

Taste of Forbidden Contest

Pen Name: ADADancer

Rating: NC-17

Genre: Drama/Romance

Word Count: 9,661

Pairing: Edward/Bella

Summary: Edward may have been my father's best friend and step-brother, but that didn't stop me from wanting him. He was going to be mine no matter what that would cost me.

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He Will Be Mine

Bella's Point of View

I dropped my bags on the marble floor and sighed. My arms and back were killing me. I was so happy to be done with my first year at the University of Washington. I had taken as many classes as I could and worked had my butt off—well, when I wasn't out partying. This past week I had been busy packing up my dorm room and moving my things back into the mansion called home.

It wouldn't be so bad moving back home if it wasn't for my overbearing step-mother. She had two decades on my dad—fifty-five to his thirty-five. Dad ran a big company with his best friend, Edward Cullen, who also happened to be my step-brother. I know it's a bit confusing, so here is the back story.

My father and mother, Renee, were high school sweethearts and she got pregnant with me at her senior prom. Shortly after my birth, my mother decided that she didn't want to settle down, and she left Dad and me. Now she travels around the world with her younger boyfriend, Phil. My father grew up with Edward Cullen, and a couple years later Edward's father Carlisle passed away from a heart attack. Carlisle was only forty-five years old. It was really sad; he was so young and so kind. One lonely night my father went to talk to Edward, but he wasn't around. He started talking to Esme instead. One thing led to another and boom, they got hitched.

Edward wasn't too happy that his best friend was married— not to mention banging— his mother, but he didn't have much choice. Charlie and Esme were married and in love. While my father spent most of his nights working himself to death in his office, Esme called me non-stop about going shopping, going to lunch, charity events, and baking. She needed to find a hobby and fast, because she was driving me insane.

The only thing keeping me sane about coming home was Edward. My step-brother was fucking sexy as hell. He was tall and had crazy penny-colored sex hair and bright emerald green eyes. He was lean and more than once I had caught him with his shirt off while he worked out in the gym.

I didn't care that he was the same age as my father; thirty-five wasn't that old. I was eighteen, turning nineteen a couple of months. I wasn't a child anymore and I wanted Edward to know that.

My best friends Alice and Rosalie had strategized with me seducing my father's best friend or step-brother— whatever you want to call him. This summer I was finally going to go through with that plan. Now, we just had to come up with how I was going to execute the plan and start moving forward.

Walking up the long staircase, I heard Esme's heels echoing from down below. "Isabella? Is that you, sweetheart?" she asked.

How many fucking times do I have to tell her to call me, Bella!!!

"Yes, Esme, I'm just going to put my things in my room," I answered in a sickly sweet tone.

I didn't wait to listen to whatever else she had to say, so I continued walking up the stairs and into my bedroom. Edward and I were on the second floor, while our parents were on the first floor. This seducing thing definitely had to work in my favor.

Walking into my room, it looked like I had never left. My desk looked untouched except for the missing laptop that was in my suitcase. This room was always more adult-like, compared to my friends' rooms. The walls were light beige; the coffee brown and dark blue comforter looked like something a married couple would have, and the pictures that adorned the room were photos of tourist sights in different countries.

I set my bags down on the bed and started unpacking when Esme came in. "Oh, Isabella, it is so great to have you back home. I can't wait for you to tell me all about college life." She smiled and pulled me into a hug.

"Bella, please," I gritted.

"Oh, sorry." She looked down, a little embarrassed.

For being fifty-five, Esme looked a lot older than she was— maybe because she didn't try to keep herself up. Her usual copper hair was grayer now, and she was covered in wrinkles. What my father saw in her I would never know. There was a time when I loved Esme, but once she got married to my father she became overbearing. She tried to be my mother but she wasn't.

As much as I hated my mother for leaving me, I didn't blame her. My father was always at the office. He didn't give my mother any attention at all. We rarely saw him. During my breaks from school, I would always visit my mother and we would go to the warm beaches in Florida, hang out and gossip, and she would teach me how to make new recipes she tried and loved. It was as easy as breathing air— unlike Esme, who practically suffocated me.

She continued to stare at me, waiting for me to say something to her, but I didn't really want to talk to her right now.

"I'm sorry Esme, I'm feeling a bit tired from the long drive. Do you think you could give me some time to sleep and freshen up before dinner?" I asked her.

"Of course. I'll wake you up before the boys get home for dinner," she said, giving me a big hug and walking out of the room. This vacation at home better be worth it if I have to put up with her for the next three months.

I finished unpacking before taking a much-needed nap.

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"So, Bella, your first year of college is complete. How do you feel?" my father asked me. He took a big bite of lasagna.

If there was one thing that I did love about Esme, it was her cooking. The woman could cook some great fucking food.

"Nothing, really," I shrugged. It was just like answering the question on your birthday. 'Do you feel older now?'

My father dropped the subject and we continued to eat in silence. I was a little pissed off right now. Edward apparently had to finish up a few things at the office, so he wouldn't be making it to dinner tonight.

Dinner was a little awkward and as soon as I finished eating I went upstairs and sent Alice and Rosalie a text to come over. They lived on the same street as me. About ten minutes later they had both arrived and we sat on my bed, thinking of ways to help me seduce Edward.

"I've got it!" Alice jumped up, her blue eyes sparkling. She was such a tiny little thing.

"Alright, tomorrow we are going to go clubbing, then you pretend you're drunk and somehow mistakenly end up in his bed. I'm sure he won't be able to resist you, especially if you enter his room in some nice lingerie."

"Oh, that's perfect!" Rose agreed.

