suck my cock, baby."

"Oh fuck, Edward," I moaned at his words.

Immediately he gripped my ass to push me down, and I complied eagerly and grabbed his cock in the process. He moaned against my pussy, sending warmth and vibrations through me, and I wasted no time in lowering myself on his cock. Gripping his hips, I encouraged him to thrust, and he did so gladly, us both mimicking the other's movements.

"We taste so good together, baby," I moaned as I licked his length.

"I know," he mumbled. "Goddamn perfection."

He thrust his hips roughly into my waiting mouth and I sucked him down as hard as I could, making him grunt and moan loudly as he licked me furiously. We were both close and I dipped down to ride him harder, but apparently Edward had other plans.

"I'm not done with you yet," he panted and flipped me over to my back. "Get on all fours, beautiful."

Yes!

Once positioned, he thrust into my pussy roughly from behind, and I started moaning and panting from his games. He was really playing my body like an instrument, and I had no say.

Edward in charge was heaven.

"I think we've proved that your mouth is mine, yes?" he grunted as he pounded harder and deeper.

"Yes!" I panted breathlessly, fisting the covers.

"And your tight pussy? Who owns it?" he continued.

"You, Edward!" I cried out.

The pressure building was overwhelming, and the way he hit my sweet spot with every goddamn push was slowly but surely driving me insane.

"That's right," he groaned. "But there's more, isn't there? Like this..."

Then I felt two fingers enter my ass, and I moaned louder than a porn star.

"Who owns your perfect, tight ass, Bella?"

I knew right away what I wanted – needed – so, I quickly reached for the lubricant on the nightstand. “Please, Edward.”

He only hesitated for a second before he pulled out of me. “Are you sure?”

“Fuck, yes. I beg you,” I whimpered. “I need you.”

He cursed under his breath.

I heard him and felt him apply the slippery lubricant to my ass and his cock, and then I moaned in anticipation as he lined up.

“I love you,” he breathed.

“I love you, too,” I moaned, feeling the tip of him entering me. “Please take me. I’m yours.”

With that said, he pushed into me in one slow stroke, and when I heard his loud groan, the slight pain I felt was quickly forgotten.

This time was definitely better...

“Fuck, I love your ass, Bella,” he gritted out. “So tight.”

“*Fuck* me, Edward,” I pleaded. “Show me it’s yours.”

And he did.

Not too roughly – he didn’t let go completely, and for that I was thankful because my boy is massive, and this was only our second time – but he showed me. He showed me good how much he completely owns my mind, body, and soul.

“I’m the only one who gets you fuck you here. Understood?” he moaned.

“Yes, Edward!” I cried out.

And boy, could he multitask. The way he fucked me all while he kissed me lovingly on my back, and then also stroked my clit.

I knew I wouldn't come, but I was definitely enjoying myself immensely, and just the feeling of him taking me this way... indescribable.

A few minutes of grunts, moans, and gasps, he pulled out of me and quickly flipped me over, not even waiting a second before he slammed into my throbbing pussy.

It made me groan loudly in surprise but when I caught his wicked smile, I knew he did this so we could both come. Like I said, he just knew me. And he worked me. God, he worked me good. Both of us slick with sweat, and both of us panting for release. Yes, my pussy was literally throbbing, pulsing, and pounding for an orgasm. And it approached with a rapid speed.

That's when I knew exactly how I wanted our sex marathon to end.

"Edward," I pressed out through gritted teeth. "I want you to come on me."

He missed a beat before understanding dawned on him, and then he growled, his eyes turning black with desire and possessiveness.

"My kinky angel," he panted.

I could barely focus on his words, closing my eyes and solely welcoming wave after wave after wave of pleasure that rocked my body, making scream out his name and gasp for air.

"That's it, baby. Come on my cock, milk me like only you can," he groaned.

Like only I can...

This of course only triggered a second orgasm, and my entire body tensed fiercely around him, and I almost choked as I couldn't get air into my lungs.

But isn't air overrated?

Clutching my chest, I gasped wildly for air, at last coming down from my orgasm, and then I witnessed the sexiest thing I had ever seen.

Edward's face contorted in raw pleasure as he abruptly pulled out of me, moaning loudly as he came in long spurts all over my stomach and chest.

I was frozen in... well, I don't know what, but I knew I couldn't miss a thing, and I actually forced myself not to blink. It was just so fucking sexy to see him coming on me.

To see him mark me.

We were both watching it with rapt fascination, panting breathlessly as he milked himself until the last drop.

Then it was only our shallow breaths filling the silence as we just stared at each other.

I don't know how long we stayed still in that position but it was long.

Our breathing had returned to normal when Edward's expression turned into a frown. Concern, fear, nervousness, and defeat.

I knew.

I knew his mind.

I knew why he was scared, because it was the same reason I was scared.

We weren't three anymore.

"We'll work it out, Edward," I whispered softly. "Somehow we'll figure this out. But no matter what, I'm yours for as long as you want me."

Hovering over me, our faces close, he studied me hard before vulnerability took over his features, and he swallowed hard before breathing out, "You feel the same way I do?"

"On some level I think I always did, Edward," I murmured, caressing his cheek. "I was always only truly yours."

He closed his eyes and I felt him crumble, one silent tear rolling down his cheek. "I can't ever lose you, Bella. Never," he whispered thickly.

"You won't," I vowed. "It's impossible. I'm yours."

He kissed me passionately, pouring everything into that kiss.

Then we showered together, not saying a word as we just held each other.

It was clinging, but it was what we had. We were both scared shitless for what was now evident.

Tangled together, we fell asleep.

Edward POV.

The next two months passed slowly and surely.

Bella and I struggled with our feelings and we talked at length as soon as we needed it. There were just so many fears. So many things to consider.

I was worried and scared out of my fucking mind that I would lose Jasper once we told him the truth. But there was no denying it anymore. In fact, I think we've been denying for too long already.

From the start, I noticed how powerful my feelings towards Bella were. And though I can't tell when they overrode what I felt for Jasper, I know it

was early in our relationship. But after that night I behaved like a monster to Bella, there was just no strength in me to even try suppressing it any longer. What I felt when Bella joined those girls in the same lingerie, all I could think about was how wrong it felt. I wanted her for myself only. Including Jasper. I didn't even want *him* to touch her anymore. At the same time, I started losing my desire for the man I've loved for almost eight years.

I remember the night when Bella took Tanya and Alice to Port Angeles. I was so fucking pissed because I didn't understand how Jasper could be so fucking giddy. He was excited and thrilled to see our Bella with those two chicks. I told him flat out that maybe he didn't care about Bella as much as I thought, and he scoffed in my fucking face before chuckling humorlessly, "I love that girl, Edward, but come on... how fucking blind are you? *Our* Bella? Please, call me when you've figured it out, will ya?"

He confused the shit out of me, but what hurt was that we were slipping apart.

No, what hurt was that it didn't hurt.

I felt guilty for falling asleep without fixing our problem, which we'd always done in the past.

We saved each other once, and I know I will always love him, but... fuck...

I'm just not in love with him anymore.

Our relationship was always one of love, comfort, and affection. We were both the same, and we were truly in love. But that didn't erase what we both missed. What we had up until Bella came into our lives was the most powerful thing I've ever felt. But it was nothing compared to what I went through emotionally as Bella came in. Everything she brought in just

made everything better. Warmer. But it was also a reminder. A reminder of things we didn't have, and couldn't ever have easily. A family.

So many things have gone through my mind since that night two months ago. Do I only love Bella because she can give me children? Do I love her because of her body? Do I want her for myself just so that no one else can have her? Will I be enough for her, or will she miss Jazz too much? Have we moved forward too fast? Is Bella co-dependent? Did she move in too soon? Are we the reason she's keeping herself together? How deep are her feelings for Jazz? Will Jazz hate us? Will we ever be able to have some kind of relationship with him, or will it be too uncomfortable? What will I lose? What will I gain? What do I feel about Jazz?

Questions.

And for the past two months, Bella has voiced her own questions.

Will I love her without Jasper? Will I miss having a man in the bedroom? Will she be enough? Do I only want her because of the newness of being with a woman? Am I still in love with Jasper? Is she still my soulmate? Can I still feel our connection? Will I become bored with just one person?

So many issues to deal with.

But two months also give us a lot of time to consider, reconsider, wonder, ask, answer, think, ponder, and listen.

Is she my soulmate? Without a doubt. I can't picture my life without her. I can't even picture a day without her. I need her like air. And yes, I'm very fucking aware of our spark. It drives me insane with desire and love whenever we're close.

Do I only love her because what she can offer? Children.

No. I loved her before all that came up. It was an immense relief to hear that she wished to give me a family, and it has been a big dream of mine, but that's *a* reason for loving her. Not *the* reason. I love her for everything she is. The passion, the love, the intensity, the hobbies, the caring, the taste in books and music, the way her smile lights up a room, the sound of her voice, the way we can read each other.

Will I miss having a man in the bedroom? I absolutely understood her concern when she asked me this. Jazz has been my partner for almost eight years. But it's not for the sex I love being with a man or a woman. It's the person. And I'm absurdly addicted to Bella's body, mind and soul in a way I've never felt before. I'm not homosexual. Though, I've been mostly attracted to men, I've always known that I'm bisexual. I'm simply a sexual creature who can see the beauty of both sexes, but now... all I can see is Bella.

And never have I felt this way before.

It took some serious soul searching to find the answers to my own questions regarding what I want for myself, but once I figured it out, it was so simple. It felt so right.

I want Bella. I love her more than anything. No matter what. She's my other half. There are no doubts about that anymore.

That revelation led to a development in our relationship.

I can't function sexually without Bella, and it freaked me the fuck out before I realized why. It, too, is simple now once I've figured it out. I just can't be with anyone I'm not in love with. It doesn't feel right.

A part of me is saddened about the feeling. A part of me still want to feel that it's right to be with Jazz – to kiss him, to love him.

But I don't.

And as soon as Bella enters the room, I know why. She's the reason. My love is for her and her only. I love her unconditionally, irrevocably, and completely.

A lot has happened in these almost eight months. Everything's changed. But I can't regret it. I can't wish for anything other than Bella.

Bella and I have taken every alone opportunity to talk about this. We've voiced every fear, question, and wish. And it shouldn't surprise me that she feels the same. It shouldn't, because she's mine. She's my soulmate.

She amazed me when she told me how she wanted me for herself, how she was only in love with me, how her attachment to Jasper had cooled off, and that she saw him just as I saw him.

An unrelated brother, a friend, a confidant – a man we love deeply, but platonically.

We still both feel that we need him in our life, and I know that feeling won't ever go away. If he can't stay in our lives once we've told him, we'll both be devastated and very sorry. But it won't affect the bond between Bella and me. Nothing can.

This is the reason we're stalling, though. This is why we're constantly stopping each other from talking to him. And it's not fair to either of us. But the thought of him walking out of our lives...

It's selfish and betraying of Bella and I as well as it's hurting us that we're keeping ourselves from moving forward.

We need to do this.

Once Jazz returns from Tacoma.

He's seriously working all hours of the day, and it's been like this since he landed that campaign.

That's not to say he hasn't noticed the changes in the house, because he has. Obviously the first thing he noticed was how Bella and I refrained from sex, which we started doing about a month ago. I just couldn't function anymore. Then he noticed how Bella spent more and more time in her home office with her writing. Lastly he noticed that I spent more time at work, and that I always went to bed after he was already asleep. Yeah, we've been stalling and avoiding.

The weird thing, though, is that in the beginning he seemed worried and concerned, but that stopped after about a week. He looked like his old relaxed dude-self, and just... went with it without asking anymore.

It was... odd.

But then he changed again. Two days before he left for Tacoma – last week – he became nervous and fidgety. He opened and closed his mouth as if to say something, but then he just left the room, leaving Bella and I confused.

Chapter 15

Edward POV.

"What time is it?" I murmured, my face buried in the crook of Bella's neck.

She was watching a movie.

I was watching her.

And kissing, and nibbling.

She pushed me away, but the smile she tried to hide told me I wasn't exactly doing shit wrong.

"It's almost midnight but, baby, I really need to see this movie."

Her voice faltered as I sucked on her earlobe, but her choice of wording caught my attention.

"You need to watch it? Since when does one *need* to see A Beautiful Mind? I mean, I guess it's a good movie, but... *need* to see it?" I chuckled.

"Research," she said softly.

Now I was really curious, because I doubted she needed to see this movie for one of her Marie Green-books.

Facing her fully, I searched her face, and noticed immediately the sparkle of her eyes and excited smile.

I was trying not to get ahead of myself, but I really hoped she was about to do what I thought.

"Tell me," I urged.

"I started writing a *real* story." She grinned.

And there it is... Fuck, she's amazing.

"That's my girl," I praised as I hugged her to me. "That's fucking awesome, Bella."

I knew it was a dream of hers, but she had been hesitant, not really believing in her own talent. But Bella's strong. She just needs to do it in her own time.

"Tell me what it's about." I grinned, pulling her up in my lap.

"You seem so excited," she chuckled.

Tucking a piece of hair behind her ear, I replied, "Of course. I'm proud of you, too. I knew you had it in you."

She kissed me softly before she animatedly told me about her idea. An idea that went beyond the normal, but when you know, you know. And it was us underneath it all.

The story was about a girl that made up her soulmate in her dreams, and she takes it so far that she takes sleeping pills to see him more often. In the meantime there's a man across the country doing the same, and it's *the* girl he's dreaming about. The story is simply about them finding each other. It's just that they don't think it's real. The only thing they know is that they're soulmates.

So, the story couldn't be more different than Bella's and mine, but it's still there. It was how she explained that you can't deny something that powerful for long. It was there in how she described the families of the man and the woman, and how they thought it was a sickness – something wrong in what they did.

Obviously I listened to Bella intently – because I was intrigued to say the least – but I couldn't stop myself from also focusing on her face. This was

Bella in her element. She was excited about something she was doing for herself and on her own, and it was beautiful to see how much she had grown in the past eight months.

"So... what do you think?" she asked, biting her lip.

I smiled at her shyness, placing my thumb on her lip to release it before kissing her.

"I think it sounds good, angel," I murmured. "I really do. The story seems right up my alley."

"I know," she chuckled. "I'm gonna need a lot of references within your field as a therapist, especially since you have a PhD in psychology. And I already started researching paranoia and schizophrenia since the main characters parents' will force them to go through different tests."

It hit me then how excited I really was. Not just for Bella, but for the story. It definitely was up my alley, and I didn't exactly study seven years for nothing. This was really a subject I truly loved.

"I'll be happy to help, and you can always use my study, you know. I have a *few* books on psychology." I winked.

"Thank you," she replied, truly humbled for such a small thing.

That was the reminder of no one taking care of her before she came into my life. No one gave. She gave. She took care.

"My pleasure," I murmured before leaning in to brush my lips with hers.

Unfortunately the phone rang just as we deepened the kiss, and Bella left my lap reluctantly to reach the phone on the coffee table.

"Cullen, Whitlock, Swan residence," she answered with a grin.

I chuckled at her greeting and just leaned back to watch her.

Maybe it won't be Swan much longer...

"Tanya?" her voice faltered, and she frowned. "Wait, wait, honey, calm down. What's wrong? Tell me from the beginning."

I frowned in confusion and held her hand as she became upset with what I assumed was Tanya had to say.

"She did what?" she gasped. "But-... uh-huh... But are you still in New York?"

"So, she took off for LA alone? Are you not moving out there?"

"You don't think it's a mistake?"

"I know, but maybe it's a mistake, sweetie. You can't know for sure without really talking to her-" Bella gasped again, locking eyes with my very concerned ones, and she covered her mouth slightly as if in shock.

"She really left her ring?"

*o*o*o*

Half an hour later, Bella had explained everything to me from her call with Tanya.

Tanya had come home from work yesterday to find a note from Alice... along with her ring.

I've only met them that one time, and my thoughts were quite focused on Bella becoming mine at the time, so I can't really say I know them or even know them enough to care, although Alice did seem like a very nice woman. But they were still Bella's friends and she was both upset and

confused by all this. She thought Tanya and Alice would last forever, and when Alice wanted them to move to LA, Tanya barely put up a fight.

Tanya was apparently known to be a frosty bitch, and I can't say that that wasn't my first and only impression with her – maybe not that harsh, but certainly frosty – but she adored Alice more than anything, and now she was completely heartbroken. And that is a feeling I don't wish on anyone.

So, what we know now is that Alice left for LA alone, leaving her ring and relationship behind, asking Tanya for forgiveness but also that she respected Alice's wish to not be followed – AKA she begged Tanya not to take the next flight out.

Bella spent the next few hours trying to reach Alice but she didn't answer.

There wasn't much I could do except be there for her.

*o*o*o*

When we heard Jazz come home, Bella and I were both nervous. However, Bella was still worried about Alice, and it had been three days now without a word from either Tanya or Alice.

I offered to cancel my sessions for a few days, and either fly out with her to LA or New York, and I think that's the plan once we've talked to Jasper.

Jazz reached the kitchen where Bella and I waited for him, and what we saw was... well, I have no idea what to say. Even as a therapist.

Jazz was nervous as hell, that much was clear. Tired and disheveled with dark circles under his eyes. But there was something in his eyes that told me he was fucking ecstatic.

"Welcome home," Bella said softly.

"Uh... yeah, hi," he replied, looking at his feet.

Okay?

He just stood there, shuffling his feet, his tie looked like it had been pulled at, and his shirt was un-tucked – something I've never seen on him. When Jasper's home, he's all for sweatpants and t-shirts, but when he's away on business, nobody looks more proper than him.

I didn't know what to say.

But Bella did, "Uhm, we have something we wanna talk to you about, Jasper... But it looks like you might have something to say, too."

I squeezed her hand, silently conveying love and support, and watched as Jazz sat down on the other side of the counter.

He cleared his throat and pulled at his hair before his eyes landed on us, but mostly me. "Yeah, we need to talk."

My brow was furrowed in confusion but I nodded for him to go ahead.

He seemed to relax slightly, and a small but genuine smile tugged on the corners of his mouth. "You guys wanna talk about the three of us splitting up, right?"

Bella squeezed the living shit out of my hand, and I felt myself pale in front of him.

How the hell did he know- no, fuck that, why is he still casual?!

Jasper threw us both a knowing smirk, and we pretty much just gaped at him.

"Edward, Bella, I love you both, but subtle you are not," he said pointedly. "I guess I didn't think it would take you this long to bring it up, but then again, you're both thinkers. You both need to analyze and over-think."

"Any-fucking-way, I'm gonna make this easy on you," he sighed. "You two have my blessing or whatever. It's my God's honest truth.

"I see how you look at each other, I see how you feel each other as soon as you're in the same room. And I know that you're soulmates."

But, but, but, when does the 'but' come?

"But..." I heard myself say.

"No buts, Edward." He shook his head slowly, the same smile still tugging on the corners of his mouth. "Are you in love with me?"

My shoulders slumped slightly as I replied a quiet 'no.'

He nodded firmly. "I already knew that, but I wanted confirmation. You both know I'm sorta perceptive when it comes to emotions, yes?"

I think we nodded.

"Yeah, well... I know you both love me platonically, and have done that for a while now. And there is no 'but' in this. But there is a 'because'..."

He probably sensed that we couldn't move, less talk, so he continued.

"And that's because I feel the same for you. Both of you."

Huh?

"Huh?" Bella echoed my thought.

Jasper chuckled then.

Chuckled.

I don't see what's so funny here.

"You two realized rather quickly that you were soulmates, right?" he wondered.

Although, it seemed like he only wanted our answer for confirmation.

We nodded.

"Same for me." He shrugged. "It took me two hours to see that I had a connection with someone else. Another two hours to realize I had never felt that way before. Then two weeks and I was in love. So in love that it shook me to my very core. We both felt the same for each other, and I can't even be sorry that I went behind your backs. I wouldn't have done it if I thought we were lasting, though.

"I already knew you two were not long from realizing what you wanted. There was just nothing that could stop us. It was this... pull."

My eyes bugged out, and I felt... nothing. I mean, what can I say? What can I feel? He's describing just what I feel for Bella, and now he's found that in someone else? Does that mean we can all stay close?

Dare I hope?

Wait, Jazz met someone.

"Who did you meet?" And I was surprised my voice only sounded genuinely curious. There was no accusing or... anything negative in my voice.

Same went for my heart.

I didn't feel betrayed or even disappointed.

Maybe because I don't feel that way about him, or maybe because my soulmate is sitting next to me.

What I have-... *had*... with Jazz will always be remembered as precious, wonderful, and exactly what was right for us, but it was also comfort. Not that deep-in-my-core feeling. We just hadn't met anyone that could overpower what we had until Bella... and now whoever Jazz has met.

Bella gasped then, "Oh my God!"

I turned to face her, and frowned when I saw the tears run down her cheeks. But before I could offer comfort, she spoke in a breathless whisper.

"It's Alice, isn't it?"

I whipped my head in Jasper's direction so fast that I thought it'd fall off, but I just needed to see his reaction.

His smile had grown.

He nodded.

Well, fuck me. I never saw that coming...

"I love her," he said softly. "It's like... I can't even describe it, but it's just there when I look at her. We can read each other like..."

"Open books?" I chuckled.

This was just fucking insane.

Jasper nodded again. "Yeah, it's intense. And that's how I know what you two feel for each other. I feel it now, too. Some weird fucking charge."

I found myself grinning like a fucking fool... until I heard Bella snuffle.

"Hey, what's wrong, angel?" I murmured, pulling her closer

Shit, is she thinking about Tanya?

"Don't you see it, Edward?" she cried. "Alice is in LA. Where do you think Jasper's going with this?"

Oh...

I swallowed hard and hugged Bella to my body, glancing over her head to see Jasper.

His smile was apologetic.

He's leaving.

"She... uhm..." Jazz shifted uncomfortably in his seat, his eyes darting all over the place.

But that's not what I noticed the most.

No, I saw the utter joy in his eyes.

"She's pregnant," he sighed.

Uh... huh?

Pregnant?

Alice is pregnant?

Jasper's going to be a father?

That stung.

I felt excitement for him, I really did, but I couldn't deny the fact that I was jealous.

"Against all odds," I murmured to him.

He nodded, both of us thinking about the news we were delivered with those years ago. It was never impossible, but it wasn't good enough to even hope on.

I guess a soulmate would do the job, though.

Meant to be.

"So, you're moving, huh?" I sighed, not feeling very excited about that.

But then again, I would still have him in our life. There were no hard feelings.

"Yes," he muttered.

Them in LA, us in Forks...

What holds us here?

My job? That's it?

Fuck that.

"Bella?" I whispered into her hair.

"Yea?" she sniffled.

"What do you say about moving to LA?"

Part II

Chapter 16

Bella POV.

So much has happened since we moved to LA a year ago. And in ten minutes, things are about to change again. But no bad stuff. Our life is great. Comfortable, settled, and perfect.

Well, it's about to become really, *really* perfect.

But to be honest, my life has been on a level of perfection ever since I met Edward and Jasper.

After my squealing yes on the move to LA, we didn't waste time. Edward gave his notice at the hospital, we sold the house, and said farewell to Forks and rainy Washington. All in just three months.

Alice and Jasper were overly excited that we decided to move, and we even found a house a few streets away from theirs. It's a lot smaller house, but it's the most beautiful house I've ever seen. Our house in Forks was all about style and straight lines, and we loved it, but this house is much more for us.

It's a hacienda in terracotta, and it's warm and bright... homey. We have a huge pool that we love, and I mean *really* love. Three bedrooms, our two studies, large kitchen, large living room, three baths. It's just perfect. What's even more perfect is one of the bedrooms that Edward and I turned into a playroom. And I mean a very adult playroom. I get wet just thinking about it.

Anyway...

On my twenty-fifth birthday – a few months after we arrived in LA – Edward got down on one knee and asked me to be his wife.

It was the best birthday gift in the world.

And the Christmas that followed turned out to be another day we will always remember – the day I became Bella Cullen.

It was a small ceremony in our backyard, and it was just Alice, Jasper, and the minister... and one more person.

No, not Tanya. She still thought it was too hard to see Alice, and though she remained my Marie Green editor, she stayed in New York, in the background, which I completely understood. It was no secret that I resented Alice and Jasper for betraying Tanya. She didn't deserve that, and the first time I met Alice after Jasper's reveal, I sure gave her my thoughts on the fuckery. Granted, Edward and I did some sneaking around on our own, but it wasn't cheating. It wasn't. Alice, though, she cheated. There was no other word for it. She was in a relationship with Tanya, a monogamous one, and she was unfaithful. Yes, it took time for me to get over that.

I digress.

The other guest at our wedding was Esme Platt.

Edward's aunt.

It was a normal day and Edward and I were out grocery shopping when he completely froze in his spot. And the next thing I knew was this beautiful woman with green eyes and caramel hair clinging to Edward in tears. At first I was fuming, thinking that this woman was his mother, but when Edward had recovered from his shock, he too shed a few tears, as he embraced the only relative that never judged him.

She's family to us.

And now, on June twentieth – Edward's thirty second birthday, I'm about to make our day blissful.

Honestly, I'm going to make everyone freaking ecstatic, though Esme – who lives twenty minutes from us – already knows. She's pretty much the mother Edward should've had, but I know today, he's damn happy that his aunt Esme decided to leave London for LA where she works as a book editor.

My book editor to be exact. Yes, I have two.

I need them both.

Tanya is all for Marie Green.

But Esme is for Bella Cullen.

That's right, my book got published. Well, actually it's still new, and it hasn't been released yet. It got published five months ago and I just got the first copy yesterday.

That is part of my birthday gift to Edward today.

He doesn't really like to celebrate his birthdays, but this one he will love. Even if Alice was the party planner.

Now that Edward's a professor- Wait, didn't I mention that?

Oh, well, my husband is an honorary professor at UCLA where he teaches psychology. It's only twice a week, but he also has his own private practice.

But anyway, now that he's a professor and has more colleagues, he's gained friends. Maybe not really close friends, but I do know he's close to

a man named Seth, and tonight I'll meet him and his wife, Claire. Alice didn't care how close he was with his colleagues, though. She still invited them all, I think. But that's Alice. It doesn't matter that she's dealing with five months old Lucy, she's still the perfect party planner.

I guess you see now I wasn't exaggerating when I said a lot had happened in the past year.

*o*o*o*

"Baby, it's time!" I yelled up the stairs.

"The party isn't for another hour!" he whined back.

Yes, he whined. That's how much he likes turning thirty-two.

"That's not what it's time for!" I responded. "I just wanna give you my gifts before we head over there!"

As I heard him approach the stairs, I made my way to the living room, and sat down Indian-style on the couch, holding my two gifts for him.

The first thing I noticed as he came into view was obviously his toned body, now slightly tanned, and since we've moved to California, Edward's home-wear is a pair of cargo shorts.

Today they're khaki green.

That's it.

Nothing else.

Bare chested with just a little bit of chest hair, and... mmm... My husband works out. Swimming, running... hard fucking... What, it's workout, you know.

Stop drooling, Bella.

Right.

That's when I noticed his pout.

"Stop grouching, baby," I chuckled. "It's just a party."

He huffed as he sat down next to me. "Yeah, with people I don't give two shits about. What happened to a goddamn barbeque with the ones close to us? I'll tell you what happened; Alice happened. That fucking pixie-thing is the devil!"

By now I was laughing so hard that tears ran freely down my cheeks.

Just saying.

He was just so fucking cute.

"I don't see what's so funny here, Bella! Isn't the wife supposed to be on the husband's side?"

"Oh, Edward, Edward," I chuckled, shaking my head in amusement.

"You're funny, you know that?"

He shot a glare my way... but he could never hold it.

"Can I give you your gifts now?" I asked.

He nodded, a smile trying to break free.

"This is the small gift," I told him as I handed him the first one.

He groped it like it was my boobs, and he shook it like he was making a goddamn drink.

Such a boy.

