



ABC Countdown

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Summary

With only twenty-six days left of school, second grade teacher Bella is supposed to be running her classroom ABC Countdown. However, all she can think about is her sexy co-worker Edward, and the much naughtier version of the ABC Countdown he inspires.

Chapter 1: ABC

***As of May 7, 2011, this story was taken down and reposted. No major changes were made!**

Thanks so much to my betas and Awesomesauce76 and Brits23 for helping me get this chapter up. Thanks also to my pre-readers Kyla713, lazykatevamp and loss4words81, as well as to Heatherdawn for making yet another incredible banner! I love you all to bits!

This is fic is going to be light-hearted, smutty and fun! Rated M for lemons in future chapters.

Twilight belongs to SM.

- A -

Twenty-six days left of school. That's when the teachers in the primary grades began our ABC countdown: each day we did a fun activity starting with a letter in the alphabet. The first day was obviously "A" and my second graders were doing Arts and Crafts.

But me? All I could think about was Mr. Cullen's *ass*.

He taught fifth grade, and the upper grades didn't do ABC Countdown. Those kids had too much attitude and burgeoning hormones for that. My students, however, were ecstatic as they created all kinds of artistic things out of leftover popsicle sticks, felt, feathers and glitter.

Watching them both filled my heart with joy and broke it just a little bit; they were my very first class here at Forks Elementary School. Knowing that in a few short weeks, they would be third graders and not my students anymore had been causing me to tear up a lot over the previous few days.

I moved to Forks the year before from Arizona, where I lived near my mom, her new husband Phil and their kids. I'd been teaching there for a few years when my Dad got hurt in the line of duty. He was a cop and when he received a gunshot wound during one of the very few violent altercations that took place in Forks, Washington, I knew someone needed to move there to take care of him.

Moving in with my father at the age of twenty-three wasn't something I was looking forward to, and neither was leaving my tenured position in Phoenix. Luckily, when I arrived the summer before, I discovered there was a classroom opening in Forks Elementary School. The Superintendent of Schools owed my father a favor, and before I knew it, I had a job again.

The kids in Forks were very different from the children back home but I fell in love with all my students almost instantly. That was also the day my massively inappropriate, borderline-obsessive, crush on Edward Cullen began.

It also happened to be when Edward's sister, Alice Whitlock, became my best friend. Alice was the other second grade teacher in school; Forks was apparently one of those weird towns where families stay there forever and everyone knows each other, so having siblings teach at the same school they'd attended themselves wasn't strange at all. She had realized my insane crush on Edward immediately after we'd met.

At the beginning of the year, there had been no point to my attraction. Edward was married to Tanya Denali Cullen, owner of the local - and *only* - modeling agency in Forks. She was beautiful enough to have been one herself, and I had been totally intimidated by her.

However, Tanya apparently had been a little too close with one of her male models, because in February, Edward caught her cheating on him in her studio. It started what became a very long and messy divorce, finalized just the previous month.

Since then, there had been some mild flirting between us, which only served to fuel my crush. He'd held the door open for me a few times when we'd both left the faculty room together, he'd complimented me on my outfit once or twice (always outfits Alice had put together for me), and once I swore I'd caught him breathing in a whiff of the strawberry scent my hair retained after using my favorite conditioner.

While Alice and I had clicked right away, I had a harder time getting to know her best friend, the Kindergarten teacher, Rosalie Cullen, also known as Edward's sister-in-law. She was rough around the edges to say the least, and didn't have an easy time getting to know new people but warmed to me eventually. I found out later that Rose's sullen demeanor was a result of her inability to have children; anyone who saw her with her class would know how much she loved them and desperately wanted one of her own.

Her husband, Emmett, was child enough for her to deal with, however. He was a

guidance counselor up at the high school, as well as the Varsity Football and Baseball Coach. Emmett and Edward were polar opposites. While Emmett was fun loving, wild and boisterous, Edward was quietly sarcastic, occasionally crabby and absolutely beautiful.

Ah, there's another "A" word that describes Edward! Absolutely beautiful...his ass, his absolutely beautiful ass...

"Ms. Swan? Can I?" Madison, one of my favorite students interrupted me from my daydreams. I shook my head a little, trying to clear my thoughts.

"Can you what, sweetie?" I answered.

"Can I make something to give Julianna tomorrow? To thank her for being my Reading Buddy this year?"

Julianna was a fifth grader in Edward's class; our students were "buddy classes." Once a week during the year, his students would come down to my room and read with the younger children. It had really been a great experience for all the kids.

My heart sank when I realized that tomorrow was "B" day: "Say Bye to Reading Buddies Day." It would be the last time they read together.

"Sure you can. As a matter of fact, that would be a nice thing for all of you to do." The children cheered; it was fine with me for them to continue crafting. It was sweltering in my classroom, which was surprising weather for the end of May, and there was a half hour left until dismissal. No way was I going to try teaching under those conditions.

At three o'clock, I'd dismissed the children to their busses, the last of them waving as they left, skipping down the hall.

"Walk, Scout!" I heard Alice yell to one of my more rambunctious boys before coming into my classroom. After a full day of school in an intensely humid building, she still looked perfectly put together while I was a frizzy, perspiring mess. She looked adorable in a perky, fifties style dress and ballet flats. I however had sweat through my jersey tank top and my cotton skirt was sticking to my legs.

"It's Wednesday! Time for our faculty meeting!" she sang, her voice a cheerful tinkling melody.

"Can't wait," I sang back sarcastically.

"Well, at least it's air conditioned in the library...and Edwaaaaard," she drew out his name, "has Union business on the agenda."

"Alice, stop! People will hear you!" I cried out in a forceful whisper, giving her a playful smack on the arm.

"So? Everyone knows," Rosalie said dryly as she entered the room. "Except, of course, for my extremely unobservant brother-in-law."

I exhaled heavily at her response.

"What? It's true!" she replied, giving me an annoyed shrug.

The truth was I didn't just like him. Actually, I was pretty sure I was in love with him. And insanely attracted to him. Attracted! Another "A" word that made me think about Edward. I swore I could create an entire ABC Countdown on the sexiness of that man.

Suddenly, I giggled to myself, an idea forming into a complete thought in my head. "Hey," I began, stalling for time and trying to figure out a way to get Alice and Rose out of my classroom for a few minutes. "I forgot to print out my, uh...classroom newsletter! I'll catch up with you guys in at the meeting. Save me a seat!"

Alice agreed, skipping out of the room and Rose followed. As soon as they walked out the door, I opened a blank document on my computer and typed at the top: "*ABC Countdown: 26 Days of Sexy Edward Cullen.*"

I skipped a line and began typing my list.

*"A: Edward's **Ass**, he's **Absolutely** beautiful, I'm so **Attracted** to him."*

I didn't want to end up accidentally printing this list for my classroom or for a parent instead of the real one, so I saved the file as "*ABC Countdown S.E.C.*".

Glancing at the clock, I saw I was about to be late for the meeting, so I quickly shut down my computer and dashed out of the room. As I hurried down the hallway, I slipped on the newly buffed surface and tripped right in front of the glass windows of the library.

Our custodian, Fred Banner, helped me up, pulling me by my elbow and asking me if I was all right. After assuring him that I was and thanking him for his help, I bent down to rub the ankle I'd twisted.

God, I hope nobody saw me do that! I thought, standing up and hobbling into the library.

As I opened the door, the cool air fanned my face, giving me sweet relief from the sticky torture that was my classroom. Like a teenager with a crush, I immediately sought out Edward, scanning the room full of people for his perfect face.

Ohhh, there he is.

He was sitting in his usual spot, the table in the back right corner of the room with the other fifth and sixth grade teachers.

My stomach flipped-flopped as it always did whenever I saw him. His piercing green eyes seemed to sparkle even in the dull, fluorescent light of the library. My heart fluttered a little as I took in the rugged lines of his jaw, a faint trace of soft scruff covering his chin and just above his lip. I hadn't seen him much this week and didn't know he'd started growing in a beard. The humidity had made his already unruly copper hair more wild than usual. My fingers twitched involuntarily, itching to run through his soft locks.

He didn't look up at me as I stood there; he was too busy talking to Jessica Stanley. She was a sixth grade teacher and another graduate of Forks High. She'd known Edward pretty much her entire life, and had a crush on him for equally as long.

I was immediately jealous of her proximity to him as she stood over his shoulder, reading something off the meeting agenda. She reached down to point something out, and as she did, her hair fanned down in front of his face. I bit back a grin as I saw him grimace slightly and pull back, trying to move away from the intrusion of her locks in his vision. Jessica didn't seem to notice.

Suddenly, I felt someone grabbing my hand. "Bella, you're staring!" Alice whispered as she tugged me towards the table she was sitting at. I hadn't even realized she'd been standing next to me as I'd been gazing at Edward and I shook my head in embarrassment.

