

# Tangerine Dream

By YellowGlue



I have lived so many years. Years, upon years, upon years; but I still remember my first thought. My first recognition of thought. And that was only a few short years ago.

Seems odd doesn't it?

But more than odd, it's excruciating. Completely frustrating. All consuming.

A little more than 10 years ago was the first time I smelled her. Only a little more than two years old, just a baby when her distraught, distracted mother brought her into my office for a bee sting. A tiny, red, rubbed-raw bee sting on her tiny, red, rubbed-raw heel. And for the first time in all those years before that moment, I had to flex muscles so long unbothered.

Nothing in this world caught my fancy anymore, and then suddenly, a spark out of nowhere, there she was.

Just a baby with a bee sting, smelling all sweet and soft. All vanilla sugar and mandarin blossom. All dream-creamsicle sweetness. It was all I could do; pulling all the willpower of self control I could muster, not to drain her then and there in the examining room. Her crimson called out to me; a siren, it sang my name in her tiny baby voice, begged me, confessed she was mine all mine for the taking. And I worked against my nature, my science, the pull of her like gravity; I held my breath, straightened my spine still as I could and knelt down to her on her level where she sat on the table.

I spoke softly, locking my eyes with hers, smiled, and oh so carefully, oh so gently took her tiny unharmed foot in my hands. I had spoken before to warn her of the coldness of my hands and to distract her, I tickled the heel of the good foot and elicited a tiny giggle. With her so pleasantly oblivious to my other hand, it was easy to slide the antibiotic over the sting on her other foot.

Just a baby, with 10 perfect little toes. All innocence and lullabies and building blocks and bedtime stories and there I was: 31 years old (at least so said my current human birth certificate), plotting. I

was changing and rearranging my whole life just to find ways, any way, to be closer to her. To be near to her; near to that scent of her life as long as I could.

My perfect little Isabella.

Thank goodness I was subbing that day for her normal doctor and that her mother; sweet as she is for bringing Bella into the world, paid nowhere near enough attention to remember my face. Or my alias.

I read her files, her family's files. Her birthday, her allergy to pistachio, her constantly separating and restitching parents, I knew everything I could know on paper and from where I perched in the trees. And always wanted to know more.

I went about my work as usual and then, I watched, constantly. For the first time in countless years I wasn't wishing I could sleep. I was supremely thankful I didn't sleep; couldn't sleep, because there were that many more hours I could spend outside her window, all but licking the glass, watching her sleep, watching her dream sweet dreams. By day I doctored other broken children and by night I watched, wanted, and waited so impatiently.

Waiting when you don't know exactly what it is you're waiting for, only that you must wait, is always impatient waiting.

She attended preschool. Kindergarten. First grade. Years passed. Her brown hair grew long and she grew so tall and time took so long, takes so long! But my thirst only burned deeper as the years passed, as the potency of her scent was strengthened with age. She seemed inevitably accident prone and I switched when she was 7 to the ER with ambiguous hope and guilt. I ached to see her again, to be closed up in that little room with her sweet, summer orange scent again, but at the same time couldn't stomach the thought of her hurting herself. She should never, ever be in pain.

Three months later she dropped a jam jar on her left foot. Her "big" toe so small and bruised when her babysitter brought her in.

"I think it's broken. I'm awful. I feel so terrible-" the girl went on and on as I again straightened my spine and knelt down to be on eye level with my little tangerine dream. I didn't hold my breath just then though, oh no. I wanted to savor every part of this chance moment with as many of my senses as I could. I felt the venom rake what felt like wounds in my throat, set it on fire my thirst was so strong. But I had spent the last few years painfully regretting having held my breath the first time to *not* savor every inhale this time.

I let it burn because I couldn't *not*, because not breathing her in was such a wasteful crime.

Her blood still begged me; a happy ring-around-the-roses voice, invited me closer, whispered my name like a soft sonata. Like a sing-song-secret only I could hear, only we two could share.

"And who told you you could make your own jam and toast Little One?" I asked her with a smile, locking our eyes once again after all that time apart. She shrugged her bony shoulders and slowed the swinging of her feet. "My hands are a little cold, but it's alright" I reassured her, but still waited for her nod of permission.

