

The background of the entire image is a close-up, slightly angled view of a book cover. A horizontal blue band runs across the middle. Above and below this band, the book's cover is visible, featuring a textured, gold-colored material, possibly a woven fabric or a high-quality paper with a similar texture. The lighting is warm, creating a golden glow on the right side of the book cover.

Faithfully

LailaB

Created by FLAG

<http://www.flagfic.com/>

Table of Contents

Summary.....	1
Chapter 1.....	2
Chapter 2: Desire.....	14
Chapter 3: I Want You To Want Me.....	29
Chapter 4: Never Met A Girl Like You.....	42
Chapter 5: In Your Room.....	57
Chapter 6: Talk Dirty To Me.....	72
Chapter 7: Nothing Else Matters.....	88
Chapter 8: Black Magic Woman.....	105
Chapter 9: Leather and Lace.....	121
Chapter 10: Sorry.....	138
Chapter 11: Physical.....	157
Chapter 12: Blackdog.....	173
Chapter 13: Crack the Shutters.....	190
Chapter 14: Here Is Gone.....	209
Chapter 15: With Or Without You.....	229

Table of Contents

Chapter 16: I Smell Sex And Candy.....	250
Chapter 17: You Shook Me All Night Long.....	268
Chapter 18: Rebel Yell.....	288
Chapter 19: Rev 22:20.....	306
Chapter 20: I Want You.....	329
Chapter 21: Deep Inside Your Heart.....	347
Chapter 22: Black Hole Sun.....	360
Chapter 23: Miss You.....	375
Chapter 24: Home Sweet Home.....	386
Chapter 25: Foxy Lady.....	401
Chapter 26: All or Nothing.....	417
Chapter 27: Woman.....	432

Summary

Edward, the lead singer of Eclipse, has always considered himself fulfilled. He has never desired an emotional connection with anyone outside his band or family, until he meets a much younger Bella on European summer tour. Will love prevail? AH/OOC

Chapter 1

Hello!

So, thanks to lambcullen and her awesome editing skills, I am reposting chapters 1-4. These were originally posted before I acquired my wonderful beta Moblair. Now you won't have to cringe through my bad grammar!

Thank you in advance if you are rereading these chapters, I hope seeing the cleaned up versions will enhance the story for you...

Also, thank you to everyone who has read, reviewed and recommended this story. It makes me so fucking happy that so many people are enjoying it.

And if you haven't already seen it, I have started a separate story for some missing moments and alternate POV's I thought you might enjoy. Faithfully: The Outtakes. There is only one installment so far, but I intend to add more as the story progresses.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Hello, I Love You

She's walking down the street

Blind to every eye she meets

Do you think you'll be the guy

To make the queen of the angels sigh?

~Hello, I Love You-The Doors~

~Edward~

The smell of dust and vinyl wafts through my nostrils, as I sift through the latest album acquisitions in my favorite music shop in Soho, Record Roundup. The shop's owner, Garrett, always makes a point to call and let me know whenever he receives anything that might be of interest to me. He called me about a week ago to wish me a happy birthday, and also to let me know that he was holding a new box for me to sort through. I smile fondly thinking back to day we met.

I met Garrett about fifteen years ago. I was young, barely twenty, and the front man of a young, inexperienced band from our hometown of Chicago. Being newcomers on the scene, we had a hell of a time finding gigs in the city and after two years of struggling, we decided to spend the summer at my grandparents' home in London to see if we fared any better across the pond.

I guess you could say we owe our big break to Garrett, because about seven weeks into our twelve-week experiment, we were playing in a local pub when he approached us to complement our style. He was cool as fuck and ended up spending the rest of the night hanging out with us drinking, and bullshitting about music.

I learned that he owned a local music shop and that he, like me, was an avid collector of vinyl records. He mentioned that he had some contacts in the industry that he had acquired through his business of collecting and selling valuable vinyl records. He said he would be happy to drop our name to them.

True to his word, he passed our contact information on to his colleague, Eleazar, who two weeks later, arranged to come and watch a show. Little did we know, that show would be the turning point in our career. Five years later Eclipse were considered the most successful and sought after rock band in the world. Ten years later, and we are still going strong. So strong in fact, that we relocated the band permanently from Chicago to London. Mostly because the paparazzi are far less intrusive here.

Faithfully

Moving was not as rough of a transition for me as it was for the rest of the guys, however. My father is English, resulting in dual citizenship for me, and most of his family still lives here in London. There were many summers and holidays spent here visiting family as I was growing up. I feel very comfortable here, London is my true home.

So here I am, engrossed in examining a very rare, and valuable, Sex Pistols album for scratches. When, out of the corner of my eye, I catch sight of the most spectacular set of lips I have ever laid eyes on. Without thinking, I abandon the treasure in my hands and set out to follow the owner of those lips.

Glancing around to make sure there are no paps following me, I carefully step out onto the sidewalk, cautiously staying about fifteen paces behind. I didn't want to alert her to my presence.

As I trail her, I take advantage of the opportunity to rake my eyes down her feminine form, from top to bottom. She is tiny, no taller than 5'3" with a slight but curvy frame. She has long dark hair that hangs down her back in loose curls, ending just above her narrow waist, which gives way to the perkier, fullest, roundest ass I have ever seen.

Holy fuck!

My hands are twitching at my sides, with an uncontrollable urge to reach out and grab hold of it. I am aching to see if it is as firm as it looks, barely encased in the shortest, tightest shorts known to man. If you could even call them shorts.

Damn! those should be illegal.

I can hardly walk with the massive wood I am sporting.

Shaking my head to clear it of the lust-induced fog brought on by my brown haired beauty's un-fucking-believable ass, my eyes continue their journey down her long shapely legs. I took in every detail, from her tight, slender thighs to her toned calves, tapering down to delicate ankles, and finally reaching her

Faithfully

little feet, that are tucked into some sexy, high wedge-like sandals. I am pleasantly surprised by how incredibly long her legs look in proportion to her small stature, and cannot shake the image of having them wrapped around my waist, as I pound into her tight wet pussy.

My mind is starting to run rapid with images of tangling her long, shiny hair around my wrist and pulling her head back to expose her long creamy neck. I would drive into her with abandon.

She ducks into the local coffee house, and since it is a common occurrence for me to frequent this particular establishment, I am not too concerned with creating a scene.

Slipping into the line two people behind her, I begin to wonder where the hell these sudden stalker tendencies have emerged from when I hear a sexy, throaty voice order a vanilla latte with whole milk. The sweet sound of her voice goes straight to my cock, and I unsuccessfully try to suppress a groan. The middle-aged woman in front of me turns around and shoots me a dirty look muttering, "Pervert," under her breath.

My eyes follow, as my brunette goddess makes her way to a corner booth with her coffee in hand. I watch unabashedly, as she pulls out a worn paperback, adjusts what I assume is her iPod and settles in to read. I am mesmerized by the way the sunlight filters in through the window and brings out the reds and golds in her hair. I fail to hear the barista ask for my order, and a throat clearing loudly behind me pulls me out of my trance. I quickly snap my head to the young, shorthaired blond girl behind the counter.

"What can I get for you, Sir?" she asks sweetly.

"I'll have a regular coffee, please. Black," I answer, with my signature half-smirk in place.

She appears momentarily stunned before answering, "Yes sir, right away," and scrambles off to get the order filled. I hand her a few bills and tell her to keep the change, then I make my way over to the booth occupied by the goddess.

Faithfully

I briefly wonder how long it will take before counter-girl twitters, or whatever the fuck they call it, my location to all her friends.

At the thought, the reality of the situation rushes through me, and I begin to worry what the hell I am doing following some strange girl through the streets of London like some kind of creepy stalker. I mean, what the hell am I even planning to say to her? *Hey, you have a fantastic ass, may I touch it?*

"You have really lost it Cullen," I mutter to myself.

Just as I am about to turn and bolt from the coffee house, she looks up from her book, and the world stops.

Truly fucking stops.

Just like in the movies, where everything moves in slow motion, and the heavens open up, casting a glowing light upon the object of your desire, while angels descend playing harps and shit. That is nothing compared to locking eyes with my brown haired beauty. She is literally the most breathtakingly beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Ever.

My breath hitches in my throat, my pulse is pounding in my ears and my jeans are straining to maintain the massive erection I have suddenly sprouted, as I drown in the depths of her large chocolate brown eyes. *Holy mother of God.* I want to vomit and do a jig all at once; my insides feel like they are on fire. Now, I am by no means a religious man, but looking into her eyes felt like a goddamn spiritual experience.

Halle-fucking-lujah.

Her eyes widen, as her perfect mouth opens slightly and her breathing quickens. I can feel the air between us crackling with electricity, while the hair on my arms and on the back of my neck stand on end. She lets out a little shiver, and I finally brake from my daze. *Fucking Christ, Cullen. Get a grip,* I

Faithfully

think to myself.

"Is this seat taken?" I ask, pointing to the empty bench seat across the table from her. I internally roll my eyes at how breathy my voice sounds. *When did I become such a chick?* I mentally berate myself.

She blinks a couple of times before slowly shaking her head in the negative, a small smile creeping across her face. As I slide into the booth, I take a moment to really look at her. She has a heart-shaped face with large, exotic eyes; framed by extremely long, thick, black eyelashes that curl upward. Her slender nose is accentuated with a small crystal stud, and she has deep dimples on both cheeks, which are currently tinted a lovely shade of pink. Then, of course, there are the lips. *Motherfuck*. They are even better than I originally thought, huge and pouty and dark pink. *Do lips like this really exist?* I find myself wanting to suck on them just to see if they are as soft, squishy, and juicy as they appear. I can't help envisioning what they would look like wrapped around my cock as she takes me deep down her throat. I internally curse myself, *Jesus fuck. Are we seventeen again?* I reach down to subtly adjust my raging hard on, in hope of relieving some of the pressure.

Looking back up to her amused eyes, I have the good sense to at least try to look a little sheepish at being caught blatantly ogling her. She raises one perfectly arched eyebrow in challenge and I lean back, crossing my ink covered arms across my chest challenging her with my best cocky smirk. To my utter surprise she does not back down, instead, she curls one side of her gorgeous mouth up into an answering smirk that is sexy as fuck. I cannot help but smile widely at her all the while maintaining eye contact.

This beautiful girl is feisty.

Here she is, sitting across from one of the most well known, not to mention, sought after musicians in the world, and she is staring me down, completely at ease. No screaming, no giggling, no hyperventilating...nothing. *I can't believe it!* The one girl I want to fawn all over me, and she merely rolls her eyes and looks back down to her book!

Faithfully

What. The. Fuck. You have got to be kidding me! My mind screams. Do you have any idea who I am? How many other women would give their eyeteeth to be in your position right now? My inner voice sneers at her. How dare you blow me off!

Narrowing my eyes at her, I reach out to grab the book in her hands just as she moves to turn the page. Our hands bump, and I feel a jolt of electricity shoot up my arm straight to my chest. She gasps as her eyes widen, and I am positive she feels it too.

"What are you reading?" I ask, pulling us both from our momentary shock while trying desperately to maintain an air of nonchalance.

A deep crimson stains her cheeks and she quickly looks away. I am confused as to how this confident, sexy woman is now shy and embarrassed, as I successfully pull the book from her grasp.

"Oh, God," she groans, as she drops her head into her right hand, effectively covering her face while I close the book to get a glimpse of the title. My eyes widen in shock as my mind registers the title of the book. The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty. I look over at her with my pierced eyebrow raised and an amused grin set on my lips, as she peeks up at me from under her long lashes. Still hiding her bright red face in her hand.

"No, beautiful, I'm not God. I'm Edward. Edward Cullen." My cocky ass spouts off with a smirk, suddenly thinking I'm James Bond or some shit, before my brain to mouth filter has a chance to kick in.

I hold my hand out like a douche, worried that I have offended, or worse, embarrassed her further when she sits up, squares her shoulders, and with determination flashing in her eyes, she places her hand in mine. The electricity is flowing between our joined hands in full force as smirks back at me. *Oh yes, the vixen is back.* Her pink tongue snakes out to moisten her plump upper lip, and she catches the dark blue ball of a tongue ring between her teeth. I nearly come in my pants, like an inexperienced teenager, at the sight of it.

Faithfully

"Bella," she answers in that sexy, throaty voice of hers.

"Bella," I repeat in nearly a whisper, trying it out to see how it feels rolling off my tongue. I swear she whimpers a little.

"Fucking Perfect," I say, deciding that there is no better name to describe the goddess sitting before me.

She flushes again, giving me a shy dimpled smile. This woman is amazing. It frightens me a little that she is making me feel like this. As if I simply cannot go another minute without knowing every little detail about her. She is an enigma, and I cannot get enough.

"Are you new to the area?" I ask, gesturing around with my hand, and briefly wondering if the question sounds as creepy out loud as it does in my head. I mentally scold myself for being so completely out of practice charming a woman. Not to sound like a cocky bastard, but I know I look good, and I can't remember the last time I had to put forth any effort to gain the attention of the opposite sex.

"Uh, no. I'm actually here on vacation. I live in Seattle. Washington. In The States...." she rambles on, obviously flustered.

I can't help but chuckle, as I roll my eyes at her, "I know where Seattle is, I'm originally from Chicago." I grin at her shocked expression.

Her beauty momentarily stuns me as she unleashes a dazzling smile, before I answer, "My band is touring across Europe for the next eight weeks. Our first show is tomorrow night, here in Hyde Park. After that, we will take a couple of months off for some much needed rest and relaxation. Then we'll pick up again for a U.S. tour starting in November. However, I live here. A couple of blocks from this very spot as a matter of fact. You see, while my mother is American, my father is British, so I have dual citizenship. I actually have homes in both places; I just prefer living in London because the paparazzi are far less intrusive...." I trail off, realizing I sound like a complete jackass. "Wow, that was a whole shit load of useless information about me." I chuckle awkwardly,

Faithfully

looking away and clicking the ball in my tongue against the rings in my lower lip while rubbing the back of my neck. *Christ, you sound like a moron.* I push my hand through my, already chaotic, hair and chance a peek back at her, trying to gauge her reaction to my incessant rambling. I was hoping like hell I have not scared her away.

"Oh, wow. Your band tours?" she asks, genuine interest shining in her beautiful eyes.

"Uhm, yeah," I answer incredulously. *Hello? Have you really no idea who you are talking to?*

"Nice. So, have you ever recorded an album?"

She is still completely oblivious to my identity. It is equal parts refreshing, intriguing, and aggravating which is completely fucking with my head, not to mention my ego.

"Uh, yes. Several, in fact. Have you never heard of Eclipse?"

"You're in Eclipse?" she whisper shouts, looking around quickly to make sure no one has heard her. My ego inflates and I unleash my best panty-dropping smile. *Finally*, I think just before she continues...

"My babysitter was *so* into you!"

She is so proud to finally put together who I am that she misses the look of absolute horror on my face. *What the fuck! Her babysitter? Does she seriously think I am that fucking ancient?*

"How old are you?" I blurt out without thinking. She is seriously the hottest thing I have ever seen but I really do not want to get myself arrested. I nervously pull at my hair, waiting for her answer. Her eyes snap to mine, and she must register look of trepidation clearly etched in my face because she scrambles to explain herself.

Faithfully

"I didn't mean to imply that you are old or anything. I was just proud that I remembered who you are. I mean, you are totally cool for an older band -what I mean is that a lot of people are still completely obsessed with you... or...err...I mean your music, completely obsessed with your music. Not that they aren't totally into you...Oh God, kill me now..." she mutters, pleading with her eyes for me to understand her rambling.

To my surprise, instead of feeling humiliated or pissed off, I am completely amused watching this gorgeous, confident, sexy woman stumble through her lame-assed explanation. I cock my eyebrow at her and chuckle.

"It's okay, Bella; you can say I'm old. A whopping thirty-five years," I reply sarcastically. "But you know what? If you are a really good girl I may even let you call me daddy." I add in a husky voice, leaning as far forward as I possibly can with my forearms resting on the table, and throwing in a wink just to get under her skin.

Her eyes darken and she bites her full bottom lip, before narrowing her eyes and smirking playfully, "Wow, you *are* old. I was merely a toddler, while you were out becoming a big time rock star!"

"You are killing my ego, Bella," I pout at her. "A toddler, really?" Suddenly, a wave of uncertainty washes over me. I have absolutely no qualms with the age difference, provided she is of legal age, but now I'm worried that she might. Will she see me as a creepy old man trying to rob the cradle? Will she even want to be seen with someone much older than her?

Just as the doubt begins to take over my mind she laughs, and it is the most beautiful sound in the world.

"Yes a toddler. I'm twenty."

She looks at me from under her lashes, as she adds, "Don't worry, I'm legal...barely." With a cheeky grin and a wink. I can't help but laugh at the absurdity of the situation.

Faithfully

And just like that, we fall into an easy conversation, talking about anything and everything. I tell her about my family, my sister, my childhood, my band and my desire to teach music to under privilege children one day. In turn, she talks about her mom and dad, her brother (who I learn is on this vacation with her), her passion for photography and designer shoes, and how she hopes to publish a book of photographs about the beauty of the desert. Before I know it, I notice the sky has darkened, alerting me that we have been talking for over four hours. I am shocked at how easy it has been to let my guard down with her. This sexy and confident, yet shy creature, has completely disarmed me. A task that has never been accomplished by a member of the opposite sex . *Holy shit! She is fifteen years my junior. What the fuck am I doing?*

I don't have time to lose myself in my inner turmoil however, because movement across the table catches my attention. My eyes shoot up to her as she stands to leave.

"I had a wonderful time talking to you, Edward," she says softly, taking her bottom lip in between her teeth. The shy girl emerging once again, and the sound of my name coming from her beautiful mouth making me instantly hard.

"Wait, can I see you again?" I hastily blurt out before she can leave. I have never felt this way before, and I can't risk the chance of never seeing her again. Just the thought of her walking away causes a painful constricting in my chest.

Her beautiful brown eyes dart up and lock on mine. "Yes," she breathes.

"Please say you will come to my show tomorrow."

My heart is pounding in my chest, and my palms are sweaty. I can't remember a woman ever having this kind of effect on me.

"Okay," she says, as a brilliant smile lights up her face displaying the deep dimples on her flushed cheeks.

"How many tickets will you need?"

Faithfully

"Uhm, well, I'm here with my brother and his girlfriend. I couldn't possibly bother you for that many tickets. I would be glad to come alone." She is obviously uncomfortable with accepting more than one ticket.

With a warm smile, I reassure her, wanting to discourage that line of thinking, "It's no problem, really. I would be honored for you to bring along your brother and his girlfriend." I look into her eyes, hoping to convey my sincerity. I feel her resolve slipping as I add, "Please?"

"Okay. Thank you."

"What is your last name? I will need it in order to leave your tickets and backstage passes at will call." I am standing close enough to her to catch a whiff of her intoxicating scent. Strawberry, freesia and vanilla. *Mmmm, delicious.*

"Swan. Bella Swan," she answers gazing into my eyes, as I reach out to grasp her tiny hand in mine.

"Alright, Bella Swan. I will leave three tickets for you at will call. I can't wait to see you again"

I bring her hand up to my lips, never taking my eyes from hers, to place a gentle lingering kiss on her knuckles. Her sharp intake of breath and flushed cheeks, are exactly the reaction I was hoping for. With the knowledge that I will see her again the next day, I drop her hand and exit the coffee house, leaving the most extraordinary woman I have ever met watching me walk away.

I step out into the warm summer evening feeling lighter, and happier, than I ever have in my life, with only one thought running through my mind.

Goddamn, I cannot wait until tomorrow.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 2: Desire

This chapter was edited by the wonderful lambcullen...thank you Lambie! You are awesome.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended

~Faithfully~

Desire

She's a candle burning in my room

Yeah I'm like the needle, needle and spoon

Over the candle with a shotgun

Pretty soon everybody got one

And the fever when I'm beside her

Desire

Desire

~Desire-U2~

~Edward~

Frantically pacing around my virtually empty dressing room fifteen minutes before we are due to take the stage for the first concert of our European Summer Tour, and instead of focusing on the show we are about to put on, I

Faithfully

am completely lost in thoughts of Bella.

I sit down on the cool leather couch, with my elbows on my knees hanging my head down into my hands tugging at my wild, unmanageable hair. *How will she act when she sees me? Did I make it clear that I considered this a date? Will she be uncomfortable with the hordes of groupies that will no doubt be coming on to me during the meet and greet after the show?*

Fuck!

I shudder at the thought. I hope to hell that Bella does not feel threatened by a bunch of immoral tramps. She has absolutely nothing to worry about on that accord, because I find groupies exceedingly repulsive. *I wonder if she would be embarrassed or uncomfortable if I kept her tucked into my side all night.* The press will fucking eat that shit up. The ridiculously private, perpetually single, Edward Cullen suddenly flaunting a woman under their noses. I mentally cringe at the thought. We will be splashed all over the internet and gossip rags in a heartbeat.

Before I am able to distress myself any further with this dismal bullshit, our stage manager knocks on my door and gives me the five-minute stage call. Scrubbing my hand over my face, I grab a bottle of water and head to the backstage area to meet the rest of the band. Just as we are about to take the stage, panic surges through me, and I realize that I have to warn Bella about the massive media frenzy we will cause if we are photographed together. This has to be her choice.

I grab Jacob, the head of our security team, and quickly give him all the information I have regarding Bella, including a description of her. I ask him to bring her straight back to my dressing room after the show, rather than taking her to the meet and greet lounge. With a raised eyebrow, he agrees and I finally rush out on stage.

Thoughts of my goddess stretched out on my black leather couch waiting for me rush through my mind, bringing a half smile to my face. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, willing away my painful erection as the opening chords

Faithfully

of "Desire" envelope me. A bead of sweat is already running down my neck, disappearing under the collar of my shirt. It is hot as fuck under the stage lights, and I am starting to regret wearing the tightest jeans I own. Suddenly, I feel a gentle buzzing sensation in the pit of my stomach, and instinctively, I know she is there. I open my eyes to scan the VIP area, but it is too dark to see anything clearly. It's strange, I cannot find her in the crowd, but I can feel her presence, and any doubts I had before about pursuing a relationship with Bella are squashed in that moment. I don't know if I believe in fate or destiny, or any of that new age bullshit, but I do believe with complete certainty we were meant to find each other. We are meant to be together. I can only hope she feels the same way.

Ninety minutes later, we are finishing our encore, and I am suddenly nervous as fuck about seeing Bella again. The unexplainable draw I feel toward her is a little daunting, to say the least, and I am a slightly afraid of the intensity of the feelings I am already experiencing. I mean, Christ, I have only known the girl for twenty-four fucking hours.

It becomes increasingly evident; however, that I have been irreversibly changed and can no longer return to the cold, heartless bastard I was before I met her.

On my way back to my dressing room I begin to worry about how attached I have already become. What if she is only interested in a fling, or worse, a one-night stand? The mere thought of that nearly brings me to my knees, and I mentally scold myself for acting like such a fucking chick.

I am officially a pussy.

I have never, and I mean *never*, in all of my thirty-five years, seen a woman more than once. I don't care how tight her pussy is, it's a one shot deal and they all know it upfront. Don't get me wrong, It's not like I'm some kind of whore or anything-well, not anymore anyway. I am simply saying that the women I have previously fucked knew up front what they were getting into; a singular rendezvous with a man who has a very strict set of rules that ensure his status as an uninterested, eternal bachelor.

Faithfully

The aforementioned rules I have protected myself with for the past seventeen years are quite simple: first, never give the impression that an encounter could be construed as a date. She must understand that is a purely physical one-time occurrence. Second, never acknowledge a conquest in front of others (discretion is non-negotiable for me). Third, always "meet" in a neutral and secluded location; I cannot take the risk of being seen. Fourth, never fuck them in a bed (any bed). Fifth, never fuck face-to-face (always from behind, it makes it less personal). Finally, never kiss anywhere near the mouth or face (really anywhere on the head). It is much too intimate.

As I recap my rules, I find that, not only have I already broken some of them with Bella, but also that I cannot wait to break the rest of them. Only with her. I want to hold her hand, and kiss her lips, and wake up with her in my bed...in my arms. I want to see her dark shiny hair fanned out across my pillow as she writhes beneath me. I want to watch her beautiful face twist in ecstasy as she comes, calling my name. Only *my* name.

Shit.

I am so fucked.

With one last deep breath, I open the door to my dressing room. She is sitting on the end of the couch furthest from the door playing with her phone. The soft light coming from the floor lamp is casting a subtle glow to her creamy, pale skin. I walk over to her and offer my hand. She is all teeth and dimples, as I pull her to her feet, and I can't help but grin back.

I allow my eyes to rake freely up and down her body. She is wearing a tight black strapless top that clings to her every curve, outlining her full, round tits perfectly. I can see her nipples straining through the fabric, and *holymotherfuckingchrist*, I can faintly make out the outline of nipple-rings. I swear the steel rod in my fucking pants is about to bust through the zipper any minute now. I tear my eyes away from her fantastic rack, only to find her wearing these ridiculously tight black leather looking pant-legging things, a wide studded belt that accentuates her tiny waist and a pair of sexy as fuck black heels. Her dark hair is straight with her bangs sort of swept over her right

Faithfully

eye. Her eyes are smoky and smoldering; her full mouth looks wet and pouty.

I want to lick it....bad.

I hold her right hand up over her head and tug, causing her to make a slow turn in front of me. She obliges with a smirk, as she turns her back to me. I take a moment to admire the perfection that is her ass, noting that it looks even better now than it did in those nonexistent shorts from yesterday. Seriously, these pants are so fucking tight that I'm not quite sure how she fit all that ass into them; they leave absolutely *nothing* to the imagination. I suck in a sharp breath, fighting with every fiber of my being, to resist the urge to rub my dick up against her. As my eyes travel back up her body I notice, for the first time, a group of about eight or nine simple medium sized hibiscus flowers spread out from her left shoulder blade, over her shoulder and down her arm ending just above her elbow. *Fuck me*. They are in groups of two and three barely touching with no vines or embellishments, just filled in with a deep cherry color that contrasts her pale skin perfectly.

I reach out to lightly brush the ink on her shoulder. "Beautiful," I breathe, referring to more than the tattoo.

She turns to gaze up at me, and I am rewarded with her sexy smirk.

"I know."

C ocky vixen .

She darts her eyes curiously around the room. "Where is everyone else?" she asks, her expression changing into one of curiosity.

I reach up to smooth the worry line that has appeared between her perfectly shaped eyebrows, while guiding her to sit with me on the couch. I angle my body slightly toward her, keeping her hand in mine. I marvel at how soft and small her hand is, and how it is completely engulfed in my large one. It feels like it belongs there, it feels right.

Faithfully

"Well, I sort of wanted to talk to you alone before we join the others for the meet and greet," I start to explain, slowly looking into her eyes to try to gauge her reaction. Her expression remains unreadable, so I continue on.

"There will be about fifty people there aside from the band, including fans, security and representatives from the media...." I trail off, hoping she won't freak out at the thought of being on the front page of every tabloid and gossip blog known to man by morning. Her eyes harden, flashing with anger and hurt, and I am shocked by the next words out of her mouth.

"I understand, Edward. You want me to act as if I don't know who you are. You don't want to be seen with a *nobody*. Well, do whatever it is you need to do. Don't let me ruin your night," she spits, venom oozing from her voice as she rips her hand from mine and stands up from her place on the couch.

"Wait! That's not what I meant!" I practically yell, as I reach out to grab her wrist before she can walk away.

She turns to look at me, her eyes full of questions. "What did you mean then?" she shouts out disbelievingly, sinking stiffly back down to the couch.

Keeping a firm hold on her hand, I start to clarify, "What I meant...what I brought you in here to explain is that I have never, ever, been *seen* with a woman before, let alone been photographed with one. I am the quintessential bachelor, according to the media, and to be honest, I was okay with that. I welcomed it, in fact, I wanted it that way." I pause, as her eyes drop to the floor and her shoulders hunch slightly in defeat.

Hooking my finger under her chin, I gently pull her face up, forcing her eyes to meet mine before I continue. "Until now."

Her breath hitches in her throat, and her eyes widen at my confession. I can feel her pulse racing, as my hand moves to cup her jaw.

Our eyes lock, and the electricity is palpable in the air surrounding us. I slowly lean forward, giving her the chance to stop me, if this is what she wants. Her

Faithfully

eyes drift closed, her lips parting slightly, and I can feel her warm breath on my face, as I close the small distance between us. Sparks jolt through my body straight to my dick, when I take her full top lip into my mouth, sucking slightly. In turn, she sucks on my bottom lip, right before I slip my tongue into her mouth. She instantly responds, enthusiastically sucking on it before tangling her own tongue with mine. Thoroughly enjoying the sensation of her tongue-ring clicking against mine, I move to deepen the kiss even further, sliding my arms around her waist with my hands finding purchase on her perfect ass. *Motherfucking bliss.*

I let out a moan, as her hands snake their way up into the mess on top of my head. When I pull her body flush with mine, grinding my painfully hard cock into her stomach, she whimpers, grabbing a fist-full of my hair and pulling hard, earning a grunt of appreciation from me.

"Fuck..." I groan, as she breaks the kiss.

"Yeah," she breathes, a shy dimpled smile lighting up her gorgeous face.

"What was I saying?" I ask like a complete fucking dumbass. My mind is still reeling from the best kiss I have ever experienced in my entire godforsaken life. Not that I have much to compare it to, mind you, just a few girls in high school, before I became a badass musician and put the rules firmly in place. But, *holy fuck*, I could kiss Bella forever.

"Uhm, the media...lots of people or something," she answers flippantly, her eyes trained on my lips. She looks stunning, with bright eyes, flushed cheeks and swollen lips.

"Oh yeah, that's right. I just wanted to give you the opportunity to choose for yourself whether or not you want to walk into that room...as my girl." I pause, willing her to understand the clusterfuck her life will become the moment we appear together.

"Your whole life will change in that instant, and you will not be able to change your mind. You won't be able to go anywhere anymore. The paparazzi follow

Faithfully

you everywhere you go..."

I look down at my scuffed up combat boots, unable to look her in the eye if she is about to reject me. I have never felt so fucking vulnerable in my life.

She remains quiet, for what seems like an eternity, contemplating what her new life would be like. When I can no longer take the silence, I look up into her big brown eyes. She must see the anguish on my face, because her eyes soften as she speaks the words that will change my life forever.

"This is worth it," her voice rings with conviction and gesturing between us.
"You are worth it."

I close my eyes, and let out the breath I was holding, as she places her little hands on either side of my face.

"I have never felt this way before. I realize that we don't know very much about each other, but it does not change the way I feel. I can't explain it. I am inexplicably drawn to you - in every way. To the point that I just can't walk away from you....I don't want to...it just feels right."

She pulls my face down to hers and she kisses my mouth. " *This* feels right."

I capture her lips in another heated kiss, losing myself in her scent and her taste, hoping to convey with my lips and tongue that I feel exactly the same way.

We pull apart, both of us panting, and I stand and reaching for her hand. Pulling her to her feet, I place one more lingering kiss on her mouth before leading her out to the meet and greet lounge. Lacing my fingers through hers, I look down at her, giving her one last chance to back out.

"Are you ready?" I ask, right before opening the door that will literally change our lives forever. She just smiles at me and nods, tightening her grip on my hand. That is all the confirmation I need.

Faithfully

"Let's do this shit," I say with a cocky smirk, as I turn the doorknob and step into the lounge, pulling Bella along behind me. I try to appear nonchalant, while ignoring the gaping looks and pointed stares, as we cross the room, headed for the cream-colored leather sofa situated on the opposite wall from the door. I turn back to smile reassuringly at Bella hearing the photogs snapping their cameras furiously, capturing the first ever pictures of Edward Cullen with a female companion. The media that are allowed backstage are under a strict contract that ensures nothing that is seen, or heard, backstage can be repeated or written about. They are only allowed to take and publish photos...period, but they still make me nervous.

I can feel the waves of anxiety rolling off her by the time we finally reach the couch. I situate myself on the unoccupied end pulling her down beside me. I drape my right arm around her shoulders, and turn my head to press a gentle kiss to her temple. She reaches up to entwine our fingers together, leaning in to bury her face in my neck. I turn my head toward her, just about to inhale her warm sweet scent, when I feel the sharp pinch of her little teeth scraping along the underside of my jaw, and holy hell, it feels so fucking good.

It is at this moment that I realize that the room is completely silent and heavy with tension. Everyone is gaping at us in disbelief. I can understand their shock though; no one has ever seen me so much as acknowledge a woman in front of the media, so to suddenly see me openly affectionate with Bella must be an astonishing.

Aside from the media representatives, my two band mates, their significant others and two members of our security team are present. Resolving that this is the moment of truth, I take a deep breath and look down at my beautiful girl, before I start introductions.

"The blond guy in the beige chair is Jasper. He plays bass and guitar. The little sprite in his lap is Alice, his girlfriend. The two big fuckers over by the door are Embry and Quill. They are part of our security team. Jacob and Jared are outside with the VIP's. ...you will meet them in a moment. This motherfucker right here, taking up half the goddamn couch is Emmett, he plays the drums," I say, shoving his shoulder. "And the woman sitting next to him is his wife,

Rosalie." I finish off quickly.

Bella's eyes follow to each person, assessing them, as I introduce each one. She smiles tentatively at everyone and gives a small wave. The group smiles back at her, all except for Rosalie of course. *Bitch*. She is seething with jealousy. I snicker internally at her audacity to show such blatant resentment in front of her husband. I still have no idea what it is that he sees in her. He insists that she has redeeming qualities, but all I see is a self-centered, manipulative, gold-digging whore. Rosalie Hale (she insisted on keeping her maiden name...whatever) thinks she is God's gift to men with her five-foot ten-inch frame, bleached blond hair and ice blue eyes. And I suppose to some men she is. To me, however, she is all fake tans, fake tits and fake smiles; I wouldn't touch that shit with someone else's dick and she knows it. I know what women like Rosalie Hale are after....case in point, my boy Emmett. She followed our third U.S. tour around for six cities trying to land me, after the sixth outright rejection however, she finally settled for him. Stupid fucker. She still, to this day, as down right rude as I am to her, occasionally propositions me. And I still tell her to back her nasty shit the fuck off.

"Everyone, this is my Bella."

As the gang all calls out their acknowledgements, I look down to my goddess, noting that she is eyeing Rosalie suspiciously. She looks up at me from under her long, thick lashes and my overeager body instantly reacts. Leaning down, I press my lips against hers with enough force to slightly tilt her head back. Her lips answer my kiss eagerly, moving hungrily in rhythm with mine. I vaguely hear gasps, and a distinct choking sound in the background, but am not surprised. They are all well aware of my "rules" so I'm sure they are all freaking out.

A sharp rap at the door pulls us from our impromptu make-out session, and in a flash, the room is filled with VIPs. The multitude of half-naked groupies are giggling, of course, while making every effort to impress in hopes of gaining attention from any of us guys. Nothing short of a miracle, however, could pull my attention away from the vixen at my side. Bella crosses her long slender legs and burrows down deeper into my side, settling her left hand on my thigh,

Faithfully

while she scrutinizes the group of women emerging through the door. I chuckle at her blatant show of possessiveness, threading my hand into the hair at the back of her head and pulling gently in response. Her eyes slide over to me, and she tilts her head slightly to the side, an invitation I eagerly take. I suck on her pulse point before biting down hard enough to leave a mark, then run my tongue over it to soothe the flesh. I pull back, while pushing her hair across her opposite shoulder, to admire my handiwork before planting a quick wet kiss to her lips. I stare pointedly at Jared, whose gaze has not left Bella's lips since he entered the room. *That's right motherfucker; she is mine lips and all.* Who knew I had caveman tendencies?

Bella shoots straight to her feet with a huge grin on her face, pulling me with her, as a young couple approaches us. The guy is tall, around six feet I'd say, with a lanky build. He has dark hair cropped close to his head and Bella's eyes. The girl he is with is also pretty tall, standing about five-seven, and appears to be of Native American decent with her long dark hair, high cheekbones and russet colored skin.

I feel her tiny hand slip into mine as she speaks. "This is my brother, Seth and his girlfriend Sam." She gestures to the couple before turning her head to face me. "And this," She continues, blushing slightly, as she places her hand on my chest, "Is my Edward."

My heart swells at her words. I have always believed it would be deplorable to have someone label me as *theirs*, but the opposite is true in Bella's case. I am fucking elated.

I give her a quick wink before turning to Seth and Sam. "It's a pleasure to meet you both. Thank you for coming out to support Bella tonight. It can be quite unnerving to be thrust into the spotlight like this." I gesture to where the media was grouped together, while sliding my arm around Bella's waist, and pulling her firmly into my side. She fits perfectly under my arm, her curves molding into my body like corresponding puzzle pieces.

"Not a problem" Seth answers, winking at Bella.

Faithfully

A shriek from the opposite side of the room catches our attention, and we all turn our heads to see what the commotion is about. In a flash Leah, Jacob's wife, is across the room in Sam's arms. It turns out they are long lost friends who grew up together in La Push, a reservation in a small town in Washington State. I learn that Bella's father and Jacob's father are the best of friends out there as well. It's great chatting with them, hearing about all the shenanigans Jacob got into when he was a kid, since he is the person I trust the most outside of my family and the band. It is nice to find a common ground where Bella does not feel like an outsider in our group.

Before I know it, Alice has stolen her away to mingle with the crowd, leaving me alone with Emmett and Jasper nursing my scotch. I watch Bella as she moves gracefully between groups, chatting casually amongst the VIPs. She looks so natural in this setting, and I realize that she is what has been missing from my life all along. She throws her head back and laughs exuberantly at something Alice has said, then turns to look coyly at me over her shoulder. The expression on her face stirs something in my gut I don't quite understand.

Damn she is beautiful.

Emmett's loud, obnoxious laugh brings me out of my reverie. "Dude, you've got it bad."

Jasper snickers along with him. *Bastard.*

"Fuck you," I spit out, narrowing my eyes at him.

He holds up his hands in surrender. "Chill, bro. I don't blame you. She's fuckin' hot. If I didn't have Rosie, I'd totally tap that." Then the asshole has the gall to turn and address Jasper. "Did you see the ass on her?"

I glare at them disbelievingly, as Jasper nods in appreciation adding, "Lips too".

"Shut. The. Fuck. Up!" I seethe, pointing at the assholes "I'm warning you, motherfuckers."

Faithfully

Emmett just laughs in response, before conceding, "Naw, we're just joking assfuck. We're really happy for you. She is hot though." He gives me a pointed stare, "...and young".

"I know, I know. She's old enough, though." I smirk at them before throwing back my drink. Jasper raises his eyebrow in challenge.

"Fuck...she's twenty, okay?" I snap exasperated. "I'm not a fucking idiot."

Thankfully, they let the subject of Bella's age drop. "So..." Jasper starts "You gonna bring her along on tour?"

"Yeah, I mean I hope so. I'm planning to ask her to attend the MTV Movie Awards with me, also."

"That's a big step..." he cautions, while refilling our drinks.

"I know. I can't really explain it, though. It's like magnets or fate, or some shit. Now that I found her I don't think I could let her go."

I swirl the scotch in my glass before downing it.

When I look at him, he just nods his head. I knew that Jasper, of all people would understand how I feel. He met Alice backstage, after a show in Mississippi, about five years ago. She went home with him that night, and dropped everything the following day to finish out the tour with him. They have been very happy together ever since.

Just as I am putting out my cigarette, Rosalie comes sauntering over to us, with her slutty sister Tanya in tow. Rose settles herself down in Emmett's lap, while Tanya sits on the arm of the couch closest to me.

"Hey handsome. You look lonely, I'd be happy to keep you company."

Tanya's shrill voice rings out next to my ear, while she reaches out to run one of her hot-pink talons down my chest. It's not that Tanya is ugly per se; she

Faithfully

looks a lot like Rosalie, fake tits and all, only with strawberry blond hair. It's just that she is dirty and fake, and she has fucked nearly all of our road crew, and is currently trying to work her way through our security team. All while still, after countless rejections, trying to get in my pants. *Fucking Gross*. Some people just don't understand the meaning of the word no.

"Don't fucking touch me," I snarl, glaring at her before turning my head away. I am pissed at her complete fucking lack of respect for my girl. "It's never gonna happen."

Bella appears a moment later, plopping herself sideways into my lap, virtually shoving Tanya out of the way, while planting a scorching kiss on my lips. I open my mouth, practically shoving my tongue down her throat, and trailing my hand up the outside of her thigh, grabbing a handful of flesh where her thigh meets her ass. She winds her arms around my neck, threading her fingers into my hair, scratching and pulling, as I suck on her tongue, swallowing her moans, before moving to her neck and biting down again, creating a twin for the mark I made earlier. *Fucking Neanderthal*. I lick the mark before planting a wet, sloppy kiss on her sexy mouth.

"I sincerely hope you don't plan on making a habit out of this." Rosalie sneers, gesturing distastefully to Bella. "I would hate to have to entertain each and every one of your conquests going forward," she finishes, her voice dripping with animosity.

I snap my head to glare at the bitch. "Watch it Rosalie," I warn in a low threatening voice. "Bella is now a part of this group." "Permanently."

Out of the corner of my eye I notice Bella smirk.

Rosalie's eyes widen in shock at my declaration, but instead of backing off, she continues with her taunts. "Is she even old enough to drink, Edward?"

I feel Bella stiffen in my lap, but before I have a chance to respond, she retorts. "I apologize if my age makes you uncomfortable Rosalie. I will try to keep my distance." Rosalie looks smug, and I am about to rip in to her when Bella

Faithfully

continues. "It's understandable that you wouldn't want a constant reminder of your lost youth. You know, my mom has a really good doctor in Jacksonville that administers her Botox. I'd be happy to give you his name and number, because whoever it is that you are using is causing your facial expressions to look strange. I think it's because your eyebrows don't move. Gosh, I can't even imagine the day when I will need that stuff....I still have quite a while though..." she trails off with the sweetest smile on her face.

I am fucking speechless. *Everyone* is speechless, and Rosalie is fuming. No female has ever put Rosalie in her place, but Bella did it flawlessly and believe me, it was sexy as hell. I have never been more turned on in my entire life. I want to throw her down on the couch, in front of everybody, and claim her. Although I know the conflict between them is far from over, I am so fucking proud of her for not being intimidated. I lean down to bury my face in the hair behind Bella's ear and whisper to her.

"Stay with me tonight."

She pulls back to look into my eyes, as she considers my request. I can see the conflict reflecting back in her own.

"I promise to be a gentleman," I plead, while running my hand through the silky strands of her hair. She closes her eyes and tilts her head back, as I gently pull, exposing her long graceful neck. I lean in and gently nibble on the mark I left earlier before going in for the kill.

"Please, baby?" I take the lobe of her ear in my mouth, grazing my teeth over it.

"Yes," she breathes, as I go back to work on her neck. Knowing we are getting a bit inappropriate to be in the company of others, I mutter, "Let's go," standing up from the couch and setting her on her feet. With one last smug look at the others, who are still gaping at us, I wind my fingers through hers and lead her out the door.

Let me know what you think...

Chapter 3: I Want You To Want Me

Again, this chapter was edited by lambcullen...I am a total fangirl for you!

You guys really need to check out her stories. She is AWESOME.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

Thank you to everyone who has supported my story, it really means a lot to me!

~Faithfully~

I Want You To Want Me

I want you to want me.

I need you to need me.

I'd love you to love me.

I'm beggin' you to beg me.

~I Want You To Want Me- Cheap Trick~

~Edward~

As the car crept down the nearly deserted street approaching my building, I noticed a light that I had apparently left on in the stairwell. It was casting an eerie glow from my bedroom window on the third floor of my flat.

It shone like a beacon in the night guiding us home.

Faithfully

Focusing on the light, I reflected over the last couple of days, and how they had led me to the beautiful woman sitting next to me. It was a little unsettling to consider how much my perception of women had changed so completely in such a short amount of time, and I couldn't help but be a little dubious of the situation. I knew, without a doubt, that I wanted to explore a relationship with Bella, but it was hard to shake the sense of foreboding that lingered in the back of my mind. I knew I would not be able to rid myself entirely of this anxiety until I came clean to her about my past. That was certainly not a conversation I was looking forward to.

Before I met Bella I led a very selfish, callous and reckless existence. I used women purely for their bodies, while completely disregarding their person. I would have never entertained the idea of getting to know the individual behind any of the bodies I used solely for my own gratification. Most of the time, I didn't even take into consideration how degrading the entire situation was. I figured it was their choice to be that careless - their bodies, so I wasn't about to worry about it. They were grown women after all.

It was typical behavior for me, at the time, to arrive at the specified location, and turn the faceless woman away from me. I'd slap on a condom, move her panties to the side, get in, get mine, and then I was out the door. Most of the time it would leave a confused, sorely disappointed woman gaping after me. Now, I'm pretty fucking sure that I have never left a woman unsatisfied physically, but I'm positive that I left them wanting more than a quick fuck against a dirty sink.

Jared was my go to guy for these encounters. I would let him know before a show that I was looking for a release, and he would pick a random groupie he thought was hot or whatever. He would tell her where to wait, usually in some dark, nasty storage room or closet (I certainly didn't want to see the bitch allowing me to fuck her like a whore), and then I would slip in, get my release, and get the fuck out of dodge.

It didn't happen as often as one might assume though, considering my profession and the vast amounts of pussy being constantly thrown at me. The beginning of my career, however, was another story. In those early days, I got

Faithfully

my dick wet at every show in every city. I fucking loved being on tour.

About three years into our newfound fame however, that lifestyle became too hard for me to manage. All these girls would swarm me everywhere I went, wanting to know if I remembered them, wanting confirmation if they were a good fuck, and worst of all wanting a repeat performance. It all became too much to handle considering that I would never recognize a past conquest, having rarely seen any of their faces.

As a result of the subsequent chaos, I decided that I needed to dramatically decrease the frequency of my "encounters," not only because I started to fear my ambiguity was in jeopardy, but also because I started to fear for my health. I mean, lets face it, these were not exactly upstanding citizens I was fucking around with, and the last thing I wanted was for my dick to rot and fall off or some shit. It went from one at every show, gradually declining to about one every few months. I went through a phase of paranoia where I had myself screened for STI's compulsively for, like, eighteen months. As of late, I have been stretching the time even more, the last time I got laid was over six months ago.

Although I had changed the frequency of my trysts drastically, I still did not give a second thought about how disrespectfully I was treating those women. To me, my behavior was justified. I believed that any woman who was so willing, and eager, to act like a whore should be treated like a whore. That is all they were to me...whores...until I met Bella.

Bella .

I sighed, glancing over at her; her head was reclining against the headrest, eyes closed breathing deep and even. I would have sworn she was asleep, if it wasn't for the feel of her soft had sliding against mine. She tangled, and untangled, our fingers repeatedly with a soft smile tugging at the corner of her mouth. She looked like an angel.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked, wishing more than anything that I could read her mind.

Faithfully

"You." She opened her eyes slowly, continuing, "I like how it feels to just *be* with you, without all the mindless chatter. It feels natural...safe."

I leaned in, placing a soft chaste kiss on her lips, because I didn't know what to say to that. I hoped she still felt that way after we had the upcoming conversation I was dreading. With the way I had previously treated women, not even mentioning the way I viewed them, she was sure to run for the hills screaming the whole way. I wouldn't blame her; I was a monster after all. A selfish, self-serving monster. She would be so much better off without me. I don't want her to be better off without me, though, selfish bastard that I am. I want her with me. I could be good....I *would* be good...for her. Only for her. If she will have me. Fuck! Please let her want me.

I paid the driver and led Bella up to my door. I won't even try to deny that I was a nervous wreck, sweaty palms and all. I was not nervous because I was wavering in my decision to bring her to my home, I was nervous because it was a huge fucking milestone for me. It was the first time I was making myself vulnerable to a person outside of my family and my band. It could all be for nothing if she decides she cannot handle my past transgressions.

With a deep, calming breath, I unlocked the door and ushered her into the reception room, flicking on the light. Placing my hand on the small of her back, I led her to the great room, suggesting she take a seat and offering her a drink. Not only did I know I would need the liquid courage in order to get past the impending conversation, but I was also aware that we needed to get it out in the open in order to move forward with a relationship.

There was no way I was going to fuck this up by keeping secrets that were certain to come out anyway. It would be a futile effort to hide my history of indiscretions once the pictures of Bella and I went public. I wanted to give her the courtesy of hearing it all directly from me, and afford her the ability to make her decision about whether or not she wanted to pursue a relationship with me privately before the shit hit the fan tomorrow.

I handed her a glass of scotch and took my place next to her on the sofa. I threw back the dark gold drink, relishing the way it burned like fire down my

Faithfully

throat before pouring myself another. I set the bottle down on the coffee table and turned to face a very concerned looking Bella.

"We need to talk," I lamented, steeling my resolve to get through this difficult task.

She looked up at me with wide fearful eyes, and I immediately regretted my opening line. *I fucking suck at this relationship bullshit.* Running my hand through my hair and clicking the ball in of tongue-ring against the steel in my lip, I backpeddled, "What I meant to say, is that I have some things I need to tell you before this can go any further."

I gestured between our bodies. She nodded at me to continue, so I did. I told her every vile thing I had done; I told her about the faceless groupies, about my precious "rules"...everything. She was quiet for several long minutes, and I started to fear that my earlier concern was correct.

She was going to run.

She was going to leave me without giving me a chance to prove myself worthy of her affection, not that I deserved one. It would seem fitting to have the one woman in the world I want for more than a meaningless romp, and she is about to reject me. *Karma is one cold-hearted bitch,* I thought to myself.

Just as I was about to thank her for giving me the best couple of days of my life and bid her a farewell, she spoke.

"When was the last time?" The ferocity in her eyes startled me.

"Uh, a little over six months ago," I whispered, regretfully looking at my hands and feeling absolutely disgusted with myself.

I stole a quick peek at her, as I reached for the pack of cigarettes on the table. "I was tested about six weeks after, then again six weeks ago. You know, just to make sure." I had never been more embarrassed about my past as I was in this moment, wishing I could take it all back but knowing that it was not possible.

Faithfully

"What about Rosalie?" she asked barely in a whisper, the previous fierceness in her voice all but gone.

"What about her?" I asked, taking a long drag off my cigarette, not completely understanding why she was bringing her up.

"How long ago did you sleep with her?" she pressed, as she proceeded to pick at her fingernails. She looked so unsure of herself in that moment that I started to wonder if her confidence earlier in the night was façade.

"Never," I stated vehemently, putting out the cigarette I had been smoking. I placed my hands on either side of her face, forcing her to meet my gaze. "I have never touched her."

I hoped she could see the sincerity in my eyes. Her eyes were swimming with uncertainty, so I rushed to explain further, "She has tried - I won't lie about that, but I have never even considered taking her up on her offers. In fact, I have outright rejected her more times than I can remember. She followed us around on tour in our early days trying to "snag" me but, as I said before, I was not interested in the least. She ended up with Emmett...poor bastard."

"She still wants you..."

She sounded so defeated. I needed her to know that there was not now, and would never be, any competition.

"It will *never* happen. Not with anyone else, but especially not *her*." I tried to keep my voice steady as I continued, "I want *you*, Bella..." I said, pulling her in for a soft lingering kiss. "Only you." All of my doubts melted away when she spoke again.

"*Edward*," she breathed into my mouth. "I'm yours...only yours."

With a strangled groan, I pulled her into my lap, situating her so she was straddling my thighs. I kissed her frantically, pulling her tight against my body, not able to get close enough. I wanted to consume her, all of her.

Faithfully

I kneaded her ass, as I ground my dick into her cloth-covered pussy, seeking some much-needed friction. She moved her hands into my hair, tugging my head back to allow her access to my neck. I could feel the ball of her tongue ring on my skin as it trailed down from my mouth to my neck. She began sucking and licking at my neck, and I could not control the sounds that were coming from my mouth. I palmed her breast, pulling at the barbell I could feel beneath the fabric of her top, as she ground herself against me. She felt so fucking good. Reaching her hands down between us, she tugged at the hem of my shirt trying to pull it up. I gently nudged her back, so I could help her pull it over my head. She ran her hands down my chest almost reverently, tracing her fingers along my tattoos.

"I love your ink," she said in a husky voice, before plunging her tongue back into my mouth. I moaned at the feel of her soft tongue moving with mine. I pulled her top down to expose her tits, and *damn*, they were nice. Full, soft and round with dark pink nipples, both adorned with small sapphire blue barbells, the same color as the barbell in her tongue. She may be petite, but she definitely had more than a handful and believe me, I have large hands.

"Fuck..." I breathed, pulling on one of her barbells with my teeth. Running my tongue over the peak, I sucked it into my mouth, meeting each thrust of her hips. Her skin tasted divine, and the feel of the cool steel against the heat of her flesh was driving me crazy.

"Ung, Edward..." she mewled. "Yes... *harder* ." Her voice was throaty as she panted and moaned, while writhing above me. I moved my mouth to her other breast while continuing to twist and pull the barbell with my fingers. She started moaning louder, swiveling her hips faster and harder.

The sounds coming from her mouth were so fucking sexy, and I loved knowing that it was me making her feel that way. I continued my efforts on her tits, sucking and biting, while intensifying my movements underneath her. I grabbed her ass, pulling her into my swollen cock while thrusting up hard and fast.

Faithfully

"Come for me, baby," I coaxed into her ear, before biting down on her neck. She stiffened before coming apart in my arms calling my name. It was fucking beautiful. I slowed my hips as she came down from her high, and eventually, she pulled her face away from my neck. Her face was flushed, and her hair was completely disheveled, but I don't think she could have looked any sexier than she did in that moment.

She removed herself from my lap, standing between my legs. Her eyes boring into mine, as she removed her belt and shimmied out of her top. My breath hitched, as I caught sight of a cluster of blue and black stars cascading down her side and disappearing into her pants. She lowered herself to her knees, her gaze never faltering from mine. She watched her finger as she traced the bulge in my jeans, before popping the buttons of my fly one by one. When my cock finally sprang free, she moaned and her eyes snapped up to mine.

I couldn't resist teasing her with a smug smile and a wink. She licked her full, pink lips, as her gaze moved slowly back to my rock-hard dick. She bit her bottom lip, running her thumbnail up my frenum ladder, and then tugged on the dydoe on top.

I let out a strangled groan, and she responded with a wicked grin. Keeping her eyes locked on mine, she wrapped her warm hand around the shaft and leaned forward, slowly taking the head into her hot, wet mouth. I know I have a big dick, but it was almost comical that combined with how small her hands are she needed both of them to wrap all the way around the girth.

She pulled her mouth back and proceeded to run her tongue up the underside of my shaft. The sensation of her tongue ring sliding over my ladder was extraordinary, and I could not help but slam my head back into the top of the couch and plunge my hands into her hair. She took me down her throat quickly, sucking hard, and then pulling back excruciatingly slow. She was tonguing each of my piercings as she came up only to repeat the action again, and again, until I was grunting and groaning, practically begging for release like a little fucking girl. She moved one of her hands to my massage my balls, while grazing her teeth along the shaft.

Faithfully

When I finally opened my eyes and saw her big brown eyes staring back at me with those luscious lips wrapped around me, I fucking lost it. With one final deep plunge, I came hard. *Holymotherfuckingchrist*. It was hands down the best blowjob I had ever fucking received. I could feel the muscles in her throat swallowing around me, prolonging my release,

"Fuuuuck, Bella."

She licked me clean, and then released me with a pop, crawling back into my lap and threading her fingers together behind my neck. With a lazy smile, I finally opened one eye, only to find her watching me with a smug smile on her face.

"You look awfully proud of yourself," I chuckled, still incoherent from her fantastic oral skills.

"Damn fucking right," she giggled, flashing me her dimples. "I knew that being born without a gag reflex would come in handy someday," she added with a wink.

I wondered briefly how many other guys were privy to that information, and then quickly pushed the thought out of my head before it could piss me off. I decided that I could happily pretend that there was no one before me.

"Thank Christ for that," I laughed, as I pulled her into a heated kiss. I could taste myself on her tongue, and surprisingly, it did not gross me out.

I pulled away, brushing a strand of hair out of her eyes. "Come to bed with me," I mumbled against her lips as I stood from the couch, wrapping her legs around my waist.

I carried her up the two flights of stairs and into my bedroom, the light from the stairwell allowing just enough visibility to get us safely to the bed. *Thank fuck she is tiny.*

Faithfully

I set her down on top of the comforter, admiring the contrast of her pale skin against the black bedding. I crawled up over her on all fours, swiping my tongue up her body from her navel to her jaw, and then plunging it deep into her mouth. Sitting back on my thighs, I ghosted my hands across her shoulders, over her breasts, and tweaking the barbells as I passed them. I traced the stars I had seen earlier, ending their decent over her toned stomach. She was struggling to keep her breathing even, as I splayed my hands over her torso, noticing how they covered nearly her whole abdomen. I raked my blunt fingernails from the underside of her breasts to the top of her pants, paying close attention to the sounds she was making. I then smoothed my palms back up the side of her torso, continuing up the underside of her arms (which were resting above her head) and finally ending in her palms.

I threaded our fingers together over her head, leaning down to lavish wet, sucking kisses down her neck, over her throat and across her collarbones. She arched her back, as I attached my mouth to one of her nipples, tugging at the barbell with my teeth, her deep throaty moan instantly bringing my cock back to life.

I continued my decent down her body, dipping my tongue into her belly button, and then grabbed hold of the elastic waistband at top of those ridiculous pants with my teeth, snapping then against her stomach.

"Uhng...Edward, *please*," she begged, squirming beneath me searching for some kind of friction. I hooked my fingers into the waistband and peeled them off, revealing a sexy black lace thong. I quickly pulled it off and tossed it on the floor to join her pants. Running my hands up her smooth, silky legs, I took a moment to admire the perfection that was Bella. "You are so beautiful, so perfect..." I mused, as I moved my body to kneel between her legs.

Her bare lips were glistening with her arousal, causing my mouth to water. I pushed her legs open wide, and caught sight of metal.

Holyfuckingshit, she's pierced!

Faithfully

My eyes snapped up to hers, getting a glimpse of her sexy smirk, then quickly looking back down her pussy. I ran my thumbs up her soaking wet folds, spreading them slightly so I could get a better look and there it was: a sapphire blue vertical hood.

"Fucking Christ, Bella, that is so fucking sexy," I murmured, breathing in her heady scent before running my tongue up her slit, and feeling the ball in my tongue hit the ball covering her nub. Pulling at it with my teeth, I slid two fingers inside her, twisting and curling them, as I worked relentlessly over her bundle of nerves. Bella's hands flew to my hair pulling me closer.

" *Edward...*," she moaned. "Yes, so close....yes...yes....uhnnngggh."

Her hips were grinding into my face and her legs were shaking over my shoulders, as her back arched up off the bed. I curled my fingers, searching for the spongy area, and rubbing it with a little more pressure, as I intensified my sucking and biting on her clit. One final thrust of my hand and she came hard, cursing.

"Fuuuck."

I slowed down my ministrations on her silky flesh until she finally stopped thrashing. I crawled back up, laying my body on top of hers, kissing her lips lightly, not sure if it would gross her out if I really kissed her. She took me by surprise when she plundered her tongue into my mouth, sucking my own before licking my lips, then going back for my tongue.

"I can taste myself on you," she breathed, wrapping her long legs around my waist. "It's so fucking hot."

Kissing me again, she reached down to push my unbuttoned jeans down over my ass. I kicked them off the rest of the way and proceeded to grind on her, as we made out like teenagers, mindful not to let myself slip inside.

She pushed on my shoulders, signaling for me to flip onto my back as she flung her leg over my hips, so that she ended up straddling my thighs. She wrapped

Faithfully

both hands around my length, lacing her fingers together pulling me flush with her wet pussy. She started gyrating her hips slowly, moving her hands in time with her thrusts. She would gradually speed up, bringing me to the edge of release, and then slowing down slightly, pulling me back from the precipice. My hands were planted firmly on her ass, and when I finally had enough of her teasing, I took over the pace of her thrusts speeding up slightly while she started running her thumbs over my leaking head.

Moaning and groaning, I lost myself in the sensation of her wet heat and tiny hands sliding all over my dick. Her sexy voice encouraging me along the way. "Come for me, I want to see you..." grasping me tighter, "Show me what I do to you, Edward, I *need* to see it. I need to see that it's only for *me*."

"Fuck, Bella....fuck, fuck, fuck. Uhnng...I'm gonna fucking come...I'm gonna.... uh..uh... unhnng." Closing my eyes I came in hot spurts all over her hands and my stomach. "Fuck yeah," I groaned out, completely spent.

One thing is for fucking certain, Bella has magical hands. That hand job was better than most penetrative sex I have experienced, and that's a lot of sex. I cannot even imagine what it will feel like to get inside of her. If I am being completely honest, though, I am a little concerned. She was squeezing the shit out of my *two* fingers, I don't really know how I am going to get the monster I call my dick in there. It's gonna be tight as fuck. Shit, I'm getting hard again just thinking about it. I know we are not quite ready for that yet. I want to be absolutely certain she is not going to run out on me before we consummate our relationship. I can't believe that I am not only willing, but also wanting to wait a bit...a very little bit, like not tonight, but hopefully soon. *Fuck*, I hope she doesn't make me wait long. Now that I have had a taste of her, I don't think my dick can handle the torture. I am a little nervous, though, having never had sex with someone I cared about; I hope I am able to please her when the time comes.

I jump a little, as I feel something warm and wet on my stomach, and I open my eyes to find Bella cleaning me off with a damp washcloth. She smiles up at me, then disappears back into the en suite bathroom. I am both shocked, and touched, by sweetness of her gesture. Although it amazes me, it confuses me a

Faithfully

little how she can be a total vixen one minute, and sweet and caring the next. I decide it feels nice to be taken care of, and I'm determined to return the favor in the future.

When she appears in the doorway, I motion for her to join me in the bed. She settles herself into my side, laying her head on my shoulder with her legs entwined with mine. She is drawing aimless patterns on my stomach as I pull the blankets up around us. It feels strange to have someone in my bed, but I can't deny that I like the way she feels wrapped up in my arms. I place a gentle kiss on her temple and try not to think too much about it. I feel her breath first, then her lips on my neck before she whispers, "Goodnight, Edward."

"Night, baby."

Despite how happy I am at this moment, the last thing I think about before sleep claims me is, *what the fuck am I doing?*

Love it, hate it? Drop me a line and let me know! :)

Chapter 4: Never Met A Girl Like You

Again, thank you to lambcullen for editing this chapter...I still can't believe you are reading my story.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

Thank you to everyone who has supported my story!

~Faithfully~

Never Met A Girl Like You Before

You give me just a taste so I want more

Now my hands are bleeding and my knees are raw

Cos you've got me crawlin', crawlin' on the floor

And I've never met a girl like you before

You've made me acknowledge the devil in me

I hope to God I'm talkin' metaphorically

Hope that I'm talkin' allegorically

Know that I'm talkin' about the way I feel

And I've never known a girl like you before

~Never Met A Girl Like You Before- Iggy Pop~

~Edward~

I wake to the shrill ringing of my cell phone, sitting up quickly on the fourth ring trying not to jostle a still soundly sleeping Bella, as I disentangle myself from her limbs. I am instantly fucking annoyed, because she looks beautiful in her slumber and I want nothing more at the moment than to bask in the closeness that we acquired last night.

The phone starts ringing again just as I find my jeans, which are strewn haphazardly on the floor near the foot of the bed. Pulling my phone out of the back pocket, I answer without looking at the caller id.

"What," I snap, looking over to make sure that Bella was not disturbed by the phone.

"Well, good morning to you too, Sunshine." Gianna's smooth voice purrs on the other line.

"What do you want, G?" I bite out a little more harshly than I intend to, but not at all sorry about it, because I didn't get to fully enjoy the experience of waking up with Bella in my arms. It was a first for me after all.

"What I *want*, is to know what I'm supposed to say to the endless string of calls I've been receiving all morning, asshole," she snaps back, irritation coloring her tone.

"Oh, shit. Sorry, G," I offer, glancing at the clock on the nightstand. It is already ten-thirty so I can't really be too pissed about the interruption.

"What do they want to know?" I ask, grabbing my jeans and heading out into the hallway, softly closing the door behind me. Cradling the phone between my shoulder and my ear, I pull on my jeans while listening to Gianna rant.

"What the fuck, Edward! Don't you think that as your publicist I deserve a little warning when you pull a stunt like this? It's not as if this is just a leaked picture

Faithfully

or something, you have caused a goddamn media frenzy! What the fuck were you thinking? How am I supposed to make this go away, you inconsiderate prick!"

"Christ, Gianna. Calm the fuck down. Let me get my laptop booted up," I utter while heading for my study. I sit at my desk, scrubbing my hand over my face and head, waiting for my computer to power up. When I finally get the green light I Google last night's concert. "Okay, where are they?" I ask, before hundreds of pictures pop up of Bella and me.

"Where aren't they?" she retorts, exasperation clear in her voice.

"What's your fucking problem?" I demand impatiently, getting really fucking annoyed at her hostile attitude.

"Who is she?" she asks, her voice sounding small and meek over the line.

Oh, shit. She sounds ...*jealous*? I am a tad bit confused by her reaction, considering I have never shown even the slightest bit of interest in her. Come to think of it, I have never even been particularly nice to her at all. She is just "the publicist"...period. I mean, she looks alright, I guess, in a "Rosalie" sort of way (we all know how I feel about that) only with an olive skin tone and dark hair full of overly processed highlights, so as far as me being interested in her, not a fucking chance.

"Her name is Bella. What else do they want to know?" I'm trying to keep my voice even, but not really successful in hiding the suspicion coming through in it.

Her voice is as cold as ice as she presses, "So, are you *with* her then or what?"

"Does the press want to know that, G, or do you?" I ask, clenching my jaw together, thinking I need to permanently lose the nickname the band uses for her. I certainly do not want to encourage her ridiculous behavior, and she has pissed me off beyond reproach by the way she is referring to Bella.

Faithfully

She doesn't answer, giving me all the conformation I need. I am so fucking pissed. Who the hell does this bitch think she is?

"Yes, we are together," I answer calmly and confidently with a little bit of malice lacing my tone, just as Bella appears in the doorway wearing, what seems to be, only my t-shirt from yesterday. I wave her over pulling her into my lap and placing a wet kiss on her mouth.

"She's very young." Gianna accuses in my ear, as my tongue gently probes Bella's sweet mouth.

"She's also very fucking beautiful, yet I don't hear you pointing out *that* fact," I retort, turning my attention back to Bella, whose eyes are now trained on the series of photos of us on the monitor. I kiss her neck murmuring, "Morning, baby". She looks over her shoulder, flashing me a dimpled grin, and then turns her attention back to the photos.

"She's there with you!" Gianna bellows.

"These are hot." Bella muses out loud. I nod my head, which is resting on her shoulder, in agreement because they are indeed fucking hot. There is one in particular where you can see just a hint of tongue, and I wonder idly where I can get a copy of it.

"Yes, of course she is here with me," I answer with a dangerous edge to my voice.

"What about your rules?" she presses, sounding defeated.

"The rules don't apply to Bella. She's the real deal, not that it is any of your fucking business."

"I see," she deadpans, ice seeping into her tone.

"Do you?" I challenge, while tightening the arm I have around Bella's waist, wanting there to be no doubt in either of their minds that I was completely

Faithfully

unavailable to anyone but Bella.

"Of course." By this point, Gianna's voice is utterly void of emotion. "What would you like to say about the photos?"

"Nothing, I don't think, but I need to discuss it with Bella first. We will call you back later."

"Fine, whatever," she huffs "I won-"

I roll my eyes dramatically, causing Bella to giggle. I end the call, effectively cutting Gianna off, and place the phone on the desk next to the computer. We spend about thirty more minutes sifting through the photos of us posted on the internet. Bella quirks her eyebrow, as we read a caption about my "mysterious brunette companion".

I wait for the alarm to set in, triggering the urge to bolt, but it never comes. Well, that's a lie; I did have a minor internal panic attack looking at the photos. It's not that I regretted letting the media see us together, it was just absorbing the sheer enormity of the situation. Gianna is right though; the pictures are fucking *everywhere*...even the local news. It is honestly a little unnerving to see. There really is no taking this back. Bella seems unaffected, which makes me feel guilty for freaking out a little, but then again she really has no idea what all this means for her yet.

She stands up from my lap, leaning over the large mahogany desk to grab a piece of paper from the printer tray, and I get a nice peek of her ass cheeks as they hang proudly out of my tee shirt where the hem had ridden up. *Damn I am a lucky bastard*. She resumes her position on my lap, and starts to jot something down from one of the websites we have been looking at. Because I am a horny bastard, however, I attack her neck with wet open-mouthed kisses, while trailing my hands up her thighs underneath my shirt. I begin kneading gently, as I let my fingers drift closer and closer to the promise land, trying to distract her from her task and make her focus on me. I am just about to make contact when my phone rings again.

Faithfully

"Fuck!" I shout, grabbing the device and hitting send as if it has personally offended me.

"What?" I snap at the unknown caller trying very hard, albeit unsuccessfully, to reign in my temper.

"Dude, have you seen the pictures yet, bro?" Emmett's overeager voice comes through the line. He sounds like a kid with a shiny new toy.

"Yeah, we are looking at them now," I answer him, going back to work on Bella's neck.

"Gross, fuckwad. I don't wanna hear you slurping." He makes a fake gagging sound before continuing, "They're fuckin' hot, dontcha think?"

"Uh hu," I acknowledge while trailing my tongue over the several hickies I left on her neck. *Jesus fucking Christ, it looks like a vampire got a hold of her last night.* I almost feel bad...almost...but not really...at all, because as it turns out, I am a possessive motherfucker.

Who knew?

He interrupts my mental rant by telling me that he is going to go regurgitate his breakfast due to the nasty sounds I am making, and that Alice wants to talk to Bella. I hand the phone over to her, mumbling "Alice," against the skin behind her ear, while running the fingers of my free hand over her slick folds.

"Hello?" Bella chokes out mid moan, trying unsuccessfully to bat my hand away causing me to chuckle.

"EDWARD!" Alice yells through the phone. "STOP WHATEVER PERVY SHIT YOU ARE DOING TO BELLA. I NEED HER TO CONCENTRATE!"

I sit back with a huff, as Bella turns to smirk at me, grinding her ass into my rock hard dick and causing me to groan loudly. I put my hands on her hips, stilling her movements as I scowl at her. I'm not sure what Alice is telling her,

Faithfully

but Bella blushes and apologizes.

"Okay, okay-sorry," she turns her head to look at me shyly over her shoulder, before answering. "No, I don't think so, Alice."

I strain my ears, trying to hear what Alice is saying, but all I can hear is Bella's side of the conversation. "No...Nuh uh...I don't know....he didn't ask me," she says averting her eyes to the floor, while toying with a loose string on the bottom of the shirt she is wearing.

"WHAT?" I hear Alice yell again. "LET ME TALK TO HIM!"

I reach for the phone, shouting back, "What the hell, Alice!"

"Why haven't you asked her? You had better not break her heart assward; she is going to be my best friend. How am I supposed to find her a dress in time if you don't hurry up and ask?" I am positive she has not taken a single breath through that entire tirade.

"Whoa, slow down there, killer. I haven't asked her yet because we have been a little preoccupied. Besides, I was gonna ask Zafrina to bring some things to the house, so she is not mobbed in the streets."

"You're gonna use Rosalie's stylist?" She says the word like it's dirty or something, completely confusing me. Isn't that what chicks do for red carpet events and whatnot, call in stylists?

"Yes?" I question more than answer.

"Oh, okay. I see," she sighed, sounding completely dejected.

"What is it, Al?"

"It's nothing really...it's just that I was hoping, maybe, to dress her..." she sounded so disappointed.

Faithfully

"I don't know, Al. You'll have to ask her that yourself, but let me talk to her first," I requested. "We will call you back."

"Kay. Ciao!"

I hang up the phone just as Bella starts to speak. "You know, it's really fucking annoying for you to talk about me like I am not in the room." She turns to glare at me over her shoulder, but then goes back to making comments about our pictures on the internet blogs she is looking at.

"Uh, sorry," I say lamely. "So, I wanted to ask you something last night, but well, we got a little sidetracked..." I trail off awkwardly, clicking my tongue ring against the steel in my lip.

She turns slowly in my lap, so that she is straddling me and threads her fingers into my hair, gesturing with her head for me to continue. "Well, I have to attend the MTV Movie Awards on the seventeenth of this month. The band is nominated for an award, and I was hoping you would accompany me. We would leave Wednesday the fourteenth, the ceremony is on Saturday, then we would fly back Sunday. We would have Monday free, before the show on Tuesday in Poland."

"Yes, of course. I would love to go with you," she says, excitement dancing in her gorgeous brown eyes, while she wraps her arms around my neck and plants a sloppy kiss on my mouth. I laugh at her exuberance as I continue. "Okay, good...great. Umm well, from what I understand we will head for L.A. straight from Finland, since we have a show there Tuesday night."

I am happy that she has agreed to go to L.A. with me, but also a bit nervous, because I have implied that she would be with me in Finland rather than asked, but I really don't want to give her the opportunity to say no. *Fucking coward.*

"You want me to go to Finland with you?" she asks with genuine amazement lacing her beautiful features.

Faithfully

"Of course. I want you to go everywhere on this tour with me." Sincerity ringing clearly in my voice, as I take her hand in mine. The shocked expression on her face urging me to rush to convince her.

"I mean, you were planning to tour Europe anyway, right, so I thought you could just do it with me?" I explain lamely while tugging at my hair thinking about how I desperately need a shower.

Mmmm, wet, soapy Bella.

Her uncertain voice pulls me from my shower fantasy. "I wouldn't want to be a burden," she weakly protests, hope shining through in her eyes.

"You could never be a burden to me, I promise. Besides, I just fucking found you...I don't want to be away from you. We could use the time to get to know each other better. I understand that it is a bit unconventional, and slightly backwards, but I know of many music couples that have made it work this way. Look at Jasper and Alice," I plead not even caring that I sound like a whiny bitch.

"If you're sure....," she prompts, searching my eyes for the answer to some unknown question.

I take her face in my hands and vow, "Bella, I have never been more sure of anything in my life."

And I am.

I know that the life of a musician's girlfriend is hard, but I also know that it could be rewarding for both parties involved. I have seen first hand how happy Alice makes Jasper on the road, and how happy Jasper makes Alice by loving and providing for her. The situation isn't always easy but it is definitely worth it, and I am willing to take that risk. I can only hope Bella is willing as well.

She surprises me by diving forward to attack my mouth, kissing and biting at my lips, forcing her tongue inside. She vigorously explores my mouth, running

Faithfully

her tongue along my teeth, before biting my bottom lip whimpering and moaning while pulling at my hair. I quickly yank off the T-shirt she is wearing, exposing her tight curvy body. She goes back to my mouth enthusiastically, as I grab and palm her perfect ass pulling her tight up against my body. I pull my mouth from her and ask, as I thrust my jean-covered cock into her, "Is that a yes?"

She attacks my neck licking and nipping, "Yes!" She grinds her hips into mine. "Yes."

"Fuck, Bella," I groan, moving my mouth to the barbell in her right nipple, as I shift my hand around to bury two fingers deep inside her. She is so wet that her juices are running down my wrist, as she rides my hand with abandon. I press my thumb to her clit and move it in circles, keeping rhythm with her hips.

She reaches her hand down between our bodies, and pulling me from the confines of my jeans, then brings her hand up to her mouth to lick her palm. She stops suddenly, looks at me with a smirk and a wicked gleam in her eye, as she slips her hand down between her legs to catch some of the oozing moisture. She then wraps her wet hand around my weeping cock and starts pumping in time with her thrusts, while watching the overwhelming lust cloud my eyes.

"Jesusfuckingchrist," I choke out, grunting as she starts purposely flicking the steel balls on my ladder with her nail. I close my eyes, replaying what she has just done in my head, because it is definitely one of the hottest things I have ever seen or experienced. I start matching her thrusts, as we pick up speed and intensity, my face buried in her neck.

I add more pressure to her clit, trying to flick her ball as she has done mine, and knowing I am not going to last much longer. "You feel so fucking good, Bella. So fucking good...so wet for me."

She moans loudly, whimpering as her movements become erratic. "That's it sweet girl...show me how good I make you feel."

Faithfully

And just because I can't resist, I smack her ass...hard with my free hand. That is all it takes for Bella to come, groaning out my name. I am pleasantly surprised, and extremely ecstatic, to find out that she is indeed a naughty little thing and likes to have her ass smacked. That knowledge alone sends me over the edge, shooting my jizz all over my chest. Using the shirt Bella was wearing, I clean us up, and then toss it back to the floor. Bella has collapsed against me, tracing the ink on my chest with her fingers.

I am just about to broach the subject of Alice helping her to find a dress, when her stomach grumbles loudly. We laugh together, before I suggest that she shower while I make us breakfast, or lunch or whatever the fuck meal it is time for.

I show her where the towels are, and pull out the extra toothbrush I had purchased for the trip. I will just replace it later. When I hear the water turn on, I rummage through my dresser to find something for her to wear, because I am sure she would not want to put on the clothes she wore last night. I end up pulling out a wife beater for her to wear along with a pair of my boxers. I set the clothes on the counter in the bathroom, then proceed to take out my contacts before heading to the guest bathroom to shower myself.

They were fucking killing me, and I don't give a fuck if Bella sees me in my glasses, it's not like she won't eventually see them anyway, and she is not the type to ditch me for my less than stellar eyesight.

I have showered, dressed, and am currently in the kitchen making waffles when I hear her descend the stairs.

"I hope you realize that you are not getting this back," she announces as she turns the corner, entering the kitchen. I catch sight of her amazing rack, sans bra, on perfect display for me through the thin fabric of the shirt I gave her. I smirk, as I finally look up to her face.

"Well, aren't we a pair?" I can't help but chuckle as she rolls her eyes at me.

Faithfully

"I saw the solution on the counter and I couldn't resist. They were fucking killing me!" she laughs, "Besides, it made me less embarrassed to emerge, wearing these, knowing that you wore glasses too."

She blushes profusely. Her embarrassment catching me off guard.

"Why the hell would you be embarrassed? You look hot as fuck," I reassure her, as I wrap my arms around her waist and stick my face in her neck, inhaling deeply. "You smell like me," I observe.

"Um hmm, hey, sorry about these," she says, lightly tracing her fingers along the marks left on the side of my throat, as the corner of her lips curl up slightly. I narrow my eyes at her.

"You are so full of shit."

I roll my eyes. "You are not any more sorry than I am," I tease, tracing over her marks. "Besides, we match."

She just laughs at me, picking up one of the plated waffles and pushing past me to sit at one of the breakfast stools.

Over brunch I finally get the chance to talk to her about Alice's offer, to which of course she is agreeable. We call her back, letting her in on the good news, and the girls make plans to shop the following day. We also make plans with the rest of the group to meet for dinner. Alice is going to come by while I am at rehearsal to help Bella get ready, since we will without a doubt be photographed while we are out. I also suggest that Bella make plans to have her luggage brought to my house, so Alice can help her organize and pack her stuff for the tour.

I know that Alice will load Bella up with clothes appropriate for the activities, and several appearances, we will engage in over the next couple of months. I also discuss with Bella the opportunities for her brother and his girlfriend to meet up with us. She says she will call him while I am out today, and let me know the dates and locations he will be joining us for when I get home, so that

Faithfully

I can make the appropriate arrangements.

When the guys and I arrive back at my flat after rehearsal, we find only Alice down in the living area. She informs us that Bella is still upstairs getting ready, because she'd had a long conversation with her brother earlier. When Emmett asks about Rosalie, Alice just rolls her eyes and informs him that Rosalie had declined her invitation to come over and get ready with her and Bella, but she was due to show up any minute. Rosalie and Alice were never really close before, but it is still sad for Emmett to see her alienate herself even further because of her dislike for Bella.

About twenty minutes later, Rosalie arrives with Tanya in tow. "What the fuck is she doing here?" I growl, staring pointedly at Rosalie.

"Alice called to tell me that the group was having dinner tonight at Hakkasan. She mentioned that your little girlfriend's brother was also going to be tagging along, so I figured if her sibling is invited I could certainly invite mine," she challenges, her voice sickeningly sweet. I glare at Rosalie as she walks past me, leading Tanya into the living room offering her a drink. Just as she is pouring everyone a round of scotch, Bella walks into the room and right into my arms.

She is wearing a strapless, sheer white top that hangs loosely, but has a pinkish tie at the waist, tight jeans and light colored heels with straps across her feet. Her hair is down, curled at the ends, and she has minimal make-up on.

She looks fucking beautiful.

I lean in to kiss her thoroughly.

"Hey, gorgeous," I say against her lips, savoring her taste on my tongue.

"Hey, yourself," she answers with a smile, reaching up for another kiss. I happily oblige, thrusting my tongue into her mouth while gently palming her ass.

Faithfully

"For fuck's sake, Edward. We don't want to see that shit." Rosalie mutters sitting next to Tanya on the couch.

"This is *my* house Rosalie, and I strongly suggest if you don't want to see this shit, then don't come here," I admonish rudely, going back for another kiss while staring right at her, daring her to say anything else about it.

Bitch.

She huffs, mumbling to herself, just as Tanya lets out a phony screech. I look over at her to see that the drink she is holding has been spilled all over her white halter-top.

"Oh, no! My shirt is all wet," she whines. "Eddie, do you have a shirt I can borrow?" *Yep, I knew it.* Just as I thought, she and Rosalie are up to something, and I am not about to get tossed into their ridiculous plan.

"You could always tuck in one of his button downs, rolling up the sleeves leaving most of the buttons undone. That would be hot T, or you could knot one of his t-shirts at the waist. Either option would look cute with the skirt you are wearing. It's all the rage to be seen in your guy's clothes, so no one would think twice about it." Rosalie offers, as excitement dances in Tanya's eyes. Bella turns to look disbelievingly at the two women.

"Edward, grab T one of your shirts," she orders, crossing her arms across her chest daring me to challenge her.

The fuck you say?

The bitch is in for one hell of a shock, because I'm not Emmett, and I certainly do not take orders from Rosalie Hale.

"I don't fucking think so, Rosalie. It's not my problem that she can't keep her drink in her glass, and I am sure as fuck not going to have anyone other than Bella seen, or photographed, in my clothes."

Faithfully

There is no room for argument in the tone I use, because I am not about to make this relationship any harder on Bella than it is already going to be. Having some other woman photographed in my shirt is a sure way to add unnecessary strain. The media would analyze that shit for days, and I am not going to put Bella in the position to be publicly compared to anyone, especially a tramp like Tanya, not that there *is* any comparison.

"Why are you being such an asshole, Edward? It's just a fucking shirt!" Rosalie presses knowing exactly what the big deal is...it is all part of her scheming.

"Because I am always an asshole, Rosalie, that is nothing new. You can take her home to change and meet us at the restaurant, but I'm not giving her one."

She and Tanya exchange a look, but thankfully, drop the subject.

I take Bella's hand as we head for Hakkasan and silently wonder what is in store for us when we reach the restaurant.

Like it? Don't like it? Drop me a line and let me know! :)

Chapter 5: In Your Room

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

Thank you to everyone who is supporting my story....it means alot to me :)

And a HUGE thank you to my beta: moblair...you rock!

~Faithfully~

Chapter 5: In Your Room

I'm hanging on your words

living on your breath

feeling with your skin

Will I always be here

In your room

Your burning eyes

Cause flames to arise

Will you let the fire die down soon

Or will I always be here

Your favourite passion

Faithfully

Your favourite game

Your favourite mirror

Your favourite slave

~In Your Room-Depeche Mode~

~Bella~

I am sitting in one of the swankiest restaurants I have ever seen with a group of people I hardly know, aside from my brother and Sam that is, about to embark on a European Tour with a man fifteen years older than myself, who I met less than a week ago. We're in the middle of a massive media storm, and that's not even the best part of this situation. The best part is that my new man, Edward (arguably the most wanted rockstar in the world), has a fantastically insane group of women that are completely obsessed with him who, of course, hate me and want me out of the picture; like say, on a deserted island with nothing but a butter knife and a lighter.

First there's Tanya; I really don't see her as much of a threat, more of an annoyance. Yes, she is beautiful, but she is as dumb as a box of rocks and the blatant advances she has made on him so far have gone over like a lead balloon. She needs a new tactic because the one she is using is ineffective at gaining his attention, and comical at best...not that I want anyone but me to gain his attention, mind you. Next, we have Rosalie. She is a little more dangerous, in my opinion. Now, I *know* Edward has refused all of her attempts to seduce him, but something tells me that she doesn't take 'no' for an answer.

And the fact that he wants to keep me around only adds to her ire. reason

It seems as though she's viewing me as a rival of some sort; which is preposterous on numerous counts, the first being that they have never had a relationship, physical or otherwise. I 'm a little confused as to where the territorial bullshit is coming from. The most obvious rationale -and most important- being that she is *married*...to his *band mate*, no less! This one really

Faithfully

throws me for a loop. Seriously, could someone be that egotistical? I really don't understand the whole woman scorned angle she is playing at all. I get that her ego may have been bruised a little by his obvious lack of interest in her, but, Jesus fucking Christ.

Get. Over. It!

I think she was ok with it as long as he remained unattached, because there was never anyone to compare herself to, she was convinced he didn't want her because he didn't want *anyone*. I mean, she looks like a fucking Barbie doll and has most men's tongues wagging, so what more does she want? That's just it though, she wants Edward and if she can't have him, she won't let anyone else have him either. The scary part is that I don't know to what lengths she will go to accomplish that feat. This woman is completely ridiculous.

Finally, we have the publicist; I think her name was Gianna or something like that. The way she reacted to our "media situation" doesn't sit well with me. I paid very close attention to that call after hearing the defensiveness in his voice when I overheard him. Although I can say with certainty that he is not interested in her romantically, their familiarity irks me a little, but only because it seems like that she is yearning for more than a professional relationship with him. What the fuck is new? I might be slightly overreacting on that one, though. It could just be a sense of possessiveness because she is the only non-related female other than Alice that has any sort of association with him.