I'm so pathetic!

Alice gave me a sympathetic smile and Rose rolled her eyes as we sat down with the third and first grade teachers. Our meetings were always like a high school cafeteria; everyone always sat with their own kind. It was a good thing, too, or I'd probably get there early just to try to sit next to Edward. As it was, I felt the hair on

my neck standing on end just by being in the same room with him.

Our principal, Jane Volturi, cleared her throat and began going over the meeting's lengthy agenda. It included report card due dates, year-end preparations, and procedures for packing up our classrooms for the summer.

After a few minutes, my mind began to wander and I found myself doodling on the paper. When Jane arrived at the line item that included "year end preparations," she addressed the table where I sat.

"Primary grades, I'd like you to work with your buddy classes to create some kind of end of the year project to send home to parents. You can use photos, lists of books they've read, whatever you want."

Buddy classes!

An enthusiastic smile appeared on my lips as I realized this project would require that Edward and I work on it together. I bit my lip and tried to force my excitement off my face, but I knew it was useless; I'd always been an open book and could never really hide my emotions.

"Uh, Jane," Edward raised his hand to get her attention. "I assume we will be getting substitute coverage while we are supposed to be working on these *projects*?"

She momentarily grimaced at his words.

"You don't expect us to work on this after school hours," he continued. "Especially when we have all of *this* to do?" He waved the agenda in the air to punctuate his words.

Edward was the faculty representative to the Teachers' Union, and because of this, he was always challenging Jane on anything that went against our Union rules. He was slightly arrogant about it and unrelenting in his defense of teachers' contractual rights. It reminded me of the chivalry held only by an older generation, and I found it incredibly sexy.

"I don't think it should be a project that will take up *toomuch* of your time," she replied acridly, visibly irritated at his suggestion, but she pursed her lips at him and smiled. "However, if you need coverage, I'm sure it could be arranged."

Since the entire faculty was watching this interchange, I felt no shame in turning to glance at Edward. His answering smile to Jane's words was polite, but it wasn't

genuine. I knew this for a fact; I'd spent way too much time studying his smiles.

I knew when his eyes crinkled up at the sides and his brilliant teeth flashed, he was really smiling. The tight-lipped smile he was giving at that moment didn't reach his eyes.

As Jane turned her attention back to the agenda, Edward rocked back in his chair and rolled his eyes. His eyes flickered towards mine for a second and, so quickly that I almost didn't catch it, he winked at me.

Immediately, I could feel my cheeks blush a hot, scarlet red and I quickly looked away. My nipples suddenly hardened as fire flashed down from my stomach to between my legs and I squirmed uncomfortably in my chair.

*How does he **do** this to me with just a single look?*

I pushed my legs together, trying to ignore the persistent ache that had tormented me since the day Edward walked into my life.

The rest of the meeting passed by uneventfully, and afterwards, I followed Alice and Rose into the parking lot to plan a night out for Friday evening.

"Do you want to do a girls' night out? Or should we let the boys tag along?" Alice asked, skipping towards her car, parked right out front and next to Rosalie's car. They always arrived at school early enough to get the best parking spaces. I barely made it there before the kids every day, usually due to spilling milk all over my kitchen floor or some kind of mascara accident.

"Doesn't matter to me," Rose said nonchalantly as she put a stack of papers in her trunk.

I was entirely too eager for a night out with the girls. While they both went home to their husbands every night, I spent most of my time cooking fish for Charlie and cultivating my co-dependent relationship with my cat.

Suddenly, we heard an engine revving, and I turned over my shoulder to see Edward whiz by in his silver S60R. Every time I saw that car away from school, I'd crane my neck just to see if it was him.

Stupid shiny Volvo!

He waved at us as he drove passed, his Ray Bans firmly in place. *Only a man that*

gorgeous could make those ugly sunglasses work!

"I'll bet Jasper and Emmett could convince Edward to join us," Alice teased. I whipped around to face her with my lips pressed together, not realizing until that moment that I'd been staring after Edward's car.

"Alice, shhh please!" I squeaked, but she simply giggled in response.

"Consider it done," she said, twisting her fingers together sweetly and swinging her arms from side to side like a little girl.

"Good!" Rose slammed her trunk closed. "Tight-ass could use a night out. He's spent too many months being a total dick over his divorce."

"Rose, stop," I chastised. "It's been really hard on him." But she just rolled her eyes at me again. Rose was a big fan of the eye roll.

Alice kissed me on the cheek before she and Rose walked towards their driver doors. "Have a good night!" I waved at them as I walked down to the end of the lot to the ugly, red pick-up truck I'd inherited from my father. It was a monster, but it performed decently on the roads up here, especially after Charlie had arranged to have snow tires installed.

I headed home to find our air conditioner whirring loudly, Charlie and my cat Jake asleep on the couch. Slumping down into the Lazy-Boy chair next to them, I kicked off my sticky flip-flops and closed my eyes.

Tomorrow was "B" day. I'd get to spend a good amount of time with Edward tomorrow, and hopefully, get to stare at his cute butt.

Butt! My first "B" word! No, wait, that's the same as ***ass...***

Giggling to myself, I drifted off to sleep.

- B -

By ten o' clock on Thursday morning, my students were bouncing in their seats. Each of them had a sculpture they'd made the day before sitting proudly on their desks as they waited for their Reading Buddies to arrive.

I had gotten to school early that morning for once, hoping to clean up my classroom for today's event. I'd also added two items to my "Sexy Edward Cullen

ABC Countdown:"

"**B: his cute Butt**," I decided to go with it, even though it was just a synonym for ass and "*the long, ropy muscles of his Back*."

I'd seen him shirtless once that year when I went to see him play in a district-wide faculty basketball game back in September. It had still been fairly warm and after a heated game in the high school gym, he'd pulled his drenched t-shirt off over his head as he headed into the locker room. I'd stared at the sloping lines of his back leading down to his shorts until he'd disappeared out of my line of sight.

He didn't even know my name back then.

"Ms. Swan, are you ready for us?"

My head snapped up from the spelling tests I had been staring at to find Edward standing at the door to my classroom, his students lined up down the hallway behind him. I stared for just a moment, seeing his broad figure fill my doorway.

As always, Edward looked achingly handsome in a dark blue, short-sleeved polo shirt and khaki pants. I briefly wondered what the thin layer of hair that was sparsely covering his chiseled jaw would feel like to the touch; would it be soft, like fine feathers, or prickly and coarse? His arms propped up on the doorframe, his elbows resting on either side as he leaned into the room, showing off his toned biceps.

*Mmmm, **biceps**. Going to have to add that one to the list.*

"Of course, Mr. Cullen!" I stammered quickly. "Come on in. My students have been waiting for you."

As I stood up from my desk and began to walk to the front of my classroom, I stepped on a piece of loose-leaf paper on the floor. My right leg slipped out from under me and I lost my balance, but before I had a chance to topple over and humiliate myself, Edward's hand shot out and grabbed mine. He braced his body against my fall, and suddenly, I was leaning against him, my hands square in the middle of his chest while his gripped my elbows tightly.

"You okay, Ms. Swan?" It wasn't until a few seconds later, as I was standing there feeling his strong pectoral muscles under the fabric of his shirt, that I registered he'd ask me a question. I had no idea how many seconds I'd been standing there, leaning on Edward. The children began to giggle and my eyes widened,

embarrassed.

*Could I be any **more** spastic around this man?*

"Uh, yes. I'm fine! Thank you for uhh...catching me, Mr. Cullen."

He smiled down at me as he let me go. "Anytime," he replied softly.

The giggling ceased and my students began to frantically wave at their buddies, presenting them with their hand-made gifts, which the fifth graders accepted with surprising maturity. They found different spots around the room to read.

We monitored our students carefully, roaming around the room for a while and making sure they were on task. Finally, we both made our way back to my desk together. Edward crossed his arms as he leaned back against it.

"So, are we going out tomorrow night?" he asked me.

My heart sped up at an alarming rate. *Is he asking me out on a date?*

I didn't answer and Edward looked quizzically at me. "Cocktails? Teachers' night out? Alice mentioned something to me about it this morning."

Alice!

"Oh! I just...uh... I didn't realize that you were coming with us."

*That's good, Bella. Stutter a little more, why don't you? That's a **real** turn on.*

Edward chuckled and I melted at his smile. "Am I not invited?" he asked.

"No! No, of course, you are!" I stammered in response and bit my lip in embarrassment. He quickly looked away as he saw me doing that, which confused me. I ran my tongue over my teeth to see if any of my breakfast was accidentally stuck in there, but it sure felt clean to me.

"So! The buddy class project Jane wants us to do...sounds like a lot of fun, doesn't it?" I said dryly, trying to change the subject.