Which she of course gave and I... the urge to sink my teeth into her precious ankle was so

overwhelming as I once again took her small foot into my hands. "I'm just going to have a look-see at your toes and I promise it's not going to hurt okay?"

Such a small girl, all pink ribbons and pigtails and perfectly scattered freckles across her chest as she nodded her head.

I heard and felt her heartbeat quicken and her song grew higher pitched, like nervous laughter almost. Her poor little toe was in fact broken; all black and blue and beautiful.

Such a small girl, all warm and sweet and sugary in my hands. Her pain and anxiety all laughter now as I tickled at the small sole of her small unharmed foot. "Now she's smiling," I observed with a satisfied smile of my own and stood to explain how to take care of the broken toe.

Pulling away from her felt wrong, unnatural, went against the grain of everything I was made of. All my muscles strained against me in angry protest.

Months passed. A year. Another year. Her family moved, and therefore so did I. Another doctor in another city. I justified it by thinking it was nearing my time to move anyway. I could only pass for 31 so long.

She grew more graceful, or at least less clumsy. I never saw her in the hospital ER anymore. And I went back and forth with myself about taking up a primary care position at her doctor's office. What if her mother did remember though? It felt too odd, I felt too rotten in trying to justify that much. She's a child, years later yes, but still just a baby, and I a grown man. If I was waiting, I decided I would wait as long as it took for her to grow into a woman; when I could at least be seen with her and not raise eyebrows.

But as another year passed and then another, the time slowed.

And slowed.

My thirst took more and more of me over until it was almost all that I was, until I could feel the burn in almost every part of me.

Her song called to me from further distances.

I felt sickened at the thought of watching her at home and out with her friends, but couldn't stop.

My want to always have her about me was becoming a need.

So although I felt like a monster when I began pursuing a teaching degree in an effort to be constantly closer to her, I thought it better to feel monstrous than to risk denying myself the closeness I was needing. Better to feel deviant than to drive myself to the cliff and let myself actually become a monster; because that's what I was risking. Because without that closeness, the time was surely fast approaching when I would take her in some thirst-blinded fugue state of insanity. And she, my Sweet Little Bella did not deserve that.

So for her sake, for her own safety, I justified the next 3 years of night school, my graduation, my interview and hiring at the local high school where she would be attending in the fall.

God forgive me I had even followed her academic record closely enough in the meantime that I took up teaching science as it was her worst subject...

I was starved for all the time with her I could justify.

But driven as I was, nothing in Heaven or Earth could have braced me for that first day. I'd watched her grow all these years, but from such a distance that I was intoxicated all over again at the utter newness of her. It was just as intoxicating and as all consuming as that first day, more so even. I could smell the scent now not only of her blood, but of her pale skin as well, of her hair. She was all milk and honey like promised paradise, the vanilla tangerine of years ago only soft undertones now. And the song in her veins still called for me, had become like wind chimes and whispers; a suddenly supple girl she was. A shy young lady.

But still such a little girl, all ripped jeans and clean laundry. All white cotton and her little toes all painted periwinkle blue and my self control was raging.

I was the definition of a professional professor on the outside; the not too strict Dr. Cullen. But every minute my thirst was screeching. My instincts tearing. My mind racing with all the hundreds of ways I knew I could get her alone and bleed her dry and calm all of the universe with just one drink.

As days and weeks passed I realized I knew her location not only by the sound of her heartbeat, but by her scent. I could smell her anywhere in the 3 story building. I toed the lines of self control, began to walk the aisles of the classroom as I lectured, moving closer for only seconds just for a lungful of her sweet-cream scent.

She was a good student; quiet and always on task. But sometimes mid-lecture or mid-another student's presentation while I sat quietly in the back of the room, or during tests while the entire class was silent, sometimes at seemingly complete random: the sweet sing-song of her blood would drop to a breathy but higher pitched whisper.

*"Edward... Edward..."* it would almost moan, my name becoming a plea in her small siren's voice that only I could hear.

Weeks later during midterms when it actually did wind-chime whisper out *"Edward please... please...Edward... please..."* I almost lost all control. I didn't, couldn't look up from my desk. Couldn't continue grading or even focus on the words on the pages in front of me. I kept my head bowed and eyes closed and breathed in lungful after greedy lungful until the bell rang.

