

The background of the entire image is a close-up photograph of a wooden surface. A woven placemat is partially visible, and a metal mesh trivet is positioned on the wood. The lighting is warm, creating a cozy atmosphere.

Cooking with Fire

In love with a Crooked Smile.

Created by FLAG

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

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Summary

You Found Me

This is my first Fan Fic, but I am an avid Twilight fanfic reader and an addicted Twihard!

Title: Cooking With Fire (**Revised and edited**)

Disclaimer: All credit goes to Stephanie the Great. I unfortunately do not profit in writing this story. I do however stake claim to Fireman Edward. Mmmmmm!

Warnings: PROFANITY, LEMONS, AH AND OOC!

Pairing: Book pairings

Rating: M for mature (Language and Lemons)

Summary: Bella Swan is the world famous Head Chef of *New Moon* restaurant in NYC. Edward Cullen is a seven-year veteran fireman for the FDNY. What happens when our two favorite lovebirds meet? Anything is possible! Story contains romance, humor, lust, sexual tension, sex, some Cullen family time and drama. Also includes an ever-lovable Emmett and a Bad Ass Bella and Rose. All likable characters are there and I hope you enjoy :)

A blog and playlist was created for this story and the link to the blog is on my profile. I post teasers, pictures and update info. The blog is rated 'M' for language and photos, so be warned. For the playlist, just scroll down to the bottom of the blog, select the song and enjoy. Thanks.

"You Found Me"

Bella POV

"OK Alice. I'll see you at around 5:30 and I already have the directions to the apartment."

"Oh Bella. I am so excited that you're moving in. I can't wait until you meet my brothers and Rose and Jasper. This is going to be so much fun. We can shop and have girl's nights and gossip and everything. Aaaahhhh I am so psyched!"

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squealed Alice. She spoke so fast that I only caught about a fifth of what the heck she was saying.

I couldn't help but laugh, "Alice...calm down. I'll see you soon. It's the lunch rush and I have to go. Did you want me to bring home dinner?"

"That would be great. There should be six of us, I hope that's not a problem?" she asked hesitantly.

"No Alice. It's fine. I'll make my Rigatoni and bring a bottle of wine. Sound good?"

"Bella that sounds great! You are amazing and I cannot wait to taste some of the fabulous food from the great Bella Swan, Head Chef of *New Moon of NYC*," she laughed. Luckily I'm on the phone and she couldn't see my face change to 3 different shades of red.

"OK Alice," I laughed, "I'll see you in a few."

"Bye Bella. See you soon. I can't wait. Things are certainly about to pick-up," she said...and then hung up the phone.

Things are certainly about to pick up? What in the hell does that mean?

"Earth to Bella! Hellllloooo?" sang Angela. Apparently I was out of it for longer than I thought. I smirked at that, shook my head and turned to answer Angela.

"Sorry Ang. I was just thinking about something Alice said. I just got off the phone with her and... man is she something else," I laughed.

"Are you all packed up and ready for the move?" asked Angela.

"Not really," I answered. "I'm not moving in until this weekend, but I'm going over there after work to see her and Rosalie and apparently her entourage of siblings."

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"Does she have any cute brothers?" she asked

"Angela!" I yelled, "Aren't you still seeing Ben? Do I have to call him and have him give you another time out?" I laughed

"Mmm, A professor Ben time out," she said as she pretended to wipe the drool from her face. I wanted to slap her, but instead I just hit her arm and called her a freak. She smiled. I laughed

"Come on, Angela," I whined, "We gotta get back to work and I need to get started on the Chicken Rigatoni for tonight's dinner," I added

"Your rigatoni huh? You must really want to make a good first impression with these people. You only bust out the Italian recipes for special occasions," Angela mused.

"Yeah. I want everyone to at least like me a little. I already feel like I'm intruding on their little group bubble. I just met Alice a few weeks ago, and we already have this strange connection; like we've known each other for years instead of just days. When she called me and told me that she needed another roommate to share her loft, I felt like I had to jump on the chance. I cannot pass up the chance to live in Manhattan, especially when the loft is so close to work. I just hope everyone else likes me the same way. I've never met that reclusive family of hers but I have met Rosalie and she's freaking amazing. I can so see myself getting into all kinds of trouble with that one," I laughed, "I just honestly don't want to seem out place and put everyone out," I added

I cannot believe I just admitted that! *That damn Angela!* She beams at you with those warming brown eyes of hers and I spill like Hugh Grant on Letterman. I hesitantly looked up at her and was surprised at the look I saw on her face. Shock? Anger? No, that wasn't it. Disbelief? Ahhh yes, that's what it was.

"Isabella Marie Swan. Are you crazy? You are an amazing girl and if those people don't instantly fall in love with you like I did, then they all need their goddamn heads examined! Now get your head out of your ass and go make your fabulous rigatoni and knock their freaking socks off," she demanded. To

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say that I was shocked and speechless would be an understatement. I've heard her yell and be demanding before, but it was always aimed at her cute but idiotic fiancé Ben; never me.

Note to self: NEVER PISS OFF ANGELA.

"Thanks Ang. You are the greatest person I know and I knew there was some reason I loved your ass," I stated as I hugged her. She laughed as she hugged me back and we made our way from the back room and into the main kitchen.

When we entered, I was told that there was a specialty of the house order for grilled salmon with alamaise sauce and mushrooms, topped with feta ravioli. And wouldn't you know, they requested that the head chef, that's me, prepare the order. What can you expect when word gets out that you worked under some of the best chefs in the world and graduated at the top of your class? Not to mention that I trained in France under the world renowned Master Chef Francois De Laponte'. Word travels fast I guess. Unfortunately, with this order, I won't have time to prepare the Chicken Rigatoni until after the lunch rush is over. Oh well. Duty calls.

My sous chef, Tyler, began the prep work by de-boning the salmon and adding the egg to the cream mixture for the sauce. I added the spices and began to hand roll the ravioli. The smells were amazing and reminded me of why I loved to cook. I had a passion for it every since I was little.

Back home in Washington...Forks to be exact, I did most, if not all the cooking, since I was able to reach the stovetop. You get pretty sick and tired of eating Froot Loops and Cheerios for dinner, not to mention the occasional burnt grilled cheese sandwich, so I honestly had no other choice. Starve or gag? Decisions, decisions...

My mother, bless her heart, tried her hardest to prepare hot meals for us, but after she almost burned the damn house down...three times, we all made a unanimous decision that she was no longer allowed in the same vicinity of the stove. My father Charlie never even attempted to cook. He was so worried about working and fishing that feeding his wife and child never seemed like a

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major priority to him. And that left yours truly.

My first attempt to prepare dinner came at the tender age of 12. I watched this show on the Food Network and this chef, Giada, was making what seemed to me to be a simple lasagna. I told my mother that I wanted to try and make it for dinner tonight and she took me to the market so that we could buy all the ingredients. When I went to the produce section and smelt the fresh parsley and ripe tomatoes, it felt like my senses were alive and trust me when I say, I LOVED that feeling. Once I was snapped out of my euphoric state, we picked all the items for the lasagna; brought them home and I prepared the meal. I waited with a bated breath as my parents took that first soul-crushing bite. I was nervous beyond belief, but it was a good kind of nervous; the kind of nervous that dreams are made of.

When I opened my eyes and saw my parent's expressions, I knew that I found my calling. They praised the meal and my father, *Mr. Proper*, actually licked the goddamn plate. Needless to say that stopped once my gentle and loving mother slapped him on the back of his head. *God I love my mother*. Drunk or not, she's still mine.

Well, once the lasagna went off without a hitch, I soon became the cook for my family. When I was sixteen and a junior at Forks High School, I informed my parents that I wanted to go to culinary school. My mother was slightly disappointed seeing as she thought I would follow her lead and become an English major like her at the University of Washington. Seeing as how I had over 350 books flooding the bookshelves in my room at the time, you can see where this confusion came from. But she understood when she saw the passion that I truly had for cooking. Charlie agreed because the school I would be attending was in Portland, Oregon and I could come home on the weekends. Needless to say I was beyond psyched to be leaving home...I mean to be attending school.

What the parents don't know won't hurt them.

When I graduated from the culinary school, with...ahem... top honors, I was offered to study abroad in France, Italy and all over the United States of

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America, and the rest as they say is history.

"Bella. The sauce mixture is almost ready. Did you want me to add the spice mix or are you still keeping it under lock and key like it's the Holy Grail?" Tyler asked as he smirked.

"It's not like that Tyler and you know it. Every great chef has a secret something or other to contribute to meals and deserts. These spice mixes just so happen to be some of mine. You'll figure that out soon enough," I answered with my own smirk.

Tyler looked at me for a few seconds trying to decipher how to answer. Apparently he figured flattery would work, "Well Bella, as long as I'm working under a great chef like you, I know I will learn everything I need to properly *spice* up my kitchen," he stated.

Was it just me or did he put a little too much emphasis on "spice". I shudder at the thought. Tyler is a great sous chef and all, and we have worked together for a few months, but the damn guy comes on to me every fucking day and refuses to take 'no' for an answer. It's times like these when I truly wish I had a man. Well there are other times too, but I'm sooo not going to go there right now.

"Well thanks Tyler. I'm pretty sure that you will make a great head chef one day," I answered honestly.

Once the dish was plated, the waiter whom I officially call Too-cute-for-words-but-gay Eric came in and retrieved the order. Once the order was picked up, I assisted Angela with cleaning up the station, much to everyone's amusement. Apparently, Head Chef's are not supposed to do such menial tasks. I scoffed and rolled my eyes. I may be the youngest Head Chef this restaurant has ever had, but I am no better a human being than anyone else in this goddamn restaurant. If I happen to make the mess, then I'm going to help clean it up. What is the big freaking deal?

After a while, Too-cute-for-words-but-gay Eric came in the back and advised me that the patrons that ordered the house specialty would like to offer their

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compliments to the chef. I blushed profusely. Now don't get me wrong, this happens often, but I can honestly say that I am humbled every time. No matter how many accolades I receive from my colleagues and instructors, there is truly something amazing about when I have a customer insist on taking time out of their day just to thank me for doing my job. Kinda makes me feel like I just won a "People's Choice Award" for *Person able to melt cheese and make it edible*, or something along those lines.

I advised Too-cute-for-words-but-gay Eric to inform the customer that I would be out there shortly. He exited through the main door and I went to the staff lounge to freshen up in the restroom...and thank god I did. Holy hell, I looked like a cracked out Betty Crocker! There was flour in my hair and lord only knows how the hell I got a salmon bone stuck on my eyebrow. I went to my locker and grabbed my brush, some moist towelettes and my lip-gloss. I removed the elastic from my hair and dabbed most of the flour out. I then ran a brush through my long, brown and tangled locks and decided to keep it out of the bun until I was back in the kitchen.

My hair is one of my favorite features about myself. It's just a plain and dull brown, but I still love it. It's thick and wavy and travels past my shoulder blades. I was even brave enough to get bangs recently and I can honestly say, they don't totally suck. The bangs sweep across my forehead and cascade down to my brows, emphasizing my so-called big, brown eyes. Angela once told me that my eyes tend to appear as if they are looking deep into her soul, like they're trying to find something deep inside of her. That initially scared the living shit out of me, but when someone else stated the same thing, I took it as a compliment and now my eyes are my second favorite feature about me. I know right? I like two things about myself? How vain can a person get?

I added my nude lip gloss to my already pink pout, did a quick check in the mirror and exited the staff lounge to the back of the kitchen. From the look on Tyler's face, I must look pretty damn good.

"Damn Bella! Don't make the man's wife slap the shit out him once he's caught ogling you in front of her," screamed Angela. I immediately blushed that annoying blush of mine and admonished Ang for using the word "shit" in the

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kitchen.

Too-cute-for-words-but-gay Eric came back and asked me if I was ready. I advised him that I was and grabbed the complimentary dessert for them when he told me where they were seated. I thanked him again and exited through the kitchen doors. I looked around the restaurant and noticed that we were pretty packed for a mid-Wednesday. I walked over to table 23; which was close to the hostess stand, and found a lovely older couple embraced in conversation. As I approached the table I cleared my throat to get their attention. The older gentleman smiled a huge smile at me and I smile back. He was incredibly handsome with Blonde hair, which was slightly graying on the sides. He had piercing blue-gray eyes, which smiled as he did.

Umm...wow!

The woman, whom I assumed was his wife, was just as beautiful, if not more so. She had caramel colored hair that cascaded past her shoulders and flawless skin. She had these beautiful light emerald green eyes that were perfectly symmetrical to her lovely heart shaped face. She was stunning and impeccably dressed in a navy pantsuit with a cream silk blouse. Once I was done ogling them I introduced myself.

"Good afternoon. I'm Bella and I was informed that you wanted to speak with me."

The gentleman answered first, "You're the Head Chef?" I nodded yes.

"But you're so young," he mused, "Sorry, I'm just a little amused by that, that's all. My name is Carlisle and this lovely woman is my wife, Esme." Esme smiled a genuinely warm smile at me and I couldn't help but smile back.

"It's very nice to meet the both of you. I was told that you enjoyed the meal."

"Dear, it was fabulous. We've read about your talents in the paper and saw your interviews but we've never imagined that the food would be this incredible," stated Esme, "And might I add that you are lovelier in person and the television

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cannot truly capture your beauty," she added. Of course being me, Sally Blush-a-lot, my ass blushed from my chest to my freaking hairline. Carlisle chuckled at my reaction and Esme gave him a glare that would put my mother's to shame. *I really like this woman.*

"Well thank you Esme. You are a true beauty as well and I don't think I've blushed that much in a very long time." After the giggling ceased I offered them the complimentary dessert and wished them a lovely afternoon. Esme stood up and gave me an unexpected but incredibly gentle and loving hug. Carlisle smiled at me and they both wished me a great day.

I turned to walk towards the kitchen and as I got a few feet away from the table my foot got caught on the leg of one of the chairs. I began to tumble face forward towards the mahogany colored hardwood floor and braced myself for the pain that I knew would hurt like hell. But to my shock and obvious pleasure, the pain never came. Instead, I felt two incredibly strong, hot and masculine arms wrap around my waist and pull me up and brace me against an amazingly firm and warm chest.

After I caught my breath and steadied my stance I slowly turned around and was struck breathless once again. In front of me, not more than one foot away from my face stood the most breathtakingly beautiful man that these brown eyes have ever seen. He had the most alluring, baby soft looking hair that looked like a combo between brown, red and blonde. Bronze maybe?

Throw in the fact that it looked like some chick, *lucky bitch*, just ran her hands through it after an amazing romp in the sack and it was more than alluring.

*I wish I could run my hands through it and then we could....*FOCUS BELLA!

He had lovely alabaster skin, almost the color of mine and his lips were full and turned up at the corners. Wait. Was he smirking at me? Hm? Anyway, his jaw line was strong and masculine with just a hint of stubble.

*Mmmmm...razor burn in all the right places. DAMNIT BELLA....*FOCUS!

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He had amazing cheekbones and a perfectly straight nose that I just wanted to nibble on. Once my eyes traveled up to meet his, I was awe struck. Staring back at me, with a look of amusement I might add, were eyes that were an amazing shade of green, more amazing than Esme's. The corners had flecks of gold and they appeared to be twinkling. His green orbs appeared to be searching for something as he stared back at me; and for the life of me, I wanted to know what the hell he was searching for.

It seemed as though time stood still and we were the only two people in the entire restaurant. His smile widened and in reaction mine did as well. We were brought out of trance-like state when someone cleared their throat. I swiftly turned my head and realized that I was still a little dizzy. The Greek God holding me must've noticed me sway a little because his oh-so-amazing arms wrapped tighter around me and I honest to goodness moaned. Loudly. *Embarrassingly loudly!*

I froze when I heard the smirking God chuckle and blushed so hotly that I felt like I was on fire. I began to pull away from his embrace and when I looked up at his face again, I was gifted with the most beautiful and might I add panty-dropping crooked smile that I have ever seen.

Oh my damn. Am I in love with that crooked smile or what?

We separated after a few more seconds and I finally noticed that we garnered some attention from the other restaurant patrons. I looked back at the kitchen and noticed Angela smiling and Tyler scowling and the Greek God with the green eyes, and bronze hair and tight, strong muscles; which were proudly on display in his dark blue FDNY T-shirt and...wait! Hold the freaking phone! FDNY? Oh. My. GOD! I think I just came a little. I can just imagine him now. All shirtless and sweaty and covered in soot and dirt, wearing only his red suspenders, yellow pants and helmet, all while having his axe slung nonchalantly over his shoulder. I envisioned him walking from a burning building just glistening and dripping with sex.

OH GOD! Someone slap the shit out of me. Please?

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I was thrown out of my revelry by someone clearing his or her throat...again. I turned to my left and saw an incredibly handsome & incredibly buff man wearing the same shirt as my Greek God. He had short, dark, curly hair and when he smiled at me, revealed two of the most endearing dimples I have ever seen. I smiled back at him when he came over and introduced himself.

"Hey Trippy, name's Emmett. What's yours?" I laughed and his nickname for me. Trust me, I've heard worse being as accident-prone as I am.

"Bella. Nice to meet you Emmett." It didn't go unnoticed the Greek God still had not said anything but also still had a hand on my waist. His hand was sending electric sparks through my skin even though I was wearing a smock. *Ugh! I hated this damn thing. At least I brushed my hair before I came out here.*

"The mute with his arm still around you is my brother, Edward. We're both firemen over at Station 12. Lucky we save lives for a living or that cute little nose of yours would've been flattened. How exactly did you trip on a flat surface again?" he laughed

"Shut up, Emmett" snarled the God known as Edward. So he does speak and damn, what a voice. It was like velvet and honey and cream and sex.

WOW. I am so gone!

"Sorry about my idiotic brother. Sometimes he can't tell his mouth from his ass and the shit just flows out," Edward stated.

"Hey!" boomed Emmett, causing more patrons to stare.

"No problem. I'm used to being around people who suffer from diarrhea of the mouth. Emmett's harmless," I stated.

"See Eddie. She thinks I'm harmless," and showing his true maturity, he stuck his tongue out at Edward. I couldn't help but laugh a little.

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Edward smiled at me. I damn near melted, "Please don't encourage him or I'll never get him to shut the hell up," he laughed. He then turned to Emmett, "Emmett. My name is not Eddie. It's Edward. Remember? Do you want me to start sharing your nicknames with Bella?" My oh my. Hearing my name come from his mouth was like nothing else I've experienced.

Emmett looked back and forth between Edward and I. Suddenly and with much force; he shook his head "no". Oh now I have *got* to find out his nicknames now. Unfortunately I did not get a chance because seconds later, their pagers went off and the looks on their faces showed that it was urgent.

"Eddie, I mean *Edward* man, we gotta go. It's a 117. Bella, it was extremely pleasant meeting you and maybe we'll stop in for lunch or dinner one of these days. Just make sure you don't fall flat on that pretty face of yours by then," he smirked.

"You know Emmett, keep that up and you'll be eating scraps from the garbage can and seated by the bathroom. I don't care if you probably can toss me across the restaurant with your pinky. I can tell when someone loves food and you sir *love* your food." I teased

"Nice! I see we got ourselves a spit fire here, huh Edward?"

"Indeed we do," Edward stated as he smiled at me.

Keep panties on! Keep panties on! Keep panties on!

"Bella, it really was an immense pleasure meeting you, but unfortunately I must go. Duty calls and all," Edward stated regrettably. At least it appeared that way from the look in his eyes. "Maybe I'll take Emmett up on his offer and we'll stop by for lunch or dinner sometime soon, if that's ok with you," he added. What? Is he nuts? Who in their right minds would say no to him? Not this woman! "Sure," I stated. "Sounds like a great idea. Until then Emmett, Edward," I added and began to walk back towards the kitchen.

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As I walked I felt like someone was watching me. I slowly turned and noticed that Edward was still watching me as he huggedEsme? Interesting. I gave a small smile and in turn received that panty dropping smirk from Edward and a warm one from Esme. *Weird*

When I returned to the kitchen, I was barely there for 3 seconds before Angela attacked me and practically yanked my arm off. When we got to the lounge, she flung me around on the couch and said one word....

"Spill"

"Spill what?" I asked innocently

"Swan...?"

Beauty

Disclaimer: Stephanie Meyer owns "Twilight", but I do get to play with Edward anyway I want and damnit that seems better if you ask me. I'm just saying....

Author's Note: Thank you, thank you, thank you. You all have been so kind and really know how to make a girls heart swell. My first attempt at writing.... anything, and you like me, you really like me (sorry. I just had to do it.) Your reviews made it easy for me to continue and to have so many of you place my little old story as a fave and story alert really touches me...and not in a dirty way so get your mind out of the gutter. I'm really wary writing in EPOV and he's OOC in this story, so please feel free to let me know what you guys think.

Song on Blogger playlist.

"Beauty"

Edward POV:

"Ok mom. Emmett and I will be there around two to pick up you and dad from the restaurant," I stated to Esme on the phone.

"Thanks dear. Since we're going over to Alice's around five o'clock anyway, your father and I left the car and figured we'd ride over with you guys and see a few of the sites while we're at it. I hope that's ok?" she asked tentatively. I love my mother. Doesn't she know that I would do almost anything for her? And she's questioning a ride...go figure.

"Mom, I told you it's no problem, so you don't have to question it anymore, ok. Emmett and I love you and dad and have no problem with picking you up."

"She's still worried about that?" asked Emmett

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I placed my hand over the receiver to answer him, "Yeah, she thinks we'll be upset or something. Sometimes I just don't understand her."

"Edward? I heard that!" said Esme. Oops! "I'm only questioning it because your father and I don't want to inconvenience you two in any way, shape or form. Got it mister?" scolded my mother.

"Yes mom. Sorry," I sheepishly answered as Emmett laughed in the corner.

"And tell Emmett I can hear him and I'll give him something to laugh at if he keeps it up." I relayed the message to Emmett. Needless to say, he shut up.

"Mom? Can I ask you a question?" I asked

"All day, every day. You know that love," responded Esme lovingly. I smiled at this, as I always do.

"Why do you a Carlisle insist on eating at *New Moon* all the time? It's miles from your house, it's always crowded and the prices are freaking ridiculous."

"Edward. Your father and I choose to eat here because it is what we want. The restaurant has a certain ambiance to it and the food is absolutely fabulous. They recently hired a new Head Chef who was trained in France and from what your father and I can tell; she has definitely improved the menu and the flow of the place in her short time here. I was actually thinking of ordering the house specialty, which she personally prepares, just so that I can't meet her and thank her," answered Esme.

I guess that's a good a reason as any. I was about to say something else when my cell beeped with an incoming call. *Alice*. I informed Esme that Alice was on the other line and let her know that we would be there by two. She told me to send Ali her love and hung up. I clicked the line over to Alice, "What do you want Pixie?"

"Is that anyway to speak to your sister? I swear if we didn't have the same parents, I would think that yours didn't teach you any goddamn manners," she

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yelled. After I laughed for a few, I figured it was time to appease the little pain in the ass and apologize. She may be small, but the little shit is mighty strong. Freakishly sometimes even. "Sorry Alice. I was talking to mom when you called and don't know where my head was," I said in my sugary sweet voice; which unfortunately did not work on Alice.

"Don't be using that saccharine of a shitty voice on me Edward Cullen. I know you and I know you didn't mean it. Probably figured you'd say something to appease me huh? Am I right? I am aren't I? You know Edward sometimes I swear-"

"Alice...Alice, I'm sorry. Jeez Louise would you relax? It was a joke," I said as I interrupted her rant. Thankfully she accepted my apology.

"So what do I owe the pleasure of speaking to my wonderful sibling on this fine afternoon?" I asked

"Oh shove it Edward," she laughed, "I was calling to make sure you were coming this evening to meet my new roommate. She won't be here til around 5:30 or 6:00, but everyone else needs to be here by 5pm. Got it?" she added. I laughed at Alice again and informed her that we would all be there, on time. After she threatened physical violence and bodily harm, I let her know that we just may be a few minutes early. She laughed at this and we ended the call.

"She still stressing over this new roommate biz, huh?" asked Emmett.

"Yeah. I guess she wants us to make a good impression or whatever on this *Isabella*. Doesn't she know who we are? We are the Cullens damnit. Wherever we go, we make a damn impression," I stated with a serious face.

Emmett decided that this must've been the funniest shit he's ever heard and decided to collapse on the floor in a fit of laughter. Seeing his reaction, I quickly followed.

"Man Eddie. I thought you were serious there for a minute."

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"Emmett. For the umpteenth time, my name is EDWARD! Do I need to tattoo it on your forehead backwards so that every time your vain ass looks in the mirror, it's a freaking refresher? Or how about on your right hand so you'll see it every time you do your little man-to-hand action?"

"Damn man. Who shoved a pitchfork up your ass? Dude, you seriously need to get laid and soon. I'm just saying."

I just looked at Emmett. Did he honestly think that sex would solve my problems? I had to laugh at myself for asking this. This was Emmett we were talking about. The man's life revolves around food, sex and video games. I don't know how in the hell Rose puts up with him. Seriously.

"Sorry Em. Just got a lot a crap going on man. You understand right?"

"Don't worry about it man. I understand. Did you know that Rose wants to have a baby soon? I can't even keep a fucking Fichus alive and she wants to use my boys to bring another me into this world? Scary shit man. Scary," Emmett answered, with a shudder I might add.

This news shocked me a little and from the look on Emmett's face, a baby is really not what he is looking forward to at the moment. And anyway, Rose never seemed like the motherly type to me. A lot of the times she just seems so superficial and ball-busting that I couldn't picture her as a mother; which was one of the reasons we didn't click on our blind date a few years back. Fortunately I introduced her to Emmett. They clicked and it's been...bliss? No that's not it. Hm? Well it's been something ever since.

"Did you man up and voice your concerns or are you letting her make this decision? I personally have no problems with children and cannot wait until I find the right woman to bear my children, but you're not me and if you're not ready, you need to tell her Em."

"Don't you think I know this Edward? I've been trying to find the right way to tell her this. I mean dude, we aren't even engaged yet and she still lives with Alice. That shit personally makes no sense to me. I was going to propose to her

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last week for her birthday, but that's when she sprung this whole baby thing on me. I don't know what to do Edward."

I was actually speechless. I have never seen my massive bear of a brother look so vulnerable before. I went to sit next to him, placed my hand on his shoulder and just sat there until the Emmett we all knew and loved came back to the surface. After a little while, he smiled a slither of his patented Emmett Cullen smile and hit me on the back as a matter of thanks. Just to make the smile a little larger I added, "Well you know, the best thing about having a baby, is the making the baby part. Knowing Rose, she'd want it all day, every day and in every position imaginable." To no one's surprise, it worked. Emmett's smile grew ten times its size in less than a second. Gotta love my massive, predictable bear of a brother.

His predictability did not come into play when he knocked me on my ass and told me that he decided that he wanted to become a Fire Fighter like me. A few years back I informed the family that I was dropping out of John's Hopkins medical school to become a fire fighter for the FDNY. My father was pissed to say the least. He wanted me to be the next *great Dr. Cullen*. Once I told him to reason for my sudden decision, the 9/11 attacks, he finally decided to back me in my decision and has been one of my biggest supporters, besides Emmett that is.

One day during our monthly family lunch on Sunday, I was telling the family about my training. That day particularly, we had to carry 145 lb dummies out of a 10 story burning building in full gear. It was one of my favorite parts about this job at the time. My adrenaline was just rushing through me as I relayed the story and Emmett must have felt my excitement, because to everyone's surprise and Rose's chagrin, Emmett just up and decided to become a fire fighter. He said that his job as a contractor didn't give him half of the purpose and excitement that mine gave me and he needed a change. The next day, he gave his notice and signed up for the firemen training in Brooklyn, NY. Rose still wasn't behind it...that is until he came home in his full fire fighter's gear. Let's just say Alice had to sleep at mine and Jasper's place because as she puts it "Emmett's hose is putting out Rose's fire.... again."

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And little Ms. Alice was not happy, but what can you expect? It is Alice after all. Apparently there is something about a man in a fireman's uniform and now Rose had something that she didn't. I personally don't see the attraction.

I did however have to steam clean my damn uniform once. One day, I came home and found Jasper in my helmet shaking his ass in Alice's face while she was shoving dollar bills in the front of his boxer briefs, which were revealed as he was taking off my pants and suspenders. Since that day, I have never brought my uniform home again. Alice was a little heated *what else is new* and stated that it was unfair the Rose gets to screw a fireman and she didn't. I told her that she had two options. One; to go to the costume shop and buy Jasper his own uniform or two, cheat on Jasper with a fireman. Let's just say she chose option one and kicked me in the shins for even suggesting the second one.

What could she expect? I told her to stay the hell out of my crap. Even when we don't live in the same house I have to put up with my little pain in the ass of a pixie twin. I did make it a little worse for myself by agreeing to share an apartment with Emmett and Jasper; which just so happened to be right down the hall from hers. I guess I'm sort of a masochist in that way.

Apparently I was daydreaming a little longer than I thought because I was abruptly smacked upside the head with one of Emmett's Maxim magazines. Hard. Ass. He got up to run and slide down the pole when I tripped him up and he almost fell down the damn thing headfirst. Once he didn't die and turned to glare at me, I was done for. I laughed my ass off which in turn gave him access to pound on me because I almost cost him all of his "baby making sex" with Rose. I guess we were making so much noise that Capt. Morgan had to come up and yell at us to knock it the hell off or we were working the next 6 weekends straight.

Hehe, Capt. Morgan? I wonder how many times he gets teased for that?

Shortly after our admonishment, Emmett and I left the station to pick up our parents at *New Moon*. Luckily the station was close so we didn't have to subject ourselves to the hell that is New York City traffic. Why the hell do people even attempt to drive in this god-forsaken city is beyond me.

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The restaurant was located on the corner of a very busy and popular intersection in Manhattan. No wonder it was always so busy. I came here once with *her* once , and it took us a good hour to get a seat because *someone* forgot to make the reservations. *Whatever.*

Anyway, it still looks just as busy as it did that night and this was the lunch rush. When we made our way to the hostess table I was about to ask the frizzy haired blonde for the Cullen table when I noticed my mother hugging and very striking brunette. From the side, I could see that she had full, pouty lips and long thick lashes. She was short too, maybe 5'4" at the most. She had on black slacks and what appears to be a chef's smock. Chef's smock? Didn't mom say she was going to order the specialty of the house and thank the chef? That's not her is it?

The un-named beauty had lovely chestnut brown hair cascading down her shoulders. It flowed in waves and with the light above her; you can actually see flecks of red that frames the side of her face.

It looks so damn soft. If only I could run my fingers through it. I wonder what it would be like to grab it and...

"Hey Edward? Who's mom hugging? She's cute," stated Emmett.

"I don't know Em, I don't know. Hey what are you asking for? Don't you have Rose? I'm pretty certain she wouldn't appreciate you ogling some chick in a restaurant," I stated matter of factly.

"Seriously Edward? Do you not know how this works? According to Rose, I can window shop all I want, just as long as I make all of my purchases at her boutique. And by the looks of it, that cute little brunette over there looks like she has a rather interesting display," stated Emmett. When he saw the incredulous look on my face he added, "Dude, I'm just relaying the message. You know I don't understand the whole chicks and fashion and shopping mumbo jumbo,"

Okayyy...

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I was about to answer him, but I noticed the Brunette beauty starting to walk away from my parents' table. I was about to stop her when her foot appeared to have gotten caught on something on the floor and she started to tumble towards the hardwood floor. For some odd reason, I was behind her with my arms wrapped around her tiny waist in mere seconds. As I caught her and held her steady against my chest, I could not help but notice how perfect her small but curvy frame felt up against me. It felt like we were made from the same mold, was somehow separated and suddenly found our missing halves. She felt in a word...perfect. Like she was home.

What the hell am I saying? Home? I don't even know this woman and I'm standing here like a moron thinking about finding missing pieces to molds and being home and shit.

I was brought out of my self admonishment when I noticed that she suddenly stiffened and was turning to face me, and **FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT'S HOLY! THIS FREAKING WOMAN IS GORGEOUS AS ALL HELL! Ok Edward calm down and breathe. It's just a girl. You've seen them before.** But never one with eyes so deep and mesmerizingly beautiful that you actually stare into them for forever. Speaking of staring, it appears that I'm not the only one enjoying the view. I had to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling but a little smirk escaped and it appears she noticed because her brow furrowed just a little. Ok, now I know I'm paying too much attention.

As we were standing in the middle of the restaurant blatantly staring at each other, I honestly could not hear or see anyone else around us. But I could definitely feel. I felt "The Beauty". Her body was so close to mine that my heart started to race and my breath hitched in my throat. I had to close my eyes for a quick second to regain some composure after her scent wafted up to my nose and I smelt her.

Man did this chick smell good? Is it wrong for me to want to eat her? Some would question how or where I would want to eat her and that would just start a whole different subject. Not that I would mind one bit.

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I was brought out of my lust filled daze when I felt the ends of her silky, long hair gently graze the outside of my hands which were for some reason, still wrapped around her. I didn't mind, but I wonder if she does. I looked down at her again and saw her still gazing up at me. I stared right back into those beautiful chocolate brown orbs of hers for what seemed like forever. I was just so amazed that I just smiled down at her and to my surprise and with much appreciation, she gave me the most breathtakingly beautiful smile that these two greens eyes have ever seen. My damn heart actually stopped. *Damn! How in the hell did she do that?*

We were standing this way for what felt like hours but was probably just minutes, maybe even one. I was about to say something when old brother bear over there cleared his throat to get our attention. I turned my head to look at him and he had a huge shit-eating grin on his face, showing his dimples and his pearly whites. I felt "The Beauty" sway a little so I tightened my grip on her and that's when I heard it. The moan. The loud, blood-stirring, mind-dumbing, pants-tightening moan. *Thank GOD I'm wearing denim!* Where in the hell did that come from? I know where, but why? Was it because I grabbed her tighter? I turned to look at Emmett and he was holding back a laugh and seeing him laugh I had to hide my chuckle from her. I know she felt it.

As I peered down at her, I noticed that the tips of her cheeks were a beautiful rose color. Awww...she's blushing. And I made her do it. *Damn right people, Edward Cullen is the man and I made this hot and sexy woman blush.* I had to smirk at this. There was no way a man would attempt to hide his pride that they made this love goddess blush and damnit I was ten freaking shades of proud. I wonder if her boyfriend makes her blush? Oh god! Does she have a boyfriend? Or even worse...a husband? Nah. You think? God I hope not.

After what felt like forever...and I loved every minute of it, she started to back away and turned towards the kitchen. I looked in that direction and saw a short brunette smiling at her and some short, scraggly guy glaring at me. What the hell? Was he her man? Surely she could do better than that piece of... *Edward! Stop it!* In any matters, I could take him.

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When I glanced back down at her, I noticed her looking at my shirt when another beautiful blush appeared on her lovely face. *God I could watch her do that all damn day. I wonder if she blushes in other places. What I wouldn't do to find out.* I guess the whole Fire Fighters fantasy thing is true the way I'm being eye fucked. I don't know whether to be turned on or appalled. I think I'll go with turned on.

Even after all this time, I noticed that I still had one of my arms around her. She's not complaining and I won't either. Feels pretty damn good actually. It's like I can feel some kind of electric current shooting up my arm and sending chills through my body, stopping in all the right places. I was about to introduce myself when my now annoying brother cleared his throat to get "The Beauty's" attention. She gazed at him and then he smiled at her; dimples and all.

Why that no good, two-timing, bed-wetting til he was 10, over-bearing, momma's boy. Ooh I'm telling Rosie! If we weren't in a crowded restaurant I would.....

"Hey Trippy, name's Emmett. What's yours?" he asked "The Beauty". I thought that she would be insulted but his choice of endearment, but to my surprise, she laughed.

"Bella. Nice to meet you Emmett," she stated. *Bella* That makes sense. Makes all the freaking sense in the world. No woman could be this beautiful and not be named after true beauty. I mean after all "Bella" does mean "Beauty" in Italian. See? I had it right all along.

Want a pat on the back too Eddie? Jeez!

"The mute with his arm still around you is my brother, Edward. We're both firemen over at Station 12. Lucky we save lives for a living or that cute little nose of yours would've been flattened. How exactly did you trip on a flat surface again?" he laughed. For some odd reason, I did not completely like the fact that he was teasing her.

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"Shut up Emmett," I practically snarled. I gazed at Bella once I said this and from the look on her face, my change in mood did not offend her. In fact, it appears to have had the total opposite effect.

Getting harder by the minute...and I'm not talking about this conversation either.

"Sorry about my idiotic brother. Sometimes he can't tell his mouth from his ass and the shit just flows out," I said

"Hey!" boomed the overgrown pain in the ass; which unfortunately caused more of the patrons to stare.

"No problem. I'm used to being around people who suffer from diarrhea of the mouth. Emmett's harmless," she said

"See Eddie. She thinks I'm harmless," advised Emmett, and wouldn't you know? The moron actually stuck his tongue out at me; which caused Bella to laugh a little.

I smiled at her again and felt her go slack in my arms. It took all I had to bite down the cocky grin that was trying to escape. Instead, I just changed the subject, "Please don't encourage him or I'll never get him to shut the hell up," I laughed. I then turned to Emmett to give him *another* damn warning about that Eddie bullshit. Why in the hell can he not learn? "Emmett, my name is not Eddie. It's Edward, remember? Do you want me to start sharing your nicknames with Bella?" I knew this would shut him the hell up and it worked because he shook his head 'no' instantly. The nicknames this man has would be detrimental to ones mental health if they were to become public knowledge. I guess that's what happens when you're the campus man-whore.

I was brought out of my revelry when our pagers went off. There was a 117 on 12th and Broadway and station 16 needed back up. Unfortunately for me that meant I had to end my time with "The Beauty" known as Bella.

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"Eddie, I mean *Edward*, we gotta go. It's a 117," he informed me as if I didn't already know. Does he not see the exact same pager that he has attached to my hip? He then turned to Bella, "Bella, it was extremely pleasant meeting you and maybe we'll stop in for lunch or dinner one of these days. Just make sure you don't fall flat on that pretty face of yours by then," he smirked.

Emmett, man, I swear, if you are flirting with her I will castrate you with an Ice Cream Scooper.

"You know Emmett, keep that up and you'll be eating scraps from the garbage can and seated by the bathroom. I don't care if you probably can toss me across the restaurant with your pinky. I can tell when someone loves food and you sir *love* your food," she teased. Girls got skills. I'm impressed.

"Nice! I see we got ourselves a spit fire here, huh Edward?"

"Indeed we do." I stated as I smiled at her. Her returning gaze was one I had not expected. Her eyes appeared to have darkened right before mine.

FUCK! Now if I could just nonchalantly adjust myself a little to the right, then all would be ok.

Unfortunately for me, we needed to get going. But for the life of me, I did *not* want to remove from this spot.

You're a fireman. You're a fireman. You're a fireman. There, that should do it.

I looked back into her eyes one more time and...nope, didn't work. I still want to keep my ass in this very spot. Oh well, "Bella, it really was an immense pleasure meeting you, but unfortunately I must go. Duty calls and all. Maybe I'll take Emmett up on his offer and we'll stop by for lunch or dinner sometime soon, if that's ok with you," I asked. Please say yes! Please say yes!

Damn Eddie. Desperate much?

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"Sure," she stated, much to my pleasure, "Sounds like a great idea. Until then Emmett, Edward." Aw Holy Hell! Did I love the way my name sounded coming off of her lips or what?

She began to walk back towards the kitchen and I couldn't move. I was just dumbstruck and it was like I absolutely had to watch her walk away or my life would end. What I hadn't noticed throughout my entire interaction with "The Beauty" named Bella was that my parents were watching the whole time. My mother came and stood by my side and hugged me. In my ear she asked, "she's something, isn't she," to which all I could do was nod my head.

Bella must've felt my eyes on her because she slowly turned around and once I saw that beautiful face of hers, I gave my smile that my mother calls "crooked". She then gave a tentative one and then looked a little shocked when she saw Esme's arms around me. Hm? She must not know that she's my mother.

How could she you moron? You never told her.

When I broke my gaze from Bella, I noticed that Esme was giving her a smile usually reserved for her children. That is definitely interesting. When Bella was once fully in the kitchen, Emmett came up behind me, slapped me on the back and stated that we needed to go. My parents walked with us back to the station so that they could pick up my car and we would meet them later at Alice's to meet her new roommate. When we got to the station, everyone was removing their gear and advised Emmett and I that it was a false alarm. That was good news because we could now spend the afternoon with our parents as planned.

We decided to head out to Central park and got inside my Volvo. Once inside the car, it was eerily quiet and I felt 3 pairs of eyes burning holes in my skin. I turned my head to see what the hell they were staring at and immediately regretted the decision.

Dumb ass.

"What" I asked to no one in particular.

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"It looked as though you and Bella were rather comfortable together, even though you were in the middle of a crowded restaurant. I called your name like four times and you just completely ignored your own father," Carlisle stated teasingly

"I have no idea what you are talking about," I attempted to reply innocently. "Wait. How do you know Bella anyway? And why haven't I met her prior to this?"

My mother gave me that all-knowing smile before she responded, "Edward. She is the Head Chef I was telling you about on the phone earlier this afternoon and she truly is a very lovely girl."

"What? She's the Head Chef? She couldn't possibly be any older than what, 25?"

"That's what I said. When she came to the table to receive our compliments, I thought they sent out the sous chef or something. But no, she the head chef," added Carlisle.

"She even gave us a complimentary Molten Lava cake for our graciousness, but I'm too full to eat it," said Esme.

"I'll eat it," boomed Emmett. He then yanked the container from my mother's hand and practically scarfed the thing down in one bite.

"Emmett Cullen? Where are your damn manners?" asked Esme as she slapped Emmett in the back of the head. Of course, me being Edward, I laughed my ass off and heard Carlisle snickering in the back.

"Ow mom! Damnit it's not funny!" whined Emmett; which only made all of us in the car, including Esme, explode with laughter.

After Emmett's mouth was empty and he stopped choking, my father asked him to comment on the dessert. Emmett's reply was unfortunately for me, typical Emmett Cullen.

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"That shi- I mean stuff was delicious as hell. Bella made that huh? Man, funny, feisty, cute and she can cook too. Damnit if I wasn't with Rose, I would so...

"SHUT IT EMMETT!" I yelled. To my chagrin, they all noticed my apparent possessiveness towards to Brunette Beauty that I hardly knew. This was going to be a long day. I bet they can't wait to spill to Alice and Rose. Ugh! Why did I open my big mouth?

"My, my, my. Aren't we a little protective? Is there anything you want to tell us Edward?" teased Esme.

Man I swear, if she wasn't my mother, I would so shove her out of this car right now!

I absolutely refuse to answer their questions right now. I'm going to get ribbed when I get to Alice's anyway so I mind as well wait until then. The silence in the car was deafening so I turned on the radio to kill the dead air...and froze when a certain song came on the radio. It was like fate or kismet or whatever the hell you want to call it. The song was just beginning and I laughed at the irony.

"Hey isn't that 'Beauty' by Dru Hill? Man, I love this song. Why are you laughing?" asked Emmett

I was so caught up in the moment that I couldn't even get mad at him for calling me Eddie. This shit was just too much. As the song played out in the car, I sat back and listened, singing to myself, as Mr. R&B in the backseat serenaded the Carlisle and Esme. Tonight is going to be a long night.

**Sorry I didn't notice you there
but then again you didn't notice me
so we'll remain passers by
until the next time we speak
I hope that I can make you mine
before another man steals your heart
and once your beauty is mine**

I swear we'll never be apart

**Walks by me everyday
her and love are the same
the woman has stolen my heart
and beauty is her name
I'm hoping I can make you mine
before another man steals your heart
and once this beauty is mine
I swear we will never be apart**

**I didn't take much time to think about
but I didn't want to move to fast
cause I knew that when I saw you again
that I wouldn't want to let you pass
cause my eyes have seen the glory
in the coming of your smile
so what's if you ever come around again
please stay for a while**

**walks by me everyday
(ooh baby baby)
Her and love are the same
(her and love are the same)
the woman has stolen my heart
and beauty is her name
I'm hoping I can make you mine
for another man steals your heart
and once this beauty is mine
(in my arms)
I swear we will never be apart
(in my arms)**

**You are so beautiful
when I'm down and out
(when I'm down)**

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I never seem to get
(I never seem to get)
tired
(tired of your love oh, tired of your love)
cause you are wonderful
your wonderful and I'm just dying
to make you see
anything you want
(anything)
inside your heart you can find right here inside of me

Walks by me everyday
her and love are the same
the woman has stolen my heart
and beauty is her name
I'm hoping I can make you mine
before another man steals your heart
and once this beauty is mine
I swear we will never be apart

Momma Said Knock You Out

Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight .I do however have the right to dress Edward up as a sexy ass Fire Fighter and play with him as I please.

Author's Note: Muchas Gracias to all of you wonderful who added my little baby of a story to their Story Alerts and Fave lists. I am humbled. I also just wanted to say thanks to all of you who have reviewed and seem to like my Edward.

FYI: This chapter is dedicated to anallbr for being my very first review in my own little Fan Fic world. Hope is does you justice. Links to cars on profile under **Chapter 3 Links**.

Now let's see what happens when they meet at Alice's apartment, shall we?

Song on Blogger playlist.

"Momma Said Knock You Out!"

Bella POV:

"Ok, ok. What do you want to know?" I asked

"What do you mean 'what do I wanna know'? I want to hear it all damnit. Every detail. How did he smell? What color were his eyes? Did I actually see a FDNY t-shirt on him? Who was that guy he was with? Why was he hugging that lady? And -"

"Ang? Chill out! I can only answer one question at a time and I still need to prepare dinner for tonight. Now I will answer your questions but I will not go into detail yet because I don't have time," I advised her. I couldn't help but notice that she looked a little bummed at this so to make my friend smile, I offered up a suggestion," What if I call Alice and see if you could come with me? That way, you could hear all the juicy gossip and I won't have to repeat

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myself. Besides, I could use the moral support when I meet everyone and that way you could get to know Alice and Rose and meet her brothers as well. What do you say?" I asked.

"I'll go but only if Alice says it's okay. I don't want to be a pest and crash her damn party." I shoved Ang in her arm and pulled out my cell phone to call Alice. The phone rang twice before she picked up, "Hey Alice? It's Bella. Got a sec?"

"Of course Bells. What do you need?"

"I invited my friend Angela to this little meet and greet we got going on and wondered if that was ok? I don't want to put anyone out, but I think you would really love Angela as much as I do if you two met. What do you think? Can she come?"

"Isabella Marie Swan, have you been lighting up on your shift? This is your place too. Invite whomever the hell you want. As long as they keep their asses off of my Louis Vuitton chair, I'm all good," she stated.

"Really Alice? Lighting up? Weren't you the one who said that you can't remember your entire sophomore year of college because you were quote unquote "baked like a twice baked potato in the Arizona dessert on the 4th of July?" She laughed her ass off at this one then apologized for the comment. I told her it was all good and when I went to hang up the phone, she caught me before I could.

"Hey Bells. I forgot to mention. My parents are in town and hanging out with my brothers, so they'll be coming as well. I hope that's ok? I don't know how much you want to cook since you've been doing it all afternoon. Is it ok? If not we could totally order take out from Hop Shing's on 28th. They have the best damn Egg Rolls."

"It's no problem Alice. I can just make extra. No friends of mine are eating some damn re-heated Egg Rolls, especially when they have me there. Just don't get used to it dammit!" I laughed, "Also, I have a story to tell you when we get

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there. I met this guy...no GOD today and Oh My God Alice, he was like sex on legs."

She squealed at this and asked me to continue. When I told her she had to wait until I got there she began to whine like a baby. When I told her she had two options, me cooking now and bragging later or me bragging now and us eating Corn Pops for dinner. She quickly chose option number one and let me end the call, but not before she informed me that I was spilling as soon as I got there. I then turned to Angela and let her know that she could come. She was happy, but would not relent on her questions regarding the God named Edward, so I gave her a little just to tie her over, "Ok Ang. I tell you something only to get you the hell off my back. I now have to make a dish for 9 people; which is an odd number, which you know I hate. I think I'll make enough for 16. Someone there will want seconds, I'm pretty sure of it," I rambled, "Anyway, you can ask three questions so choose wisely and ask quickly," I told her

She thought for a few seconds and asked her questions, "I'll just ask the basics since I'll get the dirt later. Name? Is he married? Is he gay?" I blushed at the last one.

"You're full of shit Ang. You do know that don't you?" she nodded her head 'yes'. Well like I always say, the first step to healing is admitting you have a problem.

"Edward, GOD I hope not, and not with the way his body was reacting when he was holding me. There. Does that answer your questions?" I answered

"Not when you give me an answer like the last one. That just added like 50 more questions to my damn list. Come on Bella, how did his body react to you? I mean Jesus, did you see him? Tell me something," she pleaded. I just stared at her with a smirk on my face and shook my head 'no'.

"Sorry Ang. You'll have to wait until we sit with Alice and Rose tonight," I answered her...smugly I might add.

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"Alright Swan. Fine! But if you shit out on me, so help you God, you're removable shower head will wind up missing and you'll be back to Ms. Happy Hand!" As she walked past me, she grumbled something about me being a "lucky klutz" and "possibly fucking one of NYC's finest".

Whatever.

We entered back into the kitchen and I went to the double-door stainless steel Kenmore refrigerator to retrieve the ingredients for tonight's dinner. Am I honestly cooking for her parents too? *Way to put pressure on a girl Alice. She's sooo gonna pay for this.*

Luckily I work for the best people in this cutthroat business. They let me use whatever I need as long as I note everything down that I used. Another perk of being Head Chef I guess. My kitchen is so damn small at my apartment that I have to stick my arm out of the window just to open a damn can of soda. Sadly, I speak the truth. Thank goodness that Alice's. I mean *our* apartment, has a kitchen that rivals the one that I'm working in now. It has an attached walk-in pantry and a nook with a big bay window. I was speechless when she emailed me some pictures of the apartment. I fell in love with the kitchen immediately. She stated it was mine since she never uses it and gave me free range and I did not turn her down.

It literally was the kitchen of my dreams. It was designed in a Tuscan style with Terra Cotta colored paint on the walls, Italian tiled marble backsplash and Terrazzo marble floors. The counters were a light granite color with flecks of gold, cream and terra cotta embedded in the stone. There was a double sink, a center island with the 6-burner stovetop with attached steamer and grill station. There were three, count them, three ovens, (one confectioner's and two basic) and a double-door fridge with bottom drawer freezer. There's also a wine rack, wine fridge, dishwasher, microwave and plate warmer. All appliances were stainless steel and were so shiny you could use the ovens as a full-length mirror. I based my decision to move in with Alice and Rose solely on the kitchen alone. The location to my work and my huge ass walk-in-closet also helped in my decision...just a little.

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I was abruptly interrupted out of my thoughts when I felt a hand grab and squeeze my ass. I jolted up a little and removed my head from the fridge and found Tyler standing there, less than 3 feet from me, with a smug ass grin on his face. My blood boiled and I saw RED! I decided it was my duty to knock that fucking grin off of his zit-riddled face. Without saying a word, I slowly turned back to the fridge and looked for something to use. That's when my eyes landed on the item of choice; a small jar of Hollandaise...that Tyler prepared. I palmed it inconspicuously in my hand, tucked my thumb underneath the lip of the lid, swiftly swung my arm around and connected with his nose, knocking the formerly smug motherfucker to the floor. My hand hurt like a bitch but it was so fucking worth it.

It felt so damn good to flatten his ass. I felt powerful in the hopes that maybe the prick will think twice before doing that shit again. His screams attracted the rest of the crew and Jane, the saucier, went to grab a few towels to clean the dickhead's spilled blood off the freshly polished marble floors. Tyler continued to scream out in agony and it only pissed me off even more. I was about to kick him and tell him to shut the fuck up, when Angela basically tackled me to the refrigerator. I glared up at her and she gave me an apologetic stare.

I glanced back at Tyler and saw his eyes already beginning to blacken, and that put a huge smile on my face. He glanced over at me and that was my cut off point. With Angela still attached to me, I leaned over to Tyler, only inches away from his face and told him to expect a call from my lawyer and to get his pitiful ass the fuck out of my restaurant.

Felix the front house manager came in and asked what the problem was. Angela informed him what happened and Felix yanked the piss stain off the floor and shoved him through the delivery doors in the back by the staff lounge. Once Felix came back, he made sure that everyone else was ok and went back to the front to handle the remaining customers. Once the doors to the kitchen closed, I sank to the floor and heaved a deep breath, shaking my head in disgust and awe. I couldn't believe this shit happened to me again.

Angela scooted down next to me but didn't say anything. After a few minutes I looked over at my friend and gave her a small smile; which she returned by

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attacking me with a huge hug and began to cry. I told her that I was ok and that everything was fine, but what I not expecting to hear was that Tyler had harassed her too and she was thankful that someone did something to stop him. I told her that she was filing a sexual harassment case against his ass the same time I was and that I was not taking 'no' for an answer. She easily agreed.

Angela then asked me if we should call Alice and postpone the get-together for tonight. I actually forgot all about it in the small amount of time. How in the hell did I end up where I was at this very moment? My morning started off normal; three-mile jog, shower and my only vice, a hot Venti Caramel Macchiato with extra whip. My afternoon was the best damn one ever; it was when I met the nicest couple next to my own parents. It was also when I met Edward. And now here I sit, on a cold ass floor, with my left ass cheek numb due to my sitting position. I have a swollen thumb from me busting some douche in the face with a jar of homemade Hollandaise sauce and I have Angela crying on my shoulder admitting the she was assaulted by Tyler.

Where the hell is an AMF when you need one?

"No, I think it'll be good if we still go. If I go home alone, I'll just dwell, mope, and either eat a whole pint of 'Haagen Daaz' Coffee Toffee or down a fifth of whatever is in the cupboard and I just can't handle that right now," I stated.

"Ok. Maybe Alice will have some booze and we could still get shit faced in the comfort on your soon to be loft."

"That sounds good to me," I stated, "Now let's get up off this floor. My ass is killing me," I laughed We did just that, but as I leaned over to push myself up off the floor, a sharp pain shot through my hand. Damn asshole sprained my fucking thumb! I got up and ran to the get the first aid kit, where I luckily found a brand new, self-adhesive ace bandage and a packet of Ibuprofen. I popped the two pills into my mouth, wrapped my hand in the bandage and decided that I could not stay in that kitchen any longer; I needed to get the hell out of there. I called Aro and let him know what happened. He was livid and stated that Angela and I could use the restaurant's lawyer. He then stated that it would be no problem if I go home early and asked me to call him if my hand

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was still bothering me. I thanked him told him that I would let Angela know about the lawyer.

"What are you going to do about dinner?" asked Angela

"I do have a kitchen Ang," I stated. Angela stared off for a few seconds tapping her finger on her chin as if she was in deep thought. She clapped her hands suddenly and scared the crap out of me.

"BELLA! What if you call Alice, let her know what happened and ask her if you can cook tonight's dinner in her, I mean your, kitchen? You said that you couldn't wait to cook in your fabulous kitchen and making a dinner for 16 people in your litter-box sized one will not go over well," she stated excitedly.

I never thought of that and she had a point too. I told her so and once again, pulled out my cell phone to call Alice. She once again picked-up on the second ring, "Bella. I'm beginning to think you're getting a little clingy," she giggled. I politely told her to shove it and told her what happened and asked if I could come a little earlier and make dinner there.

"Oh my goodness Bella. Are you ok? Do you need me to shoot him? My gun's licensed under my mother's name for reasons I will not mention, but we could say we did it in self-defense after we shoot him in his -"

"Alice, we don't need all that. I just want to come home, cook a decent meal and meet your wonderful family," I stated.

"Are you sure you want to do this tonight? We could postpone?"

"No Ali. Tonight's fine. Angela and I need to get our minds off of this and cooking in my fabulous kitchen would definitely do it for me. Plus I can share my story about my Greek God," I stated.

"Ok," she laughed. "If you say so. You know, my brother called me a few minutes ago. Apparently he met some beautiful girl today. He wasn't going to say anything, but I can always tell when he's keeping something from me. It's

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the whole twin thing you know? Anyway, he tried to whisper his little nickname that he has for her, but my older brother overheard him and laughed so damn loud, he hurt my damn ears through the phone," she laughed.

"What's the nickname?"

"He calls her 'The Beauty'. Isn't that sweet? And you'll never believe this. He said that when he got in his car, the very first song he heard over the radio was 'Beauty' by Dru Hill and that he sat there through the entire song and didn't drive until the song was over. Isn't that the sweetest shit you've ever heard?"

"Wow Alice. Your brother's got it bad. Have you heard the lyrics to that song?" I laughed, "I can see it now, he's gonna come in that apartment tonight beaming and shit. Be sure to introduce us so that I can rib him a little ok," I asked.

"Sure Bells. Way to make a good first impression," she giggled.

"It isn't like I have to impress him romantically or anything. Dude's already sprung and it's cool cause I can just be Bella and enjoy your family."

"Fine, fine. So what time do you wanna come over?"

"Well, it's already 3:30 and I'm out of here any minute. I still have to get the stuff for dinner and change my clothes. How about 4:30?"

"4:30 is perfect!" she squealed...and clapped, "That's the time Jasper gets home and you can meet him before you meet everyone else. Rose should be here too so you'll have extra hands to help you if you need them."

"Thanks Alice. That sounds amazing," I was about to hang up when I realized I didn't know if I should dress casual or not; so I asked her. She stated that her brothers were coming straight from work in their uniforms and her parents were in semi-casual wear and said that I should just wear jeans.

Thank GOD! Bring on the denim!

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We ended the call and I began gather the remaining items for the meal and grab my purse from my locker. I shoved my smock in my bag because it's now in desperate need of a cleaning. I can honestly say my day today truly involved blood, sweat and tears. When Angela came in I gave her the directions to the loft and told her to come over when she was ready. She thanked me again and gave me another hug and said that she would finish things up here. I kissed her forehead and told her that I would see her in a few.

3:43pm. I needed to get downtown to shower and change and be back to Alice's in about 45 minutes and traffic looked like it was a bitch going in that direction. Since I left my car home anyway to avoid such situations, I hoofed my ass to the subway platform, hopped on the 8 and made it home in about eighteen minutes. If it wasn't for the piss smell, the leering drunks, the flashers and the guys *accidentally* brushing up against you, the subway wouldn't totally suck.

When I got to the apartment, I showered and changed into my fave dark denim, low-rise jeans and paired it with my black and gold 'King's of Leon' tank and black snake skinned sling backs.

I also packed my fuzzy, pink bunny slippers after I slapped myself for cooking in heels.

I threw my hair up into a high ponytail with my bangs swept to the side. I added my gold hoops, threw on some mascara and lip gloss, grabbed my bags and headed down to my baby, my 2009 Audi R8. Man, I feel like a super-bitch when I drive my car and trust me when I tell you, that's a good thing. I bought it as an early birthday present once I got my signing bonus after I got hired at *New Moon*. My dad loves the damn thing, *can't blame him*, but my mother on the other hand wanted me to buy something... *sensible*. I literally shuddered when she said I could get a Kia for \$10k. No offense to Kia owners, but when you had to drive a jalopy of a truck that was as old as your grandparents, a Kia just wasn't going to cut it. The Audi was the first car I test-drove since retiring the beast and I hadn't looked back since.

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I backed out of my spot and headed back uptown to the loft. I pulled into the extra spot and noticed Alice's black Porsche Cayenne Turbo and Rose's Silver BMW M3. And who says chicks do know shit about cars? I got out my car; made sure I had all my bags and made my way over to the elevator from the parking garage. I pressed the #22 button for the loft apts on the very top floor and rode the painstakingly slow elevator all the way until I heard the "ding".

You could get into a lot of trouble with an elevator that slow and a trip this long.

I walked to the door at the very end of the hall and noticed a banner decorated in pink, silver and gold, with glitter and what appeared to be crystals, hanging on the door. Well if I thought I had the wrong door before, there was no doubt now, now is there? I raised my hand to knock on the door when suddenly it flew open, Alice screamed "BELLA!" and then tackled me in a tight squeeze of a hug. *I can never get over how freakishly strong she is.* She pulled me into the loft but stopped when she saw me wince a little from the pain in my hand.

"Oh Bells, I am so sorry. I completely forgot. You know you don't have to cook right? I so wish you let me shoot that assholes dick off."

I laughed at this and told her that for the last time I insisted on cooking and she's killing my ego since she keeps trying to get out of eating my food.

"You still didn't answer the whole shoot off Tyler's dick question," she replied. Seriously I might add. I just shook my head and walked away towards the kitchen. *My kitchen.* Oh man was I home. It was even better than the pictures. I set the bags down on the counters and ran my hands across the granite and stainless steel surfaces. I opened the cabinets and too my shock, they were all fully stocked. Brand new pots, pans, silverware, flatware, wine glasses...everything. I turned to see Alice staring at me and she just said "house-warming/ welcome home present." I ran to her, picked her up and spun her around as she squealed in delight. I must've said 'thank you' like 50 times on those 15 seconds.

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When I finally set her down on the floor and glanced around the house, I noticed that the walls were bare of pictures or any family mementos and there appeared to be primer on some of the walls. Alice told me that she was redecorating and the place would be ready by time I moved in. I told her not to sweat it and she scoffed at me, before pulling my arm and taking me on a tour of the apartment.

After we toured the 4500 square foot loft (and damn it took a while), I made my way back to the kitchen when I heard a knock on the door. Alice ran to open it and squealed. Must be Jasper. A few seconds later, Alice turned the corner and had a few people behind her. I noticed Rosalie first and she instantly ran up and gave me a hug and said she was psyched I was moving in finally and was starving. She asked if I needed any help and I told her the more hands I have the faster we could eat. To my surprise Rose ran into the kitchen and started taking thing out of the bags and placing them on the counter. I laughed at her and she flipped me off. Ahh Rosalie, the trouble we shall have together.

Shortly after, I noticed Angela scoot by. She gave me a hug and went to join Rose in the kitchen. As I watched Rose and Ang interact, I heard someone clear their throat. I turned to see Alice beaming up at a very handsome and tall blonde. He had beautiful blue eyes and a dimple in his chin. *Must be Jasper.* Alice introduced us and curiously when Alice mentioned my name, he flinched and then smirked a little. Was it recognition? I've never met him. Hm? I was about to ask him what the smirk was all about when Ang called from behind me and said everything was prepped and ready. I giggled at her and told her that she was off the clock and could relax.

As I was slicing and dicing, Rose opened one of the bottles of wine that I brought. When she noticed my hand while passing me a glass, she asked me what happened. All eyes were on me. And so it begins.

"My former co-worker, Tyler, grabbed my ass while I was leaning in the fridge looking for the food for tonight's dinner. I got so pissed off that I grabbed a jar, balled my fist around it, punched him in his face and broke his nose. Unfortunately I sprained my thumb and first finger in the damn process." Once

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I finished no one spoke. They just stared at me. Even Angela and she was there! The silence was irking me to no end. "What? I'm barely 5'4" and don't fight very often. I needed power behind my punch. Would've worked too if I'd tucked my damn thumb in correctly," I added

"Damn Break-a-face! Remind me not to piss you off. You'll fit in good with 'Pop-A-Cap' and 'Ball Buster' over here," laughed Jasper.

We laughed as Alice punched him. Ha. Serves you right you southern ass.

"So what happened afterwards?" asked Rose

"There was blood everywhere and dude's eyes were both black and swollen shut. His nose looked like it was moved to the other side of his face," Angela answered.

"Yeah. And luckily Angela tackled me cause I didn't know what I would've done next. Afterwards, I told him to get the fuck out of my restaurant and Felix threw his ass out in the alley. I plan on suing his ass on Monday," I added.

Rose just stared at me with a look of awe on her face. She then walked over to me, gave me a warm smile and a huge hug and said that she wouldn't possibly want another roommate besides me. I smiled and thanked her.

"Hey!" screamed Alice, "What about me? I offered to shoot the pricks dick off. What the fuck am I, chopped liver?"

Jasper winced, grabbed his crotch and hobbled over to the stereo, saying that he was going to turn on some music. A few moments later, he came back and had a mischievous looking grin on his face, "Hey 'Break-a-face'? I found a song on my IPOD that fits you perfectly," he said with a sly grin.

I cocked an eyebrow at him as in 'what the hell were you talking about', when I heard the booming intro of the song. We all fell into a fit of laughter and I punched Jasper in the arm when LL Cool J's "Mamma Said Knock You Out" played throughout the loft. To make things worse, instead of saying 'Mamma',

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Jasper would say 'Bella'. I wanted to slap him upside his head with his big ass belt buckle.

"Hardy Har Har Texas. Don't think I didn't notice that massive ass belt buckle you got there. I can download 'Rhinestone Cowboy' in no time flat," I stated as Alice giggled.

"And just what are your eyes doing eyeing my crotch Ms. Perv? I feel so violated," He teased with a shudder

"You're kidding me right? Wearing a buckle that huge by your junk is like me wearing a t-shirt with blinking lights and sparklers across my tits that reads 'Look At Me Damnit!' Seriously Alice? I just don't know what you see in him," I teased. Alice raised her hands as if saying 'I'm out of it' and walked away.

"Some girlfriend you are. Not even gonna defend my virtue, huh?"

"Baby. Your virtue was gone long before you even met me so you can just give that shit up right now," she giggled.

"Women. Where in the hell is my back up? Shouldn't they be here by now?" asked Jasper to no one in particular.

I glanced down at my watch and saw that it was 5:47 and they would be here any minute. I got up off the stool and made my way into the kitchen to remove the food from the oven. Damn that smells good. *Pats self on back*. I then prepared the salad and asked Rose and Jasper to set the table while I made the Margaritas.

"Bella, you already have the place and broke a perv's nose today. You don't need to keep trying to butter me up," said Rose.

I am so going to become her best friend. Oops Alice. Ok...one of her besties.

"Gee thanks Rose. It feels so great to be appreciated."

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Once Jasper let me know that the table was set, I went and put the salad and side dishes on the table. The main course was still in the warming oven until the rest of the party arrived. The music was still playing throughout the loft when "Sex on Fire" by Kings of Leon came on. I began to shimmy and gyrate around the kitchen while I made the two pitchers of Margaritas, but stopped when I suddenly felt eyes on me. I slowly turned around and found Rose, Alice and Jasper looking at me. Well Rose was looking, Alice's jaw was slightly slack and Jasper was smiling at me with dancing eyes. I got Alice's attention with me eyes and motioned to Jasper. She caught his glare and proceeded to punch him in the gut. Hard. Way to go Pixie! Who knew Jasper could scream like a bitch? After he went to flop on the couch and whine about his boo boos, Alice came back over towards me.

"You little slut! We are so getting your nasty ass on the dance floor and soon. I didn't know you could move like that," mused Rose,

"Oh Bells we have to go clubbing!" said Alice.

"Well my birthday is next Saturday. How about then?" I asked

They looked at each other, grabbed hands and began to jump up and down. Angela came from the study and asked what all the noise was about.

"Apparently we're going out for my birthday next Saturday," I told her. She was excited too and stated she needed to buy a new dress.

FUCK! Noooo! 3...2...1!

"Aaaahhhh! SHOPPING DAY. TOMORROW. NO EXCEPTIONS. YOU MISS AND YOUR ASS IS MINE!" yelled the annoying loud yet strangely powerful pain of a sprite

Ok! It's official. I'm deaf. Or at least I should be.

"For Christ's sake Alice, you do that shit again and I swear I'll put a Xanex cocktail in your margarita," I said. She kissed my cheek and apologized but

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still continued to jabber on a mile a minute about accessories and what not.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang. Alice went to answer the door and squealed...again! Doesn't she do anything else besides burst people's eardrums? I figured it must be the rest of the family, so I picked up the lime margarita pitcher and was about to place it on the counter, when I heard a lovely voice that I could have sworn that I heard before, "Alice dear. You look lovely. It smells amazing in here. Did you cater?" asked the unknown female.

"Nonsense. My new roommate is an amazing chef and insisted on cooking dinner for us tonight. She's in the kitchen now," advised Alice.

"Wow, it does smell amazing in here. Alice? Why is there primer on the walls?" asked a familiar but gentle male voice. *Where have I heard that voice before?*

"I'm redecorating dad! Duh!"

"I'm starving. Move pixie I need grub and my Rosie. Baby, come to daddy!" *Now that voice I KNOW I've heard before!*

"You're such a pig Emmett," replied Rose.

Holy shit! Emmett? But if that's Emmett and Alice has another brother, than that must mean that...

"Move so that I can get to my pixie of a sister," said a voice that I could never forget even if I wanted to.

I couldn't breathe and my feet felt like granite slabs that were bolted to the tile floor. It can't be. Can it? Impossible. Right?

Shut up and see for yourself idiot!

Right. See for myself. Got it. With that plan set in motion I willed my legs to move and as soon as I rounded the wall separating me from everyone's view...

Cooking with Fire

SMASH!

Edward's POV:

We made our way over to Alice's and it was almost six o'clock. We would've been here earlier if my parent's didn't disappear on us for about 30 minutes. When Em and I finally found them, they looked a little disheveled and Esme had a little glow about her that looked like she... *AWE FUCK THAT'S GROSS! My parents just had sex. In public no less! At their age! Brain bleach... brain bleach?*

When I pulled into my parking spot, I noticed a new car parked next to Rose's BMW. It was a bad ass Audi R8 and it looked to be pretty new too. Me thinks it's time to trade in the old Volvo. These ladies are no joke when it comes to their rides and that car is sexy as hell. Being the car buff that he is, Emmett noticed as well, "Damn that's a sweet ride. I wonder whose it is? I would love to meet the person that drives that baby."

"I think we're about to Em. It's parked in Alice's extra spot. I think it her new roommates'."

"No shit? Sweet. Let's get up there and meet this chick."

"Em. You do realize that Rose is up there too right? You cannot flirt with her roommate."

"Duh, Edward. I'm not a complete idiot. Anyway, you're just mad because I almost stole that sweet little chef from you. What did you call her? 'The Beauty'?" he laughed

"Emmett I warned you not to bring her up again. I have to get my bearings straight with that one before I see her again. That woman made me feel things I've never felt before."

"Eddie my man. It's called an E-rec-tion. You see, when big boys meet pretty girls their dingies get hard and -"

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"Emmett!" I yelled.

"Sorry man. Just fucking with you. You really like her huh? If not let me know,." he said as he wiggled his eyebrows up and down. I punched him in his arm.

"Ow fuckward!"

"Emmett Cullen! Watch you damn mouth," screamed Esme from behind us as she and Carlisle lazily strolled arm-in-arm.

"Yes mom. See what the fu- hell you did Edward? You suck so much sometimes dude," he said. "So? Do you like her or what?" he asked

"Yes, Em. I do. And as crazy as it sounds, maybe I'll go back there tomorrow and see if she's working and ask her out. Worse she could do is say no."

"Eddie, from the sex vibes I felt flowing between you two, she will not be saying no," he laughed

We made it to the elevator and pressed #22 for our floor. I always said that someone could get into a lot of trouble with an elevator this slow and a trip this long. We finally made our way to our floor and noticed the banner that, without a doubt Alice made, that said "Welcome Isabella".

We rang the doorbell and heard laughter and music on the other side. I heard my twin sister's squeal before I even saw her. She opened up the door and delicious aromas from inside the place wafted out into the hallway and made my mouth water. Damn that smells good. Did she cater? Luckily Esme asked the same question.

"Nonsense. My new roommate is an amazing chef and insisted on cooking dinner for us tonight. She's in the kitchen now," she answered

Sweet ride and she can cook. Not bad.

Cooking with Fire

"Wow. It does smell amazing in here. Alice? Why is there primer on the walls?" asked Carlisle.

Good question. And where in the hell are all the pictures and plaques?

"I'm redecorating dad! Duh!"

Ok. I guess that answers it.

"I'm starving. Move pixie I need grub and my Rosie. Baby, come to daddy!" Boomed Emmett.

"You're such a pig Emmett," replied Rose.

Understatement of the millennium..

I was the last one to enter and was actually tired of standing in the damn hallway. Besides, I missed my sis and needed a beer. "Move so that I can get to my pixie of a sister." She scooted over to me and I picked her up and gave her a big hug and kissed her forehead. I placed her down and saw Jasper sitting on the couch next to a girl that I could've sworn was at the restaurant today when I was with...

SMASH!

We all spun around towards the kitchen and there she was. I was rendered speechless. My family on the other hand, was not...

"Holy-," replied Carlisle

"My, my, my," replied Esme

"What's wrong?" asked Rosalie

"You have got to be shitting me," said the un-named brunette who looked at me as she said this. Huh?

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"Oh fuck yes! Business definitely just picked the fuck up," laughed Emmett as he clapped his hands together.

Wait for it. 3...2...1... SMACK!

"Ow! Damn it! Sorry mom," yelled Emmett

"What the hell is wrong with all of you and why are you all gawking at Bella like that?" asked Alice. She then turned to Bella and saw her facial expression as well, "What the hell is wrong with you Bells? You look like you saw a ghost or something."

"Alice, Rose, Ang. Conference. Alice's room. Now!" demanded the Beautif...I mean Bella.

I still haven't said anything since I saw her. Just seeing her standing there looking more beautiful than I could have ever imagined was a shock to my damn system. She looked amazing in her low-slung jeans and "Kings of Leon" tank.

The 'King's' huh? She's also got good taste in music? Add that to the ever-growing list.

Her lips were full and pouty and her clothing showed off her amazing figure, which until now my eyes have not had the pleasure of appreciating. *Shoot me now!* There *has* to be another word in the English language to describe her because 'sexy' is not even fucking good enough to be 'Bella Swan Caliber.' Her hair looked more lustrous than I remembered and she just looked so damn...

"Ahem." I was interrupted from my daydreaming by another damn throat clearing. I'm beginning to sense a pattern here. I looked up and saw Jasper, Emmett, Carlisle and Esme and they all had similar smirks on their faces, *Great! Now I'm really going to get ribbed for this shit.* Well, I already admitted to Emmett that I liked her so there's no turning back now. Ah fuck it! Bring it on family!

Clumsy

Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight. That honor belongs to the great Stephanie Meyer (damn meadow dream!).

Author's Note: I just wanted to say thanks again to all of you who have added my little story to your 'Story' alerts and Favorite lists. I am truly humbled. On with the story and what the hell was said in Alice's room. Please enjoy...

Song on Blogger playlist.

" Clumsy"

Edward's POV:

"What?" I asked no one in particular.

"I would ask if you were shocked to see her, but the facial expression that has been plastered on your face since you walked in here and the fact that you, Edward Cullen, were speechless already answers that question," said Jasper.

"He was the same way in the restaurant. You should've seen him. I had to introduce him because dude went mute on her," advised Emmett as my parents generously nodded their heads.

I looked over at Esme and her eyes looked glassy as if they were holding in tears. What the hell is with everyone in this damn family? It's not like I've never dated or been in a relationship before. I swear it would have been better if I were raised by a coven of vampires or some shit like that.

Granted, I haven't dated much in the past few years, but that was because I haven't met anyone that I was even remotely interested in. Not until today that is...

Cooking with Fire

"Yo, Edward? At least now you don't have to stalk her at the restaurant like you said you would," said Emmett.

"I never said I was going to stalk her you moron. I said I was going to go back to *New Moon* and see if she wanted to go out. I guess now I don't have to," I said, "But from her reaction here just now, I have I feeling I was reading the earlier signals wrong. She practically ran out here," I added.

"Says the man who didn't say anything to her. What impression do you think she got from you?"

"What?"

"Don't *what* me. Edward you know I want to see you happy, but honey, that's not going to happen if you don't man the hell up. I mean seriously Edward? The restaurant was one thing and kinda hot actually, but here, in her future home, what do you do? You turn into a damn invalid with your eyes bulging out of their sockets and mouth dragging across the damn floor. Edward, I like this girl and so help me if you mess this up, Emmett will be my favorite son," scolded Esme.

"Yeah Eddie! I'll be her favorite and then...wait? I'm not already your favorite? But I'm the oldest! Oh that's just fuc- I mean that's messed up mom," replied Emmett.

"Sorry baby, but I speak the truth. But I love all my children equally and you, Emmett Cullen, are in a category all your own," answered Esme. Jasper and Carlisle tried to hold in their laughter as Emmett beamed with pride.

Whoa! Back the truck up! Did my *mother* just say that it was hot what happened back at the restaurant? *That's wrong on so many levels.* I guess I shouldn't be shocked since she also just basically called my ass a pussy and threatened to toss me from my pedestal.

Whatever.

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"Look mom. I understand where you're coming from, and I completely agree that I acted like an idiot, twice now, but I plan on taking my time with this and I don't want you...or any of you for that matter butting in," I said

"Good luck with that," said Carlisle and Emmett at the same time.

My mother glared at all of us before replying, "I am just trying to be helpful. I want my baby happy that's all. And Carlisle, I really wouldn't go there if I were you," she answered.

"Yes dear," Carlisle said after a huge gulp. I had to laugh at that, so I did...right in his face. I don't think he appreciated that very much since he flipped me off. *My own father.* Now I see where Emmett gets his overflowing amount of maturity.

Welcome to the Cullen gene pool. What we have in looks, we lack in common sense...and manners...and tact...and humility...and...I'm shutting up now. This shit is kind of depressing.

I shook my head before I replied, "Well as much as I would *love* to sit here and be teased by my family that so-called loves me and have all of you butt in where you don't belong, I have more important things to do." With that I got up and went towards the kitchen to clean up the spilled glass and liquid off the floor. As I was busy cleaning up, Jasper came over to help and started talking. *This should be good.*

"Sooo...Alice's new roommate is 'The Beauty' huh? What were the odds of that happening?"

"Jas, I asked myself the same damn thing."

"I kind of thought it was her when Alice introduced us earlier, but I wasn't sure. I mean, how many Bella's are there?" he said, "Edward, from the little amount of time I spent with her tonight, she's pretty amazing and when she was doing the whole hip gyrating and grinding thing, I started slobbering and shit," he added

Cooking with Fire

What? Hip gyrating? Why in the hell was she grinding and shit for Jasper

"Chill out you possessive ass. She was in the kitchen cooking and when 'Sex On Fire' came on she started dancing. Alice & Rose were practically drooling too."

"Oh," I sheepishly replied

"You must really like this girl, but don't snap your cap and shit with all this jealousy over a girl you hardly know. Relax," he said, "Man I swear, between your apparent jealousy and her 'Break-A-Face' tendencies, you two are in for one hell of a ride. That's if you ever decide to get your head out of your ass and ask her out," he added.

"What the hell do you mean by her 'Break-a-face tendencies'?"

"You haven't heard the story yet have you? Oh this is too good," he laughed, "Well some guy that she works with groped her in the kitchen so she hauled off and broke his nose. She then fired his ass and had someone chuck him like he was last week's garbage."

"Fuck that's hot!" interrupted Emmett.

"What do mean he groped her? Is she ok?" I asked

"Yeah she's fine. After his nose was on the opposite side of his face she told him to get the fuck out of her restaurant. Alice even threatened to shoot the sphincter's dick off. God I love her," he laughed, "Anyway, she sprained her thumb because she apparently 'didn't tuck properly' and that's why she has an ace bandage on her hand, but that didn't stop her from cooking dinner. Chick's badass man I'm telling you. Don't fuck it up, Cullen," he added

I laughed at the mention of my sis and guns. Alice loves to shoot shit. Scary little pixie.

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But I hated the fact that Bella was touched by that vile excuse for a human and I wasn't there to protect her. Luckily she was able to handle herself this time. I put my self-loathing aside and promised to never let that shit happen again. Not as long as she was with me...and I had every intention of making that happen.

"Thanks Jas. I swear I'm suddenly so fucking protective and possessive of this woman and I hardly even know her. Not that I'm not planning on getting to know her better," I said

"Well let's go over a list of her *fine* attributes and see if that'll help you further along this so-called planning of yours shall we?" he said

"She's hot as shit, can cook her ass off, drives a fucking sex car, can apparently break a dude's face, thinks I'm harmless, sleeps right next door to my girlfriend, will probably share a shower with her and lives down the hall from you Eddie," said Emmett

"And she can move them hips like no other," added Jasper wistfully

"What? How do you know how she moves her hips? What the hell did I miss?" Asked Emmett

"I'll tell you later," replied Jasper

"Thanks guys," I laughed, "I appreciate the notes."

"Ed. You should seriously go for it my man. I have never seen you this gaga over anyone and if Bella is the one doing it for you, you'd be an idiot to not give it shot and see where this could lead. Plus how cool would it be if all of our girlfriends lived in the same place, right down the hall from us? We'd all be like an episode of 'Friends' and shit and I so call 'Joey'," said Emmett

I just sat there and smiled at him. Who knew the big lug could be so sweet. *That* must be why Rose stuck with him.

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"Hey Ross," laughed Jasper, "Did you know that her birthday is next Saturday? Apparently they're going out to celebrate," he said

"No shit Chandler? Next Saturday, huh? Maybe we should tag along. You know, to keep the girls safe and all," I said

"Right...o keep the girls safe. You're so full of shit Edward it's not even funny," laughed Emmett.

"I'm telling you. Man, I feel safer around the girls than you two pussies put together and you're supposed to be the *heroes*. If I get into any trouble, Rose could take the fuck down with one kick, Bella could make him be able to sniff the back of his own neck with one punch and Alice will make him unable to piss standing up. So don't be offended if I don't fully believe you crap ass answer," said Jasper.

I was about to reply when I heard the door to Alice's room open. Jasper, Emmett and I looked at each other and had the same grins on our faces. A few seconds later the girls came down the hall and there, only a few yards away from me, stood my angel looking more beautiful than I remembered. She looked up at me and gave me the world's most beautiful smile and my soul stirred. I automatically smiled back and slowly made my way over to her.

As I approached, Rose and the other girl whom I'm now assuming was Angela, giggled as they walked into the living room. Alice stopped me and giggled as she said, "go get her...Greek God." She then nodded her head towards Bella, gave me a wink and continued to the living room to join the others.

Greek God, huh? I brought my attention back to the Goddess in front of me. She took a few steps towards me and I closed the gap a little more until we were a foot apart. The air was thick with anticipation and wanting. My entire body felt like it was aflame as we inched our way closer to each other. My hands itched to touch her. To stroke her hair. To graze my thumb across her full lower lip. I looked down into her deep, beautiful, soul-searching eyes and was almost lost in them, until I heard my Angel speak, "The Beauty, huh?" she asked breathlessly with an adorably sexy smirk.

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"Yes," I answered honestly, "Greek God? Really? You sure do know how to stroke a man's ego," I answered with my own smile.

She murmured something unintelligible and gave a sexy smirk along with a little blush and my heart actually skipped a fucking beat.

Oh man. I think I'm falling in love with this woman.

Bella POV:

The noise from the breaking container did not distract me from the fact that there, in the doorway, stood the sexy copper-headed fireman who has taken over my every thought since I first laid my ever-lucky eyes on him this afternoon. *Has it really only been a few hours since I first seen him? Holy hell.* He looked more deliciously glorious since that fateful encounter. *I just wanna run over there and lick him from his chest to behind his left ear. That's not weird is it?* I also noticed Carlisle with his arms around Esme, Emmett wrapped around Rose and Alice in a genuine embrace with Edward. Seriously?

I stared at Edward for what seemed like forever and admired his beautifully glowing green eyes, which looked like they were twice the size as normal. Apparently I'm not the only one shocked here. I was brought back down to earth when someone finally spoke again.

"Holy-," replied Carlisle as he stared at me with the same shocked expression as Edward's.

"My, my, my," replied Esme as she too looked a little shocked. But her eyes held something different than everyone else's but I'm not quite sure what it was.

"What's wrong?" asked Rosalie as she looked around at everyone's faces, apparently out of the loop. Good. At least I wasn't the only one.

"You have got to be shitting me," said Angela as she stared at Edward. She must've recognized him from the restaurant as well. And how could you not.

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Mmmm...

Fucking focus Bella! Now is not the time for this shit!

"Oh fuck yes! Business definitely just picked the fuck up," laughed Emmett as he clapped his hands together and smiled at me.

I like Emmett. He's like the big brother I never wanted.

Throughout all of this, I still noticed that Edward still hasn't said anything to me. *Well if that isn't the pot calling the kettle black. You haven't said anything yet either! What the hell are you waiting for Bella? Say something!* I was brought back when I heard a loud smack.

"Ow! Damn it! Sorry mom," said Emmett. Apparently Esme did not like Emmett's choice of words.

"What the hell is wrong with all of you and why are you all gawking at Bella like that?" asked Alice as she stared at her... *family?* She then turned to me and apparently the expression on my face was the same as all of the others, "What the hell is wrong with you Bells? You look like you saw a ghost or something."

That's because I feel like I have Alice. It's like I'm on "Punk'd" and fucking Mr. Demi Moore is going to come busting out of the closet and shit to make me cry like Justin Timberlake did when he thought his dog was repossessed. I need answers and I need them now. I also need a drink, but that can wait.

"Alice, Rose, Ang. Conference. Alice's room. Now!" I said

The girls all looked at me for a few more seconds before they nodded their heads. Alice stood in front of me and we followed her down the hall to her bedroom. Since my legs were slightly weak at the moment, I slowly made my way over to Alice's bed once we entered her room. As I sat down, I took a few deep breaths before I asked Alice the question I've wanted to ask for the last 60 seconds or so, "Alice? Who are those people in the living room?"

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She looked at me like I was on something before she answered me, "Bells, they're my family. Remember when I told you they were coming over tonight?" she asked while speaking each word slowly. Apparently she thinks I'm cracked or something.

"I know that Alice, but who are they *specifically*?"

She looked at Rose who just shrugged her shoulders and gave a look that said 'don't look at me'. She then shrugged as well and answered.

"Well, the older gentleman is my father, Carlisle. The pretty caramel haired woman is my mother, Esme. The big teddy bear is my older brother, Emmett and the tall bronze-haired one is my twin Edward."

"Oh." That's all I could say. I kind of figured all of this in the hall, but I still needed to be sure.

"I still don't know what all the shocked faces were for. What the hell is going on? You all acted like some huge secret was revealed or some shit like that and someone needs to tell me what the hell is going on," she yelled

"Yeah. You all acted like a bunch of idiots of there," added Rose

I looked at Angela and she gave me a nod as to say 'go ahead and tell', so I did.

"Alice, remember when I called you earlier?"

"Which time?" she snickered

"Ha Ha Ha...funny. No seriously. Remember when I called about a ...Greek God that I met today at the restaurant? You know, the one that saved me from making an ass out of myself in the restaurant earlier?"

"Yeah," she replied skeptically

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I can't believe I have to do this. Well it's best to get it over with fast, like ripping a band-aid off of a hairy-ass arm...quickly "!" I blurted out with my eyes closed

I waited. And waited. But heard nothing. I opened one eye and raised my head and that's when I saw Alice's face. Pure shock! "Alice? Are you OK? Say something. Anything. Please Alice you're scaring the hell out of me," I said.

Alice suddenly had a huge grin on her face before she answered, "If he's the Greek God you were bragging about earlier on the phone, then that must mean that when he called me earlier about his 'Beauty' he met today, that must mean that he was talking about-

"Me!" I gasped as I interrupted.

"Exactly!" she squealed, "And do you remember what you said when I told you that he sat in his car for 4 minutes listening to a song that reminded him of said 'Beauty'? I believe your words were 'Wow Alice. Your brother's got it bad.' And something along the lines of 'I can see it now, he's going to come in that apartment tonight beaming and shit'. Is that right, Bella? Is that what you said?" asked Alice teasingly.

I thought back to one of our many conversations today and you could instantly tell when I recalled those exact words because my face turned 10 different shades of Crimson. Does he really have it that bad for me? I highly doubt it. I was snapped back to reality by being tackled to the bed by a pint-sized, caffeine-addicted powerhouse of a sprite

"Oh Bella! This is amazing. You and Edward? It's so perfect! You two will be amazing together. I can't wait until you two get married. Oooh I can see it now with-,"

"Alice!" I interrupted, "I appreciate the enthusiasm, but I haven't even been out on a date with him yet and besides, I think I only said maybe 10 words to him since we first met. So can you do us all a favor and *please* stop planning my apparent impending nuptials?"

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"What the hell are you waiting for Swan? The way you two mutually eye-fucked each other out there, I could see you wearing a 4 carat diamond and popping out a copper-headed little one in no time," said Rose nonchalantly

"Yeah. Just don't be too loud when you fuck. If so, go to his place. Emmett is used to the noise anyway," said Alice while Angela fell off the bed from all of her laughter.

"Crap on a cracker Alice! Seriously? Don't you find it a little weird to be talking about your new roommate potentially fucking your twin brother?" I asked

"I fuck her other brother in the room right next to hers and you don't see me complaining," replied Rose as Alice nodded. This shit it just too weird.

"Plus Bells, I don't see you just as some *roommate*. I see you as a sister. You should know that by now," answered Alice

"And Bella, I feel that it is my sisterly duty to warn you that Esme gave you the same 'Oh she would be perfect for my son' look that she gave me when I first met Emmett. So I'm pretty sure you're stuck kiddo," said Rose. Oh. So that's what that look was.

I looked over at Angela. She was curiously quiet; which is so totally un-Angela, so I asked her if she was ok.

"Bells. You have the strangest fucking luck you know? You're the youngest Head Chef in the restaurant business, you graduated top honors in your school, you have a sick body, your hair looks like it should be in a freaking John Frieda commercial, your car makes me cream myself when we ride in it and now you have the chance to be with one of the hottest men that I have ever seen? Don't take this the wrong way, but I'm kinda hating you right now," she laughed with little humor.

I didn't know how to respond. I'm not going to apologize for my cooking talents or my apparent *sick body*. And this whole Edward thing hasn't even

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gone anywhere yet. What do you say to something like that?

"Are you kidding me, Angela? You have a great life that I am completely envious of. You have a fiancé who worships the ground you walk on and I don't have that. I'm not going to apologize for my cooking talents, or my so-called sick body and I don't need too because you are one of the most talented people that I have ever had the pleasure to work with in the kitchen, you're absolutely freaking gorgeous and if I batted for the other team, I would so do you.

"You're my girl and I love you like a sister. Now quit your bitching and get you hot ass over here and give me a hug," I said as I pulled her up into my arms and hugged her. After we broke our hug, I looked around the room and saw Alice wipe her eyes as Rose quickly blinked hers open and close, claiming there was something in them.

"Yeah Rose. It's called tears," I laughed and wouldn't you know it? Like her bear of a man, she flipped me off.

"I think I'm going to like it here," I laughed

"And with that, I need liquor. On to the margaritas and luke-warm dinner," exclaimed Alice

Oh fuck the margaritas. The pitcher, "Alice I am so sorry about the margarita pitcher. I'll replace it tomorrow," I said

"Don't sweat it Bells. Besides, I don't blame you. I blame The Gre- I mean Edward," she said

"Edward? Why?"

Alice looked and Rose with a mischievous grin before the both answered, "He got you trippin, stumbling, flippin, fumbling. Clumsy cuz you're fallin in love," they sang in unison and fell on the bed in a fit of laughter.

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"Ok you Fergilicious rejects. Time to eat. My *in love* ass is starving and my meal that I slaved over is totally being unappreciated at the moment."

"Reject? Please. That bitch wishes she had moves like this, looking like a damn man with a stupid ass part down the middle of her head. Who does that? What is she, 5?" asked Rose.

"Whoa. A little touchy there huh Rosie?" I asked

"Just hungry and missing my tequila. Let's do this bitches," she exclaimed as she made her way to the door to open it.

As we were walking towards the door, Alice turned towards me, "Are you ready for this Bells? Your future husband could be right down that hallway," she said with a huge smile as she jumped up and down.

Lay off the uppers Al.

"Let's just go eat Alice. No one's getting married any time soon. Remember? No date yet."

"Whatever you say Bella. Whatever you say."

And with that we walked our way through her door and down the hall. I heard some conversing as we walked and smelled the food still in the warmer. Hope it's still edible. That would totally suck if it were ruined.

As we came down the hall towards the others, that was when I saw him, standing there only a few yards away from me, and might I say he looked more doable than my memory could recall. I looked at him and gave him my big smile that must've appeared goofy, but I didn't care. This man made me do some of the strangest things. *And I am not complaining.* I felt my damn heart smile when he smiled back with an adorably sexy smile and slowly began to make his way over to me. My breathing hitched a little. He's coming over here. What do I do?

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As he approached, I heard Rose and Angela giggle as they walked past him into the living room. *Girls*. Alice stopped him and said something in his ear. She then nodded towards me and gave him a wink, before she too went to the living room. *I'm screwed*.

After Alice left his side, he looked at me and it was all I could do to not run into his arms right then and there. Instead, I checked my hormones at the door and took a few steps towards him. He then took a few more steps and closed the gap until we were almost nose-to-nose, or nose-to-chin in my case. Suddenly the air around us seemed thick with electricity or some strange charge. My body felt like it was about to combust being this close to him and not actually touching him. *This cannot be normal*. It felt like he was teasing me. Standing there in all his godliness and not ravishing me on me new granite counter tops.

He looked down into my eyes for what felt like an eternity and I gladly reciprocated as I stared up into his piercing green orbs. I could stare into his eyes forever and I almost did, that is until I realized there were other people here and I couldn't be selfish just yet.

"The Beauty, huh?" I asked, a little breathlessly I might add.

He smiled that incredibly sexy crooked smile at me again, "Yes," He answered with honesty in his eyes.

"Greek God? Really? You sure do know how to stroke a man's ego," he said

"Oh baby. That isn't the only thing I wanna stroke." Oh my god. I did not just say that out loud! He hasn't said anything about it yet, but I have a feeling that my fucking blush just gave me away. Damn it I hate this thing. I haven't blushed this much in all my 25 years of life.

Damn you Edward Cullen!

"What has got you blushing so beautifully?" he asked in that incredibly sexy and honey like voice of his.

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"As if I'm going to tell you. I hardly know you."

"Would you like to get to know me?"

Uh...yeah! What am I am idiot?

"Maybe. Depends on what you have in mind."

"Well, maybe we could-,"

"Hey Ross and Rachel? Joey wants to know when's dinner. We're starving over here," said Jasper.

I looked at Edward with a raised my eyebrow. He apparently caught on to my silent question before he answered, "Apparently you living here is fulfilling one of Em's 'Friends' fantasies," he laughed

"Friends huh? So I'm Rachel am I? Well I guess that doesn't suck too badly. I mean she had amazing hair the first few seasons and got to do Brad Pitt and there isn't anything wrong with that," I said, "But you do realize that being Ross is not a real compliment to you at all, right Edward? I mean, he was cute in a goofy kind of way, but totally inadequate," I added

He gave me devilish grin as he slowly moved closer to me and pinned me to the counter. My breathing all together stopped as he grabbed my right hip with his left hand and slowly grazed his right hand up and down my left arm. My body once again felt like it was on fire as he left an embarrassing trail of goose bumps in his fingers path. He then leaned in closer to my left ear and breathed his incredibly warm delicious smelling breath across my neck and cheek before he responded.

"Trust me Bella. There is *nothing* inadequate about me," he said in a low and husky voice as he pushed his hips into mine, emphasizing 'nothing'. Oh fuck yes! Cue the wet panties people. I swear I almost came as I looked up into his eyes and saw that they were darkening by the second with what looked like lust...and a hell of lot of it.

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Just turn him around and throw his ass on the counter Bella and fuck him til he forgets how to breathe! What the hell are you waiting for? DO IT BELLA. DO IT NOW!

"Ahem! Can you two stop your eye fucking and let us starving people eat?" interrupted Emmett

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

"Watch your mouth!" said Esme

"Why'd you interrupt?" asked Alice

"Yeah Goon. It was getting good," said Rose

An audience. Now I'm all for exhibitionism, but definitely not now and not in front of his family. I regrettably placed my hands on Edward's chest to move him back. He took a few steps back to give me room to navigate around him. When I went to move my hands from his chest, he placed his warm hands over mine and moved them over his heart as he again stared in my eyes. He then began to make small circles on top of my hand and I almost melted. My legs started to get a little weak and I swayed a little. Being the hero he is, he caught me before I stumbled.

"Whoa love. Careful. I guess it's a good thing I'm around now. I can keep a close eye on you," he smouldered

"Thanks...I guess," I answered sheepishly as he chuckled.

Oh that damn chuckle. I could honestly feel my eyes glazing over and my clit twitch at the sound of it. What the hell is wrong with me? Or better yet, what the hell is the man doing to me? He's like some otherworldly being, affecting

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my senses. My will to resist. My body.

That's sexy as fuck if you ask me!

I needed to get my bearings before I embarrassed myself anymore than I already have, "Dinner!" I squeaked as he chuckled

Oh yeah. The whole not embarrassing myself went over real well.

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight. That honor belongs to the great Stephanie Meyer. (at least I don't have to do press junkets and shit like that).

Author's Note: This chapter is dedicated to all of you that reviewed and the new comers that added my little story to your 'Story' alerts and Favorite lists. I am truly humbled. (tee hee...I said 'comers'). As a pre-warning, there is a shot of lemonade in this chapter (note the title).

"Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?"

Edward POV:

"Dinner," she squeaked. Shit! Even her squeak is sexy.

It appears you're getting to her Cullen.

When I had her pressed up against the counter, smelling her delicious scent, hearing her breathing hitch up every now again as her chest rose and fell with each breath and feeling her petite and curvy little body melded so perfectly to mine, was the perfect kind of Hell. It was so hard for me to not just rip her fucking clothes off, make her straddle me on top of the counter and fucking claim her as my own over and over again. And from the look that was in her eyes, I highly doubt that she would have objected. But unfortunately we got sort of a make shift family reunion going on here and that kind of shit wouldn't be *proper*; although you never know with Esme.

Once I regrettably let go of her hand, I watched her walk around the center island and into the kitchen as she headed towards the oven to take out what appears to be the dish she made for tonight's dinner. As I watched The Beauty work, Alice bounded over to me, hopped up on the counter and gave me a swift kiss on the cheek. I knew she was up to something right then and there.

"What is it Alice?" I asked

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"Oh nothing. Just came over to see how things were going and to ask Bella if she needed help. I also came over to check up on my bro and to see if you asked her out yet," she casually replied

"Everything's fine. You'll have to ask Bella about the help. I'm fine. Jasper interrupted. There. Does that answer your questions you nosy little lawn gnome?"

"You suck Edward. Do you know that? I'm going to go help Bella," she said as she hopped down from the counter.

"You go do that Alice," I said as I chuckled and walked away and headed towards the living room, while casually gazing back at Bella. Man she's so fucking beautiful, and to see her at her element is a turn-on like no other.

"You guys mind if I turn the music back on. It's been quiet for too damn long," asked Emmett.

"Nah Em, go ahead. It's on shuffle so just press play," replied Alice

Emmett walked over to the stereo and pressed play. Three seconds later, the beginning strums of Fergie's 'Clumsy' began to play throughout the loft. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Bella appeared to have frozen in place and seconds later, Rose, Alice, and Angela and eventually Bella began cracking up laughing. Angela laughed so hard that she snorted; which made the rest of us laugh. Jasper looked at me at me as if to ask 'what the hell that was all about' and all I could do was shrug. The hell if I knew.

I decided to just ask what the laughing fit was for and just when Alice was about to answer; Bella placed her hand over Alice's mouth and just said that it was a long story. Jasper came and stood by my side and said that he'd get it from Alice later. Ahh yes. The main benefit and curse of your best friend dating your sister? No secrets.

I thanked him and he too began to ask me about what happened with Bella.

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"Well, let us see shall we? At the exact time I was asking her out on a date and about to give her the details of said date, my dumb-ass friend decided to be the mouthpiece for my idiotic bottomless pit of a brother and interrupt with a lovely question regarding tonight's dinner. And let's just say for arguments sake, that we never got around to approaching the subject again?"

"Sorry dude. You know Em. When he's hungry, he's hungry."

"It's alright. We still have all night, as long as you, Beavis, and him, Butthead don't interrupt again."

"A little frustrated are we?"

"You could say that."

"Come and get it!" yelled Alice. She then came over and grab Jasper's hand and headed towards the dining room, effectively ending our conversation. Thank you.

"Yes! It's about fu- I mean damn time. I'm starving over here," replied Emmett.

"Good boy," said Esme as she patted his shoulder.

Everyone laughed hard at that, even Bella, which of course, Emmett noticed.

"What are you laughing at ' *Beauty* '?" teased Emmett

"Just your face ' *Beast* '," replied Bella.

"Beast? Aw Bells. I thought we were friends. Why you have to go and hurt me like that. That's just mean," said Emmett as he feigned hurt and pretended to wipe a tear from his eye.

"Emmett? If you think that's going to work on me, then you are the shining lighthouse on the bay of stupidity."

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"Ha, ha! That's my girl. Bella, you fit in so freaking seamlessly around here that's it's killing me that you're not already moved in," replied Rose as she went over and patted Bella on her ass as they both headed towards the dining room.

Huh?

"Edward? Was I seeing things or did my girl just touch Bella's ass?" asked Emmett as he came over and stood next to me.

"No Emmett. You were not seeing things."

"That's what I thought," he said with a huge smile as he wandered into the dining room and joined the others.

I followed him in, walked over to where Bella would be sitting and proceeded to pull out her chair for her to take her seat. She thanked me and gave me another beautiful smile. I smiled back, leaned down to get close enough to her ear to where only she could hear.

"The dinner smells delicious, but not nearly as delicious as you do, Bella." I ran my finger up and down her arm once and saw a small trail of goose bumps where my finger once was. I then stood up and walked around to my seat, which happened to be the one directly across from Bella's. I looked up at her with a devilish smirk on my face and saw that she was had one of her own.

Oh shit!

Bella POV:

"The dinner smells delicious, but not nearly as delicious as you do, Bella," he said

He did not just say that shit, did he?

OK Swan breathe woman. Don't you dare bitch out on me now. You're in the big leagues and Edward Cullen is the mother fucking MVP. Look at him, all

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grinning and shit as he swaggers over to his seat. Well looky here. It appears that his seat just so happens to be directly across from mine. This has potential. I think I'm going to have a little fun with Mr. MVP. I wonder how quiet he can be?

"Bella. Everything looks and smells delicious," said Esme

"Yeah Bella. Thanks again for cooking. I offered for us to have Chinese but she almost chewed my head off," replied Alice.

"It's nothing really. And the fact that I was able to cook in that fabulous kitchen just added to my pleasure." I noticed that as soon as I said 'my pleasure', Edward choked on the wine he was sipping. Ha, ha. This is going to be easier than I thought.

"Are you ok dear?" asked Esme to Edward.

"Yeah mom I'm fine. Went down the wrong pipe I guess," coughed Edward

*Sure Edward. **That's** what happened. Tsk, Tsk lying to your own mother.*

"Bella I still cannot believe that you are Alice's roommate. Who would've thought that after seeing you today in the restaurant, that I would have the honor of meeting you again? I guess it was just meant to be. Wouldn't you say so, Edward?" Carlisle asked

Even his own father is against him. I think I'm beginning to like Carlisle more and more.

"Yes dad. I feel the same way," Edward replied as he stared at me the entire time with those fucking beautiful green eyes of his. The gaze was so intense that made my stomach curl in knots and my head begin to fuzz. I bit my lips in reaction and his eyes darkened at the sight.

Note to self: Edward likes it when I bite my lower lip.

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"Bella. How's your hand? Do you need anything for the pain?" asked Alice

"Pain? What happened to your hand, dear?" asked Esme in what I assumed was her worried motherly tone. Angela told the story...again and Esme asked if I was ok...again. I told her that I was and reassured her that she did not have to worry. I gazed back over to Edward and noticed a crease in his brow and his lips formed in a tight line. Nothing like the sexy crooked smile and laid back expression that I was used to seeing. I winked at him to see if I could lighten his quickly darkening mood lucky for me, it did...considerably.

Note to self: Edward likes it when I wink at him.

"Yeah well the next time you punch a guy, I want to see. There's nothing hotter than seeing a chick go all 'Fight Club' and shit," said Emmett.

"If you want, I could punch you in your face now and keep you from wondering," answered Rose.

"No. I'm good," replied Emmett as we all laughed.

Time passed as we enjoyed the meal, which I might add was fucking fabulous. *Pats self on back.* As the wine flowed freely, I got to know Alice's family a little more. I also got to learn a little more about Edward. I found out that he's been a fire fighter for 7 years and joined as a way to honor those we lost in the attacks on 9/11. I could honestly feel my feelings for him grow at the moment I heard this.

The family, along with Jasper decided that it was time to play 'Embarrass Edward' and let's just say I was all for it. Alice said that Edward cried during 'The Notebook'. Jasper then decided to share the fact that Edward cried during 'Gladiator' as well and homeboy went on the defense, "I dare you to find me one guy that didn't shed at least one goddamn tear during the end of that movie. And shit, you cried more than I did," replied Edward as Emmett began to laugh.

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"I don't know what the hell you're laughing at Emmett. You cried during 'Armageddon' and that movie just sucked major ass. Sorry mom," said Edward as he looked at Esme to apologize for the swearing.

"I only got teary eyed when they played 'Don't wanna miss a thing' by Aerosmith in the background thank you very much," replied Emmett

"Em. You were balling when they left Bruce's ass on that rock so don't even go there," laughed Jasper

"Whatever man. I thought we were playing 'Let's embarrass Edward'. Shit's no fun when it's about me," said Emmett

"Toughen up you big pansy before I let it spill that you thought you were the black 'Power Ranger' and for years made us all call you 'Zack' or else you wouldn't answer. Oops, I spilled," said Edward

"I'll try to burn that shit from my memory this very moment," said Rose, "Seriously Emmett? Zack? You couldn't go for someone like, oh I don't know, Tommy could you?" she asked

"I know. He even insisted that I decorated his room in those god-awful designs. There was no way in hell was I putting a life sized Power Ranger in my house," said Esme

"Shit dude that's fucked up. I can't believe you told. And anyway, you were a Power Ranger too," said Emmett.

"This is true Em. But I was the cool one. I was 'Jason' the 'Red Ranger'. The one that could kick everyone's ass and still got the girl. All Zack ever did was attempt to pop lock and irk my last freaking nerve," replied Edward

"Are we seriously sitting here discussing the damn Power Rangers? Pink was the best by the way. So Bells? What time are we going shopping tomorrow?" asked Alice

Cooking with Fire

"We can shop after Angela and I get off. Where are we going Saturday anyway?" I asked as the fellas suddenly became interested.

"There's a club called King's on the West Side. It used to be a strip club but they turned it into a nightclub and karaoke bar and kept the poles up. The place is always packed and gets rave reviews. I've always wanted to go and haven't been yet. What do you think Bells? Can we go?" asked Alice with huge puppy dog eyes.

"Karaoke and a stripper pole? I am so there," I laughed

"So are we," said Edward, Emmett and Jasper at the same time. Freaky.

"Yay! This is going to be so much fun. Are you going to sing Bella? Oh we should do a performance together! You know, me, you, Rose and Angela," said Alice

"I can't sing, but I'll be there," answered Angela

"I'm game," answered Rose

"Hell, I'm in. What should we sing?" I asked

"Let's keep that a secret. We'll discuss it while we shop tomorrow," replied Alice

"Aww. No fair," replied Edward

"Don't worry your pretty little head Eddie. With Alice's wheels turning, I'm pretty sure you're going to like what you see," I said.

"I already do," he said as he once again aimed his intense gaze at me.

"Awww. Wittle Eddie has a crushie wushie on Bella Wella. Isn't that cute?" teased Emmett and Rose jabbed him in the ribs.

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"Ow Rosie. Why are you so damn violent? I swear you need anger management sometimes," said Emmett

Rose leaned over and whispered something in Emmett's ear and from the look on his face, I knew that I did not want to know what it was. Jasper and Angela laughed at Emmett's expression and he just puffed out his chest to seem twice his size.

I turned my attention back to Edward and watched as his eyes gazed upon my lips. I took this as a sign and slowly dragged the tip of my tongue across my top lip and then my bottom one. Edward must've really enjoyed this because his breath caught in his chest and he let out a low moan. Apparently not low enough since Rose asked him if he was ok. He just blamed it on a full stomach and I laughed at this as he raised his eyebrow at me. I raised mine in return as if saying 'yeah I laughed. What are you going to do about it?' He then nodded his head and a sexy but mischievous smirk appeared on his beautiful god-like face as he looked around the table.

Noticing that everyone's attention was otherwise occupied, he gracefully slouched down in his chair and gazed at me from across the table for a few more moments. After what felt like an eternity of being drowned in his amazing green pools, I felt the tip of his sock covered foot as it slowly and sensually slid up my calf. He then made slow circles around my knee and his foot traveled a little higher up until it began to knead the inside of my right thigh. It felt so fucking wonderful that my head fell back on the back of the mahogany dining room chair. Those small and sensual circles he made with his foot were driving me fucking crazy and made me wish that I had that friction elsewhere on my body. As if he could read my mind, his foot traveled higher up until it rested on the seam of my jeans...right on my overheated and under appreciated sex. The friction felt so fucking amazing, that it was then my turn to let out a moan. Luckily no one heard mine.

That would have been beyond embarrassing.

He started moving his foot up and down and short quick strokes and added more pressure with each pass. I was so close to the edge that a few more

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seconds I would've fucking jumped overhead first. I was going bananas, but I refused to cum at the dining room table in front of his family and my friends. One, I tend to be a little loud and two, it's just wrong. So I regrettably pulled away and let his foot drop on the floor. This amused his beautiful ass because he had what appeared to be the world's smuggest grin on his fucking gorgeous face. Really Edward? Two can play this game Mr. Smug. Just because I won't cum in front of your family, doesn't mean you won't.

When I agreed with what I was about to do, I looked up at him with a look that must've resembled sheer determination and lust or something along those lines because once he saw my face, his smile dropped a bit and a look of worry mixed with anticipation appeared on his Adonis-like mug. I laughed at this and just stared into his darkening green eyes as I took off my left sling-back. There was a slight thump when it hit the floor but it was hardly recognizable. I gazed around the table and noticed that some people were still intrigued with Carlisle's story, while Emmett was playing with his PSP.

BIG ASS KID!

I laughed at this, but quickly put all my attention back on the man across from me. Just look at him, all beautiful and shit in his tight FDNY shirt as it stretches across the glorious muscles of his chest and arms. His forearm muscles flexing as he drags his fingers across the wood of the table. His chest as it rises and falls with each delicious breath that he takes. His sexy, bronze 'I just fucked hair' just lying on his head in total disarray. His model-like cheek bones that leads to his straight and perfect nose which leads down to his beautiful, full and amazingly kissable-looking lips. I wonder how soft they are. I bet he's an amazing kisser.

I wonder what they'll feel like all over my body.

I shook myself from my new Edward induced stupor and decided that now was the time to give him a taste of his own medicine. I winked at him and out of nowhere, slowly slouched down in my own chair and went straight for his crotch.

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No foreplay here people. I'm a bitch on a mission.

I don't think Edward was expecting that because his face was priceless. It held a look of amazement mixed with excitement and fear all in one. I gave him my sexiest grin as I slowly moved my foot along his cock.

HOLY SHIT! THIS FUCKER IS HUGE! Oh my god. Just think of the fun I could have with this man. Wonder if I'll be able to walk afterwards. Fuck Swan...FOCUS!

I moved my foot in slower circles around the base by his balls and then slowly moved my foot up and down his cock in long, firm strokes. I looked up at Edward to see if this was ok. He had a look of pain on his face and I was about to stop when I noticed his head fall on the back of the chair and his breathing become heavier.

Oh Yes. This is too good. Come on Mt. Eddie, blow for Bella.

I continued the motions as his breathing became more labored. A few more moments later his head popped up and he stared at me with his now incredibly dark green eyes. His mouth slowly opened and then closed suddenly as he grabbed the cloth napkin in front of him and began to ball it up in his fist. I started to move my foot faster as we just stared at each other. Moments later, Edward froze while his cock twitched under my foot and he dropped his head on the table, breathing heavily.

Holy Fuck! I just got Edward "Fuck Me Now" Cullen off at the dining room table in front of a room full of people. I am Bella. Hear me roar! Lion and lamb my ass. More like lion and lioness.

"Edward honey. Are you OK? You look a little flushed," asked Esme. It took all I had not to blush...or laugh my ass off. I literally had to pull both lips in between my teeth. Yeah, this is going to go over real well.

"Yeah mom. I'm fine. Must be Bella's effect on me," he replied with a cough

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"Aw isn't that sweet? Did you hear that Bella?" asked Esme

"Yes Mrs. Cullen. I heard it," I answered and I couldn't stop my annoying blush this time even if I smacked myself.

"Aw look Edward. You made her blush. Isn't that adorable? And dear please call me Esme," she said

"Ok well, I'm going to clear the table now so we can all get going soon. Busy bees and all," I said as I tried to rush from the table.

"I'll help," advised Edward.

"NO! Um....what I mean is, it's ok. Sit and enjoy the time with your family. Angela can help me. Right Ang?" I said desperately

I was not up to being alone with him after what just happened. What was I supposed to say 'so how was it getting off in front of your mom?'. No thank you.

I turned to look up at him and noticed a dejected look on his face and gave him one of apology and then winked at him. I guess he understood the meaning behind my eyes, because he smiled back at me with one of his patented breathtakingly beautiful smiles.

It is so not fair for one man to be so fucking beautiful. I'm just saying.

Angela and I cleared the table and had the kitchen cleaned in no time. I thanked her and she asked me why I didn't want Adonis' help. I just told her that I wouldn't be able to concentrate with him around which is putting it lightly. She said that she understood. We then agreed that we should get going since there was an early delivery due tomorrow and Tyler was no longer there to sign the vendor forms. By this time, everyone was lounging in the living room when we came to say our goodbyes.

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"Aw Bells. Can't you stay longer? Your work is basically right down the street and it'll be easier leaving from here in the morning then riding that god awful subway in the morning," said Alice

"Not to mention you could avoid the flashers," added Rose

"The subway is not that bad Alice, plus I'm driving my car tomorrow since we're going shopping."

"Oh Bella. I fucking love your car. What year is it?" asked Emmett

"Emmett Cullen! DO NOT SAY FUCK! If you say it again, I will take your PSP and shove it down your damn throat!" replied Esme

"But mom, you just said f-,"

"Emmett? I would not finish that sentence if I were you," warned Carlisle

"Right. Sorry mom...again. So Bells, how old?" asked Emmett

"2009. Why?"

"Holy shit that's a hot ride Bella. It's just sexy on top of hot rolled up with a little bit of do me," he said wistfully

"What kind of car do you have Bella?" asked Rosalie

"A 2009 Audi R8 with a 4.2 Liter Supercharger."

"Holy hell," said Jasper

"I think I love you Bella," laughed Rose

"I know. I saw it downstairs. The car is sexy as hell. Fits Bella to a 'T'," said Edward as he looked at me. And cue the annoying crimson stained skin of mine.

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"Stop it Edward. You're embarrassing her," said Carlisle

"Thanks Carlisle but it's ok," I said

"Anytime. That is an amazing car by the way. We saw it when we came up. These two were practically drooling over it," He said as he pointed to Edward and Emmett.

"What? I see something that I like and I just cannot take my eyes off of it," replied Edward with a different tone to his voice that made me want to strip right then and there. He once again placed his intense gaze on me as his emerald green eyes began to darken. I almost ran across the room and jumped his bones when Carlisle asked me when I bought the damn car.

Beware the Cullen Cock block.

"I bought a few months ago as an early birthday present. It was the only car I test drove and fell in love the first time I revved the engine," I answered

"You didn't test drive anything else? That's brave of you," said Carlisle

"Let's just say that it looked like it could handle the ride and when I see something that looks like it could handle a Bella test drive, I figured what the hell and took it for a spin. It rode perfectly, handled the curves correctly and masterfully rode with everything that I put it through, so I kept it. No need to go searching for something else when you've found exactly what you were looking for sitting right under your nose," I answered as I looked directly at Edward.

"A girl that knows what she wants. Pretty damn impressive," said Carlisle

"I'll say," replied Edward with an abnormal amount of lust in his eyes.