Rose took out the bottle of wine she had snuck out of her parent's bar and poured us each a glass. We cheered and took a big sip of the divine wine. There was a small knock on the door and I mouthed *Esme* to them.

"Come in," I said in that same fake sweet tone.

Instead of Esme, it was the Greek God I had been planning on seducing. “Oh, Edward,” I yelled and ran into his arms.

“Hi. I didn’t know you had company,” Edward said, wrapping his arms tightly around me and looking at Rose and Alice.

“Yeah, we decided to have a girl’s night in.” I smiled at him.

Edward had been aging well; he obviously didn’t get that from his mother. His bronze hair was wild and unruly, his green eyes looked tired, he had some scruff on his face, and I could feel his muscles ripple underneath me.

“Well, I don’t want to take too much of your time. I just wanted to say welcome back home. We can catch up tomorrow night?” he asked hopefully.

“Oh, well we were going to go out tomorrow night, but how about lunch Saturday?” I smiled and licked my bottom lip.

Edward stared intently on the movement. I heard his small gasp. He swallowed loudly before nodding his head and agreeing on Saturday.

“Goodnight, ladies.” Edward waved to Rose and Alice before he left.

“That hot piece of ass has it bad for you,” Rose smirked devilishly and took another sip of her wine.

“I would hope he does. I’m quite attractive.” My ego was boosted quite a bit from that information.

“Shut up, Bella!” Alice giggled.

“To Operation Seduce Edward Cullen.” Rose raised her glass and together we all cheered.

Tomorrow Edward Cullen would be mine.

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“Bella!” I heard my name being called from behind me.

Turning my head, I saw Alice rushing over with a couple of shots and quite the charmer on her arm.

“Bella, I would like you to meet Demetri. He got us some shots. Demetri, this is my girlfriend, Bella, and our other friend, Rosalie, is somewhere dancing.” Alice waved her hand around, not wasting a second before she took a shot.

“Hi,” I greeted him with a small, seductive smile.

“Hello,” he said back. He seemed a little shy.

“Whoa, that felt good,” she smiled and handed me a shot.

I drank it down like a pro while gazing into Demetri’s eyes. “Would you like to dance?” I asked him.

“Sure.” He nodded his head, but his facial features disagreed.

Taking his hand in mine, I brought him over to the dance floor. He stood there for a few minutes, not really knowing what to do. I grabbed his left hand and pulled him closer, hoping to loosen him up, but he was as stiff as a board.

“Do you not want to dance?” I asked him, still moving my hips to the beat of the music.

He stared into my eyes for a few uncomfortable minutes before leaning down and whispering into my ear. “I’m gay.”

A little taken aback, I looked at him. He was biting his lip nervously. “And what’s the problem?” I asked him.

“Oh, you’re not mad? I thought you were looking for a guy to take home,” he said shyly.

I laughed at him. “No not at all. We just needed someone to buy our drinks. There is a certain guy at home I am trying to seduce, if you know what I mean,” I winked.

“Yeah, Alice told me while I sat at the bar waiting for my drink,” he laughed.

Of course Alice told him. She couldn’t keep a secret even if her life depended on it.

“And yet you still bought us drinks. What a great guy. Does she know you’re gay?” I asked.

“Not at all,” he grinned and finally started dancing with me.

As we danced to the song, I felt like someone was watching me. Opening my eyes, they wandered around until they landed on a pair of dark eyes at the end of the bar. He was eyeing Demetri up. Draining his drink, he set it down on the bar and started making his way over to an oblivious Demetri.

I twisted out of his arms, and stood up tall. “Have fun,” I whispered, and smiled at the guy.

Demetri’s eyes opened and he started talking to the other guy. His eyes sparkled and they soon started dancing with each other. I got Demetri hooked up, and now it was time for me to get my

man. Alice and Rosalie were both at the table waiting for me. They wore matching, mischievous smirks as we grabbed our things and left the club.

“You better be ready, Edward, because I’m coming to get you,” I whispered under my breath.

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Alice and Rosalie had the cab drop me off first. As I stumbled out of the car they both cheered. “Good luck!”

“Shut-up,” I hissed at them.

They giggled drunkenly before I slammed the cab door on them and headed up the cobble steps. I hoped they made it to their front doors; they were both wasted. I drank only one shot and a couple sips of my martini, so I felt a little buzz, but I was still aware of my surroundings.

The lights were all off when I stepped foot in the house. It was eerily quiet, so I assumed everyone was in bed. As quietly as I could, I walked up the stairs with my heels in my hand. With each step I took, I could feel the excitement passing through my body. I finally reached the top and instead of going toward my door, like I should have done, I went to Edward’s.

Before I opened the door, I unzipped my dress and let it fall down to my feet. I quickly grabbed it off the floor and then I went for it.

Opening the door, my eyes found him sleeping on his back. His muscular chest was bare and his washboard abs were on full view. I quietly shut his door and locked it before I started the real performance.

Acting like a complete drunk, I stumbled around until I fell on the bed. Edward stirred a little bit, making the sheets drift down slightly exposing his happy trail and the elastic band of his briefs. I giggled again and straddled his waist. He wasn’t even awake and he was already hard. Maybe this wouldn’t be as hard as I thought. Pun fully intended.

I leaned back and unclasped the black lace bra. My girls sprang free, waiting for some much needed attention. Tilting forward, I brought my mouth to his ear and swirled my tongue around the cartilage.

“Edward, I need you,” I whispered and slowly started to rock my hips against his erection.

He slowly stirred from his sleep as I placed open mouthed kisses along his chest. When he realized that someone was on top of him, he said, “What the..?”