I had to taste her. I was going mad.

Such a little girl, all scarlet scarves and slipping grades as fall turned colder. All her hair down out of summer's ponytail and her always so sleepy, bedroom eyes watching me, learning from me as I blathered on about electronic bonds, and I was again and always back and forth with myself. My horrid instincts and my wretched conscience always warring.

So was it a blessing or was it rotten bloody torture when her grades slipped so low I could convince myself she needed tutoring?

Was it such a wonderful, or such an awful coincidence that her secret song grew more desperate at just the same time?

Such a little girl, all shy and unsure whenever we spoke. All nods of agreement when I told her about the tutoring and then again asked her permission: "Is that okay?"

All "Yes sir"s and eager to please and I felt as slick as sin.

Our first afternoon alone was bittersweet. She was sad; had been crying, was holding back tears all the while. She smelled so creamy sweet though and I was overjoyed that I could sit in the desk right next to her, so close I could taste her scent on my tongue, could feel it cause my venom to drip, eager for supple skin to tickle and tingle.

But her song was wordless. No pleading my name or begging me please, just soft whimpers, long and limber and lanky exhales.

I hated that someone had hurt her, wanted to shred someone's skin from his or her bones, despised that anyone anywhere could be so careless with my Sweet Little One.

I followed her home to find that she spent the night alone. Her father gone without explanation, her mother still away and still not calling.

The next day she was back to her lush little self again though and our conversation about protons and neutrons came easier. And her blood begged louder and more desperate than ever before. I found myself almost stuttering for the first time in my human or inhuman life.

I wondered if she would go home to an empty house again that night, back to lonely disappointment. And my mind reeled in a blur of all the more dark possibilities at the thought.

In that house. All alone. No chief of police would hear. No drunken mother around to interrupt. No one would know.

*So sweet, so rich, so pure her blood,* my muscles and thirst tried to persuade me.

*All alone, so lonely and sad...* my conscience argued back.

And I was torn with wanting to tear through her aorta and wanting to hold her so close, wrap her in my arms. Cuddle and comfort her; take away all that rotten sadness.

My civil war was interrupted by lightning as she exhaled loudly and crossed her legs, frustrated by the equation in front of her. I was seated in a chair her opposite, facing her. And as she'd crossed her left leg over her right, her ankle had bumped my calf. And even though there were her jeans and the material of my own slacks between us, the contact crashed down all around me.

There was no internal battle anymore, not when I could feel her.

There was no battle because there was no choice; she was just... mine.

I looked up at her as she stared down at the paper and I was purely in the present moment.

Completely without thinking, I moved my leg back and forth; testing the distance she'd left between us: mere inches. My heart, my instincts, all of me soared. But as I elated, I watched as she became more flustered. She kept writing, then erasing, then rewriting and erasing again. I narrowed my eyes curiously; she was balancing the equations just fine, what was upsetting her?

"Very good," I said easily, hoping to calm her. But the more vexed she became it was as though the temperature of her blood rose hundredths of a degree and I could feel it. Smell it. Sense it and I too began to become more flustered. Her heartbeat thundered gently through her veins and every little glimpse of her skin cried out for my touch. Her fingers, her cheeks, her neck...

She glanced out the window out the side of her eyes and then went right back to work with another long exhale.

Again without thinking, I moved my leg forward to connect with her dangling ankle. The contact was a rush of pure adrenaline.

*Thirst.*

*Lust.*

*Must-have-ness.*

"Bella," I began, interrupting her scribbling. "Why are you so frustrated?"

For a moment she didn't speak. And I waited, patiently, savoring the small feeling of her ankle against my leg, connecting us, tethering us. Finally she looked out the window again and then set her pencil down. "It's silly."

I was intrigued moreover, but before I could ask she sat back in her chair, slouching somewhat and crossed her arms over her chest. She seemed oblivious to the fact that her new position had slid her ankle higher up the outside of my leg. The closeness brought on even more adrenaline, more need.

"It's just, the ice and the snow... and the walk to my house from the bus..."

And again before I could ask further, she spoke.

"I'm just a klutz," she said, sounding ashamed, fidgeting with her fingers.

