

### 37. INTERLUDE

With my index finger, I traced a line down Bella's breastbone to her belly button and then in a circle around it. With two fingers, I touched along her bikini line, a line I remembered well from our honeymoon. I dragged my fingers over her left hipbone, up her side to the bottom ridge of her breasts and stroked across the line where they attached to her torso. Her barely pink nipples tightened as she watched my fingers move to her other side, down her hipbone, along the outside of her thigh, across her knee and up the inside. I dragged a finger up and down along the inside crease where a bikini's elastic would grip her leg, back and across the mounds of her buttocks and up along the crease at the top of her other thigh.

She was lying on her back amid the hopelessly tousled linens of our bed. I was on my side next to her, my head propped in my hand. Bella raised her knees, inviting me to touch at her center. I could see her arousal. She was glistening wet, her juices flowing and running into the crack between her buttocks. When I didn't touch her where she wanted, she moved her heels farther apart and let her knees fall outward, displaying herself to me. She was incredibly enticing. In response to my hesitation, she reached down to touch herself, but I grabbed her wrists and held her arms to her sides, pinning them to the mattress as I placed myself between her legs with my mouth at her belly button. I licked it and Bella giggled.

"You're making me crazy," my wife whispered.

"Good," I whispered back, moving my lips up her body. I licked along the bottom seam of her breasts and up the outside swell of her right breast, over the top and across to the other side. I tongued around the outside of her left breast and then dragged my tongue to the peak of her nipple, licked and then blew air across it. It tightened further.

"Do you ever wish that you could have breastfed Renesmee?"

"Yeeessss...", she hissed softly.

"Do you remember when you started lactating?"

"Yeeessss..."

"When I sucked on your nipples, it made the milk run, didn't it?"

"Yeeessss..."

"What did that feel like?"

I saw Bella struggle to remember as I distracted her by pulling her left nipple into my mouth. She wrapped her legs around my back and tried to rub her sensitive bits against my front and then growled when she couldn't.

"It's hard to think."

"Try."

"Um...well, my breasts felt heavy and tender like before a menstrual period...and

tight and kind of pressurized.”

“Could you feel the milk coming in?”

“I don’t remember that part, but maybe it was because you weren’t really breastfeeding, just farting around, like you are now!” Bella exclaimed impatiently.

“Vampires don’t fart, darling. In fact that part of our bodies...,”—I released one of her wrists so I could poke my finger in that part to illustrate, which made her jump—“...is altogether useless. Vestigial, even.”

Bella groaned in frustration. “Don’t make me take you by force,” she threatened. I sucked hard on her right nipple and pulled as much of her breast into my mouth as I could, then released it.

“You will never get that chance, because I would never resist. How could I?”

Before she could do what I knew she was about to do—use her strength to roll me onto my back and pin me down—I slithered up her body until my mouth was on hers and my penis was relatively close to where she wanted it to be. She moaned then, and jimmied her hips in a way she thought might force me into her. Easier said than done. *Ha!*

Before she got wholly irritated and threw me onto my back, I slid my penis between her labia and stroked her from the outside. I quickly became as wet and slippery as she was, which made the gliding highly agreeable. Bella was so aroused that she pressed her head into the mattress, exposing her throat like an invitation. Even without the blood, it was a symbolically potent pose.

Every muscle in Bella’s body was taut as she strained against me trying to make me slide faster.

“Come, my darling,” I whispered in her ear. The sound of my quiet words affected her more than I expected. She moaned throatily as I glided against her.

“More, more...faster...like that...yes, yes...,” she breathed.

“Come with me...that’s it...let it go...,” I murmured softly.

“Mmmm, Edward...ah...ah...ah...”

Suddenly her thighs clamped together tightly—too tightly—and I heard my bones creak. I clenched my jaw to keep from crying out as pain shot through my pelvis.

But Bella was at her climax. I would not ruin it for her. I reached for her knee and pressed it gently outward as her muscles began to spasm hard in time with my stroking. She pressed her heels into the mattress and let her other knee fall outward. *Relief.*

“Oh, oh, oh...gawd!”