Twisting away from me, he turned on the light on his night stand. His face went from confused to horror in a matter of seconds when he realized who was on him.

“B-B-Bella?” he stuttered.

I smiled mischievously, “Hey big boy.” I leaned down whispering his name. My hand lightly squeezed his throbbing cock while I kissed him.

“Bella, stop!” Edward tried to get away from me but I held my ground and continued to kiss him.

“Bella, enough,” Edward shoved me back.

Playing along as a drunk, I giggled at him. “Oh fum o I eed boo.”

“Bella, are you drunk?” he asked, shocked, and stared at my bare breasts for a few seconds.

“Ayte,” I giggled. It was kind of hard to pretend I was drunk.

“Shit! You’re only eighteen. You shouldn’t be drinking alcohol. Come on, let’s get you into bed with some clothes on,” he croaked. Standing up, he grabbed my dress and bra and held them out to me.

I rolled over onto his bed and got underneath the covers. “Oooo umpy,” I smiled.

“Bella, come on. You can’t sleep in here,” Edward sighed.

He came over to me and tried to pry me away from the bed, but I wouldn’t budge. I could see irritation pass over his face, and then determination. As he picked me up, I wrapped my legs around his waist.

Slowly I started to grind myself against him and he shivered. I heard a faint “Fuck” fall from his lips. Quickly opening his door, he ran down the hall into my room. He dropped me on the bed and threw some clothes at me.

“Goodnight, Bella,” he struggled to say before he quickly disappeared out of my room without so much as a glance toward me.

I punched my pillow, angry that he had rejected my advances. What fucking guy would reject a half-naked woman grinding on his junk? The thing that Edward Cullen didn’t know was, his rejection only made me want to try harder. I would not rest until he was mine.

Calling the girls, I told them everything. They couldn’t believe that he didn’t give in. After ending my call with them, I changed into a big t-shirt and quickly let sleep overtake me.

~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~

The next morning I woke up bright and early. I got ready before I went downstairs to an empty kitchen. That was a first; usually Esme was always in the kitchen.

Opening the fridge, I grabbed a big juicy red apple. I washed it off before cutting it into slices. I was cleaning the knife when Edward entered. His hair was astray and sexy as fuck. He was still shirtless, but now he was wearing pajama bottoms.

“Morning,” he greeted.

“Morning,” I smiled back.

He looked around before coming up close to me. His green eyes stared deeply into mine. “Bella, about last night...”

I shook my head. “What about last night?” I played dumb.

He stared at me confused, trying to figure out if I was pretending or not. “I think we should talk about what happened last night at lunch.”

“Okay,” I paused. “What happened last night?” I asked wanting to see if he would say anything.

“Um...I...You...Let’s just talk about it at lunch okay?” he stuttered and walked away.

I internally chuckled at his behavior before walking out of the kitchen and up to my room. I couldn’t wait for lunch; I wondered what he was going to say about my antics.

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The car ride over to the diner was a bit awkward, but I didn’t mind. Edward led us to the table in the back corner. We each ordered a cheeseburger and strawberry milkshake before he started to talk.

“So last night,” he whistled.

“Last night?” I gave him a confused look.

“Bella, I want you to know that I won’t tell Charlie or my mother about it. What happened will stay between us,” he cleared his throat.

I nodded my head. He was really freaked out about it. “Um do you remember anything about last night?” he asked.

Of course I remember everything!!! I wasn’t drunk!

I wanted to scream that, but instead I said, “I remember going out with Rose and Alice. We met this guy named Demetri. He was very attractive and bought us some shots,” I explained and took a sip of my shake.

“This explains your behavior last night,” he whispered underneath his breath.

“Bella, you should know never to take drinks from people at clubs or bars. He could have drugged you,” he growled.

“Edward, it’s fine. Alice was with him the whole time.” I waved him off.

“That doesn’t mean anything!” he snapped and slammed his hands on the table. A couple of people in the diner looked at us.

“Fine, I won’t take drinks from strangers. Can we please change the subject to something else?” I asked, bored with the way the conversation was going.

“Good. So, what are your plans for summer?” he asked, relaxing into the booth.

I smiled and licked my lips just thinking about my summer plans.

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“What about this dress,” Esme paused. “Or this one?” she asked, holding up two dresses.

“Sure,” I smiled. Grabbing the dresses out of her hands, I rushed back into the dressing room.

I couldn’t believe my father was forcing me to hang out with Esme. For the past hour she has been trying to get me to buy new clothes. If Esme was into fashion, it would be a lot easier to shop with her. Instead she has picked out poufy dresses, cartoon character t-shirts, granny panties, and other shit I won’t even mention. I swear she thought I was six instead of eighteen.

“How’s it going?” She asked me from the other side of the room.

“Great!” I said in a chipper tone.

Esme may think I am trying on the clothes she picked out, but I am really texting Rose and Alice and showing them pictures of what Esme had given me.

Walking out of the dressing room, I handed one of the workers the two dresses back. I found Esme sitting in a chair outside of the rooms, her smile turned into a frown when I shook my head.

“Well, maybe we will have better luck next time. I think we should head home. Your father and I have a big date tonight and I haven’t finished packing.” She smiled and winked.

Ew. Gross. Thanks for that image, Esme!

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“Okay, well, you kids be good tonight,” Esme said, giving Edward a kiss on the cheek and me a hug before she ran off to the car.

My father mumbled something to Edward before he came over to me. “Behave, Bella,” he whispered and gave me a hug.

“I promise, Daddy,” I giggled.

My father nodded before he walked out of the house. Edward shut and locked the door. He turned toward me. “I have to finish some work up, so if you want, you can order pizza for dinner.”