This isn't likely, but it helps me with the crazy.

Therefore, I may be freaking out just a little. It's not that I am intimidated by these harpies either on a physical or intellectual level. I possess above average intelligence and intellect, I have a creative mind and a bit of a free spirit, and I know I look damn good, albeit in an unconventional, exotic sort of way. It's the inevitable, petty drama that I am reluctant to deal with.

It is easy to empathize with the gang of crazies, as much as I don't want to, because this guy is un-fucking-believable. He is very tall, at least a foot taller than me, and well built without looking bulky. He has this reddish hair that is

Faithfully

always looks like he just rolled out of bed and the most amazing dark green eyes. He is covered in ink and steel and has the most soulful voice I have ever heard. The best part about him, however, is that he is so different than he appears to be.

He puts off this vibe that clearly portrays 'Bad Ass...Do not fuck with me'- and believe me, that's sexy as hell- but the man I have come to know and care about is really very gentle, smart and affectionate. I get the impression that not very many people, if any at all, get to see that softer side of him, and I am thrilled that he is sharing it with me. I'll be with him for months on tour, making me really eager to know more.

"Where are you, baby?" Edward pulls me out of my musings, placing his hand on my thigh.

"Huh?" I ask dumbly.

"I was asking what you wanted to eat..." he trails off then leans in to whisper in my ear, brushing my bangs to the side, "Are you ok?"

"What? Oh, yeah. I'm fine, really." I smile sweetly at him. "I was just thinking about what I have to pick up while I'm out shopping with Alice tomorrow," I lie. He looks suspicious but thankfully does not push any further. I decide to talk to Alice about all of my concerns tomorrow; maybe she can help me put it all into perspective and let go of my worries. I don't want to potentially ruin a good thing with petty jealousy and unfounded distrust. With a plan of action, I know I'm better able to focus on the present.

Placing my hand high on Edward's thigh, I lean in to ask him what is good on the menu. He suggests the Jasmine tea-smoked pork ribs, so that is what I go with when the waiter appears to take our order. A few moments later the waiter returns with a round of sake for everyone and Jasper surprises me by proposing a toast to Edward and me, congratulating us on our new romance, stating he never thought he would see the day that 'Edward Cullen opens himself up to the possibility of love'. Edward responds by flipping him off, but the smile on his face is undeniable. After throwing back the sweet liquid, he leans in to

Faithfully

place a demanding kiss on my lips, winking as he pulls back, causing me to blush like a schoolgirl when the table erupts into hoots and catcalls, while Edward just smirks like the cocky bastard he is. He sits back in his chair but leaves his elbow propped on the back of mine, with his fingers tangled in my hair. I thoroughly enjoy his possessiveness, it makes me feel desired and sexy and undeniably feminine. I hear feminist that have come before me are rolling in their graves.

The dinner conversation remains neutral and harmless- Seth and Tanya casually mentioning which shows they are planning to meet up with us for, and Alice talking about each store we just *have to* visit tomorrow. The evening goes off without incident, mostly due to Rosalie behaving like a good girl, and we all have a good time. I am excited when Edward invites everyone back to his flat to hang out; I really want the chance to get to know the people I will be spending so much time with before we add in the stressful elements of touring and constant travel.

The atmosphere is very relaxed when we get back to the apartment, which makes it easy to open up and be myself. We are all getting along very well and I am finding it much easier to stop obsessing over how young and inexperienced I am in the ways of the world. All too soon, the boys move to the game room to play billiards while we girls decide to stay in the great room and watch a movie. Rosalie and Tanya keep their snide remarks to a minimum and I am able to relax and really enjoy myself. A couple of hours later, the guys finally join us, cuddling up to their respective partners, leaving Tanya at the opposite end of the couch from Edward and me. I just ignore her when she scoots closer to him commenting on how long his hair has gotten. But when she reaches out to touch it, I glare at her, prepared to pounce. *Back the fuck up.* Before I get the chance to, however, Edward flinches away from her touch hissing, "I have told you a hundred fucking times not to touch me." She looks hurt and a little frightened as she cowers from his harsh tone. *Good...bitch.*

"Switch places with me, baby," he mutters as he slides me across his lap and settles himself to recline against the arm of the couch. I position my body so that I am laying half on top of him as I purposely thread my fingers through his hair and kiss him fiercely, knowing Tanya's eyes are on us. He responds

Faithfully

eagerly, wrapping one of his hands around the back of my thigh and tangling the other into my hair. His body feels so solid beneath me as his strong arms pull me closer. I can feel his arousal against my thigh, long and thick and hard as fucking steel. I whimper as he pushes his hips up into mine. I'm a lot excited and a little bit terrified, thinking about how that monstrosity is supposed to fit inside my little body. I mean, *holy shit*, that boy is packing some serious heat. Thank God I don't have a gag reflex because there is no way I could have fit even half of it in my mouth if I was normal. And the piercings...fuck its like Niagara Falls in my panties just thinking about how they will feel *inside* me. I am so engrossed in the fantasy of taking his monster cock for a ride that I don't realize that I am being loud, like really loud and grinding shamelessly all over his junk. I reluctantly pry myself away from him when I hear snickering, only to find Alice laughing, Rosalie and Tanya scowling, and Jasper looking anywhere but at us, biting on his fist; either in humor or disgust, I'm not sure. We must have really been going at it because Emmett is even looking away. *Jeez*. I smirk at Emmett, not able to find it in myself to be embarrassed.

"Time for bed", Edward announces, standing abruptly pulling me to my feet and demanding, "Say goodnight Bella." His gaze is so intense that it feels like his eyes could bore holes into mine. He is looking at me like a predator stalking his prey, and I am completely overwhelmed with my desire for him. I'm only a little ashamed to admit that I love being caught.

"Goodnight, Bella," I obey tartly, looking up at him through my lashes.

One side of his mouth curls up into that signature cocky grin as he responds, his voice dripping with sex, "Oh, you wanna be a naughty girl tonight, do you? I already warned you about what happens to naughty girls," as he flings me over his shoulder, smacking me hard on the ass. I yelp with the shock then burst into a fit of giggles as he dashes for the stairs calling back over his shoulder.

I promise to be naughty more often.

"Jazz, lock up for me please, man."

Faithfully

The next morning I am woken up by feather light kisses running along my shoulder and neck as the warm sunlight from the window streams over my face.

"Mmmmm, morning," I mumble through my sleep-thickened voice.

"Mmm hmm...it certainly is, beautiful," he answers while planting kisses up my neck finally landing one on my mouth.

"What time is Alice coming for you?" he asks sitting up.

"Ten-thirty," I answer distractedly, noticing that the blanket has slid down to expose his perfectly chiseled chest and abs, covered in beautiful ink. The sunlight shimmering through his hair emphasizes the red and gold in it. He is breathtaking. When he reaches up to scrub his hand through his messy hair, the sun glints off the steel ring in his nipple, causing a wave of desire to pass through me. I crawl over to him on all fours and reach out to tweak the ring while nuzzling his neck. He groans catching my hand before I can accomplish any more exploration.

"*Bella*," he grumbles, his voice sounding husky and deep, "Alice is supposed to be here in forty-five minutes, baby. We don't have time....." I cannot hear conviction anywhere in his statement, so I continue what I'm doing with my mouth.

He moans pulling me to straddle his lap. I kiss him a few minutes longer then hop up announcing that I need to take a shower, placing one last wet kiss on his grumpy mouth. Moody Edward is hot.

"Fucking cocktease," he bitches as I shut the bathroom door laughing.

Forty-five minutes later, I descend the stairs ready for a day on the town with my new friend Alice. You can imagine my shock when I enter the kitchen finding not only Alice, but Rosalie as well.

Fucking hell.

Faithfully

Alice must register the discontent on my face because she shrugs as she shoots me an apologetic look. After a semi-quick goodbye kiss and grope from Edward, we are out the door.

Arriving in the upscale shopping district in London just before noon, we decide to go ahead and eat lunch at a nice outdoor café before we get started. I love to shop and have weakness for nice things, especially shoes, so I am very much looking forward to this shopping expedition. I send a silent thank you Grandma Swan for the inheritance that supports my Christian Louboutin shoe fetish. I am nearly bouncing in my seat in anticipation to shop in one of the fashion capitals of the world, while Alice is calmly trying to dissect my current wardrobe and plan out what needs to be added for the summer. When I become impatient, she merely explains to me how shopping is an art form and needs to be respected as such. I sit pouting until she finally has a plan in place. We head off to our first stop, Agent Provocateur, an upscale lingerie boutique to, according to Alice, 'lay the foundation'. As we approach the beautiful boutique, she explains that every ensemble must start with the proper undergarments and it doesn't hurt, of course, if they are sexy as hell.

After nearly an hour of trying on endless pieces of beautiful lingerie, we are finally deemed equipped with enough sexy shit to take down any man.

For the first time of the day, as we prepare to take our selections to the cash register, *the bitch* rears her ugly head,

"You've taken to this like a duck to water," Rosalie shoots at me her voice full of disdain.

"Taken to what, exactly," certainly, she does not believe I have never shopped for underwear before...

"Spending other people's money," she spats out venomously, raising her eyebrow accusingly.

"Excuse me? I have no idea what the hell you are talking about," I insist, raising my eyebrow right back at her. *You do not intimidate me, bitch.*

Faithfully

"Well, you didn't even bat an eyelash at the prices of everything you chose, that is, if you even *checked* the prices of everything you chose. Considering that your new sugar daddy is paying for it all, I thought you might be a little more careful right out of the gate, but we are all different I suppose...I envy you though, it took me quite awhile to be comfortable enough to spend Emmett's money so flippantly." She says with a dismissive flick of her wrist.

Oh, no she didn't...

"First of all, I am not spending anyone's money but my own and even if I were, it would not be for you to analyze. Second," I sneer raising my eyebrow at her expectantly. "I *know* you envy more than just my blasé attitude over spending money," Her cold blue eyes widen with my accusation as I step in close enough to whisper in her ear, "Tell me Rosalie, is Emmett *aware* that he is your consolation prize?" I step right past her to the nice woman who had been assisting us, not even bothering to see her reaction.

Rosalie remains quiet through the next several stores we go into, which was fine with me because I can almost pretend that she is not even here.

During the course of the afternoon I have found that not only do I have a lot in common with Alice, but also that I very much enjoy her company. Her bubbly personality is the perfect compliment to mine. She is artistic and intelligent and she has a wicked sense of humor. I have never had so much fun with a female, and I am really glad she will be there with me this summer because I can honestly see us becoming very close friends.

She catches my eye, giving me a wink as we all take our current selections into the shared dressing room we have been placed in. The sales people are very accommodating by trying to insure our privacy. I have just pulled on a sapphire blue bandage dress turning to look in the three-way mirror when *the bitch* returns.

"Oh my God, Bella! That dress makes your ass look *huge*," she goads from the corner, looking all too pleased with herself. She is currently trying on a short black dress that her boobs are literally falling out of.

Faithfully

"That's because my ass *is* huge," I retort, rolling my eyes as I turn to see it in the mirror.

"You have a fantastic ass, Bella," Alice cuts in with a wink. "Seriously, that's all Jazz and Emmett have talked about since the concert. And Edward, well, he can't seem to keep his hands off of it! It's so funny to see how he acts around you after watching him blatantly ignore or be a condescending asshole to every woman before you. It's really bizarre and actually kind of sweet."

Rosalie, of course, does not like where the conversation is headed so she tries a different approach. "So, Bella, who did your boobs?" Then she adds distractedly to Alice making those obnoxious air quotes, "I thought Edward didn't like enhanced cleavage?" snickering to herself.

"They're not *enhanced*, Rosalie, they are one-hundred percent natural. Do you need to cop a feel?" I roll my eyes at her attempt at a backhanded compliment while I fondling them in the mirror.

"You are such a liar," she huffs adjusting her own in the red number she has changed into. "I don't know why you are even bothering to lie, it's not like Emmett won't tell me. And I know Edward will definitely tell him."

"Like I said, You're welcome to examine them," I say sarcastically. Alice surprises me by bouncing over and taking them in her hands, squeezing lightly in her tiny palms. "Oh, my god Rose! They are sooo real...feel them!" She looks back to me, "You are a lucky bitch." She follows her last comment with a smirk, a hint of mirth dancing in her eyes.

"There is no way," Rosalie bellows from the corner. "They are way too big for how small her frame is to be natural, and besides that," she continues her rant, "they are too perky for their size."

I smile sweetly at her, "Well, some of us are lucky enough to get the tits, some of us are lucky enough to get the ass, and for rest there is always surgical enhancement. I see you've taken advantage of Emmett's money after all," I taunt, looking pointedly at her obvious "enhancements", before finishing

Faithfully

smugly "I guess I got *extra* lucky to get both!" Her expression is fucking priceless. She is pissed, all flushed and breathing heavy, and it is funny as hell to watch her try to reign in her temper, knowing she can't do a damn thing to me. I turn to Alice who is working really hard not to laugh and add with a wink, "By the way Alice, I think you have a great ass, it is cute and perky and just enough for your size."

"Thanks, I do have a cute one don't I?" she giggles, wiggling it in the mirror, effectively breaking the tension in the room.

When we finally return to Edward's apartment, we're only able to see them for a couple of minutes before they head off to rehearsal. He tells me where to put my luggage after I finish packing, while trying to peek inside the bags I brought in. Letting me know he will be home before eleven, he gives me a quick kiss then heads out the door.

Alice and I go upstairs to start packing my bags and I send a silent thank you to whoever is responsible for making Rosalie decide to go home to finish her own packing. Before she leaves, Alice gives her my outfit for the awards ceremony to send, along with theirs, straight to Gianna in LA so they are not lost or ruined on the road. I have, at Alice's insistence, decided to go with the sapphire blue bandage dress (yes, the one that makes my ass look *huge*) and silver shoes, but no jewelry since Alice has informed me that their stylist will have someone bring jewelry for us to choose from when we arrive in LA.

As we sort through my luggage, I finally gather the courage to broach the issues plaguing my mind regarding Edward. I am naturally a little nervous to talk about him to someone else, but I figure that I need a female friend's perspective and I don't think Edward would begrudge me that. I know Alice is the right person to talk to, not only because she has known Edward for several years, but also because I feel comfortable with her. I value her opinion, and I trust that she will not feed me a line of shit or sugarcoat things.

The mood in the room has shifted and the tension is starting to become stifling, so I decide to dive in before it can get any more awkward.

Faithfully

"Alice?"

"Yeah?" she looks up from the pile she is sorting through briefly meeting my eyes, letting me know I have her full attention.

"I was hoping that I could use you as a sounding board, you know, about Edward?" I start off cautiously, wanting to gauge her reaction before jumping headlong into my issues.

"Oh, thank God!" she utters, exasperation clear in her voice. "I didn't think you were ever gonna bring this up. I have been waiting all day, and it was killing me to stay quiet!"

I laugh at her lack of patience, but point out that I hadn't had the opportunity to get her alone with Rosalie tagging along all day. She rolls her eyes muttering about how Rosalie is rude to everyone and not to let it bother me. I am thankful that she brings up one of my issues for me, one of the easier issues, actually, since I'm not quite ready to discuss my personal feelings yet.

"So, did you have the same problem with Rosalie and Jasper?" I ask, hoping that she will have some magic trick to make Rosalie back off.

"No, she was already with Emmett when I came around, so she never really showed any interest in him...I mean, real interest anyway. She does occasionally flirt with him, but it's all harmless."

"What about Tanya?"

"Oh, please," she rolls her eyes, and then gives me a pointed look, effectively ending talk about Tanya.

Her complete disregard of her makes me giggle, but then she continues, "About Rose though, I'm not quite sure what to make of her attitude with you. I wish I could tell you that she'll come around and not to worry about it, but I have never seen her act this way, so I can't. I know she's carried a torch for Edward for like, ten years or something, but she is acting *weirdly* jealous. I do know for

Faithfully

a fact that nothing has ever happened between them, though... just in case you were wondering.

"I feel kind of sorry for her in a way. I mean, she's tried everything and he has never given her the time of day. It's sad. I have told her she should give it up, she has Emmett after all, but it has become like this sick obsession with her. She'll be depressed for days after a rejection from him, last time she got a nose job."

"Does Emmett know, you know, that she is still after Edward?" I just can't understand how he could know and still put up with it.

"Well, yes and no. You would seriously have to be blind not to see that she wants Edward to notice her, but the thing about it is that none of us really know if she just wants to conquer the challenge or if she really wants him. Emmett holds on to the hope that she just wants to *hear* Edward say yes, but he does not believe she would ever really go through with it."

"What do you think?" I press.

"I think that Rosalie Hale is not worth worrying your pretty little head about. Believe me, she's more worried about you and your gigantic ass, than you should ever be about her," she emphasizes her point with a wink. *So kind of like a spider?*

Before I even have a chance to respond to her jibe, she delves into the scary stuff.

"Now that the unimportant nonsense is out of the way...How do you feel about dating a man fifteen years older than you?"

My mouth drops open in shock at the casual way she just throws that out there.

"Ummm, well, the age difference doesn't really bother me, I'm not sure I will be able to say the same for my parents, though..." I trail off not really wanting to say out loud what has been bothering me.

Faithfully

"I see, so then, what does bother you about the situation?" she urges. "Is it his past? His complete lack of romantic skills? Is he too rough around the edges? I know he comes off as a hard ass, but he really is a great guy...loyal to a fault..." she trails off looking at me expectantly.

"I know he is a great guy...and I like it rough." I laugh with my last remark as she rolls her eyes.

"Well, what is it then?" she really is a demanding little thing. I scowl at her, before laying into my insecurities.

"What if I'm not enough, Alice? What could he possibly want with me beyond my looks? I know I said before that his age does not bother me, but what if my age and lack of experience gets old for him. I've only been with two guys and neither experience was good, so how can I possibly be good enough for him? He has so much experience, Alice! He's going to be so disappointed. Despite all my bravado, he's only going to see an inexperienced little girl." I can feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I continue, "I'm already so attached, it will devastate me if he tosses me aside..."

"Oh, Bella..." Alice wraps her arms around me and lets me cry into her shoulder staining her shirt with my tears. "He is so smitten with you, there is no way you could disappoint him. He's never been like this before, and believe me he has had plenty of opportunities. You are special to him, Bella. Take a little pride in that. To be honest, I'm shocked that you guys haven't had sex yet. Like, extremely shocked. That's gotta tell you something right there, sweetie. He wouldn't be willing to wait if he didn't feel the same way." She leans back wiping the tears from my cheeks, as I mumble, "He hasn't even tried."

"Do you want him to?" she asks gently, knowing that once I give myself to him this way there will be no turning back for me. Looking her in the eye, I nod. "Help me?"

"You got it! What are best friends for?" she smirks sending me off to the shower, letting me know she will finish up packing while she waits for me to get out.

Faithfully

About ten forty-five, I hear the front door open. I scramble to get into position in the doorway between his bathroom and bedroom, my heart racing as I replay Alice's advice to just be myself and to not be afraid to say what I want to say, and ask for what I want.

I decided, while I was in the shower, that I was going to seduce him tonight. I know he is waiting for me to be ready before laying it all on me, but what he doesn't realize, is that I've been ready since the moment he asked me if he could join me for coffee. Now that I have gotten a taste of him, I cannot wait a minute longer to have him. I take a deep breath and try to calm my nerves as I hear his footsteps coming toward the door. As the doorknob turns I hit my mark, and channel my inner vixen...

Here goes nothing...

Drop me a line :)

Chapter 6: Talk Dirty To Me

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

Thank you to everyone who continues to support this story, it makes me really fucking happy.

Special thank you to my beta moblair that includes spanking and ass gropes, I really fucking appreciate you. :)

~Faithfully~

Chapter 6: Talk Dirty To Me

You know I never

I never seen you look so good

You never act the way you should

But I like it

And I know you like it too

The way that I want you

I gotta have you

Oh yes, I do

~Talk Dirty To Me- Poison~

~Edward~

The flat is completely dark when I approach my door, which surprises me because it is only eleven o'clock. Our flight doesn't leave until ten tomorrow night so it's not as if we have to get up early or anything. I wander around the first floor of the flat, finding Bella's luggage sitting by the stairs next to mine, and it makes me smile; they look so right sitting there together. I bask in my disgustingly sappy thoughts for a moment, then make a mental note to check in my pants for a goddamn vagina when I get upstairs. *I swear to fucking Christ, Bella is turning me into a pussy.*

Finding no sign of Bella on the ground floor, I head upstairs to my room, figuring that she has already turned in for the night. Visions of finding her asleep in my bed wash over me, instantly making me hard. I'm surprised by how much I have actually enjoyed sharing a bed with her these past couple of nights. It's almost as if she's always belonged there and I've been waiting all this time for her; never getting involved with another woman...never allowing another to grace *her* spot.

As I reach the door to my bedroom, I'm suddenly very excited to see her, and decide to wake her up, even if she's already asleep. However, all of my plans are thrown out the window as I open my door because the image before me renders me speechless...and apparently motionless, as well.

She is a fucking vision perched on the bench at the end of my bed, clad in only a black lace wrap, and sexy black stilettos. Her hair is piled up on top of her head, exposing her long graceful neck and prominently displaying my marks. The glow from the lamp on the bedside table is surrounding her in a halo of light, making her look ethereal, like a goddess.

My voice is lost in my throat and my pants are straining to maintain my painfully hard cock, which is trying desperately to break free in an attempt to get to the temptress sitting in front of me. Standing slowly, she takes slow measured steps toward me while freeing her silky hair from the clip holding it up, letting it fall into a sexy tousled mess around her shoulders. Her hips sway seductively as she moves toward me with feline-like grace, causing the wrap

Faithfully

around her curves to brush against her upper thighs. I can see teasing peeks of her creamy pale skin through the holes in the lace pattern and it's driving me fucking crazy. The wrap barely hits the top of her thigh, so paired with the fuckhot heels she's wearing, it makes her shapely legs look long and sexy.

When she finally gets to me, she reaches up to run her delicate hand down my chest. She is close enough to feel her body heat through my clothes and I am absolutely positive that she can feel my rock hard dick through my jeans.

Looking up at me through her long lashes, she purrs, "Welcome home, Edward," her throaty voice dripping with sex. "I've been waiting for you," she adds, as she rubs herself seductively against my overeager body.

I swallow loudly and I swear I feel like a fumbling fourteen year old virgin with the way my heart is racing and my palms are sweating. She really has no idea how intimidating she can be, this little girl who defies any woman I could ever need. I really need to get my shit together; where the fuck is the cocky bastard when I need him? *Fucking Christ Cullen, get a grip!*

She reaches up, threading her fingers into the hair at the back of my head, parting her full, glossy lips as I stand there, dumbly gaping at her. She yanks my head down to her level by the roots of my hair so she can lean in to whisper seductively in my ear, "Do you know what I'm going to do to you, *ciccino*?" She licks the shell of my ear before probing it inside. The action is a little startling and insanelly hot. Breathing hard, I shake my head like the eager little fucker I am.

"First, I'm going to drop to my knees, and take that massive, beautiful cock down my throat," she teases, running her finger up and down the bulge in my pants. "Then, I'm going to let you fuck my mouth. Do want to see me on my knees while you fuck my mouth, Edward?" she breathes in my ear, before licking down my throat.

I can hardly breathe I am so fucking turned on. I can't believe the filthy little mouth on her. How could I have possibly gotten this fucking lucky? Remembering that she's waiting for my answer, I rasp out, "Fuck yes."

Faithfully

She chuckles lowly, continuing her path down my neck, "You know what I'm going to do after that, Edward?" she breathes against my face, tracing her tongue against my lips.

"What..." I urge as my hand starts to creep under the hem of her wrap, finally coming back to my senses.

"I'm going to straddle this delicious cock, take you for the ride of your life, Cowboy," she says plainly, as if she's telling me we're out of bread or toothpaste. When she finally pushes her tongue into my mouth, gripping my raging hard on in her tiny, feminine hand, I groan loudly, completely losing myself in her kiss while picking her up by her ass and wrapping her legs around my waist. I can feel the heat emanating from her hot little body as she grinds herself against me. *Holy fuck*. I love that she's small enough to manhandle. There's something to be said for having a woman over a foot shorter than you with a body to match.

Walking her back into the wall, I attack her mouth, grinding hard against her pussy, making her whimper and gasp for air. Finally letting her breathe, I move to her throat, sucking and biting as my fingers dig into her luscious ass.

"Unghh...Edward, *please*." she begs, gripping tightly to my hair. It feels so fucking good and I nip at her throat in response.

I lower her to stand on her feet while pulling at the tie of her robe. Pushing it open, I drop to my knees, bracing her with my palms on her hips, my fingers almost touching on her back. I look up to her beautiful face and feel like I am kneeling to worship before a goddess, a porcelain skinned goddess, dripped in black lace, with the face of an angel, framed by dark silk.

Hitching her stiletto clad foot over my shoulder, I bring my face to her soaked pussy and run my nose along her glistening folds, inhaling deeply. She smells like sin and I can hardly wait to burry my tongue deep inside her. Keeping my eyes locked on her soulful brown ones, I reach out with my tongue, flicking her clit, then pulling on the ring with my teeth. She pulls harder at my hair and moans as a fresh wave of her arousal seeps out, coating my face and chin. I let

Faithfully

myself get lost in her taste, her smell and the sounds she's making as I insert two of my long fingers inside, twisting and stretching her. I move my hand so that my thumb is circling her clit, opening up her entrance, making it possible to plunge my tongue deep inside her over and over. I finally remove my tongue and slowly push three fingers into her and work her clit like I'm eating my last meal. I feel her start to shake, her body showing me that I have all the control. I increase the intensity of my movements before removing my face from her center to watch it all unravel. My fingers force her over the edge as she whimpers and moans through her orgasm.

Placing her foot back on the floor, I keep hold of her as I stand because she honestly looks pretty fucking wobbly. Kicking off her shoes, she starts pawing at my shirt, trying to get it off. I pull it over my head while she proceeds to look me up and down, licking her lips when she sees the cocky smirk on my face. I let her wrap fall to the floor as I pick her up and carry her to the bed. My brain goes off the deep end, again, thinking of all the things I can do with her tiny body at the mercy of my hands.

When I set her down, she immediately lays back, pulling me on top of her and frantically attaching herself to my mouth. I wriggle out of my jeans, unknowingly making room for her little hand to instantly wrap around my throbbing cock. I start thrusting into her hand while sucking and biting at her tits. I just cant stop myself; I know there's something about her knees and my cock and her throat, but it's not making sense right now. I run my tongue along the skin of her neck, licking at the marks I have left there, and eventually make my way to her mouth. I plunge my tongue deep into the recesses of her mouth, I'm not even sure this constitutes as kissing, it's just mouth-fucking, and I savor the uniqueness of her flavor. It feels so fucking good, right at this moment, my dick sliding along her wet folds, that I want nothing more than to sink right into that tight heat.

Suddenly she pushes on my chest, signaling for me to flip over. I roll onto my back, taking her with me so that she is now straddling my stomach. While kissing down my throat, she starts scooting her body lower until her pussy is perfectly lined up with the head of my cock. My hands fly to her hips as I rasp out around her nipple, "Condom?"

Faithfully

"I'm on the pill," she groans out, trying with all her strength to push herself down on me, clearly upset with my interruption. The look in her eyes is positively feral, causing her to seem even more sexy, if that's even possible.

"Are you sure?" I offer through gritted teeth, while using every bit of self control I have not to impale her.

My body is clearly upset with my interruption, as well.

"I trust you," she breathes, closing her eyes tightly as she squirms in my hands, trying to gain some kind of friction.

I look into her eyes as I release her hips, sliding my hands up her back, gently trying to convey through my touch just how much those words mean to me. In that moment, I know with complete certainty that there will never be another.

This young woman has ruined me.

She gasps as she lowers herself so that just the head of my dick pushes inside. Her body tenses slightly and she drops her head forward, clamping her eyes shut. I grip her hips tightly, trying desperately to fight for some sense of self control. She braces herself with her hands on my chest as she slowly lowers her body the rest of the way, until her hips are flush with mine. Letting out a strangled groan, I try to muster up every bit of will power not to move.

Holymotherfuckingchrist she is tight, and it feels so fucking good; hot and wet and pulsing around me. I can literally feel her heartbeat around my cock. *Who wanted a condom?* It is motherfucking heaven.

I finally feel her relax and shift above me, letting out a throaty moan. My eyes fly open, locking on hers, because I've *got* to see this.

"Holy shit, you're huge," she kind of breathlessly laughs, and I can feel her inner walls clench down with the movement. *Oh my God, have I never had sex before?* It just feels so un-fucking-believable and I'm helpless to do anything but groan out at the sensation. She smirks and then clenches her muscles again as she rolls her hips.

Faithfully

"Fuck, Bella," I grind out through my clenched jaw, pushing my hips up while pulling her down and grinding my pelvic bone against her clit. Her eyes close as a loud whimper escapes her parted lips.

"I can feel each one of your piercings, Edward... *fuck*...it's so intense, I...mmmm..."

She closes her eyes while reaching her hands up into her hair to lift it off her neck, effectively pushing her full tits together and creating the most spectacular cleavage. I want to bury my face in them as she continues to roll her hips and grind herself above me, but heaven help me, this view is fucking awesome. I reach up with one hand, running my fingers between the soft round mounds and down to her navel, then reach back up to cup my hand around her breast, feeling the weight of it in my palm. I pinch and pull at the nipple while my other hand kneads her ass as she bounces shamelessly above me, rolling her hips every time she sinks back down.

I can feel my balls start to tighten and I know I won't last much longer. Placing my open palm between her breasts, I push softly so that she is leaning slightly backwards. She places her hands on my thighs behind her, crying out at how deep I am with the change in angle. I start thrusting furiously, watching as the flush creeps up her body from her tits to her cheeks, right before she tenses and calls out my name. She moves her hands back to my chest and starts riding me with abandon, thrashing her head from side to side, causing her dark hair to fly around us. I can still feel the warm throbbing of her pussy as she continues to ride out her orgasm. The combined sensation of her tight, wet heat, the sight of her full bouncing breasts, and her beautiful flushed face relaxed in a state of euphoria triggers my release. I tense, pulling her hips tight against me with one final thrust, grinding my pelvic bone hard against her. I come hard, grunting and panting her name against her lips before she leans forward to kiss me passionately, swallowing my moans. Laying all of her weight on top of me, we kiss for several more minutes before she collapses onto my chest, utterly spent.

Laying with her completely intertwined in my arms and legs, listening to her deep steady breathing, I run my hands through the silky strands of her hair, noticing how it looks almost black against the pale skin of her back. I reach out

Faithfully

to trace along the flowers that adorn her arm and realize how much I am entirely overwhelmed by her beauty. Everything about this tiny woman calls to me, she's like a siren. No woman has ever consumed me like this, and I want to know everything about the one who has.

I can't believe that after all I have confided in her about my past, she still chooses to instill her trust in me. However, I'm still nervous that she'll wake up and realize how inept I am concerning matters of the heart, and decide that I'm not worth the inconvenience. I want to learn, though. I am willing to learn, if she is willing to teach me.

The twenty-year old teaching the thirty-five year old...damn, I'm fucking old...and I still have shit to learn.

I know that I can't promise to never hurt her, or to never make a mistake, but I can promise fidelity with complete certainty. Finally resolved in the fact that I will never give up trying to convince her of my worthiness for the risk, and I will never give her a reason to regret giving me her trust, I relax, letting her steady heartbeat lull me to sleep, with a new melody floating around in my mind.

Sometime during the night I feel her squirm against my body, running her open palm up across my stomach while kissing my chest. My body instantly reacts to her touch and I am undoubtedly ready for round two...

The smell of bacon wafting through the apartment rouses me from my slumber. Rolling over, I reach out for Bella, only to find her side of the bed cold and empty. I quietly make my way down to the kitchen to find a freshly showered Bella bent over, looking into a cabinet with her glorious ass sticking up in the air. *Fucking Christ.*

"Do you even own a pair of shorts that completely cover this thing?" I tease, reaching out to grab a handful of her exposed cheek. She's wearing these tiny grey shorts that say juicy on the ass. *How fucking appropriate*, I think to myself, as my dick springs to life, before adding, "It's dangerous enough when it's covered, much less hanging out all over the fucking place."

Faithfully

She turns her head, flashing me her sexy smirk while pushing back into my hard on, wiggling suggestively.

"Well, according to Rosalie, my ass is *huge*...so trying to find shorts to cover it is a lost cause, I'm afraid," she informs me with mock regret, turning around so that her chest is flush with mine.

I slide my hands around her so that they're cupping her ass, my fingers playing under the hem, as I declare, "Fucking Rosalie is just jealous because she doesn't have one like this." I squeeze hard to emphasize my point, making her squeal, "So is Emmett, by the way, and that's a fact," I add with a wink and a swat, making her ass jiggle and my dick twitch.

"Is it now?" she retorts dryly, rubbing the sting out from where I just smacked her.

I smirk, ignoring the reprimanding look she is giving me. "She really fucking said that shit, though?" I inquire, changing the subject, amazed at the nerve Rosalie has. *God she is such a fucking bitch.* I am instantly annoyed and wonder what game she is playing at.

"Yeah, right after she called you my sugar daddy." she replies while rolling her eyes, laughing.

"I'll happily be your sugar daddy," I offer, leaning in to nip at her throat while rubbing my cock on her suggestively; equal parts aroused and apprehensive to tease her about our age difference. Just because I joke about it in my head, doesn't make it a comfortable subject for her. I think it's fucking hot, but nobody has ever accused me of normalcy.

To my pleasant surprise, she plays along, purring against my lips, "Mmmm, Papi...you feel so good," as she cups me through my jeans, making me groan at the sensation. I feel like a sick bastard, but hearing her call me any version of 'daddy' is such a fucking turn on. She doesn't seem to have a problem with it, so I continue grinding my hips against her hand while kneading her ass and sucking on her tongue. Images of fucking her on the counter assault my brain

Faithfully

when she bites my lip before pulling away and chuckling. She goes back to the stove to finish the omelets she was making before, as if she didn't just rub all over my junk.

Fucking tease

"Smells good," I offer, snatching a piece of bacon from the plate and going to the fridge to grab the orange juice, noticing she's already started a pot of coffee. *Good girl.*

Ungh, fuck, that can mean so many different things...with the daddy...and our ages...and that delicious ass...

Shaking my head, I hop up onto the counter, watching as she moves around the kitchen with ease while wearing those ridiculous shorts. She's also wearing long socks with leopard print chucks, and, *fuck*, my wife beater sans bra, giving me a nice little glimpse of her dark, hardened nipples. She's sporting her glasses, which are sexy as fuck, throwing me into a little librarian fantasy. Mmmm, Bella over my desk...

" Oh Papi, I'm sorry I was so loud, I just can't help it..."

Okay, focus...

Breakfast.

It feels oddly domestic having her here like this, and to my surprise, I like it. I'm a little sad that we're leaving today and it will be quite a while before we spend another morning like this.

As she finishes plating the food, which smells fucking delicious, by the way, I pull her to stand in between my legs. I brush a piece of hair away from her face that has escaped her messy bun and let my hand rest against her neck, gently running my thumb against her throat, before brushing it softly across her full, bottom lip.

Faithfully

Looking into her eyes there is a hundred things I want to tell her. For instance, I would love to thank her for accepting me into her life despite my age, past, lack of relationship knowledge, emotional ineptness, complete lack of verbal filter, possessiveness, and hard ass demeanor . Not to mention, the women who won't accept the fact that I am now unavailable. I want to thank her for giving me a chance to discover what it is like to be cared for and to care for someone other than myself, for giving me someone to come home to...for choosing me. But out of fear of scaring her away with my intensity, coupled with the fact that I have yet to take a moment and process my feelings in my own head, I settle for a simple embrace. I hope she can feel my gratitude for her acceptance and my determination to be good enough for her through this simple action. I decide to punctuate my silent declaration with a kiss, an intense but chaste kiss. This woman has me all tied up in fucking knots, but it's all really sort of refreshing.

We're taking a private plane to Denmark, so I inform Bella that there will probably not be any paparazzi and she can wear whatever the fuck she wants...as long as she wears a bra. Yeah, that's right, I don't want any other motherfucker looking at her perky little nipples. Sue me.

The plane isn't scheduled to leave until ten tonight, leaving the whole day for us to lounge around and get last minute things taken care of. Since the car isn't coming for us until eight, the rest of the gang is arriving around five to eat dinner together before we depart.

Alice and Jasper arrive first and Alice immediately jumps into Bella's arms, whispering something in her ear that causes her to look over at me and blush while nodding. When Alice finally settles down, she tells Bella that she has brought her portfolio for her to go through on the plane. I knew they would get along great right away. They have a kinship, both being artists. I had the privilege of looking at Bella's work earlier today. She watched me intently as I thumbed through her portfolio. She's an amazing photographer. She showed me some photos of the desert she is planning to use for her book, and she also showed me some black and white erotic nudes she had done for her last publication, *Sensuality*. They were fucking stunning. I asked her about doing photos like that of us to hang in my bedroom, but she just smiled and changed

Faithfully

the subject. I hope she doesn't think I'm going to drop it that easily, though. I will definitely be bringing that up again in the future.

Jacob, Leah, Jared and Embry are the next to arrive, with the pizza and beer, which is typical nourishment for those gargantuan motherfuckers. Leah immediately scurries off to join Bella and Alice in the living room, while I lead the guys to the kitchen to set the food out. Quil and his girlfriend Claire, along with our manger Peter and his wife, Charlotte, show up next, leaving only Emmett and Rosalie missing. My blood boils at the thought of how that harpy has treated Bella, and my mind drifts back to a conversation I had with Emmett yesterday.

~Flashback~

Emmett and I are sitting in Jasper's basement, waiting for him to return with the takeout dinner we've ordered from our favorite hole-in-the-wall Thai restaurant. He brings up Bella, and I'm already in a piss-ass mood because I am fucking starving, so the last thing I want is to have to endure the third degree about my relationship status.

"So, what's gong on with you and Bella?" his overly cautious tone ruins his not-so-subtle attempt at nonchalance.

"What do you mean?" I ask with wide eyes, deliberately playing dumb, forcing him to come out and say whatever the fuck it is he wants to say, rather than beating around the bush.

"Well, uh, well, I was just wondering how things are going with you two...I know that Rosie has been less than welcoming with her and I just want to make sure that her attitude has not negatively affected the progress in your relationship in any way," he prompts, reaching up to rub the back of his thick neck awkwardly.

"Oh, that," I deadpan, looking him straight in the eye while the irritation rings through in my voice loud and clear. I know it isn't his fault that Rosalie is such a bitch, but it still pisses me the fuck off. "You know, it's a good thing Bella isn't

Faithfully

easily intimidated, because your wife would have probably scared anyone else off by now." The disgust in referring to her as his wife is freely rolling off my tongue.

" Yeah," he sighs dejectedly "I'm really sorry about that, but you know how she is...she hates not being the center of attention and she feels threatened right now. I've never seen her like this before, Edward." I raise my eyebrow at him because that really isn't an explanation. He continues, "Alice wasn't a threat the same way Bella is. She just came in quietly, never making a fuss and never stepping on anyone's toes, you know? Like, I mean, of course the little sprite is cute and all, but she kinda has this whole other vibe going on, so there was never really a comparison there..." he trails off trying desperately with his eyes to make me understand.

" So?" I know I'm an asshole, but I really don't understand where he's going with all this bullshit.

" So, you bring Bella in and 'BAM!', it's like instant competition, you know?"

" No, I don't know, Emmett. Bella is NOTHING like Rosalie," I seethe, glaring at him. How dare he fucking compare them! There is no goddamn comparison.

He must sense the anger and bitterness in my tone, because he rushes to explain, "Well, what I mean is that Bella is fuckin' beautiful, and hot, and she has a bangin' body, you know? She's sexy, and she's young...and...well she was able to turn the one head that Rosalie never could. And not only turn it, man, but bring him to his fuckin' knees." Looking at me pointedly, he takes a deep breath and then continues dropping his gaze to the floor, "It's been hard on her seeing the 'unattainable' Edward Cullen change his whole fuckin' lifestyle, falling all over this girl like she has a golden pussy or something." he pauses for a brief moment before adding, "No offence, bro"

" You have got to be kidding me!" I shout. "And you're seriously okay with this shallow, fucked up excuse of an explanation?" I can hardly believe what I'm hearing. How can he possibly be sympathetic to this shit?

Faithfully

" I love her, man." he looks so sad, and it only serves to piss me off more.

Fuck Rosalie Hale.

~End Flashback~

I'm pulled out of my reverie by Bella's arms sliding around my waist. "You okay?" she asks, sincerity shining in her beautiful brown eyes. Leaning down to press my lips against hers, I merely nod as I brush a wayward strand of her dark hair behind her ear. She flashes me a dimpled grin, before making her way over to the counter to load her plate up with pizza. She laughs exuberantly at something Jacob says, then turns to wink at me. It's wonderful to see her completely at ease around the most prominent people in my life. It just adds to the confirmation that she belongs here.

Shortly after we all start to eat, Emmett shows up with his shrew in tow. It takes all of my self control not to lay into her upon their entrance for the way she insulted Bella yesterday. Instead of making a scene, however, I merely wrap my arms around my Bella, making sure to grab a handful of her juicy ass, and pull her into my chest. Placing a kiss on the top of her head, I shout out my greeting, informing them that there is pizza and beer in the kitchen. Standing between my legs while I sit at a barstool, she snakes her hands around my waist, sliding them into the back pockets of my jeans, while she bites at my collarbone and works her way up my throat. It feels so fucking good. I tilt my head to the side to give her more room, while pulling her into my rock hard cock, groaning loudly, not even caring that there are people in the room with us. It's not until I hear the catcalls and teasing that I snap out of my lust-induced fog enough to open my eyes, not bothering to pull away. As a matter of fact, the small audience instigates me to slide one hand up into her hair pushing her head firmer against my neck while slithering the other underneath her shorts to palm her bare ass. This only causes her to moan loudly...so I suck harder. I can feel her sharp little teeth digging into my flesh as she grinds shamelessly against me, and the fact that people are watching only serves to turn me on more. Who knew I was an exhibitionist?

Faithfully

Bella must be one, as well, because she trails her tongue up the side of my face, dipping it into my ear as she whispers, "Do you like having their eyes on us, *topolino*?" She bites on my earlobe and then continues, "Do you like for them to see me marking you? Do you want them to see that you belong to me?"

"Fuck, Bella," I rasp out, my voice thick with tension. I want nothing more than to take her upstairs and fuck the shit out of her. *God she is so sexy*. I love when she talks dirty, the naughty little thing. I can think of a few things I'd like to do with that filthy, sexy mouth.

"Jesus, I can't leave you two alone for five seconds!" Alice bellows grabbing, Bella by the hand and dragging her out of the room, effectively ending our heated moment. I look up at the three pairs of shocked eyes, and I smirk while taking a sip of my beer.

"What?" I ask, letting the smugness settle into my features.

"That was seriously the hottest fucking thing I have ever seen..." Jared trails off in awe.

"She was totally performing man, you've got yourself a wild one. She looks all sweet and innocent with those big brown eyes, but she is fuckin' feisty...and the ass on her, *fuck*," Embry throws in as he adjusts his pants as Emmett bursts out laughing.

I turn my glare on them, "Watch it," I warn, my voice low and threatening. "That's my girl, and you will not fucking disrespect her...ever," I snarl pointing my finger at them to make it very clear that I am not fucking around.

I feel that the finger pointing makes me intimidating.

Embry and Jared both nod, looking properly chastised. Those motherfuckers *know* better than to fuck with me. I will not hesitate to knock any one of those assholes the fuck out. *Bastards*. Emmett rolls his eyes at me while shaking his head, muttering under his breath, "Chill, bro. They didn't mean any disrespect, besides it was fuckin' hot."

Faithfully

I let it go, because Emmett is right, they didn't mean any disrespect. I really need to get this Neanderthal bullshit under control, because all too soon, the whole fucking world is going to be looking and talking about her that way, and there isn't shit I can do about it, aside from keeping my hands, mouth and dick to myself while in public- and there is no fucking way that shit's happening. Besides, she *is* hot as fuck...and she's all mine.

The car pulls up shortly before eight and the driver loads our bags. The ride to the airport is short, and luckily there is no visible paparazzi when we arrive on the air strip. As we make our way onto the plane, images of sneaking Bella off for some alone time invade my mind when she bends over to rummage through her bag, giving me a spectacular view of her tits. She looks up at me, licking her full pouty lips slowly before tugging at her tongue ring with her teeth. I'm bombarded with thoughts of having those lips wrapped around my cock as she swallows me deep down her throat...

Hmmm, we *do* have two hours...

Drop me a line...let me know what you think :)

Chapter 7: Nothing Else Matters

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

Thank you to everyone who has continued to support this story, I really appreciate you!

And to my beta, Moblair...Mo, you have helped make this more than I thought was possible. You are the fucking best, and I'm accentuating that with some licking and biting ;)

~Faithfully~

Chapter 7: Nothing Else Matters

So close, no matter how far

Couldn't be much more from the heart

Forever trusting who we are

And nothing else matters

I never opened myself this way

Life is ours, we live it our way

All these words I don't just say

And nothing else matters

Yeah, trust I seek and I find in you

Faithfully

Every day for us something new

Open mind for a different view

And nothing else matters

~Nothing Else Matters- Metallica~

~Edward~

I lay in bed watching the sunrise from the large window in our hotel suite in Helsinki, Finland with an angel in my arms thinking about how fan-fucking-tastic the last ten days have been. Running my hands gently through her dark tresses, I reflect back on the last couple of weeks. Between the shows and the constant travel, we haven't had much of a chance to sightsee, but we have, however, made good use of our nights.

Bella is naturally a sexual being. Everything about her screams sensuality, and let me tell you, my girl is insatiable. *Fuck*. I can hardly keep up with her! I seriously feel like an old son-of-a-bitch, but let me tell you, it has been the best sex of my life. And *holy shit* is she flexible. We have twisted ourselves into some positions that have left me sore in the morning. Fuck I'm old. I suppose that's the price you pay when you date a twenty year-old version of sex incarnate, though. Not that I'm complaining one bit, I maintain that I am, indeed, a lucky bastard.

Although mind-blowing, it's not just about the sex with Bella. With her I feel calmer, happier than I have ever been. She is so fucking patient with me, even when I'm being a total douche. She never hesitates to call me on my bullshit. The guys laugh at how easily she puts me in my place, fuckers. Yep, she definitely wears the skin-tight pants in our relationship, like my own personal dominatrix...mmmm, Bella with a flogger. Yes, my girl is a kinky one.

She has such a big heart too, always taking care of me. It's the little things she does that mean so much to me, like making sure my water is ice cold after a performance or rehearsal, simply holding me when I'm tired or grumpy and

Faithfully

how she runs her hands through my hair when I have a headache. She has been a fucking godsend.

That's not to mention how she's handled the constant media attention. The way she presents herself with such grace and class truly astounds me. She takes care of me as good as, if not better than, the way Alice takes care of Jasper, and now that I've gotten a taste of it, I know I can't live without her nurturing presence.

Thankfully, Rosalie has kept her distance for the most part. There have been a few minor incidents, but nothing too serious. I know she has grown really close to Alice also, which is a good thing. They've spent a lot of time hanging out and doing whatever the fuck it is that girls do. It's nice that she has someone other than me to talk to because I know all too well how tiring and lonely this life can be.

Glancing at the clock on the dark wood night-stand, I realize that we're supposed to meet the rest of the group downstairs for breakfast in an hour. I decide to let Bella sleep a little longer while I take a shower since we were out so late last night.

Forty-five minutes later we are both showered, dressed and out the door on our way to the restaurant. All eyes are on us as we walk hand in hand to the table where everyone is already seated. Just as we're seated, a little girl around thirteen approaches our table with her friend. Her eyes dart around the group as she opens her mouth shyly to talk to me.

"Um, I'm sorry to bother you, but do you think I could get a picture with you and your girlfriend?"

Everyone's eyes fly to the little girl causing her to blush furiously. Rosalie scowls making the girl squirm under her glare.

"Well, it's just that she is so pretty and you are, like, my favorite singer so I was hoping..." she trails off looking so fucking unsure of herself that it breaks my heart. I want to say yes to the little girl, but I don't want to make Bella uncomfortable. Just as I open my mouth to offer a picture with everyone, Bella

Faithfully

answers,

"Of course, sweetheart. What's your name?"

"Mollie," the little girl answers with a sweet smile, then she gestures to the dark-haired girl standing slightly behind her. "And this is my friend, Tara."

"It's so nice to meet you Mollie and Tara, I'm Bella. Alice, do you mind?" Bella prompts as she pulls me to my feet. I'm completely bewildered at how at ease she is in this situation. We place ourselves on either side of the girls and smile for the picture. Well Bella smiles, I arrange my features into my signature hard-ass smirk. When Alice goes to hand the camera back to the girls, Bella interjects by offering to take a picture of the girls with the band, shooting Jasper and Emmett pointed looks. After the girls thank Bella and give her a hug, I watch as they walk away squealing and giggling.

I turn my attention to Bella placing a gentle kiss on her jaw before whispering in her ear, "Thank you for that, you were wonderful with them."

She just smiles and winks at me, then opens her menu, leaving me in awe of her grace. I notice that Rosalie is sitting with her arms crossed over her chest and her head turned away from the table as Emmett whispers in her ear. I don't know what the fuck she's jealous about, but she hates when fans interrupt our meals. Eventually she nods then picks up her menu, but not before sending Bella a glare, eyeing the tee shirt she's wearing and making me think back to how I got her to wear it.

As Bella was getting dressed after her shower this morning, I noticed that she had jean shorts and a pink frilly top laying out on the bed. Taking it upon myself, I switched out the frilly number for the tee shirt I sang in last night, sniffing the pits to make sure it didn't smell rancid and not giving a fuck if it was gross. Knowing we would be photographed at the airport today and, of course, being the possessive bastard that I am, I wanted her to be wearing my shirt when we are. I was both surprised and happy when she put it on without a word, but because it is huge on her tiny frame, she had to roll up the sleeves and tie a knot at the hip which shows a peek of the stars on her toned

Faithfully

midsection, making my overeager dick stir in my jeans.

The ride to the airport is tense, to say the least, and I can hardly wait to get Bella away from Rosalie's death glare. We're able to navigate the airport without too much fuss and before too long we are on our way to LA. Once we are situated in our first class seats and are up in the air, I lift up the armrest separating us and lay my head on Bella's chest, feeling the soft mounds mould against my face as I wrap my arms around her waist. *Fucking heaven.* She wriggles around a little to get comfortable, then proceeds to discard the skullcap I'm wearing and run her tiny fingers through the mess on my head. It makes me happy that she just seems to know what I want or need. Thirty-five minutes into our twelve hour flight, I'm passed out against the thumping of my girl's beating heart.

When we arrive at LAX, it is complete and utter chaos. There are paparazzi fucking *everywhere*, grabbing at us and shouting out questions. I pull Bella into my side and try my best to maneuver us through the crowd without losing my temper. By the time Jacob and Jared catch up to us, I have already spouted my mouth off twice and shoved some fuckhead of a reporter away by his face. *Great, a fucking lawsuit, just what I need.* He should be glad that's all I did though, the way he grabbed Bella.

Jacob is able to get us to the waiting car without anymore incidents and I slide into the waiting limo behind Bella getting a marvelous view of her ass and I can't resist smacking it, laughing exuberantly as she scowls at me over her shoulder. Alice, Jasper and Jacob are all riding with us whereas Rosalie, Emmett, Jared and Embry are riding in the car behind us.

"Hey, handsome." Gianna purrs, in what I'm assuming is supposed to be a seductive voice but really just comes off harsh and nasally. She's sitting in the bench seat across from us and batting her eyelashes, which kind of looks like she has a nervous twitch. It makes me thankful that Bella doesn't have to try to be sexy and she just fucking is. Because seeing how hard some of these bitches try is actually quite comical. She nods politely to Jacob, Jasper and Alice, giving them a professional acknowledgement, which serves to piss me off. She turns her gaze back to me before looking over at Bella. She assesses her up and

Faithfully

down with distaste as I cut in, "Don't fucking call me that, Gianna. You never have before and you sure as fuck aren't gonna start now." I glare at her, fucking pissed about the way she is looking at Bella with disdain. I feel Bella stiffen under Gianna's scrutiny before she places her hand on my thigh, keeping her eyes locked on Gianna. Feeling the tension in the car start to escalate, I lean over and whisper in Bella's ear,

"It's only you, baby...I only want *you*."

Breaking her gaze away from Gianna, she looks up at me balling my shirt up in her fist as I plant a scorching kiss on her lips forcing my tongue into her mouth as I cup her face in my hand, rubbing soothing circles on her jaw. With a few more chaste kisses she finally pulls away, her beautiful brown eyes boring into mine.

"Don't forget we have dinner at the Four Seasons with Rod Harris from Rolling Stone this evening at eight," Gianna spouts off while glancing down to her blackberry. I am fucking pissed that she interrupted our moment and I turn my glare on her so she knows it.

She continues on with her rambling, completely ignoring the look I'm giving her. "Will Rose and Alice be attending?" She glances up at me trying to look innocent, but I know she is anything but.

"Yes," I answer in a low threatening tone, "Alice, Rosalie and *Bella* will all be attending."

"I don't think that is such a good idea, Edward," she cautions, looking at Bella with calculating eyes. "No offence, Bella," she adds in a smug tone. *Bitch*.

"Well, I don't really give a fuck what you think, Gianna," I snarl at her, glaring daggers as Bella gently places her hand on my arm. She cuts in, her voice calm and collected.

"Gianna, is it?" she looks Gianna up and down, clearly not impressed. "I'm not exactly sure what it is you do, but I think you need to learn your boundaries as

Faithfully

far as my boyfriend is concerned...I won't warn you again." With that she turns her head and starts talking to Alice about the spa-day they have planned. I raise my eyebrow at Gianna who is openly gawking at Bella and smirk, threading my fingers into my girl's hair. *That's right bitch, back the fuck off.* I make a mental note to call Peter tonight to discuss Gianna's behavior because I refuse to work with her if she intends to keep acting this way.

When we arrive at the hotel, our security, along with Gianna, escort us up to our rooms. The suite is fucking huge and has a balcony off of the bedroom with a spectacular view. I want nothing more at the moment than to get my girl alone and naked, but I know we have to go over our schedule for the next few days. We all situate ourselves in the living room for the meeting and I sit in one of the overstuffed chairs with Bella in my lap, listening to what the weekend will entail. We have dinner tonight, the interview with Rolling Stone tomorrow night, the photoshoot Friday morning, the Music Matters Costume Gala Friday evening, and the awards show on Saturday evening. She also mentions that the representative from Harry Winston will be by at eleven-thirty on Saturday morning to deck the girls out in ice for the show and be back Sunday at noon to pick the loaned jewelry up.

After dinner, when we stop to drop Gianna off at her house, Alice remembers that she needs to pick up the girls' awards show outfits. We all wait in the car as Alice follows Gianna inside trying to guess each others costumes for the Gala. The Music Matters Foundation is a charity that helps to keep music in schools, and each year they have a fundraiser costume ball in which each attendee dresses up to a theme. This year the theme is 'portray a song title'. Each couple has decided to keep their costumes a secret this year, and I laugh internally because there is no way these fuckers will ever guess what I'm going to be.

About ten minutes later Alice comes bounding down the stairs with three garment bags in tow and we're on our way back to the hotel. During the ride I think about the looks Gianna gives Bella all night when she doesn't think anyone is looking. I know that Bella isn't easily intimidated and can hold her own, but something about Gianna's demeanor doesn't sit well with me and I make a mental note not to leave them alone together for the rest of the trip.

Faithfully

When we arrive back to our suite, Alice whisks Bella off to the bedroom for a final fitting, leaving Jasper and I alone in the living room. Lighting up a cigarette, I bring up Gianna's behavior and he soothes my mind by letting me know that he noticed it as well. He lets me know that he will stand behind me tomorrow when I bring it up to Peter. I knew I would be able to count on Jasper, he's like the brother I never had, and I trust him implicitly.

About twenty minutes later the girls emerge from the bedroom and Bella looks frazzled. "What's wrong?" I ask immediately jumping to my feet and gathering her up into my arms. She looks up at me and I can see the distress in her beautiful brown eyes. I swear to fucking God if someone has fucked with her dress, they will have to answer to me and I can guaren-goddamn-tee you it will not end well.

"It doesn't fit," she whispers looking down as her bottom lip trembles. Tightening my arms around her, I look over at Alice who just shrugs sympathetically.

"I checked the tag and inspected all the seams, Edward. It seems to be intact."

I can feel Bella's tears soaking the front of my shirt, so I gesture to the door. The door clicks softly behind Alice and Jasper as they leave while I take Bella's tearstained face in my hands gently wiping under her eyes with my thumbs. "It will be okay, baby. We have to go shopping tomorrow anyway, so we can get you a new dress. Please don't cry...I hate to see you so sad." I murmur while stroking her hair, trying desperately to comfort her.

Her eyes flash with irritation as she looks up at me before pushing me away, "I'm not sad, Edward, I'm fucking pissed!" she shouts. She is furious and I swear to all that is holy, she has never looked more sexy. I feel like an asshole for having inappropriate thoughts while Bella is distressed, but *fuck* she is hot with her chest heaving and her eyes spitting fire. I suddenly want to piss her off just so she'll punish me. *Mmmm, Edward has been a naughty boy, Bella...*

The Dominating Bella Fantasy is going to have to wait, however, because she is truly upset and I need to be a supportive boyfriend. I'm a little confused as to

Faithfully

why she is crying if she's pissed though, so I cock my head to the side hoping to elicit an explanation rather than voicing my question out of fear of appearing stupid. Women are so fucking confusing.

"I'm pissed because someone obviously tampered with my dress, Edward," she explains exasperated as she rolls her eyes, clearly annoyed that she has to explain herself. "I could not have possibly gained that much weight in two days," she says this like it is the most obvious thing in the world, before continuing, "and the worst part about this is that I don't know who tampered with it. And even if I did, what could I really do about it, you know?" she finishes, sounding dejected.

"It doesn't matter, I refuse to let them get me down...It's just a dress right?" she says with false sincerity. When she looks up at me again the mask of anger is gone, leaving only a vulnerable girl in its place. I know in that moment that I need to fix this in whatever way I can. This is my first chance to be there for her and I don't want to fuck it up. I decide it's time to man the fuck up and take care of my woman.

I reach out taking her tiny hand in mine and lead her to the bedroom without saying a word because words cannot fix it this time. I pull her to stand between my legs as I sit on the edge of the bed, quickly discarding her shirt and pants leaving her standing before me in a lacy pink bra and panties.

Looking into her eyes as she rests her hands on my shoulders, I slowly run my open palms up the outside of her thighs, reaching around as they glide over the soft flesh of her ass, continuing up over her ribs, grazing the sides of her full breasts, and finally resting on either side of her long, graceful neck. I gently tug her face up to kiss her mouth before sliding my hands back down over the front of her body, feeling her nipples pebble under my palms as my hands make their way down to her stomach. My mouth follows, leaving a trail of hot open-mouth kisses down to her hip while my hands caress the back of her thighs down to her calves.

After pulling my shirt over my head, I remove her bra and lay back, pulling her down on top of me. Rolling over so that she is underneath me, I brush my lips

Faithfully

against her cheeks, her eyelids, her nose, her forehead, her jaw and her mouth as I run my fingertips over every piece of exposed flesh I can find. She is so fucking soft. Her skin feels like satin beneath my calloused fingers.

Sitting up, I straddle her thighs and trace my fingertips from her collarbone to her hip bones. Watching the way her curvy, pale form squirms beneath me on the dark blue comforter, with her hair fanned out around her. It makes it look like we are floating in water and the graceful way her body is moving makes her look like a mermaid.

Not able to wait another moment, I swiftly remove my jeans and pull Bella's panties down her creamy long legs, kissing my way back up until I'm settled in the cradle of her thighs. I take her hands and place them above her head, lacing our fingers together as she wraps her legs around my waist. I look at her face as I start to push inside her, and something inside me shifts, and with the overwhelming emotion I see swimming in her eyes, I know she feels it too. When I am fully sheathed inside her, she gasps and I immediately bring my mouth down on hers, not able to bear any part of our bodies not touching. We finally break for breath as our bodies move frantically toward release. Soft sighs, quiet moans and our heavy breathing are the only sounds that fill the room. Our hands are everywhere, legs, thighs, shoulders and faces keeping our lips touching at all times, even though we're not kissing. We're exchanging breath...it is so intimate, so erotic. I feel so overwhelmed and over-stimulated that all it takes to push me over the edge is hearing her breathy voice whisper my name.

" *Edward...* "

White light erupts behind my eyes and I groan out the words, "Oh, Bella." She grasps at my shoulders and hair, as though she can't get close enough, and she lets out a cry while her body clamps down on mine, prolonging my impossibly long release even further. *Holy fuck.*

When I'm finally able to catch my breath, I open my eyes to find a tear rolling down her face and a soft smile on her lips. I kiss her softly several more times before rolling over and gathering her up into my arms. I'm still riding on my

Faithfully

euphoric high when I hear her quiet voice.

"Thank you"

I thread my fingers into her silky hair and place a kiss to her temple, wondering if this is what love feels like and never wanting it to fucking end. My thoughts drift back to Bella squirming on the blue comforter and I wonder if Alice will do a rendition of her as a mermaid. I decide to talk to her about it after we get through this hectic weekend.

My thoughts are interrupted by Bella's soft voice, "Edward?" She sounds timid, unsure of herself and it sort of puts me on edge.

"Yeah?" I prompt cautiously, starting to freak out a little.

"I'm scared." *Oh shit, here it comes.* Panic immediately sets in as she traces aimless patterns on my chest, refusing to meet my eyes.

"What are you scared about?" I am nervous as fuck because the last thing I wanted was to scare her away with my intensity, and I looks like it have accomplished just that. It's a damn good thing I didn't blurt out those words that have been floating around in my head.

She's quiet for what seems like hours, but is probably only a few minutes. My heart is pounding in my chest and my breathing quickens...yep, I'm definitely in fight or flight mode.

"Please don't hurt me." *Say what?* Her words are barely a whisper and they make my chest constrict painfully.

"Bella? Baby, what the fuck are talking about?" I'm not gonna lie, I'm a little pissed at her implication, and I'm sure the irritation comes through in my voice. How could she seriously think I would hurt her? Didn't I just give her my entire heart and soul not even thirty minutes ago?

Faithfully

"I just worry that you'll tire of me...please don't be mad, it's just that my emotions are on edge by the shitty day I had and they were amplified by what we just experienced..." she trails off, finally looking up to meet my gaze. Her eyes are filled with worry and tears as she looks away while choking out, "I just...Edward, I would be devastated if you tossed me aside now after what we just shared. I'm not doubting your loyalty, please don't think that...I guess...I just need to know what it is that you see in me, beyond the physical appeal and crazy chemistry. Please, give this to me..."

All of my anger melts away at the sheer vulnerability in her voice. My baby needs reassurance and I am sure as fuck going to give it to her.

"Bella, you are *everything*. You are kind and caring, you take such good care of me. It's the little things you do that mean so much to me...like when you rub my head when I'm tired and how you put me in check when I'm being and asshole. You're intelligent and well read. You're witty and have a wicked sense of humor. You just...you're perfect for me. And *fuck*, Bella, you're so strong. I know what you are going through with these fucking harpies must be so hard, but you handle it all so well. I promise that I will call Peter tomorrow. Gianna is seriously out of fucking line and I won't tolerate it-you don't deserve that.

"Sometimes I worry that you will wake up one morning and decide that I'm not worth all the bullshit you have to endure." I look up at her and her eyes soften as she brushes her fingers through my hair. I close my eyes and get up the courage to whisper my greatest fear.

"Please don't leave me, Bella."

I feel like such a pussy, practically begging her to stay but, *fuck*, I need her...I can't lose her. She scoots up to wrap her arms around my head, cradling me into her chest.

"I'm not going anywhere, Edward."

The conviction in her voice is fierce and I know that I need to let go of my doubts. She said she isn't going anywhere and I need to believe her-trust her.

Faithfully

Taking her face in my hands, I lay it all on the line. No more fear and no more holding back.

"Bella, I can't promise that I will never hurt you, and I can't promise that I will never fuck up, but I can promise you with all my heart that I will respect you, be honest with you and be faithful to you...always."

Tears run down her cheeks as she pulls my face to hers, kissing me deeply. No more words are needed as our bodies speak everything that we are not ready to say out loud.

The next morning we make our plans for shopping, and after all we experienced last night, I want to make this day fun. I also want to get her a little something to wear on her body that solidifies my commitment. I call the front desk and arrange for a car, bypassing Gianna altogether, and after some amazing shower sex we're dressed and ready to go.

As we settle into the back seat of the sedan, Bella turns to me with her eager brown eyes shining brightly, "What were you like as a teenager?"

"I was a fucking dork, you probably wouldn't have given me the time of day," *No one did.* I add darkly in my head, memories of the only time I had made myself vulnerable to a girl in my life only to have her laugh in my face. I'd had a crush on Lauren Mallory, one of the only girls that paid any attention to me, so I decided to ask her to our Junior prom. Little did I know that Lauren was desperate to be accepted by the popular crowd, and would do anything to achieve that acceptance. She agreed to go with me and asked me to meet her in front of the gym, since she was not yet allowed to date. I dressed in my best suit, tie and all, pulled back my hair and even bought her flowers.

Fucking Bitch.

When I showed up, she was standing around with the 'in crowd' of our school. I walked up, holding the bouquet of daisies I had gotten for her, only to have her sneer and spit that 'I was even more pathetic than she thought I was, to believe that she would be seen with a loser like me'. I was devastated and I vowed to

Faithfully

never put myself in the position to end up looking like a fool again. I met up with her right before our first tour, and I treated her the way I believed she should be treated. As a matter of fact, that is when the rules were born. I'm not quite ready to rehash all the dirty details of my pathetic high school life to Bella yet, so I give her a condensed version.

"Yes, well, believe it or not, I wasn't always this famous." I throw in a cocky smirk to mask the awkwardness I feel. A part of me knows that even if Bella and I had been in high school together, she wouldn't have acted like any of those other nasty females, but it doesn't change the fact that the incident with Mallory changed me forever. "I never dated in high school. After all, nobody wants to date the nerd. After one horrendously humiliating experience, I swore of the opposite sex for good....and by for good, I mean until I saw that bitch, again, and gave her what was coming....no pun intended. She definitely didn't get hers.

"You know, I was the valedictorian of my graduating class." I force a chuckle out, trying desperately to come across cool and calm as I change the subject, before adding, "You can probably Google me when we get back to the hotel, I'm sure there are pictures of our early days floating around the internet."

I glance over at her noticing she is tapping furiously on her iPhone. "What are you doing?" I ask as she bursts into laughter, immediately making me regret the suggestion.

"Oh, Edward! Look at you...you look so young, like a little boy." She is only mildly snickering as she traces the mortifying image she has pulled up.

"I told you I was a dork," I chuckle looking down at the picture. I'm about seventeen or eighteen with hair practically down to my waist, wearing a Guns and Roses t-shirt with a big fucking goofy smile plastered across my face.

"Are those the same combat boots?" she asks gesturing down to the ones I'm wearing. I look down at the scuffed up boots as I answer, "Naw, I still have them though somewhere in the back of my closet...that's when I thought I was Axel Rose." I can't help but laugh at the memory.

Faithfully

"I can see that, look at all that red hair!" she smiles at me as I scowl. "You're much hotter though...even with the dorky smile," she adds with a wink.

"I do not have red hair," I grumble looking, down at the picture.

"Yes you do," she insists while looking at her phone wistfully, then adding, "I hope our kids have your hair."

My heart swells at her casual comment. "You wanna make redheaded babies with me?" I ask, envisioning a little girl with my hair and Bella's eyes.

"I thought you said you don't have red hair?" she teases with a sexy smirk, immediately lightening the mood.

"Speaking of hair," I lead in, "Francois is coming by this evening before the interview for haircuts...I don't really want to cut it, though, what do you think?" I ask looking up at her amused expression.

"My badass boyfriend gets his hair cut by a man named Francois?" she taunts raising her eyebrow. I roll my eyes at her as she continues, "I think you should cut it into a mohawk. Not a crazy looking shaved one but, you know, leave the length but cut the sides short. Take it all the way to the back though not just on top like a chicken...you'll look so sexy." She runs her fingers through my hair as she explains her vision while licking her lips. If Bella thinks it's sexy then I will most definitely be sporting a mohawk.

Shopping with Bella is intense, to say the least. She kind of scares me, all focused and passionate. She finds her outfit for the awards show easily, insisting that she likes this one better anyway. Let me tell you, it's sexy as fuck. I'm still determined to find out which of those skanks fucked with her dress, though.

I'm not letting that shit go.

On our way back to the car, I stealthily lead her into Cartier. I did a little research and found the perfect token of my affection. While Bella was trying

Faithfully

on dresses earlier, I decided to stop being a pussy and just go for it. As we enter the store, Bella quirks her perfectly arched eyebrow at me but follows me inside with no resistance.

A saleslady practically attacks us as we walk up to the front counter, tripping over herself in the process. "Welcome! My name is Larianne, what can I help you find today?" She looks around quickly before adding in a whispered squeal, "Mr. Cullen, I am such a huge fan."

I give her my best panty dropping smile, figuring that Bella won't mind considering the lady is at least sixty years old.

"I would like to see the LOVE bracelet, please," I say a little fucking nervously, considering I'm saying that particular word out loud in front of Bella for the first time. Larraine blushes as she gestures for us to follow her to a case in the back of the store, calling over her shoulder, "Right this way."

Bella's hand tightens in mine and I chance a glance at her, only to find her looking up at me with so much emotion shining in her eyes.

I point to the tray holding the bracelet that catches my eye as I explain to Bella why I like it. "It's like a handcuff, baby, and only I will have the tool to remove it." I flash her a triumphant grin, like my caveman way of thinking is completely logical.

She rolls her eyes, clearly amused, before breaking into a breathtaking smile. *I am such a lucky motherfucker.*

"I would love to wear your handcuff, *topolino*," she says, looking up at me shyly through her long lashes.

We turn our attention to Larianne as she pulls three of the bracelets out of the case. The first is plain yellow gold, and both Bella and I shake our heads before she can get into her spiel. She laughs that we had the same reaction. The next one is plain white gold and Bella's eyes light up, but I shake my head because my girl deserves diamonds. The last one Larianne pulls out is definitely the

Faithfully

winner. It's white gold with diamonds accentuating the circles. It is simple and beautiful and not at all overly ostentatious, just like my Bella.

"That one," I say, handing her my card before she can spout off the price. Larraine smiles knowingly at me while she pulls out a red cloth to polish it up.

"Would you like to do the honors, Mr. Cullen?" she asks sweetly. I nod my confirmation as she gives me a brief tutorial on how the contraption works, then hands it over to me. I look into Bella's eyes, hoping to convey the significance of the gesture as I close the bracelet over her dainty wrist, where it will stay, hopefully forever.

As I screw it into place, Bella slips her free hand around my shoulder tangling her tiny fingers into my hair. The moment is so intimate that I almost wish I had waited to put it on her until we were alone. I look back into her warm brown eyes and want to tell her that I love her, but am unsure of how she will react. I'm sure that she can see the war raging in my eyes because she pulls my face to hers, kissing me so deeply that it makes me weak in the knees. When she finally pulls away, she whispers in my ear while caressing the side of my face,

"I know, bambino. Thank you." she pulls back, smiling brightly before turning her attention back to the case and demanding with that sexy as fuck smirk of hers, "What about you? I want to stake my claim on you, too."

Twenty minutes later I walk out of the store with a platinum chain holding an infinity pendant around my neck and a very smug Bella wearing a metaphorical handcuff, looking sexy as fuck. Holding her hand, I can feel the cool metal against my wrist, making me so hard that I can hardly wait to get back to the hotel.

I am so happy in this moment that I can almost ignore the paparazzi that have been trailing us all day.

Push the button and let me know what you think...

Chapter 8: Black Magic Woman

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

As always, thank you to everyone who continues to support my little story :)

And, of course, thank you to my beta, Moblair, who is fucking awesome...I heart you, mama.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 8: Black Magic Woman

I got a Black Magic Woman.

I got a Black Magic Woman,

I got a Black Magic Woman,

She's got me so blind I can't see;

But she's a Black Magic Woman and

she's trying to make a devil out of me

got your spell on me baby,

got your spell on me,baby

Yes, you got your spell on me, baby,

Turnin' my heart into stone;

Faithfully

I need you so bad,

Magic Woman I can't leave you alone

~*Black Magic Woman- Santana*~

~**Bella**~

"Yes, Edward, *yes...ungh... harder*," I pant out between moans. He has one of my legs flung over his shoulder and the other wrapped around his muscular back. He growls out in that sexy voice of his, gripping the headboard with one hand for leverage as he pounds into me, "You like it rough, don't you, baby?" Tightening his grip deliciously on my hip, he continues, "Tell me how you like to be fucked."

I am so turned on with the combination of his words, the sound of our skin slapping together and how aggressive he is being, that I can hardly form a coherent thought to answer with. I reach my hands up above my head to push against the headboard as I buck my hips in time with his thrusts, "Hard, uhh... *fuck*, Edward, hard." I want him to take me from behind because I know it will be deeper in that position, but every time I try to flip over he stops me. I think it's because of his past, but I don't give a fuck, I want him to take me from behind. It's not like we haven't explored every other position known to man, and even a few that aren't, I think. I struggle against him but he is over a foot taller than me and outweighs me by at least a hundred pounds, so it's a futile effort. Frustrated, I spit through gritted teeth,

"Goddamn it, Edward, I want it from behind!" Conflict rages in his eyes as he looks down at me. My eyes soften as I reach up to touch the side of his face, "Please." I can see the excitement flash across his gorgeous face before he flips me over, handling me like a rag doll. I scramble to my knees, leaving my elbows on the mattress, giving him a fantastic view of my ass as I look at him over my shoulder, smirking. I watch him as he drinks in the sight before him, smoothing his hands over my flesh reverently. He catches my eye as a cocky smirk graces his chiseled features right before he plows into me. *Holy shit*, it's a tight fit in this position, and deep...so fucking deep.

Faithfully

I can feel each one of the steel balls in his super-sized cock moving inside me and it feels un-fucking-believable. He scrunches his eyes closed and grips my hips tightly before pulling out ever so slowly then plunging in again, causing us both to cry out at the sensation. He brushes his hands from my lower back, across my ass and down to the backs of my thighs. After completing the circuit twice, he pulls one of his long fingers down the crack of my ass, applying just a hint of pressure on my back entrance. The pressure of his finger feels fantastic and I suddenly want to know what it would feel like *inside* me. "Please," I pant out, pushing against his hand. He stills momentarily before I feel him slide his finger down to gather some of the moisture that's seeping down my thigh, and then bring it back to where I want him, pressing into me slowly. I feel a shit-load of pressure at first, followed by a little stinging that actually feels pretty awesome, and then he starts to move in time with his thrusts. The feeling is so overwhelming that I can't even put together a lucid thought.

"Fuck, Bella, fuck...it's so tight...I can feel your pussy fucking pulsing all around me...and, *God*, it feels so fucking good," he groans loudly. He adds with a disbelieving tone, "And I can feel it around my finger. Fuck, I can feel it. It would feel so good...gotta try it..." He mumbles the last part as if speaking to himself. He thrusts slow and deep while trailing his other hand up my back and curling around my shoulder for leverage, while adding a second finger to my ass. The dual sensations are incredible and I have never felt so *full*. Impatient for more, I start pushing back against him, causing him to let out a string of curses.

"Pull my hair, Edward...pull it hard." I can feel his long fingers leave me to grip the headboard while the other tangles into my hair before he yanks my head back with just enough force to make me gasp. "Is that what you want, Isabella? You're a nasty little girl, aren't you?" His voice is low and his breath is hot against my ear and I can feel his stubble lightly scratching at my cheek, making me whimper.

"*Yes, Papi*," I groan out, the stimulation of the hair pulling, along with his massive dick slamming into me, makes me moan wildly.

Faithfully

"Who do you belong to, Isabella? Fucking tell me!" The dominance in his voice is what finally triggers my orgasm and I come, practically shouting, "You, Edward. Ooohhh...I belong to *you*...only you."

Mewling and quivering, I continue to drive back into him with abandon until he finally explodes, groaning and cursing deafeningly before answering with a deep and gravelly voice, "That's fucking right...you belong to *me*, only me."

Damn, possessive Edward is sexy.

I feel his body weight as he collapses on top of me, trailing kisses all over my back. "I wasn't too rough, was I, baby?" The tenderness and concern in his voice makes me smile.

"No, *ciccino*, you were perfect."

I'm sitting on the sofa in our suite the next evening, nursing some kind of vodka concoction that Emmett has whipped up as we wait for Rosalie and Edward. Rosalie is waiting, I'm sure to make some sort of grand entrance, stupid bitch, and Edward is still in the shower, thanks to me and my need to hog the bathroom for two hours. Hey, it takes time and effort to look this hot. We're headed to the Music Matters Annual Costume Ball, and believe me, I need to look smokin' since we will, no doubt, be surrounded by a horde of whores, scantily clad in barely-there lingerie. I have chosen to portray *Black Magic Woman*, so I'm dressed as a witch, pointy hat and all. Edward picked my costume while we were out yesterday, and being the horny man that he is, I'm sure you can imagine how fucking tiny it is.

Emmett looks hilarious, dressed as *Angel*, wearing white jeans, wings, and a tinsel halo headband propped proudly on top of his dark curly hair. Alice is going as *Blackbird*, and she looks absolutely beautiful in black cheeky shorts and a cropped top full of feathers. Jasper looks the best, though. He's the *Rhinestone Cowboy*, and he's wearing this ridiculously gaudy jacket covered in rhinestones without a shirt, a cowboy hat, and old, beat up cowboy boots. It amazes me that even in his bizarre outfit he still exudes his signature lazy, sexy, cool vibe.

Faithfully

Edward saunters into the room, a few minutes later, dressed in the tight black leather pants I picked out on our shopping excursion, his well worn motorcycle boots, the new fuckhot Mohawk, and his infinity necklace.

And *holy shit* does he look sexy, all ink and muscles and that cocky smirk.

He slips his arm around me, pressing his bare chest into mine as he hands me the collar to put on him. I slide my hands around his neck as he roughly kneads my ass, pulling me into his rock-hard mega-cock as I fasten the buckle.

Looking up at him from under my lashes, I smirk while yanking on the chain, effectively bringing his mouth down on mine and thrusting my tongue deep into his mouth. He tastes like mint and Edward and it is fucking delicious. I completely devour his mouth while rubbing myself shamelessly all over him, pulling hard on the hair at the back of his head with one hand and on the chain with the other. Moving my mouth down to his neck, I bite down hard right above the collar, then suck and lick on the tender flesh. I continue by whispering in his ear, "You better be a good boy tonight, topolino, I wouldn't want to have to punish you."

"*Fucking hell*, woman. If you keep doing that we'll never get out of here," Edward groans out, tilting his head to the side to give me better access, effectively giving his words no conviction. He drops his face into my cleavage, which looks spectacular tonight, sucking and biting, making me moan loudly until we hear Emmett's loud, obnoxious voice.

"Holy shit, guys, bring it down a notch. I'm starting to feel funny things in my nether regions and I don't think the big boss will like it too much if I jizz in my angel pants," he says with a smirk, causing Alice and Jasper to burst out laughing. "Dude, what the fuck are you supposed to be, anyway?" he asks, eyeing the collar and leash around Edward's neck.

"Oh my God, he's *Freak on a Leash!*" Alice exclaims, with a huge smile on her face "That is fucking priceless. I can't wait to see the reactions of all the hussies who normally throw themselves at you, Edward," she adds, shaking her head and chuckling. Rosalie snorts as she rolls her eyes and crosses her arms over her chest.

Faithfully

Um...when the fuck did the spawn walk in? I bet she's irritated that nobody saw it happen. She's wearing a red corset and ruffled shorts with red patent leather boots and glittery horns.

"There's one, Alice," I point out with a smirk, gesturing over at Rosalie who is now glaring daggers at me. Jasper cuts in, trying to ease the tension that has emerged in full force, "Who are you supposed to be, Rose?"

She suddenly refuses to look at us and mumbles out, "Devil Woman," and I can't help it, I burst out laughing as Edward mutters, "How fucking appropriate." Alice and Jasper both snicker at Edward's comment before Jasper offers Rosalie a drink, trying to get the tension in the room under control, again.

"So, whose idea was that?" Emmett returns to his earlier line of questioning with a raised eyebrow, pointing at the leash.

Edward rolls his eyes, pulling me into his body so that my back is flush with his chest. "Mine," he says, tightening one of his arms around my waist while the other trails down the front of my thigh. He plants a wet kiss on my shoulder as I reach up to thread my hand into his hair while wiggling my ass against his crotch. "I want everyone to see that she owns me."

"You know, I thought me and Rosie were bad, but you guys have got to be the kinkiest, horniest motherfuckers on the planet...", he trails off, shaking his head and snickering, causing Rosalie to glare at him. Edward just licks a path from my shoulder to my ear before biting down, completely oblivious to everything going on around us.

God, we have a serious problem with PDA.

I tilt my head to the side to make more room for Edward, who is currently working on creating a gigantic hickey behind my ear, when I hear Rosalie mumble something that sounds a whole lot like, "Classless tramp," under her breath. At the comment, Edward stops sucking abruptly, looking up as I speak directly at her without an ounce of fear in my tone.

Faithfully

"What the fuck did you just say?" I make to charge at her, but I stop at the feeling of Edward's possessive hand around the bottom of my throat, throwing me a look that says I should tone down the mean girl. I am, however, glaring right into her ice blue eyes. I can see her waver before she steels herself to shoot back.

"I said, all those hickeys make you look like a classless tramp." She leans into the wall, crossing her arms while she looks away, aiming, I'm sure, for nonchalance.

"Thanks for the heads up, Rosalie. I'll take your word for it, since being a classless tramp is your area of expertise," I spit back, my voice dripping with superiority. Okay, so maybe I can't tone down the mean girl. But come on, Edward loves me this way, even if he's acting like he doesn't for my own benefit.

"Whatever," she quips, as she smirks, looking over to Edward, "You look like a fucking joke, by the way. I never thought I'd see the day you let some *infant* lead you around by the dick."

Just as she pushes off the wall, Edward is across the room to get in her face. Everyone is stunned as he leans in to threaten her with a low menacing voice, slamming the wall by her head with his open hand a fraction of an inch from her cheek.

"You will *never* speak of her that way again, do you understand me, Rosalie? Bella has more class in her fucking pinky than you could ever even dream of having. And she may be young, but at least she doesn't act like a jealous little girl. Leave us the fuck alone...I will *not* fucking warn you again."

Edward shrugs Emmett off when Emmett finally comes to his senses and tries to pull him back. Edward glares at Emmett, telling him, "That's fucking it, Emmett. Bella and I are not putting up with her shit any longer...I'm just letting you know, you better keep that bitch in check." Throwing one last glare at Rosalie, who is now cowering against the wall with her hand over her chest, he drapes his strong, ink covered arm over my shoulders and leads me out of the

suite.

Edward warned me beforehand that there is going to be a relatively small red carpet, but I'm not prepared for how nervous I am. As we pull up and it comes into view, I feel his hand on my thigh, squeezing slightly and pulling me out of my stupor. I turn my face up to look into his eyes and he reassures me that everything will be fine by giving me a quick but passionate kiss as the driver opens the door. Jasper is the first to emerge, with Alice following. They smile and pose for pictures, periodically stopping to talk and answer questions for the line of reporters. Emmett and Rosalie are next and I can't help but notice how at ease she looks in the spotlight; it makes me a bit envious. I refuse to let that bitch show me up, so I take a deep breath and push my nerves aside as I allow the driver to help me from the limo, plastering a smile on my face while keeping a tight hold on Edward's leash as he follows me out of the car. I'm a little stunned as the crowd goes crazy for him because they're screaming and crying as they call out his name, but he is so gracious, smiling and waving at them as he wraps his arm around my waist to pose for pictures.

While we make our way down the red carpet, there are literally hundreds of flashes going off at once and I can only vaguely make out questions being shouted at us as over the screaming. We make our first of three stops with Miranda Glass, representing the E! Network, who asks us what song titles go with our ensembles. After a hearty laugh, she moves on, asking a couple of questions regarding how we met and how nice it is to see Edward being led around on a leash by a beautiful young lady, to which he turns and winks at me before answering smoothly, "Who wouldn't want to be led around by this?" He waves his hand in front of me like a game-show host, making me blush. When she asks him what song Eclipse is going to perform tonight, he just smirks and tells her it's a surprise.

The next interview, with Shariee Stevens from Entertainment Tonight, is a little more professional, but basically the same questions, only adding in a question for me. She wants to know how it feels to be dating 'The Sexiest Man Alive', according to People Magazine. I may go a little dreamy-eyed and fangirl as I reply, "He is more than just a pretty face, he's everything to me."

Faithfully

This earns me a genuine smile and a sloppy kiss.

The final interview, however, does not go as smoothly. The interviewer, Tyler Bennett, is obnoxious and rude and he won't take his eyes off of my boobs. You can just imagine how Edward reacts to that. As we approach, the first thing he does is look me up and down, smirking as he catches sight of the leash in my hand, making some lame remark about how he loves a woman who can take control while licking his lips and leering at me. This prick must either not know Edward at all, or have a death wish, I'm not really sure which one. The first thing out of Edward's mouth, as he stands to his full height making him tower over the interviewer, is, "I will give you exactly two fucking seconds to tear your eyes away from my girl's tits before I rip them out of your goddamn head and shove them down your fucking throat, motherfucker." The look in his eyes is positively feral and he looks dangerous and sexy, which in turn, makes my girly parts tingle. It's no surprise that we do not finish that interview.

