

The image shows a close-up of a book cover. A horizontal blue band is positioned across the middle. The background is a textured, gold-embossed surface, likely a cloth or leatherette binding, with the words 'ABC Countdown Outtakes' and 'Aylah50' embossed in a serif font. The lighting is warm, highlighting the texture of the book cover.

ABC Countdown Outtakes

Aylah50

Copyright Page

This book was automatically created by [FLAG](#) on April 19th, 2012, based on content retrieved from <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/6374237/>.

The content in this book is copyrighted by Aylah50 or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved except where explicitly stated otherwise.

This story was first published on October 4th, 2010, and was last updated on November 22nd, 2010.

Any and all feedback is greatly appreciated - please email any bugs, problems, feature requests etc. to flag@erayd.net.

Table of Contents

Summary

1. Chapter 1: F is for Fantasy

2. Chapter 2: O is for Orange Juice

Summary

A series of outtakes from ABC Countdown.

Chapter 1: F is for Fantasy

Sorry to everyone who saw this story go up last week and then watched it disappear! It's here for good now!

This first o/s is a special EPOV outtake written for Manyafandom's "Smut Mondays" on Twilighted. This portion takes place during "RSTUV" week. Thanks to my betas, Awesomesauce76 and Brits23 for their mad editing skills.

SM owns all things Twilight and would probably be completely appalled at ABCward.

EPOV

A shuddering yawn gripped my body. I rubbed my eyes with one hand and reached for my steaming cup of coffee with the other, glancing up at the clock as it ticked closer to eight o'clock in the morning. I sat back in my desk chair and basked in the last few moments of quiet I would have in my empty classroom. My fifth grade students would be running down the hall any minute and I wasn't anywhere near ready for them; I was exhausted.

It was my own fault, really. Well, and Bella's fault, too. We'd been up far too late last night.

I was supposed to be picking her up for a teachers' night out, but when she'd answered the door dressed only in lingerie, our plans quickly changed.

Shifting uncomfortably in my chair, I thought about what we did last night, what she let me do to her. Even now I couldn't get over how damn sexy she was. I'd woken up at dawn wanting her again, and took her from behind in the tiny shower in her father's house.

Another yawn took hold of me as I glanced at today's schedule. My students had gym first thing in the morning, which meant all my pre-pubescent girls would be complaining about their hair being messed up and all the boys would smell like sweat for the rest of the day.

It also meant that I still had plenty of time to wake myself up and clear my mind of thoughts of Bella before I actually had to teach something today.

Not that there was much left to teach; there were only five days of school left, including today.

Today was Friday; "V" Day in Bella's "ABC Countdown." I chuckled to myself, thinking how Bella had warped the primary grade teachers' celebratory countdown of the last twenty-six days of school. Of course she had been planning a fun activity each day for her second graders, but she'd also been writing a dirty version of the countdown, cataloging all the naughty words she could associate with me.

I couldn't help the smile that crossed my face as I thought back over the words she'd written. I'd seen her countdown so many times now I had it practically memorized:

*A: Edward's **ass**, he's **absolutely** beautiful, I'm so **attracted** to him.*

*B: His cute **butt**, the long, ropy muscles of his **back**, his cut **biceps**, I want to give him a **blow-job** in the faculty lounge.*

She'd been so creative, using each letter of the alphabet to outline her fantasies about me. Of course there was a time when I didn't know about Bella's countdown, when she kept her crush a secret from me.

I remembered the moment when I'd found her countdown with crystal clarity. I had accidentally printed out that version instead of the PG one from her classroom computer. She'd been humiliated at first, but once I discovered how she felt for me, how much she wanted me, I couldn't help but tell her how I'd lusted after her all year, since she'd first arrived from Arizona and started teaching here at Forks Elementary.