*A beautiful angel of a klutz, tell me something I don't know...* I thought. And then again, without thinking, I spoke this time: "I could drive you home."

My voice, my words, I hadn't meant to say that, to speak at all, to cross such a carefully drawn social line so brashly. I scolded myself. I had ruined everything.

But the in-immediacy of her response begged otherwise.

She hadn't, wasn't saying no; she was actually considering it in her head. And all the years I'd burned and waited, they were easy seconds compared to this moment as I waited for her to speak.

"Really?" she finally asked.

***Really? Really?!*** But my outward response was calm and cool; I flexed my galling muscles with years of trained expertise. "Of course. I'm responsible for your safety."

Which wasn't a total lie; it was true as a teacher so long as she was here, I was responsible for her. And the rest was true on a level she simply had no idea of.

Again she took a few moments, thinking it over in her head. In doing so, she recrossed her legs and tore away the beloved contact between us, but at the same time she leaned forward, bringing our top halves closer.

I grew exponentially more desperate in a matter of seconds.

"Please Edward..." her sing-song suddenly called. I ached all over for her warmth, her heat, felt the venom pooling on my tongue like a Pavlovian response.

"But..." she began to say.

***But what? But nothing.  
Anything.***

***Give me anything.*** I waited a few more seconds, but the "but" never came.

"Yeah?" she asked at last, looking up at me. Her eyes had that unsure-ness about them of years ago, looking to me with trust, for guidance in the right direction.

I smiled, my whole self soaring again. "Yes. If that's okay?" I asked, yet again and determined to always ask her permission; wanting so much to please her, to keep her safe.

She nodded her head, "yeah." And I could feel the weight of her anxiety lift suddenly. I breathed her in deep as we closed the book and our lesson then and there. I was so eager inside for this gift of enclosed time with her.

Such a little girl, all relaxed smiles again as we exited the side doors and headed to my car. All bundled up and tip-toeing carefully about the ice. All tight blue jeans and little green mittens and I was hating the wind for blurring her scent with all the other scents of the city even though we were only seconds away from being in a tiny closed up space together.

All night after she thanked me and closed the door behind her, my mind never slowed. Not even for half a second. It raced and reeled and helter-skeltered with maddening questions, desires, what-ifs, if-only's, and brand new possibilities.

And every other minute I thought surely: this is madness.

***I have gone mad.***

I don't want this precious, sweet, wonderful little girl's blood nearly half as much as I want her love. All around me. All the time.

And she, she in all her perfect beauty was so trusting, so yielding to me. So blissfully and blushinglly oblivious to all of these things.

And thank God. Thank God for her and all the wondrous things she was.

She had spoken of her family when I asked answers to questions I already knew the answers to. She was not even slightly nervous in my car, alone with me.

Such a little girl, all shivery and shaky as the interior took time to heat up. All manners and “thank you”s as she said goodnight and I struggled not to reach out and keep her from leaving.

No longer did half of me ache to feast on her delicious lifelines while the other half ached to keep her safe and alive; but half of me now thirsted for her sweet red life while the other half now hungered for her sweet-cream skin.

Oh but the thoughts tormented and sickened me so. I couldn’t keep from imagining her long naked angles, her sweet spread open legs, her most secret, most delicate parts – blushing with life, want, desire. I couldn’t keep from these thoughts anymore than I could keep from feeling sick with guilt afterward.

I tried, but could not keep any part of her out of my mind, and I sat in my car most of the night just to smell the faint smell of her there.

We did not have class the next day but the hours that felt like days before tutoring drug on so slowly. I was pulled taut with excitement just to see her and be near to her again.

But as she entered my room my heart fell. She was so sad again. Disappointment flowed through me as we solemnly worked through the equations. She was no less beautiful by any means, she smelled no less sweet. But I longed for her smile and her swan song.

Such a little girl, all pouty lips and fidgeting fingertips again, all hushed answers and meek questions and if she had a tail it would surely have been between her legs and I was restraining every urge to wrap her in tenderness and kiss all of that away.

I longed to drink her in, to quiet her pleas, to quiet my own madness.

Minutes before we were set to be finished, I full up on longing and she full up on sorrow, she interrupted my explanation to ask: “Would you take me home again?”