"It's a book." He grinned proudly.

"Just open it!" I laughed, shaking my head at him.

And he did.

And he froze.

He hadn't seen my book yet, and now he had. That wasn't the gift, though. The gift was inside, but I knew how much it meant for us both to see my name – his last name – proudly displayed on the light blue cover.

"*'Soulmates'...* by Bella Cullen," he whispered as he reverently traced the lines of my name.

"Open it," I murmured, surprised when I felt my vision blur.

But maybe not.

It will be an every day occurrence now, or so I've heard.

"Bella..." he breathed, holding out a hand for me as his eyes stayed fixed on the first page.

I climbed onto his lap and kissed his neck. "Read it out loud," I whispered.

"Dedicated to my very own soulmate.

With love, trust, and devotion.

Never to deny.

My Edward."

"And I mean every word, Edward," I murmured against his neck.

"Unfortunately, the book had already gone to print when I decided to write this, so it's only in this copy, but it's true nonetheless."

I glanced down at my two rings, thinking back on when he proposed to me. It was after a simple dinner at home, and I never suspected a thing, but when he called me out to the pool... There were candles everywhere, and it was at twilight – so beautiful – and he asked me to marry him, to share his name and future, to be his angel for life. I remembered I said yes before he got the last word out, and I accidentally pushed us both into the pool when I jumped him. Luckily it was right before he opened the velvet box, so we didn't have a ring to search after on the bottom of the pool.

It's a gorgeous ring – platinum with an emerald cut diamond, and I couldn't love a material object more.

My wedding band is equally beautiful with incrusting diamonds all around it, and with our wedding date and initials on the inside.

"I love you so much, angel," he murmured. "Thank you... you have no idea how much this means to me."

I smiled against his skin and decided this was the perfect time to give him the second gift.

"That was just an extra thing. Here's the main event." I grinned, handing him the envelope from the back pocket of my jeans.

I watched him intently while he opened the envelope with a curious expression, and then I held him tightly as he understood what it was he pulled out of it.

"Bella?" he whispered shakily.

Okay, here's the thing.

I overheard Edward talking to Jasper right before we moved to LA, and he expressed his longing to have children with me. But he was afraid to push

me, because he had already told me that he wished to become a father before thirty-five, and he was worried that since I was six years younger than him, I wasn't ready.

I was very ready.

There was only one thing I wanted to finish before.

And those months later when I finished my book, I secretly stopped taking my pill.

"Yes, Edward?" I responded softly, raising my head to face him fully.

His eyes were full of unshed tears, and he looked so uncertain – like he was afraid to believe it, even as he held the sonogram.

"You-" He cleared his throat. "You have to say the words," he pleaded thickly.

I beamed at him.

"We're having a baby."

As the tears spilled over, he closed his eyes, his head falling back, and the biggest smile took over his features.

The smile he gave me when I said yes, the smile he gave me when I said 'I do,' and the smile he gave me now, now that he just found out I'm carrying Baby Cullen.

We arrived an hour late to the party, and before we left, Edward kissed me and said "*Don't shower. I want you to smell like me.*" And then when we arrived at the party – and a glaring Alice – he shouted out "*I'm gonna be a dad!*"

Yes, it's certainly two Edward's I'm married to. The one who calls me angel, and can't wait to become a father. The one who worships me, the one who silently converses with me, the one who tags along when we need groceries because he's been without me for the entire day, the one who takes care of me because he loves me.

And then the one I have in our playroom... and every other surface in the house. The one who's demanding, the one who fulfills my every fantasy, the one who give me that intense pleasure, and the one who knows how to fuck me into oblivion.

I'm a lucky, lucky bitch, and it's my pleasure to return every gift he brings me.

*o*o*o*

Being pregnant is a bitch. Not the pregnancy itself, no, I've been blessed there. Hardly any morning sickness, and a part from a few cravings... oh, and the out-of-this-world sexdrive that's just fucking awesome – Edward's words... and maybe mine as well – I wouldn't know I was pregnant.

No, the huge pain in my ass – and not the good pain – that's my husband.

I'm only four months pregnant, and he's already acting like I could go into labor at any moment. And I'm not allowed to do much.

Currently I'm on my book tour, and Edward even cleared his schedule to go with me. Apparently it wasn't enough that Esme was with me, no, it had to be Caveman Cullen.

And the tour just started...

It's a good thing I love the man, 'cause he can drive me nuts.

I'm glad to be rid of Jasper, though. That dude got himself a nice black eye when he called me fatty. Safe to say, I sent him home and had Alice come with me instead.

Since they have their company together now – both being in Marketing and PR – I made sure they were hired to handle my publicity, and thanks to Esme, there was not a single problem.

So, as soon as Alice and little Lucy had flown out to meet us, Edward spent his nights with Lucy, and we three girls talked about shit Edward wasn't interested in.

Esme did however give me an amazing insight when it came to Edward's childhood, and though she wasn't around for all that much, she still had many stories to tell, many pictures to show.

I also learned a lot about Esme.

She and Edward's mother – Elizabeth – are twins, and come from a very spiritual Irish family. They believe in the nature, and spiritual legends. Love is unconditional and something you can't choose. It's just there if the body wants it to be there. And you're supposed to listen to that.

Safe to say, that didn't apply to Elizabeth. Apparently she changed when she met the proper Englishman – Carlisle Masen. They moved to the States and left everything behind to embrace the all American lifestyle, although Carlisle's strict rules that he was brought up with still applied.

Esme severed all ties from her Lizzy, and she was so disappointed in her. It wasn't until Emmett was born that Esme made an effort to get back in Elizabeth's life, and even more when little Edward was born. By then, Elizabeth had forgiven Esme for ignoring her, and even allowed her to give Edward his middle name. Anthony that very roughly translates to 'greenish,' in Gaelic is Esme's doing – for Edward's green eyes – and she

did what she could to give her nephews an insight of their Irish heritage. It was however only Edward who embraced any of it. Emmett had the exact personality of his father and didn't give a shit about where his mother and aunt came from.

But Edward did.

And Esme adored him from the beginning. He was the reason she tried to visit more often, and Edward always loved it when Auntie Esme came. They shared the exact same features – the green eyes, the reddish hair, the skin. Elizabeth also shared this, but she had her hair dyed blond.

Then when Edward announced that he was with Jasper, and he was kicked out for being wrong and disgusting, Edward cut himself loose from everything – including the name Masen. He considered Platt, but the stories Esme had told him about her grandfather – Regan Cullen – were his favorite, and that's the name he chose.

Esme told me animatedly about the importance of heritage and I couldn't deny that I loved the stories she told me, the meaning behind words and names. It all meant something, and I made up my mind right then and there that our child will know. He or she will know where they hail from. He or she will hear the stories. He or she will know that 'Regan' meant 'king', and 'Cullen' means 'holly.'

*o*o*o*

Edward flew home for the last three days of my book tour. We have been on the road for six weeks, and tomorrow we wrap it up... in Chicago.

That's the reason he went home.

He tried to look nonchalant about it but as the date got closer and closer to our stay in Chicago, he admitted that he really didn't want to ever go to that city again.

It also means he'll miss my ultrasound today, but he's been with me for every step so far, and I'd hate to have him miserable in Chicago for three whole days before he could relax. I even tried to make him agree on waiting with the damn ultrasound until I came back home, and I could go to my regular doctor, but Edward was adamant about following the timetable or whatever.

Yeah, whatever.

We agreed on finding out the sex of the baby but he did ask me to hold the truth until I came home.

Anyway, the tour has been great, though very tiring, but I already have a fanbase for which I'm humbled and amazed by, so I don't show that I'm freaking exhausted.

I never thought my book would be so popular, but I've been proven wrong. And tomorrow I'm on the Good Morning Chicago Show before I have a book signing at Books Co. Lastly, on Saturday – the day we fly home – I have another book signing before I'm the guest on a radio show.

Today I only have my doctor's appointment and a Q&A-event. I'm really looking forward to both.

*o*o*o*

My phone beeped just as the nurse called my name, and I smiled.

Hey, angel. Just wanted to say I love you, and can't wait for you to come home. Wish I could've been there for you today – Edward.

I quickly typed my reply as I followed the nurse.

Love you, too. My name was just called ;) I'll call you later – Bella.

"Dr. Smith will be with you soon," the nurse said after she ordered me to change into one of those fugly gowns.

Once I was in my sexy attire – sense the sarcasm – the doctor came in.

"Mrs. Cullen, nice to have you here, I'm–"

But he was interrupted by another doctor. "Thank you, Dr. Smith, I'll take it from here."

Dr. Smith looked confused as hell but handed over my chart to him like an obedient puppy before he left.

"Mrs..." he looked down at the chart, "*Cullen*," then he eyed me with narrow eyes before continuing, "I'm Dr. Masen, and I'll perform your ultrasound today."

Masen.

My expression didn't give away a thing, but my mind sure as hell spun like a fucking merry-go-round on speed.

Dr. Masen?

Edward had told me that his father was a doctor, but he was a surgeon, not a fucking obstetrician.

Could this be Edward's dad?

Chapter 17

Bella POV.

Dr. Masen?

Edward had told me that his father was a doctor, but he was a surgeon, not a fucking obstetrician.

Could this be Edward's dad?

I might have deduced it to coincidence – Masen could be a common name, but then why would he eye me that way when he read my last name?

I positioned myself as he instructed, glancing at him as inconspicuously as I could.

He didn't look like Edward at all. Blond hair, blue eyes, he shorter than Edward, and quite generic looking. He was handsome but there was nothing special about him. Looked more like a Ken-doll to me.

Dr. Masen spread the ice cold goo on my stomach, and he gave me a weird look before he used the Doppler to locate my little peanut.

"Cullen... it's an unusual name," he commented.

Nice try with the small talk, dude...

"Oh? Never thought about it." I shrugged.

Dr. Masen was forgotten as soon as I heard rapid beating, thumping and swishing, and I grinned as something blurry yet so fucking cute appeared on the screen.

I had no fucking idea what to look for, but it was still the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Much shapelier now than my last ultrasound. I could

see... but... hmm... but I was still confused, because it looked kind of weird.

“Well, everything looks great. There’s the head,” he said and pointed at the screen, and I willed my tears away so that I could see. “And there’s the other head.”

So fucking cute!

Wait.

“Wait, what?” I choked.

Dr. Masen had a furrowed brow as he looked at me, and then something dawned on him, I think. “I do apologize, but I thought you knew. You’re having twins.”

Twins.

Twins?

As in two of them?

Twins.

Twins!

“Oh my God,” I gasped, and there was no way to stop the tears now. “I’m having two babies?” I grinned through my blurry vision.

“You are.” He nodded. “Congratulations. Would you like to know the sex of the babies?”

“Yes, please!” I beamed.

Oh my God! I can’t freaking wait to tell Edward... oh, and Esme!

No wonder I'm fatter than most five months pregnant women! I'm having two of them!

Well, five months and two weeks. Big difference.

Oh, my fucking God!

"It seems you're having one boy and one girl," he replied with what seemed to be a genuine smile.

I didn't care about deciphering. I was far too happy to even care.

Two babies.

Two babies.

Two babies!

Dr. Masen proceeded to point out the different parts, and informed me that they were healthy and that everything looked very well.

I was ecstatic!

"I assume you want pictures?"

I nodded furiously, already knowing the number I needed. "Could I have six copies, please?"

"Of course," he chuckled. "Big family?" he added curiously.

There was no way I was giving him shit to go on, but I could say a little that would only fuel to his questions. "I want one, of course." I grinned. "The father wants one for his wallet, and one for his office, and then one to be framed at home. One for Aunt Alice and her husband, and lastly one for Nana. My own parents have unfortunately passed on, so I'm excited for my children to have her. She's going to be the best Nana," I gushed.

Suck on that one, doc...

If he suspected that I had anything to do with the 'fucking fag' that is his son – his words, *definitely* not mine – then he wouldn't be satisfied with my answer. Especially since I told him about the baby's nana seeing as that would biologically be Elizabeth.

Too bad they can't see what a wonderful son they have, because Carlisle won't come closer than this to his grandchildren.

Plural! Two of them!

"Well, your husband must be happy?" he said as he walked over to the printer.

I didn't like the way he said it like a question. Dipshit.

"He couldn't be happier," I replied.

I wiped my stomach off with the wipes he handed me, and then I went behind the screen to get dressed while waiting for the pictures.

"Here are the pictures," he said. "By the way, do you have anything Irish in your family?"

Yeah, it all came when Edward knocked me up, I snickered internally. So much Irish.

But for Masen, I faked a confused expression. "Yes, actually. Half my family is Irish. How come?"

He wasn't satisfied with the answer, that much was evident. He obviously wanted me to say that my husband was Irish.

"Oh, I was just curious." He smiled, shrugging. "Cullen's an Irish name, and my wife is from there."

"How nice." I smiled sweetly. "Well, I better go call my husband. He's waiting for the news," I chuckled.

"Busy at work?" he asked then.

Wow, he just can't let it go.

"Yes, he's preparing for the new semester," I told him smugly. "He's an honorary professor at UCLA."

This was starting to get fun. Does anyone have popcorn?

Dr. Masen recovered quickly from his shock, but not fast enough for me not to notice. It wouldn't surprise me if he wished his son was a failure.

"UCLA, huh?" He smiled, but it was as fake as he was. "That's quite far from Chicago."

"Oh, we don't live here," I said. "We live in California. I'm just here on... business, and it happened to collide with my ultrasound, so my husband insisted that I saw an *obstetrician* here."

But apparently I saw a surgeon.

"I really must go," I said then. "Nana and Auntie Alice are waiting downstairs, and they're a curious pair," I added with a chuckle. "Thanks for the wonderful news, I can't wait to tell my family."

Then I turned around and left before he could ask anything else.

Fucker.

*o*o*o*

I told Esme and Alice everything, and I don't think I've ever heard Esme curse before, but boy, does she have a mouth on her. I was even

considering covering my stomach. Once she had settled down, though, she advised that I didn't tell Edward until I came home. I agreed on that.

After that, it was just two days of them demanding to know if it was a boy or a girl, but I kept my mouth shut. I wanted Edward to be the first one I told anything. And speaking of Edward. He was curious. So curious and dying to know that he called me every few hours just to say hi. I knew he was battling with himself, calling to find out even if it was over the phone, but then he always changed his mind.

*o*o*o*

This was finally the last day of my book tour, and I couldn't wait to see my Edward.

Alice and I were sitting in a café, not far from the bookstore, and I savored the lunch hour Alice allowed me to have. Esme had graciously offered to take Lucy, so it was just me and Alice.

"God, this is heaven," I moaned, my mouth full of the most delicious chicken sandwich ever.

"I know." Alice nodded in agreement.

"What time do we have to be back?" I asked, sipping my water.

"Forty minutes. But it's just three more hours of signing." She winked.

My hand is dead, by the way.

I'm honored and humbled by the response I've gotten, but I'm dead.

"Oh, my God, you're the author of Soulmates!" someone gasped.

Alice and I both looked up to see a blond woman and a big burly man stand there.

"Uh, yeah, that's me," I chuckled nervously, not at all used to being recognized.

"I was at your book signing in New York last week because I was visiting my parents. Oh, and here you are now! I can't believe this. I freaking love your book. It was so good!" Then she turned to the man next to her who looked clueless. "Don't you remember, Em? The book I told you about last month that I loved, and then I got it autographed in New York."

I had to grin at the sheepish smile he gave her. "Rose, you read all the time. I can't keep up with all the names."

"Even your mother loved this book," she huffed.

I remember her now; she asked me to sign two books. One for her and one for her mother-in-law, and I remember she told me she loved the fact that she shared the name with my main character.

"I remember now." I smiled at her, and she beamed back. "You told me your middle name was Lily, right?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed, like she won the lottery. "Well, it's Lillian, but my mother calls me Lily sometimes." She grinned. "I can't believe you remember me... I mean, you're *Bella Cullen*."

Wow, she said that like I'm freaking Gandhi.

"Wait, what?" the man said then, doing some weird double take at me. "Bella *Cullen*?"

I nodded, confused by his expression.

"You Irish?" he asked then.

You've got to be kidding me...

I glanced over quickly at Alice who gave me a reassuring nod.

"Half my family is," I replied to him.

"What kinda question is that, Em?" Rose chuckled like she was embarrassed.

I immediately gathered that she didn't know about my name.

"Just curious." Em shrugged. "My mother is Irish, and I recognized the name."

My fucking hell.

Just Jesus and all that shit!

Em as in Emmett? As in Emmett motherfucking Masen?

Edward's brother?!

Gritting my teeth together, I stopped myself from saying something stupid... or punch him. I could take him. He might be three times my size but you don't mess with pregnant women.

"Huh, I didn't know." Rose shrugged like she didn't care.

"Rose, could you just go in there and buy us some coffee?" Emmett asked then.

Alice nudged my foot with hers, and I nodded in understanding.

He would say something.

Once Rose had gone in, Emmett turned to me.

"Are you related to the Platt's in Ireland?" he asked.

I had to give him cred for his subtle approach, but I'm not stupid.

"No, my husband is Irish. He gave me the name," I replied innocently.

Emmett's expression hardened. "Where's your husband from?"

"Ireland," I replied, not missing a beat. "I thought we already established that."

He cocked an eyebrow, his façade slipping. "Was he born there? Do you know if he's related to the Platt's? It's a big family there."

I decided to skip this fucking game, because truth be told, I was pissed off.

"My husband was born in Chicago."

"W-what? You're husband was born here?" He swallowed hard then.

"What's his name?"

"Why?" I asked, feigning amusement. "Are you searching for relatives?"

His mask flew the fuck away, and left was determination and annoyance.

"What's his name?" he repeated through clenched teeth.

"Here you go, Em," Rose said then, coming into view.

I couldn't stop the smug smile from breaking free when Emmett groaned in frustration.

"Thanks," he grumbled.

"We should probably head back," Alice said softly.

I nodded, stood up, and threw a twenty on the table.

Rosalie squealed, "Oh, God! You're pregnant!"

One second. That's what I allowed myself to calm down.

It wasn't a secret, and there were people noticing. I just didn't really hope *she* would... in front of Emmett.

"Yes, I am." I smiled sweetly at her. "I'm having twins," I added.

Carlisle knew already, anyway.

"That's wonderful." She beamed. "I just love children! Em and I have a son named Regan," she said proudly.

Regan.

This time I didn't hide what I felt, and the look I shot Emmett's way said it all. Fury, hurt, disgust.

How the hell could they? They don't care enough to allow Edward into his nephew's life?

"That's a beautiful name," I offered with a smile to Rose. "A good Irish name, too," I added, my eyes fixed on Emmett now. "It means 'king,' right?" Then I turned back to Rose. "How old is he?"

To be honest, I was curious to why they had named their son that. Esme told me that Emmett didn't care for their Irish heritage, but that name couldn't have been more Irish, and it couldn't have been more linked to Esme and Edward either.

"He's six," Rose said, pulling out a photo from her wallet.

Regan was the spitting image of his father... but I smiled when I saw his green eyes.

"He's a handsome little boy." I smiled.

"He's my pride and joy," Rose sighed with a beautiful smile. "We've been trying for more children, and God knows Emmett's parents' been on us for years about it, but so far... nothing."

I glanced over at Emmett who at least had the decency to look uncomfortable.

"I'm sure it will happen if it's meant to be," I said softly.

My phone rang then, and Alice held her hand up to take it for me. I already knew it was Edward, and there was no way I could take that here.

Once Alice was gone, I turned back to Rose and Emmett. "That was my husband. He's been calling me every two hours for the past two days, because I just found out it's twins, and he doesn't know yet. He's curious to say the least," I chuckled.

"Wow, that'll be a lovely surprise," Rose laughed lightly. "I'm sure he'll be ecstatic."

"He will." I grinned, and then I turned to Emmett. "He actually has twins in the family. His aunt is one."

"What's his name?" Emmett tried again.

This time I gave it to him.

"Edward."

"Oh, just like our little boy, Em! How awesome isn't that?" Rose squealed.

"What?!" I choked out.

"Regan Edward Masen." Rose grinned, oblivious to Emmett's deathly pale face, and my furious one. "We named him after Emmett's brother. He passed away when he was in his early twenties," she added sadly.

Oh, *God*...

I felt nauseous as I faced Emmett yet again. Rose was forgotten. All I could focus on was the sad excuse for a human being in front of me.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I glared at him. "You told everyone he died?" I seethed. "You have *got* to be fucking kidding me! What the hell is *wrong* with you people!"

I heard Rose gasp, but all I saw was Emmett furious glare.

He actually had the audacity to glare at me. Like I had done something wrong.

"I didn't say shit! It was our parents," he growled.

"You felt the same!" I shot back. "I know everything, Emmett, and I know exactly what your parting words were to your little brother, you piece of shit!"

I couldn't stay. I couldn't face him.

I ran.

Tears burned as I made my way back to the bookstore, and when I thought about telling Edward and Esme all this, I hoped... God, I hoped this wouldn't kill him.

*O*O*O*

I managed to fill Alice in once she had returned, and then I plastered on a fake smile for the last three hours of book signing.

I was tired.

I was hurt.

I was furious.

I was... not surprised when I saw three people linger in the store.

Emmett.

A Rose with red rimmed eyes.

And Elizabeth.

Esme's much more beautiful...

My security guy was on his way to escort them out, but I stopped them. I just wanted to get this out of my way before I went home.

Home to my other half.

Soon it was just the four of us in the store, although the owner and Alice stood nearby.

"What the fuck do you want?" I snapped.

I had no will or strength to go through the polite charade, but I did give Rose a small smile, because it was quite obvious she didn't know anything.

Esme's evil twin stepped forward. "Are you married to my Edward?" she asked quietly, her eyes full of unshed tears.

I didn't buy it.

"No, I'm married to *my* Edward 'cause he sure as shit aint yours." I sneered. "Apparently you killed him the fuck off!"

"I didn't know," Rose whimpered, pleading with me to believe her.

"I know, Rose." I nodded. "Don't worry, I'm not mad at you."

"He was a disgrace to our family," Elizabeth said "But if he's changed, I want him back so I can get to know my grandchildren."

She smiled.

She fucking smiled.

"First of all," I said, taking a step towards her. "You're the fucking disgrace, Mrs. Masen." Another step. "Second of all. You can't bring back the dead." Another step. "And third." Now I was in her face. "Over my dead body will you ever see your grandchildren. You won't ever exist to them. They will have a wonderful grandmother already. Your sister."

She gasped in horror and I smiled sweetly.

"Is Essy with you?!" she screeched. "Where? I'm gonna give her a piece of my mind! How dare she keep this hidd-"

I slapped her before she could finish.

She stared at me wide eyed, a hand where I had slapped her, and I was in her face once more.

"Stay the fuck away from my family, you heartless bitch. You *destroyed* your son, you *killed* him, you made him believe he was *nothing*, and you told him he disgusted you. *You're* nothing, Mrs. Masen. *Nothing*. And *you* disgust *me*. Hadn't I been pregnant, I swear to all things holy, you would've been sucking face with the fucking floor right now."

I took a calming breath before I left her sorry ass in tears, and I turned to Rose.

"Here's my number," I told her, giving her my card. "Call me if you want to talk, but if this number reaches unwanted hands, don't bother to call."

I took another breath, and added more softly. "I'm sorry about all of this, and I know you had nothing to do with it. I'm sure you have questions, as do I, but I have a plane to catch. We'll talk, okay?"

She nodded and smiled timidly, and I gave her one last smile before I turned to leave.

*o*o*o*

The flight home went by quickly because I slept almost all the way, and when we arrived at LAX in the middle of the night, there was only one face I wanted to see.

I saw Jasper stand there, waiting for Alice and Lucy, but as soon as I saw Edward's beautiful figure, I ran and saw only him.

He was in his beige cargo shorts, brown chucks, and a white t-shirt that hugged his muscular body, and when I jumped him, I threw arms and legs around him. His scent assaulted me, and my eyes welled up at the delicious familiarity it brought me. This was home. This was my place. I belonged here.

Good thing he's strong. He's basically carrying three people...

"Fuck, I missed you, angel," he whispered in my hair, and I just knew that he was breathing me in, too.

"I missed you, too, baby," I whimpered, my mouth seeking out his.

And once I found it, like always, I ignited. The familiar spark that I would never defy – our connection.

I swiped my tongue on his bottom lip, and he groaned parting his lips for me. Home. Passion. Desire. Love. Always mindblowing.

I felt him get hard as we made out like horny teenagers, and when I heard someone in the background snicker at us, I thought that maybe we should wait until we get home.

“Take me home,” I panted.

We said goodbye to the others and then Edward took us home.

He was fidgety and looking at me every so often on the way home, and as his eyes flickered to my stomach, I knew the suspense was killing him. I also knew that – though it may be harsh – the news about the twins would cushion the blow. Yes, I would give him the bad news first. The news about his fucking family.

It took exactly two seconds once the door was closed, and we were home. Then, Edward burst.

“I need to know, angel. Is it a boy? A girl?”

Yes and yes.

But first the bad news.

Chapter 18

Bella POV.

It took exactly two seconds once the door was closed, and we were home. Then, Edward burst.

"I need to know, angel. Is it a boy? A girl?"

Yes and yes.

But first the bad news.

"Before you freak out," I said, but he was already going pale. Damn it. "I said, *before* you freak out, Edward! I have news that suck, but it doesn't concern the pregnancy and it doesn't concern our marriage!" I rushed out.

"You fucking scared me, Bella," he groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. "You don't start a conversation with that shit!"

"I'm sorry, baby," I chuckled silently. "But here's another cliché line for ya; we need to sit down for this."

His eyes were wide as they reached mine. "But it has nothing to do with our marriage or the pregnancy?" he pressed.

"I promise," I vowed.

Taking a deep breath, he nodded. "Okay, let's sit."

Edward POV.

I can't really say I'm a religious man, but I do believe someone's blessed my sorry ass.

In less than two years, I found my soulmate, married her, moved to our dream house in Los Angeles, found two jobs that I love, and I have my two closest friends just a two minute walk away.

At first I feared it would be weird to get to know Alice. I thought it would be weird for us all to live so closely with our past. But I was wrong. It feels natural. There's no awkwardness, nothing's missing, and we're not weirded out. Oh, and then there's Alice. I think we were all surprised when she and I bonded like siblings. I really didn't think that would be possible, but that annoying little devil is needed in my life just like Jasper. We're both stubborn as hell, and we truly go at it like siblings. I fucking love that little chick. But man, she can be too much.

Also, there's Esme. My Aunt Essy that I had missed more than I ever realized. It truly felt like I had found home. It was humbling, overwhelming, and... goddamn amazing. She's still the free spirited woman that mothers me. I'm still her 'Red' as she called me when I was little. And we're blood related. I never thought it would matter but it really does. Especially when you loved what you thought you had lost.

But nothing will top the day my wife told me she was pregnant.

Nothing.

But it was just that. My wife told me she was carrying our baby. My *wife*. My baby. Our family.

Sometimes when I go over to Jasper when Alice is playing dress-up with Bella, we can just sit in his back yard and say the fucking words. We're married to our soulmates. He's a dad. I'm about to be one. Over and over, we just repeat the words.

It's like neither of us can wrap our heads around it.

We're just two blissfully happy bastards... that are afraid that our bubble will burst. And though we both live like today could be our last, we're honestly scared shitless that something will ruin it. We don't walk around fearing this every minute of the day, but like I said, it sure as hell makes us sure that we really appreciate what we have, because we fucking love our lives.

So, don't go apeshit on my ass for freaking out when Bella says '*Before you freak out...*'

Yeah, right.

I led her into the living room, planting my ass on the couch, and pulling her with me so she could straddle me. As long as she was close, and I could have my hands on her belly, I could handle things.

"Get the shit out before I freak out again," I chuckled nervously.

She smiled ruefully before sighing, gathering her thoughts.