For months I'd watched her, wondered about her, but kept my thoughts hidden and private. She had moved here to take care of her father, Chief Swan, who'd been injured while on duty. I was enchanted by her pale skin and dark hair, and immediately drawn to her the first time she chewed her lip and blushed when she met my gaze. But she was pleasant and easy with everyone; I had no idea she had been so attracted to me. It hadn't mattered anyway, because up until recently I'd been trapped in something that resembled marriage but was truly closer to hell.

It was hard to imagine how Bella had developed a crush on me since I was sure I'd been a total prick to her for most of the year. Hell, I'd been a prick to pretty much everyone; it had been the worst year of my life. In February I'd found my wife, Tanya, cheating on me with one of the models from her agency, and my world became eclipsed by a very messy and very public divorce.

I had been a grouchy bastard before that point as well; my marriage had been crumbling for years. It had started to go downhill when our sex life diminished. Since we began dating in high school, I had always felt that sex with Tanya was great but a little...boring. When I made some suggestions that we spice things up a bit, she'd found everything I wanted to do disgusting and offensive.

We'd been growing apart ever since then. Things got even more strained between us the day Tanya had told me she didn't want kids because it would ruin her figure. I was crushed; I'd always wanted kids. Every day when I sent my students home I couldn't wait for a time when there would be children waiting for me at my own front door.

As our sham of a marriage fell apart, I realized that Tanya didn't really want me; all along she had only wanted the Cullen name to help propel her business into the spotlight. The Cullens had been in this town for generations while hers had moved over from Alaska when she was fourteen. My father was a very successful and well-known surgeon, and my mother an interior decorator who'd created rooms featured in *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine. In a small town like Forks, that was a big deal, especially for someone with career aspirations as lofty as Tanya's.

For years Tanya had talked about opening a modeling agency. In my teenage innocence I'd told her she was beautiful enough to be a model herself, not realizing then that beauty was so much more than blonde hair and a great rack. She'd said she wanted to open a business that would put Forks on the map. She'd been shrewd and savvy with the agency, but not savvy enough not to get caught fucking one of her male models right in the studio to which I'd had a key. She'd moved out that night.

It had been a very public scandal: the illustrious *New Moon* modeling agency was on the front pages of the newspapers. It didn't bother the bitch one single bit; she'd always said that all press was good press. The papers only cared though because there wasn't much news in this tiny town, and sank their teeth into any gossip they could get their hands on. A bitter divorce within the wholesome and well-known Cullen family drew them in like a moth to a flame, and I was often hounded by photographers and interviewers when I dashed across the school parking lot to get to my car at the end of the day.

Once my marriage had finally ended, I gave myself the green light to give in to the fantasies about Bella I'd pushed into the back of my mind. I found myself staring at her in school, breathing in her sweet, strawberry shampoo when she walked past me, and even followed her home once just to see where she spent her nights.

When I'd found that countdown just three short weeks ago, everything had changed. I took her home with me and finally touched her, tasted her, *fucked* her, and had been craving her more and more every day since.

Even though we'd decided to keep our relationship private until school was out for the summer, I couldn't believe how quickly things had progressed since we'd admitted our feelings. I would never have thought in a million years that she'd not only been attracted to me, but that her mind would have been as naughty and depraved as mine.

Now Bella's countdown had turned into an alphabet of our deliciously wicked sins.

Thoughts from the night before rushed through my mind: the way she'd stood in her father's empty hallway, tempting me mercilessly in red satin and lace which hugged her curves perfectly. She was breathless when I'd pushed her against the door and kissed her deeply, telling her she was the sexiest fucking thing I had ever seen.

We hadn't stopped kissing as I'd carried her up to her room, caressing every inch of her soft skin. And the way she'd whispered "again," when I spanked her, panting each time my palm slapped against her skin was still wrecking me all these hours later.

Bella was eager for every unspeakable thing I wanted to do to her body, allowing me to bind her wrists to her headboard while I buried my face between her thighs. She cried out for me never to stop as I kissed, licked and sucked her sweet flesh. Every guttural moan, every whimpered beg made me groan against her as she ground her hips up against the sensations of my tongue. I'd made her cum enough times by then to know that she was close; I knew how to keep her little shaking body hanging on the edge. However, before I got the chance, she'd stopped me and pleaded for my cock.