"Wow," replied Emmett

"Wow what?" asked Rose

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"Nothing baby...nothing. It's just ...ah...she bought a cool car with one test-drive? That's all honey... love you," replied Emmett sheepishly

"And with that we're outta here. Let's go, Ang," I said

Everyone stood up and would not let us leave without a hug. Esme gave me a motherly squeeze, Carlisle rubbed small circles on my back and then let me go and Alice put me in a pixie vice and thanked me for cooking and reminded me to call her when I got home. When I got to Jasper, he sheepishly placed me in a one armed hug. Weird. Rose was next and gave me a full body hug and picked me up as she squeezed. Em must've loved that because when Rose set me down, he was grinning from ear to ear. His hug was next and he placed me in what I could only assume was a bear hug. I actually started to get a little light-headed before Edward told him to let me go.

When he did, Edward pulled me to his torso, and what a magnificent torso it is. Strong, warm, firm, perfect. I gradually moved my hands around behind him and slid them up and down his back. *Man. He's got them coming and going.* Being this close to him, I was able to smell him. I mean really smell him. There is no smell in the world quite like Edward Cullen. It's...indescribable. I can practically taste him on my tongue as I breathe. Being this close to him was clouding up my senses again and the room began to spin as my panties became more soaked the longer I was touching him. I needed him. I needed to be with him. This shit was just torture of the best kind.

As my hands slowly and happily explored his body, his did the same to mine. He ran his hands down my back and when he got to the hem of my shirt, he gently tugged it free and began to draw small, sensual circles on the bare skin of the small of my back with his left hand and his right traveled up and down my arm, across my shoulder and over the exposed section of my collar bone. His little touches left my skin aflame. I honestly felt like I was going to fucking combust.

I THOUGHT FIREMEN WERE SUPPOSED TO PUT OUT FIRES NOT START THEM!

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He moved his hips closer to mine so that they were firmly pressed together and I was able to feel that he was just as turned on by this as I was. I mistakenly looked up into his eyes and could tell that if his family was not here right now, I would be sprawled out on his bed, covered in whip cream as he licked it off every inch of my skin before fucking me from here to eternity. *Oh God!*

"Ahem. Bella....we have to go, early shift and all," said Angela

Et Tu Angela?

"Sorry. Right. Let's go. Later guys," I said as everyone laughed; everyone except for Edward that is. He looked like I felt...heart broken.

"Don't forget to call me when you get home Bells," said Alice as she walked us to the door.

"I won't Alice, I promise. And thanks for the invite. I had a wonderful time," I said

"I could see that," she said as she looked back at Edward, "Bells. You two look wonderful together. Like you were made for each other and I've never seen Edward look at someone the way he looked at you tonight. I mean now that you're leaving, he looks sadder than I've ever seen him."

"Thanks Alice. That'll help me sleep just wonderfully," I said, "Anyway, I had a great time and love your family. I cannot wait to move in here this weekend," I added

"I know. I can't wait either," she squealed. I pulled her into another hug just as Angela was saying goodbye.

"Bye Alice. It was nice meeting you," said Angela

"Oh silly Ang, you're worse than this brunette pain in the ass over here. You'll be around. And it was very nice to meet you too," replied Alice

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We said our good-byes after I hit her for the pain in the ass remark, and Angela and I made our way towards the elevator. Before the elevator door closed, I looked back one more time at Alice's door before I stepped in.

Do not go back. Do not go back.

"You ok Bella?" asked Angela

"Yeah Ang. I'm perfect."

Once the elevators made it down to the garage, Angela and I said our goodbyes and made it to our cars. By the time I got home it was 10:30. I threw on my pj's, called Alice and watched the last half hour of 'Grey's Anatomy' before heading to bed.

Friday after work when the girls and I went shopping for outfits for my birthday, Alice suggested that we get two outfits, one to wear and one for the performance. When she told us the song we should do I was completely against it because I hated Britney Spears. Team Christina all the way bitches. I gave them my song suggestions and they fucking loved it and agreed that we should get outfits that somewhat match what she wore in the video. Afterwards, we picked our outfits and went back to Alice's, I mean home, and worked on the choreography for the performance. Angela just watched and said that if she were gay, she'd fuck us all. Just the response we wanted.

Edward wasn't there and I haven't seen him since the dinner over a week ago. We talked on the phone...a lot, but that just made me miss him more. The week without him was torture and we weren't even dating.. He told me that he and Emmett had to go to Washington for a conference regarding the anniversary of 9/11, but he made sure to assure me that they would be back before my birthday. I begrudgingly agreed and told him that I could not wait to see him. If I told him how much I missed him, he would probably run away screaming. So keeping my feelings in check I counted down the days until he came back.

The rest of the week flew by with only a few incidents at the restaurant, and before I knew it, it was the night of my 26th birthday and we were headed to

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King's. The girls were at the loft getting ready when the doorbell rang. I went to answer it when Angela came in looking sexier than I remember ever seeing her.

"Ang, if Ben saw you right now, he would not let you leave this fucking apt," I said

"Thanks Bells. What about you? If Edward doesn't take you home, somebody will," said Angela

"Don't worry Ang. My brother's no fool. And if he is then he's adopted and being sent back to the pound," said Alice

"You do realize that pounds are for dogs and cats right?" she asked

"Yeah. And?" answered Alice. Angela just shook her head and went and sat down on the couch.

I just rolled my eyes at the two of them and finished getting ready. I had to admit that I looked pretty freaking fabulous. I wore a silky emerald green (my new favorite color) halter mini dress. It stopped mid thigh, was backless and only had two straps, one across the neck that tied in the back and one around mid back to keep it in place. The top of the scoop on the back of the skirt stopped right below my tailbone. I wore my silver, emerald jeweled 'Christian Louboutin's' heels and my small emerald studs that reminded me of Edward's eyes. My hair was curled and then roughly fingered through to make my own version of 'sex hair'.

Rose and Alice looked fabulous as well. Rose had on a black halter dress that looked painted on. Her hair was in a high ponytail and she added some gold hoops and cute black ankle boots. Alice was adorably sexy in a pale blue sleeveless dress that stopped mid-thigh and had a midnight blue belt to cinched in her already tiny waist. She wore her silver Manolo's and her hair was styled in soft curls as a few framed her face.

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When the guys came over and saw us, their tongues practically hit the floor. I thought Edward was a little comatose there for a minute. They too looked to sexy for words, Edward especially. He wore form a fitting black long sleeved 't' with dark denim jeans that hung low around his waist, so low in fact that if he raised his hands, you could see his "V".

Ooohhh I wanna see his "V".

On his wrist he wore a black leather cuff with some sort of emblem in silver and around his neck was a silver chain with a FDNY charm on it. I looked over at Emmett and saw that he had on the same necklace. Edward's hair was still in the sexy disarray and his eyes were just as bright as my dress, which from the look in his eyes, he approved of my choice of outfit.

"Present time," yelled Alice

"Guys you didn't have to get me anything," I said

"We know we didn't have to but we wanted to so stop your bitching and just accept the damn gifts...please," replied Rose

"Yes ma'am," I laughed as I saluted

"Us first. Bella, Rose and I got you something together to commemorate your moving in as well as to celebrate your birthday," Said Alice as she handed me a pale blue box with a white bow.

Holy crap! A Tiffany's Box?

I opened the box and inside was a beautiful, silver charm bracelet with a shoe, a spatula, a purse, a martini glass, a book, a "B" for Bella, an "A" for Alice and an "R" for Rosalie. I felt my eyes began to sting with unshed tears and did not want to cry right now. This bracelet was beautiful.

"Thanks girls," I said, "Did you realize that our initials spell 'BAR'?" I asked as I laughed

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"And there's your sign," said Rose as we all laughed.

We proceeded with the gifts. I got a "kiss the cook" apron from Emmett who vowed to follow the instructions anytime I wore it. *Did I just hear Edward growl?* I received a beautiful gold locket from Angela and a gift certificate for Kick Boxing classes at the local gym from Jasper. Once again we laughed and I said my thanks.

Edward was the last to give his gift and he seemed a little apprehensive about it. I pleaded with my eyes and he handed me a box wrapped in beautiful gold and brown paper with a lovely golden bow on top. I looked him in the eyes as I pulled on the bow to loosen the tie. Once the ribbon fell, I pulled off the lid and moved the tan tissue paper with a shaking hand. Why I was so nervous to receive a birthday present I will never know. Once I had moved everything out of the way, I finally found my gift. In the box was a First Edition, autographed copy of 'Pride and Prejudice' by Jane Austen. I was so stunned that I felt frozen in place and speechless. I tried to speak but no words would leave my mouth. Edward must've taken my silence to mean that I didn't like his gift and began to apologize.

"I'm sorry Bella. I just remembered one our conversations and when you said that you loved the classics and Jane Austen I figured this would be a great gift. If you don't like it I could-,"

"Edward stop! I love it. I'm just speechless that's all. This is one of the best presents that I have ever received. Thank you so much," I said while trying to hold back my tears.

I then stood up and threw myself into his arms and gave him the most loving hug that I could give. I wanted all of my love and appreciation for his gift to be poured into this hug and then flow into him. I desperately wanted him to feel it.

"Well I'm glad to see that you like it. You had me worried there for a moment."

"Sorry. I love it. You just knocked me speechless there for a few. Where on earth did you find this?"

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"I have my sources," he said with that beautiful smile of his that I love more and more every day.

"Would you look at this shit? We give her jewelry and *he* gets the hugs. I ask you, where is the fucking justice?" asked Rose teasingly to Alice and Angela.

"I'm sorry,." I said as I went over and embraced them all in a hug.

"You know I love you right?" I asked

"Yada yada yada," replied Rose as we all laughed

"Hey. Don't we get any love?" asked Emmett

"No," replied Edward and Rose simultaneously

"And with that, we're off. Let's move out my bitches. Rose, grab the bag," commanded Alice

"What's in the bag?" asked Edward

"Yeah. Tell us." Demanded Jasper

"Keep your pants on. You'll find out soon enough," I replied

Author's Note #2:

Next chapter is the club scene and will be in both POVs (mainly Edward's). Hope you enjoyed this one.

PS. Does anyone have a favorite line or quote from this or other chapters? I would love to hear your choices.

So far, my favorite three are:.

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1) *Man I swear, if she wasn't my mother, I would so shove her out of this car right now! (Edward - Beauty)*

2) *Emmett, man, I swear, if you are flirting with her I will castrate you with an Ice Cream Scooper. (Edward - Beauty)*

3) *"Damn Break-a-face! Remind me not to piss you off. You'll fit in good with 'Pop-A-Cap' and 'Ball Buster' over here." (Jasper - MSKYO)*

Later people,

Nicole

Buttons

Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight. The honor belongs to Stephanie "The Great". I do however own the right to dress up fine ass Edward Cullen like a Fire Fighter and have him show me how he uses his hose.

Author's Note: Here's the much-anticipated 'Birthday scene'. It's a long chapter and I hope you all enjoy. **Songs on Blogger playlist.**

"BUTTONS"

Edward's POV:

It's official people, I am falling in love with Isabella Marie Swan. The woman is amazing. Shit, even 'amazing' is too small a term to describe her. She's...phenomenal! That's it. Isabella Marie Swan is fucking phenomenal and I, Edward Anthony Cullen, have fallen madly in love with her and I am scared shitless. It's only been a little over a week since we met. 10 days, 240 hours. How can someone possibly fall in love that fast? Does someone fall in love that fast? What...no answers? See? Now you can at least attempt to comprehend why I'm worried because this shit just doesn't happen.

This week when Em and I were in Washington was without a doubt the longest and hardest days of my life. Being away from Bella, not being able to see her was pure torture of the worst kind. It pained me to not see her smile and it killed me to not be able to stare into her big, beautiful and entrancing Bambi-like eyes. Yes, we talked on the phone, but hearing her voice and laugh only made me wish harder that I were there, right beside her and enjoying every moment with her. I was in my own personal version of Hell and Emmett was two seconds from pounding my ass into a coma because I was 'fucking depressing him' and that I was pussy whipped and haven't even slept with her yet.

Sleeping with Bella. If Emmett only knew how many times that shit popped into my head, he'd probably say that...that I was as bad as him? *OH SHIT!*

Cooking with Fire

THAT'S NOT GOOD. No one, and I mean NO ONE wants to be as bad as Emmett when it comes to how many times they think about sex. But damnit I cannot help it. When I think about what she did to me at the damn dining room table with my family right there, it makes it kinda hard, no pun intended, to not think about sex with Bella. I was in awe for more than one reason; the first being that she actually did it and the second that she *actually* got me off...with her fucking foot! Now you tell me what guy in their right mind wouldn't think about what else she could do with the rest of her petite and curvaceous body. Not a single one right? Exactly! And now you see my fucking predicament.

Thank all the shit that's holy that this week is over and we head home in a few hours and should arrive just in time for Bella's birthday party. I hope she loves her present. It was a bitch to find and since it was at the last minute, the dealer charged me up the ass for it. But Bella's worth it and so much more.

God, I sound like a fucking pansy.

Em and Jasper decided to do a little performance for the girls tonight to show them that we could give just as good as we can receive and I was all for it.

"Damn, Edward, you must have it bad for this girl, huh? *Not that I blame you at all,*" said Emmett

"Emmett, saying that I 'have it bad' for Bella is putting it entirely to fucking lightly."

"Then you must be missing her man 'cause I'm over here going crazy without my Rosie," he stated rather than asked and all I could do was nod my head.

"Well you don't have to make that bronze mess you call hair stand up any more than it already does because we're leaving in about three hours and then when we get home you can run to her and...nothing? Edward, are you two even together yet?" asked Emmett as he cocked his head to the side.

"Not yet, Emmett. Remember, we left for DC the night after the dinner and asking someone out is really not something I want to do over the phone.

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Besides if I did, Esme would've probably kicked my ass," I laughed

"Hell yeah she would've, especially since *her Edward could do no wrong*," he teased, "Well, Eddie my man, I hope you two do get together because I will be the first to admit that since you've met her, you're not as bitchy as you used to be. Maybe after you two do hook up, you'll get the stick permanently removed from your ass and I'll have my brother back and not some sorry excuse for a look-alike," he added

"Fuck you Emmett," I laughed

"See? That's what I'm saying. She's changing you already. Normally if I'd said that you would've probably chased me around the room to put my ass in the 'Vulcan Death Grip' or some other shit like that or you would've either threw something at me and called me one of your four-syllable insults that you knew I wouldn't even have understood. She's good for you man and if she can have that kind of effect on you, than the whole family benefits."

Maybe he's right. Maybe Bella is changing me and for the better. Fuck if I'm going to tell Emmett that he's right about *anything*. But being the mature and intelligent one out of the group, I could only come up with one response, "Once again, fuck you Emmett," I laughed, "How about we play some 'Halo' while we wait for the shuttle?" I asked

"Sweet. I'll set it up. Prepare to get your ass kicked baby bro."

After an hour of killing aliens and kicking Emmett's ass, which he will deny until the day he dies, the shuttle arrived and Emmett and I ran downstairs so that we could get our asses to the airport and home to our women. To say that I was excited was an understatement.

I know. 'Edward...another one?'

We got to the airport in record time, boarded the plane and landed JFK 1 hour and 15 minutes later. Why we couldn't just drive to New York I will never know. Once we landed, we hopped in Em's jeep that was parked in 'Overnight

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Parking' and headed for home. When we got to the apartment building, the first elevator was stalled on the fifteenth floor while the second one was heading up to the eighteenth. I looked at Em, he nodded and we hoofed our asses up the twenty-two flights of stairs while carrying our bags and dressed in full formal dress uniform.

When we finally got to our floor we headed towards the girls' door and our faces dropped. On the door was a sign, undoubtedly made by Alice I'm sure of it, that said " *Guys, be here to pick us up at 9:30pm and stay away until then. Love you Jasper*". Ok, it was definitely made by Alice.

"You've gotta be fucking kidding me," I said

"I just ran up twenty-two fucking flights of stairs to be greeted by a damn sign. That shit's just wrong Edward. Wrong!"

"I should just knock and hope that Bella answers," I said

"If you want to face the wrath of the scary little dwarf, you go right ahead."

"I know you're right Em, but right now I don't care. I *have* to see her."

Right as I was about to knock, my cell phone rang. *Bella?* How in the hell...?
"Bella?"

"I wouldn't do it Edward. She's going to be on a rampage and I don't want to have to make an ER trip on my birthday. Once was enough thank you very much," she said with a laugh. *Oh that damn laugh.*

"Bella? How did you know that I was out here?" I asked

"I was in the kitchen and faintly heard your voice. I sort of thought I was imagining it but then...now don't go thinking I'm weird and shit... but I kinda felt your presence outside the door. I know, crazy huh?" she said nervously

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"That's not crazy at all, Bella. I love that you can...feel me," I said, "But I would love it even more if I could return the favor," I added

I heard her breath hitch in the phone and knew that I had her right where I wanted her, "Sounds like a plan to me, Mr. Cullen," she said, "Uh oh. Mt. St Alice is about to erupt. She's standing in front of my door with fumes coming from her ears, tapping her foot like she's trying out for 'Fame' and shit," she laughed,

"Apparently I'm breaking some UNKNOWN rule by talking to you right now and should hang up. I have to go Edward. I'll see you in a few hours, ok?" she asked with a hint of sadness in her voice.

"Ok Bella. I'll see you in a few," I answered trying to hide my own disappointment.

"Until then Edward?"

"Until then my fair Bella." *I'm in love with you....*

She hung up the phone and I suddenly felt an emptiness creep through my body. It is insane to feel such loss after a damn phone call, but I guess knowing the fact that the woman that you love is right behind the door that you're standing in front of and your not allowed to see her after a week of not seeing her, could maybe fuck with your mind. *Just a bit.* Before walking away, I placed my hand and forehead on her door, took a deep breath and with a heavy heart, turned to head towards my own loft.

Nine thirty could not get here fast enough.

I entered the loft, threw my bag on the floor next to the door and headed towards the kitchen to grab a beer.

After I grabbed the beer, I headed towards the living room to find Emmett planted in front of the TV watching Naruto while Jasper practiced the licks to the song for tonight's performance. Emmett tore his eyes from the TV long

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enough to speak to me.

"Blocked by the evil fairy I see."

"Yeah. Bella said she was on some sort of rampage," I answered

"You two have no idea. She's been doing this all damn day. I can't wait to get this night over with so that I can have my Alice back to normal. Well, normal for Alice that is," answered Jasper

"At least you had a chance to see your girl. We've been gone for a week only to be greeted by a fucking bedazzled sign," said Emmett.

"Yeah? Well thanks to Rose, all I could do was 'see' Alice. She cock blocked my ass every chance she got saying shit like 'if I can't get any than neither can Alice'. That shit was so not cool, Emmett," answered Jasper

"HAHAHA! That's my girl," boomed Emmett

"Fuck you Emmett," replied Jasper

"You know I've been hearing that shit all day. Weird," Emmett mused

Well, one other thing is official. My brother is a complete moron. And he saves lives for a living?

"Does anyone have any idea what the girls are doing for their performance?" I asked

"No. They've been rehearsing like crazy and every time I try and peak Alice just gives me a death glare. I ran into Angela on the elevator and from what she's told me we're in for a show," answered Jasper with a knowing grin

"Yes! I am so fucking excited. Ed. Are you sure you can do this song? It's nothing like that Chopin shit that you're used to?" asked Emmett

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"I'm good man. I just can't wait to see Bella's face when we're on stage. And Chopin is not shit you cultural waste vacuum."

"Whatever man. Just don't bitch out on your verse cause I called the second one and dude you cannot pull off saying shit like 'steelo'," said Emmett

"Plus Em, you're not a bachelor, only Edward here is but hopefully not for long," replied Jasper with wiggled eyebrows

They may be my brothers, but sometimes I just want to...

"Well, as much as I would love to sit around with you two asses I'm going to go unpack and shower for tonight," I said

After I showered and attempted to do something with this damn hair of mine *no fucking luck there*, I went over to my bag to retrieve Bella's gift so that I could wrap it up for her. I really hoped she likes this. It seemed perfect for her and was the first and only thing that popped in my damn head, well the only non-sexual thing that is.

I wonder what she would've thought about leather cuffs, a blindfold and a...fuck Cullen think with your bigger head for once, today!

A minute before 9:30, I made my way to the front room, snatched up the guys and headed to the girls apartment. It took me a couple times to remind myself not to embarrass myself and run or I would've never heard the end of that shit from either one of these two. When we made it to the door I honestly had to take a few quick breaths before I knocked. I was nervous as shit. I knocked twice and the door all but flew open. *Alice*. I walked through anxious as hell to see my Bella and when I did, OH FUCK, *cue the bugged-out eyes, slack jaw, drool and suddenly tight jeans...again*. I saw her in that dress and lost all thought and about 130 IQ points. *How in the hell does she do that to me?*

She looked like every man's wet dream. Her incredible lips were painted a delicious red and her eyes looked more amazing than I thought possible. The dress she wore looked like it was made especially for her fabulous figure. Her

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hair looked like she just had some of the best sex of her life and she wore the sexiest 'fuck me' shoes that I have ever seen. When she turned around and I saw that her whole damn back was exposed, it took all the self control that I could muster to stop myself from jumping over my damn speed bump of a sister and ripping that damn excuse of a dress off of her and making her scream EDWARD til she was hoarse.

I needed to breathe. She was turning me into some horny lust ridden, sex craving 17 year-old animal. This shit is just not normal. Looking at her, I noticed that she was taking in my appearance and I hoped she like what she saw. Wait...hold it...ahh yes she likes it. Apparently, it was a good choice on the shirt. *Edward. Say something. Compliment her you idiot!* After my self-admonishment, I was about to compliment the sexy creature in front of me when Alice yelled out "Present time". I didn't know whether to kick her or kiss her. I'll decide later cause I was sure that she would do something to earn both.

When we gave her our presents, I loved the fact that she really appreciated them. She almost cried when Alice and Rose gave her their beautiful charm bracelet, but to cover up to approaching tears, she made some joke about how their initials spell out 'BAR'. She then opened Emmett's gift which was an apron that had 'Kiss the Cook' on the front and Emmett promised to follow the apron's directions anytime she wore it. I don't know where the hell it came from but I growled. *God, I hope she did not hear that.* I looked at Emmett and he had a stupid grin on his face.

Em, I'm not playing. I still have that stainless-steel ice cream scooper in the loft. Don't make me use it for purposes other than what it was intended for!

She continued opening her presents and I saw that she received a beautiful locket from Angela and a gift certificate from Jasper for kick boxing classes. Fucking Jasper. I was the last to give my present to her and to be honest; I was a little apprehensive about it. Would she like it? Would she think it was a stupid gift? Would she know that I spent hours on the phone trying to hunt the damn thing down? Would she appreciate it?

Of course she'd appreciate it you idiot. She's Bella.

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I looked into her eyes and saw that they were pleading for me to give her the gift. I would do anything for those damn eyes. I took a deep breath and reluctantly handed the gift to her. She took the package from my hand and looked in my eyes as she slowly removed the paper from the box . Once she finally removed the packaging from her gift, she pulled the book from the box and...nothing. Complete silence. Not even a breath. Absolutely nothing. Oh fuck she hates it. I knew she would.

Fuck Edward, how lame could you be? Who in the hell buys a girl a book for her fucking birthday? Fix this Edward...NOW!

"I'm sorry Bella. I just remembered one of our conversations and when you said that you loved the classics and Jane Austen I figured this would be a great gift. If you don't like it I could-"

"Edward stop! I love it. I'm just speechless that's all. This is one of the best presents that I have ever received. Thank you so much," she said as she held back tears.

Wow! She loves it. I mean *really* loves it. I was about to speak when she got up, came over to me and all but threw her delicious self into my arms. *Oh my damn can you stay here forever?* She felt so fucking wonderful in my arms and it was better than I remembered. The meeting in the restaurant over a week ago had *nothing* on this. I wanted to squeeze her tighter and never let her go.

"Well I'm glad to see that you like it. You had me worried there for a moment."

Major understatement.

"Sorry. I love it. You just knocked me speechless there for a few. Where on earth did you find this?"

*I knocked **you** speechless? I knocked **you** speechless? Woman, are you kidding me?*

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"I have my sources," I said as I smiled down to her thinking about all the work it took to find that book and loving the fact she loved my present to her.

Rose interrupted our moment commenting on the fact that Bella hugged me over a book and they gave her jewelry and got nothing. *Jealous much?* Bella then ran over to them and gave them all hugs and thank yous as well. When Em asked for some love too, Rose and I quickly cut that shit down. Wait, Rose? What's that all about? Afterwards, Alice said it was time to be heading out and delegated Rose to grab 'the bag'. What the hell is in that bag?

"What's in the bag?" I asked *Hey. It was a good question so I asked.*

"Yeah. Tell us," whined Jasper

"Keep your pants on. You'll find out soon enough," replied my Angel

"Yeah, but for how long after they see what's in this bag is the real question?" added Rose

"Hopefully not too long," answered Alice with a giggle. We all made it to the elevator and rode down to the garage in silence. When we got to the cars, there was a debate over who would drive. Bella decided that we should cab it because she wasn't being anybody's DD. Drunk Bella? I think I'm going to like tonight.

"Shit sounds good to me. Can we go already? I wanna get my dance on," asked Rose

"I'm game. I'll go hail a cab," replied Bella

"No! I'll get it. It's a little cold and you don't have a jacket," I said. There was no way in hell I was letting her out of my sight in that fucking dress.

"Sure Edward. Blame it on the cold," laughed Rose

"Shut it Phoebe. I'll be back in a minute," I replied

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Three minutes later, a Yellow Cab van stopped in front of me and I went to get the rest of the group. I helped the ladies in the van and got in right after Bella. The girls sat in the first two rows and the guys sat in the last row and I was right behind Bella. When Rose opened the second row of windows, I could smell the delicious strawberry scent of her hair as it assaulted me in the best way. The breeze gently blew her hair off of her shoulders and neck, gracing me with a very tempting view of her creamy skin. I got close up behind her right ear and whispered in a low voice that only she could hear,

"Bella, you look absolutely stunning tonight. Sorry I didn't compliment you earlier but you stunned me and I forgot how to talk."

She then turned around to look at me and I was blessed with the sight of those fabulous lips and awe-inducing eyes. We stared at each other for what seemed like forever but was probably just a few seconds before she spoke,

"Well thank you Edward, you look sexy as hell yourself I must say, all flaunting your 'V' for the world to see. And don't worry about the whole being stunned thing because you've been known to dazzle people yourself, Mr. Cullen," she said

"Do I dazzle you?"

"Frequently,"

"Good to know," I replied as I picked up her right hand and placed a light kiss on the outside of it.

"We're here," said the unnamed cabbie. Bella went to go pay and I all but snatched her wallet from her hand as she gave me a shocked and annoyed look.

"Don't look at me like that. What kind of man would I be if I let you pay for the cab ride, and on your birthday no less?" I asked

"A living one," she replied

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"Well you can threaten me all you want, but I'm paying so you can either accept it and enjoy your birthday or

accept it and pout all night. It's totally up to you," I asked

Just let me do this Bella.

"Fine. But don't you go making a habit of this Edward Cullen. I've been taking care of myself for longer than I can remember and I'm not just going to let you come in and start paying for shit. Got it mister?" she asked

Man she's hot when she's angry, but I'm still going to pay for things whether she likes it or not. Which from the looks of it, she won't. *Do I have my hands full with this one or what?*

"Wanna bet?" I asked

"Let's just go inside Bella and enjoy the night, ok?" said Alice. *A kiss for the Pixie it is then.*

"Fine," she said. When I opened the door and hopped out, I grabbed her hand to help her out of the van. When she got out she stood a few inches in front of me for a couple of seconds before she leaned over and kissed my left cheek.

"Thank you, Edward," she whispered

"Anytime, love," I replied in shock as I rubbed the spot that was just kissed.

HOLY HELL! Her lips were softer than my lame ass imagination could come up with. My face feels like it's on fire. Damn I can't wait until she kisses me again. And there will be an 'again'.

"Ahem. You do realize that there is more than one lady in this damn cab right Edward?" asked Rose

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"Well Rosalie when you're concerned sometimes it's hard to remember," I replied

"True. I'm more man than you'll ever be, Cullen," she replied as I helped her out the cab.

"Love you too Rose," I replied with a laugh

I helped Alice and Angela out the cab, paid the driver and headed into the club. The club was definitely a sight to be seen. It was decorated in emerald green and silver with silk fabric in the same color scheme covering the ceiling and draping down to the ground. The bar was to the left and behind it was a mirrored wall that held all types of alcohol. The floor was separated into sections. One side was for dining and the tables were covered in emerald green tablecloths with silver accents and chair covers. The other side was the dance floor that was a beautiful cherry stained wood and to the right of the dance floor was the DJ booth. Right in the center of the club was an elevated floor that held three chrome stripper poles, one on the left, one on the right and one directly in the center. In front of the center pole were three microphones on stands and above them was a banner that read "Happy Birthday Bella". From the looks of it, tonight was definitely going to be memorable.

"Oh my...Alice? This is amazing. Thank you so much," said Bella as she went over and put Alice in a bear hug that would rival Emmett's.

"No problem, Bells. Nothing's too good for one of my girls," replied Alice with tears in her eyes

"Would you bitches stop. You're making my make-up run," said Rose as they came over and hugged her too.

"Can we get drunk now or are you guys gonna have your Oprah moments all damn night?" asked Emmett

The girls all stopped hugging, looked at each other, then looked at Emmett and stalked over to him. They all circled him, including Angela, made him lean

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over and raised their hands like they were going to smack him. Jas and I were braced ourselves for Emmett's beat down when out of the blue...they kissed him. All of them! Fucking kissed him on his lips and his cheeks. After they were done, they made their way over to the bar and left Emmett's ass standing there, grinning and speechless. Once he came to his senses, he sauntered over to us, still with that stupid smile in place.

"And you two said my mouth would get me into trouble one day. I didn't see you two getting kissed by 4 incredibly hot girls, now did I?" he asked

"They kissed you out of pity you brain-dead third grader," replied Jasper

"Say what you want, but you'll never be able to take this shit away from me. And you can guaran-damn-tee that I'm gonna brag about this shit for as long as my 'brain-dead third grader' ass can remember," he replied

"Em, if I got kissed by 4 hot chicks at once, I would brag about that shit until my dying damn day. Go ahead and enjoy that shit my man," I replied as we bumped fists. When we were done listening to Emmett brag about his hot quad kiss, we saw the girls approaching with a tray of beers and a tray of shots. I also saw Bella being eye fucked by damn near every guy in the bar.

Ok let's see. I'm killing you, breaking your face, oh...you checked out her ass too huh? Well I'm killing you too. Won't kill you cause you just glanced...oops now you looked? Time to die with the rest of these dickheads, so, so close.

I went to grab one of the trays and carried them to the table, holding Bella's hand as she sat in her seat. We all took our seats and I watched as the girls did their shots and chugged their chasers as the guys and I just drank our beers. After a while, a waitress came over to take our orders and looked like she was practically about to jump in my fucking lap. We placed our orders and went back to our conversations. 20 minutes later, the waitress came back to the table with the food and still continued to throw herself at me.

"Are you sure there isn't *anything* else that I could get for you?" she asked

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"You know, there is something you could get for me," said Bella with a devious smile. Uh Oh! I know that damn look.

Once the waitress finally tore her eyes away from me, she begrudgingly looked at Bella.

"How about a waitress who's not flirting with my date right in front of my fucking face. Can you handle that Tiffany? Can you find me one of those? If you can I would owe your desperate ass forever," asked Bella as the rest of the table burst into laughter. Tiffany apparently did not find any humor in this and stormed off towards the kitchen. I was so damn shocked; all I could do was look at Bella.

"What? **I** know we're not together and **you** know we're not together but **she** doesn't know that we're not together. It's the principal of the matter, Edward," she replied to my questioning and awed stares.

"Bella. You are my bitch and I love you. If Edward doesn't get the stick out of his ass and ask you out soon, I'm dumping Emmett and snatching you from Edward's slow ass grasp. That shit was priceless ," Rose laughed.

"Hey? Wait. Can I watch?" asked Emmett

"You are such a pig Emmett," replied Bella. Emmett just boomed his laugh and whined when Alice punched him.

As we sat there and continued to mock the waitress, 'I Want You' by King's of Leon began to play and Bella jumped up, grabbed the girl's hands and pulled them to the dance floor. They all got up, walked to the center of the floor and the crowd parted like Bella was Moses and they were the damn Red Sea. The girls owned the room and all eyes were on them, even the other girls in the club could not take their eyes off of them.

Bella did a little turn with her arms in the air and dropped to the ground before standing back up and grabbing Angela's hips. She began to move Angela's hips left and right to the beat of the music as she swayed her own. Rose and Alice

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moved to the opposite sides of Bella, placed their hand on her shoulders, arms, waist and hips and began mimicking her movements as they moved closer towards her, practically grinding against her. Bella threw her head back in laughter and began to sing the lyrics to the song. She looked so fucking beautiful, not having a care in the world.

Rose grabbed the strap on the back of Bella's dress and pulled Bella closer to her and she sang the lyrics to the song to Bella in her ear. Alice slowly dropped down to the ground and as she rose back up she ran her hands up Bella's legs and grabbed the hem of Bella's dress as she pulled herself closer to Bella, while Angela wrapped her hands in Bella's beautiful hair and moved closer to her face.

"Dude?" said Emmett

"Shut up Emmett! You're ruining the moment," I said

"That's what I meant about her moving her hips man. They're fucking mesmerizing," said Jasper

"Keep your eyes on your own girl's hips Jasper," I said

"When my girl is grinding on yours it's kinda hard to not look at them both. Don't you think?" said Jasper

"That's true. Luckily she's my sis so I just ignore her," I said

"Well neither Rose or Bella are my sis so I can enjoy them both," said Emmett with a huge grin.

As the girls continued the slow and sensual dance, the other guys in the bar began to surround them as they danced. The guys and I looked at each other and made our way to the dance floor. I walked into the gathering crowd, pushed my way through, wrapped my arm around Bella's waist and grabbed Angela by the hand with my free one. We made our way back to the table and downed the rest of our shots. I looked at Bella and she had a look in her eyes

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that I haven't seen before and for the life of me, I couldn't describe it.

We sat there for a few and laughed some more about nothing in particular when a different waitress came out with Bella's birthday cake. It was decorated with green and white icing and had a chef's hat made out of icing placed in the center. Once we sang the birthday song and Bella blew out her candles, Emmett asked what did she wish for. Bella's replied that if she told him then the wish wouldn't come true and she really wanted this wish in particular to come true. The entire time she said this, she looked directly at me. *I will grant any wish you want Bella.*

We ate some cake and Bella had some icing sitting on the side of her face, so I took my finger and slowly removed the icing from the side of her mouth. I was about the lick the icing off of my finger, when she grabbed my wrist, looked me directly in my eyes, parted her delicious looking lips and slowly slipped my finger in her hot, wet mouth as she swirled her little pink tongue around my finger and sucked the icing off of my finger. After she slowly pulled my finger out of her mouth, she kissed the tip and placed my hand back on the table as she looked around the table and noticed all eyes on her. And cue the blush.

"Oh so now you blush. You go and pull one of the hottest and most erotic fucking things I've witnessed, on me no less, thanks for the by the way, and then blush afterwards. Bella Swan you are something else," I said

"It was hot, huh?" she asked with hooded eyes and lust in her voice. Due to all of the liquid courage flowing through me, I nodded my head and pointed to my obvious...appreciation for her little stunt. She smiled and bit her bottom lip, making me even harder; which she of course noticed.

"Good to know," she giggled as she placed a lingering kiss on my cheek.

During our moment together, I forgot where we were and who the hell we were with. It seems that when Bella and I are together, time and people cease to exist, like we're the only two people on the earth. And I've never experienced moments like that with anyone else. As I was thinking about the incredibly sexy moment that I just shared with an incredibly sexy woman, the beginnings

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of "Dirrty" by Xtina was starting to play and some half-dressed, tone deaf harpy was murdering the song to no end.

"Aw you have got to be fucking kidding me with this," Rose yelled. Bella calmed Rose down and they all got up and walked over to the DJ booth.

"What the hell was that all about?" asked Jasper

"The hell if I know. They did looked a little pissed, huh?" I asked

"Maybe it had something to do with their performance for tonight. Why else would they get so upset?" asked Emmett

"I never thought I would say this, but you're probably right Emmett," I said

"Could you imagine them doing "Dirrty"? It would probably be as hot as oh...say, Bella sucking the icing off your finger. Man that was hot as hell. How in the hell did you swing that?" asked Jasper with an excited look on his face that reminded me of Alice.

"I don't know. All I did was wipe the icing off of her mouth and she grabbed my wrist and sucked the icing off of my finger. By the way Em, that totally trumps your 4 girl kiss earlier," I said

"You won't hear my denying it.. That was just hot as hell. Wait until I tell you what Rose did when she put the icing on my-,"

"TMI!" yelled Jasper and me

"What's TMI?" asked Rose as the girls came back

"Oh nothing. Just something that Emmett said," replied Jasper

SMACK!

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"Shit Rose! Fucking Jasper! Rosie, you don't even know what I said," whined Emmett, as he again had to rub the back of his head.

"If it's enough to make Edward and Jasper say TMI, than it was too fucking much," replied Rose

We all laughed at his whining ass as I asked Bella if the crisis was averted. Alice spoke up and said that their song choice was gone so that had to come up with a plan B. She then said that they were up in a few songs and they needed to go and get ready.

"See you in a few fellas. Later Edward," said Bella as looked at me with still hooded eyes.

"See you in a few Bells," replied Emmett

"Later Break-a-face," replied Jasper

"See you later, Love," I replied. When my nickname for her slipped, she granted me with one of her patented smiles and I was once again transfixed. *Be still my beating heart.*

While the girls were gone, we had to suffer through performances of 'Crying' by Aerosmith, 'Mad World' by Gary Jules and a few more tortuous performances from people who should definitely keep their day jobs. Finally, the lights in the bar dimmed and the DJ came over the speakers to announce the girls.

"Ladies and Gentleman. Please focus all of your attention to the center stage for tonight's grand performance from our very own and incredibly sexy Birthday girl, Ms. Bella, and her lovely and also incredibly sexy back-up dancers Rosalie and Alice!" he yelled. As the girls heard their names they came out and were greeted with applause and whistles.

Holy Shit! What the hell were they wearing?

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They came out in itty-bitty, tight ass shorts that looked like they were made of the same material as my firemen's pants? They had on white button up shirts that looked to be a size smaller than normal. The shirts were buttoned up to the third button to allow for massive amounts of cleavage to be seen and knotted at the bottom. Their hair was up in high ponytails and they all were wearing some sexy ass sky-high stilettos. If I ever had to adjust myself now was definitely the fucking time.

"Wh.. -" replied Emmett

"H...", replied Jasper

"Uhhh...", I said

Just as we stood there with our jaws dropped and tongues wagging, the beginning drums of 'Buttons' by the Pussy Cat Dolls came on over the speaker.

Oh God! Kill me now. This woman wants me to either combust or take her in front of all these people. That's it, isn't it?

(All) 2x

I'm telling you loosen up my buttons baby (Uh huh)

But you keep fronting (Uh)

Saying what you going to do to me (Uh huh)

But I ain't seen nothing (Uh)

While Rose and Alice were singing the intro, Bella was behind them spinning on the center pole like a fucking pro. She pulled herself up to the top of the pole with just her arms, wrapped her legs around it and slid down the damn thing upside down while sucking on her finger. *OH. MY. FUCKING. GOD!* When it came time for her to sing, she rolled onto her back, slowly opened and closed her legs, stood up and then sauntered up to the mic while Rose and Alice went to work their poles.

(Bella)

Typical, Hardly the type I fall for

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*I'm liking the physical don't leave me asking for more
I'm a sexy mama (Mama)
Who knows just how to get what I wanna (Wanna)
What I want to do is spring this on you (On you)
Back up all of the things that I told you (Told you)
You been saying all the right things all night long
But I can't seem to get you over here to help take this off
Baby, can't you see?
How these clothes are fitting on me
And the heat coming from this beat
I'm about to blow
I don't think you know*

As she sang this, she was staring directly at me the entire time and I could feel myself get the hardest I've ever been in my entire fucking life. When it came time for the chorus, Alice and Rose got off the poles to sing along with Bella at the mics.

(All) 2x

*I'm telling you loosen up my buttons baby (Uh huh)
But you keep fronting (Uh)
Saying what you going to do to me (Uh huh)
But I ain't seen nothing (Uh)*

(Bella)

*You say you're a big boy but I can't agree
'Cause the love you said you had
Ain't been put on me, I wonder
If I'm just too much for you, Wonder
If my kiss don't make you just, Wonder
What I got next for you
What you want to do? (Do)
Take a chance to recognize that this could be yours
I can see, just like most guys that your game don't please
Baby, can't you see?
How these clothes are fitting on me*

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*And the heat coming from this beat
I'm about to blow
I don't think you know*

*(All) 2x I'm telling you loosen up my buttons baby (Uh huh)
But you keep fronting (Uh)
Saying what you going to do to me (Uh huh)
But I ain't seen nothing (Uh)*

During the dance break portion of the song, all three girls went to the poles and began to work them, but my eyes were only on Bella the entire time. She lazily swung herself around the pole, stood in front of it facing the crowd, reached her arms above her head to grab the pole and slid down slowly into a split as she whipped her head from left to then slowly and sensually stood back up and swayed over to the center mic to be later joined by Alice and Rose. When the chorus part began, the girls begin to sing...and unbutton each other tops.

*2x I'm a make you loosen up my buttons babe (Bella)
Loosen up my buttons babe (Ali and Rose)
Why don't you loosen up my buttons babe (Bella)
Loosen up my buttons babe (Ali and Rose)*

At the beginning of the final choruses, the girls ripped their shirts open then slowly peeled them off, only to reveal their oiled abs and chest and triangle bikini tops that were barely covered by the red suspenders that were attached to the shorts. Rose's bikini top was red, Alice's was pink and Bella's was a dark blue. I looked over to Em and Jasper and they were just as dumb-founded and speechless as I was with their hands conveniently placed in front of themselves.

*(All) 4x I'm telling you loosen up my buttons baby (Uh huh)
But you keep fronting (Uh)
Saying what you going to do to me (Uh huh)
But I ain't seen nothing (Uh)*

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They all shared Bella's mic for the end of the song and was groping and grinding on each other all the way to the song's end. When the song ended, the place erupted in applause. The girls thanked the crowd and then hurried off stage towards the back of the club where they originally came out.

After a few more moments, Jasper spoke to break the long silence, "Wow," that was the hottest thing that I he breathed. I think that was the hottest thing that I have ever seen," he said.

"I know. I never wanted Rose more than I do right now," replied Emmett

"Damn Edward. Bella wants you bad man. And did you see that split? I didn't know she was that flexible," said Jasper

"I saw it Jasper. Man did I see it."

"Yeah and from the look on your face, you enjoyed it too and man I don't blame you because that was just fucking amazing and sexy as hell and if Rose could do a split like that, we would never leave the house," said Emmett

"Just don't go breaking any beds again. Loud asses," I replied

"Jealous Edward?" asked Emmett

"Not in the least, Emmett. Want to know why?" I asked as he nodded his head 'yes'. I pointed towards the girls and noticed Bella's face. She wanted me and man was it obvious. *THANK GOD!* "Because look at who I have waiting for me Emmett. Do you think I have a need to be jealous?" He turned around, saw Bella approaching and I guess he noticed the look in her eyes too because he quickly shook his head 'no', "I thought not," I answered

As the girls approached, Bella walked over to me and with glowing skin and a flustered expression she placed her hand on my chest and asked, "So...did you guys like the performance?"

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I didn't say anything at all. I just walked up to her, placed my hands on her waist, pushed her back against the nearest wall and kissed her with all the fucking passion that I had in me to show her how much I *liked* the performance. She tasted better than she smelt and that should have been damn near impossible. Her lips were so soft and warm that I just had to kiss her harder and to my surprise, she kissed me back with just as much fervor as she fisted the hair behind my head and pulled my lips harder to hers. I gently bit her full bottom lip and sucked it into my mouth, causing Bella to moan against me. She pressed her body impossibly closer to mine and I felt every curve and line of her beautiful body. The heat radiating off of her was mind numbing as I pressed my hips into hers and slowly began to move against her, earning another pants-tightening moan.

She sucked my bottom lip into her mouth, which caused me to let out a moan of my own. As I did, she slid her tongue in into my mouth and they danced together and fought for dominance. I gently forced my tongue into her mouth, grabbed her tongue and sucked on it, making her let out a deep and breathy moan that made me forget my fucking name. She lifted her left leg and wrapped it around my waist. I grabbed her thigh and slid my left hand up to the hem of her dress as my right hand forcefully grabbed her ass and pressed her harder into my denim-covered and impossibly hard cock. Her head fell back and hit the wall, exposing that beautiful neck of hers. I leaned down and sucked on the newly exposed skin, licking and sucking from the hollow of her neck to behind her left ear, leaving open-mouthed kisses and little bites along the same path.

She pulled up the hem of my shirt and ran her hot little hands over the muscles of my back and shoulders and we both shuddered and let out a deep sigh as her skin touched mine. I pressed my hips even harder into hers as I forcibly grabbed hers with both hands and lifted her up so that she was completely straddling me. She dug her nails into my shoulders and slowly slid them down my back as she sucked my tongue in and out of her mouth, causing me to moan even louder. I wrapped the end of her ponytail around my fist and pulled her mouth closer to mine as I ran my hand up her body and cradled one of her breasts. I began moving my hips back and forth as Bella panted and moaned louder. Bella grabbed two fistfuls of my hair and pulled my neck closer to hers

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as she slowly began to suck on my neck, causing me to shiver and grab hold of the wall behind her.

"Helloooo! Now, I'm all for PDA and shit, and I would love to watch you two do it like they do on the 'Discovery Channel', but you guys are gaining quite the audience and I'm pretty sure that Bella doesn't want to rest of the club seeing her vajajay," said Rose as she interrupted.

I begrudgingly let Bella down, fixed her dress and hair, and gave her one more long, lingering kiss before moving away. I saw her take a few deep breaths before she turned around to address our little group.

"Sorry about that guys. Don't know what got into me," said Bella

"I know what was about to get in you. He's 6'2", has bronze hair and is looking at you like you're something to eat," replied Angela. Bella just shook her head at Angela and with one more look at me, escorted them to the bar for refills. Once the girls left, it was entirely too quiet around me. I regrettably looked up at Jasper and Emmett who looked like they just saw the second coming and shit.

This won't be pretty.

"Don't even say it," I warned

"But dude, you-," said Emmett

"I said don't say it Emmett."

"But, Edward," whined Emmett

"Emmett. Shut it!" I demanded

"Fine Lameward! Hey Jasper, do you know that I think?" he asked

"No Emmett. What do you think?" asked Jasper

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"I think that that had to have been the hottest fucking kiss I have ever seen? And do you know what else Jasper?" Emmett asked

"What?" asked Jasper in a faux shocked tone.

"Did you know that I actually wanted to lock Rose in the damn janitor's closet for interrupting that shit?" asked Emmett.

"I feel your pain Emmett. Your girlfriend should be tarred and feathered. How dare she interrupt that kiss? They probably would've done it right there on that damn wall too," replied Jasper

"Enough idiots. Let it go," I said

"Dude I'm sorry, but how in the hell are you still standing right now. That was intense and you're standing there looking all calm and collected and shit," said Emmett

I just rolled my eyes at him and looked at my watch. When I saw that our time to perform was coming up, I looked over at the DJ booth as saw him signaling us over. The girls were just making there way over to us with a new tray full of drinks in their hands. Once again, I grabbed Bella's tray and took my shot. I then motioned to the fellas that it was time to make our move.

"Ladies, we have a surprise for you. Now it may not be as hot as yours was, but we hope you like it all the same, " I said as I looked at Bella.

"Ooooh! What is it?" asked Alice

"Yeah, what?"

"Patience, Love," I said, earning a beautiful smile in return.

The DJ called us up to the stage, I gave Bella one more lingering kiss on her lips before Jasper, Emmett and I made our way to the stage.

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"Ready to do this, Ed?" asked Emmett.

"Let's do this shit," I replied.

Bella POV:

"Let's do this shit," I heard Edward reply to Emmett's question.

A few seconds later, Jasper began playing the licks to a song that I vaguely recognized. Once the background music came in, my jaw damn near hit the floor. The guys were doing the rock version of 'Pony'?

"Bella...?" said Rose.

"I know Rose I know. He's not going to...? Holy shit he's stepping up to the mic!" I said

(Edward)

*I'm just a bachelor
I'm looking for a partner
Someone who knows how to ride
Without even falling off
Gotta be compatible
Takes me to my limits
Girl when I break you off
I promise that you won't want to get off*

Holy shit! The man can sing! *Is there nothing that Edward Cullen can't do? I mean seriously people.*

(All) 2x

*If you're horny. Let's do it
Ride it, My Pony
My saddle's waiting
Come and jump on it*

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As the guys were singing the chorus, Edward was looking directly at me. He pulled the front of his shirt up so that it rested behind his neck and over his shoulders, exposing his chiseled chest, his freaking 8-pak and his lickable 'V' muscles. He slowly ran his hands over the front of his body and down to the hem of his jeans, before placing his thumbs in the belt loop of his jeans, exposing his brown 'happy trail'.

FUCK! CAN I LICK HIM NOW? PLEASE!

(Emmett)

Sitting here flossing

Peeping your steelo

Just once if I have the chance

The things I will do to you

You and your body

Every single portion

Send chills up and down your spine

Juices flowing down your thigh.

As Emmett sang his part, he did the same thing as Edward and exposed his sexy chest as Rose licked his bellybutton. Edward moved closer towards me to the edge of the stage and I walked over and ran my hands over his tight, hard and beautiful muscles.

(All) 2x

If you're horny. Let's do it

Ride it, My Pony

My saddle's waiting

Come and jump on it

During the guitar break of the song, Emmett and Edward pulled Rose and me up on stage and Alice went and danced around Jasper. Edward put his thigh between my spread legs, pulled me incredibly close to him and we began grinding on each other as he sucked on my neck. I threw my head back as my hands landed in his hair. My heart was pounding and I was leaking out onto my thighs. I felt Edward's erection pressed up against my stomach and I stuck two

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fingers down the front of his jeans to graze the tip of his cock, smoothing the pre-cum that was there across the tip. He let out a sexy ass smothered groan and stopped sucking on my neck long enough to look me in the eye and sing the next verse.

(Edward)

*If we're gonna get nasty, Baby
First we'll show & tell
Till I reach your ponytail*

At 'ponytail', Edward wrapped my hair around his fist again and pulled me in for a searing kiss.

(Emmett)

*Lurk all over and through you baby
Until I reach your stream
You'll be on my jockey team*

(All) 5x

*If you're horny. Let's do it
Ride it, My Pony
My saddle's waiting
Come and jump on it*

During the final choruses, I took Edward's shirt completely off and ran my hands all over his body. I grabbed his chest and licked his nipples as he grabbed my ass and made me grind his thigh. I was close to coming when he grabbed my hips and spun me around so that my partially exposed back was tightly pressed up against his chest. Oh my damn did this man feel good!

He ran his hand down the back of my dress and forcibly grabbed my ass, squeezing it and pulling me closer to him as the song came to an end. The place erupted with applause and catcalls, but all I could hear and feel were our breathing. He slowly turned me back around to face him and when I looked into his eyes, they were forest green and hooded with lust. I ran my hands down his back before I asked him the question I've been dying to ask him.

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"Are you ready to get out of here?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

He picked me up so that I was again straddling his waist, walked us over to the table to grab my bag, downed my shot of tequila and headed out the door to hail a cab.

Author's Note: Sorry there was no lemon in this chapter. I promise the next chapter will be B & E's lemon. The links to all the songs performed are on my profile. You really should listen because the image of Edward singing 'Pony' to Bella is even hotter once you hear the song in the background...trust me.

Lol later guys,

Nicole

I'm Fcking Edward Cullen

Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight. Sucks to be me :(

Author's Note: Song choice for Chapter title is a parody to Sarah Silverman's "I'm Fucking Matt Damon" The link to the *You Tube* video is on my profile and it's some funny shit. Now, who's ready for some sexy Fireman Edward Lovin'? Well here it is.

WARNING: Rated 'M' for a reason (1st Lemon. Please be nice.)

"I'm Fucking Edward Cullen"

Bella POV:

As we made our way outside the club to hail a cab we were greeted with fresh air and a chilling rain. Edward continued to hold me in his arms straddling his waist as he flagged a taxi down. His shirt that I took off of him onstage was still in my right hand, so as he was waving his arms to flag the cab down, I could see his strong muscles flex under his beautiful and now glistening skin. I looked up at him and watched as the rainwater drizzled down from his suddenly dark-brown hair, past his eyebrows, over his straight nose, down his full and sumptuous lips and over his chin. The water then drizzled down his amazing chest and glided over his rock hard and prominent abs as it licked his left 'v' muscle and disappeared into his jeans.

Ohhh what I wouldn't give to have my tongue be that damn water.

I was snapped out of my daydream by the feeling of a warm tongue gliding over my ear and down to my neck. I turned my head to face Edward and saw his amazing hunter green and lust filled eyes boring into me. I snaked my arms behind his neck, grabbed a fistful of his beautiful and wet hair into my hands and pulled his lips down onto mine. I wrapped my tongue around his and sucked it into my mouth. He groaned loudly in response and began to kiss me the hardest I've ever been kissed. His right arm tightened around my waist

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while his left hand stroked and squeezed my ass. I moaned into his mouth, which only made him squeeze harder.

The rain was beating down on us as we kissed and groped each other. Our bodies were pressed close together and through my flimsy and now completely soaked dress; I could feel every inch of Edward pressed against me and it felt fucking wonderful. I felt the heat radiating off of his amazingly perfect body as our kissing became increasingly deeper and our moaning grew to new decibels.

The honking of a car horn interrupted our kissing. We both turned around to see a cab waiting for us with the engine running as the driver looked at us with an annoyed expression on his face. I gave the driver an apologetic glance and slowly slid my body down from Edward's grasp. He hissed through his teeth in response and I had to bite the inside of my mouth to keep from smiling.

We got into the cab and Edward gave the driver the address. I noticed that Edward's still shirtless torso was being eyed by the driver in the rear view mirror and this time he was definitely *not* annoyed.

"I think you should put this on before I have to kick the driver's ass and wind up behind bars," I whispered to Edward as I reluctantly gave him back his shirt.

He raised his beautiful eyebrow at me as if asking 'what the hell are you talking about?' I told him that I caught the driver ogling him in the mirror and he quickly put his shirt back on. I had to laugh at his eagerness. After his shirt was on he pulled me closer to him and wrapped an arm around my waist as his left hand stroked my exposed thigh. His right hand stroked to outside trim of my dress that bordered my breast. These soft touches were re-igniting the fire that was ebbed by the leering cabbie and they were driving me insane.

I turned my body to face him and lifted his shirt up past his belly button. I began to trace the hair on his 'happy trail' and leaned in the kiss his exposed skin over his abs. Edward leaned his head back on the headrest and bit his bottom lip to hold in the moan. *I love that I can have this effect on him.* His nipples were still covered by his shirt but were plainly visible due to his arousal, so I sucked one into my mouth and rubbed it back and forth between

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my lips. Edward's grip on my waist tightened as he grabbed my breast with his free hand and flicked my already taut nipple with his thumb. I gasped in pleasure and moved my hand down over Edward's denim-covered erection as I licked his chest.

I suddenly became vaguely aware that we were not alone and that maybe we should stop. Low and behold, as I pulled away I saw the cabbie averting his eyes from the peep show we were giving him. I reluctantly pulled away from Edward and pointed to the driver. He nodded his head in understanding and wrapped his arms around my shoulders as we attempted to ride home in silence. The silence would have been possible had the driver not kept glancing at Edward.

Oh this shit has to stop.

"You know, we'd probably get home a lot sooner and maybe even safer if you would do your job and stop eye-fucking my man," I said to the driver. Did I just say *my man*? Oh God! Did Edward hear me?

Of course he heard you, you idiot! He is in the car with you!

I cautiously looked over at Edward and what I saw surprised the hell out of me. He had the most amazing smile that I had ever seen plastered on his beautiful face. *Gah! I think my heart stopped.*

"Yeah man, no offense but in the words of my immortal brother Emmett, 'I'm a wussy for the pussy,'" He said in a deep voice, mocking Emmett's tone. That was so fucking adorkable.

"Remind me to think Emmett for that one," I said with a laugh

The driver huffed and didn't look back at us for the rest of the drive, even though he did seem to take the longer way home. *Assface!*

We *finally* made it home and Edward paid the driver. I was going to fuss about it but just gave up. He's more stubborn than I am. *Scary shit, Bella.* When the

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cab pulled off, Edward was by my side in an instant and we made our way to the lobby of our building. When the elevator arrived, we got on and I pressed the #22 button for our floor.

Before I had a chance to turn around, Edward moved behind me, grabbed my hips with both hands and pressed his body firmly against mine up against the elevator wall. His hands then traveled down my thighs and up to the hem of my dress. I moved my hips against his obvious arousal and Edward growled and grinded his hips deeper into me as he sucked on my neck.

Fuck! He growled? Holy shit I wonder if I can make him do it again?

I reached my hand behind his neck and grabbed onto the hair back there and pulled his face closer to me as he continued to suck on my neck. I moved my ass in a circular motion and placed one hand on the wall to push harder back onto him. Edward let loose a muzzled groan in my neck. Suddenly I felt the fingers of his right hand make a slow line up my thigh and travel up and under my dress. His hand traveled higher up until it reached my wet center and his finger glazed across my bare skin. He moaned loudly, realizing that I was pantiless and rubbed teasingly slow circles against my clit. I gasped loudly and threw my head back against his hard chest.

"So wet, Bella. Fuck....," he growled in my ear.

I made him growl again. I made him growl again.

Edward continued to slowly rub my engorged clit with his thumb and I groaned in annoyance, wanting more. As if he knew what I was thinking, he slid two fingers inside of me and I gasped on contact. He began to pump in and out of me with force as I grabbed onto the smooth elevator wall for support for my suddenly weak knees. Feeling me wobble slightly, Edward tightened his grip on me and quickened the pace of his fingers pumping in and out of me. My breathing became ragged and my heart raced. I could feel myself about to cum as my walls began to clench around his hands.

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"Desidero farlo cum ripetutamente e sopra, Bella. Desidero farlo cum ripetutamente e sopra."

OH. MY. GOD. Did he just speak Italian?

"Wh...what...Edwa...oh god...ward?" I moaned

"I said I want to make you cum over and over and over, Bella. Can I make you come over and over?" he asked with a growl.

Fuck yes you can!

"Yesss...Edw...wwarrrrddddd.....uhhhhhh....fuuuckkk!" I screamed as I came.

He sucked on my ear and growled as he continued his pumping while I rode out my orgasm. I had my forehead pressed against the cool elevator wall as I tried to catch my breath and force the stars from in front of my eyes. The *DING* from the elevator scared me and I jumped and squealed. I heard Edward try and cover a laugh at my reaction.

"I wouldn't laugh if I were you," I breathlessly said as we stepped off of the elevator.

"Yeah? And why is that?" he asked with his ever present crooked smile

"Because I just had an amazing orgasm on an elevator and am quite happy right now, where as from the look of your jeans, you have a pretty *big* problem going on down there," I said smugly

Edward stood there for a few seconds without saying a word. I thought I had him until he grunted, picked me up and threw me over his shoulder, walking quickly to his apartment.

Oooh! Me likey. Him Caveward. Him want Bella.

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When we entered the apartment, Edward made a beeline for his room and threw me on his huge king sized bed. He climbed up on the bed on all fours and approached me slowly, like a lion stalking his prey. As he hovered above me, he moved his lips down to mine and kissed me with the most passion that I have ever experienced. He sucked my bottom lip into his mouth while I nibbled on the top one. I opened my mouth wider to allow him to deepen the kiss and he did not disappoint. He pressed into me so deeply that my head moved deeper into the pillow and I moaned in response. We kissed until we had to finally break for air.

Edward sat up and pulled me into a sitting position by my hands. He slowly trailed his hands down my sides, fisted the fabric of my dress into his hands and pulled it up over my head. When the dress was off, I lied back down onto the bed and heard Edward gasp. I looked up into his eyes and they were overflowing with lust, while a smile graced his glorious face.

"Siete cosi bei. So so beautiful, Bella."

Oh my!

"Desidero mangiarlo. Desidero a vaffunculo. Bella. Non desidero a vaffunculo fino a che voi cum dappertutto il mio dick e mi dimentico come ortografare il vostro proprio nome maledetto," he said as he began to grind his hips into mine, making me moan again.

Fuck! It's the Italian again.

"What did you say this time?" I breathlessly asked.

"Do you really want to know?" he asked in a deep, sexy and incredibly husky voice.

"Yes. Tell me. Please?" I begged

He looked deeply into my eyes and with a smirk on his face he answered, "What I said was...I want to eat you. I want to fuck you, Bella. I want to fuck

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you until you cum all over my dick and forget how to spell your own damn name."

Holy shit! ITALIAN Dirty Talking Edward? Oh God I might come again just from the sound of his voice.

"Oh, Edward," I moaned.

That's all I could say. Can you blame me? The man always seems to make me either speechless or incredibly stupid. *So, so sad.*

"Oh fuck, Bella. You don't know how long I've waited for you. The things I want to do to you. Do you have any idea what you do to me, Bella?" he asked.

The feelings are mutual Edward. You have no idea.

"Why don't you shut up and show me," I said as I raised my legs and wrapped them around his waist.

A low groan escaped his chest as he grabbed my hips tighter and kissed me harder than before. He pulled my tongue deeper into his mouth and began to suck on it. He wrapped his arms around my hips and grabbed my ass as the tips of his fingers grazed my heated core from behind. I began to pant and my breathing picked up as I moaned louder and louder into his mouth each time he grazed my engorged clit. He removed his lips from mine as he kissed his way down my breasts, gently kissing my ear, neck and collarbone. He kneaded my breasts in his hands as he licked and sucked on my already hard right nipple with his mouth. His free hand played with my left breast making my other nipple just as hard, switching to give each breast equal attention.

His kisses made their way down my body at an agonizingly slow pace. Edward licked and kissed every inch of my stomach, sides and ribs. He continued his kissing, not stopping until he made his way down to my hips. He grabbed onto my thighs and slowly spread them open wide as possible. Edward growled and licked his lips when he saw my shaven, glistening pussy and maneuvered his body between mine

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"Fucking beautiful." He whispered as he placed an open mouth kiss on my clit. He kissed the inside of each thigh all the way to the crease on the side of my slit and traced his tongue along the same path. He took one long lick from my opening to my clit and swirled his tongue around my clit. I could see his amazing green eyes looking up at me, hooded and dark with desire and almost came right there.

Edward's tongue was dancing around my clit and my entrance, teasing me to the point of no return. He entered two fingers into me and moved them slowly, as he teased me with his tongue, lips and hands.

"Oh my god...you taste delicious, Bella. I don't know if I can stop," he moaned into me. My breath started picking up, and I moaned louder when he inserted another finger and twisted them around as he thrust in and out, causing me to moan incoherently. As I could feel my walls pulsating around his fingers, he pumped faster and faster into me as he tongue increased in pace. He curled his fingers toward my G-Spot.

"I want you to come all over my face, Bella. Do it. Come for me."

As if he was the captain of this pussy ship, I came on command. Holy shit this was a big one. I screamed loudly as I thrashed on the bed and grinded his face deeper into me as the waves continued to crash over me. He pinned my waist down with his free hand and moaned "MMMM!" into my clit, causing me to thrash even more.

Oh my god! The things that man did with his tongue should be illegal.

When he finally moved from in between my legs and I lay there catching my breath, he started to remove his clothes. I'd seen him shirtless before and felt his body, but nothing could prepare for the full nakedness that is Edward Cullen. Holy shit this man's body should have a fucking shrine built for it. *Perfect.* His face is beautiful beyond compare. His shoulders are broad and strong. His arms are cut, firm and hard, but not bulky and over-bearing. His chest is tight, masculine and warm, His abs are just about the most lickable things that I have ever seen and if I wanted to do laundry, I already have a

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damn washboard. His thighs look magnificently strong. As I ate him up with my eyes, they glazed over when they landed on his incredibly huge and deliciously hard cock. Feeling it is one thing, but shit seeing it is completely another.

Oh my damn.

I have to admit, the thought of seeing him naked was just as arousing as anything. But now seeing him and thinking about the things he was going to do with my body was making the wetness pool between my legs again.

He noticed the wetness between my legs and moaned. "Bella, you are going to be the death of me." He gazed intently at me for a moment and my breath caught at the sight of the intensity in his eyes. He licked his lips and crawled in between my legs, giving me one more, long lick before he kissed his way up to my lips. He leaned in and kissed me with a raw passion, gazing down at me with an intense fire in his eyes. I ran my fingers through his hair and we both groaned in pleasure when he put his full body weight on me and our naked bodies finally touched. His skin was hot and sinful and felt amazing pressed up against mine.

Edward placed his forehead to mine and his breathing became slightly more labored, with the anticipation of what was about to happen. He reached over to the drawer in the side table to grab a condom. He grabbed the package and began to place it between his teeth, when I snatched it from him, opened it with my teeth, pushed Edward off of me a little and slowly slid the condom down onto him.

"Holy fuck..."

I take it he liked that.

He leaned most of his weight on one elbow and slipped one of his hands in between us to guide his granite-like hard on into me at an agonizingly slow and teasing pace. This slow, teasing shit just will not do. I need him to fuck me and I need it now. "This is not a love-making session, Edward. I want you to fuck

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me," I said in a voice that I did not even recognize. This voice was the sexiest and huskiest shit that I have ever heard come from me.

Edward must like 'Commanding Bella', because the smirk that was on his face turned into the happiest grin imaginable. "As you wish." He said as he grabbed my wrists, held them above my head and rammed the rest of his hardness into me, causing the both of us to moan loudly in response. He steadied himself to let me get accustomed to his size.

Accustomed to size my ass! Have you seen the shit he's packing?

After a few seconds of 'getting accustomed', he began to move in and out of me. He grabbed my breasts and massaged them as he moaned and grunted with each pump into me. I moaned loudly and moved my hips up to meet his thrusts causing him to hit my clit with each contact. He leaned over and put one of my nipples in his mouth as he hitched my left leg around his waist and propped my ass up with his hands, causing him to hit deeper inside me than before.

"Fuck Edward." I moaned as he slowed down and gave me incredibly long strokes, sheathing himself completely in me. This made him hit every inch inside of me, including that damn "g" spot. I reached up and grabbed the hair behind his neck and pulled his lips down to mine for another kiss.

"Oh god, Bella. You feel so fucking good," he groaned into my mouth.

"Right back at ya."

Edward smiled at this then sat up. He grabbed my ankles and placed my legs behind his neck linking my ankles together. He scooted off the bed with me still attached to him, picked me up off the bed and walked me over to the dresser. He sat on top of the waist high dresser with me facing the mirror, pulled me closer to him, grabbed my hips with one hand, the dresser with the other and slammed into me over and over and he lifted me up and down his cock.

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Seeing myself fucking Edward in the mirror was the biggest turn-on ever. His back muscles strained as they held me up and worked my body over his. Beads of sweat fell down his neck making him glisten. His head fell back and his bronze hair was pressed tightly up against the mirror, giving me a visual of his beautiful neck.

He lifted me up higher and pounded me down harder onto him, meeting every thrust with his own hips. He felt so fucking good, I couldn't take it anymore. I felt my walls clenching around him and my legs started to shiver. My breathing picked up and my heart felt like it was about to explode out of my chest.

"Ooooh fuck, Edward," I loudly moaned as I felt myself about to cum

"Are you coming for me, Bella?" he growled. I nodded my head yes and he continued to make me ride him.

"You've got the best pussy, Bella. Holy shit," he murmured.

That did it!

"Edward! Oh shit. EDWARD!" I screamed as my body convulsed and the biggest orgasm I've ever experienced ripped through my body. It was never ending and wave after wave kept me on a high. Edward continued the pounding as I was riding out my orgasm. He reached his hand down between us and pinched my clit again, quickly launching me into another orgasm and the other one wasn't even finished yet.

"HOLY FUCCCK..." I screamed

"Oh God, Bella....Fuckkk...I'm...I..." he loudly moaned as he pumped in and out of me, grunting and groaning as I cried out his name during my orgasm. My walls clenched around him and I soon found him coming with me, me milking him for all he was worth. He leaned his forehead into my neck and breathed heavily as his orgasm took him over. He stopped moving me over him and placed my feet on top of the dresser and pulled me closer to him. His stomach grazed my sensitive clit and I hissed at the sensation.

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After his breathing slowed, he removed his head from the crook of my neck and placed soft wet kisses from my neck, to my ear and over to my mouth. He kissed me gently as his lips softly caressed mine.

It amazes me how he can fuck me like an animal one minute, then be sweet and caressing the next.

I grabbed his hair and placed one more forceful kiss on his lips before I pulled back.

"That was....fuck I can't even describe it," I said breathlessly

"Me neither, love. That was definitely a first. Shit," he said as he smiled my smile

"I have to ask," I panted. "Where did you learn to speak Italian?" I asked

"You like that, huh?" he asked with a slight laugh.

No. It sucked.

"Like? That's a vast understatement, Edward," I said

He chuckled, "We vacation in Tuscany and Milan often around the summer time. You know what they say, 'When in Rome',"

"Since when do Romans say 'I want you to cum until you can't spell your own name'?" I asked

He just stared at me for a few moments longer with his trademark "panty wetting" smirk gracing his face. Still, no words came from his mouth as he continued to brazenly gaze at me with a look in his eyes that sent chills down my spine and to all the right places.

"Should I get down now or do you plan on us sitting on this dresser all night?"

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"I'm fine with it if you are. Actually I was planning on celebrating your birthday a little more if you *feel* like it," he said as he grinded his already hard cock into me.

"Well I am never one to say 'no' to a birthday present," I said as I pulled his ear into my mouth.

"Good to know," he said as he picked me up over his shoulder and carried me back over to the bed.

Happy Fucking Birthday Isabella Swan!

Author's Note #2:

Short chapter I know. Hope you guys enjoyed my first lemon. I will accept all criticisms. If this lemon was good, I will definitely include more in my story.

Thanks guys,

Nicole

Brown Eyed Girl

Disclaimer: Twilight belongs to Stephanie Meyer. Fireman Edward is all mine and sorry I do not share.

Author's Note: It's pretty fair to say that you all liked my 1st lemon. Heck, I even have a few stalkers...you know who you are. Well, I'm officially doing my Emmett Cullen happy dance...(trust me it's not pretty). Thanks to all of you readers, reviewers and favoriters wait...is that even a word? Anyway, you all are the best and enough with my squawking, on with Chapter 8 and some Cullen Family quality time. Song on Blogger playlist.

Warning: Some early morning lemony goodness. Enjoy some EPOV people. I know I do.

"Brown Eyed Girl"

Edward's POV:

"Edward. Wake up," sang Bella.

"I don't want to," I groaned.

"Get your ass up, Cullen," she laughed

"I'm tired, love. Long night from making love to an incredibly beautiful and tempting woman. Speaking of which, how in the hell are you awake?"

"I'm awake because it's noon and I'm hungry," she giggled.

Holy shit! Noon? I haven't slept this late since I had the chicken pocks when I was 10.

"I don't want to get up yet. I want to be selfish and tie your little ass to the bed to keep you here with me for the entire day."

Cooking with Fire

"As tempting as that sounds, and God does it sound good, I need sustenance, Mr. Cullen," she laughed. "What if I offered to make you breakfast?" she asked.

Hm; be selfish, horny bastard and keep this sexy naked woman in bed with me or give in to the growling of my stomach and let this goddess cook for me. Decisions, decisions.

"Not hungry," I answered.

She laughed lightly and then leaned in closer to my ear. "Well...what if I said wake the fuck up and so I can play "Ride-A-Cullen"? she whispered.

That did it. I'm up!

"Then I say cow-girl up!"

"Say that shit in Italian," she growled as she climbed on me and began grinding her hips onto my already hard cock.

"You liked that shit, huh?"

"Fuck Yes!" she moaned.

"Cowgirl in su" I growled in her ear

"Fuck," she groaned as she pulled my left ear lobe into her hot mouth and bit down on it and continued to grind her wet core into me seeking the friction she craved. I hissed in response and grabbed her hips to press her harder against me.

"Oh god Edward!"

She reached over in the nightstand to grab a condom, ripped the wrapper with her teeth and slowly moved down my body to hover over my legs. I instantly groaned at the loss of heat and the feel of her body pressed against me, but that

Cooking with Fire

groan turned into one of shock and pleasure when I saw what she did next. Bella fucking put the unwrapped condom against her mouth, sucked in air, leaned over my cock and slid the condom all the way down onto me ever so slowly with her fucking mouth.

Holy fuck! I almost came at the sight of that shit.

When Bella sat back up, I crashed my lips to hers while she teasingly slow, slid her hot, wet core onto my cock. I groaned and bucked my hips on contact pounding myself harder into her. She moaned out my name loudly.. I grabbed onto her hips while she leaned forward and palmed my chest. She hovered above me and I thrust my hips up to meet hers, earning a cry of my name each time. *God I love the sound of my name on her lips.*

Bella began pushing down harder onto me and swirling her hips in a circular motion. I was hitting her 'g spot' and she started bucking on me wildly. I grabbed tighter onto her hips as her walls began to clench tighter around me. My thumb found her clit and I stroked it as Bella's breathing hitched in her throat and her chest and neck blushed a beautiful red. Shortly after, she was riding out her orgasm as her hands fisted in her hair and her body quivered above me.

Her body started to go limp and I told her that I wasn't done with her yet. I rolled us back over so that my body was hovering over hers. I started to slowly move in and out of her earning delicious sounding groans from my beloved. I grabbed onto her thighs and pushed harder into her.

"Fuck me faster, Edward."

Oh fuck. I love it when she talks like this

"My pleasure baby."

A primitive growl escaped my throat and I gripped the headboard for leverage and pounded into her. She started screaming and I felt her walls quake around me as we moved. I felt myself about to cum and wanted to bring her over with

Cooking with Fire

me. I gripped the headboard with one hand while my thumb once again found her clit and we both screamed as we came together. My body quivered as I emptied into her. Bella moaned and screamed my name, fisting my hair in her hands as we both continued to ride the waves. I collapsed onto her, leaning most of my weight on my elbows as we both tried to catch a much-needed breath.

"Sweet Jesus. Is it always going to be like that?"

Always? She wants me more after this? Oh fuck yes!

"It will if I have anything to say about," I said as I rolled onto my side and pulled her closer to me. She nudged my nose with hers and kissed me. I started to deepen the kiss when her stomach growled. I laughed and she scowled at me.

"I knew I was forgetting something," she laughed. "Is there any food in your apartment?" she asked. I looked deep into her eyes and with a serious expression and said, "Bella, everything you've ever wanted is in my apartment." After gazing back at for a moment, her lips made a motion to answer when...

"BELLLLLLAAAAA! GET OFF OF LITTLE EDDIE AND COME AND ANSWER YOUR DAMN PHONE," yelled Emmett.

"Ugh! If I shoot him, would you still want me?" she asked, with a serious expression I might add.

Shoot? Does she have a gun? I don't know whether to be turned on or scared. I think I'll go with the first one.

"Right about now I'd probably want you more if you did."

"Good to know," she laughed.

"Belllllaaaaa. Get your hot little ass out here or I'm telling your MOTHER why you haven't answered the phone yet!" said Emmett.

Cooking with Fire

If I ever wished I were an only child now would be that time...wait 'hot little ass'? Fucking Emmett. Mine!

"Oh shit! My mother!" said Bella. "I'm coming," she yelled to Emmett as she was getting dressed in my T-shirt. God she looks sexy in my clothes.

"I bet that's what you said to Eddie last night too, huh?"

She walked to the door to open it and stared Emmett down. "Too many times to count. Last night, this morning, and apparently," she stopped to look at her watch, "this afternoon. Now if you'd excuse me," she said as she took her cell phone from Emmett's hand and closed the door in his face. She walked back over to the bed, cell phone in hand and placed a kiss on my lips before talking to her mother.

"Hello? - Hi mom. - Yes I know. 26 woo hoo! - I'm not being sarcastic...ok I am. - Yes I had a great birthday (she said with a blush) - Well, my new roommate Alice threw me a party at a club. We sang, dance, did some other stuff and ta da, here I am. - No I'm not telling you what other stuff was! - Because I don't want to. - What do you mean who's the guy? - Mom, look...hold on mom," she finished. She placed her hand over the receiver and turned to look at me, "Edward, this could take a while. Apparently Renee can smell the scent of a man on me through the phone. I still don't know how she does that."

"It's ok, love. I'll go out into the kitchen to see what we can make for lunch and you can meet me out there when you're through, ok?"

"Thanks," she said. She leaned over and placed a long and enticing kiss on my lips. She licked my bottom lip and I opened my mouth to allow her tongue to taste mine. She moaned into my mouth and I started to lay her back down on the bed when I remembered our long distance visitor.

"Love? Phone," I said against her lips.

Cooking with Fire

She groaned against me, mouthed 'sorry' and began talking to her mother. I pulled on my jeans from last night, grabbed a shirt from my drawer, kissed Bella on her cheek and walked into the kitchen to be greeted by 4 smiling faces and 8 knowing eyes.

Oh fuck. Here we go.

"What the hell are all of you doing here?" I asked.

"Well, you two ran out of the club so quickly I just wanted to come over and make sure that you were ok. But from the sounds I heard coming from your room, I can tell that you're doing just fine," said Alice as she tried to hold back a laugh.

"I don't know Ali. Bella was making some strange noises. I think we should go and check on her. Don't you?" asked Rose and she too was trying to hold back a laugh.

"You're right Rosie. Let's go," said Alice as she began to walk towards my door.

"Take one more step towards that door and I'll have one less sibling," I said.

"Well aren't we touchy. Esme was right, you are a little protective aren't you?" teased Rose

"Shut it, Rosalie. Is this honestly why you guys are here? To tease me because I had sex with my gir-,"

Jasper spit out his coffee at my slip up, "Your what? What were you about to say Edward?"

"Ooohh. Eddie's got a girlfriend. Eddie's got a girlfriend," teased Emmett.

"Must you be so immature?" I asked

Cooking with Fire

"What? It's about fucking time man. Now maybe you'll get that rod permanently removed from your ass. And besides, she'd better be your girlfriend, because the noises I heard coming from you two, if she's not than her father's gonna be pissed," said Emmett.

Oh shit!

Chief Swan? As in legally allowed to carry a gun, Chief Swan? *Breathe Edward*. She's a grown woman and a consenting adult. And besides, I plan on making her my girlfriend anyway, if she'll have me.

"I think you scared him Emmett," laughed Jasper.

"Shut up, Jasper. And you know what Emmett? You can s-" I started, but was interrupted by the presence of Bella wrapping her arms around me.

"What's this? A family pow wow. And I wasn't invited? I'm crushed," she said as she feigned hurt and poked out her bottom lip. *Oh that beautiful bottom lip*.

"Don't be crushed love. We where just talking about...last night," I said with a cough.

"Last night, huh? And what about last night were you talking about?"

"Oh, nothing really," I said as I leaned over and kissed her. She turned her body so that it was flush against me and I was once again in awe of how perfect her body melded to mine. I began to deepen the kiss before I realized that we were not the only one's in the room. I turned to see 4 gaping faces staring at Bella and me. This is getting a little ridiculous.

"What?" Bella and I said at the same time. We both looked at each other and laughed at the coincidence.

"Aww you two are so damn cute," squealed Alice.

"Cute, nauseating. Same thing," quipped Rose.

Cooking with Fire

"Oh shove it Rose. You're just jealous that your *Emmie Bear* isn't all up on you like this," teased Bella. The look on Rose's face was one which I was not expecting. Apparently, Bella hit the nail on the head because Rose did appear to be jealous at the moment. I looked over at Emmett and he appeared to be lost in his own thoughts. I cleared my throat to get his attention and this seemed to work. I looked at him and motioned with my eyes to Rose. He looked confused for a minute, *typical*, but eventually caught on and went over to Rose and kissed her on her head. She appeared to like this as she leaned into him and sighed. Something is definitely going on there.

"So are you two a couple or what?" asked Jasper.

"Well, as lame as this may sound, Edward and I haven't even been on an official first date yet and last night well....," she turned her head and she blushed her beautiful crimson. She cleared her throat to finish. "Last night was...different. Amazing, but different. I have never done anything along the lines of stripping for a guy and then going home to have mind-blowing sex for hours and hours with him."

Mind-blowing? Like I said, I, Edward Cullen, am the shit!

"Usually I date a guy for a while, get to know him better and then if the chemistry is right, we'd take it to the next level. Now mind you that finding that kind of chemistry with a guy rarely, if ever, happens to me. But with you, Edward, it was automatic and it scared the living shit out of me," she said with a laugh. "We went from zero to sixty in like 2.5 seconds. Now I'm not complaining, *trust me on this*, but I think that before we can put a label on what we are, we should at least have a proper first date first. Maybe a few dates and take it from there. What do you say?" she asked with a hint of nervousness.

What do I say? Well, let's see...an amazingly talented and beautiful woman with a heart of gold and a soul to match wants to date me to see if we can become exclusive. Hell Yes! Now, I don't think that we went too far too fast, but I want to make sure that she doesn't regret a single minute of our time together and that I would do it all over again in a heartbeat.

Cooking with Fire

"Bella, I understand where you are coming from and personally, I am fine with where we are now, but if you think that it's best that we date first to see where this goes, than I would be honored to be your date for the next few evenings...and every other evening after that in case you're wondering," I said.

She laughed and smiled her patented breathtaking smile at me, which only made me smile at her in return. "Well I'm glad; just one quick question? While we're on this 'dating trial basis', are we exclusive? I mean, I won't accidentally stumble in on you with some chick riding you and screaming your name will I?" she asked.

"Bella, the only *chick* I want riding me and screaming my name is you," I said as I leaned down to kiss her. She moaned in my mouth and I started to pull her closer before she pulled away.

"Uh ah lover boy. None of that until the pre-dating is done."

What! This is not good.

"So you're saying no kissing, or anything? At all? You have got to be kidding me. You do know how hard it is for me to keep my hands off of you, right?"

"Yes I do. But don't worry, the ban won't last long because I too only have so much self control when it comes to you, Mr. Cullen," she whispered.

"So how long are we talking here, Ms. Little Self Control?"

"How about...three dates? That should be enough time and that way I can tell my mother that I at least dated you before I jumped your bones...again."

"Three dates? I guess that's doable. I hope that's doable. So when can I plan the first date?"

"As soon as possible. Please," she pleaded.

"Ok, deal. I'm in." I said

Cooking with Fire

"Us too," said Rose and Alice.

"WHAT?" screamed Jasper, Emmett and Bella.

"Yeah. I want to do it too. I feel like we're in a rut right now Emmett and maybe this can spice things up a bit," said Rose.

"And besides Jas, you know how I love a challenge and we could sweeten this thing by turning it into a competition and making a bet. What do you say guys?" asked Alice. A challenge? Oh fuck, I can never turn down a challenge. Damn my competitiveness. Fucking Alice

"What do you have in mind Alice?" asked Bella.

"Wait! Hold the phone! Rose are you serious? You honestly want to wait for some three dates before we have sex or kiss again?" asked Emmett.

"Yes Emmett I do! You've taken me for granted for too long and I'm willing to do anything to get us back to where we were before!"

Do this Emmett. It's for Rose.

He stood there for a few moments looking at her before he responded, "I'm sorry, Rose. Whatever you want to do we can and even though this fucking sucks, I'll do it for you," said Emmett as he wrapped his arms around Rose. "What are you thinking Pixie?" he asked.

"I'm not sure yet. But the prize has got to be something big and something we'd all enjoy. Does anybody have any ideas?" she asked.

We all thought for a moment before my Bella spoke up, "Well, I have some tickets that you guys might like."

"Tickets? What kind of tickets?" asked an excited Emmett.

"What's it to ya?" teased Bella.

Cooking with Fire

"Spill, Shorty," he demanded.

"Fine. I have 2009 season tickets for the Yankees and the Giants...if you're interested...", she trailed.

Silence. The room was in complete and utter silence. I looked around the room and what I saw was what my face must've looked like...mouth agape with shock and awe.

"How in the blue hell did you gets *season* tickets to the Yankees and Giants? That's what I want to know," I asked.

Bella looked around the room at all of our incredulous faces before she responded, "What? I was the executive chef for the mayor of New York and when he gave me my bonus the tickets were included. Personally, I think I was jipped because the Giants fucking suck. Now if he would have sent me to New England and let me watch that fine ass Tom Brady and the New England Patriots, then you got yourself a deal!" she laughed.

What? Tom Brady? Fucker. I could take him!

"Oh hell no! Edward Cullen you get this blasphemous witch out of this apartment. I could give a fuck if she can cook her ass off and can do a split down a stripper pole, that was kick ass by the way, but no one and I mean NO ONE, disrespects the Giants in this damn house!" screamed Emmett.

"Oh chill the fuck out! They suck and you know it. And besides if I go then the tickets go with me," laughed Bella.

She had him there. He wanted those tickets bad. Probably more than I did, even more than Rose and Alice. Rose loves ALL sports, especially football and Alice always said that if Jasper turned her down then she would marry Derek Jeter in a heartbeat, or jump his bones. Either way she'd be happy.

"So what's it gonna be Emmie Bear? Can I stay?"

Cooking with Fire

"Yes! But one more word about the Giants and I'll remove you personally myself."

"THE. GIANTS. SUCK!" said Bella as she stepped closer to Emmett.

"Get your girl, Edward," he said. I went over to Bella, picked her up around her waist and placed her back on the stool she just vacated. We were all quiet for a few seconds before we were all overcome with laughter.

"Now, back to the task at hand. From the looks on your faces, it's apparent that you guys all want these damn tickets and that's ok. But what's in it for me when Edward and I win?" she asked as she winked at me.

"If, you and Edward win, I will...fly you to go see a live taping of Emeril," offered Rose.

"Thanks, but I've already seen him," replied Bella.

"I'll take you on a shopping spree, my treat," said Alice *of course*.

"Thanks, but no thanks," she laughed.

"I know, we'll all chip in and buy you a plane ticket. Any place of your choosing," said Jasper. Bella thought about this one for a moment. Suddenly, she looked at me and smiled before responding.

"Make it two tickets and you've got yourself a deal."

"Good. Then it's a deal. I'm in," he replied.

"Me too," said Emmett.

"Fine with me," replied Rose.

"Derek Jeter, here I come," answered Alice with a mischievous grin.

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"Hey!" said Jasper.

"Sorry babe," answered Alice.

"Ok. So do we choose which team's ticket we want or is it by random?" asked Emmett.

"Whatever couple wins can choose whatever teams' tix they want. But if there's a tie, the two couples must choose between either the Yankees or the Giants. I'm not giving up both since I just gained some kick ass leverage."

"So let's see, either I'm going to Giants games all next season or taking a trip with a beautiful woman. Shit, this is one the best fucking bets ever," I said.

"You haven't won yet Edward," said Jasper.

"Oh ye of little faith. Do you not remember the Edward Cullen self control? It's impeccable," I said.

"But you seem to be forgetting one very important and crucial detail, Mr. Impeccable. You've never had to control yourself against someone as tempting as the half-naked brunette next to you. Add the fact that you two have already slept together and now you know what you'll be missing and this just got a lot harder for you and a lot more fun for all of us. Even if I don't win, my ass is going to have fun watching you squirm," laughed Emmett.

Fuck! He's right. I've never had to restrain myself from someone as tempting as Bella. I looked down at her and saw her staring up at me with those big beautiful eyes and I knew it then...I'm screwed!

We talked a little longer and went over some of the ground rules, which if I remember were something like;

No open mouth kisses, No sex...of any kind, No overnights in the opposite sex's apartments, There must be at least one full day between dates, No sabotaging the other teams, If any rule is broken, a couple is disqualified...yada

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yada and so forth. Why the fuck did I agree to this shit? Oh yeah, because I'm a competitive ass-hole and I don't know any better.

Bella as girlfriend, Giants tickets and trip. Bella as girlfriend, Giants tickets and trip.

Bella's stomach growled again, along with everyone else's and she agreed to make lunch for us all. I loved watching her cook in my kitchen wearing my shirt and boxers. Hottest thing I've ever seen. We enjoyed our lunch and conversation and found out a lot more about my Bella. That's right fuckers I said my Bella. *Mine!* After lunch was over, the girls decided to remove the temptation and head back to their apartment. I thought the idea sucked personally, but when Bella stood up and exposed her thighs as my boxers began to ride up, I quickly agreed with them that they should leave. Bella looked me in my eyes and smiled in understanding.

She walked over to me and I walked her to the door. Before walking through, Bella turned to me and planted a chaste kiss on my lips. I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her up higher so that she was standing on my feet. I kissed her deeply and she began to grind her hips into mine. I groaned at the contact as she moaned into my mouth. She then cupped me with one hand and began slowly stroking me through my jeans. I let my head roll back as I tried to stifle a moan. She pressed her chest tighter against me and started sucking on my neck. I have to stop her. She wanted to wait for three dates and fuck if I'm going to disappoint her. Reluctantly, I pulled away from her to look into her eyes, which were hooded with lust.

Yep...I'm screwed.

Damaged

Disclaimer: Twilight belongs to Stephanie Meyer.

Author's Note: OVER 11,000 HITS PEOPLE! Thank you to all of my readers and my reviewers. Keep 'em coming. They brighten my dreary Washington day. Glad to see that you all liked the bet. It won't last too long because I love my Edward/Bella sexy times too (**if you haven't noticed, most if not ALL of my fave stories are rated "M"**) Well here's #9 with some E & BPOV. Please song on Blogger playlist for your enjoyment.

" **Damaged**"

Bella POV:

Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Hi everyone. My name is Isabella Swan and I am a fucking MORON! Can someone tell me why in the blue hell did I just deny *Edward Cullen* sex? I seriously think his dick fucked with my brain and made me lose a few brain cells.

Ok Swan. Focus! You can do this.

Just three dates. I can do this. Can I do this? Oh God, I hope so. But I honestly think I made a good decision to slow things down a bit with Edward. I don't want to rush into things with him, only to get my heart broken...not that I think Edward would do it intentionally, but you never know. And what sucks is that my feelings for him are already too strong to have this shit just be casual. Bella Swan doesn't share for shit! Especially not when he can put it down like that. Ok...definitely not helping my dilemma.

My ex, *James*. Now that was a fucker that I should have NEVER gotten serious with. Just should have done a quick 'Hit it and quit it'. But no, I had to listen to his whining bull shit about how we could be so good together and about how his feelings are growing for me and that I should give us a chance. Now, I'm not saying that I didn't have *any* feelings for him. I'm just saying that in the

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beginning, they weren't relationship worthy. They did eventually grow, but nothing any where near the caliber of where they are for Edward. And that shit scares me because I honestly thought that those feelings that I had for James were as strong as I was ever going to feel for someone. Glad to say I don't get paid for thinking, because my ass was WRONG!

My relationship with James eventually grew into something that I was comfortable with. The more we hung out and got to know each other, the more I thought that he and I were good together and that what we had might have been able to last. I also thought that we had a real future together. Once again...WRONG! That fucker showed his true colors once I had to go to France to train. He tried to make me feel guilty for leaving saying that I was ruining our relationship and picking my career over him. I tried to tell him that my going to France would benefit the both of us once I returned. He wasn't having that shit...

*** Flash back ***

I was in my room sitting on my over-stuffed suitcase trying to pull the zipper close when James entered. He stood in the doorway, folded his arms across his chest and glared at me. I eventually broke his gaze and went back to attempting to zip the bag when I was suddenly pulled off of the bed by the back of my neck and slammed into the wall next to the closet. James pressed himself up against me as he grabbed one of my wrists and placed it behind my back; wrenching it up by my shoulder blades. His other hand squeezed my face to make me look him in the eye as he continued to grind his hips into me.

"Isabella, if you honestly think I'm going to let you leave me, you are sadly fucking mistaken," he sneered.

"Get the FUCK off of me, James. This will be your first and only fucking warning!"

"Tsk, tsq little girl. What a foul mouth. Didn't your daddy teach you not to speak like a FUCKING WHORE?"

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" Oh. He taught me that. He also taught me this too," I said as I brought my free hand up to punch him in the throat. This made him take a step back; which then gave me free range to knee him in the groin and once he bent over, I kneed him in the face. He dropped to the floor a bloody mess. I ran out of the room, grabbed my keys off of the table by the door, hopped in my truck and headed to the police station.

A squad car was sent to my home to survey the situation, but once they returned to the station they informed me that he was long gone. I gave them a complete description and they advised me that they would be on the lookout. I thanked them and gave them my contact info in Paris and asked that they call me as soon as they heard anything. I got a police escort back to my house, grabbed my luggage, locked the house up and headed to my parents'.

When I told my parents what happened, to say they were livid would be putting it mildly. Pops was impressed that I pulled the move off so well. When I told him that I might have broken his nose, dude actually gave me a high five. Go figure. My mom was a little shocked that I was still going to Paris after such an ordeal, but I told her that I wasn't missing this opportunity for anything. We all agreed that I should sell my home in case James came back before he was caught.

That was a no-brainer.

The next day we drove to Sea-Tac. I hopped on my plane and took my ass, my dignity and my broken heart to France.

****End Flash Back****

I've heard nothing of or from James since that day and I don't know whether that's a good thing or not. I think it's good. I mean, at least he has no idea that I'm in New York.

"Bella! This three date idea of yours is the best and I can't wait to get my hands on that fine ass Derek Jeter," squealed Alice as we ladies finally and reluctantly made our way back to our own apartment.

Cooking with Fire

"What in the hell makes you think you're going to win?" asked Rose.

"I know what I know and I see myself standing outside of the locker room at Yankee Stadium yelling 'I love you Derek!'" laughed Alice.

"Ali honey. You do that now," replied Rose. "And I'm actually a little surprised that Jasper puts up with that shit. Emmett would flip a bitch if I did that," she added.

"Oh Jasper knows who I come home to. And honestly if Derek *actually* said 'yes Alice. Come home with me and fuck me', I'd probably shit my pants and that would be the end of that fantasy," she said as we all laughed.

After the laughter died down, I had to ask the question that's been taking up space in my Edward-clogged brain, "I know why I'm enforcing this whole three date fiasco. But why are you two doing it? And seriously Alice, if you say it's all for DJ, I'm going to kick you in your whoo ha."

I looked around at my two new best friends and waited for a response. Rose started to bite her nails, which she *never* does and Alice just stared at me like I was stupid. Ok. Maybe I was. After a few more tense moments, Rose finally spoke.

"Bella...Em and I...well...we just aren't... *connecting* like we used to," she said.

"Rose, if this is about sex with my brother, I swear I'm gonna-," said Alice.

"No, Alice. It's definitely not about the sex. Trust me when I tell you that I have abso-fucking-lutely no complaints in that department. I mean, the things that man can do with his-," started Rose.

"ENOUGH!" screamed Alice.

"I feel you, Rose. It must run in the family," I laughed.

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"I swear if you two bitches don't stop talking about fucking my brothers, it's gonna get ugly in here," said Alice.

"Too late," I said and ducked from Alice's flying pillow.

"What gives Shrimp? You usually don't care about it and sometimes attempt to drag out of me," asked Rose.

"It's not that it's about them *per se*. It's just that I don't think we should even be talking about sex right now in the first place seeing as how we dumb asses activated some type of sex embargo."

"Yeah...hey, you still haven't told me why you agreed to do it and you interrupted Rose, so shut the hell up until it's your turn," I said. "Rose. Continue."

"Well as I was saying, Emmett and I seem to be on different levels in this thing we have called a relationship. Now don't get me wrong, I love that man to death, but sometimes I feel like he's not all in like I am. You know?" she said.

"Are you sure, Rose? Because when I am around you two, I can feel the love that man has for you coming off of him in waves. And the way he looks at you. Girl, I would kill to have someone look at me like that," I said.

"You do Bella. You have just been too lusted up to take notice," giggled Alice. I blushed...as usual.

"I don't know Bells. I...ok I haven't told you two this yet because I didn't want your pity or to be disappointed, but...I asked Emmett if we could try to make a baby," she said.

cricket...cricket...cricket

"Well say something goddamnit," she demanded.

Cooking with Fire

"Rosie? Are you sure that's a smart decision? I mean, you two aren't even engaged yet and you still live in separate apartments. Did any of that cross your mind when you brought up the idea of having a baby?" asked Alice.

"Of course it did you lawn gnome. What am I, stupid? I know what our situation is, but the fact that he wouldn't even consider it makes me believe that we both want different things," she huffed.

"I don't know, Rose. I've only known Emmett for a little while now, but he seems like a guy who would love to have children and would be a great father. Plus the fact that he's a big ass kid kinda works in his favor," I laughed. "Maybe there was some miscommunication and what you think you know is wrong. Maybe he's scared and you're mistaking his fear for indifference," I added.

"Says the chick that won't do Edward until after three more dates," she sneered.

"I have my reasons."

"Which we will discuss later," she said. "I don't know guys. Maybe you're right and I'm a fucking idiot or maybe I'm right and Em's not who I thought he was. I figured this little three date crap would be a good way to reconnect and find out if we are both who we say we are," she added.

"Whatever you say Rosalie. I know my brother and I know that he loves you and I think that Bella was right when she said that maybe the whole baby talk just scared him a little. Just give him a chance to prove himself before you make the biggest mistake of your life," replied Alice.

"I hear you, Alice. But believe me when I say that I have no intention of doing anything drastic. And besides, once I am proved wrong I get to fuck my man and see hot guys in tight pants bend over and tackle each other," she said.

"Ok. That shit just sounded so gay," I laughed.

"You know what I mean ho."

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"What the hell is up with all the name calling, slut? Jeez. Maybe you shouldn't get pregnant. Bitchy Rose is one thing but bitchy hormonal Rose is a whole different kind of beast," I said.

"Fuck you Swan," said Rose.

"See? I calls 'em like I sees 'em," I laughed.

We laughed some more and finally got around to asking Alice and myself the real reason behind the whole three-date deal. To Alice's defense, she honestly just wants to see Derek Jeter. When I finally regained my balls, *figuratively speaking of course*, I told them about my whole ordeal with James. Rose was infuriated and wanted to cut the bastard and true to form, Alice wanted to shoot the fucker's dick off. Oh Alice. How I love thee? I told them that I haven't heard from him in almost two years and that Forks' PD never contacted me with any additional information about him so I'm trying to take that as a good sign. Rose made some crack about Podunk Police departments and eased the setting tension a little.

"Well bitches. May the best slut win!" squealed Alice.

"Bitches and sluts. Won't my mother be proud?" I said sarcastically.

"Oh shut it Swan," laughed Rose. "So where do you think old pretty boy's going to take you on your first official date?" she asked.

"I don't know. But knowing what I currently know about Mr. Cullen, it's gonna be good," I said.

Sunday, the girls and I lounged around the apartment all day, ignoring the guy's request to come over and had a "girl's day". Later that afternoon, we watched fine ass Tom Brady and the Patriots kicked the Jets ass. With Rose's encouragement, I sent Emmett a text razzing him in which he politely told me to 'suck it'. Monday rolled it's ass back around and it was time for work. I hopped in the shower and let the warm water wash away the sexual frustration I was feeling.

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Stupid bet. Stupid fucking trust issues. Stupid Edward and the thing he does with his tongue.

I got dressed quickly, went to the kitchen to make a quick breakfast, said bye to the girls and headed for the door. I was stopped in my tracks when I opened the door. There, on the floor in front of me were one dozen of the reddest and most beautiful roses that I have ever seen. I looked out the doorway to see if anyone was in the hall. No one was there. I picked up the beautiful flowers and breathed in their fragrant essence. Once pulling away, I noticed that there was a note attached. I picked up the note and saw my name written in the most beautiful and elegant script. I turned the note over and found that it was from Edward and I smiled.

Here lies one dozen roses; whose beauty utterly pales in comparison to the lovely Isabella. Twelve flowers to mark the twelve hours until our first official date and until I can once again be graced with your beautiful presence.

Yours (for as long as you want me) ;)

-E

I didn't know whether to cry or what. How in the hell am I supposed to focus all day knowing that I have a date tonight? What does he have planned? One can only guess. I stuffed the note in my back pocket, placed the box of roses under my arm and made my way to the elevator.

It felt good to be able to actually *walk* to work. I miss the shit out of my car, but I don't need to take the subway now and that is a major benefit. When I entered the kitchen, I was greeted with a scowling Angela and it just dawned on me that I haven't spoken to her since my damn birthday. *Oh shit.* I slowly walked to the back towards the staff lounge and threw my bag down on the couch. I grabbed the lone vase off of a shelf and walked back to the kitchen to wash it. During this whole time, Angela still hadn't said a word to me. I walked over to the sink to wash the vase as I gazed at her through my peripheral. She folded her arms and turned her body so that it was directly facing me.

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What the fuck did I say about not pissing off Angela?

After the vase was washed I went back to the lounge to grab the roses. When I turned around, I was nose-to-chin with a very angry-looking Angela. *Ruh-roh!*

"Hi, Ang," I said sheepishly. She just stood there, hands on hips glaring at me. *I don't know how Ben does it.*

"Hello. Earth the Angela," I said

Finally, after what seemed like forever of endless staring, she spoke. "Bella?"

"Yes?"

"Look at you, all glowing and shit. Come here you slut," She said as she hugged my around my shoulders and we both fell backwards onto the couch...and my roses from Edward.

"Angela. My roses. Shit. Son of a bitch," I said.

"Damn sailor. Does Edward let you kiss him with that mouth?"

"Ha ha. Very funny," I said as I straightened the box and checked to make sure none of the roses where damaged in the fall. I went to the kitchen to grab the vase and placed the roses inside. Once the roses were situated, I went back to the lounge and placed them on the coffee table, where I noticed Angela reading the card.

"Aw Bel. This is so romantic. But what does he mean by 'first official date'?" I told her about my idea with Edward (completely leaving out that Edward and I already had sex) and about how Alice wanted to turn it into a bet to see who could last the longest without having sex before the third date.

"You guys are crazy. Why would you intentionally go on a self-imposed sex strike? Especially you Bells. Man if I were you and Edward wanted me, I would take that bronze haired Adonis and fuck him senseless," she laughed.

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"Thanks Angela. It's real good to know that you want my man. That makes me feel sooo secure with myself."

"Oh shut up, Bella. Have you seen the way that man looks at you? No other woman stands a chance with your mahogany-haired goddess-like ass in the picture," she said. "Now enough of this. What the hell happened Friday night? Last I remembered, Edward carried your ass out of the club like Tarzan and that was it."

"Well...um...we...celebrated my birthday," I replied

"What do you mean you celebra-...wait...Isabella Marie Swan? Did you and Edward have sex?" she yelled

"Why don't you say it louder Ang? I don't think all of Manhattan heard your dumb-ass," I said.

"Sorry," she laughed. "Come on with the deats!" she added.

"Ang? You know I don't talk about shit like this. So all I'm going to say is that it was one of the best nights of my life and one birthday that I will never forget." There. That should do it.

"Yep. You fucked. About time too cause girly, you needed it," she laughed.

"I hate you," I said, "Now can we finally get our asses back to work before we gets fired?" I added.

"Sure. Oh, but one more thing. Mr. Moriarty called before you got here and said that he should be by around 3:00 to get our statements and to make sure that we are still filing cases against Tyler's stupid ass."

"Shit! I forgot all about the whole Tyler crap. Well, let's get this over with I guess. Are you sure you're up for this? They're going to ask you to recount every event in detail and I want you to be aware of this that it may be difficult. I just want to make sure that you're going to be okay with this," I said.

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"Yeah, Bells. I'll be ok. Thanks to you." We hugged and *finally* took our asses back to the kitchen to start working.

The hours flew by and before I knew it, it was 3:00 and the restaurant's lawyer, David Moriarty, arrived and pulled both Angela and I into the back office. I recounted my one incident with Tyler while Angela went into explicit detail about her numerous encounters with him. Sitting there, listening to her speak, watching the tears roll down her cheek as I held her hand, I wanted to borrow Alice's gun and shoot the fucker myself. I was fairly certain that breaking his nose was definitely not enough. After our meeting was over, we both signed restraining orders against Tyler and David left Angela and I and headed back to the office, but not before reminding us to contact the police if we saw Tyler near the restaurant or our residences.

Angela was visibly upset after the ordeal and my heart ached for her. I consoled her as much as I was capable of. Once I calmed Angela down and made sure she was okay, we went back to work for the early evening dinner rush. The restaurant was actually fairly busy for a Monday evening. I looked up at the giant antique clock located at the center of the restaurant and noticed that it was 4:30. 4:30?. Only 3 1/2 hours until my date with Edward. I wonder if I should call him? When my cell phone rang at that very moment, I already had my answer. Speak of the sexy devil. I actually got butterflies in my stomach seeing his name on my caller ID. *Edward*. I took a few calming breaths before answering.

"Hello?"

Edward POV:

As I stood there trying to hide my obvious arousal watching Bella and the girls leave our apartment, I began to ask myself if I could really do this. Can I actually keep my hands, lips and all other willing body parts off of her for the time being? I have never in all my years wanted someone as much as I wanted Bella, and I'm not just talking sexually here people. I want her in every way imaginable. She is the first woman, besides Esme, in which I can honestly say that I actually enjoy having conversations with. Her intelligence astounds me to

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no end and every little detail that I uncover about her makes me want to spend more and more time with her. Add that to the obvious sexual chemistry between us and you've got yourself an Edward Motherfucking Cullen who would go to no end to get his girl.

But I think I could do it. Fuck, I have to do it because what my girl wants, my girl gets...even though technically she's not my girl yet, but that's neither here nor there. Once my mind was made up, or rather, once I agreed with Bella's plan, *I'm sensing a future pattern here*, I snapped my ass out of my day dream and attempted to go on about my day. Jas, Em and I talked about the bet some more. Jasper just wants Alice to shut the hell up about Jeter, while Em agreed to do anything he could to make his Rosie happy. We also tried to come up with plans for our first dates.

Jasper agreed to suffer for love and take Alice to the "Zac Posen" show at Bryant Park for "Fashion Week". *Dude's got some serious balls*. Em decided to take Rose to the Classic Car show at Yankee Stadium next Saturday. Me on the other hand, I had absolutely no clue. I needed to do something that would let Bella know that I know her and that I'm not planning a bull shit date just to impress her. I ran over all of the things that I recently learned about her and realized that her and I had a lot in common. A scary amount as a matter of fact. We both love the same music and classic movies, she's always wanted to ride a motorcycle and I just so happen to have one. Right then a plan formulated in my head. I just hope to God that she likes it.

We sat there for a few moments longer to see if we could come up with ideas for dates number two and three. We realized that the annual "Black & White Firemen's Ball" was two weeks from tonight. Em and I both agreed to get all fancied up for our ladies and take Rose and Bella. I told Jas that I would try and score him some tickets but to not hold his breath. Honestly, knowing Jasper and Alice, they won't make it past the first date. Trust me. I know my horn dog of a sister. She's worst than Emmett by a long shot. Freaky ass Pixie!

Once all the dates were somewhat planned, Em became restless and we both agreed to run down to the gym to burn off some pent up frustration. Jasper just wanted to kill Em's "Halo" record so decided to stay home. The workout was

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good, but only helped a little. Em and I didn't really talk much because as Emmett would say, "I'm in the zone, so don't fuck with me!"

The rest of the day passed by slowly and when it was time for bed, it was all I could do not to dream about Bella. The fact that she's literally right down the hall and I can't throw her tempting ass over my shoulder and lock her up in my bedroom with me for the next week or so really fucking sucks. I tossed and turned most of the night replaying our encounters from the previous night. Eventually, I dozed off around three in the morning and waited for the dreaded Sunday to officially begin.

That morning, I woke up to the smell of burnt bacon and toast. Ok, so Bella is definitely NOT in the kitchen. I rolled out of bed and padded my dishevelled ass into the kitchen to find a grumpy-looking Jasper and a confused Emmett, *as usual*.

"What the hell are you two doing?" I asked still half asleep.

"Well I'm trying to make breakfast and Jasper's horny ass is trying to keep himself from running down the hall and defiling our sister," said Emmett as he removed his burnt toast from the toaster. "Man do I wish Bella were here? I miss her cooking like nobody's business," he added.

"Yeah? Well she's not your personal chef, Emmett. Learn to cook and not burn every damn thing. It stinks like hell in here," I said.

"Ah fuck this. Pass me the Captain Crunch and a bowl," he said.

"Quitter," added Jasper.

"Horny-ass, grumpy fuck. Oh that's right. I went there," said Emmett.

"I should've kept my ass in bed," I groaned.

"What do you think the girls are doing right now?" asked Jasper.

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"Well. In my head, Bella and Rose are in Rose's bed and -."

"Stop the fuck there, Emmett! You finish that fucking sentence and I will not regret what I will do to you," I said.

"Don't push him man. He's horny, it's early and he still hadn't had his coffee yet," said Jasper to Emmett.

"Fine. Stop being such a fucking douche. It's every guy's fantasy to have two girls in his bed and I finally have a visual and you come along and crush a man's dreams. Fucker."

"Ok, Emmett. Let me ask you this. What if I started talking about having sexual fantasies about Rose? Could you honestly say that you would be ok with that shit?" I asked.

"Yes."

Ok. I was not expecting that. "What? Really? How?" I asked.

"Two reasons. One- I trust you as my brother and Rose as the love of my life and I know that neither of you would do anything to jeopardize what we mean to each other. And two, you fucking can't stand her enough to even think of her that way in the first place."

Did he just use 'jeopardize' in a sentence? Well fuck me. Jasper and I must be rubbing off on him. Yeah. That's it.

"Wow. Ok. But still this whole thing with Bella is still kinda new to me so for now, can you keep your thoughts to yourself?" I asked.

"For you man, anything."

"Ok. Enough with all the dude love and shit. I wanna see my fucking Alice!" exclaimed Jasper.

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"Aww. Poor Poopsie. Why don't we call them and see if they want to hang out today?" I asked. They both nodded and I picked up my cell phone to call Bella. As I scrolled down to Bella's number, Fergie's "Glamorous" began to play.
Fucking Alice

"How in the hell do you do that?" I asked.

"Well hello to you too, Rudeward. Didn't Esme teach you some damn manners?" she said.

"Yeah. Whatever. Look. I'm glad you called. The guys and I are over here going nuts and we wanted to know if you lovely ladies wanted to come over and hang for a while?" I asked.

"Sorry, Edward. We're having a "girl's day". No guys allowed. I was just calling to let you know." My face dropped. I tried to hide my disappointment but the guys saw my expression and realized that it was going to be a long fucking day.

"Oh. Well, thanks for letting us know. Can you say hi to Bella for me and -"

"And Rose-," interrupted Emmett.

"Love you Ali. Miss you!" said Jasper.

She giggled before saying that she loved Jasper too and that she would relay the lovely messages. She hung up and all hope of seeing them today was gone. I looked up at the guys and my face had to have resembled theirs. No Bella for an entire day and now add to the fact that I'm stuck with Jasper and Emmett all day too. God must not like me right now.

"Well Asses. What should we do?" asked Emmett.

"There's a Jets game on in a few. We could watch that," said Jasper.

"Sweet. Who are they playing?" I asked

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"Ha ha! Well what do you know? They're playing the Patriots," teased Jasper.

Fucking Jasper. Fucking Tom Brady

"Sweet. I'll get the beers and order the pizza," said Emmett.

Hours later as the empty pizza boxes rested on the coffee table along with an insane amount of empty beer bottles, we watched the Jets get creamed by the Patriots 38-14. Ha! If, Bella were watching this, she'd have a fucking field day. Just then, Emmett's phone alerted him that he had a text message. He looked at the phone for a few before he scowled and then laughed, tossing the phone to me.

"Yo, Ed. Get your girl before I fling her little ass somewhere," he said.

I looked at him confused for a moment before I read the text message on his phone. It was from Bella.

Must every New York team suck? I guess when you're going up against the pride of New England; you really don't have a choice.

Your Proud Patriot Fan,

B Swan

PS: Hi Emmie Bear. I miss you. Did I mention that I hate Alice?

Jasper and I laughed at him before he came over and snatched the phone out of my hand. He sent a quick reply message to Bella telling her to 'suck it', and the rest of the day went back to being boring as shit. A guy can only lounge around so much before his brain turns to mush, you know? Thank God I had work tomorrow.

The evening passed quicker than expected and I went back to thinking about my first official date with Bella. I knew I wanted it to be sooner rather than later and decided right there, why not tomorrow? I went online to confirm

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everything and decided that I would let Bella know of when our date was in a very special way. I ran down to the local florist before they closed and bought a dozen of the reddest and most beautiful roses that I could find. I took them back home, cleared off the top shelf in the fridge and threatened Emmett's life if he damaged the flowers. He asked me what they were for and when I told him, he told me that I suck because now Rose was going to expect something just as romantic.

After I kicked him and Jasper out of the kitchen, I sat there trying to decide what to put on the card. I didn't want it to be too sappy, but I wanted it to be honest and honestly right now, I'm one sappy motherfucker. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and wrote what came to mind...

Here lies one dozen roses; whose beauty utterly pales in comparison to the lovely Isabella. Twelve flowers to mark the twelve hours until our first official date and until I can once again be graced with your beautiful presence.

Yours (for as long as you want me) ;)

E

Yep. Like I said. One sappy motherfucker.

The next day I woke up feeling like I was ready to take on the world. I got my ass ready to head down to the station but was held up due to Emmett's slow ass. *I swear Hell would freeze over if he were actually on time for once.* Using his slow-assness to my advantage, I grabbed the roses from the fridge, placed the card inside the box and left the roses in front of the girl's door. I knew Bella would see them first because she leaves before Alice and Rose do.

When Em was finally ready, we hopped in my Volvo and headed down to the station. There was a cool frosty chill in the air, advising us that a New York Fall was here and not to be messed with. When we got to the station, I noticed the Capt. Morgan was talking to the two new recruits. Apparently they started this weekend and we didn't meet them because we were off. Man it pays to have seniority. I rarely work weekends. I know. Quit hatin'. Em and I made our

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way over to the guys and introduced ourselves.

We learned that the tall, Russet-toned guy was named Jacob. He was about my height, maybe an inch shorter and a few years younger than me. He had short black hair that looked recently buzzed and had a genuine smile when he shook my hand. I kind of liked this guy already. The other guy I learned was named James. He was about 5'11" with shoulder length blonde hair and steely-blue eyes with a medium build. Something about this guy put me off immediately. I didn't know why, but I knew that I would have to keep my eyes on him.

Once the introductions were through, Em and I went into "Fire Fighter Training Mode". We showed Jake and James the basic operations of the Emergency Vehicles, which included the Ambulance and "Big Red" the Engine. We then went over basic drills like "Vehicle Fire Fighting", "Offensive vs Defensive Tactics" and "Dumpster Fire Fighting". We even went over some basic CPR training to make sure they were up to par.

Hours passed and once a few more basics were touched, it was time for lunch. We took a break and got to know a little about the guys. Jacob informed us that he was from a Reservation known as "La Push" situated in Western Washington. When he was speaking, I noticed that James flinched when he said this. Was that recognition?

We talked a little longer and I learned that James lived all over the US basically, like a modern-day Nomad. I noticed that his nose was a little crooked and asked what happened, only to be told that it was a long story. *Whatever.* After lunch was over, we practiced a few more drills and the newbies were forced to watch the "mandatory" training/orientation videos. Before I knew it, it was already 4:30 and I realized then that I had went too damn long without talking to Bella. I went to go tell Em that I was going to go call Bells when I heard him making kissing noises in the phone.

Okay I really did not need to hear that.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and dialed the number that I already knew by heart. She picked up on the third ring.

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"Hello," she answered nervously.

"Hey, Beautiful. Are you busy? If so I could call back later."

"No that's ok. I was about to call you actually," she said. "I love the roses, Edward. They were so beautiful that I brought them to work with me," she added.

"Well like the card said, they pale in comparison to you."

"Yeah well, you're not so bad yourself, Cullen."

"Good to know that I caught your attention." She mumbled something so low that I barely heard her.