I was without my thinking again. Purely in the moment again, and I nodded my head yes. *Yes. Of course the answer is yes. Yes to anything.*

We closed our books then and there again and gathered our coats and walked to the car in a kind of uncertain silence. This same resolution yesterday had eased all of her anxiety, but today she was still so sad.

I didn’t understand her motives, what she got out of this, but didn’t dare question. I cherished this enclosed alone time even more than yesterday, too much to dare question it.

Such a little girl, all avoiding eye contact and breathing purposely so evenly. All fighting back tears, all fragile strength and sexy mystery and I was too caught up in her song, the sight of her, the scent of her to keep from stupidly breaking the silence she’d obviously chosen over speaking.

“Are you warm enough?”



She only nodded in response, not turning her stare from the window.

I wanted so much to take her anxious pain away. But we only rode out the quiet in the snow until she thanked me politely and exited my car once we'd arrived at her father's house. I watched with narrowed eyes as she again tip-toed carefully about the ice, all of my insides again at a violent war with one another. I was grinding apart to feel her, taste her, love her.

Though my muscles railed against it, my conscience prevailed and I lowered my eyes to shift gears and leave her yet again for the solitary madness of my own home, just so that I could run back and watch her all through the night.

That was when I saw it.  
A single green mitten.  
So tiny and out of place not on her small hand.

I could have given it back to her tomorrow.

I could have kept it for myself so as to always have something of hers with me.

I could have unraveled the yarn and used it to tie up her long hair, years from now.

I could have ignored it altogether.

But instead, I made my way to her front door, little green mitten in hand and knocked 3 times.

She opened the door seconds later, a puzzled but not upset look upon her face.

"You left this-" I said, offering the mitten to her.

"Oh my gosh, thanks. It must have fallen out of my pocket," she replied, putting it where it belonged in the coat she was still wearing. I could only nod in response. "Would you um... do you want to come in for some tea?"

I thought she could surely hear my muscles tense up in defense against my instincts as I again soared at her question. "Sure."

Such a sweet, wonderful, perfect little girl as she took my coat and led me forward. And the water was warmed and the tea was steeped and she told me she'd invited me in because she didn't want to be so alone and she turned my old question around on me and asked if that was okay.

I smilingly reassured her and sipped from the mug she'd given me. The taste of the tea was wretched in my already burning throat, but I didn't care, hardly noticed it at all. I was beyond elated at being this close to her, there in her home, and I was still aching with empathy for her.

We spoke for a few minutes; she explained what I already knew about her disregarding, inattentive, never-there parents. A few moments of silence settled over us and her secret song grew louder as though there was a breeze blowing through it, wrapping it all around me with desire.

**"I just feel so all alone here..." she practically whispered and I watched as she sipped from her own mug and tried not to feel it as my heart broke apart for her.**

**As she pulled the mug away, a small drip-droplet of tea rested in the corner of her lips.**

**Such a little drop, such a small, insignificant-seeming little drop, and it was the beginning of my undoing.**

**She was still looking down; head lowered in sadness as I reached out and traced the spot of chamomile away with my thumb.**

**"You're not all alone Little One," I assured her.**

**When she didn't flinch at my cold touch, I didn't pull my thumb back.**

**And when she turned her face so slightly, to nestle her cheek into my palm, I slid my thumb along her perfect, pouty bottom lip and accepted her perfect, pouty little kiss.**

**I could hear her breathing, her heartbeat, the rush of blood through her thin little veins – every part of her desperate, and it only fed my own desperation.**

***This is wrong! This is madness!* My conscience screamed. But I shut it up.**

**I blocked it away.**

**And I would hear no more of it.**

**I would not, could not stop until she begged me to.**

**I reached my other hand up to cup her face and she slowly looked into my eyes, having to actually tilt her head up to do so. "Is this okay?" I drunkenly asked.**

**She shook her head between my hands and her long hair tumbled about my fingers, "Yes."**

**Her skin, she felt like pure electricity under my palms as I leaned in closer slowly and closer slower still toward her small pink mouth.**

**I had to be slow. The smell and feel of her breath, her life, was intoxicating. I did not did not did not want to lose any control. I stopped, hesitating only millimeters away, breathing her in long and deep before ever so gently introducing my lips to hers.**

**She did not hesitate to kiss me back and did so a few times, close lipped and innocent before barely parting her lips for a breath.**

**"And this?" I asked, tilting her head back slightly and leaning forward with my mouth also barely opened. I swallowed hard, struggling to take my time and slid just the tip of my tongue to the corner of her bottom lip, where the tea had been only moments ago.**

**"Yes" she whispered back, all quiet and shy as she stood up on her toes to meet me.**

**Every part of her was saying yes.**

I traced the outline of her lips with my tongue once, then again the other way around and felt her hands come to rest on my hips.