I'd been desperate to feel her cum but couldn't resist the draw of the utter bliss that was her hot, wet mouth. She'd let me kneel above her and immediately began sucking on my dripping head. A stream of profanities fell from my lips as I began to slowly fuck her mouth, feeling her tongue massaging me with every slow thrust. I bent my body against hers until we were laying sixty-nine style and slid two fingers inside her. As I hungrily began working her with my tongue once more, she'd thrashed wildly beneath me, her strangled moans sending intense vibrations through my cock as she came.

Once her tremors slowed I'd turned around to face her, a wet sloppy grin on my

face. She'd looked up at me with fire in her eyes as I told her that there was something I wanted to try. Without hesitation she'd watched as I'd climbed onto her chest, palmed her luscious breasts in my hands and pushed my still-drenched cock between them.

Bella's tongue slipped out to lap at the tip of my rigid flesh as it slid between her soft mounds, her perfect pink nipples puckered and hard against my thumbs. The second I truly appreciated the sight of her, still tied to her bed and giving me her body this way, I erupted against her, cumming in hot spurts all over her neck and throat.

Something my darling prude ex-wife had always refused to allow me to do.

I was suddenly incredibly aware of Bella's presence; she was only just a few hundred yards down the hall, waiting for her little ones to arrive.

As if on cue, I heard the sound of dozens of footsteps thundering down the hall, ripping me from my delicious memories. I gulped my coffee and took a deep breath to steady myself, remembering the time I'd accidentally walked in on my grandmother changing her clothes to help deflate my already softening erection.

"First!" Liam, one of my students, called out as he raced into the room.

"Good morning, Liam," I greeted him sarcastically, chuckling at how out of breath he was from the hundred yard dash he'd just made down the hall.

"Morning, Mr. C!" he replied happily.

Seeing Liam smile was a rare thing this year and I was glad to witness it now. His parents had gotten divorced around the same time Tanya and I had contacted our own lawyers and it had really thrown the poor boy's home life into shambles. I'd felt very fatherly to him since his dad had moved out, offering to stay past three to help him once a week with his homework before he went off to the after school program.

I sighed happily as Liam light-heartedly chastised the students arriving after him for being late, his toothy grin brightening the room. Looking at his shining face today assured me he'd be all right once he moved on from my classroom.

I refused to allow my thoughts to drift to Bella while my students settled in, unpacking and then quietly working on their morning busywork. However, once we'd stood for the Pledge of Allegiance and listened to the announcements, I'd led them down the hall for gym and was unable to ignore the allure of walking by Bella's

classroom.

I stalled for a while, chatting with Coach Newton about his summer plans while my class warmed up with laps around the gym. My eyes kept darting in the direction of the primary hallway, the draw of Bella's presence too strong to ignore. I stepped into the office to pick up my mail and nodded at Jane Volturi, our stoic principal.

We'd been so nervous Jane would find out about us when the paper copy of Bella's sexy countdown got lost a few weeks back, but now that it was safely found and the electronic version deleted from her computer, our only worry was Jane finding out we were a couple in a way that would piss her off.

I'd checked with a friend in human resources at the district office; there was no policy against teachers dating as long as it was handled in a mature manner. I was certain Jane wouldn't have any problem with us as a couple when we went public at the end of the school year, but we had to be careful. If she caught us making out in a classroom or a broom closet, we'd probably discover she could throw laser beams from those beady little eyes of hers and burn us alive.

I stopped at the edge of the primary wing and looked down the hallway, wondering how Bella's morning was going. Had she fallen down today yet? I chuckled to myself over her penchant for clumsiness, having twisted her ankle more times than a normal human being ever should.