"What was that, Love?" I asked

"Oh! Um...nothing," she stammered. "So tonight, huh? Might I ask where we are going?" she asked, effectively changing the subject.

"You can ask all you want. The real question is 'if I'm going to answer'."

"Smart-ass. Well, can you at least let me know what I should wear?"

As little as possible.

"Something like what you were wearing when I first met you would be good." She looked so damn sexy in that shirt and those painted on jeans.

"You mean my chef's smock?" she giggled.

"Now who's being the smart-ass?"

"You said something like what I was wearing when you first met me and technically you first met me when you caught me before my face met the hardwood. That is still really embarrassing by the way," she huffed.

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"Well I'm not embarrassed in the least. I got to feel your body against mine as I held you in my arms. Nope. Not embarrassed at all," I said. I heard her laugh and went back to the subject. " But back to the subject, just wear something comfortable. And if you want to wear something to show off that fabulous figure of yours, I would not hold it against you."

"Got it. Anything else?" she asked.

"You still like motorcycles, right?"

"Yeah...why?" she asked tentatively.

"Just making sure. Oh, would you look at the time? I have to go. See you in a few hours, Love," I said as I hung up the phone before she had a chance to respond. A few seconds later and received a text...

That was cruel, Cullen. You suck! Okay, not really. See you in a few! ;)

Yours,

Bella

Yep. Tonight is going to be good. Now to work on that whole 'no tongue' bull shit. Who in the hell would... *Alice!* Something will definitely have to be done about that.

First Date

Disclaimer: Don't own. Yada yada. Not mine...and so forth.

Author's Note: So apparently I scared the shit out of a bunch of you with the whole James/Jacob thing. The only thing I will say is that I am totally **100% Team Edward**. (I actually skipped 1/2 of New Moon because of this. I eventually went back and read it over though.) Now, without further ado, I give you Bella & Edward's official 1st date. Song is located on the Blogger playlist.

" **FIRST DATE**"

Bella POV:

Motorcycle? Why would he ask if I still liked motorcycles? I've never actually been on one yet, but I have been itching to go full throttle on one of those bitches for a long while now. Does Edward even own a motorcycle? I'll have to ask Alice and see what she says.

I checked my watch and noticed that it was almost five. I made my way back to the kitchen to finish up the rounds and start the prep work for the Isaac Mizrahi luncheon for "Fashion Week" taking place in the restaurant tomorrow. Alice is going to flip her freaking lid when she finds out. I'm honestly surprised I've kept it from her this long. The menu has been approved for weeks and I was doing another once over of the list when Angela strolled her gloomy-looking ass over to me and plopped on the counter. Looking out of the corner of my eye, I saw her staring off into space. Without looking away from the menu, I addressed her.

"You do know that we prepare food where your ass is currently parked, right?"

"Yeah, well that's what they made disinfectant for."

Okay...eww.

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"What crawled up your ass and died, which also makes you sitting on the counter even more gross by the way."

"Very funny."

'Seriously, Ang. What the hell is wrong with you? A few hours ago you were all happy-go-bitchy, and now, you're just...well...bitchy. Oh, and if I didn't love your ass like a sis, you would so be written up right now," I said as I looked at her and then the counter.

"Fine!" she exhaled as she slid off the counter. "There. Happy now?" Okay, something is seriously wrong with my girlie.

"Ok, chick I repeat, what the hell is wrong with you, because seriously, you are ruining my pre-date high here?" She smiled then and apologized saying that she was just tired a lot lately and very moody and a thought popped in my head right then.

"Ang? How's your appetite? Have you been nauseous lately? Has your family had any crazy dreams about fish..." I trailed off nonchalantly trying to hold in a giggle. She looked at me like I was crazy for a few and then you could see the exact moment she knew what I was thinking because her face lit up like a light bulb.

"No shit! You think I'm pregnant? What the hell am I asking you for? Oh my God! This is amazing. Holy shit, I may be preggers. I need to call Ben and we need to pick out names and -," she started.

"Angela!"

'Huh?" she said as she finally shut the hell up from her rambling.

"Dear? Don't you think it would be wise if you double-checked first? You know, go to the store and buy these little convenient sticks that you pee on that tells you if you'll have a Buddha-belly for nearly a year."

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3...2...1

"Oh! Duh!" she said as she smacked herself upside the forehead. I laughed at her and she scowled at me. So looking forward to the mood swings.

"My advice. Buy one of each of the top three brands. That way it decreases the chance of a false-positive."

"And how would you know missy? Who have you been banging in the backseat of your fuck-mobile to be taking pregnancy tests?" she asked as she raised an eyebrow at me.

"Don't be looking at me like I'm some hussy you soon to be overly-sensitive pain in the ass. This baby chute is currently closed for business until further notice. I helped one of my old friends, Leah, way back when and we read in *Cosmo* that buying one of each of the top brands helps narrow down the right results."

She still looked at me skeptically but I just brushed her off and told her to sanitize the counter and call me when she peed on the happy stick...or sad stick depending on the point of view. When we were done talking, I finally got back to work and delegated the pre-prep work for the petit-fors and canapé's for tomorrow. The dough for the puff pastry was recently kneaded and placed in the cooler to rise. I gathered up the remaining sous chef and the saucier and made sure their tasks would be handled for tomorrow's luncheon. Some amazingly important people were going to grace this place tomorrow and everything needed to be *perfect*.

When I re-checked my double-checking, I was half-way satisfied and able to get ready to go home and get ready for my date with my beautiful fireman with the Emerald Eyes and scorching hair and body that was made for licking and sex, who talks dirty in Italian and licks you on your...

" *G-L-A-M-O-R-O-U-S-*

Yes.

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Were flying first class.

Up in the sky.

Popping Champagne.

Living the life."

I was interrupted from my wet-panty inducing musings by my ringing cell phone. *Alice*. Does her timing ever suck or what? "How in the hell did you get my phone and change my ringtone? And seriously, *Alice*? 'Glamorous?' Are you obsessed with the chick or something?" I asked.

"Ignoring the fact that you didn't even say hi and that you bitched me out about my 'Fergie'. I swear you've been hanging around my brother too long. Where in the hell have your manners gone?" she asked.

"Sorry. Hi *Alice*! How the hell are ya!"

"Oh, God. You two *are* acting alike! This is sooo not good," she groaned and I laughed. "Laugh all you want Ms. Sarcastic-ass. I was calling to tell you some news about Mr. Sarcastic-ass, but since you can't seem to show your roommate any real appreciation for taking the time out of her busy schedule to call you then I'll just....," she trailed off.

"Okay. I'm sorry, *Alice*. How are you?" I asked.

"Thank you. I'm fine," she said with a giggle. "I won't keep you long, but I just had to call you to let you know that your 'desperate for your tongue' man called me and begged me to lift the 'no tongue' clause on the bet. I wouldn't do it at first, but then he bribed me and threatened to show Jasper my pictures from my dreaded perm of hell days and I quickly agreed. So feel free to tongue down my brother tonight as you wish because I'm sure he'll be ready and willing," she added.

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I get to kiss Edward? I mean, really *kiss* him? Oh, God. Where's a fan? Fuck a fan, where's the booze? That man's tongue should be considered a lethal sex weapon because it always leads to other things being tongued and licked and sucked and...which can't happen tonight because my dumb-ass had to think of the stupid, fucking date thing and agree to a bet. Of all the moronic, no-good, dirty-rotten, dumb-ass...

"Bella? You there?"

"Uh.. yeah, Ali. I'm here," I answered sheepishly.

"Do I even want to know?" she asked.

"Not really."

"Ok. Well, I'm gonna let you go and...wait, aren't you off now?"

"Yeah, but I've been talking to you for the last 8 minutes in the break room and haven't had a chance to leave yet."

"Oh shit. Sorry, Bells. See you in a few and then we can pick out your outfit for tonight. Deal?"

"K. Home in a few," I said as I hung up the phone. I grabbed my purse, tossed my smock and hat in my locker, ran a comb through my hair and was out the door and in the crisp New York Autumn air before I knew it.

The walk home was swift and easy. *Still cannot get used to not having to ride the subway everyday.* I waved hi to Hank the Doorman as he let me in and hopped on the elevator before it closed. Immediately, my senses were attacked by what is now my most favorite scent in the world...the scent of *Edward*. It just smells like man and sweat and musk and a hint of something indescribable but still utterly entrancing and undeniably Edward. I inhaled deeply and a tingling sensation traveled down my spine increasing my excitement for tonight ten fold.

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The elevator stopped on my floor and when I made my way in the apartment, I was assaulted by a 4'11" dynamo with the grip of a vice. She squealed and jumped around as if she hadn't seen me in ages and hadn't talked to me no less than 15 minutes ago. Someone needs decaf.

"Bellaaa! So glad you're home. Come on. Let's go get you all sexified for your hot date tonight. Oh, a package was on the doorstep for you when I came home and I placed it on your bed. Come on so we can open it. I've been *dying* to see what's inside. Oh my God. I can't wait to find out where he's taking you. You two are so cute together, even if his attitude is wearing off on you. Or is yours wearing off on him. I don't know. Anyway, come on!" said Alice...ll in one breath.

Whooosh!

"Okay. So, about half of what you just said completely went to shit, so I'm just going to walk towards my room and see what happens. Deal?" I asked as I walked down the hall. I opened my room door and found a black garment box with *Ducati* written across the front.

"Holy shit! Ducati? Is he serious?"

"Oh yeah. He's been riding for years. He must've taken it out of storage. Ooh Bells, this is good because he never lets anyone ride his bike except him. Not even me and I am his twin! I don't know whether to be insanely pissed or totally psyched for you," she said. Again...all in one breath. I chose to ignore her ramblings to see what my gift was. When I opened the box, my jaw dropped. Inside was a beautiful black leather, riding jacket with *Ducati* written in white across the chest and both arms. I pulled it completely out of the box and tried it on. It fit like a glove and I squealed like Alice. *Ok. Now that's scary.*

"Ooh Bella! It's beautiful. It looks just like the one Edward had. I wonder if he still has it? It's one of his faves so he just might." I smiled at the thought of Edward and I 'matching' tonight. Alice noticeably caught my grin and her grew twice its size. We laughed for a few and I decided that it was time to get down

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to business.

"Now, let's pick an outfit to match this sexy jacket to go along with that sexy man."

"Let's do this, Biker mama!" laughed Alice.

"You're lucky I'm too revved up to make a snarky comeback," I said. Suddenly, Alice burst into laughter and I just stared at her like she lost her mind.

"What?" I asked

"Nothing," she said still trying to hold back laughter. "Let's just get you hott!"

We went through my closet and came up with an outfit that we both felt could give the jacket and the man and run for their money. I chose a black, silk, corset style camisole with navy-blue piping, black skinny jeans and ankle boots. I hopped in the shower, shaved, scrubbed and buffed myself from head to toe. When I got out, I dressed and threw on my silver hoops with my zodiac charm necklace. When I was all done, Alice offered to do my hair in a motorcycle helmet-friendly style and I did not argue. She styled my hair in a low, side ponytail and swept my bangs to the side to sweep across my left eye. We threw some mascara on me as well as some kiss-proof red lipstick and I was set to go. When we were done, I threw on the biker jacket just to see the completed look.

"Oh wow, Bells. You sure you can make it to three dates? Because when my brother sees you tonight, he will not be able to keep his hands or other body parts off of you girl! I can see myself sitting next to Jeter right now," she giggled.

"Don't even think about it Pixie. I already picked out the city for the plane tickets so nothing is going to make us lose this bet. Even if I'm horny as hell and just a whiff of your brother's scent makes me wet." Oh shit! Did I just say that out loud? From Alice's muffled giggles, I'm pretty sure I did.

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"Um, Bells. I know I asked you to share, but ummm, that's a little too much information. But it's good to know that your resistance is so low. Gives me lots of ideas," she added with wiggled eyebrows.

"Hey! No sabotage. That was in the deal," I added.

"What?" she asked feigning innocence. A few seconds later, we heard the door open.

"Hey, Bitches. I'm Home!"

"In here, Rose," I yelled. I heard her heels clacking on the floor before I saw her amazon-ass grace my doorway.

"Damn, Bella! Girl you look smoking. Lucky, Eddie's a fireman cause baby, he's gonna need one!"

"Thanks, Rose."

"Where'd you get the jacket?"

"From said fireman. Apparently our date includes a ride on his *Ducati*." Rose looked at me for a few before she actually pouted and crossed her arms.

"Hmmpf. I wanna ride a *Ducati*," she whined.

"Pfft. Good luck there. I haven't even ridden it yet and I'm his *sister*. His twin even."

"Still a little bitter there, huh Al?" I asked.

"Eat it, Bella. I hope he scares the shit out of you so much that you never want to ride it again."

"O-kaaaay, so bitter it is then," I mumbled. She was about to say something else when the doorbell rang. 7:59pm. One minute early. Gotta love a man

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who's on time. Alice was about to answer the door, but I decided that I'd get it. I had been away from him for too damn long and needed to see him now! I damn near ran to the door. When I got there I flung it open and my heart fell. It was Jasper. I collected myself and said hi to Jasper and invited him in. But he had other plans. He just stood there staring at me, slack-jawed and all.

"Um, Jasper? Is anyone in there?"

Nothing.

"Helllooo. Earth to Tex."

Still...nothing.

"Jasper Whitlock, if Alice comes out here and sees you gaping at me like that, she's gonna string your nuts up with a fishing lure."

That did it.

"Oh. Sorry, Bells. It's just that...ah...you look...wow. Umm, anyway I was...ah...wow...I was sent over to tell you that Edward said to meet him down in the front of the building. He's already down there waiting for you," he stammered. "You look amazing," he breathed.

"Thanks Jasper. For the message and the compliments," I gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek and asked if he wanted to come in. He followed me in and sat on the couch. I ran back to Alice's room to let her and Rose know that I was leaving and that I would see them later on tonight.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," said Rose.

"That doesn't leave me with many options, Rosalie."

"True. But it'll also make you lose the bet sooner."

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"As if woman. Like I told Hyper Dwarf here, nothing is going to make me lose this bet."

"Whatever, Biker Bitch. Have fun. Be safe. And be prepared to spill when you get home."

"Yes, mom. Bye guys," I said as I got up and gave them each hugs. Before I left, I reminded Alice that Jasper was in the living room. She followed me out to greet him, only when we got there, there was an extra body on the couch.
Emmett.

"Bella!" he boomed

"Indoor voices, Emmett. Hi yourself," I laughed.

"You look hott girl!"

"Thanks man. I would love to finish this conversation, but it is already 8:05 and I have a gorgeous man downstairs waiting for me, so I'll see you fools later." I gave them all hugs and ran my ass to the elevator, which seemed to be moving slower than ever tonight. Figures. When I finally got down to the ground floor, I waved hi to the night desk clerk, Kris, and to the night doorman Adam. When Adam opened the door to let me outside, I completely froze in my tracks for an entirely different reason this time.

There, in front of me, leaning against a black and midnight blue DucatiST4 with his arms folded across his chest and his legs crossed at the ankles was Edward. OH. MY. GOD. I was rendered speechless. I raked him over from head to toe over and over again, trying to commit the image to memory. I finally made it up to his eyes and the passion behind them took my breath away and almost knocked me on my ass. His once emerald green orbs were burning with a fire that made them appear as dark as a midnight forest. After a few more seconds, he removed himself from his bike, uncrossed his arms and slowly made his way towards me. I got a *good* look at him then and oh my damn, was I in trouble. *Who needs a free trip anyway?* He was wearing black jeans, a black fitted tee and the exact male match to the leather jacket that I was

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wearing. His hair was still doing that sexy 'Edward sex hair' thing that only he could pull off and the closer he got to me, the more he scent enveloped me. He stopped about 6 inches away from me. Far enough away to where he wasn't touching me, but close enough to where I could feel the heat radiating off of him. And it was driving me fucking nuts!

"Bella...", he whispered as his breath grazed across my neck and I had to bite the inside of my cheek to hold back to moan that ached to escape. When I didn't look up at him, he placed his finger under my chin to lift my head up and the jolt that shot through me went to all the places that I wanted him to touch me most. When I finally gazed into his god-like face, I couldn't help the smile to spread across mine as I noticed the emotion in his eyes. He leaned down and placed a sweet and gentle kiss on my lips and again the jolt was felt. When he pulled away, a sigh escaped my lips and his crooked grin graced his.

"Bella, you are utterly indecent. No one should look so tempting, it's not fair," he whispered.

"I could say the same to you, Mr. Cullen. You look good enough to eat."

"Really? How hungry are you?" he asked as his voice became huskier with each word.

Uh oh! Not good. Change subject now, Bella! Think about the bet. *But why? Can't I just lick him a little?* No! Bella Swan does not forfeit or quit damnit!

"You ok? It looked like I lost you there for a second."

"Oh. Sorry. I was just thinking that we should change the subject before you lose your tickets and we lose our trip."

"Oh yeah. The bet. Forgot about that for a minute."

"Yeah."

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We stood there for moment before I realized what I wanted to say to him. "Oh, thanks for the jacket. I love it! I would say that you didn't have to get it for me but I know that you'd just say that you know you didn't have to but that you wanted to and then you'd tell me to just enjoy it. So to avoid the entire conversation, I'm just going to say that I love it and thank you," I rambled.

He laughed at my ramblings and asked if I was ready for the date to begin. After I asked where we were going but learned that he wasn't spilling any details, I said that I was and we made our way over to his gorgeous bike. This thing was sexy, sleek, and exuded a presence and a confidence. It was just so...Edward. And suddenly, it scared the shit out of me.

Don't bitch out now, Swan!.

Edward noticed my hesitance and came over me and pulled me into his strong embrace.

"You alright, love?"

"Um, yeah. I was just a little more confident when I was farther away from the bike. Now that it's time to hop on, enter 'Chicken-shit Bella' stage left."

He chuckled at me before he answered, "I understand your hesitance. But if it makes you feel any better, I've been riding for over 10 years and so far so good."

"That helps a little, I guess. Just give me a minute?"

"No problem, love. I'll go start it up," he said as he pulled away from me and straddled the bike. He put the key in the ignition and revved the engine a few times. Suddenly my confidence was back and my panties were soaked.

"Ok. I'm ready," I shouted. He raised an eyebrow and looked at me for a few seconds, "Do I even want to know where the sudden boost of confidence came from?" he asked.

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"Nope," I said, popping the 'p'.

"Ok," he chuckled. He pulled me closer to him and grabbed one of the helmets that were located on the back of the bike. He secured it to my head and then put on his own.

How in the hell can he be even hotter with a fucking helmet on? You can't even see his face, but I guess the fact that I know what gloriousness is being hidden under that black face shield is enough to slowly drive me insane.

"Come on, little Ms. Confident, climb on back," he said. I straddled the bike behind Edward and felt it rumble to life as he revved the engine again.

"Hold on tight, love," he shouted.

"No problem there," I said as I tightened my arms around his waist and leaned my helmet-clad head on his back. He lifted the kickstand and pulled the bike away from the curb and into traffic. I had my eyes closed for the first few moments until I heard him ask if I was ok. I told him I was good so far. He asked me if my eyes were closed. I lied. He knew.

"Bella come on. You have to see this. There's nothing like Time Square at night. Please open your eyes," he pleaded. His voice was so gentle and pleading that I couldn't help but listen. I slowly opened one eye and then the other and was pleased that I did. Edward was right...of course. There was nothing like Time Square at night when all the neon signs were lit. It was amazing and still amazingly busy. In all of my time here in New York, I never really had the chance to really visit the city. It's kinda fucked up feeling like a visitor in your own town, but I digress. He drove us past the Virgin record store, the MTV studios and so much more. I was so thrilled to be able to partially tour the city this way. We drove around for a while longer just looking at the city at night and it felt amazing to have my arms around Edward and my legs around this magnificent machine.

We finally stopped 20 minutes later at a park I came to find out was 'Gramercy Park'. There was a huge wrought-iron gate surrounding the entire park with a

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locked entryway. There were maybe 20 to 30 cars parked along the parks gate wall when Edward turned off the bike's engine. I immediately missed the rumble. Edward took off his helmet and turned to face me. I followed his lead and removed my helmet as well.

"Beautiful," he said. I blushed and got off of the bike stumbling because my legs felt like Jell-O. Edward instinctively caught me with one hand and pulled me close to his body.

"Gotcha," he whispered.

"Thanks," I said as I leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. He went to deepen it and I lifted my arms to wrap my fingers in his hair when he pulled away muttering 'later'. I pouted but then realized that he must have something amazing planned and let it go. He grabbed my hand in his and intertwined our fingers and pulled me towards the gate. I noticed the gate was locked and was about to say something when he pulled a gold key out of his back pocket and opened the gate. We walked through and he closed it behind him. I looked up at him with puzzlement on my face, which he noticed and informed me that his parents place is in the area and this park is a neighborhood park with only local neighborhood access, hence the key.

We walked around for a few enjoying the sites of the fountains and the magnificent fall foliage. I noticed a large amount of couples out tonight and was about to ask Edward what was going on when he pulled me towards the grass where I noticed a blanket, an ice bucket with a bottle of wine, a picnic basket, a dozen of red roses and his IPOD with docking station all spread out across the blanket. My jaw dropped open and I turned to thank him when he told me to hold on and pointed behind me. I looked at him for a few seconds before I turned around and saw a giant white screen on the side of a building. He came up behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist with my back to his chest so that we were facing the screen. A few moments later the screen came to life and the beginning credits of my favorite movie of all time appeared before me, 'An Affair To Remember'.

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Oh man did I start to cry like a baby then. I quickly turned in his arms and started to thank him when he stopped my words with a kiss. And what a kiss it was. He soft lips grazed across mine as he placed one hand on the back of my neck while the other gripped my waist tighter, pulling me impossibly closer. I wrapped my fingers in his hair and heard a low moan come from his throat. I sighed into his mouth and was instantly greeted with his delicious tongue dancing with mine. We both moaned the instant our tongues touched and our kissing became suddenly urgent. He grabbed my hips and pulled me closer to him and I felt just how much he truly was enjoying this kiss. He picked me up and I wrapped my legs around him. I broke away from the kiss to catch a breath and he immediately attached himself to my neck, leaving a moist hot trail from my collarbone to my ear. I moaned loudly and grinded my hips into him when he pulled my lobe between his teeth and growled into my ear.

Aw fuck. Not the growl.

The sultry voice of Carey Grant brought me back to reality and forced me to realize that we were not alone and out in public no less. I loosened my legs from around his waist and slowly slid back down to the ground, earning a delectable hiss from my green-eyed Romeo. His lips were parted, his eyes were lidded and dark and his cheeks were flushed. And it was the sexiest fucking thing that I have ever seen. When we finally caught our breath, he pulled me down on the blanket and cocooned himself around me. I poured us each a glass of wine and we relaxed as we watched the movie.

The rest of the evening consisted of dining on delicious food, drinking great wine and enjoying an amazing conversation with a man that I was pretty sure that I was falling in love with. When the bottle of wine was done, Edward asked me if I wanted to dance. I nodded yes and he turned on the IPOD and we danced to the likes of 'The Beatles' and 'Kings of Leon' to name a few. It started to get a little colder and we reluctantly decided to call it a night. I started to pick up the mess, when Edward picked me up over his shoulder and placed me on the bench.

"My mess. My job to clean."

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"But-, " I started to say, but was interrupted with a kiss and pleading emerald eyes. I reluctantly gave in and watched the man of my dreams put away the remnants of the night I'm sure that I was going to remember for the rest of my life.

Edward POV:

I immediately got on the phone with my half-sized twin to stop the 'no tongue' bull shit. She was resistant at first but when I threatened to show Jasper pictures of Alice's so-called 'dark era', she quickly agreed and blessed me with the ability to properly kiss my woman. I ended the call with her and called Laurent at the local Ducatidealership and asked if they could have a woman's black biker jacket and helmet similar to mine messengered to my apartment within the next hour. He said that it wouldn't be a problem. When that was all settled, I realized that I needed to get to the garage before six.

"Hey, Em. Could you ride with me to the garage where my bike is stored and then follow me home in the Volvo?"

"Sure. The Ducati, huh? You know Alice is going to be pissed right? Shit, even I'm mad. I haven't even ridden it yet!" he said with a pout.

"Aww. Does Emmie want Edward to teach him how to wide my bikey wikey?"

"Well...yeah, shithead! And don't call me Emmie. Only Rose can do that."

"Yet you insist on calling me Eddie even after I incessantly advise you not too. Where is the logic there?"

"Easy. I'm older and stronger and can kick your ass."

"Older? Yes. Stronger? More than likely. Able to kiss my ass? I don't think so big brother."

"Yeah you say that now," he mumbled. "Anyway, what time are we going to go get your ride?"

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"Thirty minutes sound good?"

"Good for me. Let's just go check on J & J before we head off."

"Speaking of them. What do you think about James? I don't know why but something in my gut is telling me not to trust him and when I look at him, I automatically want to knock him the fuck out and I don't even know the guy!"

"I feel you man. I'm the same way. He seems shady like a motherfucker. We'll just have to keep an extra close watch on him." He's right. I don't know what it is, but something is seriously wrong with him and it is not sitting well with me. At all.

We both went back to work and relieved 'J & J' as Em calls them and headed to the garage to retrieve my two-wheeled baby. When I pulled the tarp off of the bike, it gleamed up at me as if I had just driven it off of the showroom floor. I released the kickstand and pushed it out of it's temporary home. I closed and locked the garage door, grabbed my helmet and jacket from the trunk of the Volvo, turned the key and revved the engine like I was a kid in a candy store. You couldn't wipe the smile off of my face with a fucking sledgehammer. I put it in gear and headed to the nearest gas station, filled it up as well as the Volvo and headed for home.

When I entered the lobby, there were two packages waiting for me at the front desk. I quickly signed for them and Emmett and I headed upstairs. I opened the garment box to make sure that it was the right jacket and the right size. I verified that it was and left it for Alice to place on Bella's bed. I'd do it myself, but being that close to her room and her bed and not being able to have her is just too... anyway, I told Alice to make sure that Bella got it and thanked her again for the whole kissing thing. She told me that Jasper thanked her properly already and I cursed her for that visual. .

When I finally got back into my apartment, I showered, shaved and dressed and killed time for the next hour and a half. At seven, I asked Jasper if in an hour, if he could let Bella know to meet me down stairs in front of the building. 7:55pm. I said bye to my brothers and headed downstairs to get a head start and

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to pull the bike to the front of the building. Adam the doorman saw me pulling the bike up and we chatted for a few and he complimented me on my ride. I gave him a brief history of how long I've been riding and he stated that he's always wanted to learn. I offered him lessons, but he said that his mom would kill him. Understood.

7:59pm. Okay. So Jasper should be at the girl's door right now letting Bella know to meet me down stairs.

8:03pm. No Bella.

8:05pm. Still no Bella. Cue the fidgeting nerves and overactive imagination. She wouldn't stand me up would she? Nah. Right?

Ok. Chill Cullen. She's just a little late.

Inhale...exhale...inhale...exhale.

8:08pm. Not even going to say it.

8:10pm. Ok, now I'm really starting to go fucking nuts here. I wonder if I should go upstairs and see if she's ok. Maybe she's upset that I didn't come and get her myself. No. That's not how my Bella operates. She'd appreciate the sentiment. Then what in the hell is taking her so...

WHOA!

OH. MY. GOD.

I can't move and tried for the life of me to force my tongue to work. Frozen in front me, no more than 10 feet away, is the Goddess of my dreams and the Angel of visions and she looks amazing. I can already tell that it's been far too long since I'd seen her last and it's already taking every ounce of control that I have to not take her right here on this bike. I mean...wow. I looked into her eyes and was thrown aback a little by the passion and emotion that I found in her molten-chocolate pools. I have to touch her. I *need* to touch her. Ok. So

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slowly rise off of the bike. See? I could do this. Then why in the hell do I feel like running to her and kissing her until our lips are numb and bruised?

Because you love her you ass!

Oh yeah. That's right.

I slowly walked over to her, using up almost every bit of strength I have by the way, and stopped a few inches away from her. The heat radiating off of her was mind-numbing and the urge to grab and touch her was strong. I attempted to take deep breaths through my nose, but of course this woman attacks every sense that I have. Breathing in her intoxicating scent only made me want to take her even more, right then and right there! When I finally attained some form of control, I attempted to call her name, which only came out as a whisper.

So not helping at the moment.

Her eyes were closed and she didn't look up at me when I called her name, so I placed my hand under her chin and was amazed at how my body reacted to that one simple touch. *WE'RE HOME!* When she finally opened her big, beautiful eyes up to me, I was also graced with her smile and I just had to kiss her then and trust me when I say that it was hard as all fuck to pull away. When I did pull away, she greeted me with a contented sigh, which brought a grin to my face. I moved closer to her ear to let her know how amazing she looked

"I could say the same to you, Mr. Cullen. You look good enough to eat," she replied.

"Really? How hungry are you?" I asked as my voice became huskier with each word.

Get a grip man! You got things planned and there's time for all that later. Wait? Why is Bella suddenly frozen?

"You ok? It looked like I lost you there for a second."

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"Oh. Sorry. I was just thinking that we should change the subject before you lose your tickets and we lose our trip."

"Oh yeah. The bet. Forgot about that for a minute." *Fucking bet!*

"Yeah," she replied. We stood by the bike for a few moments before she thanked me for her jacket and rambled on about how she knew that I was going to make her accept the jacket she decided not to argue and just appreciate the gift.

Edward: 2, Bella: 0

When she was through thanking me, I asked her if she was ready to go. She tried to weasel some info out of me and when he realized that I wasn't budging, she relented and we made our way over to the bike when she suddenly froze. Oh boy. I wrapped her in my arms and asked her if she was ok. If she wasn't comfortable with this, I could always drive the car.

"Um, yeah. I was just a little more confident when I was farther away from the bike. Now that it's time to hop on, enter 'Chicken-shit Bella' stage left," she answered. I didn't want to, but I laughed at her self-deprecating humor and let her know that I had been riding for over 10 years and hadn't had any problems so far, hoping that it would ease her some.

"That helps a little, I guess. Just give me a minute?" she asked. I let her know that it was ok and went to start the bike. I revved it a few times when she suddenly shouted that she was ready, which threw me off a little.

"Do I even want to know where the sudden boost of confidence came from?"

"Nope," she said, popping on the 'p'. I laughed at her and pulled her closer to me to place her helmet and secure it on her head. *Holy Fuck she looks hot! Down boy!* I pulled on my helmet and told her to hop on. Her sexy ass straddled the bike and I instantly wished it was me. *Lucky fucking piece of metal!* I told her to hold on and drove off into what I hoped would be a night that we would not soon forget.

Author's Note #2: So...you like? This was an actual 1st date of mine and I remember ever detail as if it happened yesterday. Truly, one of the BEST days of my life so I figured, why not pass it on to our two favorite lovebirds. Links to Edward's Ducati and their jackets on profile located under **Chapter 10 Links** . Seriously people. Check 'em out!

Thanks again for reading,

Nicole

Do You Smell What

Disclaimer: S. Meyers owns 'Twilight' and yada with the so forth and what not.

Author's Note: So, I see we like Bikeward, huh? Glad to be able to supply an extra visual to your "Edward" fantasies, cause damnit it worked for me. Thanks for the compliments on the date. Thanks to all of you reviewers and all of you who continue to place my story on your "Alert" & "Fave" lists. Okay, enough blabbing and on with Chapter 11.

" Do You Smell What 'The Swan' Is Cooking?"

(Trust me. It makes sense. Just read it, lol)

Bella POV:

The ride back to the apartment was quick and filled with a comfortable silence. I took in a few more sites, as Edward took a different route home. Every few miles he'd rev the engine and go a little faster, making me squeal and squeeze him tighter in the process.

He's so doing that shit on purpose.

We made it back to the apartment building and Edward parked his Ducati next to his Volvo. He took off his helmet and I followed his lead by doing the same. When our eyes met, he greeted me with what has to have been the most beautiful smile that I had ever seen. My heart started beating erratically and my breathing was out of control. It took all I had left in me to break my eyes away from his gaze to shake the Edward-induced cobwebs loose and gain some form of control of my body before I was even able to breath again. When I finally gained some control, I held out my hand to give him his spare helmet and was shocked when he looked at me like I grew an extra head.

"What?" I asked

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"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing? I'm giving you back your helmet." He looked at me for a few seconds before his eyes shone with a devious gleam and that famous crooked grin of his that I love so much graced his beautiful face.

"Umm, I don't think that's going to be possible," he said with his smirk still in place.

"And why is that?"

"Because I refuse to ride around with a helmet that says 'Bella' on the back of it. I mean I love the gesture and all, but I think I'll stick with my own."

Huh? What the hell is he talking about? The confusion must've shown on my face since he answered my silent questions. "Just look at the bottom right-hand side on the back of the helmet."

I turned the helmet over in my hands to look at the area he directed me to. And that's when a gasp escaped me as I noticed my name, written in Edward's beautiful script. '*Bella*'. I ran my fingers over the lettering a few times and awed at the sentiment of his gesture. It was nothing fancy. No sparkly jewels or gold-letters. No embellishment whatsoever. Just my name written in Edward's handwriting in plain black *permanent* marker, and it was the most wonderful thing that I have ever unshed tears began to sting and I tried to blink them away before Edward could see. But of course, he did. Without a word, he reached over, pulled me to him and placed me in his lap on the bike. He stroked my hair and kissed my temple and let me cry my silent tears. *Why am I being such sap? It's just a helmet.* No it's not just a damn helmet and I know it. This bike means the world to Edward and the fact that he wants to include me into this part of his world makes my heart swell with knowledge and acceptance that I was right in falling in love with this man. Fuck falling. I love him. I love Edward Anthony Cullen...and I'm scared beyond belief.

Why? Why am I afraid? He is definitely no James, so there's no problem there. I trust him with my life. But should I? Could this all be happening too fast?

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Could Edward ever love me? Am I willing to risk another broken heart to find out? With much trepidation, I looked up into his gorgeous green eyes and when I saw the concern and emotion there, I knew my answer.

Hell Yes I'm willing!

With my decision made, I was determined to show this man just how much I loved him, in any way possible...well except for sex because the whole bet and all with the plane tickets and the trip and...

Shut the fuck up and kiss him already!

Ok! I moved my right leg to his left side so that I was straddling him with my back pressed up against the handlebars. I wrapped my arms around his neck and my hands automatically went for his hair. He groaned in pleasure as I massaged his scalp with my fingers and instinctively, pulled me closer. Our chests were pressed tightly together as they rose in sync with each other when the tempo of our breathing increased. I pulled his head back so that his beautiful greens were gazing back into my chocolate browns.

"Thank you, Edward. What you did with the helmet means so much to me. I know how much you love this bike and the fact that you wanted to include me in it, it's unexplainable how that makes me feel."

"The fact that you accepted it is all the thanks I need. I would do anything to make you happy, Bella, and if that anything includes me being able to be with you, then it's all the better," he said. He looked down in his lap and took a deep breath before he raised his head to gaze into my eyes again, "Bella, I...I -" but unfortunately, my need for him was so great at that moment, he was interrupted as I crashed my lips to his and kissed him with every ounce of passion that I had in me. He immediately responded and opened his mouth to me. Our tongues grazed each other and we both swallowed each other's moans. I moved closer to him and pushed my hips up against his, earning one of the sexiest fucking sounds on the face of the planet, Edward's growl.

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His kisses became frantic as he grabbed my hips and leaned into me, laying me further down onto the bike. He raised himself up off the bike, putting his body flush against mine. *Oh fuck! I forgot how good this man felt.* His hands slowly made a trail from my hips as they grazed over my ribs, ghosted over my breast, tickled against my neck as they finally found their home behind my head, bringing my face closer to his, deepening the kiss. I moved one of my hands from his hair and into his jacket. I lifted his shirt and was blessed with the feel of his warm, chiseled chest as I lightly dragged my nails against him. He moaned into my mouth and I ground my hips into his erection in response.

"Fuck, Bella...you're killing me," he groaned.

"What a way to go, huh?" I asked breathlessly.

"Fuck yes," he moaned as he licked and sucked the top of my breast that wasn't covered by my top. I moaned his name in response and pinched his nipple between my thumb and forefinger, earning a delicious hiss from him.

"AHM!"

Edward and I both jumped in surprise at the sound of the unwelcome intrusion. *Where's my Louisville when I need it?* We both turned our heads and squinted as the night guard flashed his light in our faces. When he finally lowered the flashlight, I noticed him glaring at us with his arms folded across his chest.

"I've been in the booth enjoying this little show the two of you have been putting on for quite some time now, but unfortunately I wouldn't be doing my job if I let it continue," he said with a smug smile plastered on his face. I then noticed that he was leering at me and I'm sure that if I noticed, then Edward did too. Of course he did. His jaw clenched and his eyes narrowed at the smug, leering asshole. He slowly removed himself from me as a low growl escaped his chest. When he was off of the bike, he stalked his way over to the guard and glared at him with a fierce intensity that I have never seen in him before. His eyes appeared to be darkening with anger and I actually felt a little fear for the guard's life. A little.

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"Newton," Edward growled. "If I ever see you looking at Bella that way again, what Emmett did to you will seem like child's play when I'm finished with your ass. Do I make myself clear?" he asked through clenched teeth. This Newton kid just stood there looking like he just shit his pants. You could actually see the sweat beading off of his forehead. He backed away from Edward a little and gulped as Edward moved closer to him.

"Answer me!"

"Y...yes...M...Mr. C...Cullen sir," he stammered. I bit the inside of my mouth to stop the grin from appearing on my face. Seeing Edward take control like that and watching that Newton fellow cower was such an unexpected turn on. Me likey protective Edward.

"Leave now!" Edward growled. Immediately this Newton ass turned on his heels and ran back to the guard's desk with his tail tucked safely between his legs. Edward stood there alone for a few moments breathing deeply while clenching and unclenching his fists. He closed his eyes and when he finally opened them, they met mine. Why did he look worried? I walked over to him and wrapped my arm around his waist. He was still tense so I kissed his jaw and noticed him relax a little.

"Bella. I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to see me like that. If I scared you at all-,"

"Edward. Shh!"

"But, Bella I-," I interrupted him again by placing a finger on his warm lips, "Seriously, Edward. I wasn't scared of you. Maybe a little for that Newton fellow, but not at all of you. Honestly...I kinda found it sexy seeing you all protective and feral like that," I said with a nervous giggle. Would he think I'm nuts for admitting that? I looked up at him and noticed a surprised look on his face. Ok. So maybe I am nuts.

"Bella. What the hell am I going to do with you?" he asked with a laugh in his voice and a smile in his eyes. *Anything you want.* His body was completely

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relaxed against mine now and that made me smile. He smiled the smile that I love in return, leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on my lips and lead me inside the apt building.

The ride on the elevator was awkward and tense. The entire time, I was envisioning the night of my birthday when he fingered me in the exact same spot I was standing and from the look on his face, he was imagining the same thing. *One more floor...DING!* Oh thank God. We practically ran off the lift and once composing ourselves, he walked me to my door. He reached down and grabbed both of my hands in his and looked into my eyes. I saw so much emotion in them that it stunned me that I hadn't noticed it before.

"So..., " he said.

"So..., " I replied. Two college educated adults and that's all we can come up with? Maybe Alice was right and we are rubbing off on each other.

Oooh. Rubbing on Edward, and licking Edward, and fucking Edward and...

"Bella? You still with me?" Damn. Caught again. Don't blush. Don't blush. Ahh, who the hell am I kidding? Come on crimson. I heard him chuckle under his breath which only made me blush harder. *Damn you Edward Cullen!*

"You know what? Even though I really want to know what has you blushing more than I have ever seen, I think I'll let it go for now, because I'm sure that if you tell me, there is no way in Hell that I would be able to leave you tonight."

"You don't know how true that is," I mumbled.

He softly chuckled again as he slowly made his way over to me, cupping my face in his hands. He traced my lips with his thumb as he moved his body closer to mine, pressing me up against the door jam. The heat radiating from his body sent shock waves through mine and I wanted to wrap my legs around him. I tilted my head up and licked my lips noticing his eyes darken at the gesture. He leaned his head down to kiss me.

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"Bella! You're home! Get your ass in here. Oh...hi Edward," squealed Alice as she swung open the door, grabbed my wrist and pulled me into the apt. Edward just stood there looking like someone ran over his puppy. I wanted to run to him and jump in his arms and make us forget about the annoying sprite that interrupted our night. That idea was cut off by the blonde Amazon who appeared to have other ideas.

"Get out! Go home and mope or brag or do whatever the hell you men do. Bella is ours now. So take your bronze-headed ass and go," she said as she pushed him out the door and closed it right in his face.

I don't know which one to kill first. I guess whichever one would put up less of a fight. Alice may be small, but she's a tough little shit. Rose it is then.

"Ok. I won't kill the both of you just yet. As long as you tell me what the hell that was all about!" I said through clenched teeth, glaring at the two of them.

"Oh, Bella. Relax. We wanted to hear about your night and waited long enough. So how was it? Where'd you go? Was it romantic? He wouldn't let me help plan anything, which is really shocking because he asks for my opinion on almost everything. So, did you kiss?" she asked.

"Ok. Alice. I want you to listen to me carefully, ok? This is important. Number one; I am incredibly pissed that you interrupted my goodnight with Edward...you too Rose. Don't think you're getting off easy, and number two; I honestly only heard maybe half of what the hell you just said. Do you realize that not everyone speaks at the speed of pixie? How do you even put up with it Rose?" I said as I turned to look at Rosalie.

"I don't. Usually I just nod my head and hope that I didn't agree to donate a kidney or some crazy shit like that. So far so good."

"Hey, assholes? I'm right here!" she said. "And anyway, I'm sorry Bells. That's just the way I am and you guys been gone for hours so I figured you'd had enough of him and wanted to spill. Sorry again," she sheepishly said.

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"It's ok, Alice...for now. And trust me when I say this, but I will *never* get enough of your brother."

"Well damn girl! What did old Eddie boy do to you?" asked Rose.

"I don't know. Why don't you ask him? Oh, wait you can't, because you closed the door in his damn face!"

"Oh shut up, Bella! He's fine and so are you. So you didn't kiss him again. Big fucking deal, cause I'm pretty sure that you and that horny pretty-boy locked tongues more than once tonight. Am I right?"

"Yeah. So you're right. But still, Rose. Was that really necessary? I mean we didn't even get a chance to say goodnight."

"Bella. I'm-," Rose started, but was cut off by the ringing of my cell phone. Thank you Christina. I removed myself away from the two new pains in my life and made my way into the kitchen to answer the phone...taking the required calming breath of course.

"Hey you."

"There's the beautiful voice that I miss so much. I was calling because we didn't have a chance to say goodnight to each other." The smile that graced my face at that moment literally stretched from ear-to-ear.

"You don't say. Actually I forgot all about it," I teased.

"Really?" You could hear the disappointment in his voice and it hurt me like no other. Game over.

"No not really. I was actually just bringing that up with Rose, seeing as how she behaved like a freaking cavewoman," I laughed.

"Well, when you're dating Emmett, what can you expect?"

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"Hey!" I heard Emmett bellow in the background.

"I take it he took offense to that," I giggled.

"Yeah, now he's...OW! Fuck, Emmett! Bella, I have to go and kick my brother's ass, so I must say goodnight, beautiful."

I had to bite my cheek from laughing to loudly, "Goodnight, Edward. I had a wonderful time tonight, by the way."

"Me too. I'll call you tomorrow?"

"Please."

"Ok. Night, Love," he whispered.

"Goodnight, Edward," I said as I hung up the phone. I stayed there leaning up against the counter staring at my cell phone for what felt like seconds, but that was apparently too long for Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum.

"Bella. Earth to 'Lovestruck'. Helllloo," giggled Alice as Rose stood there laughing at me. I shook my head and mumbled something about a nosy ass midget as I walked past them. I was on my way to my room to change, but stopped to pick up my new favorite possession, my helmet. Rose and Alice looked at me curiously then glanced at the helmet.

"I'll explain after I change. By the way, Rose. Edward's currently kicking Emmett's ass. So be prepared to have to kiss his boo-boos," I laughed.

"Ahh, figures. He probably did something to deserve it. He usually does," she said as she shook her head. I laughed at her and made my way to my room. I changed into my tank and boy shorts and hung my jacket and helmet in my closet. When I was done, I walked into the kitchen, grabbing a beer and plopping down on the couch, preparing for a long night of 'girl time'.

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As the night dragged on, I answered all of the girl's seemingly endless questions, and I was all too happy to brag about my amazing date with Edward. Rose and Alice ooh'd and aah'd in all the right places and laughed their asses off when I told them about the whole 'Newton' incident. Rose said that he had it coming to him, and I couldn't agree more. It wasn't until I told them about Edward writing my name on the helmet he bought for me that I noticed Alice's face. I asked her if she was ok and she replied that she couldn't be happier. I didn't ask her to explain. Maybe it was because I already had an inkling of the reason for her sudden expression. I never mentioned to either of them that I was in love with, Edward. I didn't feel that now was the right time, plus I don't think that his sister should know before him. It just didn't seem right. Either way, I kinda got the feeling that you can't get anything past Alice.

We discussed the girl's dates and Alice informed us that Jasper was taking her to a Z. Posen Fashion Week showing tomorrow at three in Bryant Park. Her constant bouncing and squealing made it loud and clear that she couldn't be happier. Rose explained that Emmett was taking her to the Import Car show on Wednesday and she seemed upset about it. I asked her if she was, ok and she stated that she can't wait to go but that Emmett was a dumb ass. I asked her 'why' since it was common knowledge that she loved cars.

"Because Emmett knows that cars, classic or otherwise, make me horny as all hell. And now do to me agreeing to this stupid ass bet, I can't just go find an open backseat and fuck him to oblivion. So no Bella, I'm not ok! Stupid Neanderthal."

It took every ounce of strength I had in me not to laugh in one of my new best friend's face. Alice on the other hand had no such issue. Her little ass was on the floor writhing and holding her sides as if Rose's admission was the funniest shit she's ever heard. Rosalie was not happy. After Alice calmed down and my breathing returned to normal from holding in my laughter, we told Rose that she could always back out of the bet, in which she happily advised us both to fuck off. Ah Rose. How I love thee.

We eventually called it a night and headed off to bed. My dream that night did abso-fucking-lutely nothing in helping with my frustrated state. It continued

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from where we left off in the garage and let's just say that there was no Newton to interrupt. Edward had my writhing on that motorcycle, moaning and screaming his name as he put me in so many different positions that rivaled the Kama Sutra. The dream was so intense; I woke up with one hand in my panties and the other gripping my breast. And let's not forget the wet-with-drool pillow sporting the obvious bite marks. My removable showerhead was immediately brought out of retirement.

When I finally removed myself from the shower, a little less horny but pruned beyond recognition, I quickly got dressed in fancier clothes due to today's guests, made a quick breakfast and headed to work. I entered the restaurant, said hi to Felix and Lauren and went straight towards the kitchen, ready to get this day over with. As I entered the lounge, I was met with a solemn looking Angela and it was then that I remembered about yesterday. The pregnancy tests. Is she pregnant? She looks sad though. Is she upset that she is or that she isn't? I decided to be as casual as possible and let her come to me. I walked over to my locker to place my purse and coat inside and began striking up a conversation.

"Hey, Ang. How goes it?" She looked up at me as if she just noticed me enter the room. When her eyes met mine, my heart felt like it was tearing in two at the sadness I saw in my friend's eyes. I dropped all pretences and was at her side in a second. She grabbed onto me and cried into my shoulder.

After a while when she calmed down and told me that she actually was pregnant and was thrilled about it, but the only problem was, Ben. She said that his tour was extended for another year and that he wouldn't be home until the baby was at least three months old. She then said that her parents were back in California and she had no one here to help her and was scared. I grabbed on to her tighter and told her that I would be there for her whenever she needed me. She thanked me and apologized for ruining my shirt with her tears.

"No problem. It's Rose's anyway," I laughed.

"She's gonna be pissed, Bella!"

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"So. She owes me for what she did to Edward after our date last night."

"Ooh. Spill it woman!" And for the next 20 minutes, I told her about my date with the man of my dreams. I told her about the jacket, his motorcycle, the ride through Time Square, the late night picnic and movie at Gramercy Park, the Roses, the dancing...all of it. When I finally got to what Alice & Rose did, she asked me if I wanted her to drool a little more on Rose's silk shirt. I laughed and declined the offer, since I still had to wear the damn thing. She reluctantly agreed and decided that it was time for us to get in gear and wow the New York elite. I nodded my head and headed towards the door when she gripped me in the tightest hug possible and thanked me again.

"Anytime, Angela. You know I love you, right?"

"I do now, Bella,." she said as she wiped a tear from her face as well as mine.

"Ok, girlie. Let's do this," I said. We walked into the kitchen to prepare a luncheon that would kick the "Iron Chef's" ass. I'm not bragging or anything. Ok...I am.

The luncheon was a huge success and I received many offers to open my own restaurant with full financial backing. Let's just say I pocketed a few business cards for later use. When the luncheon was over, Mr. Mizrahi himself came up to me and offered his appreciation for 'the fabulous meal that he was honored to have eaten.' I thanked him for his compliment and started to say my good-byes, when he noticed the black skirt with lace trim and criss-cross pattern that I was wearing. He asked who the designer was and I informed him that it was a one-of-a-kind created by a friend of mine. When he found out that she was unsigned and self-contracted, he gave me business card and told me to have her call him as soon as possible. I thanked him and wished him a lovely evening.

Note to self: Buy earplugs BEFORE I give Alice the message.

Once Isaac and the rest of the esteemed guests left the restaurant, it was time to clean up and go home. Thank God! I was tired as hell and could not wait to

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crawl into my bed. What, with the late night gabfest, the fitful sleep and working my ass off today, I was ready to crash. Hard. Once the cleaning was done and all was well and good with the back of the house, I said goodnight to Angela and told her to call me the minute the ultrasound is scheduled so that I could go with her. She thanked me again and said that she would. When I made it home I found a flustered looking Alice and a sulking Rosalie.

Oh boy.

"What's wrong Queen 'B'? Mini 'B'?"

"Nothing," they both grumbled.

"Seriously you two. What the hell is up with the long faces? Especially you, Ali. I figured you'd still be bouncing off the damn walls with excitement after coming from a fashion show."

"She pissed for the same reason I'm bitchy and you're grouchy," said Rose.

"But you're bitchy 90% of the time so that doesn't really narrow it down, Rose," I said.

"Fuck you, Bella."

"See? Case in point," I giggled.

"UGH! Why did I agree to this bet? Today, Jasper was the most gentle and romantic he's been in months. He was attentive and loving and actually listened to my opinions! It was amazing. And now, all I wanna do is go over there, kick my brothers the fuck out and practice moves #15 and 22 from that sex book that I found in your closet, Bella. Sorry about that by the way. I was looking for shoes."

"No big, Ali. I borrowed it from, Rose. Wait? Did you say that today was the most romantic and attentive he's been for *months*?" She nodded her head yes.

"See? Maybe this three date thing is working. Maybe it's giving Jasper the

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opportunity to show you just how much he really loves you."

She sat there for a minute, probably pondering over my epiphany. A moment later a smile spread across her face. "You're right, Bella! Maybe it is making a difference. Still, doesn't help the fact that I'm horny as all fuck."

"Same here!" Rose and I said. We all looked at each other for a second and burst into laughter. When the laughter died down, we talked about how hard it's been for them to quench their insatiable appetites. Apparently, my showerhead wasn't the only one brought out of retirement this morning. Not to mention that I'm not alone in the sex dream scenario.

"Ooh! I have a brilliant idea. What if we change into some workout gear and hit the downstairs gym? It's after seven which means it's usually empty and maybe we can work off some of this fucking tension," said Alice. Good idea? Yes. Brilliant? I wouldn't go that far, but it's the better than going to bed early. It's not like I'm going to get any sleep anyway.

"I'm in," I said.

"Me too," said Rose.

"Really? Isn't that what got you into this mess in the first place?" I laughed.

"Shut the fuck up, Swan. You're pushing it."

"Woman as riled up as I am, I wish you'd bring it on! Please? I beg of you. Give me a reason!"

"Oh, I'll give your ass a reason alright!" she warned.

"Ladies! Do this shit later. In the gym. Now go change," demanded Alice.

"Fine," we grumbled.

"Hehehe! This is going to be good!" squealed Alice.

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"I still have it out for you Hyper Dwarf! Don't make me add you to the list."

"Oh just shut up and change, Bella," she giggled. We all walked into our respective rooms and within minutes, came out dressed ready for a rumble...or a Pilates class. Rose and I had on matching outfits if you could believe it. We were wearing sports bras with matching skintight shorts that came mid-thigh. Hers was red and mine was navy blue.

"Aww. No fair! You bitches planned that, didn't you?"

"No Alice. We just happen to have similar taste. And besides, I look hotter anyway," said Rose.

"In your dreams, Hale," I scoffed and rolled my eyes. She turned to look at me and stalked over towards me. I squared my shoulders, raised my chin and looked her square in the eye. She came closer towards me and we were literally nose-to-chin. The tension was palpable and my heart started pounding and I was ready to swing if needed, when she did something I wasn't expecting. She kissed me. She actually placed both of her hands on the sides of my face and kissed me. To say I was shocked would be putting it lightly.

"You know I'm still going to kick your ass later, right?" she asked as she backed away.

"Bring it on, Amazon," I smirked.

"Oooohh! Just wait til I tell Emmett that he missed you kissing Bella, Rose! He is going to either die of disappointment or cry like a bitch," said Alice.

"I know right! That what he gets for taking me to a car show tomorrow when we can't have sex!"

"You used me!" I yelled.

"Oh shut up. You liked it. Admit it," she said.

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"Well, I'll admit. Out of all the girls I've kissed you're the best." The smug look on her face was priceless. That is until she realized what I actually said.

"WHAT?" they both screamed.

"No time. Let's go to the gym," I said as I grabbed my towel and water bottle and headed out the front door, quickly followed by my workout twin and pint-sized sister. We made it down to the gym and were pleasantly surprised when we found that it was empty. Well two of us were surprised.

"Told ya," said you know who. We tossed our towels and water bottles on the mats and sat down to stretch.

"So....what girls you been kissing Bella?"

"I said later, Alice. And that doesn't mean two minutes from the last time you asked. All in due time, darling. All in due time," I said with a smirk. I wonder if they'll be pissed when they find out my only non-familial girl kiss was from Rose. I guess we'll find out soon enough. Til then, it's time to have some fun.

"Whatever, Bells. Are you ready to do this or what?" asked Rose.

"What exactly is 'this' that we're doing, Rose?"

"I don't know. Wrestle. Kick-box. Whatever you're good at. I'm game."

Ok. Time to be smart about this. Rose has the legs of a fucking Puma and if she kicks me, even if it's not full strength, that shit's bound to hurt. Wrestling it is then.

"Let's wrestle. Bring it on Triple H, if you smell what the Swan is cooking."

"Oh my god, Bella! You pick fine ass Rock and stick me with 'The Snoz of Connecticut'? I don't think so! I'm Randy Orton, bitch!" she yelled

"No matter. Rock kicked his ass just like I'm gonna do to yours."

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"Oooh! I'm the ref!" said Alice.

"Alright! Let's do this," said Rosalie.

"In the ring, bitch! Unless you're scared I'm gonna lay the smack down on your candy ass."

"Whatever. Get in this ring so that I can kick your brunette ass," she said as her and Alice climbed into the ring.

"Ring the bell, Ali," I said.

"Ding, ding!" she yelled.

About 15 minutes later, Rose and I were rolling around on the mat, sweating, panting and groping each other. I was sitting on her chest with her hair in my hands as her arms were wrapped around my thighs. Alice was lying on the mat next to Rose, making sure that her shoulders didn't touch the mat when suddenly...

"HOLY SHIT!"

Sexual Tension

Disclaimer: S. Meyer owns "Twilight", even though we both have a few sexually frustrated characters.

Author's Note: OVER 300 REVIEWS AND ALMOST 20,000 HITS! You guys are all the best and seriously, some of your reviews had my ass rolling on the ground! I'm happy to have been able to make you laugh. So, who loves Bitchy Bella? I had so much fun writing those damn Bella/Rose scenes and thankfully, they were well received. :=)

Anyway, who said "HOLY SHIT"? Well, let's read some EPOV and find out, shall we?

" Sexual Tension "

Edward POV:

Well, I can honestly say that tonight had to have been one of the best nights of my life that I have ever had with a woman. Add on the fact that it was with Bella and we're talking some phenomenal shit here. Bella seemed to have enjoyed the date as well and I have to admit that I was nervous as all hell awaiting her reaction. And in true Bella fashion, she didn't disappoint.

The kiss.

Oh that fucking kiss. Originally, when she turned towards me, her face was streaked with tears and the sight made my heart ache with grief. I thought that I did something wrong and was trying to decide to do whatever the hell I could do to keep her from ever crying again. I was beginning to panic as I tried to come up with ways to make her as happy as she was when we were riding through town on the motorcycle. What I didn't expect was for her to start thanking me. Right there in that moment, I was just grateful that she wasn't upset or hurt and in that instant my lips ached to touch hers and I couldn't fight it anymore. In the back of my mind, I knew she was trying to thank me but I

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didn't care. I *needed* to kiss her.

I pulled her closer to me, lifting her off of the ground and grazed my lips across hers. The moan that ghosted from her lips only spurred me on more and I did whatever I could do to bring her closer to me. I grabbed her neck, her hips, her waist, her hair, any part of her that I could so that Bella engulfed me. When she wrapped her hands in my hair, the moan I was trying to suppress escaped me and in return, I was greeted with a contented sigh from my ladylove. Spotting a chance, I slid my tongue into her mouth and the electric jolt that rocked through my body once our tongues met went right to my cock and the moans coming from Bella did nothing to stop the throbbing ache. My only response was to moan in return.

Our kisses became more urgent once our hips came in contact with each other's. I knew she could feel how hard I was for her at that moment. Good. I wanted her, no; I needed her to know what she does to me with just a touch of her lips, a look from her eyes or even with words coming from her beautiful mouth. I picked her up and just as I knew she would, she wrapped her incredible legs tightly around me, grazing my already hard dick in the process.

The minute she broke away from the kiss to catch a breath, I attached myself to her neck, not wanting to go a second without having my mouth on some part of her body. I left open mouth kisses from her ear to her collarbone, earning another delicious moan. Our breathing turned frantic and it took all I had not to take her right here on the blanket a mere two feet from us. As I continued sucking on Bella's neck, she pulled away from me and attacked my ear; gently pulling it between her teeth as she ground her hips harder into me. The growl that left my chest was uncontrollable. This woman was going to fucking kill me.

Apparently noticing that we were not alone, Bella began pulling away from me and I undeniably missed her touch. She loosened her legs from around my waist and slowly slid her body down mine, finally placing her feet back on the ground. It was torture of the best fucking kind. When I was finally graced with the visual of her face, I saw what was without a doubt the sexiest scene that has recently crossed these green eyes. Bella's beautiful full lips were now dark and

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swollen from our kissing. Her normally chocolate-brown eyes were almost coal-like in color. Her cheeks were flushed an enticing pink and her partially exposed chest was heaving up and down as she attempted to catch her breath. We stared into each other's eyes for what felt like a fucking century and I knew that I had to get a grip on this or my plans and this damn bet would be over with.

I cleared my throat to snap us both out of our trance and pulled her down on the blanket with me. We drank wine as we watched what is considered one of the best love stories of all time play out on screen. When the movie was over, we ate the dinner I prepared, talked about everything and nothing and danced together as if we were the only two people in New York. It was perfect and I never wanted it to end, but as the saying goes, 'all good things must come to an end', or some shit like that.

The ride home was eventful. I took a short cut and couldn't help myself. I would rev the engine or go a little faster than normal, making Bella squeal and grab on to me tighter. That shit was pure bliss. *I wonder if she realized I was doing it on purpose?* When we got back to the apartment garage, I parked the bike next to the Volvo and took off my helmet. Bella quickly followed and when our eyes met my breath once again caught in my throat at the sight of her beauty that all I could do was smile. Would I ever get used to that? *I seriously fucking doubt it!* I was brought out of my 'Bella Daze' by her reaching out her hand to hand me her helmet. This shocked me a little. Why didn't she want the helmet? I just stared at her for a few before she asked me why I was staring. I asked her what she was doing and she let me know that she was giving me back my helmet. That's when it dawned on me that I never told her that the helmet was hers.

Way to go idiot!

Knowing that I now had another surprise for her, I couldn't stop the smirk from appearing on my face. I knew that it was going to be good. "Umm, I don't think that's going to be possible."

"And why is that?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. *Damn she's sexy.*

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"Because I refuse to ride around with a helmet that says 'Bella' on the back of it. I mean I love the gesture and all, but I think I'll stick with my own," I said as I bit the inside of my mouth to keep from smiling. The confusion was immediately visible on her beautiful face and no matter how cute she looked in that moment I had to tell her.

"Just look at the bottom right-hand side on the back of the helmet." As she turned the helmet over in her hands, I heard the audible gasp that escaped her as she noticed her name on the back of the helmet. I was nothing fancy, just 'Bella' written in my handwriting in black permanent marker. I know that Bella's not about material possessions and that's one of the many reasons why I love her. I just hope that the sentiment of me wanting to share something with her that I never shared with anyone else would give her a small idea of just how much I am in love with her.

As I gazed into my beauties eyes, I noticed the tears in them that were threatening to fall. Without a word, I pulled her to me and placed her in my lap and did everything that I could to soothe her. Eventually the slight crying stopped and she looked up into my eyes. When I saw the emotion in her eyes staring back at me a lump formed in my throat and I had to swallow just to find my voice. There were so many feelings coming through her that I didn't know which one was stronger. In all my years, I've never experienced anything like that before and a miniscule part of me was afraid of what was to come. But most of me, including my soul, knew that I was right where I belonged. That major part of me knew that I could want and would want no one else other than the amazing woman in my arms. Every part of me knows that Bella Swan is my life now. I knew it was fast, but frankly my dear, I don't give a fuck! She is my world and I know that my life would cease to exist without her in it. It may be insane and true it may seem a little fast, but I am unconditionally, undeniably and uncontrollably in love with this woman and I want the whole fucking world to know it.

Maybe you should tell her first, Romeo.

Shit! I knew I was forgetting something.

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I would tell Bella I loved her. I knew I would I just didn't know when. Every cell in my body wanted to do it then, but it just didn't seem right. Sitting on a bike in a concrete slab of a room with oil slicks and parking signs, yeah real romantic. I was brought out of my revelry by Bella straddling my legs and wrapping her arms around my neck. Her hands massaged my scalp and I groaned in response and pulled her closer to me. I pressed our chests tightly together and as the tempo of our breathing increased, they rose in sync with each other. I pulled my head back so that her beautiful chocolate browns were gazing back at me.

"Thank you, Edward. What you did with the helmet means so much to me. I know how much you love this bike and the fact that you wanted to include me in it, it's unexplainable how that makes me feel." The tears were still present on her cheeks. I cupped her face in my hands and wiped the tears away with understanding and gratitude in my eyes. She knew how important that was for me.

"The fact that you accepted it is all the thanks I need. I would do anything to make you happy, Bella, and if that anything includes me being able to be with you, then it's all the better." Oh God! I wanted to tell her then. But it wasn't the right time and I knew it. I wanted it to be perfect. It should be romantic and special and...oh fuck it!

"Bella, I-," but I was interrupted as she crashed her lips into mine and kissed me fiercely.

The kiss on the bike was...amazing. If Bella was anymore perfect I would probably be dead by now. The woman is going to be the death of me, I swear. The heat and passion emanating off of her was rapidly driving me up the fucking wall and I was close to fulfilling one of my ultimate fantasies. That could have been possible if it wasn't for one thing. *Newton!*

I fucking *hate* that prick with a passion and took great joy in watching him run with his tail tucked between his legs. One would think that the dipshit would have learned after Emmett kicked his ass the last time, to not mess with a Cullen or their family. I guess one would think wrong. Seeing him look at

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Bella like that, I wanted to rip his fucking throat out and feed it to him. I wanted to rip him apart by his limbs and torch his ass. But, I knew that I needed to keep my emotions in check. The last thing I wanted to do was scare Bella off. The last thing I needed was her thinking I was some kind of monster.

I stood there alone for a few moments breathing deeply while clenching and unclenching my fists trying to calm down. When I opened my eyes, they instantaneously met Bella's and I couldn't keep the worried look off of my face. Bella noticed this and instantly tried to relax me. I attempted to apologize for my actions thinking that I scared her. I guess you can say I was shocked to shit when she said that she thought it was sexy. If I didn't know if I loved her before, I knew without a doubt at that moment. With awe for the insane woman present on my face, we made our way into the building and towards the elevators.

The ride up the elevator was tense, but not in a bad way. That shit wasn't bad at all. I loved watching Bella squirm. From the tempo of the rise and fall of her chest to the beautiful pink flush that graced her face, neck and chest, I knew without a doubt that she was thinking about when I fingered her in the very spot where she was standing and fuck it all, so was I. Damn that seemed like a long time ago. What I wouldn't give to be able to pleasure her like that again. To taste her on my tongue. To have her ride my dick as we screamed each other's names. And why the fuck can't I do all of that. You guessed it. The bet.

Fucking bet!

So now here I am, currently walking Bella to her door after an amazing night with fucktastic kisses with my tempting, horny, hot-as-all-hell, soon-to-be-girlfriend, with a hard on that could crack concrete. Cold shower, here I come...again.

I wonder how Jasper would feel about being replaced by a shower as my new best friend?

As we arrived at her door, I reached down and grabbed both of her hands in mine and looked into her eyes.

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I love you, Bella. I love you. I love you. I love you. - Snap out of it, Cullen!

Oh. Right.

"So...", Man I don't want to leave yet. I wonder if she'll invite me in? It probably wouldn't be a good idea though.

Ya think?

"So...", she replied. Seems like I'm not the only one stalling here. Good to see that the feelings are mutual. Wait. Why is she blushing? Oh, what the hell is she thinking about now?

"Bella? You still with me?"

Oh man! A deeper blush? It must've been good whatever the hell she was thinking about. "You know what? Even though I really want to know what has you blushing more than I have ever seen, I think I'll let it go for now, because I'm sure that if you tell me, there is no way in Hell that I would be able to leave you tonight." *That's putting it lightly!*

"You don't know how true that is," she mumbled. I chuckled at her adorable mumbles as I made my way over to her and cupped her face in my hands. I traced her plump lips with my thumb and fought hard against my inner monster to keep from permanently wrapping her legs around me and kissing her until Hell froze the fuck over. I shook my head clear of that thought just as she tilted her head up and licked her lips. *Fuck, Bella! You really don't want to win that damn bet do you?* Do this for Bella, Edward. Just a sweet kiss goodnight and then you can go home and kick the fuck out of your bed to keep it from reminding you of the best night of your entire existence; *Bella's birthday*. Yeah. Just one sweet...

"Bella! You're home! Get your ass in here. Oh...hi Edward," squealed my annoying twin, who then proceeded to grab Bella and pull her into the apt. *Siblings!* That little pixie is up shits creek now. I wonder if Jasper will still think she's hot when I pull out the perm pictures? Only one way to find out. I

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was about to say goodnight to Bella when the cause for my recent Xanax prescription told me to get out and closed the door in my face. What?

Rosalie Hale! You are so lucky I can't hit a woman, cause I'd....wait...OH EMMETT! Can I talk to you for a minute?

If you were to say that I was pissed, I would look at you like you were fucking insane. *Pissed* doesn't even begin to describe it. I took a few breaths before stomping my pouting ass off to my apartment. I know. Real mature, right? When I entered the apartment, I immediately wanted to turn my ass around and leave. Emmett was standing in the kitchen wearing Rose's pink frilly apron and there was pancake batter *everywhere*. Jasper was sitting at the kitchen counter sitting on a stool with a camcorder in hand and turning blue from holding in his laughter.

"What in the blue hell are you doing?"

"EDDIE! Welcome to IHOE my man. Home of the best fucking pancakes on the planet. Want some?" I guess Jasper reached his limit because once Emmett said this; Jasper put the camera on the counter and fell off the stool onto the floor. He was laughing so damn hard that he snorted, which only made me laugh as well. *Thank you, Jasper.*

"What?" asked Emmett with his furrowed brow and head cocked to the side. That did it! I was done for and almost joined Jas on the floor.

"What the fuck is so damn funny?"

"Nothing," Jasper and I said.

"Whatever, man. Do you want a fucking pancake or not? The lace on this apron itches like a motherfucker."

"Emmett. Shut up! I...can't...take it..." breathed Jasper while still holding his sides. After Emmett huffed and rolled his eyes, he continued to ask us what the hell was so damn funny. Jasper pointed to the camera and told him that he'd

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show him later. I then asked him why was he wearing Rose's apron in the first damn place and the answer I got made me think twice about my lug-head of a brother.

"Because I miss her man and the apron kinda smells like her, you know? I guess it's my way of having a part of her with me."

Ok. Say it with me....awww.

"That was real sweet, Emmett. Who knew you had it in you?" I said. He then asked me about my date and I just went to the end when Rose slammed the damn door in my face. I still haven't forgot about that shit.

"Ah yes. That's my Rosie," he laughed.

"Yeah well, your *Rosie* better watch it, Em. She pissed me off so much I was going to kick your ass just because. I didn't even get a chance to say goodnight to Bella."

"You know. For someone who went to Medical school, you're one dumb fuck, Edward," said Jasper.

"And just what the fuck does that mean?" I yelled.

"What it means is, did you ever hear of an invention called a cell phone? They are these convenient little devices that allows you to talk to someone when you're not in the same room. You should really try one. They're fucking ingenious," he teased." If I didn't want to hug him right now, I'd kick his smart ass.

"Right. Gotta go," I said as I bolted to the living room sofa and pulled my cell phone from my pocket. It's not the same but it'll have to do. I dialed Bella's number and she picked up on the third ring.

"Hey you." *Be still my beating heart.* I miss her so damn much.

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"There's the beautiful voice that I miss so much. I was calling because we didn't have a chance to say goodnight to each other." *Oh, and I'm going to maim Rose.*

"You don't say. Actually I forgot all about it," she said. Wait. Really? I guess tonight didn't mean as much to her as I thought

"Really?" I hid the disappointment from my voice.

Then again, maybe I didn't, "No not really. I was actually just bringing that up with Rose, seeing as how she behaved like a freaking cavewoman," she laughed.

"Well, when you're dating Emmett, what can you expect?"

"Hey!" boomed Emmett. I turned towards the kitchen to see him staring at me so I flipped him off.

"I take it he took offense to that," she giggled. I was answering her when out of the corner of my eye, I saw something orange and round fly across the room. It landed with a thud against my chest and I knew that shit was going to leave a bruise. Did he just throw a fucking *orange* at me? Oh, it's on now, motherfucker! I wished Bella goodnight, hung up my cell phone and threw it on the couch. I looked around the room and noticed Jasper sitting in the arm chair in the far corner of the living room with, you guessed it, video camera in hand.

"There's no way in hell I'm missing this shit," he said.

"Good," I said. I slowly walked towards the kitchen to where Emmett was still wearing that fucking apron. The sight almost made me lose my resolve and laugh but I didn't. I couldn't. I needed to pay him back for what Rose did and I definitely needed retribution for him throwing a fucking orange at me. *An orange!*

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As I got closer to him a growl escaped my lips and Emmett smiled. Good. Bring it. He started to raise his arm towards me and that's when I lunged.

"WHAT THE FUCK, EDWARD?"

"Fuck man. I think you busted my lip," whined Emmett.

"Good. Now Rose can kiss it for you as usual," Jasper laughed. He's such a fucking pansy. I barely touched his ass.

"I know. He's all 'I'm bigger. I got more muscle. Me big ape.' Yeah, well 'Big Ape' just got his ass kicked. Like I said before, speed wins over brawn any day," I said as Jasper laughed.

"Fuck you, Edward. And Jasper, you're a bitch and when I get the chance, I'm kicking both of your asses," he yelled.

"Haha! Thanks for the laugh, Emmett. That was just what I needed after a night like tonight."

"Why? What the hell happened? I thought you were out with little miss hot chef tonight," said Jasper. It was then that I began telling them about my night. I told them everything from my reaction when I saw Bella come outside to Rose's rudeness a few hours ago. When I mentioned Newton, Jasper cringed and Emmett's fist clenched and nostrils flared. He's a touchy subject around here.

"Why didn't you fuck him up, Edward?" asked Emmett. Clearly pissed that I let Mike slide

"Because he didn't touch her and I didn't want to scare, Bella off." As I said the last part, a small smile appeared on my face and I couldn't hide it from Jasper. When he asked me why I was smiling, I told him. Their reaction was priceless. They stared at me with gaped mouths and wide eyes. I told them that that was the same reaction I had and we just shook our heads and laughed. After a while, Emmett brought up the Mike thing again and promised to finish the job

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if he ever came near any of the girls again. I attempted to change the subject and asked them how their plans for their dates were coming along. Jasper told us that the fashion show was tomorrow and then they were going to dinner afterwards. Emmett said that the Car Show was on Wednesday and then he'd think of something else to do for afterwards.

I told them that I already had a plan in mind for mine's and Bella's second date, but that I was keeping it a secret. Jasper called me a douche for holding out before he got up to get a beer from the fridge. Emmett and I sat there for a few seconds and I knew that something was bothering him. His was twiddling his thumbs and his head was down in his lap. Definitely not my, Emmett.

"Spill it, Cullen."

"What?" he asked. Does he not know that I know when something's bothering him? I guessing the answer is 'no'.

"I know something's bothering you. You even want to ask me a question or you have something to tell me, so which one is it?"

He looked at me for a few seconds before he narrowed his eyes and glared at me. He then huffed and let his head fall back against the sofa. "The first one."

"Well?" I asked. He hesitated for a few before he asked his question...in one long blur, "Iwaswonderingifyou'."

Huh?

"One more time. And at human speed, please."

He grabbed his hair and then exhaled one long breath, "Fuck! Ok. What I asked was if you would help me plan a romantic date for Rose. You don't have to if you don't want. It's just that ever since you've been interested in Bella, it's like you turned into some Romance King or some shit like that and I would love to show Rose just as much romance as you show Bells but I don't think that I can do it alone."

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"Romance King, huh? Man between you and Bella with the whole 'Greek God' thing, my head is going to be swollen in no time," I said. I thought I would get a little laugh from the usually jovial Emmett. But I got nothing. Shit diddley. Not even a scoff. Fine! Back to *Serious Edward*.

"Emmett?"

"Huh?" he said as he raised his head to finally look at me. There was a mixture of hope and sadness in his eyes and it hurt seeing him this way.

"I will be honored to help you woo your woman. Whatever you need just let me know." His smile instantly grew ten times in size. *There's my brother*.

"Anything?" he asked with a glint in his eye.

Oh hell no! "Not the Ducati."

And there went the smile, "Fine!" he said with a chuckle. He then turned to me and with a serious expression thanked me. We pounded fists and then Jasper suddenly arrived with a knowing expression on his face. I then told the guys that I was heading to bed since I had work tomorrow. Emmett said that he was calling Rose to wish her goodnight and when he was out of sight, Jasper came up to me.

"That's a cool thing you're doing for him, Edward. He's been wracking his brain trying to think of something special to do for her."

"It's no problem. He's my brother; I love him and will do anything for him. Well, anything except let him ride my bike. I do have my limits, you know?" I said. Jasper chuckled but then feigned hurt when I didn't call him my brother.

"Jasper, you know I consider you family so don't even pretend to go there with that shit. Although if you actually got off of your slow southern ass and propose to Alice then you'd officially be my brother you dipshit." I was once again glared at before he walked away mumbling something that sounded like 'first Emmett and now him.' I just shook my head, locked up the apartment,

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made my way to my room and got ready for a hopefully peaceful night's sleep.

" Oh fuck, Bella! Please...don't stop," I groaned, gripping the sheets as she continued to ride me. She reached one hand down where we were joined and began rubbing her clit while she brought her free hand up to pinch her nipples.

" God, Bella! You're fucking killing me!" I said as I grabbed her hips with both hands and raised mine up to meet hers, pounding deeper into her. I opened my eyes and enjoyed the view as her head fell back and her breasts bounced in rhythm to my thrusts. The strain in my stomach tightened and I new I was close to coming. As if sensing this, Bella's walls began to clench around me and I loudly moaned her name in response. I moved her hand from her clit and replaced it with mine. I pinched it between two of my fingers as Bella began riding me harder.

" OH God! FUCK ME EDWARD!" she screamed as I continued to meet her hips with mine. Her breathing picked up and her chest began to flush and it was all I could do to hold off any longer....

BANG BANG BANG!

"Edward! Wake the hell up or we're going to be late!" boomed Emmett.

It was a dream? A fucking dream? Oh god...someone shoot me now.

"Edward! Don't make me break this door down!"

"Fuck! I'm up. I'm up!"

"Good. We leave in 15 so get your ass ready."

"Fine," I said as I got up and ran to my bathroom to take *another* cold shower. It was a little longer than my usual ones. *I wonder why?* I quickly dressed and made my way to the kitchen and found a smirking Jasper and Emmett.

"What?" I grumbled.

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They both looked at me and laughed a little before Jasper answered, "So, um....that must've been a pretty interesting dream you were having in there, huh Edward?" he asked. I swear he was trying not to smile. I looked at them for a moment longer before it dawned on me. Oh fuck no! You have got to be kidding me.

"I didn't," I said knowing they'd know what I meant.

"You did!" they said.

Son of a... Welcome to Edward Cullen's own personal hell! "How much did you assholes hear?"

"Just enough," laughed Jasper. I immediately wanted to punch him.

"So Eddie? Bella's killing you, huh? From what we heard, it sounded like a hell of a way to die," said Emmett as he and Jasper roared with laughter. This shit is wrong in so many ways.

"Fine. Ok. You heard me. Big fucking deal. I may be the only one that was heard, but I damn sure know that I wasn't the only one dreaming last night! Am I right?"

Silence. Ha!

"Thought so. Let's go, Em. We're late." And with that, we were headed to the station. When we arrived, the morning meeting was already in progress and Emmett and I had to sneak in the side to keep from being seen. Today's meeting was just a run through and the new training requirements and certification renewal. I needed to take classes in two months to maintain my certification. Emmett still had a year since he started later than me.

When the meeting was over, Capt. Morgan had Emmett and I split the dept up to go over reviews and training requirement renewals. My group consisted of Riley, Marcus, Garrett, Justin and... *James*. Emmett had the remaining few, which were Jacob, Paul, and Damon. While we were in the middle of our

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demonstrations, the signal alarm went off. I ran over to the dispatch board and saw that we were being called to the warehouse district on 23rd. We all ran to get into gear and I made sure that all were present and accounted for.

"Garrett, James, Paul and Justin, you'll ride in Engine 12 with Emmett. Marcus, Riley, Jacob, and Damon, you'll ride with me. Move out!"

We loaded in the engines and headed down 12th and Fairfax and I was met with the strong fumes of gasoline and smoke. When the engines stopped, we got out and I walked over to the other engine manager from Station eight, Glen. He informed me that there was a couple unaccounted for and they may still be in the building. I ran back to the engine to update the group and prayed that no one was trapped in the building.

Six hours later we pulled back into the station covered in soot and dripping with sweat. We jumped out of the trucks and removed our gear. With the extent of the energy it took to contain the blaze and save the woman, Victoria, from the burning building, you'd think I would be tired. But actually, I'm excited as hell. I have so much adrenaline running through me right now. Em's the same way and I can tell the way his fists are clenched and his chest is puffed out that he wants more action. Unfortunately, what's to come next is the least exciting part of our job. *Paperwork*. That's right. Paperwork. We, as in all ten of us, have to write individualized detailed reports of today's events. Yay for us.

Once the reports were written, accounted for and placed on Morgan's desk for review, those who didn't live in the station were finally able to go home. Emmett and I left that station, hopped in my Volvo and were home within 15 minutes. When we walked through the door, Jasper was just taking off his jacket. When he saw us, his jaw dropped.

"Why in the hell are you two covered in...soot?"

"Occupational hazard. That shit was awesome man. I'll never get tired of it, well, except for the paperwork. Oh yeah, Edward saved a woman from the burning building. Some redhead who wanted to 'properly' thank him for his heroics." Emmett was so hyped up; he was like Alice on a double espresso.

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"Emmett, man. Relax. You said all of that so damn fast that you're staring to sound like Alice and that's just a scary thought," I said.

"Seriously," said Jasper. "It's really cool you saved someone's life today Edward," he added.

"Thanks, Jasper. But if it wasn't for Emmett and his amazing axe skills, I don't know what would've happened."

We both looked at Emmett and he just shrugged, "What? You know me. I just like to destroy shit and what's even better is that I get paid to do it," he smiled.

Jasper and I just stared at him again and shook our heads in quiet laughter. I then let them know that I needed a shower and they both agreed. *Asses!* I took a long and hot shower, letting the water roam over my body and relax my tense muscles. Once I felt myself relax enough, I scrubbed down, washed my hair and exited the shower. I quickly dressed in my 'Bulls' basketball shorts and my black wife beater. I threw on my runners and went back to the kitchen. Emmett was already there in grey sweats and a white wife beater. Jasper on the other hand had on dark green tracksuit with white and green runners. Why do we look like we're about to go workout?

"Hey. We should hit the gym! I'm still pumped from earlier. What do you say?" asked Emmett.

I guess that answers my question, huh?

"I'm game. You coming Jas?"

"Why not. Couldn't hurt." We grabbed our towels and water from the fridge and made our way to the stairs. On the way down, we talked about Jas and Alice's date today. He said that Alice had the biggest smile on her face that he'd ever seen and that he would do anything and everything in his power to keep it there. I knew he truly loved her. Now if only he'd man up and propose.

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"I will, Edward," he said looking at me as if he'd read my mind. *Freaky*. All I could do was nod.

We made our way to the level with the gym and walked towards the door.

"Ahhhh! BITCH GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!" screamed a familiar male voice.

"SAY IT MOTHERFUCKER OR SO HELP ME GOD!" screamed Bella.

Wait WHAT THE FUCK?

"Dude? What the fuck's going on in there?" asked Emmett.

"I don't know man, but I gotta get the fuck in there." I pushed Jasper out of the way and opened the gym door.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?" yelled Emmett. Suddenly four heads turned our way, three female and one male.

"Newton," Emmett and I growled.

Blame It

Disclaimer: S. Meyer owns "Twilight". But in my story Newton gets his ass kicked. Ahh, the gift of freedom of expression.

Author's Note: So, who liked Emmett in the pink frilly apron? ME! Anyway, since I left you all with back-to-back cliffies and something known as the 'Real World Responsibilities' kept me from writing and posting on time, I'm feeling a little generous so here is a long chapter in both BPOV and EPOV. Now say thank you and enjoy. And since I'm the cool like that, song is on my Blogger playlist.

"BLAME IT"

Bella POV:

Our heads immediately turned in the direction of the door and we were all visibly shocked to see a drunk looking Newton staring at us with his jaw practically dragging on the ground.

"What the fuck do you want, ass hat?" asked Rosalie as we all got up off the mat and stared at the reason man invented vasectomies. He glared at Rosalie for a few before he turned his gaze to me and licked his lips.

"I was just making my rounds and I heard a commotion in here. I came in to see what was going on and I am so fucking glad that I did," he said as his eyes raked my body. I think I just vomited in my mouth a little.

"Well, as you can see it's just us, so why don't you just turn the fuck back around and get your shrivel-dicked ass out of our faces before I give you something you stare at," said Rose. Did I forget to mention how much I love her?

"Fuck you, you crazy bitch! You're old news any way. I got my eye on that cumtastic brunette over there. Or maybe even the short one. She looks like she

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could fuck all night."

"Oh, no the fuck he didn't!" yelled Alice.

"Excuse me you sorry excuse for a ball sac? Just who the fuck do you think you are coming in here talking to us like that?" I asked.

"Yeah. I'd watch my mouth if I were you Mike! Or do you not remember when Emmett put your ass in a coma for fucking with me the first time?" sneered Rose. What? Well fuck me...go Emmett!

Mike chuckled darkly as he clenched his hands shut and made his way towards the ring. He grabbed the bottom rope and pulled himself up on the outside curtain of the ring, all the while glaring daggers at Rose. Rose turned her head to the left and right, cracking her neck as she slowly walked towards Mike. My hand immediately shot out and grabbed her arm. She spun around and sneered at me and if looks could kill my ass would so be dead right now. I pulled her head closer to me so that I could whisper in her ear.

"Let him get in the ring, Rose. I don't know what the fuck went down between him and Em, but apparently the dick didn't learn the first time around," I said. Rose looked at Alice and then back at me. We all nodded our heads.

"Aw look. The pussy patrol is having a little powwow. Isn't that just cute," said Mike.

"Ok seriously? What are you on? Do you not remember when Emmett fucked you up? Do you not know that Edward will fuck you up? Even better, do you even realize that I'm going take immense pleasure in making you cry like the bitch that you are?" I asked. I was so over his shit right now and I couldn't wait to punch a bitch!

"What the-fuck-ever tease. If Emmett's all that, then why the fuck am I still walking? And Edward? Please. That pretty boy motherfucker doesn't scare me for shit. Now you on the other hand, I would *love* to see you try and make me cry like the bitch that *you* are," Mike said as he finally hopped over the top

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rope and entered the ring. When he went to go take another step towards us, I went to go and lunge at him but was beaten by a 5 foot nothing Pixie. Shocking Rose and I, Alice shot out like lighting grabbing Mike by his throat and tackled him to the mat. Having been caught off guard, the dick known as Newton landed hard on his back. On his way down he went to grab the top rope to keep from falling but with the force of the fall and Alice's extra weight, he popped his shoulder out of place.

Bullseye!

Seeing my opening, I ran over maneuvering around Alice and kneeled down next to Mike grabbing his injured shoulder and completely wrenched it in the other direction. The scream that came out of that bitch's mouth could wake the fucking dead. *See? Told you I make him cry like a bitch.* Not wanting to be forgotten, Rose finally came over, grabbed both of Mike's ankles and held his legs open in a wide 'V'. She then pulled her leg so far the fuck back that a NFL field goal punter would be jealous. She let go and kicked Newton square in his nuts.

"AHHHHHH! FUUUUCK!" screamed Mike.

He screamed bloody hell and began trashing trying to get Alice from around his throat with his other hand. Rose noticed Alice struggling and stomped on Mike's dick for good measure. Mike began coughing and the profanities kept spewing from his pie hole as he continued to grab after Alice. I grabbed the wrist on his dislocated shoulder, planted my feet in his ribs and began to pull his arm towards me with all my strength. Rose noticed what I was doing and did the same with the other arm, cackling like a possessed witch the entire time.

Ok. Now I'm a little scared of Rose. I'm just saying.

I looked up at Mike and noticed his eyes began to roll to the back of his head. This bitch was going to pass out!

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"Alice. Slap that fucker awake!" I said. And with that, Alice proceeded to slap the living shit out of Mike. Where she gets all her strength from I will never know. He is so going to feel that in the morning.

"AHHHH! WHAT THE FUCK YOU CUNT?" screamed Mike.

Tell me he did *not* just call her a cunt. Someone save this asshole from his own stupidity. What? No takers? Oh well. Sorry Mike. "Apologize to Alice now and I'll think about letting you still have the ability to walk out of here on your own merit," I said in calm voice. Shit was so calm it even scared me. Sweet! Being the dumb ass that he is, instead of apologizing like a good little boy, Mike turned to me and through gritted teeth told me that he couldn't wait to get me alone so that he could properly take away my ability to walk.

Enter Alpha Bitch Bella, stage left.

"Apologize now Newton!" I sneered threw my teeth as I leg chopped his shoulder. Rose was still pulling back on Mike's shoulder and twisting his fingers; almost breaking his thumb. *Someone has issues*. Alice had by now removed herself from Mike's neck but had twisted his left leg between the second and third ring rope. She then stood up and kicked him in his thigh close to his groin. Continuously.

"Ahhhh! BITCH GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!" Mike screamed.

"SAY IT MOTHERFUCKER OR SO HELP ME GOD!" I yelled.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?" yelled Emmett. We all turned our heads towards the gym door to see Edward, Emmett and Jasper looking amused and pissed at the same damn time. It took the guys all but two seconds to realize just truly what the fuck was going on.

"Newton," growled Edward and Emmett.

The shit done hit the fan now!

Edward POV:

The site before me was un-fucking-believable. I actually blinked a few times to make sure that the shit was real. Down on the mat in the back of the ring was Newton writhing in what could only be described as agony as Alice was repeatedly kicking his tangled thigh, Rose was apparently attempting to break his thumb and Bella, my Bella, was leg chopping and wrenching his shoulder over and over. I'm sorry, but that shit was hot as hell.

"Oh my god! Can one of you please get these bitches off of me?" screamed the douche.

Whoa! Hold the fucking phone. Did he just call them bitches? Again?

"Newton. I'd watch your mouth if I were you. It looks like you're in a pretty fucked up situation here and right now I'm guessing that name calling will only get your ass into more trouble," I said.

"That's what we've been trying to tell the dumb fuck the entire time. Now I was fine when he called me a tease, but the whole 'cumtastic brunette' shit was out of line. Then when he called Alice a 'cunt' I -,"

"HE CALLED HER WHAT! Oh fuck no!" yelled Jasper and he slid in the ring under the bottom rope. He removed Alice from the ring, yanked Mike up by his collar and punched the nutbag right in his fucking nose. Mike's head snapped back and you could see his eyes roll back into his head. The blood began to spew from his nostrils and I jumped in the ring and stood next to Jasper. He punched him three more times. Once in his ribs and twice in his stomach. Mike began coughing and wheezing and I stopped Jasper before he could kill the dumb ass.

Jasper let go of Mike's collar and he almost dropped to the mat. I grabbed the back of his neck and made him stand. I could see the fear in Mike's eyes and feel it coming off of him in waves.

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"Well would you look at what we've got here? I'm a little disappointed in you Newt. I could have sworn that after your last encounter with my incredibly fuming brother over there that you were specifically told to stay away from Rose AND her friends. Isn't that right, Mike?" I asked.

"I...I...uh...I...was just ch...checking the gym fo...for...a distur...b...bance. I swear Edward."

"WHO?"

"Mr.....Cullen...sir," he stammered.

"Oh. So that's what you're calling it now you son of a bitch? Not giving us dirty looks and insulting us, but 'checking for disturbances'," scoffed Rose. My eyes blazed at the news that Mike insulted Rosalie, Alice and Bella. *My Bella*. The last time this shit happened, Emmett put Mike's ass in a coma in the hospital for six weeks with broken bones and shit. Of course Mike pressed charges and we settled out of court, but if I were a betting man, I'd bet it all that we all could give a shit.

"Tsk tsk tsk, Mikey. Not only did you break our agreement, but you also harassed my girl, harassed my sisters and now you lied to me as well. Is there any next of kin that you would like notified?" I asked. Technically, we can't kill him, but that doesn't mean I can't have my fun. Does it?

"But, Ed," started Mike, but he was quickly interrupted by my fist connecting with his mouth. His head once again snapped back and I waited until he raised it back up again just to snap it back a second time. I then grabbed his around his throat and it was then that I let out all of my frustration and anger. All my pent up rage was aimed at this dickweed. He insulted my Bella. He looked at my Bella. Not only that, but he demeaned my sisters and that shit just will not fucking fly. So I continued releasing it all on Mike, pummeling the shit out of him...and man did that feel good. That is until Emmett reminded me that he still had a few words for 'The Newt'. I pulled Newton close to my face so that we were nose-to-nose and his feet dangled mid-air. You could smell the alcohol on his breath and I was even more disgusted than before.

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"Mike! Open your eyes and look at me," I said. Mike raised his head back up and opened his one good eye. It was glazed over, but it'll do. "Now I want you to listen and listen good. If you EVER fuck with my family again, Mike, I *promise* you that I will kill you. Make no qualms about it. I will find you wherever you are and kill you with my bare hands. And you should know that I never break my promises, Mike. *Never*. Are we understood?"

He looked at me with visible fright and croaked out a 'yes'. "Good. Then I'm done here." I said. He breathed a sigh of relief as I let him go. He fell to his knees on the mat grabbing his ribs and his stomach as he tried to breathe and catch the blood dripping from his mouth. Did he actually think that we were done?

"Emmett! Heads up!" I said as I grabbed Mike by the back of the neck and the waistband of his pants and threw him over the top rope. Never one to disappoint, Emmett caught Mike in his arms and slammed him with a loud crash into the wall behind them. Mike yelled loudly but the yelling was ceased as Emmett's massive hand constricted around his throat. Mike's legs were kicking in midair and if this shit wasn't serious, I'd be laughing my ass off right now.

"Now Mike, I know you heard Edward's warning but you're just a dumb enough fuck to need some extra insistence. It's pretty fair to say that his warning goes double for me. You even look at them wrong and I'll black both your fucking eyes. You smile at them and I'll knock out your fucking teeth. You touch any part of them with your body and I'll rip that body part the fuck off. Do I need to continue Mike?" Mike quickly shook his head no and he was still grabbing at Emmett's hands around his throat. "Good. Now get the fuck out," said Emmett as he got off one good rib punch and dropped Mike to the ground. He landed on his knees coughing and gasping for air. And did you know the fucker didn't even have the balls to stand up? No. That bitch crawled to the gym door.

Tsk Tsk. Disgraceful.

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"Oh, Mike?" I called. He stopped mid crawl and slowly turned around to look at me.

" *Never,*" was all I said. Apparently it was all I had to say because once again he nodded his head and continued to speed crawl through the gym doors...with a noticeably large wet spot between his legs. Oh that's just fucking nasty.

Once Mike left, I looked around the room at everyone and my eyes finally landing on Bella. She stared at me with warring emotions in her eyes and I stared back at her in awe. There she stood looking like sex personified. I made my way over to her and she all but ran to me, landing in my arms. She nuzzled her head in my chest and I planted my face in her hair, breathing her in. The feel of her in my arms made my rage immediately disintegrate. It was like the shit with Newton never even happened. But I knew that it did and I needed to make sure that she was ok.

"Bella?" I said in a whisper.

"Yes, Edward?" she said in an even softer voice as my 'you know what' began to wake up. *Not now!*

"Are you ok?"

That's right. Focus on her feelings, not what's in your pants. Good boy Edward.

She pulled away from me to look up in my eyes and I immediately wished that we were alone. Her eyes were lidded, her cheeks were flushed and her mouth was curled up into a deliciously devious smile. *Oh fuck.*

"I'm more then good. Trust me," she laughed. "But are you ok? How's your hand?" she asked as she wrapped her tiny hands around mine and stroked my knuckles. I think the motion was supposed to be comforting but that shit just felt so erotic that it was driving me insane and I was about to lose it. She then lifted my hand to her mouth and began placing gentle, lingering kisses on each finger all the while staring me in the eyes.

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Gulp! My brain was immediately frazzled as my mind was arguing with my crotch. Focus Edward. This is for the best. Bella wants to win the bet and so do you. It will do you no good to rip those little ass shorts off of her right now and take her on the ring post.

Not helping the hard-on right now!

"Edward?" she said as she looked at me with obvious concern in her eyes.

Keep it cool, Ed. Keep it cool.

"It's fine, Love. Doesn't hurt a bit," I said sounding all husky and shit. So not helping at the moment.

Bella's eyes glazed over a bit at the sound of my voice and her breathing began to pick up. I brought my face closer to hers and pulled her body flush to mine, inching our mouths closer and closer. Her warm breath fanned across my face sending a shiver down my spine as I grabbed her hips harder, gripping the material of her shorts in my hands. Bella hands slowly trailed up my arms as she squeezed my biceps. Her fingertips then grazed my shoulders and ghosted over my neck until they came to their resting place in the hair on the back of my head. The sensation was incredible and a low moan escaped my mouth.

Bella then placed one of her legs between mine and if she ever doubted the effect that she had on me, from the look on her face I bet she knew now because there was no denying what her leg was brushing up against...and the shit almost killed me. I grabbed her by her arms and stared at hers as I made my way towards her mouth.

"Fuck. You two are making me horny as hell. Would you fucking quit it?" yelled Emmett.

"You idiot. They would've been out of the bet by the time the night was over! I swear I'm only dating you for your muscles."

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"My muscles huh? Does that include *all* of the them?" asked Em as he grinded his hips into Rose.

"Oh, Emmett" moaned Rose. Ok. That was gross

"THAT'S IT! Let's go Jasper!" screamed Alice.

"But what abo-"

"NOW JASPER!"

"Yes ma'am," said Jasper as he threw Alice over his shoulder and made his way towards the gym door. "Later you sexually repressed assholes!" he called as the gym door closed. Oh that shit is so unfair!

"So," said Bella.

"So," said Rose.

"Yeah," said Emmett.

"Uh..hmm," I said. Who said you don't get your monies worth with a good college education.

"Well one down and one to go," laughed Bella. "Lucky bitch," she whispered. "Anyway, did you guys wanna come up with Rose and I? We haven't eaten yet and I'm pretty sure that Alice is going to be awhile," she added.

"Food? Hell yeah I'm in," offered Emmett. *Typical*

"Sounds good to me. Let's go. This gym is starting to smell like piss anyway," I said. There was a few seconds of silence before everyone burst into laughter.

"I know. That shit was funny as hell. I had no idea he was going to piss his pants," said Bella.

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"I did," said Rose.

"Well Ms. Know-It-All, let's get the hell out of here and go feed our men," said Bella.

Did Bella just say *our* men?

Yes she did.

Good to know.

Thanks.

Anytime. Ok. Now I'm answering myself? I wonder if she'd mind dating a lunatic.

No harm in asking.

Would you shut up!

Sorry.

That's ok.

Shaking my head to stop the inner monologue, I grabbed Bella's hand and walked over to the ring ropes. I then picked her up by her waist and lifted her in the air, causing her the laugh. I love that laugh. I then placed her on the outside curtain and stepped through the ropes. Once over, I hopped off down to the ground and held my hands out for Bella.

"Please Edward," she scoffed. "Watch this," she said as she waved off my hand. She then bent her body backwards into a handstand and then back flipped off the fucking ring and onto the floor, landing on her feet right next to me with a huge ass grin on her face.

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"Bella how in the hell did you do that?" asked Emmett with bugged out eyes. I of course was still fucking speechless...as usual

"Compliments of RVD my man. Now know your role and shut your mouth. My ass is hungry and I got some cooking to do," she laughed. Chuckling, Bella turned to me and looked at my still gaping expression.

"You coming, Edward?" she asked and you could tell she was trying to not laugh at me. I guess I should speak now huh? I shook my head again rid the image of her doing that fucking back flip in her sexy ass outfit with her ponytail whipping around and the smile that graced her beautiful face as she landed.

"You are fucking amazing, Bella. I am loving you more and more," I said and immediately froze. Holy shit did I just say that? I gazed back down at her and noticed her eyes were slightly larger, but a small smile graced her face. I looked over at Em and his ass was grinning like a Cheshire cat and shit and Rose...well she actually looked...happy? That did it. They heard me. *Fuck.*

Bella POV:

Did he just say he was 'loving me more and more'? Oh shit! Edward Cullen is in love with me? Oh, I love you too, Edward. So damn much. What the hell should I do?

Ok breathe Bella. Play it cool girl.

Should I say it back? It is too damn early for this, right? From the look on his face I'm guessing that this was not the way he wanted to tell me that he was in love with me. But I can't just ignore it can I? Should I? I don't want to hurt him by not answering, but would my answer only cause more problems? I'm so fucking confused! What should I do?

Say something, stupid!

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Oh. Yeah. "Amazing huh? You ain't seen nothing yet, Baby," I said with wink. The look on his face was priceless. He blessed me with a smile that simultaneously curled my toes and made my fucking heart stop.

"Yeah, yeah. You're amazing and my ass is hungry. Now get your hot ass upstairs and cook woman," said Rose and she winked at me and easily defusing the tension. Like I said, God I love her.

"I love you, you ass. Come on," I said as I grabbed her hand and made our way to the gym doors, leaving the guys behind.

"Thank you," I whispered knowing she'd know what I was talking about.

"Anytime, B. But you know we'll be dishing about this later right?" she asked.

"We wouldn't be us if we didn't" I answered.

"So true," she laughed. A serious expression graced her beautiful face before she asked me the question that I knew was coming.

"Do you love him Bella?" and without a second of hesitation, I answered.

"With everything I am, Rose."

"That's my girl," she said as she kissed my forehead and draped her arm over my shoulders, heading towards the elevator.

"Ok. You two are seriously killing us back here," said Emmett.

We turned around to see Edward and Emmett staring at us with wide glazed over eyes, both of them biting their bottom lips. Oh that shit was hot.

"Whatever do you mean, Emmie?" asked Rose and she came closer to me and wrapped her arms around my waist. Great! I'm being used...again. I kept looking at Edward and his beautiful green eyes grew even darker at the sight of Rose's arms around me. Ooh, this could be fun. I mean...have you seen him? When he came in the gym tonight for a second I honestly forgot why I was

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fighting Mike. When that sex on a stick walked in wearing that sexy ass black wife beater with those shorts and wet hair, I swear I almost jumped him right then. That t-shirt just clung to him like a second skin and the shorts left nothing to the imagination. His arms were exposed and you could see the muscles ripple underneath his skin as he kicked Mike's ass and threw him over the top rope. That was fucktastic in itself. And please do NOT get me started on his chest. I wanted to cum just thinking about it. Shit. Even his calves are sexy! That's just wrong and oh so fucking right. Mmmmm....

Snap the fuck out of it Swan!

I blinked my eyes a few to stifle the hormones raging in me but what I saw wasn't helping the matter. Emmett was gripping his hair biting harder on his bottom lip as Rose moved closer to me, rubbing her hands up and down my legs. How long has she been doing that and why am I just now feeling it? My eyes once again landed on Edward and he wasn't doing any better than Emmett. His sexy ass chest was rising up and down due to his rapid breathing and his incredible hands were clenched into tight fists. His intense gaze pulled me in and as he quickly licked his bottom lip a low moan escaped my lips at the sight of his tongue; which in turn made the guys moan too. *Orgy by the elevator.*

Ding! The elevator finally came to a stop making us all jump a little. The doors opened and Rose let go of my waist but grabbed my hand and pulled me on to the lift. We turned around to see the guys still standing there looking at us with what looked like pain and awe.

"You guys *coming?*" whispered Rose in a sexy voice. Oh man she's good.

"Uhh...we're gonna...uh...take...the...stairs? Ri...right, Edward?" stammered Emmett. Edward was still staring and hadn't answered Emmett so he shoved him in his head, almost pushing him into the wall. *Watch it you oaf. That's my love you're pushing.*

"Uh right. Stairs," said Edward all flustered and shit.

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"Alright. Suit yourselves," said Rose and she let the elevator doors close. I turned to look at her and she immediately began laughing her ass off.

"That was so fucked up, Rosalie. Do you know how hard it's going to be now to be in the same room with the both of them?" I asked.

"Yeah true. But I bet it's *harder* for them than it is for us," she laughed.

"I'm not so sure about that," I mumbled. "Did you see their faces? They're going to bust Rose and I'm right along with 'em. I'm like ten seconds from saying fuck this bet and dragging that bronze headed beautiful freaking sex god into my bedroom to play who comes first!" I said.

"Good to know," she said. "And eventhough I really want to tease you right now, I can't because I wanna tie Emmett up to my four post bed and make that fucker impale me from sunrise to sunset."

"Okayyy. Wow. Um so then why exactly did you go and use me again and get them all hot and bothered? You do realize how incredibly stupid that was, right?"

"Now that you've mentioned it, yeah. We're kinda fucked huh?"

"Yeah, and not in the good way either," I mumbled.

"Maybe we should up the ante. You know to add a little extra incentive to keep from jumping their bones like the Pixie whore up there."

"That may work. But let's wait and see how tonight goes. Who knows, we may not even need it."

"If you say so," she scoffed. "You did see the way that that very horny and very hot man was looking at you right? Hell, if I can hold off Emmett a little longer we got this bet in the fucking bag!"

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"I wouldn't be so sure Blondie. That muscle bound hottie of yours was about to go all caveman on your ass if this elevator didn't come."

"You saw that, huh? Why the fuck did we make this bet again?"

"Well, I wanted to take my time with Edward to get to know him some more. But you're sexually repressed ass, along with that Lawn Gnome friend of ours that's currently getting boned as we speak, wanted to make some game out of this shit. So now, instead being able to make love to the man that stole my heart, my fucking pride is keeping me from giving in just so that I could win and rub it in your beautiful face."

"Oh."

"Right. Oh. What the fuck are we going to do Hale? I invited them up to dinner, but that was before you practically got off on my legs in front of them."

"Hey. I did not almost get off on you thank you very much. Although, you're legs are smooth as hell. What do you use?"

"Oh. It's the Veet Resera blade. Shit works like a charm and the results last a pretty long time. I tried waxing, but the shit's just too messy."

"I know right I was going to...wait...FOCUS!" she yelled. "We need to think of something to keep us from jumping them and vice versa. Hopefully their trek up the 20 something flights of stairs calmed them down some."

The elevator finally stopped on our floor. We walked off the lift and headed towards our door. Turning the corner, we stopped when we saw Emmett and Edward leaning against the wall next to our door with their arms folded across their chest and their legs crossed at the ankles. I looked in Edward's eyes and knew that I was in trouble.

"You still think the walk helped Rose?" I whispered.

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"I'm thinking that's a 'no', Swan," she whispered back. She looked at Emmett and then at Edward before she looked back at me. "Alcohol?" she asked. I peaked at Edward again and saw the sly smirk grace his face. Oh damn. "Alcohol," I answered as we made our way towards our door.

The dinner was delicious and we laughed our asses off as we replayed the fight with Mike. True to her word, Rose brought out the alcohol. I was expecting wine or even beer, but not from Ms. Hale. No. She just had to bring out the fucking Petron. I asked her if she thought it was smart to drink with them here with our will slowly crashing. She in turn told me to shut the fuck up and live a little. So I did. And thanks to her I'm too sheets to the wind right now. A small part of me thought that it was her attempt at trying to sabotage Edward and I, but once I looked at her and realized that she was doing no better than I, that idea quickly dropped from my mind. We were all enjoying ourselves. When the music switched to Rose's new it song, 'Blame It' by Jamie Foxx, I knew I was in trouble.

"Oh, Swan. Get your hot ass up and dance with me," she slurred. Great. Oh well, what harm can it do? Right?

"Fine. Emmett? Turn that shit up?" I yelled.

"Oh hell yes! No prob Rache," he laughed.

"Still with the 'Friend's' Em? Seriously?" I asked.

"Shut up and sing shorty!"

"Whatever. Let's get it on, Amazon!" I yelled.

"Bella," moaned Edward.

"What?" I asked. I looked over at him and noticed him looking me up and down. I started walking towards him but was blocked by the alcoholic giant woman with blonde hair and legs for days. I so hate her right now.

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"Not so fast, ho. You promised me a dance. Turn it up Em!" yelled Rose as she grabbed my arm. The music started and Rose immediately began writhing on me. She pulled my ponytail, wrapping her hands around it and simultaneously one moan came from where the IPOD was and one came from the couch.

This cannot be good.

During the entire song Rose and I were moving on each other making sure that our bodies were continuously in contact with each other's and every time Jamie would sing 'feeling on yo butt what?' of course Rose just had to grab my ass. What was shocking was that I let her. Alcohol seriously makes your inhibitions drop. I chanced a glance at the guys and knew that this was a fucked up idea. Em was grabbing on to the table to keep from tackling Rose's ass to the ground and Edward...well he was just as bad, if not worse. The throw pillow that was mysteriously placed in his lap was now being gripped so tight that the stuffed cotton was about to bust through the seams. His beautiful cheeks were flushed pink and his lips were parted letting his scattered breathing escape. Just the sight of him this way made me drip down my thighs and I prayed to god that it didn't show on my shorts.

"Oh you think us dancing was hot? You should've seen our kiss earlier. Now that was hot. Bella was all breathing heavy and shit and when our lips touched it was -," slurred Rose.

"OH THAT FUCKING DOES IT!" yelled Emmett and he snatched Rose up off the floor and threw her on the couch. Rose squealed with delight and wrapped her legs around him and he landed on top of her on the couch. YES! If I hold out long enough, Edward and I will win and...

"You are Rosalie kissed tonight?" whispered Edward in a low, sexy voice as he gripped my hips. Oh god yes!

Not good, not good, not good!

"Uh, yeah?" I answered as a question. He gazed at my lips and bit his bottom one. He leaned down, bringing his body closer to mine and began sucking and

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kissing the sensitive spot under my ear and there was no holding back the moan that escaped me. His groan in response damn near killed me. I am so royally fucked.

"Should I be jealous?" he asked against my skin and the warmth of his breath as it ghosted on my skin and sent a shiver to all the right places.

"Never," I whispered as I slowly slid my hand under his t-shirt and across his abs and chest.

"Good" And with that, he gently bit down where he was sucking and I cried out as the bite sent a shock straight to my clit. I pinched his nipples between my fingers and Edward growled, pushing me back against the wall by the door. I lifted my leg around his hip and knowing what I wanted, he grabbed my ass and lifted me so that my legs could wrap around his waist. His dick automatically pressed against my already wet pussy and with both moaned loudly. Our moans were caught in a heated kiss as his lips crashed into mine. I immediately opened my mouth, inviting his tongue inside and he did not disappoint. This kiss was intense and passionate and it felt like he was trying to remember what I tasted like. I bit down on his tongue, as his hips started to thrust into me, causing the friction that I craved for. My head fell back and hit the wall leaving my neck open for Edward's enjoyment. He really has a thing for necks, huh?

"Well would you look at this shit here? I leave you fucks alone for a few hours and the bet goes to shit, huh?" giggled Alice as she entered the apartment.

How did I not hear her enter? I'm right by the door for fucks sake! Oh yeah. I know why. It's due to the incredibly hot, incredibly horny and incredibly large man that's currently still sucking on my chest like Alice wasn't even in the room. How in the hell does he do that?

"AHM!" yelled Alice; which made Edward, Rose and Em groan in frustration at the same time. I guess I was the only one that heard her come in.

"I'm going to kill you Alice!" groaned Rose.

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"Aww what's the matter, Rosie? From what I just saw, you should be pretty satisfied and out of the bet anyway," she giggled.

"What?" asked Edward and I with all the hope in the world noted in our voices. What? We're desperate here.

"Fuck, I wish! All he did was grind and suck on my tits; which only succeeded in making me hornier so thanks for that one Emmett." Emmett just smiled and shrugged.

"What about you two horndogs over here? We heard that shit all the way across the room?" asked Em.

"Nope. Unfortunately we're still in it," I said. Edward's head snapped up to look at me with shock written across his gorgeous face.

"What? Just because I want you so bad that my pussy feels like it's in a coma doesn't mean that I don't want to win, Edward."

Silence. Nothing but silence. And I'm guessing by the shocked expression on my love's face that the added influence of alcohol made the word vomit come on full force just now.

"A pussy coma? Wow Bella. I thought I had it bad," laughed Rose.

"Fuck. Are you serious? I did not just say pussy coma," I said with flamed cheeks that I'm sure everyone noticed.

"Sorry, Love, but you did and could you do me a favor and stop saying shit like 'fuck' and 'pussy' because it's really making it hard for me to keep caring that you want to win this damn bet."

"Really? So you like it when I talk dirty huh?" I asked as I traced my finger over his exposed arm.

"Fuck yeah I do," he said as his voice became huskier with every word spoken.

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"Well, it's not like it compares to Italian dirty talk or anything, but it's good to know. I'll remember that for next time."

"Wait. Who talks dirty in Italian?" asked Rose. I swear if I weren't here to see it for myself I would have never believed it. Edward Cullen blushed. Big time. I'm talking Bella worthy shit here people.

"Oh fuck! Edward? Ooh! Say something in Italian. Please?" asked Rose.

"No," he said as he tried to compose himself.

"Ahh come on," begged Alice.

"No."

"Leave him alone guys. Can't you see he's embarrassed? Even though he shouldn't be because that added to one of the hottest and most erotic nights of my life," I said as I gazed at his quickly darkening cheeks. *We really should change the subject. Soon!*

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes," and with that, it was like the embarrassment never happened. The blush completely disappeared and Mr. Suave was back in full force with his patented crooked smile firmly in place.

If only it was that easy for me!

"Now enough about me and my Italian. Alice? Where Jas?" asked Edward. Good question.

"Sleeping," she said with pride in her voice.

"Damn girl. What did you put on him?" asked Rose.

"Well I-,"

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"ENOUGH!" yelled Edward and Emmett, making the girls and I laugh

"Sorry guys. Forgot you were fam there for a minute," she giggled. "I'll tell you later girls," she whispered.

We all talked a while longer up until it was time for the guys to leave. Rose and I brought up the idea of upping the ante for the bet and they agreed. Alice just laughed her ass off at the whole situation.

"You may have gotten yours Alice, but you do realize that even though you're out, you still have to go in on my plane tickets WHEN I win and you can't go to ANY Yankee game that the winners pick, right?" I asked. Her laughing stopped and I was quickly greeted with the 'One Finger Salute'.

"Real classy, Alice," I laughed. "Anyway. You guys have any ideas to keep me from jumping this hot piece of man meat over here?"

"Bella," moaned Edward. Oops!

"Sorry," I giggled.

"I don't know. I think if we hold out a little longer, you'll take yourself out," said Emmett.

"What's the matter, Emmie? Scared? Has all those knocks in the back of your head caused your balls to shrivel up?" I asked.

"Oh fuck no, Swan. I'm on your ass now. What do you have in mind?" he asked.

"I don't know. We could always add on cash to the bet."

"Works for me. I could always use a new pair of shoes. Ooh and a purse and belt. And I cannot go without a manicure too. Shit, that's close to a grand though. Um...maybe we could...what? Why are you all staring at me like that?" asked Rose as she noticed that we were in fact all staring at her.

Cooking with Fire

"I don't know about them, but I was just wondering how the hell did Alice suddenly overtake your body when she's still in the room?" I asked.

"Hey! Wait...she's right. That was kind of 'Alice-esque' of you Rose," giggled Alice.

"Whatever, bitches. I was just trying to help out! Right, Emmie?"

"Uh...yeah babe, whatever. But seriously though, if I wanted to date someone like my sister I would have. It was like you had an outer body experience and shit. Scary," he muttered as he visibly shivered. I laughed.

"Whatever. And what about you Copper Top? Where's your two cents?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm good. I'm just glad that Bella's not like that. One of you is enough," he answered.

"Ok seriously? I'm right here! It was cute earlier but now you asses are just taking that shit too far," yelled Alice as she crossed her arms and proceeded to pout like a 2 year-old.

"Sorry Alice," said Edward and Emmett.

"That's ok," she giggled.

With that drama over and the pouting done, we talked some more about upping the bet much to Rose's pleasure to include a cash amount of one thousand dollars. The boys even added side bets, which really peaked my addition to the tickets and the money, the winning couple gets to pick out the losing couple's Halloween costume for the party next month. With the decisions finalized, the agreement was quickly written down and we all signed it. Alice grabbed it and put it in a safe place since she was now *neutral*. My spidey sense kicked in and I knew her pint-sized ass was lying. She looked too fucking excited about Emmett being able to choose our costumes if we lost. Knowing her Edward would be dressed up like fucking Little Bo Peep and I'd be the goddamn sheep.

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No thank you. I do not trust that Pixie. I'm just saying.

It was rounding one o'clock in the morning when the guys finally left. I made a vow to only chastely kiss those Godly lips of his, but of course my man had other ideas on his mind. Five minutes into one of the longest goodnight kisses of my life, I reluctantly pulled away from him.

"Do you really think this is a good idea?" I whispered.

"Mmmhmm," he said as he began sucking on my neck.

"Well I don't," I moaned.

"Why's that, Love?" he asked as he began nipping on my shoulder. This man is going to kill me!

"Because I think that Alice is going to convince Emmett to dress you up as 'Little Bo Peep' for Halloween."