Edward shook his head, obviously annoyed by the mention of our stoic principal. "Oh, yeah, can't wait. Like we don't have enough to do at the end of the year."

"Well, it might be fun. You never know," I said, hoping I sounded sweet and slightly sexy. "I'd be happy to brainstorm some ideas with you during lun-"

Something small, hot pink and rubber fly across the room in my peripheral vision cut me off suddenly.. I turned to the corner to see Zach, one of Edward's students, flinging a *Silly Band* into the air like a slingshot.

"Zach!" Edward's voice came out like a growl, low and disapproving, and Zach immediately snapped to attention. Blushing visibly, he lowered a second elastic bracelet he had poised to launch and put it back on his wrist.

"Sorry, Mr. C.," Zach mumbled quietly.

Edward simply nodded in response and I gazed at him, in awe of his undeniable authority. I redirected the behavior of the children in my class by saying sweet things like, "let's make better choices." The way he commanded his students with a simple word and a stern look, was so ridiculously sexy, I could hardly stand it.

"Oh, those damn *Silly Bands*," he said under his breath, rubbing his palms roughly over his face. "I wish the school would ban them."

I laughed and patted him on the shoulder.

You'll just find any excuse to touch him, won't you?

Ignoring my inner dialog, I said, "It's just a fad. They're harmless."

"They're really..." he turned towards me and leaned in, smiling as he silently mouthed the word '*fucking*' "annoying!"

I stared at his mouth for a moment, still seeing them mouth the word in my mind. I felt my panties get wet at just the image of it on his lips.

"At least they're not all still singing *High School Musical* anymore," I managed to respond.

"Yeah, but now everything is *Justin Bieber*," he grumbled. "I can't stand that kid!"

"Ms. Swan! Look! I made a picture for Alexis!" Nicole said, interrupting my conversation with Edward, standing directly in front of me as she waved a drawing in the air.

"That's great, sweetie, but you're supposed to be reading right now." She smiled broadly and wrapped her tiny arms around me in a tight hug. I squeezed Nicole in return before sending her back to her buddy.

Edward crossed his arms and leaned back against my desk. "You're lucky. You have them when they're still cute and innocent. I get them when they're sarcastic and cranky."

"Like *you*, you mean?" I asked, laughing as I elbowed him in the ribs.

He smiled slightly and looked at the ground. "I wasn't always," he said softly, making me immediately feel bad for making the comment.

"The divorce really left you jaded, didn't it?"

He nodded and sighed heavily.

"I'm sorry," I whispered as I moved closer to him, inhaling whatever delicious cologne he was wearing. "She never should have done that to you."

I never would!

Edward shrugged nonchalantly, brushing it off. "What can you do, you know?" He looked me straight in the eye for a moment, and then looked slightly downward.

Holy shit, is he staring at my mouth? For a split second, Edward inhaled quickly and his tongue darted out, licking his upper lip before standing up abruptly and turning away.

"Okay, fifth grade, time to go," his voiced boomed and echoed across my small classroom.

Edward's students dutifully stood up and waved goodbye to mine, taking their books, drawings and art project presents with them. As his class filed out my door, Edward began to follow them, his hands pushed stiffly into his pockets.

My heart sank just a little as he walked out the door. I'd been hoping to revisit the idea of working on our buddy class project with him over lunch. As I began to turn towards my class to get ready for math, I heard Edward's voice call out, "Oh, and Ms. Swan?"

I turned back to see him leaning halfway back into the classroom. "Yes, Mr.

Cullen?"

"I have a parent phone call to make during lunch today, but we can talk about the project tomorrow night." He winked at me and an involuntary, embarrassingly large grin came across my face. I may have even gulped visibly as he walked out the door again.

If I were a cartoon character, my tongue would have spilled out on the floor and my eyes would have sprung out into hearts attached to slinkies.

"Ms. Swan?" Madison called out. I turned towards her to see that her grin mirrored mine. "Do you *like* Mr. Cullen?"

"Madison!" I said sternly to her. "That isn't a very appropriate question to ask. Now, everyone please take out your math books."

I sighed and looked at my now empty doorway. *Children are way too perceptive.*

- C -

Friday was "C" day and "Create a Card for next year's teacher" was today's activity. I steered clear of the children as they worked, not wanting to get my beige linen pants and black blouse stained by any of their markers.

I'd dressed nicer than usual that day, since Alice had called the night before to tell me we were all going out directly after school ended. She had insisted we carpool, and Jasper had driven the two of us to work that morning. Rosalie had come in with Emmett, who had dropped her off before heading over to the high school, just a few blocks away.

My students scribbled away, writing how excited they were to move up to third grade next year. With all twenty-two of them occupied, I snuck over to my computer and opened my "ABC Countdown S.E.C." document.

"*C: Cocktails with Mr. Cullen tonight,*" I began typing. I stared into my screen, my eyes flickering over it towards the class to make sure they were all still on task.

"*He has the Cutest smile, he's sometimes Crabby, I would love to Cuddle with him.*" Thankful that my screen faced away from all their desks, I snickered quietly as my fingers clicked over the keyboard, but then forced myself to look very serious as a few of the students looked up at me in curiosity.

The day passed by quickly, and before I knew it, I was waving to my last student as she walked out the door. I shut down my computer and packed up my bag just as Alice skipped into the room.

"I still can't believe you're insisting on wearing *that* tonight," she muttered, squinting as if my outfit were painful to look at.

"I'm comfortable, Alice!" I whined.

"Comfortable isn't sexy!" she moaned in response. "And comfortable sure as hell isn't going to get my brother to wake the hell up out of his post-divorce funk and notice how gorgeous and perfect for him you are."

I frowned at her and she put one arm comfortingly around me, walking me out the door and into her classroom. "Luckily, I happen to have something better for you to change into. Thank goodness we're the same size!"

She clapped as she opened her closet and pulled out two hangers, on which hung a short, tiered white skirt that fluttered as it moved and a thick strapped, low cut, midnight blue halter-style tank top. She'd also brought a cute little denim jacket as well.

"It's a good thing flip-flops go with anything in this weather," she said, motioning to my shoes. "Now, get into the bathroom and change! I'll meet you in there in a minute with my makeup kit."

I hesitated for minute, not sure how my thighs were going to look in that short skirt.

Oh, what the hell!

Kissing Alice quickly on the cheek, I grabbed the clothes from her. "You're the best, Alice!"

She smiled and smacked me playfully on the ass. "March! We don't have a lot of time!"

A half hour later, we were on our way to a new club called *Dazzled* in downtown Port Angeles. Alice, Jasper, and I were in one car while Rose, Emmett, and Edward rode together in his Volvo. Emmett had left his car at school, knowing that Rose would have to drop him back off for his baseball team's practice in the morning.

I willed myself not to do anything stupid that night like trip over my own feet again. Edward looked so incredibly hot that I'd clenched my thighs together the minute I saw him. He wore dark wash jeans and a summer weight black crew neck sweater, bunched up at the elbows to reveal his muscled forearms.

We stepped out of the car and the afternoon sun beat hot, searing waves of heat against us as we walked from the parking lot to the bar entrance. The bouncer at the door asked to see our I.D.'s, after which Edward held the door open, gesturing for us all to come inside.

A wave of cool air and loud music beckoned from the dark entranceway and I hung back near the end of our gang, planning to walk in with Edward. The couples filed in before us, and Edward smiled graciously as I stepped past him. I was fairly certain I saw his eyes flicker down to the hint of cleavage that was peeking out of the top of my borrowed tank.

We walked down a narrow hallway that opened up into the wide room, entirely decorated in black with red and white accents. To the left was a long bar, lined with bottles on glass shelves, where incredibly sexy male and female bartenders were serving drinks. A dance floor was directly in front of us with an old school disco ball hanging above it. Lasers in the wall projected light off it in random intervals making colors rain down like sparkles all over the room. Hugging the corners of the room were booths with black Formica tables and white seat cushions.

It wouldn't have stirred up any interest in Phoenix, but out there it was pretty much the best we were going to get. The music was blasting; a wild beat pounding so loudly, I could feel the bass reverberate in my teeth.

"I think the ladies need some drinks," Jasper said with his arm wound tightly around Alice. He leaned in and sweetly nuzzled her neck, which I witnessed with a pang of jealousy.

Alice sent the men off to buy us all a round while we found a cozy booth. When they returned with beers and apple martinis, Alice had strategically arranged our seating so that Edward and I were next to one another; I found myself squeezed between him and Emmett, while the other three sat opposite us.

We chatted for a while as we drank, Emmett regaling us with tales from the high school; seniors caught making out in stairwells and the like. As we sat there drinking through several more rounds, I kept stealing sideways glances at Edward. He sat with his chin in his hand, listening to Emmett's stories and laughing.