My mind flickered back to the time I'd brought her over to my house for dinner, her injured leg propped up on a chair and soothed by ice as she ate the dinner I cooked. It was "J" day and she'd fallen down while *jumping* rope. My eyes grew dark and I leaned against the tile wall as I relished in memories of that night, remembering how her countdown that day said she wanted to lick *jelly* off my fingers. I'd come up with my own impish words for the letters of that entire week, feeding her chocolate kisses for "K" day and licking *icing* off her body in celebration of "I."

Like a zombie I wandered down the hallway, my body mindlessly seeking out hers on pure instinct. Really there was no logical reason for me to be walking down there, except to stop in and say hi to my sister Alice, whose first grade classroom was just next to Bella's. I could also pretend I had to say something to my sister-in-law, Rose, whose Kindergarten classroom was at the end of the hall, but I knew she'd see right through me.

I arrived at Bella's door, which was propped open in the hopes of letting a small breeze through the little room. I stood just out of sight and leaned against the wall,

watching her give her students a spelling test.

I loved watching her; I'd had numerous fantasies about it. I'd entertained the idea at times of scaling her father's wall and climbing into her window to watch her sleep, watch her touch herself. Now that I'd spent the night at her place I could picture her there and match the sounds I knew she made to the tantalizing image of her stroking herself under her sheets.

My mind was filled with fantasies of watching her watching me, of gazing at her in the mirror as I tied her ankles to a chair, her wrists bound solidly behind her back, and sliding my hand into her panties, her eyes trained on the reflection of my fingers under the fabric as I stroked her.

I was fairly sure "W" day would include some kind of comment about how we both liked to watch. I already knew she shared my mirror fetish since I'd made her cum in my hallway against the wall, turned on more than anything else by her inability to tear her eyes away from our mirror images. I found myself thinking once again about all the ways I'd made her cum last night, and all the ways I still wanted to.

Suddenly I recognized the fact that I was getting a very hard and very inappropriate erection in the middle of the hallway. My relationship with Bella was fantastic for my sex life, but it could end up costing me my job!

I quickly walked over to the faculty room a few yards away with my mail casually held in front of my pants, thankful that all the teachers and students nearby were currently in their rooms.

Since it was so early in the day, no one was in the lounge yet and fresh coffee was percolating on the counter. I poured myself another cup and sat down at a table, attempting to clear my mind of all the debauchery that had been consuming it. However as I sipped my steaming beverage and looked around the empty room, all I could do was think of my favorite fantasy on Bella's countdown.

*I want to give him a **blow-job** in the faculty lounge.*

I gazed at the little private room within the back wall. It was a glorified phone booth, nothing in it but a chair and a small desk with a phone placed on top. The room was meant for parent phone calls and was semi-private, with a window opening in the door.

My mind began to whir as I stared at it. The inside was concealed enough so that no one could see what was going on inside, but the window provided the opportunity

to make sure we could see if anyone was coming. The desk was just high enough for someone to crawl under and kneel there, the chair just the perfect height...

The sinful thoughts filled my head as the eager blood pumped through my body, engorging the part of me that was already craving her touch again. I could sneak her in over the weekend, or better yet, today after school when everyone had left. We probably wouldn't get caught...

"Edward, we cant!" fantasy Bella would giggle as I pulled her by the wrist into the empty lounge. I purposely wouldn't answer her, but would just turn around to smile at her as I walked backwards into the room.

"We'll get caught!" she would whisper, her eyes wide. Her beautiful face would be flushed with excitement and nervousness. She would be biting her lip and it would be driving me crazy.

"No, we won't," I would assure her, leading her slowly into the little phone room. "I promise."

I would close the door behind us and push her gently against the wall, brushing her hair over her shoulder and pressing my lips softly to her neck. I would be able to hear her little heart pounding with the thrilling rush of fulfilling yet another fantasy from her countdown. I would feel her pulse quicken as I placed open-mouthed kisses against her throat, nipping at the sensitive skin where her neck met her collarbone.

"No one is here," I would insist soothingly. Her breathing would begin to quicken as she arched into my kiss, soft pants escaping her.