She tasted like perfect Heaven and perfect sin all in the same delicious gasp.

I pressed my lips to hers full on and felt her open her mouth wider to allow me entrance. Her tongue was soft and warm and all milk and honey just as her scent had promised. And she made the most adorable little noises that were made all the more sweet when muffled by our lips.

"And this too?" I asked further, wrapping one arm easily all the way around her tiny frame and tenderly holding the back of her head in my other hand.

"Mm hmm-" she assured me, reaching high up to try to wrap her arms around my neck... She tugged me down gently, eager for another kiss and I complied and pulled her close, wanting to feel all of her body up against my own. Wanting to wrap my arms around every inch of her, I deepened the kiss. I explored her perfect pout of a mouth and nearly came unhinged from myself as I let her shy tongue explore mine as well.

Such a little girl, all muffled whimpers and unsure movements. All searching hands and unsteady tip-toes as she tried to reach higher. It was too awkward an angle though, I so much taller than she, she all pressed up against me, and I needed more. I had to have more.

"And this?" I asked also, pressing her body by the small of her back up against where I needed her the most, my hardness pressing into her stomach.

Her breath caught in her throat and she moaned in surprise but she didn't miss a beat, and nodded her head "Yes."

I kissed her again, deeper, lapping softly at her tongue like candy and I felt her arms struggle to tighten around my neck; again trying to pull me down closer to her.

Every part of her, still saying yes.

"Edward...? Edward... please..." her song begged amidst the electricity between us as if she were searching for me, searching for an answer, searching for more.

In a swift movement I picked her up and held her tiny figure flush against my own and began the walk to her room. She, too caught up in kissing down my neck to wonder how I knew which way to get there, asked no questions.

The feeling of her lips, all moist and perfect was no less than absolutely divine.

I sat her down on the edge of her bed and she reached out for me instantly. But I knelt down at her feet in a familiar position and kept out of her reach. I needed to regather what was left of my self control, or I was risking tearing her apart. Plus, part of me was painfully nostalgic to look up at her from this same angle one more time.

I untied one shoe and tugged off one sock, then did the same to the others. I took a deep breath and knelt upward. I could feel her eyes on me all the while, quietly and unquestioningly watching,

waiting, and wanting. I could hear her heartbeat still somehow managing to pick up its race of a pace.

I rested my hands on her hips and brought my eyes up to meet hers that were wide with curiosity, unsure-ness. I straightened my spine and steadied my instincts to speak: "My hands are cold, but it's alright."

Her eyebrows crinkled slightly, but she nodded in understanding and leaned back to rest on her hands as I used my own to unbuckle her belt. I followed with her jeans and slid them down her legs oh so slowly, tracing my fingers along the pale skin of her thighs, calves and ankles as I went. I noticed then that she was shaking; a little lamb before a lion.

I cradled her tiny ankle in my hands and could see the goose bumps tumble across her skin. I kissed her the ball of her ankle, my way up her calf softly, taking in a deep lungful of her creamy, citrusy sweetness and looked up into her eyes again.

Minutes ago I had decided not to stop until she begged, but looking up at her then, all beautiful and trusting in me; even if she did beg, I was questioning how possible it actually would be to try to stop this now.

But I would.  
If she asked.  
I would do anything she asked.

I moved up her, hungry to taste her innocent lips again and kissed her fast and full of care as I lifted her shirt over her head.

Her skin was burning with warmth all over. I knew it was just her life but she felt like a fever against me.