Every time the smile reached his eyes, my heart leaped into my throat. He hadn't gone out with us much during the divorce, and even more rarely than that while he and Tanya were still together. Whenever he did, he always seemed so stressed; it was nice to see him so relaxed finally.

"Oooh, I love this song!" Alice cooed, clapping as the D.J. began to spin a new *Katy Perry* song. "Come on, girls! Let's go dance!"

I moaned in protest, but there was no getting out of it. Emmett slid off the bench allowing me to get up, and Alice took my hand, pulling me onto the dance floor. Feeling incredibly self-conscious, I twirled around, trying to imitate the sexy moves she and Rose performed with ease.

"Why are you making me do this?" I asked them through uncomfortable giggles as I attempted to move my body to the beat.

"Because you look hot!" Rose answered, coming up behind me and grinding against me.

"And," Alice said as she came to face me, sandwiching me between them. "Edward is watching every move!" As we danced, moving sinuously against one another, I stole a glance in the direction of our table.

Sure enough, Edward's eyes were directly on me. From where I stood, I could tell that they'd grown suddenly darker, and the look on his face could only be described as...lustful. My head was buzzing nicely after three martinis, and combined with Edward's expression, it spurred me on.

As Rose and Alice shimmied down my body, I raised my arms up in the air and rolled my shoulders to the beat. On and off, I partially hid my face behind a wave of my hair, peeking out from behind it with one eye to see if Edward was still watching me.

My mind wandered into a recurring fantasy I had of giving Edward a blowjob in the faculty room after school.

*Ooh, **blow job**, I have to add that to "B" on my countdown!*

I giggled to myself as I danced, thinking of more "C" words and giggling to myself. *I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!*

Wow, I must be really drunk!

When the song ended, I twisted around and lost my footing. I fell forward, my knees hitting the dance floor, skimming one slightly and breaking the skin on the other.

Fuck! I'm so damn clumsy!

I winced, both in pain and embarrassment.

"Oh shit, Bella! Are you okay?" Rose asked as she pulled me up by my elbow.

"Yes, I'm fine!" I groaned, pulling myself up. "I'm just - OW!" I yelped in pain as I put weight on the leg with the bleeding knee.

"Crap. You can't even stand?"

I shook my head at Rose and then covered my face with my hands. "I can't *believe* Edward just saw me fall. I must look like such an idiot."

Alice leaned in close to me. "No," she whispered. "It's perfect." I peeked out from behind my fingers to see Edward rushing to the dance floor, Emmett and Jasper hurrying behind him.

"Bella! Are you hurt?" Edward asked.

I started to tell him I was fine, but before I could, Alice interrupted me.

"Edward, I really think you should take Bella home," she stated.

I began to protest, but the look of concern on Edward's face made me swoon. *Or is it the alcohol?* I hadn't had three martinis in a row in a long time.

Edward nodded his head in concern. "I think that's a good idea." He stepped in close to me and gently pulled my arm across his shoulders, electrifying me with his touch as he steadied me, his hand gripping my hip.

"Can you walk?" As he spoke, the stubble on his cheek brushed across my own and I may have shuddered at the sensation. A breathy exhale preempted my answer as I stared into his eyes, closer to his face than I ever had been before.

"I think so," I replied meekly. Looking back over my shoulder, I waved at Emmett, Rose, and Jasper. Alice handed me my purse and her jacket, promising to call and check in on me tomorrow.

It was starting to rain as we left. He walked me quickly out of the club, and I tried to keep my limping to a minimum. Edward tenderly helped me into his car, supporting my weight as I sat down and pulling the seatbelt around me before closing the door.

I took a deep pull of the scent of his car as he walked around to the driver seat, relishing in an aroma that was so deliciously *him*.

He drove a bit faster than I would have liked, considering that it had started to rain harder, but it somehow made him seem edgier, sexier, if that were even possible. My head cleared a bit as we drove back to Forks, relishing in our conversation. We spent the ride talking about school, laughing over how much we both disliked Principal Volturi and our buddy project. We decided we'd create a collage of photos of our students, interspersed with titles of the books they'd read together and would start it sometime the following week. He begrudgingly agreed to meet up with me one day after school, despite it being outside of our contractual obligations.

Before I knew it, he'd pulled up at my father's house. I looked out the window in surprise. "How did you know where I live?"

He smiled quietly at me. "I know a lot of things about you, Bella."

A bright flash of lightning followed by a booming clap of thunder distracted me from analyzing his comment, and I jumped in my seat. "Wow, it's pouring," he mused, looking out the windshield at the sheets of rain that were now pounding on the hood of his car.

"I guess we're stuck in here for a few," I said, staring at his perfect profile, and bit my lip as he turned back to look at me. His intense gaze focused completely on my mouth and he frowned slightly. Very slowly, he lifted his arm and brought his hand up to my face, brushing his thumb lightly against my lip until I released it from my teeth.

He continued to run his thumb back and forth against my lower lip and I sat frozen, unable to move. My heart thumped loudly in my chest and I stared at him wide-eyed as he studied my mouth, and then pulled his thumb away. I shivered as he danced his fingertips over my face, just barely touching my cheek.

As soon as his eyes met mine again, my breathing began to pick up. He looked almost pained as he gazed at me. "You're so damn beautiful." His words came out in a husky whisper as his fingertips now traced a tantalizing path down my neck.

His eyes darted past mine and behind me, and then he abruptly pulled his hand away from my face, dropping it on the center console. Confused, I frowned at him, but he nodded in the direction of my house. "Your father is at your door."

I craned my neck to look out the window and sure enough, there was my retired-police-officer father, standing at his front door like a watchdog, an umbrella in his hand. Leaning my head back on the seat rest, I closed my eyes and groaned. Rolling my head back in Edward's direction, I saw his face once again wore the sullen, downcast mask he so often wore at school.

"Thanks for the ride," I said as I unbuckled my seat belt. "So...see you Monday?"

He nodded, moving his head up and down very slowly. His brow furrowed as he looked into my eyes once more, and his mouth opened as if he were trying to formulate a reply.

Please, kiss me goodnight!

Edward's eyes suddenly snapped back into focus and he said, "Your father is right outside."

Cock-blocked at twenty-three by my father! How ridiculous is that?

"Ok, well....goodnight." I opened the door, remembering my injury as I began to stand and found myself relieved that Charlie was standing there to catch me with one hand as he held an umbrella over my head with the other. I swayed unsteadily as I turned back and waved at Edward before closing the passenger door.

The Volvo pulled away from the curb as my father helped me inside. As we stepped into the house, my thoughts meandered through my various interactions with Edward over the last few days.

Could something really be happening between us?

Suddenly, I couldn't wait until Monday to find out.

Bella's ABC Countdown - Sexy Edward Cullen

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**, want to give him a **blowjob** in the faculty lounge.

C: "**C: Cocktails** with Mr. **Cullen** tonight, he has the **cutest** smile, he's sometimes **crabby**, I would love to **cuddle** with him, I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!

Check out the amazing banner for this story: [http : / / i9 . photobucket . com /albums/a86/Kassiah/Banners/abc4 . jpg](http://i9.photobucket.com/albums/a86/Kassiah/Banners/abc4.jpg)

So, what did you think? Dying to know if Mr. Cullen likes her back? Keep reading to find out! Please leave me a review and let me know what you thought! :)

Chapter 2: DEFG

Thanks so much to my betas and Awesomesauce76 and Brits23 for all you do for me! Thanks also to my lovely pre-readers Kyla713, lazykatevamp and loss4words81. You ladies rock my world!

I'm so thrilled with the response I've been getting with this story already! I hope you all like this chap! *Cough* NSFW *cough!*

On that note...

Chapter 1: D E F G

I woke up extra early Monday morning and showered quickly for school. My mind buzzed as I lathered my hair with shampoo and conditioner, thinking about the moments I'd spent in Edward's car on Friday night.

When Alice came to check on me on Saturday, I'd told her what he'd said and she squealed and clapped her hands. However, I still wasn't convinced something was really happening, since his demeanor had gone from caring and lustful to somber so quickly.

After I'd finished in the bathroom, I was standing in a towel staring into my closet when Charlie suddenly knocked at my door.

"What are you doing up?" he asked me in a surprised tone.

Frustrated, I let out a sigh. "It's Monday, Dad. I'm going to work."

The door creaked as it opened a little bit and Charlie poked his head into the room.

"Dad! I'm not dressed!" I shouted.

"Um, Bella?" he said slowly. "You do know it's a national holiday today, right?"

I stood still for a second, staring dumbly at the calendar my desk; it was the last Monday in May.

"It's Memorial Day?" his statement came out as a question. I shook my head and

slapped my forehead with my palm.

"Right, I...uh...forgot."