"Oh God, Edward," she would whimper as her lips met mine in a searing kiss, her tiny tongue seeking entry into my mouth. Our tongues would dance together, swirling from my mouth back into hers as I'd grind against her, driving her hips into the wall.

"Fuck," she would murmur, breaking apart from the kiss when she felt the outline of my erection against her, straining in my khakis. "Oh, fuck you're so hard."

We would both be breathing hard by now, with me high off her lust as if it were something I could smell in the air, something I could taste. She'd lick her lips and my eyes would flicker from her soft pools of brown down to her soft, pink mouth, desperate to feel her taking me inside it.

Her hands would slide down my body, one gripping my hip while the other palmed

the head of my cock. Her touch would send chills up my spine, even through the fabric separating my length and her soft, warm hand.

"I want you, my dirty girl." I would breathe huskily into her ear as she touched me.

"Sit down," she would command nervously, not used to being the one calling the shots. I'd raise an eyebrow at her boldness but would comply, reclining in the orange plastic chair.

She'd glance over her shoulder and into the dark faculty lounge, still uncertain about our privacy, but her desire to do this depraved act would overcome all trepidation.

Bella would quickly sink to her knees in front of me, ducking her body under the tiny desk and pulling my chair more discreetly under the table. She'd slide her palms up my thighs and lean forward, breathing her hot breath against me through my pants. I would groan, aching for her.

"Off," she would say as she tugged on my belt. I'd make quick work of undoing it, unzipping my pants and lowering my boxers just enough so that my cock sprang free.

She would smile at me with that innocent and yet devilish gleam in her eyes, and then flick her tongue against my leaking tip. I'd stare down at her as she ran her tongues in circles around it, the teasing sensations overwhelming and, at the same time, not nearly enough.

"Fuck, Bella, you're killing me," I would whine, desperate for the moment she would take me into her mouth. She'd know how much I wanted it and would make me wait, making long, slow licks from the base to the head, circling once and back down.

After several passes she would wrap her lips around me, the perfect, wet suction encompassing just the tip, and then resume dragging her tongue back down the underside. "Fuck!" I would huff out in a sudden burst. My thighs would be shaking with need.

She'd then pull her mouth away and begin stroking my swollen flesh with her hand, tugging on it just the way I liked and running her thumb over the tip. I'd be gripping the edges of the chair so tightly my knuckles would be white.

"Stop fucking teasing me!" I would growl.

*"Hmm," she would muse, watching my throbbing cock twitch with every firm pump. "Maybe I should change my countdown to say, 'I want him to **beg** for a **blow-job** in the faculty lounge."*

I would glare at her for a moment, but she would continue to grin evilly at me, now barely ghosting her fingers along my flesh. I'd be alarmingly frustrated and willing to do absolutely anything she wanted.

"Fuck. Please, please Bella!" I would rasp, finding no shame in pleading for the heaven that waited behind her plump lips. "I want your mouth so fucking bad."

Her grin would be triumphant and she would reward me for my words, finally, mercifully sliding her mouth down onto me. She would begin bobbing her head over my lap and I would be dangerously close to cumming already, the sudden onslaught of pleasure bringing me quickly to the brink.

I would force down the moan that threatened to bubble up from my chest, biting my lip and trying desperately to stay quiet as she continued to suck, lick and gently nip at me. My hands would thread into her soft hair and I would whisper her name as she swirled her slick tongue with every deep suck. I'd start gripping her hair roughly, snarling and grunting and thrusting up into her greedy mouth. When I would feel the nearly unreal sensation of hitting the back of her throat, her hand continuing to stroke the skin that her mouth couldn't reach, my orgasm would start to crest.

"Shit! Ungh...Bella, you're gonna make me...oh fuck that feels so fucking good!" My voice would echo in the little room, unable to stop myself from crying out. "Fuck, baby, I'm gonna...Oh God!"