She gasped into my mouth, I knew at my coldness as I traced her lines, slipping her out of her bra. I kissed at her cheeks, her chin, down her throat, over her clavicle and breastbone and found myself speaking before I was even aware that I had begun to:

"You are so, so beautiful. My beautiful, wonderful little Bella. My delicious little angel," in between kisses, all down her now naked shoulders. "My sweet, sexy splendor. My darling. My little lamb. I want to taste you, touch you. I want to always have my hands on you, my mouth on you..." running my hands back and forth over her stomach, feeling the butterflies inside, loving the way she was shaking underneath me. Kissing at her nipples, teasing each one with my tongue until her fingers knotted up in my hair and she pleaded in moans for more contact.

"I love you. My sweet, my cherished, my dearest, I have always loved you. Always wanted you-"

I was cut off by a squeak of her voice as I nibbled ever so carefully at her ribcage; nowhere near hard enough to draw any bit of red life from her. Nonetheless my eyes darted up to hers immediately. But hers were closed, safely lost in aching desire.

I continued my trail of kisses down her stomach, nibbling and suckling around her belly button and hipbones.

Such a little girl, all clenched fistfuls of lavender sheets and quivering legs. All little pastel pink panties with such a teeny little white bow at the seam, hips pushing instinctively upward to me and I can smell her like never before. I feel drunk on the scent of her, and like a drunk I can't keep my hands to myself. And she squeals and squirms with such desperate delight when I begin to tease her through her panties that I have to hold her hips still with my other hand.

She's so warm and wet I can feel it through the material. She's so hot and bothered she couldn't even begin to form words if she tried. And I'm aching more than ever to feel her, to taste her, to have her all for myself.

She's so small in my hands as my fingers slide her panties to the side to explore her wetness. She screams out at the meeting of ice and fire and I "shhhh" her gently and kiss at her thighs.

Wanting to feel more of her but not wanting to move an inch, I tear the cotton candy coloured cotton apart easily. Already knowing the answer by the upward thrust of her hips, the opening wider of her shaking legs to my mercy, I ask just to hear her say it:

"Is this okay?"

"Y-yes," she replies instantly.

Her trust, her want, her obedience is infinitely beautiful.

"My Bella. My Beautiful Little Isabella," I whisper over her, watching her now naked, twisting with so many newfound pleasures every second I touch her, kiss her, whisper her name. "My Bella," I say again, enjoying the way she coos when I say she's mine, tracing the outline of her slippery pink lips. I spread her open, her whimpers music in my ears as I play with her tiny clit and tease at her opening with only the tip of my finger. She arches her back high, her body begging for more. She is dripping for me, because of me. I love teasing her. I do want to hear her beg; for me.

"My wet little Bella," I whisper, dropping my voice an octave, a gruff sound against her sweet whimpering. "My tight little girl," she's so tight, my single finger meeting such blissfully warm resistance as I press it against her opening. "So tight..." I whisper again, kissing at her thighs, her glistening lips.

I kiss her hot skin and I taste all that vanilla mandarin sweetness I remember from all those years. I lick her and lap her sweet-dream-creamsicle innocence onto my tongue. I tease her and feel her tense and writhe under me, hear her cry out in sugary joy, feel her cum for me. Once. Twice. Three times over.

*My delicate little lamb, she's going to need it...* I kiss my way up her shaking frame slowly, taking in deep breaths of her scent that's made all the sweeter by her pell-mell heartbeat and luscious desire. I know she will never quite smell this way again, and I want to always remember this scent.

Her eyes are closed, her bottom lip quivering, her cheeks blushed so red. I kiss them all softly, beckoning her eyes and her lips open as I gently nudge between her legs. It is painful to be this close to her so naked, so vulnerable and not be deep inside of her, not be draining her delicious life.

Her eyes fly open wide at the contact between our hips, startled out of her ecstasy. I sweep long

strands of brown hair back from her forehead and search her eyes with my own. I don't have to ask, because I know the answer, but I do, caressing her scalp, her tiny earlobes, her neck: "Is this okay?"

She nods her head, "Yes" and I try to brace myself as does she as I push inside slowly, so slowly.

Such a little girl, all pale pink goose bumped skin and clenched tight muscles. All squeaks and squirms as she tries to adjust around the size and the pressure, a blush spreading across her chest and shoulders that matches her cheeks. All warm and wet and tight and beautiful and mine and it's all I can do to not tear her apart.