That did it. Edward quickly removed himself from my neck, placed a gentle kiss on my lips, grabbed Emmett by his collar and left the apartment; leaving me and Rose slackjawed. When we finally snapped back to it, the girls and I began cleaning up the mess and gossiping about the night. We talked about Mike's beat down for a little while and then moved quickly on to Alice and Jasper's departure. Alice blamed Edward and I for getting her all hot and bothered in the ring. I just shrugged and smiled victoriously. She tried to call sabotage but since it wasn't intentional it didn't stick. Ha Ha! Her pout sure did though. The talking slowed some and I was just getting ready for bed when Rose grabbed my arm and pulled me back down onto the couch.

"Not so fast, ho. Isn't there something that Alice needs to hear?" she said with an innocent smile.

"I know *you* are not trying to act all innocent. The words 'Rose' and 'innocent' are not even allowed to be in the same fucking book together," I said.

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"True. Who cares? Spill." Quick and to the point. Gotta give the girl her props.

"Ok. Fine. Alice...", I said as I turned to look at my diminutive best friend who had a look of expectation on her face. I took a deep breath to calm my nerves.

"Oh come on, Bells. Tell me!" she yelled.

"Edwardsaidhelovesme!" I said in one long breath.

Alice's eyes widened in shock while a huge grin slowly grew across her face. "Would you repeat that again Bella. Slower this time."

I took one more cleansing deep breath before I said the words with conviction that made my heart swell with love and pride.

"Edward said he loves me."

3...2...1

"AHHHH! BELLA THAT'S SO-,"

"Alice? Would you shut the fuck up? We have neighbors and it's almost two in the goddamn morning," said Rose with her hand covering Alice's mouth.

"Now. Are you calmed down yet?" Alice quickly nodded her head.

"Can I let you go now?" she asked. Alice nodded her head again and Rose quickly released her hand from around Alice's mouth. Immediately, I was tackled to the couch and my breath was knocked the fuck out of my body. Now I know how Mike felt.

"Oh my God Bells. This is amazing. What did you say? Did you say it back?"

"Well, no," I said and her face instantly fell. I realized that she probably thought that I didn't feel the same way so I quickly told her the whole story.

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"...and then when he finally spoke after I landed next to him he said 'You are fucking amazing, Bella. I'm loving you more and more.' And from the shocked look on his face, I could tell that he didn't mean for the 'L' word to come out that way. I didn't want to embarrass him Alice by saying something wrong and I didn't want to hurt anyone if he didn't mean what he said."

"So you think that he slipped up when he said it and that's why you didn't say it back?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him, Bella?" she asked with concern and hope noted in her eyes.

"With all my heart and soul Alice. I love your brother more than I have ever loved anything and it's killing me that right now he's right down the hall and doesn't know how I feel about him."

"Then why not just tell him?" she asked.

"Because it's not time. I know deep down that that time is coming. And knowing your brother, he has a place in mind and I'm pretty positive that a gym that smelled like piss was not the best spot to publicly declare our love."

"Good. Just making sure you have no intentions of hurting him cause I will kick your ass, Bella."

"Alice you can rest easy that no part of me could ever hurt your brother. I love him too much."

"You better love him. I've been dying for a bigger family. Now give me a damn hug," she laughed as she pulled me into a hug. I looked over at Rose and noticed that her eyes looked suspiciously watery.

"Rosalie Hale? Is that a tear in your eye?"

"Shut up, Bella. I do have a heart you know?"

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"I know that. It's just that this is the first time I'm seeing it being used," I teased.

"You know I hate you right?" she laughed.

"Love you too," I said as I pulled her arm, making her land on Alice and me. She squeezed us with her long ass arms until we finally relented and went to bed.

The next say when I woke up, my head was pounding like a motherfucker and I stunk. I trudged my foul ass into my shower and all but pleaded for the water to help me out of this nasty situation. Thirty minutes later I was freshly washed and dressed and somewhat ready for work. I made my way to the kitchen to find a messed up Rosalie and a perky Alice. I grabbed my coffee that was already made, kissed my girls on the cheek and made my way out the door. I glanced down the hall to Edward's apartment door that was still closed and took a deep breath.

Soon Bella. Soon.

I took the stairs down since I was not in the mood for that slow ass elevator. Once I was down in the main lobby, I waved morning to Nathan and headed out the front doors to work. When I got to the restaurant, I was greeted by a sickly looking Angela. Ah yes, morning sickness. I gave her some ginger ale and crackers and she told me that the sonogram was scheduled for tomorrow and 1:30. I let her know that I wouldn't miss it for the world and told her to take it easy for the day. The smile she greeted me with was all the thanks I needed. Due to the busy day. work flew by and I was glad to be going home. When I entered the apartment, an extremely happy looking Jasper was sitting on the couch with his feet propped up.

"Hey Jas," I called.

"Sup Breaks. How was work?" I laughed at his shortened version of his nickname for me.

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"Good and you."

"Oh my day was fantastic. Hey? How would you like to see Emmett wearing a pink frilly apron getting his ass beat by Edward?"

"What? You're kidding right?"

"Not in slightest. Look," he laughed as he opened his laptop. When he pulled up the program, there was Emmett standing there in exactly what Jasper said, a pink, frilly apron. Immediately the laughter started and it was hard to breathe. I looked closer and saw that he had an orange in his hand. Jasper pressed play and suddenly the orange flew from Emmett's hand and landed with a thud on Edward's chest. Edward then yelled and hung up what looked like his cell phone.

'Wait. Jasper? When was this made?'

"Two days ago. Why?"

"Oh shit! That's why Edward yelled in the phone. Emmett threw a orange at him?" I laughed.

"Yeah. He came in from his date with you all pissed and shit at Rose and then I told him to call you. Apparently he insulted Emmett or Rose, maybe both. Anyway, when Edward flipped Emmett off, Em threw the orange and then Edward kicked his ass. It was some of the funniest shit that I have ever seen."

He then showed me the fight between Em and Edward and I must say that the shit was funny and hot as hell at the same time. Seeing Edward flip Em's big ass over the island was a fucking turn on like no other. *Thanks a lot Jasper.* Once the video was over, he closed the laptop and we talked until the girls came home. When Alice entered, she said a quick 'bye' to Rose and I before grabbing Jasper's hand and leaving.

"Don't wait up," she called as she left the apartment.

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"Lucky bitch," said Rose and I at the same time. This of course made us laugh our ass off. Great minds think alike I guess.

The rest of the week past this way with work and time at home. When I took Angela to the doctor's office, she had her sonogram and we both cried. Later on in the week, I got a call from Chef De Leponte's assistant. Apparently, he's being awarded a plaque of Merit next month in Paris and I was invited to be a keynote speaker. I wanted to tell him no but seeing as how I owed this man my life. I decided to think about it.

It was easier to think about than I thought it would be since I saw very little of Edward. I was a little heart broken by that realization, but I knew that I would see him soon. Plus, when your man rescues people from burning buildings for a living, you kind of let him off easy on that, you know. We did text a lot and he called me whenever he got a chance. I asked him if he planned our second date and he said that he did and that it was for Sunday and that that was all the information that I was going to get. Well, it's Sunday now and still heard no word from him. To say that I was worried was putting it lightly. When the doorbell rang I shot up from the kitchen stool to answer it, hoping it was him. But sadly, it was only a short pre-pubescent delivery boy with curly brown hair and blue eyes. *So not my Edward.*

"Delivery for Isabella Swan," he squeaked.

"I'm Bella."

"Sign here please," he said as he passed me the clipboard. I signed my name on the line and gave him the board back. He then gave me the package and squeaked for me to have a good afternoon. The box was a white garment box with a big red and blue bow. There was a card attached to it. I set the box down on the couch and opened the card, automatically noticing Edward's beautiful script.

My dearest Bella,

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Eventhough it should be considered a sin to cover that delicious body of yours, please put this on and meet me at Grand Central in one hour. Hope you're game enough.

Yours always,

Edward

What the hell does this man have up his sleeves now?

Crazy For You

Disclaimer: I do not own. Although I had a great time kicking Mike's ass!

Author's Note: No long AN here...just chapter 14 and date #2 with the 'Ex talk'. This chapter is not as funny as the other chapters, but it's important to the story. Be prepared for some Bitterward. Song on Blogger Playlist.

"CRAZY FOR YOU"

Edward POV:

"Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep and can't tell where to find them. Leave them alone and they'll come home, bringing their tails behind them."

Grassy field...sheep...Bella as a sheep? Puffy sleeves...curved cane...hair Bonnet! BAAAAAA! Bo Peep holds out her man hand to pet Bella sheep. Soft wool...BAAAAAA! Man hands Bo Peep walks with Bella sheep inside farmhouse and sees reflection in mirror. Strange Bronze colored hair. Dark eyebrows. High cheekbones. Full lips. Strong jaw. Green ey...

"What the fuck!" I yelled as I shot up and fell off of my bed and onto the cold hardwood floor.

"Shit!" I said, rubbing my ass and looking around, still in a daze, noticing that I was still in my bedroom with my ass firmly planted on the floor. Why in the hell was I dreaming about me dressed as Little Bo Pe...

"Alice," I groaned as I lay down on the floor. Bella sure as hell knew how to keep me from kissing her any more than I already did and I had no doubt that she was right when she said that Alice would convince Emmett to dress me up as "Little Bo Peep" for Halloween. Oh fuck no! We have got to win this damn bet. I looked over at my clock on the bedside table and saw that it was only 6:49am. Great, only 4 1/2 hours of sleep? Today is going to suck.

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I laid there on the floor for a while longer and thought about all of the shit that happened last night; from the 'Newton Beat Down' to Rose grinding on Bella by the elevator to kissing Bella by the door and finally, to the aforementioned scary ass 'Bo Peep' incident. But nothing stuck out in my head more than when I accidentally slipped the 'L' word to Bella. I honestly don't know what hurt more; my pride when I couldn't control my tongue and said it in a pissed filled gym, or the fact that Bella didn't say it back. The expression on her face told me that she heard me. But then why didn't she say it back?

Knock...knock.

"It's open," I said. I turned my head towards the door in time to see Jasper entering my room.

"Edward? What the hell are you doing on the floor?" he laughed.

"Little Bo Peep."

"What?" he asked as his eyes bugged out of his head.

"Long story. So what's up?" I asked as I got up, still rubbing my ass. That shit hurt.

Jasper just stared at me for a few more seconds before he went and sat on the couch in the corner of my room. His hands were in constant motion, running through his hair and over his face. Jasper's nostrils would occasionally flare and his breathing seemed a little uneven. If I didn't know any better, I'd think that Jasper was nervous. But he's *never* nervous. Is he?

"What's going on, man? You look nervous as shit." His head snapped up at the sound of my voice like he just realized that I was in the room. He took a deep breath before he answered, "I want to propose to Alice and I need your help."

YES! It about damn time! But that still doesn't explain why he's all nervous and shit. "Finally man! But are you nervous for asking her to marry you or were you nervous for asking for my help? Either way, the nerves are pointless

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because Half Pint's gonna say yes and you know I'll help in any capacity that I can, right?"

"How are you so sure that she'll say yes, Edward? How do you know for certain that she'd be willing to sacrifice for me and be with me for the rest of our lives? I've been with her for six goddamn years and I'm still uncertain if she wants me and all I want is the absolute best for that fucking woman!"

"Are you kidding me with this shit, Jasper? What do you mean 'sacrifice'? What the hell is she sacrificing? Alice Cullen loves the shit out of you man and would give up all that she has to be with you and how you cannot see it baffles the fuck out of me! She's loved you since the day she met you Jas. Shit! I remember the day she came home after you two met and was thinking of baby names and shit and that was on *day Motherfucking one* so don't come in here with this shit Whitlock. My sis loves the hell out of you and there will be no *sacrifices* made for her to be with you. Wise up, open your eyes and propose to my sis before Emmett and I kick you scrawny Texas loving ass."

Call me crazy, but I think I'm a little passionate about this subject. Just a little.

Jasper just stood there in what could only be described as a stunned daze. He shook his head to break the spell and just stared at me. I pointedly stared at him unblinking until he heaved a heavy sigh.

"Thanks man. I totally get what you're saying and I'm sorry that I ever doubted your sis in any way. I meant no disrespect. I just wanted to make sure this was the right thing to do. Nobody wants to end up heartbroken, you know?"

"Tell me about it," I mumbled.

"Ok. Seriously dude. What the hell is wrong with you? That little tirade a few seconds ago regrettably scared the shit out of me and I know for a fact that it wasn't only about me and Alice so spill, Cullen."

Observant Ass. How the hell am I going to tell him about this? Men don't speak about their feelings in this capacity, especially not to another dude. The

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President of the fucking 'Man Society' will come along and take my man card. But *fuck* do I need to speak to someone and Emmett is totally out of the running. He'd probably just give me singles to waste at a titty bar. But Jasper? Jasper's insightful...minus the whole 'does Alice really love me' bullshit...and maybe he could help me out right now. Usually, I'd go to Alice but with her being Bella's roommate now, I don't want to put her in any kind of situation where her loyalty is tested. Yes Alice is my sister and I know that she loves me, but she also loves Bella like a sis and I could never ask her to keep anything from her.

If this situation isn't fucked up then I don't know what is. Here I am about to tell my best friend that I have unrequited love for his girlfriend's best friend and his girlfriend just happens to be my twin sister who's roommates with the woman I'm in love with. I can't tell my sis like I normally would because it would somehow get to her roommate whom I love so fucking much. And Emmett said it would be cool having all our girls living together. Shows what the fuck he knows! Guess it's time to man up. Bite the fucking bullet and all that mumbo jumbo. Here goes nothing...

"It's like this Jasper; last night after you and Alice left to...you know, I accidentally, kinda sorta slipped the 'L' word to Bella and she didn't say it back." There, I said it.

"And." And? What the fuck does he mean, *and*?

"What the fuck do you mean '*and*', Jasper? I basically said that I loved her and got nothing in response. Granted, it didn't come out the way I wanted it too, but still...nothing!"

"OK. So she didn't say it back. Did she even acknowledge it at all? Like in her eyes or body language?"

Yes. Her eyes. Those beautiful, expressive damn eyes. They proved for a fact that she heard me and yet, I still got nothing.

"Yeah, um, her eyes gave way that she obviously heard me."

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"Hmm. And how exactly did you say it. Exact words." Now this shit's embarrassing. My pride is still bruised that I first said the 'L' word is piss-stained gym. Oh well, a bruised ego goes great with a broken heart.

"When we were leaving the ring, she did the amazingly sexy ass back flip off the ring and landed next to me with the most breathtakingly beautiful smile that I had ever seen. Anyway, once I got out of my Bella induced stupor I said, and I quote 'you are fucking amazing, Bella. I'm loving you more and more'." Jasper stood there like he was carefully contemplating his next question.

Probably didn't want to cause another 'Bitterward' rant.

"And what happened next?"

I closed my eyes as the memory of last night played before my eyes, "Well, after I said it I immediately froze and looked around. Emmett smiled a goofy ass smile at me, Rose looked happy for once so I knew they heard me. When I looked at Bella I saw a train of emotions cross over face and through her eyes. I noticed her breathing pick up and a sudden look of determination set in her eyes. She looked up at me and said, 'Amazing huh, Cullen? You ain't seen nothing yet, Baby'. Then she winked at me which made me smile and she smiled in return; all the while breathing heavily." Photographic memory kicks ass!

"Wow. OK. So was that it for the night? I mean I know I was asleep, but I heard you guys when you came in this morning so I know that something went down."

I just couldn't help but laugh at his question. Fuck yes did something go down. One of the hottest non-sexual nights of my life, that's what went down. "You could say something went down," I answered with nonchalance.

"Spill damnit!"

"You're starting to sound like Alice."

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"I know, right? If I start squealing like her, promise to fucking shoot me."

"You have my word."

"Anyway, what happened? Damn it I should've stayed with you guys, but when your sister said that she wanted take my d-"

"T.M. MOTHERFUCKING I. JASPER!"

"My bad bro," he laughed. After he calmed down, I told him everything that happened last night, including the interruption of the cockblocking Pixie. She's so going to pay. All in due time.

"So that's what you meant when you said 'Little Bo Peep'," laughed Jasper.

"Oh, now I know that I'm helping Emmett win now!" he added.

"Fuck you, Jas," I laughed.

"Ok. But seriously though, if you were so heartbroken about Bella not saying that she loves you back, which she totally does by the way, then why were you able to kiss her and fondle her and shit. Seems kind of doggish to me, Edward."

Wait! Back the truck up. "What? What do you mean she loves me? How in the hell do you know?"

"All in due time my man. You'll see, trust me. Now stop evading and answer my fucking question." Shit! Where did *this* Jasper come from?

"Don't get me wrong. It goes without saying that Bella has feelings for me. I'm just upset about the outcome of my fucked up *profession* of Love. I was able to still kiss her and 'fondle' her as you so eloquently put it because eventhough the words were not spoken the way I wanted them to be, I love that woman more than I have ever loved another and it would have killed me to ruin any of our time together. When I hold her, touch her, fuck it...even hear her, it's like I feel whole and complete. It's like I find the real me and I am finally able to be the real Edward Cullen that I knew I could be. The Edward Cullen that my family

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has been missing for all these years. The Edward Cullen that Bella deserves." Wow. That wasn't supposed to come out. Knowing Jasper, he'll more than likely put 2 and 2 together.

"This is about Kate isn't it? You're afraid that what happened between you two will happen to you and Bella. Edward, Bella is not Kate. I know it, you know it. Fuck, the whole damn family knows it. Bella loves you Edward and I know for a fact that she will not hurt you that way. Don't ask me how, I just do."

See? Told you he'd put 2 and 2 together. Observant Ass. But he's right and I can't even deny it. Bella Swan is definitely *not* Kate, but my paranoid ass can't seem to displace the fear that I'm giving Bella my heart only to have her say that it's not good enough.

"You're right, Jasper. Fuck you're right. I need to give Bella a chance but I'm afraid because I gave up my heart so quickly this time Jasper. And not to mention that what I felt for Kate can't even hold a fucking toothpick to what I feel for Bella. It's like comparing a crack in a pebble to the Grand Canyon and that's why I'm scared because I fear that it won't be enough for her."

He sat there and regarded me for a few moments before he stood up and came over to me. He grabbed both of my shoulders and looked me in the eye, "Give her time, Edward. Give her a chance. Maybe she was scared too you know. Just give her time and everything will work out. I can just see it."

"Ok. Now you're really starting to sound like Alice. Could you quit it?" I laughed.

"I make no promises," he laughed. I stood there before I gave him a hug. And not those lame ass half-armed 'man-to-man hugs'. No. I'm talking an actual hug and he deserved it because he just talked me off an emotional ledge and he at least deserves some real appreciation. Besides, after this conversation my man card is probably void now anyway.

"And where the fuck was my invitation to the brotherly love fest? I swear man, I get no goddamn appreciation around here," said Emmett as he leaned against

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the doorframe with his arms folded.

"When you're able to give advice that doesn't involve boobs or an X Box, then we'll talk," I said.

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with boobs and video games, Edward. Not everyone can be as cultured as you are all the time," said Jasper.

"Ahh. There's the Jasper that I know. So is the other one only brought out for emotional breakdown emergencies?" I asked

"You know it," he smiled.

"What do you mean? What other one?" asked Emmett.

"It's nothing," said Jasper with a quick nod to me that went unnoticed by Emmett.

"Whatever. I'm hungry. Let's go eat so we can head out," said Emmett.

"Alright, Em. Just let me shower. Oh wait! Did Jasper tell you the news?"

"What news?" asked Emmett as he looked expectantly at Jasper.

"I'm proposing to Alice and Edward gonna help me plan it."

"ABOUT FUCKING TIME MAN!" boomed Emmett as he grabbed Jasper in a man hug.

"Your enthusiasm is greatly appreciated Em," said Jasper as we covered our ears. I swear Emmett must have an inner ear problem. Or maybe it's from being smacked on the back of his head so damn much. Who knows?

The week passed by slowly and I could not wait until Sunday for my second date with Bella. I took the time and thought about what Jasper said about my fears about what happened with Kate. I know that Bella is not Kate. Fuck, any

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blind man can see that. But tell that to my heart. After long brooding and emo-tastic nights I realized that my trepidation held no true merit and I kept playing it over and over in my head that Bella does have feeling for me. That alone helped me to push the fear out of my head and was finally able to plan our second date, which sounds pretty fucking fun if I do say so myself.

Emmett was being a pissy bitch because he couldn't come. I had to tell him that I refused to have my brother accompany my potential girlfriend *and life partner* on our date. When he found out where I was taking her, he pouted as usual but attempted to let it go; attempt being the key word here. I swear that sometimes, being around Emmett is like being around Baby Huey, minus the enormous diaper. Jasper was a little upset about the date as well but at least he was being a man about it. I still don't get why they're so pissed. And I don't see why they couldn't be like me and go and buy the tickets their damn selves. I guess I'll take them to a game once I win this bet...and I am winning this bet. Little Bo Peep be damned!

I hope that Bella likes what I have planned for our second date. Her reaction from our first date is still fresh in my mind and now that's all I'm striving for, to make her as happy on Sunday as I did on our first date. Now granted, date #1 was more romantic than this one, but I know she'll like it. I figured our first date would be the romantic one where my chivalry and romantic side could shine it's brightest. Date #2 would be fun and exciting where we could just let go and be ourselves and date #3 would be a culmination of everything. I could not wait until this Sunday. I purchased Bella's second gift and I just hope she likes it. You never know with that woman and that shit excites me to no end.

Fuck yes! IT'S SUNDAY!

Ok. Chill Edward. What are you, 5?

The excitement to see my girl is killing me. All week all we did was talk on the phone and text due to our crazy schedules. Even living right down the goddamn hall, it was hard to see her as much as I wanted. Something will definitely have to change there, but that's later.

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I turned my head and noticed that it was 8:00am. I hopped out of bed and into the shower. Once I was thoroughly scrubbed, I dressed in my jeans and team jersey with a white long-sleeved 'T' underneath. I threw on my black leather jacket, grabbed my keys and Bella's present and headed out of my bedroom. I walked into the kitchen to see a sad looking Emmett and a happily disheveled looking Jasper. *Lucky Bastard!*

"Morning all," I said happily. Emmett just grumbled at me and Jas greeted me with a lazy head nod.

"Can't you just feel the love in this room?" I asked sarcastically.

"Love? Love my ass! You won't even take your own brother to Boston to watch the Dolphins kick the Pats ass. You know I love Miami dude, almost as much as I love the Giants!" Emmett whined.

"They play in Foxboro," I said.

"Whatever! It still sucks."

"Emmett Cullen. For the last fucking time this is a *date* and I am *not* taking my brother on a date with me so will you please just chill out. There will be other games, man ok? Shit, if I win this bet, I promise that I will take you to any game of your choice but right now I need this time with Bella, more than you know, Em," I said.

"Ugh!" he groaned and squeezed his fists. Big baby! "Alright, man. My bad! Even though I still think it fucking sucks, I'll let it go. I know you need your time with Bella, probably as much as I need mine with Rosalie," he said. "But seriously, when the Dolphins score, call my ass so I can rub it in Bella's face. Promise?" he asked with wide expectant eyes.

"Sure, Em. No problem," I laughed. "Can I go now? I still need to drop off the package at the courier and beat Bella to the station."

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"Sure man. Have fun." With that I said bye to my boys and made a hasty retreat to the local courier to have the package delivered to Bella's apartment in 30 minutes. I wrote a quick note on the card and headed to Grand Central.

According to the famous big clock located inside the station, I arrived at 9:15. I looked around to see if Bella was anywhere to be found and when I didn't see her, I went to the coffee stand to grab a quick breakfast and walked around to admire the building. The station was magnificent as always; with its floor to ceiling columns, beautiful hardwood floors and picturesque windows. Truly, GCS is one of the most beautiful structures around, but at this moment it paled in comparison to the beauty that was currently walking through the lobby doors. About twenty feet in front of me looking around the room, stood my beautiful Bella. She was wearing the #12 Tom Brady jersey that I got her with her skin tight jeans that sat low enough on her waist to let a sliver of the skin above her waist line show. Her jeans were tucked into black knee-high heeled boots and she wore her black leather jacket as well. Her hair was loose and curled and the only make up I noticed was that damn lip stuff that made her lips even more irresistible.

Why did she always have to look so fucking sexy? I'll tell you why, it's because she was sent from Hell to give me a goddamn heart attack or cause my death in some way or another. I don't care though to tell you the truth because she could kill me right now and I'd die the happiest motherfucker that ever lived!

Finally, she noticed me standing here and we slowly made our way towards one another. The closer I came towards her, the more I was assaulted by her delicious scent...again. *She's come from Hell to torture me I tell you!* It's been too damn long since I saw her last...ok three days. But damnit, that's still long in my book! When I was finally able to gaze down into those chocolate eyes of hers that have become my life raft and my curse, I was floored by the amount and strength of the emotions that I saw dancing in them. Maybe Jasper was right, maybe she does love me and doesn't even know it yet. Or maybe I'm just seeing what I want to see. I won't dwell on that now. This is Bella's day and all I want to do is to make my love happy.

That's right! Keep Emoward's ass home!

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After we stepped closer to each other, I reached out for her hands and felt the immediate spark when our skin touched. *God I missed that!* I let go of one of her hands, gently grabbed her chin and leaned down to place a gentle, chaste kiss on her full, pouty, delicious, Hell bringing lips. She sighed as our lips touched and it took all I had to not deepen the kiss right then and there like I wanted too. Reluctantly, I pulled away and was instantly greeted with her patented beautiful smile. I'll never grow tired of that.

Bella POV:

The kiss was phenomenal and I had to think of my parents having sex to keep from attacking him like I truly wanted to. When I arrived at GCS, not only was I marveling the beautiful structure of the building, but I also marveled the beautiful structure that is Edward Cullen. It never seems to fail that he gets sexier and more breathtaking since the last time I saw him. And what sucks is that he doesn't even have to try. He just oozes that shit. Here he is in a just a plain Dolphins jersey, black jeans, a leather jacket and boots with his patented sex hair and yet he looks like a fucking Abercrombie model! More and more it's getting harder to even remember why I want to win this bet. But as I look up at the model/ Adonis incarnate in front of me, I realize that all of the frustration is worth it.

Our first date and the time we've spent together over the past week since my birthday have made me realize how much I truly love Edward. The love was there, but now it's seems magnified somehow and the more I get to know him, the more of him I find that I love. His protectiveness arouses me to no end, but the fact that he's not only protective of Alice but for me and Rose as well, just solidifies that I love this man standing in front of me. He gives and gives and so far, I haven't seen him ask for anything in return. He loves his family to death and gave up a career as a prominent surgeon to be a Firefighter to save lives for God's sake. This man is amazing and sometimes he seems too unreal and for the first time in a long time, I am honestly questioning whether or not I'm good enough for him. I mean seriously, what have I done? What can I offer him?

LOVE!

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True. I just hope it's enough because in no other unspoken terms, I gave my heart away. I've never truly let go enough to let someone in. My walls have crashed around me and that fact both thrills and scares me at the same time. Edward Cullen has my heart and if it were not enough for him, I just don't know what I would do.

"Love? You ok?" asked Edward with a look of concern on his beautiful face.

Great! Spaced out again hey, Swan?

"Sorry. Just admiring the beauty of my surroundings," I said. He grinned that grin at me and I wanted to swoon. I cleared my breath and attempted to change the subject. "So what are we doing here and why are you wearing a dolphins jersey, which you look totally fucking hot in by the way?"

After I tacked on the not so subtle compliment, I saw that ever-evasive 'Edward' blush slightly creep up on his cheeks and I smiled victoriously. It's about time the damn tables are turned on his ass. He cleared his throat and stared down at me with increasingly darkening eyes. *Uh oh!* He licked his lips and leaned down closer to me. He pulled my ear lobe between his teeth and sucked on it before he let go. His breath ghosted over my neck leaving chills in its path.

"You look fantastic, Bella. It's taking every fucking thing that I have not to drag you into one of the bathrooms to mangi il vostro pussy fino a che la mia linguetta non cada il vaffunculo," he said as he whispered the last part in my ear. I moaned loudly because I may not know Italian but I know that I heard him say 'eat', 'pussy' and 'fuck' and fuck it all if that didn't make me horny and drench my fucking panties.

"Oh. I hate you Edward Cullen," I moaned.

"Sure you do babe," he chuckled. Cocky bastard. *God I fucking love it!*

"Keep this up and we'll be picking out man bonnets," I said referencing my Bo Peep vision. I noticed the he visibly shivered and I had to bite back a laugh.

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"Well played," he whispered as he kissed the spot below my ear then slowly backed away with that cocky smirk of his. He's smirking now, but payback's a bitch baby. Just you wait and see. I cleared my throat to gain some grounding in this increasingly sexified situation.

Sexified? Is that even a word?

Hell, it is now.

"Now that you're done molesting me with your dirty Italian talking tongue, can you answer my first question? What are we doing here?" He started to speak but was interrupted by the announcer over the loud speaker.

" *Train 210X to Boston, Ma leaving gate B7 in 10 minutes. All aboard!*" I looked back at Edward confused and he just smiled brilliantly. "That's us," he said.

"What do mean 'that's us'? Who do I know in Boston? Who do *you* know in Boston?"

"Personally I don't know anyone in Boston and as for you, I'm not sure. However, you do know a few guys that hang out in Foxboro," he said nonchalantly as he slowly pulled out two tickets to today's Patriots home game against the Miami Dolphins; which just so happens to take place in 4 hours.

Oh. My. God. He's taking me to a Patriots home game? Edward is taking me to a goddamn New England Patriots home game! I think I might faint.

Breathe Bella. Don't embarrass yourself and fall flat on your face.

Taking a cleansing breath and turned to look up into Edward's expectant eyes. Did he actually look nervous? He is so adorkable. Oh I have to have fun with him now. Time for a taste of your own medicine Mr. Cocky. I straightened my expression until it was blank and removed all emotion from my voice before I answered .It's wrong I know, but he deserves it damnit. "Oh. Great. Thanks Edward," I said as I added a weak smile. As I reluctantly looked into his eyes,

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you could actually begin to see his heart breaking and I instantly felt like shit. I had no idea he would take it so personally.

"Great! Just fucking great! You hate it don't you? Goddamnit. I guess I could give the tickets to Emmett and Jasper, but they'd probably miss kick-off. I'm so sorry Bella. If you want to do something else we can go right now and-," he rambled but was cut off as I smashed my lips into his and kissed him fiercely. He was tense for about a tenth of a second before he moaned in my mouth and grabbed on to my waist. He attempted to deepen the kiss but I backed away before he could, earning a sexy growl from Mr. Pent Up himself.

I waited a few more seconds, catching some much-needed air before I grabbed both sides of his face with my hands to make sure that he was looking me in the eye as I spoke to him, "Edward? *Love?* I love the tickets. I'm going ecstatic over here and it's taking all I have to not jump up and down and squeal like Alice. I am excited as hell and cannot wait to get to the game. When I was a little less than enthused, I was honestly only joking as payback for getting me all riled up and shit with that tongue of yours. I LOVE the gift and cannot wait to get my ass on that train," I answered. He looked at my face and stared me in the eyes, looking for my tell tale signs that I'm lying. When he didn't see any, he released a breath and he shoulders relaxed automatically. A small smile graced his beautiful face before it suddenly turned mischievous. *Not again...*

"That was mean, but payback is a bitch. So remember this moment when I say 'I told you so'. OK?" I knew what I was in for and I was so looking forward to that shit.

"Game on, Cullen," I smirked. He just looked me up and down with that sexy, cocky, devious smirk that made my blood boil and my clit twitch before he slowly nodded his head and motioned us towards the train dock. When we got towards the train, he placed his hand on my lower back while leading me on board. When I stepped up on the train I felt him pinch my ass and I squealed in surprise. I turned to look at him and saw his expression of innocence. Innocent my ass. I just smiled at him in acknowledgement and boarded the train.

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We got to our seats and got comfortable for the long ride to Boston. I looked around the train and saw that there weren't many passengers. Well it is Sunday morning. Here I am on a practically empty train with a fucking sex god and can't do a damn thing about it. If it weren't for this damn bet, I would so pull a 'Risky Business' and fuck him on this train. *Shit! This is going to be a long as day!*

"Who's this?" Edward asked. We were listening to my iPod together on the train as I sat in his lap. We were about 15 minutes from our destination and talked about everything and nothing. The conversation flowed so damn effortlessly and it was a dream to not have to come up with something to talk about.

"Adele. It's off of her '19' album," I answered.

"I love her voice. She has a sort of jazz vibe to it, like she from the 20's era."

"My thought exactly. I love her album. Most of the songs I can place somewhere within my own life, which I love in an artist."

"Really? What's the name of the song that we're listening to?" I instantly blushed at this question. I knew that when I told him the title of the song, his cocky ass would automatically know that it was about him. Oh well. Can't stop the inevitable.

"It's called 'Crazy For You'," I mumbled.

He smiled a small knowing smile and listened to the lyrics. "And does this song fit within your life like the others do?"

See? Told ya.

"Yes, Edward. I can honestly say that I have someone in mind when I hear this song." His smile grew in size and brightness as my words and the lyrics of the song played in his head. Right at that moment, I knew that I would do anything to see that smile again.

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"Would you sing it for me?" he asked.

Did I just say *anything*?

"Now? On the train?" I asked desperately.

"What? There's hardly anyone aboard. Unless you're scared...", he trailed.

No he didn't just call me out! Why that no good, sexy-ass, conniving, lickable, cocky bastard! He had me and fuck-it-all, he knew it.

"Fine. Should I start from where we are or begin from the beginning?"

"The beginning. I want to hear every word of this song come from those beautiful, tempting lips of yours," he said, as his tone grew huskier by the second.

Damnit Cullen! You're killing me here.

"Do you have to go and sound all sexy and shit? I mean it's seriously taking all I have not to pull a Rebecca D. and do you on this train."

"'Risky Business'? I love that movie!" he laughed. "So what's stopping you?" he added as he ran his nose along my throat.

"Nothing much. Just one thing really," I moaned.

"What's that?"

"Baaaaa!" I laughed. He immediately stopped his motions and pulled away to look my in the eyes. The look on his face was comical to say the least.

"How did you.....Never mind. So...you gonna sing or what?"

"Whoa. What was that all about?"

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"Nothing." I looked at him with a pointedly raised eyebrow. He let go a long breath and stared back at me.

"It's embarrassing as hell and I beg of you to just let it go. Please," he pleaded.

"Fine. For now. Now sit back and relax so I can ruin this beautiful song of hers."

"Thanks, Love. And you couldn't ruin anything even if you tried."

"Always the charmer, huh Edward? Ok, ready?" he nodded and I began. I sang the song with as much meaning that I knew was in me. I refused to look at him as I sang for the fact that this man reads me so well it's uncanny. I knew that if I looked him in the eye as I sang, that he would see that I was not just crazy for him, but that I was fucking head over heels in love with him. And that was something that I did not want him to know yet.

The song ended and I stopped singing. Edward sat there in silence and my nerves shot to epic proportions. I know that I'm no professional and never thought of doing this outside of a hobby, but his silence was slowly killing me. My self-esteem appeared to be taking a hit and that was new to me. Not since high school had I let someone affect me this way and this thought was slightly unnerving. As the train pulled into the Boston terminal two minutes later, Edward finally came to. He removed me from his lap and stood from the seat that we shared for most of the ride. He turned to face me and placed his hands on both sides of my face. I was about to speak but was graciously interrupted by his wonderful lips.

The kiss started slow and romantic, a lot like our other kisses. It then slowly grew hard and urgent, definitely like our other kisses. My breathing became erratic only to be matched in tempo by his. I desperately needed to breathe, but I'll be damned if I was breaking away from this heaven on earth first. But unfortunately he pulled away first and rested our foreheads on each other's for balance.

"I take it you like it?" I asked while still trying to catch my breath.

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"Bella it-," he began, but was interrupted by the announcer advising us to de-board the train. He slid his hand down my cheek, over my neck, down my arm and over my wrist, not stopping until it was firmly rested in my hand. Every inch of skin that he touched was alive and active and I prayed to God that he would touch me again. I went to grab my iPod from the chair but he grabbed it for me and put it in his back pocket. *Okay...*

I grabbed my jacket and we exited the train. When we made our way through the building towards the exit, I motioned towards the taxi that was waiting in line. Edward just stood there with his all knowing smile and nodded towards the black stretch limo that had the driver standing off to the side with a sign that read 'Cullen' on the front.

He didn't.

"Edward? Tell me you did not rent a limo just to take me to a football game."

"Ok. I did not rent a limo just to take you to a football game."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I rented a limo to take *us* to a football game," he said as he tried to hold back his smile.

"Edward, I swear. Why would y-"

"Bella? Just enjoy this, ok? I wanted the day to be memorable. So no more of your complaining about how much is this and how much is that, because I'm still going to buy you what I want and pay for things and you can either accept it or not. It's up to you and I really think that you should hurry because kick-off is in less than an hour and it's a 40 minute drive to Foxboro."

Wow! Um...okay. So that's a first.

"I knew that since my birthday with the whole cab incident when you paid for the ride that I'd have my damn hands full with you. I just didn't know how

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much," I mumbled.

"That goes double for me. So are you in or out? I'm sure that Tom and the rest could lose to the Dolphins without your support."

"Ugh. Come on, let's go. But no more surprises, Cullen."

"I make no promises."

The limo ride was amazing. I felt like it was at senior prom all over again as I played with the buttons and hung out of the sun roof, screaming like a moron. Edward just sat back and watched me with an amused look on his beautifully sculpted face. When the limo pulled up to Gillette Stadium, my heart started to thump beyond recognition. We made our way to the gate and Edward handed the guard our tickets. I didn't even ask him where our seats were for fear that he bought out a damn box.

We got to our seats and surprisingly they weren't in the box. Nope, they were ten times fucking better than a box! These seats were so close that I could see the sweat on Tom's eyebrow. Section 109, row 1 on the 50-yard line. I think I died and went to Patriots fan heaven. I saw our seats and held in the scream that was just dying to get out. Here I am sitting in the best seats imaginable watching a home game of the best damn team in the league and next to me is more than likely the man I will marry and grow old with. Could this day get any better?

Apparently it could...if they would have actually won! Oh well, I still had the time of my life and nothing was going to ruin it; even if Emmett did call and rubbed it in my face the fact that the Pats lost. I'll pay him back and make that big oaf cry. Maybe I'll even get Rose in on it too.

"Did you have a good time, Love?"

"The best! Thank you so much Edward. This is one of the best days of my life!"

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"I would say that I was sorry they lost, but then I'd be lying and I could never lie to you."

"Haha. Thanks smart-ass. So what's next?"

"Excited to spend some more time with me huh? Can't say that I blame you," he said as he pulled on the collar of his jersey.

"You know, if I wanted cocky I would've taken Brady up on his offer. I wonder if he's still dating Giselle..." I trailed as I pretended to look around the stadium for Tom. I was immediately swept up into Edward's arms as he placed kisses all over my face and neck and I could have sworn that I heard him mumble *mine* but I was not certain.

"A little jealous there huh?"

"Isabella? Don't even go there. I'm pretty sure that golden boy wouldn't want to end up on the injured list."

"Damn! I don't know whether to be pissed off or turned on."

"I'm fine with either one. I bet the sex would be fucking phenomenal."

"And on that note, what's the plan for the rest of the day?"

The bet. Remember the bet Bella. Don't jump this man. Keep panties and pants the fuck on!

"Well I got a text from Alice around 3rd quarter saying that Carlisle and Esme wanted to go out to dinner with all of us...if you're interested that is," he looked nervous and I couldn't understand why.

"Um sure. Ok. Sounds like a plan. What time did they want to eat? I mean we are in Massachusetts."

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"Well, dinner is at eight and if we leave now, we'll get back to Manhattan by 7:30. It's cutting it close but we should make it there on time."

I nodded my agreement and we hopped back in the limo and headed for the train station. When we boarded the train, we headed towards the back where it was more private. Edward looked pensive and I became worried. He grabbed both of my hands and looked me in my eyes, taking deep breaths in the process.

"Bella? We need to talk."

Oh boy!

Edward POV:

I didn't want to do this now for fear of ruining our amazing day, but I knew that Jasper was right. She would understand me, but only if she knew me. All of me; and keeping this part of me hidden was not letting her know the real Edward Cullen and I wanted the love of my life to know me inside and out, whether she was ready for it or not.

"What do you want to talk about, Edward? Did I do something?" I noticed the nervousness of her actions and the fear in her eyes. How in the hell could she think that this was about her? Why was she scared?

We need to talk!

Oh. That'll do it.

"No! Bella it's not you, Love. I just wanted to talk about something that's been on my mind for the past few days. That's all."

"Oh? Ok. What is it?"

"My ex, Kate," I said with a grimace as her name came from my mouth.

Bella POV:

Kate? Who the fuck is Kate and why the hell was he thinking about her lately? What? Am I not enough for him? I knew it. I knew that as soon as I opened my heart and truly let someone in that it would just get broken like all the rest. But I honestly thought that Edward was different. I honestly believed that he had real feelings for me and that we could make something out of this. I guess not.

"Bella You ok, Love?" Love? How in the hell can he call me that when he's been thinking about his ex? What the fuck is wrong with this picture?

"Yes, *Edward*. I'm fine. So what is it that you wanted to tell me about... *Kate* is it?" He looked a little shocked by my tone and that just pissed me off even more. If anyone should be shocked it should be me. I mean he did bring me to fucking Boston to dump me!

"Ok. What the hell is wrong with you? And why are you suddenly so cold and standoffish?"

"Wrong with me? What's wrong with me? You bring me to fucking Boston to dump me and have the gull to ask me what's wrong with me? The real question is what the fuck is wrong with you Edward? How in the hell could you pretend to have a good time with me today all the while thinking about *Kate*? That's seriously some fucked up shit Edward Cullen," I seethed. I could not believe this shit. Did he actually ask me what the fuck was wrong with me? Me? I mean seriously! How on earth could he be so stupid? I'm so...wait...is he...laughing? This motherfucker is actually sitting here laughing at me? Here I am heartbroken and trying to hold back my tears and this Adonis heartbreaking motherfucker is laughing at me? Oh hell to the no!

"Tell me you are not laughing at me. If you value your life, you will say those exact fucking words." I annunciated each word slowly, looking him in the eye as I did. Beautiful bastard!

"I told that I could never lie to you and if I said that I wasn't laughing at you then I'd be lying to you." He tried to squelch his laughter by biting his lips but

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that only pissed me off even more. He is so fucking lucky we're on a goddamn train!

"Then can you at least tell me what in the hell out of all of my sadness and misery amuses you so goddamn much?" I asked. The tears flowed fiercely now and I wasn't even trying to stop them. He pulled me into his lap and nuzzled into my hair. I had no strength to fight him off and relished in what was the last time I would feel his arms around me. The sobs came on full force and even the kisses he placed on my lips couldn't stop them. *Why the fuck was he torturing me? Just let me go already!*

"Bella. Baby you have this all wrong. Can you please calm down and talk to me?" he pleaded.

"What do mean I have this 'all wrong'? You said that you were thinking about your ex a lot lately. How else was I supposed to take that, Edward?"

"I admit that I was a dumb ass and that it came out wrong, but I am begging you to understand that I am *not* thinking about her that way. I've just had a lot on my mind lately and unfortunately some of it involved her and that's why she came up. Bella, you are the only woman that I think about. I fucking dream about you every night and I rush home just to see that damn smile of yours. Please stop crying, Love. It's fucking *killing* me to know that I'm the one who caused you to cry."

"Really? You're not just saying that so you don't have to ride with an emotional harpy all the back to New York?"

"Shut up, Bella," he laughed. "I meant every word from the bottom of my heart. He then kissed me softly on the lips and I felt that he meant every damn word. When he pulled away, I groaned at the loss and was blessed with his cocky chuckle. Even though my paranoia has embarrassed me beyond recognition, I couldn't find it in me to care at this moment. I was in Edward's arms and I was willing to fight whom the fuck ever to stay there."

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"Ok. So what was so important about this Kate that we just have to talk about that turned me into Princess Paranoia 2.0?" He laughed again shaking his head at me before he squared his shoulders and began. "Well...."

An hour later, I was brought up to speed on all things Kate Denali. I was told about how they met in college and how Esme was close to Kate's mother. Edward said that he would do anything to make his mother happy and apparently that included dating a she-beast. He told me about how once he entered medical school that Kate basically had him cut off all ties to his family and how he's regretted it ever since.

He told me about the reason they split. It was 2001 and Edward was in his second year of med school. He and Kate were happy and he was actually thinking of proposing to her. *This part made me hiss.* Anyway, when the attacks on 9/11 happened, Edward said that without a second glance, he dropped out of medical school and signed up for the local firefighters training course. He said that Kate was pissed and told him that he was an idiot for throwing away his chance to be the best neurosurgeon around. Edward told her his reasons why and she still didn't budge. He said that he just brushed it off and believed that she would come around. Edward continued on with his training and said that their relationship was strained at best but he thought that they were still happy and that they'd make it through. When he graduated from the Paramedic training and became a full-fledged Firefighter he ran home to give Kate the good news and found all of her stuff gone. She even took the damn dog.

"I thought that I'd be sad or even heartbroken but shockingly I wasn't. I knew then that I was lying to myself and was trying to make something out of nothing. I knew that I loved her; I guess I just wasn't in love with her you know?" he asked. "And I know what being in love feels like now. I mean every time I see..." he suddenly stopped and coughed. "Anyway, once she left, I applied to all the open spots in the FDNY and moved back to New York.

"My family was excited and Carlisle almost did a back flip," he laughed. "Esme cried for what seemed like forever and that just about killed me. Alice slapped the shit out of me and Emmett threatened me with certain death if I

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ever did something that stupid again. Then Jasper came up with the idea that we guys live together since Rose lived with Alice and their former roommate and the rest as they say is history."

"Wow, Edward. I'm so sorry. It must've been hard as hell for you being away from your family for so long. I should know."

"Yeah, it was hard. But I blame myself and thank God everyday that they welcomed me back with open arms. I never wanted to be the guy that shuns their family and unfortunately that's what I turned in to. But luckily that's the past, I'm back to my old self and I wouldn't have changed a thing because those past experiences brought me to you." He kissed me again and I just wanted to melt in his arms and stay there for eternity.

"Wait. You said you missed your family? When was the last time you saw them?" he asked.

Gulp...

Edward POV:

She immediately tensed and I knew that I asked the wrong question.

"Love?"

"Well, um. Funny we should be talking about exes..." She looked extremely nervous and if she could jump from a moving train I believed she would have.

"Really? Why is that funny?"

"Well. Because the last time I saw my parents was the night before I had to file a police report on my ex James for violent assault. The next day I was on a plane to France." Her words rushed out of her mouth so quickly that it was hard to keep up. Unfortunately for me, I heard every damn word.

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"WHAT?" I immediately saw red and wanted to hunt down and skin the fucker that laid a hand on my Bella.

"Edward. Calm down please. I haven't seen him since and no one knows where he is. So please relax."

"Relax? *Relax*? Someone put their hands on you, enough for you to have to call the cops, and you ask me to relax? Woman are you mad?"

"Mad? Yes. Safe? Yes. Wishing you'd calm the fuck down? Hell yes. You told me about Kate right? Well, at least give me a chance to tell you about James without you going all Incredible Hulk on me," she yelled. Even in times like this she can still make my infuriated ass laugh.

"Ok." I reluctantly answered.

"Promise you won't go off the handle?"

"Bella!" I warned.

"Fine. Fine. Here goes nothing. Well, it all started senior year in high school where I met James. He followed me around for months in high school and years afterwards. It wasn't until a few years ago that I actually agreed to go out on a date with him," she started.

And for another hour we talked about Bella's ex James. We also talked about her ex Jake but she said that their relationship was more on a best friend basis so they kept it up just by being friends. When she got back to James, she told me of the night in question where the police were called. My fists were clenched and the arm rail of the chair I was sitting in would need replacement. I asked her if it was the first time he put his hands on her. Reluctantly she said no, that he forced himself on her more than once but that the last time she broke his nose, kneed his groin and high-tailed it out of there.

James? Broken nose...?

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"And like I said, that was the last time I saw him. I haven't been back home for fear of running into him again. I know my parents understand but it still fucking kills me you know? Sometimes I have dreams about what I would do the next time I saw him."

"It's ok Love. If I see him first, I'll leave you some scraps."

"Like hell you will. That fucker is mine, Edward. He's kept me from my parents and friends for too goddamn long."

"And so the kitten turns into a lioness."

"Oh I was never a kitten. Just a lioness playing coy," she smirked...then yawned.

"Well my yawning lioness, why don't you rest for the remainder of the trip? We still have about an hour left."

"Really? You wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all, Love. Come here." I propped my feet up on the seat next to us and held out my arms. She came to me and snuggled against my chest. Within minutes her breathing had evened out and my beautiful angel was asleep in my arms.

Thirty minutes into the ride, Bella began to stir. I checked to see if she was awake but saw that she was still sleeping. I held her tighter to assure that she did not fall and was greeted with a contented sigh from my ladylove.

"Edward?" Do I answer her? I know she's asleep and all, but still. Do I? Oh hell, why not?

"Yes, Bella?" I whispered.

"I love you, Edward," she sighed and immediately my heart stopped. Oh my God. Jasper was right! She loves me. Bella fucking loves me. Out of the blue

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my eyes began to sting with tears. I felt one run down my cheek and I didn't care in the least. I was the happiest fucker on the planet and Goddamnit I was crying tears of joy.

"I love you too, Bella. So, so much," I choked out. I squeezed my arms tighter around her and let her breathing calm my nerves.

Jasper was right.

Author's Note #2:

So how was it? You like? Hope so...

I know this chapter wasn't as funny as the rest, but I needed to add some depth to the lovebirds to keep the story interesting. Don't worry, the comedy will be back next chapter with the family dinner and you know when Emmett and Esme around, anything can happen.

Nicole

Make You Feel My Love

Disclaimer: S. Meyer owns 'Twilight', yada yada. I make no money from this, yada yada yada.

Author's Note: I am so damn glad that you all liked the last chapter. It's tied for second with 'Buttons' as the most reviewed chapter (behind 'IFEC') and that's just awesome, lol. Here's chapter 15! I hope you enjoy and I really suggest that you listen to the song. Written by Bob Dylan and sung by Adele. One hell of a combination.

" Make You Feel My Love"

Bella POV:

With a jarring motion and a loud screeching sound, I was suddenly awoken from my peaceful slumber. *Goddamn, stupid ass, fucking train!* I knew that I was still being held protectively in Edward's arms as my head laid perfectly supported against his strong, warm chest. I closed my eyes again and sighed as I recalled, with pleasure, the dream I just had. In my dream, Dream Bella had enough fucking guts to tell Dream Edward that she loved him. What was so earth shattering, was that Dream Edward said it back with tears in his eyes. Seeing the most beautiful and heartbreaking site before her, Dream Bella cried as well and the tears ran free down her face. *That felt so real. All of it...*

"Hey there, Beautiful. Sleep well?" I looked up at the source of that velvety, honey-like voice and my breath was immediately caught in my throat. The pure, unadulterated and unbridled love that beamed from his eyes would have knocked me on my ass if I weren't already lying down. I couldn't find my voice, so instead, I dumbly nodded my head 'yes' and we exited the train to head back to the apartment. We arrived back in New York ten minutes ahead of schedule; which was a godsend in itself, but when Edward mentioned that Esme changed the reservation to nine once she found out we were in Boston I heaved a huge sigh of relief. Did I mention that I love that woman?

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We got back to the apartment around 7:30 and Edward walked me to my door . He placed his hand on the left side of my face and I swear you could feel my right side tingle with jealousy. He gazed into my eyes for what felt like an eternity but was probably only seconds. Like I mentioned before; all time stands still when I'm with Edward. When he finally kissed me, it was sweet and gentle, but still had the stirrings of emotion and passion erupting within. When our lips broke away, we both groaned and then laughed afterwards.

"See you in an hour?" he asked.

"An hour," I breathed. I felt light-headed and locked my knees to keep from falling flat on my ass and embarrassing myself. That so would have killed the moment.

He turned to walk away and I wouldn't be doing my womanly duties if I didn't watch him. *DAMN! I should've taken my ass in the apartment when I had the chance.* His leather jacket slung over his arm, his back was exposed and the loose fitting jersey did nothing to hide his physique. I could see his back muscles flex as he reached in his pocket to get the keys to his apartment. His arms rippled in the form-fitting tee when he removed the jacket from one arm to the next. And when the shirt was pulled up just a bit, I caught site of his lovely ass. That thing looked like you could bounce a quarter off of it...or bite it, whichever you choose. Personally, I choose the second option.

Suddenly he stopped and slowly turned around. I was too caught up in trying to catch a last glimpse of his biteable behind that I almost missed the smug grin that graced his insanely beautiful face.

"You know? If you wanted to stare at me you could've just asked."

"Son of a bitch even dazzles me from behind," I mumbled.

"What was that?"

"Huh? Oh. Nothing. Bye," I said as I opened the door and all but ran into the apartment, but not before a heard the not so subtle sounds of his cocky chuckle.

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Cocky, sexy, too good bastard...God I love it!

"Well it's about time your ass got home! You were gone even before I got up this morning. Where'd you go? How was your date? What are you wearing tonight?" asked Alice.

"Nice to see you too, Alice. We went to Massachusetts to a Pats game, the date was fantastic and I haven't decided yet on what I'm wearing."

"Wow, Bella. You've only been living here for under a month and you already mastered Pixie Speak? That's an accomplishment in itself," laughed Esme. What? Esme? When did she get here?

"Oh! Hi Esme. I didn't know you were here. Where's Carlisle?"

"Oh he's across the hall with the boys getting ready. Something about there not being enough testosterone in this apartment," she giggled.

"Oh. Well. Ok. Then I guess I should be getting ready," I got up and made my way towards my room, but not before being tackled by Alice.

"OW! Ok. First thing tomorrow, your hyper ass is getting a prescription for Ritalin!"

"Shut up, Bella. I need help finding something to wear," she whined.

"You? Mary Alice Cullen, are asking for help in deciding what to wear tonight? That's it! The Apocalypse is near and all will perish and die wearing plaid and polka dots!" I laughed.

"Will you just shut the fuck up and help me Bella? Please. I have a feeling that tonight is going to be important and for that reason, I can't think right now! So stop being a sarcastic ass and help me before I make you suffer worse than you are now."

Well. Ok then.

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"Sorry, Ali. What can I do?"

"That's better," she laughed. "Just help me decide what to wear," she added.

We entered her room and I walked over to her closet and thoroughly went through her options. I was all about to give up when I found the perfect dress. It was her Nicole Miller gold and ivory sequin tunic mini. I pulled it out and threw it on Alice's bed.

"There you go. And since it's chilly out, you should wear tights too. Maybe your black ones?" Alice looked at the dress I picked out. She examined it closely...and slowly, with a look of sheer determination on her face.

I really don't have time for this. I have to get ready too you know.

"Ali-"

"Shh."

"But Al-"

"SHHHH"

Ok woman. You're really pushing on my last nerve here. SHH me one more damn time!

"ALICE!"

"Bella! I love it! Great pick. Thank you so much," she squealed as she held me.

"Ok. Well does that mean that I can go get ready now? I still need to shower."

"Oh my God! I'm sorry Bells. Sure. Go ahead and get ready." And with that, she pushed me out of her room and closed her door. *Well!*

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I finally made my way to my room, but not before walking past Rosalie's. She was sitting on her bed in her underwear as she lathered her legs with lotion.

"Hey, sexy Bitch," I said.

"Back at you. When did you get in?"

"A few minutes ago." I turned and looked on her closet door and saw the gorgeous dress that was hanging there. It was a stunning one-shoulder, platinum mid-thigh cocktail dress. It had beautiful beading and looked like it was made of pure silk. "Is that what you're wearing tonight?" she nodded her head 'yes'. "It's beautiful. I guess I'm going to have to step it up tonight too huh? Do you know where we're going?"

"Yeah. Esme said something about the Asian- Fusion restaurant Buddakan. It was used in the engagement party scene in 'Sex and the City' and she said that Alice is going to shit a brick once she finds out."

"True. Well as long as I'm not next to her when she does find out. I seriously don't think that my ears can take it."

"Ain't that the truth?" she laughed. I turned to leave after saying good-bye and *finally* made it to my room. I went straight to my closet to find myself something to wear tonight. I looked all throughout my closet at the clothes I never wear and had the hardest damn time finding something to wear. I almost just quit and pulled out anything when I found it, my Silver Paiette Scala Cocktail dress. It was fitted throughout and hugged close to my body. It was sleeveless, had an a-line skirt, a v-neckline and was banded under the bodice. It was mid-thigh length and had sequined detail. I grabbed my heels and underwear, threw them on the bed and headed for my bathroom. Before stepping in the shower, I went to grab my IPOD from my purse but it wasn't there. What the fuck? Where the hell is my... *Edward*.

Oh well. I threw on my robe and left my bathroom. With a questioning look from Esme, I headed to the guys apartment. I knocked on the door and after the third knock the door opened; and there stood Jasper, in black dress pants, black

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dress shoes and nothing else. Nothing. All I could see was abs and chest. Damn! Go Tex! I swallowed hard to keep any drool from being seen. What? Jasper is hot as fuck! Can you blame me?

"Hey, Bella. What gives me the pleasure of letting you in my apartment?" he grinned.

"Huh?"

"What do you need?" he asked me slowly as if I should be riding a little yellow bus.

"Oh. Right. IPOD. Edward," I stammered.

"Ok. He's in the shower now. Come on in," he said as he opened the door. I shook my head and walked in the apartment and knew in an instant that that was the absolute dumbest thing that I could have done; or the smartest. Depends on how you look at it.

I entered the apartment and stopped where I stood. On the couch sitting in dark blue boxer briefs and a matching wife beater was Emmett. His cut and bulging arms and legs were all exposed and glistening for the world to see. The tops of his pecs could be seen from the top of the shirt and I had to say that the man was definitely fine as hell. He looked up at me and smiled as he wiggled his eyebrows.

"Getting a good picture of what you're missing out on, huh Bells?"

"Are all you Cullens so damn cocky?" As I said this, I immediately regretted it because I knew they'd see the unintentional innuendo in there and embarrass my ass. "Forget I said that."

"Not likely," laughed Emmett.

"What's not likely?" asked Carlisle. "Oh hi Bella," he added.

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I turned around and... *Oh God shoot me now! Helloooo Dr. DILF!* Carlisle was coming out of the kitchen wearing his black dress pants, black shiny shoes and blue button up shirt...open...with no shirt underneath. His chest was just as pronounced and washboard did not describe his stomach. Daddy Carlisle is no slouch in the hot as fuck department and I swear to God, if Edward still looks like this in 20 years, we are never leaving the fucking bedroom!

"Oh, umm...hi Carlisle," I squeaked.

Nope. Not embarrassing at all.

"Is there anything you need, Bella?" he asked.

Breathe Bella. He's your man's father and that shit is just not kosher! Maybe for Jerry Springer though...

"Bella?"

Shit! Caught again. I swear they're going to think I'm mental.

"Oh sorry, Carlisle. I just came to get my IPOD from Edward. But he's in the shower so I'm just going to -," but I was cut off by the sight of steam ghosting into the hallway. Seconds later, I heard the undeniable sound of feet padding on the hardwood. The sound stopped and his smell, the smell that is without a doubt one hundred percent Edward attacked me from behind. It was simultaneously blissful and hell personified. I slowly turned around and knew that once again, I was one dumb bitch.

More beautiful than I can remember, standing less than ten feet in front of me was *my* Edward. There he was, freshly showered and smelling like sin. He was Adonis incarnate. His chest, arms and abs glistened with dripping water droplets. More water dripped from the hair that fell in his eyes. The drops traveled down his chin, ghosted over his torso and disappeared into his low slung, deep green towel. Said towel clung to him like a second skin and was hung low on his hips. My gaze traveled the length of the towel, along the outline of his strong thighs and toned, muscular calves. I was envious of those

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damn water drops and suddenly became light-headed.

"Breathe Bella," he whispered. I heard Emmett and Carlisle's chuckle and knew that I had to get my ass out of here. Too much fucking sexiness and godliness and cum-worthiness in one location. It is possible to die from over stimulation?

I took my deep breaths just as the walking wet-panty inducer suggested, but it unfortunately had the opposite effect because I was once again attacked by his scent. *This is fucking HELL!* I bit my lip to keep the moan from escaping and heard a breath get caught in Edward's throat. Well at least I'm not alone in this shit. When I was finally able to speak, I told him that I needed my IPOD. He looked sheepish for a minute before he turned to walk into the bathroom to retrieve it. And before you ask, No I did not watch him walk away. A girl could only take so much before she fucking combusts! And I am on the edge people!

He came back with my IPOD and wiped the mist off of it on the front of his towel, on his inner hip right next to his... *Oh God!* I grabbed it from him; making sure not to touch his gift to all womankind, thanked him and walked out of the apartment - all the while trying not to fall, moan or trip. When I made it back to the apartment, I went straight to the bathroom, ignoring the girls questioning eyes. I plugged in the IPOD and turned it on. I looked at the last song played and smiled.

"He was listening to 'Crazy for You'." Once the music started, I showered quickly. When I got out, I straightened my hair pin straight. My bangs sat just on my eyebrows and the rest of my hair flowed past my shoulder blades and skimmed over my breast. I threw my dress on as well as my metallic heels and did a final check in the mirror. I grabbed my clutch and left my bedroom. When I walked into the living room, the ladies were waiting for me and they all looked gorgeous as hell.

"Wow Bella! I love your dress. We are some sexy bitches!" said Rose. I love her.

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"Yeah well, sexy men like that deserve some 'sexy bitches'," I said. I replayed the scene of what happened in the guy's apartment in my head and the blush that I fought off the entire time came back with a goddamn vengeance.

"Oh hell no! Spill!" yelled Rose.

"Spill what, Rosalie?" I asked.

"Now I know you're hiding something! You only call me *Rosalie* when it's something important, when you want something or if you're keeping something from me. So spill it or die damnit!" she demanded.

"If she dies then she can't spill, Rose," said Alice.

"Yeah!" I said.

"Don't try to trick me with that semantic bullshit, Swan."

"Fine. I'll spill," I said. I told them ALL that I saw when I went to the guy's apartment. I told them what was said and then apologized to Esme for my thoughts about Carlisle.

"Well fuck, don't apologize Bella. I like the name. 'Dr. DILF'. Has a sexy ring to it," she laughed.

"You know. Emmett would piss a bitch if he heard you saying 'fuck' Esme," laughed Rose.

"Ah fuck it. I only do it to give him a hard time anyway. He's so damn gullible, you just have to love him," she laughed.

"Speaking of gullible. Rose, I need your help paying our boys back."

"You know I'm in. Especially after his whole 'what you're missing out on' shit. What do you have in mind?"

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"Well, they never saw us kiss right? I say we give those two cocky asses a show; just as long as we're not left alone with them afterwards because I'm pretty sure the bet would be over and we wouldn't be able to walk the next day...or three days for that matter."

"I love it! I think I'm starting to rub off on you. You're getting more and more like me and that's some scary shit if you ask me," laughed Rose.

"Who you telling?" I asked.

"Oooh, Bella! You two are going to kill them. I swear they are going to bust in their pants!" squealed Alice. "Eww, sorry mom," she added.

"Sorry what? I think it's hot! I've kissed a few girls in my day and Carlisle was never one to complain."

"Mom!"

"What? I wasn't always a Mary Alice so cut the shocked act. Jeez!"

"Ok. And with that, we should be leaving now," I said.

"Oh don't you punk out on me too, Bella. Edward is just like his father: his mannerisms, gentlemanliness, hell even his attitude and temper. I wouldn't be surprised if he also got some of his stamina and other *talents*. 20 years from now you'll be thanking me," she laughed.

"Shit, Esme. I'll thank you tomorrow if it'll get me laid," I muttered.

"Same here, woman!" laughed Rose.

"That's my girls!" she laughed.

"This conversation is wrong in so many ways. My mother and friends talking about fucking my daddy and my brothers. I think I might hurl," said Alice, shaking her head.

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"I can up the upchuck factor and talk about me and Emmett some more. The way his tongue teases my nipples, or how about the way his big di-,"

"STOP! Motherfucking stop or I swear I will slap the shit out of you!" she screamed. We all laughed at her but the laughing was interrupted by the ringing of our doorbell.

"They're here!" we sang. We stood up and walked to the door to answer it together. When Rose opened the door I swear it was like the Heavens opened and Angels started singing.

Did I just hear Esme sing 'Hello Dr. DILF'?

On the left in the back was Emmett, looking sexy as all hell in a black shirt and dark blue jeans. He wore his black boots and held a dozen roses in his hand. He had a huge smile on his face when he saw Rose and his dimples were as deep as I'd ever seen them. The man was stunning.

Next to Emmett, on the right, was Jasper looking just as sexy. He wore a red button up shirt with his black pants and shoes that I saw him in earlier. His eyes had a twinkle in them that shone like diamonds. When he saw Alice, you could actually feel the love this man had for her coming off of him.

In front of Emmett, on the left was Carlisle. His shirt was closed this time but his godliness was still obvious. His hair was styled to perfection and his crooked smile was enough to rival Edward's. Maybe they are exact duplicates. Judging from the smile on Esme's face after 20 plus years of marriage...God I hope so.

Speaking of Edward. My Edward. He was proudly standing next to his father with his matching crooked smile. He wore a dark green shirt that made his eyes pop like I've never seen before. The first two buttons were undone and as always, the sleeves were rolled up to reveal his arms. He wore some dark denim jeans that hung low on his hips and his black boots from earlier. He looked sexy and stunning and edible and delicious and beautiful and breathtaking and fuck....I ran out of adjectives! I just wanted to hold him, to

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kiss him. I wanted to tell real Edward what Dream Bella told Dream Edward. And honestly, I wanted to have him fuck me on my granite counters! But I digress... After we all gave each other our compliments Edward took my hand in his, kissed me breathless once again and with arguments heard from the rest of the family, we finally broke away and left for the restaurant.

Edward POV:

The restaurant was beautiful with its concrete colored entryway, huge chandeliers hanging from its twenty plus foot ceilings and long candelabra laden banquet tables. I looked around at the faces of my family and knew that they were just as impressed.

"Hold on. Where have I seen this place before...?" asked Alice. We all had smiles on our faces and knew that once she realized where we were that one of us would have to tackle her little ass to the ground to keep us from being kicked out due to her 'enthusiasm'. Personally, my vote is for Jasper. Rose looked in Alice's face and held up three fingers and began counting down to one.

3...2...1

"Oh...my...God! We're....but...Where's her seat? Where did she sit damnit tell me!" yelled Alice.

"I take it she realized where we are now huh?" asked Emmett.

"Yep. Jasper, hold her before she goes hyper sonic on us. I did not get dressed up just to be kicked out of a restaurant...again," said Rose as she pointedly looked at Alice.

"One time. One fucking time and you guys are never going to let it go are you?" asked Alice.

"Nope," we answered.

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"Some family," she mumbled.

Once Alice's moping was through, we let her sit in 'Carrie Bradshaw's' seat and she beamed with joy. Personally, I don't see what the big draw is but whatever. Bella came and sat by me and I knew that my smile had to have been bigger than Alice's. Bella looked so stunning tonight. Her dress fit her body with sinful perfection. When I saw her in the apartment when they all answered the door, I had to think of anything and everything non-sexual to keep from attacking her right there. I watched as she looked us all over with appreciation and when her eyes finally landed on me, their sudden darkening let me know that she wanted me probably just as much as I want her. *Just say the word, Bella. Bet be damned!*

We ate our dinners and talked about the rest of the week. When we talked about the ball this Saturday, I was shocked to find that the girls already had their gowns. Guess I needed to get off my ass and buy my tux soon, huh? I wonder if Emmett has his? I was really looking forward to this year's ball. It was being held in the Grand Ballroom at the Waldorf Astoria and there would be over a thousand firefighters in attendance. I was lucky to pull together two extra tickets for Alice and Jasper and luckily Emmett got some for mom and dad so it was really turning into a family affair. It's a black tie event and the women can only wear black, white, silver or a combination of the three. I hated those rules because I wanted to see Bella in something in a beautiful blue, but she told me that I shouldn't be disappointed in the gown she chose. As if I could ever be disappointed in anything involving her .

Yeah, when hell freezes over.

Exactly!

When it came time to order dessert, Bella and Rose shared a 'Death by Chocolate' while Alice ordered the Tiramisu. Esme ordered the Éclair and had to literally fight Emmett off with her fork. I looked back at Bella and saw that Rose was feeding her a piece of the cake with her hands. I leaned back to look at Emmett and noticed that he too was now watching the same thing. Bella opened her mouth and after Rose placed the cake on her tongue, Bella closed

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her lips around Rose's fingers. Rose slowly removed her fingers from Bella's mouth and as Bella licked her full and pouty lips, Rose began to slowly lick the remaining chocolate off of her fingers.

It literally took all I had to hold back the moan that was on the tip of my tongue. My napkin was mashed into my palm and my jeans grew entirely too fucking tight just then. I was gritting my teeth trying to will my hard-on away. Not working!

While *I* was able to keep the embarrassing noises at bay, Emmett on the other hand was not. He moaned like nothing else when Rose licked her fingers. The resulting smiles that were plastered on their faces made me realize that those two sexy asses planned this shit all along! When my girl plays, she plays dirty I'll give her that. Esme looked at Emmett like he was nuts but when she saw the looks on the girls faces she smiled too.

Ah fuck no! Not my mother too. That shit's just wrong!

Jasper cleared his throat to get everyone's attention and for that I was grateful. He turned to look at Alice and placed her tiny hands into his. He spoke to her in a low voice that only she could hear, but if he was saying what he rehearsed earlier, I knew that she should be teary-eyed right about...now. Yep! There they are, the tears of a woman who was just proposed to. I hope I get to see those tears someday...

"What's going on? He's doing what I think he's doing isn't he?" asked Bella.

"Did anyone ever tell you that you were very perceptive?"

"Didn't anyone ever tell you not to answer a question with a question?" she asked.

"Touché. And yes, he's proposing."

"I knew it! I had a feeling and I think Alice did too," she said. "Oh wait, she about to answer..." she added as she bounced in her seat.

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"YES! Yes, yes, yes I will marry you!" yelled Alice. She jumped into his lap and kissed him furiously. He grabbed her waist and she moaned into his mouth.

Ok. That's just nasty.

"Gross! Get a fucking room!" yelled Emmett. The waiters and a few of the other patrons looked over at our section and I ducked my head to hide behind the wine menu. I swear, can't take them anywhere!

Alice finally hopped off of Jasper and sat back in her seat. Esme, Rose and Bella went over to give her some love and look at her ring. We all ordered more drinks, too many for my mother if you ask me, and once the congratulations were over Alice immediately went into planning mode.

"Ok ladies. We need to schedule our fittings immediately. I've had my colors and flowers and shit picked out for the last six years waiting for this man to pop the question, so all we need are just a few of the basics. How's next week for you guys?" she asked.

"Um. Next week's not good for me, Ali. I have to go to France for a function and give a speech," said Bella. She grimaced when she mentioned the speech and I knew this would be an issue for her. We talked about this on our way to Boston earlier today. She said that she was invited to be the guest speaker for her former teacher in Paris and would be there for a week. She's nervous as all hell and me...well I'm just pissed and sad and worried and anxious and just...well just fucked up. I'm just finally getting her and am about to lose her for a week? It sucks. Plain and simple; it sucks.

"A week in Paris? Why the hell am I just now hearing about this Bella?" asked Rose.

"I mentioned it earlier Rosalie. Maybe you forgot?" she offered.

"I highly doubt that I would forget that one of my best friends would be leaving me for a week to go traipsing around fucking Paris!"

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"I will not be 'traipsing', Rose. It's business. That's all."

"Yeah well. Don't go befriending one of those French bitches and replacing my ass. I'll hunt your ass down if you do and you know it."

"No problem there, Hon. Not many people, let alone women, can put up with me."

"No lie there," mumbled Alice.

"I heard that Shrimp," answered Bella.

"Hey!" yelled Alice.

"So Bella. France huh? Sounds exciting. What exactly are you going to be doing there?" asked Esme.

Good ass question mom.

"Well my former teacher is being given some award of merit and he personally requested that I give his introductory speech and present him with the honor. I was sent the itinerary and my plane leaves on Tuesday and I should return to New York that Saturday, so it's not a full week but close enough."

"Wow, Bella, you must be honored. Congratulations," said Carlisle.

"Thanks Carlisle. I don't know though. Honored? Yes. Scared as hell? Oh God Yes! I've never given a speech before and there's going to be hundreds of people there as well as the culinary elite. I'm this close to calling and saying I can't make it."

"Isabella Marie Swan. If you call and quit and I will never forgive you. You cannot pass up an opportunity like this. This could put you on the culinary main stage and have your name be recognizable all across the world," said Alice as everyone else nodded his or her head in agreement.

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"And now you see why I'm afraid! What if I mess up? That could kill me career wise," she said quietly

I placed my hand under her chin and made her look me in the eyes. I ran my other hand through her incredibly sexy hair and smiled as she pressed her face further into my hand, "Bella? You can do this with your eyes closed and both hands tied behind your back and you know it. You just need to have faith and it'll come to you. I promise," I said. She looked me in the eyes and I pliantly allowed myself to get lost in her owl personal Death by Chocolates. I guess she noticed the sincerity in my eyes because she closed hers and slowly nodded her head 'yes'.

"That's my girl," I said as I kissed her. "You know, when someone wants to threaten you, you're brave as a lion -- and then when someone mentions a speech...", I whispered.

"Not the same, Edward and you know it!" she said as she punched me in the chest.

"Ow!" I said as I rubbed my nipple. *What? It hurt.*

"Hey Bella? If you're so good, then why don't you have your own restaurant by now?" asked Emmett.

"I don't know actually. I've had offers, three actually at Fashion Week during the luncheon at the restaurant. They all offered full financial support and wanted me to choose between New York, Miami, Chicago or California. I haven't decided anything yet but I have been thinking about it lately."

What? We didn't talk about this. Is she leaving New York?

"You're not leaving New York, are you Bella?" asked Alice. God I love my family. They ask the best goddamn questions.

"I don't know, Alice. I have a lot to decide and I don't want to talk about it now. It's your engagement night and we should be celebrating you and Jasper."

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"Well. Ok. But don't go making any life changing decisions without letting me know. Ok?" asked Alice.

Or me.

"I promise I won't. Now drink up." We drank some more and partied for the remainder of the evening. I knew that mom was too drunk to drink anymore but with dad there, it shouldn't have been a problem, right? Wrong. There my mother was, crawling around on the floor and pawing at Carlisle like he was the last piece of cake at Fat Camp and I could have sworn that I heard her ask 'Dr. Daddy' to 'take her home and properly put her to bed.'

Aw fuck! That does it. She's cut off. That's just nasty and gross and...wrong!

"Hey *Daddy*? I think mommy's ready for bed now," laughed Emmett.

"Call me 'Daddy' again and I'll kick your ass."

"But Daddy, don't you love me anymore?" Emmett teased.

"Yeah Daddy, we love you!" I said.

"Shut it! Both of you!" Said Carlisle. He then proceeded to flip us the bird.

"Daddy I am shocked!" Emmett continued.

"Daddy no! Not my virgin eyes!" I said covering my eyes.

"You're virgin eyes my ass!" Carlisle yelled.

"OOOH! DADDY SAID ASS!" Said Emmett.

"Hey Mommy? Daddy said ass!" I said.

"Shut it assholes!" said Esme.

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"MOTHER! How could you? We thought you loved us?" I said.

"When I'm this frustrated, Love don't live here anymore," slurred Esme.

"Well fuck it! Then I'm getting emancipated!" Said Emmett.

"You're too old to do that!" said Rose.

"Oh. Yeah well...ah fuck it!" said Emmett.

"Emmett...Emmett ...?." said Esme.

"CULLEN!" we all yelled.

"Right. Emmett Cullen? You stop saying Fuck or so help me God," slurred Esme.

"Ok. She's cut off. Woman can't even remember her own last name," laughed Bella.

"Sadly it's not the first time. She was once so drunk that she went to the wrong wedding reception and told the bride that the groom had an affair with her sister. Let's just say the bride was pissed and my wife has one hell of a right hook...as well as an assault and battery charge on her record," said Carlisle as he shook his head in shame.

"Yeah. My mom and alcohol; not the best combo," I said.

"Yeah. Where do you think Alice gets it from?" asked Emmett.

"Screw you, you oaf! I am not like mom. I have some control thank you very much," said Alice.

"Sure you do babe," laughed Jasper. Alice gave him the stink eye and his laughing quickly ceased.

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Whipped!

"Ya know? If I wasn't so bumfucked right now, I'd slap all of you," Esme slurred.

"We love you too mom," said Emmett and he pretended to be drunk and make faces behind her back.

"WOW! Okaaay, um Bella? You know we can still escape, right? Jasper's stuck now cause he proposed to the midget and shit, but you and I could run away from this circus and never look back," laughed Rose.

"Hey!" yelled Emmett and me.

"I'll keep that in mind," she giggled. I glared at her, but that only succeeded in making her laugh harder.

Ok, so she's not whipped.

When the laughing was over and it was time to leave, I pulled out my wallet to pay for the check. Dr. Daddy didn't like that so much and yelled at me to put my money away. I tried to argue my point but knew that it was useless. I looked up at Bella and saw that her and Esme were giving each other weird glances after looking at Carlisle and I. She then looked at me one last time and with her beautiful sexy smirk she shook her head, grabbed Esme's arm and headed for the stairs. They were closely followed by a giggling Rose and Alice, leaving all of us guys standing here bemused and confused. The guys and I just looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders and followed them out. When we got in the cab line, Carlisle and Esme got in the first cab and headed home.

"Don't hurt nobody, Dr. Daddy," I laughed. Emmett and I pounded fists and watched them ride off, but not before seeing our mother's head mysteriously disappear...

"Oh that's just fucking nasty!" yelled Emmett.

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"What?" asked the girls.

"You don't even want to know. Trust us," I said shaking my head with what I'm sure was a look of horror on my face.

The six of us piled into the yellow van/cab and headed back to the apartment. The entire ride back Alice was yammering on about wedding arrangements and Rose was mocking her and making faces behind her back. Next to me, Bella was laughing at Rosalie and it felt so damn good to hear her laugh. I will never forget those words that I heard her utter in her sleep on the train this evening. And what's insane is that when she woke up on the train, it kind of looked like she may have remembered saying it. Or maybe it was just me wishing for the impossible. Anyway, I know what I heard and I pray to God that she meant it and that I would hear it again some day soon...

Don't go there Edward. I do not have time for this Emo shit right now!

Sorry.

When we finally got back to apartment building, I paid for the cab ride before anyone could complain and we made our way to our floor. Jasper picked Alice up over his shoulder and carried her into our apartment.

"Great! Just what I need," I said.

"I hear you man. I'm so not in the mood for this shit tonight," said Emmett.

"What's the matter, Emmie? A little *frustrated*?" asked Rose.

"What the hell do you think?" he asked.

"Well, you could always throw Rose over your shoulder and go fuck her into oblivion if that'll make you feel better," offered Bella. God I love her.

"What the hell Bella! Don't tell him that. I'll never be able to resist if he came over here right now and kissed me," said Rose.

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"Really? Kissed you how?" asked Bella and she ran her finger slowly across Rose's bottom lip.

Say what now?

"Oh. You know how, Bella. You know just how I like it," whispered Rose as her fingers grazed across Bella's cheek

"Um...Dude?"

"Shut up, Emmett!"

"Ok."

Bella grabbed the back of Rose's head and Rose grabbed hers. They licked their lips and then turned to look at us, both of them with a devious smirk on their faces. They turned to face each other again and their mouths became closer and closer together. Their lips were centimeters apart and my fucking world stopped.

"Ed..Edward?"

"Shut the fuck up, Emmett!"

And in the instant Emmett's name left my mouth, their mouths collided in what was without a fucking doubt the hottest, most erotic, sexiest, most earth-shattering shit that I have ever seen. Rose licked Bella's bottom lip and when Bella opened her mouth and moaned when Rose's tongue touched hers, my dick began screaming at me for attention. It throbbed beyond recognition and the sensation was fucking intense. I heard banging behind me and looked over to see Emmett banging his head on the wall. His hands were balled into fists and he looked to be in as much pain as me.

We both stopped when we heard giggling and looked at Bella and Rose. They were wiping their lips and smiling victoriously. The kiss may have only lasted a few seconds in reality, but that shit will be on replay in my mind for as long

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as I'm able to remember.

"Is that the kiss you were talking about, Rose?" asked Bella innocently.

INNOCENT MY ASS!

"Yes Bella. That's *exactly* the kiss I was talking about."

"Ok. Good to know," she laughed. She turned back to look at me and winked. "Goodnight boys." She grabbed Rose's hand and pulled her into the apartment. Seconds later when the door closed, we heard the lock click and the distinct sound of laughter coming from the other side of the door.

"Um. That was hot and really fucked up," said Emmett.

"Uh huh," I said.

"I need the coldest shower on the fucking planet right now. How about you?" he asked.

"Uh huh," I said.

"Can you say anything else besides 'uh huh'?" he asked.

"Uh uh," I said.

"Okay, well I'm gonna go and freeze my nuts off now," he said.

Finally able to speak I answered him. "Hm. I really don't think a cold shower is going to be enough for me right now, Emmett."

"Well, it has to work for me. I'm about to fucking bust over here!"

"Well, you shower and I'll kick out Alice the hell out."

"Jasper's gonna be pissed," he warned.

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"I don't fucking care right now. Do You?" I asked.

"Nope."

'Good.' With that we made our way into the apartment and I went straight for Jasper's door.

Bang...Bang...Bang

"Jasper? Get your Texas loving ass off of my sister now! Alice? Get the hell out! Now!" I yelled.

"You suck, Edward!" she screeched.

"What-the-hell-ever. Quit your stalling and get the out!"

I am so not in the mood for this shit!

Author's Note #2:

Did you like? Links to all dresses, the 'Make You Feel My Love' video and the restaurant on profile. The Black and White Firemen's Ball is next and YES; this is Edward and Bella's 3rd date!

Later,

Nicole "AKA" Crooks (Thanks kikikinzi!)

All My Life

Disclaimer: See previous entries and take your pick!

Author's Note: We made it to over 520 reviews! You guys are amazing! If I could, I'd give you all your very own drunk Esme with a half naked Cullen man on the side. Thank you! Well here it is. The Ball and Belward's 3rd date! Links to all gowns, the Grand Ballroom at the Waldorf Astoria and some of the guys in their tuxedos are on my profile under **Chapter 16 Links:** The song, "All My Life", is available on the Playlist located on my Blogger homepage. I **HIGHLY** suggest that you listen to the song when the time calls for it. You'll know when. Please enjoy the fluff.

" ALL MY LIFE"

Edward POV:

Finally! It's Saturday. The night of the Firemen's Ball. Our official third date. I have waited so damn long for this night and truthfully, I'm anxious as hell. Ever since Rose & Bella's kissing stunt this past Sunday, Emmett and I have been avoiding them like the plague and it has been treacherous. It's not that we were mad at them; in fact, it was the total opposite. My main reason for avoiding Bella is because that teasing little minx is about two seconds away from having me say 'fuck this bet' and impaling her ass until she tells me to stop. And Emmett? Well, he's just as bad if not worse. Poor sap can't even look at Rose's picture without groaning in agony.

I feel your pain big brother...literally.

The guys and I went out earlier this week to buy our tuxedos. Emmett and Jasper decided on Hugo Boss while my dad and I chose Armani. Emmett bitched the whole day about having to wear the bowtie saying that he looked like 'Momo' from 'Happy Feet'. *Why a 29 year-old man feels the need to watch 'Happy Feet' I will never know.* We finally convinced him to wear the damn thing and he agreed. Jasper asked why he wasn't complaining about the cumber

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bun and in true Emmett style; he alluded to the fact that he could use it as a kick ass slingshot. Gotta love the big oaf, you know?

The rest of the week passed by, still with little contact from the girls, and now here we are, me, Emmett, Jasper and Carlisle, getting ready in the apartment. The event starts at six o'clock this evening and it's already five. It is nights like this where I thank God that I'm a guy. Just shower, shave and dress. Twenty minutes tops and I'm done. Not that I don't like the outcome of their two hour prepping madness, but I'm just saying...I'm glad I'm a dude.

Jasper's cell phone vibrated with a text from Alice. He said that they were ready and that it was time to head down to the limo. *Showtime*. I made sure that we each had their corsages and we all left the apartment and walked down the hall to the girls'. Jasper knocked twice and the door almost flew off the hinges with the force that Alice put behind it. She squealed when she saw us all standing there and ushered us inside. I was stunned; my little sister looked beautiful. Her dress was a silver, floor-length, halter style dress with beading and double-crossed straps along her back. Her hair was up and twisted and framed her petite face. She looked like a pint-sized Grecian Goddess. I walked over to her and gave her a big hug and kissed her forehead.

"Watch the makeup, Edward!" she yelled.

"On your forehead, Alice?" I asked.

"What? It's called 'shining'. Duh."

"Okay. Not even gonna go there." I kissed her forehead again and ran to hide behind Jasper.

"Asshole!" she yelled.

"Love you too, sis," I said.

"Must I be the only mature one?" asked Emmett. After he asked we all just looked around and started laughing. Emmett? The mature one? That shit would

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never happen!

"Sure, Emmett. When Pigs fly and the Mets win the World Series," said Jasper.

"Well damn! I guess I'll never be the mature one then, huh?"

"Nope," we answered.

"You don't need to be mature baby. I love you just the way you are," said Rose. We all turned around and saw her standing in the hall next to Esme. They too looked amazingly beautiful. They were both wearing white, floor length gowns. Esme's was a one-shouldered, dress with an embellished silver flower-shaped cutout on her shoulder. Her hair was up and pinned back off of her neck and she had a beautiful silver clip in her hair. Rose's gown was more ivory colored and had gold-looking sequins on the top part of her halter dress. The bottom of the dress was a shiny silk and clear of any embellishments. Her hair was down and curled and her make-up was beautiful. It's the sweetest and softest I think that I have ever seen her look. I walked over to my mom and kissed her after Carlisle finished wiping the drool off of his chin.

I think it's a Cullen Man deficiency.

"Mom you look amazing. You too Rosalie." They smiled, said thank you and kissed me on the cheek. *3 down. 1 to go...*

"Bella! Come on. The limo's waiting!" yelled Alice.

"Ouch Alice!" we yelled as we covered our ears.

"Goddamnit Alice! How many times do I have to tell you? Indoor voices!" said Esme. Thank you mom!

"Sorry mom," said Alice.

"Sorry guys. My heel got caught in my dress and I wanted to make sure I didn't rip it," said Bella.

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When I heard her voice, my body burned and froze at the same goddamn time. My heart was pounding in my chest resonating up to my ears. I slowly breathed in and out and attempted to catch a grip. I mean I haven't even *seen* her yet for Christ's sake!

Ok Edward. Inhale...exhale...inhale...exhale. There that should do it.

Once my breathing was controlled I slowly turned around and...OH FUCK ME! I swear it's like I said before; she was sent from Hell to slowly kill me. Isabella looked...God, I can't even come up with an adjective adequate enough to describe her. Her beautiful mahogany hair was curled. Some of it was up while the rest cascaded over her creamy shoulders. Her make-up and jewelry were also beautiful, but nothing, absolutely nothing compared to Bella in her dress. It looked Ivory white, had a plunging V in the front and back with silver, sequined straps that crossed under her bust and across her exposed back. It flowed to the ground and hugged every goddamn curve that her parents blessed her with. *Thank you Mr. and Mrs. Swan!* I stood there trying to speak as I swallowed the drool that was attempting to fall from my mouth.

See? I told you it was a Cullen Man deficiency!

I was finally brought out of my 'Bella Daze', by the Goddess herself walking towards me. I cleared my throat hoping that it would help me gain some damn brain function back. It didn't.

"Edward, you look amazing. I thought seeing you in your uniform was hot, but man damn! Almost nothing compares to seeing you in a Tuxedo," she breathed. Her breath ghosted across my face and sent a shiver through my body that landed in all the right places.

"Almost nothing?" I asked as I raised an eyebrow. She flustered a little and in that moment, I knew exactly what she was talking about. I honestly fought like hell to keep my embarrassing ass blush at bay.

"One word; 'Towel'," she whispered. I knew it!

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Fight the blush you pansy! Fight it!

"Ah," I said. "Well can I just say that when you walked out here, for the life of me I could not find a damn adjective that even comes *close* to describing how amazing you look right now, Bella. You look so stunning that I had to stop myself from drooling like my dad did," I added.

"Hey! Keep me out of it," said Carlisle.

"Don't worry baby. I like it when you drool," said Esme.

"MOM! That's nasty!" yelled Emmett.

"Oh shove it, Emmett!" said Esme.

Bella laughed at my family's outburst and turned back to look at me. She placed a hand on the side of my face and I sighed at the contact. It's been too damn long since my skin has touched hers. "Thank you, Edward, but I think you have this whole 'dazzling' thing backwards. It's you who always dazzles me," she said.

"Then you obviously don't know the effect you have on me, do you?" I asked.

"No. But if it's anything like the effect you have on me, then you're screwed," she laughed.

"Are we talking literally or figuratively?" I asked.

She leaned in closer to my ear. She then pulled my lobe into her mouth and gently bit down on it before whispering, "Both." My ass nearly came undone. I held in my groan and grabbed her around her waist. I pulled her close to me preparing to kiss the damn life out of her.

"If you ruin her make-up Edward, I will hunt you down and kick your ass!" said Alice.

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"Ugh!" we both groaned as we pulled away. She quickly pecked me on the lips and shot a glare at Alice. The smile that was on Alice's face swiftly disappeared.

Hehehe.

"Ok people. We've been standing here for like five damn minutes now. The Ball starts at six and it's almost quarter til. We need to get going!" said Emmett.

"Oh chill out, Em. We can be fashionably late. Alice Cullen does not do early."

"Well then Alice Cullen can keep her fashionably late, pixie ass here. These are our bosses and coworkers and we need to be there on time," I said.

"Fine. Let's go," she mumbled.

"You know, you're lucky Edward got the extra tickets for you. We both have to work extra shifts and shit so I would really appreciate it if you at least showed some kind of gratitude and quit trying to control every damn thing!" said Emmett.

"Whoa!"

"Emmett!"

"Don't mind him guys. He hasn't had any in a while *and* the coffeemakers' busted. A sexless, caffeine-less Emmett Cullen is not very people friendly," said Rose.

"Yeah, well we'll stop by Starbucks' on the way," said Bella.

"Deal! Let's move out people!" yelled Rose. We all exited the apartment and made our way down to the limo. We climbed in and advised the driver to take us to the nearest Starbucks and then to the Waldorf.

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Due to traffic and the Starbuck's stop, we arrived at 6:20 and Emmett was pissed. Rose calmed him down by whispering something in his ear that I'm positive that I did not want to know. The driver pulled up to the Park Avenue entrance of the hotel and came around to escort us out of the vehicle. I noticed him looking at Bella and I instantly wanted to pound his ass. Sensing my swift mood change, Bella grabbed my hand and squeezed it, grabbing my full attention. *That fucker better not let me catch him at the end of the night.*

When everyone finally exited the limo, we all made our way into the Park Avenue lobby of the hotel. There were guards everywhere and Emmett and I had to give our names and station number to be allowed entrance. Once everyone else was properly ID'd, we were all allowed into the lobby. Bella and Rose gasped at the décor, while Emmett let out a low whistle.

"This place is amazing," said Bella.

"I know. And this is just the lobby. Imagine what the Ballroom looks like," said Alice. The lobby was beautiful. It had gold Italian marble floors that I'm sure Esme loved. There were four floor-to-ceiling cream and white pillars in the middle of the room and cream and gold details everywhere. The huge windows were covered with gold and white curtains and a white Steinway piano beautifully sat in the corner of the room, glistening like the full moon.

"You must be here for the Ball, correct?" asked the concierge.

"Yes we are. Can you tell us how to get to the Ballroom?" asked Carlisle.

"Actually, if you follow those people, I'm sure you won't miss it," he said as he pointed to two gentlemen in Fire Fighter Captain uniforms.

"Thank you," I said. We followed the two men to the gold elevators. The elevator ride ended quickly and when we got off, we figured we were in the right place. Especially with the, sign that read '42nd Annual New York City Black and White Fire Fighter's Ball' staring us in the face. Kind of a no-brainer don't you think?

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"Finally!" yelled Emmett. We made our way to the Ballroom entrance and once inside; it was time for all of us to gasp.

"Oh my," said Esme.

"Amazing," said Carlisle.

"Wow!" said Alice and I.

"It's beautiful," said Jasper and Bella.

"Well damn," said Emmett.

"I'm getting married here," mused Rose.

"What?" asked Emmett.

"We'll talk later babe," she answered.

If I thought the lobby was beautiful, it could not hold a damn candle to the Grand Ballroom. There were three levels with balconies on the second and third. The Ballroom had a huge golden floor and there were mini crystal chandeliers hanging over every balcony as well large one's hanging down the middle of the room. There were round tables outlining the room with black tablecloths and gold, silk runners covering them. Each table had eight chairs covered in a black and gold silk scroll pattern fabric. There were crystal and gold candelabras on each table as well as vases full of cream and white Calla Lilies. In the middle of the room, off to the side was a stage. The stage had a long table with the same black and gold décor as the rest of the room. To the left of the table was a beautiful black baby grand piano. Off to the side of the piano was a DJ booth and he was actually playing decent music; not some old fuddy-duddy grandpa shit. That was a blessing in itself.

Once I was done admiring the room, I looked around to see if I could spot anyone I knew from the station. After looking around and not seeing anyone that Emmett or I knew, I suggested that we make our way to our table.

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Everyone agreed and we quickly found our table. It was towards the front by the stage. When we got to it, I pulled out Bella's seat and was gifted with her patented beautiful smile. My heart stuttered. Emmett sat down next to me and Rose just stood there behind him with her arms folded across her chest, glaring at him.

"Ahem!" said Rose. Emmett noticed Rose's face and quickly got up to pull out her chair, "Oops. Sorry baby," he said.

"Emmett Cullen. I just know that I taught you better manners than that," scolded Esme.

"I said I was sorry mom, jeez."

"Yeah, well you just behave yourself tonight young man," said Carlisle.

"Me? What about you two, *Dr. Daddy?*" asked Emmett. Carlisle and Esme instantly dropped their heads on the table and groaned. Everyone else laughed and I bumped fists with Emmett.

"Good one!" I said.

"Thanks, Bro."

"You are never going to forget that are you?" asked Esme.

"Nope!" we all said.

"And I'm watching how much wine you drink tonight too," I added. "Last thing I need is my boss watching my mom dry hump my father like a sailor on leave."

"Edward!" yelled Esme.

"What? It's true!" I said.

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"Yep mom. We're staging a dry humping intervention. Tonight!" said Emmett.

"What if I like the dry-humping?" asked Carlisle.

"Father!" yelled Alice.

"What? It's just a question," he mumbled.

"Ok can we like not do this now? People are starting to stare," said Rose as she looked around the room.

"I know right? Man I swear, you Cullens have some serious issues," said Bella.

"You know. I'd take offense to that if it wasn't true" I said.

"You can say that again," said Emmett.

"I hear ya," said Alice.

"Sad, but true," said Esme as she shook her head.

"If my father could see us now..." said Carlisle as he shuddered in his seat. Jasper, Bella and Rose just looked at us all and shook their heads and I couldn't even get mad at them. Hell, if this weren't my family I'd be doing the same damn thing.

A while later, Mayor Bloomberg addressed the crowd and welcomed us all to the event. He presented a few of the Captains and Chiefs with medals and plaques and wished us all an amazing remainder of the evening. When the award ceremony was over, the DJ started the music again and I pulled Bella to the dance floor. We dance to 'Unchained Melody' and I was about to ask her if she needed a drink when I noticed someone out of the corner of my eye. I asked Bella if she wanted to meet one of my coworkers and she happily agreed. I waved him over and he made his way towards us. I wrapped my arm around her to turn her to face him.

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"Bella, I would like you to meet Ja-,"

"Jake!" screamed Bella.

"Bella!" screamed Jake. Bella ran to him and he met her half way. He picked her up and hugged her fiercely and she wore a huge ass smile on her face.

What the fuck?

BellaPOV:

"Bella, I would like you to meet Ja-,"

Holy shit! It's Jacob!

"Jake!" I screamed. I couldn't help myself. I hadn't seen or heard from him in over a year.

"Bella!" he yelled. That was the opening I needed. I ran to my friend and hugged him with all I had. He hugged me back just as fiercely and it almost made me light-headed.

"Jake...can't...breathe," I said. He let me go.

"Oh, sorry Bells," he said.

"What the hell are you doing here? How long have you been in New York?" I asked.

"I work here now. I've been fire fighter for the past few years and recently transferred to New York a few weeks ago. Leah and I left La Push a little after you went to France. It just wasn't the same without you there," he said.

"Leah's here too? Where is she?" I asked as I looked around for her.

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"Oh she's right over," he started but then suddenly stopped. "Um Bella?" he asked.

"Yes?"

"I don't mean to pry, but why is Edward looking at me like he wants to slice my ass in two?" I turned around and sure enough, there he was, giving Jacob the most feral ass glare that I have ever seen. *Fuck that's hot!*

Is he jealous? But why?

Duh Bella! You left him there!

Oh shit!

"Oh sorry, Jacob. He's just...wait. How do you know Edward?" I asked.

"I work with him. Well technically, I work for him," he said.

"No shit?"

"No shit."

"Ok, the world is officially too goddamn small. Let's go before he starts plotting your death," I laughed as I pulled him towards Edward.

"Are you two...an item?"

How the hell do I answer that? "Unofficially...yes?"

"Unofficially?"

"It's a long story. Come on." We made our way over to Edward and he had a hurt look on his face. I let go of Jacob and damn near ran to Edward. He caught me with ease and I planted one on those delicious pillow lips of his. I ran my tongue along his bottom lip and he opened his mouth to me. The instant our

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tongues touched, a volt of electricity shot through my body and I think Edward felt it too because he moaned the same time I did. His arms tightened around me and I moved my hands from his shoulders and grabbed his hair. He moaned again at the sensation and I smiled against his mouth. I didn't give a shit that we were making out in the middle of the dance floor. All that mattered to me was that this man in my arms knew whom my heart belonged to. I began to deepen the kiss even more, but groaned as he pulled away.

"The Jacob from your story?" he asked.

"The Jacob from my story," I answered. "So no more pouting and death plotting mister," I added.

"I have no idea what you are talking about," he said.

"Right. And I'm a 5'10" supermodel with blonde hair and blue eyes."

"Well that sucks," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I prefer Brunettes." His eyes smoldered with as much fire as I have ever seen before. He started to move his head back down to mine and I was crazily anticipating his touch.

"Ahem!"

Oh shit! Jacob.

'Sorry," I said. "I guess I should officially introduce you two, huh?" I asked. They just shrugged their shoulders.

"I work with him everyday Bells," said Jacob.

"Yeah well. Anyway Edward, this is my *friend* from La Push, Jacob Black. Jacob this is my...Edward?" I laughed. They both looked at me weird and then

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shook hands introducing themselves as if they just met. *Assholes.*

"Ok smart-asses. Let's head back to the tables. Jacob where's your seat?" He pointed to the back by the end of the stage. "Oh, well ours is over here. You and Leah should come over when you get a chance." He said that he would and leaned down to give me a hug.

"So, unofficially huh?" he laughed.

"Shut it, you ass," I said as I hit him on the shoulder. He laughed as he walked away and said that he'd see us later.

"Come on, Love. I think the family thinks we ditched them," he said as he motioned us towards the table.

"Would that be such a bad thing?" I asked. He looked at me for an intense few seconds before he answered with a simple 'no'. My mind immediately wandered to all the things that I could be doing right now and I soon felt my traitorous cheeks begin to warm. *Goddamn, stupid ass fucking blush!*

"Later Love. Trust me," he whispered.

I smiled and bit my lip as we made our way over to the table. Sure enough we were bombarded with questions. Edward told Emmett that Jacob was my friend from back in Washington and Emmett damn near spit his wine in Rose's hair. Rose slapped him in the back of his head, causing him to choke on said wine. A few moments later, Leah and Jacob came over to our table and Leah all but attacked me. We squealed and jumped like annoying ass schoolgirls and hugged each other tightly. I went around the table and introduced them to everyone. When I got to Rose and Alice, I noticed that they were giving Leah the cold shoulder. *Damnit! Are they jealous now too? I'll have to talk to them about this shit later.* I told Leah to just ignore them and let it go. Now Leah's no slouch. She will cut a bitch in a minute and reminds me so much of Rosalie and if that pain in the ass Amazon gave her a chance, she'd probably actually like her. I'll work on that later.

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Sensing the tension around the table, Jasper suggested that we all dance and I all but jumped at the chance. Rose was still a little upset and Edward was taking his turn baby-sitting 'Drunkme', so I danced with Emmett. We laughed and he twirled me around like a rag doll. Alice and Jasper were laughing along with us as Emmett tried to booty bump the people dancing next to us. Leah was on the other side of me and the smile on her face was priceless. Her and Jacob looked so happy together and it made my heart swell to know that they actually lasted. It was touch and go a few years ago. When I suggested that we head back Leah interrupted and said that her and Jacob had to head home to relieve the sitter.

"Sitter? Sitter for what?" I asked.

"My pet rock. A baby, Bella! What the hell else would I need a sitter for?" she laughed.

"Oh my God! You had a kid? I thought the tests were negative!"

"The first one's were. It's the one's that I took a few months after you left that weren't," she said.

Wow. Leah and Jacob are parents. I think I'm going to cry. Yup. There go the tears. I'm crying.

"Bells? Why are you crying? I'm the daddy, not you," Jacob laughed.

"You're such an idiot," Leah said to Jacob as she hit him on the head.

See? I told you she was like Rose

"Ow, Leah! That hurts!" yelled Jacob.

"I feel your pain man," said Emmett.

"Anyway, boy or girl, what's the name, and when can I see him or her?" I asked.

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"Girl, Jocelyn Marie and anytime you want," answered Leah.

"Marie?" I asked.

"Well yeah, Bells. You were the one who helped us decide in having a baby. You were the one who hooked us up and you were the one who got us back together. We had to do something to commemorate Jocie's godmother," said Jacob.

Oh man did the tears start flowing then. Emmett wrapped his arms tighter around me as I cried my happy tears. He rubbed my back and I could feel the brotherly love coming off of him. When I finally turned off the water ducts, and cleaned my face, I turned back to Leah and Jacob and hugged them with all the strength that was in me. Emmett put their numbers in his phone since I didn't have mine and we promised to call to set something up so that I could see my goddaughter soon.

Alice, Jasper, Emmett and I left the dance floor and made our way back to the table and what I saw made me want to turn my ass back around. Esme was glaring at Edward for stealing her wine glass as he was waving it back and forth in front of her face and Alice, Rose and Jasper were holding their sides from laughing at the two of them. Carlisle was sneaking sips of wine behind Esme's back and when Emmett was about to snitch, he gave him a stare that could rival my mothers! Even I backed down and he wasn't even looking at me.

Like I said, the Cullens have issues.

When the 'showdown at the Lush Corral' came to a draw, everyone calmed down and we talked some more. I told them about Jacob and Leah's baby and how I was its godmother. Esme smiled a huge motherly, albeit slightly intoxicated, smile at me and the girls both looked at me warmly. *I'm still pissed at them two for how they treated Leah, but I'll let it go for now.* Edward placed his warm hand on my knee and kissed me gently on my cheek. I smiled at his gentleness and closed my eyes at the feeling. The warmth was suddenly taken away as Edward got up from his chair and made his way over to the DJ.

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I watched him walk away in his perfectly tailored tuxedo and let my mind drift to when I saw him in the apartment earlier this evening. Due to my ingenious kissing stunt with Rosalie on Sunday, he and Emmett completely avoided us for the rest of the week. It was pure Hell! I missed him so much and I was scared that I pushed him too far. When I saw him standing in the middle of my living room, looking like every woman's dream and every man's worst nightmare, I almost cried at his beauty. His black tux fit his fit body to a 't'. His legs looked long and powerful and his skin shone against the darkness of his suit. The green in his eyes had a brightness to them that was both mesmerizing and heart stopping and once again, he smelled like pure sin and I wanted to taste every inch of him. I wanted to kiss, lick, squeeze, caress, stare and do a whole dictionary full of other things to him all at the same damn time. When I told him that almost nothing compared to him in a tuxedo, I completely meant it. Edward Cullen in a tux is just...fucking phenomenal.

I felt his warm hand on my bare shoulder and my stomach flipped in knots. He grabbed one of my hands in his and looked deeply into my eyes. "Will you do me the honor of gracing me with a dance, Ms. Swan?" he asked with his sexy crooked smile.

"It would be my pleasure, Mr. Cullen," I answered. He held his arm out for me and I pressed my body into his as he led me to the dance floor.

Alice POV:

Leah? Who the hell is this Leah character and why was she so chummy with my Bella?

And since when am I so goddamn possessive with anyone besides Jasper?

Well they must know each other well since Bella's their kids' godmother and all. I just hope I can trust them, cause if this Jacob or Leah is anything like this James fucker I heard about, I would surely fucking shoot them! No questions. Bella is my girl and I'll be damned if someone hurts her again. My brother and the rest of this family loves this woman too damn much to let anything happen to her. You could just see the love that these two have for each other in every

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small thing that they do for one another. Now only if the dumb asses would open their own eyes and see for themselves what the hell has been right in front of them all this time!

Shaking my head and the two idiots that I love with all of my heart, I watched Edward come from the DJ's booth and ask Bella to dance. She accepted and they gracefully made their way to the dance floor. The beginning of the song that Edward requested started and my jaw dropped. He's not! He's going to do it here? Oh...my...GOD!

"Alice? Isn't that the song that Edward mentioned earlier?" asked my love Jasper. All I could do was nod my head. The rest of the family looked at us with puzzled expressions. My attention was focused on the beautiful couple in the middle of the dance floor that appeared to have all eyes on them. Of course they didn't notice because they were in their own little world they frequently escape to. It was too cute and entirely too sickening. When I heard Edward's voice above all others was when the tears began to fall from my eyes.

*I Will Never Find Another Lover
Sweeter Than You, Sweeter Than You
And I Will Never Find Another Lover
More Precious Than You, More Precious Than You
Girl You Are..
Close To Me You're Like My Mother,
Close To Me You're Like My Father,
Close To Me You're Like My Sister,
Close To Me You're Like My Brother
And You Are The Only One My Everything
And For You This Song I Sing...*

*All My Life, I Prayed For Someone Like You
And I Thank God, That I...That I Finally Found You
All My Life, I Prayed For Someone Like You
And I Hope That You Feel The Same Way Too
Yes, I Pray That You Do Love Me Too*

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I'd Said You're All That I'm Thinking Of, Baby

Rose looked over to me with tears in her eyes once she realized what was happening. I looked over to mom and she was smiling and puffy-eyed, leaning on dad's shoulder as she stared at Edward and Bella.

*Said I Promise To Never Fall In Love With A Stranger
You're All I'm Thinking Of, I Praise The Lord Above
For Sending Me Your Love, I Cherish Every Hug, I Really Love You*

*All My Life, I Prayed For Someone Like You
And I Thank God, That I...That I Finally Found You
All My Life, I Prayed For Someone Like You
And I Hope That You Feel The Same Way Too
Yes, I Pray That You Do Love Me Too*

*You're All That I Ever Know,
When You Smile All My Face Always Seems To Glow,
You Turned My Life Around,
You Picked Me Up When I Was Down,*

*You're All That I've Ever Known,
When You Smile My Face Glows
You Picked Me Up When I Was Down*

*Say...You're All That I've Ever Known
When You Smile My Face Glows
You Picked Me Up When I Was Down
And I Hope That You Feel The Same Way Too
Yes, I Pray That You Do Love Me Too*

*And All My Life, I Prayed For Someone Like You
And I Thank God, That I..That I Finally Found You
All My Life, I Prayed For Someone Like You
Yes, I Pray That You Do Love Me Too*

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When the song was over and Edward stopped singing, you could feel his gaze on Bella from across the room. People around them were wiping their eyes just as the rest of my family was. Jasper grabbed me and kissed me deeply. When he pulled away, he wiped the tears from my face and kissed my nose. Emmett and Rose were cuddled up together looking as much in love. When I looked over to my parents, mom was softly crying about how she's happy that her baby can finally be happy. I turned my attention back to my brother and his love and waited to see what would happen next, all the while saying that it was about damn time.

BellaPOV:

He loves me. Edward loves me. Edward Cullen loves me? I think I might die. What the hell did I ever do to deserve this man? As I stare up at him with watery eyes and tear stained cheeks, I'm trying to coherently tell him what that meant to me. But...nothing. My mouth doesn't work. No syllables can be formed and even grunts of acknowledgment seem to be too far out of my brain's reach. I look over to our table and see everyone either crying or holding someone who is crying. I look back at my love in front of me and feel myself melt under his gaze. His eyes are burning into me and it's taking all I can to remember how to breathe. The soft and gentle kiss that he placed on my lips was enough to tear my heart even if the song hadn't already done it.

"Bella I love you. I love you so goddamn much and it feels incredible to actually say it. I have known that I was in love with you basically since the day we met. You literally fell into my life and altered my reality. I have been afraid for so long to tell you because I didn't want to scare you off. But I'm tired of hiding behind my fear. I cannot sit around any longer and pretend that my feelings for you are any less than what they really are. I love you Isabella Marie Swan and I promise to spend the rest of my life making you happy if and when you love me back. I'm willing to wait for you, Love. I've just found you and I'll be damned if I'm letting you get away." I continued to cry and the tears came fiercely. He swiped his thumbs across my cheeks to capture my tears and placed another gentle kiss on my lips. The moment our lips met it was like my heart grew that instant from Edward's love and I knew that I had to officially make this wonderful man mine.

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"I love you too, Edward Cullen and I too have known that I was in love with you for a while now, but I also kept it inside because I didn't know if we were ready. But I loved you almost instantly and it killed me to not tell you. That day in the gym, I heard you and I wanted to cry and say it back, but I kept my feelings inside for fear that it was an accident or a slip up. But the way you looked at me everyday with all the love in your eyes or the way your single smile could just make me melt, I knew I was a goner. I love you Edward. I was made to love you and I will do every damn thing in my power to show you just how deep my love for you truly runs. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love yo-," I was interrupted by Edward's mouth on mine and this was not one of those gentle kisses from earlier. This one was full of passion and want and desire and most prominently...love. I kissed him back with just as much love and desire, showing him how badly I wanted him at this very moment. He suddenly pulled away and rested his forehead on mine.

"I love you. God it feels so goddamn good to say that! But it feels even better hearing you say it while you're awake," he laughed.

Huh?

"What are you talking about?" I asked as I pulled back further. I heard him swear under his breath. He then took a deep breath and looked me in the eye. He was about to speak but then suddenly stopped and shook his head 'no'.

"Edward?" I warned. He took another breath before mumbling 'fine'.

"Remember our ride home from Boston when you fell asleep on my lap?" I nodded my head 'yes'. "Did you know that you talk in your sleep?" he asked nervously.

"Yes. But what does that have to do wit....oh no. Are you serious? What did I say?" I asked. I knew my sleep talking would get me into trouble

"Well...you said that you loved me."

Oh shit! It wasn't a dream? But how....

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"And what did you say?"

"I said that I loved you back," he smoldered.

"Oh my god, Edward. I said I love you almost a week ago and you didn't tell me. Why not?"

"I didn't know if you meant it or not and I was too afraid to bring it up for fear that you would think that I was crazy. Plus I wanted to hear you say it while you were awake." I couldn't think of anything else to say, so I kissed him. To my pleasure he immediately opened his mouth and we both moaned when our tongues connected. They danced together inside our mouths as I ran my hands up his arms, over his chest and into his hair, fisting it around my fingers. He grabbed my hips and pulled me against his incredibly hard cock and I moaned into his mouth.

"Remember when I mentioned ditching the family?" I asked against his mouth.

"I could have a room booked in ten minutes, but what about the bet?"

"Fuck the bet. I already won my prize."

He laughed against my lips. "Let's go," he demanded. He grabbed my hand and we made our way over to our table. I noticed that Em and Rose weren't there but I really couldn't care at the moment. I grabbed my purse and we said bye to the rest of the family. Edward wrapped his arms around me and we headed for the elevator and to the lobby.

Author's Note #2:

You like? Did I do their *official* "I Love Yous" justice?

TEASER ALERT: THE LEMON IS NEXT! YAY! Whose ready for some more Italian DTE? Their love, passion and frustration is so goddamn intense right now that I don't know whether to give them a hard fucking or crazy-ass love making session. I guess it'll just cum to me...(I WILL TRY TO MAKE IT

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AS GOOD AS THE 1ST ONE)

Later,

Nicole

That's The Way Love Goes

Disclaimer: No money, no fame, no fortune, no Edward or Emmett... God I suck!

Author's Note: WARNING! Rated 'M' for a reason. Not a "Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am" lemon either. I hope you enjoy some Italian DTE and thanks to my Italian translator *Bloody Ale*. You rock girl! (**Full translations in bottom Author's Note!**) Song on Blogger Playlist. Classic Janet does not disappoint :) I hope you enjoy.

" THAT'S THE WAY LOVE GOES"

Bella POV:

We made our way down the elevator and to the beautiful gold and cream lobby; all the while as Edward practically dragged me along by my waist. Thank God my dancing experience helped alleviate most of my clumsiness or I would have been fallen on my ass. When we got to the front desk and Edward booked a deluxe suite in the Waldorf Towers. I gave him one of my 'are you nuts?' looks and he just smiled his incredibly sexy and incredibly devious smile in return and my heart thudded loudly in my chest. *Oh boy!*

Edward thanked the Concierge and we made our way across the lobby to the elevators that lead to the rooms in the towers. Once we got on the elevator and the doors closed, you could immediately feel the electricity and the tension pulsating around us and the shit almost drove me mad. Edward stayed to the far side of the lift completely away from me with his fist clenched and his back pressed against the wall. His eyes were on me but his face held an almost pained expression. I asked him if he was okay and he responded by pointing to the ceiling of the elevator. I looked up in the direction where he was pointing and saw it. Facing me. Teasing me. Mocking me and keeping Edward away from me. A damn surveillance camera. I wanted to rip that son of a bitch out of the ceiling and burn it to pieces. *Goddamn stupid ass fucking camera!*

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I looked back at Edward and saw his ever-knowing smile plastered on his beautiful face. He knew exactly what the hell I was thinking. I laughed quietly to myself and took a few deep breaths to put my inner psycho bitch to bed. *Now is definitely not the time for you.* A few seconds later, the elevator stopped, the doors opened and my hand was instantly encased in Edward's. He pulled me along and we found our room at the end of the hall. Edward slid the card in the lock, waited for the light and opened the door. He gestured for me to enter and when I did my jaw hit the floor. The room was breathtaking but I suddenly didn't give a shit about its décor at the moment because Edward took that second to stand behind me, run his incredibly warm and strong hands down the length of my body from under my breast to the top of my thighs and place open mouth kisses along my neck and bare shoulders. *Would you give a shit about the room's color scheme at this moment? I didn't think so.*

I pressed my body further into him and moved my hips back and forth against his; enjoying the small groan that I heard from him. I moved my head to the left to give him better access to my neck but was disappointed when the heat of his body and mouth left mine. I turned around to see where he went and noticed that he was putting the 'DND' sign on the outer door handle. My stomach did another flip when I realized what was finally about to happen. *Yes!*

As he closed the door I walked up behind him and ran my hands up his back, over his shoulders and down his chest. When I started to unbutton his shirt he cut me off by grabbing my wrists, spinning me around to face him and pushing me against the wall. The force of the contact made one picture fall and shatter on the hardwood while a few more shook and dangled on their hook, but I didn't really give a damn at this moment. I was more enthralled with the animal that was in front of me. I've never seen Edward like this and I must say that I fucking loved it!

He placed both of my wrists in one of his massive hands and held them above my head. With his other, he tightly grabbed my waist and pulled my hips against his impossible to miss erection. I let my head fall back and hit the wall as I moaned at the contact. I felt Edward lean over me then and I opened my eyes. When I did, I was blessed with the sight of true beauty. He was staring at me with obvious lust, but even that couldn't compete with the love that present

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in those impossibly beautiful eyes of his. I felt like I was melting under his gaze and my skin burned wherever he touched me. It was like I was about to combust and Edward was just stoking the flame.