We're ushered inside the club and all eyes are on us as I lead Edward by his leash to our reserved table where the rest of the group is already sitting. I'm not even going to pretend that I don't thoroughly enjoy the gaping stares and whispers we are eliciting from all the skanky bitches. After ordering an apple martini, I settle myself into Edward's lap to enjoy the music that the DJ is spinning.

After about thirty minutes, a gentleman with a headset makes his way over to our table to let the guys know they need to report backstage in five minutes. After a mini-make-out, I remove his leash and watch Edward's back as he disappears backstage. About ten minutes later, they appear on stage, illuminated by the harsh stage lights. Edward looks over to me and winks before looking down to his guitar and plucking out the opening chords of a familiar song. It isn't until he starts crooning in his deep, sexy voice that I swoon.

"I Got a black magic woman..."

Oh. My. God. He is so fucking sexy...and he is singing to me...ME! My body is practically vibrating with desire for this beautiful man, and just when I think I

Faithfully

can't take anymore, he looks at me through heavy lidded eyes as sweat beads on his forehead.

I am done.

Holy hell.

His eyes are closed and his slightly parted lips twitch as he wails out the guitar solo. I can see the muscles in his arms and stomach flex as he plays, making me whimper with need. What I wouldn't give to run my tongue along the trail of hair that disappears into those tight leather pants...gah! This man is a fucking rock-god with one hell of a sexy swagger, making all of the women in this place freak out, but I gain a little bit of solace in the simple fact that tonight, and every night, he will be going home with *me*. I am one lucky bitch, and tonight I intend to show him just what he does to me.

When we get back to our suite, I lead him to our room. I reach up to remove the collar he's wearing and toss it onto a nearby chair, then proceed to peel off his pants while he struggles to kick off his boots. When he is standing before me completely nude, with his yummy cock standing tall, I tell him to keep his hands to himself and watch me undress. I peel each piece of clothing off painfully slow, watching him strain with the effort to keep his hands off of me. When I'm finally naked, I crawl up onto the center of the bed and summon him to join me. I hand him one of my striped stockings as I lay back, propped up on a pile of pillows. Holding my wrists out to him, I demand, "Tie my hands to the bed, Edward, and fuck my mouth." His eyes widen in shock, before they darken with lust. He takes the stocking from me and raises my hands above my head, kissing both palms before he secures them to the head board. He crawls up slowly until his cock is inches from my face. Kneeling before me, he braces himself with one hand on the headboard while he caresses the side of my face with the other. I look up at him from under my lashes and make my expression as innocent as possible before I lick my lips and open wide...

It is barely 8:30 in the goddamn morning when we are jarred awake by pounding on the door. Edward gets up and pulls on a pair of jeans, which he doesn't bother to completely button, grumbling as he makes his way to the

door.

I can hear his gruff demeanor as he greets the intruder, "What the fuck do you want?" I smile looking up at the ceiling. *God I love him, the old crotchety bastard.* I know I should just tell him, it's not as if I don't know he feels the same way, so I decide that if the moment should arise, I will. I'm basking in the knowledge that I am going to confess my feelings for him when his harsh voice pulls me out of my reverie, making me curious about who is here and what has him so pissed off. "Say whatever the hell it is you came to say, and get the fuck out of my room," I hear him spit from the other side of the bedroom door.

I pull one of Edward's tee shirts over my head and venture to the living room to investigate. Saddling up behind him, pressing my cheek into his back and snaking my arm around his waist, I dip my hand into the front of his unbuttoned pants to trail my fingers along the tip of his cock. I feel it come to life in my hand, making me smirk against his back as I listen to Gianna's voice reply.

God, could she not have just called?

"I just came to let you know that Zafrina will be by with the Harry Winston rep at nine-thirty instead of eleven-thirty, and I also wanted to see how the show went last night, since Peter instructed me not to attend." She tries to sound all sweet and concerned, but I know she is just looking for any excuse to see him.

Whore.

"And this couldn't be accomplished with a phone call because...?" he prompts as he slides his hand around behind him, wrapping his fingers around my ass underneath the shirt I'm wearing while I lick up his spine. I giggle because not only is he feeling me up in front of her, but I just thought that exact same thing. Plus, there's a harsh tone to his voice, making no mistake that he is upset at the interruption, and it makes me giggle when snooty people get 'the harsh tone'. Oh God, this makes me think of the 'you're in trouble tone' and the 'dad tone', so now I'm horny. Don't get me wrong, I have no daddy issues, my father is a great and respectable man, but come on! You'd want a spanking from Edward,

too.

My curiosity gets the best of me and I chance a peek at her from around his arm. She's dressed in a purple wrap dress that is so tight it barely contains her boobs. She finishes it off with a nice pair of nude heels. Seriously, who gets so dressed up to knock on someone's hotel door? The thing that stands out to me the most is that her lust-filled eyes are slowly raking up his muscular torso. She is practically salivating, and it might be comical if I didn't want to rip her hair out. Clearly she must have death wish.

Or at least a wish for me to go back to my room and make a voodoo doll of her to dunk under the water in the bath tub.

Yeah, I totally have this tension under control.

Deciding that enough is enough, I snake my body underneath Edward's arm so that I am wrapped around his side possessively, and I not-so-subtly place my *handcuffed* hand on his chest, prominently displaying my new piece of jewelry. Edward takes my hand in his much larger one, bringing it up to his mouth to kiss my palm before settling it back over his heart. It's at this exact moment that Gianna notices the bracelet. Her eyes widen momentarily before narrowing as she sets her features into a cold, blank stare. Her whole posture changes into a rigid, almost defensive stance, before she apologizes for the interruption and storms out the door, leaving both Edward and I stunned with her abrupt departure.

"God, she hates me," I observe, staring at the door where she just exited.

He looks pensive for a moment before he speaks, "She's fucking nuts, baby, promise me you'll stay away from her. I talked to Peter yesterday, but she's under contract with the band until January. She will no longer be handling my personal business, though...we'll find someone else." I just nod my head, figuring that is confirmation enough.

Edward accompanies me to Emmett and Rosalie's suite promptly at nine-fifteen. Alice is already there lounging on the sofa in yellow leggings and

Faithfully

a fitted white tunic that is accentuated with a wide yellow belt. Every strand of her spiky black hair is perfectly in place, making me feel a tad bit inadequate. I look down to my grey yoga pants and wife beater combo, and back up to her, thinking that I am seriously underdressed. She just looks at me and shakes her head, explaining that she and Jasper just returned from breakfast with his parents and that is why she is so dressed up, which makes me feel much better about looking like a hobo.

About fifteen minutes later, a beautiful, tall, dark-skinned woman with silvery hair and piercing grey eyes arrives. The color of her hair, which is pulled back into a severe bun, and the color of her eyes stand out starkly against her olive toned skin, making her look very striking and beautiful, yet sophisticated. She is dressed flawlessly in a lavender Chanel tweed suit, cream-colored heels and a beautiful triple strand of pearls. She is accompanied by a heavysset, balding man who is carrying, what appears to be, a large lockbox, and who is profusely sweating all over his expensive designer suit. Alice introduces them to me as Zafrina Verdone, their stylist, and Gerald Higgins, the representative from Harry Winston.

Zafrina holds her hand out to me while introducing herself, and her heavy Italian accent is unmistakable, instantly reminding me of my Nonni and Nonno. "E 'un piacere conoscerti il mio nome è Bella," I answer sweetly, bowing my head slightly to show reverence to the heritage we share.

"Ah, Bella. Tale bel nome italiano per una bella ragazza italiana," she says, placing her hands on my face before air-kissing each cheek then turning to face the others barking, "Let's look at some jewelry, shall we?"

As I pass Edward to look at the jewelry, I get an arched eyebrow and the look that clearly says we will be speaking when we get more time alone. He knows I've said Italian words to him before, even given him certain nicknames that I've learned from my Nonni, but I've never spoken fluently in his presence before.

We have so much to learn.

Faithfully

The next hour and a half is spent ogling diamonds that could pay for an entire collage education. After much deliberating, I finally end up with a diamond cuff bracelet and diamond hoop earrings, both set in platinum. My selections are much simpler than those of Alice and Rosalie, who has acted like a demanding, condescending bitch the entire time. During our time together, I learn that despite Zafrina's hard exterior, she is actually quite charming, and I'm glad I had the opportunity to meet her. It also helps that she doesn't put up with Rosalie's shit and constantly mutters Italian curses at her, while winking at me. Oh, yes, Zafrina and I will get along just fine.

Just as Zafrina is showing Gerald out, a group of hair and makeup people flood the suite, followed with Zafrina barking out orders about who needs to set up where. She directs us girls to different stations and before I know it, I'm being plucked, buffed and beautified. When all is said and done, I am looking *good*, and I can hardly wait for Edward to see me.

Just as I am about to change into my outfit, my phone rings, and because I'm missing Edward terribly, or maybe it's because I'm stupid, I answer without looking at the caller id. The voice on the other end of the line makes me cringe.

"Would you like to tell me why I'm looking at a picture on the internet of you towing Edward Cullen along on a leash?"

"Hey, Mom," I offer, trying desperately to deflect. I know that I need to have this conversation with her, but right now is not the time. Besides, I'm a little pissed that it's been three months since the last message I left her, asking her to call me back. Don't get me wrong, I love my mother dearly, but she certainly leaves a lot to be desired when it comes to parenting. I have to admit that my brother and I practically raised ourselves.

Seth is exactly thirteen months older than me, but thankfully not old enough to pull that protective older brother bullshit. I would have to say that we have more of a partnership thing going on. He respects me and my decisions and I do the same for him, and knowing that we will always have each other to fall back on makes it easier to put yourself out there. The one thing we always relished in, however, was our time apart. It was hard work to take care of each

Faithfully

other, so we took to spending our summers apart. He would spend his summers in Forks with our father Charlie, and I would spend my summers in Italy with my Nonni and Nonno. Seth always hated going to Italy, complaining that it was too far away from civilization and his friends. I, on the other hand, loved the seclusion of it, not to mention the close relationship I came to have with my grandparents.

"Oh my God, Bella! Edward Cullen? That really is you in this picture? Holy Shit...tell me everything," she rambles, the excitement clear in her voice. "Are you being safe, Lord knows that he is one fine specimen, but we don't want any accidents, you are too young to be a mother...and with a rockstar, no less. You might want to double-bag it if you know what I mean. I wouldn't want you to end up with some funky disease..."

As much as I miss her, her comments immediately set me on the edge. How dare she make assumptions about Edward, she knows nothing about him! Of course, I have told her nothing about him, but still. "Thank you very much for your concern, mother, but I've got everything under control here. And, yes, it really is me." I have to admit that I am a little stung that she is so shocked, but I suppose it's par for the course where Renee is concerned.

"I really have to go, mom, I am getting ready for an awards show. I'll call you tomorrow, okay?" I really have no intention of calling, but chances are she will forget all about me once we hang up, anyway, so I don't really feel all that bad about it.

"Okay, sweetheart, be safe!" With that, I hang up the phone, get dressed, and wait for my man to pick me up.

Ciccino- darling

topolino- "little mouse" (an italian term of endearment)

E 'un piacere conoscerti il mio nome è Bella- It's a pleasure to meet you, my name is Bella.

Faithfully

Ah, Bella. Tale bel nome italiano per una bella ragazza italiana- Ah, Bella.
Such a beautiful italian name for a beautiful italian girl.

Leave me some love...

Chapter 9: Leather and Lace

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

As always, thank you to everyone who continues to support my story, your reviews mean so much to me!

And, of course, thank you to my beta, Moblair, who is fucking awesome...I heart you, mama.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 9: Leather and Lace

You in the moonlight

With your sleepy eyes

Could you ever love a man like me

And you were right

When I walked into your house

I knew I'd never want to leave

Lovers forever...face to face

My city or mountains

Stay with me stay

Faithfully

I need you to love me

I need you today

Give to me your leather

Take from me...my lace

~Leather and Lace: Stevie Nicks and Don Henley~

~Edward~

We exit the elevator on our floor while laughing at some stupid bullshit Emmett has spouted off about me 'losing it' on Gianna's crazy ass. We had gone to the recording studio to lay down the new track I've been working on, when she showed up unannounced. She was dressed down from this morning in a thin tank top and barely there shorts, strutting around like a cat in heat. She thinks she can wiggle her way into my lust-filled subconscious if she dresses like Bella and tries to be as comfortable in her natural skin as my girl. I swear she walked past me at least ten times, purposely dropping things so she'd have an excuse to bend over, glancing back at me, trying to look all coy and shit. It was disgusting and really quite pathetic, and I certainly did not spare her feelings when I said as much, which only served to piss her off, adding to her determination.

"Wow, boys. That song is beautiful," she cooed, leaning over to place her hand on my shoulder as if to listen more closely. "Let me guess, Alice? You were always the softie in this group, Jasper," she added, batting her eyelashes.

Shrugging her hand off roughly and turning to glare at her, I cut in, "It's about *Bella*, and don't fucking touch me." I stood up abruptly to get a bottled water from the fridge.

"Bella?" she said her name full of disdain. "How could this gorgeous, heartfelt song possibly be about someone you've known for like five minutes?" She continued, slinking over to me, "Besides, she's a child...we both know she

Faithfully

could never handle a man like you. I've waited so long for you to be ready to settle down, Edward. I was so patient, just waiting for my chance. I knew eventually you would need more from a woman than a quick fuck. But, Edward, this opportunity belongs to *me*...I'm the one who's waited around for five years, not *her*. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

She reached out to touch me again, making my trademark temper flare, "Jesus fucking Christ, Gianna. What is it going to take for you to get it through your fucking head that I'm *not* interested in you and I never have been? I'm not in the least bit attracted to your nasty, fake body, and I would rather eat dick than be forced to endure any amount of time with your vapid personality. So for the last goddamn time, leave me the fuck alone," I spat while towering over her with unrestrained fury flaming in my eyes. She gaped at me with her bottom lip trembling as tears streamed down her face. *Holy fuck*. Would these bitches ever get a fucking clue? I am completely confused by her rant. I mean, I've never given her even the slightest inclination that I was interested in her.

The last thing she said before she stormed out the door was, "You will regret this, Edward Cullen."

Shaking my head to pull me back to the present, I make my way to Jasper's suite to collect my girl. I only got a glimpse of what she is planning to wear tonight, but let me tell, you it is definitely enough to intrigue me. I saw black leather, lace and some sexy red stilettos I am dying to have wrapped around my waist. That image alone is enough to make me chuckle at the surprise I have in the bag I'm carrying.

Last night while we lay in bed, Bella had brought up the idea of us starting a collection of home movies, so we could watch ourselves make love. She said she wants to see, from my point of view, what it looks like when I fuck her; what it looks like when I push myself inside her. And, of course, being the kinky bastard that I am, I went out today to find us a pocket size personal video recorder. I got us the best one available which, according to the salesman, can record up to four hours, uninterrupted, and comes with- get this- a miniature table tripod. *Fuck, that makes me hard*. I hope to Jesus in fucking heaven that she wasn't messing around with me. I don't think so, though.

Faithfully

I told you before...my girl is a freak.

As we enter the suite, my eyes catch sight of Bella standing by the wet-bar. She is wearing a strapless leather corset, a very short lacy skirt, those sexy as fuck red heels and *fuck*...her big, pouty lips are painted in the same deep crimson. I can see how all the red accents of her outfit play off of her tattoo beautifully. Walking over to her, I notice she has a nice diamond cuff on the opposite side of her love bracelet and diamond hoop earrings. She looks so damn beautiful. I lean in to place a wet, sucky kiss on the side of her neck, not wanting to mess up that mouth, as I slide my hand under her fluffy skirt and grab a handful of her bare, juicy ass. She is definitely not bending over without me behind her tonight. I would like to say that it would be to keep all the other fuckers from being able to see what's mine, but fuck, I want to see it, too.

I groan as I pull away enough to whisper in her ear, "You look absolutely stunning and you smell so fucking good, baby. I wanna eat you up." I make sure to accentuate my innuendo with a quick, sharp bite right below her ear that makes her gasp as she grabs on to my biceps, pulling me closer and moaning when I rub my hardened dick against her.

"Edward, God, your mouth..." she trails off, panting.

We hear a throat clear behind us and Gianna's voice is cold and completely void of emotion as she cuts in, "The car is waiting downstairs." She narrows her eyes at Bella before turning on her heel and fleeing from the room.

There is paparazzi everywhere as we exit the hotel and climb into the waiting limo, and of course as amazing as Bella is, she smiles pleasantly for the cameras while clutching my hand. The death grip she has on me is the only indication that she is uncomfortable.

The red carpet is pretty fucking tame, we only stop for three interviews and they all ask pretty much the same questions from last night, with the additional questioning regarding the song we're nominated for and how the tour is going, along with a little light teasing about my costume the night before. Once we are through the line, the show goes quickly. We don't win, but I'm not upset about

Faithfully

it because the song we were nominated for is a song Emmett wrote for his bitch of a wife that ended up being used for a movie. It isn't until the after party that things get interesting.

As we arrive at Teddy's bar, where the party was being hosted, we immediately run into the singer from one of the new popular bubble gum boy bands. He appeared in one of those cheesy high school musical type movies and has little girls swooning all over the place, making him think he is God's gift. I only know him because we played on the same team for a charity baseball game a few months ago.

He's all smiles and charm as he slaps me on the back, eyeing Bella like she's lunch. "Cullen! How's it going man? Who's this foxy young thing you've got on your arm tonight?" He wiggles his eyebrows ridiculously with his last question. God, he's fucking annoying. "Newton," I address him a bit sharply, completely pissed that he had the audacity to put his grubby hand on me. "This is my girl, Bella." I can feel Bella tighten the hold she has around my waist as he leers at her. I turn my face down to her and explain who this moron is, "Baby, this is Mike. I played in a baseball charity event with him." She raises one questioning eyebrow at me before turning to Mike holding out her hand, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mike." He answers, laying the charm on thick, the smarmy bastard, "The pleasure is all mine, sexy lady." She nods politely at him, effectively ending their exchange as she reaches up grabbing at my jacket and pulling me down for a kiss. When she pulls away, she whispers in my ear, "Is this guy for real?" making me laugh before planting another kiss on her smirking mouth.

We make our way to our reserved table to join the rest of the band, stopping occasionally to rub elbows with some high profile music executives. As we settle in, Peter makes his way over to gather me and the boys to go meet Aro Dubai, the producer we've been trying to get to work on the album we are currently recording. With a quick kiss to Bella's temple, I set off to follow Peter with the guys. We have been trying to get Aro to work with us for years. He is incredibly talented and has worked with many esteemed artists. We have always produced our own records in the past with fantastic results, but it would be a wonderful opportunity to work with such talent at least once in our music

career.

When we approach, Aro is standing with his two associates, Caius and Marcus, along with his wife Dydreame, who is looking me up and down like a piece of meat, which makes me really fucking uncomfortable.

"Edward, it's a pleasure to see you again!" he boasts, as he reaches for my hand. "And tell me, who is the vixen you showed up with on your arm?" he adds, as he pulls me in for an awkward one armed hug-pat thing that all guys do and none of us understand it, but do it anyway. I stiffen at his implication and answer in a tone much sharper than I intend, "My girlfriend."

"Edward Cullen has a girlfriend? Oh, my word! Just what has the world come to?" His joking is only serving to grate on my nerves, considering he has yet to take his eyes off my gorgeous girl. "I can definitely see the appeal, the young ones are definitely the feisty ones, if you know what I mean," he adds with a wink, while licking his lips. *Fucking asshole.*

I take a deep breath, trying desperately to reign in my temper. I certainly do not want to be the one to fuck up this opportunity with my possessive bullshit. Instead, I answer him with a cocky smirk, "Yeah, she's something else...I'm a lucky bastard."

The rest of the impromptu meeting goes well, and Aro makes tentative plans to come out while we are in Spain to lay down a couple of tracks, since we have a seven day break during that time.

As I make my way back over to our table, I notice Demetri Markov is occupying my seat. He is, of course, flirting shamelessly with the three women and Rosalie, being the tramp that she is, is eating it up. I also notice that Alice is sitting quietly as Bella looks at Rosalie's behavior with disgust.

Demetri is the singer for "The Guard", another rock band that has been relatively popular for the last five years or so. He has deemed himself my rival of sorts, the reason unbeknownst to me, as I don't have the time or patience for that petty, juvenile bullshit. Because of this imaginary rivalry, I'm not surprised

Faithfully

when he turns his attention solely on Bella. It irks me to no end how Rosalie is watching the interaction with rabid interest hoping, I'm sure, for any incident she can spin in an unflattering light to make Bella look bad.

I watch, amused, as Demetri gets flustered, trying to gain Bella's attention and failing miserably. I chuckle as she repeatedly shoots down his blatant advances by stating that she's unavailable, she's uninterested, and finally that she is with me. I can see her irritation growing with his persistence and it finally reaches a head when he reaches out to trace the flowers on her arm.

"Don't you know it's rude to touch a lady without an invitation to do so?" she snaps at him, anger flashing in her eyes as she shrugs his hand off of her shoulder.

"That outfit you're wearing is all the invitation I need, sugar. Besides...you say your with Cullen? Well, I hate to break it to you, but he doesn't do relationships and he certainly won't mind sharing. I wouldn't get myself too invested if I were you. Come on, sexy, let me show you what a real man can do."

Her words as I approach the table make me smile, "My relationship with Edward is none of your concern, and believe me," she scoffs with a wicked glint in her eye, "he's all the man I need, and then some, so why don't you just run along and find someone else to leer at."

"Am I now?" I tease, as I wrap my hand around the back of her neck, standing behind her chair. It still amazes me how small she is compared to me. My hand can wrap almost completely around her neck, and if I tried, I could get my fingers to touch.

She tilts her face up to me as I lean down to kiss her mouth. The Neanderthal in me can't resist making a show of my tongue as it invades her mouth, and to my surprise, she does the same thing. I know, I know, I'm a possessive asshole, but I am comforted by the fact that she accepts it, likes it even. She reaches up to fist her hand in my hair as she sucks my tongue into her mouth, scraping her teeth along the wet flesh. I open my eyes, locking them on Demetri's as she pulls back and bites my bottom lip. I can feel her smile against my lips.

Faithfully

That's right, motherfucker, she's mine.

Bella stands so I can take her seat, then settles herself in my lap while wrapping her arms around my neck. She immediately attaches her mouth to my throat while weaving her tiny fingers into my already messy mohawk as I continue to stare Demetri down. I'm snaking my hand under her skirt, on the outside of her thigh, as she burrows her face into my neck, when I finally decide to acknowledge him with words.

"Don't even think you are going to touch my girl, again, without me breaking your fucking face, Demetri. I'm not fucking kidding." Bella shoots a glare at him over her shoulder before going back to work on my neck, while she pushes my hand further up her skirt.

I love possessive Bella.

Despite the irritation I feel at Demetri's intrusion, I manage to have a good time the rest of the night, drinking and dancing with my girl. Bella is sexy as fuck and damn, can she dance. She has me so worked up, the way she's swaying her hips to the rhythm of the music and grinding on me, that I worry that I might go fucking insane with lust.

Or just jizz in my pants

Around two o'clock, we finally climb into the limo completely wasted, and let me tell you, Bella is a funny drunk. She's spouting off all this shit in Italian, basically saying that when she finds out who ruined her dress, she is going to put out a hit on them with her mobster uncle, all while shaking her fist in the air with her eyebrows furrowed, calling out 'capiche' and claiming that having connections to the Mafioso are the perks of being Italian- well, that along with being a fantastic lover. Then she goes on about how she's a lover not a fighter, while attempting to shove her tongue down my throat, but since she is completely shitfaced, she misses the mark by about three inches, effectively licking my nose, then complains to me about moving my face. It's fucking hilarious.

Faithfully

By the time we reach the hotel, Bella is passed out cold and drooling against my chest. Lifting her out of the limo, trying not to jostle her, I stumble up the front steps and only trip twice. I breathe a sigh of relief when I finally make it to our room and unceremoniously toss her on the bed, falling in beside her.

I'm just nodding off when I feel her squirming around and huffing, cursing softly, as she pulls roughly at her top. "Get this fuckin' thin offa me..." she slurs out, dropping her hands to the bed as she looks at me in frustration. Her face is all flushed and there is a crease in her forehead from her petulant expression. She looks so cute that I can't help the chuckle that escapes my lips.

"Stof laffin' at me an help me getta off...I can't breathe," she adds, as she rolls over shoving me in the chest and sticking her lip out in an exaggerated pout.

I instantly react, leaning in to suck her lip into my mouth as I reach behind her to untie the strings of her corset. Pulling the slacked fabric away, I attach my mouth to her hardened nipple. As I lick and suck away, I look up to see her reaction only to find a snoring Bella, passed out cold. I laugh as I pull the corset away from her body, along with the skirt she is wearing, and toss them gingerly on a nearby chair. I stand to discard my own clothes before climbing under the covers and pulling Bella so that her back is flush with my chest. I can't help the smile on my lips as I let sleep claim me, thinking of the ridiculous woman in my arms.

I wake the next morning to the sound of retching coming from the bathroom. I try fruitlessly to ignore the stabbing pain in my head as I drop to my knees while pulling Bella's tangled hair away from her face as she empties her stomach. She tries unsuccessfully to push me away, but there is no way I'm leaving her in here to get sick alone.

"Go away," she moans, as she rests her forehead on the edge of the toilet. "Uuuggghh...I think I'm dying," she manages to choke out before another round of heaves hit, the sight of it making my stomach lurch. Closing my eyes and taking a deep breath, I try to calm myself as I continue to hold her hair and rub her back. "I'm sorry, baby, I shouldn't have let you drink so much," I say to her in the best soothing voice I can muster. I feel really fucking bad that she is so

Faithfully

sick, like somehow I'm responsible.

"Don't be ridiculous, Edward, I'm an adult and I make my own decisions." she admonishes, as she turns her head to look at me. "I don't want you to see me like this..." she trails off as she closes her eyes. I reach out to wipe the sweat that has formed over her eyebrow, as I try to reassure her, "You're always beautiful to me, Bella, even when you're puking your fucking guts out." I laugh as she takes a weak swat at me muttering, "asshole" under her breath.

When Bella emerges from the bathroom thirty minutes later, she is freshly showered and looks a little better. I ordered some toast and coffee for her to help settle her stomach and set out some Tylenol to help her headache. She smiles as she sees her breakfast sitting at the table, eyeing the pills sitting next to her cup. I start to panic when tears form in her eyes, but relax when she throws her arms around my neck as she leans down to whisper in my ear, "Thank you." I just grin in response and go back to my own breakfast.

Just as I am finishing off my eggs, my phone rings, I look at the caller ID and roll my eyes as I answer, knowing immediately why she is calling.

"Hi, Ma," I say, as I make my way outside to the balcony. This is not a conversation I want to have in front of Bella.

"Edward! Sweetheart, why didn't you tell me you were seeing someone? I just saw an interview with the two of you on the red carpet for that awards show you attended last night." Her voice is so giddy that I can't help but smile myself.

"I dunno, Ma. It's new." I knew she would make a big deal about this, and the interrogation makes me a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, Edward, honey, she's absolutely beautiful! You can tell how smitten you are with each other...it just radiates off of you both. Her comment about you being 'everything to her' nearly brought tears to my eyes. She looks at you with such adoration, and not in a fan girl sort of way if you know what I mean. She's the one isn't she Edward...Oh! My baby has finally found his soul mate!"

Faithfully

"Ma..." I try to cut off her tangent as I yank at my hair and look back over my shoulder to see if Bella is still oblivious to this conversation.

"Oh Carlisle, darling, Edward has got himself a girlfriend...come talk to him," she shouts out, completely ignoring me.

"Hello?" My fathers gruff voice sounds through the receiver.

"Hey, dad." I'm still chuckling from my mom's earlier rambling.

"Mom says you've got yourself a woman?" he questions, cautiously. I can hear the genuine surprise in his voice.

"Uh, yeah..." I offer awkwardly, rubbing my hand on the back of my neck before pulling it through my hair.

He clears his throat before continuing, "We were planning on attending your show in Barcelona, Mom is dying to meet her..."

I am torn.

On one hand, I'm ecstatic that my parents want to meet her, but on the other hand, I'm nervous that it will be too much, too soon. I glance over to where Bella is still working on her toast before answering. "I don't know, dad, it's really new, and I don't want to scare her off, ya know? She's already been thrown into this crazy ass situation headfirst, I'm afraid to overwhelm her any more."

He's quiet for a few moments, the silence causing my mind to run rapid with scenarios that result in her freaking out on me, and just when I'm about to suggest they hold off for a bit, he tells me that they will definitely be in Barcelona and that my mom will try her best not to overwhelm her.

Shit.

Faithfully

To be honest, I'm concerned about how they will react to her age, so I figure it's best to get that shit out there beforehand to give them time to calm down about it before they meet her, " So, uh, I just wanted to let you know beforehand that she's, well, she's young...twenty...I, uh, I just didn't want you to be surprised when you see her, and upset her with your reaction, because she...well, she looks a whole lot fucking younger in person, without all the makeup, ya know...?"

Holy fuck

I'm rambling on like a moron, completely worried about their reaction, and my asshole father bursts out laughing. Fucker.

"We *know*, Edward. Do you honestly think your mother hasn't done her research? That's all she's done since ten o'clock last night," he says, while trying to control his snickering. "Don't worry about it, we are very happy for you. And just so you know, Lizzy and Alec are coming as well."

After 'goodbye's' and 'I love you's' are exchanged, I end the call with a sigh of relief. To be perfectly honest, I'm actually looking forward to seeing my family because it's been over a year since they have come out to a show. Now my only concern is telling Bella. Before I get a chance to dwell on it though, Jasper is banging on the door, letting us know that the car will be here to pick us up in twenty minutes.

The next week flies by with nonstop shows and travel, and before I know it we are pulling up to the estate we've rented on the outskirts of Barcelona. A sense of dread washes over me as I take in the huge fucking mansion that boast fourteen bedrooms, knowing that two of them will be filled by Wednesday night with my parents, my sister and my brother-in-law, and I have yet to tell Bella. I can't say for sure what is holding me back other than my fear that she is going to freak the fuck out on me. And to be honest, I don't even know why I feel like she will freak out. Maybe it's really me freaking out. *Am I ready for her to meet my family?*

Faithfully

Looking over at her, I know that I am. I guess I'm just worried that I'm more invested in this relationship than she is. She has reassured me countless times that she is in as deep as me, and maybe I just have to trust that she is, but I can't help but worry. I've tried to talk to her twice about what is going to happen after the tour, and both times she's blown me off, stating that we don't need to worry about that right now, lets just enjoy the moment we're in. I guess I agree to an extent, but fuck, I need some kind of plan in place...I don't think I'm asking too much for her to tell me what she expects after the tour is finished. Does she want me to follow her to Seattle? Is she planning to stay with me in London? Is she gonna dump my pathetic ass and sell her story to the tabloids? *Fuck, I need to get a grip...but I also need to get some answers.*

Taking a deep breath, I resolve to talk to her again tonight, and I vow to not let her blow me off.

I reach over and brush her bangs off of her forehead, causing her to stir, and lean into my touch. I lean in to brush my lips across hers as I whisper sweet words in an attempt to wake her up. When she finally opens those beautiful brown eyes, all of my doubt melts away and I allow myself to drown in their depths for a moment, basking in adoration I see swimming in them, before I inform her that we have arrived and instruct her to go and claim us a bedroom while I unload our bags.

When I find her on the balcony of one of the third floor bedrooms, my breath hitches in my throat. She is beautiful. The breeze is softly ruffling her hair and the white sundress she is wearing is flowing behind her as she stands with her hands on the railing and her face tilted up toward the heavens. I lean against the doorjamb with my arms crossed over my chest just watching her soak up the sun's rays. I can see her chest rise and fall with every breath she takes and suddenly her lips quirk into a small serene smile.

"I know you're there," she says softly. "I can feel it, its like a buzzing sensation that radiates through me," she explains, as she slowly opens her eyes and looks over her shoulder at me. I approach her quietly, wrapping my arms around her waist. When she leans back resting her head on my chest, I lay my head against the top of hers and close my eyes, just savoring the closeness I feel to her while

Faithfully

concentrating on matching my breathing to hers.

"I love you."

She says it so quietly that I'm not sure she meant for me to hear it, so I say nothing. Instead of responding, I pull her closer, pressing my lips to her hair, to her temple, to the side of her neck and finally, I turn her face with my hand so I can kiss her mouth. I try to convey through my kiss that I feel the same way as I caress her skin. When she pulls away, I rest my forehead on hers keeping my eyes closed.

"Make love to me," she requests, as she tangles her hands into my hair, pulling me with all her strength to her mouth. I know we have a lot to discuss, but I am content to wait until later. There is a desperation in her movements that make me feel like she needs the connection right now more than I need my answers, so I pick her up and urge her to wrap her legs around me as I carry her to the bed and love her with my body.

I throw the tee shirt I was wearing before over Bella's head and pull on some jeans and a tee while she puts on some ridiculous skull covered knee socks. I raise my eyebrow, earning an eye roll from her as I grab my acoustic guitar and lead Bella downstairs to the patio out back. I settle myself into one of the lounge chairs, pulling Bella to sit down between my legs. Placing my guitar across her lap, I wordlessly take her left hand and position it on the strings while guiding her right to pluck the chord out. "This is G," I instruct softly against her ear. Repeating the motion until she gets through all the basic chords, only managing to make me cringe twice.

I watch the sun set, stealing occasional kisses as she continues to practice the chords and enjoying her laugh every time she fucks up. It is a wonderfully intimate experience and I suddenly feel like it is the perfect time to bring up some of the issues we need to discuss.

Deciding to ease into the conversation, I start off easy, "I bet you are excited to see your brother," I urge, as I brush my lips behind her ear, thinking this is the best way to bring up the impending introduction to my family.

Faithfully

"Yeah, it will be nice to spend some time with him. Although, we usually spend our summers apart." I remain quiet because it seems like she is about to finally give me a glimpse of the girl she was before she met me. "He always spent the summer with our dad in a tiny town called Forks, Washington, while I usually spent the summer in Le Marche, Italy," she says, as she glances at me briefly over her shoulder. "My Nonni and Nonno live there. Seth didn't like being so far away from his friends, he always had a lot of friends. I, on the other hand, loved being so far away from my real life, not that I really had one in Phoenix. I loved that every summer, while in Italy, I could be whoever I wanted to be." She fiddles with the guitar a little before continuing, "I'm really excited to go to Italy. It's been over three years since I have seen them."

I am hoping that she plans to introduce me to her grandparents since it seems like they are a very important part of her life. She remains pensive and I realize that this is the perfect opportunity to bring up my parents.

"Uhm, speaking of visits, my family is coming out Wednesday to see the show this weekend." She doesn't say anything and my heart starts racing in anticipation of her reaction. "They are very excited to meet you..." I trail off because I don't know what else to say.

When she finally speaks her voice is gentle, "You want me to meet your family?" The hope I hear in her voice causes a warm sensation to radiate through my chest.

"Of course, baby. You'd have to meet them eventually, why not now?" I try to reassure her by running my fingers gently through her silky hair, as I continue, "My sister and her husband are flying out as well, so you'll get to meet them all at once."

She remains thoughtful for a moment before she nods her head and starts plucking out chords on the guitar, again. As I sit and listen, I decide that I'm going to just tell her that her avoidance of any talk of the future is bothering me. What is the point of having a relationship if we can't even fucking talk, right?

Faithfully

Steeling my resolve, I clear my throat before diving in, "So, I'm a little concerned that every time I bring up the future, you avoid giving me any answers." I'm a little surprised by the accusation in my tone, but figure there is no point in trying to hide it.

"I'm not *avoiding*, Edward, I just don't know. I mean, I would love nothing more than to drop all of my responsibilities and follow you around, but I can't. I have one more semester of school left and I really need to finish it." I sit waiting for her to finish her thought, to ask me to come with her...something...anything. After several minutes of agonizing silence, my heart shatters and I fucking snap.

"Well, fuck, Bella. I didn't realize that I had asked you to drop all of your responsibilities just to follow me around. *Jesus*. I hope you don't feel forced to be here now. You are welcome to leave any time you want to." I spit, while standing abruptly, knocking the guitar out of her hands. I know I'm overreacting. I know I'm hurting her feelings and should probably let her talk.

I know this. But I'm so hurt.

She turns to look at me with wide, fearful eyes, but it doesn't stop the words from spilling from my mouth. "I thought you *wanted* to be with me...I didn't realize that I was keeping you from your fucking life." I know that I'm being harsh, but damn, she just threw all the effort I've put into this relationship back in my face, and believe me I feel fucking stupid. This whole fucked up conversation makes me feel like I didn't hear her clearly out on the balcony. Seriously, you can't fucking tell someone you love them, and then say shit like that. It's not like I wouldn't go to Seattle with her while she finishes school, but she won't even ask me.

I am so pissed off at myself right now because as angry as I am, I want to cry. Like a fucking nancy, I want to curl up and cry. This...this fucking bullshit right here, is exactly why I never get involved with women.

Fuck this.

Faithfully

I don't realize I've said this out loud until I hear Bella's sharp intake of breath. I risk one last look over my shoulder as I flee the house, headed for the first bar I can find.

As I sit in the smoky lounge, nursing a scotch and smoking a cigarette, a tall leggy blonde approaches me offering anything and everything...her words, not mine...but all I can think about is Bella's tearstained face as I walked away and how bad we've fucked this up

Drop me a line...I love to hear what you think.

Chapter 10: Sorry

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

As always, thank you to everyone who continues to support my little story...I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to respond to all of the wonderful reviews I got for the last chapter...but I can say that I love and look forward to reading them greatly, and that this story is finally caught up on Twilighted. Yay!

And, of course, thank you to my beta, Moblair, who is fucking awesome...this story is so much better because of you.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 10: Sorry

I'm sorry I'm bad I'm sorry you're blue

I'm sorry about all the things I said to you

And I know I can't take it back

I love how you kiss, I love all your sounds,

and baby the way you make my world go round

And I just wanted to say I'm sorry

~Sorry: Buckcherry~

~Bella~

Faithfully

He left me. He fucking left. The reality of what I've done sets in and all I feel is heartbreak. Why didn't I stop him? Why didn't I tell him that I can't imagine living without him? What if I've lost him? That final thought sends me into a fresh round of sobs. I have no one to blame but myself. Why was it so hard to believe two hours ago that it is the right thing for him to come to Seattle with me? Oh, God. What have I done? What if I sent him straight into the arms of another woman? That thought alone is enough to make my stomach lurch. What have I done...

Stupid little girl.

Alice comes in shortly after Edward flees and I am inconsolable. Of course she has to involve Jasper, but I can't explain anything to either of them. How can I allow myself to be comforted when he's out there doing God knows what, with God knows who, and it all falls back on me.

He sat there completely vulnerable, waiting for me to give him something, anything to hold on to and I stayed completely silent like a child. *Hey Bella, your age is showing...*

I try to get Alice and Jasper to understand that it was nothing Edward did and everything that I didn't. I don't want them to give him shit for something that he didn't cause.

"It's not his fault, Alice," I state through my tears with a raspy voice. "I pushed him away with nothing...that's what I gave him, nothing."

I know now that I should've talked to him because I can tell how much he cares for me, but that insecure little girl inside of me was too afraid of rejection.

So I rejected him.

"He'll be back honey, he probably just went out to clear his head. He knows he can get a temper. You guys need to talk when you're both level headed," Alice tried to comfort. She can say that all she wants, but she didn't see his face the last time he looked back at me.

Faithfully

I look at the clock again. It's three thirty-four. It's been six and a half hours since he stormed out. Oh, Edward, where are you? Will you still be mine when you return? Clenching my eyes shut tightly, I swallow back the bile that is rising in my throat and brush my fingers across the diamonds in the bracelet proudly attached to my wrist. I have to hold out hope that he would never betray me that way...he *promised*. Yes, he promised before you broke his heart, bitch. No matter how hard I try, I cannot erase the look on his face when I basically told him that I wasn't about to drop all of my responsibilities to follow him around. I might as well have said, *You're not worth it, you're just a summer fling*. God, could I be any more heartless.

He has asked me twice, point blank, about what I want to happen when the tour is finished. Both times he let me know that he can record from anywhere in the world and would be happy to explore the Olympic Peninsula, if returning to Seattle is what I want. The problem is not that I don't want a future with Edward, or even that I think we are moving too fast...he makes me very happy. The problem is that *Collin* is in Seattle, and I'm not sure that I'm ready to just show up with a new boyfriend. I realize that I need to tell Edward all of this, and I'm sure Collin has seen my picture all over the tabloids, but it still makes me nervous.

I can't even tell you why I care what Collin thinks, he certainly never cared what I thought, but I guess old habits die hard.

I met Collin at a carnival in Port Angeles, a town about fifty miles Northeast from the tiny town of Forks, where I lived with my father when I was eighteen and a senior at Forks High School. He was good looking, clean cut and very charming. We exchanged phone numbers after a hot make-out session and soon after we were exclusive...well, I was exclusive, he was not.

Collin was also a senior and attended The Northwest School, an exclusive private school in Seattle. I learned very quickly that his family was very wealthy and that they were a prominent fixture among Seattle's elite. It was hard for me to watch as he publicly dated society girls, while he kept me on the side as an acknowledged mistress. I know that I should have had more respect for myself, but he said he loved me and that he was going to marry me one day.

Faithfully

I was stupid enough to believe him.

I tried so hard to mold myself into type of girls he dated publicly; I wore demure dresses and cardigans with pearls and diamond studs. I studied etiquette books and even learned to cook. None of that mattered in the end, though.

During the two and a half years I was with him, he called all the shots in our relationship, if you could even call it a relationship, especially in the bedroom. It was always the same. I would give him a blowjob then he would take me in the missionary position, pulling out right before his orgasm. He always took extra precaution with a condom and pulling out even though I was on the pill. He said it was because no form of birth control is foolproof, but thinking back, I believe that he worried that I might try to trap him. I would *never* do that, though, because I know what it feels like to grow up in a broken home. There was never any deviation from the routine and the one time I suggested he let me ride him he flipped out, saying he did not want to be with a girl who didn't know her place. I never made another suggestion.

What hurts the most, is that after all of the changing I did, it still wasn't enough. I compromised *everything* about myself and the one time I did something that was completely me...the spray of stars on my side...he dropped me like a hot potato. I argued that it would never be seen by anyone but him, and he stated that he was no longer interested in sticking his dick inside a low life, tattooed sexual deviant who was the spawn of a Podunk town's police chief. There was no question at the end of that conversation that I just didn't 'fit' into his world.

He swept me off my feet, then dropped me on my ass.

I just wasn't enough.

The worst part is that I know Edward is nothing like Collin, he wants *me*...the real Bella. He is the first guy to even know the real Bella, and he treats her like the queen of the fucking universe.

Faithfully

Like the most precious thing in his world...

Why am I questioning it?

At four-oh-six, I hear the front door open. I listen as his footsteps approach our door, hesitate for a moment and then retreat. Not able to stand one more minute of uncertainty, I try to calm my nerves and make my way down the hall. I need to make him understand that I *do* need him and that I *want* to be with him...always. I refuse to let my issues and insecurities be our demise. I finally reach the bedroom at the end of the hall, where I see the light under the door as it flicks off.

Opening the door as quietly as possible, I slip in and take a look around the small bedroom. I'm barely able to make out his form with the light filtering in through the window, but I can tell that he has stripped down to his boxer briefs and is laying on his side, facing away from the door. Creeping across the polished wood floor, I make my way to the bed where I crawl in, spooning him from behind while snaking my arm around his waist, holding him as tightly as possible.

He responds by covering my small hand with his much larger one and squeezing it while pressing it even tighter to his chest for a moment, then pushing it away roughly. I am shocked and really fucking hurt that he would outright reject my affection, but I guess I deserve it. It doesn't, however, stop the sobs that erupt from my chest, wracking my small frame.

"Please, don't push me away, Edward," I sob, not even caring that my eyes are swollen and I have snot dripping from my nose. "God, please let me explain...please let me fix this...I never meant to hurt you," I choke out between sobs. "I need you, I don't want to live without you..." The last part comes out in a whisper as I finally put a voice to the words he needs to hear, "Please don't leave me." It's ironic that I'm pleading with his words. The defeat is so clear in my voice as I begin to give in to the despair that is threatening to take over.

"What is there to explain? I thought we were permanent and you thought we were temporary. You've made yourself really quite clear. Enjoy the moment

Faithfully

and all that," he says in an eerily calm tone. It bothers me that he sounds so detached, but it devastates me that he won't even turn to look at my face.

"Please..." I breathe out in a last ditch effort to get him to listen to me.

He sighs deeply then rolls onto his back, threading his fingers behind his head while staring at the ceiling. "Well, let's hear it then," he demands. I can see the tension in his jaw giving away that he is clenching his teeth.

Steeling my resolve to make him understand, I take a deep shaky breath, and begin to explain, "I'm attending Cornish College of the Arts on a presidential scholarship. One of the stipulations of the scholarship is that I have to complete the coursework in eight consecutive sessions as well as maintain at least a 3.5 GPA. If I fail to meet those requirements, I will lose my scholarship." I pause to give both him and I a chance to take a breath. "I don't need the money, as you know I have a best-selling publication, but I worked really hard and it is a huge honor to be awarded that scholarship...I don't want to lose it, Edward." I finish my explanation, waiting for some kind of reaction from him. I am well aware of the fact that I have conveniently left the part about Collin out. *God, will I ever learn?* After several minutes I prompt, "Edward?" I am practically crawling out of my skin with the silence.

He turns to look at me and I still see the anguish mixed with anger and disappointment shining through. "Oh, I'm sorry, I'm really impressed that you earned such a prestigious scholarship, really proud actually...but what I'm *waiting* for, is the part of the explanation that correlates this scholarship with why you stomped all over my fucking heart earlier," he sneers, turning his focus back to the ceiling. "And don't you dare fucking say, that you were unsure about whether or not I would go to Seattle with you because I have made my intention to follow you perfectly clear."

I'm taken aback by the harshness in his tone, surely he understands how important this is to me? "I don't understand..." I stammer out, the anxiety has nearly paralyzed me at this point. Am I that transparent? Can he sense that there is more to my reservations?

Faithfully

"Well, let me clarify it for you, then," he spits out as he sits up resting his forearms on his knees while roughly tugging at his chaotic hair. "Does this scholarship have some sort of stipulation that states that your boyfriend can't stay with you during your schooling? Or maybe it states that there can be no contact with him while you finish up? Or better yet, maybe, just fucking maybe, they will revoke it if you were to ask *him* to follow *you*? Is that it, Bella?" He is nearly shouting the words, but the unmistakable look of dejection colors his expression as he finishes his statement, "or is it that you just don't want a future with me?"

"Oh, Edward," I admonish, "of course I want a future with you...I want everything with you. " I'm hoping that the conviction of my words is perfectly clear because I want to leave no doubt in his mind that there is nothing more I want, than to be with him. "I meant everything I've said to you... *everything*." I want to make it clear that I meant those three words I uttered on the balcony earlier, even if there is a possibility that he won't return the sentiment now. I may be confused about a lot of things regarding my relationship with Edward, but the fact that I do, in fact, love him is not one of them. Tears well up in my eyes at the thought that I have ruined this beyond repair, but when I look up at him, a small inkling of hope stirs inside me. The harshness has nearly faded from his eyes, but they still look guarded. I rush to finish my explanation in hopes of diminishing the hurt reflected back at me, "I'm sorry I brushed you off like I did, Edward, you didn't deserve that. I can see now that by wanting to prolong the honeymoon phase of our relationship and avoiding the important issues I knew were lurking in the back of both of our minds, I just ended up hurting you. It scares me that I feel so much for you already and that I would be willing to do anything to keep you. But what scares me more is that you don't feel the same. I can see now that what you feel for me runs deep, but you have to understand, I've never done this before so asking you to pick up your rockstar lifestyle and follow me to Seattle is really fucking scary. I never wanted you to doubt my feelings for you, but it seems that I have done just that." I sigh, pulling my knees up to my chest and brush the tears from under my eyes before wrapping them tightly around my legs. Laying my cheek on my knees, I open my eyes to see his dark green ones gazing back at me.

Faithfully

He moves to lean against the headboard with his arms crossed tightly against his chest. The bright color of the koi fish on the outside of his bicep momentarily distracts me, before I whisper out the apology that I really should have started with, "I'm sorry I hurt you, ciccino, and I'm sorry I acted like a child by avoiding the important things, but please never think that I intended to just discard you, I really was hoping that we would be able to work something out...I was, I *am* willing to try. I would love for you to come out and spend as much time as possible with me in Seattle, I'm sorry that I made you feel differently." At this point, I realize that I cannot put off telling him about Collin any longer, so with a deep shaky breath, I settle my nerves and tell him everything. I tell him how I allowed him to control me, how I completely changed myself for him, and how he treated me and then discarded me, like a whore. My heart suddenly feels heavy as intense anger clouds Edwards beautiful green eyes. I close my eyes, trying to blink back the tears threatening to spill over and wait for the words that will determine my fate.

"That motherfucking asshole will pay for how he treated you, Bella, if it's the last goddamn thing I accomplish," he seethes through clenched teeth while his whole body vibrates with rage. He takes a deep breath, closing his eyes, then forces it out through his nose making his nostrils flare. He is *pissed*.

"I'm so incredibly sorry that he hurt you, Bella, but I'm not him." His words are so simple, yet so profound and when he opens his eyes to look at me, they are filled with so much tenderness that it stuns me. I know in that moment that he would never just discard me the way Collin did, and suddenly I no longer care what he would think of me and Edward together.

"All you had to do was ask." His voice is much softer, but he still sounds exasperated as he scrubs his hand through his hair and down across his face. He lets out a heavy sigh before continuing, "I'm sorry I was an asshole, but fuck, Bella, what was I supposed to think? I mean, I have been practically begging you to let me come with you. You are the best part of my life, and it hurts that you keep rejecting me." He looks over at me and my heart clenches at the intensity of his gaze. "You were mean...and inconsiderate," he looks down at his lap, but the defensiveness in his posture relaxes which only serves to accentuate the vulnerability in his expression.

Faithfully

"I know," I whisper out, ashamed and finally understanding the extent to which I truly hurt him.

"Please don't do it again, you know, dismiss my concerns. Just talk to me, baby, this will never work if we can't talk about the important shit. I'll always try my best to make you happy, and if you will be happy in Seattle, and you want me there, then I will do everything in my power to be there as much as possible." His words are comforting, but he still looks unsure of himself. Just as I'm about to try and provide the comfort he has given me, he clears his throat awkwardly and continues, "I should never have left like I did. I let my temper get the best of me and it was rude and immature. You don't deserve to be treated that way, especially by me...and I'm sorry that I pressured you. The last thing I ever wanted to do was hurt you. I guess I fucked up." He's quiet for a moment more before he looks up at me with pleading eyes, "Forgive me?"

I can't help but launch myself into his arms, flinging my arms around his neck and nearly knocking him off the bed as I rasp out, "Always. And yes I *do* want you there." I'm straddling his lap and holding him in a vice grip as my shoulders shake with sobs of relief. I can feel him tighten his arms around my waist before he trails one of his hands up between my shoulder blades into my hair, tangling his long fingers into the strands as he croons in my ear, "Don't cry, baby, I'm here, we're together and the rest will work itself out." His warm breath washes over the side of my face as he brushes his lips against my cheek before he presses them softly against my mouth. I clutch onto him desperately, clawing at his back and breathe against his lips, "Make love to me, Edward. I need to *feel* that you are still mine."

His grip tightens in my hair as he pushes his tongue deep inside my mouth and sliding it along mine, causing the steel balls to clink together. I drag my hands down his sides feeling the slightly raised texture of his ink on his right ribs as I slide my fingers into the waistband of his briefs, pushing them down as my hands continue their descent. He pulls back to yank the shirt I'm wearing over my head and tosses it on the floor while simultaneously lifting his hips to help me remove his underwear.

Faithfully

When we are finally free from the constraints of our clothing, I line myself up with him and just as I'm about to lower my weight over his long, thick cock, he reaches up to cup my face tenderly in his hands looking intently into my eyes. "I love you too, my Bella, only ever you," he declares, before pushing his hips up to meet mine. The emotion I see swimming in his eyes is consuming and I allow myself to drown in the dark emerald depths as I feel him fill me completely. I gasp with the weight of the moment, along with the feeling of being fully connected with him, and allow myself to bask in the feeling of knowing that he loves me too, even after I treated him so callously. I finally let the last of the walls around my heart down and I know that I will be forever altered.

I burrow my face deeper into his neck as I roll my hips, allowing the sensations to wash over me as I work diligently to bring us both to climax. I can feel his chest heaving against mine and the steel pierced into his nipples feels cool against my overheated flesh, causing goosebumps to erupt across my chest.

Soft sighs and low moans fill the air between Edward's sweet words of encouragement as my body moves in perfect harmony with his strong, deep thrusts. He is holding on to me so tightly that it is almost painful, but at the same time it's comforting to know that he feels the same desperation to claim as I do.

Edward's sounds become louder and his movements become erratic as he nears his orgasm. I know he will fight it until I have reached mine. I am just about to slip my hand down between us when he stops me, growling out, "No," before urging in a much softer tone, "come for me, baby, please...I can't wait any longer, I need to see you come." He accentuates his request by scraping his teeth along my earlobe and that, along with his soft words, is all it takes to send me into a quivering mess in his lap, with him immediately following, groaning out my name. "Oh, Edward," I sigh, as I come down from my post-coital high while stroking the side of his face tenderly as he rests his head in the crook of my neck. His voice is barely a whisper as he presses a kiss to my pulse point, "I'll always be yours, Bella."

Faithfully

Scooting down so that we are laying in the bed, he arranges us so that I am curled protectively in his side as he strokes his fingertips up and down the length of my back. No more words are needed tonight, so with one more deep kiss, I allow sleep to wash over me, grateful we have made it through a tough altercation and knowing that we will be stronger because of it.

I wake to the smell of fresh coffee in the morning and trudge my way out to the kitchen, taking a seat at the breakfast bar. I smile appreciatively at Emmett who slides a steaming cup in front of me and I gulp it down greedily, cringing slightly as the hot liquid scalds my throat. As I set my cup down, however, all of the peace I have found during the night drains from me as I stare at a photograph of Edward getting awfully close to a beautiful blonde on the front page of the newspaper sitting on the counter. My hand flies over my mouth as a strangled cry escapes my lips as I fight back the bile that has risen to the back of my throat.

Emmett's soothing voice pulls me from my panic attack, "Look at the picture, Bell, read the headline before you freak out." His tone is firm as he pushes the paper closer to me. I flinch away from it like it's going to bite me as I tentatively skim over the headline.

Hot rocker, Edward Cullen, publicly rebuffs world famous Victoria's Secret Model, Kate Hargis

Furrowing my eyebrows, I shoot a questioning look up at a smirking Emmett, who is staring back at me knowingly. Sliding my eyes back to the photo, I look a little more closely and notice that not only is there a tense set to his jaw, but also, he appears to be *annoyed*. Guilt immediately floods over me as I look up meeting Emmett's understanding gaze. I can't help the tears that spring from my eyes as I clutch the paper tightly to my chest. He rejected a supermodel for me, and here I am automatically assuming the worst...God, I'm a shitty girlfriend.

Just as I think I cannot feel any worse, I feel the gentle buzzing pulse through my body as he slips his arms around my waist. His chest is pressed firmly against my back as he presses his lips against my neck quickly before

Faithfully

whispering in my ear, "What's wrong, baby?" It saddens me that I can hear a tinge of insecurity in his voice, knowing that I put it there. I shake my head, not wanting to tell him that instead of giving him the benefit of the doubt, I just assumed that he was guilty. "Please, Bella. Talk to me," he urges with a gentle voice as he turns me in the chair so that he can step between my legs while tenderly cupping my face, brushing his thumbs across the flesh of my cheeks.

With a sigh and a heavy heart, I hand him the newspaper. His eyes widen as he catches a glimpse of the picture and he immediately starts explaining.

"Bella, I didn't, I swear to fucking God, I didn't. I made a promise to you and I will never break that promise." The alarm in his voice makes me feel even worse, so I cut him off before he can continue, "I know." My voice is barely a whisper as I peek up at his handsome face. Confusion flashes across his features as he gazes back at me questioningly. When he looks back to the newspaper, he finally registers the headline and his eyes snap back to mine. His beautiful green eyes are laced with sadness as he speaks, "You thought..." I nod my head, looking down at my hands sitting in my lap. I am ashamed that I had so little faith in him, and it would serve me right for him to be mad.

"Oh, baby," he says, exasperated, as he gathers me into his strong arms, pressing his face into my hair. "I'm so fucking sorry I left, that I made you question my commitment to you." I feel him sigh into my hair as he mutters, "I'm such an asshole."

All of this angst is making me crazy and I don't think it is healthy for either of us to dwell on it. It's over and done with and all I want is to put it behind us, so placing my hands on his chest while looking up at him from under my lashes, I ask sweetly, "Topolino, would you like to shower with me?" A slow sexy smirk creeps up on his gorgeous face as he wordlessly tosses me over his shoulder and saunters down the hall to our room, brushing past a surprised looking Jasper in the hallway.

"So I guess that little tiff is over and done with," I hear him mutter under his breath as we get farther away and closer to our room.

Faithfully

When we finally emerge from the bathroom, we decide to spend the day at the beach. I grudgingly agree to invite the rest of the group along. I know I'm being selfish, but I really just want to spend the day figuratively, and literally, wrapped up in my man. After putting on a black terrycloth jumper over my black bikini and throwing my hair up in a messy bun, I walk into the living room to find everyone waiting. When my eyes land on Edward, however, I feel an overwhelming rush of lust as I take in the sight before me. He is dressed in Black and red Ed Hardy board shorts with a black wife beater and his aviator sunglasses. Damn, he looks hot lounging casually on the overstuffed chair. I strut over to him and thread my fingers into his hair, then yank it hard, tilting his head back while I invade his mouth with my tongue. I kiss him quickly and aggressively, biting his bottom lip as I pull back. I chuckle as I realize that he's got a handful of my ass...this man *always* has a handful of my ass. He swats it hard, making me yelp, as he makes to stand up.

"Let's go, baby." His tone is light and playful as he slings his arm around my neck, and for the first time today, I know we are going to be alright.

When we get to the beach, we find a nice, somewhat secluded spot and lay out our blanket. The sun is shining brightly, warming my skin and the soft ocean breeze blows the fresh salty air around us as I discard my jumper, tossing it haphazardly across my tote.

"What the fuck are you wearing?" Edward growls as he steps in front of me, blocking me from view.

Huh?

I look down to make sure that I indeed put both pieces of my suit on, then look back at Edward with one eyebrow raised, "A bikini..." I say the word like I'm speaking to a four year old, because at the moment that's exactly what he's acting like.

"Where the fuck is the rest of it?" he spits out, roughly grabbing the half of my ass that does not fit into the bottom of my suit. *He certainly doesn't sound like a four year old.*

Faithfully

The teasing glint in his eye makes me giggle. I put on an exaggerated pout as I tease him back, "You don't like it?" I make a slow circle in front of him, shooting a smirk over my shoulder as he licks his lips while openly ogling my goods.

He smirks right back at me as I complete the turn, pulling me flush against his body as his hands slide over my booty. I can feel his rock-hard cock against my stomach as he rubs himself against me. "Yeah, I fucking like it, but so does every other motherfucker here."

"Maybe so," I concede, looking up at him from under my lashes, before adding with a wink, "but you're the only one who gets to touch it."

This earns me an 'inappropriate for public' kiss, along with a hard slap on the bum and a 'damn fucking right'.

I love that I can bring out the caveman in him, and believe me...I knew exactly what I was doing when I chose this particular suit today.

I slather my pale skin in sunscreen and slide on my favorite Gucci sunglasses, then lay back and watch my man play football with the boys. They have split up so that it is Emmett, Jared and Jasper on one team and Edward, Jacob and Embry on the other. After about thirty minutes, they are good and sweaty. Edward's normally pale skin has darkened slightly to a nice light bronze that looks fucking hot with the color of his hair, which is currently wet and hanging in his eyes. I squirm in a little as he shoots a cocky grin in my direction. Jesus, he is one fine specimen.

Just as I am about to lose myself in thoughts of doing very naughty things to him, the boys are approached by a group of girls. There is five of them and they look to be in their early twenties. I watch closely, all while forcing myself to remain calm and collected, as the brunette of the group produces a marker and giggles as she yanks her bikini top down, nearly exposing her nipple. I fight my instinct to get up and stake my claim, but am mollified as he shakes his head, making her pout. He finally ends up signing her forearm, and turning away from her dismissively. The whole interaction makes me giddy and I

Faithfully

laugh at the absurdity of how territorial I acted. I don't really feel that bad about it though, because he does the same thing.

With a sigh of relief I allow myself to observe how the rest of the boys interact with the fan girls. I find that Jasper is aloof, much like Edward, but much nicer, and that Emmett is a gigantic flirt. *How have I never noticed this before?* In fact, he not only signed the redhead's boob but the brunette's ass cheek. I suddenly wonder if this is some kind of retaliation for how Rosalie lusts over Edward or if that's just how he is. The thought unsettles me, I mean, I would be fucking pissed if Edward signed some chick's tits much less if he blatantly flirted with her in front of me. I chance a peek over at her and to my surprise she looks *hurt*. There is a definite sadness in her eyes, along with... *resolve*?

What. The. Fuck?

I feel like I am in an alternate universe because all of a sudden I want to yell at Emmett, and ask him why the fuck he is flaunting this shit in front of his wife. When she notices me staring she just shakes her head, clearly stating that she doesn't want to talk about it.

A few minutes later, however, she clears her throat and starts to speak, "It wasn't me."

Her words catch me off guard so the only reply I can come up with is, "What?"

"Your dress...it wasn't me. I would never be that conniving or backstabbing. If I wanted to ruin your dress, I would have done it while you were wearing it...right in front of your face."

I don't respond because I really don't know what to say to that. I do take the opportunity to really look at her, though. I hate to admit it but she really is pretty. She was probably smoking before she started with all the botox. Her boobs look too big for her body, though and it looks like she hasn't eaten in weeks. She is wearing a teeny red bikini, almost as small as mine, but you can literally see her ribs and she has no ass...like, none. It's sick.

Faithfully

She must take my silence as acceptance because she nods her head slightly then adjusts her gigantic sunglasses and turns her attention back to her magazine.

Alice chooses this moment to shove her magazine in my face, "Ohmigod! I haven't even had a chance to look before now, Bella, you made the best dressed list!" She practically squeals with delight as she pokes her tiny finger on my picture. I have to admit, the outfit came together nicely. I let out a chuckle as I take in Alice's appearance; she is wearing a yellow ruffled bikini, sunglasses that practically cover her entire face and a huge straw hat with a yellow sunflower on the brim. She is a doll.

"Yeah, you looked pretty hot, Swan." Rosalie's voice shocks the hell out of me, but I manage to mumble out a low thanks. I'm not quite ready to forget what a bitch she has been up to this point, and I'm certainly not naïve enough to think we are going to be braiding each other's hair anytime soon, or well, ever, but I can play nice if she plays nice. Well, I can try, anyway...I make no promises.

I am totally lost in my thoughts when Edward tackles me, shaking his dripping hair and rubbing his wet body all over me, making me shriek. He is hovering over me on all fours and the playfulness in his eyes is contagious. Before I know it I'm laughing along with him as I fling my sunglasses on the sand above my head so that I can pull him down for a kiss, wrapping my arms around his neck and one of my legs around his thigh as he settles himself on top of me. Just as I moan, Alice jabs Edward in the ribs, muttering that we are in public and there are paparazzi present. I pout as he rolls off of me, requesting that I sit up crossed legged so that he can lay his head in my lap. When he finally gets comfortable, he grabs my hand plopping it on his head, which is his silent request for me to run my fingers through his hair, and I can't help but smile. He is such a baby sometimes.

When I look down the beach, I notice Emmett flirting with yet another girl, blonde this time, and I make a mental note to ask Edward about this new development later.

Faithfully

When I emerge from the bathroom after my shower, I find Edward lounging across the bed toying with a wrapped package. A huge smile breaks out across my face, because let's face it, I love presents...what girl doesn't?

I crawl toward him on the bed, trying to look as sexy as possible in only a white cotton camisole and cheeky boy shorts with cherries all over them. As I reach him, he arranges himself so that he is leaning against the headboard, making it too easy for me to straddle him, grinding my pussy against his hard on and making him groan. I flutter my eyelashes coyly as I point to the package that is now sitting next to him on the bed. "Is that for me, ciccino?"

"You, Miss Swan, are going to be the fucking death of me, I swear to God," he grinds out, trying to still my hips, but really just holds me still so that he can thrust his cock up against me, making me moan wantonly. "And to answer your question, yes, it's for you. Well, it's for both of us," he says between the licking and sucking he is currently providing on my throat. It feels so good that I almost want to forget about the package and continue to dry hump him like a fifteen year old, but being the selfish creature that I am, my curiosity gets the best of me and eventually, with a little effort, I pull back enough to reach over and grab it.

My breath hitches as I tear off the silver paper unveiling a pocket size, personal video recorder-complete with mini table tripod. A mischievous grin takes over my face as I tear open the package, handing the device to him. "Turn it on," I urge, fishing the rest of the contents from the box. My heart is pounding in my chest and I can feel how wet my panties are at the mere thought of videotaping ourselves. This is going to be so fucking hot, my man is a freak...just like me.

He fiddles with the small black device for a minute before a triumphant grin spreads across his face. His eyes are sparkling as he sits back on his heels, pointing the camera at me. "Take your clothes off, baby," he demands. His voice is low and firm and sexy as hell, making me whimper. I sit up on my knees and slowly peel my cami off, revealing my bare breasts. They feel heavy with want and I reach up to cup them after discarding my shirt on the floor. Looking straight into the camera with slightly parted lips, I tweak the barbells in my overly-sensitive nipples. The action makes me hiss and I instinctively

Faithfully

close my eyes dropping my head back, pulling slightly on the cool metal.

Opening my eyes slowly, I slip one hand inside my panties, sliding my fingers through my wet folds and gently tugging at my clit-ring on the way back up as I continue to fondle my breast with the other hand. I can see the tip of Edward's cock poking out of the top of his royal blue boxer briefs and it makes me moan reflexively. He lets out a sound that sounds kind of like a growl and he palms himself through the thin cotton.

"Take them off and open your legs, I need to *see* you," he rasps out. I sit back and wiggle out of my panties, shooting them at him like a slingshot, earning a chuckle from him. "You think you're cute don't you?" I nod my head as I lay back opening my legs wide. "Do you like that, Topolino? Do you like seeing how wet you make me?" I ask, as I slide my fingers through the slick folds of my pussy, holding it open so he can see just how turned on I am.

"*Fuck*, baby...is that all for me?" he asks, pulling his cock from the confines of his underwear. I slip two fingers inside myself pumping in time with his strokes. "Who do you fucking belong to, Bella?" His voice is low and dangerous, making a fresh wave of arousal gush out onto my hand. My mind is so clouded with lust for this man that all I can provide as an answer is a keening moan. This is obviously not acceptable because Edward bites out harshly, "Say it...out loud." The dominance in his voice is so fucking sexy that I come within minutes, calling his name, "You! Fuck, Edward, fuck! I belong to *you*, Oh God...come on me...come on my tits.... *please*...mark me." I feel the hot spurts of his jizz hit my skin as he comes with a guttural cry before chanting my name like a mantra, just as my orgasm is starting to subside.

He places an open palm on the bed next to my hip while the one holding the camera is limp at his side as he catches his breath. "That was fucking sexy," he chokes out, between pants. When he finally gathers enough strength to move, he leans over the bed to retrieve the shirt I was wearing in order to clean me up before he screws the camera into the tripod and places it to face us on the night stand.

Faithfully

Pushing his underwear the rest of the way off with my toes, I pull him so that he is laying on top of me while I wrap my legs around his waist and push against him. Taking the hint, he lines himself up and plunges inside me with one deep thrust as he covers my mouth with his. Lifting his upper body off of me, he hooks his left arm under my right knee, allowing him to sink deeper. He takes me hard and fast as he sucks and bites at my skin. I'm clutching him so tightly that I know I am leaving nail marks but I can hardly find it in me to care. I can feel the coil building deep in my belly and I know I just need a little more.

As if sensing my thought, Edward opens his palm on my lower back, lifting it slightly. The small change in angle is enough for him to hit my sweet spot and four hard thrusts later I am seeing God. I swear I have never had such an intense orgasm, and I'm sure we sound like a couple of wild animals with all the noises we are making. I don't know if it is the addition of the video camera or what, but it is certainly the best one of my life. It is so good, in fact, that I don't even feel the second one approach as it slams into me so intensely that it almost hurts...in a good way of course. I can't even tell you if Edward finished or not, but I assume he did since he is a quivering, sweaty mess draped on top of me.

He looks up at me with those beautiful green eyes shining as I push his hair out of his face and the only thing he says to me before collapsing back into my arms is, " *Holy fuck.*"

I chuckle as I think, holy fuck, indeed.

Let me know what you think of this one...

Chapter 11: Physical

I am so sorry it took so long to post this chapter...real life circumstances kept getting in the way!

I want to thank everyone who has continued to follow and support this story and welcome everyone who has just started reading. Thank you to everyone who has taken the time to review, not only do I love to read your comments and predictions, but they also help to motivate me to keep going.

A big thank you to my beta, Moblair, you already know how much I appreciate everything you do for me. You are seriously the best! Love you big time.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 11- Physical

I wanna take you baby

I wanna take you out

I wanna wine and dine you

Oh I wanna twist and twist and shout

I want you hot in my arms

So soft on my bed

You get the key to my heart

Faithfully

Oh when you wear that sweet dress

But you're too physical physical to me

You're just too physical physical no to me

~Physical (you're too)- Nine Inch Nails~

~Edward~

I can vaguely hear voices on the periphery of my unconscious state, "...sick bastard even gropes her ass in his sleep." I open my eyes slowly, without lifting my head from the niche of Bella's neck, feeling only a little bad about squishing her as it registers in my mind that I am laying half on top of her tiny frame as a result of how completely I am tangled up with her. We are literally a mess of limbs. I smirk against her collarbone as I realize that I am indeed, groping her ass. What can I say...it's like a fucking magnet. But just as quickly, I'm pissed off because we are totally naked and completely uncovered so I snap my eyes in the direction of the voices to see who is checking us out in all of our glory.

What I see bewilders me a bit. Alice is holding a purple digital camera, looking through it with Rosalie, at what I assume, are pictures she has just taken of me and Bella, while Emmett is pointing at the video camera on the nightstand, muttering to Jasper who looks equally fucking interested in it. When Emmett finally registers that I am watching them, he bellows out in his loud fucking obnoxious voice, "Dude, it that a *video* camera? Shit man, that's fuckin' kinky."

"Shut the fuck up, asshole, and get the fuck out of our room," I snap, hugging Bella even closer to me. I huff, glaring at the group of intruders as she begins to stir in my arms.

She gently tugs on the hair that her hand is currently wrapped around while the other starts its journey down my body as she arches her back, pressing her soft, round tits into my chest. She grinds her already wet pussy against my thigh, making me groan and tighten my grip on her ass, as I try to stop her, "Baby..."

Faithfully

Completely ignoring me, she digs her blunt fingernails into the flesh of my ass trying with all her might to move me so that our hips line up while she continues to grind against me. Fuck, it has become clear that stopping her is going to take insane amounts of self-control that I simply do not possess. In one last ditch effort, I manage to choke out, "We have an audience, Bella." I know that I'm not capable of resisting her advances, so I maneuver myself between her legs as stealthily as possible while pulling the sheet up from the end of the bed, trying to keep as much of her covered as I can. I prompt her one more time, "Baby?"

She huffs, clearly annoyed as she declares, "They can stand there and watch, or get the fuck out, I don't really care...I need you inside me *now*." With that she forcefully pulls my face to hers, invading my mouth with her tongue while arching her back and wrapping her long, smooth legs around my hips. Deciding that if she doesn't care then I certainly don't, I reach down between us placing weeping cock at her entrance and thrust in with one deep stroke earning a gasp from her along with a breathy 'fuck'. The movement is harsh and fast and there's no way that they can't tell what is happening underneath the thin sheet, but at the same time, the sheet covers enough so that they don't get all the gory details...and if they don't want to see it they can, as my baby said before, get the fuck out. What are they fucking doing in here in the first place?

Shooting my eyes to the doorway, I notice Emmett standing with his mouth hanging open as he stutters out, "Damn, I didn't think they'd really do it..." and Jasper holding Alice flush to his chest as he cups her pussy. She looks completely turned on, watching us, as he sucks on her neck.

Bella's voice pulls me out of my stupor, "Fuck, Edward, *look* at them." When I look down at her, I notice her eyes are completely trained on Jasper's hand. When her eyes rake up Alice's body and lock on hers she lets out a loud moan. Alice and Bella stare at each other with lust and it is too much for me, I tear my eyes away from Bella's face, resting my forehead on her shoulder, while trying to keep as much of her body covered with mine as possible. I may have exhibitionist tendencies, but I am still a possessive asshole who does not want any other motherfucker looking at my girl's naked body. I still can't help but lean up a little to watch her tits move as I slam into her, though, and I know

Faithfully

they can see a glimpse of them now, too, with the way my body is lifting the sheet away from her. A blur of movement to my right lets me know that the rest of the fucking perverts have left and we are finally alone to finish what we've started.

While we are laying sweaty and spent she timidly asks what time the 'rents will arrive. Pushing her sweat-matted hair off of her forehead, I place a gentle kiss to her temple as mumble, "One-thirty," against her hair. She stiffens slightly in my arms before taking a deep shaky breath and opening her deep, soulful eyes. "I hope they like me," she whispers as her eyes drop to the loose thread she is tugging at on the sheet.

"They'll love you, just as I do." It feels weird to talk candidly about love, but kind of nice, too. "And it wouldn't fucking matter if they didn't." The smile in her eyes tells me that she is thinking entirely too much about the outcome of this meeting, but that she believes what I am saying.

"Is this the first time you 'meet the parents'?" I joke, trying to lighten the mood, while continuing to stroke her long, silky hair.

"Well, kinda, I guess. I mean, I've met parents of boys I dated in the past, but I've never been in a serious relationship before, so it didn't really matter." She focuses on the lamp on the nightstand for a moment before she continues, "And with Collin, I was never really his girlfriend, so...he never formally introduced me to his parents." The look of dejection on her face is heartbreaking. The thought that someone could treat the wonderful woman in my arms with such little regard is astonishing to me.

Her soft voice pulls me from my musings, "I met them once, at a charity fundraiser for breast cancer awareness. I will never forget the way his mother looked at me with such distaste, like I was beneath her. I guess I was. The sad part was that he merely referred to me as an acquaintance that happened to be volunteering, an acquaintance whose name he couldn't remember. God, I was such a fool."

Faithfully

"No, Bella. He was the fool. Any man would be fucking honored to be with such an amazing woman. I know I am." I reach out and caress the soft skin of her jaw before placing a gentle kiss there, as I add, "I am one lucky son-of-a-bitch, and you are beneath *no one*."

Her lips are warm and soft as they capture mine in deep sensual kiss and I can feel her gratitude and acceptance of my words conveyed as she moves her lips and tongue passionately against mine. The next twenty minutes are spent kissing and caressing languidly until the alarm on my phone buzzes, alerting us that we have an hour before Peter is scheduled to arrive. I let out a slight huff knowing that Gianna will be with him. It seriously fucking sucks that we have to put up with her until January.

Bella makes me shower first, arguing that she needs more time to make herself presentable for the impending introduction to my family. I whine like a five year old who dreads the part of his day where his mother throws him in the water, but I finally give in after noticing the tense set of her shoulders. If she wants to spend two completely unnecessary hours getting ready, so be it. All I fucking care about is that she is comfortable and relaxed.

Voices coming from the living room catch my attention as I sip my coffee while waiting for my bagel to toast in the kitchen. I easily recognize Alice and Rosalie talking to who I assume is Gianna and Tanya. Fucking great. That ought to be a spectacular combination.

When I finally decide to stop being a pussy and emerge from the kitchen, I find that I am indeed correct. Alice and Rosalie are entertaining Tanya, Gianna and Charlotte. It's strange to me how Alice's normally friendly demeanor is stiff and uncomfortable in the presence of the three harpies. Charlotte is really nice, though, and as I take a closer look, I notice that she looks uncomfortable, as well.

"Great, just the audience I was hoping for when I meet my boyfriend's parents for the first time," Bella's husky voice breaks me from my pondering as she wraps her arms around my waist, pressing her forehead into my back. Her petulance makes me chuckle as I lift one of her delicate hands to place a gentle

kiss in her palm.

Turning in her embrace, I place my hands on either side of her face as I attempt to reassure her, "It will be fine, you'll see." The anxiety in her features softens and I add, while sliding my hands down the smooth skin of her arms until I can thread my fingers through hers, "We'll take them out to a late lunch, that way we can get away from here." The intention to get us away from Tanya, Gianna and Rosalie is not lost on her and her answering smile is contagious. I return it enthusiastically before leaning down and capturing her luscious lips in a fiery kiss, instinctually letting go of her hands to run my open palms over the delicious curves of her ass, making her moan into my mouth. She tastes like peppermint and Bella as I devour her mouth. *Fucking delicious.*

I am just about to darken the fading marks on her neck when I hear a throat clearing loudly behind me. Whipping my head to glance over my shoulder I see Emmett standing in the doorway behind my mom and dad, laughing. Asshole.

Placing one last chaste kiss to her soft lips, I wink at her then situate myself at her side with my arm wrapped protectively around her small frame as I finally acknowledge my parents, while simultaneously throwing the finger at Emmett. "Hey Mom, Dad, this is my Bella. Baby, this is my mother, Esme and my father, Carlisle." I shoot my dad a dirty look when he finally tears his eyes away from Bella's lips long enough to respond.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Bella," he says smoothly, reaching for her hand and placing a gentle kiss on the back of it while my mother just stands there gaping at us. "You too, Dr. Cullen...I mean, it's a pleasure to meet you, as well," Bella stutters as she blushes profusely. I am just about to ask my mother what her fucking problem is when she rushes forward, scooping Bella into her arms while practically sobbing into her hair as my father corrects her, "No need for the formalities, doll, just Carlisle and Esme is fine."

"Oh, Bella dear, I am so happy to meet you. Heavens, You are so beautiful..." she trails off as she pulls back, taking Bella's face in her hands while she gives her a once over. It is at this point that I notice the amount of care she put into getting ready for them. The frilly top combined with my favorite ass hugging

Faithfully

jean shorts makes it clear to me that she put in extra effort to look nice, while still being true to who she is. That thought alone makes me really fucking happy, considering what she told me earlier about changing herself in order to impress that fuckhead she was involved with before. I look over at my dad to try to enlist his help in getting my mom to stop attacking my woman, and notice that his eyes are now trained on her ass. *Fucking Christ*. "Dad, stop checking out my girl," I spit out as I glare at him, really fucking annoyed that he is ogling her. Not that I can blame him, though, her ass looks goddamn spectacular in those shorts, especially with the high heeled shoes she has on with them. He just smirks at me and he shrugs as he adjusts his boner, not apologetic in the least. *Fucker*.

Bella sends me a perplexed look because now my mother has her arms stretched out away from her body as she looks her up and down peeking around to look at the back. "Oh! Look at that!" she exclaims as she lightly taps Bella's ass a couple of times, making her blush even harder if that is even possible.

"Ma..." I try to interrupt her inspection but she blatantly ignores me while continuing to pester my girl, "Oh, sweetheart, you two will make me the most beautiful grandbabies! Please tell me I won't have to wait long. Edward is getting old, and I don't want his swimmers to dry up, if you know what I mean." She wraps Bella in a tight embrace as she adds, "I can hardly wait!"

"Ma, if you keep this shit up, you're gonna scare her away...then you'll never fucking get grandbabies." I send Bella an apologetic look as I yank at my hair, completely mortified by my mother's behavior. When she looks over however, the smile on her face is breathtaking. Not only does she look comfortable in my mother's arms, but she looks happy. It is at this point that I remember that she grew up with a very flighty and absent mother. I can't help the smile that curls up the side of my mouth, because she is going to be mothered to fucking death, now. The fact that my parents have wholeheartedly accepted Bella makes me fucking ecstatic, although it disturbs me to have my dad leering at the goods.

"Your mother likes my ass, Edward, and she hopes to see it on her grandkids," she smiles at me. I just roll my eyes and respond like it's nothing, "Everyone

Faithfully

likes your ass, baby, and with any luck our kids are going to look just fucking like you," even though I'm completely fucking relieved that she wants to have babies with me.

Dad informs me that Lizzy and Alec will not arrive until eight this evening, leaving our afternoon free. My mother squeals with delight at the suggestion that we go out for a late lunch, before scurrying into the living room to greet Alice and Charlotte, giving them each enthusiastic hugs, with my dad dutifully following behind. Slinging my arm around Bella's shoulders, I follow them into the living room and settle into one of the overstuffed chairs, pulling her into my lap.

Charlotte and my mother are cackling like old hens at something Alice says while my dad looks on with an amused glint in his deep blue eyes. When I turn to Bella with the intention of apologizing for my out of control mother, I notice her staring...no *gawking*... at the ink on my father's arm that disappears into the sleeve of his ugly ass yellow polo shirt. "Are you checking out my dad?" I ask incredulously, making her snap her attention back to me. Despite her denial, the expression on her face is one of embarrassment and guilt. I am torn between annoyance and amusement at her wide eyed expression so I decide to tease her a little. "Do I have some competition, baby?" I goad, tilting my head in his direction.

My cock stirs in my pants when her expression turns from shock to playfulness as she taunts me with a sexy smirk on her gorgeous face, "Well, I *do* like older men...and he's pretty damn sexy, you know, with the ink and all." Her smirk widens as I narrow my eyes, tightening my grip on her hips as I growl in her ear, "Do I need to remind you who you fucking belong to, Bella?" The quiet whimper that falls from her lips is all the confirmation I need as I pull her face to mine and kiss her roughly, sharply nipping her full bottom lip.

"Don't mind them, they are always like that." Alice's tinkering laugh pulls me out of my lust induced fog. "Sorry," Bella mumbles, laying her head sweetly against my shoulder as her cheeks flush pink while I, being the cocky bastard that I am, shoot a smug grin to my father who throws his head back and laughs.

Faithfully

"Don't be ridiculous, honey, I am thrilled to see my son enraptured by such a sweet and lovely young lady," my mother admonishes her with a dismissive flick of her wrist, before turning her attention to my dad with a glint in her eye, "Do you remember what it was like when we were young and in love like that, Carlisle?" Throwing a cocky smirk at her, he answers with a wink full of innuendo that I could have lived my whole fucking life without seeing, "Remember? We still fucking *are*. This morning wasn't *that* long ago, love. "

Bella's smooth voice pulls me from the disgusting mental images that my dad's allusion to sex has caused to invade my brain as she addresses my father, "The ink on your arm is beautiful, Carlisle." He smiles warmly at her as he returns the compliment, "So is yours." She returns the smile while toying with the hair on the back of my head as I nuzzle her neck with my arms wound tightly around her tiny waist. I catch my mother's eye and grin as she places her hand over her heart with a wistful expression on her beautiful face, her eyes darting between the pendant hanging around my neck and the bracelet attached to Bella's wrist.

My father looks at Bella thoughtfully before clearing his throat and continuing while leaning forward, resting his elbows on his khaki covered knees, "My son-in-law, Alec, is a very talented tattoo artist. He has done a great deal of my ink, as well as Esme's, Lizzy's and, of course, Edward's. You will meet him this evening, I believe." Bella nods politely at him as she rises from her perch in my lap, pulling on my hand to get me to stand with her. My mom takes the hint, wrapping up her conversation with the girls by announcing how famished she is and that we should get going.

Lunch is surprisingly laid back and comfortable and aside from the fact that my dad flirts with Bella the entire time, I would say successful. My mom merely laughs at his antics while trying to get me to stop being such a fucking grouch about it by stating that it is a good thing that dad is so taken with her and that I have nothing to worry about since it is completely obvious that she is smitten with me. I have to admit that hearing my mom say that Bella's feelings are obvious does make me feel a whole lot fucking better.

Faithfully

The house is empty when we return, making me wonder where everyone went. I'm sure that Emmett and Rosalie are out entertaining Tanya, but that still leaves Jasper, Alice, Peter, Charlotte and the queen bitch, Gianna, as well as our security team and their significant others. I really fucking hate that Gianna is here, and I send a silent prayer to whoever the fuck is listening that she does not cause any problems during their stay.

Leaving Bella with my parents in the living room, I head to our bedroom to grab Ruby, my favorite acoustic guitar, and the new one I purchased in Denmark, figuring it would be nice to play with my dad. It's been too fucking long since we've jammed together, not to mention I think Bella will get a kick out of it.

When I turn the corner, all I see is my woman, with her head thrown back, laughing carefree with my mother. The sound of her laughter stirs something deep within me and at this point I don't even care that my internal ramblings sound like a pussy whipped pansy. The sunlight pouring through the floor-length windows glints off of her dark, inky hair, making it shimmer. I can see her dimples from where I am standing as she shoots me a wide smile while waving me over. As I approach her, she raises her perfectly arched eyebrow in question while eyeing the two guitars in my hands. Throwing her a wink, I turn and hand one to my father. Her eyes light up in understanding and she stands, announcing that she would like to change into something more comfortable, calling over her shoulder that she will be right back, as she flees to our room. My mother follows, wanting to get out of her uncomfortable clothes as well.

My father peels off his polo, leaving him in a white wife beater-like me-and starts toying with the guitar I handed him to make sure it is in tune, which earns an eye roll from me. My father has nearly as much ink as I do, and is still pretty fucking built despite the fact that he is pushing sixty. Other than the light smattering of grey at the temples, and the fine web of wrinkles around his eyes you'd never guess he was a day over forty-five. Time has been good to my old man, and he can still fucking rock with the best of us.