I feel halfway insane and halfway inside when I hit the physical definition of her innocence. Knowing it will hurt her and may well push my instincts over the edge they're teetering on, I kiss her tenderly and cover her mouth.

I can control myself, I have to believe that I can control myself and I have to concentrate.

"It's okay," I whisper against her ear, kissing comfort along the tiny ridges.

And I push hard.  
And she screams against my hand.  
And I feel her break.  
And I have to stifle my own groans.  
And I push harder.  
And she screams.  
And whimpers.  
And tears streak her cheeks.

And her warmth wraps all the way around all of me and I know that she was built for me.

And I for her.

And I don't want to hurt her, only to love her as completely as I can.

I arch her hips slightly and slowly begin to move in and out, finding the new angle has turned her whimpers to moans. I move slowly, so slowly am so careful not to break her. Her heat is burning all around me as I move deeper and she presses up against me. And as she does so I can feel her heart ready to beat out of her chest.

She reaches up, her fingers nudging my hand away and she gasps for her breath.

She makes the sexiest little noises when she can't catch her breath.

"M-m-m-" she pleads. "More" with a stutter, eyes closed, arms reaching up and around my neck so that she's hanging onto me and from me.

*Doesn't she know yet I'd give her anything she asked for?*

I give her more, picking up my pace carefully - her song and her voice are for the first time in perfect harmony, calling my name, crying out in perfection.

I look down at her, watching her shake as she cums again, head thrown back, all the tiny veins and bones and muscles in her shoulders and chest working overtime; all of them bared to me, all at my mercy, tempting me. I drive deeper into her, watching her breath catch in her throat yet again, watching as I send her out of this world with joy again. She clenches her arms so tight around me and I feel her thighs squeeze tight too as she cums again.

And again.

And I push harder, pinning her small body easily to her bed as I move harder still, faster in and out of her, feeling her tight pink walls trying to push me out. But she's soaking for me, wanting and needing somehow more still. She screams out, twisting her hands back into my hair and pulling, wriggling her hips, her entire body trying to wiggle away and out from under me but not letting go of me. And she cums again. And I can't take anymore.

I hold her in place, pressing her hips firmly against her bed, not allowing her to writhe away and I force myself to the deepest core of her most delicate parts. I fuck her wildly, mercilessly.

She whines, and wiggles and tries to rock against me, screaming and lost in pleasure and pain and I cuddle her close, nuzzling her neck where her scent is the strongest and most tempting, and I fuck her harder.

And harder.

And I want to hear her beg.

I need to hear her beg.

I reach between us and spread her legs open wide, wider, pushing them up a little. And when I buck at her from this angle she cries out joyously, peaking: "Edward please- please please, please, Edward please!"

And I hold her to me tight, both hands on her hips as I feel heat surge from me and into her. I grind against her, filling her up until she's cooing with pleasure.

She sounds like bliss. Like she's wrapped up in bliss, like she's bliss-ing.

Such a little girl, all unable to keep her hands out of her hair, off her small breasts and stomach, so sensitive to touch. All quiet oohs and ahhs as she gladly takes from me every drop I give. And for the first time in all my life, I feel sated.

I move out and off of her slowly to lie down next to her. And she wraps her arms around me and rests her head on my chest and continues shaking and cooing for the next few minutes after I pull her blankets up around her. And I just hold her close and love her and love the still quiet of my instincts for the first time.

I stroke her hair and kiss her forehead and nose and she finally breaks the silence when she tilts her head up to look me in the eyes – her own so heavy with sleep and pleasure and gratitude.

She kisses me and lays her head back down for rest. I know she's almost asleep when I hear her whisper: "I knew it was you... recognized you... in the kitchen... when you touched me..."

**I am surprised. Shocked. Confused. But not startled.**

**She yawns and oh she makes the cutest noises when she's so spent.**

**"I knew it was you because you're the only person I ever feel safe with..."**

**And my heart soars and I feel like I'm ice and I'm melting.**

**"And I love you too," she just barely whispers, so low, so close to sleep that no human ears would ever have heard it.**

**And I kiss her again.**

**And decide that all the madness of right and wrong, all the questions and answers she'll surely have, everything else in the whole world can wait for the morning, I'm not going anywhere so long as she wants me to stay.**

**~ Fin ~**