"I love you," he whispered.

I felt my eyes sting and I knew that I was close to crying. "I love you so much it hurts." I said. He smiled a big, toothy smile against my lips before he kissed me like only Edward could. It started off slow and sensual and romantic, but that quickly changed when I sucked his bottom lip into my mouth. He moaned against my lips and opened his mouth to me and when our tongues touched, it was like all Hell broke loose. All the built up frustration over the past few weeks erupted from within us and we attacked each other with abandon. His body literally planted mine against the wall and I felt every line and indent of his gorgeous masterpiece as it did. I sucked his tongue into his mouth and did to it what I wanted to do to his cock for the longest time. He released my wrists from above my head and grabbed both of my hips in his hands as he lifted me off my feet. My hands immediately went to his hair and I grabbed a fistful, loving the growl that I got out of him. He wrapped one arm around my waist and the other around my ass. I tried to wrap my legs around him, but my dress prevented me. He sensed the problem and set me back on my feet.

He then turned me around and placed my hands on the wall in front of me. Ever so slowly, he ran his hands over my body, from my neck, over my breast, down my stomach, across my hips and down to the top of my inner thighs. My legs felt like Jell-O and once again my stomach was doing fucking cartwheels.

"Please, Edward. Why are you teasing me?" He moved closer to me to where his body was just a few inches away from mine and all I felt was the heat emanating off of him. He leaned down and licked my ear before sucking the lobe into his mouth. "Payback," he whispered. I knew I heard a smile in his voice and that's when I realized my ass was in trouble.

Gulp!

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"You do remember don't you?" he asked as he slowly lifted the hem of my dress and bunched it in his hands. "You and Rose teasing me and Emmett. You and Rose kissing in front of us. You looking so teasingly delicious all the fucking time. Did you honestly think I forgot about that?" He had the bottom of the dress above my hips now and all you could see was the white satin thong and stilettos that I wore. I heard him mumble something under his breath as I tried to calm my erratic breathing. He slowly moved his hand across my ass and fisted the thong in his hand. He then leaned his head down and began kissing my neck. His tongue flicked out as he began to suck the sensitive spot behind my left ear while suddenly, without warning, he ripped my thong from my body and threw it on the floor in front of me. A noise that sounded like a combination of a gasp and a moan escaped me and my heart was pounding like it wanted to escape from my chest.

With my ass fully exposed to him, Edward ran his hands over me, covering every inch of uncovered skin. He forcefully grabbed my ass with one hand while the other snaked around to the front of me and barely grazed where I wanted his hands the most. "Fucking beautiful," he whispered. "Now tell me. How the Hell do we get this dress off of you?"

It took all I had to realize that he was asking me a question, and now he wants a fucking response? What is he? Nuts?

"Ve...very carefully," I answered.

"As you wish," he chuckled as he slowly began to raise the garment over my head, kissing every inch of exposed skin. The sequined straps only caused us a little issue, but once the dress was off, I was left standing in nothing but my silver Manolo's, while Edward was still fully dressed. Oh this just will not do. I was about to say something when he turned me completely around, lifted me up by my hips and sucked one of my breasts into his mouth. I was finally able to wrap my legs around him and my dripping pussy came in contact with his tux clad erection.

"Oh cazzo, Bella! Fuck, fuck, fuck...", he panted. He trailed his hand across my shoulders, down my spine and over my tailbone until he reached my ass. His

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hand left a trail of goose bumps, which were all but forgotten when he grazed his fingers over my wet pussy from behind. He then brought his fingers to his mouth and licked off every trace of my juice. I moaned at the sight and felt myself become wetter.

"Sei così bagnata. So fucking wet and so fucking delicious."

Oh fuck! It's the Italian again!

Edward then kissed me as he placed me on the dresser. *What is it with this man and dressers?* He leaned me back so that my back came in contact with the cool wood and it felt good next to my heated skin. His mouth left mine and began to leave a trail of heat all over my body. He licked me everywhere his hands touched, finally stopping just below my bellybutton. He then spread my legs and placed one stiletto clad foot flat on the dresser and draped the other one over his shoulder. Edward then placed his middle and second fingers at my entrance, moving them around in small circles, letting them become slick and moist. He was teasing me again and he knew that it was driving me insane. I bucked my hips towards his hand, but he just pulled back and stopped altogether. I groaned and shut my eyes in frustration and heard him laugh to himself. *Teasing, cocky bastard!*

"What do you want, Bella?" he asked in his increasingly husky voice as he slowly circled his tongue over my entrance and pinched my clit between his fingers. I clenched instantly and a loud moan escaped my mouth.

"That's not an answer. I asked you what...do...you...want?" He punctuated every word by sucking my clit between his lips.

"Oh God, Edward." I grabbed his hair to keep him in place and I slowly rode his face. He realized that was the only answer he was getting from me and began to eat me with his mouth and pleasure me with his hands. His tongue moved over and around my cunt, diving between the lips and flicking over my clit. I felt him draw my clit into his mouth and suck hard on it.

"Don't stop!" I shouted.

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"I wasn't planning on it," he growled.

His head moved back and forth as he blew, sucked and stroked my pussy. He placed one hand under my ass lifting me to his mouth, while the other one spread my lips open, giving his tongue the hole it desired. I thrust my hips again into his face, driving his tongue, mouth and nose against me. I wrapped his hair tighter around my fingers and Edward moaned against my clit as his tongue moved faster. His fingers dug into the cheek of my ass as I wrapped my legs tighter around him, holding his head to my wet cunt. He thrust his fingers deeper and harder into my pussy and I feel my stomach contract and my pussy clenching even tighter around his nimble fingers. His tongue began to move impossibly fast over my clit while his fingers twisted, slid and pumped into me.

"Vieni nella mia bocca, Bella. Cum!" He said as his fingers curve up and graze my g-spot.

My walls were pulsating around his fingers and the only things escaping me are moans and Edward's name. He leans back down and pinches my clit between his teeth one last time and that's when my orgasm erupts from my body.

"EDWARD!" I yell as I thrash on the dresser, driving his face deeper into me. He growls as he sucks the juice from my cunt, being sure to get every drop that escapes me. I arched my body up and back down continually, until I felt the last quivers of pleasure leave my body. My body felt like mush and my mind was spinning. I rode out my orgasm and felt like I was hyperventilating as he placed one last gentle kiss on my clit before slowly making his way back up my body. He licked my ribs, dipped his tongue into my bellybutton and kissed under my breast.

Once he reached my breasts, he grabbed them both in his hands and gently squeezed them, gazing at them with reverence. He then ran his thumb across one of the nipples and watched it pucker in response. He did the same with the other and all I did was lay there and watched as this man loved me. He pulled one of the nipples into his mouth and sucked fiercely as his hand worked the other breast. I threw my head back again and bit back my moan as his teeth

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gently grazed me. He switched breast to give the other one equal attention and kissed his way back up to my lips.

His kiss was forceful and passionate. His tongue slid into my mouth and I tasted myself on him. I again sucked on his tongue and was suddenly determined to do what I have wanted to do for a while now. I slowed the kiss down to a sensual crawl and he pulled me closer to him. When I realized that he was still fully clothed, I decided to remedy that. I ran my hands over his shoulders and pushed off his jacket. I undid his bowtie and threw it on the lamp next to me. I reached around him and undid his cumber bun and that too fell on the floor. When I started to unbutton his shirt, Edward's hands began to slowly trail back up my thighs. I attempted to slow my breathing so that I could get this man naked and soon.

I pushed away from him to give me access to his shirt and tried to unbutton it, but my hands were trembling and my mind was trying to concentrate on this task while trying to ignore what his fingers were currently doing to my clit.
Im-fucking-possible!

He noticed the little issue I was having and moved his hands from me. I groaned in disapproval but immediately shut the hell up when I saw what he did next. He fisted both sides of his shirt in his hands and ripped the damn thing off of his body. Buttons flew across the room tinkling as they came in contact with wood and metal, but all I could focus on was the shirtless deity that was standing in front of me. My eyes ran over every inch of him and the more I looked, the wetter I became. His hair was disarrayed... *of course*, his eyes were far surpass their original Emerald color and looked more Forrest or Hunter. His lips were full, red and swollen...and *smirking*. His shoulders and chest were broad, muscular and covered in a light sheen of sweat. His abs were cut and contracting and releasing under the force of his breathing and they lead to his delicious looking 'V' that trailed down and ended with the bulging jewel that was currently covered by his tuxedo pants. I have to taste him. ALL of him!

"Enjoying the view?" he asked.

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"Immensely," I pulled him closer to me and when our skin touched, a surge shot through me and I bucked my hips into him. He hissed at the contact and brought his lips down to mine.

"I love you, Isabella," he whispered. My heart swelled again from this man's passion and love that he had for me and I wanted to make him feel just as loved and wanted.

"I love you too, Edward," I said as I kissed his neck. "And I want to try something," I added.

"Anything, Love. Just name it," he said. Here goes nothing...

"Voglio succhiare il tuo cazzo," I said and...he froze. *Oh boy...*

"What?...How did you...? When did you learn Italian?" He asked with apparent shock and awe in his voice.

"I thought I'd surprise you. You don't mind do you?"

"No. I don't mind. Just a little...shocked. That's all," he said, "And Bella, you don't have to do this, Love," he added.

"I know I don't *have* to. I *want* to and I'm *going* to. It's been on my mind for a while now..."

"But Bel-,"

"Voglio...succhiare...il...tuo...cazzo, Edward," I enunciated each word as I pushed him away and hopped down off of the dresser. My legs still felt weak and it took a lot of concentration not to fall and bust my ass. I slowly walked over to him and grabbed him by his shoulders and pushed him backwards. He turned and looked behind him and saw that I was leading him over to the chaise at the foot of the bed. With one final push, the backs of his knees hit the edge of the chair and he fell. I took this as my chance and moved closer and stood above him with my legs straddling his. I slowly ran my hands through

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my hair and removed all the pins and clips, dropping them on the floor at will. Once all the pins were removed, I shook out my hair and felt the brown ringlets caress my back, shoulders and chest.

"Sei così bella," he whispered. I moved my hands from my hair, down my neck, over my breast, past my stomach and stopped right at the tip of my entrance. His eyes followed my hand and when he saw where they were headed, he bit his bottom lip between his teeth and clinched his hands into fists. He shot his head up and looked me in my eyes and when our eyes connected, I plunged my fingers into my pussy and moaned loudly.

Edward's head dropped back onto the back of the chaise and the moan he was trying to conceal escaped with abandon. I continued to pleasure myself and moaned his name with each contact my thumb made with my clit. Apparently Edward couldn't take anymore and he grabbed me around my waist and placed me on his lap, straddling him. My heated center once again grazed his erection and this time, he pushed forcefully into me making me cry out at the sensation. He then took my hand that was covered in my own juices and sucked my fingers into his mouth, moaning at the taste. I was so overcome with lust, I hopped off of his lap, knelt between his legs and grazed erection through his pants. He cursed through clenched teeth and that was all the incentive I needed.

I leaned in and licked his chest and abs and pulled one of his erect nipples into my mouth. My Love moaned in pleasure and quickly as I could, I unfastened his belt, let the zipper down and reached into his open pants. I curled my fingers around him and could hear his sharp indrawn breath as I squeezed him. I then trailed my fingertips up his length, savoring his heat and feeling the contours of his cock. He stroked my hair with the palm of his hand before wrapping the ends around his fist. His other hand had a death grip on the arm of the chair.

"Take it out, please," he said. His voice was a harsh husky whisper. One that I'd never heard before. I slid his long cock out through the vent in his briefs and was stunned into silence. I was up close and personal now and I studied the perfection of its shape, the ridge that ran the length of him and the contour of his head. I kissed it, slowly opening my mouth to take the head of him inside

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and running my tongue around the very tip of him. He tasted fucking delicious and I wanted more. I moaned around his cock at the taste of him and heard him exhale a long jagged breath.

"Succhia il mio cazzo,succhialo."

That was all the encouragement I needed. I began to tease the head of his cock, stroking it with the tip of my tongue, closing my lips around it. I began to take more of him into my mouth, curling my tongue around the shaft and teasing the ridge at its underside. My head rose up and down in his lap, in time with the sound of his breathing and each time I dropped my head over him I took more of him into my mouth, sucking harder on him. I knew that my slow and steady pace was teasing him when his breath caught in his throat and he closed his fist tighter in my hair.

A low, animal sound escaped from him and I wanted to hear it again. I worked at him harder and faster and he began to thrust upward into my mouth. I loved seeing him lose all abandon and wanted nothing more than to have him fuck my mouth. I greedily took him deeper, making sure not to gag and sucked on him eagerly. In the large expanse of the room, Edward's grunts and groans bounced off the walls and loud, lustful moans escaped me as well. Knowing that I was pleasing him like this was a feeling like no other. *I am Bella the Lion Tamer. Watch how I tame this beautiful beast!*

All at once, he tugged on my hair, grabbed my shoulders and pulled me off of him. I grabbed at his thighs, wanting more, but he was having none of that.

"Get up there," he said in the deepest voice that I have ever heard.

"But -,"

"Now!" *Holy shit that's hot!* I slowly stood up and he quickly followed. Soon, he was out of his clothes faster that I could even blink.

Superman has nothing on a horny Edward Cullen!

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Edward sat back down on the chair and pulled me onto his lap. He trailed his deliciously hot hands from my neck, down my breast and over my stomach; not stopping until his fingers stroked my wet, hot folds. I let out a long wail of pleasure as he touched me and left open mouth kisses along the back of my neck and shoulders. He again began to tease my pussy with his skilled fingers and I ground my ass into his crotch.

"Want that?" he growled. "You want me to fuck you?" I made some sort of sound that I didn't even recognize as I tried to move on his hand while grinding harder onto his cock. But he moved his hand away.

"You better answer me. Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes!"

"Tell me,"

"Scopami!" I yelled. I heard his breath catch again at my use of the Italian word and I smiled a little. He grabbed my ass in both hands and lifted me up over him. Slowly, ever so fucking slowly, he lowered me down onto his dick and I shuddered and we both moaned each other's name and a slew of profanities. When he was fully encased inside of me, we froze for a second and just reveled in what each other felt like. I pressed my bare back against his naked chest and he groaned at the new angle. Seconds later he gripped my ass tighter and began lifting me up and down his erection.

"Oh God," I moaned.

"La tua figa è così bagnata. So...so...wet," he moaned. I moved my legs to the outside of his and started riding him harder. He bucked his hips up to meet my thrusts as one of his hands rubbed my clit while the other held on to my hip. I arched my back and clenched around him as waves of pleasure began to erupt over my body.

"You like that?" he asked.

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"Oh God yes," I moaned as my head dropped back against his shoulder.

"So fucking tight. Oh God, Bella." He grabbed my thighs and spread my legs so that I was spread eagle on his lap. He place on leg on one end of the chair and the other leg over the armed edge so that I was in a 'split' position, and began pumping in me harder and faster. This new position left nothing to the imagination and he hit every known crevice inside of me. His dick felt like it was made for me and me alone as he filled me to the hilt. I bent forward and placed my hands on his knees and with the power and length of his thrusts; I knew that he would soon hit my g-spot. And that he did!

"OH FUCK!" I yelled. Chills and goose bumps ran over my body as I clenched my pussy around him and rode him with as much force I had in me.

"Yes!" he yelled. "Ride me." He slapped my thigh. "Make me come!"

The slap on my thigh made my clit twitch and I met his thrusts with increasing force, moaning his name loudly as his cock drove deeper and deeper into me. My name fell from Edward's lips over and over again as in prayer and I knew he was going to come soon. I dug my nails deeper into his thighs, earning another delicious growl from him and bucked back onto him harder. His grip on my hips tightened and his cock grew impossibly harder in me.

"Scopiamo insieme! Cum with me, Bella!" he yelled.

With one final pinch of my clit and one hard deep thrust, I came with as much force as I ever have. The orgasm was so powerful and seemed never-ending. I arched my back and rose up and down his length, unleashing an animal-like shriek as he forcefully brought me back onto his cock, driving it all the way into me. He then waited those very long seconds for me to come back before he began fucking me again in earnest even as the aftershocks of my climax shuddered through me. My pussy was still clenching spasmodically around him as his final thrusts impaled me a little more slowly than before, but just as forcefully.

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Finally, a choked cry came from him first, and then a long, loud shout rang in her ears as he emptied in me. He grazed my neck with his teeth as his body shuddered and his cock twitched inside of me until it was completely empty. He leaned back in the chair and pulled me back against him. His warm chest stuck against my sweat soaked back as it rose and fell in rhythm with my breathing.

We sat there in silence, not needing any words at the moment. His hands began leaving trails along my ribs and over my breast and I let a small moan escape my mouth. At the sound of my moan, his cock, which was still buried inside of me twitched and I laughed.

"What's so funny?" he asked against my ear, causing a shiver to run down my body.

"Absolutely nothing," I said as I slowly moved my hips in a small circle.

"Are you trying to kill me?" he groaned.

"Wasn't planning on it. Why? What's the matter?" I asked.

"Don't play that innocent crap with me. I know your ass too well."

"Really? Says the man who didn't know that I learned a few important Italian words," I laughed.

"This is true," he conceded, "What else do you know?" he asked.

"A little this. A little that." He turned me around so that I was facing him and looked me square in my brown eyes with his still dark green ones. Once again I was blown away by the love that was so evident there, that I was surprised I didn't notice it before. My eyes began to sting again when I remembered that that love was all for me.

"Ti amo,." he whispered and gently grazed my cheek. A calm wave suddenly crashed over me and with all the confidence in the world, I answered him back.

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"Ti amo tu." He kissed me then and this kiss was sweet, romantic and sensual. He turned me fully around so that I was facing him and straddling his waist. He was still inside me and hardening by the second. As I began to slowly move over him, Edward stood up and walked us around to the unused king size bed and laid us down in the middle. We made love then and it was long and passionate. There was no rush to the finish line, just him and I getting to know each other's bodies again over and over and over. We said 'I love you' more times than I could count and finally around dawn, fell asleep in each other's arms.

I hated this bet at first, but I think that without it, I wouldn't have had the chance to get to know Edward the Man, only Edward the Body. I was so closed off from love that I wasn't truly sure if I would have given him a chance to love me and me to love him in return. Luckily I did and I really love the end result.

God I loved that fucking bet!

Author's Note #2:

Translations:

Regular = Italian ***Bold/Italic*** = *English*

"Oh cazzo, Bella!" (***Oh fuck, Bella***)

"Sei così bagnata" (***You're so wet***)

"Vieni nella mia bocca, Bella" (***Cum in my mouth, Bella***)

"Voglio succhiare il tuo cazzo" (***I want to suck your dick***)

"Sei così bella." (***You're so beautiful***)

"Sei così bella." (***You're so beautiful***)

"Succhia il mio cazzo,succhialo," (***Suck my dick, suck it***)

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"Scopami!" (*Fuck me!*)

"La tua figa è così bagnata" (*You're pussy is so wet*)

"Scopiamo insieme" (*Cum with me*)

"Ti amo" (*I love you*)

I'm so happy that you guys liked their "I Love Yous" and for those of you who cried...I did too. Woo hoo for all the saps! Lol. You all asked for James right? Well, the drama and much more is coming up and I hope you all stay tuned.

Later people,

Nicole

**PS: WE MADE IT TO OVER 600 REVIEWS! WOO HOO! Thank you!
Thank you! Thank you!**

I love you guys about as much as I love "The Vampire Diaries". (Oh, I still love Edward. I'm just broadening my hot vampire horizons.)

Your Guardian Angel

Disclaimer: I still suck cause I don't own. But I digress.

Author's Note: I'm glad you guys enjoyed their lemony reunion and EVERY review made me smile or laugh. I swear you guys are the BEST. Here's the long awaited chapter 18 and it's a roller coaster. As always, title song is on the **Blogger** playlist. (Song really fits Edward when then moment arrives towards the end of the chapter.)

WARNING! Two lemons in this chapter. Hope they're ok! Rated 'M' for a reason... ;)

"Your Guardian Angel"

*I will never let you fall
I'll stand up with you forever
I'll be there for you through it all
Even if saving you sends me to heaven*

Bella POV:

Knock knock knock

Whoever is at that damn door at this godforsaken hour shall be impaled on a spick and burned slowly with a cattle prod. What? I'm not a morning person. So sue me.

Knock knock knock

Ugh! Why won't they go away? Is it too much to ask to be able to lie in a glorious king sized bed on what has *got* to be 600 thread-count sheets, in a five-star hotel next to the most amazingly beautiful, sexy, intelligent, talented, warm-hearted, heart-stopping man that I have ever laid my eyes on, who just so happens to love me and can do some positively illegal things with his tongue? I

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mean come on! Where's the fucking justice?

"Room service."

What? Room service? Who the hell ordered room service at seven-thirty in the morning?

I glanced down at my sleeping angel and felt my heart thud loudly in my chest as a huge smile spread across my face. Edward's body was so entangled with mine that it was hard to determine where I ended and he began. His head was placed on my chest and I could feel his warm breath ghost across my skin on his every exhale. His arms were clutched tightly around my waist, his long legs were interlocked with mine and his kissable chest was pressed firmly against my stomach. And did I forget to mention that there was a very prominent something else pressed against my thighs? Yeah. Can't go there at the moment.

Goddamn stupid ass bellboy!

I gently ran my hands through Edward's baby soft bronze locks and watched as a small smile graced his beautiful face.

God I love this man.

I, with a lot of effort might I add, reluctantly extracted myself from Edward's embrace, threw on one of those robes supplied by the hotel that you know you want to steal but your damn conscience gets to you every damn time (at least mine does) and begrudgingly answered the door. This better be some good ass fucking food to make me leave that bed!

"Yes," I exhaled as I threw open the door. I immediately felt bad when the look on the poor guy's face went from 'God I hate my job' to 'holy shit! I pissed off the misses'.

"Here's your order Mrs. Cullen. Your husband requested it when he checked you in last night. He also requested a morning bag from the spa, which includes a toothbrush, hairbrush, comb and other necessities," he said.

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I just stood there. Shocked as all Hell. Did he just call me Mrs. Cullen? Did he just say that my 'husband' requested this at check-in? Did Edwa...No! Really? I mean, we *just* said 'I love you' to each other no less than twelve hours ago. He could not possibly be thinking this already. I mean I know I have. Shit, thanks to Alice, I already have the color scheme picked out and everything. But no, we're not ready. It's just too damn early.

If it's too damn early then why in the Hell do you have a huge ass smile on your face?

Uh....

Yeah. Right. Early my ass! You know you want to marry that man and you'd be stupid not too.

Uh...

This is getting us nowhere. Answer the damn bellboy because I'm pretty sure you look like you should be tied up in one of those pretty white shirts with the buckles in the back.

Right. Bellboy. Got it.

"Um...thanks. Sorry about the spazzing."

"No problem Mrs. Cullen. Is there anything else I can get for you?"

Yeah, how about a defibrillator to start my heart since it stops every time you call me Mrs. Cullen!

Mmmm. Mrs. Edward Cullen. Mrs. Isabella Cullen. Mr. & Mrs. Edward Cullen. Isabella Swan Cullen. Mrs...

"Miss?"

"Oh shit. Right. Sorry. What was the question?" I am such a fucking spaz.

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"Is there anything else that you need?" he chuckled.

"Um. Yeah. Could you bring up today's paper in about half an hour? My *husband* likes to read it in the morning." Oh My God! Did I just admit that? And why in the blue hell did it feel so goddamn good to refer to Edward as my husband?

Do I really need to answer that question?

Um...no?

Thought not

"Sure miss. We'll have it sent up. Will there be anything else?" he asked.

"No, that'll be all," I said. "Thank you so much," I looked at his nametag to see what his name was so that I could properly address him and cringed at what I read, "James. I appreciate it so much." I proceeded to give him a tip and quickly closed the door. Of all the bellboys, in all of the hotels in all of the world, why in the HELL did I have to get one named James? I cringed at the thought. I am so not ready to visit that drama any time in the near future.

Attempting to remove myself from my quickening morose mood, I strolled over to the cart where the delicious smelling food lay and waiting. I pulled off the beautifully polished lids from the platter and may have let a small squeak/ moan out. What? I'm hungry as hell and was so nervous at the ball last night that I hardly ate. Plus, the Greek God still asleep in the bed gave my body such a workout and put me in so many positions that even that Pilates loving bitch Gwyneth Paltrow would be jealous. So as you can imagine, more than a few calories were burned...not that I'm complaining or anything. I shivered in pleasure as memories of last night flooded my brain and a shiver ran down my spine. *The things that man can do with his...*

"When I grow up.

I wanna be famous.

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Wanna be a star.

Wanna be in movies"

I swear that sprite has some type of cock block ESP! Poor Jasper. "Yes, Alice?" I looked back over at the bed at Edward and wanted to climb back in. He had turned over on his back and sprawled his arms out across the bed, exposing his chest, abs and very prominent morning wood.

You're talking to Alice. You're talking to Alice. You're talking to Alice!

I walked over to the patio door in an attempt to continue my conversation with Alice and remove my thoughts of molesting Edward in his sleep out of my head when I saw Edward move his right hand back and forth across the bed where I was laying before. A serious expression graced his face for a moment before it was replaced with his pout. He then just turned back over on his side, grabbed my pillow and pulled it close to his body. Ok. If that shit doesn't make you fall more in love with him then I don't know what the hell would! He was searching for me. In his *sleep!* Gah! Why the hell am I on the phone with Alice again?

"Bella? Bella? Goddamnit are you ignoring me?" yelled Alice.

"Jesus Christ you black-haired Energizer Bunny. Calm the hell down. Yes I'm here. What is it and why in the hell are you calling me so damn early?" I mean seriously. Hello? It's not even eight yet for Christ's sake!"

"I missed you and I wanted to know how the rest of the date was and when will you guys be home," she said.

"I told her not to call you, Bella, but she never seems to listen to me anymore once I put that damn ring on her finger!" yelled Jasper.

"Shut it, Jasper. We are NOT having that conversation right now," Alice spat. Ok. So, trouble in engagement town I see.

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"Um. Alice? Dear? I love that fact that you miss me and honestly I miss you too. Edward is still asleep and our food was just sent up from room service. I promise that once we get ourselves situated, we'll be home and I'll spill all the raunchy details about my sex life with your *brother*. And don't blame me if you'll need counseling from picturing him naked so much once I'm done with you. Ok?"

"Ok, Bells," she giggled. "And thanks. I'll see you in a few hours. Love you," she added.

"Love you too, Alice." I hung up my phone and the minute it left my hands, a familiar electric rumble ran throughout my entire body. *He's awake!* It's amazing as Hell. I can feel him and not even *feel* him. It's a little disconcerting and comforting at the same time. I've known this man for less than a month, but already I *know* him, you know? More than I know anyone else and that includes my parents, Jake, Angela and even Rosalie. Every fiber of my being craves this man, mind, body and soul. I knew from the moment we had the dinner some weeks ago at the apartment when the family was there that I would never get enough of Edward Cullen. And man does it pay to be right! Not that I'm bragging or anything

Bitch please. If Edward Cullen was all mine and loved me back I'd shout it from the mountaintops!

True. Ok, so I'm bragging...and God do I love it!

My breath was immediately caught in my throat when I felt his warm lips place a gentle kiss on my exposed shoulder. His hands came up and removed the robe altogether, leaving me standing there naked and practically pressed up against the glass window. I turned around to look at him and knew that I must have done something right to be blessed with the man that was in front of me. His eyes locked on mine and I felt hypnotized by the intensity of his gaze. My breathing picked up and my chest was heaving at the strain and he'd only kissed me on my damn shoulder. Since when did I become so damn easy?

Since you fell in love.

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Oh yeah. That.

Edward stepped closer to me, pressing our bodies as close as possible and leaned down to kiss me. *Home*. That's the only word to describe kissing Edward. Ok so maybe there's amazing, terrific, sizzling, sensual, erotic, fantastic, fucking awesome (thanks for that one Emmett), perfect, sexy, wet-panty inducing (I'm pretty fond of that one actually) and many, many more. But there's something about 'home'. It just feels perfect and warm. It makes you feel safe and excites you to be there. Just liked Edward.

He opened his mouth slightly and when our tongues connected, it was like last night all over again and the floodgates opened, literally. I was dripping down my thighs and on to Edward's leg, which just so happened to be perched right between my legs. He raised his thigh to give me the friction that I craved at the moment and I threw my head back as a loud moan escaped me. Edward groaned in response and began attacking my neck and breast with his Gold Medal winning mouth. Seriously. Edward is like the Michael Phelps of Tongue and I'm so damn proud to be an American!

He began leaving a slick trail from between my breast and up to my ear with his tongue as one of his hands slowly trailed down my stomach and over my hips, not stopping til it reached it's destination...my clit. With two fingers, Edward gently pinched my clit and I gasped loudly, causing him to release his sexy, cocky chuckle. Speaking of sexy cocks...I reached down between us and grabbed his huge erection in my hands and squeezed it with force as I pumped. The growl that followed his sharp intake of breath brought on my own laugh as well. He looked me in the eye and saw the challenge in mine. He slowly nodded his acceptance, with his smirk still in place, and pushed two fingers deep inside me while his thumb made quick circles on my clit.

"Oh dear God, Edward," I moaned.

He picked up the pace and lifted one of my legs over his hip giving him a new angle. I leaned in and bit down on his shoulder to hold back the scream that I new was coming. He leaned forward and sucked on the spot below my ear before he brought my earlobe between his teeth. "Oh no you don't. I want to

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hear you. I want this whole fucking floor to hear you scream my name. I want them all to know that I am the one making you scream like this. Do you hear me, Isabella?"

"Shit! Edward, please. Fuck....oh...fuck me!" I yelled. Without any other words his hand was quickly removed and replaced with his cock as he thrustured inside of me.

"Fuck, Bella!"

"Oh god...fuck me Edward!" He pulled my other leg to wrap around him and turned us around so that his back was against the window. I placed one hand in Edward's hair and the other on the glass. My hand left steam streaks on the glass that reminded me of the scene from Titanic where Jack and Rose were getting it on in the truck and I got wetter at the sight.

"So fucking wet...God Bella...so...good," he moaned while thrusting non-stop. He grabbed one of my breasts between his lips and sucked on it fiercely. The pleasure/pain combo excited me like nothing else and I knew that I would be cumming soon. His grip tightened on my ass as his spread my cheeks and then squeezed them together, letting one finger slip between and rub my sex from behind. I could feel my walls clenching around his cock and could not hold out any longer. I grabbed the top of the patio door frame and began twisting my hips and push myself down on him. Edward leaned further back against the door and began thrusting in me eagerly. Sweat dripped from my chest and landed on Edward's lip, which he then licked off.

"Bella...I'm gonna...oh God..."

"Cum baby. Cum with me," I moaned. How I was able to speak a complete, albeit short, sentence I have no fucking clue. He pulled me down onto him forcefully. A few pumps later I was screaming Edward's name as my thighs gripped him tightly. My head was thrown back in passion as I rode out my mind-blowing orgasm to Edward's continuous pumping. Soon, his motions became stronger and faster and he released in me, moaning my name at the top of his lungs. He continued to move me above him as I milked his cock of every

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last delicious drop. Once he completely released in me, he stilled his motions and brought me down eye level to him, which inadvertently shoved his semi-erect cock deeper inside of me.

"Oh..." I moaned.

"I love you," he moaned before his lips attacked mine. I opened my mouth to welcome Edward's dominating tongue. I felt myself become aroused... *again* and knew that we needed to stop or we'd never leave this hotel.

And why is that a problem again? I mean, hello? Do you see what you're wrapped around at the moment?

"Wow. Just...fucking wow," I moaned.

"Bella I swear to God you are going to have to beat me off of you with a stick from now on." I laughed and he just looked at me like I was crazy. "I'm serious. You are my perfect brand of heroin and I need my fix...daily if possible," he said, with no hint of humor I should add. Gulp.

"Well if that's the case, then I will gladly be your dealer, supplier, pusher, whatever the hell you want to call it," I laughed. "I will be yours Edward Cullen. I already am yours." I placed my open palm on his face and gazed into those perfect Emeralds of his. He pressed his head harder against my palm before turning and placing a kiss in the center of my hand.

"I was yours from the day I walked into that restaurant and caught you in my arms," he whispered.

Swoon! Did I mention that I love him? If not, I do. Hm? I do. Has a nice ring to it. Ring? As in engagement ring? Guh! What am I doing? It's too soon for this and I am so jumping the motherfucking gun on this one.

Don't make me slap you!

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But you're my conscience. How could you...never mind I don't even want to know.

And let's keep it that way, shall we?

Yes ma'am.

Good. Now talk to the God that's currently calling your name since you spaced out again.

Oops.

"Ok. Where the hell did you just go?" he laughed.

"Nowhere. Just thinking about something the bellboy said earlier."

"Really? Do I want to know?" he asked as he raised his eyebrow.

Does he? I mean he's the one that actually said it first right? He should be fine with hearing this. No. I won't bring it up. It'll just freak him out which in turn will freak me out and nothing good will come of that. Right. So no telling him.

"The bellboy called me Mrs. Cullen when he brought up the food," I blurted out.

Fuck my life

Smooth move, Swan.

Oh shut up!

Oh so now she grows a backbone!

Ok. I'm officially tuning you out.

But I....

Cooking with Fire

See? Told ya!

"Bella? You've been quiet for a while now Love. Are you ok?" he asked. "I didn't mean for it to come out like that, but when it did it just felt right and I didn't correct the concierge when he said it and I know I should have and I'm so sorry that it upset you but please know that I love you and I meant no disrespect by it and one day I would love to actually-," I cut off his nervous rambling by crashing my lips to his and it was that exact moment that I realized that Edward Jr (Ok, so I can NEVER call my son that now thank you very much!) was still inside of me. The deeper the kiss got the harder Edward got and the louder I moaned.

"Bella, please I-,"

Knock, knock, knock

"Room service" Talk about fucked up timing. Must be a relation to Alice.

"Coming," I said and immediately blushed a little when I heard Edward laugh. Two can play this game Cullen. I clenched around him as I grabbed his shoulders and moved above him. He groaned in response and let his head hit the glass wall. Hard.

"Ow fuck!" he yelled.

"And that ends this little game." I kissed him again but pulled away before he could deepen it. "So are you going to let me down or what?" I asked.

"Do I have to?" he whined.

"If you want to see your family soon then yes," I laughed.

"So that's a 'no' then right?"

"Edward!" I gasped as I hit his arm. "I'm telling your mother."

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"And that killed that moment. Oh look, hard-on go bye bye. Thanks for that," he groaned.

I laughed at him as he let me down and he scowled at me. He's so damn cute.

"I'll make it up later, Love. I promise. Alice and Rose will probably bitch but I don't care," I said as I put on my robe to answer the door with the forgotten bellboy.

"I'll hold you to that," he said as he kissed me and threw on his boxer briefs. It's a shame to cover up all that yummy. Oh well, there's always later on. Yay me!

Edward POV:

Oh my damn do I love that woman! I never knew that love could feel like this. I never knew that life could be like this. I never knew that *I* could be like this. Yet here I am, in love with the most wonderful woman on earth happy as a motherfucker...and still scared shitless...just a little shitless though. A safe amount. Nothing that'll warrant an intervention. I think it's safe to be scared when you fall in love. Hell, some people may even say it's smart. And before you ask, yes I am one of those people. Thank you.

I know that I'm not scared of Bella, but just being in love with her. Wait. That sounds really fucked up doesn't it? Let me rephrase. I'm afraid of not being enough for Bella, for her to be able to love me as much as I love her. Did that make sense? God I hope so cause I'm running on fumes here people.

When she told me that the bellboy called her Mrs. Cullen, I froze with joy and when I saw her drift off, it immediately went to fear. My world would literally end if Bella left me and that look that was on her face gave me that exact impression. When the concierge called her Mrs. Cullen, my ass beamed with joy. I ran through all types of ways to say her name with Cullen on the end and I loved every version. I know that I'll propose to Bella one day. But we just said I love you to each other *last night* and I'm pretty sure that even that was quick. So no. No proposals in the near future for us.

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If you say so Cullen.

Ugh! You again?

What? No love? Shameful.

Anyway...I love Isabella Swan. Plain and simple, and I will do *anything* in my power to make that woman happy. I will protect her until god forbid, my last breath escapes me, but if that were what it would take to keep my Love alive and safe, than so be it.

Oh yeah, did I mention that the sex was AMAZING! Cause it was. Amazing doesn't even cover it but my brain is so sex fried that that's all I can come up with. Emmett would be so proud. When Bella told me that she was 'protected' now and that we didn't need condoms anymore after we were both tested together I damn near did a back flip and my cock twitched with glee. It also twitched with something else that couldn't be taken care of at that point, but that's neither here nor there.

Once Bella and I reheated our breakfast in the microwave in the kitchen located in the room, we sat back and ate while we read the comics together. She read me my fave, 'Marmaduke' and I droned on her classics 'Peanuts' and 'Garfield', laughing the entire time. We were getting ready to leave, when I realized that I ripped my shirt in my haste to get stripped and make love to my beautiful, sexy, funny, charming, intelligent, ...ahem...girlfriend.

"You could wear your pants and bowtie and be my own personal 'Chip and Dales' dancer," she laughed. I want to push her off the bed and onto the floor. Is that wrong?

"Later, Love," I mumbled as I tried to figure out what the hell I was going to wear home. Just then, a blue and gold t-shirt with the hotel name and symbol landed in my face and brought me out of my brooding.

"Thanks, Bell. Where did you get this?"

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"When you were in the shower I called down to the lobby and got the number to the hotel spa. Then I called the spa and asked if they had any shirts and sweatpants that the guests can purchase. They did so I bought us some. I was not looking forward to wearing that dress home. Bad enough I still have to wear the damn shoes." I laughed as I leaned in and kissed my incredibly thoughtful and sexy girlfriend. Our tongues met and I forgot why I was even getting dressed in the first place. Right. Family.

Fucking Family...ok so not really. But you get the idea.

Once we were completely ready, we unfortunately left the hotel and headed back to the apartment. When we walked in the girl's apartment, *everyone* was there. Yippee. Fun times had by all (note the sarcasm).

"PAY THE FUCK UP AND GIVE ME MY TICKETS!" boomed Emmett.

You see? It's instances like this where I need to beg Rose not to hit him on the back of his head anymore. I swear to GOD that that is what the Hell is wrong with him!

"Dude. Indoor voice. You almost busted my damn eardrum!" yelled Jasper.

"Yes Emmett. Seriously! I swear you were raised in a barn...and now I feel really stupid saying that since I'm your mother. Ok, so stopping now before I dig myself a bigger hole that I'll want to crawl up and get drunk in," said Esme. She came over to me and kissed my cheek before squeezing the Hell out of Bella. Bella just hugged her back with just as much strength, getting a big laugh from my mom.

Just fell a little more...and loving every damn minute.

"So what did you two do last night?" asked Alice. Everyone else just stared at us while Esme and Rose started giggling like high school kids watching soft core porn for the first time. Bella and I just looked at each other then at the group before rolling our eyes at them and hugging each other tighter. It was actually kinda cute. Did I just say cute? Yeah it's official, I'm whipped. At least

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I'm not alone and Emmett's worse off than me so there.

"See? Look at that shit. I told you they were rubbing off on each other. Simultaneous eye rolls!" said Alice.

"They were rubbing off on each other alright," said Carlisle.

Wait. What?

"DAD!" I yelled.

"What? You can laugh at my 'Dr. Daddy' and I can't retaliate about you and Bella rubbing off on each other and...on second thought, I'm going to stop because that just became really weird," he said.

"You think?" I asked. If it weren't for the fact that I could damn near be his twin due to our appearance, I would swear that I was adopted. I used to think that it was Emmett, but now...not so much.

"Well I did some rubbing off too. And it was magical..." sighed Emmett.

"Yeah..." sighed Rose and Bella. I looked at Bella with my signature 'cocky smirk' as she calls it and raised an eyebrow at her in question. "What? It was," she said.

I just felt my love as well as my ego swell an immense amount just then and knew that I truly did not deserve this woman. But you see, I'm a selfish motherfucker and I'm not giving her up for anything so whether I deserve her or not, Isabella Swan is not going any damn where. I pulled her closer to me and wrapped my arms around her. I kissed her on the tip of her nose, her eyelids, her cheeks, her forehead, her chin and finally her mouth and felt her relax in my arms with a sigh. You couldn't knock the smile off my face with a sledgehammer right now even if you tried.

"Ok. You two are too cute and too damn disgusting," said Rose.

Cooking with Fire

"Jealous much?" asked Bella. Rose looked at Emmett with obvious love swimming in her eyes and wrapped her arms around him. Emmett just looked down at Rose and all you can see on the big bear's face is sparkly eyes, deep dimples and true adoration for his ladylove. I am so proud of my brother.

Whoa. Did I just say that? It was in my head and no one heard it so they cannot hold it against me. Ok. Good.

Rose turned back to look at Bella, "No Bella. Not jealous at all," she smiled.

"Good. That's just what I wanted to hear," Bella said as she winked at Rose

"And you call us disgusting," I mumbled then jumped and yelped when the minx next to me pinched my ass. Hard. Of course Emmett saw and now everyone the whole damn apartment laughed at me, even Bella. I pulled her flush against me not caring that we had an audience and brought her hips in direct contact with mine. I know she felt what was waiting for her and loved the glazed over look in her eyes. "You'll pay for that later."

"Looking forward to it," she moaned as she bit her bottom lip. Moaning Bella + Bella biting bottom lip = Edward with a really BIG problem. It's so sad that not even the knowledge that my parents are in the same room can bring it down.

"Ok. Would you two stop it? Jeez! You're worse now than you were before," wailed Alice.

"Well it's no thanks to you and that damn bet. I will NOT be doing that again!" said Bella.

"I don't think I could do that again," said Emmett.

"You couldn't pay me to do that again," I said.

"Wanna bet?" giggled Alice.

"NO!" we yelled.

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"Pansies."

"Says the Pixie whore who QUIT THE BET FIRST!" yelled Rose.

"What...I...we...but..." stammered Alice.

"Exactly!" yelled Rose and Bella. Yep. That shut her up. Only temporarily though. Let's be real, this IS Alice we're talking about here.

"Well whatever skanks. Which one of you won the bet anyway?" asked Alice.

"We did," yelled Rose and Bella.

Uh oh!

Bella POV:

"We did," yelled Rose and I.

Wait. What?

"And on that note kids, you're mother and I are out of here. We have some things to do," said Carlisle as he wrapped his arm around Esme's waist.

"I just bet you do!" said Emmett. He then began singing 'Dr. Feelgood' by Motley Crue and we could not help but laugh at Carlisle's blush. Aww, he's just as cute as Edward.

DO NOT go there. That is dangerous territory.

Ok. Moving on. To tease Carlisle some more for his 'rubbing off' jab he made at Edward and I, I started singing the rest of the song with Emmett and was soon joined by Edward and Jasper. I think Edward took extra pleasure in teasing his dad. I just took extra pleasure in seeing Edward sing and shake his delectable ass. Can this apartment be empty? Like NOW!

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Carlisle tried to reprimand us, but I could see from the glint in his eyes that he was secretly enjoying it. And my girl Esme was dancing right along with us and giving Carlisle his own private show, grinding on him like he had the Holy Grail in his jeans. Once the awkward moment of seeing them two dance like that was over and the singing was done, we all laughed at Carlisle's expression and his rose colored cheeks. When Esme said that she was going to make that song Carlisle's new ringtone on her phone, his blushing stopped and he was back to his smooth, handsome, Cary Grant self.

So *that's* where Edward gets it!

"Edward? Sorry to tell you this, but you are so not adopted," I whispered.

"You saw that too, huh? Yeah that just kind of sealed the deal for me," he laughed. I laughed as we all gave our good-byes to mom and da- Whoa! I mean Esme and Carlisle. When they left Alice pounced on us about the bet.

"Listen, when Edward and I left the dance floor and came back to the table, Emmett and Rose were already gone. Did they come back after we left?" I asked Alice. She shook her head no.

"Then that settles it. You guys lost because you left before the third date was over BEFORE we did," I said.

"Yes, but after that whole drunken night of the Mike incident, we revamped the rules and the stakes and they said that you were OUT if you left before the third date was over and since we ALL left before the date was over than we should all be out," said Rose.

"But Rosalie, that makes no sense. It's not who was out before the third date was over; it's who was out FIRST before the third date was over, like with Alice and Jasper. You and Emmett left the Ball before it ended *before* us; therefore Bella and I win," said my brainy man Edward. Rose and Emmett looked at Jasper and Alice. Jasper gave a quick nod and Alice looked at them with sympathy in her eyes.

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"Fuck!" they yelled.

"YES! I get \$500 bucks and tickets to anywhere in the world," I yelled as I did my happy dance. I glanced over at Rose and saw the evil Disney villain scowl. It was cute and vicious at the same damn time. Note to self: Sleep with one eye open for the rest of the week.

"And I get to have incredibly hot sex with my girlfriend! Again!" yelled Edward as he swooped me up in his arms and planted a hard, passionate kiss on my lips.

"Get a fucking room!" yelled Emmett.

"Give me our money and my plane tickets and I will," I laughed. He just glared at me as Rose rubbed his neck and placed small kisses on his face and neck. Aww. They are too cute. I'd tell my bitch that but she looks like she could bite my head off right about now so, yeah, I'm gonna hold off on that one if you don't mind.

"Do you have an idea for the costumes yet?" whispered Edward in my ear.

"Maybe. If we have the party here as planned, I already have Emmett covered," I laughed. I hadn't chosen Rose's yet because I was so paranoid by my 'Little Bo Peep' vision that that was all I could think about to keep from jumping you," I added.

"You weren't the only one. I was having a dream, more like a damn nightmare, that I was actually her...or in my case him. I even fell off the bed and hurt my ass. Jasper came in and had a fucking field day with that one." I laughed at him and he threw a glare at me. I pouted and gave him Alice's big puppy dog eyes and saw his will crumble in his eyes. I so just owned him.

"No more hanging out with Alice for you," he laughed.

"Babe? I live with her so that's going to be kind of difficult to achieve," I laughed.

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"Well then I guess I'll have to be around more. You know, to keep the bad influences away."

"Sure. Right. You're lucky I love you or else I wouldn't have fallen for such an 80's movie knock-off line," I said.

"*That* was an Edward Cullen original thank you very much," he said with mock hurt. Like I said, so damn cute.

"Are you two going to ignore us for the rest of the day or are you going to actually spend some time with us?" asked Emmett.

"Do we really have a choice?" I asked.

"That hurts Bells. I thought you loved your Big Bear?"

"I do Emmett. Thought about you the whole time I was gone," I laughed.

"Man Ed. Can't satisfy your woman so she has to fantasize about your older brother. That must burn man. I'm sorry. But just a side note...it's the dimples. The ladies LOVE the dimples. Get yourself a big set of these and your home free," He said while trying to hold in his impending laughter.

"Well, Em I may not have a big set of dimples but I do have a big -," he started.

"EDWARD!" I yelled. The room broke out in laughter and Emmett and Jasper were rolling on the floor. Alice was sitting there with her mouth hanging open and Rose was just shaking her head back and forth.

"What? I was going to say brain."

I just shook my head at my sexy but suddenly juvenile lover and plopped on the couch next to Alice and Rose. They both looked at me before they each laid their head on an opposite shoulder. I felt so much love coming off of these two that it actually made me want to cry. I also felt a dull ache in my chest from being separated from Edward. I looked up and saw a hint of sadness in his

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eyes. I REALLY wanted to be in his arms right now, but my girls needed me too and for the first time, I had no idea what to do. Edward must have sensed my struggle. He gave me a reassuring smile and went and sat on the other couch with the guys. The dull ache just turned into a slightly painful throb. I attempted to ignore it and asked Alice to find something to watch since the remote was already in her hand. She turned to *TNT* and we started to watch the beginning of a *CSI: New York* marathon. Mac Taylor fucking rocks.

Thirty minutes into the second episode, I could feel my Love's eyes on me. My body instinctually reacted as my nipples hardened and the pit of my stomach flopped in anticipation. With the painful throb in my heart ebbed, I chanced a glance at my Edward and man was I ever glad I did. His eyes were piercing me, burning me deep down to my very soul. His mouth was slightly open and his chest is slightly heaving with each intake of air. His hands were clenched in those sexy ass fists of his and I was going mad. I looked back up at his eyes and noticed that they were darting from my mouth and back to my eyes. I was done. That's it. I motioned to the door with my eyes and was greeted with one of those beautiful smiles of his. I mouthed 'your place' to him to which he nodded his head and rose from the couch.

"Well guys, we'll see you later," Edward said as he came over and grabbed my hand. When Jasper and Emmett saw us heading from the front door, they groaned about sleeping there tonight to which Rose and Alice replied and I quote 'Yippee'. Wow.

We got to Edward's door and he couldn't get the damn key in fast enough. When he finally got the door open, he threw me over his shoulder and headed for his bathroom. Yes! Caveward is back !

When we got to the bathroom, he set me on the floor and immediately started kissing me. My hands instinctively wrapped in his hair and I pulled hard, earning my absolute favorite sound in the world, Edward's growl. His growl spurred my moan, which made him groan. In a flash of flying hands and arms, we were naked and smiling like fools. He opened the glass shower door and turned on the water, adjusting it to the right temperature. When he was satisfied that the water was ok, he pulled me in with him and closed the door. In the

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shower Edward's smell was intensified by a thousand. It was pure concentrated Edward Cullen and it was making my head spin.

Edward walked over to me and spun me around so that he was behind me. One hand was kneading my breast like the finest of dough while the other was making slow circles on my hip. I grinded my ass into his already hard cock hearing Edward's emitted groan bounce off the bathroom walls. Suddenly his hand made a slow trail all the way down to my center and he began making teasingly slow circles around my lips. I groaned in frustration only to receive a slap on my thigh. The sensation went straight to my clit and I bit back my moan.

"I was thinking," he began while slowly kneading my breast with both hands. "about making you come," he said as his hand slid down my abs again, but this time, there was no teasing. He went straight for my pussy and plunged two fingers into me and began pumping immediately. His thumb came out to stroke my clit and I damn near came right then. "And then come again...and again and again," he said as he added another finger and continued his thrusting.

"What do say, Isabella? DO you want that? Do you want me to make you cum over and over again until you beg me to stop?" he growled as he licked and then bit down on my neck. Not hard enough to leave a mark, but hard enough to do it's intended purpose. I came with inhibition and screamed like a banshee. My body shuddered as Edward continued his thrusting and my already sensitive clit was being worked over again.

"Oh...Ed...Edward...fuck," I moaned.

"That's one, Love," he whispered.

"Oh God!" This man is going to kill me with orgasms. I would love to see what that obituary would look like.

"Put your left leg up on the bench," he demanded. Why did my clit twitch at the commanding sound of his voice?

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Cause you're a sick freak who just found out that she loves it rough.

Amen to that!

"Now, Isabella! Don't make me have to punish you," he commanded. Oh God. I know it's embarrassing but I think I might cum just by his voice alone. I placed my left leg up on the bench as Edward instructed. In this position, I was bent over facing the corner of the shower with my ass sticking up in the air. Oh the possibilities.....

Edward leaned over me and turned my head to face him. His kiss was passionate, intense and rough and I had a feeling that it would resemble what was about to happen to me. He trailed kisses from the back of my neck, down my spine to my tailbone, up over the sides to my ribs and down over my hips. He stopped and then suddenly I felt Edward down on his knees and holy fuck I knew what that meant. Edward placed hot, open mouth kisses all along my ass while running his fingers up and down my slit. He ran his hands up the back of my legs and over my ass, stopping to give it a nice firm tap. A combination moan/ squeal escaped me and my teasing God laughed at me. Of course he did.

"Edward I...Oh God! Fuck..." I yelled. I was about to tell him to stop teasing me when he twisted his back to be flush against the bench and attacked my pussy with his mouth. I looked down between my legs and all I saw was limbs and copper hair and that made me drip even more from my core. Edward's lips were attached to my clit while 'The Thrusty Three' as I have so lovingly dubbed them began expertly moving in and out of me. I sat up straight with my hands propped up on the shower wall and began to grind his face. He moaned into my clit and grabbed my ass tightly to hold me in place. With his fingers removed his tongue to over as he fucked me with his mouth. I'm looking down at him watching the whole thing unfold and the shit just seemed utterly surreal.

His lips and tongue started working me harder as he moved my hips back on forth on his face. I'm on the edge about the fall the fuck over when I look down again to see those damn gorgeous eyes looking at me and that's when I lose it.

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"HOLYSHITMOTHERFUCKERFUCK! EDWARD!..." I yelled as I ride out my biggest orgasm *ever* and continue to grind his face. My body is literally convulsing and I have to lock my knees to keep from keeling over. He continued to lick at suck on me, not relenting or letting me move a spare inch. My clit was so fucking sensitive right then that I whimpered at the contact of his tongue. He pulled away while again thrusting 'The Thrusty Three' deep within my core.

"That's two, Love. You up for anymore? I could do this all night."

"Ohhh...ed..Edward...I..I Can...I...oh God," I moaned.

"You what Bella? Can't take it? You can always tell me to stop," he says as his tongue traces the outline of my still sensitive clit.

"Fuck...," I cried out.

"It's up to you Bella. I could pull away right now and we could just climb in my bed and sleep, talk, or make love. Whatever you want," he said. He leaned forward a little more and placed an open mouth kiss on my clit while slowing his thrusts to give me time to respond. Do I want him to stop? OH HELL NO!

"You stop and you'll get none for a week," I growled. It's a shallow threat and he knew it. He won't stop and there's no way in hell I'm not having sex with him for a week.

"Bell, that would be punishing you too, Love. You sure you could handle it?" Suddenly he fiercely sucks my clit between his lips as his tongue flicks back and forth.

"Edwardddd,...oh fuck baby!" I yelled. He pulled away but replaced his tongue with his finger and starts moving them quickly back and forth.

"Ohhh...."

"See, Love? I told you. As if you could resist me."

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"Why don't you put that cocky mouth of yours to better use, Edward?" I moaned.

"That's my girl," he said before he placed his mouth back on me. Still grabbing my ass, he pulled me down in an almost seated position and had me ride his tongue and it was fucking glorious. I was clawing at the marble walls trying to find something to grasp on to but my hands came up empty. I looked back down and saw the bronze beacon of sexiness and wrapped my fingers through his hair. Edward growled against my pussy, launching me into my second biggest climax ever and only my third of the night so far. Was I ever glad the boys weren't there or what? It's going to be a long night.

*"I got a notion to say what doesn't feel right,
Got an answer in your story today.
It gave me a sign that didn't feel right, no.
So don't knock it, don't knock it, you've been here before.
So don't knock it, don't knock it, you've been here before."*

"Go away Caleb. Too early for this shit," I groaned as I hit his alarm clock.

"And since when do you refer to the lead singer of KOL by first name?" he asked.

"Since I'm not lame enough to call them KOL. It's King's of Leon babe. Get it right," I answered. "Love you," I added on the end with a laugh.

"Love you, too," he laughed. He huffed out a large breath and I think I saw the makings of a pout coming on. "I think we should be getting up.. It's 6:30 already and Emmett still needs to be let in."

"Why did that sound eerily like you were talking about a god?" I laughed. He cracked up laughing and just shook his head at me before leaning in and planting one on me. He went to deepen the kiss but I reminded him of our non-sex related responsibilities. He just groaned and told me that he was going to miss me today. I offered to pick him up at the station and take him to lunch and even let him drive the car. My man's face was that of a kid on Christmas

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morning and loved that I was the one that put it there. I agreed to meet him at the station at 12:30, gave him a proper kiss of 'later love' (our version of 'goodbye'), said about a hundred more 'I love you's' (and loving everyone) and headed down the hall to get ready for the day. I think I actually skipped, which is really sad because I make fun of skippers. Such is my life I guess.

When Emmett saw me enter the apartment, he gave me his knowing smile, winked and then left the apartment. *Not even going to go there.* I made my way in the shower, since the one last night wasn't really used for 'cleaning', dressed, ate breakfast with my stunning roomie Alice and left for work. When I got in I caught up with Angela. I told her about the Ball and that we finally said 'it'. She smacked me on the head for taking too damn long, but then threw her arms around me and began to cry. Ah yes. Pregnancy hormones. She asked when I leave for the trip and I reminded her that I leave tomorrow morning and that I would be back on Saturday.

"How's Edward taking it seeing as how you two just got together?"

"We haven't really talked about it since our second date in Boston, but I know he's taking it about as good as I am which is not good at all. I'm going to miss him like crazy Ang. Yesterday we were all in my apartment and I was only a few feet away from him when this emptiness set in over me. I just do not know how in the hell I'm going to deal without him for almost a week." Angela is the first person I told that to and even though it felt good to get it out, it didn't stop the tears from trying to form.

"Bella? Why don't you just ask him to come with you? I'm pretty sure that Bronze-haired bag of Skittles would say yes."

"Skittles? Really Ang? That's the best you could come up with?" I laughed.

"What? That's what I'm craving right now so shut up. Plus they're multi-flavored like he's multi-faceted, they're sweet and I'm pretty sure he's delicious." Well damn. That does work.

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"Thanks Ang. Although I think we should keep the Skittle analogy to ourselves." I laughed

"So what about it soon-to-be Auntie Bella. Why haven't you asked him to come with you?"

"We just became officially 'official' on Saturday night. I think it would be a little weird for me to go up to him and offer to kidnap him with me and go to France. He has his job, plus all of his family is here. I don't know Angela. I-,"

"Excuses. Every last word out of your mouth was a damn excuse. Yes you two became official on Saturday, but you two have been in love since he caught your ass in the dining hall and you know it! Do it Bella. I can guarantee you that he will not say no."

"Thanks mama. Eventhough it's last minute, I'll do it today when I pick him up for lunch," I said.

"Anytime. Now can we work? I have a pay check to earn and a baby to support soon," she laughed. And with that, we worked. We cooked our asses off, fed our pleasantly pleased and plumped patrons and soon I was on my way back to the apartment to pick up my car and drive to the Fire Station to ask the man that I love if he wanted to come to France with me for a week. Sure it's last minute, but that shouldn't matter. Right? I hopped in my car and was at Edward's Station in about ten minutes. I parked the car and walked around to the front, noticing Edward's favorite Engine 'Big Red'. I swear him and Emmett are big ass kids. Emmett's get paid to break stuff and spray it with a hose and Edward gets to ride in a fire truck. No wonder 5-year olds want to be Firemen when they grow up.

As I was running my hands over 'Big Red's' beautiful waxed finish thinking of drip inducing fantasies of my very own fireman, I received a text from him saying that he and Emmett are with their Captain and that he's literally minutes away. Minutes away. Yes! It's been too damn long since I last saw him. Yes, six hours is a long time.

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As I was looking at all of the nozzles and buttons on 'Red', I got the eerie feeling that I was being watched. I turned around and looked in both directions but didn't see anything, so I shook it off as nothing. I began to run my hands over the knobs on the truck and was suddenly pushed up against the side with one of my arms wrenched behind my back while a hand was placed over my mouth. I began to panic when the voice I heard made me want to vomit and kill a bitch at the same fucking time.

"My, my, my Isabella. You've gotten sexier since the last time we where together. I saw you Saturday at the ball, whoring all over Cullen. I'm a little disappointed in you Isabella. What would Papa Swan say if he saw you acting that way? Ladies should *not* act like that. But that's ok, once I get rid of Edward, you'll be mine again and I'll teach you how a lady should properly act," he cooed in my ear as he twisted my elbow further into my shoulder blades. I screamed against his hands but his fingers tightened around my mouth, nearly suffocating me. The sound of his voice sent violent chills down my spine, but nothing scared me more than the thought of him hurting Edward. I could never forgive myself if anything happened to him, because of me and my stupid ass decisions. I love Edward too much to see him hurt and if I have to go down protecting the man that I loved than so be it.

I could feel the determination set in my eyes while the adrenaline began pumping in my system. I wiggled my other hand that was pressed against the truck free and grabbed James' hand that was around my mouth. I pulled back on whatever finger I could find and bent it in the opposite direction until I heard a loud pop. James' wrenched his hand away from me and in that exact second I saw Emmett's helmet on the step of the truck. I grabbed it in my hand and with one good pull, swung it around and caught James across his left eye and cheek.

"You fucking bitch!" he bellowed.

"Stay the fuck away from Edward or I will kill you!" I screamed as I hit him on the same side of his face again, causing the gash to split further. I kicked him in his nuts and when he leaned over to grab himself, I took this as my chance to run for help. He grabbed my leg and slammed me down on the concrete slab,

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landing me on my side. James scurried on top of me and backslapped me across the face. All I saw was a blurry of white-hot pain and my eyes stubbornly clouded over with tears. I kicked and screamed and clawed to get him off of me, but nothing seemed to work. He leaned over to kiss me on my lips when I captured his bottom lip between my teeth and bit down hard, drawing blood. He yelled out in pain and raised his arm to punch me when I heard a loud growl as he was suddenly thrown across the room with a booming crash. The next second, I was in Edward's arms, as he frantically looked me over.

"Bella! Oh my God, Love. Are you ok?" I tried to tell him what happened, but my mouth was dry and my jaw hurt. I wanted to cry and scream but nothing came out. I tried to swallow a deep gulp of saliva to wet my throat and was only able to croak out one thing.

"James." Edward tensed immediately. He looked at James in the man-sized hole that was now formed in the wall and then back at me. I could see it in his eyes when it all clicked. Edward's face held the most feral and dangerous expression that I have ever seen and to tell you the truth, even I was a little afraid of him just then. Out of nowhere, he kissed me hard and this kiss did NOT feel right. It strangely felt like a good-bye and my heart thudded in pain at the idea. He stood and pulled me up with him, motioning for me to wait there for Emmett and Jake. Hearing this, James stirred, saw Edward standing there and took off in a shot. Edward kissed me one more time and I pleaded with him not to go. He untangled my hands from his shirt and I grabbed his hand and pulled him back to me.

"Edward? Baby please. Please don't do this. Let's just call the police. Please, Edward," I begged. I needed him like I needed air to breathe. I could not lose him.

"Are you kidding me with this, Isabella? I come in here and see him on you, *hurting* you, and you expect me not to do anything? You are my life Isabella Swan, and that motherfucker will die for putting his fucking hands on you again," he said. In a second later, faster than humanly possible, he was out of my sight.

"EDWARD!"

What I've Done

Disclaimer: Not mine, but I'm having a hell of a time making Edward do dirty, dirty things.

Author's Note: Ok, so don't harm Edward Cullen and don't make him have to wear an orange jumpsuit i.e. get him arrested! **POINT TAKEN!** You guys rock and I truly feel that 'CWF' has the best readers in all of Fan Fiction...and you probably want me to shut the hell up now so you can see the Edward/James confrontation, right? Fine, fine. You'll also hear some of the Bella/Jake back-story and sort of find out why he knew nothing of the Bella/James relationship. As always, song is on **Blogger** playlist. I hope you all enjoy, "What I've Done". (No pun intended)

" What I've Done"

Bella POV:

"Bella? Shit Bella, what the Hell is wrong?" I opened my eyes when I felt myself being picked up off of the cold, concrete floor of the fire station. Emmett was standing before me, looking at me with obvious concern in his eyes and it was all I could do to not break down and cry again. I needed to stop Edward and I needed Emmett's help. I don't know what Edward is capable of, but the feral look I saw in his eyes that was now permanently burnt in my memory, truly had me fearing the worst.

"Bella! What the Hell happened? Where's Edward?" asked Emmett.

I swallowed my cry and steeled myself. "He chased after James when he found him attacking me. Emm-,"

"WHAT?" yelled Jake. Where the hell did he come from?

"Why the fuck would James attack you?" asked Emmett.

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"You remember the story about the guy I dated right?" Emmett nodded looking confused. Suddenly, his body became rigid and his eyes narrowed. His nose began to flare and his fist clenched so tightly together that you could hear the skin strain against his bones.

"What? What the hell am I missing here?" asked Jake. Shit! I never told Jake this.

It's not like he was around enough to hear it anyways!

I don't have time for this. I need to stop Edward!

"Jake? Can't this wait? We need to stop Edward and I don't think th-,"

"No! Tell me now!" he yelled.

Whoa! Back the fuck up here...

"Who in the hell do you think you're talking too like that, Jacob? You lost the right to demand anything from me when you *abandoned* my ass when things got a little rough between you and Leah! You just fucking up and disappeared without a word to anyone, Jacob! No call. No letter. No nothing! Even your sisters Rebecca and Rachel had no idea where the fuck you were. Poor Billy drove my dad fucking crazy!

"Leah closed herself off and wouldn't even talk to me! I had no one Jake. No one! I felt alone and I guess James saw me as an easy target. He showed me attention and seemed to genuinely care for me and my dumb ass fell for his lies and bullshit. So I'm sorry if you feel left out of the loop *Jacob*, but right now I could really give a fuck!" I yelled.

How dare he demand anything from me? My so-called best friend up and leaves my ass out of the blue and I don't hear from him until months later after I already arrived in Paris? I tried to hold it in. To let it go. To remember him as my best friend and shield him as well as myself from the pain and anger I've felt towards him for over a year, but the moment he demanded anything from

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me was the moment I stopped caring about his feelings. He sure as hell didn't give a fuck about mine.

"Bells, I-," he started.

"Save it! We wasted enough time talking about this." I said. I turned to Emmett who was standing there giving Jacob a deadly glare while pacing across the floor. I put my hand on his shoulders to keep him from pacing and to get him to look at me.

"Emmett? We need to go and stop Edward." He looked me in the eye, nodded and asked which direction. I pointed in the way that him and James went in and felt my hand become encased in his larger one. He pulled me along with him and we took off. I heard footsteps behind us and turned to see Jacob right on my tail. Great!

We ran for a few minutes and my heart was attempting to thump out of my chest at the thought that we would not be able to catch Edward in time. Would he really kill James? Could he kill James? My inner ramblings were immediately brought to a halt when Emmett suddenly stopped. My eyes followed to where his landed and I simultaneously felt relief and sickness. Partially situated in the alley between a coffee shop and a pizza place was a bloodied and beaten James, propped up against the side of a building. His face looked a little distorted and he was holding his chest as well as his ribs as he spit blood from his mouth. I searched around for Edward and saw him talking to one of the four officers that had arrived on the scene, as well as someone else I didn't recognize. Just as Edward turned around, I saw the marks on his cheek and lip but really didn't give a shit once I realized that he was being placed in the back of one of the squad cars. That was when Emmett, Jake and I ran across the street to get to him as fast as we could.

"No! Wait!"

Oh God no!

Edward POV:

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I hated seeing Bella leave, but I knew that if she had stayed any longer, there would have been no way that either one of us was going to work today. But, a man can dream can't he? I made my way out of bed and quickly jumped in the shower. Once I was thoroughly scrubbed and smelling 'sinful' as Bella so lovingly phrases it, I got dressed and went to the kitchen to grab my coffee before heading to work. As I walked past Emmett's room, I banged on his door and told him to hurry his ass up. He told me to shove it and that's when I knew he was his normal, perky morning self. I laughed as I shook my head and made my way over to the coffee pot.

"What could you possibly be laughing at this early in the morning?" groaned Jasper.

"Emmett."

"Ah yes. Mr. Sunshine. I'm surprised he's even awake the way he and Rose went at it last night. Alice has to threaten to call Esme in order for her to get some sleep."

"Why am I not surprised?" I laughed. "So how's engaged life treating you?" I asked.

"It's ok I guess. Your sister is driving me fucking nuts with all the wedding plans. We haven't even set a date yet and it's 'Jasper we need this and Jasper we need that'. I swear sometimes I just want to stuff her little ass inside of a suitcase and ship her to Mexico somewhere." I almost choked on my coffee when he did his uncanny 'Alice' impersonation. I knew that Alice would go overboard because like I said before, she is Alice. But I also know that Jasper loves her deeply and would apparently put up with anything. My sister could not have done better.

"It'll be ok, man. Just keep saying to yourself *I love her. She is worth it. I will not be in the doghouse*," I laughed.

"Laugh it up, Cullen. Just wait until you're in my shoes with Bella. Then we'll see where your amazing sense of humor runs off too."

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"Jazz. Bella and I are nowhere near ready for that stage yet. It's crossed my mind more than once, but I don't think we're even close to that direction...although I would love to be," I trailed. "And anyway, we finally told each other that we loved one another two days ago and now all I can think about is her being gone for a week without me." I hated that she was leaving, but what in the hell was I supposed to do about it?

"Do you want to go with her?"

"Does Emmett have an inner-ear problem? Of course I want to go with her!"

"Can you?"

"Well yeah. I have time available and everything, but, wait Jasper, she never even asked and if you're expecting me to invite myself along then you have been sniffing too many paint fumes."

"Alright. Be a chicken shit. Go ahead and let her go to Paris and be a brooding, emo ass the entire time she's gone. But just let me warn you that Emmett and I will have no problems with kicking your ass if you get on our nerves," he said with a smile.

Well damn! Nice to know I'm loved so much.

"Tell me, Jasper. If Alice had to leave for a business trip for a week but didn't invite you, would you bring it up to her?"

"In a heartbeat. But that's just me. Maybe I'm just more of a man than you I guess." As he said this he began flexing his muscles and kissing his biceps. I smacked him in the back of the head and laughed when he glared at me and then flipped me off. Emmett came out of his room seconds later and we headed to the door.

"Later Groomzilla," I called.

"Bye chicken shit!" he yelled.

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Punk-ass!

"What was that all about?" Emmett asked as we made our way to the elevators.

"Alice is driving Jasper nuts with wedding stuff and apparently I'm a chicken shit because I won't ask Bella if I could come to Paris with her," I answered.

"Man if you go I am so going. I heard Paris clubs are some of the best in the world. I don't know about the food though. I mean-,"

"Emmett? I'm not going."

"But why not?" he whined. "We could all use a vacation, and I'm sure that Alice and Rose could get the time off. Hell, even Jasper could. Come on Edward. Just ask her."

"No."

"Edward," he whined.

"I said no, Emmett. I love her with all my heart, but I honestly don't know if she wants me to go. Wouldn't she have asked already if she did?" This conversation was really starting to piss me the fuck off and I was slowly heading down the river of denial, which flowed into the sea of depression. Does she want me to go? No. She would have asked me already if she did. Why the hell did I even have to bring this up?

Because you're a sick masochistic bastard who likes to brood and over think every damn thing.

Why did I even ask?

See answer above.

Grrrrrrrr!

Cooking with Fire

"Fine, Edward. But when I tell Rosie that you gave up the chance for her to go to Paris...no fuck that, when I tell *Alice* that you blew her chance to *shop* in *Paris*, you better sleep with one eye open and protect your family jewels," he warned with a damn pout. And I was so damn happy when I woke up this morning. I knew I should have just begged Bella to stay in bed with me all day.

I ignored Emmett's continuous Paris rant all the way until we made our way to the station. When we got there, the captain told us that we had a budget meeting with the Mayor and needed to be there by eight-thirty. I looked at my watch and saw that it was already a quarter til. The Captain, Emmett, Garrett and myself were heading for the van when I bumped into James. He started to apologize but when he saw that it was me, he planted a smug look on his face and just backed away. I didn't have time to over analyze his actions as I was pulled into the awaiting van. I'll worry about his ass later.

The budget meeting was going well, but we were already running late. I was supposed to meet Bella at the station at 12:30 and it was already ten after twelve. I was about to mention the time to Morgan, when Emmett's stomach growled loudly in the open space of the room. We were all quiet for a few before his rumbling laughter filled the room and everyone else's followed behind. The meeting was stopped then and we were all excused. Leave it to my brother's stomach to clear a room.

When I made it outside, I sent Bella a text letting her know that I was on my way and that I would be there shortly. I swear I couldn't get this van to drive there fast enough. Six hours is a long time with not seeing her.

Really? Well how does a week sound, Loverboy?

Oh would you shut up!

As I pulled the van around to the front, I saw Bella's sexy-ass Audi parked on the side and could feel my smile grow wider. Emmett just chuckled to himself shaking his head. I all but ran out of the van, even before I turned to engine off and made my way inside the station. I noticed that no one was in the main hall or up in the barracks. Strange. I walked around to the engine holding area and

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heard a muffled scream. I ran inside and saw someone's legs flailing around on the ground. I went to go help them up, and noticed James sitting on them about to kiss the person. Just then I heard a small groan again and that's when it hit me. Bella's scent. *My* Bella's scent.

Suddenly James yelled out and raised his fisted hand to hit her. My eyes glazed over with anger as I grabbed him by his neck and threw him across the room. He flipped once and landed hard against the main wall, leaving a man-sized hole in his path. In an instant I had Bella in my arms and checked her over to make sure that she was ok. Once I was done, I asked what the hell happened and when she only said that one word to me, it was all I needed to finally piece the fucking puzzle together. *That* was James. Bella's ex James. The fucker that beat her and tried to rape her! I hated myself for not figuring this shit out sooner and wanted with every fiber in my being to slowly kill him with my bare hands. To guarantee that his breath would never again be able to carry her name across his lips.

When I returned my glance back to Bella, I could tell that my facial expression scared her and that hurt me more than anything ever could. I never want her to be afraid of me, but I was unable to hide the anger and hatred that I had burning inside of me for the man that I plan on making meet his end in the very near future. So, I kissed her. I kissed her hard. I kissed her with everything that I was feeling for her at that moment. I had no fucking clue when I would be able to kiss her again and I wanted something to brand the feeling and the smell of her skin permanently against my lips. James began to stir, saw me sitting with Bella and then took off.

Oh fuck no!

Not wanting James to get too far away, I stood us up and told her to wait here for either Emmett or Jake. I kissed her once more and tried to keep my heart from breaking any more than it already was from her pleadings for me to stay. I grabbed her hands and brought them to my mouth. I kissed them on more time and placed them at her sides. As I turned to leave, she grabbed my hands again and pulled me to her. The sadness and fear in her eyes almost killed my resolve but the stubborn fucker inside of me wanted to make James pay for his actions

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against Bella. I could not just let this go. So, I pulled away. I told her that I loved her and promised her that I would be back, praying to God that it was the truth. The last thing that I heard was her wrenching scream of my name. It took everything I had not to breakdown, turn around and pull her to me. I wiped my eyes and kept on running.

Minutes later of running and there was no sign of James. Frustration began to mix in with my anger and through clouded concentration a fist connected with my mouth and I stumbled backwards against a wall. I looked up and saw James standing there above me with one of his fists still clenched and his eyes narrowed on me. His left cheek and eye had huge gashes on them and there was drying blood around the wound that dripped down to his bruised chin. I brought my fingers to my lip and felt the blood there. I looked at it, looked back at James...and smiled.

Thank you James.

His eyes widened a bit and before he could blink, I had my hands around his throat and tossed him against the building. My fist connected with his mouth just as his did against my cheek. He dropped to his feet and raised his fist to punch me again when I caught his hand and punched him in his ribs. I leaned over and I punched him again and again and again on any spot of his face that I could find. I got one more good punch in before he collapsed to the ground, pleading for me to stop.

"Did you stop when Bella asked you too?" I yelled as I kicked him in his ribs. "Did you?" I kicked again.

"Edward pl-," he began to plead before I kicked him once in his mouth and again in the chest.

I picked him up by his collar and once again threw him against the brick wall, smacking the back of his head. Both of my hands tightened around his throat and I smiled as his lips began to turn blue while his face slightly paled. I lifted him off of the ground when Bella's voice screamed and pleaded in my head, "*Edward? Baby please. Please don't do this.*" I froze. My mind wanted to do

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one thing while my heart wanted to do another. James and his laughter brought me back to reality. He was *laughing*?

"Come on, Cullen. Finish it," he choked out. "And when you do you'll never see Bella again. That is," he coughed as my grip began to loosen. "That is unless she wouldn't mind seeing you in an orange jumpsuit. How many years does someone get for murder? I'm sure it's a lot more than I would get for attempting to rape her," he added.

"*Edward? Baby please. Please don't do this.*" Her voice again pleaded in my head.

WHAT THE FUCK SHOULD I DO?

With my warring emotions clouding my head, my hands tightened around James' throat again and I did nothing to stop it. "Sir? Are you ok? Should I call the Police?" A guy in a white t-shirt, jeans and a black-leather jacket asked. What was shocking was that he asked me and not James. Huh? I released my hands from around James' neck and watched as he dropped to the floor. I turned my attention back to the gentleman and nodded my head yes to his question. He informed me that he would return in a moment and ran inside one of the buildings that lead to the alleyway.

Minutes later, the man came back and told me that the Police were on their way. I stood there looking at him wondering why he asked if I was ok when James was the one sitting in his own blood on the ground. He must have saw the question in my eyes because he told me that he saw the whole thing, from when James punched me in the mouth to when I began kicking him and choking him. What got me was that he said that he heard everything that James and I said, especially what was said about Bella and that was why he never questioned what I was doing. I wanted to buy this man a damn island! I don't know how many times I thanked him. He said it was no problem and that he wished he could get in a few kicks himself.

Hmm?

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No Edward.

The man, whom I found out, was named Dean, told me that he would stay and give the cops his version of what happened. I began to thank him again when I heard a noise behind me. I turned around to see James standing and propping himself up against the brick wall. He was grabbing his ribs and throat while spitting blood from his mouth. The smile that was on my face must have been big then because Dean laughed as James glared at me. A few moments later sirens could be heard coming in both directions. True to his word, when the Police arrived, Dean told them everything that he saw and heard and true to his core, James tried to deny every damn word.

I was questioned by Detective Stabler since this stemmed from a potential rape and abuse case and gave my account of the events. He told me that I needed to be brought down to the station for additional questioning and asked me if I needed a ride. I agreed to ride in the squad car and decided to call Emmett and Bella from the station. Just as I was getting in the back of the car I heard Bella's voice. I looked up and saw her as well and Emmett and Jacob running across the street. Emmett and Jacob ran to me while Bella ran to...James? What?

"You sick fuck! What did you say? What did you do to him?" she yelled as she lunged for him and wrapped her hands around his already bruised throat. Two officers pulled her off of him as I ran away from the car and grabbed her. She was still fighting and kicking, but when she heard my voice she froze. She turned and when she saw that it was me she cried and wrapped her arms tightly around me. I tightened my arms around her and breathed in her scent as if it was the only air that I would ever need. Her sobs began to lessen and I heard her whisper my name over and over again. My heart swelled then and my eyes began to sting. She pulled away and asked why I was getting in the squad car and when I told her what happened and about Dean hearing everything that James said, her knees wobbled as she started to cry again. Tears of joy...I hope.

Our bubble was burst when we heard a scuffle. We both turned around and saw three officers attempting to hold a screaming Emmett away from James as the EMT's loaded him in the back of the ambulance. I leaned Bella against the squad car and ran over to Em to calm him down. Last thing we needed was for

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him to get arrested. He calmed down when he saw me and brought me into a brotherly embrace. It was awkward, but I ran with it. Detective Stabler cleared his throat and let me know that we needed to get to the station. When he found out that Bella was *the* Bella in question, he asked her to come down as well and she agreed. Emmett came as well, while Jacob went back to the station to let the captain know what was going on.

The ride down was silent as we three were squeezed in the back of the squad car. I sat there and ran through every scenario of how terrible this all could have gone had I not heard Bella's voice in my head. What would I have done?

Bella POV:

We arrived at the station and my head was still in a whirl. If it wasn't for the witness Dean, I'm pretty sure that James would have lied about being attacked and Edward would be behind bars. I will be forever in his debt. When all was settled and Edward and Dean wrote down their statements, I thanked Dean and Edward gave him his number and told him to call if he ever needed anything. When he was gone, Detective Stabler came out and asked me to come in the back and give my statement, as well as take pictures of any bruises that I may have. Edward squeezed my hand that was still in his ever since we left the alleyway. I squeezed it back and told him that I was fine.

I arrived in an interrogation room and there was a female present for which I was grateful. Detective Stabler left as the female officer, Detective Benson, asked me where the bruises were and for me to remove any necessary clothing. I searched around and only found one bruise on my ribs to go along with the slight one on my cheek. When the pictures were taken and my clothes were back on, Detective Stabler came back in along with another woman whom I found out was a rape and assault counselor. It was then that I knew what I was about to put myself through.

An hour and a half later I exited the room of hell and ran into Edward's awaiting arms. He pulled me close to him as I sobbed into his chest while he told me over and over again how much he loves me. When I was finally calmed down and able to speak, Detective Benson brought out James' record

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and as soon as she opened the file, there was my report from Forks from more than a year ago.

"How could he past the background check for the FDNY if he had an assault charge on his record?" asked Emmett.

"Well, since he was never caught the charge didn't stick because he couldn't be found and questioned. He does however have a similar charge in California from earlier this year and he may be extradited there, but not if our DA has anything to say about it. With all of your testimony and Dean's witness to James practically confessing what he did, there's no way he's getting away this time.

"As for the background question, it appears that he's a junior, as in the second. Apparently he used his father's social security number with his own information and unfortunately it was never questioned," answered Det. Stabler.

"Captain Morgan is going to shit a brick," said Emmett.

"So what happens now? Now that you have him I mean," I asked.

"Well, he's in the hospital under Police surveillance and once the doctors give us the ok, he'll be placed behind bars. We have to call the DA's office in California to let them know that we caught him but that we plan on keeping him here," answered Detective Benson.

"Will he be out on bail?" I asked.

"Not if I can do anything about it. Hi, Bella. I'm ADA Alex Cabot and I can assure you that I will do anything I can to keep that scum behind bars," answered a pretty blonde with a fierce expression on her face. I liked her already

"Thank you," I said as I stood and hugged her.

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"Just doing my job. Now, why don't you guys get going and we'll call you if we need anything else. James will probably have a bail trial hearing on Thursday of this week but you won't need to be there," she answered. We all thanked them again and decided to catch a cab to the station so that I could pick up my car. The ride was silent, but not awkwardly so and for this I was grateful. I couldn't wrap my head around what would have happened if Edward didn't stop. I saw what he did to James and knew that he could have been close to killing him hadn't he stopped. What made him stop in the first place?

"Penny for your thoughts," he said. We had just arrived at my car and Emmett had run inside to tell their Captain what had happened.

"I...I don't know. Just trying to wrap my head around everything. Why did... what made you stop? Fighting him I mean." He looked thoughtful for a minute, probably trying to word his answer correctly. He then looked me straight in the eyes and it would take a blind man not to see the love that this man had for me.

"You...and Dean," he said.

"Me? But how? I..."

"Bella? I heard your voice in my head begging me to stop, begging me not to do this. I wanted to keep going and did for a while but my mind and my heart were so damn conflicted. Then James mentioned something about not being able to see you again if I was arrested for murdering him and that just about damn near killed me.

"I was still conflicted about what to do, but then Dean came and offered to call the Police for me and I knew my answer. My soul would literally be ripped away from me if I could never be allowed to see you again. I may not deserve you, but I'll be damned if I'm going to just lie down and not fight for you, and getting arrested for killing that fucker would be even worse than giving up and losing you."

I felt a tear trail down my cheek as I was pulled across the center console and into his lap. He wrapped his arms around me and I kissed him then. I kissed

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Edward with every ounce of love that I had in my body. My hands went into his hair and his wrapped around mine. I tugged on his roots and enjoyed his groan that escaped him but wanted to growl when Emmett knocked on the window. Edward reached over and turned the key in the ignition to roll down the passenger window. Emmett's expression was so cute. He actually looked scared there for a minute.

"Yes, Emmett?" I asked.

"Sorry to bother you guys, but Morgan needs to speak with Edward." Edward growled as I groaned and Emmett laughed. He kissed me again before lifting me off of his lap and placing me back in the driver's seat.

"Will you wait or do you need to go?" he asked.

"I'm going to head back to the restaurant before heading home. I need to make sure everything's ready before I leave tomorrow and let Angela know that I'm ok since I'm late getting back from lunch."

"Oh. Okay. Well...I'll see you at home?" he asked. He looked so damn sad and it killed me that I was leaving him for so long and I could tell that he was feeling the same way.

Just ask him to come with you!

"Of course. See you there," I answered.

He leaned in again and placed a gentle kiss on my lips before he pulled away, "I love you, Isabella."

"I love you too, Edward." I blinked back the tears that were trying to escape as he closed the door and went into the fire station. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! What the Hell is wrong with me? Just ask him to come. He fought my psycho ex for Christ's sake so I'm pretty sure going to France wouldn't be a big deal.

That's what I have been trying to tell your dumb ass all day!

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Ugh! I want to pull my fucking hair out right now! I wonder if he would still love me with bald spots all over my head.

He's Edward. Of course he would.

Taking deep breaths to calm down, I pulled out and headed for the restaurant. When I got there, I reminded Felix that I would be gone for a week. He, along with the rest of the staff, including Angela asked me what happened to my cheek. I told them I was ok and left it at that. Angela knew me and would not settle for that as an answer, which I already expected. I pulled her aside before she could attack me and told her everything. She started panting and punched a wall and I reminded to calm her pregnant ass down before she gets ill. She, like I did, took some calming breaths. Once she was calmed down I started to work to take my mind off of things but was practically kicked out of the kitchen by the rest of the staff. Angela walked me to the front and cried that she would miss me and made me promise to call her once I landed. I told her that I would and pulled her into a hug. Angela hugged me back and when she pulled away, she looked me dead in the eye,

"Ask him." She then pushed me out of the front doors and closed them in my face. *Well!* Reluctantly, I hopped back in my car and headed for home. As I was pulling in, my cell phone rang with my father's ringtone. I turned off the engine and answered my phone. My father, as you would have guessed, was irate and I could clearly hear my mother wailing in the background. I reminded them that I was fine and told them what happened. My father was strangely quiet throughout the whole conversation and when I was done, he still hadn't spoken.

"Dad?"

"I want to speak with Edward," he said.

"But dad, I-,"

"Isabella? Please. Let me speak with him." My dad's voice was calm, smooth and strangely awed. I've never heard him sound like this before and it was

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slightly unnerving.

"He's at the station with his brother. I'll have him call you when he gets home."

"Fine." There was another long pause, "I love you, Bells, and I'm sorry it took an incident like this to have me call you," he added.

"It's ok, dad. Phones work both ways you know. I'm as much at fault as you are. I love you, too," I said.

"Thanks, Bella." He was about to hang up before he reminded me to have Edward call him. Crap! He remembered. I hung the phone up and made my way upstairs. When I got to my door, I could hear Alice and Rose fussing and Emmett trying to calm them down. I slowly opened the door and fell into a room of silence. Suddenly, I was knocked on the couch by the Pixie/ Energizer Bunny hybrid and face to face with a seething Rose.

"Where the fuck were you?" she yelled.

"At the restaurant!" I yelled back. I know they're protective and all, but come on here.

"Bella...I...oh God Bells I'm so fucking glad that you're ok. When Em and Edward told me what happened I grabbed my baseball bat and ran to the door. Emmett had to tackle me to keep me here," she sobbed as she hugged me.

"Can't breathe here people!" yelled Alice who was squeezed between me and a crying Rosalie.

"Sorry," we mumbled. We both moved back and she hugged me tighter.

"I love you Bella. So much so that I snapped at Jasper for him to give me the key to my gun safe so I could kill that fucker. He didn't of course, which is a good thing I guess because I look hideous in orange," said Alice. We all laughed at that and when I heard Edward's laughter, my eyes instantly went to his. I kissed Alice on her cheek, stood and ran to Edward across the room. He

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picked me up in his arms and swung me around as his lips crashed down onto mine. I pulled myself closer to him and we both moaned as he opened his mouth and our tongues connected. We heard catcalls and whistles behind us, along with Emmett's loud 'whoops' and pulled away. He sat me down on my feet and touched his forehead to mine. I breathed in his scent and closed my eyes and let the calming effect of this man's love wash over me, but I was suddenly filled with dread as I remembered one small detail. My father wants to speak with him.

Gulp!

Being the ever-attentive Love that he is, he noticed my sudden mood change and asked me if I was ok.

"M...my father wants to...to speak with you," I stammered.

"Is that a bad thing?" he asked.

"I honestly don't know," I answered. He looked me in the eye then before he kissed me.

"Ok. Where's your phone?" he asked.

"What? You...you're going to talk to him?"

"Sure. Why not?"

Wow! "Umm...ok. Here," I said. I handed him my phone and told him it was speed dial number six. He grabbed the phone and headed into Alice's room.

Thirty minutes later when he finally returned, he was pensive and quiet, only speaking when he was spoken to. My heart crumbled a little as I noticed him emotionally pulling away from me.

WHAT THE FUCK DID MY FATHER SAY!

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My sadness overtook me and I told everyone goodnight. He stood up and kissed me, but for some reason there were nerves obvious in his kiss and I couldn't for the life of me figure out why.

"Goodnight, Love," he said with sadness in his voice. Well, at least he still calls me Love.

"Goodnight, Edward." I walked into my room, closed the door and ran into my bathroom. I turned the shower on full blast and hoped it was loud enough to cover my sounds as the sobs wracked through my body.

Twenty minutes later with wet hair and all, I climbed into bed. I set my alarm clock for 5am so that I could arrive at the airport earlier than necessary. No need to prolong the inevitable.

Five came all too soon the next morning and within an instant, I was at the front door with my luggage in hand. I wrote the girls a note letting them know that I left early and that I loved them. I wrote another one for Edward and asked them to give to him when he came over. I kissed both letters and exited the apartment. Adam already had a taxi waiting for me when I came downstairs. He wished me a great trip and I was then on my way to JFK International.

When I arrived at the airport I checked my luggage and noticed that I still had two hours until my plane left and that much free time only allowed my brain to wander, which we all know is a dangerous thing. Why was Edward so distant after he talked to my father? Does he even still love me? What the fuck did Charlie say to him? A few tears escaped my eyes and landed on the book I was reading. I went to wipe them off but my arm was bumped by the person sitting next to me.

"You really didn't think you were getting away from us that easy now did you?" asked Rose.

What? Rose? I looked up and saw her sitting next to me. My jaw was apparently dropped to the floor as she took her finger and closed my mouth. Wait. She said us...

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"Rose? Wh-," she stopped me by grabbing my head and turning it around. My heart stopped and the tears flowed with a force this time. Standing behind me with their luggage in tow was Alice, Jasper, Emmett and Edward, all looking at me with excitement and apprehension in their eyes.

"Oh my God," I cried. Instantly, I was pulled up into my favorite pair of arms in the world that I never wanted to leave.

"Bella. I love you. I'm so sorry about last night. I just-," he started but was cut off by my lips. He pulled away and I wanted to smack him.

"Can I come to Paris with you?" he asked.

"What the Hell took you so long to ask?"

"I...but...you..." he stammered.

"Yes! You better come with me!" I laughed. I heard Jasper and Emmett laugh at the innuendo.

Juveniles.

"Us too?" asked Alice.

"What would Paris be like without the shopping force that is known as Alice Cullen? Of course you can come too."

"FUCK YES! Paris here we come!" yelled Emmett.

"Oh God. I'm gonna need a muzzle for him aren't I?" asked Rose.

Author's Note #2: Now, did you guys HONESTLY think that I would ever allow Edward Cullen to get arrested? Seriously people! I am way too infatuated with him to ever let that happen. And I totally agree with one of my reviewers; Edward Cullen is too damn pretty for jail. Although I'm pretty certain that he'd be nobodies bitch, lol! Yes, he has a few bruises. Nothing major. Just think of

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him as a hot and sexy Boxer. (Another image to add to the ever-growing pile of fantasies)

Well, it looks like Bella's Bunch is headed to Paris! Prepare for some fun with the gang, a karaoke performance from the guys, fluff, romance and some Belward make-up sex (which in my eyes is the best kind)! The James crap and Jacob issue will be cleared up when they all get back.

Hope you all will stick around!

Nicole

PS: What James did with his dad's SS# (social security number) can happen. I've seen it.

Hanging By A Moment

Disclaimer: Not mine! I do however claim: Fireward, Drunkme, Dr. DILF, and Edward's 'Michael Phelps' tongue. Lucky me right?

Author's Note: SURPRISE! TWO POSTS IN TWO DAYS? I must be feeling guilty about something. Well....yes I am. I KNOW that I promised the karaoke and lemon in this chapter, but after I wrote the outline, I saw that it would have been close to 40 pages so I decided to cut it in half. Sorry it's not what you were expecting, but to make it up to you I posted hella early...like by a week! Does that help? I PROMISE, the next chapter will be the performances and Belward's sexy times. This chapter has the Charlie/ Edward talk as well as some other goodies. I hope you read and enjoy, "Hanging By A Moment". As always, title song in this chapter is located on **Blogger** Playlist.

" Hanging By A Moment"

I'm falling even more in love with you
Letting go of all I've held onto
I'm standing here until you make me move
I'm hanging by a moment here with you
I'm living for the only thing I know
I'm running and not quite sure where to go
And I don't know what I'm diving into
Just hanging by a moment here with you

Edward POV:

After the interrogation was over, Emmett, Bella and I left the station and agreed to head to the fire station so she could pick up her car. The ride in the taxi was eerily silent, giving me the opportunity to once again rummage through my thoughts. When the cab pulled up to the fire station, Emmett paid and hopped out to run inside and speak with Captain Morgan. Bella and I still sat in silence and I began to question whether or not I did the right thing. The silence became deafening and I just had to know what she was thinking. What I

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wouldn't give to be able to read her mind right now.

Finally, I asked her what was on her mind and was shocked to know that she was questioning how I stopped when I did when I was fighting James. I thought it would be obvious to anyone. Besides the fact that I didn't want to become some insidious monster, I stopped because of her. I love her entirely too much to only be able to see her while behind some damn bulletproof plate glass. So, I told her the truth. I told her that it was her voice in my head, pleading for me to stop that helped me. I also let her know that if Dean hadn't come in when he did, I didn't know what would have happened. I then told her that I wanted to fight for her and winding up in prison did not go along with 'Love Bella Forever' Plan. After hearing all this, she cried, and I instinctively wanted to comfort her. I pulled her in my lap and wrapped her in my arms and was suddenly and thankfully attacked by her lips. Bella kissed me with such ferocity that it almost winded me. I felt the love and admiration that she had for me present in her kiss and planned on returning it ten-fold. Unfortunately, that idea was cut off by a sudden tapping on her passenger side window. Emmett!

Is it wrong that I want to strangle him right now?

Not. At. All!

I leaned over and turned the key in the ignition of Bella's car so that she could roll down the window. Emmett must have seen my expression because he honestly looked like he wanted to shit his pants.

Good!

"Yes, Emmett?" she asked.

"Sorry to bother you guys, but Morgan needs to speak with Edward." I couldn't help the growl that escaped me then. I have very little time with her left, our lunch date was ruined and now I have to talk to my Captain, who more than likely wants to rehash the whole fucking incident?

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Bella's groan and Emmett's laughter brought me out of my inner tirade. Laugh it up chuckles. She won't be here to protect you when she's gone.

Change the subject Edward! If you're not going to ask her then it's best not to dwell.

Needing to end the torture now rather than later, I kissed Bella again before lifting her off of me and placing her back in the driver's seat. I'm happy to say that she looked pretty pissed about that. Before I exited the car I turned and asked her if she was going to wait or head out. She let me know that she needed to handle some business at the restaurant before her departure tomorrow and I slowly felt myself slipping deeper and deeper. This week is not going to end well.

After she told me that she was leaving and I asked her if I'd see her home, she assured me that I would. I noted obvious confliction behind her entrancing brown eyes and wanted for the life of me to know what the hell she was thinking. But instead of asking this time, I just kissed her and told her that I loved her. She told me that she loved me as well and drove away, but not before I saw a tear fall down her cheek. What in the Hell was that all about?

Maybe you should've...oh I don't know...ASKED HER!

"Edward? Man are you ok?" asked Emmett.

"Yeah, Em. Come on. Let's get inside" We walked back to the captains office and I told him the same story I told Detective's Stabler and Benson. He pulled Emmett's bloodied helmet from a box off of the floor and stated that he found it next to the engine where there was more blood found. So that's how she fucked his face up? That's my Bella!

"Aw, dude! Not my helmet!"

"If you would have put it away like you were supposed to then it wouldn't have to be confiscated. Although, come to think of it, your helmet probably helped save Bella's life today Emmett. I guess your hardheadedness worked in

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someone else's favor for once," said the captain.

"I do what I can," smiled Emmett.

"Seriously Emmett. Thank you man. I will never argue about your sloppiness again," I said.

"I want that in writing."

"Ok you two. I think you've been through enough today so why don't you get going? Edward, I suggest you take some time off. Emmett, if you need to as well then let me know. Unfortunately I now have to go down to the main precinct and tell them how we screwed up with the background checks and got James into the program," he said.

Emmett and I thanked the captain and headed home. As we were leaving, I heard Jake calling our names as he ran towards us. Emmett's fists clenched and I instinctively stood between him and Jacob, using myself as a human barrier. What the fuck did I miss?

"Jacob," Emmett sneered.

"Hey guys...um...How's Bells. Is she ok?" he asked.

"What the fuck is it to you? If you wouldn't have abandoned her like the selfish prick that you are she would have never needed James in the first place," Emmett yelled.

"Whoa...what? What the fuck is going on?" I yelled.

"Ask Jacob. But I'd ask quick before he bitches out and runs away again." Emmett began inching closer towards Jacob and I had to literally plant my legs in the ground to hold him back. I could really use those three officers from earlier right about now.

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"Emmett? Please man. I had no idea. I was fucked up and unfortunately Bella got the bad end of it all. I had no damn clue that she felt that way," said Jacob.

"Did you even ask Jacob? Huh? Fuck asking, did you even *apologize* for just disappearing like that?" asked Emmett and he was met with silence.

"Figures. And you wonder *why* you had no idea. Fuck off Jacob Black. Bella doesn't deserve *friends* like you."

"Emmett. You really need to calm the hell down. You really do not have the right to be making that kind of decision for her. Bella will handle this when she's ready," I said. Emmett looked at me with seething hatred in his eyes. I stared back at him and crossed my arms daring him to challenge me. He yelled out in frustration and stormed off. Just fucking great.

"Thanks, Edward," said Jacob.

"Don't think me. Especially since I *really* wanted Emmett to kick your ass just then. But knowing Bella, I knew that deep down she would be pissed at both of us if he did. Personally I think it was a bitch move what you did but like I told Emmett, I cannot decide for Bella whom she is friends with. Although from what I just heard, it appears that she would be better off not having friends like you." I turned and chased after Emmett, leaving Jacob standing there alone. I easily caught up with Emmett, buying three 'super longs' from the concession stand. I just laughed at shook my head as he stuffed half of the first one in his mouth.

"What? We missed lunch," he said with a full mouth.

"Oh that's just nasty! Close your mouth." I yelled. Instead he did the opposite and played 'see food', opening his mouth as wide as he could letting all the world see his chewed up hotdog, relish and mustard. I pulled a 'Rose' and smacked him in the back of his head, causing him to spit most of his food on the ground. He glared at me as he coughed up the rest and punched me in my chest.

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"Ow, fuck!"

"Truce?" he asked.

"Hell yeah truce," I said as I rubbed my soon to be bruised area. "You ok now? With the whole Jacob thing?" I asked.

"I don't know, Ed. Can we not talk about that now? I just need to get home and forget about this damn day."

"Sure but I don't know about forgetting about today. We still have to tell Alice, Jasper and Rosalie and you *know* they will not be forgetting it."

"Shit! You're right. Can I just pull a Jacob and run," he groaned.

"Let's go," I laughed as I pushed him towards our street. We continued our way to the apartment and headed straight for the girls', knowing that was where Jasper would more than likely be. We knocked on the door and were greeted by a confused looking Alice.

"What the hell are you two doing home so early? OH MY GOD EDWARD! What the fuck happened to your face?" she yelled.

"Calm down Alice. Can we come in first?" asked Emmett. She moved out of the way and I made my way over to couch. Emmett on the other hand went towards the fridge and Bella's homemade Tiramisu. Seconds later, Rose walked through the door and I knew that it would soon be now or never.

"What the hell happened to your face, Pretty Boy?" she asked.

"That's what I asked!" yelled Alice. Jasper wrapped his arms around her to calm her down and I noticed that it worked. That gives me an idea!

I motioned to Emmett with my eyes towards Rosalie, hoping he would get the hint and restrain her. Luckily he did, and with as much grace as Emmett could muster, he nonchalantly wrapped his arms around Rose. God I hope this works.

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"So? Spill. What the hell happened?" asked Alice.

"Bella told you her *James* story right?" Immediately as I said his name, I wanted to fucking punch something.

"Yeah so? What's that got to do with you?" asked Rose.

"The James that we hired was the same James. We came back from a meeting this afternoon and I found him attacking her and-,"

"WHAT?" yelled Alice and Rose.

"Where's my fucking gun? Jasper Whitlock give me the goddamn key!" yelled Alice.

"MOVE EMMETT! I'm going to bash that dickhead's brains in!" yelled Rose as she grabbed her Louisville slugger stashed behind the front door. She raised it above her head and swung at Emmett as he moved towards her to restrain her. He ducked and wrapped his arms around hers.

"GIRLS? CALM DOWN! He's already taken care of!" I yelled.

"Fuck that 'he's already taken care of'. He's not 'taken care of' until the bitch dies by one of my fucking bullets! Now Jasper GIVE ME MY KEY!" yelled Alice.

"Alice? Baby, please calm down. Edward said that he handled it," said Jasper as he tried to soothe her.

"OW! Fuck Rosalie!" yelled Emmett.

"Then fucking move out of my way Emmett!" she yelled.

"NO! There's nothing else you can do so would you please calm the hell down!" he yelled. "I can't believe you fucking bit me!" he added. This shit is out of control.

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"Rosalie? Alice? Calm the hell down! I know you two love Bella like a sister but she's going to need us to have level heads about this and I'm pretty sure you two getting arrested would not help anything," I yelled. Rosalie pushed Emmett off of her, who was all but sitting on her, and began to pace the room. Alice just glared at Jasper and tried to calm her breathing. It seemed like we weathered the worst of it.

"WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING IN NEW YORK?" yelled Rose.

I spoke too soon.

"I don't know Rose. I'm not sure if he knew she was here already or not. He could have been stalking her or was just as surprised to see her as I'm sure she was of him," I answered.

"Where's Bella? How is she?" asked Alice.

"She's at the restaurant clearing some things up before she leaves tomorrow," I said.

And cue to overwhelming emptiness...

"WHAT? She can't go now! I can't let her go after this," said Rose.

"I feel the same way Rose, but you know Bella and she would never back out of an obligation, especially one of this importance. She's too damn stubborn for her own good," I mumbled.

"But Edward, you cannot let her leave. Not after all this!" said Alice.

"I am not letting her go!" yelled Rose.

"Oh come on Rosalie! Be real. Do you honestly think she wouldn't go? This is her career we're talking about," asked Emmett. The arguing was ceased as we saw the front door slowly creak open. The second Bella's head came through the door; she was wrapped in Alice's arms as they both fell to the couch.

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Rosalie walked over to the couch and stared Bella down.

"Where the fuck were you?" yelled Rose.

"At the restaurant!" yelled Bella. You could see the frustration building in her eyes. I didn't know what from but by the look in her eyes, you could tell that Rose had one more time to yell at her before she snapped.

"Bella...I...oh God Bells I'm so fucking glad that you're ok. When Em and Edward told me what happened I grabbed my baseball bat and ran to the door. Emmett had to tackle me to keep me here," Sobbed Rose as she hugged Bella. Well fuck me. I don't think that I have *ever* seen Rosalie cry before. This shit was just weird. I look at Emmett and he was just as shocked as I was.

"Can't breathe here people!" yelled Alice who looked squished between Bella and Rose. They pulled back and I saw Alice's arms tighten around Bella's as they apologized.

"I love you Bella. So much so that I snapped at Jasper for him to give me the key to my gun safe so I could kill that fucker. He didn't of course, which is a good thing I guess because I look hideous in orange," said Alice.

Only my sister.

All of us laughed at Alice when suddenly, Bella's eyes snapped to mine. She then kissed Alice on her cheek and ran into my arms from across the room. I picked her up and spun her around like they do in those cheesy romance movies and kissed the hell out of her. The catcalls and a loud ass Emmett brought us out of our 'chick flick' bubble.

Note to self: Strangle family and friends, Emmett especially!

As I placed my forehead on hers to calm my own breathing, I felt Bella's body tense. I asked her if she was ok, but the look of dread was apparent in her eyes.

"M...my father wants to...to speak with you," she stammered.

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"Is that a bad thing?" I asked.

"I honestly don't know," she answered. Instead of questioning it, I just kissed her and asked her for her phone. She reluctantly handed me her phone and told me to press speed dial number six. I thanked her and tried to reassure her with a smile as I made my way into Alice's room for some privacy. I pressed number six on the phone as she instructed. The phone rang twice before a gruff voice picked up on the other line.

"Bella?" he asked.

"No Chief Swan. Sorry. It's Edward. Edward Cullen."

"Oh Edward! Hi. Please call me Charlie. That's the least you deserve after what you did for my daughter today," he answered.

"Well thank you, Sir. I mean Charlie." So far so good I guess

"No problem, Edward. My wife and I truly want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for what you did for Bella. I have been in agony for over a damn year over not catching that ass. Knowing that he was still out there and able to get to her kept me up many a night. I haven't even seen my daughter since she left due to the fear that he was around Forks and all this fucking time he was right under her nose." You could sense his anger through the receiver and I understood all too well what he was feeling.

"I understand Charlie. I don't know if you know this or not, but Bella and I are...together and on our second date she told me about her situation with James. It just so happened to turn out to be the same James that worked at the station. When I figured that out *after* the fact, I hated myself and wanted to bury myself alive for not getting to her sooner."

"You can't blame yourself for that, Edward. You had no way of knowing. And by the way, I do know that you two are *together* as you put it and I couldn't be more pleased right now. You seem like a good young man from what I hear from Renee and you are definitely ok in my book after what you did today."

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"She...talks about me? To her mother?" I asked in shock.

"More like brags. Renee cannot wait to meet you so be warned," he laughed.

Wow! Nothing else, just...wow.

"So how's Bella taking it about not going to Paris?" he asked.

Say what now?

"What do you mean? She's still going?"

"WHAT? She shouldn't be flying halfway across the goddamn world after this!" he yelled.

"Charlie I cannot stop her from leaving!" I yelled back.

"Well...are you at least going with her? For protection!"

"Well no. She never asked and I assumed she didn't want me too."

"Shit! Ok, Edward listen. My daughter is one of the most stubborn people that you will probably ever meet in your entire life, good luck with that by the way, and I can *guarantee* you that she wants you to go. She's just too goddamn hardheaded and will not ask for anything.

"I'm sure you've realized how hard it is to buy her something right?" he asked.

"Please don't go there," I groaned.

"Yeah, Buddy? Well that goes triple for anything else. Edward, from what I hear from Renee, Bella loves the hell out of you and I trust my little girl's judgment this time. If you love her as I think you do, you will be on that plane tomorrow morning."

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What the Hell am I going to do? Do I take her father's word and trust that she wants me there? Why is this so goddamn difficult?

"Edward?" he asked.

"Yeah, Chief?"

"Please take care of my little girl," he said before he ended the call. I dropped the phone on the bed and ran my hands through my already disheveled hair. I pulled at the roots and enjoyed the slight pain since it minutely took my focus away from the recurring issue.

I want to go.

Yes that's obvious.

But does Bella want me to go?

You two sicken me. She is too stubborn to ask and you're too damn proud too. You're so perfect for each other.

Ugh! Ok, come on Cullen think! What would you have done if the situation were reversed? I would have asked her if she wanted to come, knowing that I could not be away from her for almost a week.

Then that settles it. She obviously does not want me to come. Maybe she feels it's too soon. Fuck it! Who knows? What I do know is that now, I feel more like shit since before I came in here and now I have to go out there and make like everything is ok.

You are making a terrible mistake, Edward.

Letting the dread wash over me, I took a few calming breaths and exited the room. Everyone was still in his or her same spot they were in when I left and the conversation appeared to be the same. Emmett asked if I was ok and I told him I was fine. He looked at me strange before going back to his conversation

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with Alice. I avoided looking at Bella, knowing that she would see right through me. I could not and would not let her know how much I was hurting right now, especially after what she went through.

The conversations continued and like a robot, I spoke only when spoken to and 'hmmmed' and 'ahhed' at all the right spots. Bella suddenly arose from the couch and said goodnight to us all. She attempted to walk past me, but I stood in her way and grabbed her around her waist, kissing her on the lips and hoping that she wouldn't haul off and kick my ass like she did to James. We then said goodnight to each other and when I let her go, she all but ran to her room and closed the door.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Edward?" asked Emmett.

"Yeah. What the hell did her dad say to make you act like such a douche to Bella?" asked Jasper. Their questions didn't shock me. I halfway expected it actually. What did shock was the silence from the two remaining Musketeers. Their silence cannot be good.

"What, nothing from you two? You don't want to rip me a new one as well?"

"I have no idea who the hell you are. The Edward I know and love would not be allowing the love of his life to be crying in a fucking bathroom, especially on the night before she leaves. So no Edward, I will not be 'ripping you a new one' because like I said I don't know who the fuck you are right now," said Alice. My face must have looked like Emmett's and was dragging on the floor after Alice's little speech. Where the hell did that come from? I looked at Rose and her being Rose, never disappoints.

"Fuck off, Edward. You are not even worth my time right now," she said. Her and Alice then stood up, kissed their guys and walked into their rooms, slamming the door behind them. I looked at Emmett and his expression of disappointment damn near killed me.

"Dude?" he said. He then stood up and made his way to the front door. Jasper followed shaking his head and they both left, leaving me sitting alone in the

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girl's apartment. What the fuck just happened?

You screwed the pooch, Cullen and now you're whole family is pissed off at you. Way to go brainiac!

I needed to fix this and I knew I exactly how. I stood up and paced the living room for what felt like ages until I heard Bella's shower turn off. I walked over to her door, rubbed my palms against my jeans to remove the sweat that was pooling and was about to knock before I heard her quiet sobs through the door.

You did this to her, Edward. Fix this!

I was about to knock when Alice opened her door and stopped me. "Go home, Edward. We'll talk to her in the morning before she leaves. I even set my clock for six and her plane doesn't leave until eight."

"But Alice, what if-,"

"Just go, Edward. Let her sleep," she demanded. I nodded my agreement and with one more longing look at Bella's door, headed home. When I got to the apartment, the guys were already in their rooms for which I was grateful. I jumped in the shower and let the hot water run over my back and my tense muscles. When I got out, I dried off, threw on some boxers and climbed into my cold and empty bed.

Tomorrow. I will talk with her tomorrow before she leaves.

"Edward? Get the fuck up! Bella's gone," yelled Emmett.

"WHAT? How in the hell do you know?" I asked as jumped out of bed and threw on my jeans and Giants Jersey.

"Alice just ran in here screaming. She said that when she went in Bella's room to talk to her before she left but all she saw was Bella's empty bed. She looked in her closet for her luggage and saw that it was missing too."

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"Shit!" I yelled. I then ran to my closet, grabbed my duffle bag and started throwing in anything that I could find.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"What the hell does it look like I'm doing? I'm going to Paris and pray to God that Bella forgives my stupid ass."

"Well fuck. If you're going then so am I," he said.

"Fine, but hurry the hell up. We don't have long," I said as I ran into my bathroom and grabbed my razor and bath supplies. Suddenly, a loud and piercing screech was heard throughout the apartment right before I was damn near tackled into my shower.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you Edward," squealed Alice.

"Oh, so you know who I am now, huh?" I asked.

"Yeah well you were being a stupid class 'a' ass and I was embarrassed by you. Can you blame me?" she asked.

"Not at all actually. Wait...why were you just thanking me?"

"Because we're going to Paris with Bella!"

"But...I...fine! Just hurry the hell up before we miss the plane."

"Ahhh! I love you!" she screamed. She ran out of my room and then headed to Jasper's

"Jasper! Wake the hell up and start packing!" she yelled. Like he wasn't up already with that mouth of hers.

Shaking my head, I finished my packing, threw my bag by the front door and ran to check on Emmett and Jasper. Jasper's bag was packed and he went to the

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girl's apartment to help Alice while Emmett was in his room deciding which of his 80 pairs of sneakers to pack.

"Em? How the hell is everyone getting time off?"

"I don't know about them, but Morgan said yesterday that we could take the time and I plan on taking him up on his offer. I already called and talked to Garrett. I told him that we had a family emergency and wouldn't be in for a while, so we're in the clear.

"Rose is her own damn boss so she can take time off whenever the hell she wants. Alice and Jasper are the big question marks."

"That's true. Will you be done soon?" I asked.

"Almost. And Ed? Thanks man," he said. I nodded my head towards him and left his room. I ran down the hall to the girl's apartment to hear Alice complain about which pair of Jimmy Choos to bring. We do not have time for this right now! I walked straight in the apartment and right up to Alice.

"Ali, you know I love you right?" she slowly nodded her head 'yes' before I finished. "Ok, well if you are not packed and waiting by that elevator in five minutes, you *will* be left here." I then turned to a smiling Jasper as he pounded my fist in approval.

"EDWARD! Five minutes? Are you serious? How the hell can I pack that fast?"

"4 minutes and 48 seconds...47 seconds...46 seconds..."

"UGH! You suck! And I saw you laughing Jasper," she yelled as she ran back into her room. Rose exited her room with sunglasses on, a scarf draped over her shoulders and two bags in her arms, looking like she was meant for this jet-set type of life. I raised an eyebrow at her lack of luggage.

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"What? I'm going to Paris and I plan to shop!" Jasper and I laughed at her and our laughter became louder as we saw a black streak dart from Alice's room to Bella's.

"3 minutes and 24 seconds...23 seconds..." I yelled.

"Ahh! I HATE YOU EDWARD CULLEN!" she screamed as she streaked across the hallway again. Emmett entered the apartment then and saw us all holding our sides from laughter.

"Why are on her shit list this time?" he asked me.

"Because I gave her only five minutes to be packed and ready to go and have been assisting her by counting down the time," I laughed.

"Damn, Edward. You evil bastard you. Even I know she needs more than five minutes," he laughed.

"I KNOW RIGHT?" she yelled.

"2 minutes and 58 seconds...57 seconds...56 seconds...55 seconds..."

"Ok, ok I'm ready asshole!" she yelled and she dropped her four bags at our feet.

"Well? What the hell are we standing around her for? Let's go!" she yelled.

"OK, I'll grab my stuff. Make sure the doors are locked and head to elevators," I said.

"Yes dad," they all answered. Fuckers.

I ran to the apartment, grabbed my duffle, turned off all of the lights, grabbed my keys and locked up the apartment. I ran to the elevator and arrived there just as the doors opened and we all climbed in.

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"Taxi or drive?" asked Jasper.

"I'll drive my jeep since it can fit us all," offered Emmett. We made our way to Emmett's jeep and I climbed in the back. He punched in the address for JFK in his GPS and sooner rather than later, we pulled out onto Fifth Avenue and headed for the airport.

Forty goddamn minutes later we arrived at the airport. Emmett called Carlisle and asked him to come and pick up his jeep from the overnight parking garage. He told him where the spare key was and dad told us all to have a safe trip. Esme was pissed for being forgotten and informed us all that we now owe her...big time!

Parents. Aren't they grand?

We entered the airports port lobby and after going through security, I made my way over to the Customer Service desk. I asked which gate the 541 United Airlines flight to Paris was departing from. She told me the gate and I thanked her. We all started to run to gate, hoping that there would still be seats available on the flight. I was just praying that Bella actually wanted to see me.

"Ouch! Guys can we slow down? These shoes were not made for running," asked Alice. We stopped altogether. I looked at Jasper and he nodded his head. He grabbed Alice's bags from her hands and passed them to me before he threw her over his shoulders and we all took off again. Of course she squealed the entire damn way.

I slowed down to a jog when I saw that we were close to the right gate. I was looking around for Bella when Rose gasped and grabbed my arms. I looked at her and she pointed to the corner of the lobby. There, sitting alone with tears running down her face and a forgotten book in her lap was the love of my life. My heart began to wrench when another tear fell and all I wanted to do was end her pain.