Bella emerges moments later with her hair haphazardly thrown up on top of her head in tiny black knit shorts, her crazy ass skull socks, glasses and- *fuck*

Faithfully

me-the wife beater she confiscated from me, thankfully with a red bra underneath. Her eyes widen and she blushes as she takes in the sight of my dad without his dorky polo. Quickly recovering herself, she smirks at me before situating herself next to me on the couch. My mom joins us a moment later barefoot in some kind of lounge pants and a tank top, which shows off the beautiful band of purple orchids around her arm and shoulder. She runs her fingers through my dad's hair, tousling it, before settling in beside him on the loveseat.

Bella leans over to whisper in my ear as I pluck out to opening chords to the Rolling Stones song I always start my father/son jam sessions with, "We match." She plants a sloppy, wet kiss on the side of my neck and then grabs the strap of my beater with her teeth snapping it against my skin, causing me to fuck up the rhythm. Shit. I turn my head to send her a playful glare only to find her looking at me innocently while tugging her tongue ring between her teeth, lounging back against the arm of the couch.

Damn, she is so fucking sexy.

"You're gonna pay for that," I warn her with a mock scowl while trying to keep rhythm with my dad in my distracted state, earning a chuckle from him just before he starts singing.

"I'll never be your beast of burden, my back is broad...but it's a hurting. All I want is for you to make love to me."

My dad is fucking awesome. I will always have kind of a hero-worship thing going on with him, but for the first time I get what he is feeling when he looks at my mom as he sings, and for the first time I feel like a man simply rocking out with another man, not a little boy trying desperately to be like my father.

I grin as I look over at Bella watching my father with awe, but it's nothing like the way she looks at me as my verse arrives, which makes my chest fucking swell and my dick hard.

Throwing her a cocky smirk, I croon to her,

Faithfully

*" I'll never be your beast of burden, so let's go home...and draw the curtains.
Music on the radio, come on baby make sweet love to me."*

My dad joins me on the chorus, and I smile watching Bella squirm in her seat.

" Am I hard enough, am I rough enough, am I rich enough? I'm not to blind to see..."

As we are finishing up the first song, the front door opens and Emmett, Jasper, Peter and the girls filter in to join us. It doesn't escape my notice that my mother narrows her eyes at Gianna, when she sends Bella a look that is filled with seething jealousy and hatred. My father, who also notices the look, sends me a pointed glance that clearly sends the message that we will be discussing this later. Once everyone is situated, Bella jumps up, taking Alice by the hand and pulling her to the kitchen to grab a bottle of scotch for the guys and a couple of bottles of wine for the women, as well as a bottle of tequila, salt and cut up limes for shots.

"Jesus, dad!" I snap at him as his eyes follow Bella's ass to the kitchen. He rubs his jaw as his eyes slowly slide over to me, "I'm sorry son, but I haven't seen an ass like that since your mother's." He turns to wink at her, causing her to giggle and me to want to vomit. "You guys are fucking sick," I sneer, earning a smirk from the cocky bastard, as my mom buries her face in his neck while sliding her hand up his thigh and he reaches down roughly grabbing her ass.

Kill me now.

As much as I want to be disgusted, I can't help the small smile that crosses my face. I must have gotten the cocky, Neanderthal bullshit from somewhere, come to think of it, they have always been like that with each other; I guess I just never understood it before. I laugh to myself, like father, like fucking son.

Not five minutes later, the front door swings open and my little sister saunters in eyeing my parent's grope-fest on the couch with a raised eyebrow before addressing me with a lifted chin, "What's up, bitch?" to which I answer her with a one finger salute, "My nine-inch cock, you crazy bitch," making her

Faithfully

laugh exuberantly. making her laugh exuberantly while my father snickers and my mother rolls her eyes.

"So, mom tells me I've got a new *baby* sister," she questions as she makes her way into the room, adding an obvious, yet playful, emphasis to the word 'baby'. Leave it to my crude sibling to make an issue out of her age. Her eyes dart to Bella sitting at my side and her smile turns sly, "Holy fuck Edward, she's fucking *hot*." She slinks over, in her ridiculous knee-high plaid docs and black tutu holding her hand out to my girl. When Bella places her hand in Lizzy's, she pulls her to her feet and envelopes her in a hug, chattering lowly in her ear, "You have got to let me place a dermal at the top of your cheek, just under and to the outside of your eye...it would be fucking gorgeous. We'll even use a diamond instead of a rhinestone...our boy Eddie here can afford it." She pulls back caressing the side of Bella's face tenderly, lingering her finger on the spot she wants to pierce. I have to admit, her suggestion would look sexy as fuck on Bella's beautiful face, calling attention to her gorgeous eyes. I fucking love my sister. Her offer is her way of welcoming my girl into our family, giving her approval, if you will. I know my sister is a little wacky and overwhelming so I heave a huge sigh of relief when a breathtaking smile takes over Bella's beautiful face as she nods and offers a sweet 'thank you, I'd love that' with slightly pink cheeks.

Turning my attention away from Bella and Lizzy, I offer my hand to my brother-in-law. Alec is a big motherfucker. He stands at least six-three and his body mass rivals Emmett's. His hulking size combined with his bald head, goatee, and excessive ink makes him one intimidating son-of-a-bitch. Taking my hand, he yanks me in for a hug slapping me hard on the back. *Fucker*. I narrow my eyes at him as I pull back making him laugh.

"We gonna work on that right arm while I'm here?" he asks while crossing his massive arms over his chest and nodding toward my unfinished right arm. I look at him thoughtfully before I answer, darting my eyes over to where Bella is chatting animatedly with my mom and sister, before nervously answering while running my hand through my hair then down over my face, "Yeah, I mean, I know what I want...I just need to make sure she wont freak out or anything." He nods while scrutinizing my expression and then turns his focus

Faithfully

to the girls, looking Bella up and down. His eyes linger a little too long on her ass for my liking, making me bristle as I shoot him a glare with a raised eyebrow. He may be big and fucking scary, but so am I. Holding his hands up in surrender he goes on to press me about the design I'm contemplating. I don't want to go into too much detail in front of everyone before I get the chance to talk to Bella about it, so I give him a brief overview then let him know I will give him the details when the girls are out tomorrow.

Reaching out to grab Bella's hip, I pull her toward me with the intention of introducing her to my brother-in-law. She excuses herself from the conversation she is having, turning to me with a bewildered expression. Gesturing to the man standing next to me, I wrap my arm around her as I explain, "Baby, this is Lizzy's husband, Alec. Alec this is my girlfriend, Bella." "You are such an amazing artist, Alec. Your work is breathtaking." Bella's voice rings with sincerity as she pays him this compliment and he responds with a wide smile. "Thank you, little lady, I can't wait to get my work on you," he offers with a wink, "That fair skin of yours is perfect for color...just like my Lizzy's." She tightens her arms around my waist as she smiles at him before tilting her face up to me for a kiss, to which I eagerly comply.

Emmett, Jasper and Peter all join in when we settle in to continue our jam session. We are having a great fucking time as the drinks flow freely causing everyone to lose what little inhibitions we have in this group. After four rounds of tequila shots, Gianna turns completely to face Bella, and I know in my gut that the result of whatever bullshit that is about to spew out of her disgusting mouth is not going to end well.

"You'd think one would put forth some consideration and modesty when meeting the family of the guy you're seeing," Gianna bites out, her nasally voice dripping with venom before she adds with a smug smile, "Not everyone wants to see your ass hanging out of those poor excuse for shorts." Either Gianna is blind or fucking stupid because she must not register the pure unadulterated rage flaming in Bella's eyes when she continues to goad drunkenly, "Or maybe you like having all the men in the room lusting after your fat ass...slut." She mutters the last part under her breath as she looks away, which is a really fucking stupid move because by the time I stand to physically

Faithfully

throw the bitch out of the house by her fucking hair extensions, and I move quickly mind you, Bella and Lizzy are all over her. Momentarily stunned, I catch a glimpse of what is going down. Bella is straddled over her chest with a handful of Gianna's hair, while Lizzy has one of her hands pinned out to the side and her other hand around Gianna's throat while her legs flail wildly.

I am fucking enraged when I finally snap out of my stupor as I catch sight of Gianna grabbing for Bella's hair with her free hand making me spring into action. With my father's and Emmett's help, we manage to get the girls separated while being extra rough with the whore-bitch Gianna. While my mother and Alec drag Gianna out the front door, I can hear my mother yelling profanities at her all the way down the steps, just as Alice and Jasper come running into the room from the kitchen to see what is going on. I quickly recount to them what went on while trying to calm Bella down. I frantically run my hands over every part of her body that I can reach looking for any sign of damage. So help me God, if that bitch has damaged one hair on my girl's head I will make her pay...slowly and fucking painfully.

Just as I finish my assessment, I notice Tanya's smug expression as she sits perfectly calm and content on the wingback chair situated in the corner of the room. Something about the wicked glint in her eye doesn't sit right with me, but I don't have much time to ponder it with all the fucking chaos going on around me.

Peter apologizes profusely before heading out to try and find a nearby hotel to put Gianna up in during their stay, stating that we will discuss this tomorrow when everyone has had a chance to calm down. I honestly don't know what else there is left to discuss about this situation...I am fucking *done*. No one disrespects my girl that way and gets away with it... *no one*.

Before I realize, it's nearing three-thirty in the morning and after rehashing the details of the earlier events we are all fairly soused and getting grabby. I watch Bella's throat constrict as she swallows the last of her wine and it's all I can do to stop imagining that it is my spunk she is swallowing as I come deep down her throat. I don't know if it is purely the alcohol, watching my woman fight over me, completely feral and unrestrained, or what, but I am horny as fuck and

Faithfully

I simply cannot wait another minute to get my dick inside her hot, wet pussy.

With my dick standing at attention, I rise from my place on the couch, pulling Bella with me. I attack her mouth while groping her ass, making her moan before I pull away, announcing that it is bed time, completely forgetting that my parents are in the same room as I take in her slightly parted lips, flushed cheeks and heavy lidded eyes. *Fuck*. "Yes, papi," she breathes in a low throaty voice that makes my dick twitch. The tension between us is palpable and I can literally feel the sexual energy prickling at my skin. Picking her up by her ass as she wraps those glorious legs around me, I head for our room calling out over my shoulder, "'Night, assholes."

The last thing I hear as I leave the room is my mother's amused voice, "Forgo the condoms and make me a grandbaby..." followed by my father's rough voice grating out, " *Damn*."

Drop me a line...I can't wait to see what you all think of daddy C...

Laila

Chapter 12: Blackdog

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

As always, thank you to everyone who continues to support this story...I regret that I have yet to respond to each of the reviews I've received, but I assure you that I have read each and every one and that I am working on responding to them all. I appreciate that you all take the time out of your busy lives to give me feedback...some of them crack me up and they truly make my day. I'm hoping that getting this chapter a day early makes up for my slowness!

And, of course, thank you to my beta, Moblair, I love that you always indulge me when I get crazy ideas, no matter the time or day.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 12- Blackdog

Hey, hey, mama, said the way you move,

Gonna make you sweat, gonna make you groove,

ah, child, way you shake that thing,

Gonna make you burn, gonna make you sting,

hey, baby, when you walk that way,

Watch your honey drip, can't keep away.

~Led Zepplin- Blackdog~

~Edward~

Heavy breathing and low moaning are the only things that fill the darkened room around us. Bella is writhing beneath me on the dark gold comforter with her dark hair fanned out around her head like a black silk halo. She gazes up at me from under her long, thick eyelashes and the sheer need reflected back at me nearly knocks me breathless as she reaches up, tangling her fingers into my hair. This woman looks at me like I am the most important man...no, like I'm the *only* man in her world. Instantly my raw carnal need for her calms and instead of wanting to devour her, I now want to worship her.

Tenderly, lovingly...because, well, because I am in love. For the first (and last) time, someone else is more important in my life than me. I want to spend the rest of my days loving and cherishing this amazing woman in my arms.

Yes, I am well aware that my vagina is showing...I just don't give a fuck.

I never even imagined that it was possible for me to feel this way, so I can guaran-goddamn-tee you, I'm gonna enjoy every fucking minute...for the rest of my fucking life.

I brush a wayward strand of hair off of her forehead as I lean down to kiss her lips softly, reverently. I want to convey to her the depth of the emotions I am feeling at the moment. The combination of love, lust and need is overwhelming, making me feel vulnerable and a little on edge but at the same time, I want her to experience it with me...be lost in it with me.

Just as I snake out my tongue, about to deepen the kiss, Bella's phone rings shrill in the heavy quietness of the atmosphere around us. "Let it ring..." she trails off, eagerly submitting to my kiss. Her lips are pillow soft and warm, molding easily to mine, and the heat radiating off of her tiny frame makes my mind hazy. I can feel the love pouring out of her through her fervent lips and gentle touch, making me impossibly hard. I never realized what a turn on it could be to care and be cared for so deeply. A deep moan escapes my throat as I rasp out, "God, I fucking love you." Moving my mouth to the side of her neck to place wet, open mouthed kisses along her pulse point while skimming my

Faithfully

nose along her jaw, inhaling deeply. I just can't seem get close enough to her.

She lifts her knee, winding her smooth creamy leg around my thigh as she curls her arm underneath and around my shoulder, clutching herself to me as she arches her back, grinding against my straining arousal. Her lips are slightly parted and her head is thrown back as her breath hitches. She is glorious and she is all fucking mine. That thought alone spurs a frantic determination to be *inside* her. Relaxing the grip she has on my shoulder, she skims her hand down the expanse of my bare back leaving a trail of fire in its wake.

Sitting back on my heels, I pull her to a sitting position so I can discard the shirt she is wearing and then reach around to unhook the red lacy bra, taking the time to admire how beautiful the color looks against her flawless pale skin. I attach my mouth to her collarbone as I gently pull the delicate garment from her body, moving my attention down to the swell of her breast as I wind my arms tightly around her waist, pulling her up to straddle my thighs. She is so small and feminine and I relish the feeling of how her long silky hair tickles my thigh when her head rolls back and how very little weight there is against my arm when her body bows backward as I run the flat of my palm down between her full, soft breasts.

She is so beautiful.

Just as I lean forward to take one of her pert nipples into my mouth Bella's phone rings again.

"Fuck," I mutter as I reach over to the nightstand picking up her phone and not bothering to look at the caller id as bark into the offending device, "What?" I still have a squirming Bella on my lap who has now attached her hot little mouth to the base of my throat, working her way down.

A gruff male voice snaps back at me, "Where is Bella, and why are you answering her phone?"

I don't fucking think so...

Faithfully

"Who the fuck is this?" I spit, immediately enraged that some asshole is fucking calling *my* woman asking questions that are none of his goddamn business. I feel Bella stiffen at the sound of his voice and I shoot her a questioning glance. She reaches for the phone just as he retorts, " *This* is her father...who the fuck are *you*?"

Oh, shit.

My eyes widen with the shock of panic that is surging through me. Bella takes the phone from me as she scrambles off of my lap and situates herself against the headboard, pulling the sheet up around her naked torso. I have never been more embarrassed in my life. I cannot believe that I spoke to her father that way. *Way to go Cullen*. I know I have just ruined any shot of having a good relationship with him. I look up at her with pleading eyes feeling physically sick at the thought of her being mad at me. *God, I am such a fuck-up*.

Lucky for me, she just shakes her head and smirks at me. And if I'm not mistaken, she looks somewhat amused. Huh. I finally come to my senses long enough to hear what she is saying into the phone as she summons me to the top of the bed while patting her lap. Like the good compliant boyfriend that I am, I crawl to where she is sitting and lay down on my stomach, resting my head on her thigh and wind my arms tightly around her hips. She starts running her hand through my hair immediately and the heaviness in my heart starts to subside. I know this is her way of reassuring me that she is not mad at me.

"...he is important. Yes, we were just going to bed...yes, dad...of course we share a bed...I told you, he's important... *very* important...I know that...he is my forever...okay, I will...September 8th, and yes you'll meet him then...yes...he's coming with me to Seattle...we'll talk about that later...okay...I'll call you soon...I love you...bye, dad."

She tosses her iPhone back onto the nightstand after she ends the call and turns to me. "Nice impression you made on my father," she teases with a wicked glint in her eye while she scoots her body down to lay facing me on the bed. The tone she uses suggests that she either isn't that concerned with what he now undoubtedly thinks of me, or that he wasn't as upset as I thought. I decide

Faithfully

to apologize anyway, because I don't want her to fight with her father over me, or worse, have to constantly defend our relationship.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have talked to your father that way...I shouldn't have even answered your phone." I peek up at her from under my eyelashes, trying for innocently chastised and I know I have succeeded when a beautiful smile overtakes her face. "You are ridiculous Edward Cullen. We both know you are not one bit sorry for answering my phone the way you did...you are only sorry that it ended up being my father." I smile sweetly at her, not saying a word because she is absolutely fucking correct. This, of course, makes her laugh before she adds, "I would have done the same thing if I had answered your phone to find some unknown chick on the other end, ciccino...don't beat yourself up. Besides, you'll be punished enough when you meet him in person." Her following laughter does nothing to ease the anxiety I feel, and my resulting scowl only makes her laugh harder.

Her giggles eventually die down, giving away to silence. I lay across her chest letting my mind wander while thoroughly enjoying the feel of her hands as they scratch lightly through my scalp and wander idly down my back. She completes the circuit several times before I finally work up the courage to voice a concern that has been plaguing me ever since her revelation about her past relationship.

"Bella?" my voice sounds small and unsure even to my own ears.

"Yeah?" It is obvious that she has picked up on the hesitance in my voice by the timid way she answers.

I tighten my grip on her as if somehow that will ensure that I will hear the words I am longing for. I am so fucking afraid to hear the confirmation of my worst fears, but at the same time, not knowing is worse. Taking a deep breath, I steel my resolve and blurt out the question that has been looming over me like a dark cloud.

"Do you still have feelings for him?" My words come out in a mere whisper and it is almost shocking how much I sound like an insecure little boy. *Pussy*. I

Faithfully

roll my eyes at how ridiculous I'm being. Does it really matter if she does have some lingering feelings for the bastard? Does that somehow make her feelings for me any less real? I know that part of the reason this uncertainty is eating at me is because I can't stand the idea of some other motherfucker possessing even a small part of her. I desperately want to be the only one she loves and I really fucking hate that she *ever* looked at someone else the way she looks at me.

She is thoughtful, momentarily stilling her movements before she declares, "No, not anymore." As much as I want this statement to be enough, there is something in the way she says it that leads me to believe there is more to her declaration than she needs to say. My stomach feels uneasy as I lay quietly, waiting for her to finish her statement.

"I'm not going to lie, ciccino, I did when we first met. I think that was a large part of the hesitation you felt from me. Everything is so different with you, it was a little confusing to say the least. No one has ever really known me, and for you to so readily accept me without any indication that I should dress or act differently made me feel out of sorts. I didn't really know what to do. Then to hear that you had no previous girlfriends to compare myself to, I really had nothing to mold myself after...it just left me, *Bella*. It still amazes me that you want to be with me, you could literally have anyone in the world and yet you *want* and you *choose* me...it's astonishing.

"Once I started to realize that it really is me that you want, whatever lingering feelings I had for him started to dissipate. It's an incredible feeling to have someone love you just the way you are. I hate that it took almost losing you for me to realize that what we have is real, it just seemed too good to be true. I'm so glad I was wrong about that. I didn't know that it could, that it *should* be like this..."

Her voice trails off and when I chance a peek at her beautiful face I see that she is deep in thought. Before I get a chance to respond, however, she adds, "I realize now that I never loved him...that isn't what love is. *This* is what love is. I'm so glad I never said those words to him...they are *your* words, they belong only to you."

Faithfully

"Did you ever call him ciccino?" I know that I am being unreasonable and selfish, but I don't want her to call me that if she called *him* that.

The tenderness in her expression lets me know that she understands where I'm coming from as she answers, "No...only you."

Satisfied by her answer, I close my eyes and focus on the soothing motion of her hands as they explore my upper back and head. Just as I am drifting off I hear her soft voice, "It's what my Nonni calls my Nonno. I would never use it on just anyone."

Her revelation makes my heart swell and I can't help the grin that breaks out on my face as I hug her tiny form closer to me, "I love you, baby."

I feel her plant a soft kiss in my hair as she murmurs, "I love you, too." I allow myself to succumb to sleep because quite honestly, the combination of talking about *him* along with the phone call from her father has seriously killed the mood. There is always morning...

I wake up to a freshly showered and dressed Bella straddling my waist planting wet sloppy kisses all over my face. She obviously thinks this shit is the funniest thing she has ever seen by the way she is giggling. Easily flipping her over and attacking her sides, I scowl at her while I tickle her until she is breathless and shrieking out 'Uncle! Uncle!' between her fits of laughter. She looks up at me with shining eyes as she explains, "I just wanted to kiss you before I leave to pick Seth and Sam up from the airport. I know you are recording today, so I figured I would do a little sightseeing with them. Lizzy, Esme and Alice are coming as well. I thought about asking the ice queen, but I dunno...what do you think?"

I can't help but laugh at how excited she is; all of that came out with hardly a breath. "I think Rosalie is a bitch, but if you want to extend an invitation, go ahead...I don't care. She might be hanging out with Tanya, though." I reach out to push her bangs out of her eyes and then lean down to place a sweet kiss on her mouth before announcing, "I gotta piss," as I push off the bed and head to the bathroom. This earns an eye roll and an exasperated smile. I hear her yell

Faithfully

out 'see you later, ciccino, I love you' as she leaves.

Feeling much better after my shower, I join my father and Alec in the kitchen. Nodding his head toward the oven, my dad informs me that mom has left French toast warming for me. After practically drowning my breakfast in syrup, I take a seat at the table and dig in. It is fucking delicious, all warm and cinnamony. My dad shakes his head in disgust at the way I'm practically inhaling my food as he sips his coffee and goes back to reading the paper. He can be such a pretentious motherfucker sometimes. "What?" I snap at him with my mouth full. "Nothing," he chuckles, "So, what time are you meeting Aro?"

"One," I manage between bites. I swear to fucking god, I eat like a goddamn savage. It is obvious that Aro is not what he wants to talk about, subtle he is not so I sit quietly waiting for him to bring up the topic he really wants to discuss.

"So...things are serious with Bella?"

Bingo.

I don't bother to answer because the question is obviously rhetorical, and he better not fucking think that he is going to sit here and question our relationship or speak ill of her. Just as I start to bristle he continues.

"She's good for you, I've never seen you this happy. I'm really glad for you, son."

"Thanks." I let his words roll through my mind for a moment and I find that I'm glad to have his approval. I meant what I said about it not mattering if they accepted her or not, but I have to admit that it is nice that they do.

"Uhm, I'm planning to move with her to Seattle while she finishes school. Well, I'll be there as much as I can while we finish up the U.S. tour anyway..." I let that statement hang in the air really wanting to express just how much she means to me without having to talk about my feelings like a fucking pussy.

Faithfully

"I expected as much." My father's voice is calm and accepting which makes me relax further into the conversation. "Your mother will be thrilled," he adds with a smirk. I know he is right, my mother will be ecstatic to have me just a short plane ride away.

"Yeah," I smile. "I don't know where we will go after she graduates, though. I suspect somewhere in the southwest; she is working on a project and it would make it easier for her if we were in that region." I say this without putting much thought into my statement and it makes me giddy to think about our future and how her book will have an impact on where we go next. *We...* I fucking love that thought.

My father's amused voice pulls me from my reverie, "You've got it fucking bad, son." I have almost forgotten that Alec is sitting with us until he snickers. Asshole. I turn and glare at him before considering my father's observation.

Instead of pissing me off, though, his comment makes me laugh. "I guess I do."

"I don't blame you, she's precious...not to mention hot as fuck. Damn, Edward, you hit the motherfucking jackpot with that one." I notice Alec nodding his head in agreement in my peripheral vision.

I chuckle at his comment, "You don't know the fucking half of it," I goad with a cocky smirk, causing him to raise an eyebrow and shake his head with an exasperated groan before scrubbing his hand down his face.

The silence that follows is heavy but not uncomfortable as I contemplate whether or not I want to verbalize the thoughts running rapid through my mind. I risk a glance at my father who looks equally lost in thought and decide to just get it all out there.

"I, uh, I think she's the one..." the words are wrong as they leave my mouth and I quickly backpedal, "No...I *know* she's the one." My father's deep blue eyes soften as I make my declaration, and I rub the back of my neck awkwardly as I continue, "It's like I've been waiting for her all of my adult life. I honestly thought I would be an eternal bachelor since I never even thought about

Faithfully

settling down before, ya know, but now that I've met her... *fuck*, dad, I want it all." His eyes flash to me and a small smile creeps across his face as the words keep flowing from my mouth, "The ring, the kids, the house, the fucking dog... *everything*. It's kind of scary how fast this is all happening, but it just feels right. I don't know, I can't explain it..."

"When it's right, it just is. There is no explaining it because words just aren't big enough." I nod, taking a moment to just absorb what he is saying before lifting my eyes to meet his. "Don't try to put a timeline on what you feel, Edward, just let it happen and don't be afraid, because when you finally completely give yourself over to it, it's a goddamn beautiful fucking thing." Scrubbing my hand over my face, feeling the scratchiness of the three day old stubble I've got going on, I take a deep breath, ready to change the fucking subject because I can literally feel my balls crawling up inside my body.

"Let's get the fuck out of here, boys, before we start braiding each other's hair and shit. I'm too fucking old to turn into a pussy now." I laugh at my old man and wonder how this hard-ass fits together with the man talking about 'beautiful emotions' not five minutes before. I guess he is testament to the fact that you can love your woman completely but still maintain your edge. *Thank fucking Christ for that.*

Recording with Aro is fucking exhausting, to say the least. I have to keep chanting to myself that this is a fantastic opportunity and that I can't fuck it up with my temper. It certainly doesn't help matters that the first thing he asks as we filter inside the studio is, "Where's that little girl you were with at the party? You know, the one with the lips and legs? You already send her packing?" Not only does it piss me off that he is thinking about her lips, but also that he assumes that I have discarded her already. Asshole. Lucky for me, the rest of the guys agree.

Despite the tension floating around the room, we manage to get three tracks recorded, and Aro assures us that he will work on mixing them when he gets back to LA. All in all, I have to say that he pushed us harder than we have ever pushed ourselves and if the rough cuts are any indication, the finished product will be fucking fantastic, making the stressful afternoon worthwhile. I let my

Faithfully

mind wander momentarily to Bella as we say our thank you's and arrange for him and his associates to see the show tomorrow night. I am planning to sing the song she inspired me to write and to be perfectly honest, I'm a little nervous. I'm not nervous about her reaction because I know she will love it no matter what, but I guess I'm a little nervous about verbalizing my feelings to the world. I don't want them to think that I've gone soft, so to speak.

Oh, well. What the fuck do I really care what the world thinks anyway?

By the time we arrive at the house, Seth and the girls have already ordered pizza and beer and are digging in heartily. I laugh when Seth mutters, "Thank God, I need some more testosterone to balance this shit out," as he waves his hands around the room to all the women. "I have had enough female bonding to last a fucking lifetime," he announces as he gets up to grab another beer making the women burst into giggles. Striding over to Bella, I lean down to kiss her lips threading my hand into the hair at the back of her head. It is such a relief to have her in my arms after spending most of the day apart. It's a little frightening how much I missed her this afternoon.

"I missed you today," her beautiful voice pulls me from my musings and it makes me feel better that she felt the same way.

"Me too." I plant one last kiss to her sweet mouth before getting some pizza and sitting on the floor in front of the couch where she is sitting. Conversation flows freely and easily throughout dinner and it solidifies, in my mind, just how seamlessly Bella and Seth fit into my life. I can only hope it works the other way around when we get to Seattle. I shudder at the memory of how my pseudo conversation went with her father last night, making me dread the day I meet the man face to face.

Tugging on my hair, Bella leans down to whisper in my ear, "I have something I want to discuss with you. Preferably before everyone calls it a night." I turn my head only to find her beautiful brown eyes shining with happiness and determination, calming my initial nerves somewhat. Standing, I notice that she shoots a conspiring look at Alec as I take her hand and lead her out onto the patio out back. Just as I settle myself into one of the lounge chairs expecting

Faithfully

her to join me, she pauses chewing on her bottom lip before darting back inside calling over her shoulder that she will be right back.

I have to admit that the way she is acting is putting me a little on edge, but then again, she looked so happy earlier...that thought alone is enough to relax me, yet leave me curious. She returns quickly with a piece of paper clutched in her hand. Sitting in my lap, she takes a deep breath and then hands the drawing over to me. I can tell by her stiff posture that she is holding her breath, probably waiting for my reaction. Understanding dawns on me as I study the sketch and my breath hitches before I snap my eyes to meet her worried gaze.

Throwing my arms around her tiny body, I bury my face in her neck. My voice sounds breathless with disbelief when I am finally able to form words, "You really want to do this?" I am overwhelmed by the enormity of the gesture and deeply touched by the significance of drawing. I'm the *one*...I'm *her* forever. I heard her speak the words last night on the phone with her father, but for her to offer this...it's extraordinary. It also gives me a semblance of comfort to know that we are on the same page with our feelings.

"Yes...I'm sure about you, I'm sure about us. My soul recognizes its other half in you, the timeline is irrelevant." The sincerity and strength in her voice is all the assurance I need. "My dad said the same thing this morning," I mutter as I capture her lips, pouring all of my devotion into the kiss. "Yes, well, let's just say that your parents share the same ideas about destiny and love. I had a nice chat with your mom this morning as well."

I pull back to look at the piece of paper that she handed to me, examining the drawing closely. It is an intricate circular pattern made up entirely of interlocking infinity symbols, but the amazing part about it is that there is a subtle 'E' worked in without ever breaking the pattern. You have to look closely to see it, but it is there. I can't believe that she wants to mark herself with me. My symbol, my initial...mine. That thought alone makes my dick hard as steel. She will be marked as *mine*, for fucking *eternity*.

"I talked to Alec and Lizzy about it this morning and this is what they came up with. He used the circle to represent my bracelet-never ending- and the infinity

Faithfully

symbol for your pendant- also never ending- I requested that your name be present as well, but he said it would look better if it was only the E. I can put your whole name somewhere else, eventually." Her eyes flash up to me filled with emotion, as hold her tightly to me, placing kisses all over her face. I fucking love this woman.

"Where do you intend to put this?" I ask, wiggling the paper in my hand.

"Uhm, on the back of my neck, I think." Her cheeks flush with embarrassment as she continues, "I was thinking that eventually, uh, if we were to marry...someday...uh, I would add the date vertically underneath." She is red as a tomato by the time she stumbles through her explanation. It is cute as hell, especially since I have never seen my girl this self-conscious before. I'm used to my self-assured vixen. Deciding to let her off the hook before she nixes the whole idea, I trail my lips to her ear, "I think that is a wonderful idea, baby." Pulling back to plant a wet kiss on her mouth, I add, "Would you mind very much if I asked Alec to whip one up for me?" It's surprising how I suddenly feel shy about asking, I mean, what if she thinks it's stupid and cheesy to have matching tattoos.

Before I can dwell too much in my thoughts, she smiles sheepishly and says, her voice barely above a whisper, "I already had him draw one up...you know, just in case. I mean, I don't want you to feel obligated, since it's kind of corny, but..."

"Baby, I'm touched. And yes, it is corny, but I don't give a fuck." I accentuate my declaration with a deep passionate kiss effectively putting an end to all the self-doubt unnecessarily passing between us. "Can I see mine?"

She produces a folded up piece of paper from her back pocket and I gasp. It is fucking incredible. It is the same concept as Bella's only larger and much more masculine. I didn't even realize how delicate and feminine hers is until I placed them side by side. Alec is fucking brilliant. I smirk at the thought that she hoped I would want to do this together.

Faithfully

"Let's do it," I announce to her as I stand, wrapping my arm around her waist. I figure that I can bring up the scene I asked Alec to work on for my right forearm with her while we get these done. I know he won't be anywhere near having anything to show us, especially since he's been working on these, but I can at least let her know and get her input.

We walk back into the living room hand in hand and my eyes immediately scan the room for Alec. He merely raises his eyebrow in question when my gaze locks on his, prompting me to give him a slight nod. He immediately gets up heading for the room he is occupying and quickly returns with the suitcase that holds his equipment.

"Let's do it in the kitchen," he prompts gesturing for us to follow him. "Hey, is there a printer here? I would rather make stencils than go at it freehand."

"Uh, yeah. There's one in the study, it a printer/scanner/copier all in one. Do you need my laptop?"

He proceeds to set his equipment up as I take my laptop into the study, quickly scribbling my password on a scrap piece of paper and leaving it on the keyboard for him for when he is ready, and then join Bella in the kitchen to discuss and finalize our designs.

With Lizzy's input, I decide to make the 'B' a little more prominent which is an easy fix that will transpire during the shading process. Luckily it does not require for him to alter the original drawing. Bella decides to leave hers in it's original form, stating that it is perfect the way it is. We both agree to use only black ink, keeping it simple so not to distract from the detail of the artwork.

When Alec returns, he raises his eyebrow at me with a smirk. "Nice video collection, bro, but close it out next time you let someone else log into your computer. I think I might be blind after seeing your crazy ass grunting like a fucking ape."

"Fuck you," I retort while flipping him off, but wonder briefly how one of our videos ended up open...I distinctly remember closing it out after we watched

Faithfully

the last one, they are even stored under a secret name. I push the uneasy feeling away, deciding that there is no way anyone could have gotten access to my computer and even if they did, they wouldn't know what to look for. "Oh. My. God. Brain bleach! Brain Bleach! That is some fucking disgusting imagery my man just provided of you, Edward. I could have lived my whole life never knowing about your homemade porn collection." My sister cuts in, scrunching up her nose in disgust. She turns her head quickly to face Alec, causing her dark auburn hair to swing around her shoulders, "Does Bella look hot though?" I shoot her a questioning glance because fuck, why does she even care...

"I don't fucking know, babe, one look at his white ass and I closed that shit out A-S-A-fucking-P," he chokes out, trying unsuccessfully to hold back his laughter.

"I love his ass," Bella cuts in, glaring at Lizzy and Alec before turning you me, "You have the sexiest ass I've ever seen. Don't listen to them...they're just jealous."

Smirking, I lean over to plant a kiss to Bella's sexy mouth then add another to her temple while I whisper an apology, stating that I must not have closed it out, to which she replies that we *were* rather distracted and accentuates her statement with a sexy as fuck smirk and a wink. It is at this moment that I notice the light glinting off of the diamond nestled into the skin below her eye. It is small and tasteful, and...

Fuck, it looks sexy.

"You do this today?" I ask, gently caressing the skin beside her new piercing. She nods her head slowly "You like?" There is nothing else for me to say but, "Fuck yes, you look good in diamonds." My enthusiasm makes her giggle as she turns her attention back to where Alec is setting up. She looks like a kid on Christmas, so when he asks who wants to go first we both indicate her.

"It's not a diamond, you dumbass," Lizzy sasses at me with a roll of her sapphire blue eyes. "You're gonna have to have one made. I made you a list of jewelers and gave Bella a couple of extras so you can take one to them to use

Faithfully

as a template. Yes, you can thank me now for setting it all up for you, since I know you are romantically retarded."

"Thanks...you are such a fucking sweetheart," I deadpan, narrowing my eyes at my annoyingly awesome little sister.

"You eat with that mouth, big brother?" she snarks with a chuckle.

Raking my eyes up and down Bella's body while licking my lips, I retort, "You're goddamn fucking right I do, every chance I get." Bella turns beet red but manages to laugh while Alec scolds me to not make his client move, and Lizzy lets out a defeated groan with an 'eeewww, Edward, you are so fucking gross' making me laugh exuberantly. I really fucking miss having my sister around.

Turning my attention to my girl, I have to admit that it is so fucking hot to watch as Alec brands me into her skin, for the whole world to see...forever. She stays mostly quiet except for a few breathy moans which, admittedly, makes my dick twitch in my pants. Finally ninety minutes later she is finished. It looks fucking beautiful. I am shocked by the amount of raw emotion that rushes over me and I clamp my eyes shut tightly to fight back the tears that are threatening to push past my eyelids as I wrap my arms around her. I refuse to let anyone see me cry, I don't care how sentimental I feel at the moment...I am *not* a fucking pussy.

I feel her press her lips to my neck muttering how much she loves me before we switch places and Alec goes to work on my neck. My whole body relaxes at the familiar sting of the tattoo needle and before I know it, Alec is cleaning me up. When I look over at Bella, she has tears in her eyes as she practically pounces on me. Her lips and hands are everywhere, making me chuckle. At the same time, however, I know exactly how it feels to be on the observing end of what we just experienced, so I happily indulge her overzealous emotions, kissing and wiping away her tears.

Lizzy takes pictures of our fresh ink for Alec's portfolio, lightly teasing me about getting corny ass matching tats, while he cleans up his makeshift

Faithfully

workstation. Completely ignoring Lizzy's comment, I briefly chat with him about waiting until Christmas to work on my arm to which he breathes a sigh of relief, stating he would definitely appreciate the extra time to create a scene we would all be happy with. By this time, everyone has filtered in to get a glimpse of our tattoos giving compliments and jests in kind. My father merely nods as he slaps me on the back and my mother can't stop petting and pawing at us while tears of happiness stream down her face.

I guess I didn't realize just how hard my solitary lifestyle had been on my parents, my mother in particular. She had been resolved to the notion that she would never see me truly happy and in love with a life partner and a family. The relief in her eyes is almost excruciating in its intensity and it makes me feel a little guilty that I caused her so much despair over the years, although I would not change waiting for Bella for anything.

Finally managing to escape from my mother's embrace, I wander to the hall bathroom looking for some aspirin. I know that between the piercing and the detailed tattoo Bella endured today, she will be pretty fucking sore in a couple of hours. It's the least I can do considering that she is always fucking taking care of me. I return to the kitchen just as Alec is dressing her tat, and offer her the aspirin before grabbing a bottle of water out of the fridge. She takes them from me with a grateful smile, mouthing a 'thank you' as he finishes up with the dressing.

It finally seems like everything in my life is perfect, like nothing can bring me down.

As always, I can't wait to hear what you think!

Laila

Chapter 13: Crack the Shutters

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

As always, thank you to everyone who continues to support this story...I'm sorry for the delay in posting, sometimes real life gets in the way. Thank you for each and every review, I love to hear your feedback. And I just want to say thanks to all of the devoted readers who have and continue to follow me...THANK YOU! You all keep me going ;-)

And, of course, thank you to my beta, Moblair, thank you for keeping my head straight, lol. You know how crowded it can get in there. haha!

~Faithfully~

* Chapter 13-Crack the Shutters*

~Edward~

Sweat is running down my hair and face, intensifying the stinging sensation of the new tattoo adorning the back of my neck. The stage lights are so fucking hot but they feel good, familiar. This is the one place where I am the most comfortable with myself, this is the man I know. My hair is soaking wet and I try to ignore the sweat that is dripping in my eyes as I sing.

" I know the pieces fit 'cause I watched them fall away Mildewed and smoldering, fundamental differing Pure intention juxtaposed will set two lovers' souls in motion Disintegrating as it goes, testing our communication The light that fueled our fire then has burned a hole between us so We cannot see to reach an end, crippling our communication..."

Faithfully

My fingers fly over the strings of my guitar without a second thought, this is second nature...this is me. When the song finishes, I take a moment to soothe my voice with a drink of water, as well as peel off the sweat-soaked short sleeved blue shirt I threw on tonight. We are about three quarters of the way through our set, and my nerves are starting to bubble to the surface. Tonight is a big night for me because tonight, I am singing Bella's song. I have two more songs to prepare myself. To be honest, I don't really know why I am so fucking worked up about it, like I've said before...I know she will love it.

It's kind of nice that my family is here as well. They have all been more than accepting and accommodating to Bella, a fact that I am beyond grateful for. It would have seriously fucking sucked if she hadn't meshed well with them, not that it would have changed the way I feel, though. It makes me happy that they are all equally protective of her as well. My father's reaction to how the meeting went this morning is testament to the lengths he is willing to go to defend her. He was fucking pissed at how Peter turned the whole situation on us, threatening Bella, Lizzy and my mother in the process. My dad was ready to do anything that he could to help us, including hiring a private attorney to find some sort of loophole in the agreement, but when I mentioned that he had threatened to file assault charges on the girls, he was livid. Needless to say, once he was able to breathe again, he assured me that he would take care of it.

My blood boils as I think back to the meeting the band had with Peter earlier this morning.

Flashback

"I don't know what there is to discuss, Peter. I told you...I'm fucking done with her. This isn't the first time we've had a problem like this and I have let the persistent, unwanted advances as well as some of the disrespectful comments slide, but what happened last night with Bella is the last fucking straw. I'm not dealing with her anymore."

"Look, Edward, Gianna is regretful of what transpired last night. You know as well as I do how alcohol can make you do and say crazy things. She has been really good to you boys in the past. You've known her for fifteen years, for

Faithfully

fucks sake! I think we can all get past this."

"No fucking way. I get that she is your niece, Peter, but I warned you beforehand. It's not my fault that she can't fucking control herself. I am all out of patience and I simply will not sit back and allow some jealous, bitter harpy to disrespect my woman...it's just not gonna happen."

"Think about what you are saying, Edward, we come as a packaged deal and we have an airtight contract." He shakes his head in disbelief before continuing, "I can't believe that you would even consider breaking our contract over some little girl that you have known for all of what... *six weeks*? Don't be stupid, man. We have been working together for fifteen years! And Gianna has officially been with you for ten, there is no way that you could put your loyalty into a piece of ass! Girls like that are a dime a dozen, Edward...stop thinking with your dick!"

I feel Emmett's massive arms lock around my chest as I lunge for Peter's throat. How dare he fucking speak about Bella that way. He doesn't know a goddamn thing about us. Jasper steps in front of me placing his hands on my shoulders speaking in the most soothing voice he can muster. He points out that assaulting Peter isn't going to accomplish anything and that I need to calm my temper down before I ruin everything for everyone.

The words flying out of my mouth are jumbled and incoherent...I am so fucking pissed that I am not even making any sense. It takes both Emmett and Jasper to hold me down because I am a big motherfucker. Add that to the pure rage that is pulsing through my body and the both of them are struggling to maintain their grasp on me. I know that Jasper is right, but I just can't overlook the shit he is spewing about Bella. She hasn't done a fucking thing to him to deserve the way he is talking about her. She is good to the core and I will not sit back and allow him to slander her.

This motherfucker must have a death wish because he keeps spouting off his mouth, as if I need anymore provocation.

Faithfully

"If you agree to maintain our contract, Gianna is willing to forgo pressing assault charges on your girlfriend, your sister and your mother."

My head whips around so fast at the sound of his words that it must be comical. "What the fuck did you just say?" I am literally shaking with anger at this point that I can hardly believe my ears.

"You heard me, Edward, and I would suggest that you calm yourself down...I wouldn't want to have to add you to that list as well. It would be in your best interest to suck it up at this point. I would hate to have to turn this into a sticky legal situation."

I turn my ire on Gianna, who is situated in a chair by the door, and her previous smug disposition shrinks under my wrathful glare. I have never felt so much hatred in my entire fucking life. Her face pales to a sickly looking green as she realizes the real threat behind the daggers in my eyes, but just as quickly the smug look returns as she looks away dismissively.

Knowing that I am at my breaking point, I shrug my boys off and flee the room. I don't want to be held responsible for what would have gone down had I stayed a moment longer.

When Emmett and Jasper join me outside moments later, they let me know that they understand my feelings and would have reacted the same way had it been their women he was talking about. While their support soothes my worry some, I can't help but fret over what is going to happen now. They both assure me that whatever it is, we will tackle it together. I have never been as thankful for my boys as I am in this moment.

End Flashback

Pulling my thoughts back to the present, I heave a deep breath and sigh. While the situation with Peter and Gianna is not worth wasting my energy worrying over, I can't help but be put out knowing that it is destined to blow up into a huge ordeal. It fucking pisses me off how that bitch was able to virtually destroy a fifteen year relationship in a matter of six weeks, all because she

Faithfully

could not take 'no' for a fucking answer. I hate that no matter what I say to Bella, she is going to feel responsible. What she doesn't understand, and what I will do anything to make her understand, is that it really has nothing to do with her and everything to do with Gianna. She is just a spoiled, unstable woman who didn't get her way. It wouldn't have mattered *who* I brought home. Of course, it doesn't help that Bella is- hands down- the sexiest and most beautiful woman to ever walk this earth.

My Bella.

The next two songs fly by and before I know it I am speaking into the mic, setting up the most important song that has ever fallen from my lips.

"How're you feeling Barcelona?" I shout out at the adoring fans. The crowd erupts in applause, hooting and hollering. I fucking love this city, they are always so responsive. "You guys are the best fucking city on the entire goddamn tour, you know that?" More cheers and applause. I take a moment to enjoy the energy they are throwing at us, grateful for the good fortune that allows me to do what I love every fucking day and the opportunity to share my passion with the world. "You know what you get for being the best fucking city on the tour?....You get to hear a brand new song. What do you think about that?" The stadium roars and it is deafening. I don't think I have ever felt such excitement. I smile at the fuckawesome reception before introducing the song. "This is a song I wrote for the woman who has single-handedly changed my life, and captured my heart. Bella, this is for you...I love you, baby."

I wait until the crowd hushes down somewhat before plucking out the opening chords.

You cool your bed-warm hands down

On the broken radiator,

And when you lay them freezing on me,

I mumble "Can you wake me later?"

Faithfully

But I don't really want you to stop

And you know it so it doesn't stop you

And run your hands from my neck to my chest

Crack the shutters open wide,

I wanna bathe you in the light of day

And just watch you as the rays tangle up around your face and body

I could sit for hours

Finding new ways to be awed each minute

Cuz' the daylight seems to want you just as much as I want you

It's been minutes, it's been days,

It's been all I will remember

Happy lost in your hair

And the cold side of the pillow

Your hills and valleys are mapped

By my intrepid fingers

And in a naked slumber, I dream all this again

Crack the shutters open wide,

I wanna bathe you in the light of day

Faithfully

And just watch you as the rays tangle up around your face and body

I could sit for hours

Finding new ways to be awed each minute

Cuz' the daylight seems to want you just as much as I want you

Crack the shutters open wide,

I wanna bathe you in the light of day

And just watch you as the rays tangle up around your face and body

I could sit for hours

Finding new ways to be awed each minute

Cuz' the daylight seems to want you just as much as I want you

When I look into the wings of the stage, all I see is Bella. She has both of her hands over her heart and tears streaming down her face. Pressing her fingertips to her lips she sends me a kiss, an action that I am happy to return. I thought I might be embarrassed to express my feelings this way, but as it turns out, I'm not. In fact, it feels really fucking good. I decide to skip the meet and greet because I really just want to be alone with her, so after the show we head straight to the house.

The only source of light in the bedroom is the flashing screen from the television which is playing a cheesy eighties slasher film and casting a faint bluish light on Bella's dark hair. I'm leaning against the headboard with her nestled between my legs and she is subconsciously picking at the hair on my calves, causing a periodic stinging to shoot through my leg, while she is totally engrossed in watching Johnny Depp be consumed by his bed in the most gory and disturbing way. We are both still completely wired, a completely unfortunate side effect of touring.

Faithfully

I laugh as she cringes at the disgusting scene, turning her face into my arm. When she registers that I am laughing, she bites me hard and then looks up at me with a scowl, which admittedly only makes me laugh harder. Taking advantage of her distracted state, I mute the fucking lame ass movie she conned me into watching, by promising sexual favors, and turn her so that she is facing me while straddling my thighs.

"So, I suppose I should call some movers to set up a time to ship my stuff to your place then?" I ask as I thread my hand through the silky strands of her hair, fascinated by the way they slip through my fingers. Her small, warm body clad only in the thin camisole and lacy boy shorts she threw on after the two rounds of love-making earlier is molded completely to mine fitting perfectly into the contours of my body.

She was made for me, just for me.

"Oh, uhm, I don't have a place," she admits sheepishly, peeking up at me through her long, curved eyelashes. "I was staying with Seth and Sam before we left for this trip. I was planning to find a place when we returned from Europe, you know, before classes start." Her expression is so sweet and regretful that I cannot help but smile.

"Well, that's better then."

She gives me a bemused look before I continue, "It would be easier to mesh our things into a new place rather than trying to merge my things into a space that's already occupied." I accentuate my point with a gentle kiss to her forehead.

Her smile is infectious as she comments, "A place that is truly ours." I nod my head slowly locking my gaze with hers while returning her smile.

"The last city in the European part of the tour is Athens. I have two weeks between that show and the one in Sydney...maybe we could fly to Seattle then to find something? I mean, unless you want mom to find something when she returns to the States, that way it could be set up and moved into when you

Faithfully

arrive." I suggest this, hoping that she will seriously consider the latter idea for purely selfish reasons. Especially since Australia and Asia were added to the tour cutting in to my off time before the US portion. If she allows my mom to set up the new place, she would be able to stay an extra three days with me.

"She wouldn't mind?" she asks with the most hopeful expression in her dark, expressive eyes. "I mean, we could pay her..."

I don't even let her finish that thought. There is no way my mother would want to be paid to help us. I know Bella means well, but it would seriously offend her. "No, we couldn't pay her. She would be ecstatic to help...believe me. Renovating and decorating is what she does. Besides, baby, we're her family."

Bella's eyes fill with tears, obviously overwhelmed by the prospect that someone would be willing to help us. I have to admit that it is nice to be able to rely on family, but I also don't want Bella to feel bulldozed, so I suggest that maybe we should look at a few property options online. You know, narrow it down to a handful that we would both be happy with, that way she knows upfront what she will be returning to in Seattle. I think she will feel less overwhelmed if she is able to maintain a semblance of control over the situation. Plus, I like the idea of us picking out our first home together rather than just accepting one that my mother chooses.

While we browse through properties online, Bella begins to tense up. I immediately worry that she is having second thoughts...maybe actually *purchasing* property together is too much for her. I try to hide the hurt and disappointment in my voice as I give her an out.

"Baby? If you're not ready for all this, I'll understand." I clear my throat awkwardly, feeling very unsure of myself. "I can leave my shit in London if you prefer. Of course, I still promise to come and spend every free moment I have with you." I concentrate on steadying my breathing as I thread and unthread our fingers together.

"What? No, Edward, that's not it. Uhm, I was just wondering why we are looking at homes that are millions of dollars..." she trails off, gesturing toward

Faithfully

the monitor of my laptop before looking up at me with so much innocence shining in her beautiful brown eyes that I want to laugh and scream with frustration all at once.

"Oh, thank fuck," I breathe as the tension instantly leaves my shoulders, the relief in my voice is obvious, causing her to turn and look at me with concern. "Well, I hate to be presumptuous Bella, but we really need a gated property. That is not really a negotiable point for me." Defiance flashes in her eyes and she quickly challenges me, "Not negotiable, Edward? I'm not going to be dictated." She huffs as she narrows her eyes, glaring at me while crossing her arms over her chest. My cock stirs in my pants at the fire in her eyes as she glared at me, I have to admit that shit is hot as fuck. I love feisty Bella.

"I'm not dictating to you, well, I kinda am but only because it is necessary. We are celebrities, baby, whether you want to be or not. Arguably the most popular couple in the whole fucking world right now. Security and a gate is imperative if we want any semblance of privacy. Americans are relentless, especially the paparazzi. I want you to be safe-no, I *need* you to be safe. Especially because I won't be around as much as I'd like to be while the tour is going." I am looking intently into her eyes trying to convey just how important her safety is to me and how there is just no way that I'm willing to budge on this point.

Her eyes soften at my words and she sighs, reaching out to smooth away the worry lines on my forehead and then trailing her fingers down the side of my face. "I guess I never really thought about how this would transpire in the real world," she concedes, motioning between us. "I'd like to feel a sense of security as well as privacy in my home as well." She looks down while twisting her hands in her lap nervously. Going crazy with wondering what is going on in her head now, I prompt, "Something is still bothering you." It is a statement, not a question.

"Well, it's just that, I mean, I have some money saved from the book and a bit of an inheritance, but not nearly enough to pay for half of what you are looking at there." She points her tiny black manicured finger at the property on the screen.

Faithfully

I take a deep breath thinking about the best way to go about this. The last thing I want is to start another disagreement. "Bella, I realize that contributing financially to our home is important to you, and to be honest it is important to me too. If only to make you feel like it is as much yours as it is mine. That being said, however, I realize that you are not going to be able to put half. If I had it my way you wouldn't put a dime, but I'm not stupid enough to suggest that. And like I said before, I understand the need to contribute." I know that I just contradicted myself, but whatever, she gets my point.

"I just don't want to feel like a kept woman, you know? I want this to feel like a partnership." She looks a little uncomfortable with this revelation, and my heart aches for her. It pisses me off at the same time, though.

"Bella, you are a student. You are an artist. You are the most amazing woman I have ever met, with dreams and aspirations. You are the furthest thing from a 'kept' woman that I have ever encountered and I hate that you think that. You really need to understand something about our relationship, though." I pause, looking into her eyes. I want her to really listen to what I have to say because I don't want to live the rest of my fucking life having this same argument over and over. "I am thirty-five years old and have been a famous musician since I was twenty. I have had fifteen years to make and collect obscene amounts of money. I'm not a frivolous spender, so I'm sure you can imagine how much I have saved. On top of that, I come from a very wealthy family...many generations past, old money if you will. My father is a prominent, world renowned surgeon and my mother is the most sought after interior designer in the country. My inheritance alone grossly surpasses everything I have made and saved on my own. I'm not trying to scare you or brag or whatever, I'm just trying to make you understand that we will never be able to bring equal amounts of money to this relationship, and that fact will never change. But, the thing is...that shit doesn't matter, the only thing that matters is that we both bring equal amounts of love and devotion. The rest is just stuff," I finish waiving my hand around the room dismissively.

When did I become such a profound motherfucker?

Faithfully

I have no idea, but I am fucking thankful because understanding washes over her beautiful face and she throws her arms around my neck peppering kisses all over my neck and jaw. "Thank you, ciccino. You always know what to say to make me feel better." She places one final kiss to my mouth and then moves to situate herself next to me as I scroll through various properties.

We spend the next hour looking at available homes in Seattle, each of us making a list of amenities that we want and some that we cannot live without. I for one can't live without a music room/recording studio, soundproofed and large enough to fit all of our equipment along with a piano. It would be really fucking nice to be able to record from home. Bella's eyes light up as she shyly states that she would really love to have an art studio with an attached darkroom. I vow at the wistful expression on her face that she will have the art studio that she deserves. I will do anything to keep that expression on her face.

When we have our picks narrowed down to seven, we settle in for bed, agreeing to speak with my parents about the situation in the morning. I also make a mental note to contact my attorney and financial advisor to let them know of my intention to purchase a new home and to set up a joint household account for Bella and I, deciding to get her accustomed to this idea first, before adding her to the rest of my accounts. I know it seems rash and stupid to just give her complete access to all of my money, some people would argue that it is stupid to give someone that much power over you. I just don't see it that way, though. Yes, giving her access to my money gives her a certain amount of power over me, but it nothing compared to the power she has over my heart. That is where the real risk is. That is the only way she could destroy me. So, if I trust her with that...what the fuck difference does the money make? Hugging Bella closer to me, I place a kiss against the side of her face and let sleep take me.

We find my mother along with my father at the kitchen table the next morning sharing companionable silence. They both look up as we approach, smiling warmly after noticing our tightly clasped hands and then returning to their previous activities.

Faithfully

"We have something we'd like to discuss with you. Something we need your help with." I realize after the words leave my mouth how frighteningly I have just presented our request for assistance. I chuckle at how my parents look like cartoons when they snap their heads toward us in perfect synchronization.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to freak you out, we were just hoping that maybe you could take care of some business in Seattle for us." My mom's eyes twinkle with excitement as she pieces together what it is that we need.

"Oh yes, of course! We'd love to help in any way we can...what do you need for us to do?"

Scrubbing my hand over my head and face I delve into our request, "We made a list of seven properties in Seattle, in order of preference, along with a list of amenities we each can't live without, and we were wondering if you wouldn't mind helping us secure one and fix it up so that Bella has somewhere livable to go home to, since she starts school immediately upon her return."

"Wow...yes, of course. I'd love to help you." Mom's eyes fill with tears as she mulls over our request. "Thank you, both, for including me."

Bella is up out of her seat and wrapped around my mother instantly, thanking her for her trouble. Mom dismisses any implication of trouble with a flick of her wrist and a stern 'nonsense.'

The next hour or so is spent with mom discussing color schemes and Bella's preference for décor. It seems that we will be maintaining a mostly neutral palette with red accents. I scowl at my dad when he mutters 'pussy' under his breath, obviously jabbing at how intently I am paying attention to paint colors and furniture styles.

Deciding that I have had enough estrogen filled conversation and that I really don't care what color the walls are, I retreat back to the bedroom we have been occupying this week to finish gathering our bags to place them by the door for when the driver arrives to take us to the airport.

Faithfully

Running into Jacob in the hallway, a thought crosses my mind as I think back to the day I introduced him to Bella. That conversation seems like ages ago and I smile to myself thinking about everything that has transpired since then. I honestly never thought that I would ever be this happy. I acknowledge my most trusted member of our security team and let him know that I have something that I'd like to talk to him about later. First, I need to run the idea by my girl. It's a little strange to have to constantly run things by her, but nice to have a partner to make decisions with at the same time.

Wandering back to the kitchen, I run into my dad. He teases me about color schemes before I land a playful jab to his side. He quickly grabs me putting me in a headlock and sticks his wet finger into my ear. Fucking gross. I push away glaring at him, "That's fucking nasty, dad." He just laughs at my petulance before his expression turns serious. "Have you thought about security for Bella?" His question makes me smirk because I have indeed thought about it, I was just thinking about it in the hallway as a matter of fact. "Yeah, I was thinking about asking Jacob to relocate with us. I figured that he would jump at the offer considering that his dad lives in La Push, besides...he's the best."

"I think that's a good idea, especially with the shit that went down yesterday between you, Peter and Gianna. I don't think it would be a good idea to leave her alone and unprotected." I nod my agreement, noticing the tense set of his jaw. I'm just about to ask him what his fucking problem is when he continues, "Did you fuck her?"

His question catches me completely off guard and he must register the shock in my features because he quickly clarifies, "Gianna, I mean."

"What? No! I wouldn't touch that dirty bitch with someone else's dick." I vaguely recall having said something similar to Bella about Rosalie and that thought makes me laugh. My dad disregards my inappropriate laughter, but raises his eyebrow I'm sure to let me know that he knows I have stuck my dick in some pretty shady places in the past. And while that is unfortunately true, Gianna's nasty cunt is not one of them.

Faithfully

"Hmmm. What is her fucking problem then?" He seems to be really baffled by the revelation that I have *not* fucked her.

"I don't know, dad, she just fucking wiggled out. She called me the day after the first pictures of Bella and I broke and just wailed on me for being inconsiderate and shit. It was a little weird. That's when I started to think she had feelings for me or whatever. You know, the thing is that I never led her on...at all. As a matter of fact, I was always kind of an asshole to her. But thinking back I guess she irritated me because she was always hanging around, showing up uninvited trying to include herself into our group. I don't get it though, because I never encouraged nor did I ever accept her presence."

He nods his head, lost in thought for a moment before speaking, "Well, just be careful with that one. I don't think she's all there and to be honest, I think she may be dangerous. I don't want to give her a chance to get to Bella. The way she looked at her the other night was pretty intense. In other words, I don't think that this is a passing fascination. I think that bitch is obsessed with you. I put a call into Jenks today, he is going to get his son involved, you know, have him watch her. You never know what people are capable of, son, and I'm not willing to take that risk with either one of you."

I'm really fucking touched by the lengths he is willing to go to protect us. I may be thirty-five years old, but it is still nice to know that my parents have my back.

I find Bella sitting with my mother, Alice and Lizzy on the couch watching the other women argue about the benefits of silk shaunting versus raw silk for curtains and throw pillows, etc. The look on her beautiful face tells me that she has had enough decorating talk so I smile sweetly as I ask my mom if I can steal Bella for a moment while taking her hand and leading her out onto the patio.

"Are you excited to get to Italy?" I ask as I pull her into my lap inhaling her floral scent deeply, nuzzling her hair with my nose. I let the familiar sweetness envelop me filling my head with one word, *home*.

Faithfully

"Yes, I can't wait to see my grandparents." Her expression is filled with wistfulness and anticipation. I am thankful that I thought to fly us separately straight into Le Marche, since we only have three days before the show in Rome. "I can't wait for them to meet you," she adds shyly while threading her fingers through my hair.

"I can't wait to meet them," I assure her sincerely, wanting very much to convey how honored I am that she wants to include me in such an important part of her life. Tightening my arms around her waist I decide to bring up the real reason I brought her out here.

"Baby, I want to run something by you before I make the offer." I pull back so that I can look into her gorgeous eyes to gauge her reaction. "I was thinking about asking, or offering rather, for Jacob to relocate to Seattle with us, well mostly for you."

When her eyes meet mine they are full of questions so I press on, hoping to assuage some of her concerns. "As you know, his father lives near Seattle and I'm sure that he would be really fucking happy to be closer to him."

Some of the concern leaves her eyes as she questions, "What about Leah? Where will they live?"

"Leah will go with him of course, and finding a place to live is why I'd like to let him know as soon as possible, you know, so that they can find a place."

"Oh, okay." She remains quiet for a moment before she asks, "What if I need him in the middle of the night?"

The innocence in her expression melts my heart as I pull her tightly to my chest and attempt to reassure her, "He will come anytime, day or night."

"Okay then, yes. I would be happy to have him around...but, what about you? That will leave you shorthanded. I don't want anything to happen to you."

My baby, always looking out for me.

Faithfully

"Don't you worry your pretty little head about me. I'll be safe, besides we really only keep that much security around for the girls and crowd control. Losing him isn't a big deal...I promise." I take this opportunity to tease her a little, in effort to convince her that I don't need a fucking bodyguard. Flexing my arms to make my biceps bulge then straightening them to contract my triceps I ask, "I don't look like I need a bodyguard, do I baby?" The innocent tone I use is fucking hilarious.

She shakes her head slowly looking slightly dazed, so I continue to goad absolutely loving her reaction.

"That's right. I don't. You see this?" I say as I resituate her to sit on the lounge chair so that I can stand in front of her while lifting the hem of my shirt exposing my abs and flexing them for all I'm worth. I have to say it's pretty fucking impressive.

She drops her eyes to my exposed abdomen, squirming in her seat and licking her lips.

"Six feet, three inches. Two hundred twenty one pounds of pure, rock-hard muscle," I taunt with a cocky smirk, lifting my shirt higher and inching closer to her while reaching down with my free hand to place hers on my stomach. She trails her fingers along the ridges with a whimper before hooking them into the waistband of my jeans, pulling me even closer to her as she attacks my abs with her mouth, making me drop my head back and groan loudly.

"I'd be able to take any motherfucker who is stupid enough to try me," I finish my rant, threading my fingers into her hair urging her to continue what she is doing with her tongue.

A frantic Alice pulls us out of our hormone induced display just as Bella starts unbuttoning my pants. Fuck. "You guys need to come inside," Alice calls from the doorway. Dread washes over me at the anxiety etched on her face as she disappears back into the living room. When I look down at Bella I notice a deep red blush has stained her cheeks. I don't know why she is shy and embarrassed now after all the PDA we have engaged in up to this point so I

Faithfully

ask, "Why the blush?" I caress the side of her face as I pull her to her feet, momentarily pushing the worry of Alice's comment aside.

"What? Oh, it's just...well, what if that had been one of your parents?" She reddens even further before scowling at my amused expression. I still don't get it. "So what if it was? It's not like my dick was in your mouth for the whole world to see." She continues to glare at me while crossing her arms over her chest as she bites back, "I just don't want them to see me as some kind of hussy, Edward." I raise one eyebrow before answering, "I must fucking love you, because you are goddamn ridiculous. Why would they even care that you were kissing me? It's no big secret that we touch, and grope and kiss and that I stick my dick in various parts of your body...why are you freaking out?" She rolls her eyes trying really fucking hard to stay pissed but the way the corner of her mouth twitches lets me know that her irritation is starting to subside. Still she presses, "Do you honestly think your mom wants to witness me giving her son a blowjob? I swear, you make me fucking stupid, Edward. I can't seem to control myself."

"And that's a bad thing? Oh, baby, I'm a sick, perverted asshole, I'll admit. But, I would never let you suck me off for the whole goddamn world to see. Give me some fucking credit, please."

Her expression softens and she wraps her arms around me. "I know you wouldn't, I trust you...completely. I'm sorry I freaked out. Forgive me?"

"Yeah, but only if you finish what you started before we leave for the airport." I tease with a wink and a smack to her ass, making her laugh.

"You're such a fucking perv," she teases looking over her shoulder as she heads for the front door.

And I have no retort for that because I am, especially when it comes to my girl.

The morose atmosphere in the living room hits me like a ton of bricks as soon as we cross the threshold. Everyone is sitting around the television watching with rapt attention to some jackass whining about how his girlfriend left him

Faithfully

for someone famous without telling him on one of those entertainment news shows. And that he didn't even know until he saw her picture on a weekly tabloid. Why the fuck are we watching this? It doesn't hit me until I look over at Bella and notice that all of the color has drained from her face. Snapping my attention back to the television I demand, "What the fuck is going on?"

Fire courses through my veins when I see the caption underneath the pompous asshole's face '*Collin Brady*' dressed in his pink polo shirt with a goddamn white sweater tied across his shoulders, along with the photo of his 'girlfriend' that they have now done a split-screen to include. The photo is of Bella and I walking hand in hand along the beach earlier this week, then cutting to a photo of us kissing from the same outing. I swear to fucking Christ I will kill the bastard for doing this to her.

A broken sob escapes Bella's lips, pulling me from my murderous thoughts. I quickly wrap my arms around her protectively while trying desperately to reign in my temper for the onslaught of questions and chaos that are about to ensue as I glance back at the fourteen pair of curious eyes that are now trained on us.

So much for our perfect bubble.

Please leave me some love...I've missed you!

Chapter 14: Here Is Gone

This is the repost of chapter 14, beta'd

all regular thanks apply!

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 14- Here Is Gone

I'm not the one who broke you

I'm not the one you should fear

We've got to move you darling

I thought I lost you somewhere

But you were never really ever there at all

~Here Is Gone- Goo Goo Dolls~

~Bella~

The weight of everyone's stares is crushing and I clutch desperately to Edward while silently thanking God that I have already told him everything there is to know about my past with Collin. Disbelief courses through me as my mind slowly begins to register what is happening around me. Collin spent two and a half years making excuses about why he couldn't commit to me and spouting off all kinds of bullshit about social status and proper breeding, and now he has

Faithfully

the nerve to call me his girlfriend, on national television? Just what does he think he is going to get out of all this? That thought alone infuriates me because it reminds me that he is, once again, using me.

Looking up into Edward's deep green eyes, eyes that are filled with murderous rage, I realize just how much damage this could do to his career...not to mention his reputation. A mix of guilt and trepidation washes over me and I can't help the fresh round of sobs that bursts from my chest. Edward's expression softens and he reaches up to brush away the tears that are streaming down my cheeks with his thumbs, as he tenderly cups my face. "Don't cry, baby, we'll handle this together." His voice is soft yet firm, and it doesn't escape my notice that he is making sure that I am okay and calmed down before he bothers to address the rest of the room, who's gazes are currently burning holes into the back of our heads. There is no possible way for me to love this man more than I do in this moment. He is putting everyone and everything else aside to focus solely on me and my feelings. He *always* puts my feelings first.

Anchoring myself in the depths of his eyes, I focus on breathing slowly until I feel my heartbeat slow and the panic start to subside. Sagging against his body and fisting my hands tightly in his shirt, I am finally able to relax. The weight of his hand as it moves slowly up and down my back is reassuring and I allow myself this moment to just be close to him while taking the opportunity to drown in his warm masculine scent. I feel him press a kiss to my hair before he addresses the room again, "How can we get a copy of that interview? I need to know exactly what he said." His voice holds a no nonsense tone that anyone would be crazy to question.

Jasper speaks up first and I have to admit that his tone has an accusatory edge that startles me, "Well, it seems that this Collin guy believes that you are gallivanting about with his girlfriend...and by the reaction of this one," he adds while nodding his head slightly in my direction, "I'd have to say there is some vestige of truth to that, is there not?" My eyes widen in horror at the thought that they automatically believed him. I mean, fuck, what kind of person do they think I am? I am just about to jump in and defend myself when Edward beats me to it.

Faithfully

"You better watch your fucking mouth, Jasper. I love you like a brother, man, but I won't hesitate to lay your punk ass out." There is a definite sharpness to his tone that suggests that he is not messing around and Jasper quickly holds his hands up in surrender effectively backing down from the potential argument. I reach out to place my palm against the side of Edward's face when a slight movement in my periphery catches my attention. I snap my head in the direction of the motion only to find a self-satisfied Rosalie and Tanya whispering amongst themselves.

"Just what are you two looking so smug about, huh?" I shout, finally letting all of the repressed anger I have at Collin manifest itself in my rant to these bitches. Rosalie remains quiet, but Tanya smirks before answering boldly, "I knew it was only a matter of time before you showed your true colors...You'll never be good enough for him."

"You don't know a fucking thing about me or this situation, so why don't you just shut the fuck up." I am seething by this point only minutely calmed when Lizzy gets up and pulls me into a tight embrace.

"It gonna be fine, Bella, you'll see," she coos in my ear, trying to bring my temper down to reasonable levels.

Over her shoulder I can see Edward, Jasper, Emmett and Carlisle in a heated argument and I strain my ears to hear what they are saying. I know that I shouldn't eavesdrop, but I hate that they are obviously fighting about me. The last thing I want to do is drive a wedge between Edward and the people who matter most in his life. My efforts are fruitless, though, because I can't decipher a damn thing they are saying. Finally, Esme sticks her fingers in her mouth letting out a loud whistle, effectively capturing everyone's attention.

"Why don't we sort out the details of what we are dealing with so that we can start working on a solution, hmmm?" Her voice is soft, but full of authority, and before I know it we are all headed for the long dining room table, about to air out all of my dirty laundry, which admittedly makes me extremely uncomfortable. We all take our seats and Esme remains standing, waiting until everyone quiets down before she begins talking.

Faithfully

"Now, Tanya, this matter has absolutely nothing to do with you so I suggest you find something to entertain yourself with for the time being." Esme flicks her hand toward the door, promptly dismissing her without a second glance, while simultaneously sending me an inconspicuous wink. "Now, Edward...Bella, this seems to be a private matter that may be best dealt with by family alone, but I'm leaving that decision up to you. Do you want the rest of the band to sit in on this discussion, or do you want to dismiss them, as well?"

I have to admit that I am impressed and a little bit intimidated by the air of authority surrounding Esme, thank goodness she is on my side. Looking over at Edward, I squeeze his hand under the table because I'm not really sure what we should do and I want him to understand that I trust his judgment. Edward clears his throat awkwardly before he speaks, "I want them to stay for the time being...some pretty shitty things were said and I think we need to clear the air before we even begin to discuss what we want to do about the rest of the situation, if that is okay with you, baby." He looks over at me as he speaks the last part and all I can do is nod my assent.

"Fine." Esme says as she settles herself into the chair next to Carlisle who is looking at Emmett like he is ready to spit nails. I shoot a questioning look at Edward who brings my hand up to his mouth to place a kiss in my palm before turning his glare on Emmett.

"How fucking dare you say that this is Bella's problem and that she should have to deal with this shit on her own. Not only have I put up with Rosalie's continuous and certainly unwanted advances for over a fucking decade, but I have supported you through all of the bullshit that has plagued us by the mere association with that tramp. The initial media frenzy that surrounded us when you married a fucking stripper, when her multiple sleazy sex-tapes came out...with *other* men, mind you...and your near bankruptcy due to her \$10,000 a day coke habit, not to mention the five stints in rehab. I can't fucking believe you!" Edward is standing in front of his chair leaning toward Emmett and shouting by the time he finishes ticking off each infraction on his fingers. I reach up to grip onto the hem of his tee shirt, trying fruitlessly to garner his attention. I don't want to be the cause of any further rift in the band, so I cut in, "Edward..."

Faithfully

He hold his finger up, successfully silencing me and I sit back in my chair feeling really uneasy with the way the conversation is going. Ignoring my attempt to calm things down, he turns his accusations on Jasper, slamming his open palm down on the table.

"And you...how could you? How could you imply that there is any truth to what that bastard is saying? I thought we were like brothers, Jasper? Who stood behind you when all that shit came out about Alice's time in the mental institution, huh? Who constantly fought with the media, desperate to do anything that would help to focus their attention on me and off your girl? Answer me motherfucker!" My heart is literally pounding in my chest. I have never seen Edward this angry, and by the things coming out of his mouth, I can clearly see his justification. He feels betrayed by the few people he trusts in this world, people he has apparently gone to great lengths to protect.

Jasper's eyes are as big as saucers but he remains quiet, tenderly stroking Alice's hair as she cries quietly beside him. I stand quickly, wedging myself between the table and Edward while placing my hands on either side of his face. Whispering sweet words of affection and devotion, I gently push until he is seated in the chair with his head cradled against my chest. The level of commitment and loyalty Edward has given to his band mates and their significant others throughout the years is astonishing and it really pisses me off that they didn't automatically reciprocate that loyalty, regardless of how they feel about me or our relationship. It seems to me that they clearly take him for granted. Yes, he is a hard-ass, and yes he is difficult to get along with at times, but he is also generous and funny and honest and loyal, not to mention disgustingly talented, and they would be *nothing* without him. He *is* Eclipse, and they would be smart to remember it. That is a discussion for another time, but there is something I need to say to them now before I focus on the pain that this situation and the people who should love him have caused for Edward.

I try to calm myself down enough to speak and stroke Edward's hair to comfort us both. I finally look up into the eyes of the people Edward has stuck his neck out for and whisper, "You should be ashamed of yourselves. I now realize our shitstorm is much smaller than any of yours. We will handle it on our own, just like Edward has apparently done everything else. I have many things to say to

Faithfully

you, none of which are beneficial at the moment. I suggest you learn to deal with your own problems from now on. You may leave now."

I look into all of their eyes as they sit there, motionless. They all looked shocked and maybe a little remorseful, even Rosalie, if it's possible. None of them make move to leave, but it doesn't matter because right now the only thing I want to do is crawl into my man's lap and love him, comfort him, reassure him that he is no longer alone and that he never will be again, so I do...and once I am settled astride his thighs, I lift his face, forcing him to look into my eyes and reiterate that fact. "I'm here, ciccino, you aren't alone anymore. I'm here for you, I'll always be here for you. And you don't have to bear the brunt of everyone else's burdens anymore, it's not your duty. Let them take responsibility for their own decisions and we will take responsibility for ours. I don't expect them to all jump in and help to clean up my messes. I only expect that *you* shoulder it with me."

He gazes into my eyes for what feels like forever before he finally sighs while, nodding his head in acceptance and understanding. Winding his arms around my body, he crushes me to his chest nuzzling my neck before whispering that he loves me in my ear.

When he finally relaxes his hold on me, he curtly dismisses everyone who are still stuck in their spot, except the family, leaving Carlisle, Esme, Lizzy, and Alec since Seth and Sam left early this morning. Once everyone filters out, Carlisle starts speaking,

"I'm glad you got that shit off of your chest, Edward, it's about time that they are called out on how they have always taken advantage of you and the selfless way you have always turned unflattering events onto yourself in order to protect everyone else." Carlisle's eyes are soft as he speaks, but they leave no room for argument as he continues, "You need to stop with the fucking martyr routine, though, as you have your own woman to look out for, now, and as you can see," he pauses as he waves his hand around the nearly empty room, "you can't count on anyone but yourself and your family to help you do so. And all too soon, hopefully, you are going to have children to add to the mix. I'm not trying to cause problems with your band mates, son, I just don't want to ever

Faithfully

see you this disappointed again."

Edward remains quiet for several minutes before nodding slowly. Flashing his green eyes up to meet his dad's he finally answers, "I understand where you're coming from...thanks. And I'm sorry I lost it like that, but fuck, dad, they just...they hurt me. I don't think they understand the depth of our feelings, or rather, they don't want to acknowledge them. They think it's all fun and games and that she will ditch me as soon as this part of the tour is finished and that I will return to the Edward that they knew before. But even if that were the case, why would they *want* that for me?"

The vulnerability and disappointment is evident in his expression and it is absolutely heartbreaking. Carlisle is pensive for a moment before he answers, "Because as much as the media has always made you out to be the immature one of the group, the truth is that you are the one who always takes care of everyone else, and now that you are not available to do that...well...they are going to have to learn how to take care of themselves. My guess, by the way things went down today, is that they are not very happy about that fact."

Finally giving up my perch on Edward's lap, I slide into the seat I was occupying before, figuring that it might be more appropriate to discuss the matters at hand from a separate chair. Not wanting to be any farther from him than absolutely necessary, however, I manage to nudge the chair as close to his as possible while leaning against the side of his body with my head resting against his shoulder. Winding my arms around his bicep, I slide one of my hands inside the arm of his tee shirt as I lightly scratch his skin with my blunt fingernails. He reaches out, sliding his hand along my thigh until he finally curls his fingers around my knee while roughly tugging at his hair with the other hand.

"Why don't we start from the beginning, that way we know what we are potentially dealing with," Carlisle suggests while turning his gaze toward me. His expression is soft and his eyes are comforting which makes it much easier to rehash the biggest regret of my short life. I am crying for the third time today by the time I finish my story, but it brings me immense comfort that no one blames me for my poor judgment. As a matter of fact, everyone seems to

Faithfully

be upset at Collin for the way he used me and livid with the way he treated me. I try to argue by saying that I'm the one who kept going back, but they all brush off my attempts at taking the blame upon myself by agreeing that I made a poor choice but that no one deserves to be treated so callously, regardless of the circumstances.

I feel elated that I have the support of Edward's family and I know with all of my heart that they will be there to support us through whatever Collin decides to throw at us, but that elation is shadowed by the guilt I feel when I realize that because of me, of course, he no longer has Gianna to help navigate this shit storm for us.

Fucking great.

After a phone call to the family attorney, Carlisle announces that we now have a publicist, or rather, I have a publicist that is willing to bend over backwards to straighten this whole ordeal out. He hands me a piece of paper with a name and phone number, instructing me to call her immediately to give her any and all of the information she might need to help her handle this situation.

Victoria James answers her phone on the second ring announcing that she has been waiting for my call. She is kind and sympathetic to me as I relay, for the third time, the embarrassing story of my past relationship with Collin Brady. By the time I finish my story, including names of the girls he publicly dated while we were together, addresses of parties he attended with those other girls, as well as any and all contacts and acquaintances I could recall, she announces that she has more than enough to get started. She lets me know that she will be in constant contact with me until she has something solid to strike back with, and after expressing how grateful I am that she is willing to help me out, we say goodbye.

My phone feels like a dead weight in my hand, but I manage to look up at the amazing people that are now in my life and thank them for all of their help and support. Esme gathers me into her arms, reassuring me that this is what family is for as she places kisses in my hair. I catch Carlisle's eye from across the table and he sends me a wink, letting me know that no thanks are necessary.

Faithfully

I'm not naïve enough to believe that it will be easy to make Collin go away, but I now feel better equipped to handle him, and looking at Edward, I know I have a reason to fight. Collin is a mean, vindictive asshole who would gain pleasure out of tarnishing my reputation. I'm sure his main goal is to destroy my relationship with Edward, but I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that this amazing man will stand behind me every step of the way.

By the time we finish our conversation it is two-thirty and I am starving. Edward is, too, because he stands up rubbing his stomach and announcing that he is, and I quote, 'fucking famished'.

Esme is up and fluttering around the kitchen in an instant, fixing sandwiches for us, which we take outside to eat on the patio. "Your family is so wonderful. It was really nice to be able to share that kind of private information and not feel like I was being judged." He reaches over to brush the hair out of my face while offering a small smile. "They love you, there is no reason to judge. Everyone has a past, Bella. I just hate that yours is doing this to you...it's not surprising, though, considering the kind of person he is. Heaven forbid he doesn't use you to get his fifteen minutes of fame."

We are just finishing up our lunch when Alice makes her way out onto the patio looking timid and unsure of herself. I offer her a warm smile and waive her over, hoping to dispel the unease that is currently dulling her normally bright, exuberant personality. Her expression lightens some as she makes her way over to us, sitting down in one of the empty chairs. She places several magazines on the table along with some articles that she has printed out from the internet. "I thought these might help..." she trails off, uncertainty clouding her features once more.

"Thank you, that was very thoughtful of you." I reach out and place my hand over hers wanting her to realize that I don't hold anything the guys said against her. She looks up at me with stormy grey eyes and I can see so much sadness reflected back at me. "I'm sorry for what Jazz said," she offers in a small voice. "I can't believe he would say something like that. He knows how the media will take and twist stories. I just...I'm so embarrassed, and I want you to know that I don't feel the same way." Hugging her tightly to me, I let her know that I

Faithfully

believe her and that I never thought she would think that of me to at all. Edward also accepts her apology, stating that she has nothing to apologize for, and then offers her an apology in return for bringing up her past without her permission, to which she dismisses, assuring him that she would have told me the story eventually and that he just gave her an opening to do so.

The rest of the afternoon passes quickly as we gather the final things we have laying around the house, and before I know it, we are saying our goodbyes. I thank Edward's family again for their love and acceptance, and Esme once again tells me to get used to it. She also lets us know that she has contacted her real estate agent and that they have set up an appointment to look at the houses on our list for Wednesday morning. She will call us as soon as she has seen all of the properties on our list to let us know what she thinks of them. Carlisle wraps me in a tight embrace, discreetly muttering in my ear that he will keep her under control which makes me laugh, earning a scowl from Edward. "I swear to fucking Christ dad, stop hitting on my girlfriend." Carlisle just shoots him a smirk worthy of Edward's cockiness and slaps him on the back as he pulls him into a "man" hug while whispering something in his ear. Edward nods while looking down at the ground then thanks him before waiving at them as they climb into their waiting car.

We quickly say goodbye to Lizzy and Alec, and Lizzy promises that she will come out to Seattle to spend some time with me once Edward leaves to start the US leg of the tour. The thought of getting to spend more time with her makes me incredibly happy considering that, besides Alice, I really don't have any female friends. As we drive away, I think about how much they already mean to me and how much I will miss them over the next few weeks.

It doesn't escape my notice that Edward doesn't speak to his band mates before they leave for the airport.

Edward took it upon himself to book our travel so that we fly into the town of Ancona, which is a ninety minute drive from Le Marche (the region in Italy in which my grandparents live), while the rest of the band flies straight into Rome, since we only have two days to visit before the show. He is so damn thoughtful, and I can't even articulate how thankful I am that he arranged our

Faithfully

travel this way, because it means that I will get to spend an extra day with my grandparents.

I called Nonni yesterday to remind her that I would be coming in late tonight and that I would be bringing a very important guest with me. She was thrilled when I told her about Edward and assured me that she would leave the key in the flowerpot and that she would make sure my room was ready for us.

The three hour flight flies by and, at last, the car is making its way down the long winding driveway to my grandparents home. Edward unloads our bags and follows me up the porch steps and eventually inside. I lead him quietly through the house until we finally reach the bedroom I have occupied nearly every summer since I was six. He gently places our bags inside the closet and then toes off his shoes and socks while simultaneously pulling the tee shirt he is wearing over his head. I can see the red waistband of his boxer-briefs poking out with how low his well worn jeans are resting on his hips. He shoots me a sexy smirk when he catches me staring at his half naked form as he saunters over, looking at me like he wants to devour me.

A shiver of anticipation shoots up my spine and a gush of arousal seeps out from between my thighs, completely soaking my panties as I quickly slip out of the sandals I'm wearing, keeping my eyes locked on his the entire time. I rub my thighs together, trying to gain some friction as he finally gets close enough to reach out for the back of my head. Threading his long, calloused fingers into my hair, he roughly pulls my face to his while aggressively invading my mouth with his tongue. He explores my mouth insistently, tasting and sucking at my lips while gripping the back of my thigh with his free hand and hooking my leg around his hip so he can grind himself into my throbbing clit.

"I need you," he breathes into my mouth before nipping at my bottom lip. His voice sounds so desperate and it only spurs on my body's reaction. "Yes," I moan, snaking my hands into his hair and pushing his face into my neck. "Mark me," I groan as he begins to suck at the delicate skin, absolutely thrilled that there will be a fresh, dark mark from him the next time I look in the mirror. His hands tighten their hold on me as he sinks his teeth into the delicate flesh of my throat. I let my head fall to the side to give him more room while I

Faithfully

reach in between our bodies to unbutton his jeans.

Sliding the denim over his hips, I drop to my knees, wanting nothing more than to take him deep down my throat. I take a moment to admire the skull and roses that adorn the fabric covering his massive cock, nipping at the thin cotton before reaching up to hook my fingers into the waistband of his underwear and dragging them down his muscular legs. Pushing lightly on his thighs, I guide him to sit on the end of the bed, keeping my eyes trained on his erection standing tall and begging for attention. I can't help the giggle that escapes my lips as I take in the sight of his piercings and the trouble they caused in the airport earlier today, resulting in Edward being taken behind the curtain to be searched when the wand indicated that he had metal beyond his zipper in his pants.

A sharp tug on my hair pulls me from my memory and I slide my open palms up his thighs as I lean in to lick up the underside of his shaft, feeling the texture of the steel balls under the sensitive flesh of my tongue. Edward reaches down to pull the tank top I'm wearing over my head and then unclasps and discards my bra as I take the head of his cock inside my mouth, sucking lightly. "Uhh, fuck, baby. Take off the rest," he rasps out between moans. I swallow him deep down my throat for a moment before releasing him with a pop so I can discard my jeans and panties, promptly dropping back down to my knees and taking his whole length into my throat again. He hisses at the suddenness of my movement, but quickly gives himself over to the sensation while tangling his hands into my hair. Releasing him again, I continue to stroke him with one hand while sucking each of his balls into my mouth and twirling my tongue around the sensitive area right behind his sac. He is grunting and groaning when suddenly he yanks on my hair while reaching down with his free hand to grab me by my ass. He pulls me up onto his lap like I weigh next to nothing, and I have to admit that it makes me feel fragile and feminine at the same time. I know it is cliché, but it is insanely sexy to have a man that is big and strong enough to toss you around a bit.