“Sounds great,” I smiled.

He gave me a slight grin and practically ran up the stairs. Walking into the kitchen, I grabbed the phone and ordered a pizza for us.

When the pizza arrived, I brought up a couple slices to Edward. He was sitting at his desk going through some files. He thanked me before going back to his work.

Screaming inside, I turned away and walked out of his room. This was the perfect night to seduce him; our parents were gone tonight and wouldn’t be back until tomorrow morning.

Needing some advice from the girls, I sent them a quick text. A few minutes later my phone chirped.

Doesn't Edward have a view of the pool? ~A

Yes, why? ~B I typed back, quickly confused.

Skinny dipping???~A

I knew I loved Alice for a reason. That was a perfect idea; he was sitting at his desk in front of the window that overlooked the pool. And it was a hot night in Forks, so it would make sense to go swimming.

I quickly stripped out of my clothes and grabbed a towel to cover up my naked body. Walking over to Edward’s room, I knocked on his door.

“Come in,” he called.

I poked my head in. “Hey, I am going for a swim. If you need me, I will be out there.”

“Alright, have fun.” He smiled before turning back to that stupid file.

As soon as he looked out that window he wouldn’t know what hit him.

Dipping my toe in the pool, I checked the temperature of the water. It was nice and cool compared to the humid atmosphere. I dropped my towel, letting the warm air hit my body, before I dived into the pool gracefully.

I came up for air and there he was, Edward himself staring at me with an open mouth through the kitchen window. I guess he decided to leave his room after all. He stood there in shock for a few seconds, before he came running outside.

“What the hell do you think you are doing? We have neighbors around here,” he hissed.

I swam over to the steps. His breathing was ragged. “I just needed to cool off. I don’t see what the big deal is,” I said, rising on my knees.

My face was eye level with his throbbing erection. “Bella, what are you doing?” he asked. His eyes darkened when I ran my hand up his leg. I stopped at his hardening length, adding a little pressure. He groaned. “Fuck,” he whispered.

Despite my rubbing him through his black gym shorts, he shook his head and backed away. “Bella, no. This isn’t right. Charlie’s my best friend. I’ve known you since you were a baby.”

“The same best friend that fucks your mother,” I asked.

“Don’t. That doesn’t even make what you’re trying to do right,” he said.

Determined to get him to give in, I stood up and strutted toward him. Every step forward I took, he took one back. We continued our little dance until he fell onto a lounge chair. Taking the opportunity, I quickly straddled his waist. I ground into him, making him release a string of profanities.

“Bella, we can’t...Please...Fuck...” he groaned.

I took his limp hands and placed them on my bare breasts. “I need you, Edward,” I whimpered.

“I’m seventeen years older than you. Your dad is my fucking best friend. This is highly inappropriate.” He tried to pull his hands away.

“Your body seems to disagree,” I whispered as I sucked his earlobe.

“I-I-I c-ca-cant...”

“Yes, you can. Fuck me, Edward,” I begged.

I placed kisses along his jaw, cheek, the corner of his mouth, and finally pressed my lips firmly onto his. I could almost hear the wheels turning in his head. His lips latched onto mine, and he

gently sucked on my bottom lip. The kiss was full of need and want, everything I had ever fantasized about.

He was finally giving into temptation. His hands started to massage my perky breasts. My hands ran up his biceps, shoulders, and neck, until they found home in his luscious locks.

“Shit!” he shivered. His hands moved from my breast to my hips. He gripped them hard as he ground me into his throbbing cock. I was going to lose my mind if he didn’t start taking this up a notch.

I placed my hands on the hem of his tank top and slowly pulled it off. Licking my lips consciously, I stared at his six-pack abs and the light trail of copper hair leading down south. Not wanting to waste any time, I kissed his chest, paying special attention to his sensitive nipples. I sucked on the skin of his abs while he moaned and moved underneath me.

Bringing my hands down to the elastic waistband on his shorts, I was quickly stopped from pulling them down. Edward’s strong hands encircled my wrists.

I could see the turmoil in his face. “Bella, I don’t know how much more I can take. As much as I want to do this, I don’t think we should. I don’t want to risk my friendship with Charlie.”

Placing my hands on his face, I attached my lips to his for a second. “Edward, my father and your mother never thought about how you or I would feel when they fucked each other. I know that doesn’t make what we are doing right, but I have wanted you for as long as I can remember. This isn’t some kind of revenge fantasy that I want to play out. I can’t take this playing hard to get shit anymore. I like you. I want you. I need you. Please?” I begged.

He quickly picked me up and ran inside, up the stairs, and into his bedroom. Dropping me on the bed, he stripped out of his shorts. Edward climbed on top of me and attached his lips to mine. They were so soft and warm. This kiss was so much better than I imagine in my dreams. Tingles shot throughout my body as he probed his tongue into my mouth.

The kiss was full of need and want. He ground his thick cock against my aching pussy. I wanted him to thrust into me, but he wouldn’t.

His lips left mine and drifted down. He sucked and nibbled on my neck and collarbone, and stopped when he got to my beaded nipples. Taking my right nipple into his mouth, he swirled his tongue around the nub and sucked hard. My body was heated and in need of release.

Edward’s lips trailed down my stomach until they found their destination. I moaned loudly when his tongue swept up my slit. “Fuck, you taste so good, baby,” he moaned.

My hands let go of his sheets and clutched his head. “Oh, Edward...Yes...That feels so fucking good!” I moaned in pleasure.

The sounds he was making with his tongue made me wetter. It felt so fucking good. His tongue probed my opening as he thrust in and out.