I slowed down, drawing out the moment for her. I felt a surge of joy throughout my body, despite the injury in my pelvis. It would heal quickly.

“I love you, my darling,” I whispered, kissing her neck. Bella had gone limp beneath me. With her knees still spread, it was easy for my penis to find her opening. I pressed gently. “May I?” I whispered in her ear.

“Yes, yes...”

I slid into her easily and could feel the remnants of her muscle spasms. It was a

popular belief that a woman could orgasm many times in succession, or even continually for long periods of time if touched appropriately. I didn't know if it was true, but it would be fun to find out.

As I moved inside of her, I could still feel a rhythmic pressure, a grasping and releasing that brought me quickly to the height of pleasure.

"You come," Bella whispered. "Come into me...give me everything...let go."

Her soft words had a highly erotic effect on me and my body responded immediately, doing as she bid. My mouth latched onto hers and I reached beneath her buttocks and lifted her up to meet my thrusts.

"Bellaaa...", I groaned as all the tension in my groin coalesced into a single point and I felt the explosion begin. "Ahhhh!!"

I was paralyzed by the intensity of the sensation and hung there, floating in the space above her. I felt her squeeze the last of the semen from my body into hers. Then I collapsed on top of her, unable to move, unable to speak. She rubbed my back and played with my hair. I had never been more content in my long existence.

Eventually, Bella rolled sideways so that we were facing each other. I opened my eyes and gazed into hers. She grabbed my hips to detach herself from me.

"Gently, darling."

"Did I hurt you?" Bella asked, alarm in her voice.

"It's all right. I mend quickly."

"What did I do? Tell me!"

"It's okay, I'm fine. It's just your powerful thighs at work," I said, chuckling. "I can feel the bones mending already."

"No! I didn't! Ohmigod!"

"Shhh, love. When you respond to me that way, my pleasure is greater than any possible pain you could cause."

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You were so good with me when I was human. You were so careful and never hurt me and now I hurt you all the time."

"You're forgetting our first time when I bruised your entire body. That was much worse."

"No, no, I didn't even know I was bruised until you told me. I was hurt much more by your reaction than by the bruises themselves."

"Ack! Don't remind me. It was not one of my better moments."

"No, your better moments were in the hours before that." Bella laughed. "You had some great moments then."

I laughed too. "Just lucky, I guess."

"You are so beautiful. I love every inch of your body. I always have. It was so hard not to attack you while we were going out. Or staying in," she corrected.

"Good thing I was stronger than you."

"I suppose, but I didn't think so at the time."

“No, you were a little vixen, trying to undermine my self-control.”

“I never desired touching a man before I met you and since then I’ve wanted to do little else.”

“You know, love, I always felt the same way about you... from the very beginning. From the moment I held your body against me when Tyler tried to run us over.”

“You sure didn’t show it. You seemed like you could resist me forever.”

“Probably not much longer, actually. Why do you think I was so anxious to marry you?”

“So Jacob wouldn’t steal me away from you,” Bella teased. “He would have slept with me in a minute if I’d asked.”

“That’s the other reason I wanted to marry you as soon as possible. He had no scruples.”

“You didn’t either when it came to competing with him, did you?”

“Well, I will admit this—as long as I had life in me, I was not going to let him steal you away.”

“I was always yours. That never changed.”

“Even though you loved him too?”

“Even though I loved him too. I could exist without Jacob. I could not exist without you.”

I thought about that for a moment and knew that the reverse was also true.

“I’ll never forgive myself for hurting you as I did.”

“You were trying to save me from myself.”

“It was unforgivable.”

“Not true. There was nothing to forgive.”

I took her face in my hands, looked into her eyes, and pressed my lips to hers. *What a generous soul!*

And just when I least expected it, Bella flipped me onto my back and landed on top of me. I knew she would not allow me up until she’d had me exactly as she wanted me...and I was right.