Before I realize what is happening, his tongue is in my mouth and he is pulling me down onto his rock-hard cock. I gasp at the feeling of him filling me completely and immediately wrap my arms around his neck, threading my

Faithfully

fingers into his messy hair as I eagerly respond to his kiss. He pushes his hips up as I roll mine, creating the most wonderful sensations and I can do nothing but moan wildly. His arm tightens around my waist and he starts to pull me down harder and harder, driving impossibly deeper with each thrust.

"Yes... yesss...come on, Bella, I need you to fucking come. You feel so good, too good. I can't hold on any longer. Please sweet girl, please fucking let go for me." His voice is sweet, and loving yet rough and sexy at the same time. The contradiction in it does amazing things to my body and I can feel that I am right on that edge, I just need a little more. As if he can read my mind, he begins to roll his hips in the opposite direction of me at the top of each of his hard thrusts, and by the third time he does it, I am so over stimulated that I begin to convulse as I fall apart in his arms. Everything is swirling and spinning and flashing and I can only vaguely hear the strange keening sound that escapes my lips as this incredibly intense orgasm claims my body. Edward lays back and he continues to rock my hips hard and fast over his until he finally tenses while letting out a sound somewhere between a grunt and a groan with his release. I watch intently as his face twists in ecstasy and marvel at how beautiful he is. The light sheen of sweat covering his body along with the beads of sweat on his forehead glisten in the moonlight and when he finally opens his eyes to look up at me, a slow lazy smile spreads across his face. "I love you," he states as he reaches up to push the hair away from my sweaty forehead. He looks godlike, angelic even and I am powerless to do anything at the moment but stare.

He pulls me down onto his chest pressing his lips to my temple while he wraps me protectively in his arms, and when I finally find my voice I return the sentiment, "I love *you*." I hear his hum of contentment as I fall asleep on his chest, with his flaccid cock still inside me.

The next morning I wake early and seek out my Nonni, leaving a soundly sleeping Edward in my bed. I find her in the kitchen making fresh cornetto, a sweet Italian pastry much like a croissant, and brewing espresso for cappuccino.

Faithfully

"Nonni," I breathe into her neck as I throw my arms around her shoulders, allowing her sweet, comforting scent to fill my nostrils.

"Oh, my angel. It is wonderful to see you." She takes a step back to really look at me, "My how you have grown up since the last time you were here sweetheart, you are a woman now." Taking my face in her weathered hands she places kisses on each of my cheeks. "Where is this young man of yours?" she asks as she looks behind my shoulder.

"Still asleep, Nonni, he should be up soon." I smile sweetly as I add, "I can't wait for you to meet him." I look around the large kitchen not seeing my grandfather anywhere, which is odd. "Where is Nonno?"

She turns her attention back to the cornetto as she answers with a flick of her wrist, "Tending to the vines with Mateo."

A slight sense of unease creeps into my mind at the mention of Mateo, but before I get a chance to dwell on it I feel Edward step up behind me, placing a gentle kiss on the top of my head as he settles his hand on the small of my back. I let the smell of his soap envelope me as I shamelessly drink in the sight of him fresh from the shower.

"Morning, baby," he says with a smirk while lightly brushing my cheek with the back of his knuckles. "Morning," I reply in a daze. The effect this man has on me with just the slightest touch is truly amazing. Snapping out of my Edward induced haze, I proceed to introduce Edward to the most important woman in my life. "Edward this is my grandmother, Isabella Compagnoni. Nonni, this is my *anima gemella* (soul mate), Edward Cullen."

Edward reaches out for her hand placing a gentle kiss to the back of it, "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Mrs. Compagnoni, Bella has told me so much about you."

"The pleasure is mine, sweet boy, you make my Bella very happy. Continue to do so, and you will always have a place in my heart." Nonni, then grabs Edwards head placing kisses on each of his cheeks before brushing her hand

Faithfully

through his hair. The sight makes me a little emotional and teary eyed, so I offer Edward one of the fresh baked cornetto in hopes of breaking some of the tension.

Conversation flows easily with Nonni and Edward and I have to admit that the fact Nonni speaks flawless English offers me some much needed comfort about the situation while still allowing me to enjoy the familiarity of her heavy accent. We move to the living room and Edward proceeds to tell my grandmother about his career in music, how he usually lives in London and about how we are buying a house in Seattle so that I can finish school. He tells her about his childhood in Chicago and how he earned his Doctor of Music degree at Oxford with the intention of teaching music composition at the university level when the hype surrounding the band died down. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it, that has yet to happen. He also goes on to tell her how he would like to fund a program for underprivileged children that would provide them the gift of free music education, but that he doesn't want to start that until he can be heavily involved not only in the organization and operation of the foundation, but in the teaching as well. I know all of this already, of course, but it doesn't seem to curb the overwhelming amount of pride that surges through me when I hear him discuss those plans. He is such a generous and loving man and I am lucky to have him in my life.

It is nearing lunchtime when Edward briefly excuses himself to use the restroom, and Nonni doesn't waste a second when she pulls me into her arms overjoyed by the fact that not only have I fallen in love but that the man I have given my heart to is everything she hoped he would be, except for all the mess he has 'painted on his body'. Her thoughts on his 'excessive' tattoos is funny to me especially when she goes on to wonder why anyone would want to cover up such beauty following up with the declaration of him being a 'hunk'. "He reminds me so much of my Emilliano..." she states with a wistful look in her eye.

Edward clears his throat behind us and the smirk on his face makes it obvious that he has heard everything she said. Nonni jumps up and scurries to the kitchen casually calling over her shoulder that she needs to get started on lunch

Faithfully

for the men but the telltale blush on her cheeks betrays her embarrassment. Edward snickers as he takes his place next to me on the sofa leaning back, stretching his long muscular arms along the back of the couch and propping his foot over his knee while threading his fingers into the hair at the back of my neck. He pulls me in for a quick but passionate kiss as he teases me a bit about falling in love with a hunk while wiggling his eyebrows in a ridiculous Emmett fashion, making me laugh while playfully shoving him away.

Nonno comes in a few minutes later and I pull Edward to the center of the room to greet him. After brief yet polite introductions, he excuses himself to wash up for the afternoon meal. Nonno is not a man of many words and I am deeply touched by the fact that he uses his best broken English when he addresses Edward. He doesn't give Edward much of a chance to respond, however, before he dashes off to the washroom. Edward turns and winds his arms around me, placing a sweet, loving kiss on my lips before he starts to tell me something. I never get a chance to hear what it is though because the next thing I know, I hear a gasp from the doorway and the sight before me breaks my heart. Mateo is standing just inside the doorway with a look that can only be described as a mix of shock, horror and anguish etched across his strong Italian features. Edward tightens his grip on me, but I gently twist out of his grasp while I attempt to diffuse the situation by offering introductions, and I don't need to be wrapped around my boyfriend to do it.

"Edward, this is Mateo. Mateo, questo è Edward." Even though I am standing a little bit in front of him and cannot see his expression, I fidget a little because I can clearly feel the tension radiating off of Edward's body. I instantly feel bad that I didn't introduce him as my boyfriend but I don't want to hurt Mateo's feelings any more than I obviously already have, besides, it's not like isn't obvious anyway.

I have known Mateo since I was six years old. I spent every summer playing and exploring Le Marche with him, and as we grew up, discovering sex with him, as well. He was my first kiss, my first touch, my first everything...he took my virginity and I took his. It has always been an unspoken understanding between us that whenever I am in Italy, I am his. So to show up now, with Edward, is a huge slap in the face to him and I can't help the immense guilt that

washes over me.

I am pulled back to the present when Mateo lets out a strangled cry as he collapses on the couch with his face buried in his hands. Wanting more than anything to erase the pain he is feeling at the moment I rush over to him wrapping my arms around his head. The guilt I feel at the moment is immense, but the only thing I can do at this point is offer him the only comfort I can. The anguish in his voice is disarming. "Per favore non di dire esserla è mosso sul mio bell'angelo, per favore dirmi non è il suo ragazzo." (Please don't tell be you have moved on my beautiful angel, please tell me he is not your boyfriend.)

The next thing I know, I am kneeling before him and brushing my hands through his dark hair while cooing sweet words of comfort. When he tries to pull me into his lap, however, I gently push him away, "Sì, il topolino, è il mio ragazzo. Sono così spiacente." (Yes, topolino, he is my boyfriend. I'm so sorry.) I hate that I didn't give him any warning, but it doesn't change the circumstances.

I hear Edward huff loudly behind me and I turn to glare at him. "Are you fucking kidding me with this shit?" Edward seethes gesturing to Mateo. He looks absolutely livid, and for the life of me I can't figure out why. "Edward, can you leave us alone for a moment?" I ask, leaving no room for argument. "Oh...that's fucking golden, Bella. Why don't you tell your friend there to stop fucking glaring at me, and to wipe that smug fucking smirk off his goddamn face. I swear to fucking Christ, I won't hesitate to do it for him."

Not wanting the tension to escalate any further, I turn back to Mateo pleading, "Per favore, Mateo, non l'oppono. Lei farà solo delle cose peggiori." (Please, Mateo, don't antagonize him. You will only make things worse.) I know Edward's temper all too well and I certainly don't want it to be on full display here in front of my grandparents.

Mateo chuckles darkly before sneering, "Oh, Bella, dunque ubbidiente. Non ho mai pensato vedrei il giorno che lei lascia un uomo dice lei ciò che fare. Devo ammettere che sono un po' geloso." (Wow, Bella, so obedient. I never thought I would see the day that you let a man tell you what to do. I have to admit that

Faithfully

I'm a little jealous.) He reaches up to brush his fingers across my cheek before whispering, "Dove lo spittfire è che piacevo? Ci sono così molti usi migliori per quella bocca erotica di baciare quest'asino dello scatto." (Where is the spitfire that I used to enjoy? There are so many better uses for that sexy mouth than to kiss this jerk's ass.) His hot breath fans across my face and I recoil, equal parts embarrassed and horrified that he would speak to me like that in front of my boyfriend. Where does he get off?

I make to stand up, wanting to get away from the whole situation, when I feel Edward's strong hands pull me to stand behind him while leaning down to stand nose to nose with Mateo as Mateo stands up from the couch. Edward looks really fucking intimidating at the moment and it doesn't help the situation that he is at least six inches taller than my childhood friend.

"Fare lei non fottendo mai il tocco o il discorso a lei che la maniera di nuovo se lei desidera trattenere l'uso delle sue mani maledette. Mi faccio chiarisce?" (Don't you ever fucking touch or talk to her that way again if you wish to retain usage of your fucking hands. Do I make myself clear?) Mateo shrinks away from Edward's wrath, and as pissed off as I am that he is acting on his irrational jealousy, I have to admit that he looks sexy as hell. And hearing him speak Italian is making my girlie parts tingle. Fuck, I didn't even *know* he spoke Italian. I rub my thighs together, momentarily distracted, before I command firmly. "Edward, I love you. But I need to speak to Mateo privately about his disrespectful behavior. Give me a moment. Please don't make me ask you again." I send him a sharp look and try my damndest to keep the lust from shining through. He looks into my eyes for a moment before letting out a heavy sigh and reluctantly turning away from me.

When I turn back to Mateo I have every intention of telling him how upset I am, but ultimately forgiving him. However, when I catch a glimpse of a gold band around the third finger of his left hand, I can't help my ire. "Che il fotte è ciò?" (What the fuck is that?) I shout, pointing at the offending piece of metal. How could he say such crass things to me when he has a goddamn wife at home? Or better yet, why did he act so fucking heartbroken when he found out that I had a boyfriend? He has a fucking wife! Bastard. The situation becomes painfully clear to me at this moment. He wanted to instigate a fight between

Faithfully

Edward and I. What a prick.

"It's a wedding ring, Bella...not like you care. Her name is Lenore. You know her, I introduced you to her the last time you were here." His voice is soft, regretful even.

"Why would you act like that when you have a wife at home, Mateo? Do you even know how disrespectful that is to her. God!" I am so mad. This is not the boy I used to know.

Suddenly the light turns on in my head. I gasp at the realization of what he just said. Snapping my head to look him in the eye I ask, "Were you already with her the last time you were with me?" I can't imagine being the other woman again.

His voice is barely a whisper when he finally answers, "Yes. I started dating her our sophomore year. I'm so sorry, Bella."

I let his confession sink in before I press, "You cheated on her with me?" It is more a statement than a question.

"Yes."

It feels like a knife to my heart because I trusted this guy. How can I ever look at Lenore again knowing that he did that?

"You really weren't a virgin." I hold my breath, cursing my naiveté.

"No." Oddly the revelation doesn't make me angry just sad. I hate knowing that I have been used and lied to again.

"I'm glad that you gave that to her...she deserves to have at least that part of you." I tell him honestly, even though it sucks that he lied to me.

I smile in spite of everything. Edward might have an unflattering past, but he has always been nothing short of honest and upfront with me about it. I may

Faithfully

have picked two losers to share myself with before him, but if that is the small price I had to pay to end up with such an amazing man, then I'd pay it again...gladly. I send Mateo a sad smile because despite how much he hurt me today, he did succeed in solidifying my respect for Edward and our relationship and making me realize that I am ready for a permanent commitment...even if Edward is currently in the doghouse.

I take a deep breath, steeling my resolve. Heading out the back door in the direction which Edward fled, determined to call him on the irrational jealousy he displayed earlier. That shit isn't going to fly.

Edward is about to meet that spitfire tonight, I smirk to myself.

Chapter 15: With Or Without You

Oh my goodness...

So since my beta is so fucking awesome, I'm able to post the next chapter! That's two in one week! I figured that all you devoted readers deserved an early post since it has been so long between updates for the last few chapters...

I would like to thank Ryanne for making a Faithfully playlist, and making my day! You make me smile. (You can find the link to the Faithfully blog on my profile page) Keep in mind that it has some mood songs mixed in and it is only for chapters 1-13 at this point.

A gigantic thank you to everyone who continues to read and review. I can't believe that we are already over 300 reviews! That is just amazing for me.

As always, thank you to Moblair my beta. I really couldn't do this without you. I heart you so fucking much.

Don't forget to check out Faithfully: The Outtakes for the first installment, if you haven't already.

Okay...let's get on with it.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 15- With or Without You

Sleight of hand and twist of fate

Faithfully

On a bed of nails she makes me wait

And I wait without you

Through the storm we reach the shore

You give it all but I want more

And I'm waiting for you

With or without you

With or without you

I can't live

With or without you

With or without you

~With or Without You- U2~

~Edward~

I'm sitting on a stone bench in Bella's grandparent's back yard thinking about the words my father said to me just yesterday and how defensive I was at first thinking he was full of shit. I guess he knows more than I thought when it comes to matters of the heart.

"Son, I hope you realize that this relationship isn't going to be easy." His tone is calm and gentle, but it still pisses me off, putting me immediately on the defensive.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I bite out harshly. My father doesn't hesitate to bite back, but he has a way of using his tone to get my attention and calm me down at the same time.

Faithfully

" I'm talking about the fact that your girlfriend is young, Edward, very young. And while I believe that she loves you every bit as much as you love her, I think that she still has some growing up to do. Aside from that, she hasn't really had the best role models when it comes to working through differences to make a relationship last, not to mention her own experience with relationships." He looks at me pensively before continuing. "I know that you haven't had much relationship experience, if any, yourself...but what you lack there, you gain in life experience and maturity. You are a natural caretaker, you always have been, so although you haven't really experienced romantic love before, it is a natural transition for you to have a significant other...almost instinctual. It makes sense for you to want everything right now, but you are going to have to give her a chance to catch up. You have fifteen years on her, Son, I just want you to remember that when the impatience and the jealousy threaten to take over. Given your extreme possessiveness, conflict is inevitable."

I guess this is exactly what he's talking about.

This fucking sucks. I can't fucking believe that she took that asshole's side and dismissed me the way that she did. How could she fucking choose to talk to him before me, and just send me away like a fucking dog? She is *my* fucking woman for Christ's sake! Working things out with *me* should be her first priority.

Taking a deep breath in effort to calm my raging temper, I scrub my hands over my face and through my hair, trying desperately to understand why she might have done that. My body vibrates with rage and jealousy when I think about the way he reached out to touch her...she *did* push his hand away, though, so I reluctantly think that counts for something. It is obvious that they know each other intimately, so I'm assuming that she fucking slept with him. And the fact that he was with her grandfather today leads me to believe that maybe he is a family friend? She must have known him since she was a little girl. The sigh that escapes me feels heavy and defeated and I can't fight the melancholy that washes over me. Did she love him?...Does she love him still? I have to believe that she doesn't because she told me that she's never loved anyone but me.

Only me.

Faithfully

Arrggg! I want so desperately to believe her, but I have to admit that I have my doubts now. Why else would she totally disregard the feelings of the man she loves, but for a man she loves more. Dropping my head into my hands propping my elbows on my knees, I finally let the emotions I've been fighting surface. I fucking hate feeling inadequate. *A fucking pussy, that's what I am.* To be honest, I don't know which bothers me more, the fact that she dismissed me, or the fact that I obeyed her like a goddamn puppy. I'm thirty-five fucking years old! I don't need to be told what to do by a girl nearly half my age. Fuck! Who am I kidding? I would do anything she told me to do. Fucking pussy-whipped motherfucker. What if she is inside right now reconciling with that tool? What will I do if she comes out only to tell me that she realized that she doesn't want me anymore? I want to spend the rest of my fucking life with her, even if she were to come to me right now and tell me that she doesn't want me anymore, I would beg and plead for her to reconsider...for her to stay with me.

I quickly snap out of my emo bullshit, discreetly wiping the few stray tears from my eyes and arrange my features into a scowl when I hear her light footsteps approach, stopping in front of the bench just to the right of me. I may officially be a pussy, but I'm not about to advertise that shit. Besides, she needs to know that I am pissed. Really fucking pissed.

"I know you are angry with me, but I'm angry with you, too." There is a sense of authority in her words and the determination I hear in her voice assures me that she is not fucking around. Still, I let my own anger show in my features. She will not get off that easy. A part of me really wants to say mean things until she feels as used and unimportant as I do at the moment, but the other part of me realizes that this type of behavior, although momentarily satisfying and completely fucking justified in my opinion, would be counterproductive, so instead I focus on keeping my temper in check and resolve to take this opportunity to show her that I am in this for the long haul...for better or for worse and all that bullshit.

I take a deep breath and without saying a word, I turn my body slightly toward her. I have made my decision to hear her out and work through it, I don't want to leave her, again, but you can be goddamn sure she will hear how I feel in

Faithfully

return. When I finally look up into her eyes, my resolve falters if only for a fraction of a second. She looks absolutely livid and in that instant everything inside me that tells me that I am justified in my current ire waivers and I begin to wonder if there is more to the confrontation than I remember. Come to think of it, I was pretty lost in my own feelings of jealousy and betrayal. Now that I think back I wonder...did she really betray me? I don't fucking know, but I'm not about to give in that easily.

I look up at her furious expression and I have to admit that she is fucking glorious with fire flashing in her eyes, her ample chest heaving with the deep breaths she is taking and her tiny fists balled up at her sides. I fight my instinct to pull her into my arms and shove my tongue...or my dick...into that sexy mouth that is currently twisted into a sneer and motion to the empty spot on the bench as I awkwardly clear my throat, hoping to hell that she doesn't notice the massive wood that is taken residence in my jeans. She looks annoyed at the seat I offer her, but sits down anyway, crossing her long shapely legs and flicking her shiny, dark hair over her shoulder. Christ, she is sexy.

When she finally sits down, she takes a deep breath then lays into me. I am completely caught off guard, so to say I'm shocked is an understatement.

"What the fuck was that, Edward? Were you *trying* to embarrass me? Because if that was your intention...then congratulations, asshole, you were completely fucking successful." She folds her arms across her chest and looks away from me, leaving me utterly stunned by the indignation in her voice. I am just about to start defending myself when she pipes up again, "I am not a fucking possession! You don't get to just jump in and fight my battles. I get that you might feel threatened by Mateo's presence and the past that we have obviously shared, but you don't just get to act on those feelings and go around threatening people whenever you want!" She is full on shouting at me by this point, and while I *may* see her point...I sure as fuck don't agree with it.

"So what, I'm supposed to just sit there, keeping my opinions to myself while listening to him make sexual remarks about your mouth? Insinuations about past experiences he has had with that mouth? Do you think you could sit quietly while someone from my past talks about how much pleasure she has

experienced by my tongue? Do you think you could just sit there as she runs her fingers through my hair while rehashing that shit? Or is it only ok for *you* to be possessive?" She opens her mouth to retort but I keep ranting, effectively silencing her. "Furthermore, you have told me on several occasions that you not only enjoy my possessiveness, but that you love it. That it turns you on, and that you love that I want every motherfucker in sight to know that you're mine. You can't condone that shit, encourage it even, and then get pissed off about it when it involves someone like your precious Mateo."

I know that last statement was a bit petty and childish, but I honestly can't find it in myself to care. She takes an exasperated breath while scrubbing her hand over her face before she turns to me and speaks, "There is a time and a place for that shit, Edward, and this isn't it." As much as I don't want to, I see her point.

"I know and I'm sorry, but it felt like you were choosing him and his feelings above mine. Not only that but you didn't even yell at him. I mean, fuck Bella, you have no problem yelling at me." I hate that I sound like a whiny bitch but, damn, that shit isn't kosher.

Looking up at me with regretful eyes and fidgets a little under my intense gaze but immediately begins to explain. She tells me that she grew up with Mateo, spending every summer with him since the age of six and how close they have always been. She tells me that she explored every stage of physical intimacy with him and at the age of sixteen, he became her first sexual partner, and that it has been an unspoken understanding since she was thirteen that whenever she is in Italy, they are a couple. She also explains that she hasn't seen him in three years, so they only slept together for two summers before she met Collin...apparently Mateo didn't know about Collin, believing that it was purely financial reasons that kept her from visiting. This is the first time they've seen each other since the summer when she was seventeen, and she tells me that she felt so guilty when she saw him because he had no warning...she had been so caught up in us that she didn't even think to send him a letter or an email to let him know that she would be showing up with someone special. I guess those words are meant to pacify me, too bad they don't. I don't give a flying fuck about this asshole, so the last thing I want to hear is how they frolicked around

Faithfully

the vineyard and show each other their naughty parts. *Fucking Christ!*

"Look, I know damn well that I encourage your possessiveness. But, the last thing I want is for my grandparents to think that I'm planning to spend the rest of my life with a fucking Neanderthal! Jesus, Edward, have some fucking respect." You have got to be fucking kidding me!

"How fucking dare you imply that I don't respect you!" I seethe. I concede on the fact that I should control myself a little better in front of her grandparents, but for her to say that I'm disrespectful is bullshit. She quickly backpedals at my outburst.

"That's not what I meant. It's just hard to reconcile my past and my present, you know?"

I narrow my eyes at her while I reply sarcastically, "No, I don't know."

Understanding flashes in her eyes and she lets out a huge sigh. "I don't want to fight anymore, Topolino, this..." she trails off, motioning between us, "he isn't worth it. And you're probably right about me letting him off too easy compared to how I came out here guns-a-blazing. That wasn't cool. So I'm sorry for that." She offers me a weak smile, but all I see is red.

"Don't fucking call me that." The venom in my voice is startling, even to me, but fuck after hearing her call *him* that, I don't ever want to be called that again. Her eyes widen in recognition before they fill with regret. I reach out to stroke her cheek because I feel like a total douche for the way I just snapped at her. "I'm sorry, baby, I just...what can I say? I'm a jealous, possessive asshole. It's not like this is a new side of me, I don't understand why you got so pissed about it." Lost in thought, I focus on the way the black nail polish is chipping off of her nails as I play with her fingers. "I am sorry that I displayed that part of myself in your grandparents home, though, you're right...there is a time and place." I remain quiet for a moment before acknowledging the one statement that bothers me the most. I clear my throat and press on, "And...I'm sorry that I embarrassed you." I really fucking hate that she sees me as an embarrassment. I want her to be proud to stand at my side, not be embarrassed. I really was

Faithfully

trying to protect her, even if it was fueled by jealousy.

"You didn't embarrass me, ciccino, not really. I honestly didn't mean it, I was just mad. The whole situation was fucked up and I let my guilt over hurting him rule my actions. I shouldn't have sent you away. I should have taken care of you first, and spoke to him later. That's what you would have done for me, and you deserve nothing less than the same."

"I love you," I say quietly while I pull her into my lap, needing to feel that connection with her.

"I love you, too Edward. Only you."

"Only you," I confirm.

I am glad that we were able to get through this, I know we will be better for it. I also am grateful for my dad's insight because, to be honest, this might have gone a whole lot differently without it. She sighs heavily against my chest and I can feel the tension rolling off of her. She is pensive as she stares out into the darkening sky.

"What is it, Bella?" Pushing the hair out of her face, I tug on her chin forcing her to meet my gaze.

Her eyes fill with tears as she whispers, "Did you know that he is married?" She barks out a humorless laugh while toying with the buttons on my shirt before continuing, "Yeah. And you know what else?" I shake my head in the negative while leaning down to nuzzle my face in her neck, enjoying her heady floral scent. "He has been with her since the fall before I slept with him." I feel wetness along my jaw and realize that she is crying. Fucking asshole.

"I'm sorry, baby." The words seem so insignificant but they're all I have to offer.

"He fucking lied to me, Edward! He told me he was a virgin, too...we fumbled and learned together, or so I thought. But it was all a lie. He had already been

Faithfully

with her. Once again I was the whore on the side. What the fuck is wrong with me? Why am I always the side-dish?"

She drops her head into her hands silently shaking with her sobs. I want more than anything to comfort her, but at the same time I want her to acknowledge that yes, those guys were heartless assholes, and yes they used her, but I'm here now and I'm not using her. I want to fucking marry her and have children with her and make a fucking home with her...doesn't that count for something? I understand that she is hurt by these new revelations and that she needs to purge her feelings, but I also feel like she needs to appreciate what she has now. Focus on our future, ya know? I know in my heart that she's not intentionally trying to hurt me but the complete lack of regard to my devotion to her cuts pretty deep.

"Why do I not count in any of these assessments? Huh, Bella? Because the last time I checked, you were not just my main dish...but my only dish," I seethe, making ridiculous air quotes in reference to her ridiculous metaphor. "I may not be your precious Mateo and I may not be a fucking preppy douche bag like Collin, but I happen to think I'm a pretty decent catch and I practically worship the fucking ground you walk on. I am *completely* devoted to you..." I trail off shaking my head in annoyance. "You could do a helluva lot worse, if you ask me." I scoff at her shocked expression and I have to admit that I feel a little bit bad about the way I just talked to her, but damn, enough is enough.

"You are my whole fucking life, Bella. You are everything to me. I'm really sorry that he turned out to be a prick, but what does that really have to do with our future? I don't mean to diminish your feelings, but I just don't see why he matters so much." I trail off and wonder if my words are too harsh. I just hate that this motherfucker is causing tension in my relationship while he gets to scamper off with his clueless bride. He shouldn't have any power over our happiness, and it bugs the shit out of me that he does.

"You're right. I'm not being fair to you. You shouldn't have to sit here and watch me cry over someone else. There is no room for him in our relationship." She sniffles lightly, and I cringe when I feel her wipe her nose on my shirt. If I wasn't so goddamn in love with her that shit would be so fucking disgusting.

Faithfully

She looks up at me with those beautiful brown eyes and offers me a small smile. She licks those luscious lips and speaks softly, "I want you to know that I do know how devoted you are to me, and I appreciate it very much. I have never felt so important, cherished and loved in my entire life. I couldn't have picked a better man to share my life with. And you're right, you are a pretty fucking awesome catch...I just wanted you to know..." she lays her head against my chest and I am complete.

"I'm sorry for being an asshole, baby. Forgive me?"

She doesn't say the words, but I know I'm forgiven when she jams her tongue insistently down my throat, threading her tiny fingers into my hair. A loud moan escapes my lips when she turns to straddle my lap, grinding her hot little body against me. I drag my lips down to her throat and am just about to latch on when we hear Bella's Nonni call us to dinner from the back door. I drop my forehead to her shoulder and she places a sweet kiss on the back of my head before chuckling and climbing off my lap. I stand, grudgingly, and grumble as I try to adjust the monster in my pants.

Bella leans up on her toes to whisper in my ear while gripping my cock firmly, "I'll take care of this later."

I groan as I push her hand away, "You are going to be the death of me, woman, I swear to fucking Christ."

With one last smirk over her shoulder she takes off running toward the house. I pull out my phone to check the time as I follow Bella back to the house, and notice that I have two missed calls from my mother, one from Peter and one from Victoria. I make a note to call my mom and Victoria back after dinner, but decide to wait until we get to Rome to answer Peter. *Asshole.*

Bella is standing on the back porch when I approach. Her smile is breathtaking as she yells out teasing me, "Affrettarsi su, il ciccino, non tenermi attendendo." (Hurry up, ciccino, don't keep me waiting.)

Faithfully

"Le mie scuse il mio amore. Tale bellezza non dovrebbe mai essere tenuta l'attesa. Come posso farlo fino a lei?" (My apologies, my love. Such beauty should never be kept waiting. How can I make it up to you?) I catch her around the waist, planting a sloppy kiss to her temple when I finally reach her.

She rolls her eyes as she retorts, "You are such a cheese ball." Her laugh dances around us as I usher her through the threshold.

Nonni is waiting for us just inside the back door. Her long, silver spattered dark hair is pulled up into an intricate chignon and I allow my eyes to drift down her petite body, taking in every detail. It amazes me that my Bella looks so much like this woman, right down to those gorgeous eyes. She must have really been something in her day. She casts me a knowing smirk when my eyes finally land back upon hers. It is absolutely fucking mortifying that I just got caught checking out Bella's granny, but she just winks while patting my cheek, "Isabella è molto fortunato per avere un uomo così meraviglioso nella sua vita. Non duole che lei è tale fusto come bene ed il suo italiano...perfeziona!" (Isabella is very lucky to have such a wonderful man in her life. It doesn't hurt that you are such a hunk as well, and your Italian...perfect!) I chuckle as I feel my cheeks heat with her compliment. It is a little fucking embarrassing because I can't even remember the last time someone made me blush. Looking over at my girl's beaming smile makes the red on my face worth it, though.

It isn't long before she reminds us that dinner is ready and we all take our places at the table. I am completely baffled when Mateo enters the dining room with a very pregnant woman in tow. Not only does the fact that he is still here after all the drama this afternoon infuriate me, but also that he would act so heartbroken over Bella having a boyfriend when he clearly is in a relationship of his own.

After some prompting from Bella's grandmother, Mr. Compagnoni introduces Mateo and his *wife*, Lenore, to me while she serves us the most delicious smelling lasagna I have ever encountered. I try my best to ignore the glares Mateo is sending my way from across the table and focus on the fact that Bella is happily telling her grandfather about how we are in the process of purchasing a house in Seattle and that I am relocating from London to be with

Faithfully

her while she finishes her degree. After what happened this afternoon, it makes me insanely happy to hear her speak of our plans so candidly. A wide smile takes over my face because it feels so fucking good to hear her talk about our future so confidently. I sometimes forget that she is only twenty; I need to make more of an effort to slow myself down. It's just hard because I'm ready for everything right now, I just need to learn to give her time. Not too much though; mom's right, I don't want my swimmers to dry up, either. I've gotta get a couple kids in there before I'm too damn old to enjoy them. I look over at Bella and brush a wayward curl out of her face, thinking about how beautiful our children will be. I really hope I can keep the desire to get started on them to myself for awhile because the last thing I want is for her to feel pressured to start a family with me so soon. I can give her time...I think...I hope.

Forcing my attention away from Bella, I acknowledge the asshole and his wife.

"So, is this your first child?" I ask, motioning my fork between them.

All the color drains from Mateo's face as Lenore starts jabbering, "Oh, yes! We are so excited. We just found out that it's a boy, Mateo Armando Moretti III." She is looking at him with such undeserved adoration that it makes me sick.

"Wow, congratulations. It must be an incredible feeling to bring a child into the world...I can't wait until Bella is ready to get started on our brood." I hear Bella's breath hitch and Mateo snort at my statement but he continues to tuck into his meal while Bella turns to look at me with love shining in her eyes.

"I won't make you wait long."

Her smile is shy and sweet and I see Nonni's eyes fill with tears at her declaration. When I scan the table, however, Mateo glares at me before rolling his eyes and looking away. This whole situation is beyond fucked up. I can feel my temper bubbling right below the surface and I have to breathe deeply before it can get carried away. Bella shoots Mateo a dirty look and as much satisfaction that I feel in her action, I hate that he ever put her in this position to begin with. I can't deny that I'm glad that she now knows what an asshole he really is, though.

Faithfully

I reach over and brush my fingers over her cheek, effectively pulling her out of her wallowing. She flashes her eyes to me and I see betrayal and uncertainty swimming in their depths. As much as I want her to just forget about him, I recognize that she is going to need to hash it out with him first. A deep sigh escapes me at the realization that she is going to need to have a private conversation with him and I immediately feel bad as guilt joins the rest of the emotions marring those beautiful windows to her soul. I don't want to ever be the reason she is unhappy, so I force an encouraging smile on my face to let her know that I won't throw a fit over the pending conversation. I can't allow my jealousy to stand in the way of her opportunity for growth and closure. I love my girl too much for that. Plus, I now know that she will jump my ass again...and not in the good way.

We finish the rest of the meal with idle small talk. Bella's grandfather informs me that July and August are holiday months in Italy and most of his farmhands are on sabbatical. He asks me to help him tend to the vines tomorrow, but I get the feeling it is for more than an extra set of hands.

After dinner, the women clean up while sending us men into the living room for coffee. The room is filled with tension as we sip our cappuccinos and eat chocolate-amaretti torte. The desert is fucking delicious, and I selfishly make a mental note to ask Bella if she knows this recipe. I want this shit again. I smirk at the mental image of my Bella wearing an apron and cooking Italian meals for me and our five kids, all domestic and shit. Bella's sweet voice pulls me from my daydream as she drags her fingers through my hair and places a gentle kiss upon my lips before asking Mateo to join her outside on the patio to 'catch up'. Bella's grandfather looks down to his cup with a private smirk on his face. I get the feeling that he sees more than he lets on and has no doubt about the tongue lashing that man is about to receive from the spit-fiery temper of his only granddaughter.

Lenore settles herself into the overstuffed chair to my right and gleefully digs into her torte. I suppress the urge to laugh at her naiveté. This girl is so happy to be wolfing down her chocolate treat that she has absolutely no idea that her husband was unfaithful to her for at least two summers. It makes me kind of sad that this sweet girl was taken advantage that way. Although she could

Faithfully

never hold a candle to my Bella, she really is a pretty girl. She has a glow about her and the way she caresses the large protrusion that is her belly is really quite captivating. I'm a little envious as I let my imagination run wild with images of Bella round with *my* child.

Mateo comes in to collect Lenore about thirty minutes later. My temper flares slightly at the trust and elation that shines in her eyes when she sees him. I know it is none of my business, but I almost want to tell her how only hours ago he was crying over *my* girl. Fucking bastard. Not able to stomach any more of her devotion to this asshole, I get up and receive a nod from Emilliano. That man is smart.

I find my sweet girl staring out at nothing with tears streaming down her cheeks. She looks disappointed, but not broken, which is a really fucking good thing. When I throw my arm around her shoulders she instantly turns to bury her face in my chest. Her body is relaxed and she isn't crying anymore, so I decide to ask how it went.

"It was fine," she says with a sigh. "I actually thought I would be more sad." I don't really know what to say to that so I just pull her into my arms instead of replying. "I guess I thought I cared more about him than I actually do." I am secretly doing a victory dance in my head at her epiphany. Not only am I glad that she isn't torn up about the situation, but I am also fucking ecstatic that he is no competition for me. At all. Suddenly, however, I feel like a fucking dickhead about the way I acted today...all day. Especially now that I know there was no reason for my insecurity.

"I really am sorry, baby. I was such an asshole today. You deserve so much more than that. I promise to try and control the caveman shit, okay? I mean, I'm still gonna be the same possessive motherfucker that I have always been...but I promise to try to tone it down when necessary." She turns in my embrace, throwing my arms around my neck smothering every inch of my face in kisses.

"I love you so fucking much, Edward."

Faithfully

I let myself get lost in her pillow soft lips and silky tongue as they slip and slide along mine. Taking my time to explore her neck and collarbones, I murmur sweet words of love and devotion. Just as I'm about to pull Bella to straddle my lap, my phone buzzes in my pocket. I groan against the soft skin of her neck while I reluctantly pull the offending object from my pocket.

I glance quickly at the caller ID as I hit the accept button to answer it.

"Hey Ma."

My mother's sweet voice wafts though the line as I put her on speaker and it is easy to tell how excited she is. House hunting must have gone well. "Oh, Edward! They are just beautiful! Four of them just aren't going to work, but the other three...Oh!"

I chuckle at her exuberance before cutting off her rant, "Whoa ma! Slow down!"

She obviously doesn't listen one bit because she continues, "I sent a video tour of each acceptable one, and let me tell you...my mind is just going wild with all of the possibilities!"

Bella giggles and I roll my eyes as mom continues to rant. Mom's excitement is contagious because before I know it Bella has confiscated the phone and is talking animatedly with her. I sit back and just enjoy this moment and it's significance. We will never again purchase our first home. *Okay, that's it. I'm going to leave Bella to it and go in search of my balls.*

I bring my laptop out to Bella and then make my way down the well worn path to the gardens in the back yard. Sitting down on a different stone bench, I light up a cigarette and just enjoy the clear night sky. For the next half hour or so I sit and think about everything that has happened since Bella has come into my life. I know I need to wait until she lets me know she is ready for a more permanent commitment, but I am convinced, now more than ever, that I need to have a ring ready for when the time comes, and I make a mental note to call and talk to Lizzy about having one designed. I will put a ring on Bella's finger

Faithfully

so fucking fast it would make her head spin. By the time I finish my third cigarette, I decide to not give nicotine and tar one more stick of reason to kill me faster, and go in to see what we have to choose from.

The three houses that mom has narrowed it down to are stunning, to say the least, and after watching the videos with Bella four times, we are finally able to agree on one. We choose a beautiful lake front property in Mercer Island, Washington which will only be about a ten minute drive to Cornish. It has a wall that is entirely made of glass which displays gorgeous views of the lake. It has over nine-thousand square feet of living space, including five bedrooms, six and three quarter bathrooms, a finished basement that can easily be converted into a recording studio. The best part is that it has a very large, finished loft that takes up most of the third story and opens up to a large deck that is built upon part of the second story roof. The deck faces the water and I can clearly see this as Bella's space to create her art. The gated property sits on three acres of land which will ensure our privacy, and it also has a large guest house which we both agree to offer to Jacob and Leah, that way they are always on the property yet they will be far enough away so Bella is still able to feel a semblance of normalcy.

We call mom right away so that she can get the paperwork started, needing to move as quickly as possible in order to have the renovations and decorating finished for Bella to move in by the eighth of September. I expect that I will hear from Jenks within a couple of days to hash out the details. The only thing that really matters to me is that Bella's name be put on the deed. This may be something we have to correct when we arrive in Seattle, however, because obviously Jenks doesn't have a power of attorney for her. Bella takes the phone from me so she can give my mom Seth's phone number to set up a time to retrieve the rest of her stuff as soon as the house is ready. I smirk when I hear Bella gushing about the house as I wander over to the closet to get my guitar.

Pulling Ruby out of her case, I settle against the headboard and play softly, letting myself get completely lost in the melodies pouring from my fingertips. Bella's sweet voice pulls me from my trance, telling me to say goodbye to my mother as she shoves the phone in my face. I make sure to thank mother, again, for her trouble and say goodbye. Going back to my idle strumming, I instruct

Faithfully

Bella to return Victoria's call from earlier since LA is nine hours behind us, meaning it is only three in the afternoon there.

When Bella finally gets off the phone she tells me that Victoria wants us to give an interview to People Magazine, as well as have an exclusive sit down with Barbara Walters. She feels that by going this route, we will not only expose Collin for the lying, fame-whore that he is, but that we will also have the chance to show the public that we are a united, devoted couple who is deeply in love, and that this publicity stunt he is pulling has no bearing on our happiness. Although I am skeptical of exploiting our relationship at first, I realize that I really have no choice because I have to do whatever I can to make this clusterfuck go away for my girl. She also informs me that Victoria and her assistant, Heidi, will be meeting us when we land in Rome.

Not wanting to spend any more time talking about Victoria, or about Collin, or about my mother, or about anything really, I set Ruby down beside the bed and then proceed to straddle Bella's lap, effectively pinning her thighs beneath me. When she reaches out to touch my chest, I take advantage of the fact that she is still leaning against the headboard and grab her wrists and restrain them above her head while leaning forward and aggressively invading her hot, wet mouth. She eagerly responds, thrusting her tongue forcefully against mine while trying to pull her hands free. I move my ministrations down to the side of her throat where I suck and nip at the soft delicate skin. Her breath is hot in my ear and I feel the wetness of her tongue as she licks the outer shell. I release her hands but continue to grind against her as I let my hands roam freely over her curves. Bella's body is sexy. Tight yet soft. Curvy yet slender. Petite yet leggy. Fucking perfection, and I don't hesitate to tell her so.

I continue down her body kissing every inch of exposed skin, discarding her clothing as I go. Once I have her bare before me, I spread her legs wide, drinking in the sight of her before diving in to taste her sweetness. I hook my arms around her thighs, keeping my hands away from her tight heat, determined to make her orgasm from my mouth alone. My hands grip her thighs to give them something to do, otherwise I'll be too damn tempted to touch. Alternating between flicking her clit and plunging my tongue deep inside her, I work her over until she is moaning and grinding all over my face.

Faithfully

Her scent is so thick in the air that I feel almost drunk off of it. When she finally comes, her arousal coats my lips and I enthusiastically lap up every fucking drop.

I stand up at the foot of the bed and quickly discard my clothing while unabashedly staring at my beautiful girl. Bella is a vision, still flushed in her post-orgasmic high. Crawling up her sweaty body and placing wet kisses along the curve of her abdomen, I finally settle myself into the cradle of her thighs. Kissing her deeply, I push myself inside and I swear it feels like the first time, every goddamn time. She feels so fucking good wrapped around me and it takes every bit of self control that I can muster to refrain from pounding the fuck out of her. I know my girl likes it rough, but I want to savor her this time. I start moving slowly, pushing in as deep as possible before pulling out about half way. Driving in over and over, trying to get deeper within her each time. She lets out a breathy moan when I tilt my hips and I internally rejoice, knowing that I've found her sweet spot.

I start pumping faster and harder while grasping onto her thigh as she claws at my back while wrapping her legs high around my waist. She opens her mouth in a silent scream and it is so damn beautiful. I work harder and push deeper, grinding my pelvic bone into her clit with every thrust, determined to give her as much pleasure as possible. My arms are trembling with my effort, and just when I feel like I can't possibly hold out any longer, she begins to shake and convulse around me. Holy shit, it feels amazing, and two thrusts later I groan, coming hard and spilling my seed deep within her. I don't even have coherent thoughts beyond telling her that I love her as I drift into oblivion.

I spend the next morning working my ass off in the vineyard. I honestly didn't realize how much preparation goes into picking wine grapes. The harvest, according to Bella's Nonno, doesn't start until the middle of September, but there is so much shit to do before that can happen. My respect for the old man skyrockets after the seven straight hours of hard manual labor I do this morning.

While I let the hot water soothe my tired muscles, I wonder how Bella's morning and afternoon went with her Nonni, considering I left her while she

Faithfully

was still sound asleep. I let my thoughts drift to the time I spent with Bella's grandfather, Emilliano, as he demanded that I call him. He spoke at great length to me about women and how to keep them happy. He even let me vent about how confusing Bella can be with the whole be possessive...don't be possessive...well, only be possessive when I say it's okay, but I won't tell you ahead of time when it is acceptable while withholding all comments and judgment, which I really fucking appreciated. He assured me that he understood where I was coming from and that Bella can be difficult, spoiled and bratty at times, and that he still, to this day, has the same damn issue with his wife. The longer I spend with Bella's grandparents, the more I see the similarities between her and Nonni, not only physically, but in their temperaments and expectations, as well.

Emilliano also told me that he has never seen Bella so happy and that both he and her grandmother could tell just how much we love each other. By the end of our conversation, I wasn't surprised at all when he asked me point blank what my intentions were with her. I didn't hesitate at all to inform about what I wanted and that I am ready for it all, but that I fear that she isn't...yet. He clapped me on the back and told me to be patient, that the right time will present itself when I least expect it, and of course, he gave me his blessing. I have to say that as fucking tired as I am, I wouldn't have traded that experience for anything. I swear to Christ, our first born will be named after that old man.

I notice her reflection sitting on the bed as I pull a clean t-shirt over my head. She is sitting cross-legged wearing an ugly yellow tank top, blue shorts, tube socks and her glasses. It baffles my mind how she can still look like sin in such a hideous outfit. I chuckle at my inner thoughts and stalk over to the bed to place a wet, sucky kiss on those full, pouty lips. I just shake my head before biting her bottom lip sharply and smacking her ass when she raises her eyebrow in question.

After Bella changes into a tight green tank with black sequin designs, a pair of jeans that I swear cost more than this house, and black, peep toe pumps, we pack the rest of our shit and get ready to leave her grandparents' home. And yes, I know what peep toe pumps are. Fuck you.

Faithfully

Before we say our goodbye's and leave for the airport, I make sure to get those recipes so Bella can make them for me because I'm useless in the kitchen. This opportunity to experience Bella around her grandparents was fantastic. It was nice to see her interact with people she loves and it gave me some insight to her nurturing disposition. It just leads me to wonder how the hell Renee turned out like she did. I feel like we have grown more as a couple in the last two days than we have in the last two months; this time away from everyone was definitely worth the added stress it put on the band. Speaking of which, I haven't spoken a fucking word to either one of my boys since our blow out. I huff at the thought, yeah, I'm still pissed.

The paparazzi have evidently been informed of our location and gather 'round to watch our exciting venture into the airport. Bella puts on a smile and doesn't hide her face in my chest, rather, she struts her stuff. Now, my girl has been known to be a bit sassy, but this, in her skin tight jeans and high heels, it's too much for me. She looks like a rock star's girlfriend, the right amount of confidence and sexiness without looking like an arrogant attention whore. I can't fucking wait to see *this* picture on some magazine cover tomorrow.

After we finally board, we work to make ourselves comfortable. Bella pulls out both of our iPod's and two neck pillows from her giant bag that she calls a purse. I'm surprised they didn't make her check it as luggage. She also pulls out a bottle of hand sanitizer that she makes me use before I even think about touching something that I will put in my mouth. Who knew my woman was a germ-a-phobe?

During our take-off, she slips her heels off of her tiny feet and pulls a pair of long socks from her 'purse'. I gaze at them incredulously as she proceeds to roll them onto her feet and over her jeans.

"What? I had to put them over my jeans, the legs are too tight to push up far enough to pull the socks on all the way," she scoffs, like that's the *one* thing I have a problem with.

"Baby, why the fuck are there socks in your purse?" I ask, because, come on, she has socks in her purse...

Faithfully

"My feet get cold..."she says, while looking at me like I'm the one that's lost my mind.

"So you put socks in your purse? What else do you have in there, grandma?"

"Everything you'd ever need. You're lucky you have me around. Who else would be able to give you Tylenol, a pillow, music, candy, granola bars, *your* cell phone charger, *your* laptop charger... socks... envelopes... deodorant... soup..." her voice gets softer towards the last of her items, making me think she realizes how crazy she sounds.

"It's okay, baby," I whisper as I kiss the side of her head, "everybody needs someone to take care of them. Thank you for thinking of everything I'd need."

Her answering smile is radiant and full of relief as she adds shyly, "You know, I would have my knitting needles and a ball of yarn too, cuz I'm making you a hat," she sticks her bottom lip out in an adorable pout as she continues her thought, "but they won't let me through security with them."

What. The. Fuck?

She smiles sweetly as she adds, "I hope you like blue..."

So sure, my boys and I are on the outs, my girl is kind of nuts in the best fucking way, my publicist has gone off the deep-end, we're moving into our new house, and I'll have to leave Bella while she's in school and I make music...but I *have* her, and she's all I'll ever need.

I swear to fucking Christ I'll find my balls in Rome...

I am so anxious to hear from you, so please leave me some love...let's hit 400!

Chapter 16: I Smell Sex And Candy

Yay!

Because you guys are so fucking awesome, we hit 400 reviews! I am so overwhelmed and humbled by the support you continue to give to me and this little story. I cannot thank you enough!

I apologize for not responding to reviews this time, but I really wanted to get the next chapter out without a delay...so pretty please forgive me?

Special thanks to Moblair, my beta and friend for working your hot little ass off to get this out quickly. You know I can't do this without you mama. Big time tongue kisses and booty slaps for you!

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

I Smell Sex and Candy

Hangin' round downtown

By myself

And I had so much time

To sit and think

About myself

And then there she was

Faithfully

Like double cherry pie

Yeah there she was

Like disco superfly

I smell sex and

Candy here

Who's that lounging

In my chair

Who's that casting

Devious stares

In my direction

Mama this surely Is a dream

~Sex and Candy: Marcy Playground~

~Edward~

Victoria James and her assistant Heidi Mitchell meet Bella and I at the airport in Rome, escorted by Jacob and Paul. Victoria is a statuesque woman, standing about five foot-ten, with flaming red hair and piercing blue eyes. She dressed impeccably in a fitted black designer suit and I'm able to easily recognize her from the description she gave Bella on the phone yesterday. None of these observations, however, are enough to pull my attention away from the fact that she is blatantly ogling my girlfriend with lust filled eyes while simultaneously licking her lips. You have got to be fucking kidding me. Why is it that *everyone* wants a piece of my woman?

Faithfully

Oh that's right, because my woman is fucking *gorgeous*.

Can't I get a fucking break here?

Victoria is quick to introduce herself to Bella as soon as we approach, "I'm Victoria, very pleased to meet you. You, my dear, are even more beautiful in person." She purrs, holding on to Bella's hand a little too long in my opinion. It amazes me how unabashedly she is staring at her rack. I know Bella has stellar tits, but damn, control yourself.

I clear my throat and thrust my hand at her in a lame attempt to interrupt her gawking, "I'm Edward, Bella's boyfriend."

She slides her eyes over to meet mine with a sly smirk on her overly glossed lips, "I know who you are. It's a pleasure to meet you as well, Edward." She limply shakes my hand while placing her hand on the small of the blonde woman's back who is currently standing at her side. "This is my assistant-slash-girlfriend, Heidi. I figured it would be best for her to come along so that she is familiar with everything that is going on right from the get-go."

Jacob and Paul lead us to our awaiting car without incident, and as soon as we are situated inside, Victoria divulges all the information that she has gathered about Collin. Apparently, Heidi's brother, Phillip, is a private investigator that lives in Seattle and he was more than willing to help her collect information on our pest. It seems that she was not only able to find concrete evidence that he has dated many society girls during the last two years, but that a certain Bree Tanner has been living with him since February. The best part is that she has several pictures and witnesses that his relationship with Bree has been, and remains to be, of a romantic nature; including a diamond engagement ring he purchased about three months ago, that she has been photographed wearing. This information immediately puts my mind at ease. Just knowing that we will be able to put this prick in his place once and for all makes me almost fucking giddy.

Faithfully

She gives us the information about the interviews we are supposed to do, prattling on about how important it is to get them out there as soon as possible in order to regain control of the situation. An interviewer and photographer from People is scheduled to meet us in our hotel room Thursday afternoon, and Barbara Walters is meeting us the day we arrive in Athens. Victoria also wants to put together an official statement to be released to the media no later than tomorrow; she thinks we have waited long enough, not to mention that Collin has been whoring himself around the trashy media rags like crazy in the past few days. He has even gone so far as to try to get himself a tell-all book deal. Thank fucking Christ he was rebuffed.

We arrive at the hotel and it is a goddamn media frenzy, which surprises me because we usually don't have too much of a problem with the paparazzi in Europe. Aside from the paps at the airport when leaving Ancona, we've been relatively lucky with the amount of privacy we've had since we arrived, and none of our encounters have been this huge. Victoria exits the vehicle first, right behind Jacob and Paul, and they try, along with Heidi, to control the crowd as Bella and I make our way to the entrance. She seems more tense than the last couple of times we've been photographed and I know it's because she's thinking even more about the media shitstorm that has started because of that lying son of a bitch. I'm holding Bella's hand tightly, trying to shield her as much as possible from the snapping cameras. They are fucking relentless shouting out ridiculous questions.

"Bella! Isabella! Where is your boyfriend? Have you heard from him?" I can feel the tension rolling off of her in waves and I know she is about to snap.

"He's right fucking here," she seethes, which only fuels them on more. Victoria rushes to our side instructing Bella to remain silent.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on how you look at it, one woman shouts out, "Do you have a message for Collin Brady?"

I see her intention immediately as her hand begins to move and I figure...what the hell...if she is going to get slammed for the action, I'll happily go down with her. I squeeze her hand tighter and flip off the camera at the same time she

Faithfully

does. A beautiful, carefree smile breaks out across her face when she registers my action. Even Victoria smirks as she finally leads us inside.

"I'm going to kick your asses, both of you," she snaps while whirling around to point her perfectly manicured finger at us once we are inside the building. She can't keep the smile from her red lips though, so we know she isn't *really* mad. "I swear to God, you better not pull that shit again." She lets out an exasperated huff while shaking her head, probably trying to figure out how she is going to smooth that over. I don't give a fuck, though, because it was funny as hell.

My phone buzzes just as we enter our suite. Seeing Peter's name on the caller ID immediately puts me on edge, but I know I can't avoid him any longer so I reluctantly answer the call.

"I've been trying to get a hold of you for three days!" he shouts, not even giving me a chance to answer before he continues his rant. "What is this bullshit I hear about you hiring a new publicist? You know that you are under contract with Gianna!" I take a deep breath, knowing that telling him off isn't going to help matters any, even if it would make me feel really fucking awesome.

"Well I'm sure you have already been informed about the situation involving Bella and her ex-boyfriend, right? Well, we hired Victoria to represent Bella...there is nothing in our contract forbidding that Peter." My tone is sharp with an air of finality that even impresses me.

"No, there's not," he concedes before continuing, "That's what I initially wanted to talk to you about. I called because I knew you wouldn't answer Gianna's calls. We weren't sure how you wanted us to handle this, so Gianna just issued a 'no comment' statement. I am fucking livid at this new information. Issuing a 'no comment' statement is almost like distancing myself from the situation and in turn distancing myself from Bella. She should have waited for my direction.

"She should have waited for my authorization before saying anything at all, Peter. I want her to draw up a statement that clearly states that Bella and I are very happy together and that will I stand behind her through every step of this

ordeal. She doesn't need to know any more details than that right now. Do you think she can handle that, Peter? She better not fuck this up. Oh, and you might want to have her call Victoria considering that I will be participating in a couple interviews in the next couple of weeks, including an exclusive with Barbara Walters." He grumbles before reluctantly agreeing, and ending the phone call. I know he is pissed that I agreed to do interviews without letting Gianna know, but this is completely personal and has nothing to do with the band, so I'm not contractually obligated to inform or include her.

By the time I finish the phone call with Peter, it is nearly ten o'clock and I am fucking exhausted. Victoria and Heidi left about half an hour ago and I briefly debate whether or not I should contact the boys, but quickly decide against it when faintly hear the shower running. Wet soapy Bella wins out every fucking time.

I lean against the doorway of the bathroom to admire the perfection that is my girl through the clear glass shower stall. Her head is tilted back as the water saturates her hair, making it look like black liquid against her creamy, pale skin. I watch the droplets of water as they run down her neck, sliding against the gentle slope of her breasts, and then continue their journey down her tight abdomen to the apex of her shapely thighs. She hasn't waxed in a couple of weeks so there is a light dusting of dark hair covering her mound and I have to admit that it looks sexy as hell. I want to nuzzle my face against it just to see if it is as soft as it looks.

She slowly opens her eyes, revealing a want that is as desperate as mine. I slowly disrobe as I savor her hungry eyes on me until I'm standing naked on the other side of the glass. Her eyes roam over my body, taking in every inch of me. My cock is rock hard against my abdomen and I take it firmly in my hand, stroking slowly up and down showing her just what she does to me. She licks her lips as she watches my movement while bringing her small feminine hands to tweak the barbells in her nipples. The water is raining down on her, streaming down her body in rivets, making her look like some kind of water nymph. She is so beautiful, so sexy. The look in her eyes is captivating, filled with longing and lust and suddenly I can't wait another moment to be touching her. I feel like a caged animal that has escaped his confinement, feral and

Faithfully

dangerous. I want to mark, bite, consume...own. I need her to submit, to feed my possessive side.

I enter the shower stall swiftly and push her against the cold tile wall roughly, groping at her ass and her tits while attacking her neck. She knows what I need and eagerly yields to my dominance by tilting her head to the side, offering more of her flesh for me to suck and bite on. She wraps one of her long legs around my knee and grinds herself against my thigh while allowing the most sinful sounds to escape her lips. I hoist her up by her ass and enter her in one deep thrust, making her cry out while clutching my shoulders. My rhythm is hard and fast as I plunge my tongue into her mouth in time with my thrusts. I move my hands to her waist so that I can pull her down harder onto my cock and I know that I'm holding on to her tight enough to bruise her, but I can't find it in myself to care, and besides, she isn't complaining, so I continue to plow into her over and over. It is raw and animalistic and suddenly I have this overwhelming need to be marked, too.

"Mark me, baby...uuuhhh...I need to feel your teeth." She is not even moaning anymore. She is making some high-pitched keening sound and I'm not sure she is even fucking coherent at the moment.

"Fuck, fuck.... *fuuuck!* I'm gonna...oh..." I feel her sharp little teeth sink into my neck at the precise moment that she begins to spasm and it feels so fucking good. I let her ride out her climax before dropping her to her feet and spinning her around and bending her over.

Instantly I am buried deep inside her again bracing one hand on her hip and tangling the other into her long dark hair. She presses her hands against the tile, holding on for dear life as I drive into her with abandon, pulling her hair as hard as I dare. My thighs are burning with the effort needed to crouch down to her height, considering how short she is, but it feels so fucking good that it makes the added discomfort worth it.

"Tell me who you fucking belong to, Bella." She remains silent, urging me to pull harder.

Faithfully

"Fucking tell me!" Silence. I use the hand I have on her hip to smack her ass...hard.

"Who...the...fuck...do...you...belong...to!" I grind out, accentuating the last word with a sharp tug of her hair, slamming my hips into her as roughly as possible making her rise up high on her toes as I stretch my legs a little.

"Arrgg...fuck... *you*! You, Edward. I fucking belong to you, only you!" she cries out coming again. I can feel her pussy tighten and spasm erratically around me and it only spurs me on more.

I wrap my arm around her waist to hold her up and three more deep thrusts and I am grunting through my own release, fucking seeing stars. Placing sweet kisses all over her head and the angry red and purple marks on her neck and shoulder, I tell her repeatedly how much I love and adore her. I drag my lips over every inch of her while washing her gorgeous body and hair tenderly. I quickly wash myself and then turn off the water. Wrapping her in a large fluffy towel, I lead her to the bed where I gently comb through the tangles in her thick tresses. When I finish, I arrange us under the covers so that she is draped across my chest. "I love you, ciccino. You always take such good care of me." Her voice is sleepy yet reverent and before I even have a chance to respond, her soft snores fill the air around us. I have to admit that I'm quite proud of myself...I knocked her the fuck up...I mean out...I knocked her the fuck *out*. Damn Freudian slip.

The shrill sound of the alarm clock rips me from my peaceful sleep and not two seconds later a grumpy Bella is groaning, "Turn that fucking thing off, goddamn it." I reach over and hit the snooze button, allowing myself nine more minutes to hold my baby.

Nine minutes later...

"I swear to fucking God, Edward..." I chuckle as I turn the offending device off and plant a loud, wet kiss to the side of her face as I roll out of bed, which earns me a grouchy grunt as she turns her face away from me, easily falling back asleep. I take a moment to admire her sleeping form and smirk to myself.

Faithfully

She looks like an angel...it's hard to believe she is such a grump.

I take another quick shower, because anyone who doesn't shower in the morning is fucking disgusting, drop a kiss upon the slightly puckered lips of my sleeping beauty and head to the arena for rehearsal. I'm a little nervous about seeing the guys because I'm still just as pissed off at them as I was the last time I saw them. Usually I get mad, blow my stack, then get over it right away, easily avoiding any need to sit and hash things out. This time is different, I just hope they realize it.

They are already there, along with Jacob, Jared and Paul. Everyone's head snaps in my direction as I approach, trying to judge my mood, I'm sure. Too bad I have my game-face on and that motherfucker isn't giving anything away.

"Nice of you to join us," Emmett grumbles under his breath. His voice is too damn loud and obnoxious to go unheard, unfortunately. Instead of flipping him off and offering a smug smirk, however, I send him a death glare.

"So, I take it you're still pissed off?" Jasper pipes in, his voice is hesitant but there is an undeniable hint of irritation. I don't know what the fuck he has to be annoyed about.

"Yeah. I'm still pissed. I'm fucking furious with you motherfuckers, as a matter of fact." I challenge, before qualifying, "And no, this isn't something that can just be swept under the rug and forgotten like everything else."

Jasper sighs heavily, exasperation clear in his action as he sets down his bass guitar and strides lazily over to where I'm standing, crossing his lanky arms across his chest.

"Well, lets hash this shit out then."

It irritates me that he is annoyed about having to work things out. I always thought of Jasper as mature and level-headed, now I'm not so sure. Emmett looks much more timid as he approaches. Funny, he always struck me as the one who could care less about anything beyond himself. I'm even more

shocked when he opens his mouth to speak.

"Look bro, I'm real sorry about what I said about Bella. You're right. You have supported me and Rosie through some fucked up shit and I should have jumped at the opportunity to do the same for you guys. Bell's a real sweetheart and I feel like a douche for suggesting that she should have to deal with this Collin fucker all by herself. At the very least we, shoulda listened to her side of the story. I don't know what I was thinking, but I hope you guys can forgive me for being so damn insensitive." Shock. That is the only thing I feel at the moment. Well, shock and some relief.

"Thanks for that, Em."

I don't know what else to say, luckily he jumps in, "I'll make a point to apologize to B personally, okay? And you're right about Rose. I guess I never thought about how much her shit affected the rest of you, and I'm sorry for that. I know she hasn't been easy to deal with, especially with the way she treated Bella at first." I nod my head not only in agreement with what he said, but also in acknowledgement of his apology. "I'm sending her to LA with Tanya after this leg of the tour. I told her I needed a break, to clear my head, ya know? I really need some time to decide if our marriage is worth saving for me. I think she needs to do the same. We keep hurting each other and that shit isn't right. I know you all think she is just a gold-digging tramp, and there are times that I have to admit that I think that, too, but there are other times when I catch a glimpse of the girl I fell in love with and I remember why we are together. I know that I disrespect her with all the flirting and inappropriate touching and shit but I think I harbor so much resentment that I almost feel justified, ya know? Anyway, I just wanted to let you guys know because it affects the band and also because I think it may have been a factor in the way I acted, not that it excuses anything." I feel bad about what he is going through at the moment, but resist the instinct to jump in and try to fix everything for him. It is time he figures this shit out on his own. That doesn't mean I won't be there every step of the way, though.

"I hope you find the answers you're looking for, man. And you know I'll be there for you...whatever you need." He nods while looking at the ground. "And

Faithfully

thank you for the apology, especially for Bella. It really means a lot to me. I love her, Em, and it bothers me that you disregarded and disrespected her. I can see that you regret it, though, and you obviously have had a lot on your mind so, please, just don't fucking do that shit again because I won't be so quick to forgive next time." He looks up at me and nods again. I'm glad when a little bit of light returns to his dark eyes.

"We good?" he asks tentatively.

"Were good," I declare, while grabbing his extended hand and pulling him into a manly back-slap slash shoulder-bump.

Jasper rolls his eyes and then nearly gets his ass kicked when he deadpans, "Thank fuck that bullshit is out of the way, we've wasted enough time as it is."

I snap my head in his direction muster all of my self control to not punch him in his smug looking face. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean, Jasper?"

He turns to look at me crossing his arms over his chest. "What I mean is that I'm glad we're finished wasting precious rehearsal time chatting about how your little girlfriend got her feelings hurt." I have to hand it to him because his voice doesn't waiver one bit as I step up to him so that we're standing chest to chest. As a matter of fact, he strengthens his stand with an air of defiance as he continues, "She needs to learn that the whole fucking world doesn't revolve around her and her douche bag of an ex. We have shit to do, and we've wasted enough time while you were off following her around like a goddamn puppy. We have a fucking show to put on, Edward...in case you forgot." Emmett reaches out to put his hand on my shoulder, silently warning me to think before I react. I take a deep breath because as pissed as I am at him right now, I really don't want to send him to the hospital...we do have a show after all.

"I have put this band first in my life for the last twenty three years, Jasper, even after you and Emmett got all wrapped up in your women. I never begrudged you that experience. I have always accommodated you and your constant need to be with Alice. Is that what your upset about? That I took a little time for Bella, and it cut into your time for Alice? Because you had to set everything up

Faithfully

for once since I wasn't here to do it? What the fuck, Jasper? How fucking selfish can you be?"

Now I get it. Usually, I set everything up. I meet with the facility manager to orchestrate our equipment set-up and rehearsal time as well as schedule our sound check and backstage accommodations. Even with Bella around, I still took care of everything and the one time he has to handle it he gets all pissy because it takes him away from his girlfriend for a few hours. I scoff at the ridiculousness of the situation before finally blowing my stack.

"You are goddamned ridiculous! I am sick and fucking tired of taking care of everyone and everything and not getting any fucking appreciation. I have done this shit for over twenty goddamn years and have never, *never* asked for any kind of help or recognition. I did it because I love the band and I love what we do, but for you to be mad that I wasn't here one fucking time..." I shake my head in disgust before continuing, "It's not my responsibility to take care of everything! And you are more selfish than I ever imagined." I turn the full force of my glare on him muttering, "Bastard," as I stomp my way on stage.

I am so disappointed in Jasper. I honestly believed with all my heart that he would always be there for me. I feel Emmett's hand on my shoulder as he passes. "He just needs time. He thinks that we're losing you." My first instinct is to scoff and tell him that idea is ludicrous, but I can see where it might feel that way. And to be perfectly honest, it *is* sort of true in a sense. My dad was right, I have someone else to take care of now so we need to start sharing in the responsibilities of managing the band. Maybe its time for Peter to actually start doing his job. Although I am still angry with Jasper, I vow to sit and talk this through after the show now that I see the situation in a different light.

The show goes off without a hitch and I head to Jasper's dressing room as agreed upon before we took the stage. After a quick but heated kiss, I leave Bella in my dressing room with Alice. They decided that they would just hang out in there until Jasper and I are finished with our talk. Bella had sent me a text message during rehearsal letting me know that Victoria advised her to call her family and give them a rundown of what is happening with Collin because it wont be long before the media starts hounding them. I sent a silent thank you

Faithfully

to God for sending us such a competent publicist because I hadn't even thought of that. I haven't seen Bella long enough to talk to her about what transpired during her conversations and I am anxious to make sure that they all went well. Hopefully this talk with Jasper won't take too long so I can get back to her quickly.

I knock tentatively when I reach his door and the nerves threaten to take over as I wait for him to acknowledge me. He is sitting on the recliner in the corner of the room lazily strumming his guitar, looking far more relaxed than I am. Leaning his guitar carefully against the arm of the couch he gestures for me to take a seat, then stands up to refill his empty glass.

"Scotch?" he asks as he approaches the drink tray.

I nod my head, figuring a little liquid courage never hurt anyone. He brings me a glass with ice and then proceeds to set the bottle between us on the table. I quickly drain one and then pour another, watching as the amber liquid funnels over the ice, wondering just how to start this conversation off. I clear my throat and decide that it might be best if I start by extending an olive branch.

"I'm sorry that you guys felt abandoned by the way I just took off with Bella. I never meant for it to come across that way. At the same time, though, taking that little detour to Le Marche was really important to her...to both of us." There. That should at least open up the conversation.

"Yeah I get that, Edward. I really do, but it's not just about your little impromptu side trip." I raise my eyebrow in question and he takes a deep breath before elaborating, "I guess it's more that I'm worried that you are putting all your trust and all your energy into this girl that you *just* met. We barely know her...we don't know if her intentions are good. I just don't want to see you get hurt. This is the first girl you really date..." He trails off and looks away from my gaze. I clench my jaw in order to keep from saying all the hateful things that immediately come to mind and concentrate on making a coherent retort.

Faithfully

"I have to say I'm a little fucking shocked by your discourse, Jasper, considering that you basically did the same thing with Alice." I let the words hang in the air watching his expression carefully.

I see the moment he bristles, "She didn't have that kind of baggage and you know it." I consider my next words carefully because the last thing I want to do is start comparing our girls. This isn't about them, this is about us.

"No, she didn't. But you didn't know what her intentions were right off the bat, either. And it wasn't even six months before her issues *did* come out." He swirls the scotch in his glass before looking up at me. "I never abandoned you guys." His statement is firm, but he must not remember the three weeks he delayed our US tour that year because he rushed to Alice's side in Biloxi after she declared that she couldn't handle the embarrassment of having the whole world know about her past mental issues and swallowed an entire bottle of sleeping pills.

"US tour 2005." Those are the only words I need to say in order to make my point.

His eyes flash with anger as he spats, "That's not the same thing and you know it!"

I hold his glare as I qualify my statement, "No, its not. I was only gone two days and it didn't affect the tour at all. But let me tell you, I would do the same thing, in a heartbeat for Bella if I were put in the situation you faced. I don't blame you one bit. It was the right thing to do. You love her, and I love Bella. Why can't you accept that?"

Jasper scrubs his hand across his face and lets out a defeated sigh, "I do, Edward. Anyone can see that you guys love each other. I guess it just pissed me off that you weren't there. You always take over, insisting on being in charge of every goddamn thing, but then the minute she has other plans, you just leave us to handle everything. If you want to be the leader, then be the fucking leader. And...I don't appreciate the fact that you decided to move to fucking Seattle without so much as discussing it with us first. It was your

Faithfully

goddamn idea for us to relocate to London in the first place! Now we are going to be expected to follow your sorry ass to Washington, too? Fuck that." I'm taken aback by his hostility. I never tried to take over the band. I just took it upon myself to do the footwork because the other two had women to entertain. I thought I was fucking helping them! Ungrateful bastard.

"Look, it wasn't my intention to take over, I just wanted to make it easier for you and Em since you had the girls to entertain. I never had anyone so it didn't affect me one way or the other. And as far as me moving to Seattle, I don't see why that is even an issue at all. You spend most of your off time in Mississippi with Alice and Emmett is always in Los Angeles. Bella and I have only decided to stay in Seattle until she graduates. After that...who knows? Maybe we will move to Arizona, maybe we will move back to London and maybe we will really like it in Seattle and decide to stay there. I don't know what's going to happen and I would never ask you guys to follow us to Washington. You need to understand, however, that Bella is a permanent part of my life, now. The most important part of my life. If you can't accept her, then you don't accept me...and relocating to London was a mutual decision so don't throw that shit on me."

He remains quiet for what seems like forever before he finally responds, "I'm sorry. I guess I never really looked at it that way. Thanks for doing that all this time for us. And I guess I was just scared that you were leaving us, and that she was the reason." I nod my acquiescence stoically but remain quiet because really, what do you say to something like that?

"So, Emmett said that you were going to build a recording studio in the basement of your new house?" I look up at him and I finally feel like we are going to be okay.

"Uh, yeah," I answer awkwardly because I don't want him to think I expect everyone to come to me to record.

"Sick. It will be fucking awesome to no longer have to pay for studio time. And maybe Bella will cook for us." I smile slightly, knowing that this is his way of declaring his acceptance of her.

Faithfully

"Yeah, if she cooks anything like her grandmother, we will be lucky motherfuckers." He tips his glass at me then throws the rest of the liquid back. It feels fucking good to make amends with both my boys.

I definitely feel like a weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I hadn't realized how much of a burden I had been carrying with the extra organizing and running around, but now that I've made a decision to let someone else handle it, I feel fucking free. When I drop by my dressing room to pick up my girl, I notice for the first time how sexy her outfit is tonight. She is standing at the drink cart with her back to me and I shamelessly take the opportunity to look her over. She is wearing a sexy white dress that exposes her entire back, down to the curve of her ass and it is really fucking short. I swear to God it makes her long legs look fucking fantastic. And to top it off, she's got these sexy red shoes on...it's a wonder that I'm able to resist rubbing my rock-hard cock against her. I adjust myself, trying to create a little more room in my jeans for the monster as I continue to ogle what is mine.

I can tell the moment she feels my eyes on her because a small shiver runs through her body, making goosebumps appear across her exposed skin. Turning to look at me from over her shoulder, she sends me a flirtatious smile and a playful wink as one side of her luscious mouth lifts in a sexy smirk.

"Like what you see?" she teases.

I smirk right back as I grab a handful of that ass and let the cocky bastard she loves so much take over, "Damn right I do...and I will like it even more when these thighs are wrapped around my head, and my tongue is buried deep inside that sweet pussy of yours."

She gasps as I bite her shoulder hard then lets out a loud, throaty moan, making my dick twitch. I lick at the new mark, sucking on it lightly before grabbing her jaw roughly and invading her mouth with my tongue. I kiss her aggressively while cupping her with one hand and sliding the other inside the top of her dress to grope one of her perky tits. I'm so lost in Bella's body that I don't even notice when Alice leaves the room.

Faithfully

"Uhhh, *fuck*, Edward. Don't stop...fuck me here, in the dressing room...backstage. Fuck, that sounds hot." She doesn't have to tell me twice. I have the tiny scrap of lace she calls panties pulled halfway down her legs by the time the words are out of her mouth...

I am a nervous fucking wreck the next morning, and so is Bella. Julianna Ranalli is due to arrive in fifteen minutes and Bella is still running around the suite yapping about her goddamn shoes.

"Baby, no one is even gonna see your fucking shoes. Calm the fuck down, you're making me crazy." I know instantly that those were the absolute wrong words to say when her head whips around like a goddamn cartoon with demonic eyes.

"What the fuck did you just say to me Edward Anthony? I know you didn't just say that I made you crazy... *right*."

I don't know when exactly I became terrified of a five-foot two brunette that weighs one-oh-five soaking wet, but before my badass side can even come up with a witty retort, the *other* side...you know, the one that said brunette owns lock, stock and barrel is already shaking his head in the negative like the pussy whipped motherfucker he is.

"That's what I thought," she snaps with narrowed eyes, as she scampers off to the bedroom to change her shoes for the sixth time. I roll my eyes and stifle a laugh when she emerges wearing the first pair she put on.

"Don't fuck with me, Cullen," is her smart remark at the obvious amusement painted across my features.

She takes one last dramatic deep breath before settling herself next to me on the sofa and intertwining our fingers together in preparation for Julianna to arrive. Her beautiful brown eyes are full of anxiety as she looks up at me for reassurance. I don't really have words for her so I lean down to place a tender, loving kiss on those lips that I fell in love with all those weeks ago. Victoria sends me a look that clearly says she feels my pain before getting up to answer

Faithfully

the knock at the door.

"Don't worry...everything will be fine."

I send her a nervous smile, but all I can think of is how a statement that is meant to be reassuring is anything but. Famous last words...

Please take a moment to share your thoughts with me...maybe we can reach 450?

Kisses,

Laila

Chapter 17: You Shook Me All Night Long

Hello everyone!

First I would like to apologize for the very long delay between updates. My poor beta's computer finally died...she is in the process of getting a new one, so please don't be too hard on us...I heart you Mo! By the way, this chapter is unbeta'd, but I will replace it as soon as i get the edited version back.

Second I would like to say thank you from the bottom of my heart for all of your continued support! I am overwhelmed and humbled by the amount of reviews and alerts this story has recieved in the last couple of weeks. I can't even begin to express how much the response means to me. These characters are incredibly close to my heart so to see that many of you are enjoying them as well is just fucking fantastic! Keep them coming...I love to hear what you all think!

I would like to thank rosearcadia for making an awesome blinkie for the story which is now proudly displayed on the blog (the link is on my profile) and also thank evilangel813 for making a banner for Faithfully: The Outtakes. I will hopefully have the next outtake posted in the next week or so...

Okay...on with the show.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Chapter 17- You Shook Me All Night Long

Faithfully

She was a fast machine

She kept her motor clean

She was the best damn woman I had ever seen

She had the sightless eyes

Telling me no lies

Knockin' me out with those American thighs

Taking more than her share

Had me fighting for air

She told me to come but I was already there

~You Shook Me All Night Long: AC/DC~

~Bella~

The interview starts with the usual pleasantries and introductions before seamlessly moving into easy topics such as how Edward and I met and how the tour is going. Julianna asks about the song Edward sang for me and how I'm handling all of the attention from the media. She brings up a few stories that have been printed in the last couple of months such as our age difference, pregnancy rumors and of course me causing rift in the band. I squirm a little on the last one knowing that I have, in fact, caused some tension in the band as of late. She points out the fact that Edward has never been in a serious relationship before and he retorts by saying that he was waiting for perfection.

I blush.

He winks.

Faithfully

Julianna smirks.

She teases, saying that he looks like a man in love...he confirms, stating that he has never been happier in his life, while looking at me like I am the only woman in the world. When she finally broaches on the subject of Collin, however, Edward's entire demeanor shifts leaving him defensive and annoyed. His protectiveness of me is as apparent as his hatred for the man that is causing so much of a disruption in our lives.

JR: So, Bella, I'd like to talk a little bit about your relationship with Collin Brady.

I take a deep breath and nod my head in acquiescence, knowing that this is the whole point of the interview, but still feeling exposed and vulnerable. Edward tightens his arm that is currently slung around my shoulders and his jaw tenses as he tries to regain control of his volatile emotions where Collin is concerned.

JR: As you know, Collin has been making his rounds with the media painting a very unflattering picture of you and how you ended your alleged three year relationship. What do you have to say in regard to his accusations?

Julianna is very kind and I have to reign in my temper, remembering that she is just doing the job she was sent here to do as I begin to form my answer in my mind. I don't want to snap at her or make her uncomfortable in any way.

BS: Frankly, Julianna, I am just as baffled by Collin and his actions as you are. I haven't seen or heard from him since February, so for him to be regaling these stories about how I left him high and dry are really quite comical. As a matter of fact, we were never in an exclusive relationship to begin with. By his choice...not mine. According to Collin, I wasn't of proper breeding or social status-so I wasn't an acceptable choice for a relationship of substance. I was merely a mistress to him...whatever that means.

I roll my eyes and flick my hand in dismissal as I say the last comment, but notice that Edward has become increasingly pissed at my explanation. Julianna turns her attention to him and addresses his shift in mood.

Faithfully

JR: Edward, I can't help but notice how agitated you became at Bella's disclosure. Will you tell me what it is that you are thinking?

EC: I'm thinking that this is bullshit. I hate that Bella has to expose herself this way in order to discount whatever that little weasel is saying. It's completely unfair, considering that he never wanted to be in a committed relationship with her in the first place. I mean, I'm glad that he didn't because I got the girl, but still. He's a fucking coward, not to mention a fame whore and I can't wait for the day I meet this asshole face to face.

My breath hitches, as does Julianna's, at Edwards assertion. I reach up and drag my fingers along his scruffy jaw and try to convey just how much I love him through my simple touch.

JR: Wow. So is that a threat? Because that would be more than a little scary if it is.

She quirks her eyebrow as she turns to the camera and flexes her biceps and then points to Edward with a mock scared face causing both me and Edward to laugh.

JR: Seriously, you are a really big guy and I'm not gonna lie...you're pretty scary.

I quickly jump in to defend my man while sending him a cheesy smile.

BS: He's not scary...he's perfect.

Edward leans in to place an inappropriate kiss on my mouth before turning his attention back to Julianna.

EC: It was merely a statement, but he can take it however he wants. It's only a matter of time until that day arrives.

JC: So just to reiterate, you and Collin never dated exclusively and haven't seen each other since February, although you did 'see' him casually for a couple

of years. Am I correct?

BS: You are correct. He dated many other girls while I was seeing him. As a matter of fact, I believe he has been living with one of them since right before he decided that I was too wild for him. Bree Tanner, I think. Very pretty girl.

EC: God, he was an idiot.

JR: What do you mean by that comment, Edward?

EC: What? Oh, I just mean that he is a fool for letting Bella go. Don't get me wrong...I'm really fucking glad that he did. I just think he is an idiot for doing so. She is an amazing woman and I'm looking forward to spending the rest of my life with her.

I look over at him with complete adoration shining in my eyes.

JR: Wow. That is quite a declaration. So, does this mean that there will be wedding bells in the near future?

He just smirks at her as he leans back in his chair while continuing to brush his fingers across the back of my neck.

EC: Definitely. My search is over.

The smile that erupts across my face is so damn giddy that it's almost embarrassing. After a bit more small talk and congratulations from Julianna, the interview is over. To be honest I really just want to get this woman out of our room so that I can ravish my man. Hearing him publicly declare that 'his search is over' is so fucking hot that I can hardly contain myself.

I lean over, kissing Edward passionately as I start to climb into his lap. He is just as eager as I am, reaching out to palm my ass while he sucks at my lips and tongue when Victoria interrupts us. I turn to glare at her because I am really fucking annoyed, but she just blows me off and tells me not to wrinkle my dress since we only have fifteen minutes before the photographer and his crew

is due to arrive.

I groan as she ushers me to the bedroom to touch up my make-up and smooth out my dress, informing me that they will do the first part photo-shoot in the living room. I have to admit that I am extremely nervous to know that millions of people will see the cover of this magazine...it has to be perfect. I turn frantically to the full length mirror and ask Victoria for the tenth time if my dress is okay or if I should change my shoes. I scowl at her when she rolls her eyes and bursts out laughing. "What?" I demand, not finding any humor in the situation. "Nothing," she says between snickers as she smooths her hand across the back of my dress, lingering a little too long on my ass. Just as I decide to press her about her laughter, we hear a sharp knock at the door and Victoria scurries from the room leaving an amused looking Heidi behind.

Heidi ushers me to the couch to sit next to Edward again before Victoria answers the door. About six people breeze through the door and immediately start setting up lighting equipment and a camera. The most awesome camera I have ever seen. I take a moment to ogle the equipment because I *am* a photographer, after all, and I simply can't resist. This thing is almost as beautiful as Edward and it makes me a little bit wet, I'm not gonna lie. If I could just touch it...just for a moment. Edward elbows me in the side while sending me a quizzical look as I sigh dreamily, losing myself in the fantasy of owning such a gorgeous piece of equipment. He looks a little peeved that I'm lusting over a camera so I shoot him an irritated look back, because it's not possible...not even for Edward...to be jealous of a piece of metal, even if it is *perfect*.

Simon, our very flamboyant photographer, starts flittering away, arranging us in the most uncomfortable positions ever while babbling on about Edward's perfect hair and Edward's pouty lips and how Edward's chiseled jaw could cut glass and how Edward's eyes look like freshly cut grass...blah, blah, blah. I snicker to myself as Simon rakes his very feminine hand through Edward's 'bronzed locks' for the seventh time, lingering just a little too long while trying to get this one strand 'just right'. I roll my eyes because, hello...? He has got a fucking mess on top of his head and no amount of stroking is going to tame that shit. Simon knows this as well as I know this but, hey, you gotta give the

Faithfully

guy props for trying. It's also funny as hell how Edward stiffens and scowls every time Simon reaches for that sexy mess with his perfectly manicured pink claws.

Edward pinches me hard under my thigh as my body shakes with silent laughter when Simon bats his false eyelashes at him and I swear to God I'm about to pee in my fucking panties watching him wiggle his little ass as he turns to scurry back to the camera in his silver kitten heels. I wish I had our flip. I would *so* post this shit on you tube.

Simon instructs me to gaze at Edward and arrange my expression into something soft and feminine while he encourages Edward to look straight into the camera and go for 'bad-boy'. He prompts us for each shot and after about three frames his eyes darken as he licks his sparkly glossed lips. By the tenth frame, I swear I hear him whimper. I kinda feel bad for the little guy because I know exactly how he feels. Edward oozes sex without even trying...I can't even imagine what he looks like through the lens now that he is putting some effort in.

Lord have mercy.

The tension in the room is almost unbearable, but just as I'm about to cave and attack Edward's mouth, Simon calls a short break for us to change and move to the bedroom while he fans himself dramatically. "Honey, is it hot in here...or is it just you?" he asks rhetorically while looking pointedly at Edward.

I roll my eyes at Simon's comment as I enter the generic hotel bedroom. Immediately noticing that the crew has set up lighting equipment around the bed, I reluctantly grab the white wife beater and white cotton boyshorts that are laid out for me and head into the bathroom to change. I don't know what kind of pictures they are planning to take of us in bed, but I'm a little worried because the whole point of this interview and photo shoot is for me to *not* look like a whore. I'm just about to lock the door when Edward opens it and slips inside with me holding a pair blue stripped cotton sleep pants. I raise one eyebrow at him and ask pointing to the garment he has in his hands, "What the fuck is *this*?" He just shrugs while peeling off the tight black tee shirt he was

Faithfully

wearing before. "I don't know, baby. Let's just do it. We can always demand to see the pictures before they leave and if we don't like them, we won't let them use them. Don't worry, it'll be fine." His explanation is so easy and makes perfect sense, so I go ahead and change then follow him out to the bedroom.