I must be the only teacher in the continental U.S. who would forget about the last holiday of the school year.

"So...I thought we could break out the grill today, whaddya think?" Charlie asked.

"Sure, Dad...that sounds great," I groaned. "I think I'm gonna go back to sleep for a bit now, though."

As he left, I flopped down onto the bed, the towel still wrapped around me and my wet hair splayed all over my pillow. Putting my hands over my face, I groaned with the knowledge that I'd have to wait another full day to see Edward.

- D -

Tuesday was "D" day, "*Dress up as your favorite book character Day.*" The hallways filled with various Harry Potter and Disney characters. The kids loved it because, to them, it was like an extra Halloween.

I had added several more items to my ABC Countdown when I'd arrived at work that morning, thinking about how Edward **dazzled** me nearly every day, how I could **drown** staring into his gorgeous green eyes.

I bit my lip as I stared at my computer screen, thinking about all the **dirty** things I'd been wanting to **do** to him. As my teeth sank into my lower lip, I was reminded of how he'd reached his hand out while we'd been trapped in his car on Friday night, the rain pounding on the windshield and roof, and gently pulled my lip free of my teeth. Shivering, I thought of the sensation of his thumb running across my lip; how I'd wanted to lick it and suck it into my mouth, giving him a hint of all the things I wanted to do to his **dick**.

The sound of excited children running down the hall had shaken me out of my fantasy and I quickly hit save and close.

I could so get fired for writing this.

A few hours later, when the children were in music class, I checked my school email; my heart leapt into my throat when I saw an email from Edward.

From: Cullen, Edward

Sent: Tuesday, June 1, 2010 10:26 AM

To: Swan, Isabella

Subject: Buddy Project

Bella,

When did you want to get together?

- Edward

P.S. How is your leg feeling?

My hands shook as I hit reply, taking in a nervous breath.

From: Swan, Isabella

Sent: Tuesday, June 1, 2010 10:42 AM

To: Cullen, Edward

Subject: RE: Buddy Project

Hi Edward,

My schedule is pretty open, so whenever works for you would be fine.

- Bella

P.S. Oh and yes, my knee is better. Thank you!

At lunchtime, I passed Edward on my way into the faculty room. My breathing nearly stopped as I saw him. His delicious body was clad in grey trousers, a white button down shirt rolled up past his elbows and a matching grey tie.

***Daaaaamn**, he looks good today.*

He was walking out, holding the door open for Jessica; she was chewing his ear off about her class list for the following year, wanting to know which of his students

were going to be hers the following year. When he and I made eye contact, he rolled his eyes quickly and mouthed the words, "*I answered your email.*" I nodded quickly, mouthing "*okay*" in response before walking past them.

I ate my lunch quickly with Alice and a few other teachers, my feet tapping nervously against the floor the entire time, before rushing back to my classroom to read Edward's reply.

From: Cullen, Edward

Sent: Tuesday, June 1, 2010 12:02 PM

To: Swan, Isabella

Subject: RE: Buddy Project

How about Thursday, after dismissal?

- Edward

I quickly wrote back that Thursday would be fine before adding the rest of today's "D" words to my countdown. Leaning back in my chair, I mulled over his behavior towards me on Friday. He certainly seemed like he wanted me when we were out Friday night; the way his darkened eyes followed me on the dance floor. I shivered with the memory of his fingers running down my neck as he whispered, "You're so damn beautiful."

But in the hallway that day, there was no hint of interest, and his emails had been pleasant but businesslike.

I sighed. *I'm so **damn** confused.*

- E -

"E" day passed quickly. The children got "Extra recess time," but I didn't talk to Edward at all. As I watched my class on the playground, gleefully pushing each other on swings, flying down slides and chasing one another in the afternoon sun, I paced the length of the playground. I hadn't so much as caught a glimpse of Edward all day.

His class was on the field, running around with Mike Newton, the gym teacher. My eyes were trained on the door at the back of the building, waiting for the

moment when he arrived to pick up his students. When the door finally swung open, my breath caught.

Leaning against the building, Edward didn't even call to his class, but simply stood there waiting for them to file toward him. His face was serious, his jaw severe. My heart pounded as I stared at him, beautiful despite the solemn mask he wore.

I wanted to be the one to lift that mask, to see his real smile shining on his perfect face every minute of every day.

A sudden gust of wind rushed by me, signaling the arrival of an impending thunderstorm. My hair flew past my face and my skirt rippled frantically around my legs. As the hard breeze hit Edward several yards away, he turned to look directly at me and my breath caught in my chest.

I was trapped in his gaze, drawn to him as if there were no one else standing in the grass but him and me. The children's laughter faded into echoes as sparkling jade pierced me to the core.

He turned away to lead his class inside.

That day, the only "E" word I added to my countdown was the only one that mattered: "*Edward*."

- F -

Thursday morning arrived in slow motion. I was highly caffeinated, having barely been able to sleep the night before. My mind continued to wander to thoughts of Edward, wondering if I'd be able to figure out if he was actually interested in me or not. The idea made my heart clench in my chest and my stomach do flip-flops.

I brought a change of clothes and a makeup bag with me that morning so I could freshen up before working on the buddy project with Edward after school. The rainstorm that had lasted since yesterday was frizzing up my hair majorly, and I'd borrowed some of Alice's expensive hair serum that morning to try and tame it back.

"F" day was "Freebie Day," where the kids got to vote on one subject that would be skipped. My students all voted for skipping math, so I gave them a free choice period instead and used the time to organize photographs and a book list for our project. By the end of the day, I had a folder full of digital images on my desktop, as well as a document listing all the books our classes had shared during the year.

When the loudspeaker called the children were for dismissal, I began casually fixing my makeup at my desk. Madison stepped up closer to me, as I was reapplying mascara. "You look pretty today, Ms. Swan," she said sweetly.

I closed the compact I'd been staring into and thanked her. Sometimes children knew just the right thing to say to warm my heart. As the last of them skipped out the door, I hurried through my empty classroom to my closet, pulling out the cotton sleeveless black dress Alice had approved this morning. She'd promised to quickly shoo Rose out of the building after school, treating them both to manicures, so that neither one of them could accidentally intrude on my time with Edward.

After quickly changing in the restroom, I was heading back down the empty hallway only to see from a few feet away that Edward was waiting at my classroom door. He heard my gasp as I realized his presence, and turned his head up to look at me.

He was leaning against the tiled wall outside of my classroom, his hands tucked into his pants pockets. One foot pressed nonchalantly up on the wall behind him, and as his head turned in my direction, I saw that the sun was beginning to turn the tips of his wavy auburn hair slightly blonde.

The smile that came over his face as he saw me reached his eyes. I may have whimpered and licked my lips before smiling back. The only "F" word I could think of popped into my mind at that moment. "**Fuuuuuuck!**"

"All right," he said in his usual cranky, sarcastic tone. "Let's get this over with." His words were sour but there was a smile on his face.

A real smile.

"Honestly, Mr. Cullen, do you have to be so cheerful?" I teased him, emboldened by his grin. As I walked past him into my room, I felt a tug on my hand and stopped.

Turning around, I saw he was right behind me, his face serious once again. Edward's tall frame towered over mine and his long fingers grasped my wrist.

*God those **fingers**, what they could do to me...*

"Bella, our students aren't here right now." I shivered as he spoke so softly, inclining his face closer towards the crown of my head. "You can call me Edward."

I gulped as my heart pounded into my chest. It seemed almost illicit to call each

other by our first names on school grounds.

"All right...Edward."

My voice shook as I spoke. He stared down at me for a moment longer, his fingers still wrapped around my wrist. My breathing sped up as I looked up into his eyes.

Suddenly Edward looked around the room, seeming to remember himself. Clearing his throat, he released my wrist, the intensity of the moment broken. "So, you've got some stuff prepared?"

"Oh...yes! Um, sure. I've got a bunch of stuff on my computer," I replied, tripping over my words. *He makes me so damn flustered!*

I led him over to my computer and sat in my chair. Edward hovered over me, bracing one of his arms against my desk as he looked through the photographs I showed him. We began discussing which ones showed off our students the best.

Every second with him that close to me made my skin feel as if it were on fire; every nerve ending was crackling. For a second, we both pointed at the computer screen at the same time, our fingers just barely brushing against one another and I shivered as we touched. He paused as well, pulling his hand back slowly. I couldn't be certain, but it seemed as if he clenched his hand into a fist before pushing it firmly into his pocket.

After an hour, we'd chosen all the photos we wanted to use, as well as the books we wanted to highlight and decided on a simple collage to send home to the parents.

Edward stood up and stretched as I saved our work. "You should feel honored, I never stay this late in school for anyone," he said as he looked up at the clock. It was almost four.

I didn't know what to say as I stood up next to him. "Well, I'm...uh, glad we got this done."