Then it all came out quickly. "I met your biological family in Chicago, and I may or may not have slapped Elizabeth."

I didn't allow myself to react to that before I had asked a few questions.

"Is the baby fine?"

She stared at me like I had grown two heads but nodded nonetheless.

Good.

"Are you and me okay?" I asked then. I just needed to be clear.

"Yes, Edward, I promise." She nodded and gave me a reassuring smile.

Okay. Okay, my family is fine, and that's all that matters.

Now, to the other thing. The fuckery.

She met... those people? What the fuck?

"How- when- why-" I managed to choke out.

And then she told me.

Everything.

They killed me.

They told people I had died.

Was I that worthless? So easily disposed of?

Apparently.

Bella POV.

I saw exactly what he was thinking, so I did what I deemed fitting at that minute.

I fucking slapped him.

He blinked several times in shock.

"What the hell, Bella! Did you just *slap* me?!"

It wasn't that hard. Okay, it was kinda hard, but I needed to get a few things out.

"Get over it," I told him. "And don't you fucking dare to think what you're thinking!" I seethed.

He blinked again, rubbing his cheek, still shocked. "That fucking hurt," he grumbled.

"Good," I huffed. "You needed it. Are you ready to hear why?"

"Yeah, an explanation would be good right about now," he snapped.

How dare he?!

He snapped at me!

Edward POV.

She slapped me.

My wife fucking slapped me!

Here I was, minding my own business, and she slaps me?

Fuck that.

"Did you just snap at me?" she asked incredulously.

"Get over it," I mimicked from her earlier words.

Damn, she was annoying now. Too hot for her own good, too. Damn pregnancy making her look like a goddamn goddess.

Fucking shit.

"Explain," I demanded.

"You were preparing yourself to walk the blues, right?" she asked with narrowed eyes. "After I told you, I could just see you start thinking less of yourself."

My wife knows me.

Apparently.

"No," I lied.

"Bullshit," she snapped. "I know you, and you may be the all-knowing doc, but I'm your wife, goddamnit. I can read you like an open book. You were thinking that you basically sucked, am I right?"

"No," I mumbled, looking down.

"The truth!" she hissed.

"Fine!" I groaned out, dragging my hands through my hair.

Damn, she just won't quit.

"Your so called family can go fuck themselves if they don't see what a wonderful man you are. Don't fucking let them drag you down."

I sighed, looking up to read her face.

She meant what she said.

She really loved my sorry ass.

"You saying you wouldn't kill me off?" I joked half-heartedly.

"Do you want me to slap you again? Because so help me I will," she threatened, raising a finger at me.

I gulped and shook my head. "Not necessary, ma'am."

Sighing and looking at me seriously, she added, "I understand that this hurt you, baby. But talk with me or... anyone. Don't close yourself in, okay? Your real family is here, right?"

She was right, of course. She always is.

"There are so many good things, Edward," she added softly. "With you, I mean. And nothing of that comes from the people in Chicago. That's all you. It wasn't Elizabeth or Carlisle who made you into the perfect man

you are today. And it sure as hell wasn't Emmett who made you a brother. That was Alice." She smiled beautifully, only making me relax further. "Esme's your mother for all intent purposes, and Alice is like a sister to you. I'm your wife, and Jasper is your best friend. We're your family. That's what matters, right?"

"*You, my dear, are right,*" I chuckled, in awe of her perfection. "You always know what to say, huh?"

"Of course. I'm a woman, aren't I?" she scoffed playfully.

She hesitated then, eyeing me carefully before continuing seriously. "There's one good thing coming from all of this, though." She paused. "I really think Rosalie is a good person, and I don't think we have to wait long before you have your nephew in your life."

I nodded in thought, thinking about that Em had a son. That piece of news really shocked me. And it kinda made me wonder what his take on this whole thing was.

Bella had explained that he seemed to be weak, not really voicing his own opinion when Rosalie and Elizabeth talked. And that didn't surprise me. Emmett was always Carlisle's favorite while I felt more drawn to Elizabeth and Esme. But Emmett was always more gullible. He ate every word that Carlisle fed to him. And though both Emmett and I were successful athletes in school, Emmett didn't feel successful until Carlisle praised him.

Had nothing changed? Did he still need reassurance all the time? Did he even have a mind of his own?

Did he still drink?

I sighed, not wanting to think about that anymore, and turned back to my angel who was rubbing her stomach with a smile on her lips.

It was time to find out.

"Can you please tell me now?" I smiled, caressing her baby bump.

She gave me a beaming smile before nodding. "Absolutely. Can I first tell you about what Esme did on the flight back home?" she asked excitedly.

"Sure," I chuckled, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear.

"She felt my belly," she said, giving me a pointed look.

I understood.

This was Esme. She had this thing where she could feel personalities, and for some reason she could know things about you by just touching your hand. Anthony for instance roughly translates to 'greenish,' and she named me Anthony before I was even born, just knowing that I would have her green eyes and Irish traits. And the fact that she felt Bella's stomach could only mean one thing.

"For names?" I asked curiously.

She nodded excitedly. "She gave me two names. She couldn't decide on just one," she said cryptically. "But yes, if it's alright with you, it will be Irish all the way."

I couldn't stop smiling. Grinning like a fool was more accurate. Bella wanted to name our child after our Irish traditions? And she asked if it was okay?

How could it not be okay?

"Can I hear the names first?" I asked, ready to decipher them for personal traits.

My Gaelic was far from even intermediate, but growing up with Esme, you got to hear a lot about names and its meanings.

“Esme told me you would ask that,” she laughed. “You wanna guess, don’t you? You think hearing the names will let you know if it’s a boy or a girl and what personality he or she will have?”

I may have nodded like a little boy.

“Okay.” She grinned. “Ceara and Ailín.”

My immediate thought was that the names were very beautiful of course, and I was curious if the idea was to give our child one of those names as a middle name or first name. My second thought was that they were both family names. Esme’s grandmother was named Ceara, and though I never met her, I’ve heard many stories about her. And Ailín was the name of Esme’s uncle.

But I couldn’t decipher them. Well, Cara – closely linked with Ceara – means *friend* in Gaelic, and it’s a girl’s name. But more than that I don’t know... I think. Except that Ailín is a boy’s name.

So... one girl’s name and one boy’s name? Well, that doesn’t really help me at all.

“What’s the verdict?” Bella asked, quirked an eyebrow.

I frowned. “Beautiful names but my Gaelic is too poor for me to figure them out.”

Damn it.

“Shall we start with Ceara?” she suggested.

I decided to play along, because she was obviously trying to kill me with the suspense. “Yes, Cara means friend, and it’s a name linked with Ceara,

so I don't know if Ceara means something similar. And I would love it if our daughter would be named that. But it's up to you, baby. I personally love Irish names, but don't name him or her just because of where I come from."

"Oh, we're talking about first names here," she assured. "I love them both."

"You really wanna give our child an Irish name?" I asked, hopeful and excited as hell.

"Yes," she laughed. "Like I said, I love the names. However," she paused for dramatic effect, "Ceara means something else."

My mind spun fast as hell as I – again – tried to figure it out, but... *hmm... maybe... yes*, all I could come up with was *fire*.

"Fire?" I asked.

"Close." She beamed. "*Fiery red*. Esme is positive that another 'Red' is coming. But also that it will fit the personality."

"Let me get this straight," I chuckled. "If we have a girl, Esme believes she will have my fucked up hair, and she will be a wild child. Correct?"

"Yes!"

"Okay." I grinned, loving how into this Bella was. "So, what about Ailín? Esme couldn't decide on one name?"

"Exactly. She didn't understand why, but she got the feeling of two names. So, anyway. Ailín means 'rock,' and Esme could feel him being a confidant. A person to rely on through thick and thin."

"Sounds like great personalities," I murmured. "And I guess you hold the answer."

"I do." She smirked.

Then she said nothing more.

I was going insane.

"Bella!" I exclaimed, unable to hold it in. "Could you just tell me already?"

I could literally see her bursting with joy, and then she even clapped her hands... sort of like Alice when she's excited.

"Baby, we're having twins! A boy *and* a girl!" she squealed then.

Say what?

Twins?

As in two children?

One of each?

Boy and a girl?

Huh.

Twins.

Daddy to Ceara and Ailín Cullen.

Oh, God.

Twins!

We're having two children!

"Are-" *you kidding me*, "We're having-" *twins*? "Holy-" *shit*! "Please say you're not kidding!" I choked out, cradling her face close to me as I frantically searched her face.

"I'm not kidding, Edward. We're having a boy and a girl." She smiled through her teary eyes.

I had never seen anything so beautiful.

"Twins," I breathed out, feeling my mouth turn up in a wide smile. "We're having *twins*."

She nodded.

I couldn't speak.

So, I kissed her. Hard.

Chapter 19

Edward POV.

"Twins," I breathed out, feeling my mouth turn up in a wide smile. "We're having twins."

She nodded.

I couldn't speak.

So, I kissed her. Hard.

"Fuck, I love you," I mumbled in between kisses. "You have no idea how happy I am, angel."

Bella kissed me back with eager, our kiss turning frenzied, and of course it affected me.

"I need you," she whimpered in my mouth.

You read my mind, angel...

"I need you too, beautiful. Let me take you here on the couch," I breathed as my hands roamed her body.

Bella broke the kiss abruptly and started unbuttoning my pants, and I lifted myself up so she could pull them down.

I was rock hard, and seeing Bella lick her lips at the sight of it... well, I twitched.

Urgency.

"Get those fucking clothes off," I demanded.

She complied, standing up and smiling at me coyly while she stripped in front of me.

She knew exactly what it did to me when I saw her naked body, especially now that she carried our children in her womb. And it made me think back on the week before we left for her book tour when Bella had arranged a camera in our bedroom. It wasn't a video camera, no, this was a regular one, and it was set on taking a picture every ten seconds as we made love. I have never seen anything more erotic and beautiful than us two, embracing while I'm inside of her from behind, and one of my hands caressing her stomach.

Safe to say, we developed a bunch of copies – in color, sepia, black and white – and I fucking love them all.

"Fuck, you're beautiful, Bella," I whispered as my eyes raked her naked body.

Flawless skin, bare flesh...

"Come here," I said, holding my hand up for her.

She took it as she straddled me, and I kissed it before I placed her hand on my cock.

Leaning in to capture a nipple with my mouth, I moaned as she worked my cock slowly, all while I savored the taste of her skin. It was always the same spark that ignited and me, and even though it was always there, it still had me elated and surprised. I never took it for granted. I never expected it. But it was there.

Sucking and kneading her sensitive breasts with my mouth and right hand, I brought my left hand to her wet pussy, and damn, she was soaked for me.

"Please, Edward," she moaned, throwing her head back in pleasure as I started fingering her.

What a sight...

Okay, I really need her now.

"Get up, baby," I told her.

Helping her up, I then led her around the couch so she could hold the back of it for leverage.

"Bend over for me," I said, smirking when she moaned.

Yeah, I knew how much she loved it from behind.

Standing behind her, I coated my cock in her juices, teasing her entrance while I reached forward to kiss her neck. "You ready for me, angel?"

"What do ya think?" she huffed.

I growled at her tone and struck her ass with my hand once, twice, three times.

"Behave," I snapped.

"Fuck," she whimpered. "I'm sorry."

"Good girl," I praised before filling her in one quick thrust.

Fuck.

"Oh, God!" she moaned.

"No, Bella. No fucking God," I gritted out. "You're gonna scream *my* name. You got it?"

"Yes! Oh, fuck yes, Edward!"

"Much better," I grunted lowly as I set my pace.

I hadn't been inside my wife for almost four days.

This would be hard and fast.

Very hard, actually, I thought as I tightened my hold on her perfectly curvaceous hips, slamming into her tight pussy without any restraint. And soon it was only her breathless whimpers and needy moans, my grunting and groaning, and the sound of our skin slapping together that filled the air. They were sounds that drove me fucking insane with desire for the goddess I was pounding into.

Then there was the intoxicating smell of her arousal. Sweet wetness seeping out, coating my cock as well as trickling down her thighs. More. Always *more*, goddamnit. *Harder*. Longer strokes. Angling to reach *deeper*. So fucking tight. *Slick*. Consuming heat. Tingling. Panting.

Sweet spot found.

My kinky angel was getting desperate, meeting my every thrust.

"Edwaaard! Oh, oh, fuck! More!"

Yes.

Yes.

Fuck yes.

Spreading her wetness on two of my fingers, I teased her clit relentlessly while throbbing cock moved inside of her, and when I got even greedier, I sucked on those delicious fingers before retrieving more of her juices. No, I need to feel more.

And with that conclusion, my fingers left her pussy.

"Touch yourself," I panted before pushing my slick fingers into her ass.

Tight.

"Holy-... Oh, yes!" she gasped.

Constricting and squeezing my cock and fingers hard, her pussy pushed me closer and closer.

So close.

We were both teetering on the edge.

Yes.

Closer.

We're there.

"Goddamnit! Milk my cock, baby girl," I groaned loudly, my head lolling back as I fell over the edge. "*Fuck, yeah.*"

"Fucking God, Edwaaard!"

She came *hard*, clenching and pulsing around me, taking everything I spilled into her. Heaven. Bliss. Tingling, exploding. So *hot*.

It left us panting and desperately grasping for air as we came down, and I could feel that we were both just so fucking spent.

"You okay, angel?" I breathed, rubbing her hips softly as I kissed her spine.

"Mmhmm, perfect," she sighed sleepily.

I smiled against her back, kissing her skin softly once more before pulling out of her, cleaning us both off, and then I carried my wife to our bed.

My wife who was carrying out two children.

*o*o*o*

The next few months passed quickly. Very quickly.

Everyone was ecstatic with our news about the twins, and Esme and Alice wasted no time in asking which rooms were to be the kids'.

This caused a little debate between Bella and me.

A topic I only argued because I wanted to appear as the ever loving gentleman, so when Bella won the argument, I wasn't exactly mourning.

It concerned our playroom where Bella and I played out every dirty fantasy we could conjure. It was a room we both loved disgustingly much. We were insane in there. Toys. Role playing. Stripper pole. Bella's cockteasing wardrobe full of naughty outfits and barely-there lingerie. A padded wall for comfort. Furniture bought for a certain purpose. I was her inspiration for when she wrote, and she was what satisfied my every kinky need.

It was even soundproof.

So, the issue was 'keep it or lose it.'

Bella put her foot down and said that not only did she want it, she needed it.

I was with her on that one, 100%. Just thinking about our playroom has my cock twitching.

But the loving husband in me... or father-to-be in me argued – albeit weakly – that our children needed separate rooms.

She agreed that we needed two rooms for our children, but she downright refused to give up our playroom.

In the end, we decided that we didn't need two home offices, so when the day comes for Ailín and Ceara to have their own rooms, we'll just move Bella's things into my study, and then we'll share that.

I was more than fine with that.

So... Esme and Alice wasted no time in turning our empty bedroom upstairs into a nursery, decorated in light green and white with a few baby yellow details. And it turned out beautiful once the women were done with it. Yeah, I kept my ass out of there, because those women had claws they liked to use if you accidentally said the wrong thing.

*o*o*o*

"Yes, Margaret?" I said to my receptionist... who happens to love my intercom.

Even to announce that she's going to the bathroom.

"Dr. Cullen, I have a woman here asking for you, but she doesn't have an appointment."

"Does she have a name?" I asked, rolling my eyes.

I just wanted to be home with my Bella.

Due date has arrived.

"Her name is Rosalie Masen."

I blinked slowly.

"Dr. Cullen?"

"Uh... yeah... uhm, when's my next patient?" I asked, my mouth suddenly dry.

"12:30," Margaret replied.

I checked my watch.

Twenty minutes until then.

"Send her in," I told her.

"Will do."

What the hell is she doing here?

Over the past few months, Bella and Rosalie had spoken a few times over the phone, and though I never really figured out Rosalie's motive, I knew that Bella wanted to meet Regan, my... nephew.

To me it's been too much to think about. I have my family here. Nothing for me is in Chicago. Not that I have anything against either Rosalie or Regan, because I don't. I don't even know them.

Am I saddened by the fact that I have a nephew that I wasn't told of?

Of course. Family has always been important to me. It's in my core. But thanks to my past, no one's given me a chance to show that I'm a family man.

The door opened then, and in walked a timid looking woman. Blond. Blue eyes. Emmett's type.

But something told me that Rosalie wasn't an ordinary blond airhead.

"Edward?" she inquired timidly, standing in the doorway.

"Yes. Come on in, Rosalie," I said politely, not having a fucking clue on how to act.

I stood up, thinking we should sit on my sofa instead of me behind the desk. This was no therapy session after all.

"Have a seat," I said, motioning for the sofa.

But it was too close, I thought as I approached.

I settled for the chair next to the sofa instead once.

"I guess you wonder why I'm here," she chuckled nervously, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear.

She looked exhausted. And not just from a flight.

She didn't strike me as one to wear sweatpants and a hoodie, but what do I know? I'm just analyzing.

Habit of mine.

"I'm... a bit curious, yes," I replied gently.

Fragile. Yes, she seems fragile, I noticed.

"It's quite a long story, and I know you're busy." She smiled apologetically. "Sorry for just dropping by, by the way... I came straight from the airport, and Bella didn't answer her phone."

I nodded, knowing that Bella was with Alice, and that Alice took care of the calls so that Bella could relax.

"It's okay."

I mean, what else was I suppose to say?

Rosalie seemed to struggle with her words, but eventually she rushed it all out. "Ever since I met Bella, it's been hell in Chicago... I demanded answers from Elizabeth and Carlisle, because Emmett wouldn't say a thing..." Shaking her head slightly while looking down, she sighed, "Once I found out the whole story, I sorta got into a huge fight with Em. I wanted to know how a family could just..." She paused, seemingly having issues with my parents' opinion. "I mean, seriously, who the fuck cares, ya know?" She didn't appear to talk to me. Just thinking out loud. "God, I'm not making any sense," she sighed before looking up from her lap. "I'm just saying that I got mad for how they treated you. And what brought me here is that I need help to understand my husband.

"I asked him if he would kick Regan out if he came home with a boyfriend one day." She choked on the last word, her eyes welling up, and I frowned in both concern and confusion.

I had to ask, though I could guess her answer.

"And what did Emmett say?"

Tears spilled over as she replied. "He said that if Regan turned out to be gay, Emmett wouldn't have a son anymore."

Motherfucker, I sighed internally, rubbing my face tiredly.

I wasn't surprised. But to say that about your own son...

That's disgusting to me.

"And that's why you came here?" I wondered quietly.

She nodded hesitantly, "That, and uhm... I sorta had to get away 'cause of Emmett's drinking."

Not surprising either.

Emmett turned to alcohol as soon as anything remotely bad hit him, even when he was younger.

But...

"Where's Regan?" I asked, hoping to *hell* she didn't leave her son with Emmett.

"He's right outside," she replied, motioning for the door. "Your receptionist offered to look after him. I knew you were busy, and we were going to go to a hotel right after."

Damn, this is a lot to process.

"Alright," I sighed. "Well, I have a patient now, so why don't you check into a hotel..." Gauging her expression, I added, "I would really like to talk more. I'll have to call Bella to make sure, but how about we meet up for dinner later?"

"I would really like that." She smiled softly. "Uhm, I know Bella's due date is today, so don't feel pressured. We're here for a couple of weeks at least."

My mental list was full of questions right now – like, doesn't Regan have school? – but I would just have to ask later.

"I'm sure we'll work something out," I said, smiling a little. "How about you call my receptionist later when you're settled in. Maybe I could stop by the hotel restaurant, and we can talk some more."

"Sounds great. Thank you, Edward," she replied gently. "Oh, and give Bella my best."

That's a name that has me smiling.

"I will."

*o*o*o*

"Baby, you can't sit in the car forever. Just go in there."

Yeah, I'm such a man right now – sitting outside the restaurant where I'm meeting Rosalie in five minutes, and I can't leave my car.

"But maybe you'll need me," I argued petulantly. "Perhaps I should just come home."

"Or maybe you should listen to Rosalie who flew a gazillion of miles, not to see her parents, but to see you. She's obviously not here for comfort. She could've chosen her parents for that. But she didn't. She flew to LA. Now get your sexy ass in there."

Didn't you know? *Gazillion* miles separate Chicago from LA.

"Yes, ma'am," I sighed. "You call me-"

"I'll call you as soon as something happens. I promise, Edward."

I know she's rolling her eyes at me right now. I just know.

"Love you, angel," I said... and pouted even though she couldn't see me.

"Love you more, Edward. I'm gonna have dinner with Ali and Esme now. Call me later, kay?"

"I will. Bye."

"Bye, baby," she sang.

Yes, she's enjoying my discomfort a little too much if I may say so.

Bella at nine months pregnant is a little sadist, I snickered to myself.

Five minutes later, I was standing in the restaurant, and I spotted Rosalie at the bar.

Chapter 20

Edward POV.

Five minutes later, I was standing in the restaurant, and I spotted Rosalie at the bar.

No Regan.

Huh.

"Rosalie," I said as I approached.

She spun around on her stool, seemingly surprised that I showed up.

Still looking exhausted, I noticed.

"Edward, I'm glad you came," she replied timidly. "I hope the bar is okay. Their grill is open if you're hungry, but I didn't wanna go in there dressed like this," she added apologetically, glancing down at the same outfit she wore before.

Did she leave in such a rush that she didn't pack?

Did Emmett do something?

"No worries," I assured, still thinking how fragile she seemed. "I'm not really hungry anyway."

I sat down next to her by the bar, ordered a beer – because that was very much needed – and then I could relax slightly.

Rosalie fidgeted nervously, making me uncomfortable in the process, and sipped her drink – her eyes downcast, so I figured I'd just approached the damn subject.

"Where's Regan?" I asked, starting out slow.

"Oh, he's sleeping. Long day," she explained. "But he knows how to reach me, and where I am," she added, like she felt I would judge her or anything.

I don't judge. I'm not a Masen.

"I have to ask, Rosalie..." I frowned. "Did Emmett do something? You seemed to leave in a rush."

"No, no, nothing like that," she said, shaking her head. "It's just that he's a loud drunk, and we had to get away from the shouting... And when we arrived at O'Hare, I decided on a flight to LA instead of visiting my parents in New York." Glancing up at me hesitantly, she continued. "I guess I came here to... understand more... to understand why Emmett's so weak? Maybe not weak, but he seems to need reassurance all the time, and when he doesn't receive it, he turns to drinking, and I can't have my son around that..."

"Was he that way when you were younger, too? Did anything happen?"

Thinking it over, I didn't think anything happened in that sense. Emmett's just always needed dad's approval of everything.

"I really don't know," I sighed, frowning. "I mean, I haven't seen them in ten years. I don't know how they are now, if they have changed... But what I do know is that Emmett's always relied on Carlisle's opinion."

She nodded, taking it all in maybe.

"How were you growing up? You and Em."

I shrugged. "I wouldn't say we were really close. He's four years older than me, and when I started High School, he was on his way to pre-law at Harvard... I guess those four years always meant that we were never on the same page," I concluded.

"Besides," I added, "we never really shared the same interests except for baseball. He was the ultimate frat boy, and I had my music, my reading, and the baseball team."

She was quiet for a while, her lips pursed, brow furrowed like she was solving a math problem.

"See, that's what I don't understand," she murmured. "You say he was the ultimate frat boy... That's what I thought first when we met... But he was so serious. He shied away from fun."

"Did you meet in New York?" I wondered, knowing she's from there, and that Emmett went to law school there.

"Yes, he was interning at my dad's law firm in New York while he was in his last year of law school," she explained.

This must have been the exact year I left Chicago, I thought.

I was twenty-three when Jazz and I moved to Seattle, having graduated a year early, and then interned while waiting for Jasper to graduate.

I suddenly understood more.

"It was Carlisle's dream to have his sons in either the medical field or something as fancy... like a lawyer. I don't think Emmett really wanted to be a lawyer, Rosalie."

"That would make sense," she mumbled quietly. "It always seemed like he was denying himself stuff."

We could take wild guesses all night, and it wouldn't bring us anything. She was here to understand, to know more, and to make a decision regarding her son, but I knew I wouldn't be able to give her understanding.

Does Emmett need help? Well, obviously. You don't tell your wife that you would disown your son if he came home with a boyfriend. But I haven't seen the man in almost ten years. I don't know how he changed or *if* he changed.

He's still weak, though, that much is quite clear.

"In my professional opinion, you won't come far without discussing this with Emmett, Rosalie," I told her quietly. "But knowing the brother I grew up with, you would probably have issues even broaching the subject. He would probably think it's a weakness to seek help. And that is what Carlisle's done to him."

This she seemed to understand clearly. "Yes, Carlisle sure is a part of my marriage I could live without. He has an opinion on everything."

I chuckled somewhat bitterly, realizing that Carlisle hadn't changed one bit. "He was always like that."

"What would you do?" she asked bluntly.

I sighed in thought.

What *would* I do if I was her?

Well, it's fucking clear that Carlisle's a huge influence on Emmett, and not in a good way. And I'd say Emmett's bitter. And weak.

"Emmett needs distance from Carlisle." I shrugged. "He's obviously ruling Emmett."

"Yes," she replied, disgust clear on her face, "I never thought marrying Emmett would give me a Carlisle."

It hit me then...

Holy shit, I muttered internally. Emmett could be blaming me for this.

After I was disowned, Emmett had to deal with Carlisle alone, and he was never strong enough to stand up for himself. And after I had failed my parents, they probably pressured Emmett relentlessly with him being the 'only son' left.

I could imagine Carlisle doing that. And I could imagine Elizabeth obeying him like always. That's what she did. Not a fucking backbone in that woman.

Did Carlisle pressure me?

Sure, but I never let it rule me.

I entered the medical field because I wanted it. Although, Carlisle wouldn't call being a therapist is something that deserves a Doctor's title.

"It'll be impossible to figure this out," I sighed. "You only know Emmett and our parents from after I left... And I only know how they were before you met Emmett. I don't know how they dealt with my 'death,'" I chuckled humorlessly. "And I don't know what they've told people."

Fuck, I just really want my wife right now...

"They never really talked about you," Rosalie mumbled, shaking her head. "All I knew was that you had died in a car accident when you were twenty-three."

God, I wish it didn't hurt to hear it. My parents don't deserve to have me broken, because that's what Carlisle wants. Yeah, Bella told me about Carlisle's reaction to when she told him I was a professor at UCLA. Of course they want the outcast son to be a failure.

But I'm far from it.

I have everything I want.

But it still fucking pains me that they actually killed me off. It's not a goddamn sitcom. Couldn't they have told people their truth? That I was the fuck up son who came home with a boyfriend...

No, that would've hurt Carlisle.

Kill the son instead. Turn it into a sad tragedy where poor Carlisle and Elizabeth can get some pity instead.

Bella would scold my ass if she could read my mind now.

"You need to talk to Emmett," I sighed. "You need to let him know that if he doesn't straighten up as a father and a husband, you'll seek help elsewhere. *However,*" I said, emphasizing *however*, because this was important, "that's the advice I would give you as the mother you are.

"Knowing Emmett... I don't think he'll react well to an ultimatum, but having your son near him when he drinks..." I trailed off.

Rosalie nodded thoughtfully before replying, "I figured you would say something like that... And though it pains me, because I'm pretty sure Emmett will react badly like you said, but... Regan's my first priority, and I'd rather go through this mess now when Regan's still young, and not later when he's a teenager, and the problems are bigger."

I was glad to hear the love she felt for her son, and how unconditional it was. That may be something to be taken for granted, but I know that's not the case. God knows I couldn't take my own parents love for granted. It had limits.

"How's your son handling all this?" I asked gently. "Does he know something's wrong at home?"

"Oh, he knows." Rosalie nodded remorsefully. "I've tried to hide as much as possible, but Emmett doesn't really care if Regan hears our fighting or not."