Simon instructs me to climb in the bed and lay on my back, propped up on what must be at least six crisp white pillows with my left leg sticking out of the white sheet. He artfully arranges my hair then threatens me not to move a muscle when he gets it perfect. He then holds up the other side of the sheet and has Edward crawl in, while trying not to jostle my hair, and lay on his stomach half draped across my body with his head resting low on my chest. He wraps his right open palm around my ribs purposely making my shirt ride up on the side, at Simon's command. The sheet is then pulled down to reveal most of my body to my thighs and the top of Edward's sleep pants. Simon tells me to throw my left arm over my head and grab on to the headboard looking into the camera fiercely while threading my right hand into Edward's hair while he closes his eyes looking peaceful.

Simon shoots about thirteen variations of this pose from different angles with subtle adjustments. I have never felt so sexy. Finally, he declares that we are finished and pouts when we demand to change before going through the film.

Edward and I emerge from the bathroom moments later and sit at the table where Simon's laptop is set up. He has one of the bedroom pictures already open and is beaming at us as we approach. I settle into Edward's lap and am absolutely captivated by what I see on the screen. It doesn't look cheap or sleazy in the least. As a matter of fact it is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. It looks so innocently intimate and we look so much in love. Edward is fucking beautiful and the angle of the camera subtly shows his 'B' tattoo beautifully. I am so moved by how the camera captured us that I can't hold back the tears in my eyes. Edward tightens his grip around my waist and presses a kiss to my shoulder while never moving his eyes from the screen.

I am finally able to regain my composure while Simon clicks through all of the living room shots. There is one in particular of the 'bad boy' poses where Edward looks like fucking sin.

Holy shit.

Sometimes it's hard to believe that he is mine. It annoys me a little to know that women all over the world are going to Jill off to that picture. Damn him for being so fucking sexy. Oh well, there's no use whining about it. After all, I'm the only one that gets the real thing.

I have to admit that I am rather pleased with how I look in the photos as well. We are a hot fucking couple, that's for sure.

I look over and watch as Simon flirts shamelessly with Edward for a few minutes before I decide to rescue him. It's funny how Simon takes every opportunity to brush Edward's shoulder or touch his forearm, and as uncomfortable as Edward is...he isn't unkind to him. He is actually quite sweet and charming. Who knew?

Oh, that's right.

I do.

And now I want these people to go away so I can get freaky with my man before we have to pack up and leave for our flight to Milan. Yes, that's right, Alice and I commissioned ourselves a shopping side-trip. I can't wait! I'm making Edward go with me, like I'm not going to let him take off with the boys...at all. I plan to do some serious shopping and I want to make sure he likes everything I buy. It's for his eyes, after all, so he can just suck it up and play the dutiful boyfriend.

After some going over mundane details, such as when the issue will be published and what poses we do not want released, etc. Victoria finally ushers them out of the suite. Not, of course, without a final lust filled, longing look at Edward. Oh, Simon, you don't have the right equipment.

We thank Victoria profusely for all of her hard work so far in dealing with Collin and after plans to meet up when we arrive in Seattle, promises for her to keep in contact with updates of our situation and one borderline inappropriate

Faithfully

hug where her hand rested just slightly on my ass, we send her and Heidi off and are finally alone.

Without wasting a single moment I spin around and launch myself into Edward's arms, climbing up his body like some kind of monkey and shoving my tongue into his mouth. He immediately responds, kissing me back with enthusiasm while hoisting me up the rest of the way so that I can wrap my legs around his waist. Moving his hands to my derriere, he begins to knead my cheeks while pulling me tight against his erection. The friction feels fantastic and a loud porn star status moan escapes my throat as I lick along the column of his throat like a fucking cat in heat while shamelessly rubbing my boobs against his chest. Apparently he must like my porn star moves because his answering groan is throaty and deep as he effortlessly rocks my kitty against the gigantic bulge in his jeans. It amazes me, sometimes, how that monster fits inside me...

Before I know it I am tossed on my back and he is flinging the decorative pillows from the couch out of the way. He has a wicked gleam in his eye that both thrills and unravels me.

"This isn't going to be sweet, *Isabella*."

I moan like a hussy at the way he purrs my name. Holy fuck, he is dangerous with that cocky smirk. My panties are positively drenched in anticipation of what he plans to do to me.

"Take off your clothes and show me your pussy."

His voice is dark and commanding sending shivers up my spine. I am momentarily distracted by the absolute beauty of this man. He was born to be in charge...to dominate. A fresh wave of arousal seeps out of me at the feral look in his eyes as he crosses his arms over his broad chest and quirks one heavy eyebrow.

"I don't like to be kept waiting, *Isabella*."

Faithfully

He is curt with his reprimand which only serves to turn me on more.

"Yes, papi." I breathe out as I hurry to discard my clothes sending a silent thank you whatever higher power made me visit the downstairs spa yesterday for a much overdue wax. I lay back against the armrest of the couch and spread my legs for him, displaying the soft, bare skin that is now glistening with wetness.

He drags his tongue along his full bottom lip as he drinks in the sight of me bare and spread before him. Looking at me like I am something to eat, he drags one long, slender finger through my dripping folds then slowly brings it to his mouth where he languidly sucks my essence off, keeping those intense green eyes locked on mine the entire time.

My body is literally shaking with need by the time he stands to disrobe. He sits himself back down, leisurely spreading his decorated, muscular arms across the back of the couch. His long, thick cock is standing proudly against his lower abdomen seeping with the clear, salty fluid I crave. My mouth waters at the sight of it and I have the sudden urge to lap it up. Instead of acting on my impulse, however, I wait for further instruction like the good little girl that I am.

His expression is gruff as he barks out, "I said I don't like to be kept waiting, Isabella."

I can't help the whimper that escapes my lips as I scramble to kneel on the floor between his legs and I waste no time taking him deep down my throat. He hisses upon contact and I take extreme pleasure in knowing that I can cause that kind of reaction in him. He groans when I swallow around his head and abruptly tangles his hands into my long dark hair. Although he fists it tightly, he doesn't push on my head or try to control my pace...not that I would mind. As a matter of fact, I love when he is a bit forceful when I'm giving him head.

"Fuck, baby, your mouth feels so fucking good," he rasps out as he lets his head fall back. I increase my suction while bobbing my head a little faster, making sure to flick the barbells of his ladder each time I retreat and all too

Faithfully

soon he begins to thrust upward while tightening the hold he has on my hair.

"Ah, that's it, baby. Take it all..." he grinds out between grunts.

I begin swirling my tongue around the head each time I pull back while tugging softly on his balls. Finally, he thrusts his hips up sharply while firmly holding my head in place letting out a few incoherent curses between grunts before a breathy, "fuck yeah..." as he comes deep down my throat.

I keep sucking softly and swallowing as he rides out his climax then slowly release him from my mouth. I remain on my knees and watch him silently as he basks in the serenity of his post-orgasmic bliss. He is fucking stunning, and he's all mine.

A slow watery smile spreads across his handsome face as he blurts out, "You are so fucking good at that, baby. Goddamn, I'm a lucky son-of-a-bitch."

Pride surges through me with the knowledge that I am able to completely satisfy him and I allow a smug grin to settle across my features. I lightly trail my hands up and down his thighs, enjoying the feel of the coarse hair beneath my open palms, watching as his beautiful flaccid cock twitches and then starts to come back to life.

Apparently, the monster enjoys my caresses too.

Not able to control myself, I reach out and gently brush my fingers along his length, which serves to further arouse him. The skin is so soft under my fingertips, such a contrast to the steel pierced into it. I twist and flick each of the barbells as I explore every inch of him, taking my time to see how my hand looks wrapped around it and taking note how I need both hands to fit around the girth. The thought is both exciting and frightening. How the fuck does this thing fit inside me? I don't ponder that thought long though, because it feels fucking fantastic. A fresh wave of arousal seeps out of me at the thought. I could fucking bottle this shit with the way I produce it in this man's presence. I reach out with my tongue to collect the tiny bead of pre-cum that has collected along is slit, mesmerized by the pearlescent hue of the liquid.

Faithfully

He lets out a loud groan, "Damn, baby, you ready for more?"

I open my mouth to swallow his full length again when he places his hand underneath my jaw. "Come here." His voice is soft yet still maintains that commanding edge. I waste no time springing to my feet and crawling onto his lap. He wraps one of his strong arms around my waist resting his large palm on my ass and threads his free hand into my hair, pulling my face to his forcefully. His tongue quickly invades my mouth but is gone in an instant exploring my neck and collarbones while he tugs sharply at my hair to expose my throat. He places a few sharp nips to the exposed flesh before diving down for my breasts, licking, sucking and biting at my hardened nipples.

Kissing a path back to my ear he demands lowly, "On your stomach."

I don't waste a second, quickly scrambling off of his lap and settling myself on my stomach with my legs draped across his lap. He pushes my thighs apart, brushing the back of his knuckles across my wet folds before smoothing his palms across my ass. He continues stroking my behind and the back of my thighs softly until I feel his lips and tongue join in the mix. I whimper as I feel his teeth sink into one of my cheeks then I feel the wetness of his tongue as he soothes the bite, while palming the other side.

He sits up and spreads my ass cheeks to expose my back entrance and I startle when I feel the wetness of his tongue as it circles the tight hole. I squirm as a deep guttural moan escapes my lips, damn it feels so fucking good. All too soon one of his long, slender fingers replaces his tongue and I feel pressure before the tip slips in.

"Has anyone ever fucked you here, baby?" he asks as he presses his digit further inside me. The combination of the slight burning along with the incredible feeling of having any part of him in *there* makes me hazy and I can barely answer the question.

I shake my head in the negative while pushing my ass back toward his hand trying to urge him deeper. "Only my vibrator..." I manage to choke out between moans. God, the idea of having him take me that way turns me on even more

Faithfully

than I thought possible and there is no doubt that I am soaking his thighs as they rest beneath me.

His finger gently probes me while his erection rests hard against my hip. He slides two of his free fingers into my pussy and moves them all together.

"Please." I plead in barely a whisper.

"Please what, baby?"

"Please fuck my ass."

His breath hitches and suddenly he pulls his hand away completely, making me wonder what I did wrong. Before I have a chance to dwell on it though, I am in his arms and I am being carried into the bedroom.

He sets me down gently on the bed kissing me deeply before sauntering over to his suitcase. He returns to me quickly, crawling up over my body while tossing a small bottle of lube on the nightstand. I attack his mouth, sucking urgently on his tongue while tugging at his hair. My body is vibrating with anticipation of having him claim me this way. There is just one thing I need to know, not that it matters either way.

"Have you ever?" I ask between kisses.

"No," he breathes before sucking on my lower lip, "It takes patience and preparation...something you and I both know I never afforded my previous partners."

I nod my head in acknowledgement secretly fucking ecstatic that I will be his first...his *only*, and he will be mine.

"Are you sure?" he asks as he slips two fingers inside me twisting and curling them in search of my g-spot.

Faithfully

" Yes," I groan as he finds it both in encouragement for him to continue doing what he is currently doing and also to clarify that I do indeed want him to fuck my ass.

He flicks my clit ring with his thumb making me hiss in pleasure as he continues to pump his fingers in and out of my dripping pussy while kissing me so deeply that he is swallowing my moans. I tear my face from his to catch my breath and insist that I am ready.

He slows down his ministrations and backs away from me so that he can sit up against the headboard. "I think it would be better with you on top, so that you can control the pace and depth." I smile at the tenderness and concern in his eyes as I nod my head in agreement.

Grabbing the bottle of lube and placing it in his hand I settle myself astride his lap and kiss him with every ounce of emotion inside me. I want to show him with this single action that I love and trust him more than anything or anyone in this world. I pull back placing one last chaste kiss to his full, pouty lips and brush his hair out of his eyes as he puts a generous amount of lube on his fingers to prepare me with.

He reaches between my legs, sliding past my slit until his fingers reach my back door. Applying a small amount of pressure, he begins to circle the tight opening as he distracts me with deep, wet kisses everywhere his mouth can reach. There are lips and tongue and teeth all over my chest and neck and finally my mouth when he presses his two slicked up fingers inside me. I deepen the kiss even further, pushing my tongue as far inside his mouth as possible while he gently scissors his fingers, trying his best to prepare me for the large intrusion of his massive cock. The motion feels incredible and I drop my head to rest on his shoulder, unable to stop the moan that falls from my lips while slowly grinding my ass on his hand.

He adds a third finger and starts thrusting in and out in time with my rocking. I turn my face toward his neck and start sucking gently allowing myself to get lost in the new sensations my body is feeling. I'm already so close but I don't want to come until he is inside me.

Faithfully

"Please, Edward, I'm ready."

"Are you sure, Bella?"

The tension in his voice is unmistakable. I know he wants this just as much as I do, but there is no doubt that he is nervous. I nod my head as I plant a sweet kiss to his lips, letting my body answer for me.

He looks up at me and the intensity in his eyes is startling. "Please, baby, if I hurt you...or you hate it...or anything, please... *please*, promise me that you'll stop me."

"I promise," I declare, going back to darkening the mark I just created on his pale neck.

"I'm serious, Bella. I couldn't stand it if I hurt you."

I pull back to look into his eyes, wanting him to see the sincerity swimming in them. "I *promise*, ciccino. You won't hurt me. I trust you."

The resolve solidifies in his eyes as he coats his cock with a generous amount of lube and places the head at my entrance. I lay my head back down on his shoulder and close my eyes tightly. There is no way that he is going to slide right in without any pain. "Push the head in, then I will lower myself the rest of the way..." I instruct in barely a whisper, not wanting to break the intimate tension that has filled the room.

"I love you, Bella."

"I love you, too."

I feel him tense and hold his breath as he slowly presses the tip of his huge cock inside me. I keep breathing deeply, willing myself to relax wanting to make this experience as easy as possible for both of us. The burning is intense, but not unbearable and I continue to focus on relaxing my muscles. I can feel Edward trembling with what I assume is effort to not impale me.

Faithfully

After a few moments I reach down and push his hands away from my ass where he is holding me up, since he is making it impossible for me to lower myself down at all. He slides his hands to the top of my thighs as I slowly start pushing down then retreating back up only to press back down a little further each time.

By the second pass, Edward lets out a sharp breath then a strangled groan before clenching his jaw and clamping his eyes shut tightly. "*Fuck...*" he breathes when I'm about halfway down. I have to agree. Now that the burning has started to subside the feeling of fullness is overwhelming. I allow my eyes to roll back as I start moving a little faster and pushing him a little deeper, letting the moans and whimpers fall freely from my lips.

"Unggg...you can touch me now, papi...please, touch me..."

His hands fly to my hips and he gently starts meeting my thrusts, plunging deeper and deeper each time. My breath hitches when I finally feel his hips flush with mine, knowing that I've taken all of him.

"*Holymotheroffuckingchrist* that's tight, baby. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. God, I'm gonna fucking come."

He reaches down to flick my clit a few times and it's over for me. The sensation of having him deep in my ass along with the stimulation on my nub sends me flying. I grind shamelessly on his cock while wailing like a banshee through my orgasm. I am so lost in my own pleasure that I can hardly hear Edward grunting like some kind of primal ape as he comes just seconds after me. It isn't until the black spots clear from in front of my eyes that I realize just how intense that was, and it was only our first time. A huge cheesy grin spreads across my face and I don't even care how stupid I look at the moment.

"I fucking *love* anal sex..." I declare through a breathy giggle rolling off of him and stretching like a cat, which makes us both hiss at the sudden loss of contact.

Faithfully

He just takes a deep, exhausted breath and looks over at me with a chuckle, "Me too, baby. Me too."

He bends at the waist to drop his head onto my stomach and groans.

"Holy fuck."

A giggle escapes me as I thread my fingers through his soft auburn tresses, "That good?"

"You're gonna give your old man a heart attack...you know that?" he declares while looking at me with only one green eye open.

"Mmmm, death my orgasm with a hot young brunette...what a way to go," I tease making him pinch my thigh as he mock glares at me.

"You're asking for it, little girl..."

"Promise?" I breathe as I pull his mouth to mine.

Ninety minutes later we are practically running through the airport praying to the powers that be that we do not miss our flight to Milan. I am sore as fuck but *holy hell*, was it worth it.

I let out an exasperated breath as we finally make it to our seats I rummage through my bag and curse loudly when I realize that I forgot to replenish my socks. Damn, damn, double damn. Now my feet are gonna be cold. I sit back petulantly and huff as I throw a mini-fit, then scowl when Edward raises an eyebrow at my obvious juvenile behavior.

Asshole.

The rest of the flight is uneventful, however, it is when we land that the shit hit's the fan.

Faithfully

We are making our way through the terminal when the cover of OK! Magazine catches my eye. I yank on Edward's hand forcing him to follow me to the display. Two things happen at once, I read the headline underneath my mother's smiling face and I hoist my purse up higher on my shoulder as it starts to slide down. The worst possible thing happens in the history of favorite purses as I feel one of the straps give way under the forceful tug I give it.

"No!"

I don't know if my reaction is to the fact that my absent, selfish mother has given an interview about me without my consent claiming that we are 'like sisters' and 'the best of friends' and that she has 'all the inside details of my relationship with Edward' or the fact that my favorite bag has died in my arms.

When I look down to examine Lola, (that's my purse), I realize that the tightness in my chest is due to the loss of my bag. I look up at Edward with unshed tears when I realize that the damage to Lola is irreparable. His eyes soften when he realizes that I'm really upset and he wraps his arm around me guiding me through the rest of the terminal to our waiting car trying his best to shield me from the overexcited photographers.

I am full on sobbing by the time we get to the car. Edward mistakes my tears as a reaction to my mother's article so he is unintentionally saying all the wrong things, assuring me that we will force the magazine to retract the article and that he will call and talk to Renee himself but it only makes me more upset because he doesn't understand why I'm so distraught.

"But, what about my bag?" I wail, cutting off his rant about Renee. His head whips toward me and his expression can only be described as a mix of confusion and shock, which quickly morphs into disbelief as he starts to shake with silent laughter.

"Oh, baby. The whole point of this side-trip is for you to shop...we'll get you a new one." His tone is soft and understanding and I love that he isn't talking to me like the crazy person I'm acting like right now.

Faithfully

"But, they don't make this one anymore...I got it three years ago." I argue, sniffing lightly.

He brushes the hair out of my face and presses a kiss to my forehead before pulling me into his arms. "We'll get you a better one, a bigger one even."

I smile in spite of my sadness because he really is trying to make me happy. I snicker to myself as I realize he just offered me a bigger purse when he thought the one I had was ridiculous.

I didn't think it was possible to love this man any more than I already do, but looking into those deep emerald green eyes, that are swimming with love and concern for me, it hits me like a ton of bricks...

...I was wrong.

I can't wait to hear from you!

Chapter 18: Rebel Yell

Wow! I have no other words. You all have truly humbled me. The amount of alerts and reviews after the last chapter was completely overwhelming. My heart has been soaring with your wonderful words. Thank you to everyone who took the time to review, and thank you to everyone who has recommended this story. It makes me so happy to share this with so many wonderful and supportive people, you guys are the best! I apologize for my epic fail in responding to your wonderful reviews, but please know that I treasure each and every one.

My beta is still working on getting a new computer, and I miss her so very much. I love you Mo!

I would like to send a huge thank you to lambcullen for helping me edit this chapter as well as her work in editing chapters 1 through 5, I appreciate your hard work and priceless advice. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, and I still squeal like a fangirl. haha.

Okay, here we go...

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Rebel Yell

I'd sell my soul for you babe
For money to burn with you
I'd give you all, and have none, babe
Just, just, justa, justa to have you here by me
Because

Faithfully

In the midnight hour she cried- "more, more, more"
With a rebel yell she cried- "more, more, more"
In the midnight hour babe- "more, more, more"
With a rebel yell she cried "more, more, more"
More, more, more

~Rebel Yell- Billy Idol~

~Edward~

"Will you put these in your pocket, Papi?"

Bella is wearing the sweetest smile as she dumps her ID, credit card, a crumpled up twenty dollar bill, her iPhone, a tube of lipgloss, and get this...a travel size *tampon* in my hand, while standing in the middle of the bedroom in our suite at the Park Hyatt Milan. She must register the horrified expression on my face as I take in the items now sitting in my palm, because she turns the full force of her pout on me. Adding a much too sweet, "Please, Papi? I'm not supposed to start till tomorrow, but I wanna be prepared just in case."

I huff and grumble a little, but ultimately shove the objects into my pockets as she finishes up getting ready to go. Internally squirming that I have a goddamn *tampon* in my pocket.

Fucking gross.

The things I do for this woman.

While I wait for Bella in the living room, I let my mind wander to the events of last night. Mostly her meltdown in response to the interview her mother gave to that shitty gossip rag. It seems that Renee Dwyer is even more selfish and clueless than I originally thought.

Bella had told me before that she and Seth did not have a good relationship with their mother, but admittedly, I assumed that she was exaggerating a little. I mean, really, what mother disappears for weeks on end leaving two children

Faithfully

under the age of ten to fend for themselves? Apparently, Bella was not exaggerating. Renee Dwyer does.

She tried to mask her hurt behind anger, but I was easily able to see through her façade. It infuriates me that her mother has such little regard for Bella, and how her loose lips could affect how our relationship is perceived by the general public, especially in the delicate situation we are in. It's not like I give a flying fuck how anyone sees me, but I *do* care a great deal how the world perceives the woman I love.

Her mother had the audacity to divulge private things about Bella. Such as where she grew up, that she is attending Cornish College of the Arts on scholarship, and how she chooses to live near her father in Washington, among other things. It pisses me off because now, not only will the paparazzi be hounding the small town of Forks and the surrounding areas, but also because they will be swarming the fucking college hoping to get a glimpse of her. She won't even have a chance to adjust. Don't get me wrong, I realize that it would have only been a matter of time before the paps found out that she attends classes there, but there is no need to give that kind of information away...fucking Christ. Oh, excuse the fuck out of me...I mean there is no need to *sell* that kind of information. *Bitch*. There is no way that hag *gave* anything away. How shitty is that? Her own mother...

I shake my head trying to rid my brain of all thoughts of that selfish bitch, and focus on having a good time with my girl today. I smile widely, as she appears in the doorway looking like a fucking goddess in a blue summer dress and high wedge sandals that wrap around her ankle. "Ready?" I snicker at how she nods enthusiastically and practically skips out the door toward the elevator. All the tears from last night forgotten.

We meet Alice and Jasper in the lobby. I fist bump Jasper, as the girls immediately dive into plans about which stores to hit first and where to have lunch. Jasper rolls his eyes at Alice's over-the-top enthusiasm, but there is no mistaking the adoration behind the gesture.

Faithfully

Before we are able to head out on our shopping adventure however, Jasper tugs on Bella's long ponytail in attempt to get her attention. She turns to him with kind and questioning, but guarded eyes, and I can't help but feel my body tense in preparation to defend her if necessary.

"I just wanted to apologize for my epic douche bag behavior last week, Bell. It was cruel and uncalled for, and I can only hope that you are able to find it in your heart to forgive me. I promise to never treat you so poorly again. You are one of us and from this day forward, I intend to protect you as such."

A breathtaking smile erupts across her beautiful face, as she waves a hand in dismissal while twining her free hand with mine, "Of course, Jasper. Water under the bridge."

He smiles back at her, "Edward is one lucky son-of-a-bitch...You're good for him."

I look down to my girl and answer before she gets a chance, "Damn right I am." She squeezes my hand, and I wink at her before leading us down the boutique lined street.

I groan and scrub my hand down my face as Bella examines the same gigantic, ugly black bag for the third time. She shoots me a dirty look, before letting out a heavy sigh and handing it back to the salesgirl. The look of longing in her eyes is unmistakable, as she turns to walk away. "I thought you liked that one?" I ask, unable to mask the annoyance in my tone. She turns to look at me with a frown, "I do."

See, this is where I have a hard time understanding her. If she likes it...why isn't she getting it?

The confusion must be plain on my face, because she reluctantly adds, "I really do, its just incredibly expensive. I'm not sure I can justify spending \$3500.00 on one bag, when I still need a school bag as well. It would make me feel better to get two for that price, you know?"

Oh. My. Fucking. God!

"Bella, I thought we already *had* this conversation?"

She seems perplexed, and it dawns on me that she really doesn't fucking get it.

"Baby, I *told* you. Money isn't an issue for us. That conversation wasn't exclusive to the house. Please stop looking at price tags. If you like it...get it."

I bite back a groan of exasperation when she starts shaking her head. "I really appreciate how generous you are, Edward. But I just can't. I mean, there is only so much available on my credit card, and I really can't afford..."

Cutting her off, I begin to rant, "No, Bella. There is no you and I anymore...there is *us*. We are *together*, we *live* together... *we* can afford it. *Please* tell me you understand what I'm telling you, Bella. If we have any chance of a future, please tell me that you get it."

I look deep into her eyes, trying to convey how important this point is to me. I never want her to feel like she has or brings less to this relationship. This is an issue she is really going to have to work on letting go, because the money isn't going anywhere. I really don't want to keep having this conversation over and fucking over again. Realization finally dawns on her, and she nods her head in understanding, before turning to the salesgirl again.

"We'll take it."

The salesgirl's face lights up in victory, and she immediately starts engaging Bella in conversation, not so subtly trying to get her to add more things to the sale. When we finally walk away, Bella has a new purse, a matching wallet, a gaudy necklace and two pairs of earrings. She looks a little sheepish when the total is announced, so I kiss her softly, trying to soothe some of her worry. I fork over my credit card and silently thank God that there is matching one en route to the new house with her name on it. I only wish it said Cullen instead of Swan. I mentally kick myself at the thought. *We will get there...I just hope it is soon.*

Faithfully

"Where to, baby? You mentioned that you need a book bag for school..." I prompt, while leading her to the Louis Vuitton boutique, wanting her to get a little more excited to shop. I don't want her to feel awkward or embarrassed the whole time. Thankfully, Alice and Jasper catch up to us, and Alice whisks her toward the store, helping to avoid a potential spat as Bella looks back at me apprehensively.

The store isn't huge by any means, but it has an air of pretentiousness that initially concerns me. I don't want Bella to feel uncomfortable in any way, but I feel that she will find a bag made with the highest level of quality and craftsmanship here. It will make for an excellent long term investment. I know this, of course, because my mother and sister swear by LV luggage and leather goods. She could actually stand to get some luggage too, if she wants, to replace the hodgepodge she is carrying around now. It is a pain in the ass to constantly have to tweak and fix the zippers on the ones that she's using, in order to get them to close or open.

Bella's eyes are huge as she browses the store, but there is an undeniable hint of excitement lurking just below the surface, so I take the opportunity to entice her a bit. As much as I despise shopping, I want to make this an enjoyable experience for her.

"What about this one, baby?" I ask, pointing to a large tote looking thing. "It looks kinda like your broken one."

She approaches me, slipping her tiny hand into mine, while thoughtfully gazing at the bag in question. "Yeah, only mine was *much* cheaper, I'm sure. It was *Juicy*. I paid two hundred fifty dollars for it, like three years ago." She looks up at me with a hint of blush on her cheeks, "And I thought that was expensive. Don't get me wrong, its not like I don't know how to blow money. I have spent ridiculous amounts of money on shoes, its just hard for me to get used to the fact that I can buy lots of ridiculous things at once. I'm working on it okay? And I'm so grateful for you, not because you buy me awesome things, but because you make me feel like your equal. I love you, Edward."

"I love you too, and you *are* my equal...in every way."

Faithfully

I look around the store and notice that every single one of the sales associates is staring at us.

I suddenly feel like an animal in the zoo.

Just as I start to get aggravated, a woman approaches us. "I apologize for their behavior. I swear they act like they have never seen a celebrity before," she says with a roll of her eyes. "My name is Shelly. What can I show you today?"

It seems that Shelly just earned herself a hefty sale.

Shelly spends the next two hours with Bella, showing her tote bags and school bags and shoes and luggage. By the time they are finished, Bella is smiling and joking around with her amongst the loot she has selected. She waves me over, gushing about the 'fuckawesome' messenger bag she found that has separate compartments to store her laptop, her books *and* her portfolio. I smirk at her obvious affection for the bag and its functionality. She also gets a large rolling suitcase, a garment bag, a tote bag, a large cosmetic bag, and three pairs of shoes. We also get my mother the train case she's been coveting, and a matching one for Lizzy.

She looks up at me with a slight blush on her cheeks, as she declares, "I promise that I won't shop again for a long while, kay?" To which I just roll my eyes, because come on...she's a chick, and this is only the second store we go into.

By the end of our very long afternoon, Bella has accumulated more shopping bags than I can comfortably carry, and I really just want to head back to the room which, admittedly, makes me more than a little moody. She looks so happy, though, and that alone is enough to make me feel like a complete asshole for being a grouchy motherfucker. She was cute as fuck when she added an amendment to her declaration, about not shopping again for a long while, as we passed a Christian Louboutin boutique. Apparently, this is her favorite shoe designer. I look over and give her an encouraging smile when she hesitates outside of a lingerie boutique, all of my previous discomfort forgotten. I know, I know, I'm a selfish prick.

Faithfully

The shop is decorated in deep reds and gold, giving it a luxurious feel that suits Bella perfectly. I let my eyes wander, taking in all of the lace and silk, and imagining my girl in each and every one. Before I know it, Bella has wandered off, leaving me standing in front of a display of sheer, flimsy dress things, and it doesn't take long for the vultures to descend.

"Hello there, handsome. I'm Natalie..."

"I'm Amelia..."

"I'm Angelique, and I would be happy to show you *anything* you'd like to see."

You have got to be fucking kidding me. I know these bitches saw me enter the store with my girl. I swear to fucking Christ, these women have no shame.

"I obviously don't need any help, but I'm sure my girlfriend does." I deadpan, making my annoyance clear. "She's the gorgeous brunette right over there, looking around for assistance..." I trail off, gesturing toward an irritated looking Bella, who is currently holding a rather large selection of garments to try on.

All three women look disappointed, but flutter to Bella's side nonetheless. I shake my head in disgust at the audacity some women have. They blatantly come on to me with my woman in the same room. Pushing my annoyance aside, I follow Bella, and the three harpies, back to one of the private changing areas and settle myself into one of the plush velvet couches.

Ready to enjoy the show.

Needless to say, we spent a pretty penny in that store, and I can hardly wait until we can enjoy our purchases. The stop was totally worth the steel rod I'm currently sporting in my jeans because, fuck, she got some insanely sexy shit.

Bella rushes to the shower as soon as we enter our suite in Athens, freaking out that she has under two hours to get ready for the Barbara Walters interview this evening. I spend the next ten minutes contemplating whether or not I should

Faithfully

change out of the T-shirt I'm currently wearing. I ultimately decide that what I'm wearing is just fucking fine, and if Barbara has a problem with my attire she can just go fuck herself. I do, however, creep into the bathroom to brush my teeth. Well, really to get a glimpse of naked Bella, since I will be cockblocked for the next week, but I *am* a supporter of oral hygiene.

I wander into the bedroom after my little peepshow, and notice that Bella has one of her new outfits laid out on the bed. Looking at the dark pink dress, I wonder idly if I will be too underdressed. The last thing I want to do is embarrass her. I roll my eyes at my internal musings but decide to change my shirt at least. I huff as I rummage through my suitcase, realizing that the only button down shirts I have are dirty or wrinkled -not that they are dressy by any means.

I'm so enthralled by the contents of my suitcase that I don't even hear when Bella approaches. "Here, wear this one." She smiles warmly, as she hold out a dark grey v-neck T-shirt. "I want to be able to see your arms..." she trails off, brushing her delicate fingertips across my ink. It feels so fucking good. Sliding my arms around her waist and settling my hands on her ass, I take notice of how she's styled her hair. It's parted on the side with her long bangs brushed across her forehead, and the rest is hanging down her back loosely curled at the ends. Her makeup is minimal, except for her lips, which are painted a very deep pink to match her dress. She looks classic, almost like a Vargas pinup girl.

Bella is just slipping into her shoes when we hear a sharp knock at the door. I brush my fingertips across her cheek before letting the crew in. The man in charge lets us know that it will take about fifteen minutes to set up the video camera and lighting, and also that Barbara will arrive in approximately twenty minutes. They set us up so that Bella and I will be sharing the loveseat, and Barbara will be in the overstuffed chair across from us. The arrangement is supposed to make the interview appear more intimate and informal.

Two hours later, I am letting the last of the crew out, completely aware that my girl is moments away from an emotional breakdown, as she sits frozen on the loveseat. Barbara was a tough interview but, despite what Bella believes, I

Faithfully

think it turned out alright in the end. She really dug into our relationship, forcing us to make her understand how we could be so sure about each other. It was sort of difficult to find the words at first, but the old bat was relentless, making us really think out our answers and challenging us with the arguments and concerns the general public has with our age difference. I believe that we had her convinced by the end of the interview. I guess we'll see on Thursday. The special is supposed to air right after *American Idol*.

I walk over to Bella and pull her into my arms, "Everything is gonna be okay, baby. Please don't worry about it." Her response is simple, but it shows me just how much faith she puts in everything I tell her, "Okay."

She reaches up to kiss me softly, and then retreats to the bedroom, emerging a few minutes later. She has a freshly scrubbed face, wearing one of my tee T-shirts, tube socks and her glasses haphazardly throwing her hair up into a knot on top of her head.

I can't help but chuckle at her miserable expression. Especially when she whines that she has cramps and that she *needs* chocolate. She scowls at my amusement, but her annoyance quickly turns to adoration when I call down to room service and order chocolate cake and ice cream.

"You are the best boyfriend ever," she declares happily at the knock on the door fifteen minutes later. We spend the rest of the evening eating cake and watching old movies. To be honest, I love our times like this.

Times when we act like an old married couple.

She shifts so that her sock covered feet are resting in my lap. "So, were you ever able to talk to your dad?" Genuine interest lacing my tone. The only person that Bella had been able to get a hold of so far is Seth, who was understanding and completely supportive, of course.

"No, I called him again just a bit ago, but he still hasn't called me back," she mutters, frowning down at her phone.

Faithfully

"Don't worry, baby. He'll call." I try to put forth a confident tone, even though I am a little worried that he is pissed about the situation Bella has been put in because of my band's popularity. I sure fucking hope he doesn't blame me for what that douche bag, Collin, is doing to her.

She nods her head but doesn't look convinced.

Instead of letting the potential dark cloud settle over us, I lighten the mood by bringing up the fact that I talked to Jenks today regarding the house.

"Jenks closed on the house yesterday. He emailed me copies of the paperwork this morning." Her attention snaps to me, and pure excitement dances in those gorgeous brown eyes.

"Really?"

I chuckle at her giddiness, while gently pushing her feet off my thigh and heading to the bedroom to retrieve my laptop. I calling over my shoulder, "Yeah, it was relatively easy, since we paid in cash."

When I return, I sit close to her so that she is able to see the screen. "The previous owner had vacated the house several months ago, and were more than cooperative in allowing Mom to get in immediately and begin the renovations." She looks a little lost, as I scroll through the documents. "If we paid in cash..." Her brow furrows. I turn my face to her as she continues, "Why is there so much paperwork?"

I love that she feels comfortable enough to ask questions about our purchase. I happily explain each of the documents, including all of the fees involved in the closing costs. "As soon as the paperwork is filed and I receive the deed, it will be a piece of cake to add your name." She nods thoughtfully, while still scrolling through the paperwork.

"What is all this?" she asks, stopping on the bank documents titled *Household Account*. A moment of panic surges through me, as I quickly try to figure out a way to let her know that I started a joint account for us to use. It was under the

Faithfully

pretense of using it for household necessities, but I was really hoping that she would use it all the time. A true joint account.

Once the initial panic subsides I decide to just be honest, so I turn to her and reiterate my thoughts as confidently as possible. She surprises me by nodding her head, and clarifying whether or not we pay the monthly food and utility bills ourselves, or if Jenks pays them. I ask her what she prefers, and she lets me know that she would like to pay them ourselves from home. Her argument is valid, stating that she doesn't ever want money to become an abstract thing to her. Apparently, it would help in keeping her grounded to have to perform normal, everyday tasks like every other normal couple. I like her reasoning and agree wholeheartedly. It's a little strange that I find myself looking forward to doing these mundane tasks with her. Things like paying the light bill and grocery shopping.

Before I sign out of my email, I check to see if there is anything new from my mother, and of course there is. She lets me know that all of my personal belongings have arrived from the London flat and are scattered, along side Bella's boxes, in the middle of the guest rooms and throughout the house. For some reason, maybe because I've become a fucking chick, that thought makes me happy. She has also sent updated pictures of the downstairs living areas and kitchen to get Bella's approval.

I'm touched that she has been in constant contact with Bella on progress of house, wanting to make sure she is involved in all of the decision making. According to this email, everything is on schedule, with the recording equipment scheduled to be delivered at the end of the week.

I call Bella over to look at the pictures with me, and smile at the girly squeal that leaves her mouth at the sight of our living room. Her excitement makes me so fucking happy, and to be honest, I can hardly wait to see the house up close. Everything looks really good so far. It definitely doesn't look like a bachelor pad. It has the same classic clean lines that I prefer with a slightly modern feel, but with a classic, feminine touch. It's perfect for me and my girl.

Faithfully

My mother sends us picture updates on the house daily, even if it is just a fabric swatch or paint color for Bella to look at. I have to admit that I'm really fucking impressed at how quickly she is able to completely transform the basement level. Aside from the recording studio, including a lounge area, there is a game room, a small gym and a fucking awesome home theater. Apparently, the home theater was already there, she's just revamping it. I couldn't be more pleased with the progress, and Bella seems to wholeheartedly agree. She wants to head to Washington immediately after the show tomorrow night, but both my mom and I agree that we need to enjoy the next few days we have before returning to real life. I completely understand her excitement and impatience to see the house, but I really want to take her sightseeing. Maybe to the Greek islands, you know, to spend a couple of days just relaxing together without having to worry about rehearsals and shows.

She just smiles and nods at my statement, her cheeks flushed with her excitement. I figure that now is as good a time as any to divulge the topic of the conversation I had with her brother yesterday.

"Baby?"

"Yeah?"

She is still distracted with looking at the pictures, and I deem that approaching this topic might be best now that she is in a great mood.

"So, I talked to Seth yesterday..."

Her eyes immediately snap up to meet mine, filled with caution. "Oh yeah? About what?"

I clear my throat, anticipating that there will be a bit of a tiff over this bit of news. "Well, I just called him to get a guy's perspective on the house."

She arches her eyebrow in suspicion, letting me know that she doesn't buy this line of bullshit at all.

Faithfully

"Well, all I have in the way of transportation in the States is my bike, and from what I understand, Washington is really no place to be cruising around on a motorcycle. So I wanted to see what kind of vehicle he thought I should get, and he mentioned that you don't have a car, or rather, your truck died."

"It is most certainly not dead. It just needs a little TLC, that's all," she spats out defensively.

"Seth said that it is a train wreck, Bella. Unreliable, unsafe and that it would cost more to fix it than it's worth."

Wariness crosses her beautiful features, as she sizes me up through narrowed eyes. "What did you do?" Her tone isn't rude or insulting, merely apprehensive. I realize that I have overwhelmed her with obscene amounts of spending within the last couple of weeks, but at the same time we are situating our lives in a new home, and for me, a new area. She needs to understand that large amounts of spending are inevitable when relocating. It's not like this will be a regular occurrence.

"I didn't do anything. Yet." My eyes remain locked on her face, searching for any clues to help gauge her reaction.

Petulance seeps into her tone as she presses, "What is *that* supposed to mean, Edward?"

"It means that I haven't done anything yet. But since I was planning to get a vehicle anyway, I thought we could pick out one that you would like to drive. There is no way that I'm going to want you driving around the city while being hounded by paparazzi in an unreliable vehicle."

Her eyes search mine for what seems like forever, before she lets out an exasperated, yet resigned, breath. "I guess that would be best. Urgh, it would be my luck to break down with those nosey bastards tailing me. Okay, but I don't want some ridiculous sports car... *please*."

I smirk at her, before teasing, "I love it when you beg."

Faithfully

She just rolls her eyes dismissively, before continuing with the earlier conversation, "What were you thinking? The weather sucks, so I would feel safer in a truck of some sort."

"How about a Land Rover, or a BMW X5?"

"You are such a guy."

"You know it, baby. Let me show you how much of a guy I am."

"We can't. I'm on my period."

Mother nature is such a fucking cockblock.

"So I was thinking..." Bella leads, while tracing random patterns on my chest with her fingernail as we lay in bed. I don't say anything. I did not want to interrupt her train of thought, but rather tighten my arms around her instead. "You will be gone for awhile, and I will be really lonely." She lets the words hang in the air, and I have to admit that they really freak me out.

Lonely?

Of course she'll be lonely, I will be lonely too. Does she want permission to see other people while I'm away? *Fuck that.* My body instinctively stiffens at the avenue my thoughts have taken me, and I'm so distracted by the horrifying idea that I miss the next thing she says barely catching the end.

"...so I wont have to sleep alone, you know?"

I sit up abruptly, turning the force of my glare on her as I spit, "What the fuck?"

Her bottom lip is trembling, and her tear-filled eyes are wide with shock and confusion at my reaction. "I'm sorry, papi. I didn't realize you hated dogs so much. It's ok, I don't need one." Her voice is small as she apologizes, and I feel like the king of assholes when the unshed tears finally spill over onto her

Faithfully

blushing cheeks. *Hate dogs? What the fuck is she talking about?*

"What do you mean, I hate dogs? I don't hate dogs." I am so fucking confused at this point. What do dogs have to do with her wanting to share our bed with another man?

Fire flashes behind her eyes as realization dawns on her. "Were you even listening to me, Edward? I said that since I was going to be lonely, I would like a dog. You know, to keep me company and sleep with me at night." She looks at me with one arched eyebrow, "What did you think I said?"

I am the biggest asshole ever. Of course she wants a pet to keep her company.

Jesus fucking Christ!

I cant believe that I automatically thought she wanted to see other people. Am I really that paranoid? That insecure? *Get a fucking grip, Cullen.* It's not that I doubt how much she loves me, I guess it's just some lingering worry that she is going to realize that all the bullshit with the paparazzi and shit is too much for her, and that I'm not worth it. Not to mention that I'm fucking ancient.

"Of course we can get a dog, baby. I'm so sorry I snapped at you. I don't know what the fuck I was thinking," I say sincerely, as I reach out to cup her face, brushing my thumb across the apple of her cheek. Her smile is beaming, and she leans in to plant a kiss to my lips before curling back into my side.

"What kind of dog?" I ask, secretly hoping that she doesn't want some fluffy little rat-dog.

"A Doberman," she says confidently. "They are sweet, loyal, smart and absolutely gorgeous. Not to mention that they are fiercely protective, so you wont have to worry so much when you are away."

This woman is fucking perfect.

Faithfully

"A Doberman it is. We can find a breeder as soon as we get to town, that way the little fucker gets to know me before I take off."

I feel her nod into my chest, and I can't help but think that while it may not be a baby, it is definitely a step in the right direction in starting a family. What respectable family doesn't have a dog? Her simple request is enough to put my insecurities to rest. I know that she loves me, and that she chooses me. We are about to start our life together. It is time that I let the last of these insecurities go.

As I feel her breathing even out against my chest, I do just that.

We meet Emmett, Jacob and Leah down in the lobby the next morning in order to say goodbye. Emmett is heading to Tennessee to see his parents, and think things through in regard to Rosalie. While Jacob and Leah are going to London to pack up their apartment. From there they are heading straight to Seattle, so that they are able to settle in before we get there. I am really fucking happy that they agreed to take the guest house. It will definitely give me some peace of mind to know that he is on the property while I'm away.

Jasper and Alice are going sightseeing with us today and tomorrow, then follow us to Crete. They are only planning to stay there for a couple of days before taking off for Mississippi, leaving Bella and I alone for the last two days we will be there. I plan to take full advantage of having her alone, with absolutely no interruptions for two whole days. *Fuck*, I can't wait. I can only hope that the paparazzi will cooperate and let us be.

My hopes are quickly trumped when we exit the hotel lobby, only to be faced with a group of photogs furiously snapping pictures of us, as we make our way down the sidewalk. As pissed as I am that these parasites are invading our personal time, I chose to try and ignore them the best that I can. For Bella. I want her to have a good time today, so I simply cannot allow them to put me in a shitty mood. She doesn't deserve that. Steeling my resolve, I take a deep breath, lace my fingers through hers and force myself to have fun.

Faithfully

She squeezes my hand and sends me a beautiful smile that speaks volumes. Her smile says relief, and her eyes say thank you. This is just what she needs. Me too, if I'm being honest. Fuck the naysayers for doubting our relationship. Fuck the media whores for having nothing better to do than follow us around and most of all...

...Fuck Collin, the fucking asshole, Brady for putting us in this situation to begin with.

Can't wait to hear what you think!

Chapter 19: Rev 22:20

Again, wow...I am completely overwhelmed by the response to the last chapter. My heart seriously feels like it is about to burst from my fucking chest. I am THAT happy. I apologize to everyone who did not receive a response to their reviews but I am working close to fifty hours a week. So finding time to finish each chapter has been a challenge. Welcome to the land of grown ups right? lol. Anyway, I just want you all to know that I absolutely love reading each and every review...sometimes twice. They really keep me motivated. It encourages me so much to know how much you all love this story. So, thanks for that.

A special shout out to my beta, Moblair. I love you mucho and miss you like you wouldn't believe.

Thank you very much to lambcullen, who has taken time out of her busy life and edited this chapter for us to enjoy. Your awesomeness is astounding. Thank you for being a part of this very special piece of my heart.

Make sure to check out the blog...I will post pictures of the house by Sunday.

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. The author is in no way associated with the owners, creators, or producers of any media franchise. No copyright infringement is intended.

~Faithfully~

Dry Martini Mix

Don't be aroused
By my confession
Unless you don't give a good goddamn about redemption
I know
Christ is coming
And so am I

Faithfully

You would too if the sexy devil caught your eye

She'll suck you dry
Soon you'll cry
To be back in her bosom
To do it again
She'll make you weep
And moan and cry
To be back in her bosom
To do it again

Pray - till I go blind
Pray - cos nobody ever survives
Praying to stay in your arms
Just until I can die a little longer

Saviors and saints
Devils and demons alike
She'll eat you alive

~Puscifer: Rev 22:20 (Dry Martini Mix)~

~Bella~

Sightseeing in Greece with the love of my life was awesome. The only thing that sucked about the whole experience was that the damn paparazzi would not give us a moment's peace. Even when Edward asked them , somewhat nicely , to leave us alone and let us have the afternoon to ourselves, they followed. A little more quietly, mind you, but they still followed rather closely while we explored the Parthenon and the Acropolis.

That brings us to our current situation. We are currently holed up in our little bungalow in Crete. The most beautiful island I have ever seen. Well , the only island I have ever seen, but that fact doesn't make it any less beautiful. Don't get me wrong, I certainly don't mind being holed up. Especially when it's with the most beautiful man on Earth, but I have to admit that it does indeed make

him a bit grouchy. I definitely don't like that.

"Come on, ciccino, lets get in the water," I whine for what seems like the hundredth time today. He shoots me an incredulous look and reminds me that there are paparazzi everywhere.

"I don't fucking care!" I finally shout, completely losing what little control I have left on my temper. "We only have two days alone, and I want to enjoy them, Edward. Who cares about the goddamn paparazzi? I'm trying not to let them interfere in our life , and it is pissing me off that you are!"

I cross my arms over my chest and huff dramatically. I know that I am throwing a gigantic tantrum but, hell, I'm sick to death of hiding from these people. It's not like they are going to go away any time soon, and I simply refuse to live my life in hiding.

Edward is just sitting there with his mouth hanging open, in complete shock at my outburst. I'm starting to feel a little smug about leaving him speechless when the fucker starts shaking. The asshole is *laughing* at me. I scowl at him then turn my head away , because I don't see what is funny at all about this situation. I try unsuccessfully to pull away when he reaches for me , but he is too damn strong and easily pulls me into his lap, still vibrating with silent laughter. At least he is trying to hold it back now, dick.

I let out a yelp , as he flings me over his shoulder and takes off running down to the water's edge, tossing me into the cool water then diving in after me. I glare at him when I break the surface, looking very much like a drowned rat and smack him hard on the chest. He just lets out a carefree laugh in response before wrapping his strong, muscular arms around me and attacking my neck with wet open mouth kisses. I want to be pissed at him but I can't be , because I love **it** when he is playful like this. I am so happy that he is willing to forget the assholes following us and just have fun with me for awhile.

"I'm sorry that I've been a moody motherfucker the last couple of days, baby. I just hate that they are lurking around watching everything we do. I feel like I can't even kiss you the way I want. I want to snap their little necks." The evil

Faithfully

look he sends to the guy hiding behind a palm tree in the distance is both frightening , and admittedly , a turn on.

"Stop worrying about them, ciccino. Just focus on me. Kiss me however you want. I don't care. I understand that you are just trying to be respectful and conscious of the photos that could come of this, but really, the distance between us bothers me far more than any photo that could possibly pop up. We are a touchy feely couple, and anyone who chooses to follow our every move is just going to have to deal with that fact. Now, stop the emo act and fucking kiss me."

The smile that breaks out across his handsome face is breathtaking, but I have only a brief moment to enjoy it before he literally attacks my mouth. His lips and tongue are urgent and his hands are *everywhere*. I sigh contentedly into his open mouth , letting my hands wander across his chest and up into his hair , where they find purchase. He groans loudly when I pull sharply at the soft auburn strands, reaching down to palm my ass underneath the water, barely covered by my teeny tiny, practically see-through white bikini.

Oh, how I've missed handsy Edward. We have had plenty of naked alone time in the last couple of days, but there is just something about Edward completely owing my body in public that sets me on fire. I can feel him hard through his black board shorts , as I wrap my legs around his muscular torso . I can't contain the urge to wiggle and grind shamelessly all over him , as he tightens his grip on me, sucking furiously on my neck.

I smirk to myself , as I let my head drop back while simultaneously sending the one finger salute to the asshole invading our privacy. Sell *that* photo, motherfucker.

The rest of the trip is amazing. I'm so glad that I threw the fit that I did , because it certainly yanked Edward right out of the funk he was in. I would hate to think that I might not have enjoyed that beautiful island as much as I have , now that we have stopped worrying about who may or may not be lurking around to take pictures of us.

Faithfully

I snuggle deeper into Edward's side as we reach cruising altitude, settling in for our thirteen hour flight. I try desperately to relax and take a nap , but I am buzzing with excitement to see our house , that I just can't seem to wind down. Edward plants a kiss to the top of my head and sends me an understanding look. I guess he is excited too. The pictures Esme has sent have been unbelievable. I just can't wait to see everything in person.

Fourteen exhausting hours and twenty two minutes later , we are finally pulling up to the gate of our Mercer Island home in the sleek black rental car we got at the airport. Edward punches in the security code, which I spent a ridiculous amount of time memorizing on the plane, and we make our way down the long tree-lined, winding driveway that effectively hides our beautiful home from view. The driveway is nearly a mile long, forking off toward the guest house about a quarter mile before reaching the main house.

My breath hitches as it comes into view. All of the pictures in the world could not have prepared me for what is standing tall and proud before me , as Edward parks the car. I get out , almost in a trance, mesmerized by the pure beauty of our home. It is a huge taupe colored structure with cream colored trim and pillars facing out over the water. The pitched roof has dark shingles , and there is wrought iron railing around the second floor balcony. It is breathtaking. Tears are freely falling down my cheeks , when I finally feel Edward's arms wrap around me from behind. "Let's have a look inside," he whispers softly in my ear, placing a tender kiss to my temple.

Esme meets us at the door looking gorgeous in white linen pants , and a peach silk top , that compliments her dark auburn hair perfectly. I fling myself at her , thanking her profusely through my uncontrollable sobs. She has picked the perfect place for us, and I can't possibly thank her enough. She chuckles lightly at my exuberance and repeats over and over that it was her pleasure , while lovingly stroking my hair. I have never in my life felt the motherly bond like I do in this moment. It is becoming perfectly clear to me that this woman would do any and everything for me, and for that I am eternally grateful. She places a kiss to the top of my head , and then hands me back to Edward so that we can explore the house together.

Faithfully

We make our way through the threshold , and I take in the foyer. It is large and bright , and the view of the staircase is so beautiful. I also notice that some of my prints have been matted and framed and are now hanging in our entryway.

"How did you...?" I trail off , as I approach one of a desert sunset I took the last time I went to Phoenix.

"I hope you don't mind, sweetheart, but I know that you are a photographer , and I thought it would be lovely to display your work. You are truly very talented. Seth, helped me get the photos together. I apologize if I overstepped my boundaries there."

I hate that she feels awkward about doing this. It is a wonderful surprise. I guess it just caught me off guard. I didn't realize that they were that *good*.

"It's perfect, Esme. Thank you so much for doing this for me. It is a wonderful surprise." I smile gratefully at her and tighten my grip on Edward's hand, leading him into the next room which turns out to be the living room. It is absolutely gorgeous. The light hardwood floor is covered by a funky black and white rug . There is a small red couch, and matching chairs arranged in front of the fireplace along , with a black leather chair and a round black leather coffee table. It is a perfect blend of masculine and feminine , and my black and white photos compliment the style perfectly.

The black and white theme , with red accents, is carried throughout the first floor, complementing the space beautifully. After touring the ground floor we move to the basement. The theater and gym are amazing , but the real treat is seeing Edward , like a kid in a candy store , as he marvels at and messes around with all of the equipment in the recording studio. It really is a beautiful space , and I can clearly picture Edward and his boys putting it to good use, while I bring them down homemade cookies and lemonade. I snicker at the image of me acting like a 1950's housewife.

Once Edward is finished playing with his new toys we head up to the second floor and drift through the five guest rooms, finally making it to our bedroom. My jaw falls to the floor as I take in the room before me. It is stunning to say

Faithfully

the least. I notice that Esme has ditched the red accents for cream in this room , and as much as I love the red, I have to admit that the color palate in here is just perfect. It is classy and elegant and my eyes bug out at the sheer size of the bed. Wow, we can really get busy on that monstrosity. I blush at the fact that I am having these thoughts with my boyfriend's mother in the room but, shit, I can't shake the images of how we can utilize all that space...

I smirk when I catch how Edward's gaze is also locked on the bed , as I step further into the room. Wandering back toward the en suite bathroom , I notice that I have passed an archway and am now standing in the middle of what seems to be a large dressing area-slash-closet-room. There is a chaise lounge chair in the middle of , what I presume to be , my side of the room and a more masculine chair on Edward's side. As I look around I concede that I have never seen anything quite like this.

The walls are lined with bars upon which our clothes is hanging along with shelves upon shelves for our, well mostly *my* shoes among other things. There is a built in cabinet-slash-dresser thing in the middle of my side , behind the chaise with silk and velvet lined drawers for my underwear , jewelry and other delicate things. It is at this point that I notice that Edward has a similar cabinet on his side. This is truly the most remarkable, and by far my favorite, room in the entire fucking house. I let out a girly squeal and do a silly little dance when I fully realize that this awesome room is mine.

Holy shit! This is the best closet in the entire fucking world!

Edward laughs hard at my reaction, his face lighting up with pure joy. "Who knew that all it takes is a gigantic closet to make you this happy." He pulls me into his arms, planting a sloppy kiss to my mouth. I cannot thank Esme enough for what she has done for us. For *me*. I wriggle from his arms and approach her, throwing my arms around her slender waist and burying my head in her neck. She swiftly wraps her arms around my shoulders, tenderly stroking my hair as she whispers that she would do anything for me. There is no doubt that I believe her. I feel so overwhelmingly fortunate and grateful for Edward at the moment , because not only has he given me a love that I never dreamed that I would have , but he has also given me a mother. I don't even feel embarrassed

Faithfully

for soiling her pretty blouse with my snot and tears.

When I pull back to look her in the eye s, she places her delicate hands on either side of my face and presses a kiss to my forehead. There are unshed tears in her eyes , and I know in this instant that I'm not alone in my feelings. She loves me too.

She gently wipes the tears from under my eyes , and then takes my hand and proceeds to show me the rest of the master suite. The bathroom is to die for with a Jacuzzi bathtub large enough for two. She winks slyly at me when she catches me eyeing it, letting me know that she knows exactly where my thoughts have gone, but not making me feel bad about it in the least.

We finally make it back down to the kitchen and it is far better than any dream kitchen I could have thought to ask for. The appliances are top of the line , and the large open space will allow me to be able to move around comfortably. I can hardly wait to cook for Edward. It is something that I have always enjoyed doing and now I can share it with him. I let my mind wander to thoughts of hosting small dinner parties , to which we can invite Seth and Sam, Jacob and Leah and of course the band. I wonder idly if Edward would enjoy that?

I notice , as I wander around the space that Esme has only stocked the fridge and pantry with the bare basics , citing that she figured I would like to do my own grocery shopping. I smile in appreciation because she is absolutely right, there is something about picking meat and produce that is very personal. I make a mental note to look for a market close by. Maybe Edward would want to go with me? I smile at the thought, loving the idea of doing something so ordinarily domestic with him.

I'm pulled from my thoughts when Esme announces that she is glad that we love the house , and that she will be back tomorrow to add a few finishing touches before she heads back to Chicago. I practically plead with her to stay in one of the guest rooms, but she vehemently refuses , stating that we need privacy for our first night together in our new home. As much as I want her to stay, I can definitely see her point. Especially when I look over at Edward and notice the dark, lust filled look he is giving me.

Faithfully

She laughs as he practically shoves her out the door , and I gasp when he turns back to me , effortlessly flinging me over his shoulder and then giggle , when he announces that he has waited long enough to christen our bed while taking the stairs two by two.

He sets me gently onto the king sized bed , and I pull him in for a kiss before releasing him and reaching my right hand up and brushing my fingers along the soft, cream colored leather of the headboard. It feels cool and rich beneath my skin, a nice contrast to the black silk sheets I'm fisting with my other hand , while watching Edward disrobe. I lick my lips as he pulls his shirt over his head, exposing his sculpted abdomen and rub my thighs together , as my eyes trail down to the deep v between his hipbones. *This man is breathtaking, and he is all mine.*

I let out a breathy moan , knowing where the trail of dark hair under his navel leads, wanting nothing more than to trace it with my tongue. Edward steps out of his jeans , and then crawls onto the bed toward me , clad only in a pair of turquoise and red Ed Hardy boxer briefs. I whimper at sight of how perfectly they hug his form. I can see his erection straining long and thick against the thin cotton , making me reach out and wrap my fingers around the bulge. He settles himself so that he is straddled over my legs and kisses me deeply before pulling my tank top over my head and tossing it onto the floor. He reaches around my back to unfasten my bra and reverently slides it off of my shoulders, placing wet, hot kisses on my newly exposed flesh. I realize , as he adds it to the growing pile of clothes , that there is a softness in his eyes and in his touch today. My man wants to *make love*.

A shiver races up my spine at the thought. I love kinky, dirty talking Edward, and I love our raw, rough sex, but there is absolutely nothing more satisfying to me than slow, sweet, emotional sex with Edward. He is gentle, yet passionate and surprisingly free with his words and feelings. When he is like this, he makes me feel cherished and loved more than anything in his world. I feel like I *am* his world. Just as he is mine. It still boggles my mind how we can both know, in the relatively short time we have known each other, that beyond a shadow of a doubt there will never be another.

Faithfully

I know that it sounds crazy, but is the truth and who am I to fight it? Why would I *want* to? I will be happy to live the rest of my life this way.

A lazy smile spreads across my face , and I arch into his embrace. He is all over me, touching, kissing, breathing.

He is everywhere , and I am happy to lose myself in him.

He pulls back from where he is currently placing wet, open mouthed kisses to tug my shorts down my legs. My panties slide down along with them leaving me completely nude before him. Sliding his open palms along the length of my legs, he gazes at me with such adoration and devotion that it is almost staggering. He drops his head to brush his lips along my ankle , and slides his mouth tenderly up my leg to the apex of my thighs, teasing the sensitive flesh with his lips and tongue along the way.

A whimper leaves my throat when he gets close to where I want him most. He shifts his body so that he is laying low on the bed with his head between my legs , and I swear my body nearly convulses when I finally feel his tongue dart out to taste me. I feel him take one long lick up the center , then circle around my clit. I plunge my hands into his unruly mop of hair, holding his head firmly between my thighs , and let out a throaty moan when he lets loose attacking my glistening folds with vigor. His shocking green eyes lock with mine, overwhelming me with the emotion swimming in their depths. He looks so vulnerable, so beautiful. It is clear that this man loves me more than anything. He would do *anything* for me.

Mine.

I can feel each stroke of his nimble tongue and the sharp pressure of his teeth , as they scrape against my clit , making me writhe in ecstasy. No one has ever made my body sing the way Edward does. I never want to feel anyone else's hands on me...mouth on me. I belong to him, and only him. And he to me. I am more confident in this statement than anything else in my entire life.

Faithfully

I gasp , as I feel two of his long, slender fingers slide inside me, twisting and curling as they search for my sweet spot. I let out a silent scream and arch my back, fisting the sheets tightly in my fists as he brushes past it. He retreats his fingers , causing me to cry out at the loss, but quickly replaces them with his tongue. He reaches up to rub tight circles around my sensitive bundle of nerves , as he thrusts his tongue deep inside of me. I can feel the vibrations of him moaning into my delicate flesh, making the sensations even more intense , and before too long , I am assaulted by the heat of my orgasm as it rocks my body. My thighs shake almost violently around his head , as I call out his name through my quivering lips.

He quickly discards his underwear and is settled between my legs with his tongue in my mouth , before I even start to come down off my orgasmic high.

"I love you, Bella...so fucking much," he breathes out, his voice is thick with emotion and he looks into my eyes intently as he places himself at my entrance. I repeat the sentiment before pulling his mouth back to mine and lifting my hips, forcing the head to slide inside. A loud moan escapes my throat , and I tear my mouth from his to suck in a sharp breath when he presses his full length inside me in one deep thrust. My eyes roll back into my head at the overwhelming feeling of fullness , and I wrap my legs around his hips, trying to pull him even deeper. I just cant get close enough...I can *never* get close enough.

" *Please...*"

I don't even know what I'm begging for, but I just *need* more.

More *Edward*.

Strangled moans and whimpers, along with soft sighs and words of love and adoration are falling from our lips as we move together. This isn't about lust and this isn't even about pleasure, this is about the purest form of love that can possibly exist between two human beings. This is about the connecting of souls. And as I fall over the edge, I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, this is the most beautiful experience of my life. Tears are freely falling down the side

Faithfully

of my face soaking the pillow beneath me , as I desperately cling to the man I love, never wanting to let go and realizing, for the first time, with absolute clarity that I never have to.

" *Bella...*"

His voice is so soft, so reverent as he stiffens, groaning softly with his own release. I tighten my hold on him and stroke his hair tenderly, lovingly, enjoying the way the soft slightly damp strands feel sliding through my fingers. I feel wetness seeping onto my neck prompting me to wrap myself around him even further, but I don't say anything not wanting to embarrass him for this very out of character emotional outburst.

We lay in each other's arms for several long minutes, just enjoying the feel of being together in our *bed*, in our *home*. An almost giddy smile creeps across my face at the thought and I can't help the ecstatic giggle that escapes my lips. I love the carefree smile that takes over Edward's face when I let him in on my little outburst.

Home.

An hour and a half later we find ourselves searching for a parking space at the local Quality Food Centers market in our rental car. Edward assures me that we will return the car tomorrow after we get one of our own. Now that I have started to accept the whole money situation, I'm not really sure I want to share a vehicle after all. Now I just need to find a way to tell him that. I know that he is going to be all smug about it. I roll my eyes at the thought. I guess we'll see how it all goes tomorrow.

I'm pulled out of my thoughts when Edward finally pulls into a spot and curses under his breath , as he looks in the rearview mirror. I turn to look over my shoulder to see what has him in a tizzy when he mutters, "paparazzi," venom dripping from his voice. I heave a deep sigh, slumping in my seat. I don't want to have this argument again.

Faithfully

"Are you embarrassed to be photographed with me?" My tone is much sharper than I intend it to be, but I can't help the feeling of insecurity that washes over me. I look down at my hands twisted in my lap and feel the prickling of tears behind my eyelids.

"What? No! Why would you say that, baby?"

"Well, you get so mad every time there's a pap around. It makes me worried that you don't like or want to be photographed with me."

"Oh, baby. It is most definitely not that. I just don't want them to make you regret choosing this life, you know, choosing *me*. Honestly, I think I've finally let that go. I guess it's just lingering annoyance. I promise I'll work on my shitty attitude toward them. And for the record," he leans in close to me before finishing, "I *love* being photographed with you." Goosebumps break out across my skin with his declaration, but before I have a chance to react he is out of the car and around to my side opening my door. He smirks at my stunned expression and merely winks when I scowl at him, while grasping my hand and threading our fingers together.

Edward dutifully steers the cart, as I scour each and every isle tossing in items that I will need in order to cook us meals for the next few weeks. He grins impishly when I send him reprimanding looks every time he adds snacks and junk food items to the cart. I take my time in the produce and meat departments choosing only the freshest fruits and vegetables and the leanest meats. I smile indulgently when Edward stops in front of the **cheeses** and inquires over his shoulder, "What kind of cheese does Nonni use in her lasagna?"

"Romano, ricotta and parmesan," I whisper as I reach around his torso to grab a block of parmesan. "I take it you would like for me to make it for you?" I can't help the bit of teasing that laces my tone. Edward, however, has no shame and instead of getting embarrassed he merely nods before his eyes light up with excitement, "Hey, can you make the chocolate torte too?" I stifle a giggle as I nod into his back, wrapping my arms around him from behind tightly. Not caring in the least about the photog that is in the next isle.

Faithfully

We gather the rest of the ingredients then mosey on over to the alcohol department in order to grab a couple bottles of wine and some beer. When we finally have everything we need, we head to the checkout lanes. There is only one cashier working so we have to wait in line. This isn't surprising, though, considering that we stayed on the island rather than heading into Seattle and it is almost ten o'clock at night.

My breath hitches when I notice the cover of an US Weekly, and I quickly scan the headline above Collin and Bree's picture.

' *What else has he lied about?*' are the bold letters above their heads. It is a picture of Collin and Bree on a beach somewhere. He has on these ridiculous neon pink Speedo-hot pant things , and Bree is in a gold bikini and five inch heels. I snort as I take in their attire, I mean who in their right mind would wear something like that to the beach? She looks ridiculous and he looks like...I don't even have words. As I look more closely at the photograph, I notice the obnoxious red circle the magazine has drawn around her left hand ring finger where a huge diamond is resting. I mean, that thing is fucking *huge*.

I roll my eyes at the spectacle this asshole has made of himself thus far only to be found out that he has a fiancée. I wonder idly how she feels about the charade he has been putting on. They are probably in it together, wanting money or something. Jerk. Looking at this photo, I don't even know how I could have been attracted to him. This ensemble he has going on isn't out of the ordinary for him. At all. He used to wear that kind of shit all the time, and I *still* fucked him. Ugh, how embarrassing.

Edward quirks one eyebrow when I look over at him. Now that my friends, is a *man*. Amusement is the dominant emotion on his handsome face as his eyes skim over the cover of the magazine I'm holding. I feel my cheeks heat with embarrassment when he snickers at the sight of Collin in his pink Speedo then leans in to whisper in my ear, "Please tell me that sort of thing does not turn you on...because, baby, I'm not sure I could pull that off."

I huff and roll my eyes dramatically before smacking him on the chest, hard. "Fuck you. I was young..."

Faithfully

He catches my hand and places a kiss to my palm before leaning in and whispering , " You're still young..." before placing a searing but quick kiss to my lips. The asshole is still chuckling when he pulls away.

The line pulls forward , and I admire Edward as he unloads our groceries onto the moving lane. He looks back and winks at me when he feels my heated gaze , and I cant help but smile back unabashedly giddy at the place we are in our lives. I am absolutely crazy about this sweet, sexy man. I am so engrossed in our little bubble that I don't even notice the girl with the huge diamond ring staring at us from the back of the line as I go back to scouring the tabloids, looking for pictures of Edward and I.

There a far too many to choose from. My favorite is the Life & Style that says that I 'can't handle the fame' and that I'm 'outta control'. Both of those have various pictures of me flipping of the camera and few of me losing my shit in the airport after the tragic death of Lola. I smirk to myself while lightly brushing my fingers across the butter-soft lambskin Chanel bag that is currently draped over my shoulder thinking that although I'm still mildly saddened by Lola's passing, Lola 2.0 is so fucking awesome that she is practically orgasmic.

The next morning I wake to the smell of French roast coffee. I fucking love Seattle, home to the best coffee and the best musicians. Except for Edward, of course, being that he is originally from Chicago.

I trudge my way downstairs and take a seat at the bar, still trying to wipe the sleep from my eyes. Edward, looking sinfully delicious clad in only a pair of black lounge pants, sets a steaming cup in front of me and then returns to mixing the pancake batter he is putting together.

"Morning, baby."

"Morning," I mumble sleepily, taking advantage of the opportunity to ogle Edwards naked chest and arms as he cooks for me. He is so fucking beautiful. I glance at the clock on the microwave and notice that is nearly eleven. Holy shit, I slept late.

Faithfully

"Mom's on her way. She has a couple of things to drop off before she heads to the airport." He shoots me a sideways glance before dropping some bacon into a pre-heated pan.

I nod in acknowledgement before asking, "Why isn't she staying longer? I miss her."

The side of his mouth lifts into a grin before he explains that she has been away from his dad for nearly three weeks getting our house together and that she wants to get back to him. I can understand that, I hate thinking of spending any time away from Edward. He steps between my legs and reassures me that she and Lizzy are planning to come and stay with me for a couple of weeks when he leaves between the kisses he is trailing down the side of my face. He places one long lingering kiss to my lips, and then goes back to his bacon. Tease.

There is a sharp knock on the front door right before I hear Esme's voice drift through the door. "Good morning, my beautiful children! It smells divine in here." She pokes her head through the doorway to the kitchen and I am up out of my seat and in her arms in an instant. She chuckles at my enthusiasm while tenderly stroking my sleep-tangled hair and placing a kiss to my forehead. I stay somewhat wrapped around her as I lead her to the stool next to mine.

Edward places a plate in front of her and drops a kiss to her cheek. He rolls his eyes but complies when she scolds him and tells him to put a shirt on in the kitchen. He smirks when he catches my pout when covers up that delectable body. Cocky bastard.

Esme leaves the paperwork she brought on the counter after breakfast, and after hugs and kisses she leaves. I really am saddened to see her go. I head up to the shower alone, since apparently Edward showered when he woke up and an hour later we are headed out the door.

The first order of business is to get me a vehicle. I kind of want to get through this quickly because we have an appointment at three to meet the breeder and I am admittedly more excited about getting a dog than getting a car, to be perfectly honest.

Faithfully

We pull into the BMW dealership and Edward talks to the sleazy salesman for a few minutes. He pulls a midnight blue X5 around for me to test drive and the minute I sit inside I know this vehicle is mine. After the short trip around the block, I look over at Edward sheepishly and tell him that I no longer have any interest in sharing. He laughs hysterically, then assures me that he will get his own. We fill out the paperwork and twenty minutes later we are on our way. I follow him to the airport to drop off the rental car, then he insists on stopping at the local Dodge dealership. He ends up buying himself a black Ram 2500 quad cab 4x4 Hemi something-or-other and after signing the paperwork for that one, he kisses me and tells me to meet him at home.

At home.

I love the way that sounds. And I have to admit that he looks sexy as hell when he climbs into that truck, even if his flippant attitude about buying vehicles makes my head spin.

He parks the truck in the driveway and then climbs into the passenger seat of my X5, punching the address for the breeder into my nifty navigation system. He rolls his eyes and smirks at my girly squeal when the directions pop up on the screen. I swear to all that is holy that I will never fight him on another big ticket purchase ever again. He complains that he is hungry, so we take a detour to Wendy's. I pout because he is eating his big, greasy burger in my brand new car, and the fucker has the nerve to laugh at me. Argh!

I'm over my fit by the time we make it to the breeder's house and I can hardly contain my excitement. Edward follows me to the door, rubbing small circles on my back as we wait for Mrs. Worthington to answer the door. I can hear some rustling on the other side of the door along with some barking. It sounds like she is putting the dogs away in order to let us in. Moments later an older, stout woman opens the door with a cheerful smile. She ushers us inside and leads us out the back door into a large three room kennel...

I laugh at Edward's scowl as he parks the car at the local pet supply store while glancing over my shoulder to the two very excited puppies running around in the cargo area of my SUV. The puppy we ended up bonding with happened to

Faithfully

have an uncompromising attachment to the runt of another litter. He is three weeks older than the female, and is barely three quarters her size. It seems that Mrs. Worthington was having a hard time selling him, and offered him to us for half of the standard fee since we were planning to take his best friend. There was no way I could leave him, so of course, Edward relented. Lilianna, or Lily, is a twelve week old fawn Doberman, and Zor is a fifteen week old black and tan. I smile because even though he is acting all kinds of put out by our extra baby, Edward already loves him. He has even taken to calling him 'Capo', meaning 'The Boss' in Italian because even though he is small, he seems to think he is in charge of everything and everyone. Kind of like a mafia godfather.

We gather the essentials including a large black velvet bed that they can share, food, dishes, chew toys and collars and tags, rhinestones for Lily and traditional studs for Zor, and quickly leave the store unrecognized except for the paparazzi that has been trailing us all day. I take their bed up to our bedroom and place it in the corner. I have to admit that I am really fucking pleased that it matches our décor because I would hate to mess up the gorgeous room Esme has created for us.

Edward feeds them down in the kitchen and then takes them outside to help burn off some of their energy. I decide that it is a good time to start dinner, wanting to have a nice meal together before I start school and have less time to do this. I pull out the ingredients for Nonni's lasagna and glance outside when I put the noodles to boil. Edward is laying in the grass while the dogs run and play, jumping all over him. The smile on his face lets me know that he is truly enjoying himself and that he isn't even the least bit annoyed.

He will be such an amazing father.

Speaking of which, just as I put the lid on the sauce to simmer my phone rings. Glancing at the caller ID, I see that it is my *own* father.

"Hey , Dad!" I am a little worried about why it has taken so long for him to return my several phone calls, but I am happy to hear from him nonetheless.

Faithfully

"Hey, baby girl." His voice seems tense, this is not good. "I'm sorry I didn't call back right away, but you know, this is kind of a lot to take in."

I'm not really sure if he is talking about the Collin situation, the media situation or the fact that Edward and I bought a house, so I remain silent waiting for him to elaborate. After several moments of tense silence, he finally elaborates, "I just worry about you, Bella. I'm concerned that you are moving too fast with this boy. I mean, he just up and moved you into his house. I don't want him taking advantage of you. Treating you like some kind of arm candy. You deserve more than that." The concern is evident in his voice, but that doesn't stop me from getting pissed.

"First off, he is not a boy. Second of all, I know what I'm doing. I love him, daddy, and he loves me. And for the record, he didn't just move me into his house. We bought the home *together*. It's a relationship, I'm not a fucking groupie for Christ's sake!" My first reaction is to feel hurt that my father would think so lowly of me, but then again, I haven't really shown much responsibility when it comes to relationships in the past.

"I realize that he is not a boy, baby girl, that is one of my biggest concerns. He is nearly my age, for crying out loud! That is just wrong, Bella. He needs to find somebody his own age, and leave my little girl the fuck alone." He mutters this last tidbit under his breath, but I hear him loud and clear. His reaction hurts.

"Well he's not going anywhere, so you'd better get used to him." My tone is much more bitter and angry than I intend, but I don't care because he needs to understand that Edward is the most important part of my life, a permanent part of my life, and if he wants to continue to enjoy a close relationship with me he'd better accept it.

We chat a little bit more and I make plans for Edward and I to drive down to see him the weekend after next. I hate that the conversation is tense and strained but I try not to let it bring me down. We briefly discuss the situation with Collin and he makes me promise to always be on my guard. I roll my eyes at his over protectiveness, but agree nonetheless.

Faithfully

I'm hanging up the phone when Edward finally brings the dogs inside. A huge sense of pride washes through me when he compliments the way the kitchen smells and I relish the excitement I see playing in his eyes. I want to always make him this happy, and I have to admit that I love the domestic bubble that has easily settled around us.

I love it even more when Edward insists on washing the dishes.

As I play with Capo and Lily and think about the wonderful at home dinner date we just enjoyed, I can't help but hope that this will become a Sunday tradition.

I am a frantic mess the next morning, running around the house like a madwoman trying to gather everything I need for my first day of classes. Tossing my books and laptop into my new messenger bag, I look around the first floor for my keys. I *know* I threw them on the counter when we came in yesterday.

Getting more and more frustrated by the second I huff an exaggerated breath.

It doesn't help.

"Where the fuck are my keys?" I screech in frustration, not caring one bit about the baby fit I am about to throw.

Edward comes around the corner with a bottle of water and a breakfast sandwich wrapped in a paper towel. He gestures toward the door with his chin explaining that he put them in the bowl by the door, where they *go*, after he added the house key to my keychain last night. He is so fucking thoughtful and I am here throwing a tantrum. Tears spring to my eyes as I take in this bass ass standing before me with breakfast in hand and a confused expression on his beautiful face.

"What's wrong, baby? I'm sorry I moved them, but I didn't want you to be locked out if I wasn't here for whatever reason when you got out of school and I was afraid they would get misplaced just sitting there on the counter. Please

don't cry, Bella."

"I love you." I choke out between sobs, launching myself at him. He wraps his arms around me awkwardly while holding the makeshift breakfast he made for me and places a tender kiss to the top of my head. I tilt my face up to give him a proper kiss and thank him for breakfast and for taking care of my keys, for taking care of me. He lets that cocky smirk I love so much take over his face and he swats my ass as I dart out the door, giggling.

I curse loudly when I realize that we never stopped for gas last night knowing that I desperately need it. I pull into the closest Chevron and set up the nozzle. I send a quick text to Edward letting him know that I used my card to fill up my tank and that I expect him naked and waiting for me when I get home. I smirk at his quick and dirty reply, and then slide my phone into my back pocket while simultaneously looking back at the pump. When I turn back around, I receive the shock of my life.

Collin Brady is standing not a foot away from me, sneering. He points his stubby finger in my face seething through gritted teeth that I will be sorry for making him look like a fool, insisting that I made him out to be a liar and a cheat to the media, and that I will be sorry that I ever fucked with him. My breath hitches in my throat when he warns me that if I tell my 'lowlife boyfriend' about this encounter, that he will pay in ways I don't even want to imagine. With that last remark he jumps into his white Porsche and speeds off leaving a faint scent of burned rubber in his wake.

I take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart. I finally pull it together enough to climb into my car and make it the rest of the way to school. I have a mini panic attack in the parking lot because I'm fighting an internal battle as to whether or not to tell Edward. I know that I should, but the menacing and calculated look in Collin's beady blue eyes makes me wonder if I am really willing to risk his safety.

Is Edward's wrath, if he should find out, worth his safety?

I would have to say yes.

Faithfully

It would kill me for anything to happen to him.

With my resolve firmly in place I put on my new Chanel sunglasses and exit my vehicle, well aware of the three paparazzi that are doing a shitty job of hiding their stalking. Thankfully the school is tiny and I will be out of view the entire day once I enter the inviting wooden doors of the large grey building.

I head to my first class of the day while adjusting my messenger bag across my body. When I make it to the classroom, I settle myself into the first available seat and take off my sunglasses carelessly tossing them along with my keys into the black hole that is my purse. Hopefully I will be able to find them later. It is mere minutes before the classroom starts filling up and before I realize it's even happening I am being gawked at and whispered about behind my back, literally.

Knowing this was going to happen does not make it any easier.

The girls are glaring at me, pointing out all of my 'inadequacies' while the boys are ogling me, making lewd comments about my appearance and I'm sure they're *all* wondering how I landed Edward Cullen. So I let myself indulge in a moment of cockiness. Yeah bitches, I'm just that good. The moment is short-lived, however, because the professor walks in the door immediately jumping into usage of light and how it can affect the tone of your photograph.

After the lecture, we are broken into groups of five for a project that is worth half of our semester grade. I am placed with Angela Weber, Jessica Stanley, Erick Yorkie and Mike Newton. Mike reminds me of a golden retriever and I have a feeling that I'm going to have a bit of trouble dissuading his advances. Erick is harmless, I'm unsure about how I feel about Jessica but fall into an instant camaraderie with Angela. My phone buzzes in my pocket alerting me to a text message just as we are about to exchange contact information.

I quickly babble out my email address as I open the new message sent from a blocked number. I instantly feel all of the blood drain from my face as I take in the six seconds of video along with a warning that has been sent to my phone.

Faithfully

It is dark and really fuzzy and you are unable to see the faces, but there is no mistaking, at least to me, that it is Edward and I in the throes of passion.

Releasing this video is only a taste of the damage I can do to you. Don't you dare tell that boyfriend of yours or I will ruin his career...

I never realized that it only takes six seconds for your entire world to crumble.

Intense panic surges through me and I'm out the door dialing Lizzy's number in the span of a heartbeat, not even bothering to say goodbye to my new friends.

Some love?

Chapter 20: I Want You

As always, you guys overwhelm me with your continued support. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

I apologize for the delay in posting.

Thank you to Lambcullen for editing this mess. I really appreciate you Lambie, you are the best!

A big shout out to my my beta, Moblair. I heart you so much.

Disclaimer: Twilight isn't mine...

~Faithfully~

I want you
I want you so bad
I want you,
I want you so bad
It's driving me mad, it's driving me mad.

~I Want You: The Beatles~

~Edward~

I watch Bella drive off in her new BMW until I can no longer see her car. She was so frazzled this morning that it was almost comical. That is until she started crying. Fuck, women are confusing. I'm glad she was in a better mood when she left.

After feeding the dogs, I take them out into the back yard and let them run around while I make appointments to have them sterilized and vaccinated. They really are beautiful dogs. I can't help but feel for the little guy, though, being the runt sucks. I certainly know how that feels.

Faithfully

We make our way back inside the house, and I try to track down the make and model of the camera Sergio, or Simon, or whatever the fuck that guy's name was, used for our photo shoot in Rome. I noticed the way Bella looked at that thing with such longing and adoration, so I figure that it would make for a good birthday present.

Several phone calls later, I'm showered, dressed and ready to head into town to track down the camera. Entering the small electronics store, I take a look around easily finding the section I'm looking for. A young man approaches me shyly, asking if I need any help. He then calls for an older woman when he realizes what I need is out of his area of expertise. The boy lingers for a moment, clearly wanting to say something. I'm not really in the mood for fans, but it's part of the job, so I smile encouragingly at him in hopes that he will quickly get down to it. He takes a deep breath, and then quietly asks me for my autograph. I appreciate his discretion, so I happily oblige.

He wins major brownie points when he says that he thinks that I am the best guitarist he has ever heard. He also gets himself free tickets to the opening show of the US tour here in Seattle on October thirtieth, when he says that I have the most beautiful girlfriend on the planet. The boy obviously has great taste in women. I take his email address, and tell him that the band's manager will get in contact with him within the next couple of weeks to get him set up.

I spend about forty five minutes with Ingrid looking at various cameras and going through the specifics of each. I finally decide to stick with Nikon, since that is what she has been trained with. At the advise of Ingrid, I get her two of the D3 bodies with a set of each type of lenses available for each medium of work. When I talked to Simon earlier, he indicated that she would need a different set for landscapes, studio work and action. I know that she dabbles in these, and I figure it can't hurt to have the third set, just in case.

Mom had done some research, so there is currently a network of three computers set up in her studio along, with an oversized photo specific printer that can handle a forty-eight inch canvas. I know that she set up Adobe Photoshop but I go ahead and get Adobe Lightroom, just in case. I smirk internally when Ingrid voices her concern about the cost of my purchase, and

Faithfully

she merely raises her eyebrow when I assure her that cost isn't an issue.

I take Lily and Capo out to play when I get home and call Lizzy, as they run around to discuss her plans to surprise Bella with a visit for her birthday. I love that my sister has taken to Bella so easily, especially since Lizzy has very few female friends. She has always had a really hard time connecting with women. It is just one more confirmation that Bella was made for me.

I let Lizzy know that we will be heading to Forks to see Bella's father the weekend following her actual birthday, so she might want to come early the following week in order to make her trip worthwhile. I know Bella misses her and would like to spend some quality time with her.

We also discuss the engagement ring that I'm currently designing with one of the jewelers she suggested the last time we spoke. I chose Siobhan, because not only does she do exquisite custom pieces, but also because she is a dealer of rare, exotic gemstones. I spoke at great length with Siobhan about Bella, so that she could get a feel for the woman I'm purchasing such an extravagant ring for. That way she is able to make it perfectly suited to her personality. With Siobhan's advice and expertise, I chose a red emerald, which we are planning to place in a platinum setting, accented with smaller red emeralds encrusted pave style along the band.

Red emeralds are extremely scarce, and therefore, very valuable. She is currently in the process of tracking one down in the size that I want. Smaller stones are a little easier to come by, but I'm not willing to compromise on that detail. In fact, I'm willing to wait as long as it takes to find a good quality stone between six and eight carats. Cost is not a concern for me when it comes to creating the tangible symbol of the commitment I am desperate to make to my girl. I can't wait to see our design sitting on her delicate finger.

Someday.

Soon.

I promise not to rush her.

Mostly.

I notice that Bella is a little frazzled when she gets home but quickly dismiss my concern, figuring that school must be the cause. I decide to let it go...for now.

You can imagine my surprise when Bella blurts out that she had a confrontation with Collin at the gas station during dinner. I'm infinitely glad that I didn't push her to tell me what was going on earlier, and let her tell me on her own. That fact alone gives me so much confidence in the trust we have for each other. Once the pride in our relationship settles, however, the anger at Collin sets in. All it takes is one look at my baby breaking down in gut wrenching sobs.

Motherfucker.

He better watch his fucking back, because it is only a matter of time before I find his sorry ass. Nothing will be able to help him then. He will be goddamn fucking sorry for *ever* threatening my girl. And you can be goddamn certain that he will pay dearly for making her cry.

I am positively seething with rage that is threatening to boil over. The only reason I am able to control it at all is because Bella makes me promise not to lose it while she tells the story. She says that she wants me to catch everything, because there is apparently a bit of a twist.