"I think you need to calm down first. Let me go and talk to her," Said Rose. All I could do was nod my head in agreement. As she walked over to where Bella

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was sitting, Alice grabbed my hand and Emmett and Jasper each placed a hand on one of my shoulders. When Rose made it over to where Bella was, she sat down and purposely bumped arms with her before she leaned in and spoke in Bella's ear.

"You really didn't think you were getting away from us that easy now did you?"

You could see Bella tense from here. When she looked up and saw that it was Rose sitting there, her facial expression was hilarious and if I wasn't so worried, I would probably have laughed. Rose used her fingers to close Bella's mouth before she grabbed her head and turned it around in our direction. When Bella saw us all standing there, her tears flowed from her with a vengeance as her eyes roamed over all of us. When they landed on me, a sob broke through her body and I ran to her, pulling her in my arms. I needed to apologize to her about last night. To explain why I was so off and to beg for her to let me...us, come to Paris with her.

"Bella. I love you. I'm so sorry about last night. I just-," I started but was cut off by her lips crashing down onto mine. Ok. So I'm guessing she forgives me. I still need to know about Paris. I reluctantly pulled away and wanted to laugh at the petulant expression on her face.

"Can I come to Paris with you?" I blurted. Do it fast I always say. Like ripping the band-aid off of a hairy ass.

"What the Hell took you so long to ask?" WHAT? What took me...? But...

"I...but...you..." I stammered. Apparently my brain and my mouth are both incapacitated at the moment

"Yes! You can come!" she laughed.

Did you notice the sexual innuendo? No. Well Emmett and Jasper sure did. Juvenile bastards.

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"Us too?" asked Alice. She was so quiet; I almost forgot she was there. Now that's saying something!

"What would Paris be like without the shopping force that is known as Alice Cullen? Of course you can come?" said Bella.

"FUCK YES! Paris here we come!" yelled Emmett. God I hope I packed my aspirin. Why is he coming again?

"Oh God. I'm gonna need a muzzle for him aren't I?" asked Rose.

"That would be a 'yes' Rosalie," laughed Jasper.

"Oh I'll be your dog, Baby. Come here," said Emmett as he began to chase Rose around the lobby and howl like fucking wolf.

Ok. He is so going home!

For the first time ever I agree with you.

"How are you guys here? Do you guys even have tickets?" asked Bella.

"Well no. We saw that you were gone and I refused to let you leave like that and when I decided that I was coming with you, everybody tagged along. That's ok right?" I asked.

"That's more than ok, Edward." She looked at the airlines front desk and then pulled out her First Class ticket. She then looked at all of us before walking over to the counter.

"What the hell is she doing, Edward?" asked Jasper.

"I have no clue." I answered. We watched as the clerk took Bella's tickets and began entering things into the computer. Just then, Bella pulled out her wallet and the shit finally clicked in my slow ass brain. OH HELL NO! I jumped over the front row of seats and ran to the counter, pulling Bella's wallet from her

hands.

"What the hell, Edward?"

"What the hell, *Isabella*? I know you do not think you are paying for our tickets!"

"Edward it's fine. I just downgraded from First Class to Coach and used my Frequent Flyer Miles on my Visa. Once she added in everything, it's like I'm only paying for one ticket. So stop you're complaining and let me do this!"

"But Bell, I-"

"Edward Anthony Cullen? Either let me pay for these tickets or take your ass home," she ordered.

Damn that was sexy!

"Ok, Love. But I will be paying you back."

"Just love me as much as I love you and we'll call it even."

"Then you owe me, because I'm pretty sure that I love you more," I teased.

"In your dreams, Cullen."

"Here you are Miss. The flight leaves in an hour as you know and I need your companions to come and check their luggage and their carry ons," said the receptionists.

"Thank you," Bella smiled. She walked over to the group and gave them their tickets and told them to go and check their luggage. They all thanked her and hugged before they made their way over to the service counter. As they left I sat in a chair and pulled Bella in my lap and nuzzled my face in her hair to breathe in her scent. I could stay here all day.

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"I'm sorry I left without saying goodbye. I'm even more sorry for not asking you in the first place," she whispered.

"Bella. I hate to ask but I *have* to know. If you wanted me to come with you, why didn't you just ask me?" Seriously! I have to know

"Because I'm a punk ass," she said. I laughed.

"No seriously, Edward. I was scared as Hell and not for reasons you think. I never doubted my love for you and vice versa, but like I've told Angela yesterday before all that shit happened, we *just* said those three words to each other three days ago and I honestly thought that you would think that I was nuts for asking you to come with me. Edward, I wanted you to come to Paris with me with every fiber of my being, but Chicken Shit Bella reared her ugly head again and you see where that got us."

Well isn't this some shit? We both didn't ask for the same goddamn reason? I couldn't help it, I laughed. I laughed hard and loud and I'm pretty sure that I looked like a fucking psycho.

"What the hell is so funny?" she asked with an amused look on her face.

"I think Alice is right about us rubbing off on each other," I laughed. "I wanted to come with you and it killed me that you didn't ask me. Everyone around me told me to ask you. Even your dad and -"

"What! My father told you to ask me?" I swear her facial expression was one of the funniest things I have ever seen and it took all I had to not laugh at her.

"Yeah. That was part of our conversation...and also the reason why I acted the way I did last night. He said that you wanted me to come with you and that you were too stubborn to ask me yourself. I of course didn't believe him and chose to ignore him and you see where that got us. I'm so sorry Bell. I never meant to pull away from you but you already know me so damn well, and I knew that you would see right through my façade and I didn't want to bring you down."

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"Well, you kind of failed there huh, Romeo?" she teased.

I poked her.

She punched me.

Man's she's vicious.

"You know yesterday when you said that you didn't deserve me?" I nodded, "Well, I have come to find out that you, Edward Cullen, are a liar. It is I who does not deserve you, but I am a selfish and stingy person when it comes to you, and you can be damned sure that I will do everything in my power to be worthy of your love. I love you, Edward." She leaned in and kissed me and it felt like Heaven and Hell wrapped up all in one Bella-sized bow.

Heaven because, well duh...she's kissing me!

Hell because we can't go any further and I distinctly hear the footsteps of my cockblocking siblings and friends. Why are they here again?

I slowly pulled away and sucked her bottom lip into my mouth, causing her to release one of her delicious moans. All I can say is thank God for the maker of denim jeans. Dude you are my lifesaver.

Ok, so change the subject. Umm....

As I released her lip, she pulled away and looked at me with those beautiful browns of hers. An idea suddenly popped in my head.

"So? You brag about me to your mom, huh?" I teased.

"Oh my God my dad is dead," she groaned. I laughed at her and she punched me in my arm. Hard.

"Ouch! Careful, Slugger. I don't want to end up looking like James anytime soon." As I said this, she flinched.

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"Too soon?" I asked. She shook her head 'no' and suddenly broke into laughter.

"We fucked him up, Edward. Oh my God, did you see him?" she laughed as she almost fell off of my lap. God I love her!

"Hell yes I saw him. Emmett's pissed about his helmet by the way. Smart move though. I was so fucking proud of you. Just remind me not to piss you off anytime soon." Yes I'm proud of her, but the shit is still kind of frightening.

"What's the matter, Edward? Afraid of little old me?" she asked with big innocent eyes.

"Little old me my ass! You tried attack him *while* he was surrounded by the cops, Bella. If I didn't fear for your safety...well let's just say a Public Indecency charge would be on both of our records right about now. *That's* how hot that was." She laughed loudly at that one and it felt so damn good to hear that sound again. I pulled her closer to me and laughed along with her as the rest of the family finally made their way over.

Man I am so fucking glad I came to the airport.

Told you!

I'm not even going to deny it. You've won this one.

Yes! Paris? Here we come baby!

Oh god. Now my conscious is beginning to sound like Emmett.

Embrace the Emmettness, Edward.

Author's note #2:

I guess new love makes smart people stupid? If they had just said what was on their minds, none of that sadness shit would have needed to happen. And what about Charlie's talk with Edward? Almost EVERY review mentioned it, lol,

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Hope it was worth the wait! Ok, so next up for the gang is the Paris arrival, the karaoke scene as well as the lemon.

Hope y'all come back now. Ya hear?

Nicole

Sexy Lover Who Kissed A Girl

Disclaimer: If I owned Edward or Emmett Cullen, do you honestly think I would tell you people? I do however claim: Fireward, Drunkme, Dr. DILF, and Edward's 'Michael Phelps' tongue...well not physically...but you know what I mean.

Author's Note: Long roller-coaster chapter with song lyrics. Links to dresses on profile under **Chapter 21 Links**. As always, since I'm cool like that, all songs performed in this chapter are located on the Blogger Playlist

WARNING! Rated 'M' for a reason.

"Sexy Lover Who Kissed A Girl"

Bella POV:

To say that I am still slightly in shock by the arrival of my family at the airport would definitely be putting it lightly. And yes, I called them my family. The word 'friend' does not even begin to cover the amount of love and appreciation that I have for these five amazing new people in my life, not to mention Carlisle and Esme. I still cannot for the life of me figure out what the Hell I did to deserve them, but I will not be looking the gift horse in the mouth no time soon thank you very much.

This week has the potential to be perfect if it weren't for this one itsy-bitsy, teeny-tiny thing. That thing is the current status of my relationship with my former best friend, Jacob Black. In hindsight, I realize that I handled the whole 'abandonment' thing wrong, but when the ass had the nerve to demand anything from me while the love of my life could have been in danger as we spoke, I just fucking lost it and blamed him for it all. Yes, his absence in my life when I met James had me craving some kind companionship, but it's not like he pushed me to date him. That ingenious idea was my own idiotic decision that I will come to regret until my dying day. Still, I don't know if I can call him a friend again. Hell, I don't know if I even want to call him a friend again. Would said friend

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up and run when times got hard again? Would I even care anymore if he did? Even so, I will be the first one to admit that I owe him an apology for blaming him for the whole thing. He's not 100% at fault here. Maybe more like thirty.

Here I am on a transatlantic flight sitting next to the most amazing man in the world, whom I so don't deserve by the way, and I'm thinking about my former best friend who gave me abandonment issues. What in the fuck is wrong with this picture?

"Earth to Bella. Helloooo? Anyone home?" I looked up and saw five pairs of eyes, all in a sea of different colors, staring at me. I blushed of course.

"Yeah. Sorry. What were you saying?" I asked. They all just looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. Alice and Jasper turned around in their seats in front of us while Emmett and Rose sat back in the one's in the back of mine and Edward's.

Even without looking at him directly, I felt his gaze still on me and I knew he would ask me what I was thinking. One thing about Edward Cullen is that once he dazzles your ass with those damn hypnotic greens of his, it's practically impossible to lie to him. Personally, I think he missed his calling. The FBI would *kill* for a power like his. Hell, even the NYPD!

"I know what you are thinking and I don't want to ruin the trip by talking about it yet," I said.

"The only way this trip could be ruined is if you were unhappy in any way. And right now from the look in your eyes, you're unhappy and I just want to do whatever I can to make that unhappiness go away."

"Oh that is so unfair! How in the hell can I deny you anything when you're all sweet and suave and caring like that?"

"Blame Carlisle. I learned from the best," he said with his signature smirk in place. Eventhough the playfulness was there, it could not compete with the overwhelming amount of concern present in his eyes.

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Damn you Dr. Daddy!

"Promise you won't get upset?" I asked.

"Why would I get upset?"

"Because I was thinking about, Jacob," I whispered..

"And?"

"And? And I didn't want to hurt your feelings that I'm thinking about him while I'm with you?"

"Bell? Answer me this. Who is on this plane right now and on their way to Paris with the woman the he loves more than anything in the world?"

"You," I answered.

"Exactly. Now you see why I said 'and'. I know that you have a past with Jacob and from what I heard from Emmett; there is some real shit that you two have to deal with. Just know that I'm here if you need me. Okay?"

And cue me melting into a puddle of sappy goo and girliness. How in the HELL did I land this man?

Quit questioning it and start appreciating it dumb ass!

"You know I love you right?"

"Not as much as I love you Bell." I smiled broadly at his nickname for me.

"And what did I do to earn that beautiful smile?" he asked.

"You called me Bell and I think I like it. She was my favorite princess when I was a little girl," I laughed

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"Well good. I like calling you Bell. Besides, it fits since when I first laid eyes on you I called you 'Beauty' until I learned your real name," he chuckled "Although 'Beauty' still perfectly fits," he added.

"So by association that makes you 'The Beast'?" I asked. He shrugged. "Trust me Edward Cullen. When I think of you, 'Beast' is the *last* word that comes to my mind."

"Well trust me. If you knew what I was thinking about doing to you right now, 'Beast' would be the only word able to come to your mind."

Oh god!

I bit my bottom lip as a small moan escaped me but apparently it wasn't small enough since Edward shushed me, smiling the entire time with his eyes darkening as we spoke. I growled in frustration and when I heard giggling in front of us and kicked the back of Alice's chair. She squealed, causing Emmett's booming laughter to bounce off the walls of the enclosed cabin. I felt Edward's body move with his silent laughter and decided to make his laughing ass pay. I leaned back and threw my blanket over both of our laps. He looked at me with a raised eyebrow and I took that as an accepted challenge. He leaned back in his chair and folded his arms behind his head, looking me in the eyes with the patented Edward Cullen Cocky Smirk in place.

I gave him my own smirk before I unzipped his jeans and wrapped my hand around his already hard cock. I moved closer to him and sucked his ear lobe in my mouth while gently stroking him. A small moan escaped his mouth this time and I grasped him harder and whispered in his ear, "Not. A. Sound." He gulped loudly and closed his eyes while biting his bottom lip.

Where's the laughter now, Chuckles?

I continued to stroke him as I sucked his bottom lip into my mouth, biting it. He grabbed one of the armrests in his hands and attempted to squeeze the life out of the damn thing. To tease him a little more, I slowly ran my nails from the base of his cock to the tip and when I reached the tip, I wiped the pre-cum

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that was there with a finger and brought my finger to my mouth.

"Fucking delicious," I moaned after I sucked my finger clean. His hips bucked against my hand as he grabbed the back of my head and forcefully brought my mouth to meet his again. His tongue tangled with mine and I moaned again at the taste of it. My hand began to work him harder, squeezing from the base to the head and then rotating my wrists to do it all over again. Edward's abs were clenching and releasing with each stroke. His chest was rising and falling with the force of his breaths. A loud groan escaped against my lips.

"Shhh..." I whispered.

"Fuck, Bella," he whispered against my lips. I kissed him harder then as the motion of my hand increased. Edward broke away from the kiss and threw his head back against the headrest, biting his whole bottom lip in an attempt to keep the moan in that I knew was trying to escape.

"Hey Edward I...HOLY SHIT! I'm sorry man."

Oh God! No no no no no no!

"EMMETT!" yelled Rose. Emmett at least had the decency to look embarrassed. You're not the only one buddy!

"What's going on?" asked Alice. Her and Jasper turned around to see what all the commotion was about. When Alice saw my red face and Edward trying unsuccessfully to adjust himself, she started laughing and clinging to Jasper. He just looked at her like she was off of her meds. When I thought it couldn't get any worse, I saw the stewardess making her way towards us. Just fucking great!

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to refrain from such vulgar outbursts," she said while looking at Emmett. His jaw dropped open and he looked back and forth between Edward and I.

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"But she...I...he...they...fine!" he huffed. He then folded his arms and flopped back down in his seat. I heard Rose ask him what the Hell his problem was and I cringed. When I heard the whispering and Rosalie's sudden laughter, I cursed all that was Emmett Cullen. Rose popped her head between our seats and tsked me. *Me!* Let me just tell you ahead of time that it's kinda fucked up being tsked by Rosalie Hale.

"Isabella Marie Swan. Who knew you had it in you?" she asked.

"More like who knew Edward had it in her," laughed Emmett.

"Oh God," I groaned. Edward then cursed at Emmett as he pulled me into his lap. He wrapped his arms around me before he kissed me again. This kiss was passionate and sensual and almost made me forget why I was upset in the first place. That was until Emmett opened his goddamn mouth again.

I wonder if Esme will miss him if he doesn't return...

"Eddie got a handy-J, handy-J, handy-J. Eddie got a handy-J on the airplane," he sang to the tune of 'Mary Had A Little Lamb'.

"All together now," he yelled. Jasper and Rose joined in with him while Alice tried to keep herself from falling out of her seat with laughter. I just groaned and tried to hide and bury myself into Edward's chest. I felt him shaking with laughter again and wanted to slap the shit out of him.

This is going to be a long flight.

Five hours later into the seven and a half hour flight, we arrived at the Charles de Gaulle International Airport in Paris, France. I went over to the car rental stand and changed my order from a two-door coupe to an SUV. Don't get me wrong, I love the Metro but I want to go *when* I want to go.

I made my way over to the gang and we all loaded our luggage in the back and headed to the hotel. Alice and Rose tried to see the sites while I drove, but with the darkness and overcast it was hard to see anything. I told them that it's

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supposed to clear up on Thursday and we could go sightseeing then.

"OOH OOH! Can we go to Disneyland Paris? *Please* Bella!" asked Emmett. I turned around and had to bite my cheek to hold in my laughter. He was bouncing up and down in his seat with his hands folded in front of him in prayer form. His smile was huge, broadcasting his adorable dimples and his eyes held so much hope and enthusiasm in them that I just knew that I could not be upset with him about the airplane stunt anymore. I looked at Rose, noticing that she subtly moved a few inches away from Emmett and was shaking her head back and forth. Edward and Jasper were looking at me with the same gleam in their eyes that I saw in Emmett's, and Alice was still looking out the damn windows at the buildings and clouds. I was alone and ganged up on. How the hell am I supposed to say 'no' to Emmett, Jasper *and* Edward when they all have those damn puppy-dog faces on? You can't and I dare anyone to try!

"Esme never really had a chance when you guys were younger did she?" I asked.

"She hardly has one now," said Rose. I looked at her and she shrugged. She knew I was SOL.

"Fine Emmett. We can go."

"YEAH! That's what the fu-," he yelled.

"BUT!" I interrupted. "If you embarrass any of us one time, I will send you back to the hotel *alone*. Is that understood?" His face instantly dropped and his pout came on full force. Jasper buried his head into Alice's shoulder to hide his laughter and Edward turned his face towards the window to hide his. Did they all get drunk and not invite me?

"Emmett?" I warned.

"Fine, fine! But why am I the only one getting the warning?" he whined.

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"Does she really need to answer that Emmett?" asked Edward. It's about damn time his laughing ass helped!

"No," he said.

"I thought not," laughed Edward.

"You people are so going to drive me to drink," I groaned.

"Like you need our help in that department you lush," said Alice.

"Maybe so, but I'm not the one who got the family kicked out of a restaurant."

"One fucking time. I swear those assholes never forget shit," she mumbled to herself. I just shook my head as we pulled up to the valet at the Hotel Prince de Galles. Rose's jaw dropped and Alice bounced up and down in approval. Jasper wrapped his arms around her to calm her down, but it didn't work. His blonde curls just bounced along with the force.

I love staying at this hotel. With it's Art deco design, the Toile de Jouy motifs, gilded chandeliers and exquisite marble floors, I feel that it captures the essence of Parisian style and it makes me feel like I have Paris right at my fingertips. I always feel welcome here and it makes me want to come back to Paris much sooner rather than later. This would be my fourth stay here and I have the feeling it was going to be a little different than the rest.

"Bella. This place is beautiful," said Rose.

"I know. I absolutely love staying here. Most of the rooms have a stunning view of the Eiffel Tower and we are literally minutes away from the Champs-Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe! Not to mention some of the best shops and fashion houses in all of the world."

"Shops? Did someone say shops? Where are they? Can we go now? Oh God there goes my savings!" said Alice.

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"Alice? Honey? Breathe," said Jasper. She began taking deep breaths and I promised her that we could go tomorrow morning. That just nullified all the breathing that Jasper had her do. Poor child damn near hyperventilated.

By the time she was calmed down, the porter came out and placed all of our luggage on the carts and we all made our way over to the Concierge's desk.

"Bonjour! Reservation pour Bella Swan," I said. I heard a few gasps behind me but chose to ignore them. I was told that my room was ready and when I was given my key that's when it hit me. There's not enough room for six people to comfortably sleep in my room. Shit! I could change rooms, but I love my view and I'm sure Alice and Rose would appreciate it as well. What to do...?

Got it!

"Avez-vous d'autres chambres libres?"

"Non, la seule chambre de libre est la suite Présidentielle," he replied.

"Damnit!" I said.

"What's wrong Bella?" asked Jasper.

"Well, my room is available now but I just remembered that there was not enough room to fit us all. I asked him if there were any other suites available, but the only one available now is the Presidential."

"How many can it hold?" asked Edward.

"Up to ten. But it's pretty pricey," I replied.

"We can cover it." He said, and then he, Emmett and Jasper gave me their credit cards. Edward took Emmett and Jasper's cards from me and gave them back to them, telling them to just pay him back later. They shrugged, nodded and stuffed their cards back in their wallets. I turned back to the Concierge to finish the transaction. "D'accord, on la prend," I said. I felt their eyes on me

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again and that was when I remembered the whole French-speaking thing.

"I told him that we would take it." I looked around again and when my eyes landed on Edward's, my breathing hitched at their color. They were forest green, heavy-lidded and lust filled and I had to grab onto the marble counter to keep from attacking him in the lobby of a five-star hotel.

"Someone like's it when you speak Fre-ench!" sang Rose.

"You don't say." I took in a deep breath to clear my head from all of my Edward sex visions and even that didn't help because his musk scent attacked my senses. This man is going to fucking kill me!

"Not again. Would you two quit it! Every damn time we go somewhere, you two are eye-fuc-,"

"EMMETT!" yelled Rose.

Ah yes. Sex dreams gone. Anger in place.

I'm about to say fuck what Esme thinks and ship his ass somewhere!

"Emmett? We are in the lobby if one of the best hotels in all of France. Mind your words or so help me..." said Alice. Thank you my favorite Pixie! I walked over to her to thank her with a hug. She squeezed me back and laughed. I went to say something when I heard a loud thump. I turned around and saw Emmett glaring at Edward while rubbing his chest. Rose had her hands on her hips doing her best 'pissed off mom' impersonation, while Jasper just eased away from them as if he didn't know them.

"I don't blame you Jazz!" I said. He turned suddenly with a shocked look on his face at being caught. I just laughed and he winked at me.

When I *finally* wrangled everyone together and we paid for the suite, we made our to the artwork-like elevators. When we arrived on our floor, the porter showed us to our suite. It was located at the end of the hall and had two white

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and gold French doors as an entrance. The porter, Jean, opened the door and it was time for everyone to gasp. The room was simply beautiful...and huge, maybe about 1800 square feet. The walls were a beautiful cream with magnificent artwork throughout. There was a huge sitting area and the suite was decorated in Louis XV era furnishings. There were two bedrooms on each side of the common area; one being a master-suite and each bedroom had its own bathroom. There was also a fully equipped kitchen with stainless steel appliances in the suite, but the one thing that trumped all of that was the view. When Jean pulled the curtains back and opened the two sets of French patio doors, the Eiffel Tower was clear in our sights and lit up like the world's most beautiful Christmas tree. It was more beautiful than I remembered. Rose grabbed Alice's hands and mine and pulled us out onto the patio. We all wrapped our arms around each other and stared out at the view.

"I haven't told you guys this yet, but I am so glad that you came. It means the world to me that you would just drop everything like that. I...I don't know how to thank you guys enough." Tears started to fall down my face and Rose wiped a few away with her fingers.

"Baby girl, you do not have to thank us. All we did was go 'WWBD'. What would Bella Do? We knew that you would do the same thing for us in a heartbeat so Alice and I jumped at the chance," said Rose. "Plus the fact that it's Paris, may have swayed my decision, you know," she laughed.

"Had to kill the moment huh, Hale? Seriously Bells. You are like a sister to me, and if my brother didn't remove his head from his ass when he did I was going to bribe Carlisle to disown him," said Alice.

"Don't blame him Alice. It's my fault. I should have asked him and I was afraid that he'd reject me so I chickened out. I'd rather come here with the 'what ifs' then be depressed about him turning me down. It's childish I know. You live and you learn, yada yada yada."

"Edward Cullen? Reject *you*? Are you kidding me with this woman? That man would walk around all day naked wearing only a top hat if you asked him too," said Rose.

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"Ugh! Thanks for the mental picture, Rose," said Alice.

"Yeah thanks!" I laughed while I wiggled my eyebrows.

We talked some more but when it started to get chilly and we started to shiver, we each were suddenly surrounded by our own pair of strong arms. I relaxed into Edward's embrace and sighed when I felt him kiss my neck.

"I think we should unpack and get something to eat. This jetlag is kicking my ass," said Jasper. We all agreed and Edward grabbed my hands and pulled me towards the Master Suite. I went to argue but he said that it was Jasper and Emmett's decision. I guess I won't ship his ass away yet.

I stopped and tipped the porter before following Edward. When we got to our room, I face flopped onto the king-sized bed and groaned. The mint green, cream and gold linens smelled like Heaven and I wanted to live in that exact spot. The flight was long and Jasper was right, this jetlag shit sucks.

I heard Edward in the walk-in closet and got up off of the bed to see if he needed any help. I entered the closet and just stared at the masterpiece in front of me. He was bent over grabbing the clothes from his bag and once again his biteable ass was on display. When he stood, he shook the wrinkles from of his shirt and the motion caused the muscles in his back and forearms to flex. Actual drool almost escaped my damn mouth!

"I would be offended at being ogled right now, but since it's you I'll let it slide," he whispered as he was suddenly in front of me, nibbling on my ear.

How the hell did *that* happen?

"Umm... do you...ohhh...have a tux...oh god...tuxedo with you?" I moaned. He stopped his motions on my ear and neck but his hands began tracing small circles on my stomach and hip. Mmmmm

"No. I just threw things in my bag and rushed out the door to get to you," he said. He leaned in again and began kissing my neck and chest while his hands

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moved higher up my shirt. "Why do I need a tuxedo?" he asked against my skin. The vibrations of his voice against my skin sent a tingle through my body and I moaned when his thumb grazed against my already hard nipple.

"Be...becau...oooohhh...because the banquet....fuck....is a black tie...af...fair," I stumbled. You'd stumble too if he sucked your nipple in his mouth through your shirt!

He suddenly stopped and pulled away to look at me. I automatically groaned at the loss of contact but shut the hell up when I saw the amount of love and apprehension that was swimming around in his eyes.

"You don't have to-,"

"Edward. I want to." I pushed him away a little and grabbed both of his hands. "Edward Anthony Cullen. Will you please do me the honor of escorting me to the Honors Banquet this Friday evening?" I said with a curtsy. I tried to not laugh at the amused look on his face. It was so damn cute.

"Isabella Marie Swan. It will be my greatest pleasure to escort you anywhere," he replied in that honey/velvet voice of his.

SWOON!

I know right!

"Je t'aime, Edward."

"Ti Amo, Isabella."

We kissed for a very, very, very long time (not that I'm complaining or anything) but stopped so we could finish unpacking. When the closet and dresser drawers were full of our clothing, we agreed to pick him up a tuxedo tomorrow along with a few other items that he may need and once we were done, he threw me over his shoulder and smacked me on my ass as we made our way to the common room. We decided to order room service and hit the

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hay since it was already almost midnight and we were all tired from the trip. This eight-hour time difference is no joke.

It was hilarious as hell seeing Alice's face when Jasper ordered 'frog legs'. She even went so far as to telling him to brush his teeth before he kissed her. Emmett then grabbed one of the legs off of Jasper's plate and began chasing Alice around the suite. Edward and I looked at each other and took that as our cue to leave. We said goodnight and made our way to the bedroom.

When we got to the room, I went straight to the bathroom and filled the giant jetted tub with steaming hot water and bubbles. I took off all of my clothes and threw on one of the bathrobes. I came out of the bathroom just in time to stop Edward from taking off his shoes. I kneeled down in front of him and untied his laces.

"Bella-"

"Shhh-" Once I pulled the boots off, his socks came next and then his belt. I stood up, pulling him up with me and *very slowly* removed his jersey. I bit my lip and breathed in deeply when his 'v' was revealed due to his low-slung jeans. His toned abs came into my line of vision next and every one of the eight muscles clenched and relaxed as he raised his arms above his head. Next came his chest and I had to fight every instinct in me not to lick his nipples. His chin and neck was then revealed and I leaned in and placed a small bite on it. Finally his eyes and hair were in my sight and his intense gaze once again floored me. He smirked at my obvious ogling and leaned in to kiss me, but I pushed him back and continued to undress him. I unzipped his jeans for the second time today and they fell to a pool around his feet. He stepped out of them and was only left standing in his black boxer-briefs. I internally groaned and then pulled him into the bathroom. I removed my bathrobe and then climbed into the tub. I closed my eyes as the hot water began to relax my tight muscles and let a moan escape. I opened my eyes when I heard Edward take a deep breath and saw him leaning against the door with his arms folded across his beautiful chest.

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"Strip and then get your beautiful ass in this tub, Cullen." He smiled shaking his head while pulling down his boxers. It was my turn to take in a deep breath as I stared at the body of the beautiful God in front of me. He stepped into the tub and I pulled him towards me, his back on my chest. I ran my fingers through his hair, over his shoulder and down his chest and abs. I continued to do this, adding my nails in every now and then and earning the most delicious sounds from him. I grabbed the shampoo next to the side of the tub and smelt it to make sure the scent was good enough for him.

Close enough. I lathered my hands and began to gently wash his baby soft hair and scratch his scalp.

"Oh God, Bella. That feels so damn good," he moaned. The smile on my face grew in size as I rinsed his hair with the water in the container next to the tub and grabbed the almond scented body wash. I washed his neck, shoulders, arms, chest and abs; all that was above the water. When I couldn't reach the rest, I made him stand up with me and I washed the rest of him. I stepped out of the tub and turned on the hot shower, pulling him inside to rinse him off. When he was thoroughly rinsed we stepped out of the shower and I dried him off, paying extra attention to every inch of his body. When he was thoroughly dried, I dried myself while pushing his hands away and we made our way back into the bedroom. He pulled back the covers on the bed and we both climbed in, sighing as the incredibly soft sheets caressed our naked skin.

After we laid there in silence for a few while just holding each other, Edward spoke, "Why didn't you let me bathe you?"

"Is that why you were quiet for so long?" He nodded and I giggled. "I just wanted to do something for you. Tonight was not about me and it felt damn good taking care of you and hearing all those noises that you made." He smiled his beautiful full teeth smile that actually gave him dimples and I laughed as I buried my face into his neck.

"Well thank you, Love. That was one of the most beautiful and...erotic experiences of my life." he whispered.

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"Glad you enjoyed it and I'm happy that I was the one to give it to you."

"Next time. It's your turn," he said with all playfulness gone. I just nodded my head for fear that my voice would crack.

We laid there in comfortable silence again just looking out of the patio doors at the Eiffel Tower and it was wonderful. I don't think that I have ever been this happy in my entire life. And just think, if he wouldn't have ran his sexy ass to the airport after me, none of this would be happening right now. I'm such an idiot.

"I feel like we're in a romantic comedy right now," I said. Edward just chuckled and I poked him.

"Seriously. I had to run to Paris and was about to leave broken hearted. You and your family raced to the airport to stop me from leaving alone. You asked to come with me and brought the shopaholic and the 300-pound perpetual third grader with you. We're in this beautiful suite with the Eiffel Tower as our backdrop. It all just doesn't seem real."

"I know, but it is. Trust me. I pinched myself earlier and still have the bruise to prove it," he said, "But to make you feel better I could say some cheesy movie line like 'You complete me'," he laughed.

"You're such a dork," I laughed. He poked me in my side and I squealed loudly. Seeing my reaction, he poked me again...and again. Goddamnit now he knows I'm ticklish! "Fine, ok. Stop!" I yelled. He pulled away and stopped poking my sides and I hit him. After he hit me in the head with his pillow in retaliation, I glared at him and decided to finish the conversation. "I could top your 'You complete me' and say something just as cheesy like 'You had me at hello'," I laughed. He laughed too before he leaned in and kissed me softly on the lips. When he pulled away, he gazed into my eyes and ran his finger across my cheek.

"You are my tomorrow." Ah. Princess Bride.

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"And you, Mr. Cullen are my forever."

"Always have to one up me don't you?" he chuckled.

"Always," I whispered.

We made love for hours on a king-sized bed in a five-star hotel in Paris with the Eiffel Tower a stone throw away, and it was magical. But none of that other crap was needed with Edward. He was more than enough. More than I could ever ask for or even wish for and I was going to make sure that from now on he knew it.

Knock knock knock

"Go away," I groaned.

Knock knock knock

"What the hell is it about us being woken up at ungodly hours every time we stay in a goddamn hotel?" I asked.

"I've been up for a while now watching you sleep. You looked so peaceful and just so you know, I plan on cutting up Alice's favorite coat for waking you."

"That's ok. No defenseless leather coat needs to die just for me," I giggled.

"How do you know that it's Alice anyway?" I asked. He pointedly looked at the door and I soon got my answer.

"Belllllaaaaaa. Come on. I am literally *steps* away from Dior and Chanel and you're in bed! Do not make me bust this door down!"

"You break it you bought it!" I yelled.

"Yay! You're up. Can we go now?"

"Can I at least shower and eat first?"

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"Fine. But hurry up or you're being left," she huffed.

"Ali honey? I know my way around and you would be the one to get lost so threatening me with leaving really didn't have the same effect that you were going for," I laughed. She didn't answer. She just huffed in frustration and I heard her move away from the door. Suddenly, Emmett yelled at Alice and I lost it. I laughed so hard that I snorted and Edward buried his face in the pillow to hide his laughter.

"What the hell did you say to her to have her hit me?" yelled Emmett. My laughing increased as Edward tried to calm his with deep breathing. Once my giggle fit was over, we reluctantly decided to leave our bubble and join the gang. After we showered, we ordered breakfast and ate on the patio. I asked them if they wanted to go out tonight to dinner and then for drinks and Rose damn near killed me. She hugged me so tight that I saw stars.

"Um, ladies? We didn't bring anything to wear to go dancing in," said Jasper.

"That's ok. Edward has to get a tuxedo today for Friday. You guys can just shop with him and buy something for tonight." They agreed and we headed down to the lobby. We decided to walk since it was nice out. We headed out to Avenue George V and I pointed the guys in the direction of the best men's shops. Since they were going their separate ways from us, I told them to meet us at the Eiffel Tower at noon. Edward gave me a searing kiss and told me to buy something sexy.

"Same to you, Green Eyes." He smirked at me and they headed off on their way. I watched them leave and felt the string around my heart tighten a little more watching him walk away. A sudden sadness overtook me and I felt a little foolish and tried to shake it off. As if he felt my eyes on him, he suddenly stopped and turned to look at me. He too had a little sadness present in his eyes when he placed his hands over his heart and mouthed 'I love you' to me. I did the same to him and was thankful for Alice pulling me away when she did because I was one second away from running after him.

"You'll see him in a few hours, Bella," she whispered as she rubbed my back.

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"I know, Ali. I know." I took a deep, calming breath and steeled myself on having a fantastic shopping day with my girls.

Four hours later, after visiting Chanel, DIOR, Bulgari, Louis Vuitton, Chloe and many, many more, we made our way to the Tower loaded down with bags. The guys were already there and when I saw Edward, I just dropped my bags by Alice's feet and ran to him. He gave his garment bag to Jasper, dropped his other bags on the ground and had me in his arms seconds later. We kissed and touched every inch of each other. I ran my hands through his hair as he wrapped mine around his fist.

"I missed you," he moaned.

"Not as much as I missed you."

"Impossible," he whispered. He kissed me again deeply and I wrapped my legs around him. I wanted to feel every inch of him against my skin and was pissed that we couldn't right now. Reluctantly, I released him from my death grip and he set me back on my feet, kissing me once again before pulling away. I ran my hands over his face, committing it to memory before I turned around to see four gaping faces staring at us.

"What?" we asked, then laughed at the coincidence.

"That was so hot," said Rose. Emmett and Jasper just nodded their heads yes.

"Hot my ass! That was the most romantic shit I've ever seen. And you know it is love because she dropped her *Chanel bag on the ground!* If that's not love than I don't know what is," said Alice. We just laughed at her again and decided to have lunch at Taillevent. They have some of the best duck foie gras in all of Paris and my pallet was craving it. We got to the restaurant and ordered our meals. Everyone loved everything and...well...scratch that. Not *everyone...*

"Ok, if I don't get some McDonald's in me soon I am going kill some one," said Emmett.

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See what I mean?

Can't take him anywhere!

"Em, there's a Mickey D's around the corner. If you wait until we're done I'll take you there. Deal?" I swear I feel like I am talking to an 8 year-old sometimes.

He smiled his dimpled smile and nodded his head as he continued to poke at his escargot. I told him not to order it.

After lunch, like promised I took Emmett to McDonald's. Him and Jasper both ordered Big Macs and Cokes and we made our way back to the suite. I ran down to the hall where the banquet was being held to check-in and practiced my speech. When that was through I went back up to the suite to take another shower before getting ready with the girls in my room.

Alice chose the outfits we should wear, Rose did the make-up and I did the hair. We were a force to be reckoned with and in no time, we were ready and looking hotter than I've ever seen us.

Alice wore this adorably sexy, short black and red dress with a sweetheart neckline. It had an asymmetrical empire waist that was accentuated in the deep red color and a rhinestone accent on one side of the dress. The short skirt was flared and had a tulle petticoat underneath that flowed away from the body. She threw on her black stilettos, I curled her hair and Rose painted her lips red to match the red in her dress and she looked killer.

"Jasper is going to cream his pants!" laughed Rose.

"That's the plan," she said.

Rosalie's dress left very little to the imagination. It was a sexy, gold, halter cocktail dress. It had a gorgeous neckline that draped in the front and tied around the back of the neck. The back was completely open and the form fitting skirt hit her mid-thigh. When she threw on her stilettos and shook out

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her sex hair, I knew that Emmett would be fighting off some fools tonight.

The dress I chose was a little out of my element, but I wanted to see Edward's reaction when I wore it. Hey, he said buy something sexy and nothing says sexy like a tight teal blue dress made of shiny spandex! It looks better than it sounds, trust me. It's sleeveless with embellished spaghetti straps and a V-neckline. It's belted at the bust line with an embellished band giving it an empire waist look and it hugs every curve that I didn't even know that I had. My hair was flat-ironed with bangs sweeping across my eyes. I wore semi-nude lips with a smoky eye and threw on my platinum heels and matching diamond hoops. I looked in the mirror and briefly wondered if we were going to leave the hotel tonight.

When we were all ready, we exited the master suite and there were six simultaneous gasps heard throughout the room. Oh...my...damn! Something must've been in the water when Carlisle and Esme conceived their boys. Jasper not a brother by blood but Goddamnit he might as well be! Rose grabbed my hand and squeezed as she looked at Emmett and I squeezed hers back harder when I saw Edward slightly lick his lips. The guys looked amazing and Rose, Alice and I knew that without a shadow of a doubt that we were three of the luckiest bitches on the planet!

Jasper looked cool to southern perfection. He wore some dark denim jeans with a tight fitted black -T. On top he threw on a buttery soft waist length black leather jacket and tamed his wild blonde curls, letting his gorgeous ice eyes shine through. Alice ran and jumped in his arms and kissed his Texan ass with so much passion that it almost knocked him off of his feet. They're so cute.

The 300-pound perpetual third grader, also known as Emmett, looked every bit of the man that his 28 years of age calls for. He wore an incredibly sexy and sleek grey suit with black buttons and stitching. He had on a black shirt underneath with the top two buttons undone. Add together the sleek black shoes on the all black fedora he wore on his head and you were looking at one fine specimen. I let go Rose's hand and pushed her out of her stupor. She sauntered over to him in her gold dress and he didn't know what hit him, but from the look on his face, he was happy.

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And that leaves us with the man of the hour (my hour at least), Mr. Edward Cullen. He looks so goddamn good I just want to go cavewoman on his ass, club him over the head with a mallet and drag him back to my din of sin. His outfit was the middle of Emmett and Jasper's. Sexy casual with suave sophistication...and I just want to lick him and rub all over him and fuck him until he screams 'yes mistress Bella!'

Okaaaayy, so backtracking here...let's see, going from toe to head; he wore black Armani Prive shoes with black slacks and a leather belt. His shirt, which was tucked into his pants, was a beautiful deep blue that complimented his skin tone perfectly. Of course the top two buttons were undone and the cuffs were rolled up to his elbows, but what set it off was his sexy ass black vest with the blue silk lining. He wore no jewelry tonight, except for his watch and when I finally reached his head, I was shocked and incredibly pleased to see him wearing a black fedora with a blue trim. It was tilted to the side and towards the front, just above his left eyebrow. Even with the shadow that his hat cast, you could still see his devilish and hypnotic eyes.

I can see that I'm going to have to be prepared to kick a bitch's ass if they come on to him tonight.

He slowly walked towards me wringing his hands together. When he reached me, he stopped and placed a gentle kiss on my lips.

"Do we have to go out tonight? You look completely ravishing Isabella and I just want to taste every last inch of you," he whispered against my lips. My knees wobbled a little and I was immediately pulled close to him. He wrapped his arms around me and I pulled myself closer to him, feeling just how much he wanted to stay in. His delicious honey and musk scent attacked my senses and I felt like I was on sensory overload. I shook my head again to get my bearings, but when my eyes met his lips, my body had other plans. I grabbed his face with both of my hands and pulled him to me. Our lips met and it was like the first time all over again. He licked my bottom lip and when I opened my mouth our tongues clashed and it was fucking Heaven! I moaned into his mouth causing him to growl and pull me closer. He ground my hips against his and I threw my head back and moaned louder. He attacked my neck with his

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lips and I could have died very happy right then.

"I swear. It's like they don't even realize that we're here," whispered Emmett.

"How much you want to bet that they don't?" asked Jasper.

"How much do you want to bet that they do, they just don't care?" said Rose.

"Is it weird that this is turning me on? I mean, he is my brother," whispered Alice.

"Hey? When it's hot, it's hot," answered Jasper.

"Do you think they'll quit anytime soon? I'm getting hungry again," said Emmett.

"I hear you. Plus, I need some alcohol. Post haste," said Alice.

"I'll get them. It's like her birthday all over again," groaned Rose. Suddenly I was tapped on my shoulder and thrown out of my sex God bubble. Edward growled at the interruption and Emmett and Jasper laughed. Alice's giggle was cut off by Rose's reprimand. "Don't *growl* at me Edward Anthony Cullen. You two horny teenagers are holding up the damn party!" she yelled. I looked at Edward and winked. He let out a booming laugh of his own and we all decided to finally leave the suite.

"You ladies look hot as hell and I can just see myself having to kick some dude's ass tonight," said Jasper.

"I was thinking the same thing Jasper," I said.

"Ooh! Chick fight! American hottie versus Parisian wannabe in a knock-down, no holds barred, bikini bar brawl!" said Emmett.

SMACK!

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"Of course I was talking about you, Rosie. You know you're the only one I want to see in a bikini.," he said as he rubbed his ever-present sore spot.

"Riiight," said Rose. We all just shook our heads at them as we exited the cab at Les Ambassadeurs. We ordered our dinner and this time, Emmett listened to me. He wanted to order the 'Sweet Breads'. Once I told him what it was, he looked at me like I was insane and made me order his meals from now on. I happily obliged. When the meal was done and Jasper paid, he insisted, we hopped back in the cab and headed to the only all American themed bar in Paris, American'.

I wonder how much thought went into naming the place.

It reminded me of 'King's' minus the stripper poles. Le sigh. I asked the guys to find us a booth while I got the drinks. Jasper offered to help and we made our way to the bar.

"You guys are not going to let any one of us out of your sight all night are you?" I asked.

"Nope" he said popping on the 'p'. I just looked at him and shook my head.

"Well if there's anyone other than Edward that I could have watching over me, I'm glad it's you."

"Aw shucks. Stop it," he teased. He then batted his long ass blonde lashes in an attempt to look innocent

"You are such an idiot," I laughed. He feigned hurt before he started laughing as well. He rested his arm around my shoulders and I leaned my head on his shoulder. I don't hang out much with Jasper, but the more I get to know him, the more I feel that odd, familiar brotherly vibe from him that I have with Emmett. Well as brotherly as they can get after calling you hot and drooling over you every now and then.

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"What can I get for you, Sexy?" asked a female bartender. I was about to tell her that Jasper was taken but was shocked to see that she was looking at *me*. Jasper grabbed onto the bar and you could see him fighting the smile that was trying to erupt. He even had to turn away for a second to compose himself.

"I'll take six 'AMF's' and six tequila shots please. And I'd like to start a tab," I said

"No worries, Darling, but yours are on the house," she said as she winked at me. She was cute too, about my height with long curly blonde hair and small features. If I flowed that way, I'd date her but I'm into the Washington Monument, not the Lincoln Tunnel.

"Oh just wait until the guys hears about this. I bet you that Alice is going to come up here and flirt with her to get her drinks for free as well," he laughed. I laughed too because sadly, he's probably right. When she came back, I found out that her name was Maggie. I told her my name was Bella and introduced her to Jasper. She hardly spared Jasper a second glance and I had to bite my cheek from laughing at his expression. When we grabbed the drinks, I gave her my credit card and she winked at me again and told me that she'd see me around. Jasper damn near ran back to the booth to tell them all about my new lesbian lover. Edward had a look of pride and lust on his face. Emmett looked pissed that he missed it and said that he was going up and the next time and Jasper was right, Alice actually ran up to the bar to get a free drink, but came back empty-handed, glaring at me the entire time. I offered her the drink I got for her and the glare of doom disappeared.

"Oh my God, Bella! What the hell is this? It's so damn good," moaned Rose. Emmett wiggled his eyebrows and I slapped him on his arm.

"It's an AMF, otherwise known as an 'Adios Mother Fucker'. They sneak the hell up on you and turn your tongue blue," I said as I sipped on the straw.

I downed my first glass before Edward pulled me on the dance floor. The song 'Lost Without You' by Robin Thicke began to play and Edward sang the lyrics in my ear and we spun and grinded on the dance floor. We danced to 'Bed' by J.

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Holiday and 'I Wanna Fuck You' by Akon and that's when I knew that the club owners were conspiring against my drunken ass. Here I am trying to not think about sex and have fun with *everybody* and they play fucking sex music! Every song was about sex or having sex or places to have sex. The sweat clinging to Edward's chest as it rose and fell due to his heavy breathing let me know that my mind wasn't the only one somewhere else at the moment.

"Drink?" he asked.

"Drink," I answered. I went to the bar for a new AMF and Maggie actually did give me mine for free. I tried to argue but she said that it was the least I could do after giving her the show I just did with Edward. I blushed and thanked her and made my way back to the table.

When I was about halfway through my drink, Alice squealed and grabbed my hand as that goddamn 'Just Dance' by Lady Gaga came on. She knew better than to grab Rose's hand - me on the other hand, not so much. We made our way into the middle of the dance floor and began jumping and swaying and moving with each other. Different body parts were in tandem with each other as me moved to the beat. We laughed our asses off and I had to admit that I was having one of the best times of my life. When the song ended, we made our way back over to the booth and I noticed that the guys were gone. "Rose? Where did the guys go?" I asked.

"Emmett practically had to bribe them into doing whatever they're about to do. Supposedly, it's a surprise and I have no idea what the hell is going on." Just then, the house lights dimmed and the spot light was on the stage. Emmett was standing in the center of the stage, with his head down, legs spread apart and a mike in his hand. Jasper was to his left in the same position with his arms crossed in the front of him. Edward had in legs spread a little as well. One hand was holding a microphone while the other was on his fedora, bringing it down lower to cover his eye.

"This song goes out to our three Sexy Loves," crooned Emmett. The beginning of the song started and my jaw slacked. Rose and Alice grabbed my arms and ran to the get a better view of the performance. When the drums started, all

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three of them started swaying and moving their chests and shoulders side to side with two touches to the left and two to the right. Their hips swayed in the opposite direction and I was mesmerized. Edward and Jasper still had their heads down as Emmett started to sing.

(Emmett)

My sexy love... (so sexy...)

*She makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, just one touch
And I erupt like a volcano and cover her with my love
Baby girl you make me say (Oh oh oh)
And I just can't think (of anything else I'd rather do)
Than to hear you sing (sing my name the way you do)
When we do our thing (when we do the things we do)
Baby girl you make me say (Oh oh oh)*

Emmett looked at Rosalie the entire time and you could see her fighting whether or not she should jump on the damn stage. When the chorus began, Edward and Jasper raised their heads and Edward looked me right in the eye. His fedora was still tipped to the side and he looked so fucking sexy up there. I got flashbacks of my birthday and wanted to jump up there and run my hands and tongue and other body parts all over him.

(All)

*Sexy love girl the things you do
(Oh baby baby) Keep me sprung, keep running back to you
Oh I love making love to you
Baby girl you know you're my (sexy love...)*

When Edward's part came on, he came off the stage and slowly walked towards me while he sang. When he reached me, he placed his hat on my head and you could hear all of the girls behind us hiss at me. Jealous bitches. Mine!

(Edward)

I'm so addicted to her she's the sweetest drug, just enough

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*Still too much say that I'm simp and I'm sprung all of the above
I can't help she makes me say (Oh oh oh)
And I just can't think (of anything else I'd rather do)
Than to hear you sing (sing my name the way you do)
When we do our thing (when we do the things we do)
Oh, baby girl you make me say (Oh oh oh)*

I'll make him sing 'oh oh oh' all right! He grabbed my hand and slowly spun me around. My back was pressed up against his chest and we moved our hips together in a sensual wave motion as his free hand ran up and down my body and over my chest. I threw my head back onto his shoulder as he continued to croon in my ear.

(All)

*Sexy love girl the things you do
(Oh baby baby) Keep me sprung, keep running back to you
Oh I love making love to you
Say baby girl you know you're my (sexy love...)*

When I heard Jasper about to sing, I had to try hard to pay attention due to the grinding man behind me. I never heard Jasper sing before and damnit he didn't disappoint. Alice looked like she was falling in love all over again. He slowly removed his jacket and gazed into her eyes the entire time as he sensually ran his hand from his chest, over his abs and stopped at the waistband of his jeans, toying with the button on his fly.

(Jasper)

*Oh baby what we do it makes the sun come up
Keep on lovin' 'til it goes back down
And I don't know what I'd do if I would lose your touch
That's why I'm always keeping you around... my sexy love(All)
Sexy love girl the things you do (things you do baby)
(Oh baby baby) Keep me sprung, keep running back to you (keep me runnin'
back to you)
Oh I love (I love) making love to you
Say baby girl you know you're my (sexy love...)*

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(All) *Sexy love girl the things you do (sexy love)*
Keep me sprung, keep running back to you (runnin' back to you)
Oh I love making love to you
Say baby girl you know you're my (sexy love...)

At the last chorus, Edward spun me back around, smacked me on my ass and ran back on stage.

(Emmett)

She makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up
Just one touch...

When Emmett sang the last line, all three of them went back to their previous poses with their heads lowered and the place literally erupted in applause and catcalls. Rose, Alice and I were almost knocked over by the hussies that tried to get to our men and I had to grab Rosalie's fist before she connected it with this woman's face. After I stopped her, I felt the arms of my love wrap around me and pressed myself completely against him. He groaned in my ear and pulled it into his mouth. I hooked my thumbs into the belt loop of his pants and roughly pulled him against me. I wonder if they would notice if we left?

"Is karaoke like some kind of foreplay for you two?" asked Emmett.

I guess they would notice. Goddamnit!

"You guys were good! Did you rehearse that or what?" asked Alice.

"Emmett secretly wants to become a famous R & B singer and roped Edward and I into that more than once. We actually know a few songs. If you're lucky, we just might do this again," Jasper said.

"Don't I get any say in this?" asked Edward.

"I love it when you sing. It's an ultimate turn on," I whispered.

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"I'm in," he yelled. I laughed at him and he pinched me on my ass. I reached my arm back and grabbed his cock that was pressed against my back.

"Truce," he groaned. I smirked.

"Are you ladies going to do anything?" asked Emmett.

"We haven't rehearsed anything and it will definitely not be as sexy as 'Buttons' was," I answered. Emmett pouted and Alice hit him in his chest. I love her.

"We could do something easy that requires no choreography. Please guys? I wanna sing!" squealed Alice.

"I'm in if you are Bella," answered Rose.

"Fine," I sighed. "Alice you pick," I said. She squealed...again, and ran to the DJ booth. Minutes later, she ran back and told us that we were up. When she told me what the song was that she chose, I was surprised and happy at the same time. Even though I'm beginning to sense a pattern here.

"This song goes out to the loves of our lives. You know who you are," I said. I brought my eyes to Edward and like I expected, he was already watching me. A chill ran up my spine and my body clenched with anticipation.

Breathe Bella

(BELLA) *I don't wanna go another day, so I'm telling you exactly what is on my mind.*

*Seems like everybody's breaking up, throwing their love away,
But I know I got a good thing right here
That's why I say (Hey)*

(ALL) *Nobody gonna love me better I must stick with you forever.
Nobody gonna take me higher I must stick with you.
You know how to appreciate me I must stick with you, my baby.
Nobody ever made me feel this way I must stick with you.*

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I have to thank Alice for picking this song. I feel like I'm telling Edward almost everything that I need him to hear with just a few simple lyrics.

(ROSE) I don't wanna go another day so I'm telling you exactly what is on my mind.

See the way we ride in our private lives, ain't nobody getting in between.

I want you to know that you're the only one for me

And I say

(ALL) Nobody gonna love me better I must stick with you forever.

Nobody gonna take me higher I must stick with you.

You know how to appreciate me I must stick with you, my baby.

Nobody ever made me feel this way I must stick with you.

(ALICE) And now ain't nothing else I can need

And now I'm singing 'cause you're so, so into me.

I got you, we'll be making love endlessly.

I'm with you

Baby, you're with me

Rose and Alice moved closer to me and both wrapped their arms around me. We started swaying left and right and moving our hips from side to side. The entire time, my eyes were locked on the man of my dreams.

(ROSE/ ALICE) So don't you worry about people hanging around they ain't bringing us down.

(BELLA) I know you and you know me and that's all that counts. Hey

(ROSE/ ALICE) So don't you worry about people hanging around they ain't bringing us down.

(BELLA) I know you and you know me and that's, that's why I say, hey

(ALL) Nobody gonna love me better I must stick with you forever.

Nobody gonna take me higher I must stick with you.

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*You know how to appreciate me I must stick with you, my baby.
Nobody ever made me feel this way I must stick with you.*

*Nobody gonna love me better I must stick with you forever.
Nobody gonna take me higher I must stick with you.
You know how to appreciate me I must stick with you, my baby.*

(BELLA) *Nobody ever made me feel this way I must stick with you.*

When the song ended, I vaguely heard the applause but didn't care in the least since I was already in Edward's arms and his lips were currently melded to mine. I was lifted off of my feet and felt him walk us to the booth while still lip locked. He sat me down on the table and ran his hands over my bare legs. I had to break away from the kiss to breathe and when I did, his lips left a searing trail from my ear to the tops of my breast.

"Ahem." I looked up and saw Maggie standing there staring at us with a smile on her face.

Edward POV:

I cannot keep my hands off of this woman and I am going fucking insane! If it weren't for the blonde woman interrupting us, I would have probably taken her on this table. Lately, I cannot get enough of Bella and I tried to rein it in this morning, but when she came out of the room wearing that Devil's Advocate of a blue dress, I was thrown into my own personal hell and all bets were off. She is going to need a can of mace and a mallot to keep my ass away.

Dancing with her is a sensation second only to kissing her and when she gets up there on that stage and her confidence is palpable and I know that she is singing to *me*, I just want to please her and love her like no other and goddamnit...why did that blonde chick have to interrupt?

Jasper and Emmett made their way over to me while Bella, Alice and Rose were talking to the blonde.

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"Cockblocked by the competition, huh Edward?" asked Jasper.

"What the hell do you mean 'competition'?" I asked.

"That's the girl that was flirting with Bella. The bartender."

"No shit?" asked Emmett.

"No shit," he replied. I just stood there with a stupid expression on my face until Jasper pushed me to move in closer to hear what they were saying.

"You guys were really good and hot as hell and I wanted to know if you would sing with me?" asked the blonde. I really should learn her name instead of calling her 'the blonde'.

"You any good?" asked Rose.

"Ro-sa-lie!" scolded Alice.

"What? I don't want to make a fool out of myself," she answered.

"Ignore her. What did you plan on performing?" asked Bella. The girl whispered in Bella's ear and my love's entire face lit up. A devious smile graced her beautiful face and I was instantly hard and terrified.

"What?" asked Rose and Alice. Bella leaned in and whispered in their ears. Apparently, we're not supposed to hear.

"Oh fuck yes!" yelled Rose.

"And you hit me when I do that shit!" yelled Emmett.

"True. But when I do it, it's hot," she answered. Emmett just shut up and nodded, knowing that she was right.

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The girls downed the rest of the drinks and made their way to the stage, followed closely behind by the blonde whom I found out was named Maggie. As they stepped up on the stage, Maggie went to the microphone and Rose, Alice and Bella stood next to each other with their bodies touching and their hands on each other waists and stomachs. When the song started, I knew that my own personal sexually frustrated hell was about to get a hell of a lot worse.

"Oh God! Tell me they're not," groaned Emmett. "You don't think they would right? In front of a crowded bar I mean," he asked.

"With Bella and Rose together, it's hard to tell anymore," I said.

"What the hell are you two talking about?" asked Jasper.

"You'll see," I answered.

"God I hope not. Or do I want them too. Fuck I'm so confused!" yelled Emmett.

(Maggie)

*This was never the way I planned, not my intention
I got so brave, drink in hand, lost my discretion
It's not what I'm used to, just wanna try you on
I'm curious for you caught my attention*

(All)

*I kissed a girl and I liked it
The taste of her cherry Chapstick
I kissed a girl just to try it
I hope my boyfriend don't mind it*

*It felt so wrong, it felt so right
Don't mean I'm in love tonight
I kissed a girl and I liked it
I liked it*

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During the chorus Bella, Rose and Alice sang into a single microphone on a stand. They kept looking at each other and licking their lips. Their bodies touched and their hands continued to roam. I caught Bella's eye and she winked at me. Yep. I'm in Hell.

(Maggie)

*No, I don't even know your name, it doesn't matter
You're my experimental game, just human nature
It's not what good girls do, not how they should behave
My head gets so confused, hard to obey*

(All)

*I kissed a girl and I liked it
The taste of her cherry Chapstick
I kissed a girl just to try it
I hope my boyfriend don't mind it*

*It felt so wrong, it felt so right
Don't mean I'm in love tonight
I kissed a girl and I liked it
I liked it*

(Maggie)

*Us girls we are so magical
Soft skin, red lips, so kissable
Hard to resist, so touchable
Too good to deny it
It ain't no big deal, it's innocent*

At the bridge part of the song, the girls circled around Maggie and began running their hands all over her. They ran their fingers across each other's lips, through their hair, over their arms and chests and up their bare legs. Maggie threw her head back and looked Bella in the eye. Bella grabbed the back of Rose and Alice's heads and when the 'it's innocent' was sang, Alice kissed Rosalie and Maggie turned around, grabbed Bella around her waist and locked lips with her, causing the whole damn bar to erupt.

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"Not my sister!" groaned Emmett.

"Son of a bitch," said Jasper.

"Taxi!" I yelled.

(All)

*I kissed a girl and I liked it
The taste of her cherry Chapstick
I kissed a girl just to try it
I hope my boyfriend don't mind it*

*It felt so wrong, it felt so right
Don't mean I'm in love tonight
I kissed a girl and I liked it
I liked it*

The walls to the bar almost caved in with the table pounding and the whistles. Guys were standing on the stools and in the benches of the booths, giving the girls a standing ovation. Some of them even began crowding the bar, but were pushed back by the bouncers. When all four of them made it back to the booth, we quickly grabbed their coats and headed for the door. Bella needed to grab her credit card from the bartender before we could leave. She got the card from Maggie and she told us not to be strangers as she looked at Bella. Mine!

We all piled into the taxi and headed back to the hotel. When we got out Emmett paid and we made our way up the elevator and was in the suite before I knew what had happened. I said goodnight to everyone threw Bella over my shoulder and headed for the bedroom. She squealed and I chuckled when I heard her mumble something like 'yay Caveward' before I plopped her onto the bed.

Bella POV:

Katy Perry. I love you! Who knew that singing about kissing other women and then doing it on stage would have your man drag your ass out of a bar, toss you

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over his shoulder and throw you on the bed the first chance he got. Apparently she did and like I said, I fucking love her for it!

We were out of that bar and damn near naked faster than I could blink. When he was kissing me, I stopped him and he actually growled at me, and not the hot sexually pleased one that I love so much either. I laughed at him and pushed him off of me, telling him to strip. I stood up as well and began unzipping my dress. He threw his fedora onto the chaise and his vest and shirt hit the floor. My dress pooled around my feet and I enjoyed the sight of his eyes darkening at the sight of me in nothing but my new La Perla lingerie and stilettos.

He groaned and licked his bottom lips again. As he undid his belt, I let my eyes rake over his body. I honestly do not think that I will ever get used to seeing him and for that I am grateful. I ran a single finger from the center of his chest, over each abdominal muscle and to the end of his happy trail. His stomach and chest muscles clenched and flexed at the contact and quickly his pants were off along with everything else. My own personal God was standing there in nothing but silk blue boxers and I had to have him and I mean now!

I walked over to the desk and grabbed the cushioned, armless chair. I placed it next to the bed and stood in front of it. I told Edward to sit down, but he had other plans. He placed me in the chair and kneeled in front of me. He grabbed my left ankle, brought it up to his shoulder and loosened the strap on my heel. He removed the shoe and kissed his way from my foot all the way up to my inner thigh. He repeated the same action with the other leg, but did not stop at my thigh. He kissed my clit through my panties and moaned when he felt how wet they were.

Edward stood up and pulled me up with him. "You are wearing entirely too much clothing. I think I need to remedy that don't you?" he asked. He maneuvered his fingers inside my panties and grazed my wetness. I threw my head back and moaned. One of his magically delicious fingers entered me while his thumb grazed my clit.

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"Edward. I need you. Now," I moaned. He removed his hands from me and brought them to his mouth, licking them clean. He undid my bra, letting it pool to the floor. His thumbs hooked into the waist of my underwear and he slowly slid them down my legs, kissing every inch of skin he came in contact with on the way down. I forcefully grabbed his hair and yelled out when he sucked my clit into his mouth. He placed one of my feet onto the chair and began fucking me with his tongue. He lapped at my lips before thrusting his fingers inside of me and sucking on my clit again with force. I started to ride his finger and had to hold on to the back of the chair to steady myself. He grabbed onto one of my thighs to stop my movement and pushed himself further into me. His tongue started moving in different directions against my clit and lips while his fingers continued their thrusting and just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, he moaned against me and I fucking lost it.

I had to grab onto the chair harder and lean forward with the force of my orgasm. "Fuck...." I screamed. Edward never stopped his movements with his tongue and he began sucking on me harder. I pulled on his hair and made him stand up. He licked his lips and stared me right in the eyes. I suppressed a shiver and yanked off his boxers, revealing my delight for my eyes only. I pushed him down into the chair and when I went to return the favor he pulled me up, grabbed my legs to straddle him and slowly sank me down onto his hard cock.

"Ohhhh...." I moaned.

"God yes!" he growled. Now that's the growl I love! When I was filled to the hilt, he grabbed my hips and slowly lifted me up and down onto him. I kept the pace and he let go of one of my hips and brought my breasts into his mouth. I groaned loudly and began swirling my hips in a circular motion as I rode him harder.

"FUCK!" he yelled. He threw his head back against the chair. He bucked his hips up to meet mine and I fisted my hands in his hair to keep my balance. He lifted his head then and crashed his lips to mine again. I forced my tongue into his mouth and felt the sparks when our tongues touched. I sucked his tongue into his mouth and enjoyed his groan. Edward grabbed the back of my head,

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planting my lips to his. He kissed me hungrily as his other hand gripped my hips. He stilled my motions and brought his hips up to meet mine, thrusting into me harder and faster.

"aaaaahhhhh! Oh fuck! Edwaaaaard!" I yelled against his lips. Our moans mixed together in our kiss and I felt my walls beginning to clench around him. I felt him grow harder inside me and knew that it was only a matter of time. I was still standing still while he pounded into me, when he pinched my clit and launched me into my orgasm. I screamed out my release and saw a flash of lights before my eyes as my legs buckled and my fucking heart stopped. He continued to pound into me until my clenching walls were too much for him. My body continued to shudder above him until he wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me down fully onto him. He was fully sheathed inside me when I felt his hot release. He moaned my name loudly and continuously and continued to shudder and move within me until I completely milked him.

Once our breathing was somewhat controlled, I leaned back and looked him in his eyes. They were still hooded with lust and I was still speechless.

"I...we...oh god," he moaned.

"Yeah. What you said."

We sat there on the chair for a while with him still fully inside me and quickly awakening with each breath I took. I wiggled my hips and felt him completely stiffen within me. I moaned loudly when he shifted his hips and he gave me his panty-dropping devilish smirk again.

No One

Disclaimer: I may not own Twilight but I *so* claim Fireward and will fight all challengers! (Don't hurt me)

Author's note: Late, I know. My laptop was stolen! So no previous chapter review replies. Sorry guys :(**We made it to over 1000 reviews and I still do not think that you guys can begin to fathom the immense amount of appreciation I have for you all. To all the newbies, WELCOME TO CWF AND THANK YOU for reading! To all my 'Loyals', I could *not* have done this without you.** To all of you 'Edward in a fedora lovers', I'm happy you liked his outfit, lol. Here's the late chapter 22. Bella's dress, the Ducati and Chris in tux on Profile under **Chapter 22 Links:** Songs on Blogger Playlist.

WARNING! Lemon ahead. Rated 'M' for a reason.

"No One"

Bella POV:

7:00am on the dot, Emmett was banging at the door of our suite. Edward reached over and grabbed one of his shoes, launching it at the door. Unfortunately it did nothing to silence the overgrown pain in the ass. "Guys? Get the hell up! If we have to walk down that Champs shit before we hit Disneyland that we need to be out the door now!" he whined.

I sat up to look at Edward in all his early morning glory; his hair in a wilder version of his usual disarray of 'sex' hair, his neck, chest and abs - red from my nails and hands, his lips still swollen from the sensual kisses he placed over every inch of my body. A smile slowly came over my face as I replayed every minute of last night and the last few hours in my head. My nipples hardened as the flash of memories sent a jolt throughout my entire body. A small moan escaped me and I threw my head back against the pillow, grabbed my breasts in my hands; pinching my nipples and rubbed my thighs together to get the friction I was desperate for. Within seconds, my lips were captured by

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Edward's as his hands frantically traveled across my body. My hands clenched in his hair, attempting to bring him impossibly closer to me. He groaned against my lips in return and as he began to kiss me harder than I've ever experienced, his fingers traveled down my chest and stomach, not stopping until his fingers grazed against my already wet pussy. A deep moan escaped his lips, only to be matched by mine when his thumb pressed against my clit and two fingers sank into my heat.

"Edward," I moaned against his lips. My hips bucked up to reach his hand. His lips left mine to travel down my neck and chest, stopping when he pulled my left nipple into his mouth. He pulled my left leg over his, spreading my open wider, and began expertly working me into a frenzy with his fingers. I bit my lip to hold in the scream as my hips continued to buck up to meet his hand and my hands were frantically searching for something to grab on to. My right hand reached across me and grabbed a fistful of hair. I pulled his head up to meet mine and when his lips came within inches of mine, I kissed him so fucking hard that it was sure to leave a bruise. My left hand scraped down his chest and abs. I enjoyed the hiss that escaped his lips, but the hiss quickly turned into a deep and loud groan when my hand found its destination and began stroking his hard cock.

"Fuck...oh god Bella," he moaned. I sucked his tongue into my mouth and made my hand match the rhythm of my mouth. Edward added a third finger inside of me and it was all I could do to not explode right then as I practically screamed against his lips. He smiled against my lips and began moving his hand faster within me. I pulled my face away from his and bit down on his shoulder when I felt my orgasm approaching. I tightened my hand on his cock and began working him harder. My body jolted in pleasure as I enjoyed the grunts, moans and expletives that escaped his beautiful lips.

He started to move his hips against my hand, matching the rhythm and intensity of his fingers.

"Oh fuck, Edward! I'm.....," I began. Suddenly, he removed his hands from within me and pushed me flush against the bed. I looked at him with a question in my eyes, only to be greeted with the crooked smile that I love as he grabbed

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my hips and positioned himself between my legs. When his cock grazed against my clit, my breath caught and I fisted the bed sheet within my hands. Edward grabbed his cock and traced the outline of my pussy from the opening to my clit, soaking himself in my wetness.

"So fucking wet," he moaned. It was all I could take. I reached up and grabbed his face with both of my hands. His piercing gaze almost crippled me into submission. Their fiery heat pulsed through me with an unknown intensity. It took everything within me to stop myself from either panting to death or fainting. I shook my head to break his spell...not an easy task mind you, and then looked back at him with what I hope was just as much intensity, "Baise-moi," I whispered. Edward's body froze and his currently Jade colored eyes damn near blackened before me. His heavy breathing quickly turned into pants and it was my turn to smile at his reaction. I fucking loved it.

"What...did you just say?" he panted. His grip on my hips tightened and the pleasure/pain feeling of it sent a new wave of arousal through me. I pulled myself flush against him, feeling every hard plain of his chest and abs as he effortlessly molded to me, so that I could get closer to his ear. His scent was overwhelming and made my mouth water with an incredible sensation to lick him. So I did. My tongue parted my lips as it slowly licked from his Adam's apple to his ear. His body shivered and his grip on me tightened as a sexy and throaty moan left his beautiful pout. I pulled his lobe between my lips, biting down gently, before I licked the outer-rim of his ear. His hips bucked against me, efficiently bringing his straining cock against my already sensitive clit. I bit back my moan as I whispered in his ear, "I said 'fuck me', Edward." Apparently that was all he needed to hear. The growl that came from him almost made me cum on its own. Edward sat back on his heels with his knees bent. He grabbed my hips and lifted me up to meet him fully. I wrapped my hands around his neck as he positioned my legs on both sides of him. He grabbed my ankles and linked them together behind his back and the close contact gave constant friction to my clit. I was about to fucking burst and he wasn't even inside of me yet!

Edward placed both hands on the opposite sides of my waist and lifted me above his large, hard and incredibly ready cock. I hovered there and stared him

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in the eyes for a few seconds. "Fuck me, Edward," I said. The answering smile I received was all I needed to see to know that that was exactly what he was planning to do. He grabbed the back of my neck and brought my lips to his and he pushed me down onto him. My wetness smothered him with ease as I clenched and released at the sensation. It still amazed me how well we fit together.

My fingers left his neck and traveled to his hair and I began to fuck his mouth with mine. His grip on my hip and waist tightened and he pulled me down on him with such force that his balls slapped against my pelvis.

"Oh my god, Bella!" he yelled.

"Yes! Oh god. Don't you dare stop Edward!"

"Oh...fuck...never...Bella...never," he moaned between each thrust. I tightened my thighs around his waist and brought my chest flush to his increasingly hot skin. The sweat on our bodies began to mix and I licked a drop off of his neck. He grunted and leaned over, pushing us down on the mattress. He removed one of my legs from around his waist and lifted it over his shoulder. The angle moved him deeper within me and I moaned with a loud intensity. Edward crashed his lips down onto me and lifted my hips off of the bed. His hands clutched my ass and pulled me onto him as his hips continued their fierce thrusting.

"FUCK!" we both yelled. With one leg over his shoulder and the other around his waist, the angle brought him in direct contact with my 'g' spot and I felt myself beginning to clench around him. I moved my hand down between our sweaty bodies and began stroking fierce circles on my clit.

"You're fucking killing me woman," he groaned as his eyes followed my hand.

"You...complain...ing?" I moaned.

"Fuck no!" His thrusts picked up and his hands tightened on my ass as he pulled me down onto him. I felt him harden within me and knew that it was

time.

"Oh shit! Cum with me, Edward!" I yelled.

"Oh god...I'm...."

All sounds were cut off when my orgasm shot through me like a fucking five alarm fire. My entire body felt like it was in flames as I tightened around him. My breathing stopped and my heart raced as my orgasm grew with Edward's constant movement, prolonging it. I covered my mouth to cover my constant screaming. Suddenly, Edward's motions ceased and he practically lifted me completely off the bed as his orgasm pulsed through him. His bottom lip was between his teeth and his neck muscles were straining to hold in his sounds. I reached up and pulled him down against me as his body continued to convulse.

"Let it out, baby," I said. He groaned loudly and cursed up a storm against my lips while attempting to control his panting. I pulled his bottom lip between my lips and sucked on it as he continued to calm down and his thrusting slowed. His cock still throbbed within me and I still clenched around him due to the aftershocks. When his breathing was somewhat under control, he removed my leg that was still propped up on his shoulder and rubbed it as he rested it around his waist. He began kissing me languidly, no rushing needed but still with the same amount of intensity. I slowly pulled away to look into his inhumanly beautiful face.

"Tu aimes quand je parle de sexe en Français?" His eyes instantly darkened and I couldn't help but laugh. "I guess that answers that question," I laughed.

"What did you just say?" he asked. His voice was still husky and his hands began traveling up my stomach towards my breast again.

"I asked if you like it when I speak dirty in French?" He raised one of his beautiful dark eyebrows and just stared at me. "I don't really have to answer that do I?" he asked. I shook my head 'no' and smiled. "With you and your Italian and me and my French, we're like Euro Porn," I laughed. He laughed along with me and shook his head. He was suddenly quiet. His eyes stared off

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for a second before a smile graced his face, "That *would* be a hell of a night," he mused.

"What?" I asked. My interest was definitely peaked.

"Me and my 'dirty' Italian and you and your 'dirty' French. I know I'll be screwed because just hearing you say *Bonjour* makes me want to throw you down somewhere and fuck you senseless," he said.

"That has definite possibilities. We should try that one night. Italian versus French," I laughed.

"I'm game if you are," he said.

"I just bet you are," I said. He leaned down and brought his lips down to mine again and I moaned when his tongue grazed over my lips.

Bang...Bang...Bang

"Ok! I let you two do the dirty, now get you asses out of bed so that I can go to Disneyland!" yelled Emmett.

Edward chuckled against my lips and I pinched him. His jumped in surprise, but pulled my nipple into his mouth. "That so unfair," I groaned and I sat up, pushing him off of me. He laughed again and I narrowed my eyes at him before taking a few deep breaths and making my way over to the desk and grabbing my robe that was on the floor. Once I threw it on and opened the door to the suite, I was face-to-face with the annoyance in question. He was wearing black slacks, a black turtleneck shirt and a fucking *beret*!

If I didn't love him like a brother I'd have him committed.

"It's about damn time you horn dogs!" he said.

"Emmett? What the hell are you wearing?" I asked.

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"What? You've been to France before. Don't you know authentic Parisian fashion when you see it?" he asked. Alice heard the word 'fashion' and came out of her room. When she saw what Emmett had on, her mouth dropped open as her eyes bugged. My reaction exactly.

"OH HELL NO! Get your ass back in that room and change," she yelled, "Rosalie Hale? How in the hell could you let him put that on?" she asked. Rose came out of her room and came into the common area. She looked from Emmett to me to Alice and then shrugged her shoulders.

"I knew one of you would call him on it so I figured why bother," she said. She then turned on her heels and walked back into her room. Alice looked at me before stalking her petite frame over towards the bear in the beret.

"If you even *think* that I am letting you out of this hotel room looking like that, than you are insane beyond belief. Change or else," she said as she turned and walked into her room.

A few seconds of silence passed before Emmett responded, "What the hell is wrong with wearing a beret?" he yelled

"JUST CHANGE!" yelled Alice. I was still standing in the doorway of my room watching the scene in front of me play out as Emmett mumbled something under his breath and snatched the beret off of his head. He was about to walk away before I remembered why I was at the door in the first place.

"Emmett?" He stopped, turned and walked over to me. His shoulders were slumped and looked a little sad. Seeing him like that completely ceased my anger. I guess it goes to show that I can never stay mad at Emmett.

Do NOT let him know that!

Point taken.

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"I think you look adorable and completely Parisian," I chuckled. "If you want, you can get a beret at Disneyland with your name written on it in gold letters," I whispered. In an instant, his face was beaming with a blinding smile and I knew I had done the right thing. With his dimples firmly in place, he leaned in and kissed my cheek before walking to the living room and turning on the television. I stood there for a second and watched him before making my way back into the suite to get ready for the day, only to be attacked by Edward's lips.

"Ok. Everything that you guys wanted to see is within two miles from this hotel so I think that the best plan of action would be to travel the Champs-Elysees. Then we can visit the Tuileries Gardens and the Arc de Triomphe. Once there, we can ride the river in one of the tourist boats and it will take us directly past the Musee du Louvre or The Louvre Museum. They're actually really close together, but you cannot come to Paris and not ride the Seine. And since we want to get to Disneyland by two, we may not have time to visit The Moulin Rouge or the Notre Dame Cathedral today, but maybe we can visit them sometime tomorrow before my banquet. What do you guys think?" I asked.

"Wow Bells. How many times have you been here?" asked Alice.

"Four. Why?"

"Oh it's nothing. You just sound all tourist guide-y," she giggled.

"Um...thanks?"

"I think it sounds like a good idea Bella. But from the sounds of it, I'm guessing I should be wearing flats," said Rose.

"Unless you want Emmett to carry you everywhere that would be a good idea," I said.

"I don't mind carrying you, Rosie," said Emmett.

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"You can't carry her on Space Mountain," whispered Jasper. Edward shook his head 'no' and Emmett face paled.

"On second thought, I think you should wear your flats. You know. For comfort reasons," he said.

Rose just looked at Emmett and then stared at me, "Can you believe this shit? Dumped for Space Mountain!" she laughed. I just shook my head at our 'men'.

Big. Ass. Kids!

"Ok guys. Um, so Disneyland is about 18 miles away so we'll be taking the car and since we're walking everywhere else I say let's head 'em up and move 'em out!" I said.

"Yes. A woman who speaks my language!" yelled Jasper as he clapped his hands. Alice fisted her hands on her hips and glared at him as she tapped her left foot. Jasper mocked her position and glared right back at her, tapping his own foot. Rose and I fell into each other with laughter while Edward and Emmett just shook their heads at their best friend.

"Jasper Whitlock. If you...eeeeeee!" she squealed as she was interrupted when Jasper picked her up and threw her little ass over his shoulder. He grabbed her purse and his bag and headed for the door. When he stopped at the door he turned around to look at us.

"You guys coming or what?" He looked directly at Edward and Emmett. Suddenly, I was hoisted in the air and embarrassed by the noise that escaped me. I turned my head and saw a flash of bronze hair over my shoulder. I would complain, but this position gave me an excellent view of his ass; therefore, my lips were sealed. My hands had other ideas though. My left hand reached out and pinched one of his perfect, jean-clad ass cheeks and I laughed when he yelped in response. I should have expected it but was still surprised when his hand came down on my ass. I yelped this time but was instantly aroused when his hand rubbed the spot where he just hit. I pulled my lip between my teeth to keep the embarrassing moan from escaping me.

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"Edward? I'd stop that if you want to see Paris today," said Jasper. I looked up and saw that he was looking directly at me. My face flushed, and not from being upside down. Jasper smiled and winked at me. I just groaned in response. I felt Edward's body shake with silent laughter and wanted to punch him again. Instead I lightly bit his lower back by his hip. I was shocked to hear his moan and decided to stop before we really didn't leave the hotel today. I did promise them a tour today.

Promises shmomises!

"Eeee! Put me down you big oaf!" yelled Rose. I looked over and saw Rosalie being lifted in the same position as Alice and I. She looked at me and all I could do was shrug my shoulders. She huffed a breath and just rested her chin in her hand. Edward grabbed our bags and Emmett grabbed his and Rose's and they followed Jasper out the door. I never knew the carpet was this pretty...

When they finally reached the elevators, they set us down on our feet and Edward held onto my waist as the hallway and everyone in it began to spin. "You are so going to pay for that," I mumbled. He smiled his devious smirk at me. "Can't wait," he whispered.

"Would. You. Two. Quit. It? The horny vibes coming off the both of you is insane!" whispered Jasper. Alice snickered while Emmett and Rose just bold out laughed. I raised my eyebrow at Jasper and smirked. I looked up at Edward and he had a similar expression on his face. I grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled his lips down onto mine. He groaned against my lips and lifted me up off the floor. I wrapped my hands around his neck and hair and moaned as he sucked my tongue into his mouth. I wrapped my legs around his waist and smiled against his lips when I felt my back placed against a wall. His hands traveled from my waist to my ass. He held me up with one hand as his other hand wrapped around my hair and pulled my face harder against his.

"Okay, okay! Forget I said anything! Damn," yelled Jasper. When we still didn't stop, Emmett came over and grabbed Edward on the shoulder. Edward stopped kissing and growled against my lips. Emmett audibly gulped and let go of Edward's shoulder. I bit my tongue to keep from laughing.

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"Ok. So I'm beginning to think that 'horn dogs' is too light of a term for them two," said Emmett.

"Fuck yeah it is! They're worse than you and Rose...and that's some scary shit!" yelled Alice.

"You say scary, I say hot! Emmett, do we *really* need to go to Disneyland?" asked Rose.

"Um...I don't know. I'm beginning to think that they have the right idea," he mumbled. His voice seemed huskier than a few seconds ago and I realized our trip was close to being canceled.

"Come on guys! I want to see Paris. We leave on Saturday and Bella has her function tomorrow so that cuts our time down. Can you *please* stop the tongue humping so we can go?" Alice whined. I huffed out a breath when Edward's kisses lightened up.

"I think we should go. We did promise them a tour," I mumbled. His emeralds gazed at me for a few seconds before he nodded.

"Next trip, we come alone," he whispered.

"You don't have to tell me twice," I said. When he set me back down on the floor, his hands stayed wrapped around my waist as we walked to the elevator. I looked at Alice. She had a smug look on her face. I glared at her and the smug look dropped. I laughed at her and she stuck her petulant tongue out at me. I shook my head and looked at Rose. Her and Emmett looked like they were still deciding on whether to stay or not. My deviousness kicked in full force just then.

"Em? If we want to get good seats on the 'Temple of Peril' than we really should be going," I said. Emmett smiled and grabbed Rose around the waist and made his way to the elevator. I smiled angelically to Rose as she ran her finger slowly across her throat and then pointed at me. Edward chuckled and I giggled in response. Today might be fun after all.

After visiting the Eiffel Tower again, we finally walked down the Champs-Elysees from the Place de Concorde. We looked into the windows of the cinemas, cafés and specialty shops. We stopped for breakfast at one of the cafés and Alice asked me more questions about my time here.

"So why is this...sidewalk so special?" asked Emmett.

"It's not just a sidewalk Emmett. It's one of the most famous streets in the world. Parades were held here after world wars and other conflicts. Some of the world's most precious and beautiful landmarks grace this very street. They don't call it 'La plus belle avenue du monde' - which means 'the most beautiful avenue in the world' for nothing," I said. I instantly looked at Edward when I spoke French and loved it when I saw his hand ball into a fist as he swallowed hard. He caught my gaze and I winked at him. He chuckled and shook his head.

"Not now you two," said Alice.

Damnit! Caught again.

"Well when you put it like that, I can see why it's so special," he said. I smiled at him. We finished our breakfast and continued on the tour. We made our way over to the Tuileries Gardens, which is surrounded by the Louvre and sits against the bank of the Seine River. Alice and I brought out our cameras and went snap happy. We took pictures of the statues, the flowers and the surrounding monuments.

Alice then went into photographer mode and made us all pose together. First the guys posed together. Emmett had them posing like the Beastie Boys, arms crossed, leaned over with peace signs thrown up. Rose and I had to hold each other up from falling over with laughter. They then posed together 'normally', even though Jasper put 'rabbit ears' behind Edward and Emmett's heads.

Alice then had them pose separately. Emmett pulled his shades on and kneeled down, looking like a pale, badass 'Jay-Z'. Rose just shook her head, but you could see the smile she tried to hide. Jasper was next. He stood with his head

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cocked to the side. His legs were shoulder width apart and his thumbs rested in the waistband of his jeans. Alice whistled at him and snapped the shot when his face lit up with laughter.

It was Edward's turn then. He moved over to one of the trees and leaned against it. His hands were in his pockets and one knee was bent with its foot on the tree. His head was slightly leaned to the side and his eyes never left mine. When I smiled at him, he blessed me with one of the most beautiful smiles that I have ever seen...and Alice took the picture.

Instead of moving from the tree, Edward crooked his finger at me, motioning me over to him. I slowly walked over to him and felt my pulse quicken as I got closer to him. His hand reached out for me. When I was within a foot of him, I stopped and just stared up into his eyes. I vaguely noticed the clicking sound coming from a camera. He reached his other hand out and pulled me closer to him. My body was flush against his, one hand spread out across one of his pecks. One of his hands spread out across my lower back as his other gently grazed against my cheek and down to my lips. The constant camera clicking increased. A smile slowly appeared on Edward's face. It reached all the way up to his eyes and being me, my breath caught at the beauty. I smiled back on instinct and was greeted with the increased beating of his heart under my hand.

"Where to next, Bells?" asked Rose.

Huh? Edward lightly chuckled at the face I made and gently turned my face towards the family.

"Oh," I mumbled. I fought the blush that attempted to make its way across my face. I took a deep breath, placed a sweet and quick kiss on Edward's lips and quickly pulled away. He let me turn around but kept his arms around my waist...and I was not complaining.

"We can go visit the Arc de Triomphe or the Louvre. It's up to you guys," I said.

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"Let's visit the Arc and then take the Seine to the Louvre like you mentioned earlier," said Alice. I nodded my head in agreement and lead them to the western path that lead to the Arc.

Once we passed the remaining of the statues and sculptures, we arrived at the Arc de Triomphe. I told them as much info that I had on it; that it was built by Napoleon to honor his victories and that it held names of generals and soldiers and the wars they fought. When I mentioned the 'tomb of the unknown soldier', Emmett and Edward were excited. We walked over to the tomb and Em grabbed Alice's camera and began taking pictures of the tomb. Edward kept looking between me and my camera with excitement in his eyes. I just chuckled at him and gave it to him. With as much enthusiasm as Emmett, he began taking pictures too. When they were done, I told them that the monument leads to the Louvre Palace and we could walk there. Alice gasped and we all looked at her.

"You cannot expect me to not ride the Seine after you talked it up so much," she said. Rose quickly nodded her head and I shrugged. I lead them back down the path that we came. When we came back to the Gardens, I lead them over to one of the tourist boat kiosks that trailed along the bank of the river. When we met one of the tourist guides, Jetele, I introduced her to everyone and let her know that we wanted to loop around to see the front view of the Louvre. She nodded and said that it would not be a problem.

"Merci beaucoup," I said.

"De rien," she said. I sat back in my seat next to Edward but was pulled into his lap. I felt his lips on my neck and whispered a moan into his shoulder. I pulled away from him and placed my fingers on his lips. "If you don't stop, we will get kicked off of the boat. Now I don't mind, but I'm pretty sure the rest of them will be pretty pissed," I whispered. He huffed a chuckle then nodded his head. I fought the smile that was trying to appear on my face and turned to the rest of the guys.

Click!

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"Damnit Alice! Will you quit with the blindings?" I asked.

'What? You two are just so damn cute!" she giggled.

"Thank you...I think," I mumbled. I took out my own camera and began taking pictures as well. I took pictures of the boat, Jasper and Alice, Emmett and Rose and of course, Edward. When we came to the edge of the Louvre Palace, I motioned to Alice. She turned around and a huge smile graced her face. Being a 'Sex in the City' fan freak, she saw the spot that was in the series finale and went into full fledged 'Alice Freak-out Mode'. Jasper tightened his grip on her and wrapped his legs around hers when her motions started to literally *rock the fucking boat!* Emmett began laughing his ass off, making Jetele look at him. Rose noticed Jetele's gaze and narrowed her eyes at her. Jetele quickly gulped and turned back around. I just shook my head in embarrassment.

Can't take any of them anywhere!

When we finally docked at the Louvre museum, we all exited the boat and I thanked Jetele. Jasper tipped her and we made our way to the front of the beautiful and grand building. We walked past the Louvre Triangle, cameras snapping and walked our way over to the guest services desk. Emmett bought the passes, apparently the guys planned this, and we made our way inside. The beautiful marble and pillars were the first things to capture my attention, artwork in their own right. Alice began asking her tourist questions again and I told her as much as I knew; that it's the largest museum in France, it's the most visited museum in the world, a national historic monument and is the central landmark of Paris -not the Eiffel Tower like everyone thinks.

"As you noticed, it's housed in the Palais du Louvre and the world famous 'Mona Lisa' is in this very museum," I said.

"Really?" asked Alice and Rose. I nodded my head. Rose grabbed my hand and told me to lead the way. I grabbed Alice's hand and lead them to the painting. I turned to see the guys following us. I lead them to the left of the museum and when we were close to the painting, I heard a gasp escape Alice. She let my hand go and walked over to the painting. I never knew Alice was an art lover.

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"Wow," she whispered. I walked over to her and leaned my head on her shoulder. "I didn't know you were an art lover," I said.

"I'm not really. Esme had a dream of seeing this painting in person and when she did, she cried. I just wanted to see if I'd experience the same thing. It's not as intense, but there's still something there," she whispered. "Thank you, Bella," she added. I looked down into her eyes and saw a tear trail down her cheek. I reached up and wiped it away and kissed her on her forehead, not speaking a word, only seconds later, feeling Rose's arms reach around us as we all stood there and stared at the masterpiece.

"I still don't see what the big deal is. She's not even that pretty," whispered Emmett. Jasper pushed him in the head and we all just looked at him.

"What?" he asked.

"I...nothing, Em. Come on guys. There's still more to see," I said. Rose, Alice and I were still connected as we spent the next three hours looking over different pieces of art. Rose scrunched her face at most of the sculptures and I spent most of my time in the Picasso area of the museum. His 'Blue Period' contains some of my most favorite works of art and the museum had an extensive collection.

When we finally decided to leave the museum, Emmett was entirely too excited. His dimpled grin never left his face as we made our way back down the Champs to the hotel. We stopped at another café along the way for lunch. I had a glass of wine...because I had no idea what was in store for me with Emmett Cullen in freaking Disneyland! Better safe than sorry.

No shit Sherlock!

When lunch was over, we walked to the hotel and I had the valet pull the SUV around. We all climbed into the vehicle and headed to the happiest place on earth...the French version that is.

"Come on guys. I want to go on the 'Temple of Peril,'" whined Emmett.

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"Quit your whining you big baby. We'll get there when we get there," said Edward. You would never guess that Emmett was the older brother.

"Yeah! Besides, we're right by 'Alice's Curious Labyrinth' and I want to go in," said Alice.

Of course she does.

"I don't want to go inside no damn maze," mumbled Emmett. I laughed at him and he glared at me. I raised my eyebrow at him and he narrowed his eyes at me for a second before he relaxed.

"We're already here so we might as well get it over with. Let the baby have her bottle. That's my motto," I said..

"You so stole that from Homer Simpson," laughed Edward. I laughed with him and everyone else just looked at us like we were off our rockers. Hell, maybe we were, but as happy as I was in that moment, I really didn't give a shit.

"O-kaayyy, so are we going inside or what?" asked Alice. We nodded, Emmett grunted, and we followed Alice inside the maze. It was really for the younger set but anything I could do to put that smile on Alice's face, I would gladly suffer through. She smiled and laughed and we all laughed - even the pouting pest- as she saw the white rabbit, the smoking caterpillars, the grinning Cheshire cat and the playing cards painting the roses red. Rose and I jumped when we ran into a jumping water jet and was sprayed.

"Son of a bitch," she grumbled. Her silk pink top clung to her chest now that it was wet. Let's just say that Emmett quickly forgot why he was pouting. I was a little wet as well, nowhere near as much as Rosalie...and somehow it was my fault. I just rolled my eyes at her and kept on walking.

When we left the maze, we hit the rest of the park. We rode Peter Pan's Flight, the Pirate's of the Caribbean boat ride (Jasper fave) and Big Thunder (my fave). Big Thunder is a mine roller coaster that travels about 40mph and has loops, turns and stomach flipping drops. The seats are like miner cars and the flimsy

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material used to make the seats adds to the fear that you're going to fall out when they loop at a 180-degree angle a foot away from the rock wall. Alice was NOT happy.

"What the hell Bella!" she yelled.

"It's just a ride, Ali. Calm down. If you can't take that, then you'll never handle Space Mountain or the Temple of Peril," I said. Her eyes bugged and Jasper came over and put his arms around her.

"I promise I won't let anything happen to you," he whispered.

"Yeah Sprite. We got you," said Emmett. Edward grabbed her hand and squeezed it. Alice took a deep breath and slowly nodded her head.

"Ok. Let's go," she said. I smiled at her and we walked our way towards Lake Disney. Alice smiled when she saw the pony rides. Being as small as she was, they'd probably think she was a 12 year-old and let her ride. I walked over and petted the tan and white Shetland and laughed when he nuzzled my head.

"Hey, Ed? I think the pony over there is trying to steal your girl," laughed Emmett. Edward just stared at him before he came over to me. He pet the pony on his long nose and we both looked into its violet colored eyes. He nuzzled Edward's hand and Edward pet him again. I smiled in awe at the scene in front of me...and heard another damn click.

When we had our fill of Lake Disney, we made our way over to the pink castle that we came through and headed left towards Space Mountain.

"It's about damn time!" yelled Emmett.

When we were about to get in line, my cell phone rang. It was a New York area code and since it was 4:30pm here, I knew it was 8:30 in the morning there. The number was unknown and I was a little apprehensive to answer it.

"Hold on guys. I have to answer this," I said.

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"Oh you have got to be fu-,"

"Emmett. I would not finish that sentence if I were you," warned Edward. Emmett snaps his teeth shut and pursed his lips together to keep quiet.

"Good boy," teased Rose.

I slid my phone open to answer the call, "Hello?" I asked.

"Isabella Swan?" asked an unfamiliar female voice.

"Yes. Who's asking?" I asked.

"This is ADA Cabot's assistant, Monica Blaine. I was told to call you and let you know that James Wilkes was denied bail and that he will not be extradited to California. The trial starts this coming Wednesday and we need you, Mr. Edward Cullen and any other witnesses here on Monday morning to prepare your statements," she said. Something that felt like a huge weight was lifted off my shoulders and a haggard breath slowly left my body. I couldn't help the smile that graced my face.

"Thank you so much, Ms. Blaine. We'll be there on Monday morning," I said. She thanked me and I ended the call, only to be greeted with five pairs of anxious and curious eyes. I told them what was said and was graced with snarls, cracking knuckles, growls and mumbles; most of which came from Alice and Rosalie.

"Um, okay," I mumbled. *Weird*. "Why don't we forget about all that and continue our fun?" I asked. Emmett rubbed Rose's shoulders while Jasper pulled Alice tight against his chest. This shit was just weird. I looked at Edward with a look of shock on my face. He wrapped his arms around me. "They're very protective of you, Love. When they heard what happened, Jasper, Emmett and I had to calm them down and physically restrain them to keep them from hunting *James* down and killing his ass," he whispered.

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"Oh," I whispered. That was all I could think to say. What else was there to say? I had no clue that they felt that strongly about me. Never in my life have I felt so loved and protected by so many people. I had no idea I was crying until I saw a tear run down Edward's arm and land on the ground in front of me. Another followed, closely trailed by a few more and I couldn't even find it in me to catch them. Alice's breath caught when she saw the tears and ran over to me. She pulled me against her; which was a little difficult since Edward still had his arms wrapped around me. Eventually, Rose looked up and saw us and came over as well. I collapsed in her arms when she hugged me and let out the sobs that I was trying to hold in. Rose whispered something to Edward and he let me go. I instantly missed his warmth and comfort, but his place was quickly filled by Alice's petite frame. Their arms encircled me and I heard a few other sobs along with my own.

"Thank...you," I cried. Rose looked up with moist eyes and wiped my tears off of my cheeks.

"We. Love. You. Isabella. You do NOT need to thank us," she said. The intensity and sincerity in her voice left no doubt in my mind that she meant every word. I hugged them both even tighter and laughed a little when I heard Alice huff that she couldn't breathe. I loosened my grip and laughed again when I saw her stretch on the tips of her toes as she kissed my cheek.

I took a deep breath when we all pulled away. We wiped our faces and attempted to calm down. After I took one more long breath, we looked at each other one more time before we turned back to the guys. Jasper quickly turned his head and was suddenly interested in the paint color on the side of the building. The corner of his eye looked suspiciously moist. Alice walked over to him and when he looked at her, she wiped his eye. I guess she saw it too.

When I looked at Emmett, his arms were folded across his chest and his hulking frame rose and fell. It looked like he was trying to slow his breathing. I couldn't see his eyes since they were closed. When Rose walked over to him, she grabbed his face between her hands and kissed him hard. He dropped his arms and wrapped them tightly around her, lifting her off of the ground.

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Finally when I looked at Edward my eyes begin to sting again. He had his hands buried inside the jeans of his pockets and he leaned against the building. His face looked pained in anguish, but what hurt me the most was the red color around his eyes. I walked- practically ran, over to him and was yanked against his chest when he removed his hands from his pockets and pulled me to him. I relaxed instantly when I was wrapped in his arms. His breathing slowed as well. I took deep, greedy breaths of his scent and enjoyed the head-spinning effect it gave me.

Emmett cleared his throat and we all looked at him. He suggested, with a still raspy voice that we get on with the party. I smiled at his attempt to lighten the mood and we all got in line for Space Mountain.

Twenty -five minutes later....

"WHOOO! That was awesome! Can we go again?" asked Emmett. He jumped up and down and reminded me of a certain pint-sized Pixie.

Speaking of which..., "Count me out!" yelled Alice.

"Oh come on," whined Jasper.

"Yeah. Come on, Ali," I said.

"Hell no! Why didn't you tell me that shit flipped *upside down*? NO! Not happening," she yelled.

"If that's the case, then you're not going to want to go on the Temple of Peril are you?" I asked.

"Does it flip?" she asked quickly.

I nodded. "Numerous 360 degree loops with shoulder harnesses and it goes about 60 miles per hour," I said.

"OH HELL NO! I'm out," she yelled.

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"What the hell are we still standing here for? I want to ride the Temple," said Edward.

"Hell yes! That's my brother. Let's do this shit. Sorry Pixie," yelled Emmett.

"Sure you are," she mumbled. "Fine. Go ahead. Leave me all alone. Maybe I'll get kidnapped and then you'll all be sorry," she added.

"Oh save the drama for your mama. It's a four-minute ride for Christ's sake. Now even quit your bitching and ride with us or quit your bitching and wait for us. Either way note the pattern and quit your bitching," said Rose. This woman's attitude should be considered a freaking national treasure. At least that's my opinion.

"Fine. I'll wait," she said. She then stomped her way over to one of the benches and flopped down in the seat with her arms folded.

"If she wasn't my sister I swear to god I'd..." Emmett trailed off as he waved his fist back and forth.

"My sentiments exactly," Edward mumbled.

"Please don't piss her off. I have to sleep next to her... *for the rest of my life*," said Jasper. We laughed at him and made our way in line for the Temple of Peril. I shot Alice an apologetic glance and was greeted with a small smile.

"She's not that pissed Jazz," I whispered. He smiled at me and mouthed 'thank you'.

The twenty-minute line wait was well worth it. The ride was so much better than I remembered. We did 360-degree loops through crumbling sandstone temples and ancient ruins. When the ride reached the highest peak, we had a view of the full park and even the tip of the Eiffel Tower to the left. The slow climb up was fine but when we suddenly dropped at a 180-degree angle, my stomach jumped up in my throat and captured my screams.

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"WHOOOOO!" yelled Emmett...in my damn ear! Rose's screams next to me quickly turned into laughs as we flipped upside down on the opposite side of the temple and did another reverse 360. I heard Edward and Jasper laughing behind us and screamed when someone grabbed my shoulders right before we made the next loop.

"Payback is a bitch," I yelled. Rose laughed and grabbed my hand and raised it in the air when we came to the last loop. We both screamed when we flipped and when I looked over, her hair was sticking straight up above her head and her cheeks were red. I tried to laugh, but that too was caught in my throat when we evened out and my stomach dropped. With a quick jolt, we were suddenly stopped and our legs swung forward with the force. I leaned my head back against the headrest and attempted to put my damn stomach back where it belonged while the shoulder bars released.

"Oh god. I have *got* to do that again!" said Rose.

"Me too," said Emmett and Edward.

"I'm in," I added.

"I'll wait with Alice this time around guys," said Jasper. I felt a little bad for him and let him take my place.

"You sure, Bella?" he asked.

"Sure. I've ridden this ride many times before. Go ahead and enjoy yourself. I'll keep her company," I said. He graced me with his incredible Jasper smile and thanked me. When we finally exited the ride, they all got back in line and I walked over to where Alice was sitting. She smiled at me and asked where everybody else was. I told them they were riding the ride again.

"You didn't have to sit here with me, Bella," she spoke softly.

"I know, Ali. I *wanted* too," I answered. She smiled at me again and leaned on my shoulder. I leaned back against the bench and we talked while we waited

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for the guys to make their way on the ride again.

30 minutes later...(includes line wait time)

"About time," Alice mumbled. I looked up and saw the four of them walking over to us. Rose's cheeks were flushed and her hair looked like and windblown haystack. Emmett had a gigantic ass grin on his face and his eyes were bright and glistening. Jasper had his arm on Edward's shoulder as he laughed at something that Edward just said. Edward's cheeks were flushed as well and it amazed me at how young he looked in that very moment. Nowhere near his 27-years.

We continued to make our way around the park. We played nine holes of golf on the course and Jasper won. Emmett got frustrated and kept cheating by kicking some of our balls out of the way and off of the tee. He said if he couldn't win then he at least wasn't coming in last. When that didn't work, he declared that this was just a practice round and that we were not keeping score. I'd say that too if I scored a 22 on a nine-hole game!

Second round. He still lost, although his score approved...slightly. Edward won this time by one stroke over Jasper and did not let Jasper forget it. I laughed at his childishness. The beginnings of Emmett's pout began to make itself known and I decided to head it off at the pass. He sure is competitive. "Hey Em? Remember this morning? What I said about the beret?" I asked. He cocked his head to the left and looked at me with a raised eyebrow. I gave him my 'duh' face and saw it click in his brain. He smiled and nodded.

"What the hell are you two talking about?" asked Rose.

"You'll see," I said. I walked over to Emmett, he grabbed my hand and we made our way over to one of the many financial pits of hell...I mean souvenir stores. We walked inside and I dragged him over to the headgear section. He picked his beret and I grabbed my pink Minnie Mouse ears. We went over to the personalization section and told them what to put on our hats.

"Em Money'? Seriously Emmett?" I laughed.

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"And just what is wrong with 'Em Money'?" he asked.

"The real question is what the hell is right with 'Em Money'?" I said. He pulled me into a headlock and I pinched his waist.

"Hands off my woman," I looked up and saw Edward, Alice and Rose standing there with smiles on their faces staring at us. Jasper was on his way to grab a sweatshirt. Emmett let me go and pushed my shoulder. I punched him on his butt only wound up hurting my own damn self. He laughed at me. I pinched him again. He yelped. I laughed.

I walked over to Edward and gave him a quick kiss before we both looked around for more souvenirs. I bought a tee shirt for Angela and her soon-to-be wee one. I got a snow globe for my mom and a beer mug for my dad. Edward picked out his own Mickey ears and got some for Carlisle and Esme.

"Oh god, Edward. You didn't!" I laughed. He smiled his devious smile at me and that only made me laugh louder. Emmett came over to see what the hell was so funny and laughed his ass off when he read Carlisle's ears, "Carlisle 'Dr. Daddy' Cullen. He is going to kick your ass Edward," laughed Emmett.

"I know. But won't it be worth it?" he asked. Emmett nodded his head and he and Edward bumped fists. I stepped away from them and let them have their man moment. I walked over to the side and saw these sterling silver Mickey Mouse necklaces and an idea popped into my head. I grabbed five and made my way over to the cashier to pay for all of my purchases. Yeah. Like I said...financial pits of hell!

When I grabbed the bag that had all my purchases, I took the five necklaces over to the engraver and told him what I wanted each one to say. He said that they would be done in about ten minutes and I thanked him, quickly walking away before one of them came over to find me. We waited for Alice and Rose. By the time they were done, so were my necklaces. I snuck away again to pick them up and inspected the work. I smiled. Perfect. I thanked the engraver with more enthusiasm this time and made my way over to the group. When we walked back outside, I noticed that it was already darker and was shocked that

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it was already after eight in the evening. I figured now was as good as time as any.

"Hey guys. I have something for you," I said, "It's nothing much, just something I thought of at the last minute," I rambled, suddenly nervous.

"Ooh gifts! Gimme," squealed Alice. Her excitement instantly removed my nerves and I gave her the first necklace. When she pulled the necklace out of the velvet case, her smile grew huge when she saw that it was Mickey ears. She read the front then flipped it over and read the back. She looked up at me and smiled again before she came over and threw her arms around me, "Thanks, Bells," she said.

"What the hell does it say?" asked Emmett.

"It says 'Sister Pixie' on the front and then 'My Joy' on the back," answered Alice with a smile. It earned an 'aww' from Emmett. I chuckled and gave everyone else his or her necklace.

Rosalie's said 'The Beautiful Amazon' on the front and 'My Strength' on the back. She smiled at me and hugged me as well, mouthing a 'thank you' as she traced the back of the charm. I nodded.

Jasper's said 'The Texas Heart' and then 'My Calm' on the back. He smirked with a slight pink blush on his cheeks and came over and hugged me. He placed a kiss on the top of my head and it was my turn to blush with embarrassment.

Emmett read his and pulled me into his signature bear hug, lifting me off the ground. "So I'm your laughter huh?" he asked.

"Amongst other things, yes," I answered. The front of his necklace read 'Brother Bear' and his hug let me know that I chose the right description.

"Can't...breathe...Emmett," I whispered. He quickly loosened his grip and I laughed loudly when he spun me around. When he set me back on my feet and

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let me go, I attempted to steady myself and turned to look at Edward. He already had his necklace around his neck and I couldn't help the smile that graced my face.

"Thank you," he said. I saw the amusement and something else in his eyes and pulled myself against him to kiss him. He pulled me against him and my feet left the ground. I opened my mouth to meet his tongue and was not disappointed.

"Come on you two. What does it say, Edward?" asked Alice. Can I kick her?

Edward groaned as we pulled away and set me back on my feet. He spun me around so that my back was to his chest and pulled me as close to him as possible.

"Well, the front says....I can't believe you did this, " he said, "The front says 'The Greek God'," he said. The laughter coming from Emmett and Jasper let me know that they knew the story. Rose and Alice giggled and looked at me with the same knowing glance. "But the back," he continued, "says 'My Everything'," He squeezed me tighter and nuzzled my hair with his face. This earned 'awws' from more than Emmett.

"I'm happy that you guys like them. We should get going, the park's about to close anyway," I said. They reluctantly agreed, but when I mentioned that I'd cook, I was all but dragged out of the damn place.

I love leverage.

We left the theme park and I made a quick stop to the market just down from the hotel. I'm pretty sure they would agree with me that we've had enough French food to last us a lifetime, so I decided to make a specialty lasagna with homemade garlic bread and a Caesar salad. I also grabbed a few bottles of red wine and made my way to the check out.

When we got back to the hotel, I started the lasagna and packed away all of the souvenirs into my new carry on. When the lasagna was in the oven, I started on

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the bread and prepped that for the oven as well. While the lasagna was baking, I called Angela, since it was a little after one in the afternoon back home, and asked her about her day. I told her about the trip so far and asked her about my niece or nephew. She said that all was well and that she missed me. I told her that the plane leaves on Saturday at six in the evening here and when we get to New York it would actually be around ten or eleven in the morning when we arrive. She said that she couldn't wait until I got back and told me to hurry my ass up. I laughed her and when we were about to hang up, she wished me good luck for tomorrow.

"Thanks, Ang. See you on Saturday," I said.

"You too, Bells," she said, "Oh, Bella?"

"Yes?"

"Told you so," she sang.

"I hate you, Weber," I mumbled.

"Love ya too, Swan," she laughed and then hung up the phone. I threw the phone back on the bed and made my way back into the kitchen. I pulled the lasagna out of the oven, threw in the bread and started on the salad. I pulled the wine from the shelf and placed them in the ice bucket. Edward came in grabbed the service wear that room service brought up and set the table. And I didn't even have to ask!

After the *entire* lasagna was gone, thanks a lot Em, we drained both bottles of wine and Alice wanted to watch a movie. Rose ordered 'The Princess Bride', much to Jasper's chagrin, and I was asleep in Edward's arms before the beginning credits were even done rolling.

"Bella? Wake up, Love," he whispered. I felt a trail of kisses from my ear to my lips. When his lips reached mine, I opened my mouth to meet his and we groaned together when our tongues tangled together. On instinct, my hands went to his beautiful bronze locks and pulled him closer to me. I expected to

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feel his bare chest against mine, but was disappointed when I felt the fabric of his black v-neck against me. I pulled away and looked at him.

"Why are you dressed?"

"I have a surprise for you."

"Edwa-"

"Hush and get dressed," He stared me in the eye and challenged me to tell him 'no'. I huffed a breath and narrowed my eyes at him when he smiled. He knows I can't tell his ass 'no'.

"You suck," I mumbled.

"Maybe so, but you love me so I don't give a damn," he said. I rolled my eyes at him and laughed when he mocked me and did the same.

"Fine. I'm up," I said. I hopped out of bed, jumped in the shower and quickly dressed. I threw my hair in a French braid, letting loose ends hang around my face and neck and swept my bangs to the side. I threw on my cotton, blue, above-the-knee dress, black vest and black knee-high boots and grabbed my jacket. When I came out of the room, Edward slowly ran his eyes over my body and I felt my body awaken under his gaze. He grabbed my hand and pulled me out the front door before I had a chance to say anything. We made our way to the elevators and once we were down in the lobby he walked over to the concierge's desk and grabbed a set of keys and...two all black, full shield motorcycle helmets!

YES!

He came back over to me and grabbed my hand. We walked out into the early morning Parisian sunshine and I stopped dead in my tracks when I came face-to-fender with a black and red 2008 Ducati Desmosedici RR.

"Oh my damn. Edward what did you do?"

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"Nothing. We did Paris your way. Now I think we should try it my way. Unless your scared...."

Oh no he didn't

"It's on Bronzie. Let's ride," I said. He narrowed his eyes at me at the nickname and pulled me towards the bike. He placed my helmet on my head and secured the straps and the faceplate. A groan escaped his mouth and he leaned in to me so that I could hear him through the helmet, "I swear to God, if you get any hotter, I am going to fuck you on this motorcycle."

Well fuck me! No seriously, do it!

"Promise?" I asked. He arched one his brows and cocked his head to the side as if he was thinking about it. Suddenly he flashed me a grin that showed all his teeth and then winked at me.

Oh fuck...

Edward sat on the bike and I admired the strain of the denim against his thighs. He pulled his helmet on his head and motioned me to join him. I almost came right then. When I straddled the bike, he grabbed my legs and wrapped them around his waist. He rubbed his hands up and down my exposed legs, kneading my thighs with each pass of his hands. I placed my head against his back and shivered as his hands traveled higher. It was then that I realized two things: One- thank god I wore a dress, and two- we were still in front of a five star hotel.

"Um. So where are we going?" I asked in an attempt to distract him.

"It's a surprise," he yelled. He slowly removed his hands and I was simultaneously relieved and pissed. He started the bike and the pissed-ness quickly evaporated. God I love Ducati's! I tightened my legs around him and smiled when he squeezed them one more time before lifting the kickstand and releasing the clutch. The bike purred sensually and we left the hotel's driveway.

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We circled the tower, and a few of the stops we saw yesterday. He drove us past the Notre Dame Cathedral and I smiled when I saw the red windmill of the Moulin Rouge. He turned left a few times and drove around the gardens of Versailles. I watched the statues of the garden breeze by and started to wonder where he was going. Since I knew that I could trust him with my life, I decided not to ask and enjoy the ride. And what a ride it was. About 35 miles and a half an hour later, we arrived at the large community area of Fontainebleau. It's larger than Paris itself and is home to the historical chateau de Fontainebleau, which once belonged to the kings of France. We drove past a few of the famous schools located here, like INSEAD and Ecole nationale superieure des mines de Paris (Paris School of Mines), and he circled around and slowed as we made our way to the town center. He slowed the bike to a crawl and I was able to snap shots of the Chateau, the Bell Tower and the Hunting Fountain; getting off and walking every now and then. When we got hungry, we hopped back on the bike to head into town to find a café. We did, and Edward asked me to order his food, in French of course. I smiled at him and ordered our breakfasts.

When we finished eating and talking and just blatantly staring at each other, he pulled me back to the Ducati and we made our way to the world renowned large and scenic Fontainebleau Forest. He pulled in to one of the side canopy-like tree caves and cut the engine.

In all of my visits to Paris, I've never visited this place and it shocks me that he would bring me here. It's like he knew or something. I have always wanted to come here but never had time in any of my past visits. Honestly, if he hadn't come, I don't think I would have came this time around either. I finally removed my helmet and was blessed with green eyes looking at me. He grabbed my helmet from my hands, twisted around to grab my waist and pulled me around to the front of the bike- straddling him. When he set the helmets down, he leaned back and I couldn't help but stare at him.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Know what?"

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"That out of all the places in Paris, this was one that I've always wanted to visit and never have."

"Just a lucky guess?" He actually looked a little sheepish and I knew he was lying.

"Uh huh. Well luck or not, thank you," I said. I pulled myself flush against his chest and gently kissed his lips.

"You are very welcome, Isabella," he huskily whispered against my lips. Hearing my full name on lips turned me on like I never knew. I brought my lips back to his and deepened the kiss. His hands tightened around my waist and he lifted me onto his hips. I felt his cock straining against his jeans and ground my hips into his.

"Bella...", he moaned into my mouth. I slowed my movements but pressed into him harder, rubbing against his full length. His lips pressed harder against mine and I felt his hand wrap around my braid and ball into a fist. The other hand released my waist and as I continued to grind my hips into him, he slid a hand up my bare thigh and without any teasing, went straight for my clit, rubbing his thumb in hard circles.

"Oh fuck, Edward! Plus vite! Faster," I moaned.

"Fuck me," he groaned. He practically ripped my panties off as he pulled them to the side and plunged two fingers inside my wetness.

"Shit," I yelled. I threw my head back and his lips immediately attacked my neck. His fingers began pumping into me faster while his thumb pressed against my clit. I lifted my hips off of the bike and Edward leaned over me, pressing me down onto the warm metal. His hips began to thrust in tandem with his fingers, his body writhed against mine, and in no time I started to clench around his fingers. My panting increased and my moans continued to rise in volume and I damn near screamed when his fingers curled and hit my 'g' spot.

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"Come, baby. Come all over my fucking fingers."

Ask and you shall receive. I came with a blinding force and almost bit off my tongue to keep from screaming. Edward brought his lips back to mine, "Let it go, I want to hear you scream." And that's exactly what I did. The louder I got, the harder he kissed me, swallowing my cries and screams. (We were in a public park mind you.) My body continued to quiver as his hands never stilled, only slowed. When I finally stopped quivering as the orgasm ebbed, he removed his hands from me and ran his fingers over the outside of my wetness, tracing my lips and leaving slow circles around my clit.

I threw my head back again, attempting to catch a damn breath. I sat back up and looked at a heavy lidded, dark-eyed Edward. I pulled myself flush against him and sat right on his erection. I hissed when my sensitive clit came in contact with the denim of his jeans and he groaned in response. I brought myself up to his ear, "I think we should head back and handle that problem you got going on down there," I whispered. I ground my hips into him again and felt his cock jump against the denim. He grabbed my hips and stilled my motions.