"Children are very perceptive," I said in a comforting voice. "I don't think it would've mattered if he'd heard anything. They know anyway just by how the tension is at home."

She was quiet for a while, sipping her drink, and it sorta pained me that she had to deal with my fucked up family all alone... with a child.

But she doesn't have to be alone, Bella would say now. And I would agree.

Of course.

"We'll help you," I said. "You shouldn't go through this alone, and it will be easier for Regan as well if you're not alone. We can set up a guestroom in one of our studies."

"Oh, I don't want to impose... I'll just go to New York. My parents can help us."

"Can they help you when both Carlisle and Emmett fly out there with their threats and check-books?" I challenged gently, knowing full well how ruthless Carlisle could be.

Rosalie's father may be a lawyer, but so is Emmett, and Carlisle's sitting on a goldmine.

I might not have seen them in ten years, but I know I can stand up for myself. Especially when Carlisle starts his games.

Rosalie's face fell.

"That's what I thought," I murmured. "Besides, Bella would love to see you. She really loves it when you guys talk."

That was the first time I saw Rosalie smile genuinely.

I guess Rosalie likes those phone calls, too.

"Maybe you should talk things over with Bella first, I mean, the babies are due..." She smiled.

"I know my wife," I chuckled. "She would detach a certain part of me if I *didn't* offer our assistance. She's quite creative when she's pregnant."

Finally the tension lifted, and Rosalie agreed to come stay with us.

Since it was late, Rosalie said she would come over tomorrow, and I left all my numbers with her, not knowing exactly if we would be home or not.

After paying our bill, I made my way home feeling... good. Really good. And I had to say it felt heart warming to hear Rosalie say that Regan's been asking about me. Even better was it that Rosalie put her foot down when Carlisle apparently didn't want Regan to know shit about me.

But under Rosalie's timid surface was a fierce mother, and she was adamant to tell Regan about me. And that is how I found out about one of her reasons for calling Bella – to know about me. Rosalie is one that treasures the value of family, and after finding out about that, I had to say she fits in better with us than with the Masens.

The only thing I have to prepare myself for now is... confronting Carlisle and Emmett.

They *will* show up.

I know that.

*o*o*o*

"Did you send a car for them, Red?" Esme asked... again.

"Yes, Esme, I sent a car for them," I chuckled.

Esme was over at our house for Bella's sake, because Alice and Jasper had a presentation for a company in San Francisco, and wouldn't be back until three days from now.

They came over this morning at six AM(!) to kiss Bella's stomach, and Alice threatened both Bella and the babies not to do anything until they returned from their business trip. I flipped them both off, saying that if my children wanted to come out, they would come out... to which Jasper said that it would be typical since Bella and I were on a delayed honeymoon in Mexico when their Lucy was born.

"Shouldn't they be here by now?" Esme asked... again.

"Shouldn't you go upstairs and see if Bella needs you?" I countered.

She huffed at me, muttering under her breath, and then she went upstairs.

Women.

I was on food-duty. Bella was anxious to get the babies out, and now we were trying out spicy foods, hoping that it would do the trick. Her obstetrician had given us tips and pointers to help the process go faster, and spicy foods, sex, walks, and tea were a few of the items on the list.

Safe to say, we tried sex first. A lot.

I was not complaining.

Having sex with Bella while pregnant... it's out of this world. Her hormones making her hornier, her pregnancy making her body more responsive... It's been heaven.

Yesterday she was mad because we only had sex twice.

I love my wife. Seriously.

Anyway, so far, nothing. And that is why I'm making spicy Enchiladas at ten in the morning.

We're also waiting for Rosalie and Regan to arrive, and that's why Esme's jumpy and impatient.

*o*o*o*

"What are you doing, angel?" I chuckled as I walked into the living room.

"The Enchiladas didn't work," she muttered, pacing around the room. "So, now I'm walking."

She was so fucking cute when she was mad. Dressed in her tiny pajama shorts, and one of my t-shirts, she muttered and cursed about how hot it was, and that she missed the cold of Forks for once.

"Baby, you ate only an hour ago," I said, walking over to her. "You have to give it time. It could be days."

It was actually normal for twins to arrive a few weeks early, but I guess the babies just enjoyed my wife too much, and now she had officially passed her due date by one day.

"But I'm sick of being a whale," she whined, resting her forehead on my chest. "Jasper even called me Shamu earlier, and when I tried to punch him, I couldn't ... because I couldn't reach him!"

Stifling a laugh, I walked her over to sit with me on the couch.

Last week I made the mistake of pulling her to my lap, but her stomach was too big, and that set off a two hour round of tears, so I won't make that mistake again.

She obviously didn't see how sexy and beautiful she was.

"I'll punch him for you when he gets back from San Francisco, okay?" I murmured, rubbing her sore back.

"Thank you," she moaned. "Punch him good."

I couldn't focus.

Damnit, does she have to moan?

With Rosalie and Regan coming any minute, I knew there wasn't much we could do.

And to prove my point, the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it, I'll get it!" Esme squealed from the kitchen.

Christ.

"Come on, beautiful," I chuckled. "Let's save them from Essy."

"You're full of shit, Edward. I'm not beautiful. Now help me up 'cause I can't," she huffed.

Stifling yet another laugh, I helped her up, dropping a kiss on her neck before leading her out into the hallway.

The first thing I saw was Esme crouched low, greeting Regan who was shyly holding onto Rosalie.

But I focused on the boy then.

It was Emmett. It was Emmett when he was seven.

But he... He had Elizabeth and Esme's eyes. And mine I suppose.

"Seven," I heard Regan mumble quietly, and I guessed Esme had asked how old he was.

"Wow, you're a big boy then," Essy gushed, making the boy smile.

"You okay?" I heard Bella whisper then, squeezing my hand.

I didn't know what my expression told her, but I *was* okay. A bit overwhelmed to meet... *family*... but over all, it felt good.

"I'm fine," I murmured, facing her.

Are you sure, her eyes asked.

Positive, I conveyed, smiling reassuringly. *I love you.*

You, too.

I kissed her forehead before turning back to Esme, Rosalie, and Regan just as Esme told them to come in.

"Hey, Rose." Bella beamed as she walked forward to hug Rosalie.

"Bella!" Rosalie beamed right back. "God, you're beautiful. You must be ready to pop, huh?" she chuckled.

"To say the least," Bella replied with a small laugh that made me grin goofily. "I guess Edward wasn't satisfied with just one," she added, sending me a playful scowl.

"I'm pretty proud of my boys," I half-joked, walking forward too. "Nice to see you again, Rosalie." I smiled.

"You too, Edward. And thank you for having us," she replied humbly before turning to Regan. "Baby, I want you to meet Bella and Edward. They're your auntie and uncle."

My breathing hitched at her declaration, and fuck me if it didn't feel good.

Without hesitation she made us family to her, and that was huge for me, never having had that before.

Crouching to his level, I grinned – hiding my nerves – and held my fist up, instinctively knowing that that would be cooler than shaking his hand.

"Good to meet you, Regan," I said. "You can call me Eddie, and only cool kids can call me that."

He grinned shyly, bumping his little fist with mine.

It felt really fucking good.

Family.

Damn, I never thought I'd be lucky to have that.

"I'm cool, right, mom?" he asked, his small smirk in place.

"Of course, baby," Rosalie chuckled.

"See? Told you. I know who's cool and not." I grinned. "How about we go to out back?" I suggested, standing up again.

"Of course!" Esme exclaimed. "Why don't you show Regan the pool, Red?"

I chuckled at her, but complied after Bella had greeted Regan, too.

"Come on, buddy," I said. "Let's leave the chicks, eh?"

"Okay. You really have a pool here?"

"We sure do," I answered. "And I'm sure we can find something for you to swim in if you want to."

"I can swim," he announced proudly as I opened the slide doors to the garden. "We learned that in school."

"That's awesome."

But I don't think he heard me.

He was watching the pool with eyes wide as saucers, and I guess to a kid it was sorta huge.

It was big, I guess. Kidney shaped with crystal clear water that looked very appealing even in February. Yeah, I love the weather in LA.

"So cool!" he gasped.

I heard Esme's heels clicking, announcing her approach, and I turned around.

"I may have planned this." She smiled sheepishly. "I bought these before I came over this morning."

She handed me a bag, and I had to laugh when I saw the Spiderman-themed swim trunks in it.

"That'll be perfect, Essy," I told her.

"You look happy," she said softly.

Smiling, I replied truthfully, "It feels good."

She knew what I meant. She knew how big this was for me.

Chapter 21

Edward POV.

"That'll be perfect, Essy," I told her.

"You look happy," she said softly.

Smiling, I replied truthfully, "It feels good."

She knew what I meant. She knew how big this was for me.

Twenty minutes later, Regan and I were in the pool – Regan's shyness long gone – and we both had three beaming women watch us from the patio, drinking iced tea.

I also saw the envious looks Bella shot me.

My angel wanted to get in, too.

Another twenty minutes or so passed, and Bella was miserable as Esme refilled and refilled and refilled her iced tea.

"Get changed, angel," I laughed when she pouted. "I know you want in."

"Can Bella swim, too?" Regan asked as he splashed around.

I made a mental note to buy toys for the pool.

I had a nephew now.

"She sure can," I replied. "But let's hope she doesn't jump in. The water will end up on the lawn." I winked at him.

"You mean the bomb?" he laughed. "I can do that. But I don't have babies in my belly."

"I heard you, Edward," Rosalie's voice told me.

Damn.

Turning around again, I was relieved that Bella had left to get changed...

But Rosalie was still there.

"And you won't tell her, right?" I hoped.

"What, that you just called her fat?" she teased.

I was glad to see Rosalie relaxed.

"No, no, I did not call her fat," I argued. "I was just being funny with Regan."

"Take it easy," she laughed. "I won't say a word."

I breathed out in relief. "Thank you."

Bella would not like my joke.

It was the first time I had ever joked about her size, knowing that not only did she hate it, but she was also a strong little shit. But seriously, my wife was goddamn tiny with her 5'3" frame, and to see her pregnant with *twins*... yeah.

And the thing is that apart from bigger breasts – a lot bigger – and her massive belly, she hasn't changed much, which is why it's funny because it's more a belly walking around with Bella, and not the other way around.

Jasper loves to make fun of her, but he also has scars to show for it.

He says it's worth it, though.

I'm not so sure.

"You don't wanna swim, Rosalie?" I asked, chuckling as Regan clung to my back. "I'm sure Bella has something for you."

"Nah, I'm fine, thanks. And Esme's already given me a bikini."

"I can't say I'm surprised," I laughed. "She's addicted to shopping. You'll meet Alice soon too, and she's even worse."

"Lord help us all," she laughed.

Carefree. Nice.

"Come on, mom!" Regan pleaded. "Auntie Bella's swimming, too. And you can swim. I know you can."

"Yeah, Rose," Bella agreed as she emerged looking *sinfully* beautiful in a black bikini. "Let's show the boys that girls rule."

"Nuh-huh!" Regan argued. "Boys rule, right Uncle Eddie?"

"Of course," I told him. "Chicks aren't as strong as we are."

Swimming over to the ledge, I added, "See, I even have to help Bella get in."

Regan laughed.

It felt so fucking good.

Bella smiled beautifully as I helped her into to water, also knowing how big this was for me.

"God, this feels *good*," Bella groaned, only her head visible when standing on the bottom of the pool. "Rose, seriously, you have to get in."

"Yeah, it looks sorta awesome."

Rosalie was convinced, and headed inside to change.

"Oh, so you're all swimming now, huh?" I heard Esme say, returning with yet another gallon of iced tea. "Time to get my camera then."

"Bella, you're littler than Eddie," Regan smartly announced. "S'that 'cause you're a girl?"

"Good question, buddy," I said seriously, earning myself a smack in the back of my head that made me laugh.

"Girls always hits," Regan said then, swimming over to us. "Bree in my class always pinches me."

"Girls are hard to understand," I replied, nodding solemnly.

I dodged a hand that flew my way.

"Make an effort, or you'll be spending the night on the couch," Bella huffed.

Hormones...

"I love you, gorgeous," I said instead.

Smart move.

Her eyes softened, and she smiled. "Love you, too."

"You seem to understand Auntie Bella," Regan commented.

Bella giggled, and I threw Regan over my shoulder, making him squeal with laughter, and I swam away to put distance between us and her before I gave him the advice he needed.

"I'm gonna tell you a secret, Regan," I whispered conspiratorially.

"Okay," he said, his face showing eager that made me grin.

"Wanna know how to understand chicks?"

"Ya, 'cause I don't like pinches," he answered seriously.

"And I don't like smacks in the back of my head," I chuckled. "But all you have to do is tell them their clothes are pretty, or that you like their hair... and then they will back off. Like if your mom is annoyed, you tell her you love her, and she will be happy again."

"Really? That work?" he asked with wide eyes.

"Absolutely." I nodded. "It will especially work on Bella, Essy and your mom."

"But what if I don't like Bree's hair?"

Smart kid. Very smart kid.

Is he really Emmett's son?

"Well, you're not supposed to lie, of course," I said. "But maybe there is something else that you do like about Bree."

"She paints pretty picture in class!" he whispered. "Could I tell her that? And then she won't pinch me?"

"Definitely worth a shot," I whispered back. "And if it won't work, you can always try again, because like I said, girls are hard to understand, and it can take a while."

He nodded thoughtfully before speaking again. "Mommy say Bella also have a boy in her belly. You have to tell him this, too."

I think I fucking love this kid.

"We'll tell him together when he's bigger, okay?" I grinned.

“Cool. And tell the girl-baby not to pinch,” he added.

“I will definitely tell her that.” I nodded.

And then because I just wanted to, I told him, “You know they will be your cousins, right?”

“What are cousins?” he asked confusingly.

Damn. I didn’t see that coming.

“How about we get some drinks and I’ll explain,” I suggested. Regan was a terrific swimmer but treading water for this... no, I’d rather do this on land.

“M’kay. The girls can swim alone for a bit.”

We swam over to where Rosalie and Bella treaded water, and I asked Rosalie if it was okay for me to tell him about cousins; I mean, I wasn’t sure of how much she had told him, and it wasn’t my place to assume.

Luckily, Rosalie said that she had told him everything she knew. She had told him that Emmett was my brother, but that we had fought a lot, and that’s why we didn’t see each other.

To a kid, I don’t think the explanation could’ve been better.

I continued my bonding with Regan on the patio, and Esme brought us towels and sodas, ice cream for Regan, and... I had to say it had been one of the best days of my life.

The day made the top ten list, at least.

I told Regan how he would be Ailín and Ceara’s cousin, I explained that we were all a big family even though we didn’t see each other much, and I assured him that he could come visit as much as he and Rosalie could,

because Regan was adamant with teaching Ailín baseball. He was also dead set on making sure that Ceara would never pinch a boy.

Esme joined us after a while, and told Regan about our family in Ireland – something that’s always been hers – and I was thrilled that Regan loved it all. Esme was a great storyteller and that obviously helped immensely. She told him about our names, and what they meant. And though Regan already knew his name meant ‘king,’ he didn’t know the story of the grandfather Esme believes he was named after, and it was just amazing to sit there. To sit there and listen to the same stories I grew up hearing, and now to see Regan listen so intently, so eager to hear about his roots. It was perfect.

And even more perfect when Bella sat down between my legs in the lounge, entwining our fingers.

We spent the entire day in the garden. Swimming, soaking up some sun, goofing around, sitting on the shaded patio, listening to Esme’s storytelling, ordering pizza, listening to Regan tell us about his school and that he wished they had a soccer team ‘cause apparently baseball isn’t enough.

Rosalie was quiet for the most part, but we knew she had tons to think about. It was evident that she adored Esme, and she too, listened intently to the stories, and it sorta saddened me that they hadn’t had this before. Elizabeth never talked about our roots. That was always something Esme took care of, which was why I always longed for her visits. And Carlisle doesn’t have a compassionate bone in his body. It’s all work, money, and reputation for him.

So, I have to say I’m curious to know why and how Emmett chose Regan’s name. And how he knew the meaning behind it.

*O*O*O*

That night, Bella told me that we should build a small guest house in the garden. Just something small... like a cottage with a small bedroom and maybe a bathroom. This, because Rosalie had told her that there was no chance in hell that this was a one-time visit. She wanted us in their life, and that was that.

I told Bella that we'd get started on that guesthouse as soon as possible.

Our garden is huge after all.

*O*O*O*

The next few days passed quickly, and I was thrilled that I had decided to take the month off.

We spent the days in pretty much the same fashion that we spent the first one, although Esme insisted on taking Rose shopping.

That was when I learned that Bella and Rose were very similar. They both loved online shopping, but Esme wouldn't have that. She took both Rose and Regan out for an entire day, and when they returned, Regan fell asleep on the spot, and Rose announced that she now had clothes to last for the next ten years.

*o*o*o*

I woke up in the middle of the night.

I was alone in the bed.

And I heard panting.

"Angel?" I said, my voice heavy with sleep. "What are you doin?
S'everything okay?"

"My water broke an hour ago," she breathed, pacing by the bed.

"W-what?" I choked out, shooting out of bed faster than a bullet. "Why the hell didn't you wake me up, Bella!"

"Cause it's still a long way to go... The contractions are eleven minutes apart."

"I don't give a flying fuck about that. And you know that shit can change quickly," I told her as I located a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. "We're leaving in five minutes. I'll go wake Esme up, and then we're off."

She nodded, got dressed in her shorts, a t-shirt of mine, and then I walked her down the stairs before I headed to my study where Esme slept.

Knocking on her door, I told her that it was time, and she emerged not ten seconds later already dressed. She proceeded to wake Rose and Regan up as I helped Bella into the Volvo.

"Do you have the bag?" she panted, holding her stomach.

"I have it all, baby," I assured.

"Yeah, you do." She smirked.

That sure is my wife, I chuckled to myself.

As I backed out of the garage, Esme, Rose, and Regan locked up before going with Esme, and I chuckled when I saw how excited Regan was.

I was too, but I didn't allow myself to embracing any feeling until I knew Bella was safe and sound, lying in a hospital bed.

I would freak out soon enough.

"I think it was the sex that did it," Bella gritted out. "Before we fell asleep, and we had... sex... fuck, it hurts... I think it was that that set everything in motion, 'cause after you fell asleep, I felt different."

I said nothing. Just held her hand and squeezed it in acknowledgement that I've heard her.

I will not freak out now. I will not freak out.

Not yet.

Focusing on her breathing instead, I managed to calm down slightly... until her contractions came faster in a rapid speed.

"How far in between now?" she whimpered.

Fuck, I hated that she was in pain.

"Five minutes," I murmured, kissing her hand. "You're doing so great, baby."

When we got closer to the hospital, I called in, announcing our arrival, and I was glad to see medical personnel meet us at the entrance with a wheelchair for Bella.

"Come here, angel," I said, carrying her out of the car and settling her in the chair.

"Dr. and Mrs. Cullen?" a nurse inquired.

"Yes," I replied, taking the bag before locking the car.

"Okay well, welcome. Dr. Stevens will be here in ten minutes."

"Thank you," I said.

Papers were filled out, a room was given to Bella, and vitals were taken.

Shit went down, basically.

And then when Bella's doctor finally arrived, her contractions were only a couple of minutes apart.

I was nervous. I was freaking out. Biting on my nails, something I've never done before. Dragging hand after hand through my hair. Knees bouncing impatiently. Getting ice chips to Bella. Texting Jasper about where we were. Epidural was given, and we could relax a little. Taking a call from a pissed off Alice who wondered why the hell Bella couldn't wait until tonight when they were home. More knee bouncing. Kissing Bella. Telling her how thankful I was for everything she was giving us. My thumb nail was officially gone. Seven centimeters dilated. Shit. Letting Esme and Rose know how Bella was progressing. Telling Bella that Regan asked if she could make sure that Ailín came first. She laughed but it was cut short by another contraction. Pinching the bridge of my nose. Telling Bella how much I loved her. She told me she didn't love me at the moment. I didn't mind. I wouldn't love me either. I got her more ice chips and Bella told me she loved me. Another contraction hit and she didn't love me anymore. Lunch time. Nine centimeters dilated. Double shit. My nails are gone. Bella told me to stop bouncing my knee. I apologized and told her I loved her. She said I was okay. I was okay with that. A fierce contraction hit and I was far from okay – not in Bella's book, and not in my book...

... because my wife was ten centimeters dilated.

It's time.

Chapter 22

Edward POV.

They prepped Bella in a rapid speed, people milling about, driving me insane while I tried to keep Bella calm... and my hand unbroken.

I wasn't lying when I said she was a strong little shit.

"Okay, Bella. It's time to push," Dr. Stevens announced.

"Edward, you better love our children a fuckload for the pain I'm going through for them!" Bella screamed out right before she started pushing.

Fine, I'll love them if that's so important to you...

Was that what I was supposed to say? I mean, come on, I've only dreamt about having children for the past eight years. I think I will love them!

"And push!" Dr. Stevens coached.

"You're doing great, angel," I murmured, wiping her forehead with a chilled cloth. "I love you so much... The pain will be over soon," *and please, please loosen your hold on my hand.*

You think I'm stupid enough to voice that thought?

Fuck and no.

"I don't wanna anymore!" Bella cried as she panted heavily after a contraction.

"A few more seconds until the next one, Bella. You can do this," Dr. Stevens said.

A few seconds turned out to be one second.

She pushed.

I stopped breathing, hating the pain she was in as well as the nerves in my system just... fucking my shit up.

"I can see the head, Bella. Great job, honey," Dr. Stevens said, and I think I died a little.

One of my children was on the way.

Jesus.

"Edward, it hurts," Bella whimpered, and I died a little again, but in the bad way.

Kissing her tears away, I whispered sweet nothings to her before wiping her forehead again.

Time to push again.

"Push, Bella! Come on, honey, you can do it!"

My wife choked out a scream, and I bit down on my lip to stop myself from screaming as she squeezed the living shit out of my hand.

"That's it, Bella, just a little bit more!"

"You're so fucking strong, baby, you can do this," I whispered to her. "I know you can." *Strong on so many levels...*

I was in awe of her. Never had I adored a creature more. The way she pushed herself to every goddamn limit, and the way she always pulled through.

"The head is out!"

Fuckshitfuckshit.

"I'm gonna need one last push, Bella. One last and then your first baby will be here. One... two... three... Push!"

This was happening. This was fucking happening. Holy shit. Holy fucking shit.

Bella pushed. She really fucking pushed.

"Great job, Bella!"

Bella let out a sound that was a mixture of a groan, scream, and garbled choking, and at first I feared something was wrong, but... But then I heard a sound.

A scream.

It wasn't Bella's.

"It's a boy!"

Oh. My. God.

Ailín.

I had a son.

I tried to get a better look at him but he was whisked away to get through the APGAR test, but just the fact that I heard him wailing was almost good enough for now.

It *became* good enough when I heard the one minute score land on seven. On a scale from one to ten, his score was good for being a twin.

"Your little girl will be here soon, honey. It's almost time to push."

"Ah, fucking hell!" Bella groaned. "Already?"

I smiled through a blurry vision, realizing my eyes had welled up.

So much was happening at once, and it was so goddamn hard to focus. But as the doctor announced it was time to push again, I focused solely on my wife.

I barely felt the pain in my hand as I coached her. Knowing that my son was less than ten feet away... I doubted I would feel a bullet wound now.

"Are you ready, Bella?" the doctor asked her.

I smiled down at her, knowing my wife well enough to see when her temper was flaring. This was one off those moments, and the doc would receive a special answer to her question.

I also chided myself for thinking how sexy she was, reminding myself that she was in goddamn pain delivering our children.

Christ, I'm such a fucking man.

"I'm fucking peachy. But the drugs you gave me are complete bullshit!" Bella snapped.

Glancing at Dr. Stevens, I saw her stifle a chuckle.

Told ya.

"By the way," Bella groaned as a contraction started. "If the nurse in the corner could stop checking out my husband's ass, that would be fucking lovely!"

Dear lord, I muttered internally, fighting the urge to roll my eyes at her.

I didn't even turn around. Only Bella would notice something like that while in *labor*. But every time I see men check my wife out, she calls *me* insane.

I'd say she's the crazy one.

"Alright, sweetie," Dr. Stevens snickered. "Time to push. On my count, okay? One... two... three, and push!"

And push she did.

For ten minutes. Over and over, bringing us closer to our baby girl.

"That's great, Bella. I see the head. Next time, you give me all you got, okay?"

"I'm so over this!" Bella cried. "Edward, you give birth instead!"

"I would if I could, beautiful," I comforted her, wiping her forehead again. "You know I would. I hate seeing you in pain."

"Yeah, yeah." She waved me off. "You're just giving me the same cliché line every husband would give their wife in this moment."

"Still true, though." I winked, not embarrassed to admit that I loved it when Bella was snappy.

She could say the funniest things, and the sex was always angry and spectacular.

Again I chided myself.

She's in labor, you fuck-up.

"Did you forget who you married, Edward?" she asked incredulously.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"I can read your mind," she said, giving me a pointed look.

Damn. Busted.

"Sorry," I replied sheepishly.

She rolled her eyes at me, but a contraction hit, so everything was forgotten.

"Oh, mother of fucking God!" Bella choked out.

"Push, Bella! All you've got, just push!"

I kept quiet, just listening to Ailín's wailing and Bella's screaming. One thing had me elated and blissfully happy, but the other brought me to my knees, just wishing the whole thing could be over.

"That's it! Great job, honey," Dr. Stevens praised. "The next one will be the last."

Oh, thank the lord...

"It's already coming!" Bella wailed, panting breathlessly.

"Yes, your girl is ready to be reunited with her brother." Dr. Stevens smiled. "On my count, Bella. One... two... three, push!"

"You're so fucking perfect, baby," I whispered to her, kissing her temple. No words would ever be good enough, and as Bella groaned out loudly, I felt my eyes well up again, knowing that she had just given us two children.

"Your girl is here!"

I swallowed hard and kissed Bella's forehead. "They're here, angel. You did it. They're here," I whispered over and over, not able to believe it yet.

A new scream filled the air, setting Ailín off, and soon it was two wailing babies.

I couldn't be happier.

"You ready to see your son, Dr. Cullen?" asked a voice behind me.

Fuck yes.

I turned around, my eyes immediately landing on a small bundle in blue.

And there he was.

My son.

He was... perfect.

Handing him to me gently, I cradled the small form in my arms as the nurse rattled off some information we would get on paper later, anyway, so I only listened on half ear once I heard he was in perfect health.

Five pounds, five ounces, and nineteen inches long, his last APGAR; nine.

Perfection.

I breathed out heavily, feeling a lot of tension leave my body. It would take some getting used to. Having worried somewhat constantly over the past nine months... and now... Now they were here.

Only...

"One minute score – five," I heard a nurse declare quietly.

Ceara.

Glancing down at Bella, I noticed she was focusing on Dr. Stevens delivering the placenta. She was also out-of-this-world exhausted having just birthed two children.

Good.

I didn't want her worrying.

Swallowing down my emotions and fears, I focused on little Ailín who was falling asleep.

So beautiful.

Bella's hair, I noticed. Dark brown. Little curls. Fucking perfect.

I couldn't wait to see if he would have his mother's eyes, too.

"You're perfect," I whispered, touching his little nose just because I had to. "I've waited for you for so long... and now you're here."

I listened intently for the five minute score on Ceara, and I knew that until I heard it, my heart would be stuck in my throat.

The seconds ticked.

Slowly.

Dr. Stevens finished with Bella, quietly announcing that Bella only needed two stitches, and I could see that she was waiting for the test result herself.

"I wanna see him," I heard Bella croak quietly.

Propping herself up, I leaned down, placing our boy in her arms... words failed me.

"God, he's beautiful, Edward."

I couldn't speak.

I just held them, sitting on the edge of her bed as I waited.

Waited.

Waited.

"Five minute score – Seven."

I felt my entire body relax, and tears spilled over.

She's fine. She's fine. My girl is fine.