My back arched up and my legs shook. "Please don't stop! Don't fucking stop!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

He spread my lips wide and sucked on my clit. Surprising me, he thrust two fingers into me roughly.

"Fuck you're so fucking tight! I can't wait to fuck your tight little pussy," he grunted.

Pulling his fingers out of my pussy, he moved up my body. He reached over into his nightstand and pulled out a black foil packet. He quickly put the condom on and then he was inside of me.

"Fuck, you're fucking tight as hell!" he moaned.

There was a slight pinch at first, but once my body adjusted to his size, I relaxed more. Sex had never felt this good with the two other guys I had slept with. My first time was at a graduation party and the guy didn't last longer than twenty seconds. The second time the guy only cared about getting himself off. Edward however, was clutching my sweaty body to his as he pounded into me. His balls slapped against my pussy.

Wrapping my legs around his waist, I held him to my body. "That feels so good," I moaned.

Edward moved up, releasing my legs from his grip and pushed my legs out as he thrust into me. "Look at my fucking cock as it fucks that hot little pussy of yours," he grunted.

My eyes moved from his and stared at his thick rod coated in my juices. It was such a fucking turn on. He thrust into me a couple more times before he pulled me up and clutched me against his body. He grasped my hips in a firm hold and helped me move on top of him. My arms locked around his neck and soon our lips found each other.

I kissed him like my life depended on it. My stomach coiled and I could feel the familiar build up forming. Edward moved his right hand to my clit and started rubbing circles. "Fuck! Please don't stop!" I cried out.

"Bella, I need you to cum," he begged. He placed his head in the crook of my neck as he nipped on my damp skin.

He added a little pressure to my clit before I fell over the edge in pleasure. My body shook as I screamed his name. Edward soon followed after me calling my name. He clutched my body tightly against his as we tried to get our breathing under control.

My eyes felt droopy and my body felt sated. Edward pulled out of me and laid me down on his bed. I whimpered from the loss of his body next to me when he left. He disposed of the used

condom and came back with a warm towel to clean me off. A few minutes later he came back to the bed and pulled me against his chest as we both let sleep overtake us.

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The next morning I woke up to Edward shaking my shoulders roughly. “Bella, come on you need to get dressed and out of my room. Charlie and Esme are coming up the driveway.” I could feel the stress rolling off his body.

“Shit!” I jumped out of his bed.

He handed me one of his football t-shirts and I quickly ran out of his room and into mine. I heard the loud sound of heels clicking against the marble floors below and Esme’s voice echoing up the stairway.

“Hello! Kids, we’re home,” Esme called.

Running into my bathroom, I quickly checked my appearance. There standing in the mirror was a girl with the biggest fucking grin on her face and wild sex hair. I had finally seduced Edward. I would definitely need to text Alice and Rose later, but first I needed to brush the rats nest on top of my head before my father saw it.

Sticking my comb in the water, I brushed it through my tangled hair. When I felt pleased with it, I brushed my teeth and got dressed before walking downstairs to greet my father.

I ran into Edward and he pulled me aside with a nervous glance to the side. “We have to talk about last night. Are you free for lunch later?” he whispered.

“Yes,” I said.

“Alright, we’ll talk about it then,” he sighed.

I nodded my head and ran into my father’s arms. “Hi, Daddy!”

“How’s my little girl?” he smiled and hugged me tightly.

“I’m perfect,” I replied.

As quickly as it disappeared, I was able to recognize the suspicion in his eyes. He let it go and told me all about his night with Esme. I pretended to be interested, but let’s face it, who wants to listen to their father talk about his sex life with their step-mother.

Later that day, Edward and I left for lunch. The car ride was short and awkward all the way to the diner.

When we were seated, I couldn't help but feel jealous at the voluptuous blonde flirting with Edward. He liked it, because he was flirting right back with her.

Hello I'm right fucking here!!!

She quickly took our usual order and Edward turned his attention back to me with a serious look. "Oh, so you do remember that I'm here." I snapped.

"What?" he asked completely oblivious to the fact of flirting with another woman?

"What am I, fucking chopped liver? We had sex not even twenty-four hours ago and you are already flirting with the next thing with legs and boobs," I hissed.

He rolled his eyes at me. "Since you brought it up, I guess we should get right to it. Last night was a one-time thing. I think it's best if we forget it ever happened. You're my fucking step-sister and my best friend's daughter, for fuck's sake. That girl right over there," he pointed to the blonde waitress. "She is single and is not in any shape or form related to my best friend. The perfect woman for me to date," he said.

"A twenty-something year-old woman who works at a diner as a waitress. Wow you really have high standards," I rolled my eyes sarcastically.

"Bella, you know what I mean. Last night should have never had happened. You fucking seduced..." he paused for a second. "Wait a second, did you know that I would see you outside naked? Did you fucking plan the whole thing?" he questioned. He was turning slightly red.

"Maybe, maybe not, the point is it worked, you wanted me, I wanted you, and we both had consensual sex," I stated.

"Was this all some sick kind of fucked up game? How long were you planning this?" he asked, clearly angry.

"Oh, drop it, would you. You could have said no at any time," I said.

"I did try and stop you," he gritted through his teeth.

"But you gave in. That means deep down inside of you, you know that you wanted me just as much as I wanted you," I smiled.

He clenched and unclenched his fist, his face was turning bright red. "Bella, get this through your head. It was a mistake, something that shouldn't have happened. I'm practically your second father. Just think of it this way, I haven't had sex in a couple of weeks and you were the only woman offering last night. You will act like this never happened. Do you understand me?" he said lowly.

"Crystal," I hissed.