He stood there for a moment longer and looked at the board. "Oh, it's 'F' day already?" Edward asked, looking at the letter written in chalk. Running his fingers awkwardly through his hair, he asked me, "What did you come up with?"

"For 'F'?" I asked dumbly, staring at him. He nodded silently, his hand still stuck in his hair, gazing intently at me with eyes that crackled with heat.

My "F" words flew through my mind: *I have so many **fantasies** about you, want to **feel** you so badly, I want your **fingers** inside me, dear God, I want you to **fuck** me!*

Blushing at my thoughts, I thanked every divine being that Edward could not read my mind.

"Oh, it was 'Freebie Day.' The kids got out of having math."

The genuine smile returned and my heart melted. "They must have loved that."

Smiling back at him, I bit my lip and bobbed my head in a nod. Edward's brow furrowed as his gaze traveled down to my mouth. A current of sparks seemed to flow between us, the attraction undeniable and magnetic.

He moved closer to me, the only sound in the room our breathing. Repeating his action from last Friday, Edward reached out and traced his thumb along my lip, freeing it from my teeth before stretching his fingers along my jaw line and cupping my cheek in his hand.

I moaned softly and leaned into his touch, closing my eyes as his fingers caressed the delicate skin just below my eyelashes, making an arc down to my chin.

I can't believe this is happening I can't believe this is happening I can't believe this is happening!

My thoughts were flying through my head and I was nearly dizzy from lack of oxygen as I realized I wasn't breathing. I sank into Edward's touch, scared to open my eyes and discover this was all a dream. Somewhere in the background, I registered the sound of a vacuum turning on and as it got louder, Edward suddenly pulled his fingers away.

He backed up, looking embarrassed, shameful. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have..." He shook his head. "That was inappropriate of me."

No! Not again!

My heart felt as if it would crack in my chest and I reached out to grab the empty air between us. I wanted to tell him not to apologize, that I'd wanted him every single day for the last year, but he swiftly turned on his heel and left my classroom.

As I slowly walked to my chair and put my head in my hands, my cell phone buzzed on my desk.

"What happened?"

Somehow, Alice always seemed to know when I needed her most.

- G -

Friday was "G" day: "Get ready for next year." The children cleaned out their desks, taking home all papers, tests and projects that weren't needed for what remained of the school year. They also helped their classroom teachers take down bulletin boards and any other decorations that needed to be put in storage for the summer. It was probably the only time during the entire school year they were more than happy to help me clean.

The entire fifth grade was on a field trip that day, so I knew I probably wouldn't see Edward at all; he rarely stayed after school as it was and surely wouldn't do so after an all day outing. I'd worn a simple outfit of capris and a sleeveless tank, knowing Edward would never see me and that I'd be getting dirty cleaning my room.

Alice had tried to help me piece together what had happened the day before when she'd taken me out for dinner. She insisted that she was certain Edward liked me, but couldn't figure out what was holding him back. Alice offered simply to ask him, but I freaked out and begged her not to. I was too embarrassed to find out he didn't like me after all, and I really didn't want things to be weird for everyone in our little group.

As the end of another day arrived, I surveyed my classroom. The one part I didn't get a chance to tackle during the school day was the decorations on the glass windows looking into the hallway. It was too dangerous to have any of the children stand on the shelving needed to get to the little hearts and bumblebees I'd taped up at the beginning of the year, and I definitely hadn't wanted to do it during the school day and risk falling on my ass in front of all of my students.

The halls were quiet, empty of students. Alice and Rose had waved to me on their way out; Rose was going with Emmett to an away game for his softball team and Alice was meeting up with her mother for a shopping trip.

I thought about the same time the day before, when Edward was in my classroom. His gorgeous face appeared in my mind.

*His **gorgeous** face...his **gentle** fingers on my face...*

I shook my head, clearing my mind of thoughts of him. *This is **going** to make me*

crazy!

With a huff, I pulled a chair over for balance and climbed up onto the bookshelves that housed the children's cubbies. Balanced precariously on the shaky wooden ledge, I reached up and started pulling down pieces of paper, yanking harder when the tape refused to cooperate.

As I continued to work, occasionally losing my balance and steadying myself on the glass, I saw a pair of shoes making their way down the hall.

Must be Fred wanting to start cleaning my room, I thought. The shoes paused and I heard them stop at the entrance to my classroom, but didn't turn around because I was too afraid of falling down.

"Hey, Fred. I'll be done in a little bit," I called out, answered by silence.

A man's gruff voice cleared his throat and I froze.

"Bella."

Edward!

A shock ran through me at the deep timbre of his voice. I braced one hand against the window and turned slightly to face him. His beautiful body stood in my doorway, looking up at me with a gloomy expression and eyes dark as midnight.

My heart caught in my chest. *Why does he look so angry at me?*

I wanted to ask him if something was wrong, what he was thinking, but I continued to look down at him from my perch, too stunned by his expression to speak.

He sighed and looked at the ground. I watched one of his hands clench into a tight fist. Glancing at his face, I looked at the hard square of his jaw, his jaw painfully squared, as if he were grinding his teeth together.

"Brady's mother asked for a copy of the ABC Countdown on the trip today," he mumbled quietly, looking around my classroom, not meeting my eyes. Brady's sister, Kaitlyn, was in Edward's class. "I don't have it on my computer."

"Oh, yeah, sure," I said, flustered by his very presence once again. "It's right on my desktop." As I craned my neck to watch him march over to my desk, I told him to

go ahead and print a copy out.

I was so nervous, it was nearly impossible to breathe; I couldn't understand his behavior. *Why is he acting as if he hates me? Why won't he even look at me?*

I turned my attention back to pulling decorations off the glass; the only sound in the room aside from my pounding heartbeat was Edward's fingers on my keyboard and the grind of my archaic printer kicking into action.

The clicking ceased and I heard the paper settle on the tray before Edward picked it up. He was completely silent.

"Bella...?" he asked, confusion in his voice.

Oh my god, which countdown did he print out? Realizing I had both countdowns on my desktop, I began to scramble off the ledge as quickly as possible.

"Bella, what....what is-"

"Don't read that!" I yelled out as I attempted to climb down back onto the chair I'd used as a stepstool. "That's not the right one!"

My sweaty hands tried to grip the chair as I climbed down backwards onto it and I lost my footing, falling onto the hard floor with a heavy thud. I put my face in my hands, trying to hide from the reality that he was without a doubt reading my *"ABC Countdown: 26 Days of Sexy Edward Cullen."*

"I printed out the one that had the letters 'SEC' with it...I thought it was for second grade." His low, gravelly voice murmured quietly and I heard him walking slowly towards me. I kept my face hidden in my hands and began rocking backing and forth, overcome with pure humiliation.

Before I knew it, he was standing directly above me and I couldn't hide from him any longer. Dropping my hands to my sides, I looked up at him in defeat, utterly embarrassed.

With his eyes trained on the paper, his finger ran across the words. When he finally looked at me, the dark anger that had tinged his eyes had disappeared. Instead, they were filled with astonishment.

"You think I'm sexy?" For a moment, I saw the hint of a tiny crooked smile appearing at the corners of his lips before I concealed my face in my hands again.

"No, Bella, don't. Don't hide from me, please."

Edward pulled me up to my feet and sat me in the chair I'd slipped off, sinking down onto his knees in front of me. "This entire year, I thought you were just being nice to me. I couldn't tell if you I couldn't tell if you even *liked* me."

Was he crazy?

"I've *always* liked you," I managed to squeak, the admission making my cheeks burn hotly. "More than you could ever know."

Suddenly, Edward threw the paper to the floor and quickly stepped toward me, capturing my face in his hands. His eyes were burning, the intensity of his stare and the feeling of his fingers on my skin taking my breath away.

"Bella, you are the reason I haven't been able to think straight for an entire year."

"What?" I whispered.

He shook his head, his brow furrowing. "*You* are the reason I couldn't give a fuck that my wife cheated on me, that my marriage fell apart."

My breathing began to pick up as I let his words sink in.

"You are the reason I can't get through a fucking sentence when I'm around you, because all I can think about is how badly I want you."

With those last words, his lips crashed onto mine, his hands slipping down from my face to my sweaty neck. His kiss was passionate and intense, ten months of restrained passion pouring out in a single, powerful moment.

His lips were soft and insistent as they moved over mine and my hands shot up, braiding my fingers finally into his unruly mane. I tugged on the soft decadent strands as I let my tongue slip out to dance with his.

He groaned lowly, brushing his hands past my breasts as his fingertips lit a fiery path underneath my arms, finally wrapping around my shoulder blades and pulling me close to him. With his body pressed between my legs, I could feel the stiff outline of his erection through his khakis and I moaned as I arched myself closer to him, trying to increase the friction.