"Where's Ceara," Bella whispered hoarsely.

"They're just cleaning her up, love," I croaked, not at all surprised at my breaking voice.

I could finally breathe, and that sure as hell released tension. Nine months of worrying. And before Bella, I didn't even think I would ever have children.

Now I had two. And they were both healthy.

Overwhelming.

March 2nd had officially become *the* best day of my life.

Twenty minutes later, Ceara had gone through a full check-up and she was in good health.

When Dr. Stevens handed me her, I... almost broke.

She was so beautiful, but she was so small.

At four pounds, seven ounces, and seventeen inches, she was the Mini of our family.

The doctor assured me that this was to be expected when it came to twins, and sure, I remembered Esme telling me that both she and Elizabeth had been small, too, but that didn't exactly calm a father down.

Shit.

I'm a dad.

I'm a father.

That was... surreal.

*o*o*o*

Bella fell asleep two seconds after she was showered in her new room, and after kissing her softly, I made my way to the waiting room where I knew three people had waited for eleven hours.

I must have looked like a tired wreck when I entered the waiting room, but I think the joy in my eyes told them that things were okay.

"Tell us, tell us, tell us!" Esme beamed, reaching me first to hug me.

I chuckled tiredly before letting go. "Everything is perfect. Ailín was born first," I said, winking at Regan, "and twenty-five minutes later, Ceara came. And they are both in good health."

"I have two cousins now?" Regan asked, his eyes hopeful.

"You sure do, buddy. Wanna go see them?"

He nodded furiously, and I motioned for them all to follow me to the maternity ward.

"Congratulations, Edward," Rose said softly as we entered the maternity wing.

"Thank you." I smiled gratefully, draping an arm around her. "And thank you for everything."

She understood.

Regan and Rose had only been in my life for three days, and they already mattered immensely.

“So many babies!” Regan whispered in awe as we reached the window where we could look at the sleeping infants.

Crouching down slightly, I picked him up so he could see better, and placed him on my hip.

“See the two babies lying together over there?” I said, pointing at the plastic, see-through crib on the second row.

“Yeah? Is that them? My cousins?”

“Yep.” I grinned, not able to take my eyes off of them.

Esme was right.

Ceara had my hair. Although I was hugely relieved that she had Bella’s curls, and not my straight clusterfuck. But it was my brown, reddish color, and Bella insisted that their bluish grey eyes would turn green one day.

We would just have to see.

*o*o*o*

A few hours later, Bella had tried and succeeded with feeding, and it was... odd to see. I found it beautiful and overwhelming, but odd. I was a man after all, and to see Bella breastfeed, well, it stirred up conflicting emotions.

A part of me was in awe of seeing her interact with our children, and it was a beautiful to see her womanly act, because that was how I could describe it. What I had witnessed today... nothing could be more powerful and womanly. To see her body in its nature, doing what it was created to handle... it was intense. And I already mentioned beautiful, yes?

Then there was the possessive caveman inside of me, screaming that those were mine. Ridiculous, yes, but still a fact. I was weird like that. But can ya really blame me? Bella's breasts are goddamn perfection.

Mine.

Damn, I'm fucked up.

Anyway.

Rose and Regan went back to our house to get some rest after they had been introduced to Ceara and Ailín properly, and it was cute to see Regan with the little ones. He was taking on the role as a big brother almost, and when he introduced himself as Big Cousin Regan, well, it cracked me up. Oh, and both Bella and Rose cried. But I figured I had cried enough for today, having spent a full hour crying like a bitch from birth to... yeah, the hour that followed, so, I settled for grinning like a proud fool.

Esme took off shortly after, her tears finally dried – yes, she was one beaming Nana – and she was also going home to catch some sleep before picking up Alice, Jasper and Lucy from the airport.

Tomorrow will be one hell of a day, I thought as I cradled little Ceara in my arms. Alice and Jazz would be besides themselves when they visited tomorrow, and knowing that everyone would be here at the same time... yes, full house.

Fucking perfect.

I had a family.

It was just us four Cullens in the room, and they were all sleeping peacefully.

We all needed it badly, Bella most of all, but I couldn't. Not quite yet.

The only thing I wanted to do now was to watch. Watch the three people that were the sole reason for my existence.

There was still a lot to deal with, especially things concerning Rose and Regan, but no matter what, we would have them both in our lives from now on.

In just little over two years, so much has happened.

I'd married the love of my life. I was godfather to little Lucy. Uncle to Regan. Father to the two most beautiful children in the world.

Words spoken by billions of fathers, of course. But whatever. My words were the ones that mattered.

My life was full. Work was great and satisfying. My family was wonderful and everything to me. I worshipped the ground Bella walked on, knowing that she felt exactly the same about me. We were, and we had uncles, aunties, children, cousins, wives, husbands, grandchildren...

Cullen, Whitlock, Platt, Masen. Hah... What a family... Sounds funny when put that way, but we were all pieces of other families that had either not accepted us, or not cared enough. In Bella's case, died. Call me a prick, but I'm not complaining about them being dead. They were terrible parents to my Bella.

Just like I'm glad that Carlisle and Elizabeth aren't here.

They don't deserve to look down at little Ceara or Ailín and claim them as grandchildren.

Esme does.

And because of her limitless and unconditional love, she has four grandchildren now.

Yeah, she wasted no time in telling Regan what to call her.

But when Regan's eyes lit up, I knew their affection was mutual. And it kinda had me wondering what kind of grandmother Elizabeth was. And Carlisle; was he a good grandfather?

Chapter 23

Edward POV.

"Which one's your favorite, Uncle Eddie?" Regan asked from where he sat next to Bella on her bed.

They were currently gushing over Ceara while I had Ailín in my arms, and Essy sitting next to me. Rose was grinning ear-to-ear as she took picture after picture of us all.

"I don't have a favorite, buddy," I chuckled. "They're both perfect."

"Well, my favorite is Ailín 'cause he's a boy, so can we switch now, Nana?"

We all laughed as Esme took Regan's place with Bella, and he came over to me.

"Auntie Bella says they will have my eyes. S'that true?" he asked, watching Ailín's eyes intently.

"You know, there are a lot of people with green eyes here, buddy. Not just you," I laughed, shaking my head in amusement.

He looked up at me with a scrunched nose before it dawned on him.

"You have my eyes, too!" he gasped.

"So do I, dear Conn," Esme quipped.

"We'll be so outnumbered, Rose," Bella chuckled. "Green eyes everywhere. Even Alice and Lucy have them, though theirs are lighter."

Rose grinned and nodded in agreement.

"Actually, angel, you're *really* outnumbered, because you're the only one with those gorgeous brown eyes. Rose has Jasper with the blue ones." I winked.

She pouted playfully but Ceara soon had her attention again.

"Is Bella an angel?" Regan asked, making the women 'aaaw.'

"She's my angel," I murmured in response, watching her.

She really was.

Maybe she thought she knew how happy she'd made me, but... there was no way she could.

"Can I nickname my cousins?" Regan asked then. "'Cause nicknames are cool."

"Do you have a nickname?" I asked curiously.

"Some." He shrugged. "Mom calls me baby or honey and dad calls me little guy and some friends call me Mase and you call me buddy and Nana Esme call me Conn but I don't know what that means and Grampa Carlisle calls me sport."

I chuckled at his rambling. "I'd say that's more than *some* nicknames."

"Conn is an Irish name, and it means 'wise'. That you're a smart little guy." Esme smiled. "It also means 'chief,' and you're the little chief of Ailín and Ceara."

"So cool," Regan replied excitedly.

He announced after a few minutes that he would call Ailín Little King, because Regan was the Big King, and Ceara became Mini-Red, after Essy had told him that she called me Red.

Our conversation ended abruptly by a squeal, and a booming announcement.

The squeal came from little Alice, of course.

And...

"The Godfather has arrived!"

Yeah, that would be Jasper.

"Where's Ceara Esme Cullen?!" Alice squealed.

"More importantly; where's Ailín Jasper?!" Jasper boomed out. "AJ!"

The next few minutes were fucking insane, and we had to remind ourselves to keep it low after we had set off Ceara for the third time.

There were greetings, introductions, squeals, hugs, tears, and don't fucking *ask* me how it happened, but in the end, I sat next to Bella in her bed, and I had Lucy in my arms.

Esme, Rose and Alice had Ceara, and Jasper had Ailín and Regan.

Jasper was slightly apprehensive the first few seconds since he had met my parents once, and he was obviously dreading that Rose would be one of *their* 'kind.' But it didn't take many minutes before he understood that she was different, and after that had dawned on him, he wasted no time in getting to know Regan, which is why he's with Regan and Ailín right now, or AJ as Ailín was called by him.

"And how are you, munchkin?" I asked, tickling little Lucy.

That little girl was the exact duplicate of her mother. Jet black hair, light green eyes, and alabaster skin.

Freaking adorable.

"Mmmhmmm, Eddie!" she giggled.

God, I love kids.

And just thinking that my own two little ones are a few feet away...

Indescribable.

*o*o*o*

The next couple of days flew by, and we were back home.

Rose told us that she had talked to Emmett, and that he was livid with her. So far, she had only texted him, letting him know that she needed time to think, and that both she and Regan were safe. But Emmett didn't know where they were.

I wasted no time in telling her that I didn't want them to face Chicago alone, so after some convincing on Bella's and my part, Rose agreed to stay through out March.

I, in return, called in to get April off, too, so I had two months off with my family. I was my own boss at my practice, so there were no problems there. It was just my boss at UCLA who bickered a bit, but it worked out in the end.

Two months.

That would give me time to have my family settled in, and then maybe we could deal with the Masens together. I knew Bella wanted to be a part of that as well. But for now, we just focused on the babies. Sleep, eat, sleep, change diapers, deciphering different types of screaming, sleep, eat, sleep, eat... yea, you get the picture.

There were two of them.

Oh, and apparently the twins are so synched that they do everything together. When they scream, they *both* scream. When they're hungry, they're *both* hungry, and so on. And though it's wonderful that when they're sleeping, they're *both* sleeping, it's still a goddamn good thing we're two parents.

Rose has also proven to be a massive support with her experience, and Regan has become a little master on distracting Ailín with funny noises while I or Bella change Ceara's diaper.

Our house is full.

I fucking love it.

This is my life.

*o*o*o*

"Regan, could you get the door for me? It's probably Alice," I said.

Bella and Rose were out grocery shopping, so it was me and the kids, and Ceara had just fallen asleep in my arms.

There was no way I was jostling her now.

Regan hopped off the couch and ran towards the door.

"So beautiful, princess," I whispered.

And damn, babies smell good. I wish I could bottle the baby scent.

Sounds filtered into the living room, and soon Regan was back with Alice and Lucy.

"Hey, guys," Alice squealed silently.

Yeah, she had learned how to squeal silently.

"Hey, Pixie." I grinned. "How are ya?"

"Good," she smiled, "and you? Adjusting to being a daddy?"

"It's impossible to wrap my head around it," I chuckled.

"I can imagine. Jasper's still not there yet," she chuckled back, sitting down next to me. "Where's Ailín?"

"Sleeping over there," I replied, pointing at the bassinet in the corner next to my piano.

"Auntie Ali?" Regan inquired, sitting in the chair next to the couch.

Yes, both Alice and Jazz insisted that they were Auntie and Uncle to him, too.

"Yeah, handsome?" Alice chirped, always making Regan blush at the nickname.

"Uhm, is Lucy also my cousin?" he asked shyly.

Damn, he's cute.

"Of course, Regan." Alice beamed. "Wanna know why?"

Regan nodded timidly, still blushing.

I'm thinking he has a little crush on our Alice.

"Because Eddie's pretty much my brother, which is why Lucy's also your cousin."

I kissed her temple just because I loved the little shit.

Regan nodded thoughtfully before dropping the subject to play with Lucy on the floor.

"He's so friggin' cute," Alice murmured.

"That he is." I nodded.

"And so is this one," she whispered, caressing Ceara's cheek.

I couldn't have agreed more.

"I have news," she announced then.

Glancing up from Ceara, I saw that she was bouncing in her seat.

"Well, spit it out, will ya?" I chuckled quietly.

"I'm pregnant," she whispered.

My eyes bugged out, and I fought the urge to shout out 'what!'

"Are you serious?" I stuttered, careful not to wake up Ceara.

Nodding furiously with her eyes welling up, she continued, "I just found out this morning. I haven't even told Jazzy yet."

"That's fucking amazing, Alice," I whispered, grinning like a fool. "He's gonna be ecstatic. Congratulations."

"Thanks," she murmured through her tears.

Draping an arm around her, there was nothing more to do than just enjoy the moment.

The family was growing.

*o*o*o*

Clouds were forming... or something poetic like that.

Whatever.

Trouble was coming.

Rose and Regan had been staying with us for two weeks now, and time was running out. Emmett called her everyday, and he was wasted every time. Threats were flying all over the place, and Regan's a perceptive kid. He can see that something's wrong with his mom. She tries to hide it, and I know that she really likes it here in LA, but there are so many things that need to be settled.

It may sound harsh, but our advantage is the fact that Emmett drinks. That will never work in his favor in court, which is where we know this is heading. Not because of Rose, but because of Emmett and Carlisle.

Rose loves Emmett very much and would never consider divorce, but she's tired and spent from trying to keep up with Emmett's mood swings. She's also putting Regan first, and though he's beginning to ask about his dad, Rose claims that she's never seen Regan this happy before.

It's also just a matter of time before Emmett and Carlisle realizes where they are.

Jasper and I – being the protectors we are – have discussed the matter at length, and even he and Alice has fallen for Rose and Regan, stating that we'll all get through this together. Our first step was to hire a lawyer, which has been done now, and then we'll just wait.

Another two weeks, and then we are all going to Chicago. Jasper and I suggested that we could go with Rose and Regan, but our wives wouldn't have that, and Esme threw a raging fit that we even suggested going without the women.

What Rose wants is for Emmett to seek help for his drinking, as well as distancing himself from Carlisle – to make him realize that he's not himself when Carlisle's around.

*o*o*o*

"Why can't I come?" Regan whined.

We were in Chicago... at last... and I was trying hard not to freak out.

Ten years.

Ten years since I'd been here.

Our entire family was gathered in mine and Bella's suite, and today... we were visiting Emmett.

Jasper and Alice were staying back with the children while Bella, Esme and I were going with Rose. No, there was no way we were bringing Regan.

Things would get ugly.

"Because we need to talk to dad first," Rose explained to him. "I promise you will see him as soon as possible, okay?"

"Tomorrow," he tried to bargain.

Rose's pain was evident. She hated doing this to Regan and of course I sympathized with her, but this was for his sake.

"We'll see what dad says," Rose said, effectively closing the subject.

Walking over to Bella, I sat down next to her, draping an arm over her while she tried to get Ailín to sleep.

"You okay, angel?" I murmured, kissing her temple.

"No. I wanna kick some ass," she huffed quietly. "I can't believe some people... Can't they see what they do to Regan? I just wanna rip Carlisle a new one."

"Don't hold back, baby," I chuckled.

"Oh, I won't," she replied, taking my joke seriously. "I'm gonna go apeshit on his ass if he says the wrong thing about anyone in my family."

My wife is also a protector.

"You have no idea how much I love you right now, angel... But you are not going apeshit on anyone... Your husband might, though."

"Mmm, that'd be a sight," she teased, smiling coyly.

I shook my head at her, silently telling her not to start.

We hadn't had sex in four weeks, and we still had a solid two weeks to go before Bella's check-up, and it was... hard. In so many ways.

I entered the blue-ball stage after a week, and since then, it's been cold shower after cold shower.

Being the perfect wife that Bella is, she's offered to help me out numerous times, but I declined... much to my cock's chagrin.

I want our first time after having the twins to be special or some shit like that.

Yeah, sometimes I question myself, but I know I won't regret it afterwards.

"Could you just...?" she said, holding a sleeping Ailín up for me. "I need to go to the bathroom before we go."

She kissed me chastely after I had my boy and then she headed for the bathroom while I took Ailín to the bassinet where his sister already slept.

"Love you, baby," I whispered, breathing him in before placing him next to Ceara.

*o*o*o*

"You guys ready?" I asked.

Standing outside Rose and Emmett's brownstone with my wife, Essy, and Rose, I found it weird that I was actually calmer now. Gone were the apprehension and angsty feelings. Was I nervous? Of course. But I wasn't scared or even trying to shy away. I was done hiding, done running away. I hadn't done anything wrong.

They had.

All I did was fall in love. I found the perfect person to share my life with at that time, and he felt the same. We were what we wanted and needed then. And they pushed me away because that person happened to be a man.

They judged.

And now they were mistreating a woman and her child who had come to be my family.

Fuck that.

"Yep, I just wanna get this over with," Rose said, shivering in the Chicago cold.

Yes, LA is better on so many levels.

Esme knocked on the door once we were standing outside their apartment.

Rose didn't want to.

The door flew open.

"Mom-" Emmett did a double take at Esme.

That man was not my brother.

That man was *not* my brother.

What the hell happened to him?

Big and burly, of course, just like before. We may share the same height, but Emmett was broader. And that's saying a lot since I know I'm the opposite of lanky.

But despite his size, he looked... weak. Ragged. Tired.

Drunk.

Dark circles under his eyes.

But dressed to the nines.

Dress pants in grey, with a matching jacket. A pristine button down shirt underneath. Black tie. Cuff links.

Is this Emmett today?

A suit?

I know he's a lawyer, but I guess I never saw him in that way.

I'm a therapist, and I dress properly, but... not like this. Not this... starchy. Stiff like a fucking stick.

No, this is not the Emmett I knew.

"You're not mom," he said slowly, eyeing Esme.

His eyes left her then. And he found *me*.

Chapter 24

Edward POV.

I felt nothing.

And I felt nothing as his eyes widened. Nothing when I saw him swallowing hard.

I just... stared at him.

Ten years.

This is not my brother.

"Em," I heard Rose say.

His eyes found her immediately, and fury took over his features.

Bella tightened her hold on my hand, and I positioned myself in front of Bella and Rose.

"Where's my son?" he asked calmly.

Too calmly.

"He's safe," Rose replied. "And you reek of whiskey."

"How about we take this inside?" Esme suggested, still standing too close to Emmett for my liking.

"I don't even know you," he told her.

"Well, that's not my fault, Ólcobhar," she replied dryly before walking passed him and into the apartment.

I stifled an incredulous chuckle at the nickname she gave him.

He wouldn't understand of course, because if he knew that she just called him "lover of drink," he wouldn't have let her in.

Emmett let us all in.

The apartment was immaculate clean, and scents assaulted me. Scents I recognized. Elizabeth's perfume. Carlisle's cologne. Detergent. Soap.

I wondered how much power they had in Rose and Emmett's home.

How often were they here?

It wouldn't surprise me if Elizabeth took care of the cleaning. She was always the neat freak.

Poor Rose.

I could hear Emmett walking behind me as Rose led the way into the living room.

He didn't scare me. I thought he would. He was always strong. Physically. Intimidating.

The living room belonged in a museum. Old furniture. Cherry wood. Dark green felt. Velvet drapes. Leather sofas. Coffee table with a bottle cognac.

I wondered what his outlet was.

I imagined the apartment being thrashed. Dirty and reeking from his drunken tantrums, but here was nothing. Not a broken photo frame, not even a dust bunny in sight.

This didn't seem like Rose.

Or Regan for that matter.

"Have a seat," Rose offered quietly.

I sat down next to her on the couch, bringing Bella with me on my other side, and Esme looked mighty comfortable in the leather chair on Rosalie's side.

Emmett hesitated before sitting down in the chair on Bella's side.

"You've been gone for over a month, Rose. Where were you?"

Still too calmly.

"We lived with Edward and Bella."

Like he had forgotten I was here, his eyes found mine quickly, and his façade was slipping.

We stared at each other.

I wondered what he saw in me. Had I changed to him? For better or worse? Did he care? Did he notice? Did he remember the words he spat at me? Was there any remorse? Regret? Care?

I saw nothing but weakness in him. He had been too poisoned, too corrupted by daddy dearest.

"How's the boyfriend?" He smirked.

Ah, there he is.

But instead of disgust or hurt, I just pitied him. I felt sorry for what a failure he had allowed himself to become.

"Oh, I'm just fine, thank you," Bella replied in a sugary sweet tone.

This was my Bella. God, I loved her.

After flashing her an amused grin, I turned back to Emmett.

“Does she know about your lover boy?” he asked then, trying to provoke me.

Oh, she knows a lot about him...

“Of course I do!” Bella grinned wickedly. “What would you like to know about him? Girth? Length? Stamina? Positions preferred? Hmm?”

I choked on a breath before I looked at her with an incredulous expression.

Did she just say that?

Did she *just* say *that*?

Both Esme and Rose chuckled silently.

I couldn't believe her.

I wasn't surprised by Rose and Esme's reactions, already knowing everything about our past – and not judging us – and they were also as blunt as Bella.

But... damn.

Glancing up at me innocently, she asked, “Did I say too much?”

Shaking my head in... awe... and astonishment, I told her, “No.”

She never shied away. She would never be embarrassed about our past. Never had she showed shame, guilt, or apprehension.

What the three of us shared may not have lasted long, but when we had it, we loved it. It was for us then. It was for us until Bella and I had come to terms that it would be the two of us forever.

Just like Jasper found Alice, I found Bella.

"He speaks," Emmett remarked in a mocking tone.

Cocking an eyebrow at him, I stared him down.

"I'm not turning this into a pissing contest, because I don't have anything to prove," I told him.

The only one here who needed to prove anything was him. Emmett was the one who needed to step up if he wanted to have his son and wife in his life.

"Neither do I!" he snapped, temper flaring.

"I'd say you do, boy," Esme quipped. "Just the fact that you're sitting there trying to get a rise out of Edward proves how little you have in that head of yours. And if you want your son in your life, then you better get a goddamn grip."

Essy's got a mouth on her.

Emmett did look rebuked, and probably realized that his games wouldn't work on us... so, he turned to Rose.

Weak fuck.

"Regan's mine, you hear me?" he said sternly, pointing at her. "You don't have the means to take me down in court, and you know it."

Let the games begin.

"But I do," I said.

"Stay out of this! This is between me and my wife!" he growled, glaring at me.

"Bullshit," I snapped, getting annoyed now. "It became my business when your wife came to *me* of all people for help!"

"Just go back to where you came from, you queer!"

"For being a lawyer, you're running out of arguments awfully fast," I replied, not missing a fucking beat.

"*Hellooo,*" sang a voice from the hallway.

Shit.

I froze for one split second before regaining my posture.

"Well, fuck me," Esme huffed, making Rose and Bella snicker in amusement.

"Ready to meet your darling sister?" Rose teased Esme.

Instead of worrying about the fact that I was seconds away from facing the woman who gave birth to me, I was immensely glad that Rose felt relaxed and unaffected.

Elizabeth entered and froze when her eyes landed on me.

Carlisle also entered then, and Bella quickly jumped in, squeezing my hand in reassurance when my body tensed.

"Oh, *good*. It's a real party now," Esme goaded in a cooing voice.

Firecracker is what she is.

She was also the most loving mother I could ever wish for, and with a firm nod of 'you can do this, Red' to me, I steeled myself.

Yes, I could do this.

"Edward?" Elizabeth breathed out shakily.

I gave her a curt nod.

Elizabeth and Carlisle sat down in the leather couch on our opposite side. All sides of the coffee table surrounded now.

Carlisle didn't acknowledge me, which I knew he wouldn't.

Instead he focused his sinister glare on Rose, and I grabbed her hand.

I felt her relax.

"I hope you brought my grandson back," he said.

"He is where he's supposed to be," I answered for her.

"I'm not speaking to you, Edward."

"Good. I don't need you talking," I snapped. "I need you *listening*, you piece of shit."

A collective gasp came from the Masens.

I knew why.

People didn't ever talk back at Carlisle.

Taking the silence as my opportunity, I continued. "It's quite simple. Emmett seeks help for his drinking, or Rose is filing for divorce, and you better believe Regan stays with her."

This was what Rose had asked me to say if she couldn't get it out. And I had to say it was fucking awesome to say it.

"We're not bringing anyone to court," I added. "But if Emmett won't straighten up, that's where this will end up."

"And we'll all be there to back her up," Esme chimed in.

"You're going to take Regan away from his family, Rosalie?" Elizabeth cried.

I could smell my wife's speech a mile away before she even knew it herself.

She didn't disappoint.

"Are you dense?" Bella asked her. "Emmett won't lose shit if he stops drinking. Weren't you listening to Edward? Did he stutter? You guys are un-fucking-believable, you know that? All Rose wants is for her husband to be himself, to stop drinking and start living his own goddamn life instead of obeying the all-fucking-mighty Dr. Masen like the obedient little poodle pup he's been so far!"

I mentioned I loved her, right?

Amazing woman.

"Shut up, you little tramp," Carlisle seethed at her.

I shot up. "You do *not* speak to my wife that way. Are we clear? In fact, I say you should get the fuck out of my sight, because nothing will be solved as long as your sinister ass is in the room."

Sitting down again, I turned to Emmett. "A word of advice. If you want to get anywhere, then tell your father to leave. And deep down inside, I'm pretty fucking sure you're tired of him yourself."

The big problem right now was Emmett. And as I stared at his paled face, I could see how Carlisle had set his claws in him.

Rule number one. Never surrender. Giving up is a weakness.

Rule number two. Never show weakness. Weakness turns the man into a boy.

Rule number three. Judge before you get judged.

Carlisle lived by these rules.

And now, looking at... my brother... I knew that those were the same views he'd been fed with. And he's chewed and swallowed every bite.

Emmett wouldn't back down. He wouldn't surrender no matter how much it would kill him. He wouldn't throw Carlisle out for the sake of his son. He wouldn't get help, because that would make him weak in Carlisle's eyes.

"For Regan, Em," Rose murmured softly. "He misses you so much."

"Then you shouldn't have taken him away from me!" he shouted at her in rage.

"But can't you see you're hurting him?" she shot back. "Every time you drink, he sees it! He knows, Emmett! He's not blind, he sees it all!"

"I'm not a goddamn drunk!" he bellowed.

"Language, son. We'll deal with this like proper men," Carlisle told him.

Bella started laughing. "Wow, Carlisle! You are one fucked up individual, you know that?" Turning to me, she continued, "I'm sorry, baby, but I'm glad he's not in our life. I wouldn't be able to handle a minute with him in the presence of our children."

I couldn't agree more.

And I didn't want him in Regan's life either.

"Oh, I think you would handle it very well," I murmured quietly, sending her a wink. "But I don't know if *he* would've made it out alive."

"True," she conceded.

We were reminded of our surroundings then.

“Edward? You have children now?” Elizabeth asked.

She saw Bella when she was pregnant, and Carlisle performed the goddamn ultrasound. She knew very well.

I nodded at her.

I didn’t wanna discuss my children in front of these people.

“A boy and a girl?” she asked quietly.

Cocking an eyebrow at Carlisle, I had to ask, “What happened to doctor-patient confidentiality?”

He glared but said nothing.

Son of a bitch...

“What are their names?” Elizabeth asked then, her eyes soft and curious.

She was genuine, I knew that. But it didn’t erase the fact that Carlisle wasn’t the only fucked up individual in the room. She was a weak woman who obeyed her tyrant of a husband, even if it meant pushing away a son.

“I’d say that’s none of your business,” I replied.

I didn’t snap or glare. I just told her.

“That’s not how you speak to your mother,” Carlisle fumed.

I just shrugged, not affected at all. “You’re right. Good thing she’s not my mother then.”

Elizabeth started crying, and the gentleman in me felt a slight sting. But reminding myself of how she kicked me out for being bisexual... well, that

did the trick. The way she told me I wasn't her son anymore also reminded me of what I just said were just the same words she had already told me.

"Where's your heart, Edward?!" Carlisle asked me.

"Where's yours?" Bella huffed at him.