I was so fucking pissed at him. The Edward I knew was kind and sweet never this asshole that was sitting in front of me. I stood up from the table, a mix between losing my appetite and wanting to get away from him, but he didn't budge. He gripped my arm tightly in his.

"Where the hell do you think you are going?" he asked.

"Anywhere where you aren't," I growled.

"See, you couldn't even handle having sex with me. You're being such an immature brat right now. This is why any type of romantic relationship wouldn't work between us."

I leaned down and wrenched my arm out of his vice grip. "Fuck you, Edward."

His taken aback look made me dash quickly out of the diner. Grabbing my phone out of my pocket, I quickly called Rosalie.

"Hey girl," she answered.

"Hey, can you pick me up at the diner?" I asked.

The other side of the phone was quiet. "Yeah, but I thought you were there with Edward. Did that asshole leave you there?" she asked angrily.

I chuckled. "No, but he is a fucking asshole. So much for Operation Seduce Him. I'll tell you when you get here," I said.

"Alright, see you in about five minutes, Babe," she said.

"Thanks."

"So, you plan to seduce me and I'm the asshole?" I jumped, surprised to hear Edward behind me.

"Leave me alone, Edward," I sighed, not turning to look at him.

"You sure are a piece of work, Bella Swan. Come, on let's go home," he said.

"Rose is picking me up," I said.

"Bella, you're being fucking ridiculous. We are both going to the same place. I can drive you home."

Turning around, I noticed red lipstick on Edward's upper lip. "Don't you move fast?" I said, pointing to his lip.

"At least she doesn't plan ways to get me into bed," he smirked.

“Yeah, well you got your wish. I won’t ever try to get you into bed again. It definitely wasn’t worth it.” I looked him up and down adding the last bit to make him upset.

“I didn’t hear you complaining last night.”

“Well, you were the only male in the house last night, and I needed a quick fix if you know what I mean,” I said.

Spotting Rosalie’s red BMW, I started walking towards it. “Keep telling yourself that, Bella,” he said.

“Jeeze, what the fuck happened between last night and this morning?” Rosalie asked as she drove away.

I told her the long ass story, starting with waking up next to him until she came and picked us up. “He is so not worth it. We should go to the club again tonight. I’ll call Alice,” she smiled.

“That sounds like a great plan,” I mumbled and closed my eyes.

~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~

I could feel the familiar buzz of the alcohol pumping through my veins. Leave it to Rose and Alice to find a man to buy us drinks. I don’t think if he knew our real age that would have stopped him, either.

Feeling dizzy from dancing in between the hot sweaty bodies, I stumbled my way over to the booth we had reserved. Rose was still out there somewhere dancing with a meaty man— I swear he looked like a bear. Alice was walking back to our table with a couple of tequila shots.

Tonight, I planned on getting drunk. I had decided that if Edward wanted to be a jerk and ignore his feelings for me then I would ignore him too. For the remainder of the summer, I would act like he didn’t exist. I knew it was immature, but right now I couldn’t give a fuck.

“Ay, Wella.” Alice giggled like a school girl and stumbled over the step, almost dropping the drinks.

“Alice, I love you!” I yelled and wrapped my arms around her. We both giggled and each took a shot. The golden liquid burned my throat as it went down.

After that she dragged me back to the dance floor. I loved the high I was on. Hopefully Rose or Alice would let me sleep over, because my father would kill me if he saw how drunk I was.

Alice and I danced with each other for a couple of songs before she ditched me for a hot sexy southern blonde hunk of a man. I continued to dance by myself until I felt big hands wrap around my waist.

“Did anyone ever tell you how fucking sexy you are?” I froze instantly. I would know that velvety silk-like voice anywhere.

Turning around, I saw Edward standing behind me with a look of shock on his face. “Bella?”

I nodded and stared deeply into his eyes. “What the fuck are you doing here?” he asked and quickly retracted his hands from my hips.

“What do you think I’m doing, Edward?” I said, leaning in close to him. I could smell a hint of aftershave and beer.

“But... You’re...” he couldn’t form a sentence.

Annoyed with him for ruining my buzz, I turned on my heels and left. I should have known that he was going to follow me, but I was trying to be hopeful.

“Go away, Edward,” I sighed when I sat down at our table.

He sat down next to me so our thighs were touching. “I don’t think I will,” he laughed.

Rolling my eyes, I downed the rest of my martini. So much for forgetting Edward tonight. My friends had ditched me and now I was stuck with the last person I wanted to be with at this moment.

“I’m sorry for the way I treated you earlier,” Edward spoke loudly in my ear.

Looking at him, I could see in his eyes that he really was. The question was if I wanted to believe and move on.

“Thank you,” I replied and left the table. My body was heated by him and I needed to get away before I did something I would regret.

Finding Alice and her southern gentleman deep in the middle of the dance floor, I started dancing near them. Alice grabbed my hands and we started dancing and giggling like little schoolgirls. She was clearly drunk.

Feeling arms pull me back into a hard chest, I turned my head to see Edward with a goofy smile. His mood swings are giving me a fucking whiplash. First he doesn’t want me, then he does, then he doesn’t want me again, and now it seems like he does.

“You’re too fucking sexy for your own good,” he moaned and licked my ear.

He ground my ass into his growing arousal and his big hands ran up my sides. When he was this close to me, it was very hard to concentrate. “Edward, you,” I couldn’t think speak coherently.

Edward turned me around so we were both looking at one another. “I’m tired of trying to stay away from you, Bella. I’m sorry for all the mean things I said and for openly flirting with that waitress earlier, but I needed to push you away. If your father knew the thoughts going through my mind whenever you are around, I would be a dead man. But, I don’t care anymore. While you were gone this afternoon, I started to think about the things I needed and wanted in my life, and that’s you, Bella.” He smiled and tucked a piece of my hair behind my ear.