Abruptly, he pushed my body away from his, my shoulders hitting the back of the

chair.

No, please don't stop! My thoughts cried out in protestation and I was about to plead to have his lips back on mine when I observed him holding me there, staring hotly at me and panting through his nose, a predator ready to attack.

"Come home with me." The words were not a request; it was a demand I had no intention of refusing. It was a moment I'd waited ages for, something I never thought would actually happen. One look into my eyes and he had to know I would follow him.

"Take me anywhere," I begged breathlessly, finding my voice for the first time since he found the countdown. "*Anywhere*," I repeated, nearly crying through the word. "Just please fucking *take me*."

Edward grabbed my wrist and pulled me roughly out of the chair, storming over to my desk and grabbing my purse. With my free hand shaking, I took it and looked up at him; we were close enough for his hot breath to come out in pants into mine. I could taste him on my tongue. In seconds, he captured my lips with his once more in a kiss so sexy and demanding, it should have been illegal.

Following him out of the room, I felt lightheaded, my limbs so weak I barely thought I could walk. In a daze, I shadowed his footsteps as we walked quickly to the Volvo, a lone vehicle in the nearly empty parking lot, aside from my own a few yards away.

The engine came to life with a purr that was so much smoother than the rattling roar of my truck. Edward's hand reached out to snap mine in his grasp, and as he drove with his free hand, he rubbed his thumb across my palm over and over again.

We didn't speak as we sat in his car, the air heavy and thick with desire. Frantic anticipation coursed through every cell in my body as he quickly drove back to his house, which Tanya had left months ago when she moved in with her model boyfriend.

He put the car in park and then turned to look at me; I shivered from the intensity of the desire in his eyes. I began to bite my lip, my knee-jerk reaction to nerves but his gaze became fiery and he shook his head, sinking his perfect white teeth into his lower lip as well.

"Oh no, you don't. That lip is *mine* to bite now," he growled as he arched his body across the center console, first licking my lower lip and then sucking it into his

mouth. Edward released it from the wet, lush confine his teeth and tongue had created and I whimpered at the loss of his mouth on mine.

I opened my eyes as he pulled slightly away; his eyes closed and insanely long lashes brushed against his skin. But as they slid open, a Cheshire-cat grin appeared on his face.

"A blowjob in the faculty lounge...," he began, smiling devilishly at me.

"Ohh." The high-pitched moan escaped my mouth before I could stop it, a hot blush rushing to my cheeks as I realized what he was saying.

"You wonder what my cock tastes like..." Edward continued. I rubbed my thighs together, squirming in his passenger seat, unable to stand the eroticism of him reading my countdown back to me from memory.

He moved in closer, his lips brushing against my ear as he traced a finger down my throat. "You want me to fuck you, Bella?" he whispered.

"God...yes." I shivered as I felt his hot breath against my neck.

He chuckled and smiled wickedly at me. "Then *move*," he hissed at me. "*Now*."

Edward swiftly wrenched open the driver door and bolted out of it. I jumped out and followed as fast as my weakened legs would allow; his words had turned me into jelly. He opened his front door and pulled me inside, leading me through the foyer down a slim corridor.

I ran my hand along the wall for support; the fact that we were actually about to do this was making it hard for me to keep my knees from buckling under me. It felt like I'd been dreaming about this every goddamned day for so long, I wasn't sure I could stay conscious when he did actually touch me.

We stepped through the doorway into his dimly lit bedroom, slits of light from the afternoon sun strewn in haphazard rays through his blinds. His large bed was unmade, a brown rumpled comforter peeled back from gray sheets, soft and inviting.

Edward pulled me to him by my hips, tracing his lips along my jaw and neck as his hands slid down my ass. "I'm sorry it's such a mess in here," he mumbled softly against my skin. I bent my head back, giving him full access to my neck. "If I had known you'd be here, I would have at least made the bed."

"Why would you bother," I ground out, feeling his teeth graze my neck. I pushed my hips against his and gasped as he firmly kneaded my rear. "...when we're just gonna make a mess of it anyway?"

"Oh fuck, Bella," Edward moaned, bringing his hands up to find purchase in my hair. "I've wanted you in my bed for so damn long." He kissed me slow and deep, walking me backwards toward the bed. My knees met the resistance of soft fabric, and Edward eased me down onto it, his lips never leaving mine.

He crawled over me and straddled my hips, curling his body over mine and placing his hands on either side of my face. Edward's eyes tracked down and back up my body with a look that was pure lust.

"All this time, I've gone out of my mind thinking about kissing you." He leaned down and brought his lips to mine gently, sweetly, before moving away again.

"Touching you." He lifted one of his hands, keeping his other one on the mattress by my head for balance and slid his fingertips under the hem of my tank. I squeezed my eyes shut as he slipped his hand underneath my top, tracing up my belly, my rib cage, and finally, my breast, stroking his thumb just once over my taut nipple.

Inching his body back, Edward bent down to lick my navel. "Tasting you," he whispered against my flesh.

"Edward!" I cried out his name as his tongue ran across my belly, following the path his fingers had traced before while his hands bunched the fabric of my shirt up towards my head. I lifted my shoulders so he could pull the garment off me, and within seconds, his mouth was breathing pants of air over my simple cotton bra, capturing the peak he'd neglected with his hand and tugging on it lightly with his teeth.

With his nose, he gently nudged the fabric away from my breast and kissed it fully, dragging his lower lip over my nipple and then sucking it abruptly into his hot, wet mouth. I reached out, gripping the comforter in my hands and shivered at the sensation of his tongue rolling gently against my firm bud.

He licked his lips and grinned up at me. "It's not enough. I need more."

I swore I forgot to breathe as he held my gaze; I was a junkie, addicted to the sinful glint in his eyes. My entire body was alive from his touch, his hands skimming down my sides until they were deftly unbuttoning my capris. He hooked his fingers under my panties and slid everything down my legs. He sat back on his knees and

pulled his own shirt over his head as I shifted my weight, allowing him then to pull my clothes completely free from my body.

I gazed up at him, finally seeing his naked torso up close. His arms were toned and his shoulders were broad, just as I'd always imagined. A fine dusting of hair covered his chest, and I followed the trail down his smooth, chiseled abs until it disappeared at the muscled V just above the waistband of his pants.

He sucked his lower lip into his mouth and held it there as he surveyed me lying beneath him, panting, naked and desperate for his touch. "Scoot back," he commanded and I did as he asked, shimmying my body further up towards the pillows.

Then, without slowly kissing his way up my thighs or teasing me at all, he knelt down between my legs and ran his tongue along my slit before licking my clit and sucking it quickly into his mouth.

"Holy fuck, Edward!" I cried out and my hips flew off the mattress, arching up into his mouth.

Laughing quietly to himself, he said, "Mmmm, that's much better."

As Edward stared up at me from between my thighs, I felt his finger trace circles over my clit before slipping lower and teasing my opening. He dipped a finger inside me, sliding just the tip in and pausing, teasing me, waiting for the pleading look I gave him before pushing it all the way in. I gasped loudly and began to shake as he slowly pulled it almost all the way out, before adding another and pushing them both deep inside me.

"God, you're so fucking wet. How long have you been this wet for me?" he asked as he continued to fuck me with his fingers.

I could barely answer as I writhed underneath him, soaking up every ounce of sensation he was giving me and yet aching for more. "Since the first minute I saw you," I moaned. "Ten months ago."

"Hmm," he said quietly. "Ten. Whole. Months." He accented each word with a pump of his long digits inside me. I moaned as he slid them out and kneeled above me once more, bringing his hand up to his mouth and licking my juices off his fingers. His eyes never left mine as he greedily licked every drop away, the fingers of his other hand digging into my thigh.

"You taste so damn good."

At his words, I cracked. I bolted upright on the bed, roughly pulling him to me by the belt of his pants and yanking down the zipper as quickly as possible. I barely gave him a second to speak before pulling his erection free of his boxers, feeling him smooth, hot and thick under my fingers as I pumped my fist up and down his length.

"Fucking Christ, Bella!" he cried out and threw his head back.

"You're not the only one who's been going crazy," I panted as I continued to stroke him hard, squeezing the head of his cock on every upstroke. *God, he's so fucking big!*

"I've wanted you so badly! Wanted your mouth on my body and your cock deep inside me." The dirty words poured out of my mouth as they never had before with anyone else and Edward swayed above me, gripping my shoulders and squeezing his eyes shut in pleasure.

I let go suddenly and his mouth dropped open in protest, panting as he looked at me with despair. Crawling backwards on the bed, I returned his wicked gaze. "And I don't want to wait another. *Single. Fucking. Second.*"

Edward's jaw flexed as he shoved his pants the rest of the way down. He crept slowly up the mattress after me, then paused and reached over into his nightstand. I heard the unmistakable sound of a foil wrapper and my breathing sped up so quickly I thought there was a good possibility I'd pass out. I watched as he slid the condom down his length and then ran the head of his cock down my folds, positioning himself at my entrance.