I ignored her, because I had some major shit to say.

He asked me where my heart was? Unbelievable.

"You have got to be kidding me," I chuckled humorlessly, shaking my head at him. "You ask me where my heart is, and you're the fucker who killed me off! You killed your own son just because he happened to have a goddamn boyfriend."

"It goes against nature!" he argued.

"Not caring for your children goes against nature!" Rose snapped.

The meaning was not lost on me. She spoke to both Carlisle and Emmett.

The room fell silent – apart from Elizabeth's crying – and it was Emmett who broke the silence.

"I'll take you to court, Rose. Regan's mine. My word is final."

"You wouldn't even bother talking to Regan, and ask of his opinion?" Esme asked him incredulously. "You're just going to try to take him? You won't even try fixing the real problem?!"

"And what's that, Esme?!" he snapped at her.

"Your fuck-up of a father! You'd rather continue obeying him than just admit that you have a problem, fix it, and then be happy as a family!" Esme snapped back.

Silence.

Silent fuming.

"I need a drink," Emmett grumbled before heading to a cabinet.

Well, that is just perfect...

"Take that drink and you won't see Regan until you take us to court," Rose said, standing up.

Emmett poured himself a double... or a triple?

And downed it.

I sighed, shaking my head at him. "You're just like Carlisle, Emmett."

He paled.

Bingo.

I knew it all along. That wasn't what he wanted to be.

But Emmett being Emmett, he wouldn't quit.

"You know what, Edward?" he asked. "I don't even know why you're here. I don't understand why you give a shit. You want more? You want even more from me? You have my wife. You have my son. You have your own children and your own wife. You have everything! When you left, you were still your own goddamn person! You didn't put up with any shit! You. Never. Fucking. Break!"

His last words hung heavy in the air.

I was... shocked.

A full minute passed before my professional side kicked in, and I came to one conclusion; he had abandonment issues. He thought I left him. I left him and he had to face our parents alone. He had to take all the pressure. He had to become the perfect son. He had to be the one. And he couldn't say no. He wasn't the one able to defy Carlisle. So, he caved. He turned into Carlisle. He got the blond trophy wife. The son with a name that means 'king.' The upscale apartment. The fancy law degree. The expensive suits.

And now he's deluding himself into believing that I'm the one taking everything away from him.

The best thing that will ever happen to him is Rose not being the trophy wife he thought she would be. The fact that she doesn't put up with everything, and that she isn't Elizabeth... That is the best thing for him.

The only thing is that we need to figure out a way to make him realize he needs the help.

Right now it won't matter if I say that I didn't leave, even if it was the truth. The fact that they kicked me out, disowned me, called me a freak, called me disgusting, the fact that they killed me off... None of that matters to him. He doesn't see that.

A part of me wants to sit his ass down and have a session with him. I want to know what he remembers of that day.

The day I told them I was with Jasper.

Because what I remember is telling Jasper to stay in the car. I remember entering my parents' house. I remember them still being annoyed and disappointed because I divorced that joke of a woman. I remember talking baseball for a few minutes with Em before mom declared dinner was ready. I remember us sitting down. I remember Em telling mom and dad

about the internship in New York. I remember dad being proud of him, and that made Emmett's day... or year. I remember mom asking if I was alright. I remember telling them I was nervous. I remember mom saying that whatever it was, she would always love me... and support me.

And I remember telling them I had met someone. I remember telling them his name was Jasper. I remember Emmett and dad laughing at my tasteless joke. I remember mom screaming when she realized I wasn't kidding. I remember dad's words to me, how disgusting I was, how I went against God's word... and nature. I remember him telling me how worthless I was. I remember the shame. I remember feeling like I was betraying them. I remember Emmett pleading with me for the whole thing to be a joke. I remember dad leaving the room, saying that I was no longer his son. I remember mom telling me that she had never been this disappointed before, how wrong it was of me to feel the way I did, and that dad's words to me conveyed everything she felt, too.

I remember her leaving. I remember Jasper knocking on the door because he had heard mom's scream. I remember Emmett looking at him in disgust, asking me if I was leaving the family because of that fag. I remember him telling me what a complete fuck-up I was for doing this. I remember him shouting how I had cursed the family, what a disgrace I was, how I ruined everything, and what a lousy brother I was.

I remember just standing there, taking every word in, breaking in thousand pieces.

And I remember Jasper spending the following two years picking those pieces up.

So, sitting here, staring at Emmett, I wondered what he remembered of that day.

I left him?

Fuck that.

He turned on me.

But if I had everything, if I had taken so much from him...

"Why did you name Regan after me?" I asked him. "And why the Irish name? You never cared. Carlisle never cared. Elizabeth never cared. And I was dead to you. So, why, Emmett?"

Emmett looked down but said nothing.

Carlisle said nothing.

Elizabeth said nothing.

Alright then.

"I think we're done here," Rose announced. "Emmett, feel free to bring me to court. I hoped it wouldn't turn out this way, and God knows I love you, but I won't have my son living with a drunk."

"This is your home, Rosalie. You're staying here with your husband," Carlisle said.

"You can go fuck yourself," Rose told him.

I was proud of her for finally standing up to him. Her husband should do the same.

"And my home is where I feel like I belong," she added.

"Where's that?" Emmett asked her.

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“In LA with my family.”

Emmett stayed quiet, but it was clear that her words had punched him hard.

Carlisle however, turned to me. “You just have to pollute everything you go near, don’t you?”

I smirked at the bastard. “Drop dead.”

“Yes, sincerely. Please do,” Bella agreed.

No other words were said.

Well, Esme had a few more words to say as we stood in the hallway, ready to go.

“It was a real fucking treat to see you again, sis. Too bad you never grew a backbone. Oh, and Carlisle? To quote my newest daughter; go fuck yourself.”

Chapter 25

Edward POV.

Six months passed and not a word.

Emmett didn't bring Rose to court, and he didn't call. He didn't call his son. He just didn't do anything. Rose did keep track on him, though, and one of Emmett's work buddies called her every once in a while. What we knew was that Emmett was slowly but surely losing it.

I was ready to fly out there. Alone.

Life in LA was – to be honest – perfect, however.

There was a balance, sort of a schedule, that we loved to live by, and to some it might seem repetitive, but to us it was exactly what we wanted. There were barbecues and family dinners on the weekends; it was weekdays filled with work and quiet nights; it was soccer games on Fridays now that Regan went to school here, and it was raising the twins with Bella, and it was... Bella working on her latest Marie Green-book. That part was really, really... pleasurable, especially since I was the lab rat. Didn't mind that at all.

What else...

Well, Rose and Regan lived in the small two bedroom cottage we had built in the backyard, and though she didn't want to be a burden, we knew how much she loved being close to us, and we definitely felt the same. The house was perfect for them for the time being. It had two small rooms, a bathroom, and a small kitchen, and now that Rose had decided to study, it was also perfect since Bella could watch over Regan if Rose had classes late.

Slowly but surely, Rose and Regan were building their life in LA, and though Regan obviously missed Emmett – a lot – he was also smart enough to know that the grownups would do their best to take care of it. In the meantime, school, baseball, and soccer practice distracted him immensely, and he was a happy kid. Even Rose was happier. Of course there were things to be dealt with, but it was evident that she didn't enjoy being a housewife in Chicago, which was why she was now studying now. To become a teacher, in fact.

So, in their little house in our garden they had both the privacy they needed, but they still knew that we were close, and of course we saw them everyday, especially Regan who loved the pool.

Just like me.

Then we had Jasper and Alice.

She was almost seven months pregnant, and Bella was having fun with that. She was also having fun with the times Alice was so pissed at Jasper that he came over to spend the night on our couch. Yep, he was eating up every Shamu-joke he delivered to Bella back when she was pregnant. And Jasper was in pain. Blissfully happy but in so much pain for what the women were throwing him. Hell, even I made fun of the dude. I mean... who was stupid enough to call your wife fatty?

Jasper was.

Esme, ever the diplomat, had been the one to patch shit up, so that Jasper could get back to Ali, and though Esme worked during the weeks, she still found time to come over a couple of nights every week. And that was still a weird thing to me. In a funny way, but still. Because Bella, Rose, and Ali were like Esme's daughters nowadays. The women were literally sticking together, and that left me – the nephew – with Jasper and Regan.

Yeah, we were all teamed up on weekends when they came over to our house for barbecues, and there had been a shitload of throwing the girls into the pool. That was something Regan loved more than air.

Jasper didn't. 'Cause he knew that if he threw Alice into the pool, he'd spend a week on our couch.

Lastly there was my closest family.

My fiery wife and my two children.

Ailín and Ceara were synched, but damn, they were true opposites. Again, Essy was right. Ailín was the calm one, the boy with dark brown hair and green eyes, the boy who could calm his sister down like no other. And he was smart. So goddamn smart. Fuck, the first time he said "Dada," I thought I was gonna cry. And then a month later, Ceara followed. Of course they said "Mama" first. I mean... Bella worked from home and spent time with them all day, so that was just a given.

And speaking of Ceara. Jesus fucking Christ, I'm surprised I don't have gray hair. That little Mini is a fireball. She's just everywhere. Crawling or dragging her little butt across the house. And strong. She's really strong.

Even here, Esme was right. Her reddish hair hasn't changed, and Bella got her wish when it came to their eye colors. The green is becoming more and more fixed, and though the color can change and go back and forth up to the child is more than a year old, the green is so prominent that we kinda know that their eyes will stay green.

I'm digressing.

Ceara's a handful, and only Ailín can really calm her down. Just by being close or touching her, she takes it down a notch or seven.

And Jesus, I didn't think you could love someone as much as I love them. All of them of course, but children always come first. It's the way it's supposed to be. Fuck, I'd be pissed if Bella loved me more than our children. But yes, I'm a sap around my three closest, and don't get me started on my Bella. Actually, I'm not even touching that subject because we're solid. Goddamn perfect, and we couldn't have asked for more. Didn't think it was possible but I still find myself falling in love with her all over, and she's just... you know, my soulmate.

*o*o*o*

Bella had been weird for the past few days, and I wasn't sure it was because I spoke up about perhaps flying out to see Emmett alone. But it didn't feel like it, because when I told her one night, she obviously didn't like the idea, but she realized that it might be what was needed, and she knew I was strong enough to not let any of the Masens talk me down. And after a couple of hours of talking about it, she reluctantly agreed that it might be easier for Emmett to open up if I was the only one there.

So, why was she acting weird?

Fuck if I knew, but I was gonna find out tonight, because we had the house to ourselves.

It was the monthly Esme-Regan day where the two of them stayed over at her house. Not just with Ailín and Ceara, but also Lucy. Yeah, don't ask me how they do it, but they do, and have done so for the past few months.

So, Bella and I were alone.

And speaking of... I just felt her entering the kitchen.

"Dinner's almost ready," I said without turning around. A bit smug, too.

"You're always so proud that you feel me when I'm not touching you," she chuckled.

"Of course." I smirked, turning around from the stove to see her in the doorway.

"You're not the only one," she murmured, approaching me slowly as her eyes roamed my body. Hungrily.

I guess someone's horny.

Well, if she was...

Then so was I.

"You look like you're on a mission, baby." I snickered.

"I am."

Her confidence brought out my dominant side in one second, and I cocked an eyebrow at her, silently conveying that she'd better watch it.

"I want you to fuck me," she said, now standing right before me, her index finger tracing my hardening cock.

I didn't like how confident she sounded. Not one bit. But I knew my wife. I knew this was her way of getting a rise out of me. A feeble attempt, I had to say, because she'd lost her goddamn mind if she expected me to cave. Just because she tempted me didn't mean I'd give in. And right now it was quite obvious that my wife was looking for a hard fuck.

Well, she's in for a nasty surprise then.

Seeking me out to get laid had never worked for her before, and it wouldn't work now.

When we were in this element, I called the shots.

"Didn't you hear me, Edward?" she sighed. And then she tried to pull of a pout as she continued. "Please, baby. I need you... hard."

Oh, I'm hard alright, and I will take you.

But not now.

"You're cute when you're pouting." I smirked cockily. "But you're acting like a desperate slut, and I won't have that," I added before turning back to the stove.

I heard her gasp, and snickered internally, knowing that she fucking loved this as much as I did. This was us in our true element when it came to sex, and it was a side of us we visited often, but usually in our playroom.

"Wait, so you won't fuck me?" she asked incredulously.

This was where she got annoyed.

"Not right now," I replied as I checked the chicken in the oven. "And behave, Bella."

"Fine," she huffed. "I'll just go take care of myself then."

Not a fucking chance.

"Get. Back. Here," I gritted out.

Like a petulant child, she stomped back until she stood behind me again, and turning around to face her; I had to smirk.

She was really goddamn horny.

I guess she's been writing.

"Didn't I just tell you to behave?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at her.

"Yeah, but I really need to come," she argued. "I've been writing ever since Esme came over to get Ceara and Ailín, Edward," she whined. She fucking whined.

Closing the distance between us, I dipped down to kiss her... all while I walked her toward the kitchen counter where I lifted her up.

"And now you want my cock, Isabella?" I asked as I nipped at her neck, rubbing my erection against her pussy for good measure. "Is that it, baby girl? You want my cock?"

"God, yes! Please, Edward!" she moaned wantonly.

Chuckling, I backed away from her, and when she met my eyes with shock, I went from chuckling to stern.

"Get on your knees," I commanded quietly as I unbuttoned my pants.

"W-what?" she gulped with wide eyes.

"I said get on your fucking knees."

Hate repeating myself.

"Oh, God," she breathed shakily.

Yeah, I knew she'd like this.

"Wait," I muttered before she could kneel.

Slipping my hand inside her cockteasing shorts, I cupped her bare pussy, and wasn't surprised to find her drenched.

"You're fucking soaked, my little slut," I cooed, fingering her pussy teasingly.

I stopped when she moaned.

"You really are desperate," I muttered, stifling a moan as I sucked her juices off my fingers.

Fuck, I need her.

But first...

"Now, get on your knees."

She obeyed wordlessly, and I thanked God I could read my wife so easily. Her darkened eyes, flushed skin, trembling fingers, erratic breathing...

Jesus, what hell has she been writing?

"Open up," I told her. "Suck me hard."

I watched in satisfaction as her chest heaved, and of course how she greedily sucked me into her hot little mouth.

"Fuck," I moaned.

Christ, this is perfection...

Weaving my fingers through her hair, I gripped it tightly before I began thrusting in and out of her, and just before I could tell her, she added her luscious tongue, making it slicker and even hotter.

"Take me down, baby girl," I grunted as I fucked her mouth deeper.

I watched with lust-filled eyes as she took my down her throat, and fuck, when she closed her eyes and hummed around me, I thought I was going to finish like a seventeen-year-old.

"You like sucking me off, Isabella?" I murmured, caressing her cheek.

She nodded and hummed in affirmative, and I... was close. Shit.

Gripping her hair even tighter, I fucked her harder, focusing solely on feeling my cock disappear in her mouth. Hot, wet...

"I'm close," I rasped. "Fuck, I love your mouth, baby... Yes... *goddamnit.*"

It became too much when she cupped my balls before swallowing around me tightly, and with a loud moan, I shot down her throat in several hot spurts, feeling her milk me dry.

"Christ," I breathed as I pulled out of her. "So good, Isabella."

Bella was panting as I helped her up. More flushed than ever. Her eyes so fucking dark.

After giving her a soft kiss on the lips, I backed away as I buttoned my pants.

"Dinner's ready in about ten minutes." I grinned, returning to the stove.

Yep, I'm gonna have fun with her tonight.

*o*o*o*

By the time we got to bed that night, we were thoroughly fucked and sated. And I was one smug husband, having given my wife four orgasms. Damn, we really fucked our way through the house. It was hard, rough, and primal. Over the couch in the living room, I had pounded into her relentlessly from behind. Bent over the desk in my study, I had fucked her tight ass. In the kitchen, I had devoured her pussy with my mouth. And in the bedroom – approximately twenty minutes ago – she had ridden my cock as if her life depended on it.

"I really needed tonight," she sighed softly burying her face in the crook of my neck. "Fuck, you were wild, baby."

I chuckled sleepily, hitching my leg over her hip. I kissed her shoulder as my hand traced her spine.

"So were you, my little nymph." I hummed against her shoulder. "Mind telling me what brought this on, though?" She looked up at me, biting her lip, and I smirked. "What are you writing exactly?"

"Oh," she chuckled. "It had nothing to do with that." And all of the sudden she looked shy. "S'just..." She shrugged a little. "When I was pregnant with Ceara and Ailín, you didn't really go rough on me."

Confused at what she was getting at, I replied nonetheless. "That's not weird, baby girl. I was worried, of course. Afraid I was gonna hurt you."

She scrunched her nose. "I'm not that fragile, you know."

"I know, but you know how I am." I smiled softly, dropping a kiss on her nose. "I'm a worrier."

"I do know," she replied with a smirk. "Which was why I needed tonight."

Hmm?

I tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. "What do you mean?"

"Edward..." She kissed me softly, but passionately, leaving me all but breathless as she straddled my waist. "I'm pregnant."

Maybe we could go another round.

My cock was definitely waking-

Whoa.

What?

My eyes widened as *that* word registered.

"P-Pregnant?" Pretty sure that came out as a squeak.

But, seriously!

She nodded.

Holy...

Pregnant. She was pregnant again.

I swallowed, feeling my throat close up.

The day Bella's doctor had asked her about going on birth control again, we had agreed to skip it since we were both hoping for another child. She'd made my day when she admitted that wanted another one. I was sure it was just my dream, but she proved me wrong, and now...

"You're pregnant," I stated thickly, and my hands went to her stomach. "Holy fuck, baby... When did you...?"

God, I could barely believe it.

"I took a test this morning," she murmured. I wiped a few tears away. Fuck, she was beautiful. "I did the math, and... I'd say I'm about eight weeks or so..."

Sitting up, I kissed her with all I had.

'Cause I was going to be a dad again.

"Happy?" she whimpered against my lips.

"Understatement," I exhaled.

"Oh, God..."

Yes.

Safe to say, we weren't done with our night.

But there was no chance in hell I was going rough on her.

*O*O*O*

"I'll be fine, baby," I murmured, brushing my thumbs under her eyes. "It's just two days, remember?"

She nodded and leaned her forehead against my chest.

It was time to visit Emmett in Chicago.

"Kick his fat ass if he tries anything, okay?" she mumbled.

I chuckled into her hair. "Fat ass?"

She shrugged.

"I promise, love," I laughed through my nose. "You have nothing to worry about."

And then it was time.

"Be careful, all right?" I said, placing one hand on her stomach.

The past few weeks had gone by fast, and we were all excited about Bella's pregnancy. But she was already sick of me, though. Not that I cared. She knew me. I was overprotective and that was that. It wasn't changing. She'd just have to deal. It was only another six months left, anyway.

"I'm always careful," she huffed.

Not true!

"You weren't careful when you tried pushing your desk into my study," I pointed out, unable to keep the annoyance away. But seriously, when I had gotten home from work a few weeks ago, I had found her lifting heavy shit, and that just wouldn't fly with me. Not when she was pregnant. Yes, we needed the space now, but hot damn, couldn't she have waited until I got home?

"Do you really wanna have this convo now?" she asked, arching a brow.

I sighed.

"No. You're right," I conceded. "But you should know that I told Jasper and Rose to keep an eye on you."

She glared at me.

I didn't care.

That was my baby in there.

Case closed.

"I love you," I said, ready to kiss that fire away. "Do you love me?"

She grimaced. "I'm thinking about it."

"Baby, you can't lie to save your life," I laughed.

She smacked me in the chest, then she told me she loved me.

It was all very good.

But it was time to board.

"I'll call you when I land, okay?"

She nodded. "Be safe."

"I will, and you, too."

Half an hour later, I sat down in my window seat.

Almost eight months had passed since I'd seen Emmett.

I didn't want to go to Chicago. Not even a little, but I was doing it for Regan and Rose.

Chapter 26

Edward POV.

After a restless night of tossing and turning in a hotel bed, I prepared myself for meeting Emmett again. I got dressed in a pair of stone-washed jeans, a black pullover, and a pair of black boots. It was Chicago... in November. Boots were needed. And a jacket, obviously. My ski-jacket hadn't been used since I had been here last time. Sure as hell didn't need that shit in LA.

I hated not having Bella here, not to mention my kids, but with them back in LA, I had an extra motivator that would – hopefully – get me home soon. I'd talked to her this morning, of course, and she was as chipper as always, telling me that I had nothing to worry about. I wasn't worried, either, but... Well, we had a lot to gain if things went well. This was for Regan and Rose, after all. Though, mostly for Regan. He missed his dad.

So... around noon, I found myself being let into their building by some cat-lady, and shortly after, I knocked on the door to their apartment.

Rose had assured me – after contacting one of Emmett's work-buddies – that Emmett hadn't shown up for work.

Which was now a common occurrence.

I was nervous as hell, but I didn't show it. I refused to let my drunken brother get the best of me.

He didn't deserve that.

But when he opened the door, I had sympathy for him. Because he didn't deserve *that*, either. Yes, he had fucked up royally, and he was a weak man. There was no denying that, but... I still blamed Carlisle.

"What the fuck do *you* want?" he asked gruffly.

Gone was the fancy suit.

He looked ragged as hell, wearing sweats and a stained t-shirt.

Days worth of scruff, so... I guess... a beard.

Dark circles under his eyes.

Mentioned eyes were bloodshot.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair.

Yeah, what the fuck *do* I want?

"I want to talk about..." Everything. "Regan," I settled on.

He barely reacted upon hearing his son's name.

"Got any booze?" he asked dryly. "That's the ticket into my home." He smirked.

I saw through him.

He was a fucking textbook case.

So, I ignored him and just entered, pushing him aside slightly as I passed him.

"Regan misses you," I said casually, though I was anything but casual on the inside. It wasn't just his fancy suit that was gone, I noticed as I headed straight for the living room. It was everything. Well, everything clean. There was no soapy scent left by Elizabeth's obsession with a clean house. There was nothing starchy or strict. Hell, it was all gone. Including furniture. No more velvet and cherry wood. No leather couches, no

expensive bourbon or glasses in crystal. The paintings were gone from the walls.

And I wondered...

"Did you see the paintings to afford alcohol?" I asked over my shoulder.

"Fuck you," he spat. "You have no business here, *Edward*."

The living room now had a single couch. A black one. There was also a coffee table with only three legs. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry when I saw his books from law school substituting as a damn table leg. Last but not least, one of the kitchen chairs.

I settled for that one.

Pizza boxes on the floor...

A couple of empty bottles... Gin, whiskey, vodka. Cheap brands.

It made me wonder where Carlisle and Elizabeth were.

Though I doubted that they would support his addiction by giving him money, I also doubted that Elizabeth would allow for this place to become a dump.

Yes, my mind was spinning.

It was simple.

Seeing the apartment was probably providing me with more answers than if I had asked him.

Realizing that I had taken a while to speak, I told him, "I'm not leaving until we've talked."

He stood still in the doorway, glaring at me. "Fine. Allow me to call the cops then."

I shrugged. "Do that, and you won't get to hear about your wife and son."

Emmett said nothing. Not a thing, but this time I decided to throw him a bone.

"Sit down, Emmett," I said calmly. "Give me one hour," I added, practically pleading with him. But I knew he needed the feeling of power, the feeling of having the upper hand, before he let go. He needed to be in control, so I gave him that. He just didn't know that I had every intention of ripping that control back in a matter of seconds.

Looking around the apartment, and at *him*, I knew how close he was to falling apart.

"I'll give you half an hour." He sneered before leaving me in the living room. But after hearing the telltale clinking of glass, I sighed, knowing exactly what he was doing. *Jesus Christ*. And sure enough, he appeared a minute later with a tall glass of what I guessed was ten percent juice, and ninety percent vodka. Or whatever his poison was. I doubted he cared as long as there was alcohol. "So... say what you have to say."

It's for Regan, I chanted internally. *You're doing this for Regan*.

"Don't you miss them?" I sighed, leaning back in my chair. "I mean... it's your wife and son, Emmett."

He huffed into his glass. "They're better off."

And so my mind took a new turn. *They're better off?* So... he recognized the issues?

He knew what the problem was?

"You're telling me that you're pushing them away intentionally?" I asked, frowning my brow. "That's why you haven't fought for Regan? That's why we haven't heard from you?"

He just shrugged before chugging his drink.

And he didn't even make a face as the strong drink was poured down his throat.

I registered this, of course, and I knew that he was deep in.

He would need rehab, counseling...

"Who exactly are you pushing them away from?" I had to know.

Carlisle?

Or himself.

Because if he knew that our dad was the problem, then why the hell didn't he get away from the bastard? Why only push Rose and Regan away from him?

"Look," he gritted out. "I know you're some fucking therapist, okay? But you don't have to play your mind games on me. Just spare me the bullshit."

I opened my mouth to speak, but closed it again.

It was quite clear that he wasn't in the mood to answer questions.

So, I decided to do the talking.

"Rose is in school," I told him, shrugging out of my jacket. He needed to know I wasn't going anywhere, regardless of how much I wanted to. Because I did. I didn't care for this man enough to wanna help him. I just couldn't. I was doing this for two people I loved. Simple as that. Yeah, I

had sympathy for him, but that was because I knew how deeply Carlisle had fucked him up. However, Emmett let him. He could've done what I did. He could've left.

Yes, I was all but pushed out, but I knew I wouldn't stick around. I never let Carlisle get to me the way Emmett did.

"She's studying to become a teacher," I continued, leaning forward on my knees. I noticed how he paused, still close to his drink. I had his attention. That was what I wanted. "She's doing really well."

"Good for her," he spat out bitterly.

I went on. "When she's in school, Regan is with Esme or Bella."

He chuckled humorlessly. "Ah, yeah. You're into women now."

And I fought the urge to roll my eyes.

Then we were back to being quiet for a while.

I studied him.

He kept his eyes on the floor or on his drink.

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"I'm just like him," he muttered angrily, quietly.

I inhaled slowly, afraid I'd burst this bubble. I needed for him to speak, but I feared that the smallest thing would shut him up again, so I stayed still. Quiet.

"I didn't see it until it was too late."

Fuck, that anger was eating at him. Destroying him.

A part of me wished I could still see him as a brother. But I couldn't. Not after everything we'd been through. Besides, we were never really close. All we had, once, was a mutual love for baseball. That was it. Four years separated us. We were never on the same page.

Then he chuckled humorlessly. "Know what Dad told me after you left six months ago?" He wasn't even looking at me. I kept quiet. "He said that it was easy to find a new woman. He told me that I didn't need Rosalie." He shook his head, eyes still on the glass. "He even offered to set me up with one of his sluts over at the hospital." I wasn't surprised. Even back when I was a teenager, I knew of Carlisle's sleeping around. "He'd laughed and said that he was quite partial to the nurses in the pediatric wing, 'cause many of them were desperate."

Jesus Christ.

I scrubbed at my face.

"That was how he found about your wife, by the way," he chuckled darkly. "He'd fucked some intern over at the OB/GYN, or whatever it's called, and had overheard the name Cullen..."

I didn't really care, but as long as he was talking, I'd keep my mouth shut.

"Cullen," he huffed quietly. "Masen's not good enough for ya, is it?"

I sighed.

All that hatred he was keeping bottled up was bound to kill him.

And then I had to know... "You know that all of this is killing you, right?"

Pain flashed across his features, and there was my answer.

He did know.

He knew and wasn't going to do anything about it.

He was going to drink himself to death.

This was him taking himself out of the equation.

He'd realized how bad Carlisle was, and he'd realized that he had ended up just like our lovely father.

"You think fixing this is too late," I stated quietly.

He shrugged again then downed the last of his drink.

"Where are they now, Carlisle and Elizabeth?"

Another bitter chuckle. "Fuck if I know. Haven't spoken to them in months."

That surprised me.

Months.

"Well," he said gruffly, standing up. "I think your half hour is up, doc."