"Grab your helmet," he grounded out between his teeth. I smiled victoriously and pulled my helmet on my head. I saw his breath catch. He slowly ran his hands over my ass, over my hips and around my waist, before slowly lifting me and putting me behind him on the bike. I wrapped my legs around his waist and squeezed them tightly. His head fell back on my shoulder and I took the opportunity to suck his ear into my mouth. He quickly pulled away from me, threw on his helmet and started the bike. The rumble felt good, but had zero on Edward. He lifted the kickstand, revved the engine, released the clutch and we were off. I had some business to take care of.

"Come on, Bells! It's time for you to get ready!" yelled Alice

What? Alice? What the hell?

I slowly opened my eyes and looked around. The room was darkened by the closed shades, but I could still see some light. I looked over at the clock on the

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nightstand and saw that it was almost six.

Crap!

I went to sit up, but I was planted to the bed by my bronze-haired human blanket. His legs were wrapped around mine and his arms were tightly clenched around my waist as his head rested on my chest. I felt his warm breath on every exhale. I reached me free hand up and ran my fingers through his beautiful locks. A deep sigh came from between his lips and I my heart ached with the sudden and overwhelming force of love that came crashing down on me just then. I never knew that I could love him anymore than I already did and apparently my ass was wrong. What would I do without him? Probably die. Morbid and dramatic, but also so fucking true.

Reluctantly, I woke him up and reveled in the bliss of the slow and sensual kiss that he gave me. I was actually thankful for Alice's constant door banging because I'm pretty sure that we were about to start something that would have certainly made me late for the banquet. He removed himself from me, threw on his boxers and went to the closet to grab his tuxedo. He walked into the bathroom to grab his stuff and came over to kiss me. I pulled back to keep it quick and he chuckled. I watched him leave and Alice enter.

"It's about time you two woke up! You're going to be late, Isabella," she chastised.

'Sorry mom,' I mumbled. She threw my robe at me and told me to get my sex-smelling ass in the shower. I sneered at her before hopping in the shower. I scrubbed, buffed and shaved everything that required attention. When I got out, I moisturized from head to toe and stepped out into the room. Alice had my gown draped across the bed and my heels were on the floor. My teardrop earrings were on the table next to my diamond two-strand tennis bracelet. I decided not to wear a necklace, since the top of the dress was enough to dazzle all on it's own.

Alice styled my hair in Veronica Lake-like waves and had them cascading over one shoulder. My bangs were long enough to blend in with the rest of my hair

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so there was no hair in my face. We went light on the eye make-up and I painted my lips a deep red. When that was all done, I put on my jewelry and carefully put on my floor-length, form-fitted, black and silver sequined halter dress. Alice helped me with my shoes and smiled and clapped at the end result.

"You look absolutely stunning, Bella," she said. "Can I take your picture?" she asked with eager eyes. I smiled at her and nodded. She grabbed her camera and was once again click happy. I smiled and brooded until my cheeks hurt and had to stop and remind her of what time it was.

"Oh damn! Come on woman," she yelled, "I wonder what Edward's wearing. I wish I could go. Maybe next time we can all go, right? When you get back be sure to tell me all about it, every detail. Don't you dare leave a damn thing out. Do you understand me?" she rambled.

"Uhh..."

"Let me guess. Pixie speak again," she asked with an obvious note of sarcasm.

"Don't blame me! It's not my fault you put that guy from the tiny Matchbox cars commercials to shame." She huffed at me and continued to push me out the door and into the common room.

"Whoo girl! I am so stealing that dress when you're done with it. You look amazing," said Rose.

"Thanks, Rose."

"Goddamn B! If I didn't know that you loved my brother and if I didn't already have Rose...."

"Um...thanks?" I said. I looked at Rose and she just shrugged. "What? At least he has good taste," she said. I just looked back and forth between the both of them and was just...dumbfounded? They so belong together.

Why in the hell aren't they married yet?

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Good question.

I snapped out of my self-conversation (I thought I stopped those), when Jasper complimented me as well.

"Thanks, Jasper," I said. He nodded his head in the gentlemanly southern way and Alice giggled.

"Ooh Edward! 007 doesn't have shit on you! I'm so glad that one of my brothers has some kind of style. You look hot!" said Alice.

"Hey!" boomed Emmett. "It's Paris! People wear berets in Paris!...and I have style goddamnit!" he yelled. Everyone laughed at him...everyone but me that is. My eyes were trained on the work of art in front of me. Now *he* should be the one showcased at the Louvre. He wore an ebony, double-breasted black tuxedo. His shirt was white with black buttons and it was topped of with a perfectly tied bowtie. The trim of his lapel was black silk and the suit seemed to have been made just for his body. It fit him *perfectly*. My eyes gazed back up at his hair and he actually tamed it! It was in a Dr. McDreamy, Derrick Shepherd kind of style and I already wanted to ruin his hard work and run my fingers through it.

When my eyes finally settled on his, my body began to tingle again while I watched his eyes rake over me. When he looked into my eyes, we both smirked at our obvious ogling. He took a deep breath and slowly walked over to me. His hands slowly encircled me and my heels added an extra four inches to my height, so he didn't have to lean down to far to kiss me.

"Nope! Don't think so, Mr. Cullen. You touch those lips before she gives her speech and you...will...pay!" yelled Alice.

"Freaking control freak," I mumbled.

"I heard that, Swan!"

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"Good! Maybe *something* will sink in and you'll get the *hint*," I laughed. She gaped at me and I lifted my hand to close her mouth. Jasper laughed and Emmett and Rose clapped. I curtsied and then ducked from Alice's flying hand.

"Come on my insanely beautiful and incredibly stunning girlfriend. Let's get you out the line of fire before you're late," Edward said. He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me towards the door. I quickly grabbed my clutch and cell phone and turned to see him and Alice having one of their patented silent conversations. It's freaky, irritating and cool all at the same time. When he was done with his talking eyebrows and small nods, we continued out the door after saying bye to everyone. We made our way to the elevator and headed to the fourth floor to the Salon de Galles.

We arrived at the ballroom and I was quickly pulled from Edward's grasp.

"Wait!" I said. The people around me quieted and I walked back over to Edward. He wrapped me in his arms and I told him how nervous I was. He lifted my chin with his finger, forcing me to gaze him in his eyes.

"You've practiced your speech and I know you can do this. You can do this with your eyes closed. Just imagine that it's just you and me and no one else. Only me. Ok?" I smiled and nodded as my nervousness had almost completely vanished. He placed a light kiss on my lips and let me go as one of the organizers came over to us. I squeezed his hand and he squeezed back. He walked over to our table, which to my luck and pleasure was right next to the podium and watched me as I was pulled behind the curtain.

I gave my speech, first in French and then in English and was greeted with applause. At the beginning of the speech, my nerves began to come on with an unbearable force. I looked at Edward and took a deep breath when he mouthed 'breathe Bella'. Once the air began to move within my lungs, I started my speech, only looking at Edward. My confidence bloomed at the pride I saw in his eyes and I found myself able to look around the room. When I actually noticed who was here, it took all my strength not to gape at the idea that I, Isabella Swan, was currently giving a speech in front of one of my idols, Wolfgang Puck! I continued to look around the room and smiled when my eyes

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fell on chef de la Ponte. He smiled widely at me and even he had pride in his eyes. When my gaze landed back on Edward, he was beaming at me. 'Told you' he mouthed to me.

When it came time to give the same speech in English, it came out with ease but I was still glad when it was over. I presented Chef de la Ponte with his plaque and took a few pictures. He kissed both of my cheeks and thanked me. He came to the podium and told the audience to applaud his protégé. They did...again and I fought the urge to duck my head.

Once the speeches were over and all the plaques were handed out, it was time to eat and party. Edward and I ate our decadent yet small-portioned meals and he pulled me to the dance floor when the floor was cleared. Most of the songs were in French, slow and romantic. I was a little shocked when 'No One' by Alicia Keys came on. I whispered the lyrics as we danced and closed my eyes when Edward pulled me closer and nuzzled against my hair.

"I love you," I whispered. I was afraid to speak louder for fear that a normal tone would ruin the moment.

"If it's even half as much as I love you, than I am the luckiest bastard on the face of the planet," he whispered back. He pulled me tightly against him and I rested my head on his chest. "Can I show you something?" he asked.

"Of course," I said. He grabbed my hand and we made our way to leave the ballroom. When we got to the elevator, instead of pressing our floor number, he pulled a key from his pocket, slid it into the elevator's key slot and pressed 'R' for the roof. I stared at him and noticed him biting his lip to keep from smiling.

"What -," He put his finger on my lips to 'shush' me and shook his head. I bit my lip to keep from talking and racked my brain over what was going on. I noticed him checking his watch and he nodded. We finally reached the roof and when the elevator doors opened, Edward placed one hand over my eyes and the other on my waist. He walked us off the lift and I was assaulted with numerous smells. I smelled fresh air, vanilla and maybe...roses? He walked us

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around for a few seconds more and the breeze that was once there was suddenly gone. I felt him position me and then...he removed his hand from my eyes.

"Oh...", I gasped. There were vanilla scented tea light candles over the entire area and numerous vases filled with roses and white calla lilies. To the left, the Eiffel Tower was lit, along with the rest of the city. We were so close, it seemed like I could reach my hand out and touch it. I turned back to Edward and saw him walking over to a white gazebo that had more vases of calla lilies, candles and an ice bucket with a bottle of wine chilling. He picked up a remote and the beginning strands of 'Love of My Life' by Brian McKnight began to play...and that was all I could take. A sob broke through me with a force that I never knew I had. Faster than humanly possible, I was in Edward's arms. I wrapped my arms around him with every ounce of strength that I had in me and tried to stop my crying. He lifted my chin to look in his eyes and all I saw in his was love, adoration and confusion. The tears came on again and try as I might, I could not stop them. He leaned down and kissed a few off of my face and that just made me cry even more!

What the hell is wrong me!

"Bella? Are you ok?"

"I...yes...I..." I couldn't even think of what to say!

"Did I do something wrong?"

"OH GOD NO! You did everything perfect! I just...I...I just love you so fucking much."

Classy Bella. Real classy!

His body shook with silent laughter, "Well I just love you so fucking much too." He pulled away and looked in my eyes. His gaze felt like it was digging into my soul and I gladly gave him access.

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"Bella. I love you more than words can describe, more than my own *life* and I cannot imagine my wo-," he began, but his ringing cell phone cut him off. He was about to ignore it, and I wished he had, when my phone started to ring as well. This better be important.

"Hello?" we both asked.

"Bella? Oh my God Bells! He did it! He finally did it!" Rose yelled.

"Rose. Calm down. Who did what?" I asked.

"EMMETT FINALLY PROPOSED!" she yelled in the phone.

"Oh my God! Congratulations Rosalie! I'm so happy for you," I really was, but for some reason, more traitorous tears began to escape from my eyes.

I'm Yours

Disclaimer: Copy and paste a previous disclaimer from a prior chapter. Go ahead. I won't tell.

Author's Note: Ok. So pretty much what you all are saying is that Rose and Em should be hiding and cowering in a corner before you kick their asses? I swear I have *never* seen so many people mad at the two of them as much as you guys were. You were more pissed at them than you were at James! Funny shit actually. Well, here's EPOV to the rescue, because apparently Rose and Em need saving. Title song on Blogger playlist. Please enjoy.

" I'm Yours"

Edward POV:

It seemed like as soon as the movie started, Bella was fast asleep in my arms. I picked her up and carried her into the room, removed her clothing and placed her in the middle of the huge king sized bed. Before I made my way back into the common area of the suite, I stared at my ladylove's sleeping form for what felt like an eternity as the gnawing realization at the back of my head washed over me. Tomorrow we would be back in New York. Back to our normal lives full of responsibilities, drama and time apart. Full of separate apartments and separate beds. And a part of me, a HUGE part of me knew that I could no longer go back to that mediocre existence. I needed Bella in my life now more than ever. This little tease of bliss this past week, waking up with her in my arms every morning, made me realize even more what I would miss once our plane touched down in New York City, and that shit was entirely too disheartening.

But is it too soon to ask her to move in together? Of course I plan on proposing. I mean come on, how could I not? But does she feel the same intense need to be with me now as I feel with her? And if so, does the intensity of her need even match my almost desperation to have her by my side? I don't know if asking her this would be the best thing I've ever done or the stupidest

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fucking mistake on the face of the planet! But what I do know is that I will NOT do what I did earlier this week by holding shit in and assuming. That alone almost ruined us. And you know what they say what happens when you assume...

So I guess I'm decided. I'm going to ask Bella to move in with me, even though I know it's too early by conventional standards.

Fuck convention!

Yeah. Fuck convention! I love this woman more than anything and I need her more than I need air to breathe. So yeah, call me nuts. I could give a shit. I'm asking her. Even though this could be a huge mistake and I could risk *her* thinking I'm nuts and have her slam the door in my face. But, it's worth the risk. *Bella's* worth the risk and maybe, just maybe, she'll feel the same way.

Would you stop flip-flopping so damn much and just ask her already?

With an additional deep breath, I took one more long look at my Sleeping Beauty before going back to the others. Maybe I should ask Alice for her opinion. Couldn't hurt. Or could it?

I walked back into the living room, only to see Jasper covering his ears and banging his head on the back of the couch as Alice recited most of the lines from the movie. She must have seen 'The Princess Bride' like twenty times and knows *every* damn word so *of course* she just has to bless us with her so called wonderful gift. I feel your pain Jasper.

I decided to save Jasper's sanity and paused the movie, which was quickly followed by a glare of protest from Alice and a flying pillow from Rose. I ducked from the pillow only to catch it before it crashed into the expensive looking floor lamp.

"Smooth move ex-lax," I said. She folded her arms and rolled her eyes at me.

Yeah...good luck with that one Emmett.

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"I was going to just ask Alice, but since you all are here...what do you think about me asking Bella to live with me?" The words rushed out of my mouth with such quickness that I wasn't sure if anyone heard me. That is until I realized exactly *who* was in the room.

"Are you sure?" asked Alice.

"Without question. It's like the lyrics to that Jason Mraz song says, *I won't hesitate no more. Our time is short this is our fate. I'm yours.*' I'm Bella's. Completely. And it's about time she knows it. You saw what happened the last time I doubted myself and hesitated with asking her for something that I wanted. I treated her like a fucking douche and she left for Paris broken-hearted because of me. I will not be responsible for her tears of sorrow again. I love her. I cannot begin to even think of a night without her and this is something that I want to do. We agreed to openly communicate with each other to eliminate incidents such as those and I can't think of a better place to start."

"You shouldn't blame yourself for that Edward. Bella doesn't. She blames herself enough for the both of you," said Rose.

"Either way my decision is made. I was just asking to see what you guys thought. I admit, I was a little apprehensive earlier about bringing it up, but standing here and explaining myself to you guys just now, I convinced myself to risk it and ask her. What's the worse that could happen?"

"Well you know I'm happy for you. I support you in whatever you decide," said Alice.

"Personally, I think it's about damn time. And I'm not the only one out of all of us that think you two were like...created...intentionally for each other. It's pretty freaky shit actually," said Rose.

"Hell yeah Dude. I say go for it. You'd be an idiot not too," added Emmett.

"Thanks guys."

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"And since we're talking about moving," started Jasper. I looked over at him and he was staring at Alice. She looked a little pissed actually. "Fine Jasper! We were going to wait until we got back to the States to tell you guys, but Jasper and I decided that since we're engaged now that we should move into our own place to be able to be together," she said.

"Alice found a two-bedroom in the building about five floors down so we won't be far from you guys and we'll still be around just as much, if not more," added Jasper.

"Wait. If you're leaving and Edward is too, then what the hell am I going to do with a three-bedroom apartment?" asked Emmett. The room fell silent for a few seconds before Rose suddenly clapped loudly and a huge smile graced her face.

"I got an idea. Now bear with me," she started. She looked at me first, "Bella just moved into the apartment and abso-fucking-lutely loves the kitchen, correct?" she asked. We all nodded. "Right. So, what if you and Emmett move in with Bella and me? Our apartment is bigger and that way we're not all searching for new places. Unless you want your own place then I completely understand," she finished. She looked at Emmett first. He slowly nodded his head in agreement as a huge smile spread across his face. I shuddered, knowing exactly where his mind went just then.

Friends fantasy version XXX?

Bingo.

"What the hell are you smiling at?" asked Jasper.

"Well besides the *obvious*, I get to have food prepared by a top chef? Almost daily? Hello, why the hell wouldn't I smile? This shit is awesome!"

"And what am I, chopped liver?" asked Rose.

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"No, Rosie, of course not! It's just that...um...well... ah fuck it, you know how I am about my food!" he said.

"I should be offended, but sadly it's true," she said.

"Are you two done yet?" They nodded their heads, "Good. Now I don't care either way. Actually, it sounds like a pretty good idea and if and when we get sick of each other, we can always move. I'll bring it up with Bella once I ask her and see what she thinks," I said.

"Well isn't this a convict that dropped the soap? We decide to move out and all of the sudden you guys got a goddamn all night slumber party going on!" yelled Alice.

"Are you really going there with this Alice? I tried numerous times before to convince you to let Jasper and Emmett move in with us, but you kept saying 'no' for Edward's sake and I get that, but old Eddie boy here doesn't need you to say 'no' for his sake anymore. If you want to stay you can. No one is forcing you to move out and I'm sure that the fellas won't mind Jasper moving in with us," said Rose.

"And besides, Bella hasn't even said yes yet and you two aren't getting married until sometime next summer anyway. So I say stay, save up your deposit or whatever and then move after your honeymoon," added Emmett.

"Wow, Em. Who knew you could be so decisive?" asked Alice.

"That's what I'm saying," I said.

"Screw you two. I was just trying to help."

"And you did wonderfully baby," said Rose. She kissed him on his lips and when she pulled away, the old petulant ass just had to flip us off. Ah siblings, can't live with them, can't live...nope, that's about it.

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And yet you're considering continuing to live with them. And who's the supposed smart one in this family?

You know me. El Masochisto de Cullen!

Jasper and Alice talked it over and decided that they were ok with it as long as Bella agreed to it as well. I told them that I would ask her tomorrow and that was when Alice dropped a fucking bombshell on me...

"Hey Edward? Did you realize that tomorrow will be one month since the day you first met Bella?"

Yeah. Like I said, a fucking bombshell!

"Come again."

"Yep. The day she made us dinner, the day you met 'The Beauty', was the third of September. Well, tomorrow is October 3rd. I just thought I'd bring it up," she said.

Uhhh....

"I think you fried his brain Alice," laughed Emmett.

"I know. Look! He's drooling!" added Jasper.

Fuckers!

"Right. One month. Um...be right back," I got up from the couch and made my way back into our room. I paced the room, trying to figure out something special to do for her for tomorrow, but it quickly became obvious that my slow ass brain had absolutely nothing. Shit! If only this was as easy as planning our first date. The movie, the park, the picnic, the Duca...the Ducati! Maybe that could work. I could rent a bike and show her Paris my way. Only problem...I don't know a damn thing about Paris! We're on Bella's turf here and I have no idea how the hell I'm going to find out her favorite places without ruining the

surprise.

As if in a cartoon, a light bulb seemed to turn on and an idea was illuminated, albeit barely. Her parents. They have to know some of Bella's favorite spots in Paris. Right? God I hope so. I walked over to Bella's end table and grabbed her cell phone to get Charlie's number. It was 11:30 in the evening here so I knew that it was only 12:30 in the afternoon back in Washington State. I grabbed my wallet and opened the door to our room. "Alice, can you call the car rental place at the airport and reserve the best bike on the lot?" I asked. She smiled and nodded her head. I tossed her my wallet and her fingers were already dialing on her phone before the wallet even landed in her lap. I took Bella's phone into the spare room and dialed her father's number. To say that I was a little taken aback when a female answered on the third ring would be putting it lightly.

"Bella? Sweetie! How's Paris? Oh my I miss you so much! If you take this damn long to call your mother again Isabella Swan I swear-" said the woman whom I could probably assume was Bella's mother.

"Uh, Mrs. Swan? It's not Bella. It's Edward Cullen. I was calling to speak with Charlie. If it's a bad time, I could ca-"

"Edward? Who the hell is...wait...EDWARD! Oh my goodness Edward is it really you? I've been trying to get that child of mine to let me talk to you for lord knows how long. I'm beginning to think she's embarrassed by me, but that's nonsense right? Right, " she said, "Hey Charlie! Edward's on the phone!" she yelled, "So what's going on? How's France? When's the wedding?" she added.

"Uhh...,"

"Renee? Don't scare the poor boy. Give me the phone," said Charlie.

"No! You've had your chance and now it's my turn. I've got some questions for my daughter's sexy, bronze-haired hero."

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Awkward

"You can ask him on Sunday when we arrive in New York. Now give me the damn phone."

What? Sunday? Does Bella know about this?

"Charlie Swan? Sometimes I swear to...."

"Yada yada yada," he mumbled, "Hey Edward? What's going on?" he asked once he got on the phone. Bella is so much like him it's scary...and I love it!

"Hey Chief. I was calling to ask a favor," I said.

"Shoot."

"Ok, well we're in Paris as you know, and my lovely sister just reminded me that tomorrow is the one month anniversary of the day that I first met your daughter and I want to plan something special for her. The only problem is I know absolutely nothing about Paris except for what Bella showed us today and I was wondering if she ever mentioned some of her favorite spots or sights to you or Mrs. Swan?"

He was silent, minus the 'hmms', 'mmms' and 'umms'. When I faintly heard Mrs. Swan ask him a question in the background, Charlie relayed my question to her and the phone was quickly snatched from Charlie's hand.

Uh-oh

"Oh Edward! That sounds fabulous! I know that Bella liked Versailles and one of her favorite places is the Moulin Rouge. Ooh and there's this forest east of Versailles that has the world's largest gathering of butterflies. There's also a horse trail and a chateau within the forest's city limits. She was supposed to go there on her last business trip to Paris, but there apparently was a scheduling conflict and she couldn't make it. She was a little bummed but said she'd make it next time," she said, "Did she make it there this trip?" she asked. I

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remembered back on our time here and remembered no mention of a forest or butterflies or even Versailles. I told her 'no' and she told me that that was the only place she could think of.

"That's perfect. Thank you Mrs. Swan."

"Mrs. Swan is Charlie's *mother*, wretched old woman," she mumbled.

"I heard that Renee!" yelled Charlie.

"Anyway, please call me Renee," she said.

"Ok. Thanks Renee," I laughed.

"You're welcome, Edward. Here's Charlie," she said and handed him the phone.

"Hope she helped you out there Edward. Sorry I couldn't be of more assistance."

"No, it was perfect. Thanks Charlie."

"You're welcome my boy. Now can you do *me* a favor and let my daughter know that I sent her an email with our flight info and that we'll see you guys on Sunday?" he asked.

"Sure Charlie. See you Sunday."

"Bye"

"BYE EDWARD! SEE YOU SUNDAY!" yelled Renee.

"Now you see why Bella kept you from her don't you?" he laughed.

"Um...yeah," I mumbled. He hung up the phone and all I could do was stare at the contraption in my hand, shaking my head.

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I got a strange feeling that Sunday is going to be interesting.

When I left the spare room, the only person left on the sofa was Alice. She confirmed the rental of the Ducati Desmosedici RR and I was practically salivating. I didn't know who would be more excited about tomorrow, Bella or myself. Once we were done discussing the bike and the pick-up time, Alice suggested that I plan something romantic for in the evening after the banquet. She said that if I planned it, she would have everything set up and ready for us. I agreed with her and we headed down to concierge's desk a little after twelve o'clock in the morning to ask if we could reserve any spots or rooms in the hotel for tonight. When we were told that most of the rooms and halls were booked, my face started to mimic Alice's. That was until he mentioned the roof. He showed us a layout and I thought that it was perfect. It had a magnificent and unobstructed view of the Eiffel Tower and was heated to combat the October chill. Without hesitation, I reserved it and retrieved the elevator key.

Alice and I continued to plan the rest of the evening until it was almost two in the morning. When we were finally done, we made our way back up to the suite and I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

Tying my bow tie and trying like hell to tame this damn hair, I couldn't help but smile at the memory of Bella's reaction to the motorcycle. I think I created a monster and my cycle loving ass couldn't be happier. When I saw her straddle that bike in that dress, it literally took all of my strength not to fuck her where we stood. And so I told her, in more words or less. Being the fucking temptress that she was of course she challenged me, a challenge that I all too happily accepted. The time in the forest was memorable, as is all my moments with Bella, but I promised her that I would *fuck* her on the motorcycle, and I didn't...technically. I have now made it my mission to fix this slight oversight.

And cue the Mission Impossible theme music!

Mission Impossible my ass.

"What the hell are you smiling at? Wait, do I even want to know?" asked Jasper. My smile widened as I slowly shook my head.

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"I thought so," he laughed, "So, did you ask her to move in yet?" he asked.

"Today I was a little...preoccupied. I'm asking her tonight after the banquet."

"Uh huh. Preoccupied. So that's what you young kids are calling it these days huh?"

"Shut it. What are you four up to tonight?"

"Alice wants to stay in and Emmett is taking Rose out on the town. Says he has something special planned for Rosalie. You don't think he's proposing do you?"

"I don't see why not. He should. Those two couldn't be more perfect for each other. They are the only people that can put up with the other and if that isn't love than I don't know what is," I laughed.

"So, so true. Well anyway, I'll see if I can drag it out of him. I'll see you out there," he said.

"Be out in a minute. Still trying to tame this mop," I said while I fisted my hair.

"Yeah. Um, good luck with that," he laughed. He opened the door and made his way to the common room. When I heard him compliment Bella, I just said fuck the hair and left the room. When I turned to corner and looked up, to say that I felt breathless would not even begin to describe what happened to me. My eyes landed on Bella and it was like anything and everything else around me ceased to exist. My focus was only on her and I felt like a greedy and selfish bastard for wanting to caveman her ass back into the bedroom. Caveman was not even in the same category of what I wanted to do to her in this very moment, but a beautiful, sexy temptress Bella equals a dumb, illiterate Edward. She looked beyond words and of course being Edward the Mute, that's exactly what I gave her. No words. She thanked Jasper and Alice's giggle was cut off when she saw me standing by the door.

"Ooh Edward! 007 doesn't have shit on you! I'm so glad that one of my brothers has some kind of style. You look hot!" she said.

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"Hey! It's Paris! People wear berets in Paris...and I have style goddamnit!" yelled Emmett.

While the others laughed at the giant man-child, my eyes continued to take in as much of Bella as possible, for fear that she might do like the angel that she resembles and disappear. I greedily took in the way the fabric hugged her body, the way her hair hung over her left shoulder in waves that begged to be touched and wrapped around my fist and the sin-inducing way that the red on her lips made my lips literally ache to touch hers. When our eyes connected and I stared into her all-encompassing browns, I had to steel myself in order to not completely maul her in front of a room full of people. I took a deep breath and slowly walked over to her. My hands started at her waist and trailed down to her hips, pulling her closer to me. My lips were mere centimeters from hers when Alice made me realize that I wanted to kill her.

"Nope! Don't think so, Mr. Cullen. You touch those lips before she gives her speech and you...will...pay!" she yelled.

See what I mean? I wonder if mom will notice if she's gone. I can always by her a poodle. It just might work...

"Freaking control freak," mumbled Bella and that just made me want to kiss her even more.

"I heard that, Swan!"

"Good! Maybe *something* will sink in and you'll get the *hint*," she laughed. The last thing I saw after Bella said that was her ducking from Alice's flying hand. Ok. Time to go.

I wrapped my arms tighter around her waist and pulled her towards the door, "Come on my insanely beautiful and incredibly stunning girlfriend. Let's get you out the line of fire before you're late." As she was grabbing her purse and her cell phone, Alice tapped my shoulder and nodded. I winked and nodded my head upwards towards the ceiling. She smiled and mouthed 'nine' to me and I smiled back at her. When I was done, I turned to Bella's amused expression and

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we said our goodnights to everyone and made our way to the elevators.

The banquet was amazing and as I told her she would be, Bella was spectacular. When we first arrived, she was nervous, but once she got into the groove, all I could do was sit back and stare at her with amazement and pride...and one of the hardest fucking erections that I have ever had in my life! It was inevitable. I mean there she was, with all this newfound confidence, speaking French with those goddamn red lips and looking like the sexiest fucking Hell's Angel that has ever walked the earth. Yeah, like I said...inevitable.

Luckily, by the time it was time to dance, I was somewhat presentable and lead her to the dance floor with me. As we twirled around the floor, I caught myself checking the clock every ten minutes. We still had about fifteen more minutes for Alice to have the time to get everything ready, so Bella and I danced some more. The feel of her body pressed against mine as the French lyrics rang through my ears was almost my undoing. When 'No One' by Alicia Keys came on, I started to think that I was in the clear, until my unknowing Hell on the dance floor started to sing and whisper the lyrics to me. I had to think of every disgusting thing imaginable. I'm talking grandma Cullen having sex with her liver-spotted neighbor, Earl, on a lawn mower disgusting. Emmett licking peanut butter off of his own toes disgusting. I even had to go as far as imaging James tonguing Jacob down on top of the fire truck! Let's just say that I no longer had a problem with hiding my excitement.

No shit!

When it was finally time to go, I asked Bella if I could show her something and lead her to the elevators. She agreed and I lead her to the roof. When we got to the roof, I placed one hand over eyes and the other on her waist to steady her. I looked around and was immediately impressed and happy and...grateful. Alice just earned herself one hell of a Christmas present.

After I checked that everything was in place, I positioned her facing the Eiffel Tower and dropped my hands from her eyes. I heard a gasp escape her in a breath. I quickly made my way over to the tent and turned on what looked like

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Emmett's IPOD. There was a note on it that said 'play track number four on the Smooth playlist'. As I did, I was happy with the song that played. 'Love of My Life'? Definitely Emmett's.

When I heard a sob come from Bella, faster than I even thought imaginable I had her in my arms. I had no idea why she was crying like this but I hoped to God that they were happy tears. When I leaned down and kissed some of the tears off of her face and she started to cry even harder, that shit almost scared the Hell out of me. Did I do something wrong? Was this too much? Was she ready to move forward? And what would I do if she wasn't? I held back a shudder at the thought.

Since her crying did not stop and I was becoming more worried by the minute, the only thing I could do was ask her if she was ok.

"I...yes...I..." she stammered.

"Did I do something wrong?" I had to ask. The not knowing was beginning to eat me up inside. Her answer on the other hand left no doubt in my mind.

"OH GOD NO! You did everything perfect! I just...I...I just love you so fucking much." I couldn't help it as I laughed. And I wasn't even laughing at her! I was laughing at my own insecurities and stupidity. Will I ever fucking learn?

Probably not.

Thank you so much for the vote of confidence.

"Well I just love you so fucking much too." I finally said. When I pulled away from her and looked into her eyes again, it felt like she was baring her soul to me, and being the greedy bastard that I am, I took as much as I possibly could. I knew that it was now or never and as Jason's lyrics rang through my ears, urging me to get my procrastinating ass in gear, I knew that there was no doubt that this was what I whole-heartedly wanted to do. I loved this woman with my everything and I would gladly accept any part of her that she would give...god

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willing it was all.

"Bella. I love you more than words can describe, more than my own *life* and I cannot imagine my wo-," I started, but I was interrupted by the ringing of my cell phone.

Why in the fuck did I bring my phone!

Good question shit brick!

I was all for ignoring the damn thing and was about to when Bella's phone began to ring as well. We both looked at each other for a second before we cursed to hell whomever was on the end of these annoying pieces of shit!

"Hello?" I asked.

"Edward! Man, guess what? I did it. I popped the question! You'd be so proud of me man. I took her to this fancy restaurant and-" he started.

"Emmett? I'm really excited for you and it couldn't have happened to better people, but could we finish this conversation later?" I interrupted.

"But, Edward, I-"

"Emmett! Later. *Please?*"

"Sure, Eddie. Anything you need man. But when you come back to the suite, we celebrate."

"Deal. Maybe we'll have more than one thing to celebrate"

"Alright man. Good luck."

"Gee thanks," I mumbled. I hung up the phone and turned to see Bella wiping her eyes. There was a small smile on her face and I didn't know whether to be worried by that or happy.

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"What did you mean when you said we'd have more than one thing to celebrate? You didn't plan on proposing tonight did you?"

"And if I was, would that be a bad thing?" I don't know why, but I *really* needed to know the answer to this question.

What the fuck do you mean you don't know why? Of course you know why!

Oh yeah.

"No, it definitely would *not* be a bad thing," she said, "It's just that it would be forever marred not only by the fact that Emmett did it on the same day as you, but also called you in the middle of yours and ruined the moment. The girl you'd be proposing to would not have been happy," she said.

"Well lucky for the girl that I would have been proposing to, tonight was not the night that I chose so *you* can put your worries to rest." A broad smile slowly appeared on her face that once again, made my heart stop. My decision couldn't have been any clearer than if it was tattooed on my fucking forehead!

"Then what exactly did you have planned here, Mr. Cullen?"

Here goes nothing, "Last night when you fell asleep in my arms, Bella, it took everything I had in me to stop myself from boarding up the windows and doors and keeping you locked away with me from the rest of the world. It was then that all of these feelings within me from the past few weeks came to fruition and I knew that I could not live without you. I've known it for a while now, but this week just brought the realization on full force. We head back to New York tomorrow and when I go back to my apartment alone I won't be going home, because home is wherever you are. You have spoiled me this past week with being able to wake up wrapped around you or having you held tightly in my arms and I cannot go back to the way it was.

"When we had that stupid ass bet, that was hell enough and I only held you in my arms for one night. Bella, I want to be able to wake up wrapped around you every morning. I want to be able to wake you up with my lips on yours and

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make love to you any damn time I please.

"Alice reminded me last night that today was the one month anniversary of the very first time I laid eyes on you and," Her eyes bugged and her mouth dropped open. I laughed at her expression and lightly kissed her lips. "I know right. Where the hell did the time go?" I wrapped my arms fully around her and pulled her closer to me. With her body pressed up against mine and her eyes trapping my every being with that hypnotic gaze of hers, I completely forgot the rest of my speech. So, I just went balls to the wall and let it all out.

"Long story short, Isabella Swan, would you like to move in together?"

"What about the others? I mean yes! Of course!" She grabbed my face between her hands and was about to kiss me before she suddenly stopped and pulled back. Goddamnit!

"Wait. What about Rose and Alice? I can't just say yes to you moving in without asking them first," with each word her head lowered closer to the ground. All I did was smile my ass off. I lightly grabbed her chin and when she saw my smile, her eyes narrowed on me. I laughed lightly shaking my head and decided to explain to her before she hit me. Not that I was scared or anything. It's the principal of the matter.

"They already agreed. Last night they said the final decision was up to you."

"What? I don't remember-"

"After I took you to bed and made the decision to ask you to move in with me, I brought it up with everybody. They said it was about time and yada, yada. Then, out of the blue, Jasper and Alice mentions that they're moving out and-"

"What!" she yelled.

"It's ok. Calm down Tiger. Let me finish." She nodded her head and I just shook mine in amusement. "I love your feistiness by the way," I whispered. I leaned down and kissed her from behind her ear, across her jaw line, over her

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chin and up to her lips. My hands traveled back over her ass and tightened on her hips when she fisted a hand full of my hair.

"On with it, Cullen," she moaned.

"How in the hell am I supposed to focus when you do that?"

"You started it."

"Can I finish it?"

"Only if you finish telling me about this important conversation that I missed." She whispered.

She lightly ran her fingernails over my chest and stomach, only stopping barely an inch above my straining cock. I pushed her up against one of the walls covered by the gazebo and fisted a handful of her dress in my hand as my mouth attacked hers in hunger. I loud moan escaped her mouth as our tongues fought for dominance. I pulled her body taut against mine and groaned in pleasure when she lifted her leg and wrapped it around me, grinding against my eager and hungry dick. I lifted her dress completely above her hips and grabbed her other leg, forcefully wrapping it around me as well.

"Are you sure I have to finish the conversation?" I asked. My hands gripped her ass and a long, low moan escaped her perfect lips when I entered a finger into her from behind. I gripped her ass tighter and pulled her clit flush against my cock. When she started to ride my hand, I entered another finger inside of her and reveled in the noises coming from her. When her moans became louder and her thrusting harder, I pulled out and stopped the thrusting of her hips.

"On your feet. Turn around." When she released her legs and set her feet on the ground, I took this opportunity and unsnapped the top of her dress. Her beautiful breasts were out there for my enjoyment and I easily took advantage, sucking on them mercilessly. Bella let out of cry of pleasure and forcefully gripped my cock in her hand. I groaned loudly against her breast and she hissed when I pulled one of her nipples between my teeth. I pushed her back against

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the wall and removed my tuxedo jacket. My shoes were flung somewhere and when my pants and boxers were gone; I turned Bella around with her facing the wall and positioned myself at her entrance.

"Hands on the wall." A shiver ran through her body when the tip of my cock grazed her center. She braced herself against the wall and I slid my full length into her tight, hot pussy; causing us both to moan loudly. I started slow before I began thrusting into her with hard, forceful strokes. She met my hips thrusts for thrusts, pushing back onto me with as much force as I was giving her. Her loud moans rang throughout the rooftop and mixed with my own. I pulled her back against my chest and tilted my hips. With this new angle, I was deeper within her than I've ever fucking been and that shit felt phenomenal

"Holy shit!" she yelled. She rested her head on my shoulder and pushed back on to me while still holding on to the wall.

"Oh my god, Bella," I moaned. I reached my hand around and began circling her clit while I continued fucking her.

"Fuck, Edward," she screamed. I pulled her face to mine and forcefully pressed her lips against mine. She moved one of her hands from the wall and fisted the hair on the back of my neck. The pleasure/pain sensation jolted through me again and I pinched her clit harder as I began fucking Bella with abandon.

"Ohhh Edward. Oh shit baby. Don't stop. Fucking please...ahh...god...," she sucked my bottom lip between hers and began bouncing up and down on my cock. The hand in my hair tightened and a hissed escaped my throat. Loud moans came from her mouth freely again. I pulled her in for another searing kiss and felt the walls of her pussy begin to clench around my straining dick again. It was taking all I had not to bust right then.

"You feel so fucking good, Bella," I said. I let my head fall back as I grabbed onto Bella's hips with both hands and pounded into her harder and harder. She placed her hands back on the wall in front of her. Seconds later, her legs began to shiver and her body flushed.

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"That's right baby. Cum for me. Cum all over my dick. Cum Bella!" With a scream of obscenities, my cock was coated in Bella's delicious juices as she came. Her body shivered and her moans continued, bouncing off the concrete. I pulled her flush against me again and my hand went back down to her clit and I left slow circles around it as I continued to thrust within her.

"Ooooh fuck! Oh God Oh God Oh God," she chanted. Feeling her continue to spasm around me was my final undoing.

"Fuck!" I released inside of her and the noises that escaped me would have been embarrassing if I gave a shit. My body shook and I braced my fists on the wall, pressing us both against the cold concrete.

After a few moments of complete silence; when we went from panting to slow breathing, Bella asked if I was ready to go back down to the suite. Personally, I just wanted to stay up here and do this all night. But it was beginning to get cold so I reluctantly agreed and we quickly redressed.

"You know? You never actually finished the conversation. How was I the deciding vote or whatever?" she asked.

"Well before you attacked me, I was saying that Jasper and Alice mentioned that they were moving after I said that I was asking you to move in with me. Emmett complained about what he was going to do with a three-bedroom apartment and that's when Rose brought up the fact that you just moved in, loved the kitchen and that your apartment was bigger than Emmett, Jasper and mines. So she came up with the idea of Emmett and me moving in with you two, but only if you said it was ok.

"Then little miss whines a lot, whom I owe big time for tonight by the way, well she complained about something or the other and now, she's staying and Jasper, Emmett and I will move in with you guys, but only if you say so.

"If you don't want to move in with them, we'll get our own place, Alice and Jasper will move five floors down and Emmett and Rose will probably move somewhere else or stay where they are." She stood there in silence for a long

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time and I was starting to worry that she went into shock.

"Son of a bitch that's a lot of pressure! So let me get this straight; either I say yes and we all stay together or I say no and we'll all be split up? That's messed up," she mumbled. Her bottom lip slowly pulled into her mouth and I immediately wanted to suck on it myself.

"Either way, I still get you right?" she asked.

You couldn't chisel the smile off of my face, "Always," I said.

"Ah what the hell. Let's go for it. Push comes to shove, we can always move and let the engaged couples stay shackled up," she laughed. I pulled her to me and threw my jacket over her bare shoulders. I then grabbed the rest of our things off of the floor before I kissed her, "I love you."

"I love you too," she sighed.

"Good. Now let's go tell these fools that we love that we'll all be living together," I said.

"Won't my daddy be proud," she laughed. Suddenly she froze and looked at me with wide, doe eyes. "Oh shit Edward! We cannot tell my dad. I don't know what kind of voodoo you put on him to have him like you as much as he does, but I'm pretty sure that the spell would be broken once he finds out that your shacking up with his only daughter," she said.

"And four other roommates," I added.

"Moot point," she said.

"Fine. We'll keep it quiet for now. Did you know they were coming down on Sunday?" I asked.

"No, but I figured that since we needed to be at the attorney's office on Monday, that they would have called my parents to hear their testimony from

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the previous incident back in Forks. I expected them to show up some time this week but not Sund...Oh God! You're going to meet my mother!" she yelled, "In less than 48 hours? Oh that shit's just wrong!" she whined.

"Bella? Calm down. I'm sure she's not that bad," I said.

"Not that bad huh? You know your mom, the hot MILF known affectionately as 'Drunkme'?" she asked.

"Oh god! Please don't call my mother a MILF?" I groaned.

"You have a hot mother. Deal with it. And don't even get me started on daddy. I mean I could-,"

"That's enough thank you very much!" I yelled. She laughed and I just glared at her.

"Anyway, Esme is considered tame compared to Renee. Just you wait," she said. If she's any bit like what she was on the phone, we are in for a hell of a night!

"We'll deal with that later. Let's get your shivering sexy ass back inside before you catch cold and I turn into a guilt-ridden, emo ass."

"They say the first signs to healing is admitting you have a problem," she laughed.

"Hardy har har, smart-ass. Let's go."

"I'd rather be a smart ass than a dumb shit!" she said with an uncanny like Emmett bravado.

"Ok, you two are officially banned from hanging out with each other." Seriously. That shit scared me more than I care to admit.

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"You say that, yet we're all moving in together. How is that supposed to work again?" The smirk on her face was priceless and this was the cocky, teasing Bella that always gave me a run for my money and like everything else about her...I loved it!

"Trust me. He'll get on your nerves soon enough just like he does with everyone else."

"I'd agree with you but then we'd both be wrong."

"To save time, let's just assume I'm never wrong."

"Ha! A man not being wrong is like a woman not liking chocolate...or orgasms! The shit's just blasphemous," she laughed.

I laughed even though I knew it was against the man code to do so. What can I say? It's funny because it's true.

Ten minutes later, we were still on the roof throwing jabs at each other, all the while her stubborn ass pretended that she wasn't cold. On the final time she boldfaced lied, I tossed her over my shoulder and laughed at the squeal that came from her. I grabbed the important stuff and decided to come back and clean up the rest tomorrow. When we got in the elevator, I pushed the number for our floor. The elevator opened a few floors above ours and an older couple got on. They looked at me with Bella still thrown over my shoulder and smiled.

"Someone just got on the elevator didn't they?" she asked.

"Yep," I answered.

"And my behind is up for all to see isn't it?" she asked.

I smiled broadly, "Yep!" I answered. The little old lady next to us laughed slightly.

"He has a huge smile on his face right now doesn't he?" she asked the old lady.

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"Yep!" the old man answered. I laughed loudly then and heard Bella's growl.

"Great," she said. There were silent snickers and giggles heard on the elevator as Bella stayed silent. When we got off the elevator, she waved to the couple and wished them goodnight, "Bonne nuit." A jolt ran straight to my cock as a moan escaped my lips.

"Are you kidding me?"

"What? You could read the phone book and I'd want to fuck you senseless."

"Good to know," she laughed. She was still over my shoulder laughing when we entered the suite, and four pair of eyes were staring us...well my face and Bella's ass. That reminds me...I slowly set her down on her feet and stopped my eyes from rolling in the back of my head when her thighs and pelvis grazed over my already hardening cock. When she landed on her feet, her legs were spread. She slowly closed her legs, squeezing me between her thighs and I actually had to bite my tongue to keep from moaning. The look in her eyes let me know that she knew exactly what the hell she was doing.

"Payback," I said.

"Bring it," she answered.

"Oh goodie! Bella and Edward are home," teased Jasper.

"Speaking of home...Bella?" asked Rose. Her eyes were big and bright. There were so many emotions swimming through them. Hope, acceptance, trust...love. Emmett's face was even brighter than Rose's. He even used his go to card and pulled out the dimples and the Mickey Mouse ears. Bella never stood a chance.

"Didn't you two just get engaged? Won't you all want your own places soon?" she asked. Rose's face dropped and the bottom of Em's lip slightly started to stick out.

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"He's pulling out the pout," I whispered to Bella. She nodded.

"I already said yes, I just don't want you guys to feel like you have to stay in that apartment because of me. I can move and no one has to feel any guilt." Rose stood up and walked over to Bella, pulling her from my arms. What is she, a time-share property?

"I want to live with you, I fucking LOVE my closet and why move when we already have the space for all of us? I was already staying. My question was whether or not you wanted to stay and let the guys move in with us. Besides, Em and I aren't marching down the aisle any time soon, but when we do, you guys will be the first to know. Hell, who says we'll want to move right away anyway? Why ruin a good thing, ya know?" said Rose.

"And besides, my home is anywhere near your kitchen," added Emmett.

"Thanks, Em. I feel the love," she mumbled.

"Don't mind the oaf Bells. Anyway, we're staying, the boys are moving in and all is well. So, how was your night?" asked Alice.

"It was...eventful," she said with a smile, "But tonight is about these two sexy animals." She walked over and hugged Emmett and her and Alice fawned over Rose's ring. We celebrated our last night in Paris with the family and all of us were looking forward to heading back home, me now more than ever.

We arrived at JFK at 10am, which is still fucking weird because our plane left at 11am, Paris time! We caught a cab and headed back to our apartments. On the plane we all agreed to do the move after the trial. Jasper already called the leasing agent and told them of the move. They were fine with it and reminded us to do a new lease on Friday.

We all got back to our apartments and Bella went straight to answering her messages and emails. She said that she had four from the restaurant backers, two from Angela, one from Leah and one from Jacob. She knew that she would have to deal with him sooner or later. I'm guessing from the look on her face,

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she was hoping for later.

She shook off her nerves, gave me a kiss and said that she was headed to Angela's and would be back in time for dinner. You know that whole boarding up the doors and windows thing I mentioned a ways back? Yeah, that just came on full force. But I beat it down with a stick, knowing that the faster I let her go, the faster she'd return to me.

To keep my mind from going nuts, I cleaned the apartment with Jasper and called my mom.

"So the prodigal son has returned. What did you bring me?" asked Esme.

"And you wonder where the shrimp gets it from."

"I don't wonder. I just repeatedly deny being at fault. Completely different," she laughed.

"Right. Anyway, Bella's parents are coming here tomorrow for the case on Monday and I was wondering if you guys wanted to stop by. You know, see your kids? Pick up your gifts? Do some recon..." I trailed.

"Ooh recon! Who's my target?" she asked.

"Renee, Bella's mom. Bella is afraid that she's going to embarrass her and the last thing she needs is to be stressed before something like this on Monday."

"I got your back. So she's that bad huh?" she asked.

"Supposedly she worse than you," I said.

"Excuse me? I resent that Edward Anthony! I am not-," she started.

"Hey mom did you know that you're a 'hot MILF'?" I asked to distract her rant, which I immediately regretted.

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"What the hell is a MILF?"

"Oh come on. You don't know what a MILF is?"

"Nope."

"Ok. Well it's a-. Whoa! Hold on, I'll let Emmett tell you," I said. "Hey Emmett!" I yelled.

"Yeah!" he answered.

"What's a MILF?" I asked as I held up the phone.

"It's means a 'Mother I'd Love to...wait why are you asking me? You know what it is," he yelled.

"Because Bella called mom one and I was relaying the message!"

"EWWW! THAT'S FUCKING NASTY!"

"EXACTLY!"

"Your girl is sick dude," he said as he came into the living room.

"You think that's bad. You should here what she was about to say about dad."

"Oh that's nothing new. Rose has had the hots for Carlisle since we first met. Did you know they call him Dr. DILF now?"

"They who?"

"Mom, Rose and Bella."

"Really?"

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"Yep. It started the night of Alice's engagement before the whole Dr. Daddy got started." So Bella is having thoughts of my father huh? Looks like I'm going to have to work extra hard to erase them.

"Edward? Helllooo? Edward Anthony, are you ignoring me?"

"Oh shit! Sorry."

"I'll see you tomorrow son...and I'll bring the DILF with me," she laughed before she hung up.

Maybe I should assign someone to run recon on her ass.

That would have been the smart thing to do.

What felt like days later, Bella arrived back at the girl's apartment with bags, folders of paperwork, fabric swatches and copies of blueprints. She said that her quick little run to Angela's led to something else entirely and the next thing she knew, she was in Soho picking out fabric and toilet bowl materials. When she put everything away, we all helped the girls clean their apartment and ordered Chinese food. Alice volunteered to go with Bella to the airport tomorrow to pick up her parents and the next thing I knew, I was in Bella's bed, with my arms securely wrapped around her. Exactly where I wanted to be. Where I was supposed to be.

The next morning, I awoke to the smell of coffee and a note on the pillow next to me.

Gone to pick up the parents. Now's your chance to run! If your still here when I get back, don't say I didn't warn you.

All my love,

B

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I folded the note and put it in the back pocket of my jeans. I ran home, showered and shaved and grabbed Carlisle and Esme's gifts. By the time I got back to the apartment, they were already there, eating Bella's fresh baked scones.

"God I'm going to love living here!" yelled Emmett.

"Huh?" asked Carlisle.

"For a doctor, your vocabulary is exemplary," I mocked.

"Shove it, Bronzie. Now which one of you called my wife a MILF yesterday?" he asked.

"I was just relaying a message," I said and raised my hands in defense.

"Yeah, pops. And I know you're not talking. The ladies around here have a few interesting names for you," laughed Emmett.

"What is he talking about, Esme?" he asked.

"Why whatever do you mean dear?" she asked.

"*That's* where Alice gets that from! Oh you need to stop teaching her that crap this very minute!" said Jasper. Esme just smiled innocently at him and I saw Alice all over her. It was like she spit her out but her hair came out black instead of brown.

With a big smile on my face, I walked over and gave my mom her ears. She laughed at the 'Two Drink Maximum' that was jeweled across the top and punched me in the arm. Shockingly, she actually put them on. Carlisle looked at her hat and then glared at me.

"Do I even want to see it?" he asked. I just smiled innocently at him, showing all my teeth and watched his eyes narrow into slits. "Like I said earlier, I'm just relaying a message," I said. He snatched the ears out of my hand and actually

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smirked before attempting to throw them at me.

"Ooh, let me see," asked mom. Carlisle gave her the ears and she laughed so hard she almost fell off the stool. Rose came out to see what all the commotion was about and laughed at Carlisle's expression.

"I told him you were going to kick his ass for the whole Dr. Daddy shit," said the kiss ass formerly known as Emmett.

"He will do no such thing. He will wear his son's gift with pride and then later on tonight, take his horny two drink maximum wife home and remind her how he earned that nickname," said mom.

"OH COME ON!" I yelled.

"For the first time in a *very* long time, I think I lost my appetite," groaned Emmett. He rubbed his stomach and walked over to the couch

"Why are we the one's stuck here with these crazy ass people?" Rose asked Jasper.

"Because we weren't smart enough to leave with Alice and Bella," answered Jasper.

"Oh, *we're* the crazy asses? *You* decide to join the family *voluntarily*, but yet we're the crazy ones. Yeah. That makes all kinds of sense," I said.

Rose and Jasper just looked at each other.

"He's right isn't he?"

"Unfortunately," she sighed.

"Happy-happy, joy-joy," he enthused. I was mid throw of a pillow at Jasper's head when the girl's front door opened. Alice skipped in and landed in Jasper's lap. Following her was an older gentleman with Bella's eyes who could have

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only been Charlie. He looked at Carlisle's ears and pursed his lips to keep the smile from his face. I think I like him more and more. He came over and stood next to me before shaking my hand, "Edward?" he asked.

"Yes. Hi Charlie," I said. He pulled me into a one-armed man hug and said 'Incoming'. I was about to ask him what that meant when I heard it.

"Ok. Where in the hell is that hot piece of fireman?" Her eyes zoomed around the room and in an instant; I was locked in her sights.

Fucking bronze hair!

"Oh my god! You're gorgeous," she yelled. I cringed. She literally ran over and grabbed my face before placing two entirely too wet kisses on both of my cheeks. "I'm going to have the prettiest grandbabies in all of Washington!" she squealed. "You're not sterile right?" she asked.

"Mother!" yelled Bella.

"Oh my god," I groaned.

"What? It's just a question." Emmett was patting Jasper on the back from choking with laughter while holding in his own laugh. Carlisle had a smug look on his face and Charlie actually looked like he had pity for me. My so-called sister and soon-to-be in-law were on the couch in the corner, holding their stomachs. Asses! All of them.

I looked at Bella and she looked a mix of pissed, embarrassed and amused. I winked at her and she mouthed 'told you so'. I would have asked my recon girl to help, but her and her subject were busy heading for the wine fridge...at eleven in the morning. I gave my own smug look to Carlisle and pointed to Esme. His smile quickly dropped as he slumped his shoulders and walked over and grabbed the bottle of Pinot from Esme's hand. Renee held up a corkscrew and all hell broke loose.

So far, not going as planned.

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Told you that you should have gotten a recon girl for your recon girl.

No shit.

Author's Note #2 So you see, there was no need to be mad at Em and Rose because contrary to popular belief, Edward was NOT going to propose in the last chapter. It was too predictable to have him propose in Paris and I try not to be predictable. But please do not worry because a proposal will happen and it's been planned in my head since I wrote chapter 6 back in June. So just relax and take Em and Rose off of your hit lists, lol.

So, they all are going to be living together? What can *possibly* happen now?

****If you guys are interested, I started a new B & E story that was posted on 10/30/09 and it received like 20 + reviews in the first day! It's titled "**The Officer and The Gentleman**" and features Bella, Edward, Jasper and Emmett as Detectives for the NYPD. Some characters will be the same as they are in CWF (i.e. Bella, Esme and Emmett). Please check it out and let me know what you think. For those of you who have already read and reviewed it, thank you and I have every intention of continuing with the story.**

Thanks again guys and I hope you all enjoyed the chapter,

Nicole

Parents Just Don't Understand

Disclaimer: Twilight's not mine.

Author's Note: I absolutely love that you guys enjoyed the last chapter. For those that enjoyed the elevator scene, that was favorite part of the entire chapter, so thanks, lol. Here's the late chapter 24. Classic Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince as well as the other songs mentioned in this chapter are on Blogger playlist. Didn't you just love the early 90's?

"Parents Just Don't Understand"

Bella POV:

I'm moving in with Edward...eventhough technically he's moving in with me.... I mean us. Oh what the hell ever. I AM MOVING IN WITH EDWARD CULLEN! *And Emmett and Jasper...*

Must you remind me?

Well, I guess if you get one Cullen you get them all. And seeing as how I would absolutely endure anything to be with Edward, then bring on the pain in the ass-bottomless pit of a bear and the sarcastic-cockblocking-pixie loving-Texan. And when you add in the *always* classy and *even-tempered* Amazon and the aforementioned Ritalin needing Pixie...oh my god I'm going to need to stock up on my aspirin and calming bath beads and scented calming candles and...alcohol; lots and lots of alcohol.

Even still as I contemplate what I'm about to have to suffer through with living with *three guys*, not an ounce of doubt is present in my mind. Now true, I felt ganged up on when it basically came down to all or nothing with us all being together but when I knew that either way I would still have Edward, I decided why the hell not. If we all get sick and tired of each other, which Edward swears to all Hell that we will, he said that we could just move. And Alice even added in, 'See? Easy peasie lemon squeeze.' I didn't know whether to kiss her

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or slap her. So, I did both and ran my ass around the suite as fast as I could while she threw hairpins at me. Oh yeah. This is going to be fun.

Anyway, after we celebrated Rose and Em's engagement with a drunken male 'Lady Marmalade' performance (Em was awesome as Christina by the way) and strip poker, Alice won, we toasted to our time in Paris and went to bed to ready for our flight home in the morning. When we arrived at the apartment, I sneered at my laptop, already anticipating the hell that was waiting for me. And true to form, I opened my email account that was untouched since last Monday and was bombarded by emails. Everyone from Aro to my dad, the retailers in Soho to Angela, Leah to...Jacob. Shit! I knew I forgot something.

Well I guess I should get this over with. Even though at this moment I have no damn clue what I plan on doing. It's not me to completely cut someone out of my life and I cannot risk losing Leah as collateral damage. When you factor in the fact that they up and named me Jocelyn's godmother, that kind of kicks the shit out of the whole 'cutting him loose' idea, no? Renee would be disappointed in me if I decided on that route anyway. Luckily Charlie was never too fond of him in the first place so he would give a shit either way. And Edward? God love him but he's no help. Or maybe, he's too helpful? Ah fuck I can't even remember anymore! All I know is that I need this...this thing hanging over my head cut the hell down so that I could move on with my life. Now whether the edges will be serrated and therefore irreparable, or clean-cut and easily sewn together remains to be seen.

Wanting to remove myself from my inner Jacob-induced turmoil, I gave Edward a kiss and told him that I was heading over Angela's and would be back before dinner. The look in his eyes perfectly mirrored what I was feeling at that moment and even though I did not want to go, I felt that I needed to. I needed air and the time to think. Reluctantly I left and ran down to the parking garage and hopped in my car. That was when I knew something was wrong with me when I revved the engine of my silver baby and I didn't even crack a smile. Not a good sign.

Ignoring the encompassing feeling of dread, I turned my stereo up full blast and let *'Dead and Gone'* by T.I and Justin blast through my speakers. I found it

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pretty uncanny that at that exact moment where I'm trying to decide whether or not to forgive or forget someone I once thought of as a family member that T.I. would be singing exactly what I was thinking. The Bella that was in Forks, Washington is not the same Bella that's currently sitting behind the wheel of this car. For one, I'm stronger now; physically, emotionally and mentally and two, it has been realized that I need to grow from my mistakes and take the time to think so that I don't make anymore dumb ones.

The old Bella would have just taken Jacob back unconditionally, but then feared at every turn that he would leave her high and dry and once again, alone. The Bella of today, that's me, knows that Jacob is his own man and if he felt the need to run and hide from his problems again, than so be it. I do not control him and I need to move on and let that shit go and the best way I know how to do that is to ask myself whether or not I'll forgive Jacob Black for up and disappearing off the face of the fucking earth and leaving his proclaimed *best friend* heart-broken for over a year? Or more importantly, if I'll open up and let him in like the last time? The answer to the first question I already know. It's the second one that's the pain in the ass.

Seeing that I at least had some kind of game plan in mind, I smiled and hit repeat on the CD player and sang along with Justin at the top of my lungs. When I revved my engine again I smiled this time. I *finally* pulled out of my parking space and drove over to Angela's. We talked for a good three hours about what I missed at the restaurant, how she was feeling and about the trip and the banquet. When I told her about the moving in together thing, she didn't even blanch. She just said she saw it happening all along but that she was a little shocked that I actually said yes and made a decision for once. She's so damn lucky she's pregnant!

Before long I couldn't ignore all the messages on my Blackberry any more so I hugged her before I left and told her that I would see her next week. She thanked me again for the t-shirts and walked me to her door. I kissed her cheek and ran down to my car and headed to Soho.

When I arrived at Ramón's I was overloaded with blueprints and design schemes for the restaurant along with printouts of information on the four final

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location options. Add to that about a crap load of swatches, contracts, design books and menu mark-ups and my head wanted to burst! When I got back to my car, I threw everything in the passenger seat, threw my car in reverse and headed for my lawyer's office in Jersey City. I met with Irina and we went over the contract variables for the four final properties. When we narrowed it down to two, one in Manhattan and the other in Little Italy, she said that she'd contact the other two properties I smiled genuinely when I thanked her. She smiled before she hugged me tightly. I hugged her back said my good-byes and made my way for home.

When I arrived at the apartment, Edward was strumming on Jasper's guitar while everyone else sat around and either talked or listened. When he heard me enter, he put the guitar down and ran over to me, taking everything out of my hands. I thanked him and told them about the rest of my day before we all cleaned the apartment for my parents' arrival tomorrow. When we finished we ordered Chinese food and before I knew it, I was slamming down on my alarm clock the next morning. After I hopped out of the shower, I kissed the dream that was still asleep in my bed and left a note for him, warning him of the impending doom that was about to be brought down upon him. If he was still here when I got back, he better not say that I didn't warn him.

I knocked on Alice's door and she opened the door already dressed and ready to go. "Thanks for going with me, Alice."

"No problem, Bells. You know I'd do damn near anything for you," she said.

"Don't I know it?" I laughed. "But either way, thank you," I added. She just shrugged and we made our way down stairs and hopped in my car.

Forty minutes later, we were standing at the *Jet Blue* arrival gate, waiting for my doom...and mean mom to arrive and that's when it happened. I heard her before I even saw her and from the expressions on half of the people in the terminal, I wasn't the only one. Alice's little ass body shook with laughter and it was in that moment that I wished I were an Ostrich so that I could bury my head in the fucking dirt!

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You love your mother. You love your mother. You love your mother. You love your mother.

When her and Charlie made their way over to me, I ran to my dad and hugged him first. Trust me, if I hugged Renee first, her head would have popped off like the cork shooting out of a champagne bottle.

"Bella. I missed you so much." Charlie pulled me into a tighter hug and I wrapped my arms around him.

"I missed you too dad. Sorry it's been so long," I said.

"Not your fault kiddo. And once we get that ass what he deserves, we can see you more and more. Right?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I promised. He kissed the top of my head as I nuzzled my head into his chest, memorizing his scent of after-shave, peppermint and tobacco?

"Dad! Are you still smoking?" I asked.

"What do you expect? Living with your mother's cooking and...well her in general and then worrying about all this James bullshit, I had to do something to keep from going nuts." I could argue with him, but I won't. He truly did have more than enough to deal with.

"Ahem! You do have two parents here you know?" Ah crap! Here goes nothing.

"Hi mom." I walked over and gave her a hug and was greeted with a jumping, squealing embrace. Alice laughed at my expression and I wanted to kick her. What was messed up was that she knew it and laughed louder, finally catching my mother's attention.

"Well who is this beautiful young lady?" she asked.

"Mom, Alice Cullen. Alice, my mom Renee," I mumbled.

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"Wait. Did you say Cullen? As in Edward Cullen?"

GODDAMN SON OF A BITCH MOTHERFUCKING FLYING PIG MONKEYS!

"Yes. Edward's my brother," answered the traitorous midget.

"Really? Oh that's just amazing! You can sit in the back with me and dish." She then walked over to Alice and grabbed her arm before walking towards the exit. I looked at my dad and he smiled before shaking his head.

"Must she be like that *all* of the time?" I asked.

"Sorry wee-one," he said. "How much you want to bet she embarrasses you again before we even leave the parking garage?" he laughed.

"Yeah? How much do you want to bet you'll be going back to Washington a widow if she does?" I asked.

"Relax, Bells. I've learned that the best way to deal with your mother when she's in 'Renee Mode' is to just let her be. You'll have fewer grays and lower blood pressure that way," he advised. I just looked at him like he was off his rocker. Of course *he* can ignore her. She's not humiliating *him* into exile!

"Sure dad. I'll get right on that," I mumbled. He just kissed my head before picking up their suitcases and following the reason for my discovery of a 'highball' out of the exit doors. I could always just run and come back for my car later. No because knowing that damn Alice, she would have already known what I was going to do and hunted my ass down, telling Renee about the whole fucking thing. Traitor!

Feeling the blanket of defeat slowly crash down on me, I growled as I trudged out to my car. They were all leaning against it when I got there. I just kept my eyes forward and unlocked the doors and the trunk. Charlie loaded the luggage in the back and Renee and Alice climbed in the backseat. I felt my teeth gritting together and tightened my jaw. Charlie entered the car and I pulled out

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before he even had his belt on. Of course Papa Cop was not happy about that!

"Isabella Marie! Now I know I taught you better than that!" he scolded. I ground out an apology and kept my eyes forward. I tried with all of my might to tune out the conversation coming from the backseat, but when I heard the mention of elevators, strip poker and Parisian rooftops; I almost slammed my foot on the brake.

"Alice! Um...why don't you tell my mom about your interview with Mizrahi?" I pleaded. She clapped in approval and quickly began discussing her meeting next week with Mizrahi's people. I breathed a slight sigh of relief, but it only half came out when I caught my mom's stare in the rearview. She raised her eyebrow and I narrowed my eyes at her.

We finally made our way to the apartment building and before I knew it, we were standing outside of my door. I could hear talking coming from the other side and the nerves came on full force then. How much do you want to bet he didn't listen to the damn note and run?

Double or nothing the parents are in there too.

Oh come on!

"Renee? Mom? Please don't embarrass me, at least for the rest of the day. There are some very important people on the other side of this door and they're all about to meet the other very important people in my life. So please, even for a few hours, just give my ass a reprieve and don't embarrass me," I pleaded.

"I have no idea what the hell you are referring to Isabella, but whatever. I will not *embarrass* you," she said.

"You promise?" I asked.

"I said I wouldn't didn't I?"

"Yeah, but I still didn't hear you promise."

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"Isabella. I will not embarrass you," she finished.

"Still wasn't a promise," I mumbled. Charlie and Alice chuckled off to the side and I wished I had Emmett's sling shot just then.

"Well, let's get this torture over with." I nodded to Alice and she opened the door. She skipped over to Jasper and hopped in his lap. Charlie followed in behind Alice and before I could stop her, Renee barged in and it was like the last thirty seconds never even fucking happened!

"Ok. Where in the hell is that hot piece of fireman?" she yelled. I banged my head against the doorjamb and began counting to ten before Madame Filterless opened her goddamn mouth again.

"Oh my god! You're gorgeous," she yelled.

Going...

"I'm going to have the prettiest grandbabies in all of Washington!" she squealed.

Going...

"You're not sterile right?" she asked.

Oh fuck me! Gone....

"Mother!" I yelled. I heard Edward groan out an 'Oh my God' and I wanted to scream. If they had one-way trips to outer space on the *Spaceship Atlantis*, her ass would be taped, strapped, stapled, bolted and buckled to that bitch by tomorrow morning!

Yeah, but knowing her, her mouth would cause an interplanetary war and we'd all be screwed!

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I heard laughter throughout the apartment and looked up and saw everyone either laughing or smiling, even Edward. He winked at me and seeing that he wasn't taking this all too seriously, I smiled at him, before mouthing an, 'I told you so'.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Carlisle walk into the kitchen and take a bottle of wine from Esme's hand. When the insanity known as Renee held up a corkscrew towards Carlisle, Charlie ran and jumped between them, maneuvering her towards the butcher-block counter. When he sat her down on the stool, he slyly removed the exposed corkscrew from her hand and tossed it to me. I threw it across the room and it landed under the couch, where it will stay until they leave or so help me God someone will severely get their ass kicked!

Renee started scowling at Charlie and he just rolled his eyes at her and tightened his arms around her so that she couldn't get off of the stool. I didn't know why Carlisle was playing keep away with Esme's purse but I'm pretty sure he had a good reason, at least I hoped so. I looked at them and was dumbfounded with the fact that these people were the *parents*! What in the hell is wrong with *this* picture? I closed my eyes at the sight and completely relaxed when Edward pulled me in his arms. I let out a long, loud groan against his chest and felt it shake as he laughed. He leaned down and kissed my hair before he froze.

"Do not turn around," he said. I was about to ask why when I heard the distinct sound of a cork being removed from a wine bottle. What the hell? I thought I tossed the corkscrew! And then it dawned on me.

"Mine or yours?" I asked. I didn't have to explain. He already knew.

"Mine," he sighed in defeat. It was my turn to laugh this time when I turned around to see our beloved Esme putting back her key chain corkscrew that she confiscated from her purse. So much for keep away huh Dr. Daddy?

"Ok. That's it. I'm done! Fathers, handle your women. I'm off the clock!" I walked into the living room and plopped down on the loveseat. Moments later,

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a train of bodies followed behind. Emmett and Rose sat on the long couch, Alice and Jasper cuddled up in the recliner and Edward came and sat next to me on the loveseat. We were all silent for a while before the laughter took us over and I couldn't even fight it.

"No wonder you fit in so well with us Bella. She's like the west coast Esme," laughed Emmett.

"Yep, and now you see why I never talk about her," I groaned. "And at least Esme has some kind of filter!" I added.

"You can tell that she loves you though and only wants the best for you." Jasper smiled wickedly and I was instantly on alert.

"Exactly, Jasper. Why else would she ask if old Eddie boy here was shooting blanks?" laughed Rose. The room erupted in more laughter and I jumped up off the loveseat and landed on top of her. She yelled when I pinched her and when she rolled over on her stomach I slapped her hard on her ass.

"Ow, fuck!" she yelled. I smiled as she rubbed her sore spot but tried to run when I saw the expression on her face. Before I could even move an inch, she flipped me over on my stomach, fucking sat on me and spanked me on my ass. I'm kicking, flailing, and wiggling my body while yelling at her to get off of me, all the while hearing Alice over there hooting like an idiot. I reached my hand behind my back and grabbed the end of her ponytail. When I pulled on it, she rolled backwards and landed upside down with her legs on the couch and her head and hands on the floor. Not wanting to miss out on all of the fun, Alice came over and began hitting Rose's ass like it was a bongo drum and I started singing 'Babaloo'.

"Oh you two bitches are getting paid back big time!" she screeched. I laughed before I hit her hard one more time and ran to the other side of the room. Alice shot up and followed me and we stood by the patio door. Rose finally stood up and narrowed her eyes at us. Her face was flushed and her hair was all over her head. Alice and I started laughing harder before Alice suddenly squealed and took off like a bolt of lightning. Fast little shit. I looked up to see where she

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went but before I could move, my hair was in Rose's hand.

"You like that, Bella? Huh? You like having your hair pulled?" she asked. Now this could go two ways, because if Edward was the one asking me this instead of Rose, I'd be like 'YES EDWARD! YES!'

"Depends on who's asking," I said. She pulled my hair slightly harder and a hiss escaped my mouth on its own accord. "Oh my God," Emmett moaned.

Rose turned us around and when the guys were in my sight, I had to hold my breath and bite my lip to keep from laughing. Rose's had no qualms about hiding her laughter though. Oh no. Her ass laughed so hard that if she hadn't finally let go of my hair, I would have slid down to the hardwood with her. They had the exact same expression on their faces like the guys in that 'Weird Science' movie when the hot girl stepped out in nothing but skimpy red underwear and a piece of cloth they called a shirt. Alice walked over and had to clap her hands in front of Jasper's face for him to snap out of it. After he shook his head, he threw a pillow at Edward's head, which brought him back to semi-consciousness.

Once his eyes deglazed, he looked at me like he wanted to pounce on me fuck it all if I didn't immediately want to do the same. I cleared my throat once I heard my mother's laughter and Edward's eyes lightened slightly...very slightly. I nodded my head towards Emmett who appeared to still be collecting an impressive amount of drool at the moment and Edward shoved him in his head. Being caught off guard and off balance, Emmett fell to the floor next to a still laughing Rose and cursed up a storm. At least he didn't have to worry about 'Mama No Swear' slapping his ass. Esme's probably so sloshed right about now that she doesn't even know what time zone she's in.

"What the hell is going on in here?" asked Carlisle. He came into the living room with Charlie and they just shook their heads at the scene in front of them.

"Weren't you two supposed to be babysitting?" I asked.

"Don't you mean drunk sitting," Edward mumbled.

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"No actually more like pain in the ass sitting," added Emmett.

"Here, here," said Alice and I before we started to laugh again.

"Ok. What have you guys been hitting and can I get some?"

"Dad!" I yelled.

"That's what's up! I like you Mr. Swan!" yelled Emmett.

"I know right?" asked Edward. My dad just rolled his eyes again. When we heard the giggling in the kitchen stop, we all froze. You wouldn't think that it was just two mothers in the kitchen by the way we were all acting.

More like Predator and Alien!

Hell, I was thinking Jason and Freddie!

When the shuffling of flats and uneven clacking of high heels were heard on the floor, I immediately started inching towards the patio door again. And wouldn't you know? Carlisle was right behind me trying to escape as well. But alas, we were too late. The minute my hand touched the door handle, 'Drunkme' and 'Lushne' made their presence known.

"Hey, Bells?" slurred the lush. "Why you never called me a...what was that again Esma?"

"A MILF!" Esme boomed. "A Mother I'd Love to Fu-," she started.

"Okay!" yelled Carlisle.

"Hey!" yelled Emmett.

"Nasty, nasty, nasty, nasty, nasty...", Edward chanted.

"MOM!" yelled Alice.

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"Alice. I beg of you. Get your gun and put me out of my misery. I promise to leave a good word for you on the other side," I groaned.

"You are not leaving me here to put up with this by myself," said Edward.

"Me neither," said Charlie.

"Okay. So why don't I go and put on a huge pot of coffee to sober these two up?" asked Jasper. I pleaded that he would and he laughed his way into the kitchen. I moved away from my escape route and sat in the recliner that Jasper just vacated. Edward came over, pulled me up and sat down before pulling me into his lap. Much better.

"They're plotting," he whispered. I followed the direction of his gaze and saw the two *matriarchs* of the bunch whispering and giggling while they not so discreetly pointed at Edward and I.

"What do you think they're plotting about?" I asked.

"Lord only knows with those two," he answered.

"Oh I have a few ideas," I laughed. "Grandbabies, weddings and a six-bedroom Colonial in eastern Connecticut with a white picket fence," I added.

"Well, they can plot all they want, but I am not moving to Connecticut," he answered.

"Good, because neither am I," I said.

"In regards to a wedding, we should elope in Vegas," he laughed.

"Oh right. Like Alice would ever let that happen," I laughed.

"You're right. I wouldn't," she said.

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"Butt out!" Edward yelled. I laughed and pulled his lips to mine. His grip on my arm and waist tightened when he pulled me closer to his body. He started to open his mouth to invite my tongue, when I heard a giggle...followed by a hiccup.

Whoosa. Whoosa.

Um, not working.

Damn you Martin Lawrence! Ok. How about 'Wax on. Wax off.'

Do I look like the fucking Karate Kid to you?

Well damnit I can't think of anything else so you're on your own!

Jasper tapping the edge of a coffee cup with a spoon snapped me out of my mental Zen argument. I am so going to need counselling soon, I can just feel it.

Hours later once Esme was back to normal and Renee was back to...well...as close to normal as Renee could get, we attempted to get serious and talk about what needed to happen tomorrow. When it was decided that it would only be Edward, Charlie, Emmett, Renee (god help us all) and I going to the ADA's office, I decided to start dinner for everyone and quickly get the rest of this damn night over with.

When dinner was eaten and praised, we sat around the table and talked some more. Alice mentioned her meeting with Isaac Mizrahi next week again and her and Rose went off in planning her outfit and which samples she should bring. Charlie and Carlisle asked the rest of us about Paris and we told what we could...with much editing involved. Renee mentioned that she wanted copies of the photos and Alice piped in a quick 'no problem'. Once everyone was officially caught up, I nonchalantly mentioned that it was getting late and that a few of us had some place to be tomorrow. Catching my drift, the rents grabbed their coats and I grabbed mine so that I could drop my parents off at their hotel.

"Nonsense. You're staying with us," said Esme.

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"Are you sure? We wouldn't want to put you out or anything," answered Renee.

"The only way you could put us out is if you turned us down."

"Well I guess that settles it. We'll meet you at the office tomorrow morning, Bella," Renee said to me. I just nodded and shrugged as I removed my jacket.

"Are you ok with this, Carlisle?" asked Charlie.

"Oh it's fine. I guess now I can tell you more about that fishing hole I found up north. Some of the best Trout in all of the Northeast." As he said this, Renee and Esme were saying their goodbyes and walked out of the door.

"Actually what I would like to know is what the hell does 'Dr. Daddy' mean?" asked Charlie with a devious grin.

"Not you too," groaned Carlisle as he and Charlie walked out and closed the door.

Edward came over and wrapped his arms around me and I leaned back into his embrace. "Should we be scared?" he asked.

"Absolutely frightened," I answered. He laughed before he pulled me by my hand into my room tightly closing and locking the door behind him.

Five-thirty when my alarm went off, we both groaned as we began to untwine and untangle our naked limbs and body parts. We hopped our still naked asses into the shower and did things that definitely would have made us late if I hadn't set the alarm clock for earlier than usual. Do I know my man or what? At least I like to think that I do.

Once we were dressed, we met Emmett and Jasper in the kitchen and...wait...I am in the girls' apartment right? "They're still asleep," Jasper laughed.

"That obvious huh?"

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"Just a bit," he answered.

When we finished our coffee, we headed down to the garage and played Rock/Paper/Scissors to see who would drive. Emmett won and we climbed inside his massive mobile and headed downtown. When we got to the office, my mom and dad were sitting in the lobby reading the *New York Times*. We all signed in and when I went to sit down I saw Dean walk through the doors. Edward got up and shook his hand and introduced him to my parents. Charlie shook his hand in gratitude and Renee gave him one of her best 'I'm so proud' hugs. When she was done he was introduced to Emmett and as they shook hands I saw ADA Cabot exit her office with a teary-eyed brunette on her arm. When the girl walked past me she stopped dead in her tracks and stared into my eyes. I was more than weirded out by that and had to remain calm when she made her way over to me.

"You must be Bella," she said.

"Um, yeah. Do I know you?"

"No but I definitely feel like I know you. He described you perfectly," she mused. All I could do was stare at her while a chill ran down my spine. My dad must've sensed my tension the same time Edward did because they were both standing on the opposite sides of me instantly.

"Excuse me, but who exactly are you?" Charlie asked.

"Oh I'm sorry. I'm Rachel," she said. "James' former 'Bella in training' as he liked to call me. I'm the California one," she sobbed. I felt my fear begin to ebb and my heart ached for this woman. I pulled her into my arms and she wrapped hers around me and squeezed me tightly as she finished her crying. I rubbed her back and the back of her head until her crying ceased. When she pulled away she apologized and said she would see me on Wednesday for the trial before she ran sobbing out of the building.

Edward pulled me in his arms and hugged me like he was shielding me from the rest of the world and knowing him, I'm pretty sure that's exactly what he

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was trying to do. When I heard Alex asked if I needed anything, I told her that I was fine and proceeded to follow her into her office.

When I gave my account of what happened last week and was finished with being prepped for any defense cross examinations, I was told to send in Edward. It went like this until the last one to be interviewed again was Emmett. Once he was done, Alex came out and told us that the trial was this Wednesday and it should be a short one with a sentence by Friday. We all thanked her and said goodbye to Dean. He told us that he would see us Wednesday before he hopped on his classic Harley and sped off. My parents caught a cab back to the Cullen's once they heard that I had a few errands to run. They agreed to meet at the apartment for dinner tonight and we all said our goodbyes.

"Em? Can I ride with you guys to the station? I have one more thing to take care of."

"Sure Bells. Anything. Hop in." I climbed in next to Edward and rested my head on his shoulder. I caught him and Emmett exchanging glances and knew that Cullen silent talking crap was happening again.

"Spill you two." They just looked at each other before shrugging.

"We were just worried about you going back to the station. We didn't know whether or not it would trudge up any bad memories for you," Emmett said.

"I should be fine I think. If it gets to be too much, I'll just stand outside," I answered.

"Are you sure?" asked Edward.

"Perfectly. I need to do this and it's no time like the present right?" They both nodded and did some more silent eyebrow talking before Emmett started the Jeep and headed towards the station. As if all of the planets were aligned just for me in this very moment, when Emmett pulled into his parking spot at the station, there was Jacob, standing there alone as if he knew I was coming. I hopped out of the jeep and was immediately flanked by 'Lionel' from

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'Thundercats' on my left and freaking 'He-Man' on my right. They both crossed their arms and stopped when I did, right in front of Jacob.

"Back off," I hissed under my breath.

"Not even if my life depended on it," answered Emmett.

"One minute, Jake," I huffed. I turned to walk away and was once again flanked.

"Ok seriously you two. I know you're worried about me and I love you for it but I don't need the freaking secret service with me to talk to Jacob." Edward narrowed his eyes at me and I just stared back into his angry greens.

"What happened to you being complacent? You were all for us talking earlier."

"That was before I had to relive that fucking day all over again that just so happens to have taken place at this very station exactly one week ago today. So yeah, maybe you can see why I'm not all that excited about leaving you alone right about now." The anger in his eyes mixed with pain and regret. I put one hand on his cheek and one on Emmett's arm.

"You two are two of the best people that a person could ask for," I started. I looked at Emmett. "You Em are absolutely the best big brother a girl would even begin to dream of having. And you Edward," I said as I looked at him, "Baby there doesn't seem to be adequate enough words to describe what you mean to me. What you are to me. I truly love the both of you and I know that you're only looking out for my safety, but you have nothing to worry about with Jake." Emmett's scoff let me know that he definitely thought otherwise.

"Fine, if you don't believe me then you can...stand on the other side of the wall by the corner and eaves drop if that'll make you happy," I offered.

"See you at the wall brother?" asked Emmett.

"See you at the wall brother," Edward answered.

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"Oh for Christ's sake you two," I groaned. I turned and marched my way back to Jacob. Emmett and Edward walked slowly over to the wall and stopped about a foot away from their agreed spot.

"Keep it moving!" I yelled. Edward rolled his eyes before he pushed Emmett the rest of the way. I shook my head at them and finished walking towards Jake. When I finally reached him, he smiled a tentative smile at me. I smile a hopefully reassuring one at him and when I was about to speak, I saw a speck of bronze and a bush of brown out of the corner of my eye. Oh I give up!

"Hey, Jake."

"Hey Bells," he murmured. He fidgeted with his fingers and rocked back on forth on the heels of his feet.

"Jacob listen, I just wanted to apologize with how I handled things the last time we spoke. You are not to blame in any way for me & James and I'm sorry that I blamed you like that. It was irresponsible and juvenile of me and I took my fear for Edward's safety and anger of the situation out on you and for that I am truly sorry.

"Also, before you say anything, I just wanted to say that I forgive you. I'm guessing that you had your reasons for leaving and I should have respected those, but your leaving did play a major role in my life and that's not something that I will ever forget. If you still want to be friends then I'm okay with that but I seriously don't see us being able to go back to the way we were," I said. "if you even want that," added.

"Of course I want that, Bella! I want my damn best friend back! How in the hell can I not want you back!" he yelled. I heard a scuffle, swearing and struggling from around the corner and knew that Jacob was walking a thin line.

"Jake. Please stop yelling. I'm right here," I said. "And answer me this. How did you expect us to just go back there Jake? Huh? The last time I saw you before the ball last week was the winter of fucking 2006! It's fall '08 Jacob. Do the math! And you just expected us to go back to normal!"

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"Old Bella probably would have but I know that while I would have been smiling on the outside, I would have been worried as hell and counting the days until you disappeared again. And anyway if you really saw me as the best friend that you claimed that I was than you would have come to me instead of running away. So actually *best friend* you made your decision a long time ago." I finished.

His fists were clenched tight and he was breathing through his nose. I took a step away from him. "Bella? Do you know how long I have been wracking my brain over this? How many fights Leah and I have gotten into over this? I'm fucking sorry B. I was in a messed up place and just didn't handle it right. Please don't hold that against me Bella. Please. I need you," he pleaded. I looked up into his big sad puppy dog eyes and saw a spark of the boy that I once knew in them. Maybe there's hope for him yet.

And maybe you're just a glutton for punishment!

"Jacob, I said that we can be friends again and I am willing to try. But let me warn you that I'm not letting myself be hurt again and I hope to god that you prove my pessimistic side and those two very pissed off men around that corner over there wrong," I said.

"I'll take what little I can get," he mumbled. I just nodded my head and smiled when my two nosy saviors came from around the wall. They stood by my sides again and my mood was dramatically lifted. Lionel wrapped an arm around my waist while He-Man grabbed onto my shoulder. Jake made his way to leave and I waved goodbye. When he entered the building, Emmett turned me to him and asked if I was sure about this. I told him 'why the hell not' to which I was bombarded with numerous reasons as to 'why the hell not'.

"Just let me do this. I'm his daughter's godmother for Pete's sake! I have to give them one more shot guys." Seeing their reluctance to me tentatively accepting Jacob and Leah back in worried me. Besides the fact that they work with him and... and that was when a thought entered my head.

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"And don't you two go be giving him a hard time at work either! If I find out...well...just don't," I added.

"And just what would you do if we did?" asked Edward.

"Yeah," added the other one.

"You Emmett, no food. And Edward...I'm not even going to finish my sentence."

"Point taken," said Emmett.

"Taken, stolen and locked the fuck away," added Edward.

"Good. Now that we're all on the same page, I'll see you guys later at the apt. I need to make a run." They both tensed and looked back and forth between each other and myself.

"Guys! I'm fine. I'll see you at the apartment." I kissed Edward on his lips and Emmett on his cheek before I caught a cab uptown to do some shopping for dinner.

Once the shopping was done, I headed home. I did some more cleaning, answered the remaining of my emails, returned messages and called Leah. She thanked me for giving them another chance and promised to 'not fuck up this time'. I told her that I missed her and that we were all adults and some changes just need to be made. She agreed and said that she was looking forward to being with me again. I warned her about how protective Rose and Alice were and she said that she wouldn't have had it any other way. We ended the call and I hopped in the shower before I started dinner. When I came out, Alice was just coming in with papers and keys in her hands.

"Hey you," I said.

"Damn it smells good in here," she said. "When do you go back to work anyway?" she asked.

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"After James is sentenced. Aro doesn't want me distracted."

"Distracted? Doesn't he know that you're opening your own restaurant?"

"Yes and he's been trying to woo me to stay at New Moon ever since he found out."

"Yeah well tough luck Aro. Isabella Swan is not some prized possession to only be used and admired by you," she laughed.

"Deep Alice. Real deep," I laughed. "What's all that?" I asked remembering the stuff in her hand.

"Oh right. This is the new lease and these are the guys' keys to the apartment."

"Sweet. But don't let my dad see that. I'm still trying to find a gentle way of breaking it to him."

"Just say 'daddy. I'm shacking up with my hot, sex crazed, kooky-color-hair-having superhero of a lover whom I do everyday and tongue fuck in public!' I'm sure he wouldn't mind," she laughed.

"If I was only telling Renee that would work perfectly," I laughed.

"True," she giggled. "Ah well. Good luck I guess," she added as she made her way into her room.

"Thanks," I grumbled.

Once the entrée was in the oven I turned on the stereo and hit shuffle on the CD player. *Beyonce's* 'If I Were A Boy' started to play and Alice damn near flew out of her room. Her and I started singing and right when the chorus of the song came on Emmett and Edward walked through the front door singing 'If I Were A Boy' at the top of their lungs. Alice and I had to hold on to the counters to keep from falling over. The part that did me in though was when Emmett lowered his voice and walked up to Edward singing 'But you're just a boy'.

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That was it for me. My ass fell off my stool and there was no getting up. Alice even tried to pick me up through her laughter but stopped once the front door opened and Jasper walked in.

"What in the hell...?" he asked.

"You would never look at those two the same way again if I told you," Alice said as she pointed to Emmett and Edward. I just started laughing again and Alice finally helped me up off of the kitchen floor. When the CD changed, 'Bring Me To Life' came on and I started to sing to myself while I prepared the salads and Alice grabbed the utensils from the drawer. I almost jumped out of my fucking skin when they just had to yell ' *Save Me!*' at the top of their goddamn lungs.

"You guys suck!" yelled Alice. She was holding her chest while she leaned over to pick up the spilled forks. Emmett came over and lifted me from the kitchen stool and up onto the coffee table to sing the bridge. He hopped up to join me when the male part came on and I actually heard the table creak! I damn near clawed into his arm when he started moving to keep us from falling over. Jasper's laughing ass must have really enjoyed the look of fear on my face.

Southern ass!

"So this is what you guys do when I'm not here, huh?" I looked towards the door to find our parents standing in the doorway with Rose, tapping her perfectly heeled foot.

I said hi to them all while I removed my claws from Em's arm and I hopped down from the table. As I walked over and hugged the Esme and my mom, Rose kicked off her shoes and climbed right up there with Emmett while the song was ending. When the song switched to 'Ur So Gay' by Katy Perry, Jasper and Edward fell on the couch laughing.

"OH HELL NO!" Emmett yelled. He hopped down off the table and completely turned the stereo off. Punk.

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"What's the matter Emmett? Song hits a little too close to home for you man?" laughed Edward.

"Well, he does have that blue H&M scarf, so..." added Jasper. Emmett growled at them and made his way towards them but was stopped when Rose climbed down off of the table and kissed him. That's my girl.

"So I'm guessing that playtime is over?" asked Carlisle.

"Looks that way. But dinner should be done by now anyway so I guess Emmett's chickenshitness paid off for once," I said. Emmett reached over and threw a couch pillow at my head and when I ducked, it crashed into the lamp by the door and knocked it over. The lamp shattered into pieces and trust me when I tell you that the purple-faced sprite was *not* happy.

"Emmett you idiot!"

"Me? Blame Bella! She ducked!"

"Real mature you ass," I said.

"I swear I will change my mind about letting you guys move in with us if this is the shit that I can expect to keep happening!" she yelled.

Alice! Noooooo!

"WHAT?" yelled you know who.

Ladies and Germs, calm Charlie has left the building!

Let's see that voodoo magic of yours now, Edward!

Author's Note #2: Dun...dun...dun... Papa Cop knows! Let's see how our girl and Lionel handles that!

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(For you young ones out there or those of you who lived under a rock, 'Thundercats' was a kick ass cartoon from back in the day and 'Lionel' was the leader...and my fave! Same for 'He-Man'; a classic, incomparable, kick ass 80's cartoon. In the words of Edward 'You can Google it.')

Lol, now that school is over, the next chapter will have James' sentencing, the rest of Charlie's reaction, the move-in and the beginning of the Halloween party! Just wait until you see what I have in store for Emmett.

Also, I finally began reading my story and was appalled by the amount of errors that I found. Therefore, I went through and edited all 23 previous chapters! Some paragraphs were removed, some lines were added and of course, corrections were made. Hopefully I caught most if not all of the errors. And if not, screw it! Perfection's lame and overrated anyway.

Thanks again,

Nicole :)

Papa Don't Preach

Disclaimer: Twilight's not mine.

Author's Note: Thunder...Thunder....THUNDERCATS! HO! Lol, So happy that you guys liked that last chapter! I had a freaking ball writing that one and I still have the image of Emmett singing "If I Were A Boy" to Edward...and it's some scary shit.

Lol, moving on! It's official! I...AM...LOVING...LUTZ! I literally ran into him after I saw *New Moon* and honestly, he is the nicest person...ever, plus he loves the "Twimoms" so that fucking rocks! Anyway, when we met the first thing out of my mouth was, "I like you better as a blonde". And would you believe he laughed and then smiled a smile at me that was beyond Emmett worthy; dimples and all. He said "I like me better as a blonde too," before he WINKED at me and hopped in the back of his car. I damn near cried. So long story short, Emmett in CWF is now and should always have been, K Lutz, which is really fucked up once you see the costume he has to wear...

Oh well. Song on Playlist and girls' costumes on profile under **Chapter 25**

Links: (Pictures of the guys costumes will be up with chapter 26). I hope you all enjoy the **long** chapter.

"Papa Don't Preach"

Edward POV:

"You think it's a good idea allowing her to hang out with him again?" Emmett asked. We were still standing in the station house parking lot, after Bella's confrontation with Jacob, watching as a damn Yellow Cab drove my love away.

"Emmett. We can't *allow* her to do anything. But no, I honestly don't think it's a good idea. Now I'll support her decision to be friends with him again, but if that fuc...I mean, if *Jacob* does anything to hurt her again then not even the

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threat of the New York State Death Penalty could keep me off of his ass."

"That shit goes double for me," he said. "I still don't know why she took him back though," he added.

"It's her heart, Em," I shrugged. "She tries to see the best in everyone. Just another reason why I love her."

"All right you lovesick ass," he laughed. "Let's get back to work before we go and get fired," he said. He began walking towards the door rubbing his hands together and this caught my attention. I pulled him back by his collar and brought him to my face.

"What the fuck, Edward?"

"*What the fuck, Emmett?* I'm just trying to help you, you ass! Just remember what Bella said. You touch him or cause him any trouble and you'll be so-rry," I warned. His lips pursed and I actually saw the devious thoughts of revenge and payback swimming around in his eyes.

"Emmett."

"Fine you fucking party-pooper," he growled as he pulled away. "How could we agree to that shit anyway?" he huffed.

"Because Esme didn't raise any fools. We know what the hell we'd be missing," I laughed. "Me especially," I mumbled as I tried to hide my shudder. He laughed before he grabbed my shoulders and led me into the side door of the station.

As we entered the station, Jacob walked directly in our line of sight and I heard a low and menacing growl come from my brother. I turned around and grabbed his shoulders, directing him towards the locker room to change. He kept looking over his shoulder and when he caught Jacob's eye, you could see the tension roll off of Jacob's back. The smile on Emmett's face grew as I continued to push him into the locker room.

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Sure Bella. It'll be no problem keeping Emmett away from Jacob. Piece of cake.

She so owes me big time for this shit.

"Goddamnit I think I sprang my finger," Emmett grumbled.

"Well we're almost home so maybe Rose can kiss your boo-boo for you, you big baby."

"Big baby my ass! This shit hurts," he bellowed.

"No one told your dumb ass to punch the locker. As a matter of fact I told you *not* to," I said.

"True, but it was so worth it," he laughed. "Did you see him jump? Boy damn near flew out of his boxers!" he added.

"I don't know about the jumping, but the sounds his ass made were funny as hell," I laughed.

"I know right!" he laughed.

I felt a little bad about laughing at the situation with Jacob, but that feeling was completely overthrown by the fact that he deserves whatever the hell he gets. The fact that Emmett had to damn near body slam my ass against the wall earlier when Jacob raised his voice at Bella *may* have had its hand in my reaction. Grant it, I was all for attempting to be nice and respectable to Jacob earlier today, but seeing his smugness and after replaying the flinch that Bella had when she backed away from him over and over in my head...let's just say that my 'attempting' has flown out of the fucking window!

"We're so going to hell," Emmett laughed.

"Well as long as we're going we mind as well have some fun first," I said.

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"Now that's what I'm talking about," he laughed louder as we got into his jeep and headed for home.

We arrived at the girls' apartment door and Emmett's stomach growled its loudest that I have ever heard.

"Now this may be a long shot, but I'm guessing that you're hungry."

"Oh shut the hell up!" he said. "I so love your girlfriend," he added as he rubbed his stomach.

"I'm sure she appreciates that, Em," I laughed. When Emmett reached for the handle, I heard the chorus to 'If I Were A Boy' coming up and smiled. Emmett saw my face and smiled his toothy one at me.

"You ready?" I asked.

"Hell yes."

"On three," I said. "1...2...3"

When I got to three, we burst through the door and begin singing at the top of our lungs. Emmett ran to the middle of the room, dropped to his knees and had his fists to his chest with his eyes closed, singing with all he had. It was all I could do to not fall on my ass laughing. He always gets too into it.

I looked over at Alice and Bella and saw them holding onto the counter. Alice was doing her adorable little snort thing and Bella had her face planted on the countertop as she tried to catch her breath. But that was all worthless. One second she was there on the stool and the next, all I saw was a sea of brown hair as she fell off of her stool laughing. I was done then. Emmett leaned on me and we laughed harder as Alice struggled to help Bella up. I started to make my way over but stopped when the front door opened.

"What in the hell...?" Jasper asked.

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Alice's head popped up like one of those 'whack a moles' when she heard Jasper's voice. She tried to control her laughing to answer him, but Jasper's expression was making it hard for her. "You would never look at those two the same way again if I told you," she laughed as she pointed to Emmett and I. We just shrugged and I twirled my finger by my head in the 'their crazy' motion and pointed to Alice and Bella. Jasper just shook his head and when I heard Bella start to laugh again, I smiled. Damn I love that sound.

Alice finally helped her up off of the kitchen floor and when she saw me, we smiled at each other. I went to walk over to her, but was cut-off by Jasper. I would kick his ass right about now, but then I have to suffer the wrath of the half-pint and I don't know about you, but that's not really something that I'm looking forward too at the moment.

"What's up man?" I asked. We were standing between the kitchen and the living room and I smiled as I heard Bella begin to sing to herself as "Bring Me To Life" began to play. I saw Emmett's head begin to nod to the beat and knew what was coming. It's not like you can't *not* do it and I dare for somebody to try. When dude screams 'Save Me' at the top of his lungs, you just *have* to do it too. And we did. Boy was Alice pissed!

"You guys suck!" she yelled. See?

She took a few calming breaths after shooting us all death glares, which actually made Jasper gulp, and leaned over to pick up the knives and forks that flew from her hands and landed on the kitchen floor. Jasper made his way over to help her. I saw Emmett begin to move and thought he was going to help as well. But no, he had other plans. He decided to lift Bella from the kitchen stool and set her up on the coffee table. Now I'm all for a table dance, that was until he decided to hop his big ass up there with her! And guessing by the look on Bell's face right now, it's pretty safe to say that she heard the table creak just like I did.

Jasper came back from helping Alice in the kitchen and began to laugh at the look on Bella's face. The look she gave him was fucking priceless and I thanked whoever that it wasn't directed at me.

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"So this is what you guys do when I'm not here, huh?" I turned towards the door and saw Rose surrounded by Charlie, Carlisle and the two moms.

Oh boy.

Relax. Tonight could be a normal night. Don't be so pessimistic.

You do realize *who* we're talking about here, right?

You're right. You're screwed!

Gee thanks.

Bella hopped down from the coffee table and I could not hide the sigh of relief that escaped me. She walked over to the parents and began saying 'hi' to them all. Charlie nodded his 'hello' to me and I did the same to him. I began to make my way over to my mom but stopped when Rose hopped onto the table with Emmett. When the beginning of 'Ur So Gay' by Katy Perry started to play, Jasper and I fell on the couch laughing at the same time. Emmett *hates* that song.

"OH HELL NO!" he yelled. Do I know my sibs or what?

The big ass baby hopped down off the table and completely turned the stereo off, ruining everyone else's fun.

"What's the matter Emmett? Song hits a little too close to home for you man?" I asked.

"Well, he does have that blue H&M scarf, so..." added Jasper. I laughed harder because that shit was so true. He just bought one a few weeks ago and ever since he heard the song, he won't even wear the damn thing!

It's pretty safe to say that the H&M wearing big baby didn't like being teased, seeing as how he just growled at me. He started to walk towards Jasper and I. I raised my hand towards him and waved him over. He started to move towards

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me faster and I smiled broadly, but then pouted when his Amazon of a girlfriend climbed down off of the table and stopped him. Aww!

Easy there, Tiger.

"So I'm guessing that playtime is over?" asked Carlisle.

"Looks that way," Bella huffed. "But dinner should be done by now anyway so I guess Emmett's chickenshitness paid off for once," she added with a smile.

I love her.

Emmett on the other hand...not so much. He reached over and threw one of the couch pillows at her head. Bella ducked and it crashed into the lamp by the door and knocked it over, shattering it into pieces. I didn't even have to look at Alice to know that she was pissed.

"Emmett you idiot!" she screeched.

"Me? Blame Bella! She ducked!" Emmett answered. Ok. That made no sense whatsoever.

"Real mature you ass," Bella said. Exactly! That's my girl!

So far all was well and going ok...that is until the big mouth that will soon be replaced by a Yorkie just *had* to say something else.

"I swear I will change my mind about letting you guys move in with us if this is the shit that I can expect to keep happening!" she yelled.

Yep. Of all the things she could have said. Of all the fucking patterns she could have put together with the amount of words in the English dictionary, my sister, Mary Alice Cullen, says that! Now can you blame me for wanting to replace her ass with a goddamn pocket dog?

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"WHAT?" yelled a seriously pissed off man who was currently looking at me liked my ass should be beheaded, skinned and mounted.

"Why don't we go to the guys apartment and let them talk," offered Carlisle.

"Aww, but I want to watch," Esme whined. "He's my son too you know," she added.

"If we hear a gunshot then we'll come running," Carlisle answered.

Thanks a lot dad.

"Carlisle Cullen? How in the hell could you say that?" Esme asked. Her hands were planted in fists and placed on each of her hips. My *dad* walked over to her, grabbed her by her shoulders and led her to the door.

"Let's go everyone!" he yelled. Rose, Alice, Jasper and Emmett all lined up and headed for the door. Before Emmett completely made it to the door, he came over and wished me good luck. I just rolled my eyes at him. Suddenly he stopped his walking and an evil gleam appeared in his eyes.

"If you don't make it out, can I have your Ducati?" he asked. I wanted to punch him in his throat, but decided to fight him with his own fire.

"Oooh sorry bro. I already promised it to Jasper," I said and immediately had to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing at his expression. He slumped his shoulders and headed for the front door.

"That's so fucked up. His own brother!" he mumbled as he closed the door. I wanted to laugh, but knew that that would have been a bad idea. What with the feeling of eyeballs burning the back of my damn head.

"I'm making a drink. Anybody want anything?" Renee asked. She walked over to the bar and began pulling out bottles.

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"I'll have whatever you're having," Bella said. "Matter of fact, make it a double. And strong...really, really strong," she added.

That's not a good sign.

"Bella! What in the hell are you thinking? You *cannot* let him move in with you! It's irresponsible and childish," Charlie seethed. Bella looked at me for a quick second and the fire that I love was burning brightly behind those beautiful browns of hers. She walked over to me and put her hand in mine and for the first time in hours, I smiled a real, genuine smile.

"First of all, dad. I love you and respect you like no other, but I refuse to let you dictate my life. I am an adult and you *cannot* tell me what I can and *cannot* do. You always said that all you wanted in life was for me to be happy. Well Edward is my happiness. He makes me happy. I love him and this is what I want," she said. She wrapped her arms around my waist and planted her face in my chest. "What we want," she finished.

"Isabella Marie, I-" Charlie started.

"Chief Swan. I would love to be able to say that I understand what you are going through right now, but I don't so I can't. What I can say is that I love your daughter with every fiber of my being and that I will try for the life of me to make her happy and if me being here is what will make her happy, Charlie, then here is where I am going to stay. I hope that you can respect that because I seriously don't want this to cause any riff between you two."

To say that my speech caught Charlie off guard would be putting it lightly. After he released me from his death glare, he grabbed the beer that Renee presented to him and headed for the patio. When he reached the door, he paused with this hand on the handle before taking a big swig and stepping outside. Bella released a deep breath and began to pull away from me. I started to freak and tightened my grip around her.

"Relax," she lightly giggled. "I'm just going to go and talk to him," she added. I sighed loudly and relaxed my grip on her waist. She slowly backed away

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before she stopped and kissed me hard on the lips. I smiled and groaned against her lips, kissing her like I was a man dying of thirst in the desert and she was a fucking waterfall. I pulled her closer to my body and you couldn't beat my ego down with a stick when I heard a moan come from her. Unfortunately, our fun was cut short by the sound of a low whistle coming from the kitchen.

"I forgot she was even here," Bella giggled against my lips.

"Now that's saying something," I said.

"Who you telling?" she said. She kissed me softly once more before she stepped away and ran her hand over my cheekbones, down my jaw and across my lips. There was no hiding the shiver this time. She giggled.

"I love you," she said with a smile.

"I love you, too," I said. I looked towards the patio and then back down at her. "I'm here if you need me," I added. She smiled brightly at me and it was like everything else was on pause.

"Don't I know it," she answered. "But I think I can handle it," she added. I nodded my head and squeezed her hand one more time before letting it go and watching her walk towards the patio and out the door.

"Wow," I whispered.

"Wow indeed." I jumped slightly at the sound of the intruding voice. When I turned around, Renee was staring at me with a smile on her face and a part of me didn't know whether that was a good thing or not. I mean she is Renee after all!

"Drop the look of fear of that pretty mug of yours. It's safe," she laughed.

"It wasn't fear. Just..." What the hell was it?

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"It's ok, Edward. I know you probably think I'm the one that flew over the cuckoo's nest, but I, like Charlie, only want what's best for my little girl," she said. "Now I know for some reason she feels that I embarrass her, but I only see it as being proud of my daughter and wanting the world to know it, Now I admit that I'm a little...boisterous, but you can't blame me if I can't help it!" she added.

"And also, don't be worried about what's going on out there and I know you are because you keep staring at the door. Charlie and Bella have a relationship that even I don't understand and if anyone can get through that rock head of his, she can," she said.

"I'm sorry Renee. I did-,"

"Oh stop apologizing. You did nothing wrong. If anything, you helped to bring them two closer. With Bells being gone for so long and then that whole James thing happening, it was like Charlie lost a piece of him you know? But now with that prick about to be put behind bars, Charlie was looking forward to having his little girl back. That was until..." she trailed.

"He heard about us all moving in together," I finished.

"Exactly. We just talked last night about how it would be nice to have Isabella back home with us and today...the walls come crashing down."

Son of a bitch! He's going to hate me forever now.

"Once again, I'm sorry Renee. I don't want you or Charlie to feel like I'm keeping your daughter from you. But what I hope you can understand is that I love Bella and would do anything to be with her." I needed her mom to understand that I was not just giving Bella up, unless she wanted to go but I'm not even going to consider that as an option right now.

"I know, Edward and I respect you for that. Your little speech earlier gave you a few more points in Charlie's book too by the way," she said. She laughed at the shocked expression on my face. "It's true. Not many have battled against

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gun-toting Charlie Swan. You have no idea how many fools he's scared off of our doorstep," she laughed. "I like you Edward. I think you are perfect for my Isabella and it would take an idiot not to notice the smile on her face every time she's around you. Charlie sees this and he'll come around. Just give him time, you'll see," she finished.

I had no clue what to say because a part of me didn't believe her. I wanted to. I really wanted to. But I just couldn't. Not until I heard it from Charlie himself. So I did the next best thing and hugged her my thanks. Who knew that you could have a normal conversation with Renee Swan? Bella wouldn't believe my ass even if I tried to tell her.

"First my only child and now my wife? What is with you, Cullen?" I snapped my head up only to be granted by another evil glare being thrown at me from a seething looking Charlie. I looked over at Bella and...she winked at me? Huh? I actually shook my head thinking that I was seeing things. When I looked at her again, you could see her AND CHARLIE try to hide their laughter.

Oh that's just wrong.

"What the hell is going on with you two?" Renee asked. Bella walked over and grabbed her mom's hand and led her into the kitchen, leaving me alone with what Renee called 'a gun-toting Charlie Swan'. Charlie authoritatively cleared his throat and stopped walking until he was less than a foot from me.

"Charlie. I just wanted to let you know that I have no plans of taking your daughter from you. I love her and-"

"Yada, yada. Save it for later. Bella already said all that, Edward. And she's right, she is an adult and I unfortunately can't tell her what to do anymore. But what I *can* do is threaten the person privileged enough to have stolen my daughter's heart," he said with a smile. "Edward. You hurt my daughter in any way and I will hunt your ass down and not a jury in this country would find me guilty," he added.

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I knew I was right with the whole 'he looked like I should be beheaded, skinned and mounted' thought that I had earlier...and I had nothing but respect for the man. After all, he's just protecting the woman that I love.

"If for some dumb ass reason that I ever did hurt her, Charlie, I would ship my ass to Forks myself."

"Good to hear," he said. He slapped me on my back, hard I might add, and walked towards the kitchen. "Is dinner done yet? I'm starved," he asked. Bella hugged him, obviously spying on our conversation, and began pulling the pans and pots off of the stove.

"Yes! Perfect timing!" Emmett exclaimed as he and the rest of the family came through the door.

"Still alive I see?" Jasper asked as he made his way over to me.

"Yeah. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be."

"Well I'm happy everything was all shits and giggles for you! Emmett kept mumbling under breath and started throwing shit at me when we got to the apartment. What the fuck did you say to him?" Jasper asked.

"How do you know if it was me?" I asked.

"Because he mumbled something about, 'a no good brother', 'Jasper's Ducati' and 'crow bar'," he answered. I laughed at him and told him what I said. He smiled widely at the thought of having my bike, but when I told him that it was just a joke...let's just say that I added myself to another person's hit list tonight.

"Jasper? Can you help me finish setting the table?" Alice asked. Jasper nodded his head and left to go help Alice with the table, but not before flipping me off.

Culo! (ass!)

Holy shit! My conscious curses in Italian? That's what's up!

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Shaking my head at my inner nonsense, I made my way to the hall bathroom to wash up and attempt to replay what the hell just happened between Bella's parents and I. I leaned over and splashed cold water on my face, but stopped when I heard someone softly knock on the door.

"I'll be out in a sec!" I yelled. I leaned back over and continued washing my face until I heard the door slowly creak open.

"Hey I-,"

"Shh," Bella whispered. "It's just me. Can I come in?" she asked. I didn't even answer her. I just grabbed her by her hand with my wet ones and pulled her into the bathroom with me. She landed against my chest and my hands immediately circled around her waist. Her hands traveled up my stomach, across my chest and behind my neck, not stopping until they reached the back of my head. I threw my head back against the medicine cabinet and held in the groan as she placed kisses all over my chest.

"figli di una puta madre," (**son of a bitch**) I groaned. I felt Bella's breathing pick up and chuckled at her reaction. It just came out. I wasn't even trying.

"That's so unfair," she groaned. I sat up and picked her up by her waist and leaned back against the bathroom counter. She wrapped her legs tightly around me, and what little will I had was slowly going to shit when she grazed against my already straining jeans. I yanked the collar of her shirt to the side and pulled her nipple into my mouth.

"Shit!" she moaned. "J'ai envie de toi, Edward. (**I want you, Edward**) I want you now," she whispered.

"Fuck," I groaned against her breast. That French will be my undoing. I can already see it.

I pulled one of her nipples between my teeth and enjoyed the shot of pain when Bella yanked on my hair. A growl escaped me as I hopped off of the counter and pinned her against the wall. Bella let her legs drop from around my waist.

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Once her feet settled on the ground, she went straight to working on my belt buckle while I pulled my shirt off over my head. My shirt landed in the sink about the same time as my jeans hit the floor. Here I am shirtless with my jeans around my damn ankles and she's still fully clothed. Oh I don't think so.

I leaned over and pulled her lips to mine as I tried to rip the jeans off of her fucking body. When I got the zipper down, my fingers found their home in her panties and went straight to work with teasing her already wet pussy. And son of bitch did my dick throb at the contact.

"Sei cosi scopare bagnato," **(You're so fucking wet)** I moaned.

"Oh god. Please, Edward,' she whispered. Her hips began grinding on my hand and I forcefully pulled her lips to mine when her moans grew when my thumb started teasing her clit.

"I going to fuck you in this bathroom, Bella, with our parents right down the hall. Do you want that?" I asked. She nodded her head 'yes' and bit her lip. I pulled her lip from between her teeth and sucked on it before pulling it between my own teeth, earning a delicious moan from her. "But I need you to be quiet. Can you do that for me?" I asked as I began kissing her neck. She moaned loudly when I pinched her clit, but that still wasn't an answer.

"Bella?"

"Edward...y...yes," she whispered. Her hips continued to grind against my hand and her nails were slowly beginning to dig into my shoulders. I removed my fingers from within her and pulled her jeans the rest of the way off. I stood back up and placed both of her hands in mine before pinning them above her head. I pulled my boxers down and stepped one leg out of them and my jeans.

"Mmmm," Bella moaned. I looked up and saw her licking her lips while she looked at my dick.

"Oh that does it," I said. She laughed as I grabbed her thigh and wrapped it around me. Bella quickly followed by wrapping the other one and I loudly

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groaned into her neck when she fully sheathed me inside of her.

"Oh god," she choked out. I let go of her waist and hands and grabbed her hips and pulled her down fully onto me, completely filling every inch of her. She began bouncing up and down on my cock, swirling her hips in a circular motion and I almost fucking lost it right then and there.

"Oh fuck, baby," I moaned. She grabbed the back of my head and pulled my lips to hers, silencing my moans. I tightened my grip on her hip and wrapped one arm completely around her, bringing her body flush against mine. The delicious sweat on her chest mixed with mine as I began pounding into her. I tilted my hips forward and found the magic spot. Bella screamed against my lips and bit on my bottom one when I felt the walls of her pussy begin to clench around my straining dick.

"Oh god, Edward! I'm going to cum baby," she whisper screamed. My arms tightened around her as I felt my orgasm approaching and began fucking her harder.

"Fu-" she started to scream. I removed the hand from her hip and covered her mouth in an attempt to silence the scream that was escaping her as her body shivered and convulsed with her orgasm.

She began whining against my hand and threw her head back against the wall, still quivering and riding above me. The intense tightening of her pussy around me and seeing her writhe above me was all I could take. My face was quickly placed in the crook of her neck as I finally came inside of her. My knees locked along with the rest of my body as my grip on her tightened and the volume of my groan increased.

"Shhh," she whispered against my hand. I removed my hand from her mouth and pulled my lips together to keep the rest of the groan in. Easier said than done. She licked the outside of my mouth and moaned when I released my lips and kissed her back. She tightened her legs around me and ran her nails up and down my back.

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"Bella," I moaned.

"And just think," she panted. "I only came in here to say 'thank you'," she added.

"You're welcome," I said. She pinched my ass but moaned when my jumping pushed me further inside of her.

"See? Maybe that'll stop you from being so damn violent," I chuckled.

"Why would I be dumb enough and stop? As amazing at that felt I should pinch your ass more often," she laughed. Her laughing made her hips grind against me and I gripped her thighs, bringing them tighter around me.

"Oh god," she moaned. I pulled her lips to mine and our tongues began their dance.

"I'm just going to make sure Bella's ok," Alice yelled.

"SHIT!" we both whispered.

"Not a good way of staying in your dad's good graces huh?"

"What? You mean by doing his daughter in the bathroom while he's right in the other room? Nonsense," she scoffed. "Why wouldn't he be pleased?" she laughed.

"You know if I didn't love you I'd push your naked ass out into the hallway."

"Yeah? Well I love you and I'd still push you out so what does that say about me?" she asked.

"It means you're cold, Bella Swan. Cold and cruel," I answered. She arched one of her beautiful brows at me and bit her bottom lip. Oh damn.

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"Cold, Cullen? I'd say I feel pretty *hot* right about now. Wouldn't you?" she asked, emphasizing 'hot' by rocking her hips and moving her still hot pussy over my cock. I removed my hands from her body and fisted them against the wall to keep from fucking her little ass again.

"Bella. You better-,"

Knock...knock...knock! "Bella? Are you ok?" Alice asked. One half of me wanted to thank her and the other half wanted to tie her ass to a flagpole.

"Yeah, Alice. I'll be out in a minute," Bella answered.

"Ok. Well we started dinner already. We didn't know how long you'd be and I knew that Edward was...taking care of you," she giggled.

"Thanks Alice," she answered, without a blush I would like to add. "We'll be out in a sec," she added. I heard Alice footsteps as they carried her away from the door and breathed a sigh of relief.

"I think you can let me down now," she said.

Damnit why?

I know right?

"What if I said I don't want to," I said.

"Ok. Then I have four words for you," she smirked.

Oh shit! Run Edward!

"Really? What's that?" I stupidly asked.

She looked me dead in the eye and with all trace of humor gone said, "Renee seeing you naked."

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"I love you, but that was fucked up," I said as I finally set her down and tried to calm the disturbed shudders that traveled down my spine.

"No one ever said I didn't play dirty," she laughed.

"I'm slowly finding this out."

Told your ass to run. But no, you never listen.

The next couple days consisted of me avoiding Charlie's death glares. Somehow I'm guessing he found out about what went on in the bathroom.

Oh well. What's done is done.

Yeah? Try telling that shit to your girlfriend's father!

Yeah. Right. Sorry.

Anyway, besides avoiding him, when Emmett wasn't giving me props, he would suddenly remember that he was mad at me about the damn Ducati. I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed him by his collar and pushed him up against the wall in the apartment.