She would look up at me, smiling around my cock in her mouth, and wink. That would be all it would take; knowing how much she wanted this too would push me over the edge. My eyes would squeeze shut and I would try to hold back my shuddering gasps as I would explode inside her mouth, feeling her hungrily swallowing every last drop of my shivering release.

"Edward," she would moan, still drowning in her own need.

"What do you need baby?"

"Edward!" the voice of my sister startled me out of my fantasy.

"What the hell are you doing?" Alice hissed at me from the doorway to the faculty

room, propping it open and leaning inside.

"Nothing, sis." I shrugged innocently, my eyes still a little unfocused. I shifted in my seat, waiting to feel when it was safe to stand. "What, I can't relax in the faculty room on my prep?"

"Sure you can, but you're late picking up your class from gym!" she admonished.

"Oh Alice," I chuckled as I stretched my arms over my head. "You and your odd little premonitions."

"It's not my intuitions, doofus! Haven't you been listening? They've been paging you on the P.A. system!"

"Shit!" I'd been so lost in thought I'd lost all sense of time, and hearing as well apparently. I bounded out of my chair and pushed past her, practically knocking her over as I raced into the hall.

When I arrived at the gym, my students were lined up out front with Coach Newton, who was glaring at me.

"Go on summer vacation early Mr. Cullen?" he asked sarcastically.

"Nope. Just got caught up in something," I replied.

"Maybe he was hanging out with Ms. Swaaaaaaan!" Julianna, one my students, called out in a sing song tease. I glared at her and she grumbled out an apology before snickering with her friends.

Liam stepped up to the front of the line as I began to walk them back to our room. I paused for a moment when I saw Bella appear from the primary wing, her class in tow behind her. She smiled shyly at me.

"You know," Liam began as he looked up at me. "You should really ask Ms. Swan out. You smile when she's around, and you don't smile much, Mr. C."

I reached down and ruffled his hair.

Kids can be way too perceptive.

Hope you liked it!

Chapter 2: O is for Orange Juice

This is an orange lemon for Kassiah's birthday blog! ;)Thanks to my fictwin, Awesomesauce76 for betaing, and Kyla713 for pre-reading!

BPOV

The sound of a radio playing music in the distance brought me out of a deep sleep. Stretching my arms over my head, I blinked slowly, opening my eyes to the soft morning light that filled Edward's bedroom. I sniffed the air, inhaling the delicious scent of warm cinnamon. Giggling, I kicked off the sheets, knowing that Edward was in the kitchen making me breakfast.

School had been out for almost a month now, and Edward and I were spending practically every day together. It had been blissful, being out as a couple without Jane breathing down our necks, or any of our students teasing us. My countdown, now complete, was safely stored in my laptop, although Edward had printed out a copy without my knowing it and had tucked it into his nightstand to use as occasional "inspiration."

I laughed to myself as I pulled a pair of cotton sweats from one of the drawers he'd cleared out for me, remembering what he'd added to the letter "F" back on the fourth of July.

We'd gone to a barbeque at the Cullen house, where I'd finally met his parents, and a guest of theirs had brought some fire crackers. This was apparently a big tradition, something they did every year. As everyone found spaces in the sprawling yard to enjoy the show, Edward dared me to slip away with him.

He'd taken me up to his old bedroom, which happened to have a spectacular view of the dazzling light show, and whispered the confession that he'd always wanted to fuck to fireworks. He'd made me scream so loud that the booming explosions had barely been enough mask our sounds.

After that, he'd made the suggestion we spend every celebration that way. He said we'd call it "Bella and Edward's Sexy Holiday Countdown."

I brushed my teeth quickly and then slipped on my flip-flops before treading down the hall in my sweats and tank top. Pausing at the entrance to the kitchen, I heard

Edward humming along with the radio as he cooked.

"Good morning, beautiful," I heard him say.

Embarrassed at having been caught, I popped my head into the kitchen. "How did you know I was here?" I asked him, flustered.

Edward pointed his spatula in the direction of the hallway behind me. I turned around to see my reflection in the large mirror that hung on the wall. My face blushed scarlet, thinking about the things we'd done in front of that very mirror, and I shrugged, smiling sheepishly back at him.