Jumping up in his arms, I caused him to stumble back a little bit. My lips attached themselves to his. He licked across my lips asking for permission to enter, which I gladly granted. His tongue explored my mouth.

I could hear a faint “Get it girl!” from Alice in the background.

His tongue swept across my upper teeth before massaging my tongue. Sucking on his bottom lip when he needed to catch his breath, I stared into his deep green orbs.

“Bella, if we don’t get out of here in the next couple of seconds, I might be fucking you on this dance floor,” he growled.

Giving Alice a quick hug goodbye, I pulled Edward with me out of the club. He called a taxi and we sat in the back making out and touching one another. The taxi driver was not pleased at all; he kept yelling at us to “knock it off.”

When we arrived home, Edward paid the cab driver a little extra to compensate for our behavior. We stumbled up the stairs to the door, mostly because our lips were still attached to one another. After Edward was able to unlock the door the fifth time, he hoisted me up in his strong arms and pressed me up against the closed door.

“Fuck me, Beautiful,” he growled, and ground his throbbing arousal against my pelvis.

I made quick work on his bottom lip, and then heard the sound of a throat clearing as the lights turned on. Edward and I both stiffened and turned to see who had interrupted us.

Standing there with his arms crossed at his chest and his lip curled in anger was my father. He was supposed to be at a charity gala with Esme tonight.

“Hi, Daddy,” I choked.

“Shit!” Edward cursed and dropped me.

“Shit is exactly right. What the fuck are you doing with my daughter?” my father growled and marched his way over to us.

“Um, Charlie, I can explain,” Edward said as I stood there, frozen.

“No, wait, let me guess. This is payback, huh? You couldn’t stand the fact that I was fucking your mother a few years ago, and now you thought you would get back at me by fucking my daughter. My daughter who is seventeen years your junior,” my father hissed.

“Charlie, it wasn’t like that,” Edward sighed and held his hand out.

“Then please by all means explain to me what the hell is going on between the two of you,” my father waved his hand between the two of us.

“I’ve always loved Bella like a sister, but the older she got the more attracted to her I became. I fought my attraction to her for as long as I could, but she is almost nineteen. She isn’t your little girl anymore, Charlie. She is a woman now. And if you look back, you aren’t in any way, shape or form allowed to talk. You were fucking my mother behind my back for months, and the only reason I ever found out was because my mother sent a text to me instead of you,” Edward explained.

“That’s different. Your mother wasn’t a fucking child,” my father argued.

They were acting like I was invisible even though I was standing in between them. This whole situation seemed to be about my father and Esme, and Edward was still upset about it.

“Bella is going to be nineteen in a month. She isn’t a child, Charlie. And the situation doesn’t seem different to me at all. But unlike you, I was planning on asking you tomorrow what you thought about me dating Bella. You can’t believe the guilt I felt after last night.”

“What happened?” my father hissed.

“I fucked him!” I blurted out and instantly cowered into Edward’s chest.

“You what?” my father roared.

“I...um... Well, you see what happened was,” I tried to explain, but I couldn’t formulate a sentence with my father steaming in front of me.

“Isabella Marie Swan, what the fuck did you do?” he repeated. I could tell from the extent of his anger he was very serious.

“I’ve had a crush on Edward for years, so the other night when you went out with Esme, Rose and Alice helped me plan to seduce Edward. If you think about it, you should be pleased, because it took a lot of begging and pleading before Edward caved in. He kept telling me about how it wasn’t right, and we should think about you, but I can’t say that I really cared about your feelings. You never did about mine,” I explained.

“Un-fucking-believable! So you did do this to get back at me. I have worked my ass off to provide for you, and to give you whatever the hell you want. I don’t understand why you thought it would be appropriate to fuck my best friend,” Charlie roared.

“Yeah, providing me things that I didn’t even want. You were always at your fucking office. Mom was always there for me, and you didn’t start really paying attention to me until she left. Instead of trying to comfort me, you ran into the next best thing, Esme, and you fucked her behind your best friend’s back for months. Instead of easing Esme into my life as your girlfriend you practically shoved her down my throat. She was your way of trying to distract me from what a workaholic you were. You didn’t even come to my high school graduation!” I screamed, tears running down my face.

“Bella,” my father said softly.

Edward ran his hand up and down my arm, trying to comfort me. “I know that you didn’t mean for anything to happen the way it did, just like Edward and I didn’t mean for this to happen, but it did. I’m in love with him, Daddy,” I cried.

It was the first time I had ever said that about a guy and I knew that I really was in love with him. Edward was always there for me— he was the one who came to my graduation, he was the one who helped move my shit to the dorms, and he was the one who never tried to buy my love.

“Bella, please you can’t be serious. You’re only eighteen,” he prattled.

“I’m very serious. I may be young, but I know what I want in my life, and I want Edward,” I said with as much conviction as possible.

My father stared at me in silence a few minutes before turning his attention to Edward. “Bella, I want you to go upstairs and go to bed. Edward, I think we need to talk, now,” he demanded.

“I’ll see you later,” Edward whispered in my ear. He gave me a quick peck on the cheek before he disappeared with my father.

Running up the stairs, I went into my bedroom and fell onto my bed, crying. I knew my father would never agree to Edward and me dating. The wretched sounds coming from my mouth echoed in my room.