And his walls were back up.

"Emmett--"

"Don't." He shook his head. "See yourself out. I'm done."

I bristled. "What about Regan?" I asked, also standing up. "I can't fucking believe you're gonna let Carlisle win this."

"Win?" Now he was fuming. "It's not a goddamn contest."

"Emmett!" I exclaimed. "Do you hear yourself now? You say that you're done! You're giving up!" I took a deep breath, clenching my fists at my sides. "So, it's okay to give up, but it's not okay to win?" I asked as calmly as I could. "It's okay to throw in the towel, but it's not okay to fight?"

He said nothing.

He just walked away.

And I knew he was dangerously close to hitting rock bottom.

What I also knew, from my profession, was that *most* people killing themselves didn't do it when they were at the bottom. It was statistical fact. Most people committing suicide did it when they were starting to get better. That was when panic and anxiety kicked in. That was when feelings were returning. Not now. Now he was... emotionless. Now he just didn't care. He had no perspective as it was now. Nothing mattered.

Granted, he could still die. He could drink himself into a fatal heart attack or... Well, his liver could give in. He could end up in a coma. So, yes... he could very well die.

But he wouldn't pull a trigger.

However, I could see that Emmett wasn't messing around.

He wasn't calling out for help. He wasn't gathering attention.

This was serious.

As serious as it could get.

And his drinking was another proof of how weak he was. He was aiming for death, but... he was too weak to pull that trigger. Instead he was going to let the alcohol do it for him slowly. It would allow him to stay numb.

Until his body caved.

I knew I wasn't going to be able to fix this alone.

He was far too gone...

"Rose," I whispered under my breath. I needed Rose.

Chapter 27

Edward POV.

We were exhausted, completely drained, by the time boarded the flight home.

The last thirty-six hours hadn't been easy.

Far from it.

Granted, we... or Rose... got the "job" done, but I still wasn't sure if Emmett was worth it. The words he had thrown at Rose were nothing short of vicious. And there were times where I regretted ever calling her for help. But I had barely asked her to join me in Chicago before she accepted. It was clear that she still loved Emmett. Very much. This wasn't something she just did for Regan's sake. She flew out here for her own sake, too. Hell, as soon as she had arrived in Chicago, just mere hours after I had called her, she wanted to return to what was once her home. Luckily, I managed to convince her that it was better that we waited until the day after. The day after: today.

So, after Rose had settled in at the hotel, we met up in my suite to go over the events of my first try with Emmett. And I was brutally honest. I told her what I thought. I told her that Emmett's plan was to drink himself to death. I also told her that her husband was very aware of that it was Carlisle who was the problem. Emmett knew that our dad had gotten to him, poisoned him, and this was my so called brother's plan to escape it all – to take himself out. Very literally.

Understandably, Rose was upset... or devastated.

While she cried, I held her hand and explained to her that after seeing Emmett that day, I knew that his plan would give him some twisted version of redemption. He didn't want Regan to have what Emmett grew

up with. So, he was eliminating himself. A noble thought, perhaps, but none that I could understand, nor sympathize with. Because to me, he was giving up. He was giving up without proving Carlisle wrong. He was giving up his wife and son. And I saw nothing heroic in becoming some martyr.

Hours later, Rose had left my suite to get some rest for our day to come.

I had called Bella, of course, filling her in, as well. Thankfully, I had her on my side. She told me that she understood how I failed to see Emmett as a brother. Not that Rose didn't understand, but it was different. We weren't in the same situation. Had it been Bella who was an alcoholic, I was pretty sure that I would walk through fire to help her. Just like Rose was preparing to do. But in Emmett's case, I just couldn't see it. Bella told me it was probably because we had different priorities, Emmett and I. Which was true. My brother and I never really shared views or opinions.

Digressing.

The morning after – this morning – Rose and I took a cab to Emmett's place.

She was nervous, but more determined than I had ever seen her. My words from the night prior had obviously gotten to her, and she knew how serious this was. And... simply put, she saw this as her final chance to get through to her husband. For her own sake, and Regan's. She wanted her family put together. And *that* I could understand. Family was everything to me, and regardless of how much I saw Rose, Regan, Alice, Jasper, Lucy, and even Esme as family, nothing mattered more to me than Bella and my children. It was just Emmett who I found unworthy of Rose's strength. Then again, I was professional enough to see that my personal opinion of Emmett was clouding my judgment. As a therapist, I knew Rose was right.

So, I set my past aside as we rang the doorbell.

We had a goal, and that was to get Emmett as far from Chicago as possible. This was what Rose wanted, and that became our agenda. At breakfast, we had already contacted the rehab facility in LA where Rose wanted Emmett to mend. Plus, even before Rose had arrived in Chicago, I had made my own arrangements. It wasn't easy, but since I went to school here, I still had a few former colleagues in the city, and they were able to help out, since I couldn't exactly prescribe sedatives to myself. But I knew I was going to need them. There was no way in hell Emmett would stay quiet throughout a flight to California.

Anyway...

When Emmett had opened the door, it was the same man I had seen the day before. He was haggard, spent and barely there. Dirty sweats and a t-shirt. Ironically, a t-shirt from Harvard.

His eyes were vacant.

Even as they landed on his wife, there was just nothing.

He simply didn't care anymore.

And the hours that followed were fucking awful.

At first, it was all attitude.

He was demeaning. Trying to be superior, basically trying to come off as the strong man we knew he wasn't. When he smirked and called me a fucking faggot, it didn't even touch me. I just pitied him. Unfortunately, he noticed my pity. That pissed him off. Which brought us to shouting and throwing things around. Nothing could calm him down, and I told Rose as much. He needed to exhaust himself, because if we got too close, he would launch, and I refused to have Rose anywhere near that.

I was pretty sure that it was when I showed how protective I was of Rose that something changed in Emmett.

I couldn't be sure, of course, but I'd say something tugged at him. Perhaps he realized that I was protecting his wife from himself. Whatever it was, it calmed him down for a while. And I saw so easily that, even though he was dead set on taking himself out of everything, he still *felt*. Because I knew pain. Having gone through abandonment myself, I knew what it all felt like, not to mention that I knew what it *looked* like.

Emmett was in pain.

He was also alone. At least, that's what he told himself that he was.

Rose, at this time, was pleading with him. She told him that they could work it all out if he just got help. She mentioned Regan and how much he missed his dad. She begged him to come with us to California. She promised to be there for him. Through tears, she was doing everything but kneeling in front of him. And in the meantime, I stood in the doorway to their living room, just watching the two of them. Because I knew Rose was the only one able to get through to him. Well, Regan would probably work better, but there was no way we were risking Regan. Not a chance. This wasn't an image of Emmett we wanted Regan to see, and truth be told, if Regan saw Emmett now... It could've gone in the opposite direction. Maybe that would've strengthened Emmett's resolve to stay away.

So...

Rose and Emmett. In the living room. She was crying and begging, and Emmett was quiet. Too quiet. And my mind kept spinning. Not as the former brother, but as the man with a PhD in psychology.

Emmett was still a textbook case.

So, I saw it before it happened. And when it did happen, I wasn't surprised. In an attempt to keep his resolve, he started pushing Rose away. Verbally. He accused her of being a shitty wife, he told her that it was all her fault he was this way, he spat out that she was a bad mother, he screamed in her face... And I was ready to step in with my fists. Christ, I was ready to smash his fucking face in. Even if I knew it was all bullshit, I still didn't want Rose to be there for what he said... or shouted. But Rose was never the blond trophy wife Emmett once pegged her to be, and maybe he always knew she was different... Regardless, she was strong. She gave me a warning look that told me quite sternly to stay the fuck away. Which I did rather reluctantly. Then she stood firm when it came to Emmett. I could see so clearly how she just brushed off each insult, because she knew they weren't true. That was probably the only reason I managed to stay back.

In the end, Emmett ran out of insults. He also noticed that nothing he said made Rose cower away, maybe like she did in the past. In any way, she didn't give him the pleasure of feeling powerful now. She didn't even look intimidated.

Then she spoke firmly. She was done begging. Now she was telling. "You're going with us, Em. You're my husband, and I love you, but... most importantly, you're a father. You're not going to let Regan down. I refuse to let you do this."

And I remembered Emmett replying. "I've already let him down. I'm not going anywhere."

Last but not least, the final nail in the coffin. Or... the opposite, actually. The words that saved his sorry ass. "Regan doesn't think you've let him down. But he will if you die."

That was probably the first time Emmett thought about the fact that all wasn't lost.

Being a disappointment was a big no-no for Carlisle. If you disappointed, you might as well lie down and die, which was what Emmett had planned on doing. Because to Carlisle, you don't get second chances.

However, with Rose he did have a second chance. Rose was nothing like our dear father. It was about time Emmett figured that out.

After that, Rose had left the living room, calling over her shoulder that she was going to pack their photo albums. She also told- or rather, *demand*ed... that Emmett packed a bag. Because we were leaving.

To no one's surprise, Emmett didn't listen. Instead, he sat his ass down on the couch.

But it was the fact that he didn't argue with her that made me realize that we were winning. Or... Rose was winning. I still didn't know what I wanted, 'cause I knew the journey we had ahead of us. And I wasn't talking about a damn flight. No, I was talking about the months of rehab, the years of therapy... This wasn't going away overnight.

Though, it wasn't really about what I wanted, now was it?

No, it was about Rose and Regan.

So, when Rose returned to the living room and saw Emmett sitting there with a bottle of vodka, she just shook her head before heading for their bedroom. Without a word, she packed his bag.

And I managed to pry the half full bottle of vodka away from him while he shouted profanities my way. Not that I cared. He was acting like a child, for fuck's sake. He already knew that he was coming with us, but he refused to act like he had surrendered. A fucking stubborn piece of shit. That was what he was.

He fought and argued halfheartedly.

I tuned him out and called the airlines.

Three tickets to LA.

Rose walked around, making sure everything she wanted in LA was packed, because she wasn't returning. Ever. This was it. The last of Chicago.

When it was all done, Rose ordered some food for us while I made sure our belongings at the hotel was shipped to LA. There was no way we could return to the hotel now. Not with Emmett acting like a toddler. And the only thing we wanted now was to make sure he went with us. So... we babysat.

We also allowed him to have a few drinks.

If he didn't, we knew there would be hell.

He needed a buzz to stay calm, and if he wasn't calm, he wouldn't be let on the plane. Of course, we made sure he didn't get completely shitfaced. But the sad thing was that he was so deep into his addiction that he needed an insane amount of alcohol to get truly drunk. He could drink vodka as if it was water.

Hours later, it was finally time to leave.

Apart from muttering about how useless we were, Emmett went willingly and peacefully. He wanted this, but refused to admit it.

By this time, I just wanted to get back to my wife and children.

I missed them so much that it almost hurt.

When we arrived at the airport, we had some time to kill before boarding, which was all in our plans, because I still needed to make sure that

Emmett got some shut-eye during the flight. So, when he wanted to have a drink before getting on the plane, we saw that as our chance.

Pardon me, but it felt fucking good to slip my brother that goddamn pill.

Rose definitely noticed my tiny moment of satisfaction.

And by the time we boarded the plane, Emmett was already yawning like a bear getting ready for hibernation or something.

*O*O*O*

"So fucking good to hear your voice, baby," I sighed in contentment.

"Can't wait 'til I get home."

As I cradled the phone between my cheek and shoulder, I managed to flag down a cab.

"*Ditto,*" she replied softly. "*How much longer do you think it'll be?*"

"We're getting into a cab now," I muttered, gesturing at a very pissed off Emmett to get in the fucking car. Since he woke up, he'd been on edge. Not because he knew he'd been drugged or anything, but because he knew we were heading for rehab now. This had to be his choice, which it was when he still had that buzz going on. But now it was wearing off.

"Hopefully, I'll be home within a few hours."

As soon as we were all seated in the cab, I gave the directions to the driver before returning to my call with Bella.

"How are the little ones?" I asked, running a hand through my hair.

I hated being away from Ceara and Ailín.

Don't even get me started on being away from Bella now that she was pregnant.

It was fucking painful, for Christ's sake.

Being the worrier that I was, I always pictured the worst scenarios in my head.

"They're fine," she chuckled, and I could hear Ceara in the background. Damn, it was the middle of the night. What was she doing up? *"They miss you."*

Ah, melt my heart, why dontcha?

"I miss them, too," I sighed. "And what's Ceara doing up at this hour?"

Another chuckle.

"Alice kicked Jasper out, and he was a little loud when he came over to crash on our couch. Apparently, he had gone and called his very pregnant wife 'fatty' again, and he got a bit passionate when he tried to defend his actions. Anyway, Ceara woke up, but it's okay. She'll fall asleep at any minute now."

I rolled my eyes.

Would that idiot ever learn?

I was beginning to think that Jazz was a pain slut. He seemed to enjoy it when Alice got mad, and believe you me, she got mad with her fists when she was pregnant.

"Kick him off the couch," I suggested. "He could always sleep in Lucy's plastic castle in their backyard."

Bella laughed softly. God, how I loved that sound.

"Doesn't sound half bad. Maybe I will. He sure is moping around here."

Yeah, well, he never really thought things through. While he enjoyed Alice's wrath – for some weird ass reason – he loathed to be apart from her. Whenever he spent a night on our couch, he was always pouting and acting like... well, like a child. But he had himself to blame.

"I'm telling you, love... you should kick him out," I chuckled. "I don't want him waking up my little princess in the middle of the night."

I might have scowled as I said that, but I couldn't help it. I was a tad overprotective when it came to my children. But hey, they needed their sleep, right? Yeah. So, out with the couch-surfer.

"Tell you what, baby," she... she fucking purred. Damn. "If you promise you hurry back, I'll kick him out. Then we have very adult business to tend to when you get home."

I swallowed hard, reminding myself that Emmett and Rose were right next to me.

"Consider it done," I promised. "Kick him out."

Yeah, this daddy was getting some action tonight.

After ending my call with Bella, I spent the rest of the ride staring out the window.

We were quiet.

Until we reached the rehab facility.

The stubborn kid in Emmett reappeared.

Chapter 28

Edward POV.

"Come on, Em," Rose sighed.

He didn't budge.

He just stood there, outside the facility, refusing to enter.

I knew he had seen the personnel inside, waiting for him. All he had to do was go through the door, but he just didn't. Instead, he stood still, staring at the ground. Fists clenched at his sides.

It was completely dark outside, of course, since it was night, but the light from inside made it possible to see, and it was so easy to see the internal struggle on Emmett's features. He knew his options, and now he was weighing them.

"Think about Regan, honey," she said softly, approaching him cautiously. I stayed back for now. "Don't you want us to have another chance?"

Her eyes flicked to me in question, and I nodded in approval.

On the flight, I had told her what to say and what not to say, and in Emmett's rather child-like state, promises would cause more harm than good. Had Rose promised him that everything would work out, he would hold onto that, and if he relapsed or slipped, he would blame her. Not necessarily, but it was a big possibility. Same went for "clean slates". I didn't want Rose talking to him about starting over, starting fresh... because there was no such thing as starting over. Emmett was going to live with his addiction for the rest of his life, and there was no going around that. It would get easier with time, but he would always carry his past with him.

When Rose once again turned to me, I nodded for her to continue. I also mouthed Regan's name, knowing that it was the one of the few things that would make Emmett sign in voluntarily. In the meantime, the staff was waiting inside, but I cautioned them with a shake of my head. It was important for Emmett, as well as Rose, that he went in on his own.

"Me and Regan are here for you, baby," she continued, now standing in front of him. Emmett had his back to me, and I stayed where I stood, about ten feet away. "Every step of the way, okay?"

Every step.

There would be many, but I knew that the first one was one of the most painful ones on a more physical level. With all those years of heavy drinking, going through detox wouldn't be an easy ride.

Then there was Emmett's personality. Admitting that he had a problem... Let's just say that I wouldn't wanna be his therapist.

He was arrogant and proud, stubborn and filled with anger.

"We need you, Emmett," Rose added seriously, and that was a good one. Emmett thrived on feeling important. "We won't leave you, but then you have to promise not to leave us, either."

I ran a hand through my hair, anxious. It wasn't going to get any easier. Actually, it was the opposite. The alcohol was wearing off, and with it, Emmett would only get more reluctant to do this. I could bet that he already wanted a drink.

But then, finally, Emmett spoke. Quietly. "Okay."

Yes. Good, Em.

I exhaled.

"Okay," Rose breathed out in relief, smiling up at him. "Let's go inside, baby. I'm here for you, all right?"

Looking back at me, I nodded for her to lead him in without me. I doubted my presence would do any good, especially when it came to my brother. He didn't want others to see him like this, and even though I had seen plenty, this would probably be too much for him. Because to him, this was a form of defeat. This was him surrendering, and considering his feelings about me, I'd say it was best for me to stay back.

So, I waited outside.

While Rose got Emmett signed in, I just... paced aimlessly.

I was tired.

Eager to reach my wife.

But... there was a sense of calm... ease, and... I was pretty sure it had to do with Emmett. Maybe, just maybe, this could work. I hoped so, for Rose and Regan's sake. As for me... I seriously doubted I would ever see that man as a brother, but it'd be nice to... *I don't know*... be cordial with him? Perhaps. The future would tell.

Half an hour later, Rose walked out again.

"You okay?" I asked, frowning in concern. "Did everything go well?"

She nodded, hugging her body. "It's the first step, right?" she responded quietly, eyes downcast.

I sighed, dreading the journey. It was going to be long, but it wasn't just Rose and Regan. Bella and I would be there, too. Maybe even Alice. Jasper was another matter. There was no way he'd forgive Emmett. Hell, a big part of Bella refused, too, but for Rose she would be there.

"The first of many," I murmured. "But we'll all be there, remember?"

She nodded again, and I decided to let it go. She was understandably shaken and upset, and she needed time to let everything settle. So, I let her be and called up another cab... because it was finally time to go home.

*O*O*O*

"Christ, I've missed you," she whispered against my neck.

I tightened my hold on her, breathing in her flowery scent.

"Missed you, too, baby," I said softly, kissing the top of her head. My hands went to the tiny baby bump, and I shivered. Never had I felt more content. Even if we stood in the hallway instead of being under the covers in our bed, this was perfect. Home. "Let me see," I whispered, and she released her hold on my neck before kneeled before her. She smiled down at me as I lifted her t-shirt, and I... well, my grin was goofy, boyish even, as I pressed my lips to her stomach. "Feels like I've been gone for more than just a few days," I mumbled against her skin.

I hummed when she threaded her fingers through my hair.

"I know two little ones who feel the same," she chuckled quietly. "They'll be quite happy tomorrow morning."

Me, too. Me fucking, too.

After dropping a few more kisses on her belly, I stood up.

"Time for bed," I murmured against her forehead. "I want to make love to my wife."

*O*O*O*

Capturing her lips with mine, I kissed her deeply while I removed her clothes.

Her fingers worked my jeans.

"I love you," she breathed.

I sucked on her neck as I dropped her t-shirt on the floor. No matter how utterly exhausted I was, this was what I needed. Hard fucking was one thing, and we loved it, but after being gone for a few days... Christ, I needed to worship her. Slowly.

"Love you, too," I responded quietly before picking her up. She let out a little yelp before that girly little giggle of hers slipped out, and I grinned as I lowered her onto the bed. "You're just too cute for words." But when she was on her back... with me kneeling between her parted legs, there was nothing cute about this moment. "Fuck." She was all woman, completely naked and bare for me. Gorgeous, beautiful, amazing. Smooth skin, pale with just a hint of a tan thanks to California. She looked so incredibly... healthy and happy. Odd words, perhaps, but... she really looked like she loved her life. "Jesus, you're flawless, baby." I started by kissing her neck. Openmouthed... I tasted her skin. I shivered and hummed as she slowly dragged her finger nails along my back.

She arched into me as my erection brushed against her thigh.

Good thing I still had my boxers on.

It'd be so easy to just slam...

Not yet.

Kissing my way down her chest, I finally reached two of my favorite parts of my wife. Especially now. After giving birth to Ceara and Ailín, they were softer, slightly rounder. And fuller now when she was pregnant again.

Bella thought I was going to miss the perky tits she once loved to tease me with, but she couldn't be more wrong. The traces that were left from carrying our children were a damn turn-on. A big one.

There was no stopping the low moan as I sucked one of her nipples into my mouth.

And it wasn't just her breasts. It was also her more curvaceous hips that I loved to grab... the few stretch marks on her stomach that I loved tracing with my tongue... and of course, her slightly softer and fuller thighs that I was fucking addicted to when I ate her pussy. Fuck, I could lick them, squeeze, knead, let my fingers dig into the backside of them...

Speaking of. It was definitely time to head south.

I left a trail of wet kisses on her baby bump, wondering...

Boy or girl?

This time, we'd decided to be surprised.

I couldn't wait.

"Edward," she moaned quietly as I settled in between her legs. I moaned, too – at the feeling of her fingers scratching my scalp, and... yeah, her arousal. Fuck, no enough. I just breathed her in while my hands moved on her thighs. "You're teasing me, baby."

I chuckled huskily.

After kissing the insides of her thighs for a little while, I moved my mouth to her pussy... right where she wanted me. My fingers parted her bare lips, and I groaned – rather loudly – when I saw the glistening of her juices. All mine. I licked slowly, starting right below her entrance, not stopping until I reached her clit. My tongue circled it, making her squirm for more.

"Touch your breasts for me, beautiful," I mumbled, then I wrapped my lips around her clit. As I suckled gently, I pushed two fingers inside of her with ease. She was hot, wet, and deliciously tight. Damn, she really was religious when it came to those kegel exercises. "Fuck, you taste good," I groaned quietly.

To make her even hornier, I focused on my fingers moving in her. I breathed hotly over her exposed flesh, feeling her muscles work. Whimpers escaped her when I curled my fingers upwards, and I knew she wanted my mouth on her again. But I loved to take my time. She knew that.

When a drop of arousal trickled down her pussy, I was there to lick it up. With my tongue flattened, I had her writhing in no time. And when her moans got louder, I redoubled my efforts, knowing that she was close. I licked, lapped, and sucked as I fingered her deeply.

"Close, Edward," she cried out, throwing her head back against the pillow. What a lovely fucking sight. Her tits were pushed up, her back was arched... "Fuck, fuck, fuck..." I kept licking and sucking as she climaxed, not slowing down until I saw her relax. That was my cue to get the fuck away, 'cause she was sensitive. With a last kiss on her clit – that made her shudder violently – I kissed my way up her body again. Her chest heaved when I reached her face, and I moaned as my rock hard cock came in contact with her pussy. That and... shit, when she tasted herself on my mouth... That did it for me every fucking time.

"I need to be inside you, baby," I breathed out before kissing her again. She nodded furiously before pushing her tongue into my mouth.

I filled her with one deep thrust, moaning at the feeling of being inside her. The sight of her writhing under me, clinging to me...

"I'll always love you, Bella," I whispered shallowly against her temple.

I moved with purpose. Long and deep strokes.

One hand held both of hers above her head.

Another slipped under her, finding her luscious ass.

Legs tangled together.

My muscles strained, my eyes closed, my breathing became labored.

Pressing our bodies even closer, both of us slick with a light sheen of sweat, I moved against her urgently.

I moaned quietly, willing us to last.

"Oh, fuck, Edward," she panted.

Dropping my forehead to her shoulder, I started to let go. I moved faster and a lot harder, all but ramming my cock inside of her. Pulling out slowly, only to slam in again. My fingers dug into her ass cheek, and hers dug into my shoulder blades. We were both so fucking close. I could feel it. She could feel it.

"I need you to come," I gritted out.

She panted and moaned, just like me, and slipped her hand out of my hold, only to move it between our bodies and down to her pussy. I groaned loudly against her neck when I felt her fingers at the base of my erection, and I knew that I had to look. It wasn't good, 'cause I was already too fucking close, but... Damn. I looked, and... Christ, my balls tightened, as did my abs, but I couldn't look away as she rubbed her clit with the heel of her hand. With each pass, her fingers touched my wet cock. Wet from her arousal.

Then, at last, I felt her constricting and fluttering around me.

With a silent scream, she fell apart.

Sucking in a sharp breath, I followed instantly. With my face buried in the crook of her neck, I spilled into her in several streams. Her muscles kept squeezing me as she rode out her own orgasm. It was mindblowing, leaving me a panting mess. Fuck, I wasn't twenty anymore.

"Oh God, Edward," she whimpered, relaxing once more. "That was..."

Yeah. Pretty much.

I pulled out of her, grimacing a little, and collapsed right next to her. Christ, I could barely move. My body was spent in the best ways.

"C'mere, love," I mumbled sleepily, dragging her equally tired body to mine. "My amazing wife."

She hummed against my chest and pulled the covers over us.

"Love you, Edward," she murmured softly, snuggling into my arms. "So good to have you home."

Fuck, yeah.

I'm not leaving again.

*O*O*O*

I woke up the next morning to the best sounds in the world.

It was obvious that Bella had let me sleep in, 'cause I was all kinds of rested.

After a quick shower, I pulled on a pair of pajama bottoms and a t-shirt before I followed the sounds to the kitchen downstairs. And the sight that greeted me was a beautiful one. I stood, leaning against the doorframe,

watching Bella as she prepared lunch for the little ones. Mentioned little ones were sitting at the table, throwing toys around.

“Good morning, baby,” she said softly, never turning around from the stove.

I grinned.

And two kiddos turned around.

Toothy grins that lit up their faces.

“Dada!”

“Dadaaa!”

Yeah, this was home.

“Morning,” I replied, walking over to Bella first. Standing behind her, I snaked an arm around her, letting my hand rest on her stomach as I kissed her shoulder. “Making baby food?”

“Yep,” she snickered, turning around in my embrace. “Potatoes, sausage, peas, and carrots. Lovely, eh?”

Not really, no.

“All mashed together in an awful mess,” I chuckled, grimacing. She grinned up at me, and I kissed her nose. “I guess I missed breakfast, huh? You could’ve dragged my ass down here.”

She shook her head, sliding her hands up my arms. “You needed your sleep. As for breakfast; I may or may not have saved you some pancakes, bacon, and eggs.”

I groaned as I nuzzled her neck. “That sounds...” My stomach growled. “Yeah. Perfect.”

"Coffee with that?" she laughed softly.

"Please." I nodded, grinning like a fucking boy. Then I had my little ones demanding attention again, and it was about time I greeted them. "Want some help?"

She smirked. "No. Go say hi to the kids. They've missed Daddy."

She knew me so well.

With a slap on her ass, I turned to my two hurricanes. Actually, Ceara was the hurricane. Ailín was a lot calmer.

"Dada!" Ceara gushed as I picked her up from her chair.

"Hey, baby girl," I responded, peppering her pretty little face with kisses.

"Do you have any idea how much I missed you, hmm?"

She just giggled and squished my cheeks together.

"Did you miss Daddy, too?" I asked, now making farting noises on her cheeks. She squealed and laughed, and I walked over to Ailín's chair to pick him up as well. I grinned ear-to-ear as he held his arms up for me.

"Hey, little man. C'mere." With them both in my arms, I sat down in my chair. "Don't worry, buddy. I'm not leaving you alone with the girls again," I murmured, kissing him on the forehead. "Us guys gotta stick together, right?"

Bella huffed, glaring at me playfully.

I winked at her.

That always worked.

Ceara was oblivious, talking away in her own little language.

Then it was time for breakfast – or lunch, and... Damn, it was like a clichéd painting, but I wouldn't want it any other way. It was me and my family around the kitchen table. Laughs and fuckawesome pancakes... It was more than I had ever dared to dream about having.

Hopefully, Rose and Regan would have this with Emmett one day.

Chapter 29

Edward POV.

"Don't stay too long, Edward," Esme told me sternly as I grabbed my car keys. "I want to see the baby, too, and you're not as important. You can come back here and watch Ceara and Ailín."

She makes me feel so loved.