"You're so fucking adorable," Edward murmured, shaking his head. My stomach fluttered with delight at his crooked smile, so much more calm and relaxed than he'd been in school before we were together. He looked adorable in a dark blue T-shirt and blue and white striped sleep pants. His hair was wild as always and I stepped forward to ruffle it even further.

Edward laid his spatula down on the countertop before turning to scoop me into his arms and give me a delicious hug. He buried his nose in my hair and inhaled deeply. "Mmm, you smell better than any food I could cook."

"Doubtful," I replied, smiling against his grin as he pulling me in for a kiss.

It started out slow and sweet, but each sweep of his lips over mine, each pass of his warm breath against my mouth made me forget about breakfast; I hungered for his taste instead. I danced my tongue out, darting it playfully against his lower lip.

"Don't start," he growled, lowering his hand and swatting me lightly on the rear. "Or I'll end up burning breakfast."

Giggling, I settled myself into a kitchen chair. Edward opened the oven and the kitchen filled with the sweet aroma of French toast, letting it cool on the stovetop. The summer air was already thick in the kitchen through the open window, and the blast of heat that leaked from the oven when he'd opened it made sweat bead on my neck.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked, reaching for one of the oranges resting on a plate on his counter. "It wasn't too hot for you?"

"No..." I barely answered him, distracted as I watched his long fingers surround the brightly colored fruit and squeeze it tightly. "Are you making fresh orange

juice?"

Edward looked up from where he'd begun rolling the orange across a cutting board and smiled. "I thought it would be a nice surprise."

He made small talk as he compressed and rolled each one, but I hardly heard a word, compelled by the way the muscles in his forearms contracted with each movement. I licked my lips as his deft fingers worked one after the next, preparing each orange for the juicing.

Mmm, I'd like to lick orange juice as it dripped off his chin.

"What are you staring at?" he asked, smiling suspiciously at me.

"Oh...uh...nothing!" I lied, standing up quickly. "Can I help?"

I joined him at the counter, where Edward handed me a knife so we could halve the oranges. Then he showed me how to carefully cut a circle around the edge, and slightly separate the fruit from the peel.

"Now you grip it tightly and squeeze," he said softly, lifting one over the pitcher he'd prepared. I watched the juice drip out of the orange and collect at the bottom of the jug.

"Can I try?" I asked, enraptured by his hands as they handled the tender mounds.

Edward stepped out of the way and moved to stand behind me. I reached for an orange half and picked it up, pausing with my arm poised over the jar.

"Like this?" I asked, my fingers contracting around the fruit, feeling the liquid dripping over and through my fingers.

"Perfect," Edward breathed. He moved closer, and I could feel his breath on my neck. His fingers reached forward to brush along the bare skin between the edge of my shirt and the waistband of my pants, making me shiver.

Grabbing another fruit, I turned around to face him, my back against pressing the counter.

"There's something I want to try," I said, a wicked gleam in my eye. I was repeating the very words he'd spoken back in June when he'd knelt over my body, tied to my bedpost by his belt, and slid his cock between my breasts.

I raised my hand to his face, gently nudging his mouth open with the other. Bringing the edge of the orange to his lips, I squeezed it, eyeing the juices as they slid off the peachy insides and onto Edward's lips. I gasped softly as his tongue slid out to lap at it. His hungry, piercing eyes never left mine, hooded as they always were under his thick, dark lashes. As I'd hoped, some of the orange juice dripped down his chin.

"Ooops," I said softly. "Let me take care of that."

I reached around behind me to place the orange back down onto the cutting board and then angled my head forward, running my lower lip over Edward's perfectly chiseled jaw line. I heard him take a long slow breath and his fingers dipped under the cotton band of my pants. I grinned, sliding my tongue out to lick the juice off his chin.