I take a deep calming breath, indicating to her that I'm ready to hear all she has to say. I pull her into my lap, trying to soothe her enough so she can at least form somewhat coherent sentences.

Once she calms down enough to speak, she tells me how he cornered her at the gas station and threatened her. She admits that she was not going to mention it for fear of my safety, but that getting the text message later in the day crept her out too much. She tells me that she called Lizzy immediately, and as much as I want to be pissed that she didn't call *me*, I'm infinitely glad that she had someone she felt she could turn to.

Faithfully

My heart fucking aches at how shaken she is, and I internally curse myself for insisting that Jacob take the two weeks I was going to be home off. I just felt like he works so hard and rarely gets any time to himself. Now I wish I would have stuck to the original plan, because I could really use his help right now.

It's not that I need his help to keep Bella safe. I can do that on my own. I'm not some pansy ass douchebag. I just think it would be nice to have some backup.

It upsets me that she is so distraught over how this blurry video can ruin my career. That shit wouldn't do anything to me but possibly make me more popular. I couldn't care less if that fucking thing was released. The only reason it would bother me is because I wouldn't want Bella to be embarrassed. I think it's weird how the clip is so fuzzy though. Something isn't right there. I'm gonna have to call Jenks and have his private investigator take a look at it. You would think that if you were wanting to threaten someone, you would want your collateral to be crystal fucking clear. Am I right?

I fucking thought so.

I reiterate this line of thinking to Bella, and I'm glad to see the first glimmer of hope in her eyes. Assuring her again that I will call Jenks in the morning, I place a comforting kiss to her temple. I need her to know that I will do everything in my power to keep this video from surfacing.

Bella is still a little frazzled Tuesday and Wednesday, but they pass with nothing new to report. Other than the fact that I immediately forwarded the video clip to Jenks, along with a detailed recount of what transpired between Collin and Bella at the gas station. He promised to have Jamie, his son and PI, take a look at it as well as get started on investigating the asshole. We *will* find out who he is working with.

Bella called Victoria, and let her know about the incident as well. She insisted on having Phillip, the PI she used before, contact Jaime so that they can join forces and possibly get this thing figured out more quickly. Bella agreed, so I just went along with it. I trust her judgment. With a firm plan in place, Bella relaxed considerably. Thank fucking Christ.

Faithfully

It's not until Thursday that things get interesting. But not in the way you're thinking.

"Wake up, birthday girl." I nuzzle her neck, reveling in the softness of her skin and the sweetness of her scent. I smirk when she groans grumpily. I know she hates to be woken up, but I can't wait one more second to taste her.

I make my way down her body, leaving wet, open mouthed kisses along the way. When I finally make it to the soft skin of her mound I breathe deeply, greedily inhaling the heady scent of her arousal.

Hitching her slender thigh over my shoulder, I take a moment to admire the beauty that is Bella's pussy. I never understood what my boys were talking about when the spoke so fondly about going down on their girls. I have to admit that the thought of it at the time grossed me the fuck out. Call me a hypocrite for letting women suck me off, but hey, I'm a man and I surely would never refuse good head. I never thought I would ever see the day that *I* ate pussy, though.

I was wrong.

So fucking wrong.

I love eating pussy.

Bella's pussy.

Only Bella's pussy.

Drinking in the sight of her spread before me, all glistening pink lips and soft skin, I send a silent thank you to whoever is responsible for making her lady bits so fucking beautiful. I delve in, licking her from her slit to her throbbing clit, letting the thick saltiness of her juices coat my tongue. She tastes like motherfucking heaven.

Faithfully

Her little hands fly to my hair, pulling the strands hard while simultaneously pushing my head closer to her heat. I eat with vigor, sucking, licking, biting, pulling, pushing and only increase my efforts when she starts grinding into my face. I can't fucking get enough. I am like a man possessed. Her thighs clamp down around my head, and she fists my hair tightly just before she starts to shake with her release. There is nothing sexier than her husky, throaty voice groaning my name as her back arches off the bed.

I did that to her.

Pride surges through me while I continue to gently lick and kiss her through her orgasm, and only stopping when I'm sure I have pulled every bit of pleasure out of her body as possible. I finally emerge from between her thighs with a shit eating grin. Yeah, I'm goddamn proud of myself. So fucking what?

Bella pouts adorably when I deny her sex, but she perks up considerably when I remind her that there will be presents for her to open when she gets home, and assure her that she can have her way with me then. I want to make her breakfast, and I don't want her to be late for school. I send her off to the shower with a sharp smack to that sexy ass and head down to start on the chocolate chip pancakes I just promised her.

She looks sexy as hell when she comes down in skintight jeans and a blood red off the shoulder top. Christ, her ass is exquisite. After she eats, I walk her to the door and plant a long lingering kiss to her plump lips, while shamelessly groping said ass and send her on her way.

I spend the rest of the afternoon on the phone with my mother trying to make cupcakes. By the third try I am so fucking frustrated that I resolve to give up and run to the store to pick up a cake if they don't turn out right. I am embarrassed to admit that I do a victory dance when they turn out perfectly. Red velvet cake with cream cheese frosting.

Third time's a motherfucking charm.

Faithfully

I clean up the house like the good pussy whipped 'house-husband' that I am these days and call Bella's favorite Italian restaurant to have dinner delivered by six.

I'm tying the bow on the last silver package when it dawns on me that Bella is turning twenty-one today, and immediately I feel like a total tool with the laid back cozy evening I planned for us. She is *twenty-one* today not fucking *thirty-five*.

Fuck!

I groan out my disappointment while scrubbing my hands over my face. How could I just overlook that glaringly obvious detail. I'm sure she would rather have been taken to Vegas to drink, party and gamble like every other twenty-one year old female on the fucking planet, rather than spend her most important birthday holed up playing house with her old grandpa boyfriend. I don't have much time to wallow, however, because all too soon Bella shuffles into the living room where I am sitting. Some of my mellow dramatic self-loathing dissipates as a huge smile erupts on her beautiful face.

"Happy Birthday, baby."

She drops her bags on the floor and launches herself into my arms, assaulting my face with wet, sloppy kisses. When she finally pulls back, she looks around at the romantic setting of the room.

There are dozens of white candles casting a warm glow around the room, and I have her favorite mushroom ravioli set out picnic style on a red and white checkered blanket. There are fire and ice roses everywhere and a single red velvet cupcake with a candle burning on her plate.

When she finally looks back at me her bottom lip is trembling, making my anxiety about the whole birthday celebration spike. I roughly yank at my hair and wait for her to verbalize her reaction because, at this point, I have absolutely no idea what she is thinking.

Faithfully

"All this is for me?" Her eyes are swimming with unshed tears and now I can add guilt to my barrage of emotions for making her cry.

"Yeah."

Her next reaction shocks the shit out of me because, up to this point, I'm utterly convinced that this impromptu birthday celebration is lame.

Before I know it, she is straddled in my lap with her tongue down my throat. Her body is urgently writhing on top of me, leaving me completely confused. Hmm, I guess I did *something* right. I immediately respond to her kiss placing my open palms on her ass and pulling her flush against my body.

"Thank you, ciccino," she breathes between soft kisses. When she finally opens her beautiful brown eyes to look at me, I see nothing but love and adoration swimming in them. She is not disappointed, and that makes me so fucking happy.

She climbs off my lap and wanders over to our picnic, sitting down and picking up the cupcake. She smirks at me before blowing out the candle and pulling it out of the red cake. She makes a show out of wrapping her plump pink lips around it to suck the frosting off the bottom, and chuckles when I groan and adjust the steel rod in my pants. *She is so fucking sexy.*

"Mmmm, my favorite."

"What did you wish for?" I ask, as I lower myself to sit beside her.

She looks at me thoughtfully before answering. "I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you." I laugh at her ridiculous answer. She never says what I think she will. She always keeps me on my toes.

We enjoy our dinner while chatting about our days. She asks about the dogs, and I tell her that they are downstairs. She pouts and I promise to bring them up to bed with us later.

Much later.

I roll my eyes, but smile when she squeals like a schoolgirl as I announce that it is time for presents. I know that she will love the cameras, but I'm a little nervous about some of the smaller things I got for her...for us.

Her reaction is just as I expected for all of the photography equipment. She cries a little and thanks me profusely. Not for the amount of money I spent, but for taking the time to research exactly what she would need. She is truly touched and I am glad.

I take a deep breath as I watch her peel the silver paper from the last gift. Butterflies are going crazy in my gut, and I wipe my sweaty palms on my jean clad thighs. Bella is a freaky girl, and I know that she is down for just about anything I could suggest, but it still makes me a bit nervous to present one of my fantasies this way.

My breath hitches in my throat at the look of pure lust on her face as she pulls the black leather bodysuit, along with the matching leather restraints from the box. Her eyes fly to mine as she clarifies, "You want to restrain me?"

I slowly shake my head in the negative.

A sexy smile graces her perfect mouth as the realization dawns on her. "You want me to restrain *you*?"

I swallow thickly and nod my head in the affirmative, my cock standing at full attention at the mere thought of it. Nothing is sexier to me than the thought of Bella in complete control of me and my body. Dominating me.

Yes, and fucking please.

She stands mutely and slowly saunters her way over to me. I am momentarily mesmerized by the seductive sway of her hips as she approaches. "Follow me...and bring the cameras." She turns to walk away but not before throwing me a wink over her shoulder.

Faithfully

I quickly blow out the candles and follow her upstairs to our bedroom, figuring that I can clean up the mess we left in the morning after she leaves for school. She is quick to jump into her dominant role when she barks at me to strip down to my underwear and kneel in the middle of our bed with my hands behind my head. She demands silence until she gives me permission to make noise. I don't hesitate to comply but have to fight to hold back the groan that is dying to escape my lips when she drops the restraints on the bed and then sashays to the dressing room to put on her bodysuit. Just the thought of her in that tight black leather makes me impossibly hard.

After what seems like hours, but is probably only minutes, Bella emerges from the dressing room clad in the black leather bodysuit, thigh high fishnet stockings and the most incredible fuck me heels I have ever seen.

Holymotheroffuckingchrist, why have I not seen these before?

Slowly, she slithers her way to the bed and instructs me to angle my body toward the window and clasp my hands behind my back. Giving her approval of my tight black boxer briefs, she fastens one of the leather cuffs around my wrist. She tightly winds the long chain around both of my arms, then buckles the other cuff onto my other wrist. She has bound my arms tightly, completely restricting my movement. She whispers to me that she will stop and release me at any moment if I should want her to. She kisses my temple and after one last 'I love you' she walks away from the bed.

I can hear her messing around with her camera behind me and as frightening as the concept is, the idea of her photographing me like this is a huge fucking turn on. She walks around the bed, adjusting the lighting in the room and then moves to stand behind me in the distance. She asks me to turn my head, giving her a slight profile, spread my knees and flex my arms. The camera snaps furiously as soon as I comply.

When she is satisfied with her pictures, she frees me from the restraints. She instructs me to remove my underwear and lie back with my arms and legs spread wide. My heart is pounding out of my chest at the sight of her tits nearly spilling out of the top of her lingerie. I lick my lips, as I watch her move

Faithfully

gracefully around the bed, securely buckling the restraints around my wrists and ankles. The leather feels cool against my skin and surprisingly strong as I give it a test pull. Bella raises one eyebrow in warning, to which I merely smirk. I most certainly want her to dominate me, but that doesn't mean that I'm going to make it easy for her to do so.

Once she is satisfied that I am properly restrained, she saunters over to the dresser and picks up her camera for a second time. She must register the slightly panicked expression on my face because she breaks character for a moment letting her eyes soften while telling me to trust her. I know she would never humiliate me, and I *do* trust her implicitly so I allow my body to relax, letting her do whatever she wants to me.

She sets the camera down again after she takes a few shots. This time however the hunger returns to her eyes. She licks her lips as she takes in my naked form and her eyes darken with lust. She is glorious like this.

She walks slowly around the bed, lightly trailing her fingertips along my overheated skin. Despite how hot I feel, goosebumps erupt everywhere she touches. When she is finally standing even with my head, she leans down to press a loving kiss to my lips and then reaches back to the nightstand to retrieve a black silk scarf. She questions with her eyes, waiting for my approval before tying it securely over my eyes. It amazes me how instantly having one of your senses cut off heightens the others.

I hate that I can no longer see her, but try to focus on the intense energy flowing between us instead. When I concentrate hard enough, I can feel it prickling at my skin. I can smell her all around me, and I can hear her slow steady breathing.

In an instant she is gone, leaving me cold and wanting. I pull at the restraints, desperate to be near her. I *need* her. I need her like I need fucking air.

"Baby?"

I feel something cool snap at my inner thigh. It stings. It's sexy.

Faithfully

"I thought I told you to keep quiet."

Holy fuck.

Her voice is low, strong and sultry. I want her to do it again.

"If you are a good boy Edward, I'll let you come."

I think I've died and gone to motherfucking heaven.

"Will you be a good boy for me?"

I nod eagerly, causing her to chuckle. The sound is low and throaty and goes straight to my dick.

The bed dips slightly under her weight as she climbs up on it, and her hair tickles my legs as she crawls over me. I would give anything to tangle my hands in the soft strands and pull right now. She stops her motion, nipping sharply at the inside of my thigh. The surprise of the action makes me gasp, then internally roll my eyes for having such a pussy reaction. Before I get a chance to get too annoyed with myself, however, I feel the heat of her breath on my cock. Her hair is now draped around my hips and lower abdomen as she alternates between breathing, licking and blowing on my straining erection. The mix of sensations feels like the best kind of torture, but all I really want is for her to take me into her mouth.

Way too soon she abandons the monster and continues up my torso; breathing, licking, biting. I am going to blow my load all over, and she has barely even touched me. My mouth is slightly open with my ragged breathing and suddenly I feel the wetness of her tongue trace the shape of my lips before plunging inside. I respond eagerly but once again, she abandons my mouth leaving me desperate for more.

I whimper.

I know. Shut the fuck up, I can't help it.

Faithfully

My agony is short lived, though, because just as soon as I start yanking hard at the restraints she lowers her dripping pussy to my lips. A deep guttural groan resonates from my chest as I lap up her juices wildly, grunting and groaning at the heady mix of her flavor and aroma. My arousal is damn near painful at this point and the fact that she starts grinding herself all over my face isn't helping matters. At all.

Fuck, she tastes like the finest delicacy known to man.

I am working my lips and tongue into a frenzy, crazed with the need to pleasure her. I feel like I'm drowning in her, in her scent. But once again she abandons me leaving me breathless and annoyed as hell. I want this fucking blindfold off. I growl in frustration, pulling hard at the restraints. Fuck.

I am just about to end this bullshit when I feel a sharp bite to my throat, making the coil in my lower abdomen tighten even further.

"I told you to be good."

Damn. That shit is hot.

Settling myself down, I breathe deeply and wait for her to continue what she is doing. The anticipation is killing me. Finally, fucking *finally* I feel her place me at her entrance and sink down slowly. She lets out a satisfied sigh as she begins to ride me slowly, torturously slowly. I need more. I fucking feel like I'm gonna explode.

She caresses the side of my face before untying the blindfold. The dim light feels harsh, making me squint until my eyes adjust. When they finally do, the breath is nearly knocked out of my lungs at the sight before me.

She is fucking stunning. All tousled hair, swollen lips and heavy lidded eyes. I need to touch her.

"Please..."

Faithfully

The plea in my voice is pathetic at best. Her eyes soften at my tone but she doesn't move to untie me. She merely speeds up the seductive motion of her hips and slowly, sensually caresses her gorgeous body. Her breasts spill out of her tiny hands and the sight is so fucking beautiful. She will never truly know the power she has over me.

I am entranced by her. Totally fucking owned.

Whatever pathetic lovesick look I'm giving her must be all she needs to finally reach her orgasm. Her beauty is overwhelming at the height of her release. She cries out my name. Throaty and deep. It is all I need to be thrown into my own release. It is intense, on the verge of painful. I hate that I'm not holding her. But I loved this experience. It was strangely liberating to be completely at her mercy, physically anyway. Emotionally, I am *always* at her mercy.

She leans over and releases my legs first, taking a moment to smooth over the tender skin, then she releases my hands. I waste no time whatsoever pulling her tight into my embrace. She kisses me deeply, thanking me over and over again for giving her this experience. I return the gratitude for making the experience so fucking amazing.

Dominant Bella is fucking hot.

The rest of the week flies by, and before I know it we are pulling up in Bella's father's driveway.

The house is modest. Two story, white with blue shutters. A small smirk finds its way to my mouth when I picture a feisty teenage Bella living in this home. It is really nice to get a glimpse into her past. Although, I have to say that she fits much better in *our* home.

I am nervous as fuck as we approach the front door. It is important to me to make a good impression on her father because I want to earn his approval and hopefully, by the end of this weekend trip, his blessing to ask Bella to marry me. I would like to wait for her ring to be finished before I ask her, but it would be nice to already have discussed my intentions with him for when the time

Faithfully

comes. I don't know how long it will take for Siobhan to find the perfect stone, but hopefully it won't be too much longer.

It would make my life so much easier if her father accepts me. It won't matter either way, but I don't want to be the cause of any negative feelings between Bella and her dad. I need him to see that Bella is my world, and that I love her more than anything. Her happiness is the most important thing to me, and I want him to be confident that I will always put her first. That I will take good care of her.

Bella looks back at me and offers me a reassuring smile before opening the door and ushering me inside. She leads me to the kitchen while calling out to her father, and sure enough, there he is sitting at the table cleaning out his rifle.

I resist rolling my eyes in exasperation, and offer him my hand when Bella introduces me. It really pisses me off when he merely looks at my hand and turns back to his gun, but I force a smile onto my face while sliding my arm around Bella's waist, not wanting to upset her.

She shoots me an apologetic smile, and I squeeze her hip reassuringly, wanting to convey to her that nothing will drive me away from her. Not even her rude as fuck father. I am really fucking glad I did not unload our bags, because there is no fucking way I'm staying here tonight.

"Daddy, Edward offered you his hand."

Her voice is stern, but I'm easily able to sense the affection behind the harshness. He looks back at her and has the good sense to look sheepish, but still doesn't acknowledge me. Asshole.

"Hey there, baby girl. You can have him take your bags up to your room," he says brightly before finally looking over at me, "He, on the other hand, can sleep on the couch."

The animosity is clear in his tone, and I wonder if he has something personal against me or if he is just a fucking dickhead.

Faithfully

"No need, Mr. Swan, I will be staying in a hotel while we are here. But thank you for your kind offer."

My jaw is clenched tight in order to bite back the venom and harsh words that are dying to spill forth.

Bella turns to look at me with wide eyes. They soften immensely when she takes in the tense set of my body and she turns to address her father, "Thanks for getting my room ready for me, Daddy, but I will be staying with Edward. That means that if he will be sleeping in a hotel room, so will I."

The determination I see in her eyes is enough to warn me not to argue with her. Besides, I would much rather have her sleeping by my side. Especially since I will be leaving for three weeks for the Asia/Australia leg of the tour next Friday. Instead, I reach down and place a gentle kiss to her temple. I would never make her feel like I don't want her in my bed. I always want her with me. Even if it means turning my nose up at her father's ridiculous demand. I'm thirty five years old, for fuck's sake. And as much as I want to earn Charlie's approval, it won't be at the cost of my dignity.

His eyes widen comically with Bella's revelation, but then narrow practically into slits as he processes her words. It seems that 'daddy' isn't used to having someone put before him. My first instinct is to urge Bella to stay and spend some time with him, but the selfish side of me refuses to do so.

He lets out a resolved sigh, and then finally acknowledges me.

"Edward."

"Charlie."

I know that I'm being somewhat of a dick but, hey, he started it.

"Let's say we let Bella here get acquainted with Sue and head out to the pool hall for a couple of drinks, just the guys?"

Faithfully

Bells? What the fuck kind of nickname is that? My baby does not need to be called 'Bells'.

It is clearly not an invitation that can be turned down, and it also is an opportunity for me to possibly change his negative attitude toward me so without a second thought, I agree. Bella looks apprehensive about letting us go off on our own, but leans in to kiss me regardless.

"I love you."

"I love you too, wait for me here. I promise not to be too late."

Taking a deep breath to steel my resolve, I follow Bella's father outside, vowing to myself to give an honest effort to make him understand how much his daughter means to me. I just hope that I don't end up making him dislike me more than he already does, Lord knows I have a rough time controlling my mouth.

Something tells me that this is going to be a long fucking night.

Ha ha! What did you think of Charlie?

Chapter 21: Deep Inside Your Heart

Thank you to everyone who continues to support this story! I appreciate all of your awesome reviews. It makes me so happy to hear your thoughts and your theories!

A special shout out to my beta Moblair: I heart you girl!

A HUGE thank you to Lambcullen for editing this chapter. Your comments make me happy! Have I mentioned that you are awesome?

Disclaimer: Twilight is NOT mine...

~Faithfully~

Deep Inside Your Heart

Let me never see the sun
And never see you smile
Let us be so dead and so gone
So far away from life
Just close my eyes
Hold me tight
And bury me deep inside your heart

~Bury Me Deep Inside Your Heart: HIM~

~Edward~

We arrive at the small billiards lounge located in the downtown district of Forks Washington. The downtown district of Forks contains three buildings, and I'm pretty sure that the pool hall we are patronizing is connected to the town's jail.

What. The. Fuck?

Faithfully

Charlie is obviously a well known, and well respected, citizen in this little town because everyone is slapping him on the back and shouting out greetings the moment we walk in. It doesn't escape my notice that everyone is eyeing me with equal parts curiosity and skepticism. It is a little fucking unnerving because I don't know who the fuck these people are.

The middle aged waitress, who looks like she is seriously fucking stuck in the eighties, leads us to Charlie's usual table in the corner of the bar. Her hair is fucking huge, and probably completely flammable with the amount of hairspray she has in it. With a quick wink while she obnoxiously smacks her gum, she promises to bring out a pitcher of Vitamin R. I don't have a clue to what that shit is.

The tension between us is thick, making it extremely uncomfortable but I vow to give this evening an honest effort. For Bella. Charlie eyes mine, and with clear distaste written all over his self-righteous self we delve into the most awkward and forced conversation in the history of future in laws.

"So, Edward, tell me why you chose to drag my baby girl into your unstable and unhealthy lifestyle."

You have got to be fucking kidding me with this shit. He doesn't know a goddamn thing about me or my lifestyle. I clench my jaw tightly, breathing deeply through my nose before answering.

"Look Charlie, you have made it pretty fucking clear that you don't approve of me having a relationship with your daughter. And to be fair, I can see why you might be concerned, but you also need to understand that I love her more than anything or anyone in this world, and she loves me. I'm not going *anywhere*. As a matter of fact, I'm going to ask her to marry me...soon...with or without your blessing. You can choose to be an asshole about it if you'd like, but just remember that the only one you'll be hurting is Bella. And I'm *not* okay with that.

"She is my life now, Charlie. Why won't you accept that?"

Faithfully

He shoots me a death glare before telling me to stay away from her. I look deep into those eyes that are so much like my girl's and tell him not to make her choose, because he won't like the outcome. I say this with unwavering confidence, and I can tell that my assertion rattles him. I scoff before taking a long pull of my shitty beer. He hates that he doesn't intimidate me. I don't give a fuck because nothing, and I do mean *nothing*, will keep me from the other half of my soul. Our stare-down is intense, and I can tell that we are rousing attention from the other patrons but I will be damned if I look away first.

Finally, grudgingly, he looks away, but not before grumbling under his breath that he will kill me if I ever hurt her. I let him have his fatherly moment, but can't resist stating that I will do everything in my power to keep her happy. As her father, he deserves to hear that promise. Even if he *is* a fucking asshole. I can't help but wonder where all this 'protective father' bullshit has been in regard to Collin. His 'concern' is seriously fucking misplaced if you ask me. It isn't long before he calls the waitress over to settle our tab. So much for 'male-bonding'.

We return to the house well before midnight, and Bella greets us at the door. I can see the stress and fear in her eyes. Immediately wrapping my arms around her, I place a tender, loving kiss to her delectable lips and offer her a reassuring smile. I don't want her to worry about what was said between her father and I, but I won't lie if she directly asks me.

She clings tightly to me, while she tells me that she made a reservation at the local lodge for the night. I brush her hair off of her face and lean down to kiss her forehead in a gesture of thanks. I can see her father watching our interaction in my peripheral vision, but I see no need to be phony. As long as I am respectful in his home, I will not hold back affection from her. She kisses my lips lightly before going to hug her father and to say a quick goodnight to Sue, firming up plans for us to meet for lunch at the local diner before we head back to Seattle tomorrow.

Lunch is an interesting affair.

Faithfully

Sue tries her damndest to keep the conversation flowing, but much to her despair, her attempt is fruitless. Charlie is acting even more belligerent than he was last night. I mean, Jesus, grow the fuck up! You already made your point. Even Bella has lost her patience with him.

"What is your problem, Daddy?"

Looking up at her with a slightly remorseful expression, he regards her demeanor before answering. "Nothing, baby girl. I'm just trying to come to terms with the fact that this yahoo, who is older than dirt-mind you, is putting his filthy hands all over my *barely* twenty-one year old daughter. Please forgive me for my less than enthusiastic reaction."

The sarcasm in his voice is unmistakable, which only serves to fuel her irritation.

"I'm not a child, Charlie! Stop treating me like one."

"Don't you take that fucking tone with me young lady!" He immediately jumps to his feet, pointing his finger in her face. Her eyes widen in shock at his reaction before they well up with tears. I'm on my feet before they have a chance to spill over.

"Get your finger out of her face, Charlie. *Now*." My voice is eerily calm, but has a dangerous edge that clearly shows that I am not fucking around. I don't care *who* the fuck it is, *no one* will disrespect my girl that way.

Ever.

He turns his fury on me, eyes blazing. "Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"I am the man in her life and I will not allow *anyone* to talk to her that way. I told you last night that whatever animosity you feel toward me, will not be taken out on her, and I meant it. Don't ruin this weekend for her, Charlie. She traveled a long way to see you."

Faithfully

He clenches his jaw and glares at me like I am the biggest asshole on the face of the planet, as he lowers himself back into his chair. I keep my eyes trained on him, but sink back into my chair as well. It doesn't escape my notice that we have called unnecessary attention to ourselves with the argument we've just engaged in. I quickly scan the restaurant and send a silent thank you to whoever is responsible for making sure that there were no paparazzi present for that altercation. I can just imagine the stories that would be printed about *that*.

The rest of the meal is spent in an awkward, tense silence and before long we are on our way back home. It will be too fucking soon when I have to see that prick again.

E~*E*

Bella is amazing. Do I say that enough? Holy fuck. She has been buzzing around all morning doting on the boys since the moment they arrived. If she wasn't paying extra special attention to me, I might even be jealous. Especially given that in true Bella fashion, she is donning ridiculously short shorts and a tight fitting hoodie.

I shoot a glare at Emmett when I catch his eyes lingering after her when she walks away to refresh his drink. "Eyes off my woman's ass, fuckhead."

He just shrugs his shoulders, not even bothering to feign remorse. *Asshole*.

"It is certainly a nice ass."

"Indeed, but I would appreciate if you would keep your eyes off of it. Don't be an asshole."

He laughs, mischief dancing in his eyes. It doesn't help that Jasper joins in as well.

I'm just about to lay into them when the doorbell interrupts me. I know that it is Peter and Gianna because I just buzzed them through the gate. I get up quickly, meeting my girl at the door. I don't want her to have to handle them alone.

Faithfully

She gives me a grateful smile before reaching for the doorknob. She is all teeth and dimples as she greets them. Did I mention that my girl is amazing? After all the bullshit Gianna has dished out, Bella still treats her with class. My temper flares when Gianna barely acknowledges her, but Bella shakes her head at me, so I let it go. The only reason they are even here is because I didn't want to leave Bella for any length of time, since we have so little of it left before I leave her for three weeks, and this meeting is imperative to hash out the final details of the U.S. leg of the tour. We are demanding a road manager this time around. I don't want to do that shit anymore, and in the rare instances that Bella can meet us at one of our stops, I don't want to spend a moment away from her that isn't absolutely necessary. I am also demanding that we have an extra two days in New Orleans because that is the only show that Bella will be able to fly out for and not have to leave immediately the next day. I don't care if this causes extra work for Peter, it's about time he actually does his fucking job anyway.

I lead Peter, Gianna and the boys down to my office, which is attached to the recording studio downstairs. Bella stays on the main floor eagerly waiting for Lizzy and Alice to arrive. About forty minutes later, she brings everyone down a fresh, cold beer with Lily and Capo happily trailing her. She comes to me first, fishing my phone out of her pocket. "You left this on the coffee table, and it's been ringing like crazy." She plants a tender kiss to my lips while setting my beer on the desk, then approaches everyone else, offering them one as well.

When she gets to Gianna, the bitch has the nerve to roll her eyes. "I don't drink beer." The distaste in her voice is as evident as the ugly sneer on her face. Capo has wedged himself between the two women and growls, teeth bared, at Gianna at the same time that I turn the full force of my ire on her.

"Listen closely, you fucking bitch, I will not tolerate you being disrespectful to Bella. Much less in her home. You should be thankful, after all the bullshit you have caused, that she has even allowed you here at all. You wouldn't be sitting there right now if it were up to me."

"It's fine, Edward. I'll bring her something else." Bella's voice is dismissive, showing just how little she regards the tramp sitting before her. It is kind of

Faithfully

funny, but at the same time I will not have my woman serving the ingrate.

"No, it's not fucking fine. There is no way that you are going to serve this ungrateful bitch."

Bella sends me a soft smile before pulling on Capo's collar. "Come on, hot shot, leave daddy's friends alone." Capo regards Bella then defiantly turns back to Gianna, lifting his leg and pissing all over her shoes before trotting up the stairs after Bella and Lily.

I can't help but laugh at the shocked, furious expression on Gianna's face and the hysterical shriek that leaves her injected lips. She seethes silently for the rest of the meeting.

That's my boy.

The meeting wraps up quickly, and Bella informs us that dinner will be ready shortly as we ascend the stairs and make our way to the living room.

I hand Peter and Gianna off to Jacob, who escorts them off the property, then go in search of my boy. It is funny as fuck that he pissed all over Gianna, the mere thought of it makes me chuckle. He is almost as protective of his momma as me.

Dinner is fantastic. Steamed vegetables, twice baked potatoes and a thick, juicy steak. Rare. Just the way I like it. I am one spoiled motherfucker.

"Holy fuck, Bell. Dump this asshole and marry me instead." Bella blushes at Emmett's comment and scurries back into the kitchen to grab the bread basket. I fill up her glass with wine before kissing her lips in thanks and then taking my seat. Turning my attention to my sister, I ask about her flight. I am so fucking thankful that she will be staying with Bella for two of the three weeks that I will be gone. I absolutely hate the idea of leaving her alone. Don't get me wrong, I know that Jacob and Leah will be around constantly and Seth and Sam spend a lot of time with her, I guess I just like the fact that she will be spending time with someone that has a close connection to *me*. I know, I am a

selfish bastard.

As she tells us about her flight, I allow my eyes to wander around the table. Emmett, Jasper, Alice, Seth, Sam, Lizzy, Jacob, Leah, Bella, Me. The only one missing is Alec. I could really get used to having everyone around. I notice that Bella and Seth are talking heatedly about what happened with our visit to see her father, and although I know that Seth accepts and even *likes* me, I still worry that Charlie's reaction can somehow negate Seth's feelings toward me. The sympathetic look he gives me is enough to assuage those fears, thankfully.

Bella's phone rings and the mix of frustration along with the elation shining in her eyes tells me immediately that it is Renee Dwyer on the other line. It annoys me that she has been waiting for this call since last week. Bella hurriedly excuses herself from the table to take the call in the living room. Seth sends me a worried glance letting me know that my anxiety over Renee getting under Bella's skin is completely justified.

Shit.

The last thing I want is for that self-centered bitch to upset my girl. I mean upset her more than apparently forgetting her twenty-first birthday. What a waste of a mother.

A few minutes later, Bella rejoins us at the table. My blood boils at the sight of her red-rimmed eyes. She merely mouths *later* when I send her a questioning glance.

"Wow, Ed, those are beautiful dogs. But I never really saw you as the 'pet lover' type."

I shoot Emmett a questioning glance, not really understanding where is going with that comment, but grateful for the change of focus.

"I just mean, it's strange to see you all settled down and domestic and shit. That's all."

Faithfully

"Why is that strange?" I try, but I am unable to keep the irritation from seeping into my tone.

"I just never saw you as a family man, or whatever. Chill out, bro. I didn't mean anything by it. It's kind of nice, that's all."

A small smirk appears on my face at his words. It *is* nice. I just hope he still feels that way when I tell them that I want to take some time off from touring after this last obligation is filled. I want to devote some time to Bella, take her on a nice vacation when she graduates. Maybe get started on adding to our little family. She has mentioned to me on more than one occasion that desires to be a young mother. She insists that she really doesn't want to wait long to get started on them since we both want a large family. We'll see how it goes. At this point, I can only hope.

I help Bella clear off the table and then summon Emmett and Jasper to help me with the dishes. Instead of getting pissed off at their 'pussy-whipped' jibes, I laugh letting them know just how right they are.

When the kitchen is cleaned up, Bella encourages me to take the boys down to the studio to play. She knows how much I've been looking forward to the opportunity, and it makes me happy that she insists on taking care of the dogs for the evening so that I can do just that.

"Damn, bro. This is fucking insane. I didn't get much of a chance to check it out before with Peter and the skank around. You done good, my friend."

Jasper lets out a long whistle as he takes in all of the equipment. "Let's see if we can flesh out the track we were working on in Greece."

I nod in agreement, selecting one of my many guitars and immediately tuning it.

"Think Bella will make us cookies?" Emmett is such a fucking child.

Faithfully

"She's not a fucking servant, asshole." I turn the full force of my glare on him and he has the good sense to look sheepish.

"I know, man, but she can fucking cook. Besides, Rosie never did shit like that for us *or* for me. I guess it just feels nice to have a woman take care of you like that."

I nod in agreement, because it *is* nice. "Yeah, it goes both ways though. I try to make her life as easy as possible too. That's why I clean and do the dishes and shit. She has enough on her plate, so it's the least I can do."

"It's weird. I'm both happy for you and envious at the same time. She is an amazing woman, and she loves you so damn much."

He looks a little wistful, before shaking his head. I feel bad for him. "So, have you talked to her? Rosalie, I mean?"

"Yeah, we've been talking everyday. She says she misses me. Lord knows I miss the fuck out of her. I just don't know if I'm ready to see her though, ya know?"

Thank fuck that is a rhetorical question, because I *don't* know. I look down at the guitar I'm currently tuning instead. Thankfully, Jasper kills the silence.

"Why wouldn't you want to see her if you miss her?"

"Because I fear that our whole relationship is based on sex, and that we will fall right into our old patterns if we see each other before giving an honest effort to building something deeper. I want what you guys have."

Jasper nods in understanding. "Well, then. Let's rock this bitch."

And we do.

At three-thirty in the morning I crawl into bed behind my sleeping angel and smirk when she migrates toward me even in her deep slumber. I wrap myself

Faithfully

around her and inhale deeply before letting exhaustion take me under.

Small, hot hands raking at my chest. Warm, wet mouth encasing my weeping cock.

This is how I wake up a couple of hours later.

Holy fuck, I am a lucky man...

I step up behind my woman, who is currently frying bacon, scrambling eggs and mixing pancake batter all at the same time. She is genius in the kitchen. It is so sexy watching her effortlessly whip up a gourmet breakfast for our guests wearing only a pair of white cotton shorts, my tee shirt and a smile.

Tangling her long shiny locks in my hand, I tug her head back for a kiss. She accepts my tongue easily before greedily sucking on my bottom lip. My free hand has just found purchase, gripping onto the soft flesh of the top of her thigh when I hear a throat clear behind us.

"Ugg, don't you guys ever give it a rest?"

I look back over my shoulder to see Alice standing in the doorway, smirk in place.

"Nope. You'd better get used to it if you wanna hang around here." Bella winks at Alice before turning back to her pancake batter. Sassy Bella is hot as hell. "Just be glad we hadn't had a chance to get our clothes off. You know us well enough to know we aren't shy."

I kiss her one more time for good measure taking my time to breathe in her scent before grabbing the stack of dishes on the counter and setting the table. I love that I can still smell myself on her.

She was wild this morning, almost desperate. I know it is because of our pending separation. I don't blame her one bit. I feel the exact same way. I *hate* that Bella won't be joining me in Australia or Asia. A deep sigh escapes me at

Faithfully

the thought of spending three weeks away from her. Thank Christ we decided not to add anymore cities.

The rest of the crew joins us just as Bella sets all of the food out on the table.

"Damn, baby. This smells great. Thank you."

Echoes of agreement ring throughout the room and soon the only sounds emanating are the scraping of the silverware against the plates and the occasional moan of appreciation.

Bella beams at the praise, a slight blush on her beautiful face.

*** E * * E ***

Emmett, Jasper and I end up at The Sunset Tavern in Seattle. Emmett is feeling a little down with how things are progressing with Rosalie and asked us to go out and have a beer with him. Bella encouraged me to go, of course, stating that she would enjoy an evening with the girls as well. After promises to be home by midnight, and to spend the whole day tomorrow together, I kiss her long and deep and follow my boys out the door.

We snag a great table and are able to listen to the band play with minimal interruptions all evening. I'm having as good a time as possible without my girl when Emmett takes off to the bathroom. I decide to go to the bar and refill our pitcher and call to check on Bella. I'm disappointed when she doesn't answer, but leave her a dirty message instead while I sit at the bar and wait for the bartender. Thankfully, I only have to curtly decline the advances of two eager tramps while I'm waiting. I send them both off with autographs and by the sound of their annoying giggles as they walk away, that is enough for them.

I feel more than see the person who takes a seat next to me. The hair on the back of my neck stands on end and my whole posture tenses as he starts to speak. Collin fucking Brady.

"So, you already running around on her?"

Faithfully

Every muscle in my body is fighting for control. I am trying, with every ounce of willpower to not give in to his goading.

"I don't blame you, she is a lousy lay. It's like fucking a dead fish."

My nostrils flare and all rational thought escapes my brain. All I see is red.

"She has one helluva mouth though. Practically sucked my balls right through my dick. Fuck, and the fact that she has no gag reflex-bitch was born to deep throat. That's about all she's good for, the classless whore..."

He doesn't get to finish that thought before I feel the satisfying crunch of his nose under my fist. Blood spews out everywhere. His hands fly up to his nose and I can't erase the look of victory in his eyes as he chuckles.

"Perfect. You *will* hear from my lawyer, Cullen. That was almost too easy. Enjoy my sloppy seconds."

I don't think, I react. And by the time I regain my senses, Emmett, Jasper *and* the bouncer are pulling me off of his limp and bloodied body. I'm not even sure that he is breathing. There is blood fucking *everywhere*. I shake my head to clear the rage induced fog and find myself nose to nose with half of the fucking Seattle Police Department, and several paparazzi.

Fuck.

As always I wait eagerly for your feedback! I can't wait to hear your thoughts!

Chapter 22: Black Hole Sun

Oh my fucking God! You guys are seriously the best fucking readers in the entire fucking world! My heart is literally aching from all the support! All of the alerts and especailly the reviews... I fucking love you.

Lambcullen...I don't even have words.

Moblair. This story would never be where it is without you.

I heart each and every one of you readers...hard. This wouldn't even be possible without you.

Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight.

~Faithfully~

Black hole sun
Won't you come
And wash away the rain

Black hole sun

Won't you come
Won't you come

~Black Hole Sun: Soundgarden~

~Bella~

Where the hell is he?

I glance over at the clock on his bedside table and it reads three forty-five a.m.
He promised me that he would be home before midnight.

Faithfully

Squeezing my eyes shut tight to keep the impending tears at bay, I try to keep a positive outlook. I trust him implicitly, so I am confident that he is not off gallivanting with some tramp, but that doesn't keep me from worrying that he is laying in a ditch somewhere cold and alone, or worse, *dead*.

Witnessing how relentless the paparazzi can be when they follow you is enough to throw me into a full on panic attack. I frantically dial his cell again, desperate for reassurance that he is okay. Straight to voicemail, of course, just as it has since one o'clock.

Damn.

I get up from our cold, lonely bed and head downstairs for a cup of coffee. It's not like I can sleep, even if I want to, not knowing if he is okay. God, *please* let him be okay. I can't live without him. The tears that I have been holding back finally spill over my cheeks, as the realization sets in that there is *definitely* something wrong.

While waiting for my coffee to brew, I dial Jacob. I only feel a tiny bit guilty for bothering them when a sleepy Leah answers the phone. The minute I hear her voice, however, I lose all of my composure and fall into a fit of gut wrenching sobs.

"What's wrong Bella?... *Babe, wake up it's Bella, something's wrong...*Are you there Bella? What's going on? Jake is on his way up..."

I'm just about to tell her that I can't find Edward when the house phone rings. I drop my cell on the counter and practically yank the receiver off of the wall in my haste to answer it.

My brows furrow in confusion when I hear the digital operator on the other line.

"I have a collect call from.... *Edward Cullen...*please press one to accept the call or two to decline the call."

Faithfully

I quickly press one.

"Edward? Where are you? *Please*, I'm going crazy over here. Are you okay? What's going on?"

"Yes, baby, I'm okay. I'm so sorry I worried you, but I need you to calm down because I only have a few minutes to explain the situation to you, and I need you to do a couple of things for me, okay? This is very serious, so listen carefully. Okay, baby? Ready?"

"Yeah, okay. I'm okay." I'm trying my damndest not to panic, but the eerie calm of his voice is only making me freak out more.

"Okay, I need you to call Jason Jenks. His number is in the black address book in the top left-hand drawer of the desk in my office. Tell him that I've been arrested for aggravated battery, and that I'm being detained at King County Jail."

"What? Oh my God! What happened?"

"Collin Brady happened. Call Jenks right away, okay? Second, send Jacob to come get me. Jenks will send a lawyer and take care of my bail, but I'll need a ride home. Oh, and please call my mother and tell her I'm alright, there were a lot of paparazzi so I'm sure she is freaking out right about now."

"No! Fuck that. *I'm* coming to get you."

"No, baby. *Please* don't. The media has this place surrounded. They could hardly get me inside without causing a riot. It's not safe for you, and aside from that I don't want you to suffer any more embarrassment than you already will. Please don't fight me on this, baby. *Please*."

He sounds so ashamed and I *hate* that he does. I do understand his need to protect me from this shitty situation as much as possible though, so I don't argue.

Faithfully

"Okay. I'll wait for you here. Please don't be ashamed for defending me. I would have done the same for you, and I could never be embarrassed of you. I love you."

"I love you, too."

With those last parting words the line goes dead. I stare at the receiver for what feels like forever. Finally, Lizzy's voice pulls me from my daze.

"What's going on?"

I turn to her with wide eyes and make my way to the living room. Turning on the TV, I flip to the entertainment channel, and immediately we are assaulted by Edward's mug shot. Damn, a mug shot has certainly never looked so sexy. *No! Focus Bella!* I hear Lizzy's sharp intake of breath as her eyes greedily take in the words that are flowing across the bottom of the screen like a marquis.

Edward Cullen has been detained by the Seattle Police Department on assault charges. Eyewitnesses tell us that he beat live-in girlfriend Isabella Swan's ex-lover, Collin Brady, within inches of his life after an altercation at The Sunset Tavern. Collin has been admitted to Seattle Grace Hospital and is listed in serious condition. Stay tuned for the latest updates in this shocking story.

"Well, shit."

Tears well up in my eyes as I take in the enormity of the situation. He could be in some serious trouble. With that final thought lingering in my mind, I rush downstairs to Edward's office to retrieve the black address book. I make my way upstairs and sit down on the love seat. I can hear the house phone ringing off the hook as I dial Jason Jenks' phone number. He answers on the fourth ring, and I quickly fill him in on everything I have gathered so far. He tells me to sit tight and not to worry, that he will take care of everything. He promises to call me as soon as he knows exactly what we are dealing with and lets me know that he will adjust his schedule and be on the earliest flight possible out of Chicago. I thank him for his eager response before ending the call. It doesn't even register in my mind that I have inadvertently disturbed the poor man's

sleep.

Jacob follows Lizzy into the living room, and she proceeds to fill him in on the situation as I call Esme. She is frantic, of course, stating that she heard what was happening on the news about twenty minutes ago and has been calling the house phone ever since. I apologize for not answering and explain to her that I have been talking to Jenks. She sounds relieved at the mention of the name and I have to admit that hearing her relief settles some of my anxiety. After telling me that she loves me, she tells me that she has to go in order for her and Carlisle to make their flight. They will be here in a few hours. I can't wait to feel the security of her motherly embrace.

Jacob gives me a reassuring hug and promises to bring Edward back to me before heading out the door. I am physically and emotionally exhausted by the time Jacob walks out the door, and I am extremely grateful that Lizzy has put on a fresh pot of coffee. A few minutes later, Alice stumbles down the stairs, phone in hand.

She tells us that she just got off the phone with Jasper, and that although he and Emmett were not arrested, they are still being held for questioning. That explains the absence of them on the news.

My eyes flicker back to the news program at the thought. They are currently interviewing the bartender:

"Yeah, the little guy, Collin I guess, was just goading him. He was saying all kinds of disrespectful things about Isabella. I tried to interrupt because quite frankly, Cullen looked pissed. I was kind of afraid for the little guy. But he just kept taunting him. You know, I would have done the same thing if some guy was talking about my woman like that."

Next was some guy who was sitting at the bar:

"He just kept wailing on him. It scared me, dude, there was blood *everywhere*. He was like a crazed animal."

Faithfully

Cutting to some bar skank:

"I don't know why he would risk his career for some ordinary girl like that. To be honest, I would be afraid if I were her. He is violent."

Bitch.

He is the most gentle man I have ever known.

Both of the phones ringing pulls me out of my reverie. Jacob is on the house phone telling Lizzy to stay away from the gates on the property. Apparently, there are hundreds of reporters camped out there, making it nearly impossible for him to get out.

The caller id on my cell phone reveals the last call I want to deal with right now. With a resigned sigh, I answer.

"Hi, Daddy."

"Hey, baby girl. One of the Seattle PD boys I used to work with called me. He read me the report, and it looks like I underestimated Edward and his feelings for you. I'm sorry about that. What can I do?"

I don't even know what to say. A choked sob erupts from my chest, and all of the emotion I've been caging in breaks free.

"Help him, Daddy. Bring him home."

"I'm almost to the jail. I'll do my best, baby girl."

"Thank you, Daddy."

I know that he really won't be able to do anything, but the thought-and the apology-mean the world to me. I only wish that Edward was able to hear it.

Faithfully

Over the next several hours Esme and Carlisle arrive. They both reiterate that there is a media zoo outside our gates, and that it is probably best that I stay inside. With a heavy sigh, I agree. It's not like I *don't* hear the helicopter flying overhead.

Esme is a bundle of nervous energy. Between her and Alice, my anxiety is reaching new heights. Thankfully, unlike her mother, Lizzy helps to keep me grounded and positive. Don't get me wrong, Esme is as nurturing and loving as always, she just has a much harder time hiding her worry. I spoke to my father again and he informed me that Washington State law, regarding assault, is actually set up to work in our favor. The only thing that worries me is that Edward is huge in comparison to Collin making the self-defense plea hard to believe. Not only is Collin a huge pussy, but he *looks* like a huge pussy. It's not likely for a judge to believe that Edward was honestly intimidated by him and his so-called threats.

Still I have to force myself to believe that it will all work out in the end. My dad assured me that Collin was downgraded to stable condition almost immediately upon arrival, and that he initially looked a lot worse than he actually is. It is still pretty bad, though. He says that aggravated assault could be considered a forth degree felony, resulting in prison time. I know that he is trying to get any information he can from the inside, in hopes of helping Jenks find a loophole, but it looks like our best bet is to get Collin to drop the charges. Dad says that if we can get Collin to withdraw the prosecution, that Edward would completely avoid jail time. Well, the judge may require that Edward attend anger management classes, but that is a whole lot better than seeing him go to prison for *any* amount of time. I snicker at the thought of his reaction to that demand. The media will *love* that. What pisses me off is that it is completely unnecessary. Like I said before, Edward is the most gentle man I know. Well, I guess if I'm being honest he can be a bit gruff and scary to anyone he perceives as a threat. Ugh, that doesn't help matters at all.

I try to choke down a sob. Just thinking about Edward going to prison is enough to send me into complete panic.

Faithfully

Twelve thirty-seven. Holy shit, what is taking so damn long. I look at the clock again, huffing in agitation. Lizzy offers to make us some lunch and demands that I go up and take a shower. I know that she hopes to get my mind off of the situation for a few minutes, and I'm grateful for her concern. It's just that I don't want to miss him when he gets home.

She can see the apprehension in my eyes, but encourages me to go. She tells me that we all know that if I'm not in the room when he gets home, he will come straight up to me. I know that this is a true statement, so even though it is with a heavy heart, I go.

I shower quickly and throw on one of his tee shirts and a pair of loose fitting sweat pants. I knot the shirt at my hip and throw my hair up in a messy bun, darting down the stairs when I hear the front door open. Much to my disappointment it is only Jasper and Emmett.

They tell me that Charlie was a big help in getting Edward released, and that they are just finishing up the bond paperwork with the lawyer now. According to Jasper, he should be home within the next hour. It is taking some extra time because the lawyer had to secure a bond that will allow Edward to travel out of the country for then next three weeks.

With that thought, I put on my big girl panties and return Gianna's call. She has left three messages at this point and I've selfishly ignored every single one of them. Esme offers to talk to her, but smiles at me encouragingly when I tell her that this is something that I have to do for my man. There is no doubt that he would do it for me, so I am willing to do the same for him. I honestly wish she would just go away. I know that she has contracts with several high profile celebrities, including some of the bands Eclipse has discovered. There is no way that she is doing this for the money alone. Deep in my heart I know that she only stays with Eclipse because it is the only way she has to stay close to Edward. I don't think it is even possible at this point to hate her any more than I already do.

The call isn't as awkward as I expect. Gianna takes down all of the information, and then reads me a draft of the statement she plans to release in order to get

Faithfully

my approval. It sounds good to me, so get both Jasper and Emmett's approval before giving her the green light to make the statement.

I also decide to give Victoria a heads up, just in case the media should happen to contact her. She gives me a very encouraging pep talk and tells me that she will take care of us.

I believe her.

Finally, at three-thirty in the afternoon, Edward steps through the threshold. I'm across the room and in his arms before he even gets a chance to put his wallet and keys down. Tears are streaming down my cheeks as I press frantic kisses all over his face and neck. I squeeze my legs even tighter around his waist and bury my head in the crook of his neck when he apologizes. Shaking my head no. I don't want his apologies, I only want him to hold me.

He gracefully navigates his way into the living room, even with me attached to his front and sits down on the couch. He adjusts me so that I'm sitting across his lap and cradled tightly against his strong, muscular chest. I look up at him through my wet lashes and notice that all of his piercings have been removed. He looks older, more mature this way. I brush my fingertip against the tiny hole in his lip, and then pull his mouth down to mine. I want to see what it feels like to kiss him without the bite of steel against my lips.

I moan when he slides his smooth, silky tongue against mine. He is all soft wet flesh. He tastes so good. I pull away to see his smirking face. Cocky bastard.

Carlisle clears his throat, obviously wanting Edward to get on with telling us what happened. We are all dying to know, since Jasper and Emmett said they don't know all of the details.

"I guess you all want the gory details." He lets out a resigned sigh while tugging at his unwashed hair. He brushes his open palm down the side of my face, lingering on my neck and whispers that he loves me before beginning his story.

Faithfully

"...and that's it. A hearing is set for October twenty-fifth."

I hate that, once again, my past is causing Edward so much trouble. But I love that he was impassioned to protect me at all costs. Conflicting emotions surge through my body, but I settle on gratitude. As shitty as the situation is, I know more than ever that this man is my life. I just have to have faith that Jenks will be able to work his magic, and avoid prison time for my man. I silently vow to do anything in my power to help the process along.

"Where on we with the dirt on Collin? My dad said that our best bet is to get him to drop the charges." There is an unmistakable determination in my voice causing everyone in the room to turn their heads in my direction. I refuse to sit back and watch Edward's future be destroyed. We have to act. Now.

I huff at the blank expressions on everyone's face. I guess I'll be working alone. I turn my attention to Edward, "When will Jenks be here? Certainly he is not going to get anything done in Chicago, right?"

Edward looks a little stunned by my take charge attitude. "Uh, well...he told Vladimir, the lawyer he sent this morning, that he would be here this evening around six. So, pretty soon, I guess."

"Okay, I'll take care of everything while you are away. I won't let them lock you up. I promise." My voice waivers a little making Edward's eyes soften. Reaching out to cup his face I try to convey with my eyes just how much he means to me and that I don't want him to feel any shame or guilt. We will get through this, together.

"What did I ever do to deserve you?" His voice is thick with emotion, and all I really want is for everyone to go away so that I can enjoy my last night with Edward alone.

"Listen to me." *kiss* "Respect me." *kiss* "Protect me." *kiss* "Love me." *kiss*

Our kiss quickly turns heated, and without a second thought to our company we are fumbling up to our room. I couldn't care less if they stay or go at this

Faithfully

point. All I want is to lose myself in my soul mate.

My heart clenches at the thought that by this time tomorrow, he will be gone. For three weeks. What the hell am I going to do? I push those thoughts away and focus on enjoying the here and now, because *now*, Edward's tongue is trailing down my exposed stomach right toward the promise land. A loud moan escapes my lips when he nips at my clit through my sweats.

Abruptly, I sit up and push him onto his back. I want nothing more in this moment than to swallow him deep down my throat, love him with my mouth. The fire in his eyes softens when he realizes my intention. He reaches out to gently stroke my face, letting me know through that simple touch that he understands my need to show him that this act is different with him, because I love him. More than anything.

He lifts his hips as I pull his jeans down his long, muscular legs. After tossing his pants unceremoniously onto the floor and discarding my own clothes, I crawl between his legs and take his swollen cock in my hands. It is silk over steel and so hot in my hand. Not able to wait another second to have it pulsing in my mouth, I cover the head with my lips taking my time to swirl my tongue around the leaking slit. His eyes roll back into his head as he lets out a deep groan. He looks back down at me as he threads his long fingers into my hair. The expression on his handsome face is pure bliss. God, he is so sexy. I can see the pink of his tongue as it slides over his full lower lip and it makes me moan around his cock, the vibration causing him to buck his hips. I love that I'm able to make him lose control.

"Christ, baby. Your mouth. Ugh."

I reach down to tug on his balls, wanting to hear more of his dirty mouth.

"Fuck, Bella, fuck. You love sucking me off, don't you?"

I nod, giving him my best innocent eyes.

"You love to make me come in that sexy mouth of yours, don't you?"

Faithfully

I double my efforts, licking, sucking, pumping.

"So good...so motherfucking *good*. Turn around so I can taste that sweet pussy."

He doesn't have to tell me twice. I'm straddled over his face in two seconds flat, never removing his cock from my mouth. I moan again when I feel the tip of his tongue flutter quickly over my clit. *Fuck*. I grab his ass, encouraging him to thrust into my mouth at the same time that I start grinding shamelessly into his face.

I'm riding his tongue as he fucks my mouth. It's goddamn incredible, and I'm coming. Hard. He reaches around my torso lifting me to sit on his face and holds tight, preventing me from finishing him off. I don't know what his game is but I'm certainly not going to question it mid-orgasm.

When my post-orgasmic high begins to subside, I ask him why he stopped me from getting him off. He flips us over so that I am underneath him, and he pushes into me with one long deep thrust. I swear to all that is holy, he is poking my brain with that massive peen. His breath is hot on my neck and a wanton moan escapes my lips when he circles his hips at the height of his thrust. *Holy fuck*.

"Because, sweet girl, I need to come *inside* you."

This man will be the death of me. I swear it.

I lift my hips to match his thrusts, but I can't seem to get enough leverage. Sensing my frustration, he hooks his right arm under my left knee, opening me up further for him. He is even deeper at this angle, if that is even possible.

"Yes..." my voice is husky but there is a desperation to it. It's understandable, I suppose, with him leaving tomorrow.

"You feel so good, so fucking tight. Your body was made for me, baby. *Fuck*. No one else will ever know you this way, you are mine. Fucking *mine*. Say

Faithfully

you're mine."

There is a pleading desperation in his voice as well, and that fact acts as a balm on my aching heart. I don't want him to suffer, but knowing that the separation will affect him as much as it will me is somewhat soothing.

"Yours, I'm only yours. Forever."

I take a deep breath as my back arches in pleasure. I need to hear him say he is mine as well.

"Tell me."

My voice sounds whiny and you can practically hear the tears in it, but I can't find it in myself to care.

"Yours, baby. Only yours. You fucking *own* me."

With a guttural cry, my building orgasm rips through me. Tears are seeping from my clenched eyelids and I am frantically clawing at his back as wave after wave of ecstasy rock my body.

By the time he releases inside me, I am full on sobbing. He clings to me so tightly that it is damn near painful but I don't care. I love that he is holding me this way, surrounding me.

"I love you, Bella. You *are* my life."

"I love you, too."

~**B**B**~

The next morning is a flurry of activity.

Carlisle and Esme are already in the kitchen when I go down to start a pot of coffee. They both give me looks of understanding at the sight of my puffy, red

Faithfully

rimmed eyes only slightly hidden behind my black rimmed glasses. It is pointless to even attempt putting contacts in today.

I offer Edward a weak smile as he turns the corner, noticing that he is sporting his glasses as well. He comes to stand next to me at the counter and lays his head on top of mine as he fixes his coffee. Esme sniffles at the sight of us in the background.

Lizzy, Alice and the boys come down for breakfast, but even as good as it looks I can't muster up an appetite. Jacob and Leah arrive just as we finish breakfast to say goodbye and get last minute instructions from Edward. We agreed last night that Jacob would be accompanying me everywhere I go, including taking me to school and picking me up. As annoying as the notion is, I completely understand the need for it. Especially since the media is bloodthirsty for details about the altercation at the bar.

The driver arrives promptly at one o'clock, and dutifully loads all of the bags in the car. After a quick goodbye, Emmett turns to help the poor boy. Jasper and Edward are a different story. Jasper takes his time saying his goodbyes to Alice, even though she will be joining him next week. And Edward, well, Edward hugs each of his family members going over minor details of what we discussed with Jenks last night, and offering reassurances to a distraught Esme.

He finally approaches me , and it is all I can do to not have a complete meltdown and beg him not to leave me. He wraps me tightly in his arms, placing kisses everywhere he can reach.

"I'm going to miss you so damn much, moment." He always knows what to say.

"Me too." My answer is barely audible through my sniffles and I hate that I'm acting so clingy and weak, but at the same time I see no reason to hide my feelings.

"We'll video chat on our new iPhones, and skype every night."

Faithfully

I nod my acquiescence, keeping my face buried in his chest. With a sigh he leads me over to my father with his arm tightly wound around my waist.

"Charlie, I just want to let you know how much it means to me that you came all this way to help me. I know that we didn't really start off on the right foot, but I want to express my gratitude and reiterate the fact that Bella means the world to me. All I want to do is keep her safe and make her happy."

My dad's eyes soften with Edward's words.

"You keep her happy, and I won't give you any more trouble. I appreciate you putting yourself on the line for her. It takes a real man to put his woman above everything, including himself. What you did speaks volumes in my book."

An awkward backslap follows and all too soon Edward is crawling into the back of the sleek black car. He sends me one final air kiss as the car pulls away and I vow to myself to use the three weeks I have to come up with a plan to get Collin to drop the charges against Edward. There *has* to be a way, and I'll be damned if I don't find it.

I am the most nervous about this one. Totally on edge waiting for your comments!

Chapter 23: Miss You

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the awesome reader who nominated us for a Avante Garde award for 'Best Lemon'. It really means alot to me that you took the time out of your life to recognize our story. You Rock!

As always a very special thank you to my betas Lambcullen and Moblair. I appreciate you more than words can say.

I would also like to thank my dear friend Ryanne. Not only has she given me valueable advice and encouragement, but she also inspired Bella's ring. (She asked me not to use a diamond) I love that Bella has a unique and valueable ring, so thank you for that!

Wow, I can't believe that thanks to all of you amazing and loyal readers, we have surpassed 1,000 reviews! I never imagined that so many people would care about this story as much as I do. I can't thank you all enough, especially those of you that have been with me from the very beginning. No one has as amazing readers as I do. I cherish each and every one of you. Your sweet words and encouragement keep me going! Mucho kisses to all!

Disclaimer: I don't own...

Oh! And for those of you that have asked...I think we still have about 10 chapters left. But don't hold me to that ;-)

~Faithfully~

*I've been holding out so long
I've been sleeping all alone
Lord I miss you
I've been hanging on the phone
I've been sleeping all alone
I want to kiss you*

~Miss You: The Rolling Stones~

~Edward~

Driving away from Bella was the hardest thing I have ever had to do. The tears in her eyes cut me to my core. I know exactly how she feels though, I sure as fuck don't want to spend three weeks away from her either. The mere thought of it is fucking agonizing, especially the mess I left in Seattle.

I feel so damn guilty that she was left to deal with the media circus and scrutiny that my fight with Collin left behind. Still, I can't find it in myself to regret my actions. He deserved what I gave him and more. I only hope that Jenks can find a way to keep me out of prison. I cannot even begin to fathom what a separation like that would do to us.

I sigh deeply, fiddling with the piece of black shoestring Bella tied around my wrist before I left. She had me tie the other half around her wrist, insisting that we wear them while we are apart as a tangible reminder of our connection, as if I need one. That tiny, beautiful woman owns me body and soul, the bracelets are a sweet reminder. Nevertheless, I am more than happy to oblige her sentimental whim.

I watch the city fly by as the plane takes off, and it already makes me long for her. These next three weeks are going to be hell. It's astonishing how something that not too long ago used to be the light in my life, is now what is causing me heartache. If I thought I could get away with it, I would cancel the US tour in a heartbeat. My world no longer revolves around music. And music no longer brings the satisfaction it once used to. Unless, of course, Bella is with me. She has quickly become the center of my universe.

Once we are in the air, I pull down the shade over the window, and I scrunch a pillow up underneath my neck, trying desperately to fall asleep. It is disconcerting to sit on an airplane where nearly everyone in the general vicinity is gawking at you. Emmett eats that shit up, but not me. I have never enjoyed being gaped at and I like it even less now that I have the most beautiful woman in the entire fucking world waiting for me at home.

Faithfully

After a few moments of fighting with my useless airplane pillow I finally give up, tossing it on the floor. Traveling without my girl sucks. What I wouldn't give to have her next to me right now, if only to pick that nifty round neck pillow out of her enormous purse. I chuckle at the thought. That woman has everything you could ever possibly need in that thing. She is always prepared, I'll tell you that. She would make an excellent boy scout.

The seventeen and a half hour flight to Sydney, Australia passes relatively quickly, when I eventually pass out, and before I know it we are making our way through the bustling airport. There are paparazzi everywhere, just as I anticipated, and it takes all of my self-control to keep my mouth shut with the ridiculous questions they are spouting off. Some jackass has the audacity to ask me if Bella finally came to her senses and dumped my sorry ass. *Fucker.*

It's weird to think that I lost nineteen hours on the flight, almost a whole day. It is nearly four in the morning in Seattle and almost eleven at night here in Sydney. I miss her so fucking much already. I know that I'm being especially moody, but all I want to do right now is call my girl and then go to sleep. Hopefully no one will wake me until it's time for the show tomorrow night. I fucking hate doing this shit without Bella by my side.

I let myself into my hotel room without much fanfare and throw my bags down, unceremoniously, near the door. After taking a piss, I grab a bottle of water and settle myself on the bed. Bella answers on the third ring.

"Edward! Oh, honey, I miss you so damn much already."

"Me too, baby, me too. I'm gonna have a helluva time sleeping without you."

"I know, I tossed and turned all night. I finally just said 'fuck it', and got up to get ready for the day."

"Fuck, it's good to hear your voice."

"I know what you mean. I'm sure you're exhausted after the flight, get some sleep and call me when you wake up. We can have a skype date, I want to

Faithfully

show you the new ruffle-y panties I bought."

"Damn, baby. You can't say shit like that then expect me to go to sleep." I groan at the thought of her in frilly lingerie. She chuckles throaty and deep before assuring me that I will see them tonight and sending me off to bed with words of love and the biggest boner in history.

As soon as I wake up, I see that I have a message from Siobhan. She knows that I'm currently in Australia, and wants to meet up to give me the ring. I nearly shit my pants when she tells me that it is finished. I can barely contain the glee surging through my veins at the thought of finally seeing the masterpiece that her husband Liam has created. She tells me that it is breathtaking, and I believe her. I feel sort of guilty when she informs me that Liam has been working around the clock to finish it, knowing that I would be near their hometown this week, but not guilty enough to wipe the goofy fucking megawatt smile that has currently overtaken my face.

We make plans to meet at a local café. Buying them lunch is the least I can do for the hard work that they have both put into making my Bella the tangible symbol of my love and devotion. I can hardly wait to see it.

When I arrive, Siobhan and Liam are already seated and waiting patiently for me. I have to remind myself to remain cool and calm, but one look at Siobhan's knowing smile sends that tactic right out the goddamned window. I practically trip over myself in my haste to get to them, and ultimately the ring.

Siobhan is an attractive older woman, probably in her late fifties. Her salt and pepper hair is tied loosely at the nape of her neck, and her stormy grey eyes convey a wisdom I can only hope to one day poses. Her husband has a round face with deep blue eyes. His smile is kind, and his demeanor is warm and welcoming. The love between them is palpable, causing my already aching heart to miss Bella even more. I wish she would have been able to meet them.

"Hello, Mr. Cullen. It is a pleasure to finally meet you."

Faithfully

Sincerity rings in her sweet voice and I can't help but smile in return, feeling instantly comfortable.

"Please call me Edward, and the pleasure is mine. Thank you for making the time to meet with me today. This will make my Bella a very happy woman."

Liam smirks and Siobhan winks reaching into the bag, that she has cradled in her lap.

"Why don't you go ahead and order yourself some lunch, so we can get on with it, yes? I can see that the anticipation is killing you."

There is a wicked, teasing glint in her eye that *almost* makes me blush. And let me tell you, it takes a lot to make Edward Cullen fucking blush.

The hotel room I am staying in is nice. Really fucking nice. It is large, open and has an entire wall of windows. The furniture is dark wood with fine white upholstery and the dark hardwood floors are covered by exquisite oriental rugs. It is gorgeous, but I can't find it in myself to enjoy it. It's just not the same without my girl.

I meander over to the wall of windows and look out at the city below me. I have always enjoyed coming to Australia, but this time I feel like a part of me is missing. The most important part of me.

Bella.

With a deep sigh, I make my way over to the drink cart. I pour a generous glass of scotch while eyeing the clock over the television set. A small smile fights to surface when I realize that it is time to call my girl. She will just be getting ready for bed.

Without wasting another minute I sign into my skype account and call her up.

"Edward."

Faithfully

Her voice is breathy and needy and God help me, sexy as hell. I miss her so goddamn much.

After spending an hour or so chatting about our days and all the little mundane shit going on right now, we finally get to the good stuff.

"I wanna show you my new panties. Do you want to see them, ciccino?"

Smirking, I nod my head. I know it drives her crazy when I let the cocky bastard out. I make a show of licking my lips when she backs up and slowly unties the deep red satin robe she is wearing. She looks fucking divine. My baby always looks good in red, but tonight she looks downright sinful.

I reach behind me to pull off my black tee shirt, and run my hand through my hair at the sight of her sexy gaze. Her bee-stung lips are slightly parted, and her deep chocolate eyes are heavy with lust. I can see a glimpse of red lace peeking through her robe making me harder than I thought possible.

She peels off the robe agonizingly slowly revealing the sexiest lingerie set I have ever fucking seen. Blood red, sheer and lace *and God help me* tiny as fuck. Holy hell this woman will be the death of me. The only thing that could make the sight before me better is to see the deep red emerald glistening on her finger.

Mine.

"God, baby. You look... *fuck*. You look like....like a fucking... there are *no* words." Yep, that's me. I am a tongue-tied, love-sick motherfucker that has the verbal skills of a fourteen year old virgin. *Fan-fucking-tastic*.

I can't be too annoyed, though, because the confidence radiating off of the woman I love is worth a helluva lot more than my dignity.

"I definitely need to see that again ," I say lamely while gesturing to the bra and panties she is wearing. "Preferably, when I can touch them."

Faithfully

Her answering smirk is so damn sexy. "I'm sure we can find a fitting occasion to pull this out again." She sits back and stretches her long shapely legs out in front of her. "Now, did you want to see what's underneath it?"

"Fuck yes."

"Show me yours and I'll show you mine."

There is my vixen. I smile my best panty-dropping smile and quickly discard my jeans, revealing that I've gone commando after my shower. I quirk my eyebrow when her eyes widen and lounge back against the headboard with one hand behind my head while the other strokes slowly up and down my shaft, taking extra time to fondle each of my piercings.

"I'm waiting, Isabella."

Her eyes darken considerably before she sits up straight and reaching behind her to undo the clasp on her bra. She smiles wickedly as she peels the skimpy fabric from her perfect tits. Fucking Christ, Bella has an amazing rack. I watch attentively as she brushes her small soft hands against the silkiness of her skin and groan when she lets her head fall back as she pinches and rolls her nipples between her deep red fingernails.

This woman is a fucking goddess.

A sex goddess.

My sex goddess.

Fuck, I'm a lucky son-of-a-bitch.

The smirk on her sexy mouth lets me know that I have said the last part out loud.

She shimmies out of her panties and lays back against the cream leather headboard of our bed, spreading her legs wide to expose the delicate pink flesh

Faithfully

of her sex. I reach out and pull my laptop closer to me as if somehow it brings *her* closer to me. I miss her so damn much.

"I wanna taste you."

The words are out of my mouth before I can even think to put together a coherent thought. It's true, though, I always want to taste her. Her lips part at my words and she slowly drags her fingers through the gathering moisture seeping from her bare lips. I nearly lose it when she brings her glistening fingers up to her mouth and licks her arousal from them. *Fucking sexy.*

"You are so fucking wet, baby. Is all that for me?"

"Yesss..." is her breathy reply. Her voice is husky with need, making me impossibly hard.

"Put two fingers inside you, baby. Deep."

I watch eagerly as she slides two of her slender fingers inside her dripping pussy. She lets out a deep moan when she starts working them back and forth.

"That's it babygirl. Show me what you like. God, I want to touch you so fucking bad. Only me. Only I can touch you that way. Those sexy little sounds are for *me*."

"Yes, Edward, only for you. I love you so fucking much. Unngh. Tell me what you want to do to me. *Please.*"

As you wish, baby.

"I want to wrap that long silky hair around my wrist and pull your head back, exposing that graceful, pale throat. I want to suck hard on that sweet flesh, littering your flawless, creamy skin with my marks."

Reaching down with my free hand, I tug gently on my balls imagining that it is her soft feminine hand as I increase the pace of the hand stroking my rock hard

Faithfully

cock. The combined stimulation of my hands, her moans and the sight of her fingering the fuck out of herself is enough to set my blood on fire.

"Mmmm, I love when you mark me. I want the whole fucking world to know that I belong to you, Edward. That it is your mouth that brings me pleasure, your cock that fucks me deep and hard. Only you can make me feel this way."

"That's right, baby. Only I can sink into that tight, wet heaven and ride you until you can't even remember your motherfucking name. Your pussy is so sweet, so *goddamn* sweet, I could eat you morning, noon and night, Bella. Motherfucking ambrosia."

"Oh, God...fuck, fuck, *fuck*...I'm gonna come..."

I watch intently as she flicks her clit with her free hand, never slowing the pace or intensity of the one she fucks herself with. I know she is close by the way the deep blush creeps up across her heaving breasts, slowly up her neck and finally settles into her cheeks. Her pouty lips part and her eyes flutter closed.

Bingo.

I let myself go as I watch her fall apart, thick spurts of jizz coating my hand and lower abs.

Gorgeous. I am indeed a lucky bastard.

She smiles softly, her eyes opening lazily to find mine across our shitty internet connection. This screen doesn't do her justice. Without a conscience thought, I reach out to trace the side of her face on my screen. The tenderness, now tinged with a hint of sadness, disarms me. I am *nothing* without her.

"I love you."

Her smile grows with my words, prominently displaying her deep dimples. I wish I could reach out and push the inky hair away from her beautiful face.

Faithfully

"I love *you*. I can't wait to graduate. Then I will never have to be apart from you again."

When she can no longer keep her eyes open, we reluctantly hang up. It is so fucking hard to hang up. The only reason I'm able to is the knowledge that she has to get up early for school.

The next two weeks pass much the same. I watch helplessly as the light within Bella's beautiful brown eyes dims with each passing day. It has been excruciating to watch knowing that there is nothing I can do to stop it. I would like to think that it is merely our separation that is causing her despair, but deep down inside I know that she is losing hope with the Collin situation. Guilt floods me at the thought. How could I be so fucking reckless? I hate that it is because of me that she feels so disheartened.

I talked to Jenks again last night in preparation for next week's hearing and honestly he wasn't able to provide me any hope of getting out of this mess. He suggested a plea bargain, but it would still result in some jail time. He has gathered leads on some shady shit that Collin may or may not be involved in, but everyone is so tight-lipped. The assholes he is working with are sure loyal to the bastard. They won't even rat him out for obscene amounts of money. And his bitch, Bree, well she is clean as a whistle.

I just don't know what to do at this point.

Emmett barges into my dressing room throwing a couple of tabloids on the table with a raised eyebrow and a smirk. I look down curiously at the offensive magazines and allow a matching self-satisfied smirk to settle upon my lips as well. There before me is a picture of my girl pumping gas wearing the makeshift jersey I wore for the charity baseball game last spring. She is facing away from the camera in the first shot, prominently displaying CULLEN across her back and her hair is piled on top of her head showing off her *E*. I fucking *love* seeing my name across her back. The rest of the shots just show her walking back around to the driver's side and getting inside the vehicle. She is wearing grey sweatpants and those god-awful brown Ugg boot things. *Gross*. I'll make sure to tease her about those later. I'm a little disappointed that her

Faithfully

beautiful eyes are covered by her enormous sunglasses, but my stomach flutters a little when I catch a glimpse of the black shoelace bracelet. Ugh, I'm such a fucking chick. Emmett chuckles at the way I stare longingly at the photographs to which I merely scowl and flip him off. Asshole.

I take the stage for our last show abroad and allow a small smile to grace my lips. I am on the first flight out of this hell in the morning. By this time tomorrow night, I will have Bella in my arms. We play our regular set and I even allow myself to enjoy it. The ring has been burning a hole in my pocket ever since I picked it up. I can hardly wait to get it on her finger. Not too much longer now.

I retreat back to my dressing room after our finale, pulling my phone out of my back pocket to check for messages. The screen indicates that I have missed calls from Bella, Jacob, Seth, Lizzy and my father. Panic surges through me. Something has to be wrong. I play Bella's message as I bolt from the arena, easily hailing a cab and directing the driver to take me straight to the airport. The boys will just have to pack up my shit for me and ship it home.

I'm able to secure a seat on the next flight to Seattle, but it unfortunately has three different layovers. After forty-five minutes, a message to both Jasper and Emmett explaining my hasty departure, and a call to Bella, that frustratingly goes straight to voicemail, I board my flight and reluctantly turn off my phone.

As the plane taxis out of the terminal, Bella's message flows through my mind on repeat. It's all I can do to remain calm enough to keep myself functional. Bella *has* to be okay, there is no other option.

" Hey you. I just wanted to let you know that I just buzzed Rosalie through the gate and that she is on her way up to the house. Don't worry, both Jake and Seth are here, well, they are at Jacob's place but not too far away. I don't know what she wants, but she says it's important. I'll call you when she leaves, okay. I love you, Edward. I can't wait until tomorrow."

You know what would be awesome?...to make 2k. Do you think we can do it?

Chapter 24: Home Sweet Home

There is nothing that I can say that will make my fail any less epic...I am so fucking sorry that it took so long for an update.

I love and appreciate each and every one of my readers, you guys and your comments keep this going. I owe you so much. Lambie-you are the best!

Moblair-I heart you!

Ryanne-Thanks again for the ring idea and for all your support- I miss you.

and to everyone else who has supported me through this story...please know how much you mean to me.

Disclaimer-I do not own!

My heart's like an open book
For the whole world to read
Sometime, nothing keeps me together
At the seams

I'm on my way, I'm on my way
Home sweet home, tonight tonight
I'm on my way, just set me free
Home sweet home

~Home Sweet Home: Motley Crue~

~Bella~

My mind wanders to the past three weeks as I sit anxiously waiting for Rosalie to arrive at my front door. Both Lily and Capo are sitting protectively at my feet, giving me a sense of strength and security that I desperately need at the

Faithfully

moment. Edward will be surprised to see how much Capo has grown over the last three weeks. He towers over Lily now. Such a big strong boy, my Zor. And so protective of his mama.

I absently stroke Capo's head and neck as I recall the last few torturous weeks. It has literally been hell being away from my man. I've missed him more than I ever thought possible. Not to mention that the situation with Collin isn't looking any better. I was so sure that I could find a way to fix it all. *So damn naive*. I feel like I've let Edward down in a way. I know that he would never see it that way, but still. I wanted to save *him* for once. Any lingering hope of that happening is seriously running out though, seeing as how Edward's hearing is Thursday morning and it is already Tuesday evening. A dark cloud of despair threatens to pull me under just as I hear the doorbell ring.

After peering through the peephole and confirming that it is indeed Rosalie outside, I open the door. To say that I am shocked when I take in her appearance is a serious fucking understatement. Rough doesn't even begin to describe how she looks, and that is putting it mildly. She looks tired and thin, and her normally flawless golden hair looks stringy and limp. *What the hell is wrong with her?* I snap out of my stupor and step aside, inviting her into mine and Edward's home.

"Please, come in."

She looks both troubled and a little apprehensive as she steps past me into the foyer, mumbling a quiet 'thank you'.

I usher her into the living room and tell her to make herself comfortable while I grab a couple of beers from the fridge. I figure that a little liquid courage is in order for this unforeseen and awkward confrontation. Lord knows we need all the help we can get. She takes one of the dark green bottles with a small, tight smile and immediately starts picking at the label. Not wanting to drag the uncomfortable silence on any longer, I cut to the chase.

"What brings you here, Rosalie?" I try to hide the skepticism in my voice but I'm sure I do a shitty job because her troubled eyes meet mine at once.

Faithfully

"I'm so sorry to just barge in on you like this, Bella. I don't even know where to begin, but I just can't keep this shit to myself any longer. Not when it can potentially help to keep Edward out of jail." The earnestness in her declaration causes a tightening in my stomach and suddenly I feel foolish for meeting with her without Jacob here. It's not necessarily that I fear that she can hurt me physically, I just feel like this is going to be a conversation that would best be had with witnesses. Damn, my naiveté. The fact that both Capo and Lily are on edge doesn't help my new foreboding feelings either. *Fuck.*

I reach down to stroke Lily's neck, trying to comfort both her and myself. It doesn't escape my notice that while Lily finally relaxes her stance somewhat, Capo remains fully alert and positioned between Rosalie and Lily and I. Taking a deep calming breath, I finally encourage Rosalie to start with why she is here. She swallows slowly, rubbing her eyebrow before bringing her sad, defeated eyes up to mine and diving into her story.

"Actually, Tanya is the reason I'm here. It seems she got herself involved in some things that she wishes she hadn't." Her expression is pleading, borderline panicked when her ice blue eyes meet mine. "She didn't mean any harm, I swear. She never meant for any of this to happen. I promise to tell you everything I know, just *please* leave Tanya out of this."

I'm tempted to snark at her about how hindsight is twenty-twenty, but think better of it when the fluttering of excitement begins in my stomach. I agree without thinking, letting my haste to hear the story dominate my rational thought. "Yes, of course. Tell me what you know."

Her whole body sags with relief at my hasty promise, and she takes a deep breath before pushing forward with her story.

"Tanya was approached in Madrid by Gianna, right after Collin gave his first interview. We-Tanya, Gianna and I- had been talking about how I'd seen your video camera a few days prior and how hot the idea of that was. Well, I guess Gianna cornered Tanya later that evening and made a deal with her. Gianna told her that if she could get ahold of that video that she would get her a modeling contract with Guess. Gianna called up the booking agent, right in

Faithfully

front of Tanya, and told him that she wanted to cash in one of her favors. She sent him a few snapshots of Tanya with her phone and he agreed. He said that although she is much older than he would normally like to work with, she had enough raw beauty to work with and that the stylists could fix the rest.

"It was just a day or two later that she found Edward's laptop open in the study and the password sitting right there on the keyboard. It took much longer than she thought to find the files, and she could hear Alec coming down the hall so she wasn't able to actually download the file. She only managed to capture a short clip with her phone. Needless to say that the quality was shitty and the glare from the window made it impossible to identify that it was even you and Edward. The clip is only about six seconds long and you honestly can't tell it's you. Edward's tattoos aren't even visible. In short, it's completely worthless."

Rosalie takes a long pull from her beer and searches my eyes before continuing. I'm trying desperately to keep my expression neutral but I'm not sure it's convincing at all with how insanely pissed off I am. Regardless, I steel myself to hear the rest of her story before blowing my stack.

"Gianna is nothing if not determined. Although she was disappointed with the video clip, she saw it as nothing more than a minor setback in her grand scheme to ruin your relationship with Edward. She has had Tanya under her thumb since the video debacle and I would really like to get her disentangled from the clutches of this lunatic. She has Tanya frightened that she could face jail time if her involvement with stealing the video and leaking information gets out. Not to mention that she would lose her modeling contract.

"Gianna tracked Collin down right after the first set of pictures of you and Edward were published-way back in July. She was determined to dig up any dirt she could find in your past and use it against you. She found him easily and has been working with him ever since. Which is the real reason I'm here. I know that neither you nor Edward like me and with good reason, I might add, but I can't stand by and watch him get sent to prison over a setup he walked right into. Not if I can help it. He is much too pretty to be in prison."

Faithfully

She gives me a sad smile and I have to grit my teeth in order to not be rude to her. It amazes me how much it still irks me that she lusts after him. It is plain as day right now, her eyes give away *everything*.

"Anyway, I heard from Emmett that the only way for Edward to get out of being incarcerated at this point is for Collin to drop the charges."

I nod my head in affirmation because that is indeed the only way to keep my man out of prison at this point. She huffs out a breath before trudging on.

"Tanya is beside herself with guilt. We know that she is not directly involved in the situation, but she can't help but feel terrible for having encouraged Gianna and her crazy plotting. Once she found out the severity of the consequences that Edward is facing, she came to me and told me everything she knows. I think I may have a way to get Collin to back off."

My breath hitches in my throat and my eyes fill up with tears at the possibility that this beast of a woman could possibly hold the key to keeping my Edward out of jail. She offers me a sad smile before laying it out there.

"Here it goes. Collin is engaged to Bree Tanner, you already know this. Well, according to Tanya, he is only with her because she can provide him with the lifestyle he and his family are used to, being the DeBeers heiress and all. Of course she doesn't know this little tidbit of information. It seems that Collin's daddy has put their entire family fortune up his nose, leaving it up to Collin to marry Bree in order to keep them living the life to which they are accustomed.

Here is the kicker. Collin is actually gay. Or he has a gay lover anyway, so he may actually be bisexual. Regardless, he has been cheating on Bree for the last nine months with the same guy. Tanya saw them together at a party in LA and approached the guy, Kerry, to ask about their relationship. He was not shy in the least about divulging the details, if you know what I mean. He is also aware of Collin's 'fake' engagement to Bree. However, I'm sure that this is something that Collin would do anything to keep quiet...even drop the charges against Edward."

Faithfully

The plan sounds pretty solid and I am suddenly very grateful for Tanya and her obsession with my boyfriend. Rosalie too, I suppose. Even though I still think she is a bitch. And I still hate that she wants Edward. As happy as I am with this revelation, however, there seems to be one giant hole in this otherwise awesome plan.

"Well, what about Gianna? Won't she be pissed if Collin betrays her and rat him out herself? And... how could Bree sit back and watch Collin cry about how I was cheating on him if they were already together? I don't understand that at all."

"She doesn't know about Kerry. Besides, she wouldn't want Edward in prison. She is far too obsessed with him. You yes, him no. She merely sees Collin as a pawn to get you away from Edward, hoping that he tires of the bad publicity that Collin brings on you. She doesn't see him as a threat to her plan at all. She just wants you gone. Period. End of story. The bitch is crazy, believe me. She honestly believes that she can break you guys up. As for Bree, well, Gianna cashed in another favor for her to star in a soap opera, starting now at the end of October. That was Bree's payoff to allow Collin to publicly declare that he was 'with you'. She knew about Gianna's plan all along and went along with it. Just as long as her career benefited from it, and that Collin was really hers-she didn't care."

Rosalie finishes her rant with a snort and an eye-roll. I consider her words for a moment, letting all of the information sink in. There are many questions that I have and I certainly don't hesitate to ask. Setting my empty beer bottle down on the coffee table, I turn my body so that I'm fully facing her on the sofa and tuck my right leg underneath me.

"Why now? If you are so desperate to help, why did you wait until two days before Edward's hearing? Why not call and let us know before this whole Collin situation blew up? Do you know how fucked up all of this is. How could you just go on with your life knowing that Gianna and your sister were plotting and scheming to ruin our lives? I appreciate you coming here tonight, Rosalie, but I don't understand how you can claim to care about him, yet you sat back and allowed something like this transpire...knowing that you could have

stopped it at any given moment."

My voice is rising and my arms are flailing while I continue to get more and more agitated with every passing minute. I know that I'm being a little unfair because in reality, Rosalie has no real responsibility to come running to tell us all the sordid details about the sickening plans that her sister and her crazy friend are conjuring up. Ugh, this whole situation is so incredibly fucked up. I take a calming breath before announcing my intentions.