"Ooh fight! I got 50 on Edward," Jasper said.

"Double or nothing Emmett pounds his ass. He's still pissed about the bike," Rose said.

"I'll take that bet," Charlie said.

"Enough from the peanut gallery!" I yelled. "Emmett. It was a joke. I did not give my damn bike to Jasper so will you please chill the fuck out?" I asked. Emmett's eyes narrowed on mine, searching for my lie. When he saw that there was none, he huffed and relaxed. I let go of his collar and pulled him off of the wall.

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"Sorry," he grumbled.

"No problem." He pushed my head and I punched him in his chest before moving away from him and sitting on the couch next to Alice.

"That's it? You guys suck!" Jasper said.

"I'm telling you. You see more bloodshed watching 'The View'," Rose answered.

So yes. This is how the next two days went. Throw in some fires that were fought, some mom's who were too drunk to remember what day it was and two dads who looked like they were contemplating packing up and running away to 'Timbuktu', and you pretty much had a normal Cullen/ Swan/ Hale/ Whitlock Monday/Tuesday. Someone shoot me.

The arrival of Wednesday morning brought a seriousness over the whole family. Bella began to pull away and invert inside of herself and I knew that it was because she would have to be in the same room with James again. I would without hesitation put myself in her place, but unfortunately this is something that only she can do. All I can do is be there for her and I prayed to God that it was enough.

Bella POV:

"I, Isabella Swan, solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God." It floored me that I was already here. That today was the day. Today, if I did my job right, that fucker would be behind bars until his dick shot out balls of dust. I bet it'll be kind of hard for him try and rape someone with a shriveled up dust dick.

As the bailiff swore me in, I felt James' eyes on me. My fist tightened and it took all I had to stay in my seat and not jump up and fucking kill his ass with my bare hands. With a sudden warmth, I felt the serene and secure feeling of beautiful greens on me and immediately turned my head to Edward. My calm, my heart, my everything. His reassuring gaze calmed me immensely and I felt

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myself relax in my seat. 'I love you' he mouthed. I smiled as I mouthed it back to him. I knew that I had his support. His protection. His love. Knowing that I had my Edward there, 'Alpha Bitch Bella' morphed into 'Take No Shit Bella' and with all the clarity that I could find, I recalled my last encounters with Dust Dick James. This time when the tears fell, they were in victory. Not in disgust with myself or fear for others. No. Just pure victory.

"You did great, Isabella." I looked up and saw Detective Stabler standing there next to Edward. Edward pulled me into his arms and I greedily inhaled his scent, loving the dizzying effect it always gave me. Realizing that he probably wanted a response, I pulled back from my delicious smelling cocoon and acknowledged Stabler.

"Thank you, Detective Stabler. And thanks for coming," I answered.

"Not a problem. I'll do whatever the hell I can to get scum like him off of the street," he answered. I smiled at him and my smile grew when I noticed Detective Benson and my father walking over towards us.

"You were fabulous, Bella. It's rare to see someone handle going through that in detail like that with so much confidence. I am so proud of you," she said. She came over and hugged me and I removed my arms from around Edward and hugged her back.

"Thanks," I mumbled. "I just knew that I was protected, safe and loved and that he couldn't touch me anymore and I wanted to make sure that he couldn't hurt anyone else," I answered.

"Well you hurt *him* enough alright," Stabler chuckled. "Did you know he actually thought about pressing assault charges against you?" he added. My jaw dropped.

"What?" Edward and Charlie asked.

"That's what I said. I actually asked him if he was insane. Even his attorney knew he was screwed," he laughed.

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"It wouldn't have stuck anyway. It was total self defense," Detective Benson answered. "Although, that was some major scarring you gave him. Whose helmet was it that you used?" she asked.

"Mine," Emmett answered with a huge smile as he came over and draped his heavy ass arm over my shoulder. "And I couldn't be prouder," he added.

"Oh god," I groaned. Edward lightly chuckled before he pushed Em's arm off of me and wrapped his arms around me. I leaned back into his grasp and sighed.

"Well. In two days we'll see if it was all worth it. Right?" I asked.

"Trust me, Love. It will be," Edward answered.

"You damn right it will be," answered Detective Stabler.

"It better be or somebody is getting their ass kicked!" Emmett said.

Oh Emmett.

Friday, October 10, 2008 - A Day of Retribution...or a really fucked up joke!

We arrived back at the courthouse and were seated promptly at 8am. Edward was sitting to my left and my mother to my right, both clenching my hand in their own. I looked towards the back of the room and smiled slightly when I noticed Detectives Stabler and Benson enter the room. Olivia caught my gaze and nodded at me. I nodded back to her and mouthed a 'thank you'. She brushed it off and crossed her fingers. I'd do the same but my hands were otherwise occupied.

"All rise," the bailiff called as Judge Logan entered the courtroom.

"You may be seated," the judge proclaimed as he himself took his seat. "Over the past two days, we have heard testimony in regards to New York State v. James Wilkes. I would just like to add that it disheartens me to have to trial this

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kind of case and I apologize to all parties involved," he said as he quickly looked at me.

"Moving on. Will the defendant please rise?" he asked. James, who was cuffed and sporting a perfect looking county blue jumpsuit, rose from his seat along with his attorney. "Juror number one, please rise," requested the judge. An older female juror with kind eyes that seemed full of mischief rose from her seat...and my heart steadily started to pound.

"Please declare your judgments regarding all five charges brought against the defendant," he said.

"Yes your honor," she answered. "On the both accounts of Attempted Rape in the first degree, Assault and Battery, Assault on a City Official and Stalking with Attempt to Capture, we find the defendant, James Wilkes guilty on all counts," she added. The courtroom erupted with applause and yells, Edward and Emmett's being the loudest.

"Fuck this," James yelled.

"Restrain your client from further outburst or you'll both be charged with contempt!" the judge said to the defense attorney. My body was vibrating and I didn't even feel the pain in my hand while my mom squeezed the hell out of it.

"Now, I refuse to put these poor people through any more turmoil, so I'm going to sentence right here, right now." The smile on my face could be seen across motherfucking Yankee Stadium. I can finally get this man out of my life!

"Wilkes, stand," the judge demanded. James slowly stood, all the while swearing under his breath. His lawyer tried to silence him but quickly gave up when he realized the dickhead was not going to cooperate.

"Now I would love to put a scum like you away for forever, but unfortunately my job requires me to keep my bias to myself and you should pray to your god that I did," he said. His sight was only on James and you could see James begin to shrink into himself....and I loved it!

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"Long story short, I'm giving you the maximum sentence for each account. 18-40 years with possible parole eligibility in 20. Feel free to appeal. Bailiffs? Remove this trash from my courtroom," he finished.

"Your honor? You can't be serious! This is fucked up and wrong. You'll pay for this shit!" James yelled while the guards dragged him from the courtroom.

"I'll be waiting on pins and needles," the judge answered. "Courtroom dismissed," he finished.

"All rise," the bailiff called. My legs would not cooperate and wanted me to keep my ass in the seat.

"Come on, Love," Edward said as he pulled me up with him. The judge nodded his head towards us before he exited into his chambers. The jury quickly exited into the door next to the judge's in the side of the room and when the door finally closed, I was hoisted up into the air.

"Put me down, Em!" He stopped swinging me around but pulled me into his bear-like arms. I hugged him back just as fiercely and enjoyed the calming effect he had on me. Must be a Cullen thing.

"Me next, me next," Alice squealed.

"No. Go away, Pocket Rocket. She's mine," Emmett answered...and the room fell silent. It took all I had to not laugh. Yet.

"Eh, Em?" I called.

"Yeah?" he answered.

"You do realize that a 'pocket rocket' is a vibrator right?" Rose could not hold her laughter in any longer and fell back on one of the pews.

"Oh," he said. Wait for it...." Oh, EW! That's nastier than the whole MILF thing!" he added. I literally almost fell to my knees when he let me go. Alice

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took the chance to pull me up and hugged me then, once she stopped laughing.

Once everyone was hugged and thanked, we all said our goodbyes to DA Cabot, Detective Benson, Detective Stabler, Dean and Rachel. I hugged her the longest and gave her my number, letting her know that she could call me if she needed someone to talk to.

When we finally left the courthouse, everyone went back to work and I left to take my parents to the airport. I couldn't fight the tears that trailed down my cheek when I walked them to the gate.

"You guys have to come back for Thanksgiving," I blurted. Ah hell. If I can handle today than goddamnit I can handle anything!

Famous last words.

Oh would you shut your pessimistic ass up!

Sorry.

"Only if you promise to come to Forks for Christmas," Renee answered. Ah what the hell.

"I promise."

"Then we'll see you next month," she answered. She came over and hugged me and I hugged her back with the love that I had for my mom. "I'm so proud of you. My little girl grew up into this beautiful, confident woman and I am just in awe of you," she said.

Wow. I don't think I've ever heard something like that come from Renee.

Maybe she's not as bad as we thought.

"Now that fact that your boyfriend is hot as all hell doesn't hurt either. Get to working on them babies. I'm not getting any younger you know?"

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Goddamnit I spoke too soon!

No shit, Sherlock.

"Mom," I groaned. I heard Charlie laughing and rolled my eyes at him when he caught my gaze. He came over and pulled my from Renee's grasp and I hit him in his arm before I wrapped my arms around him.

"I love you, kiddo, and I'm going to miss you something fierce," he said. I looked up and saw the redness in his eyes and was actually stunned stupid for a second. My father *never* cried and the sight made my heart ache, my stomach twist and my eyes sting with my own tears.

"I love you too, dad," I said. I squeezed him tighter and heard him grunt. I loosened my grip and nuzzled my head into his chest. "We'll see each other on Thanksgiving and Christmas and we can call each other every weekend ok?"

"More than the weekends and you've got yourself a deal," he answered.

"Anything," I answered. I pulled myself closer to him and let the tears trail down my cheek when I heard their departure announced over the loud speaker.

"We'll call you as soon as we land," he said. I nodded my head and finally made myself let go, but was still trapped in his arms.

"We have to go, Charlie," Renee called. Charlie's arms finally released from around me and I felt a sudden emptiness overtake me. Out of nowhere, Renee hugged me again and I sobbed to her that I loved her. She said the same before letting me go and dragging my dad towards their plane.

"I love you both," I called. I wiped my eyes just in time to see my dad mouth 'I love you' back to me. What got me though was when he mouthed 'you and Edward have my blessing' before he and my mom turned the final corner. There was no holding back the cries then. I fell back into one of the uncomfortable plastic airport chairs, wrapped my knees in my arms and cried as the stupid ass airplane began to taxi the runway and take my parents away

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from me.

An arm draped over me and after tensing, I relaxed when his 'Tim McGraw' cologne graced my nose, slowly calming me.

"Edward knew that this would be hard for you and wanted someone here for you. He wanted to be here, but a firefighter's work is never done."

"Thanks, Jasper," I said. He pulled me into his arms and I continued to cry and watched my parents' plane fly out of sight.

In the three weeks since James was convicted and my parents went back to Forks, my constantly hectic world slowly began to calm...that was until the guys moved in last week. Oh my God! What the fuck was I thinking! Emmett alone makes me wish for a damn Valium, but then you add that damn Jasper and Edward's competitive ass and it's like...a scene from fucking 'Animal House' and I swear to God, if I have to suffer through one more goddamn 'Call of Duty' marathon, I am going to shoot that fucking X-Box!

Alice was worse off than I was. She was perfectly accepting her 'Monica/Friends' reference that Emmett gave her last month, trailing behind the guys and picking up after them whenever they left. Now *that* I was not doing. They were grown ass men and can pick up their own fucking underwear! Thank you very much.

Luckily for me Edward's not that sloppy. No more than me actually. It still kills me how well we just melded into this whole 'move in together' thing. His clothes fit perfectly in my closet and dresser and the only thing he demanded that he bring was his bed.

"For nostalgic reasons," he said.

I just laughed at him and smiled when he and Emmett dragged it into *our* room. His bed was bigger anyway so there really was no need to complain.

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What was really funny was that both Alice and Rose kicked Em and Jasper out of their bathrooms, so now they have to share the one in the hallway that Emmett lovingly calls 'The Quickie Room'. Asshole.

So all in all, besides the headaches, drama, more broken lamps, endless practical jokes, farts, empty fridge and an Alice that looks like her head is about to pop off, everything's ok so far with the guys moving in.

Yeah? And de-nile is a just a river in Africa.

Shut the fu....nope. Not even going to resort to it.

Anyway, those three weeks have been...interesting and..

(Scoffs)

Grrrrrrrrrr.

Gulp

Thank you. As I was saying! The three weeks have been something else and now here we are getting ready for tonight's Halloween Party, although thanks to Alice, it's definitely not your normal Halloween party.

****Flashback****

"I hate to ask, but have you guys decided on my costume yet?" Emmett asked. I've put some thought to it but I know that if I make him wear this he could probably hate me.

"I have a few ideas actually," I answered. "Have we even decided on a theme for the party yet? That would help me narrow down my options," I added. They all just shrugged before Alice suddenly squealed with happiness.

Uh oh!

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My thoughts exactly.

"What's going on in that sick little mind of yours?" Edward asked. He knows her better than I do.

"It's not sick, Assward. I was just thinking, what if we had a sexy couples only costume party. Kind of like a masquerade ball, but without the gowns," she said. It actually sounded like a good idea and I didn't have to worry about trying to fit Angela in without her feeling alone because she flew home to be with her parents for a week.

"I like it," I said.

"Me too," Rose added. "Can the costumes be sexy?" she asked.

"Oh they have to be if you want to get in," she said. "If you're not showing skin, then you're not getting in," she laughed.

This had potential.

****End flashback****

"Bella, I want to see Emmett's costume," Rose whined...for the eighth time today!

"Rosalie Hale if you don't get out of my damn face, I'll perm your hair and die it purple!" I yelled.

"Huh," she gasped. "That was told in confidence," she said.

"Then go away," I said slowly. She slowly began backtracking out of my room, but not before threatening me with payback. As if I hadn't heard that before.

When she left, I pulled my costume from the closet and laid it on the bed. The girls and I decided to be classic sex symbols from the 40's, 50's and 60's. Alice was going as the stripper queen, Gypsy Rose Lee. Rose was going to be 60's

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screen siren Barbarella and I was going as a woman whose confidence and sex appeal I have always idolized, Bettie Paige.

"Alright, shorty! Give me my damn costume!" Emmett bellowed from the front room. I pulled his garment bag from the back of my closet and made my way into the living room. Everyone circled around Emmett and waited as he unzipped the bag.

"Remember, Em. It's just for the first hour, then you can change into your other costume," I reminded.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Whatev....YOU HAVE GOT TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME BELLA! I AM *NOT* WEARING THIS!" he yelled.

"You lost the bet, Emmett and you have to. It's only for an hour," I said as I tried to hide my laughter.

"Aw come the fuck on! Are you serious?" he asked.

"What's the big deal? Let me see," Rose said. Emmett threw his bag at her and Rose's eyes bugged out of her head.

"Bella," she gasped. "You didn't." She tried to hold in her laughter for Emmett's sake, but it was slowly slipping.

"What? I figured if we were being sex icons, then Emmett could be one too," I answered.

"Tell me you didn't," Edward asked. I just nodded. He already knew what I was thinking of doing, but didn't actually think I went through with it.

"I fucking love you," he said. He grabbed my face and pulled my lips hard against his.

"Fuck you, Edward!" Emmett said, causing Edward and I to laugh against each other's lips.

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"I wanna see, assholes!" Alice yelled. She yanked the bag from Rose's hands and smiled. "I think the blonde wig will look good on you, Em. The pink will probably wash you out, but with a little blush and a smoky eye you could pull it off," she laughed.

"Fuck all of you. I am *not* wearing that shit!" he said.

"Ok. Then I'll go with the second option then," I said. "I think the store is still open too..." I trailed.

"I'm scared out of my mind to ask...but what's the other option?" he asked slowly. My smile grew and he gulped.

"Glad you asked. You ever see the movie, 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show'?" I asked. His eyes bugged out and that already gave me my answer.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'. You remember, Dr. Frank-N-Furter? The sweet transvestite from Transsexual Transylvania?" I asked

"Y...yes," he stammered.

"Well it's either Marilyn Monroe from 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' or we're strapping your ass in stilettos, a black leather bustier, fishnets...the works. Basically what I'm wearing except in black," I said.

"Repeat that last part," Edward said. I just laughed and rolled my eyes at him.

"I'll go with Marilyn," Emmett growled between clenched teeth. He ripped the bag from Alice's hands and stormed off into his and Rose's room, slamming the door after he entered.

Jasper ran over to Alice and kissed her hard on the lips. "Thank you and your horny ass for making us lose the bet. Lord only knows what her sick ass would have made me wear," he said with an obvious shudder.

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"Oh you Jasper my man would have been 'Rocky Horror' himself. Sporting nothing but shiny gold undies, six-pack abs and a smile," I laughed. "And maybe a spray tan for your pale ass. You are mighty bright," I added...and ran, since he decided to chase me. He stopped when he saw Alice laughing at us and pushed her little ass over the back of the couch. She squealed and threatened Jasper with certain death if he didn't help her up.

"You are devious and I love you and remind me not to bet against you," Edward said.

"Duly noted," I laughed.

"The guest should be here in about an hour so we should start getting ready," Alice said as she punched Jasper in his stomach when he helped her up. "Meet me in my room," she said to Rose and I. I nodded my head and ran into my room to grab my costume before Edward saw it.

"Oh my damn. B you look amazing!" Rose exclaimed. I smiled and thanked her as I looked in the full-length mirror and made sure everything was securely tucked away. When I first saw the picture of Bettie wearing this outfit, I always wanted to be able to pull off something like it, but was never *fully* confident enough to even try it. Now yes I had confidence, but come on. That all changed though with Edward in my life. That man gives me enough confidence to take over the fucking world and I cannot wait to see his reaction to this costume.

The costume was all red, head to toe. It consisted of a red leather heart-line bustier that tied in the back and made my girls stand at attention. It also had a short, matching red skirt with short a petticoat that came to my upper thigh. The wide-mouth fishnet thigh highs stopped a few inches under the skirt and covered absolutely nothing! I personally liked the accessories the best. The red, leather elbow length gloves, the red riding whip, devil horns and the most amazing ankle boots that I have ever seen. The fact that I found the damn things still shocks the hell out of me.

Alice drew the 'devil horn' tattoo on my right arm and I threw on a black wig that was perfectly styled in Bettie's waves and blunt bangs. I coated my lips in

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the matching red lipstick and loved the way my eyes popped with my thicker black lashes. Taking it all in, I shivered at the thought of what Edward was going to say...or do if I'm being honest.

Tonight is going to kick ass!

I'm so loving your enthusiasm right now!

"Bella? Hellooo?" I looked up and saw Alice standing in front of me half-naked and waiting for me to strap her into her bustier.

"Sorry," I laughed. I just know they're going to think I'm nuts. Just give it time.

Rose and I helped Alice get fully strapped and buckled into her incredibly sexy costume. Like I mentioned earlier, she was strip tease queen Gypsy Rose Lee and Alice pulled out all the stops. She had the bustier, garter belt, garter straps, thigh highs, underwear, gloves and even the floor-length petticoat tails, hat and jewelry. Alice was dripping in black and diamonds and Jasper was as good as dead. I styled her hair in pin curls and Alice did her makeup to perfection.

"I'm beginning to think that moving in together was a bad idea. It's going to be hella noisy tonight!" Rose exclaimed.

"We have lived through it for the past week and now you're complaining?" I asked.

"Oh shut up you French speaking hussy," she laughed. "Sleeping next to you two is like living in a repeat of 'Nine and Half Weeks', over and over and over again. Hot and disturbing," she said.

"Why thank you," I laughed and bowed.

"Don't make me punch you," she said.

"Yes, Ms. Hale," I answered.

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"That's better," she laughed. "Now help me get my ass into this contraption," she said.

"Why in the hell did you pick Barbarella again?" Alice asked.

"She was the only hot blonde that I could think of.... besides Marilyn that is," she said and then immediately froze. A few seconds passed before she burst out into laughter. "Oh my god, Bella. Emmett is going to pay your ass back big time. I swear that is all he's been talking about," she laughed.

"Well tell, Em that 'The Bella' said 'Just Bring It'."

"You are so stupid, Isabella. I love your ass to death, but sometimes I don't know about you, " Alice said as Rose laughed her ass off. I pulled a strap on her costume and snapped it against her skin. That stopped her ass from laughing.

We helped Rose into her semi-sheer cat suit and began ripping holes in it, across the chest, abs and down her thighs and legs. Alice painted fake blood in a few of the holes and I tied the leather straps across her chest and waist. Rose put on the metal cuff and strapped the gun to her waist before stepping into her thigh-high leather stiletto boots. I teased her hair and threw some curls into it and Alice kept Rose's makeup bare except for mascara and eye shadow.

"Hot damn woman! You look sexy as hell. I'm beginning to think that you were right about the noise level tonight," I said. Seriously. I'm surprised we haven't been reported yet.

"Oh so *now* you see where I'm coming from," said Rose. Alice and I just laughed at her before we calmed down and headed towards Alice's door. Alice stopped at her door and turned to face Rose and I.

"You girls ready?"

"Hell yes. Move woman," Rose answered. She giggled, shrugged her shoulders and swung open her door. We stepped though and made our way down the hall.

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"Oh my fucking god." My eyes snapped up at the sound of the velvet voice and I damn near came in my costume! There he was, no more than ten feet away from me, dressed a goddamn dirty CONSTRUCTION WORKER! Mmmm....oh my god! I'm talking about glistening sweat and saw dust on his biceps, chest and white wife beater as it clung to his body, revealing his 8-pack underneath his piece of cloth of a shirt. His dusty, faded jeans hung dangerously low on his hips and you could tell that he was going commando. The tool belt hung low around his waist as well and I never wanted to lick a hardhat more than I did at that moment. It was covering up his beautiful bronze hair, only letting enough slightly fall over his left eye. Throw in the dirty, faded work-boots and it was like one of my fucking fantasies come to life!

He snapped me out of my daze by slowly walking over to me and I had to swallow the moan that wanted to escaped me as I watched his eyes travel up and down my body.

Oh god!

Ding..dong!

"The guests are here! I'll get it!" Alice yelled.

Fucking guests!

Author's note #2 Next chap is the rest of the Costume party and yes...the DTE v DTB lemon...and dammit Caveward is ready to come out and play! Hope you all stay tuned.....

Thanks again,

Nicole

Lick

Disclaimer: Twilight's not mine, and shockingly, I don't give a damn. Go figure.

Author's Note: Once again guys, thanks for the all of the adds, alerts, hits and the amazing reviews! All of you guys are the best! Welcome newbies and hello and thanks to you all that have been here since the beginning. You effin rock! I'll get my ass to the library more often so that I can continue to answer your reviews from this point on. Once I get my laptop for Christmas, you guys all will be sick of me with the review replies I'll be hitting you with. That's right...I peeked. (And for the one's threatening me about my K. Lutz run in, I'm watching my back, lol).

OK, so all costumes are on profile under **Chapter 25/26 Links**. The link to Alice's costume has been corrected :). The title song is on the Blogger playlist, as well as songs mentioned in the chapter and the one's that helped me get my mind right into writing a *certain* part of this chapter.

WARNING: RATED 'M' FOR A REASON. Hope you all enjoy a little lick.

"Lick"

Edward POV:

"The guest should be here in about an hour so we should start getting ready," Alice said as she punched Jasper in his stomach when he helped her up. "Meet me in my room," she said to Rose and Bella. I felt Bella nod her head towards Alice's direction before she extracted herself from my arms and ran into our room. When she exited the room and made her way towards Alice's, I saw a flash of red leather and I honestly think my eyes crossed.

I cocked my head to the side and tried to mentally picture what the hell she could possibly be wearing tonight. *"Well it's either Marilyn Monroe from 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' or we're strapping your ass in stilettos, a black*

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leather bustier, fishnets...the works. Basically what I'm wearing except in black." Oh...my...

Grrrrrrr

Exactly!

Shaking my head and ignoring the argument that was beginning between my brain and my cock, I went to my room and began getting ready. My costume isn't really that far of a stretch since I was a construction worker all through college and the first part of medical school, but after Bella told me about her sex on a scaffold fantasy, I figured now was as good a time as any to break out the hardhat. I think she'll like it.

"Hey, Edward? Do you have any baby oil? I would ask Emmett, but he's a little pissed right about now?" asked Jasper. I turned to see him standing in my doorway wearing nothing but a damn cheetah print loincloth the size of a handkerchief.

"Tell me you have on underwear under that thing."

"That's for me to know and for Alice to find out." He wiggled his eyebrows and in defensive brother mode, I narrowed my eyes at him.

"Don't make me go ape your ass, Tarzan."

"Whatever," he laughed. "You have the oil or not? I need to shine up."

"You are an idiot," I laughed while shaking my head at him. "Bella has some in the bathroom. Left side of the shower, top shelf."

"Thanks." He smiled and made his way into the bathroom. I sat on the bed and laced up my 'Timbs' before throwing on my tool belt.

"Breaking out the tool belt, huh? Nice. Bells should be happy about that one." He came out of the bathroom completely slicked down to his feet. Feet that

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were currently leaving oily footprints from the bathroom to the hardwood in the bedroom.

"Would you get that shit up before someone slips and busts their ass," I said as I pointed to the floor. He rolled his eyes at me before grabbing one of my shirts out of the hamper and wiping up the floor.

"Stronzo," (**asshole**) I mumbled.

"Don't be cursing at me in Italian. Just wait until I learn that shit. Then we'll see what's what."

"If you don't know Italian then how do you know I cursed at you?"

"Because I know you. That's how."

He does have a point.

Shove it.

"Whatever. Just get your greased pig looking ass out of my room."

"Greased pig my ass. I make this look good!" He began to flex like he was in one of those muscle man competitions and I had to squeeze my eyes shut in an attempt to remove that image the fuck out of my head.

SQUEEZE HARDER!

"I know, I know. You can't handle all this sexiness. I'll be leaving now." I heard the door to the room close and slowly opened one eye to make sure his flexing ass was gone.

"Thank god," I groaned. I got up off of the bed, threw on one of my old white t-shirts and grabbed my hardhat from the back of the closet. I added the special touches, like the sawdust and dirt to my clothes and torso before throwing on my hat and heading to the kitchen to finish setting up.

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Jasper and I were responsible for tending bar, but since he was nowhere to be found at the moment, I started most of the common drinks myself. I set up the ice, pulled out the beer, all of the shot glasses and the bottles of *Bacardi*, *Cuervo* and *Grey Goose*. I set up the lemon and lime wedges and got everything ready for Bella to make her famous Margaritas. Alice called the caterers since we had about twenty couples coming and there were platters of finger foods and hors d'oeuvres spread all across the kitchen counters and most of the island.

When I was done setting up the bar, I turned off some of the lights and turned on Alice's damn smoke machine, ' *For added sexiness*' she says, and was about to turn on the music when I heard Alice's door open. I stood rooted in my spot. I *had* to see Bella's costume. If it's anything close to what was running around in my sick head then I knew I was screwed...not that I'm complaining.

Out of the shadowed floor of the hallway, a red, stiletto-clad foot was the first thing I noticed. My eyes traveled further north, over legs I'd know anywhere, dressed in thigh-high red fishnets and I swear to god I fucking drooled. I discreetly went to go wipe it away and actually hid a growl in my throat when Bella came fully into the light.

"Oh my fucking god," I moaned. The fact that my incredibly stunned, overly-stimulated and increasingly horny ass could even say anything was an achievement in itself. My beautiful Bella stood before me looking like the 'Vargas Girl' of my fantasies, only a million times better. The red, the leather, the skin, the lips...the eyes, I damn near had a heart attack. My palms began to sweat as my heart pounded deep inside my chest and my dick hardened in my jeans. My fingers ached to touch her and in about five seconds I was hauling her incredibly beautiful, sexy and tempting ass back into our bedroom and plunging inside of her until she came so much that she cried.

I needed to calm myself, for Bella's sake and for the sake of this damn party!

Fucking Alice!

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I ran my hands over the thighs of my jeans and had to swallow the groan that wanted to escape when the denim brushed against my hard-on. I used to love denim, but now, not so much.

When I was finally calmed enough, I brought my gaze back to my love and goosebumps began to run violently across my body when my eyes connected with hers. They were wide and doe-like, but dark and burning. The lust in them was obvious and I mentally patted myself on the back for my costume choice.

When she pulled that damn lip into her mouth I couldn't take anymore. I finally moved my legs and made my way over to her, all the while enjoying the view and imagining which piece I was going to rip off of her sexy ass first.

The bustier. Definitely the bustier.

"The guests are here! I'll get it!" Alice yelled. To say that I forgot that anyone else was even here at this moment would be putting it lightly.

I smiled at the pissed off expression on Bella's beautiful face and when I got close enough to her, I pulled her into my arms and bit my lip to hold in the moan when her hot little body came into contact with mine and her delicious over-heated scent flooded my senses.

"Bella," I moaned. "You look so fucking delicious." She put her face into the crook of my neck and ran her nails up my back and over my shoulders. I shuddered and my grip automatically tightened around her waist.

"You don't know how hard it is for me to not lick you right now," she said against my skin. She moved and a hot open-mouth kiss was placed on the part of my chest that wasn't covered by my shirt and this time I did moan. I pulled her flush against me and smiled when her breath caught when she felt what was waiting for her pressed up against her stomach.

'What the hell is stopping yo-'

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"EDWARD!" I gritted my teeth and turned my head towards the front door to see Garrett dressed as a shirtless Sheikh. If I didn't need him on my team at work, I would so kill him right now.

"Does that answer your question?" Bella whispered.

"Unfortunately," I grumbled. She laughed against my lips when she pulled me in for a kiss. Before I had a chance to deepen it, she pulled away, grabbed onto my shirt and led us into the main room to welcome the guests.

Fucking guests!

Bella POV:

Fucking guests!

Here I have the love of my life dressed as one of my ultimate fantasies and I have to play hostess? Alice so owes me big time for this shit!

Edward and I made our way from the hallway and into the living room and greeted the first few guests to arrive. I was introduced to Garrett and a few of the other firemen from the station, as well as their girlfriends. Garrett introduced us to some flaming redhead named Victoria. Apparently they met when we were in Paris when she originally came by to see Edward. I let that fact roll since I can't change the past and what's done is done, but the fact that she was currently eyeing my man while cuddled up with hers pissed me the fuck off and I was not having any of that shit.

I grabbed Edward by the hem of his shirt and pulled him into the middle of the room. He cocked his sexy eyebrow at me and I just shrugged. When we stopped walking, without hesitation I pulled his lips to mine and when he parted his delicious lips, I sucked his tongue into my mouth. He growled against my lips and dominated the kiss, staking claim on me just as I was on him. When my lungs began to constrict against my ribs, I pulled away but smiled victoriously when he began attacking my neck. I glanced over at Vicwhoria and winked at her. She narrowed her eyes at me, before grabbing

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onto Garrett's arm and stomping off towards the kitchen.

The Chosen One: 1 The Whore: Nada

"I love it when you get all jealous and possessive." I looked back at Edward and saw the amusement in his eyes that matched the smirk on his face.

"Yeah? Well Bitch needs to keep her eyes on her own man," I said. "Not that I blame her though," I mumbled. "Although, you are a little too covered up right now." Personally he needs to be naked, but I guess that's not a good idea with a room full of people.

"Do something about it then," he huskily whispered. He removed his arms from around me and backed away a few steps. When he stopped, he set his feet a shoulders-width apart and spread his arms out to his sides, offering himself up to me for my enjoyment.

Gah!

I looked into his eyes and mines narrowed at the fire, playfulness and challenge in his. I walked a few steps towards him and ran my hand down his exposed shoulders and arms. His muscles rippled and flexed and I quickly licked my lips.

"Don't do that." It came out as a whisper, but from the heat pouring off of this man's body you would have sworn that he yelled it at the top of his lungs.

Instead of listening to him I did it again, slower this time, and enjoyed the vision of his clenching fists and tightening jaw. With a smile, I pulled my eyes away from his hands and went back to the task at hand. I ran my fingers across his exposed lower abs before gripping the edge of his shirt on both sides of his waist and slowly raising it over his head. One by one, obliques, abdominal muscles and pecs were exposed to me and my fucking thighs began to throb. When I finally pulled the shirt over his hardhat and looked into his eyes, they were full of mischief, excitement and lust...lots and lots of lust.

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"Better?" his beautiful, shirtless, hardhat and low-slung jeans wearing, smirking ass asked.

"Much," I replied. "Although now I think I just made things worse for myself. If you thought I was possessive before..."

"That's what I'm counting on." He pulled my mouth forcefully against his and a damn growl escaped me when he bit on my bottom lip. I reached my hands around his back and yanked off my damn gloves. When my skin came into contact with his as I ran my hands across the muscles of his back, I smiled and he hissed, and it was pure bliss.

"Oh my god, Jasper! Baby you look hot!" Edward groaned against my lips and we both pulled away to see Alice walking towards a loincloth sporting Jasper. His hair was wild and his body was surprisingly oily. Muscles glistened and the dimple in his chin deepened when he smiled and looked over Alice.

"Me, Tarzan. You sexy," he said as he pulled Alice to him and attached his lips to hers.

"Me, Edward. You puke worthy," Edward mumbled. I laughed against his neck but stopped when I realized that the sixth member to this sexy group was missing.

"Hey, Rose," I yelled. She looked over and stopped talking to a few of the half-naked Disney Princesses before coming over towards us. "We seem to be one Cullen short," I said.

"Oh no you don't, Bettie Bitch. *You* made him wear that so *you* will go and get him," she said.

"Fine," I grumbled. I removed myself from my happy place and made my way across the living room and towards Em and Rose's door. I stopped when I heard footsteps behind me and turned to see Edward and the rest of the family, as well as a few guests following behind me.

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"What? Just because you're getting him doesn't mean that we can't watch," said Alice. I'm making her the strongest *Alabama Slammer* possible and knocking her little ass the fuck out!

I rolled my eyes at them and continued down the hall to Em's door. When I got there, I knocked three times but heard no answer.

"Emmett?"

"Go...away," he demanded. Snickering could be heard from behind me and I shushed them.

"Come on, Em. Come out to the party," I pleaded.

"No. I hate this fucking costume!"

"Stop being a brat. Let me see."

"No I'm not letting you see. This is your fault in the first damn place!" he yelled. "Your ass is so mine, Bells."

"Aw, Bear come on. You know you love me."

"Maybe so. But that still won't stop me from torturing your ass." I heard the teasing tone in his voice and knew that I almost had him.

"Whatever you come up with I'm sure I'll deserve it," I said.

He scoffed.

"It's only for an hour you big baby," I mumbled. And then I played my ace card. "Remember. It's either this or option number two," I sang.

"FUCK!" he yelled. Suddenly the door to his room was yanked open and Emmett emerged. Now I bought the fucking costume ok, so you would guess that I wouldn't be that shocked right? WRONG!

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Emmett's hulking body stood in the doorway of the room looking the most ridiculous and pissed off that I have ever seen him. The ankle-length, bright pink, strapless dress that he wore was accentuated with a humungous bow right on his ass. The bicep-length matching pink gloves were stretched to capacity and only came up to his elbows. Now those and the dyed to match heels were enough, but when you add in the curly blonde 'Marilyn' wig and faux diamond cuffs and choker, it was no questioning why my ass was leaning against the doorjamb trying to catch my breath from laughing so much...and why Emmett was looking at me like he wanted to fling my ass into the nearest trash can.

Alice slid down the wall in a fit of uncontrollable giggles, letting her hat fall across her face and Rose and Garrett just stood there fucking speechless, eyes bulged and mouths agape. I looked at Edward and wished that I hadn't. He and Jasper were leaned against the hallway wall laughing up a storm, abs flexing and all. For a second I forgot there was a 6'5" drag queen in the hallway.

"Wow," I whispered. Emmett looked at me with scheming eyes and I gulped. This time, he smiled.

Ooh boy.

"Um, Em....I...wow," Rose stammered. I think this is the longest she's ever been speechless.

"I always thought your elevator didn't go all the way up to the top floor," Garrett laughed. "Nice boobs though," he added. Emmett growled in his direction, making the already laughing fools laugh even harder.

"You know?" Edward asked after he calmed down. He walked over to Emmett and smiled at Jasper. "He does have a nice rack. Don't you think Jasper?" Jasper laughed and walked over towards Emmett and stood next to Edward. They both looked at each other for a second before deciding to goose Emmett's chest.

"Get off of me you assholes!" Emmett yelled. He smacked their hands off of his chest and proceeded to cross his arms, only making one of the pairs of

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socks pop out. Jasper leaned over and picked the pair of rolled up socks up between his two fingers and swung it in front of Emmett's face.

"I don't know Ed my man. I prefer real ones, not Hanes," he laughed. Emmett snatched the socks from Jasper's hand and shoved them back down into the front of the dress. Once done, he balled his fists and glared at them while his nostrils flared.

"Ok, so. I'm gonna go and a...serve some drinks," Jasper said. "Wanna come?" he asked as he pulled Edward by his head towards the kitchen.

"Uh, yeah. Let's get the hell out of here," Edward laughed. They stepped away from Emmett and hustled their asses to the kitchen. Throughout the whole exchange, Alice was still laughing her ass off on the floor and Rosalie was still gaping. I pulled Alice up and smacked Rose on her ass to wake her up. She jumped and hit me back before walking over to Emmett.

"One hour. Just one motherfucking hour," he said. Rose finally let loose the laughter and helped Emmett walk in his heels murmuring 'right foot, left foot'.

"How in the hell do you guys walk in these damn things?" he yelled.

"Oh god. I can't take anymore," I said, grasping my chest. Alice held me up with her and we leaned on each other and walked behind Em and Rose as they made their way into the front room, laughing every time Emmett wobbled.

"I HATE YOU BELLA!"

"You know you're ass is as good as dead right?" Alice asked. We finally made our way into the main room and the guests fell quiet once Emmett came into view.

"Um...yeah," I dragged. "That's what is known as a no-brainer, Al."

Gulp!

My sentiments exactly.

"Shake ya ass!" Jasper yelled.

"Watch ya self," Edward added.

"Show me what you're working wit," they laughed. They, along with some of the other guests that arrived were dancing around in a semi-circle that surrounded, me, Rose, Janet (from Rose's office), Lauren, Michelle...and Emmett. The girls and I were all dancing around him to cheer up his grumpy ass...and to keep Jasper and Edward safe if I was being honest. Not that their teasing asses didn't deserve what they had coming to them, but still.

Throughout the beginning of the party he was a pouting and grumbling mess, throwing back beers like they were water. I felt bad since the costume was my idea and knew that I had to see that dimpled smile of his again at least one time tonight. I grabbed his hand and pulled him to the dance floor. I waved over Rose and Alice threw on 'Naughty Girls' by *Beyonce*. We began dancing around him and a crowd formed. Before I knew it, three other girls joined Rose and I and the smile that I missed was all but plastered on his dimpled cheeks. I guess being surrounded by half-naked dancing girls can make a guy forget that he's dressed in pink and looking like a jacked up Marilyn Monroe. Men. Go figure.

When the song was over, it was one minute before the one-hour mark and Emmett was all but vibrating while trying to get to his room. Rose and I held him back until the last second and when it was time for him to go, he flung the heels across the room and damn near ripped off the costume. Last thing I saw him wearing before he all but hopped into his room was pink gloves, black boxer briefs and that damn 'Marilyn' wig. Um....

Uhhh...

Ye...ah

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Blinking my eyes and shaking my head, I looked around and saw Rose laughing and throwing the tattered costume bits into the garbage. I walked over to help pick up the remaining pieces but stopped when I saw that redheaded bitch looking at Edward again.

"Oh that bitch is going down," I mumbled. I thought it was only to myself, but then again...

"Ooh, who's ass you kicking?" Rose asked.

"That flame-headed slut over there. Look at how she's looking at Edward." Rose glanced over and scoffed.

"Want some help kicking her ass?" she asked. I so love her.

"Oh I would love to snatch that bitch bald," I said. "I just don't think that'll help in this case." Rose tapped the tip of her finger to her chin, deep in concentration. Out of nowhere, a slow and conniving smile spread across her beautiful face and I smiled right along with her. I so fucking love the way her mind works.

"Now the party can begin!" Emmett yelled. After talking with Rose, I was standing by the sound system trying to find another song, when Emmett finally emerged from his room.

"Yes! Now *that's* my man!" Rose yelled as she all but ran to him. When she made it over to him, girlie jumped into his arms and he dropped his shield onto the floor and picked her up when she wrapped her legs around him. And yes, I said shield, for Mr. Emmett Cullen was dressed as a goddamn '300' Spartan. He had on the red cape with the emblem, the bronze shin and arm guards, the helmet and the sandals. Add in the aforementioned shield, the spear, the sword around his waist and the itty-bitty briefs that left little to the imagination and there you had it. A damn near naked Emmett Cullen in all his glory. Now you can see why Rose was still attempting to suck off his face.

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That won't be the only thing she'll be...on second thought, I'm gonna stop right there.

THANK YOU!

Without physically slapping myself, I snapped out of my daze just in time to catch the last song before it ended. I started 'Let It Rock' by *Kevin Rudolf* and laughed at the look on Jasper's face. He loves this song. I put the iPod on shuffle and walked back over to the main room, just in time to see Jasper grab Emmett and Edward. Edward put down his beer and winked at me before following after Jasper. I smiled and attempted to hide my shiver. No such luck. He saw and smiled that damn grin at me.

Garrett and Damon, another guy from the station who was dressed as a doctor wearing nothing but green scrub pants and a stethoscope, walked over to the guys and laughed as Jasper and Emmett began singing/rapping. Edward picked up Jasper's electric, strapped it across his bare and glistening chest and played along with the background while singing the 'Kevin' parts with Jasper. Do I even have to tell you that I'm wet right now? Thought not.

"Oh my damn," Alice whispered. She leaned against my arm and wore the same expression that I had.

"You can say that again," I said. Rose came over and stood by us. We were leaned up against the island and staring at the guys. I didn't know about them, but my nails were beginning to cut into the skin of my palm with the urges I was fighting to keep from attacking Edward. To see the sight before me could bring any woman to their knees. If you had five too-fucking-attractive and damn near naked guys thrashing around in your living room with muscles rippling and sweat beginning to roll into places that weren't covered by fabric, you'd know what the hell I was talking about!

"Wow." I tore my eyes from the vision of sex in front of me and saw that Rose, Alice and I were quickly joined by a definitely grown up 'Cinderella', a 'playboy' bunny and a sexy vampire. There were also two bikini-wearing chicks rocking sashes standing behind the island and an 'I Dream of Jeanie' genie

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standing right next to me. They were staring and a few of them were starting to drool. I couldn't even blame them.

Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on how you look at it, the song ended and the guys began to disband. Edward put down the guitar before motioning to make his way over to me, but stopped and smiled a shiver-inducing grin at me when the beginning of, 'Freak Me' started to play.

"Yes! Let's go, Emmett," Rose yelled. She grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the make shift dance floor. The couples began separating into their own little worlds and you would swear that this was a damn brothel instead of a costume party.

Edward slowly crooked his finger at me, motioning me over, and without having to think my legs started towards him. As I walked over to him to the corner of the room, his eyes slowly traveled from my feet to my eyes, darkening at each pass. When I finally made it to him, he trailed his open palms up the back of my thighs, before gripping roughly onto my ass. I closed my eyes and my head slowly fell back. A hot tongue left a trail from the tip of my cleavage up to my neck. Without thinking, my nails dug into his back and his grip on me tightened, pulling me closer to his body and the hard cock that was currently screaming my name.

"Let me lick you up and down, til you say stop," he sang. "Cause tonight baby, I wanna get freaky with you" He continued to sing the lyrics and licked my neck and I moaned and moved my hands into the waistband of his jeans, pulling him closer to me. He released one of his hands and trailed it over my hips, past my waist, across my stomach, stopping at my breast and circling my left nipple through the fabric. I arched into his hand and moved my hips against his. He suddenly grabbed me around the waist and turned me around so that my back was flush against his hot skin.

"I wanna see your body drip. Come on, let me take a sip," he whispered. With one arm wrapped around my chest, one of his hands traveled from my knee and was slowly making its way up my inner thigh. My knees jerked when he made his way up under my skirt and a solitary finger slowly circled my clit on the

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outside of my soaked panties, making a small cry escape me.

"La tua figa è così bagnata" (**You're pussy is so wet**) he groaned. His hand moved deeper and was making its way inside my panties. I gasped at the heat coming off of his hand and roughly gripped onto the front of his thighs. He pulled the front of my skirt down over my hips to cover his hand and drove two fingers inside of me. His thumb moved against my clit and a cry caught in my throat right along with my breath.

"It's taking everything I have not to take you into that room and fuck you right now." He was still circling my clit, driving me up the fucking wall with the teasing! I placed one of my hands over his and moved my fingers in tandem with his.

"Tu sens comme j'ai envie de toi?" (**Do you feel how much I want you?**) I whispered. "Huh, Edward? Do you feel how wet I am for you?" What sounded like a combo of a gulp/groan escaped his luscious lips and he pulled my ass roughly against his groin.

"Oh god," I moaned.

"Body shots time!" Rose yelled. "Bella first," she added. There was a few seconds of silence before she called our names again. Benefit of being in the corner of a dimly lit room with fog covering half of the damn place I guess.

"Shit," Edward groaned.

"Look at it this way, I get to lick you like I wanted to and get drunk at the same time," I said. "That's like a double bonus," I laughed. We had since removed our hands from my girlie parts and were currently attempting to fix my costume.

"As long as you realize that what goes around *comes* around." Did you miss the emphasis that he put on the word 'comes'? No? Well neither did I.

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"Come on, B! We want to see you lick *your* man," Rose yelled. I caught her eye and she looked from the redheaded five pounds or garbage stuffed inside a three-pound bag and cocked her perfectly arched brow at me. I winked at her and she smiled. My girl.

I turned to face Edward and from the look on his face you could tell that he knew what the hell Rose and I were thinking. He just shook his head and smiled at me.

"You game?" I asked.

"Baby please. I'm a Cullen. We're always game," he answered. I grabbed the front of waistband of his jeans and pulled him towards the dining room.

"Good to hear," I answered. I pushed him down flush onto the dining room table and he hissed when the cold wood came into contact with his skin, but quickly recovered and placed his hands under his head. This motion made his biceps and pecs flex and I actually had to close my eyes to keep from attacking him.

In due time. Send that fire crotch a fucking message!

Right. Fire crotch. Message. Got it.

Rose bought over the tequila bottle, a shot glass, the salt and some lemon wedges. I saw a black streak run across the room before I heard 'Lick' by *Joi* start to play. Ok, so I'm not going to last long. Thanks a lot Alice!

"I lose all control when you grab a hold,

And you do your trick. I love it when you lick."

I cleared my throat trying to squelch the fire that was quickly turning into an inferno and set my gaze back onto my too-hot-for-his-own-fucking-good-lover. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a tuft of red standing by the entrance to the dining room and smiled.

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Showtime.

I moved down the table and stopped when I got to Edward's waist. I tugged on the legs of his jeans, revealing his full 'v' and part of his happy trail. Before continuing, I gazed up at him and looked into eyes that were shadowed by his hardhat and burning with curiosity and challenge. I winked at him and before I got a reaction, I licked across his 'v' muscles, from his left hip to his right. His hips slightly bucked and his thighs tightened. When I got back to the center, I began my trail up and circled around his bellybutton. My tongue traveled over his abs and continued to his chest. I licked around each nipple and pulled the left one into my mouth before licking up to his neck, earning a delicious moan from him.

When that was done I left a light layer of salt over my moist path and placed the shot glass full of the tequila in Edward's mouth. He quirked his eyebrow at me and I wiggled mine at him.

Now who can guess where I put the lemon? Anyone?

Well, you're right if you said inside Edward's pants. I lifted the waistband of his jeans and placed the cool wedge under it, between his skin and the denim, letting the juice run across his lower abs. I would have put it in his zipper, but there didn't appear to be any room at the moment.

" And even when you're not around me,

The tingling just won't go away.

Don't make my body wait any longer,

Because this pussycat's ready to play, play, play."

I licked the salt path, and when I got to his mouth I removed the glass with my mouth and threw my head back, letting the alcohol glide down my throat. The look on his face would have distracted me if I *really* didn't want to get that damn lemon. But goddamnit, that lemon was locked in my fucking sights. I

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removed the shot glass from my mouth, placed it on the table and slid back down Edward's body until my face hovered over his hips again.

" I promise I'll return the favor.

I'll do that trick you can't resist.

Two rights don't make it wrong,

making love 'til the break of dawn.

Emotions all up in a twist twist, twist."

With the tip of the lemon peaking out, I placed one hand on his chest and one onto the table and lowered my head. I flicked out my tongue and licked the juice the leaked across his skin before sucking the lemon into my mouth and biting down. With the lemon in my mouth I sat up, threw my head back and sucked the juice down my throat.

"Holy shit that was hot!" Jasper yelled.

"That's my girl!" Rose laughed and clapped.

"You know I love you right, Rose?" Emmett asked and bit his bottom lip. She looked at his expression and laughed.

"It's ok, Em. That shit turned me on too," she laughed. He was turned away from us and I did not even want to imagine why.

Ooh me, ooh me. I know!

"Hot damn, woman. Come on, Jas, it's our turn," Alice said. I started laughing at them but it was caught in my throat when I caught the look in Edward's eyes. His eyes were in such a blaze, they were incendiary. He was sitting back and leaning on his elbows and I could see his fisted hands and rapidly rising chest.

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"Excuse us," he said to no one in particular. He stared directly into my eyes with his continuously blackening ones and removed himself from the table. In one fell swoop, both the opened tequila bottle and I were lifted off of the table and carried into our bedroom.

"Hey! Bring back the tequila!" Emmett yelled.

Edward ignored him and slammed the door shut, locking it with authority. He set me down on my feet and walked over to the bed, placing the bottle at the foot of it. When he turned and walked back over to me, I had to squeeze my thighs together to keep from cuming from the look in his eyes.

Edward go bye-bye now. Ladies and gents, Caveward has taken over!

When he got closer to me, I grabbed him by his face and pulled his lips to mine. His smiled against my lips before attacking my mouth with his. His tongue dove deep into my mouth and when he went to lean me back, he stopped. I looked at him and he just shook his head with a slight smile on his face before removing the 'Bettie' wig from my head. I removed the two clips from my hair and watched his eyes as they followed the flow of my hair as it landed across my shoulders.

"Much better," he said. And just like that, I was planted on his lips again while my hair was slowly being wrapped around his fist. I sucked and nipped on his bottom lip while I ran my fingers across his chest. I pinched one of his nipples between my two fingers and was greeted by Edward lifting one of my legs and bringing our hips together while continuing to kiss me fiercely. He ran his hands from my ankle and up to my thigh, snapping the elastic band on the thigh-high.

"This costume wasn't too expensive was it?" He was talking against the spot behind my ear and I shivered.

"Why?" I asked. I snuck my hands into the back of his jeans and rubbed them over his bare ass, squeezing every now and then, causing him to thrust into me.

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"Because it's about to be ripped the fuck off of you," he answered. Before I could protest, not that I would mind you, a tear could be heard and a silk strap floated to the floor while three buttons clinked against the hardwood. With one good tug, Edward had that fucking bustier off of me faster than I could even blink. Before I had a chance to even look down to see the scraps, the back seam on the leather skirt that I was wearing was being ripped in two and some of the six buttons on the side fell onto the floor as well. Edward leaned down and yanked the skirt and tattered petticoat down my legs and made me step out. Before coming back up, he ran his hands reverently up my legs, settling his hands on my hips when he finally stood completely up.

"I think we'll keep these on you for now," he said motioning to my stockings.

He picked me up by wrapping his arms around my waist and walked me over to the bed. When he laid me on the mattress he gave me one of his cum causing, toe curling kisses before beginning to lick down my body. I arched into his mouth when he pulled my nipple into his mouth and moaned when he pinched the other one. Out of the blue he stopped and backed away and when I went to sit up, he kissed me back down. "Stay. I have a body shot to give." He slid down to the end of the bed, grabbed my ankles and pulled me to the edge. I did an embarrassing squeal and he chuckled.

When Edward was settled between my legs he leaned down and placed a kiss on my hipbone and when he got to the center of the soaked-through silk, he planted his face between my legs and sucked on my lips through the fabric.

"Ohhh..." I moaned.

"Fuck you taste good," he groaned against my lips. All gentleness appeared to be gone then, because when Edward leaned back, the silk lace was ripped from my body and went flying into too many directions to count and that action alone made me wetter than I can ever remember being.

"Fuck the body shot," was the last thing he said before he lifted my hips by my ass, attached himself to my clit and fucked me with his glorious tongue.

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"Shit," I choked out. My back arched off of the bed and I wrapped one of my legs around his neck. I looked down between my legs and all I saw was that damn hard hat. I yanked it off and threw it on the floor, blessing my vision with sweaty and matted down dark copper hair that made me drip even more. Edward growled against my pussy and sucked on me harder, driving his tongue into me as deep as it could go.

"FUCK!" I screamed. His delicious assault continued and his grip on my ass tightened when I began riding his face. He released the grip on my ass, planted me on the bed and held me down with one arm. He wrapped both of my legs over his shoulders and while he continued to flick and suck on my clit, he soaked his fingers in my juices before thrusting them inside of me.

"Oh god. Oh f...fuck." One hand was gripping the bed sheet while the other was rooted in Edward's hair as I writhed against his hold on my waist.

"You like that, Bella?" he asked against my clit. "You like it when I eat this fucking delicious pussy of yours?" He added another finger to the two that were already fucking me and I was already on the edge.

"Fuck! Yes, Edward!"

"Vieni nella mia bocca." (**Cum in my mouth**) "Fill me the fuck up. Cum, Bella!"

The combination of the tongue, his fingers and that fucking Italian sent my ass soaring. I screamed incoherent shit along with his name at the top of my lungs as I rode his fingers and rode out my orgasm that crashed through me like a fucking freight train. My knuckles burned from gripping the sheet so damn hard and the spots that were swimming before my eyes weren't helping matters either.

Edward continued killing me with that mouth of his. He kept on sucking and licking, not letting a drop spill and I almost lost it when he dove his tongue back inside of me while rubbing my clit again.

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"Oh baisez, Edward! Je veux ta queue dans ma bouche," (**Oh fuck, Edward. I want your dick in my mouth.**) I moaned and attempted to push him off of me. "I have to have your dick in my mouth." His groan vibrated against my pussy and I almost came again. Damn I'm easy.

With one more kiss on my clit that made me jump, he sat back on his haunches and I took that as my go ahead. I sat myself up and green-black eyes collided with my brown ones for a long, heart-pounding moment. The intensity swimming in them was so strong that they stalled the air in my lungs and sent on overwhelming spiral of heat rushing to every fucking nerve ending in my body. I leaned into him and licked his lips, tasting myself on him. I moaned against his lips and he began wrapping my legs around him. Reluctantly, I stopped him and made him stand up, putting me into the perfect eye-level position of my new target, the beautiful, large and hungry dick of Edward Cullen.

I leaned in and kissed his stomach before raising my hands and lowering his zipper, which was not an easy task mind you, since his cock was damn near bursting out of his jeans. When I finally got the zipper down, all pretenses were gone when that beautiful cock sprang free and teasingly waved in front of my lips.

I shoved his jeans down to his ankles and before he could say anything, I grabbed onto his ass and sank his dick into my mouth.

"FUCK!" he yelled. I ran my tongue under the underside of him and worked my mouth all the way to the tip, before swallowing as much of him as I could. His groans spurred me on more and I sucked on him harder.

"Shit." I moaned around his cock when his hips began to fuck my mouth and added my hands into the mix. One hand massaged his balls while the other worked from the base up, changing places with my tongue. One of his hands gripped my hair while the other gripped the top bar on the canopy of the bed. I removed my hands again and greedily took him deeper into my mouth, sucking on him eagerly.

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"Vous goutez bon tellement foutu." (**You taste so fucking good.**) "So, so fucking good," I moaned after removing him from my mouth but continuing to stroke him with my hands.

"Shit....fuck...Bella," he stammered.

"Same question, Edward," I started as I stroked him faster.

"Bella," he moaned between gritted teeth.

"Do you like it when I put this beautiful cock of yours into my mouth? Do you like it when I suck on it like it's the best motherfucking lollipop that I've ever tasted?" I pulled him back into my mouth and took in as much as I could. The yell that came from him could be heard in New Jersey and that shit just made my insides smile something fierce...and turned my mouth into a Hoover.

"Fuck! Oh shit...I'm gonna fucking cum, Bella." Time to break out my surprise.

"Vieni nella mia bocca, Edward," (**Cum in my mouth, Edward**) I said slowly in Italian after I quickly released him from my mouth. It's safe to say he heard me.

"Uhhh...fuck!" His bellow bounced off the walls and his release was hot, hard and fast, drenching my throat. I swallowed every fucking drop and closed my mouth around him while he continued his thrusting. Within another second, I was yanked off of the bed and held between Edward's arms while he kissed the life out of me. He pulled my legs around his waist and I locked them behind his back. He held me up with one hand while leaning against the bed pole to steady himself and remove the rest of his cloths. When he was finally naked, he sank down onto the bed and filled me with one deep, thrilling thrust that wrung a throaty moan from him and a damn gasping, eye-crossing cry from me.

His thrusts did not start off slow, because you see, Caveward does not do slow. No, Caveward does hard, hot, fast and rough and I'd be a lying bitch if I said I didn't fucking love it! He hammered his dick into me; thrusting hot and deep and I fucking forgot how to breathe. While still thrusting, he removed my legs

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from around his waist, grabbed me from behind my knees and placed my knees by my head. My ass was up in the air and Edward slowed his thrusts into long, deep strokes and watched and his cock disappeared into my pussy.

"Fucking beautiful," he whispered. He spread out my legs by my head and pushed deeper into me.

"Ahhh.... fuck, Edward!" I yelled as his speed picked up.

"So...fucking good," he panted. He dropped one of my legs and draped the other one over his shoulder. He leaned down to kiss me, biting my lips and thrusting his tongue into my mouth. I gave back as good as I got and moaned louder against his lips when the tightness in my stomach grew stronger. Edward sat back on his legs, grabbed onto my leg that was draped over his shoulder, lifted my hips off of the bed and began fucking me harder, cursing and groaning the whole way.

"God! Fuck me Edward!" I yelled. I brought one hand up and grabbed my breasts while the other began playing with my clit. A feral growl came from him at the sight and he moved my fingers out of the way.

"Cum with me, Bella!" he said. He pinched my clit and continued pounding into me and my ass exploded.

"Edward!" I screamed and clenched around him. My body jolted and spasmed off of the motherfucking bed and my body felt like it was covered in tiny skin pricks as the sweat rolled off of my chest. I opened my eyes while still going through the quivering aftershocks and when I locked eyes with Edward, it was like that was all he needed. He rocked into me when his orgasm hit and practically lifted me off of the bed. His legs locked and his hips jerked forward as he filled me so fully and completely that a gasp caught in my throat. His entire body went taut, his muscles hard as stone as he continued to cry out my name and empty inside of me.

Bang...Bang

Cooking with Fire

"Would you two shut the fuck up!" Rose yelled. Edward and I froze and looked at each other before smiling and breaking into laughter.

We are so going to hear about this tomorrow.

Author's Note #2:

Figured it was safe to end the chapter here. Hope you all enjoyed. Please let me know if it was worth the wait.

TTYL,

Nicole/ Crooks

PS: Edward's body shot for Bella was written in the outline and I had it planned and ready all the way up to today while I was typing, but surprising even me, Mr. Cullen went and changed plans on my ass. He wanted his woman and he wanted her then and there. I'll try and include it in a future chapter. It's a goodie, at least I think so, lol. Ok, now I'm leaving.

All I Want For Christmas Is You

Disclaimer: Besides Fireward, the only Edward Cullen I claim is the one that tells you to "Vieni nella mia bocca." (**Cum in my mouth**) and you don't see me complaining about that shit!

Author's Note: Yay! You all liked the lemon, although 'liked' is a little too loose of a term for most of you, lol. Cigarettes and cold showers were on short supply, huh? I swear my ass was ROFL at your reviews and I fucking love you all to pieces for it! Hopefully that last lemon will tie you over for a while. Stick that lip back in your mouths and enjoy the damn chapter you pervs, lol.

Ok, so prepare for some time travel in this chapter folks. Shortest chapter in a long time, but I feel that it's as equally important as the others. The title song by the amazing Mariah Carey is on the **Blogger** playlist. **PS: Long but important A/N at the end of this chapter. Sorry :(**

"All I Want For Christmas Is You"

Edward POV:

"Oh look, Tommy Lee and Pam have arrived," Rose said. Bella and I had just walked into the kitchen to find her and Em lounging at the island in their pj's and eating breakfast.

"OH FUCK ROSE! Pass me the salt, baby," Emmett yelled. He slammed his hand onto the granite and started gripping the edge of the counter before raising his leg and humping it while making 'the cum' face. I can't stand his ass sometimes.

Sometimes?

"Oh God! YES! YES, EMMETT!" Rose yelled and threw her head back. "You want the pepper too, daddy?" she asked breathlessly and pulling her finger into her mouth. I can't stand her either.

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"Oh would you two shut the hell up?" Bella laughed.

"Now doesn't that shit sound familiar? Hmm? Where in the hell have I heard that before?" Rose asked while tapping her fork to her chin. "Oh yeah, maybe it was last night when I had to shut you two fuck bunnies the hell up! Half the party left after that shit you know?" she asked. "The other half just stayed to listen in on your loud asses and to see if you'd go again."

"Hope they took good notes," Bella said. I just laughed and grabbed her by her waist, pulling her to me.

"I love you, you know?"

"I know?" she shrugged.

"Ugh," Rose groaned. "Anyway little miss nasty, that little performance on the table worked last night. That redheaded whore stormed the fuck out of here with the quickness when Eddie boy over here carried your ass into that bedroom," she said. "But the funniest shit was when Alice started spraying Lysol wherever she sat," she laughed.

"Yeah. She mentioned something about venereal diseases on the couch and my ass sat in the chair in the corner for the rest of the night," Emmett laughed.

Um... ew?

"Ok. That's just nasty," Bella said.

"You read my mind," I answered. "Where in the hell are Alice and Jasper?" I asked, noticing they were nowhere to be found.

"Jasper drew the short straw and had to drive her to the fabric store. She has to come up with a collection sample for IM, Inc and she's freaking the hell out," Rose said. "I almost slapped her little ass this morning."

"Poor, Jasper," I mumbled.

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"Yeah," Bella and Em added. You'd think he was headed for the guillotine the way we were acting.

No, but close enough.

Ah, hell. Better him than me anyway.

Ah, yes. There's that brotherly love you're so famous for.

Not even going to deny it.

XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX

After we finished breakfast and endured a few more moments of torture from Dumb and Dumber, Emmett and I headed out for our Saturday Meeting, while Bella showed Rose the building for her new restaurant. It was located on 60th Ave, right next to the world famous *Serendipity* and their fucking amazing 'Frozen Hot Chocolates'.

The structure was a wonderfully designed two-level 1940's style brick, mortar and glass building with gold trimmed details, floor to ceiling windows, a separate lounge and the main dining area. It even has a conference/meeting area with office on the second floor. But of course, the part that sold Bella was the kitchen. The smile that lit her face when she walked through the double doors was magnanimous and once again, forced me to promise myself to see it on her face that much more often.

We toured the building a few weeks ago when she closed on the deal and received the keys. It was right around noon when the light from the sun suddenly beamed through the monumental windows, casting a beautiful orange glow across the restaurant and lounge area.

"du soleil," she whispered in awe. And in that moment, my love's dream finally had a name; 'Du Soleil'...'The Sun'.

XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX

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Since that day, besides working at *New Moon* and recruiting Angela to work for her after she delivers her bundle and finishes her maternity leave, Bella has been hard at work overseeing the layout and remodel of the restaurant. I think Halloween was the first time she's had an actual break in a while and Alice and I had to damn near threaten her so that she would let someone else cook Thanksgiving dinner. Or at least let someone help her stubborn ass! Yeah, um, that didn't go over so well and I'm leaving it at that.

Punk ass.

Yep...moving on.

Thanksgiving was great...from what I saw. Emmett and I had to work that day and didn't get off until after ten in the evening. You'd be surprised how many dumb asses burn down their damn garages or sheds trying to deep-fry a fucking turkey. It's a turkey people for Christ's sake! Not a goddamn chicken wing. Sorry, touchy spot.

Anyway, Bella's parents flew back in from Forks and my parents showed up as well. Drunkme and Lushne, as Bella so lovingly calls them, were the same as ever, if not worse. I noticed that Bella wasn't as anxious as she was with her mom's first visit. Actually, she looked like the epitome of cool and I was thankful as hell for that.

The family agreed to wait until Emmett and I got home to eat dinner. I told them to go ahead and eat. Do I even need to tell you Emmett's decision on the matter? Thought not.

After a tongue-numbing, drool-inducing feast, we played the "What I'm thankful for? Game" and to make things interesting, Esme said that we couldn't be cheesy and say 'family' or 'significant other'. The answers were.... weird, funny and in Bella's case, revenge worthy.

Flashback

Cooking with Fire

"Ok, Carlisle. You first," Esme said. We were all lounging around the living room in various positions with half of us with our pants undone and the other half yawning. My girl kicks ass in the kitchen!

"Damn. Ok. Um, can't say family or Esme so I'm going to go with my job and finding a new friend in Charlie," he finished.

"Awwwww," the room added.

"Had to wuss it up didn't you, Cullen?" Charlie asked.

"Screw you then," Carlisle answered. "Then what pearls of wisdom do you have, might I ask," he asked.

"Easy," Charlie scoffed. "Cigarettes and earplugs," he finished with a straight face and chugged the rest of his beer.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that, Mr. Swan," Renee answered with a glare as the rest of us laughed. Charlie just rolled his eyes and continued downing his beer. I'm not even married and even *I* know he's going to pay for that later.

"What's yours mom?" Bella laughed while looking her parent's exchange.

"Oh hell, I don't know," she said. "My new partner in crime here," she said as she motioned to Esme. ",and.....lube?" she added and threw her hands up and fell back into the chair.

"Ugh...." Emmett choked and coughed while spitting his drink across his lap.

"I'm not even going to act surprised," Bella said while shaking her head. "My dumb ass just had to ask," she mumbled. She must have felt me laughing at her because the vicious little thing hit me.

"Why don't you ask *your* mom, Chuckles," she teased. I just shrugged and asked.

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"Pinot Noir and the constant smiles on my children's faces," she answered after looking at us all.

"Hey! You broke your own damn rule. No family. Remember?" Carlisle said.

"Oh shut up. I make 'em. I break 'em," she answered. "Alice? What about you?" she asked.

"Piece of cake. Bella wearing the skirt I designed to work that day and Tex over here getting off of his ass and finally proposing," she answered.

"Here, here," Rose added. We all looked at her and she shrugged. "Not the Jasper proposing to Alice part. The finally getting proposed to part," she said. "That and the fact that Bella is just as devious as I am. She makes a mama proud," she finished while pretending to wipe a tear from under her eye.

"O...kayyyy. So I'm thankful that I'm not dating that chick," he said while pointing to Rose.

"HEY!" Emmett interrupted.

"AND....that we all moved in together," Jasper finished.

"Awwwww," we said.

"Oh suck it, " he said. "Can't be sensitive around these fools," he muttered.

"What about you, Edward?" Alice laughed while hitting Jasper. Two images immediately flashed before my eyes and I already knew my answer.

"Mom and dad having lunch at *New Moon* on Sept. 3rd and a red Bettie Paige Devil costume," I said. I could feel the smile on my face and you could see Jasper and Rose roll their eyes.

"Bettie Pai-" Renee started.

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"Don't even," Rose interrupted while shaking her head. Renee arched her brow at Rose. "Trust me," Rose added with a serious look in her eyes. Charlie, who was silent for a while now, asked Bella what she was thankful for. Her answers were a little surprising.

"Two songs, 'Pony' and 'Lick. Both for reasons I will not define with my parents in the room," she answered with a huge smile. I ducked my head behind Bella's neck and laughed while Rose and Alice simultaneously squealed. Emmett tried to hide his laughter with coughing and Jasper pretended to be keenly interested in a piece of imaginary lint that suddenly appeared on his shirt.

"As curious as I am, for the sake of the image of my little girl in my head, I will keep my damn mouth shut," Charlie said.

"Well hell to that, I want to know!" Renee said.

"Yeah, " answered Esme. We just continued to laugh until they huffed and gave up...for now.

"Alright, Em. You're last. What two things were you grateful for this year?" Renee asked. Emmett looked at Bella and a slow, menacing smile appeared on his face. His eyes gleamed with what looked like pure evil and Bella's gulp could be felt as it reverberated through her body.

"That's simple, Mrs. Swan," he started while still looking at Bella. "Bella's pole dancing skills and the girl-on-girl action in Paris," he finished.

"What!" you know who yelled.

"I'm going to kill you, Emmett!" Bella screeched as she lunged across the six-foot gap and landed on him, hands instantly closing around his throat.

End Flashback

Like I said, it was an interesting night.

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Over the past few months since the parking lot encounter, Bella has been spending more time with Leah and finally got to meet her goddaughter Jocelyn. She beamed with pride talking about the little drool monster. Of course in reconnecting with Leah that also included the inevitable Jacob insertion. I know why Bella wants to give him another chance and after getting beaten down by those damn eyes of hers, I gave in and reluctantly embraced the *idea* of it, not the actual act. Plus I think the fact that I threatened to bury his ass next to *Jimmy Hoffa* if he even thought of hurting Bella again may have helped me in relinquishing my hesitation. Just a bit.

Emmett was quote 'no way, no how having anything to do with that shit' end quote. Bella knew he was being a petulant ass and let the baby have his temper tantrum...still...to this day, even as we are standing at this motherfucking terminal at JFK, waiting until Bella's flight to Seattle is ready to board.

It's true people; our first Christmas together and we can't even be together. Fucked up, right? Let me tell you, it's a wonder that I'm even standing upright at this moment. Feeling my love cry in my arms before she's about to board a flight with Leah and Jacob that's going to take her over 3,000 miles away from me is slowly killing me.

She asked me to come with her to Forks for Christmas and my heart actually broke at the look in her eyes when I told her that I couldn't. I'm on call at the station and couldn't get out of it and trust me when I fucking tell you that I tried. Damn did I try. So instead, she's heading back with Leah, baby Jocelyn and Jacob since they're heading back to La Push for the holidays.

"I'm going to miss you," she sobbed in my chest. I tightened my arms around her and tried to ignore the clenching feeling in my heart.

"I know, Love. I'll miss you too." She sobbed harder and I was past my breaking point and almost carried her out of the terminal. Alice and Emmett saw me struggling and wrapped their arms around the both of us. It helped me not run with her, but did absolutely nothing for the pain.

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"You'll be back in four days, Bells. They'll fly by," Alice added. Bella nodded in my chest but the tears didn't stop. Seeing Bella so distressed stirred Alice on and before I knew what was happening, I had a sobbing twin on one arm and my sobbing love clutched to my chest. Emmett couldn't take anymore and actually had to walk away.

"Flight 261A to Sea-Tac Airport. Now boarding at gate number 23." I never wanted to kick someone's ass more in my life than I did at that moment.

Bella squeezed me harder before Leah came over and grabbed onto her arm. Jasper came over and grabbed Alice and I hugged and kissed Bella good-bye.

"Just four days. OK?" I asked, wiping a tear from her cheek and taking a deep breath. She nodded her head, kissed me with a beautiful force on my lips and grabbed onto Leah's hand.

"I love you."

"I love you too, Bella," I answered. She quickly turned, picked up her carry-on and almost ran onto the plane, followed by Leah. Jacob made his way to follow after them and I called after him.

"Take care of her, Black."

"I will, Edward," he answered. He grabbed his bag and waved to us before boarding the plane.

"You look like you could use someone to lean on right now." Rose walked over to me and laid her head on my shoulder. I nodded my head, not taking my eyes off of the plane.

Bella POV:

I cannot wait to go to bed and get this night the fuck over with. Christmas Eve in the Swan household never ceases to entertain and drain you of every last bit of your sanity, especially when you add in Sue's constant flirting with Charlie.

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I like Sue and all but she was about two seconds from having a canned ham shoved up her ass. Renee does not play when it comes to messing with her man and I'm finally starting to see the resemblance. Something about that scares the shit out of me.

Since arriving in Forks two days ago, I've been holed up in my room, sulking and sobbing like a baby. But goddamnit I can't help it. I love Edward so fucking much and a part of me never even fathomed that there could have been a chance that we would not be together for our first Christmas. That's what I get for not fathoming. Fucking on call schedule!

Leah and my mom tried to cheer me up with going to Seattle to do some last minute shopping yesterday and I went because I didn't want to ruin their moods but I swear, everywhere I went, something reminded me of Edward.

We were walking down Elm and a fire truck came zipping by; strike one.

We were driving through downtown and passed by...you guessed it, a damn Ducati dealership; strike two.

And lastly, when we were pulling into the Northgate Mall off of I-5, 'All My Life' started to play over the stereo; motherfucking strike three!

And turning into the sad sack formerly known as Bella, I sat in the car and tried to hold in my damn tears until the song came to an end. That didn't go over so well. What can I say? New love is a bitch.

Finally realizing that maxing-out my Visa wasn't going to cheer me up any time soon, my mom and Leah decided to give up and head back home. I felt like the worst person in the world and apologized, but they said they understood.

"I never told you this," Renee started. "But when your dad and I started dating, it was two days before summer vacation was over and senior year was about to start. He waited the entire ten weeks to ask me out," she laughed lightly. "Anyway, we only went on two dates, but I knew then that he was the one for

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me. No questions asked. He was going away for two weeks to California and the day I drove him to the train station, I sobbed like I was losing my best friend and that I would never see him again, even though I knew that I was. I felt foolish in my head for crying so much but right in my heart that that was what true love felt like. That your smiles are equally matched with your tears," she said.

"Don't let your head try to downplay what your heart is feeling Bella. You love that man and it shows. Feel it baby, because no one is going to think any less of you if you do," she finished. My eyes watered at my mom's sentiment, but I blinked them back and tried to rescue what was left of the outing. Not much left, but it was worth a shot.

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Knock, knock...

"Bells? Edward's on the phone." I opened my swollen and tear-stained eyes to see my father looking at me with sadness in his eyes. Taking a deep breath, I got out of bed and headed towards him, taking the phone.

"Thanks, dad." My voice was rough, strained from crying.

"No problem, Bells. Come down in a minute and open gifts. Ok?" he asked.

"Sure, dad." He kissed me on my forehead before closing the door. I cleared my throat the best I could and sat down on my bed.

"Edward?"

"Good morning, Love." The sound of his voice gave a wrenching effect to my heart and before I could catch it, a sob escaped my throat.

"I love you," I whispered.

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"I love you too, Bella," he gruffly answered. "Merry Christmas," he said after clearing his throat.

"Merry Christmas. I miss you so much."

"I miss you too my heart," he said softly. "Have you opened your presents yet?" he asked.

"No," I scoffed. "I've been crying too much to even... Oh god. I'm so sorry Edward. I didn't mean for you to hear that."

"It's ok. I feel the same way," he answered. There was a long silence on the phone before he spoke again. "So everyone loved their gifts. Emmett says he loves you and he's putting his rims on his jeep right now and Jasper said he's going to write you a song on his new guitar," he laughed. His laughter gave me a little jolt of happiness that I so craved at the moment.

"But we both bought them, Edward," I laughed and for the first time in a while, it felt genuine.

"I told them that," he chuckled.

"Did Rose, Esme and Alice like their necklaces?"

"They loved them. Alice cried and Rose tried to cover her tears with a cough. And you know Esme," he answered.

"Yes, I do," I smiled. "How about you. Did you open yours yet?"

"No."

"Edward? It's Christmas."

"There's no Christmas without you, Bella." There was no stopping the tears after that.

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"Bella! Come on, it's time to open the presents!" Charlie yelled.

"Co...coming dad!"

"Edward, Charlie's calling me downstairs. Will you hold on a minute while I get ready?"

"I'm not going anywhere," he answered. I smiled into the phone eventhough he couldn't see it. I placed the receiver onto my bed and ran into the bathroom, quickly washing my face and brushing my teeth and my hair. When I came back into the room, I threw on my shorts and one of Edward's t-shirts, before grabbing the phone.

"I'm back," I said.

"And now I'm happy," he answered.

"Come on Bells!" Renee yelled.

"I'm coming!" I yelled back. "Oh shit. Sorry, Edward," I said after realizing that I just yelled in his damn ear.

"It's ok, Love," he chuckled. "So what are you doing now?" he asked.

"Well, I'm walking my behind down the stairs before my dad kills m-," I started. "Oh...." I cried.

"The bow was your mom's idea," he smiled.

"Oh my god," I whispered, dropping the phone onto the hardwood. He pulled me into his arms and I think I cried the hardest I ever have in my entire life.

Long Author's Note from a simultaneously grateful and royally pissed the fuck off writer!:

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It's rushed, I know, but it's for a reason. Oh, and before you all ask 'why did jacob get to fly back when Edward couldn't?' and I know you will, it's because Jake knew he was going to Wa for the holidays and by the time Edward put in his request for time the off, it was too late. You'll find out how he was able to come anyway in the next chapter :). Now, I bet you were all pissed off at me during the airport scene weren't you? Well there, he's in Forks with Bella so nah **petulantly sticks out tongue at monitor**. I know, I know. I need counseling. Tell me something I haven't heard before.

Anyway, I just thought that it would be a good idea to let you guys know that 'Cooking With Fire' has been added to the following kick-ass C2's: 1000+ reviews club , clpsuperstar's Fave's , Human Mania , It's a human life , Sandy's Reading List - Twilight , SE's favs , she her vinyl with lemonade , Twilighted Forums AU-All Human Rec List , Underappreciated, Yet Awesome Twilight Fics , Simply the Best, 1000+ Reviews , SMUT - Best of the Best - Edward and Bella and most recently Graphic Lemons . Thank you to all of the C2 managers. It really means a lot to me to have my story shown so much damn appreciation :)

Also, one of my readers, 'DiamondsandPearls18', has graciously asked if she could translate 'CWF' into German. Being the cool chick that I am, I graciously agreed. ;p The link to the German version of 'Cooking With Fire' is: [http://www\(dot\)fanfiktion\(dot\)de/s/4b19bd8d0001094b06705dc0](http://www(dot)fanfiktion(dot)de/s/4b19bd8d0001094b06705dc0)

And finally, I'm sure some of you have noticed that 'The Officer and The Gentleman' has been removed from Fan Fiction. Yes, this is true. On my Blogger, I said that it was 'removed by mistake and that I was changing the direction of the story'. Well I wrote that when I felt hurt and used and now I'm pissed the fuck off and I just want to let you all know that that was utter and complete bullshit! The real reason that TOTG is off of Fan Fiction is because some *classy* and *creative* genius decided to jack my fucking story! And I'm talking word for word here people. She even had 'her' Bella "pass out at Edward's rippling chest while at the gym". What-the-fuck-ever.

What's really screwed up is the fact that she actually has the goddamn nerve to have *both* of my stories and me on her fave lists! Go fucking figure! I guess I

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should be honored but sadly, I'm disgusted as all hell. I sit my ass at my computer and constantly try to come up with ideas to please you all and this shit is some of the fucking thanks I get?

Well you, unoriginal, imitative, derived, lacking in all forms of originality (**see plagiaristic**) ass! Yes I'm talking to you. You know who the hell you are and I know that you're reading this shit right now ****waves hi****. I'm not going to post your name or the title of your 'one of a kind story'...yet. If 'your story' is not off of FF or at least not a copy-fucking-paste of 'The Officer and The Gentleman' by the time I post the next chapter of CWF, I **WILL** put you on blast, report your sorry ass and give your name to my reviewers and readers. I'm pretty fucking certain they'll have plenty to say, let alone what I refuse to post here. Dig inside that chasm you call a fucking heart and use your morals to do the right thing.

To all of the TOTG fans, I will be reposting the story under a new title once I rework it and make a few changes to it. Sorry for the inconvenience and I hope you all liked this chapter of CWF?

Ok. Done venting now. Later loves,

Nicole

This I Promise You

Disclaimer: I'm pretty sure that after 28 damn chapters, you all know by now that 'Twilight' is not mine. **Author's Note:** All I'm going to say is **Do not fuck with Twihards!** She got the fear put in her ass and sent me an apology, deleted the story *and* her account. I did report her and the FF Administrators flagged her email address incase she opened another account. So thank you all so damn much for the support, encouragement and the continued appreciation of my stories.

Ok so here is Chapter #28. All I'm going to say right now is that we're ending it with what I think is one of the most romantic songs ever by N*SYNC, I truly hope that you all enjoy.

"This I Promise You"

Christmas Eve 2008

Edward POV:

Is it wrong to be...sad the night before Christmas? No, fuck sad. Is it wrong to feel like your heart has been torn in two on the night before Christmas? From the looks on my family's faces, I'm guessing that's a yes. What hurts even more is the fact that I love my family and could never picture my life without them, but right now without Bella by my side, without the love of my life, I feel like today is completely wasted on me and from the looks of it, tomorrow looks to be no different.

Not only do I feel like I won't be smiling until she steps off of that airplane in two days, but what is also starting to hurt and edge on my last goddamn nerve are the looks of remorse and sadness on the span of faces sitting across from me. The beginning day of my hell, 'aka' Bella's Departure Day, they hid their expressions pretty well, well all except Alice that is. If anyone missed Bella half as much as me, it's definitely the Pixie, although Emmett's close to giving her a run for her money. Anyway, over the past two days, sensing that I didn't

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care whether or not I hid my own personal torment, they all decided to quit hiding theirs as well, and nothing makes you feel more like shit then seeing your mother saddened on Christmas Eve. It's like driving a stake through the heart, only twice as dull and ten times as painful. Thankfully my shift starts in about an hour. Usually I dread my yearly Christmas Eve to Christmas morning shift, but honestly, right about now, anything I can do to give my family some reprieve from Emoward and to stop getting those damn sideways glances from Carlisle, I would snatch that bitch up in a minute.

"Hey Alice? Can I see you for a minute?" I lazily watched as Alice nodded her head and followed Emmett into his and Rose's room.

"Are you ok dear?" I looked up and saw a beautiful pair of caring green eyes staring back at me. They were not the brown ones that I craved, but I would take them either way without a second thought.

"Define ok," I said. She smiled slightly and pulled my head to rest onto her small shoulder. I relaxed into her embrace as I felt her hand stroking my hair.

"My baby boy is in love," she whispered. "You have no idea how much my heart is swelling right now seeing you like this, Edward," she added.

Huh?

"You're happy that I'm sad?" I asked in confusion as I pulled away from her.

"No you bronze-headed fool," she laughed. She pulled my head back down to her shoulder, continuing the stroking motions that, if I'm being honest, were about to put my ass to sleep. "My heart is swelling because I'm witnessing, first hand, the love that you have for this woman and that makes *me* happy. I only wanted the best for you, Emmett and Alice and for a while I was adjusting to the idea of the two out of three of you ain't bad."

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

"Wha-"

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"Shut up and let me finish," she ordered. I rolled my eyes and took a deep breath. "As I was saying, I thought for a while that you were destined to be the single, career-minded one, you know. I mean, you made Lieutenant in record time, you were always at the station and after that crap with Kate, I never even heard you speak once of another woman," she said. "And then Bella comes along," she smiled. At the mention of her name, my heart skipped and I smiled as well. Of course mother knows all, sees all.

"Now you see? Any woman that can make you smile like that just after hearing her name is worth being sad over and missing."

"Well miss her no more baby bro. Get your ass off of the couch and into my Jeep," Emmett yelled. He and Alice were exiting his room and Alice had what looked like my duffel bag in her hands. *What in the...*

"What in the hell are you talking about?" I asked.

"What part did you not understand?" Emmett asked. Alice bounced over to me and dropped my bag by my feet.

"I packed enough clothes for three days including underwear, your toothbrush, shave kit..."

"Wait!" I yelled. Alice froze mid sentence with her mouth open and Emmett stood in front of me with a huge smile on his face and his arms folded across his chest. "Emmett. What's going on?"

"Well we...and when I say 'we' that does include your family here and at the station, are sick of seeing your ass mope around all day. Also I just wanted to see you happy and make Bella-Boo smile so I called in a favor and Garrett and I are going to cover your shift tonight. He's going to cover from 8pm to 1am and I got the 1-6am shift. Alice already packed your bag and called the airport and the next flight from LaGuardia to Sea-Tac leaves in," he stopped to look at his watch. "58 minutes. So like I said earlier, get your ass off of the couch and down to my jeep," he finished.

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I.....

Uh.....

Wha....?

Holy shit! Bella!

"Holy shit! You mean...? I can...? We can....?" I stammered. Alice started laughing at my expression and my mom and Rose joined in. Their laughter snapped me back and I all but jumped off of the couch before I tackled Emmett and picked him up like he was a rag doll and damn near threw him around the room.

"Oh my god! Thank you, Emmett! I fucking owe you big time!" I said.

"Would you put me down!" he yelled. I laughed an actual laugh this time and set him on his feet.

"Goddamnit. Now I know how everybody else feels," he murmured while trying to rub a spot on his back. "Hey wait a minute mom. He said 'fuck' and you didn't call him on it."

"It's a special occasion 'fuck' so he gets a pass," she answered.

"Well I'll be a.... Momma's boy strikes again," he answered. I couldn't help myself and just laughed at him. I bent down to pick up my bag before throwing Alice into my arms and kissing her on her cheek. She hit me, of course, and I made my way over to Carlisle, Jasper, Rose and finally my mom.

"I love you son. Tell Bella that we love her and that we cannot wait until she gets home," she said.

"Even better, I'll call you guys before I surprise her." She smiled and squeezed me harder before letting me go.

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"Travel safe," she added.

"You know I love you right? What you did for your brother is amazing, Emmett?" Rose said. Emmett had her cradled in his arms and I felt bad for looking but it was kind of like seeing an accident on the highway...I just could not turn away.

"Thanks, baby. Sorry I won't be able to be here with you all night like I promised."

"Hey? As long as you're here when I wake up on Christmas morning, you'll hear no complaints from me," Rose answered. Emmett smiled his dimpled smile at her before pulling Rose's lips to his. And now we turn away thank you very much.

Minutes after a kiss that felt like literal hours, I felt my impatient ass pacing by the door like a lion in a cage. I need to get on that plane. I need to be with my Bella! *Roarrrrrrrr!*

"Can we go now?" I damn near whined. What can I say? Love makes you do some crazy shit.

"Alright you petulant impatient ass, he's coming," Rose laughed. I narrowed my eyes at her and she winked at me.

"Emmett. Don't even," Carlisle warned. He just laughed and shrugged and finally, they let each other go. I redid my goodbyes and we headed out the door and down the elevator.

"Emmett. I just wanted to say thanks again man. I don't know what I would have done without you doing this," I started.

Just say it, Edward.

Ah crap! "I love you," I said in a fast whisper, hoping to god that he didn't hear me.

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"Huh? Excuse me? What was that? I didn't hear you. Oh wait, let me turn so you could say it in my good ear!" he yelled while turning his ass into the other direction.

"I SAID I LOVE YOU GODDAMNIT!" The elevator doors opened onto the ground floor just as I shouted my feelings and Mrs. Handler and Jensen were standing on the outside and waiting for the lift. Their eyes grew wide and I bit my lip as Emmett's grin expanded.

"Aw Eddie! You love me? Why, I'm honored!" he exclaimed while pretending to fan the tears from his face. Mrs. Handler and Jensen just stood there looking at us for a few before shaking their heads and beginning to laugh.

"Good evening, Mrs. Handler. Mrs. Jensen," I said.

"Good evening boys," Mrs. Handler answered. "Tell your mother that we'll see her later on in the week, will you?" she asked.

"Will do ma'am," Emmett answered. The doors to the elevator closed, but not before the trill of increased laughter could be heard.

"I hate you so much right now," I muttered between clenched teeth, walking towards the parking garage.

"Nuh uh. Remember? You *love* me," he teased. "My brother loves me, my brother loves me, my brother loves me," he sang while walking and bopping his head from side to side.

"I'm never going to hear the end of this shit am I?" I asked.

"You do realize whom you are talking to right?" he asked with no ounce of joking to be found.

Yep. So I'm guessing that's a 'no'.

Fuck.

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"Attention passengers. Flight 315 to Seattle, Washington will be landing in approximately 15 minutes. Please fasten your seat belts and bring your seats and trays to their upright positions. Thank you for flying United Air and Happy Holidays."

I removed my ear buds from my ears and stretched my arms and legs, waiting for this damn plane to land. When we finally touched down and began taxiing the runway, a sudden burst of adrenaline coursed through my veins once I ran through the plans that I had for my ladylove. The adrenaline mixed with nerves and I damn near ran off of the plane. I'm guessing from the few scathing looks I received that that was not a good thing to do. Whatever. I'm love deprived, that's my excuse and I'm sticking to it.

"Edward! Over here!" I snapped my head around at the gruff sounding voice to find Charlie standing by the luggage carousel. He smiled when I walked over, which only made me smile in return.

"Thanks for picking me up, Chief. You really didn't have to you know? They have vehicles with GPS."

"Nonsense," he scoffed. "Besides, Bells was already asleep even before I left so I didn't even need an excuse to come and get you like I thought I would."

"She's already asleep? Is she ok?" I worriedly asked. Why are we standing around here talking?

"Easy there Hero," he chuckled. "She's fine. Just a little tired. Busy day and all," he finished. I looked at him then, trying to spot the lie in his eyes.

"If my child was ill do you really think I'd be in Seattle with your ass?" he asked using Bella's 'duh' face on me.

Ok. Now that's scary.

Cooking with Fire

"I guess not," I answered. "Sorry Charlie."

"Hell, don't apologize. Dads like me would kill for someone to care about their daughter like you do with my Bella," he laughed. "You have no need to apologize," he added. He slapped me on my back before leading me out the doors and towards the parking garage.

Now is as good a time as any....

"Hey Charlie. Can I ask you something?"

"Anything. Shoot," he answered. Here goes nothing....

XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX

We pulled up to a two-story, white house with green shutters that looked like it could have doubled as 'Santa's Workshop'. There were huge light up candy canes and giant air-filled snow globes with a Frosty, a Rudolph and a Mrs. Clause inside. There was also a full sized Santa with sleigh and eight reindeer positioned in a take off position on the roof and do not even get me started on the lights.

"Trying to give Tim Taylor a run for his money?" I asked.

"Eh, no love loss for 'The Tool Man', but this is all Renee's doing. I swear that woman was an elf in her former life," he said. "Last year was even worse! Trust me, once you have 15 marionette elves dancing across your lawn singing 'Santa Clause Is Coming To Town' over and over until you feel like kicking them all into the gutter, you tend to let everything else just slide on by," he finished and smiled.

"Wow."

"Exactly. Now you see a bit of my world. You sure you want to walk through those doors?" he asked.

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"Is Bella in there?" I asked. He smiled before motioning me towards the door.

"After you," he said. I just closed my eyes and turned the knob. When I stepped through the door the smell of cinnamon and burnt dough filled my nostrils.

"Aw damnit Renee. Are you cooking again?" Charlie asked, barging through the door. He walked past me and towards what looked like the direction of the kitchen.

"Oh shut up. I wanted to surprise you and...Edward! You're here!" she exclaimed as she ran to me.

"SHHHHHH!" Charlie whispered. Renee mouthed a 'sorry' before turning her attention back to me.

"How was the flight?"

"It was ok. Long," I answered as I tried to fight my eyes from traveling up the stairs.

"Do you want to wake her up now?" she !

"I think I want to save it for tomorrow morning. Make it special for the both of us," I answered.

"Awwwww. Such a romantic," she exclaimed while grabbing my face.

"Would you let the poor boy go? He's tired and probably needs a shower," Charlie called. Renee huffed and kissed my forehead before letting me go and heading back towards the kitchen.

"Thank you' I mouthed to him. He gave a quick nod. "Ok, so the guest bedroom is the first door on the left, the washroom is at the top of the stairs and the towels are in the linen closet in the hall," he said.

"Than-"

Cooking with Fire

"And Bella's door is the second one on the left," Renee sang from the kitchen.

"Thanks," I chuckled. I hoisted my bag over my shoulder and headed up the steps. I entered the guest room and threw my bag on the bed before grabbing my shower bag and heading for the bathroom. I walked past Bella's room on the way and fought the urge to just burst in there and pull her into my arms. That was not a part of the plan.

Taking a deep breath, a *really* deep breath, I walked away from her door and continued on to the bathroom. After my long and hot shower, I wrapped a towel around my waist, grabbed my bag and headed for my room, once again passing Bella's.

Don't do it...

But....

Edward.....

But I.....

Oh fuck it!

Thank you! I slowly opened her door the rest of the way and stopped in my tracks when I saw her lying there. Her hair was splayed out across the pillow and curled around her face and shoulders, her bottom lip was red, probably from her biting it, her eyes were puffy and her cheeks were tear-stained. Still she looked absolutely beautiful.

I reached down and wiped a stray teardrop from her face and she sighed when my hand touched her skin. I swallowed deeply, balled my fist and closed my eyes to keep from waking her up right now, but my restraint was quickly draining. I needed this woman more than life itself and knowing that I somehow was responsible for her tears was killing me like you wouldn't believe.

Cooking with Fire

"I love you, Bella," I whispered. I leaned in and placed a kiss on her lips and she smiled against my lips.

"I love you, my Edward," she sighed while asleep. Her warm breath caressed my lips and her hand slowly began to travel up my abs and chest. So not a good idea coming in here.

Reluctantly, I pulled away, waited until she was settled before kissing her once more and leaving her room. And now I'm expected to sleep knowing that my love is right next-door? Good luck with that.

XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX**XX

"Oh! You're up. I was just coming to let you know that if you wanted to get to Port Angeles and back in time then we needed to head out now," Charlie said while leaning against the door.

"Ok. Just let me throw on my boots then we can go." He nodded before saying that he was going to warm up the car. I finished lacing up my boots, threw on my coat and headed down to the car.

We arrived back at the house a little before nine and just between us; Police Chief Charles Swan did *not* use his lights and sirens for personal use. His words. Not mine.

"Is she up yet?" Charlie asked.

"Nope. I was waiting until you guys got back," Renee said. Sweet. Showtime.

"Ok, so I'll call her on the house phone from my cell and pretend that I'm calling from New York. You guys wouldn't happen to have a second line will you?" I asked. "I promised Renee that I'd call them before we surprised Bella. I already talked to them all this morning, but they wanted to 'be here' when it happened."

Cooking with Fire

"Sure. We have the office phone. You can call Bella on that one and when she comes down, we'll have everyone else on speaker," Renee said.

"Perfect. Thanks."

"Ok, so you call this number," she said while writing down a phone number on a piece of paper. "And I'll call Alice," she finished. I nodded my head and started dialing the number as Charlie walked out with the cordless to the office.

"Wait!" she yelled. "Put this on," she ordered, brandishing a huge, velvet, red bow.

No way. Uh, uh. Ain't happening.

"Are you serious?"

"Deathly. Now humor me damnit," she said while getting into her hip grabbing, foot-tapping mother pose. Oh boy.

"But," I started, earning narrowed eyes. "Fine," I mumbled. She clapped and smiled and I narrowed my eyes at Charlie when I heard his laughter.

"Whatever happened to solidarity?" I asked.

"If it keeps me from having to wear that bow then your so called 'solidarity' is up shit's creek," he laughed.

"Well woo hoo for me," I mumbled.

"Oh quit your crying Pretty Boy and raise your arms," Renee ordered. I did as she said and looked up at the ceiling as she wrapped the damn thing around my chest. This is for Bella. This is for Bella. This is for Bella.

"Now. Was that so hard?"

"No," I answered while picturing Bella's face in my head.

Cooking with Fire

"Good. Now make my little girl happy." She turned to walk over to the stationary phone and began calling Alice. I once again started dialing the number and rolled my eyes when Charlie said 'hello'.

"It's me, Charlie."

"Me who?"

"Would you just give her the phone," I said.

"Jeez. Touchy," he teased and I *think* I growled but I can't be certain. "Ok, here she is," he finished. When I heard her tear-strained voice say my name, I was done for and made my way towards the stairs.

"She's ok. Go with it. It'll be worth it," Charlie whispered coming down the stairs. I nodded, taking a breath and walked into the living room. Hearing her distress was killing me and I just wanted this to be over with. Luckily Charlie caught on and called her downstairs again.

"I'm coming!" she yelled. "Oh shit. Sorry, Edward," she added.

"It's ok, Love," I chuckled. I heard her footsteps above my head and practically tried to will her down the goddamn steps. "So what are you doing now?" I asked.

"Well, I'm walking my behind down the stairs before my dad kills m-," she started. "Oh...." she cried when her eyes fell on me. My heart literally felt like it did a back flip when I saw her.

"The bow was your mom's idea," I said, motioning towards my chest.

"Oh my god," she whispered. Suddenly the phone dropped onto the hardwood and her knees slightly wobbled. I ran to her and pulled her against my chest, right before she began to cry. Tears of joy I hope.

Cooking with Fire

When her tears finally slowed and her sobbing ceased, she slightly pulled away from me and looked into my eyes as I began wiping her tears away. "How...? When did you...? Why..." she stammered. "Oh why in the hell am I wasting time with talking right now?" she said before knocking my hat to the floor, grabbing my hair with both hands and pulling my lips down to hers...and it felt fucking phenomenal. Her fists tightened in my hair as my tongue touched hers, igniting that spark that thankfully never seems to go away. I wrapped one arm tightly around her before leaning her back against the banister and grabbing onto the railing. She moaned against my lips and a shiver ran down my damn spine. God how I've missed that! I had Bella in my arms; her lips on mine, her scent encompassing me, and even the knowledge that gun-toting Charlie was no more than eight feet away could deter me from kissing the hell out of my woman. Like I said, love makes you do some crazy shit.

"I'm guessing by the silence that they're kissing huh?" Alice laughed.

"Yep," Renee answered.

"Renee! How's it going, Love?" Esme asked.

"Oh fine. Just watching your son tongue down my daughter," she answered nonchalantly.

"Hell, you think that's bad, you should have seen them when we had this stupid ass 'no sex bet' going on. One day we came from the gym and he had her pinned against the wall and-" Emmett started.

"No, no, no. Tell her about the time in Paris when we were about the head out on the town and Edward freaking growled at me," Rose interrupted.

"I got you both beat. What about the time when we were going sightseeing and they were by the elevator. They were so hot and bothered that you two almost changed your minds and left our asses," Jasper added.

"Puh-leeze! The best one so far was when Bella dropped her shopping bags on the ground and ran to him and he caught her in his arms under the Eiffel

Cooking with Fire

Tower," Alice said. "It was so romantic," she sighed.

"Yeah? Well romantic or not if they don't stop soon I'm throwing a bucket of ice water on their ass," Charlie said. Bella smiled against my lips as I laughed against hers.

"You know what that means right?" she whispered.

"Yep," I whispered back and pulled away.

"Hi guys! Merry Christmas!" she yelled.

"Merry Christmas, Bella," they yelled. Well, not all....

"BELLA BOO! I miss you girl!" Emmett yelled.

"I miss you too, Em," she laughed. Suddenly she stopped and looked at me in confusion. The area between her brows furrowed and I smoothed away the creases with my hand. She smiled.

"How are you here? Didn't you have to work? I...wait. Hold on," she added and then...she pinched herself. Hard. "OW!" she yelled. "Ok, so I'm not dreaming," she added while rubbing her new sore spot. I laughed before kissing her already bruising arm.

"I'm really here, Love."

"But...how?"

"Well for that you can thank Emmett, Alice and your dad. Emmett took over a part of my shift, Alice packed my bag and bought my ticket and your dad picked me up from the airport last night. I've been here for the last six or seven hours." Her jaw dropped open in shock and I kissed her nose before closing her mouth with my finger. She laughed and kissed me one more time before pulling away and walking over to her dad.

Cooking with Fire

"Oh so your lips have enough energy left in them to kiss your old man do they?" he teased. Bella pushed him in his arm before pulling him into a hug and planting one on his cheek.

"Thank you, dad."

"Don't thank me. Emmett planned the whole thing. I was just the pick-up service," he smiled.

"Either way, thank you," she laughed. She pulled him into another hug before releasing him and turning towards the phone. "Thank you Emmett. You don't know how much I love you right now," she said and if you listened closely, I swear you could have heard Emmett's chest puff out.

"And thank you all for letting him come," she added. Suddenly she bit her lip and her eyes bulged. "And Emmett Cullen if you say 'that's what she said' I will slap you through this phone," she said. I laughed out a loud chuckle that almost scared Renee as the rest of the family joined in.

Damn! Does she know him or what?

"Damn you're good," he laughed. "Well anyway, it was no problem letting his emo ass go," he added.

"I know. He was putting the Grinch to shame," Jasper added.

"I was not!" I answered, earning the raised knowing eyebrow of one Ms. Bella Swan. "Ok, so maybe I was," I shrugged.

"Trust me Gorgeous. You were not alone in the moping department. Was he Bella?" Renee asked.

"Not in the least," Bella answered. She walked back over to me and my arms instantly circled around her.

Home.

Cooking with Fire

Exactly.

"Are you guys going to open your presents yet?" Esme asked.

"Oooh! Presents!" Renee squealed.

"Wow Renee. You put me to shame and that's some scary shit," Alice laughed. Bella quickly nodded her head at her mom, earning a flying potpourri pinecone thrown in her direction. She laughed as she ducked and Charlie just stood there staring at the two. He looked at me and I just shrugged.

"Okay...so gifts?" he asked. Bella nodded and pulled me over to the couch with her. Before she sat down, I pulled her into my lap and wrapped my arms around her, wanting her as close to me as humanly possible. She sat back and sighed and my perma-smile was back in place.

Bella POV:

I'm sitting here with Edward. I'm sitting here with Edward? I'm sitting here with Edward! Can somebody tell me how in the hell I'm sitting here with Edward? I mean, I heard what Em said and what my dad and Edward said, but seriously? Edward is here with me in Forks for Christmas? I know I'm not dreaming because my dumb ass pinched myself and is now sporting a bruise that's a lovely shade of 'Concorde Grape' purple. Then there really must be a Santa Claus, although I wouldn't exactly call myself a 'good girl' this year. Oh well. You won't find me complaining, because I'm sitting here with Edward!

His lips are against my neck, his arms are securely wrapped around me, his chest is against my side, my hands are caressing his hair, my head is laying comfortably on his shoulder and the only thing that I can think about is how utterly and unrepentantly happy I am in this moment.

"B...Bella? What did you do?" Charlie stammered. Wait, what? My dad stuttered. Since when does Charlie Swan stutter?

"Ooh what? What happened?" Emmett asked. Would someone shut him up?

Cooking with Fire

"SHHH," Rose hissed. That's my girl.

"Dad. You ok?"

"Bella? What did you do?" he asked again and I started to worry that my gift was something that he wasn't too excited to be receiving.

"I made the last payment to finish having your Mustang completed. That's the key and the title to the car," I said.

"Sweet!" Jasper and Emmett exclaimed and Edward hit the phone to shut them up. I looked at my dad's face and was afraid that I would be met with anger or even worse, rage, but what surprised me was the shock present in his eyes and the smile playing on his lips. He suddenly looked at me with eyes shining of appreciation and before I could speak pulled me into his arms and began thanking me.

"Thanks for the head start on the mid-life crisis, hun," my mom said.

"Quiet or no gifts for you," I said.

"Zipped it. Locked it. Put it in my pocket," she said as she pretended to zip and lock her lips and put the key into her pocket.

If only it was that easy.

Who are you telling?

Once my dad was done thanking me, I gave my mom her presents and took a deep breath before she hugged me. "Bella. They're beautiful!" she cried. I helped her put on her necklace and bracelet and smiled as she did her runway twirl.

"What'd you get?" Esme asked over the speaker.

Cooking with Fire

"A beautiful necklace and matching bracelet with an Eternity symbol and my gem stone in the middle," she proudly stated.

"Sounds beautiful," Esme offered. I thanked Esme and we continued on with the gift exchange and comments from the long-distance peanut gallery before I got down to Edward's gifts...and fuck was I nervous! I had no idea what to get him and even to this second was contemplating if I made the right decision. I have been working on his present for over a month now and they just had it sent here last week when I knew that I would be in Washington. At the time, I thought I'd have a few more days to build up to giving them to him when I arrived back in New York, but no such luck. He's here.... not that I am complaining about that in the *slightest*!

I handed him his packages and sighed as that smile that could melt my insides and turn me into girly, sickening mush graced his beautiful face. He opened up the garment box first...and froze. It was like a flashback to my birthday with the 'Pride and Prejudice' book that he gave me. For a long while, no sound came from him until he started muttering short vowels and indecipherable noises.

"What the hell did he get?" Rose asked.

"Is he alive?" Carlisle laughed.

"Did you buy him a sex toy, Bella?" Jasper asked.

"What's the matter? Eddie boy can't handle the competition?" Emmett laughed.

"Would you two shut up?" I asked. I turned back to look at Edward and smiled when he finally started coming to.

"Bella..." he muttered.

"What the hell did she give him? Would somebody say something!" Alice yelled. Me thinks someone no likely to be left out of the loop.

Cooking with Fire

"Can you talk or do you want me to tell them?" I asked him. He nodded his head to me and then towards the phone. "Okay," I giggled. "I got him the red, white and black, 2009 Team USA Desmosedici Ducati *Corse* Racing Team jacket and had them put 'Cullen' on the collar. His helmet is the authentic sponsor's helmet that the racers wear and matches the jacket."

"Holy sh...crap!" Jasper yelled.

"Whoa! What did he do to deserve that?" Emmett yelled.

"Damn B. Do your man right!" Rose laughed.

"H...helmet?" Edward finally said. I smiled and nodded towards his other box and practically yelled when I was picked up and twirled around before being laid back down onto the couch. He began leaving kisses all over my face and neck and I laughed at his outburst.

"Now this may be a long shot here, but I'm guessing that you like them?" I asked. He sat back and looked at me like I was crazy.

"Like? Like? Bella I like Emmett, but I love your presents. How did yo-"

"Nuh uh! You love me. You said so yesterday on the elevator!" Emmett yelled. I along with my parents and everyone else on the other end laughed while Edward groaned.

"Are you all done laughing at my expense yet?" he asked.

"Not even," Carlisle answered. Edward just looked up at the ceiling before settling his eyes on me. The instant I saw the look in his eyes, my laughter ceased as an insatiable quaver shot through my body and my eyes narrowed on the smile slowing growing on his face. He had, 'the look'. You know; the 'drag you into a room and make you cum so much that you see stars' look. And I don't know about you, but I'm pretty sure that Christmas morning at the rent's is not the best place to be thinking about cuming to damn near blindness. Although.....

Cooking with Fire

"Ahem." I turned my head to see my dad just standing there staring at us.

"I love you. Thank you for the amazing gifts, Love," he said. He lightly kissed my lips before sitting up and pulling me up into a sitting position.

"What did Edward get you, Bella?" Esme asked. What?

"Oh, Esme. Him just being here is enough for me. I don't need anything else." Esme, my mom and Alice simultaneously sighed while Rose just scoffed.

She is with Emmett so what can you expect.

So true...

"As blissful as that makes me feel to hear you say that. I did get you something," Edward said. "But it's not here so you need to go upstairs and get dressed so we can go," he added.

"But I-" I started but was stopped by his lips. Oh those lips.

"Please? For me?" he pleaded, green eyes blazing. Ah crap! I can't say no to that and his suddenly smiling ass knows it too. Smiling and shaking my head, I ran up the stairs and changed into something warm. I threw on my coat and scarf and all but skipped down the stairs.

"Eager are we?" he asked.

"Oh shut up," I said. I walked over to my dad and hugged him before hugging my mom. I said bye to the gang on the phone and followed Edward out to my rental. He asked for the keys and I tossed them to him before climbing inside.

About twenty minutes passed before we were pulling up to a place that I remembered like it was yesterday. Edward parked the Jeep and the edge of the trail and climbed out. He ran over to my side to open the door and motioned for me to exit.

Cooking with Fire

"Why thank you kind sir," I laughed. He just smiled and cocked his head to the side and waited until I stopped before asking me to turn around. I did and he tied a dark colored scarf around my eyes. Now I know I love this man. I didn't even put up a fight. This scarf does have some major possibilities by the way.

"I know what you're thinking and trust me when I say that I already thought of it," he said. "I can not get the image of you, tied up and blindfolded, spread out before me like a Bella Buffet out of my head." His breath caressed my neck and face as his teeth grazed my ear. One of his hands traveled up my thigh and rested on my ass before he inched us closer, bringing our hips together. His mouth traveled over my ear and down to my neck and I was suddenly roasting in 28-degree weather. They were not joking when they said that once you lose one sense, the others are heightened. I could feel the heat of his hands before he even brought them near me. His smell was even more intoxicating than usual and I could damn near taste him on my tongue without even licking him!

"I think we should move if I want to give you your present," he said after clearing his throat. "Hop on," he ordered. I sighed but then smiled when I heard his laughter. I felt around for his shoulders before climbing onto his back. I wrapped my legs around his waist and rested my head into the crook of his neck. Before I knew it, we were off and in no time at all it seemed, I was being set down onto my feet and the blindfold was removed.

I gasped. We were in my old sanctuary, my former home away from home, my realm of unknown away from the challenges that being a youth in Forks brought with it. My very first happy place...my meadow. The meadow that I spent months on end in. The meadow that I have not seen in years, and come to think of it...the meadow that I have not even told Edward about.

"How do you know about this place?"

"I called Jacob this morning and asked him if you had any places in Forks that were special to you and he told me about this place," he said. "You're not upset are you?" he asked.

Cooking with Fire

"No, no. Not at all. I'm just a little shocked that you brought me here that's all. I used to come here all the time as a kid. It was my sanctuary away from the outside world, you know? I would just sit here and read for hours on end, not having a care in the least," I said. "Thank you for bringing me here."

"Well, I wanted to bring you to a place that was full of good memories for you," he started.

"Oh?"

"Yes. That way I could guarantee that I would see that beautiful smile on your face...before I did this," he said as he grabbed onto both of my hands and dropped to one knee.

"Ed...,"

"Bella. Just saying the words 'I love you' does not even *begin* to express what I feel for you. Your love for me has made me a better man, far beyond then what I thought possible," he said. My sudden tears came down in racing streams, landing on his face and blending with his own.

"I never thought that I was capable of loving someone as much as I love you and now that I know that I can, I don't ever want to stop. A while back, I gave you my heart and now all I'm asking from you is for your hand," he added. A strangled sob escaped me as he pulled a little black box out of his pocket.

"Isabella Marie, will you mar-" he started, but before he could finish with his question, I dropped to my knees in front of him and crashed my lips to his, knocking him backwards into the snow and landing on top of him. He smiled against my lips while I kept kissing away and the tears continued leaving their trail down my cheeks.

"So, I'm guessing that's a 'yes'." I pulled away from his lips and stared into his beautiful, emerald eyes. This man's love for me was so present in his gaze; so prominent in it's obviousness it was effervescent. As if I could say 'no' to that.

Cooking with Fire

"Yes, Edward," I answered while he wiped away another of my tears. He leaned in to kiss me and I laughed against his lips as he flipped us over, planting me into the snow.

"Bella. You have no idea how happy you have just made me," he said while touching our foreheads together.

"I only hope to try to make you as happy as you make me, Edward," I whispered while trying to catch my breath. He kissed me once more before he sat up and flipped the box open. The gasp that escaped me made his smile grow. Now I'm no aficionado on engagement rings, but I do know what ' *Tacori*', 'Platinum' and absolutely *gorgeous* is, and that is exactly what this ring was. It had three bands, two were twisted into each other and each band was completely covered in diamonds, setting off the middle, square diamond beautifully.

"Edward. It's beautiful..." I mused while tracing the band. He smiled while removing the ring from the box and sliding it onto my finger.

"Perfect fit," he said. "I love you, my fiancé," he added after kissing my newly ring clad finger.

"And I love you too, my fiancé," I answered. "Mrs. Edward Cullen. I like the sound of that," I mused while smiling and running my fingers through his cold, snow-drenched but still soft hair and watching to sun reflect off of the stones on the ring.

"Not as much as I do," he said. I snapped my eyes to his and that was the last thing I remembered before Edward started kissing me with a passion that only he possessed.

The Beginning.....

Author's Note #2:

Cooking with Fire

Link to presents and Bella's ring on profile under **Chapter 28 Links**: Now, how many of you saw that coming? Yes I had Edward propose at Christmas and I *know* it's cliché, but goddamnit, if having Edward Cullen propose on Christmas is wrong then I don't want to be right! At least it wasn't in Paris with candles and champagne and lights and roses and music and blah de blah de blah.

Now I'm sorry to say, but yes this is the final chapter of CWF, **BUT** before I start hiding under my desk with my Louisville, I AM WORKING ON A SEQUEL! I'm having entirely too much fun playing with Stephanie's characters and if I write it correctly, the sequel to 'CWF' will leave you wanting for nothing. I hope you all will continue on with the journey and see what else I have in store. I'll put an A/N in CWF when the first chapter to the sequel is posted.

I also just wanted to say thank you all so damn much for all of your continued support and kind, amazing words. An image of Edward and the boys singing to 'Pony' in a nightclub popped in my head and look what happened. It was you guys that have kept this story going as long as it has and I truly want to thank you from the very bottom of my heart. You have absolutely no idea how astonished I am by your words, encouragement and kindness. And before I leave, a few people wanted to say something to you all...

Emmett: Ok. 1st of all, I just wanted to say that I think it was fucked up that you all liked me dressed a goddamn drag queen. I mean come on! That shit was just-

Edward: EMMETT?

Emmett: Shit. Sorry. Well, besides your *obvious* lack of judgment, I just wanted to thank you all for joining us on this ride and let you know that you better bring your asses back for the next one.

All: EMMETT!

Cooking with Fire

Emmett: Oh shut up! You know you wanted to say it too! Anyway, Feliz Navidad, Happy Festivus for the rest of us, Don't drink and drive and Wrap it before you tap it. Peace ****Kisses two fingers and throws up the 'peace sign'**. ****

Jasper: Good grief. Sorry ladies. I told him to stop the q-tip when he felt resistance but he never listens.

Emmett: Fuck you Jasper.

Jasper. ****Laughs**** Whatev. Anyway, best wishes to you and yours over the Holiday Season and here's hoping that you find a guy that can love you like only a Southern man can.

Edward: What? Puh-leeze!

Emmett: What the fuck ever.

Jasper: What? It's common knowledge that a Southern man knows how to treat a woman right.

Edward: Yeah. And it's even more common knowledge that we Northern boys keep 'em coming all night.

Emmett: That's what I'm talking about bro! ****Pounds fists with Edward while they both laugh**.**

Boys: ****Bicker and argue****

Bella: ****Shakes head****

Rose: Why do we love them?

Alice: I have no idea.

Til January,

Nicole

AN SEQUEL POSTED

SEQUEL POSTED!

Hi all! It pleases me that I can finally say that the first chapter to the "Cooking With Fire" sequel has about fucking time been posted!

The story is entitled "If You Can't Stand The Heat" and contains the same characters as "CWF" (with a little more kink and bondage and role play thrown in...okay, a lot more!).

It's sad for me to do this, but I will finally be closing "Cooking With Fire" and marking it complete. ****WIPES AWAY TEAR**** No seriously, I am. I'm sad to see it go. It got me through some tough times and I didn't care if anyone else liked it, but you all did and now my dumb ass has gone and put too much pressure on myself to make the sequel just as good, if not better. Real smart right? Yeah. Thought not.

Ah fuck it! If you all like it then great and if not, then I won't take it hard. Nope. I'll just cry all alone on my bed wearing my Kings Of Leon t-shirt eating homemade hollandaise sauce while listening to 90's music and screaming 'scopami' at the top of my lungs while looking at my 1992 Red Ranger poster and hugging my He-Man and Thundercats figurines.

Scary fucking picture right? Good.

Lol, see you all on the flip side,

Nicole