"Gee, thanks," I said sarcastically.

Bella just laughed and put on her shoes.

It was time. Well, um, not for us. But Alice was in labor.

"I'll be back in a few hours, okay?" I sighed, dropping a kiss on Ceara's cheek. Esme nodded, though she wished I didn't have to leave at all. She would rather see herself at the hospital and me here with the kids.

Because apparently, I wasn't all that important. I knew she was going to tell Jasper the same thing when it was Bella's turn to give birth. Jazz wouldn't be important then. Nana Esme was very important, however.

"Come on, Edward," Bella chuckled.

After kissing Ailín goodbye, too, we were out the door, leaving Esme behind with the kids.

"My car," I said, opening the door for her. She was in love with our new SUV, but it wasn't necessary to drive it when it was just the two of us. So, the Volvo it was.

Once we were both buckled in, I started the car and backed out before taking her hand in mine. Threading our fingers together, I kept our hands on my thigh as I drove toward the hospital. And I had to wonder... why did all the kids decide to be born in the middle of the night? I'd been

peacefully asleep after a spectacular round of love making with my wife... only to be woken up a few hours later by Bella, telling me that Alice was in labor. Seriously, couldn't she have waited? Good thing it was Saturday tomorrow and not a workday.

"Should I call Rose?" she asked quietly, and I glanced over quickly to see her chewing on her lip. "Alice left it up to me."

Returning my gaze to the road, I sighed, thinking things over. It had been a few weeks since Emmett got into rehab, and Rose had been incredibly focused on him ever since. Between Regan, school, and dealing with Emmett, she was always tired. It was a good thing that they still lived in the little house we had built them in the backyard, because Regan was often with us after school.

"Text her," I decided. "She needs her sleep. She can always visit tomorrow. I mean, we don't know how long we'll be at the hospital."

*O*O*O*

As it turned out, Alice had already given birth by the time we reached the hospital.

Kiddo number two was evidently eager, and it was an exhausted Jasper we met in the waiting room.

"They're moving her into a private room as we speak," he drawled as Bella hugged him.

I smirked, squeezing his shoulder. "Tired?"

He chuckled tiredly. "You can say that, but Alice is worse."

Well, that goes without saying, dude.

"You're kidding," I deadpanned.

"Yeah, yeah," Bella said, waving me off. Lovely. "Can you tell me everything, Jazz?"

I pulled her close, smiling as Jasper's face lit up. Despite exhaustion, he was a happy Daddy, of course.

"Everything went well." He grinned. "Emily Isabella Whitlock is healthy and fucking adorable."

And Bella turned around in my arms and started bawling against my chest.

"Hormones," I whispered quietly to Jasper.

He nodded solemnly in understanding.

A couple of hours later, it was Alice and Bella sitting on the hospital bed. Little Emily in Alice's arms, and Jasper was right. She was really damn cute. Much like their Lucy, Emily took after her mom.

In the meantime, Jazz and I sat in two chairs next to the bed, talking quietly about everything and nothing. We were all tired, and I knew that Bella and I were heading back home soon.

"So, how's Emmett doing?" Jasper asked quietly, eyes still on the girls.

My eyebrows raised in surprise.

He rarely asked about Emmett.

Since Jazz was the one who had to deal with me when I was depressed, it was hard for him to even consider giving Emmett a chance. Not that I could blame him. I was having a hard time with that, too. I already suspected that I'd never see Emmett as a brother, or a friend even, but... eh, it was what it was. I stuck around because I saw Emmett's wife as a sister. Funny how things worked.

“He’s... doing okay,” I responded slowly. It was the truth, after all. Emmett wasn’t doing perfectly, and we didn’t think he would either. But he wasn’t giving up, and that was what mattered. “They’re focusing on his anger issues right now.”

I wasn’t surprised when Rose told me about Emmett’s first group therapy. He had ended up in a fight and chairs had been thrown around, and it was because he had behaved like a fucking dick when someone else had talked. That was Emmett’s thing, to ridicule. Safe to say, they had backpedaled and removed group therapy from Emmett’s schedule. At least for now. Now he just had solo sessions with his therapist.

“Rose told me she and Rege were gonna visit soon,” Jasper mentioned, still quietly. “Is that a good idea to have Regan there so soon?”

I honestly didn’t know.

Rose had already been there a couple of times, and it had went well. Only short visits were allowed right now, which was good, I thought. It was easy to overwhelm, and Emmett easily lost his temper. Of course, we didn’t want Regan anywhere near that, but it could also go the other way. Regan could work as a motivation for Emmett to fight harder, and if that was the case, a visit could do them good. Plus, Regan missed Emmett like crazy.

“We’ll just have to trust the staff,” I replied with a shrug. “They know what they’re doing.”

*O*O*O*

The next few months passed in a blur.

I worked.

I spent time with my family.

It was life. Routines. Rushed breakfasts, because I resented my alarm clock, or... sometimes it was because I dragged my delectable wife with me into the shower. Though, with her hormones, she was the one who dragged me. Don't worry, I only complained until she dropped her clothes. Then it was work, either at the university or at my private practice, and when I got home, it was time to spend some time with the kids while Bella prepared dinner. Dinner was eaten together as a family, and we took turns to feed the little ones. We had our balance perfected. Two parents – two children. Baths and bedtime stories followed, and then it was just me and my wife, spending some quiet time on the patio. I loved those hours. We would sit in one of the loungers, sometimes talking, sometimes being quiet, sometimes making love, sometimes it was me doing the talking... with her growing belly, of course.

On the weekends we all got together, usually at our house. Kids everywhere. Screaming came from Emily, splashing in the pool came from Regan, goofing around came from Lucy, and... then there were Ceara and Ailín. Christ, they were talking non-stop, and I often ended up chasing them around. With Jasper's help if he wasn't chasing Lucy.

Esme took pictures.

Often.

The women... well, they gossiped.

And somewhere in between chases, diaper changes, and gossip, we manned the grill or prepared whatever it was that we were having for dinner. It was life, like I said. And it was good. Really fucking good.

Emmett was a topic, too, obviously.

Same went for Rose's move.

She had moved into a condo with Regan, and they were preparing for Emmett's homecoming. There was no date set, but judging by his progress, a few more weeks.

Granted, his time in recovery was far from over, but he was getting more and more ready to be reunited with his family. He was also back in group therapy, apparently a lot calmer now. He still had his temper, and he suffered from migraines often, but his time in rehab had taken him down a peg or twenty. They didn't put up with his bullshit there, and Rose was the same. Whenever she visited, she showed her newer self, and she was in charge. If Emmett behaved like an ass, she took him down.

And today... Christ, today was the day Bella and I were visiting.

Rose and Regan were gonna be there, too.

*O*O*O*

"Ready?" Bella asked softly, squeezing my hand.

I kissed her temple.

"I guess," I muttered.

I'd much rather be home with my family, especially with Bella so close to her due date. She was eight months and two weeks pregnant, and I could come up with hundreds of things we could spend our Sunday doing, but no... Instead, we were here. Outside the place that had been Emmett's home for the past months.

Rose and Regan were already inside.

Here we go.

After signing in, we were led to the massive garden out back.

It didn't take long before we spotted Rose, Regan, and Emmett at one of the many picnic tables. With his back to us, I studied my brother as we approached. I couldn't see much, but it was easy to see that he had gained some weight. That was normal, of course.

"Uncle Eddie, Aunt Bella!" Regan called when he noticed us. He waved us over, grinning widely. "Look, Dad! Aunt Bella's gonna have a baby again soon."

I chuckled quietly, closing the last distance with my hand on Bella's lower back. I was man enough to admit that I was using her as a shield. She knew it, too, but she also knew how uncomfortable I was. It was a good thing that Regan was here. He was great at keeping the tension a bit lighter.

"Hey, guys," Rose said as we reached the table.

"Hi," Bella sighed, and I helped her slide into her seat before I followed. "Jesus, I'm just so done being a whale," she muttered. "How far was it between the car and here?" She smiled up at me. I knew she was doing this to relax me. I was grateful to say the least. "Two hundred feet? And I'm sweating like crazy."

Rose laughed, nodding like she knew what Bella meant, which she obviously did, since she was Regan's mother and all. "Just two weeks to go, honey."

Bella sighed again, and I knew she was thinking something in the line of, "Let those two weeks pass, for fuck's sake."

Or something.

Quit stalling, Cullen.

Right.

It was time to face Emmett, which I did rather reluctantly. But my body was still angled toward Bella.

Yeah, he was as uncomfortable as I was.

We were both wearing clothes for comfort – jeans and t-shirts, but we looked stiffer than men in starchy suits. He was pretending to focus on Regan who sat in between him and Rose... sorta like I was pretending to focus on Bella. Wow, this was... something. But... we were here, and... it was actually he who had told Rose to ask us to come. It was probably because of his therapy; I knew he needed to make amends or some shit like that.

“So...” That was Bella.

Awesome.

“Yeah...” And that was Rose.

There was no way this could get any worse, right?

I doubted it.

“Oh, for the love of...” Emmett sighed. “Rosie and... um, Isabella... mind if I talk to Edward alone?” Uh... *I* mind. “We already know this is the opposite of casual, but...”

“Of course not,” Bella murmured to my absolute horror. She noticed the panic in my eyes, no doubt, but she just smiled in encouragement before she got up... as gracefully as she could. I should’ve helped her, but I *really* didn’t want her to leave. “We’ll leave you two alone for a bit.”

Soon, it was just me and Emmett.

I watched the ladies leave with Regan.

They left me.

Just. Like. That.

"Congratulations," Emmett muttered, leaning his forearms on the table. Eyes downcast. "Um... Rose told me a few months ago you were having another kid."

I blew out a breath.

"Yeah," I replied slowly, looking out at the open garden. I struggled internally. A part of me – a big part – just wanted to get up and leave. Another part of me still thought the man across from me was too weak and pathetic to fight for. And then there was a small part... and that part encouraged me to stay. That part also told me how huge it was for him to take the first step. No matter how small that step was, it was big for Emmett Masen.

"Remember when you asked me why I gave Regan your name as a middle name?" he asked quietly.

For some reason, my heart was pounding in my ribcage.

I nodded, knowing he'd see me in his periphery because I could see him in mine as I kept my gaze focused on the garden to my right.

"The truth is that I don't know," he chuckled humorlessly. Quietly. "But... it wasn't some sham. I didn't say it was in your memory or anything." Right, because they killed me off. "I just... wanted to."

I swallowed.

With my elbows on the table, I looked down and tugged at my hair.

My knee kept bouncing.

"Was it just them?" I asked, never looking up.

To my surprise, Emmett understood what I was referring to.

"Yeah. Well, it was Dad's idea, and..."

I nodded, understanding. "His word was law."

It was what I had thought.

There was no way Elizabeth could come up with the idea to tell people that I had died, and... for some reason I doubted it was Emmett. I didn't think I *ever* thought it was his idea.

Carlisle was another matter, though.

"But I still went along with it," he sighed.

Yeah, he did. He went along with it.

At least he didn't place blame on Carlisle.

He knew he'd fucked up.

Looking out over the garden again, I admitted, "I knew what kind of pressure you were under."

It was the truth, and I could only imagine how it had increased after I left.

"Not an excuse, though," he replied with another sigh. "You were under the same pressure growing up."

True.

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"Listen..." He cleared his throat, and I finally managed to face him. He was still looking down, though. "I'm uh... I'm not in that place yet... I'm not ready to apologize."

I already knew that.

I knew it was going to take time.

Hell, I wasn't even sure if I was ready to *hear* an apology.

But it was nice... I guess... to find out that there *was* an apology coming my way... some time.

"But I... Fuck," he rubbed the back of his neck, "what I *am* ready to do, though, is to say thank you."

I frowned, wondering where he was going with this.

And for the first time, he faced me.

"Before... in Chicago." Ah. Right. "You had no reason to go there, but you still did. And... you called Rose. Had it not been for the two of you..."

I nodded with a dip of my chin, eyes on the table again.

This was uncomfortable of epic proportions.

I didn't know how to feel.

Was I supposed to feel relief?

Happiness?

I didn't know, and I didn't feel any of that.

Perhaps it was because I worked as a therapist. I knew that he still had so much work, and... Well, he was leaving this place behind soon. What I

worried about was temptation. Would he relapse as soon as he got out? Would he lose his mind because Rose hovered over him as a babysitter? Because that was only normal for a spouse in this situation. And I could definitely see Emmett get riled up over that.

"I know it's gonna get tough," he sighed. "But I'm gonna fight."

I was good at nodding, so I did that again.

"That's good," I answered quietly, needing to say *something*. "You have a lot to fight for," I added, because it was nothing but the truth. But I was sure that Emmett knew that by now.

"I know," he replied, just above a whisper, and it felt like those two words were filled with a lot more, but I couldn't read into it.

We were quiet for a moment after that.

I returned my gaze to the garden.

My mind kept spinning.

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"I resented you."

I knew that, too.

Or, at least I figured it was something like that.

"You stood your ground. You never let Dad run your life."

No, I didn't.

"You rather took the insults."

"Pretty much," I said.

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He sighed. "Are you happy, Edward?"

Stunned by his question, I faced him.

"With your life. Are you happy?"

I had no idea what he was on about, but... "Very."

Very was an understatement.

I had everything I wanted in my life.

Everything was complete for me.

My wife who I adored, loved, and cherished. She was my soulmate. She could read me like an open book. She was always there for me. She supported me. She never hesitated to give me a swift kick in the balls if I needed it. A proverbial, mind you, thank God, but still... She was just there. Through thick and thin.

My children... There were no words to describe how vital they were. It was amazing how they could brighten your day by just looking at you. They could also make you bitch and complain, but none of that mattered in the long run. They loved unconditionally.

My friends, or rather... family. Alice, Jazz, Esme, Rose, Regan, Lucy, and Emily... They were all so incredibly important to me, and if there was one thing I had learned, it was to hold onto to the ones you love.

I never took them for granted.

"That's what I want," he told me, bringing me back to now. "I want to be able to have one word for it all. If someone asked me today if I was happy, I would need hours for all the buts and ifs and despites."

I cracked a small smile.

"You could have it, you know."

He smiled wistfully before looking over his shoulder, toward Rose and Regan.

"That's what I'm fighting for."

Glad to hear it.

Baby steps.

A long journey.

But I could see it. Down the road, I was beginning to see everything work out.

"Should we call the wives back?" he asked, even smirking a little.

That was... odd.

To see resemblance between us... Yeah, that was weird, but it was definitely there.

"Sounds good," I replied.

*O*O*O*

Nine days later, I sat in the chair next to Bella's hospital bed.

Emmett's words about wanting happiness often popped up in my head.

Especialy in moments where I reveled in how my own life had turned out.

Through my childhood with a vile bastard of a father, a mother without a backbone, and a weak brother.

Through my years of depression where I questioned my own value.

Through my time with Jasper. I loved him deeply, and we completed each other for the time being. He was my rock, and I was his.

Then, finding my Bella. How she took over from inside out. She became my world, and she gave me even more. She gave me herself when she agreed to be my wife. She gave me Ceara and Ailín. She made my dreams come true, and in LA we built our life.

And now... Now I was holding my newborn son in my arms.

Rían Anthony Cullen.

According to Esme, he was going to be another wild child. Good thing we'd had plenty of practice with Ceara.

Poor Ailín, eh?

I breathed him in.

My heart was full.

There was truly nothing missing in my life.

I hoped Emmett would feel this one day.

Everyone should.

There was nothing like finding that place in life where you belonged.

Epilogue

Edward POV.

"That's wrong, Dad," Ceara said, shaking her head at me as she snatched the decorations from my hands. "You know *nothing* of color coordination."

"You know what, princess? You're right," I told her. "So, allow me to leave, okay?"

She wasn't even listening anymore.

Instead, she was focusing intently on the Christmas tree she was decorating.

At the age of eleven, she ruled all holidays that demanded decorations.

Because she knew best.

"I can help, I can help!" Rían volunteered.

Poor guy was gonna get shot down.

"No," Ceara replied flatly, then turned back to the tree.

"Be nice, sweetheart," I sighed.

While this was playing out, I could hear oh so many snickers coming from behind me.

Jasper and Emily, of course. They were both taking Ceara's commands.

Then there were Emmett and Lily. They were on fudge-duty, wrapping the pieces of candy in colorful paper. Fudge that Ceara and the women had made earlier this day. Had to say, it was fun to see Emmett doing something so... domestic. Not that it was an unusual sight anymore, but still. I grew up with him, and yeah... this was new. Somewhat. As for Lily,

their five year old daughter... Well, she was like Ceara. In fact, I recalled hearing my girl telling Lily that she was Ceara's second in command this lovely Christmas.

"Dad!" Emily groaned. "That's all wrong!"

I laughed under my breath, turning around to see Jasper making... um, whatever it was. All I knew was that he was surrounded by decorations.

"Sorry," Jazz muttered. "But you told me to-"

"I told you to do it right," Emily snapped. "Not... not this! Look, it's a disaster! It's supposed to be an angel, and it looks like a constipated pig!"

Emmett and I exchanged amused looks, and we knew what was next.

We actually looked forward to it.

It was tradition.

"You know what?" Ceara said, and... *here it comes*. "You're excused. Emily, Lily and I will handle this."

Thank you!

"Let's leave, yeah?" I grinned.

Emmett nodded furiously.

Jasper nodded furiously.

Where to?

The kitchen was out of question, because Bella, Alice, Esme, and Rose were preparing dinner... while drinking too much eggnog. And as much as Emmett loathed tiptoeing, he preferred not to be in the same room with alcohol. During his first few years of sobriety, we all refrained from

drinking alcohol around him, because he did, in fact, relapse once. Luckily, it didn't take much for him to get his ass back in rehab, and we were all able to look passed it somewhat easily. But after a few years, he put his foot down. He was sick of everybody tiptoeing around him. So, alcohol on barbecues and holidays was always fine, he just avoided being too close.

Anyway... the kitchen was out. Besides, even they hadn't been drinking, it was off limits for men. 'Cause of all the gossip and shit like that.

Same went for the entertainment room in the basement of the cabin. That was where Regan, Lucy, and Ailín were watching movies.

That left us with three bedrooms and... outside.

That last one wasn't appealing considering the fact that we were in Aspen for the holidays.

It was cold, ya know?

"Now what?" Em asked, rubbing the back of his neck.

Jasper rubbed his chin, also in thought.

I scratched my eyebrow, thinking of possibilities.

"Um, we still have the cigars," Jasper said.

We all turned to the door leading outside.

The snow was falling, but we'd still be under a roof.

"Bundle up, fellas," I decided.

A few moments later, we were all standing outside.

The heaters were running on full force, thankfully making a big difference.

And the Christmas cigars were lit.

I sighed... in nothing but contentment.

This was life.

It hadn't been an easy road to travel.

Years of hard work.

Emmett had worked hard to reach a point in life where he was happy. But he was now. It had been a few years now since I had asked him if he was happy. Five years, to be exact. I had asked him when his daughter was born.

"Are you happy, Em?"

"Very."

Granted, he still lived with a craving, but it wasn't that hard for him to fight it anymore.

"Damn, this is nice," Jazz sighed, referring to... everything, really.

And he was right.

We were all in that perfect place in life. A place we weren't leaving.

Hell, after the hard work to reach this place, you'd be a fool to fuck it up.

It had taken two years for Jasper to allow Emmett into his life.

I never really had a choice to allow him into mine, but... it all worked out well. I wouldn't call the three of us best buddies or anything, and I was right from the beginning; I still couldn't see Emmett as my brother. But we were more than cordial, at least. More than acquaintances. Almost... *almost* friends. We spent holidays together. Some barbecues, too. And

Emmett and Jasper were at least nice to each other. There was no longer a grudge. The anger had dissipated, and issues had been solved instead of forgotten.

More than ten years had passed since that day Rose and I managed to get Emmett into rehab, and since then we had all pretty much fought together. Sure, I fought more for Rose and Regan's sake, but we were still there. All of us. Alice was, of course, more accepting than Jasper, but that was understandable. After all, only Jasper knew how I was back then.

We moved on, though.

That was all that mattered, and it took a lot less strength to deal with acceptance and forgiveness than holding onto anger. Anger aged you. It was tiring. Which Jasper eventually realized.

"Regan ran into Elizabeth in Chicago," Emmett mentioned quietly, immediately getting my attention. We had feared this. Regan went to college in Chicago, and we knew that Carlisle and Elizabeth kept track on us. They had tried to contact Emmett a few times, and Elizabeth had even called me once. But for me and Emmett, it was easy to tell them to fuck off. Yes, even Emmett, thankfully. He didn't even call them Mom and Dad anymore. But Regan was another matter. He was all heart. There was nothing deceptive about him, and he accepted everyone.

"When?" I asked, frowning.

"Few days ago," he sighed, looking out over the snow covered mountains. "Right before he went home for the holidays." Then he... smiled? Yeah, a smile was definitely there, tugging on the corners of his mouth. "Carlisle died a few weeks ago. Heart attack."

Whoa.

Died. He was dead.

Huh.

Well, there you go.

I took a drag from my cigar before exhaling the thick smoke slowly.

"Jesus, look at you two." Jazz snickered. "You're both failing miserably to hide those grins."

Glancing at Emmett, I saw that Jasper was right.

And I could feel my own mouth curl into a satisfied smirk.

Emmett shrugged, no longer hiding his amusement. "Ah, fuck it. The bastard had it coming," he said with a firm nod.

"Well said," I agreed. "Good riddance."

"Hear, hear," Jazz chuckled.

Then we returned to the silence for a while.

A very comfortable silence.

*O*O*O*

I chuckled quietly, leaning against the doorframe.

The women were... tipsy, to say the least.

Cooking, giggling, drinking, talking.

"I wonder how long it's gonna take for them to notice us," Emmett whispered, standing slightly behind me.

"Forever," Jasper responded under his breath. "They have everything they want right now."

"No way," I whispered. "Bella *always* wants me around."

So, *there*.

Jasper and Emmett didn't believe me, so I decided to just fucking prove it.

I pushed myself off the doorframe, walking toward the stove with purpose.

"Oh hey, Edward," Esme giggled upon seeing me.

Her eyes were glassy, and as I looked around, I noticed that same went for Alice and Rose.

So...

When Bella turned around, I wasn't surprised when I saw her eyes.

"Hello, Mrs. Cullen," I murmured, towering over her. I kissed her on the forehead as my hands rested on her hips. "Having fun?"

"Very," she... Christ, she was also a giggler. Especially when she was a bit drunk. "We're singin' and cookin'... Ya know, jingle balls and all." She slapped her hand over her mouth. "Oops."

"Jingle balls!" Alice guffawed.

"Now *that's* something to hang in the tree!" Rose cackled.

I shook my head at my wife, stifling a snicker or two.

"Hmm, what can I do for you, my sexy husband?" she purred, placing a hand on my chest. Damn, she was all over the place.

"You're so fucking adorable," I chuckled, dropping a kiss on her nose.

"Mmm, aren't I?" She smiled... rather seductively. "And we still have half an hour before dinner's ready..." She trailed off suggestively, arching a brow at me.

I swallowed hard.

"Oh, yeah?" I whispered against her temple. "Does that mean you can escape for a while?"

"Absolutely."

Oh, thank fuck.

Believe me, I had the widest grin on my face as we passed Jasper and Emmett in the doorway.

See ya later, suckers!

"Alice!" I heard Jasper say. "Get over here."

"Rosie, you too!" Emmett exclaimed.

I chuckled, happily letting my delectable wife lead me up the stairs.

And into our bedroom.

Thank God the kids were sharing the entertainment room in the basement.

"I want you right here, Mr. Cullen," she murmured, sitting down on the edge of our bed. And she parted her fucking legs. "There's only one thing I want right now."

Goddamn.

"And what's that, baby?" I asked huskily, standing in between her legs... just like she said. See, I can be an obedient boy.

She didn't answer.

Instead, she let her fingers do the talking as she unzipped my jeans.

"Fuck," I whispered under my breath. "You wanna suck my cock, baby?" I tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. "Is that what you want?"

"Yes," she whimpered, pushing my pants down... along with my boxers. "Fuck, yes."

I moaned.

Threading my fingers through her hair, I pulled her closer to my hardening cock. I knew my semi would be rock hard in no time. This was Bella Cullen, after all. Her tongue was wicked. And those lips...

"Shit," I groaned quietly.

Her tongue swirled around my shaft.

My head fell back, my eyes closed.

Wet, hot... holy suction.

Yeah, rock hard. Fuck.

"Jesus, Bella... your mouth."

She hummed.

I started thrusting gently, but I knew right away that that wouldn't suffice, because my girl didn't like it gentle. She didn't like it slow. So, my thrusts became harder, reaching deeper and deeper, and when I slid down her tight throat, she swallowed around me.

"So fucking good," I breathed out.

Wrapping her hair around my fist, I held it tightly as I controlled her movements. Over and over, I pushed my cock down her throat. Her teeth grazed against my erection, not too gently, because I loved it hard, too. Same went for when she tugged on my balls. Fuck, this woman made me whimper.

But as I felt myself getting too close, I pulled out abruptly.

"I need to fuck you, Bella," I panted.

Her turn to whimper, and before she could really respond or react, I pulled her up to a stand before walking her over to a wall.

"Spread your legs," I ordered quietly, bunching her skirt up. Damn, she went commando today. "Hands on the wall."

She obeyed, of course.

Man, was she wet.

"Please, Edward," she moaned as I dragged my cock along her pussy.

"Fuck me."

With a low groan, I plunged into her.

Fuck.

There was no waiting, no build-up.

It was fast, it was hard, it was just what we loved.

"Rub your clit for me, baby," I moaned.

My fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips. The muscles in my thighs strained and ached as I kept pounding into her, but I couldn't stop. She still drove me insane... with lust, with need, with love.

"Oh, God... I'm close, baby," she gasped.

I know.

I could feel her muscles working, clenching and tightening.

"Come with me, Bella," I panted.

Since I'd just had her mouth on me, I knew I wouldn't last.

Christ.

I swiveled my hips, angling to reach deeper, and it was with a loud moan she let me know that I had reached that sweet spot in her. It was quickly followed by her orgasm, and I clamped my hand over her mouth to muffle a scream. Just the thought that I could still make her scream was enough to push me over the edge, too, and after a few more deep thrusts, I shot my release into her.

"*Fuck,*" I snarled, biting down on her shoulder.

I ground my hips closer, panting as my cock released the last of my climax.

"Oh, my God... Oh, my God," she chanted breathlessly.

She was trembling and shivering, and I could feel her knees starting to give, so I pulled out of her, quickly tucking myself in before leading her over to the bed.

With her sideways on my lap, I kissed her until we were both smiling goofily. Fuck, how I loved her.

"No more eggnog for you, honey," I chuckled quietly, watching her beautiful eyes. They were still a bit glassy, and her grin was the cutest. And my wife was a light-weight. Three drinks and she was done for.

"And no more cigars for you," she huffed playfully.

I laughed, nuzzling her jaw. "Once a year, baby. I smoke a cigar once a year."

"Yeah, you're such a man."

I smirked. "Oh, I think you know that I'm all man."

She nodded solemnly.

"I love you," I murmured, resting my forehead against hers. "Know that?"

And there was that smile again, the shy one. Christ, after more than a decade together, a few words or compliments could still bring out her shyness. It wasn't often, but when it appeared, it was a reminder of what she had before me. She always gave, and always without returning.

"I love you, too," she whispered against my cheek.

Unfortunately, our moment was cut short when we heard Ceara screaming downstairs.

That was a part of life, too.

She and Rían were both hotheaded, and I could imagine they were fighting over Christmas decorations right now.

"I'll deal with them, and you finish cooking," I chuckled, dropping one last kiss on her soft lips. "Your husband is fucking starving."

"Yes, sir," she replied, giving me a mock-salute before standing up.

I swatted her on the ass, 'cause, um... it called out to me.

The End