"I have to call our attorney and I don't want to make any promises until we can discuss this with Edward. I can't assure you that he will be willing to leave Tanya out of this, but I will do my best to persuade him. It's the least we can do since you swallowed your pride and came to me with the information."

She looks somewhat relieved, but still uncomfortable. I realize that it is because although we have been talking for nearly two hours, Capo still hasn't relaxed his protective stance in front of me. *Good boy*. I don't feel particularly threatened, but I'm not about to let my guard down. *Hmm, Maybe I should have Jacob and Leah stay with us tonight as well*.

"Edward won't be back until tomorrow. You are welcomed to stay here tonight, though, that way we can talk to Edward as soon as he gets here. I need to call him, as a matter of fact, if you'll excuse me for a moment."

I get up from the sofa and make my way into the kitchen dialing Edward's number on the way. Strange, it goes straight to voicemail as if the phone is turned off. He *never* turns off his phone. *Maybe the battery died*. I don't leave him a message because what I have to tell him is just too much and trying to summarize it in a message would only make it more confusing. I'll just talk to him when he calls tonight. I do call Jacob and ask him to come stay in the house with me, regaling the fact that Rosalie will be staying as well. He nearly bites my head off for meeting with her alone, but relents when I point out the fact that everything is fine and that she really is here to help despite her fucked up role in the whole ordeal.

Faithfully

When I hang up with Jacob, I call Jenks and leave him two messages giving him a rundown of what Rosalie told me. I know that he is due in town in the morning in order to meet with Edward before the hearing on Thursday. Hopefully he will be able to get in contact with Collin before then. I have no doubt he will be able to pull it off though, Jenks is pretty badass for an old man.

Rosalie and I spend the rest of the evening making somewhat awkward small talk over delivered Chinese food and I have to say that I am quite relieved when she finally states that she is tired and wants to turn in for the night. I show her to one of the guest rooms and let her know that I am just down the hall in case she might need anything. I snicker at the fact that Capo plants himself right outside her door. It is abundantly clear that he does not trust her in the least. Neither do I for that matter, but I am pretty confident that she isn't going to try to do anything to me.

Jacob and Leah arrive just after nine and take the guest room right next to Rosalie. As much as I want to believe that Rosalie is sincere in her intentions, I can't deny that having Jacob down the hall makes me much more at ease. After my nightly ritual, I try Edward's phone one more time. It annoys me that it is still going to voicemail so I hang up with a huff and toss it onto my bedside table. I crawl into bed and smile at the thought that he will be here with me tomorrow night. As irritated as I am with him for ignoring my calls, I can't hide the elation I feel knowing that I will be in his arms in less than twenty-four hours.

I am startled awake a couple of hours later by a frantic Edward clutching on to me for dear life.

"Oh, baby. Thank fucking Christ you're alright. I was so goddamn worried. I thought something had happened to you. Fuck, I can't live without you. Please don't do that shit to me *ever* again."

His lips press to my skin everywhere he can reach all while he flutters his frenzied hands over my body, no doubt looking for some unforeseen damage.

Faithfully

What the fuck is he going on about?

"What the fuck are you talking about, Edward?"

"I got your message. Rosalie. I thought she was going to hurt you. Oh God, Bella."

He pulls me even tighter to his body, if that is even possible. I'm finding it hard to breathe, but even harder to make sense of his panic through my sleep fogged brain.

"Calm down, ciccino, I'm fine. Really. Rosalie came to help us. I'll tell you everything but you have to calm down okay? You're freaking me out."

I brush my fingers through his chaotic hair and press my lips to his temple, whispering sweet words and promises until I feel him start to relax. "I'm okay, my love, I'm okay. I'm here and I'm okay. I love you and I missed you. I'm so glad you're home and in my arms."

When I finally feel the last of the tension leave his body, I allow myself to melt against him. It feels so fucking good to have him wrapped around my body. The relief I feel is immense and in this moment I vow to make it possible to fly out and spend every weekend with him until I graduate in December. I can't go another three weeks straight without him, much less the three months he will be gone for the US tour. I'll go crazy, I swear I will. It will be hectic, but it will be worth it.

"I'm sorry I scared you, baby. Now, tell me again why the fuck that bitch is here."

I take a calming breath and then delve into the despicable details of every bit of the information Rosalie shared with me earlier. To say that Edward is shocked is an understatement. He is clearly overwhelmed, angry, confused and if I dare say hopeful. I inform him that I have already spoken to Jenks and that he will be here around eleven o'clock to go over the details. I know that he has already put a call in to Collin's lawyer, so hopefully he will have an update on that

Faithfully

when he gets here. Collin would be stupid to go through with the law suit after all we found out, but hey, stranger things have happened.

We lay in silence for several minutes just letting the heaviness of the bullshit settle around us. It amazes me how even with the weight of everything around us, I feel closer to him than ever. I am lost in my thoughts when I feel the warm wetness of his perfect lips against mine. "I love you." I will never tire of hearing him say those three words to me. I answer his declaration with every ounce of emotion inside me and all too soon, yet not soon enough, we are a mess of tangled limbs and unbridled passion. It is not about lust. It is pure unaltered love. I *love* this man more than anything in this world. Our coupling is frantic, desperate and raw. It is *perfect*. I need him like I need air. I don't work without him, and it is clear that he feels the exact same way about me. I am so very comforted by the fact that he dropped everything to come to me when he thought that I needed him. I am one lucky bitch.

I wake again just before nine the next morning. My body is stiff and sore. I'm not sure if it is from the smoking hot sex or from the fact that I haven't slept so soundly in, well, three weeks. I ease myself out from Edward's death grip so that I may relieve my bladder, take a much needed shower and head down to make breakfast. Carlisle and Esme as well as Lizzy and Alec should be here by ten and I expect my dad before noon. Turning to place a sweet kiss on Edward's face, I notice a new tattoo. A satisfied smirk graces my mouth when I see a deep, blood-red kiss on the side of his neck. Damn, my lips are pretty. I chuckle, recognizing the kiss from the last care package of cookies and panties that I sent to Edward's Okinawa hotel room, knowing that Alex was visiting him for the weekend. I had overnighted the package and included a handwritten note. I lightly trace the mark with my fingertips as I remember slathering on my favorite red lipstick and kissing the bottom of the note after spraying it with my perfume. Alec did a fantastic job, that's for sure.

With a content sigh, I trudge my way downstairs to make breakfast. I've got fresh cinnamon rolls warming in the oven and am currently whipping up the mixture for veggie omelets when I feel Edward saddle up behind me. He buries his nose in my hair and breathes deeply while placing his hands on the counter on either side of me, effectively caging me in. I close my eyes and lean into his

Faithfully

firm, muscular body, relishing the way I fit perfectly in his arms. I inhale his warm masculine scent, letting it wash over my senses and clam me. When I open my eyes, I notice an open black velvet box nestled in his large right palm. My breath hitches in my throat and tears of joy flood my eyes when I take in the gorgeous ring tucked into the rich black fabric. It is absolutely stunning. The silver-tone of the metal is the perfect contrast to the enormous blood red stone sitting prominently amongst the many smaller red stones that surround it and adorn the band. I blink several times in order to clear the tears, never once taking my eyes off of the exquisite piece of jewelry that I hope means what I think it means. Suddenly, I feel Edward's hot breath fan across the side of my face as he brings his mouth to my ear.

"Marry me."

The whispered words are not a question. They are not a demand. They are a request, and they are perfect. I press my temple against his scruffy jaw and barely manage to choke out my answer.

"Yes."

"Yeah?"

"Yes! A thousand times yes!"

I turn to face him within the cage of his strong arms, wanting nothing more than to see his handsome face. What I see, is absolute joy and serenity in his expression causing me to freely let my joyous tears fall. He wraps his left arm around me holding me tight against strong chest while pressing kiss after kiss to my lips, my cheeks and my temple. "My fiancé." The words sound so fucking incredible and I can't wait to shout that shit from the fucking rooftops.

Coming back to my senses I present him my shaky left hand in a silent request for him to put my ring on me. With a breathtaking smile, he carefully plucks the ring from its velvet bed and slips it onto the third finger of my left hand. It's a perfect fit...and heavy as fuck. I melt against him as I lift my hand and flutter my fingers watching in fascination how the stones catch the light. I am so

Faithfully

caught up in our perfect bubble that I don't even notice our audience.

"Do you like it?"

The uncertainty in his voice is heartbreaking.

"I love it, Edward, it's perfect. *You're* perfect."

His answering smile is contagious and before I know it we are grinning at each other like love sick fools. It isn't until I feel a set of feminine yet strong arms engulf me that I realize that Esme and Carlisle have arrived and have apparently figured out what is going on.

"Oh, honey, I am so happy!" Her expression is warm and genuine making me even happier if that is even possible. Soon after Carlisle hugs me while offering us his sincere congratulations. I notice Rosalie in the doorway just as Edward asks about Lizzy and Alec's whereabouts.

"Oh, they should be here within the hour. Lizzy will be thrilled with the way the ring turned out. It is absolutely gorgeous. Perfect for our Bella."

Edward smirks at me in acknowledgement of Esme's comment and I feel myself blush slightly. I have never been so happy in my entire life. After one more very elated and very inappropriate kiss, I shoo everyone out of the kitchen so that I can finish breakfast. Esme insist on staying to help and together we finish making breakfast in no time. Once the omelets are made and the biscuits are out of the oven, we take all of the food into the dining room. After setting everything on the table, I take my seat to the right of my fiancé. God, that sounds fucking fantastic. I allow my eyes to drift briefly to the beautiful ring adorning my left hand, noticing for the first time how it leaves virtually no space between my knuckles. It is *huge*. Even bigger than Rosalie's gigantic diamond. Despite its size, however, it isn't at all gaudy. It is as intricate as it is ornate, but it is not at all ostentatious. I love it. Edward chuckles when he catches me staring at it, making me elbow him playfully in the ribs. It is Rosalie's haughty, snide comment that pulls us from our perfect bubble.

Faithfully

"Too cheap to go with a diamond, Edward? Rubies are nice, I suppose, if you are willing to settle."

Her expression is meant to be playful and teasing, but we all can recognize the dig for what it is. I shoot her a dirty look because it wouldn't matter *what* Edward put on my finger, I would feel the same way regardless.

"Actually, Rosalie, this isn't a ruby." Edward's tone is eerily calm as he takes my hand and looks intently at my ring, stroking it tenderly. "It's a very rare, *very* valuable red emerald. Bella is far too extraordinary of a woman to wear a mere diamond. It took weeks to find one this large. We were very lucky. It *should* have taken months." The smug look of satisfaction along with his shit eating grin make Edward even more delectable than usual. I don't even try to fight the grin that takes over my blushing face.

The look on Rosalie's face is priceless. It's a mixture of shock, awe, envy and anger. I didn't know that so many emotions could be displayed at once. She takes several calming breaths before uttering a lame, "Oh. Well, I prefer diamonds."

Edward rolls his eyes before turning to me with a wink. It still amazes me that this beautiful man sees me the way that he does. I allow the calming joy to settle over me as I rest my temple against his strong shoulder and I close my eyes when he bends to place a gentle kiss to the top of my head.

Esme expertly steers the conversation to more neutral topics for the rest of the meal and then helps me clean up the kitchen while Rosalie fills Edward and Carlisle in on the information she has about Collin. I told Edward everything I remembered last night, but it doesn't hurt to go over the details. Esme and I hurry through the dishes when we hear that Jenks, my dad and Lizzy and Alec have arrived. We don't want to hold up the meeting any more than necessary. It is nice to have her motherly support right now, with the amount of shit swirling through my head. I hate that this looming cloud is putting a damper on a very happy day for Edward and me, but I'm glad that he didn't decide to hold off asking me until this mess is cleared up. I am *so* ready to be his wife. He will be thrilled when I tell him that I have enough credits to graduate in December, and

Faithfully

then I will be free to travel with him. Ugh, I can't wait.

Esme and I make our way into the living room, and I sink down next to Edward on the loveseat. Lily takes her position at my feet with her head in my lap and I gingerly stroke her behind the ear while grinning at the sight of Edward doing the same with Capo. *Our babies*. It puts me a little on edge that Capo won't relax and that he won't take his eyes off of all the unknown people in the house, but it makes me feel protected at the same time. My boys will always protect me.

"Hey, daddy." I acknowledge my father with a sweet smile and he wastes no time coming over to give me a hug and a kiss on the temple. I giggle when Capo lets out a low warning growl at my father's swift action. Edward reprimands him as my father returns my greeting. "Hey, babygirl. Edward."

"Hello, Charlie."

After all of the pleasantries and introductions have been made Carlisle prompts Rosalie to go through her story once again. It is obvious that she is nervous as hell but it pleases me that she does not deviate from the original spiel she gave me last night. Once she is finished giving all the dirty deets on Collin, Gianna and Tanya, she once again asks for reprieve for her sister. I can tell by the tense set of Edward's jaw and shoulders that he doesn't want to grant her pardon, but after Jenks highlights the reasons it could be beneficial, he grudgingly agrees. Not without reiterating that she is a vexing bitch, of course. Christ almighty, how I love this man.

Jenks puts a follow-up call into Collin's attorney as soon as our meeting wraps up. Collin's attorney assures Jenks that he will let his client know about the information that we have and that he will encourage him to drop the charges. Unfortunately, we will not know what decision Collin will make until the hearing tomorrow morning.

I can only hope that Collin will stay true to his character and puss out rather than sticking with the charges. He always strives for self-preservation and I can only hope that this time isn't the exception. I can't let my worries over

Faithfully

tomorrow ruin my happiness for today, however, so I do my best to push away the doubt and worry and enjoy making wedding plans with my fiancé. Lord only knows how much longer I will have him here with me.

Chapter 25: Foxy Lady

Wow! You guys continue to humble me with your continued love and support.

I want to take a moment to thank Rose Arcadia for continuing to pimp out Faithfully. I get many new readers who say they have been recommended by you so thank you, from the bottom of my heart.

Thank you to everyone else who has rec'd this fic. You all are amazing!

Huge thanks to Lambcullen and Moblair for their superior editing skills. Your love and support means the world to me. Much love to both of you.

I have the most amazing readers. I just want to say that your reviews filled with kind, encouraging words really keep me going. This is for all of you. MUAH!

Hey-did you all get a chance to check out Bella's bling on my profile?
Fantastic, right?

Disclaimer: I do not own...unfortunately.

~Faithfully~

You know you're a cut little heartbreaker
Foxy
You know you're a sweet little lovemaker
Foxy

I wanna take you home
I won't do you no harm, no
You've got to be all mine, all mine
Ooh, foxy lady

~Foxy Lady: Jimi Hendrix~

~Bella~

Edward in a suit ought to be illegal. *Holy damn, there are no words.* He is wearing a fitted black suit with a starched white shirt and a skinny black tie. Oh my holy mother in heaven, the way that the perfectly tailored suit hugs that man's body. Ughh. All I hear in my mind is Salt-N-Pepa singing 'what a man' on loop. He catches my eye in the mirror and smirks at my dazed expression.

Cocky bastard.

I'm sitting on the counter across from the sink and he strides over, looking mighty confident, as he steps gracefully between my legs. I part them willingly, like the hussy I am, and immediately wrap my arms around his neck. I am, of course, mindful to not mess up his neatly coifed hair. It is strange, yet very arousing, to see him all put together in a custom made Italian suit and enough hair product to tame his perpetual bed-head. He looks smart, sophisticated and sexy as hell.

I pull him down for a sweet, chaste kiss, not wanting to get my deep red lipstick all over his pretty mouth and then slide off of the counter into his awaiting arms.

"You look so fucking handsome. I have no idea how I'm going to manage to keep my hands to myself today."

His answering smile is absolutely beautiful, "You look pretty fucking gorgeous yourself, soon to be Mrs. Cullen." His smile dims slightly before he asks, "You will take my name, won't you?" He looks so unsure of himself in this moment that I can't answer fast enough.

"Of course, ciccino. I can't wait to share the same name with you and eventually with our children. Bella Cullen sounds good, right?" My coy smile combined with the way I'm looking up at him through my eyelashes puts a wicked glint in his eye. "Damn right it does, baby." He presses a sexy kiss to my exposed neck before swatting me on the ass and leading me out of our bathroom and downstairs to our awaiting family.

Faithfully

Everyone is a bundle of nerves as the limo approaches the courthouse. Outwardly, Edward appears cool as a cucumber but the way he grips my hand tells me that he is just as nervous as the rest of us. I barely manage to send him an encouraging smile and an 'I love you' before the driver opens our door. Edward and I are the last couple to emerge from the sleek black car and as he steps out into the gloomy Seattle morning, the sounds of the ever-present paparazzi amplify considerably. He holds my hand tightly as he helps me from the car and I make sure to present a genuine smile and healthy dose of confidence as I emerge. The black dress I have chosen to wear is classy while still showcasing my arm tatt, and the red heels I'm wearing with it gives me just enough of an edge to remind everyone that we are Edward and Bella not some stuffy cookie-cutter couple. I am proud to be on Edward Cullen's arm and I want the whole world to know just what he means to me. I also make sure to flash my ring for the cameras once or twice. So what? Sue me. Game over bitches, he is *mine*.

We manage to make it inside the courthouse without too much trouble and I take a seat next to Esme in the first row, right behind my love. My heart swells when he turns in his seat and mouths 'I love you'. I press my fingers to my mouth to let him know just how much his words affect me. I'm pulled out of my reverie when I see Collin and his attorney enter the courtroom. The hair on the back of my neck stands on end and the blood in my veins boils at the sight of him. I didn't realize just how incredibly livid I am at him until this moment. Thankfully, Esme squeezing my hand reminds me that this is not the place to let my temper get the best of me, especially when I see Bree take her seat in her black Chanel suit and her Hermes bag. Ugh, bitch. I am torn between wanting to slap her across her self-righteous face or laugh at how incredibly stupid she is. I choose the latter as I allow a satisfied smirk to grace my red lips.

We all rise as the judge takes his seat and then I hold my breath as Collin's lawyer rises to give a statement.

"My client wishes to drop all of the charges against Edward Cullen..."

I don't even hear the rest of his statement because pure relief and elation is coursing through my body, clouding my head. I don't even realize that tears are

Faithfully

streaming down my face until I feel Edward's strong hands smooth over the delicate flesh underneath my eyes. I realize that this is a small victory since we still have Gianna to deal with, but I can't deny that it is a good one. Knowing that he will remain out of jail is the sweetest relief that I could possibly imagine. I even manage a small smile when Edward informs me that the judge has ordered him to attend anger management classes. The scowl on his handsome face is fucking priceless.

~**E**~

Three days is all I have with him until he starts the U.S. portion of the tour. The opening show is Sunday night at Qwest Field, here in Seattle, and then he leaves for San Francisco. I sigh heavily at the thought, but take some small reprieve in the fact that I will be flying out to meet him every weekend-until December, of course. I take one last look at myself in my full length mirror and then saunter my way into our bedroom. The sight before me is nothing short of delicious. Edward is lying on top of our bed clad only in short, tight, black Emporio Armani boxer briefs. Holy mother of Christ, he makes David Beckham look like a pre-pubescent boy. And let me tell you, under normal circumstances I think David Beckham is hot as fuck.

Edward is all cocky smirks, bulging muscles and colorful ink. The way he is lounged against the headboard with his arm behind his beautifully tousled hair like he hasn't a care in the world is so fucking sexy that I have to take a deep breath before I can even advance further into the room. In complete contrast to his laid back pose, his gorgeous heavy lidded eyes are looking at me like he wants to devour me. Let me tell you, that look is doing all kinds of wonderful things to my lady bits. Giving myself a mental confidence boost, I walk oh-so-slowly over to the bed, swaying my hips sensually and untying my deep purple silk robe. I lock my eyes with his, conveying every bit of wanting and needing that has overwhelmed me over these past three weeks.

His lips part slightly, allowing his tongue to sneak out and wet his full pink lips when he takes in the sheer, dark plum babydoll I'm wearing underneath. The top is sheer and lacy, barely held together by a satin bow. I finally drop the robe from my shoulders and climb onto the foot of the bed, giving him a

Faithfully

spectacular view of my cleavage. I'm feeling pretty good about the girls tonight because Alec and Lizzy were looking at Kim Kardashian's naked W pictures online and I have to say-my tits are better. Take that Kimmy. My ass is better too. Hers is just a bit bigger, but that little bit is what takes it from voluptuous to enormous. I better keep a reign on my booty. I don't want it to ever look like that. It is literally just a smidge. She is the person's body I am most compared to. I am smaller, and leggier but our assets are similar. Besides the bit she has on me in booty, I have on her in boobies. Anyway, enough thinking about Kim. I have a luscious man right in front of me just vying for my attention.

Arching my back to stick my fabulous booty in the air, I dip my head to plant wet kisses upon every bit of flesh I pass, taking extra time to tweak the barbells in his nipples with my teeth, as I crawl on my hands and knees until I reach that sexy pout. In true Edward fashion the first thing he does is grab my ass, in order to pull me flush against him. His sweet tongue invades my mouth causing me to whimper in need. He brings one strong hand up to tangle into my hair, giving a sharp pull as he tilts my head to allow him better access to my mouth. The slight sting causes a wave of arousal to slide down my thighs and I can't help but grind myself into his straining erection. He continues to roughly palm my ass while thrusting upward and kissing me for all I am worth. It's at this point that I realize I am a pile of goo in his capable hands.

He pulls back from my mouth panting and averts his eyes to the pretty nightie I'm wearing for him. "So fucking sexy, and all fucking *mine*." He practically growls the words before reaching for the satin bow holding the two flimsy pieces of fabric together. He tugs forcefully, watching eagerly as my bare breasts are exposed. Reaching out with a single finger to trace the raised flesh of my nipple before looking up into my burning eyes. He holds my gaze intently as he lowers his mouth to the slope of my breast, dragging his lips along my flesh until he reaches the peak. He opens his mouth, engulfing my nipple, tugging gently at the ring then soothing the sting with his tongue. My eyes roll back in my head at the overwhelming sensation wanting more of him, all of him. I don't bother to hold back the moans and whimpers leaving my throat because all I can concentrate on is the way his breath feels on my skin and how his hands feel on my body.

Faithfully

I plunge my hands into his hair to anchor him to me as I grind shamelessly onto his bulging erection. I can't wait. I need him inside me.

"Please, Edward. Please, I need you inside me. Oh God, I need you inside me, *now*."

His breath hitches and his eyes fly up to meet mine, mirroring every bit of my own need. " *Yes*." Is his only reply.

He pulls the rest of the garment from my body and I am so glad that I skipped the matching panties tonight. I let my hands roam my body, enjoying every bit of soft flesh as I watch him shed his briefs. I reach out to take him in my hand, but his tongue is in my mouth before I manage to make contact.

The feel of his weight pressed into my body feels heavenly and I frantically claw at his back trying to pull him even closer. I can feel him sucking on my neck, marking me as his. I love to bear his marks. I've felt so naked without them over the last three weeks, so I tilt my head away allowing him more access to my sensitive flesh.

When I arch my back a third time, I finally feel him push inside. Our groans are simultaneous and they sound so beautiful together. I wind my arm around his shoulder blade, pulling him impossibly closer, winding my legs higher around his waist holding him tighter against me. His large hand moves down to wind around my thigh, squeezing-anchoring-as he drives into my wet heat. He is chanting my name between licks and bites. It has been awhile since I have felt him this consumed and out of control and I have to admit that I love it. I love that he is unable to control himself with me...that he needs me as much as I need him.

My fiancé.

Ugh, that sounds so damn good. My *husband* is even better though, and I intend to make that happen as soon as fucking possible.

Faithfully

He tilts my hips a little, allowing him to hit that spot deep inside me that makes my whole body seize in pleasure. "Oooh, right there. Edward, *yes*, right fucking there." I manage to stutter my approval of this new position through my panting and moaning.

"It's good?" His deep raspy voice in my ear fills the space around me. So sexy.

"So good. Harder, please. Ungh, *deeper*."

Groaning, he pushes into me even deeper. He refuses to move faster though, insisting on torturing me with his slow, sensual pace. I don't think I can take anymore and I tell him so, just as my thighs begin to quiver.

"God, you feel so fucking *good*, Bella. The way your pretty little pussy surrounds me pulling me deeper and fucking deeper. Ugh, I can't get enough. I'll never get enough of you. For the rest of my goddamn life-I'll never get enough.

"Come for me baby. I need to feel you pulsing around my cock. I need to feel you. I need to *feel* you...fuck."

With those last words he starts thrusting with abandon, effortlessly lifting my hips for the best angle. I am so far lost in the pleasure he is bestowing upon me that my sounds are beyond comprehension at this point.

White light bursts behind my clenched eyelids as my orgasm rips through me. I am so consumed by my rapture that I hardly notice when Edward flips us around so that I'm sitting in his lap. I fling my arms around his neck and burry my nose in his neck, pressing my lips and tongue to the new tattoo over and over again as he manipulates my body. I am thankful in this moment for my small stature and his abundant strength, because I can't manage to move myself at all. I feel boneless...like jelly.

"Teeth. Fuck, baby I need your teeth." I easily comply, sinking my teeth hard into the delicate flesh right below his sharp jaw. His fingers dig almost painfully into the soft mounds of my ass as his body stiffens, releasing with at

Faithfully

deep growl. Holy hell, that was hot.

"I love you, Edward. I love you so much. I can't wait to be your wife. To be the mother of your children. God, please don't make me wait."

My words are needy and desperate and I barely manage to force them out between peppering his face and hair with frantic kisses. I am so ready.

"You don't know how fucking good it feels to hear you say that. I have no interest in waiting, baby."

We settle back into our large comfortable bed, all tangled limbs and tender caresses. The room is quiet aside from our breathing.

"I was thinking we could marry when you come out for the New Orleans show. I know there is no bullshit waiting period in Louisiana. And it would be nice because you have that extra three days to spend with me. I mean, if that's too soon I'll understand. We could always wait and do a nice ceremony in Le Marche if you want."

His rambling is both sweet and frustrating all at once. I told him I don't want to wait and I meant it.

"No, ciccino. I don't want to wait until we can get to Italy. Lord only knows when that will be. I think New Orleans sounds pretty amazing, actually. I've always loved that city. It's so enchanting and eccentric. Wow, only five weeks until I am Mrs. Edward Cullen. It seems surreal."

"Five weeks cannot come soon enough. So, that puts it around December third? That won't interfere with your finals, will it? I mean, I don't want to, but we can wait until your semester is over."

"No, I promise. As a matter of fact, I meant to ask earlier to see if you will be able to come out here December twenty-first. Just for the day. I'll actually be graduating that day. We can leave immediately after the ceremony, and I will be able to be with you for the rest of the tour."

Faithfully

He is silent for what seems like forever. I'm just starting to worry that my graduating early isn't as wonderful as I originally thought when he pulls me on top of him with a choked laugh.

"Really, baby? You're not shitting me, right? This is fucking amazing!"

"I'm serious. I talked to my advisor last week and it turns out that I have more than enough credits to graduate early."

"I'm so fucking proud of you. Of course I'll be there. Mom, Dad and Lizzy will want to be there too so don't forget to tell them in the morning okay? Wow, what a day. Let's celebrate..."

With that we are rolling around our black satin sheets once again.

~***E***~

When I finally emerge from our room around eleven the next morning, Lizzy gives me an all knowing smirk that really should make me blush. Too bad it doesn't.

"Lemme see the ring. I never got a good look at it yesterday."

I proudly thrust my left hand at her, fluttering my fingers at her in a very girly display with the biggest smile on my face. She just rolls her eyes and laughs at my antics.

"You are such a goddamn nerd. Wow, big brother did a fan-fucking-tastic job with this sucker. Holy shit, it's huge! So beautiful."

"I know."

She makes a gagging noise at my dreamy reply but presses on to find out that we are planning the wedding for early December. She tells me about this perfectly eclectic little chapel that she knows of right on the French Quarter. I promise to look at it online with Edward later and she offers to call them to

Faithfully

make the arrangements for me, reminding me that we will have to take extra precautions with our celebrity status. I roll my eyes at the concept, but readily agree to her help. I've never really had a close girlfriend before and I really value our relationship. I honestly can't imagine sharing this experience with anybody else. I would like for Alice to be a part of our wedding as well, but there is no doubt that I want Lizzy to be my Maid of Honor. She cries when I ask her, and I'm not the least bit ashamed to admit that I cry too. Hmm, so this is what it feels like to have a sister.

Esme is beside herself when Lizzy and I fill her in on our tentative plans. She insists on paying for the wedding and I don't have the heart to argue with her. The only thing I put my foot down on is my dress. I want Edward to buy me my dress-and my lingerie. We make plans to go dress shopping next week, after the boys leave. I feel so much better now that I know that it will only be about six weeks of weekends before I'm with him full time. We are in the midst of discussing color schemes when I hear the lady on the entertainment news channel mention my ring.

"We have the first glimpse of the ring that Eclipse's front-man Edward Cullen gave to his girlfriend, well *now* fiancé, Isabella Swan.

The beautiful couple was photographed outside the King County Courthouse yesterday where Cullen was cleared of all charges filed against him in the assault case with Collin Brady.

Cullen was dressed to impress in a slim cut black suit and skinny tie, and Isabella was decked out in a gorgeous black knee length Calvin Klein dress. Her brand new accessory? Well, sources tell us that the bling now adorning her left hand is an original creation by world-renowned jewelers Siobhan and Liam Grayson. The Graysons specialize in finding rare and exotic gems. How exotic you ask? Well, Miss Swan's beautiful bauble is said to contain a 8.2 carat *red emerald*. That's right ladies, only the best for Edward Cullen's lady. How much will a ring this exquisite set you back?

Oh, only a cool six million, according to our experts.

Faithfully

I'm Lacy Lightener reporting for E! News Now, Sarah-back to you."

I can't help my natural reaction to spit my Sprite all over the coffee table at her assessment of my ring. As I stare dumbly at my ring, I can vaguely hear Lizzy laughing in the background.

"You honestly didn't expect anything less, did you sweets?"

"Holy shit." That is my brilliant reply to my soon-to-be sister. I am not going anywhere without Jacob or Edward anymore. I expected something over the top, but damn, that is one helluva ring he put on me. I sure as hell am going to make sure he never regrets it.

After lunch I call both my mom and dad. Daddy is supportive and mom doesn't answer. Big fucking surprise. I have no doubt that she will call back this time, though. Heaven forbid she miss a celebrity wedding. How is she so damn selfish? I'll never know.

As much as Edward and I only want to focus on our impending nuptials, we know that we can't avoid the Gianna situation forever. We have to make some decisions and fast. Jenks is expecting our phone call by Tuesday at the latest. I'm dreading this conversation, but I realize that it needs to be dealt with. We both agree to allow ourselves one day of pure joy before we deal with it though, and I don't intend to waste it worrying about that conniving whore. To say I'm shocked by what Rosalie says to me as she makes to leave is a serious understatement.

"Look Bella, I'm sorry about my snide remark this morning. I know you have every right to not believe me but I'm honestly happy for you. Edward is a good man and I know that you love him the way he deserves to be loved. I promise to keep my nose out of your business from this day forward and I wish you no ill will."

She takes a deep breath and her eyes fill with tears as she runs her fingers through her long blonde hair. "Emmett asked for a divorce. And the worst part about it is that I feel relieved. Does that make me a shitty person Bella? I mean,

Faithfully

Emmett is kind and funny and hot as hell, but I feel fucking *relieved*. We're not meant to be, right? Tell me I'm doing the right thing..."

I don't know what to say to her. As sad and broken as she is right now, I can't seem to muster up enough compassion to care. I can be honest though. "You know, I can't imagine my life without Edward now. It literally hurts me to be apart from him. I guess I can only say that if you don't feel the same way, it's best to not waste any more time. Life is too short to spend it miserable."

She looks into my eyes for an uncomfortable amount of time. She must find whatever it is that she is searching for because her next words are filled with sincerity and resolve, "Good luck, you will make a beautiful bride. Keep our boy happy, okay?"

"He is *not* our boy, he is *my* boy and I fully intend to." Yep, mean girl is still in there.

"That's not what I meant, but you're right. He most definitely is yours. Be happy okay? See ya 'round."

With that she turns on her stiletto clad foot and is out of our lives, hopefully for good. I'm not really sure how I feel about our little exchange, but I can say with complete certainty that I will not miss that bitch. Not one bit. Good fucking riddance Rosalie Hale.

I melt completely into Edward's embrace when I feel his strong ink covered arms wrap around me from behind. "Jake taking her to the airport?"

"Uh, yeah. I guess."

"What the fuck was all that bullshit about?"

"Beats the hell outta me. Did you hear that Emmett asked her for a divorce?"

He is pensive for a moment but the words that come out of his mouth next are spoken with conviction. "It's about damn time. They never loved each other. It

Faithfully

was sad to watch, really. I never understood their relationship. I can't say I feel for either one of them. Especially that bitch. I'm glad she is out of our lives. Her crazy fucking sister too."

I nod my head against his shoulder. I couldn't agree more.

I'm adding the finishing touches to the outfit I'm wearing to Eclipse's opening show at Qwest Field. Before he left with the boys, Edward informed me that a limo would be by to pick us girls up at six o'clock and that he wants me to meet him in his dressing room before the show. I am so fucking glad that I am able to be here for his first show and I plan to make it as memorable as possible.

Alice, Lizzy and Esme are all scrambling around the house getting their stuff together. Alice of course will take off on the bus with the boys leaving Lizzy and Esme here with me. They are planning to stay until next Thursday to get as much of the wedding preparations worked out as possible. Alec and Carlisle are heading back to their respective homes in the morning. Carlisle has a very flexible vacation schedule but still wants to ensure that he has everything taken care of in order to take the weekend of the wedding as well as the week of my graduation and Christmas off. A genuine smile graces my face at the thought of him rearranging his schedule to accommodate me, just as if I were one of his children.

I grab my studded clutch just as the limo pulls up and head downstairs. Everyone looks gorgeous and I smirk at the knowledge that the paps will be going crazy for shots of my ring. It has already been plastered all over the internet with the few shots they were able to get of it in front of the courthouse. I made sure to keep my attire sexy but simple, wanting my ring to be the star tonight. I chose a pair of skintight black leather pants, a simple black tube top and my black leather motorcycle jacket. I topped it off with black thigh high boots, straight hair and deep red lips. Totally Bella.

The ride to the stadium passes quickly and I make my way easily back to Edward's dressing room. I find him lounging on the off white overstuffed chair lazily strumming his guitar. *So damn hot.* I saunter over to him and plant a wet, sloppy kiss to his sexy mouth, probing gently with my tongue.

Faithfully

"Mmmm. Hey baby."

"Hey yourself."

"Fuck I'm gonna miss you. We can survive seven days right?"

"Of course we can, ciccino. I'll be able to join you soon. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"Well, *they* can suck my dick because I say absence fucking blows."

"Tsk, ts. *I'm* the only one who will be sucking your dick, Edward."

I accentuate my reprimand by slowly licking my lips and sinking to my knees between his parted thighs." His eyes grow heavy with lust and understanding when he realizes my intention.

"Fuck yes you are."

It takes me under a minute to have him free of his jeans and deep down my throat. I pull back momentarily only to give him direction, "Pull my hair."

"Fuck you are a naughty little girl, aren't you my Bella. You fucking *love* sucking my cock."

I look up at him with my best innocent eyes and nod eagerly around his massive peen, flicking each of his piercings with my tongue. The sharp sting on my scalp feels so damn good when he finally wraps my hair around his wrist and I close my eyes, relishing in the pleasurable pain.

Edward groans loudly when I relax my jaw and deep throat him. Pride surges through me, knowing that only I see him this way. I love the way I make him feel. Wanting it to be even better for him, I swallow three times around his length while continuing to slide him down my throat.

Faithfully

"Shit, fuck... *fuck*. Ugh, your fucking mouth. Yes, baby, harder. Suck me harder."

I can tell that he is close, so I double my efforts, wanting nothing more than to watch him lose himself in his pleasure.

"No! God, no. Stop." Hurt and confusion shoot through me when he pushes me back. Those emotions are quickly replaced by lust when I look up into his piercing eyes, however. He tugs on my hair until my ear is next to his full, pouty lips. "I need to be *inside* of you. I want come inside that sweet little pussy. I want to take the stage tonight knowing my spunk is soaking your pretty black panties. All. Fucking. Night. I want to mark you, like the goddamn Neanderthal I am, so that every other motherfucker here knows that you belong to me. The same way that I so fucking desperately belong to you. Now get up here, so I can fuck you good and deep."

Oh, my holy mother in heaven that man has a way with words. I am worthless to do anything but whimper in utter need as I push my pants and lacy thong down to my knees. I am momentarily stunned when I start to straddle him and he stops me but am even more turned on when he turns me around to sit in his lap facing away from him.

I squeeze my thighs together as I sink down onto his length. It is so fucking tight this way. He grunts and wraps one of his strong arms around my waist, keeping the other hand firmly on my hip and burying his face in my neck. I let my head fall back onto his shoulder while gripping onto his thighs. I let out a surprised yelp at the depth when he finally thrusts his hips up sharply. I know that I won't last in this position. It is just too fucking deep. A damn shame that is, because it feels so fucking good.

Pushing my hips back against him, I start meeting each of his thrusts, making sure to clench my inner muscles every time. My thighs start to burn and combined with the sensation of him biting and sucking furiously on my neck pushes me in my orgasm quickly. My hand flies back to grab his hair, holding him securely to my throat as the waves of pleasure wash over me. The hand on my hip tightens deliciously as he begins thrusting wildly pulling my hips back

Faithfully

against him roughly. It is only when he throws his head back against the chair and lets out a string of profanities that I finally allow my body to slump back against his sweat-soaked tee shirt clad chest.

I feel him press his face into the side of my head, placing tender kisses against my temple. "I love you so fucking much. I miss you already. Next Friday can't fucking come soon enough."

His simple words bring tears to my eyes. I know we can survive it though. We only have to do weekends for four weeks, and then we will be married. Two weeks after that and I will be free. *We can do this.*

"Me too. But we will get through it. I can't wait to be your wife."

I feel him smile against my neck as he absentmindedly plays with my ring. "Me neither."

We stay wrapped up in each other until the five minute stage call. It is with heavy, yet happy hearts that we finally disentangle ourselves from each other and get dressed. I give him one final searing kiss then send him out to his adoring fans.

When I make my way to the wings of the stage and look out to my rockstar, I know that this is where I belong. I can take photos anywhere we go, and suddenly graduation cannot come soon enough. A smile takes over my face as I forget about Gianna and all of our challenges and let myself drown in the experience of being Edward Cullen's girl. Everything else can wait.

Lots of fluff for our sexy couple. But don't fret, Gianna will rear her ugly head soon enough. I can't wait to hear your thoughts...New Orleans wedding sounds hot, right? Can't wait...whatever will she wear. (I already know, but I would love to hear your guesses!) ;)

Chapter 26: All or Nothing

Hello everyone! I'm terribly sorry for the extended time since the last update. I promise I will never take that long again. For those of you who have stuck it out with me, thank you! and I hope you are not dissappointed. I love you all...you are the reason I do this. Your kind words and support mean the world to me.

The song for this chapter was suggested by Wendy. Thank you for your support.

This chapter was beta'd by Lambcullen, You are a doll.

I miss you Mo!

I do not own...

We've got our backs against the ocean
It's just us against the world
Looking at all or nothing
Babe it's you and I
Looking at all or nothing
Babe it's you and I

Theroy of a Dead Man "All or Nothing"

~Edward~

I gaze out the window of my gorgeous New Orleans suite, watching the sun rise and reminiscing about the last six months. Some would say that our courtship has been something of a whirlwind and that we are moving too fast, but it just doesn't feel that way to us. To me. I will admit that the last five weeks or so have been torture and we have definitely argued more than we ever have before, but honestly, the love we share is stronger than I ever thought possible.

Faithfully

We found out the Monday after I left for the tour that Gianna had 'gone missing' so to speak. Not only that, but there were many notebooks Peter found in her Los Angeles home describing, in detail, the many ways she wishes to torture and dispose of my girl. Peter is beside himself with guilt, but luckily turned his findings over to the police. They have been looking for her ever since. You can imagine that I have been sick with worry and in a loving and protective gesture, surrounded Bella with bodyguards. Some of the things that bitch wrote are beyond frightening.

I tried to convince Bella to stay with me until Gianna is found, but being the stubborn woman she is she vehemently rejected the idea, stating that she refuses to 'live in fear' and that I am 'overreacting'. This, of course, has been the main source of contention in our otherwise fantastic relationship. She absolutely *loathes* that I have six bodyguards surrounding her at all times. She says she feels suffocated, but I just don't care. It's not that I don't care about her feelings, it's just that her safety is worth fighting over. She is everything to me.

She really pisses me the fuck off with her blasé attitude about the whole situation. We are talking about her life for fucks sake! I would be fucking destroyed if something were to happen to her. I wish she would have a bit more self-preservation. My girl can be infuriating, that's for sure.

I sigh deeply, trying to push the unpleasant thoughts from my mind. Bella should be here by mid-morning and the last thing I want to do is dwell on the drama currently surrounding our lives. We should be celebrating this weekend, we *are* getting married after all. I prop my hands behind my head and close my eyes, letting happier thoughts drift through my mind. Immediately, I am assaulted by images of us in Vegas four weeks ago. A slow smile stretches across my face as I allow the memories of that weekend bombard me. We caused a fucking media frenzy. It was wild and she loved every goddamn minute of it. We had a good motherfucking time, no doubt about it. Drinking, gambling, partying. That's what we did the entire time we were there. It had been years since I let myself get that wasted. Thank fuck Jake and the boys were there to take care of me and my drunken fiancé. She had a blast though. We are *still* being featured on the cover of those gossip rags with pictures from that weekend.

Faithfully

Good times.

I grudgingly roll out of bed and jump in the shower, wanting to look good for my woman when she arrives. Throwing on a pair of well-worn jeans, I call down to order breakfast and then plop myself in front of the flat-screen to wait.

About ten minutes later my phone rings. Taking care to check the caller ID before I answer, I see that it is Jasper.

"Hey, man. What's up?"

"I just called to remind you to dress up for tonight. We are doing your bachelor party in style, my brother."

I cringe at the thought. I don't really want to go out at all. I hate to sound ungrateful knowing how much thought and effort he, Alec and Emmett have put into this whole ordeal, but at the same time it annoys me that they know how little time Bella and I get to spend together yet they still planned this bullshit for a night she is here. I don't want to waste *any* amount of time I have with her. The only reason I agreed to this shit is because Bella practically begged me to go along with it. She insisted that it is an important rite of passage and I would be sorely disappointed if I didn't go through with it. Now, I'll admit, I'm having serious doubts.

"Yeah, I have the suit Bella sent for me to wear. I don't know why we can't just hang out in your or Em's suite and drink. Why do we have to go to a club? I have no desire to look at dirty cunts all night, not to mention that Bella's gonna have my balls when she finds out where we are going."

His chuckle does nothing to quell my nerves and everything to set them on edge.

"Don't worry, bro, she's fine with it. Believe me. Besides we aren't going to a nasty strip club, we're going to a burlesque show. Big fucking difference. You should know with Lizzy and all."

Faithfully

Asshole has a point, but it still kind of pisses me off that she is fine with us going to a gentleman's club. I would be fucking *enraged* if she went to see other naked men. Fuck that. She doesn't need to see anyone aside from me in that state of undress and I hate that she is fine with me seeing anyone aside from her that way. Yes, I'm well aware that my vag is showing again. I can't fucking help it. I hate this shit. I don't care how elaborate or classy this burlesque show is, no one looks like my Bella in lingerie. Why pay to see mediocre when you have fucking perfection at home. I don't fucking get it.

"Whatever." This is my brilliant reply.

My grumpy mood evaporates twenty minutes later when the goddess herself (along with her six bodyguards) enters the suite. I'm off the couch and have my tongue shoved down her throat before she even has a chance to greet me. She moans softly letting out a breathy, "Edward." The sound of her husky voice goes straight to my cock and it takes all of my restraint to not latch onto her perfect creamy neck and mark her. I do, however, palm her ass rather enthusiastically and lick her throat like a goddamn cat. Fuck, she smells good.

"I missed you so fucking much, baby. I don't want to spend the evening apart."

Her throaty chuckle vibrates against my lips, "I missed you too, ciccino. Believe me, I don't want to spend the evening apart either, but it'll be worth it. I promise."

I still don't know how spending the evening apart will be worth anything but have no desire to argue with her. Instead I merely nod my head and pull her deeper into my embrace. It feels so fucking good to have her in my arms, right where she belongs.

Jake rolls his eyes at our indecent display as he and Jared push past us in order to take Bella's luggage into the bedroom. She pokes me hard in the side when I crane my neck, trying to get a glimpse of the garment bag containing her wedding gown. I turn my scowling face back to look at her and the soft expression on her face melts my irritation away instantly.

Faithfully

"I can't wait to marry you, Edward Cullen."

"One more day. Then you will be *officially* stuck with me. That is pretty fucking awesome if I do say so myself."

One more kiss to her delectable lips and I finally feel calm enough to release her. She picks at my room service left overs while she makes some last minute calls. The hushed voice that she is using peaks my interest but when I creep closer to hear what she is saying, she shoots me a dirty look and steps out onto the balcony. She does manage to send me a wink and a sexy smirk before closing the French doors in my face.

When she comes back inside she perches herself in my lap, laying her head on my shoulder and fingering the hair behind my ears. I close my eyes and enjoy the comfortable silence between us, concentrating on her deep breaths and the steady beat of her heart. I become so relaxed that her soft voice is startling when she tells me that it's already five o'clock and that I need to start getting ready if I'm going to be on time to meet the boys for dinner. Reluctantly, I disentangle myself from her limbs and make my way into the bedroom, grumbling the entire twenty-five minutes it takes for me to get ready.

"I don't want to leave you." My voice sounds like a whiny pussy even to my own ears.

"You'll survive. You never know, you might even enjoy yourself." There is a mysterious twinkle in her gorgeous dark eyes that instantly makes me suspicious.

"And what will my beautiful bride be up to tonight?"

"Oh, a little of this and a little of that. Don't worry, I'll be with my girls all evening. Have fun, ciccino. I love you."

"I love you, too. I won't be late, I promise."

"Oh, I know."

Faithfully

One mini make-out session with a lot of groping and grinding and I find myself down in the lobby of the hotel, dressed to the nines in a black pin-striped suit, black dress shirt sans tie and black fedora. I look like a fucking pimp, I only wish I had my beautiful girl on my arm.

Dad, Alec and the boys are easy to find (all dressed in similar attire) and we quickly make our way to the limo. If the reaction we caused in the hotel lobby is any indication to the amount of attention we will garner, it is going to be a long motherfucking night. I drag my hand down my face once we are secured inside the stretch hummer and gladly accept the scotch my dad hands me, knocking it back in two swallows. It doesn't escape my notice that Quil and Paul are drinking water, and I feel a rush of gratitude to them for always taking their job so seriously. Even though Jake and Jared stayed behind with the girls, these two still remain completely professional. It's no wonder that I trust my life to these guys.

Sooner than I anticipated we are pulling up outside of our intended restaurant. Antoine's was recommended to us by the hotel's concierge. The restaurant has an old-world feel that fits the mood of the evening perfectly and the staff is more than accommodating. It is truly impressive to me how easily they are able to keep unwanted attention away from us, making it much easier than expected to dine in peace. I will definitely have to bring Bella here before we leave. I am in much better spirits when we leave the restaurant and head to the club.

Fleur de Tease is a beautiful establishment. As much as I hate the idea of being surrounded by scantily clad women who are not my fiancé, I can at least acknowledge that it is a stunning atmosphere. It is very old world and classic. The same kind of elegance that envelops you as soon as you step into my sister and Alec's burlesque club in New York. I am pleased to find that the establishment is closed to the general public, and I relax a little at the security of knowing that there will be no paparazzi to make this outing appear to be something it is not.

We take our seats at the large, round center table and a waitress immediately appears with a round of bourbon. She is polite but not overly friendly, something I am extremely grateful for. There is a live jazz band and for the

Faithfully

better part of the evening we sit and enjoy the fantastic music and superior whiskey. I'm well on my way to being drunk by the time our waitress comes over to announce our 'very special' entertainment for the evening, and with one last suspicious glance she plucks my fedora from my head and disappears backstage. I am a little put out by the fact that she stole my hat, but her impeccable professionalism up to this point quickly quells my irritation. Alec's hand on my shoulder and a discreet shake of his head convinces me to let the incident go completely, further convincing me that it is all part of 'the act'. I relax back into my seat, but still don't like the idea of anyone other than my Bella wearing my shit.

The house lights dim and the heavy dark red velvet curtains open leaving a trio of women spotlighted behind a thin white screen. The one in the center is sitting in a chair with her back to us and is obviously wearing my hat. The other two girls are situated at her sides but the music starts before I get a chance to really look at their poses. I smirk to myself as Etta James's raspy voice fills the room and the center girl spreads her legs out to the side. Everyone else in the club fades away at that point. I would know those legs anywhere.

*" Baby, take off your coat...real slow
Baby, take off your shoes...here, I'll take your shoes
Baby, take off that mess...
Heh yes, yes, yes
You can leave your hat on
You can leave your hat on
You can leave your hat on"*

The screen disappears as the girls begin dancing around the stage in perfectly choreographed movements. I had no idea that Bella could dance like that. I mean, I knew she had rhythm and I was aware that she took ballet lessons until she was seventeen, but *damn*. My girl can *move*. She is even a better dancer than Lizzy, and that is quite a feat, considering that my sister is a professional dancer. And for the record, I *love* that she is wearing my hat.

Faithfully

I let my eyes roam over her body taking in the barely there lingerie she is sporting. Sexy red and black lace bra, tiny matching panties and garter belt, all encrusted with glittering rhinestones. Her long shapely legs are encased in sheer black thigh high stockings that have seams running up the back ending in the sexiest pair of black stilettos known to man, and if that isn't enough, she has one of my ties hanging down between her full, perfect tits. Smoky, heavy lidded eyes boor into mine and she licks those big, pouty red lips before swiveling her hips side to side until she is nearly squatting: knees together, ass arched out. And oh, what an ass. I groan loudly and pull at my hair when she circles that luscious booty toward the audience and rolls her body back to a standing position. She is so fucking sexy.

*" Ow...mmm'go on over there, turn on the light...no, all the lights
Come back here, stand on this chair...heh that's right
Raise your arms up, up in the air and uh...shake 'em
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to live
You give me reason to...oh-owww
You give me reason to live"*

Bella descends the stairs on the side of the stage, and quickly struts her way over to me. Gesturing for me to scoot my chair back from the table. I am completely mesmerized by the seductive sway of her hips. Damn, she has a wicked body.

Holy fuck.

Bella wants to give me a lap dance.

She gives me a sexy smirk before placing my hat back on my head and swinging one of her gorgeous legs across my lap to straddle me. We both moan at the contact, and it takes every ounce of my self-control to keep myself together. Wolf whistles and cat calls erupt in the background but my mind can only register the exquisite woman writhing in my lap. I allow my hands to wander all over her perfect body and even push my face into her stellar cleavage. She doesn't seem to mind.

Faithfully

Bella is grinding all over me and crooning in my ear.

I'm gonna fucking come in my pants.

Show's over, folks.

I grab hold of Bella's ass with one hand and her hair with the other, forcefully pulling her face to mine and easily invading her sexy mouth with my tongue. Even more cheers and jeers. *Sick bastards.*

Bella wraps her legs around me as I stand and barely register my hat falling to the floor. I carefully set her feet down on the floor and with a wink she grabs my hand and leads me to her dressing room. Best bachelor party ever. Oh, yeah. I'm getting lucky tonight.

The dressing room is dimly lit, but I can easily make out the burgundy velvet chaise. It looks antique with its ornate golden, claw-like legs. There is a matching stool in front of the mirrored vanity, littered with various pots of makeup and other feminine necessities, including Bella's familiar wooden hairbrush.

She stops in her tracks as soon as the door clicks closed and turns herself so that she is flush against my body. Her soft, feminine hands slide up my arms and wind themselves around my neck. It doesn't take much enticement for her to pull my face down to her level. Her deep, exotic eyes shine in the low light holding me captive within their depths.

I slide my open palms down over the lush mounds of her ass and enjoy the way her soft flesh yields under my touch. She presses her body even closer to me and I relish the way her breasts push into me. They are firm, yet unbelievably soft at the same time and I allow one of my hands to drift up the side of her waist until it reaches the sexy curves that spill over the top of her jeweled bra. I ghost my fingertips along the silken flesh and then add my mouth, sucking softly. It takes every ounce of control within me to not leave a mark, and her soft moan and tugging hands do nothing to quell that very real and very instinctual urge.

Faithfully

Instead I move my mouth to hers, all wet tongues and teeth. I want to swallow her whole, consume her. She reaches down and unties the black ribbons at her hips, pulling the tiny panties away with ease. *Convenient*. I smirk against her mouth as I shed my jacket and then quickly start on the buttons of my shirt.

With pure desire burning in her eyes, she climbs onto the chaise-with her back to me-and leans over the back. She spreads her knees as far as they will go, giving me an excellent view of her perfect, pretty pussy. As I reach for my belt buckle, I see her red fingernails slide through her glistening pink folds, ever so slowly, circling around her clit. She looks almost feral as she licks her lips, glancing at me from over her shoulder. Her eyes close and her little white teeth sink into that juicy bottom lip when she slides two of her slender fingers inside herself, and I can no longer stand by and watching and stroking myself when she breathes my name.

" *Edward...* "

I kneel behind her, bringing my face to her dripping pussy. Her scent surrounds me and I waste no time attacking her sex with my tongue teeth and lips. I take my time kissing her hot wet cunt the same way I kiss her sweet mouth. Spreading her ass cheeks apart, I circle her puckered hole with my tongue before going back to my feast. I slide my thumb into her ass as I fuck her with my tongue until she is absolutely lost in the pleasure I am giving her. The force I'm using is lifting her knees from the cushions, but I have no need to worry because the cries of pure pleasure dripping from her lips tells me all I need to know. It isn't long before she is coating my face with her climax and it takes even less time before I'm inside her.

It still stuns me how tightly her body grips mine. Every fucking time. I will my hips to remain perfectly still, giving us both a chance to get accustomed to the overwhelming sensations. I take my time licking, kissing, biting every bit of flesh on her back and shoulders my mouth can find. She is so tight, so fucking wet, it is nearly impossible to not just pound into her. Instead, I rest my forehead between her shoulder blades murmuring sweet, affectionate words. I know she never tires of hearing my declarations of love and devotion, just as I never tire of saying them.

Faithfully

Suddenly, I feel her hot little hand reach back and grab my hip. "Look." The simple word is breathy and demanding at the same time. I lift my head and look at her face then slowly turn my head in the direction that her lust-filled eyes are trained. The mirror. A strangled groan leaves my throat at the sight reflected back at us through the mirror. My Bella bent over the gorgeous piece of furniture with my muscular form kneeling behind her. Her deep red nails stand out against my fair skin where they are digging into my hip and her dark hair spilling over the side of the chaise, blending into the dark burgundy fabric. The most thrilling part of the picture though, is how the soft, pale flesh of her robust behind is pushed firmly against the hard contours of my hips. I pull back experimentally until I can see the length of my dick, glistening with her arousal, as it retreats from her tight heat. It is Bella's groan this time that pulls my attention from where we are joined. Pushing back in slowly, I catch her eye through the mirror. The blatant desire I see in her beautiful eyes sends a flash of heat down my spine. It's like something raw and animalistic snaps inside me and with a feral growl, I reach around her and grasp onto the back of the chaise with both hands driving into her with as much force as I can muster. Her deep, throaty sounds are more than enough to send me spiraling into a mind-blowing orgasm. My only solace is that I feel, as well as hear, her let go right after.

****~E~****

I wake up the next morning with only a slight hangover, and smile when I see a bottle of water and two aspirin waiting for me on the nightstand. I am the luckiest bastard in the entire fucking world. Bella and her thoughtfulness never ceases to amaze me. I greedily gulp down the water after popping the aspirin and pad my way into the living room of the suite.

There I find Bella picking through the various room service options that she must have had delivered. She has never looked more beautiful, all sleep rumpled and wearing only my black dress shirt from last night. My favorite part is the haystack she has piled on top of her head. Lord help our children. They are destined to have crazy hair.

"Stop staring at me."

Faithfully

"I can't help myself. You are goddamn exquisite. I can hardly believe that you will be my wife by the end of the night."

Her beaming smile is breathtaking. "You're absurd."

"Absurdly in love with you."

"Oh my god. You are so fucking corny."

Her efforts to push me away when I wrap my corny self around her prove to be fruitless because she giggles and returns my kisses enthusiastically. "I'm so glad we vetoed Alice's stupid spend the night away from each other wedding tradition bullshit."

She presses one more kiss to my lips before pulling away. "Me too. We are anything but traditional. Why start now?"

"Mmmm, my point exactly. When are you parents arriving?"

"They're already here. I talked to both of them this morning. As a matter of fact, I am just getting ready to head on out and meet the rest of the women at the spa. Gotta make myself beautiful for my groom."

"You're always beautiful."

Grudgingly, I release my hold on her so she can change. I can't take my eyes off of her, even when she raises her eyebrow as I watch her brush her teeth. This evening cannot come soon enough.

I head on over to Dad's suite as soon as Bella takes off, wanting to spend a little time with my old man before the rest of the crew shows up.

"Hey, son. How are you holding up?"

"Good. Excited. Just want to get the show on the road, ya know? All this sitting around is making me fucking crazy."

Faithfully

He nods his head thoughtfully while swirling the amber colored in his glass. "Your mother and I couldn't be happier with your choice for a wife. We really love her, Edward."

This time it's me who nods thoughtfully. I already know this, of course, but it's still nice to hear the validation. "She stopped taking the pill." His eyes fly to mine with my confession. "She says she's ready, that she doesn't feel the need to wait any longer. I made her promise that she isn't doing this for only my sake." His eyes slide back to his glass, not a hint of wariness or judgment. This is what I love most about my father. "She did. She promised, and I believe her. She would never lie to me. There is no reason to. I would be willing to wait forever." A small smile curls up the side of his mouth. "Your mother will be thrilled." I nod in agreement. "When did she stop? You know that it could take some time before it happens, right? I don't want you to be disappointed if it doesn't happen right away."

"Yeah, we know. Her doctor said the same thing. She stopped taking it three weeks ago. I think she's secretly hoping to be pregnant by summertime. I told the boys that I was planning to take some much needed time off after this tour. I want to take Bella back to Italy to spend some time with her grandparents. It has been way too long since she has really been able to see them and the two days we spent there last summer were hardly worth mentioning. She misses them so much."

Dad is quiet for a long time, but when he finally speaks it feels like my chest is going to burst with pride.

"You're a good man, Edward. You will be a fantastic father."

I'm really glad that I got to spend some much needed, uninterrupted time with my dad but I am equally thankful when the rest of the guys barge in and break up our pussy-emo shit. We waste the rest of the afternoon drinking and messing around and before I realize, it is time to get ready and head to the chapel. I decide to forego shaving, knowing that Bella prefers me a little scruffy but clean up my sideburns in effort to not look like a total hobo. Still, I don't even bother with my hair, it's a fucking train-wreck but Bella hates when

Faithfully

I put anything in it.

Finally satisfied with my appearance, I grab my phone wallet and keycard and meet the guys down in the lobby. There are fucking reporters and paparazzi *everywhere*, and I immediately worry if they are hounding my girl. This should be the happiest day of her life so the thought of her being harassed sets my insides on fire. Trying my best to ignore the hundreds of flashing bulbs, I climb into the waiting limo and settle myself next to Alec. I'm trying to be all cool and shit, but my nerves have my knee bouncing, my fingers gripping my hair and my voice asking Alec ten times if he has the rings in the span of a five minute drive.

"I swear to fucking God almighty, Edward, if you ask me that question one more time I'm going to punch you in the motherfucking throat."

My answering scowl has my asshole father along with the rest of the gang in stitches.

"Fuck you all." Yep, that is my brilliant reply. I can't resist the next words that tumble from my lips as I turn to face him, however, "You have them though, right?"

"Ow, motherfucker!"

Asshole punched me in the motherfucking leg. Fucking Charlie-horse.

"Calm the fuck down, brother. I have your goddamn rings. Just fucking *chill*."

Thankfully, before we start wailing on each other, the car pulls up outside the *French Quarter Wedding Chapel*. I smile. My baby is right inside those doors getting ready to become my wife. I am so fucking happy that I am easily able to ignore the snickers and eye-rolling of the dickheads in my company, not to mention the growing crowd of eager picture takers gathering outside the doors of our destination.

Faithfully

I slide my sunglasses into place and with a staggering amount of urgency and determination, I push my way through the crowd and into the chapel. I even manage a genuine smile. Nothing can sour my mood today. Because today, well, today I get to make the most beautiful woman in the world mine forever.

As always I can't wait to hear your thoughts...

Next chapter is the wedding and will not take so long to update!

lots of love, Laila

Chapter 27: Woman

Oh, how I missed you my ever faithful readers! I'm not even going to say anything other than I lost my house (including my beloved computer) in a fire. Insurance companies suck and really I could go on and on about it but I won't. Instead I will thank whatever powers that be that my family got out safe and sound and aside from the fish, our pets escaped safely as well. (Two cats and two dogs).

Thank you to Lambie for looking over this chapter, and to Mo for continuing to be a quiet support. And to everyone who continues to send me encouraging words. I literally owe this chapter to you. I honestly don't think I could have found the strength to re-write this if I didn't know how much you guys care about these characters...so thank you...your words mean everything to me.

But most of all thank you to the brave firefighters out there! You guys are pretty badass...even if you couldn't save my computer. :)

And boo to me for having my story 'back-up' thumb drive plugged into my computer at the time of fire. :/

By the way, I don't own.

~Bella~

The chapel does not have a dressing room but Sarah, the owner, has graciously allowed me to dress inside her small personal office-slash-sitting room. Only two people comfortably fit in here with me at a time, but I'm still more than grateful for her kind offer because it saved me from getting 'papped' in my dress on our way in. This inconvenience is practically nonexistent compared to the gorgeous, eclectic atmosphere that this place has to offer. We couldn't have picked a more perfect location to be married.

Faithfully

I smile to myself as Esme secures the beautiful crystal barrette in my hair. The barrette is a gift from her and Carlisle, a family heirloom, and I am more than honored to wear it today. It's a perfect complement to the Juliet cap I opted to wear instead of a traditional veil. To me, there is something undeniably feminine and sexy about the way the miniscule scrap of netting falls only over the face. My long, dark hair is swept up into a sophisticated twist, showing off the glittering stones and white netting perfectly. With a final kiss to my cheek she leaves, allowing my mother to slip in.

"Bella, sweetheart, what on earth possessed you to choose this horrible location for your wedding? You are about to marry a rockstar for crying out loud! Surely you could have had a more elaborate affair at a lavish hotel or something equally fabulous. Did I teach you nothing? Stand up straight, honey. You were blessed with nice boobies, show them off!"

"Hello, mother."

"And what on earth are you wearing on your head? Where is the rest of your veil? Oh! Let me get a look at that ring, I heard it is *very* valuable."

I grudgingly stick my left hand out gritting my teeth at her incessant nagging and waiting for her reaction.

"I just don't understand why you didn't go with a traditional diamond. I mean, surely he can afford one being a rockstar and all. I don't know, Bella, are you sure you want to marry this guy. He doesn't even know that an engagement ring is supposed to be a *diamond*."

It takes everything inside me to keep my temper in check. "Mother, this ring is far more valuable than any diamond. Do you have any idea how much trouble Edward went through to get this stone? Besides, even if the ring wasn't insanely expensive it wouldn't matter. I love Edward for who he is, not what he gives me. Ugh, why did you even come?"

"Don't take that tone with me young lady. I'm just looking out for you. I want to make sure that this man can take care of you. I mean, do you really want to

Faithfully

consider having babies with this guy?"

"Mom, I love him. I don't care about the money. I would love him the same if he had nothing. Can't you understand that? Can't you just be happy for me?"

"Of course, sweetie. He *is* very wealthy after all, and famous too. I suppose you could've done much worse."

"Ugh, mother. Can you just send Daddy in?"

With a silly 'air kiss' to my cheek she flees the makeshift dressing room. I don't know why I even invited her. I am pulled out of my wallowing by the most wonderful sound.

"Isabella?"

"Nonni? Oh! Nonni, what are you doing here? Oh my god! Are you really here?"

"Your Edward sent for us, sweet child. He knew you would want us here when you got married. I am so happy for you, sweetheart. He is a wonderful man."

I don't even have words. I wrap myself around my grandmother and hold on tight, silently thanking whatever powers that be for giving me the best soon to be husband imaginable. Seriously, who else would have known just what I needed today? I am one lucky bitch, that's for sure.

"Oh, sweetheart, don't go mess up your face. Come now, let's get you into your dress." I force myself to take in a deep cleansing breath, and then reach for the garment bag hanging on the back of the door. Nonni swats my hand away, shaking her head and gesturing for me to strip down to my undergarments.

I blush as I drop my robe but manage to look up and meet Nonni's knowing eyes. She raises her eyebrow and smirks, as she takes in the beautiful white corset and teeny matching sheer panties, causing my blush to deepen. I'm not embarrassed of the lingerie I've chosen to wear underneath my gown, and I'm

Faithfully

certainly not ashamed by the way the corset nips in my already small waist even more or the way it enhances my already ample cleavage., I guess my blush has more to do with the fact that Nonni knows that in a few short hours, Edward will be the one looking at the way my boobs are spilling over the beautiful white silk.

With a soft smile and a twinkle of amusement in her beautiful brown eyes, she unzips the white garment bag with a flourish and gently pulls the long-sleeved cream colored lace gown from its confines.

"Oh, *bella mia*, it's magnificent! So very sexy, absolutely perfect for my angel. You will take your Edward's breath away."

The smile that stretches across my face is a mile wide and I can only hope that she's correct. I *want* to be breathtaking for him. I let my fingertips trail softly across the beaded lace, taking notice of the way my deep red nails contrast perfectly against the creamy white.

"I sure hope so, Nonni."

She helps me step into my gown, and as soon as she fastens the last button, she tearfully gives me her hankie. It is gorgeous aged white lace with delicate silver embroidery. It does not escape my notice that her initials are the same as what mine are about to become. IMC. This gesture means so much to me, and all I can really do to express this, is throw my arms around the woman who has meant so much in my life and cry into her shoulder.

"Now, now *bella mia*, this is a happy day. Dry those tears and marry that hunky man of yours. I know in my heart that he will make you as happy as my Emilliano has made me."

With one last squeeze I know I'm ready to head down the aisle.

Nonni places one more tender kiss to my temple and then makes her way out to take her seat inside the chapel. Not a minute later there is a tentative knock on the door followed by my father poking his head inside the room. He kisses me

Faithfully

on the cheek and informs me that Seth and Sam send their love and are waiting eagerly to watch me make my way down the aisle. God, I love my brother.

"Hey, babygirl. Wow, you look absolutely beautiful." The smile on his face is genuine making my already full heart swell even further. "Really, Bella, I have never seen a more radiant bride. Edward is a very lucky man."

I can't help but preen under his praise, and the genuine smile on his handsome face gives me more reassurance than I could possibly need to know that marrying Edward is the right decision for me. Not that I have any doubts, because I don't. None at all. With a beaming smile I gather my gorgeous bouquet of deep red roses with feather accents-tied together with a blood red ribbon, thread my arm through my father's and prepare to make my way down the aisle.

The pianist seamlessly switches to the beautiful piano piece that Edward wrote for the ceremony and I know that is my cue. With a deep breath, daddy leads me down the deep burgundy carpet. My eyes immediately lock with Edward's and the amount of love and longing I see reflected back at me is staggering. He is truly breathtaking in this moment, and I vow to never forget the way his gaze penetrates me as I make my way toward him. As soon as daddy and I take our second step, the most brilliant smile takes over Edward's face. His hand reflexively reaches for me and my heart melts. It's as if he just cannot wait to have me in his arms. Little does he know that I feel exactly the same way.

After what seems like forever, daddy is finally placing my hand in Edward's grasp. I can't help but throw myself into his arms and thank him for thinking to bring my grandparents here for me. Edward holds on to me just as tightly and only grudgingly pulls away when the officiate playfully reminds us that we haven't gotten to that part of the ceremony yet. I can't find it anywhere inside me to be embarrassed about my lack of restraint. *Just wait until we get the green light for our first kiss as husband and wife, buddy.*

"Fucking stunning."

Faithfully

I smile at his compliment and it is at this precise moment that I finally take a moment to look at my Edward. *Holy fucking shit*. Can you say that in church? I guess we aren't technically in church but whatever. Damn, does he ever look fine in his impeccably tailored black Gucci suit, white dress shirt open at the collar and no tie. It's so fucking sexy that I can see the infinity pendant peeking out of his open collar. He's also wearing the platinum cuff links Carlisle and Esme gave him and perfectly polished black dress shoes. Despite his attire being flawlessly put together, he maintains his badass edge by leaving the three day old stubble on his delectable jaw and not bothering to tame wild mess that is his hair. Of course, the piercings and the fact that the tattoos on his neck and hand showing from beneath his pristine white shirt help with that as well. He is equal parts disheveled and put together; add in a splash of intensity and a hint of danger and fuck me if it isn't the epitome of sexy. No bride has ever been so goddamn lucky.

"So are you." One side of his mouth lifts into his signature sexy smirk before turning us to face the officiate.

"Ladies and Gentleman, today we are brought together in love to celebrate the marital union of Edward Anthony Cullen and Isabella Marie Swan..."

The first part of the ceremony passes by in a flash and before I know it Edward envelops my hands in his and is speaking the most cherished, beautiful words I will ever hear in my life.

"Isabella Marie, you are my love, my hope, my passion; my *life*. You are my confidant, my best friend, my lover; my *home*. You are my reason, my inspiration, my purpose; my *everything*. You are my safe haven, my savior and the mother of my children-God willing. You *are* the very essence of my soul. My sweet Bella, I'm forever yours. Faithfully."

As much as I loathe to mess up my makeup, I'm powerless to stop the few tears that escape my eyes. I take a moment to bask in the all-encompassing love and adoration that is floating around me, knowing that this is just the beginning of our lives together. With a new sense of excitement, I delve right into the vows I've spent the better part of the last month working on.

Faithfully

"Edward, you have taken a lost little girl and surrounded her with patience, security, devotion and most importantly love. You have given me a family and a home and have never asked for anything in return. I know that my place in the world is by your side; as your wife. I belong to you, and I vow to spend the rest of my life doing everything in my power to make you happy. Thank you for trusting me with your heart and for taking such good care of mine."

My heart melts even more when Edward mouths *'I love you'* to me as he tenderly wipes away my tears. The officiate quickly moves on to the ring ceremony and I have to admit that an extreme sense of pride and possessiveness surges through me as I slide my plain platinum band into its permanent place on Edward's finger. I didn't realize until this moment how important it is to me that he wear a ring. I guess I'm more traditional than I thought. *Go figure.*

I'm not able to get too lost in my thoughts because all too soon, yet not soon enough, we are being pronounced as husband and wife. Our closest friends and family applaud and cat call as Edward bends me backward and devours my mouth. I eagerly link my arms around his neck and kiss him back hungrily. *My husband.* I won't even try to deny how turned on I am at the thought. His hands are way lower than appropriate and I know that there is no way that our tongues are not visible. Leave it to us to have the hottest, most inappropriate wedding kiss in history. I smile against Edward's mouth at the thought and he ends our first married kiss with a sharp bite to my lower lip. *How very Edward.* I chuckle as he pulls away but tighten my hold on him and pull him into a hug wanting nothing more than to be close to him.

"I love you, Mrs. Cullen."

"Ungh, that sounds perfect. I love you, too."

We finally, though reluctantly, pull away and face our guests so that the officiate can announce us.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Anthony Cullen."

Faithfully

More applause, cheers, wolf whistles and tears exude from our loved ones. I have never felt such an overwhelming sense of pride as I do right this moment.

Mr. Reyes leads us over to a beautiful ornate wooden desk to complete our paperwork and as soon as we finish, he asks if I want to follow chapel tradition and sign a dollar bill and stick it to the ceiling. Of course I do and Edward gets a kick out of seeing me sign my new legal name: Isabella M. Cullen. He signs the hundred dollar bill right underneath me, and then holds it out to me to kiss. I smirk at the dark red lipstick stain now covering his name and then dutifully follow Sarah and her husband back into the chapel. She hands Edward and I a plunger looking device attached to a long pole and laughs lightly good naturedly as we struggle to get the bill to stick to the ceiling. When the task is complete, we thank them for all of their help and then brave the gathering crowd of fans and paparazzi in order to get to the club for our dinner reception.

The twilight sky is breathtaking as dusk settles around us and I can't resist the temptation of snuggling into Edward's arms and enjoying the beauty of our surroundings. Not even the rabid crowd can sour my blissful mood and by the complete joy reflected back at me in my partner's eyes, I know that he feels the same exact way. Let them have their pictures, nothing will ruin our perfect day. To be perfectly honest, I'm actually a little excited that the photogs are capturing such a happy moment in our lives to share with the rest of the world so I smile happily and wave at the cameras. We even stop a share a sweet kiss for the fans, well as sweet as we get anyway. It's safe to say there was a little tongue and a bit of groping. Oh well, we are who we are...that isn't going to change because there are cameras around.

The club looks absolutely stunning. Esme, Lizzy and Alice have done an amazing job, to say the least. This day has been everything I could have ever wished for and more. The simple, understated elegance that has been present all day is the perfect mix of Edward and I, obvious femininity with just a touch of masculine. It is soft yet edgy and exquisite without being ostentatious. Really, a dream come true.

Victoria and Heidi are the first couple we come across and, of course, she makes a lewd comment about how my ass looks in my dress. She is such a nice

Faithfully

woman and she really has done a lot for us but she certainly knows how to piss Edward off. He has been really good though, overall. He hasn't threatened anyone *yet*, although from the scowl on his handsome face, I don't think it will be too much longer.

We make our way through the crowd and it occurs to me that there are many more people here than I imagined. Edward's family, my family, Nonni and Nonno, The security team and their significant others, a few people from the music industry including Eclipse's new producer, Aro and even Edward's therapist is here. I stifle a giggle at the thought, because even though I know that it isn't funny, it *is* funny to see Edward's anger management therapist in attendance. Edward dutifully endures his sessions but not even Ian can change is hotheaded, possessive ways. I swear it's in his DNA, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I love this man just the way he is.

We dutifully make the rounds hugging and thanking everyone for coming, and by the time we sit down for dinner I'm fucking starving. I have no earthly idea how I'm gonna fit anything else into this dress with me, but hell if I'm not gonna try...the prime rib looks damn divine. I can't wait to get my hands on one of the cupcakes as well. We decided to forgo a traditional wedding cake in favor of a tower of my favorite, red velvet cupcakes topped with cream cheese frosting.

Fucking *yum*.

Just as Lizzy and I come back from the ladies room, I hear Jasper calling for Edward and I to take the dance floor for our first dance as husband and wife. I can't help the happy, fluttery feeling in my chest at the thought of Edward wanting to do something so traditional. I love it.

I make my way over to the center of the small dance floor where my gorgeous husband is waiting for me and smile widely when he gathers me into his arms, pulling me tightly against his strong chest. He leans over so that his cheek rests against mine and sways us smoothly as the house band begins to play. Tears spring to my eyes at the thought of him choosing this song specifically for me. I tighten my arms around him as John Lennon's beautiful words wrap around

us.

Woman

*I can hardly express,
My mixed emotion at my thoughtlessness,
After all I'm forever in your debt,
And woman I will try express,
My inner feelings and thankfulness,
For showing me the meaning of success,
Oooh well, well,
Oooh well, well,*

Woman I know you understand
The little child inside the man,
Please remember my life is in your hands,
And woman hold me close to your heart,
However, distant don't keep us apart,
After all it is written in the stars,
Oooh well, well,
Oooh well, well,

Woman please let me explain,
I never mean(t) to cause you sorrow or pain,
So let me tell you again and again and again,
I love you (yeah, yeah) now and forever,
I love you (yeah, yeah) now and forever,
I love you (yeah, yeah) now and forever,
I love you (yeah, yeah)...

The house band puts a jazzy twist to the song, but the sentiment remains the same, especially with the way Edward is crooning in my ear. Suddenly, there is nothing I want more than to take him up to our room and show him just how happy he has made me today.

"Edward, take me to our room."

Faithfully

My lips are insistent, placing hot, wet kisses everywhere my mouth can reach. It doesn't take much convincing before he grabs my hand and leads me out the door and straight to the elevators. It doesn't escape me that we left without so much as a backward glance toward our guests. Oh well, they'll figure it out soon enough.

Once we are in our room, Edward drops all pretenses and pulls me into his arms.

"Do you have any idea how sexy you look today? How heartbreakingly beautiful?"

I smile easily at his compliment, wanting nothing more than to have him inside me. I don't have a chance to voice my request before his mouth is on mine, hot and hungry. Strong hands grasp my hips, pulling me tight against his straining arousal and his open palms drift down over my ass, gripping the back of my thighs firmly. His mouth is urgent against my throat and I love that he is being the cocky, horny bastard he usually is. I was afraid that he would try to force the sweet, tender loving-being our wedding night and all. I have to admit that I'm more than a little bit relieved that this is most certainly not the case. Don't get me wrong, I love our tender moments, I just love our hot and heavy moments more.

He releases the sensitive skin of my neck with a groan, taking extra care to rub himself against my stomach.

"Fuck, baby, that's so much better. It was fucking torture to not have my marks on you."

"Yes..." I thread my fingers into his hair and guide his face back to my throat, "More."

"Fuck yeah."

He reaches up and works the zipper down on my dress, groaning loudly as it falls away to reveal the beautiful white corset hidden underneath.

Faithfully

"Holy hell, baby, your tits look fucking *huge*!"

The absolute hunger in his eyes is palpable, like a starving carnivore at an all meat buffet. I can't help the chuckle that escapes me as he reaches up to reverently cup them through their silk confines. I have to admit, the girls do indeed look pretty fucking spectacular and like he said, huge.

"You like?" I coyly look up at him through my lashes and bite my bottom lip, just the way that drives him crazy.

"I fucking *love*."

"Good, I'm glad. Not get it the fuck off of me."

His breath hitches and his eyes darken with lust as he reaches for the satin ribbon holding the contraption closed. The moment it takes for the corset to finally fall from my body has me panting in anticipation. Just when I think I can't take anymore, he finally attacks my newly exposed skin with wet, open-mouthed kisses. The sharpness of his teeth bite at my skin and the softness of his lips and tongue soothe the sting as he makes his way down my body. I am a quivering mess by the time he forcefully yanks down my panties, and I gasp loudly when he wastes no time tossing one of my legs over his shoulder so he can begin nipping and licking at my swollen flesh.

"Yes...unhg. Fucking lick it, Edward. Ohhh!"

I can literally feel the wetness seeping down onto my thighs at the sight of my strong, extremely masculine man on his knees in front of me. It is such a turn-on to see those gorgeous green eyes looking up at me while he eats the fuck out of my aching pussy. I'm all needy whimpers and wanton moans as he works me expertly, and when he finally pushes two fingers inside me I lose it.

"Oh, fuck Edward, *fuck*! Please, *yes* uhng..."

That first orgasm hits me like a freight train leaving me dizzy and disoriented. I clutch at Edward's shoulders to keep my balance causing him to chuckle

Faithfully

smugly. Too bad I don't have it in me to come up with a snarky reply. Instead, I sit on the edge of the bed pulling him on top of me while I lay back, frantically trying to rid him of the few articles of clothing he still has on. Thankfully he doesn't put up a fight and eagerly helps me discard them.

"I need you inside me. I need my *husband* inside me, deep inside me."

"Fuck, yes."

I don't even know where the last article of clothing lands because my sexy husband has his tongue deep in my mouth and his hands all over me. The words that fall from his perfect lips when he finally breaks away for air set my heart soaring.

"My beautiful wife, God, I love you so fucking much. I can't live without you. You are everything. Fuck, you are *everything*. I'm gonna love you so good, baby. So fucking *hard*. Only you. There is only ever you."

With that he latches on to the fleshy part of my breast and thrusts inside me. We groan in unison the moment we are one and it's like heaven. We are loud and frantic and rough and fast and motherfucking perfect.

He sits up on his haunches suddenly pulling me with him to straddle his hips and clings tightly to my small body while burying his head in the crook of my neck and thrusting erratically. We are so full of passion and I am *so* fucking close that all I can do is tangle my hands into his hair and hold on for the ride. He is so deep this way, so fucking *deep*. I'm panting and moaning how much I love him and need him in his ear while he pulls at my hair. We just can't get close enough to each other and it feels fucking out of control and animalistic. I love it.

Just as I feel myself start to contract around him I catch a glimpse of the metal of his wedding band against my thigh as he grasps possessively at my flesh. It is all I need to send me into the most awesome orgasm of my life. Needless to say, he is not far behind me.

EPOV

I grudgingly get up to take a shower, leaving a sexy, soundly sleeping Bella in bed. I despise leaving her there but I know that if I don't get up now, I will be late for rehearsal and sound check. Fuck me.

The Louisiana Superdome looks fucking spectacular making me believe that this will be one of the best shows of the tour. The way the stage is set up allows for maximum exposure without feeling cheesy. I can't wait for Bella to hear the new song I wrote. I guess you could say it is my wedding gift to her. It definitely sums all of my feelings up, I even included the most important line of my wedding vows. I know that the gesture kind of makes me look like a pussy, but whatever, my girl deserves this and I don't really give a fuck what everyone else thinks. They can suck my dick if they don't like it. Well not really, that shit belongs to Bella, and Bella alone.

Mmmm, Bella 's fuckawesome lips wrapped around my cock as she swallows me deep down that sexy throat...shit, focus Cullen.

Jasper and Emmett don't waste a minute to start teasing me as soon as I approach the stage adjusting my now extremely uncomfortable hard on. It's all good natured and it really doesn't bother me seeing as getting married gives me my beautiful, sexy wife forever.

"Dude, I can't believe you agreed to wear a ring. That's so fucking lame. It cuts the amount of women who will flirt with you in half!"

Emmett is such a douche. "That's the fucking point, asshole. I don't want those skanks all over my junk anyway. Believe me, Bella is more than enough woman for me."

"You are such a pussy, bro. Fuck marriage. I told Ali not to get any ideas cause that shit is never happening for us. She can either be happy with the way things are or find some other stupid bastard to marry her. We don't need that worthless piece of paper. It's bullshit. I love Ali and all that, but fuck if I'll ever get married. You realize that she is entitled to half of everything you worked so

Faithfully

hard for now, right?"

You gotta love Jasper and his take it or leave it attitude, and right now I'm lovin' him with a one finger salute. *Dickhead*.

"Yeah, I'm a pussy. What-the-fuck-ever. I'm happy. Can't we just leave it at that? Besides, you fuckers are just jealous because my girl is fucking perfect in every fucking way. She's way hotter than anything either of you have ever hooked up with, so stop bitching. It's unbecoming of you both." My cocky smirk is firmly in place because I speak nothing but the truth. I am the luckiest motherfucker on the planet and both of these bastards know it.

"Ugh. I know, bro. The tits and ass alone on that girl are motherfucking *unreal*."

"Lips too." Fucking Jasper always has to agree.

"Christ! Shut the fuck up! Watch your mouths, that is my wife you guys are talking about. Now, let's get this shit started so I can get back to those lipshow on the road."

****F****

"You havin' a good weekend, New Orleans?"

The crowd roars an affirmative making my stomach clench with the amount of excitement they are throwing back at us. I take a moment to absorb the energy surging through the stadium before speaking again.

"I had a fucking fantastic weekend! You guys wanna know what I did in this fuck-awesome city of yours?"

Again, the crowd roars. Even louder if that's possible. I look over at my beautiful wife waiting in the wings and send her a quick wink. Holding up my left hand I let my overeager audience in on the most important event of my life.

Faithfully

"I got married, motherfuckers! You guys wanna meet my sexy as fuck wife?"

I flinch at the resonant uproar before turning toward Bella and gesturing her over. A slow smirk spreads across my face as she saunters her way across the stage and into my arms. I take a moment to drink in her sexy black lace top, tight as fuck black skinny jeans and *fuck me* her hilarious green 'zombie heels'. As fucking ridiculous as those shoes are, they sure do put that ass in the air. As soon as she reaches me, my right arm snakes around her waist and my hand eagerly plants itself right on her that juicy ass as I lean in to thoroughly ravish her mouth making sure to bite on that fat bottom lip as I retreat.

"New Orleans, meet my wife, Bella Cullen."

She is all sweet smiles and dimples as she looks over her shoulder and waves at the crowd. I enjoy the tickle of her long inky hair against my arm as I watch the stadium go fucking nuts for her. I'm not surprised by the warm welcome she receives because *everyone* loves my girl. How could they not?

Taking her hand I lead her over to the piano and pull her down to sit next to me. Pressing one more inappropriate kiss to her delectable lips, I begin the intro to her wedding gift. "This is for you, baby. I love you."

*Highway run
Into the midnight sun
Wheels go round and round
You're on my mind*

*Restless hearts
Sleep alone tonight
Sending all my love along the wire
They say that the road
Ain't no place to start a family
Right down the line it's been you and me
And loving a music man
Ain't always what it's supposed to be
Oh Girl*

Faithfully

*You stand by me
I'm forever yours
Faithfully*

*Circus life
Under the big top world
We all need the clowns to make us smile*

*Through space and time
Always another show
Wondering where I am lost without you
And being apart ain't easy on this love affair
Two strangers learn to fall in love again
I get the joy of rediscovering you
Oh girl
You stand by me
I'm forever yours
Faithfully*

*Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh
Faithfully
I'm still yours
I'm forever yours
Ever yours
Faithfully*

Okay, this is NOT the end. We still have Gianna to deal with. She makes an appearance next chapter...

Your words are like crack and I'm having serious withdrawals! Please send me some!

Lots of love,

Laila