Finally gaining some sanity, I got out of bed and quickly washed my face and changed into a pair of Edward’s boxers and big t-shirt that I had stolen from him. Before I fell asleep I heard a faint squeak from my door, there was a dip in my bed and strong arms wrapped themselves around my waist.

I knew it was Edward, but I was too exhausted from this long day to say anything to him before I fell asleep, but I knew that we would be okay.

~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~HWBM~

“Hey, Babe can you bring me my water?” Edward called from our bedroom.

“Yeah,” I replied.

Cutting the turkey sandwiches up, I placed them on paper plates and grabbed Edward’s water bottle.

Edward was in the in our little girl’s room, rocking our one year-old to sleep. When I entered, I saw that Amanda was asleep in his chest, her curly bronze ringlets matted against her face.

“Hey, thanks!” he smiled at me.

I carefully picked up Amanda and placed her in her crib without waking her up. Edward and I sat on the floor and watched her sleep while we ate our turkey subs. It was hard to take our eyes off of her; she was like a shiny new toy for a five year old. We didn’t want to miss anything.

After the night my father found out about Edward and me, Dad and I went out to lunch and had a long talk. He thought long and hard before he approved of Edward and I having a romantic relationship. Things were definitely awkward the first year, especially when Edward asked me to marry him. Esme, on the other hand, was thrilled that her little boy was finally settling down and she helped me and my mother plan the wedding.

During that first year, Esme and I had talked a lot and I became closer to her. I saw what my father had seen in her all those years ago. Esme was a kind, loving, and caring woman. She wanted the best for everyone. She was our biggest supporter.

A month after our wedding, Edward and I found out that we were going to have a baby. I was scared because I was still in school, but Edward believed in me and knew how important my education was to me. Finishing my junior year, I gave birth to our little girl.

When the fall semester started up it was hard to leave my little girl, but I knew she was in good hands with Esme. However, Edward and I knew this would be the hardest year yet. Not only was this my last year of school, but I was pregnant with twin boys. I swear Edward had super sperm.

“How you feeling today,” Edward asked, rubbing my protruding stomach.

“Like I could eat a whole football field,” I laughed.

“Well, you’re eating for three now,” he chuckled.

“I’m well aware of that,” I giggled.

“Have the boys tamed their kicking down?” Edward asked, taking another gigantic bite.

I swear my boys were going to be soccer players one day with their insistent kicking. “Yeah, right, they don’t ever stop,” I laughed.

Edward caressed my stomach and kissed my lips. “They will be just like their father.”

Interrupting our little bubble, there was a loud knock on the door. “Bella, Edward,” Esme called.

“We’re in Amanda’s room,” Edward said.

Minutes later, Esme entered with my father. They started laughing at Edward and me when they noticed that we couldn’t even eat alone without our little girl.

“You know she’s sleeping?” my father laughed.

“Yes, but we don’t want to miss anything.” I shot him a glare.

Esme playfully slapped my father’s chest. “Oh, Charlie, give them a break. It’s their first child. If I remember correctly, I never left Edward for the first year. Carlisle would get so annoyed with me, but you know how it can be.” She had a smile from the memory.

“Alright, well I came over to watch the game with Edward, so come on,” Charlie said, walking out of the room.

Edward rolled his eyes and laughed at my father before joining him. Esme sat next to me on the floor and handed me a delicious king size Snickers bar.

“How was the appointment?” she asked.

“It was great. The boys are both growing healthy and strong. One of them is a little bit smaller than the other, but the doctor said that was normal with twins,” I said.

“You will definitely have your hands full with them,” she laughed and took a bite of her Hershey bar.

“I will still definitely need your help,” I laughed, “Now that Rose is a newlywed and traveling around the world and Alice and Jasper are having their first child.”

“I’ll always be here to help. I love my grandbabies,” she said, gesturing to my stomach.

“They love you, too,” I smiled.

There was a faint cry from the crib and matching chocolate brown eyes stared into mine. “Ma,” Mandy smiled.

Esme helped me up. I walked over to the crib and picked up Amanda. “Did you have a good nap? I asked her.

She nodded her head. I set her on the changing table and put on a new clean diaper and pink shorts. When she saw her grandmother she reached for her. Esme took her out of my arms and made goofy faces with my giggling ray of sunshine.

We walked downstairs and Amanda sat on the carpet surrounded by her father, grandfather, and grandmother. I walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bowl. I filled it with salsa and tortilla chips for the boys.

My father came up behind me and helped me grab the vegetable tray from the fridge and the chips.

He stopped me before we walked out of the kitchen. "I want you to know that as hesitant as I was about this situation, I am happy for you, Bella," He smiled.

"Thanks, Dad. I'm pretty happy, too. Edward takes really good care of me and Amanda," I agreed.

"Yeah, he is a great friend and husband," he smiled adoringly.

"Pa!" Amanda said smiling at my father.

"What, baby girl?" my father asked, walking over to her.

I joined everyone in the family room, and Edward took the plate out of my hands. I sat right next to him while we watched Amanda enjoying all the attention she was getting, instead of the football game on the television.

"You know she is just like her mother," Edward whispered into my ear.

I chuckled at him. "She does indeed act like me. We will have our hands full between her and the boys," I laughed.

"Yes, we certainly will," Edward let out a long whistle.

He kissed my temple as we continued to watch our bubbly daughter jump up and down until she fell on her butt.

My life may not have been perfect five years ago, but it definitely was now. Who would have predicted at twenty-three I would be married, have a house, a one year-old, and twin boys on the way? I certainly didn't, but I wouldn't change anything. I was happy and content with my life, because Edward was finally mine, and he gave me the gift of bearing his children and sharing a happy home with him. What more could I ask for?