Edward groaned and lifted his head slightly, allowing me to lick away the drops that had slid under his chin, then lap away the few that had slipped down his neck. When I was satisfied he was sufficiently....licked, I pulled back and smiled at him.

"Did that taste good?" he breathed, staring at me intently. I nodded, feeling my heart begin to race from the fire I saw behind his eyes. "Hmmm," he continued. "I might just have to try it myself."

Falling back against the counter with a thud, I gazed at Edward as he reached for another orange half, repeating my actions as he raised it to my mouth. I shivered as the sticky substance slid down my chin, the force of Edward's hand causing a good amount of it to rush down my neck.

He threw the orange down on the counter and then his mouth attacked my lips, sucking the juice from them with a searing kiss. One of his hands gently tugged the hair at the base of my head, exposing my neck. He laved his tongue over my chin and throat, lapping up every drop of orange juice, nipping at my skin as he went.

"Damn, you're so sexy," Edward groaned. He took my juice-covered face in one of his hands and ran his thumb roughly over my cheek as the other fingers gripped the back of my neck. "The things you come up with...it's making me want to fuck you right here in the kitchen."

"So *do* it," I breathed. I ran my fingers through his unruly locks as we shared another deep, passionate kiss, and I slipped my tongue between his lips to slide along his.

Edward growled and reached down with both hands, hitching each of my legs up over his hips. I could feel how hard he was through his pajama pants. Wrapping my arms around him for leverage, I resumed kissing his neck, delighted to find traces of juice still on his skin. He let go of me to grab something, then turned around and walked us over to the kitchen table, setting me down gently on it.

I placed my palms down on the table behind me and locked my ankles around his back, smiling up at him demurely. Like a magician, he produced another orange half and squeezed it over my neck, sending juice spilling down onto my shoulder.

"Oh, I'm sorry, this might get messy." Edward's teasing voice was like smooth honey. He glanced down at my tank top where some juice had accidentally splattered. "Maybe you'd better take this off."

I frantically tugged the fabric over my head as Edward did the same to his shirt, and then latched onto my neck with his mouth, sucking and biting on my wet skin. He captured one of my breasts in a sticky hand and followed a path of juice down my chest to it with his tongue.

I panted and arched my head back as he teased my nipple before drawing it into his hot mouth. I could feel my panties getting drenched as he rocked his cotton-covered erection against me.

"Edward," I whimpered as he repeated his ministrations on my other breast. "Please...don't make me wait."

"You know I love it when you beg," he said, smiling against my taut peak. Then I felt his fingers under the waistband of my pants, and seconds later, they'd been tugged off me, falling to the linoleum floor. He yanked down his own pants and boxers, and before he'd stood up again, I'd wrapped my fingers around his cock.

"Fuck, yes, Bella!" Edward looked down at my hand as it stroked him and moved closer to me, grasping my legs in his hands as he lined himself up at my entrance.

The look of pleasure that took over his face as he thrust slowly into me took my breath away. His mouth dropped open slightly and his eyes fluttered closed, then opened again to stare me down with unabashed lust.

Edward reared back and slid all the way into me again, the force of his thrust causing me to lose my grip on the table and I rolled backwards, catching myself on my forearms. He pulled my legs up and placed one over each of his shoulders, kissing each knee gently before reaching lower to wrap his hands around my thighs.

He began to fuck me in earnest, pounding into me as I stared up at him. "Harder!" I begged, and let out a throaty moan when he thrust into me so hard it made the table shake.

Over and over he plunged into me, in and out, the pleasure of it incredibly intense as sweat and juice dripped down our chests. I found myself quickly on the edge of my orgasm and cried out, feeling it suddenly crash through me. I fell back against the table as he found his relief as well, stilling and shuddering inside me.

As our breathing slowed, he smiled down at me, leaning forward to kiss a lingering drop of juice on my chest.

*Wow. I really, really like **orange** juice, I giggled to myself. Guess I'll have to add that to the letter "O" on the countdown!*

Feel free to leave me some orange flavored love in the form of reviews! :)