He leaned down over me until his face was inches from mine. "I'm going to make you come so hard you won't remember your own name, let alone the alphabet."

As soon as the words left his lips, Edward slid all the way inside of me in one deep, slow thrust. Holding himself there, immobile, he grabbed one of my legs and wrapped it over his shoulder before dragging his cock out and pushing it back in at the same cruel pace.

"Shit, you're so damn tight." He clenched his teeth, shuddering breaths escaping him as he began to move faster inside me, each stroke more pleasurable than the last.

I reached up behind me and grabbed the rods of his headboard, holding on for

dear life. "Oh God, Edward...fuck, that feels so good!"

Edward rose back up on his knees, my leg still trapped against his torso by his hand. He looked down, watching himself disappear inside my body, the muscles in his toned abs tensing as he worked me. His eyes flashed up to mine, wild, primal. "Give me your hand," he demanded.

Bringing one my hands down from above my head, I placed it in his and he pulled my fingers down to my clit. "Please," he panted. "Touch yourself. I have to finally fucking see you do that."

Shaking with desire, I began stroking tight circles over my clit, my body responding to his needy command. "Yes, just like that," he growled.

I knew I wasn't going to last much longer as the pleasure coiled inside me, ready to release in waves of bliss.

"You feel so fucking good!" Moving my fingers faster, I ground my hips against his, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"Ungh! Yes, Bella!" Edward's fingers dug into my calf, as he pumped into me harder.

"Oh fuck, you're...oh God...you're gonna make me come, oh fuck, Edward!" My orgasm crashed through me, a shattering ecstasy so intense, I could only keep screaming his name. Edward roared out my name as well, his face contorting in pleasure as he trembled through his release.

I groaned as he slid out of me before disposing the condom, and then crawled up next to me on the bed. Our breathing began to slow as he laid his head on the pillow next to me and gently brushed some wet strands of hair off my face. We smiled broadly at each other and I laughed quietly to myself.

Thank you, ABC Countdown!

Bella's ABC Countdown - Sexy Edward Cullen

*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**, want to give him a **blowjob** in the faculty lounge.*

C: "C: **Cocktails** with Mr. **Cullen** tonight, he has the **cutest** smile, he's sometimes **crabby**, I would love to **cuddle** with him, I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!

D - Edward **dazzled** me nearly every day, how I could **drown** staring into his gorgeous green eyes, all the **dirty** things I wanted to **do** to his **dick** and the rest of his **delicious** body, **damn** he looks good today.

E - Edward

F - He makes me so damn **flustered**, I have so many **fantasies** about him, want to **feel** him so badly, I want his **fingers** inside me, dear God I want him to **fuck** me!

G - **Gorgeous, God** yes!

Leave me some love and let me know if you're looking forward to the next week of letters? ;)

Till then...*smooches!*

Chapter 3: HIJKL

Smooches as always to my fearless betas Awesomesauce76 and Brits23, and my fantastic pre-readers Kyla713, lazykatevamp and loss4words81. You are all so good to me!

Chapter 3: H I J K L

My ABC Countdown is on the floor of my classroom. Shit!

I shot up frantically in my bed, my heart pounding with this realization. I'd been so lost in Edward, I'd completely forgotten that he'd thrown it to the floor before he kissed me. Even after our amazing evening together the night before, when he'd driven me back to the school parking lot to pick up my car, I hadn't remembered that vital fact.

We'd spent a few more blissful hours in his bedroom after the amazing, mind-blowing, unreal sex. We talked as we kissed and touched in the darkening room; he'd trailed his fingers over my shoulder, down my arms and up again. He told me more about his ugly divorce, how Tanya had left him angry and jaded, but not heart-broken. He would have still had to be in love with her to feel like that.

A little voice inside my head couldn't help but wonder if he'd be able to love again someday.

The sex had been more incredible than I'd imagined in any of my fantasies. Remembering the way he'd touched me, as if he were tracing Braille with his fingertips and reading just how to please me, made me shiver still a day later. The way his eyes had burned into mine, the way it felt when he finally slid inside me...the memories momentarily distracted me from my missing-countdown-panic attack.

Edward had followed me home from school, stepping out of his car to say goodnight. That time I kissed him right in front of my father's house. I'd been waiting months for it and Charlie could just damn well deal with it! Edward had kissed me back eagerly at first, but then he'd run his hands soothingly over my shoulder blades and down my back as he gently pulled away looking concerned.

"What is it?" I asked. "Is it my father? Because I really don't care-"

"No, Bella, it's not that," he interrupted softly. "It's just...could we keep this quiet? At school, I mean?"

"Sure..." I trailed off hesitantly. *Was this just a one-time thing? Does he regret this? Does he not want to be seen with me?* My mind raced with questions and tears began filling my eyes. I looked at the ground, embarrassed.

"Hey, hey!" he encouraged softly, reaching up to place his fingers under my chin. He tugged a little, forcing me to meet his eyes as he ran his thumb back and forth over my skin. "It's not what you think! It's just that I don't really like how it would look just yet: us getting together so quickly after my divorce. I wouldn't want anyone to think of you as my rebound or something."

I blinked back the tears as I gazed into his eyes, letting his words sink in.

"Because you're *not*, Bella. You're more than that." He kissed me sweetly and then groaned. "And there are rules. Pretty strict ones, when it comes to teachers dating each other."

Edward rested his forehead against mine, eyes closed. "I really don't want Jane on my case. Is it okay with you if we just keep this quiet for now?"

"Yes, of course," I whispered. *Kiss me again, please kiss me again!* Already, I was addicted to the sensation of his lips on mine and he complied; first on my lips, and then my nose as he uttered a quiet goodnight. I walked up the path to my front door, and Edward stood by his car watching me until I was safely inside.

My heart raced as sunlight streamed into my bedroom window. I hugged my knees to my chest, terrified of someone finding my countdown. We'd both be humiliated, possibly even face severe consequences, and any chances of keeping this quiet would vanish.

Please, please let it be on the floor still when I get to school on Monday.

- H -

It wasn't there.

I'd arrived extra early on Monday, surprising Jane and the office secretary, Mrs. Cope.

"Bella! You're never here this early!" she exclaimed cheerfully as I signed in.

"Oh, yeah, I know...uh, getting my classroom organized and stuff!" I stuttered out the lie as I practically ran out of the office.

"H" day was "Wear Your Favorite Hat Day" so I'd thrown on my *Diamondbacks* baseball cap, gaining extra time that morning by not having to attempt to do my hair. I furiously shoved my key into my classroom door's lock, shoving the door open and racing inside.

My classroom was immaculate from the weekend custodial team. There wasn't a single scrap of paper left on the floor. My heart sank as I dropped my bag on my desk and plopped into my chair, burying my face in my hands.

"Morning!" Alice sang as she popped her head into my classroom. "Hey! What's wrong? I thought you'd be all smiles today?"

I peeked up at her from behind my hands. Alice, of course, knew about me and Edward; she'd called me on Sunday to get the details. Edward had wanted to keep this quiet, but it was kind of hard to avoid telling someone who *somehow* already knew.

But the countdown; *that* she didn't know about, and I was too embarrassed to tell her.

"Oh I'm just tired," I lied, rubbing my eyes. I was a terrible liar and could never look people in the eye when I wasn't telling them the truth. I looked back up at her to find her glaring at me skeptically, her arms crossed.

"All right," she replied suspiciously. "I'll talk to you at lunch."

As soon as she was safely down the hallway, I turned my computer on and quickly dashed out an email to Edward.

From: Swan, Isabella

Sent: Monday, June 7, 2010 7:50 AM

To: Cullen, Edward

Subject: Important Documents

Edward,

The ABC Countdown you printed on Friday is no longer in my classroom. Would you happen to have that copy?

Thanks,

Bella

I knew I needed to keep the email vague since Jane occasionally monitored our emails. She said she wanted to make sure we were only using our email for official school business, but I had a hunch she was hoping to catch someone shopping on eBay or surfing for porn.

I wasn't able to check my email until a few hours later when the children were at gym. By that time I'd already daydreamed about sleeping with Edward again, mentally adding more words to my countdown: *he's so **hot**, I want to **hide** with him in a closet and make out, I **hope** I get to **hump** him again.*

My thoughts made me giggle, temporarily blocking the worry that had been distracting me all day, until I opened his email.

From: Cullen, Edward

Sent: Monday, June 7, 2010 11:32 AM

To: Swan, Isabella

Subject: Re: Important Documents

Bella,

No, I do not have that copy...That's not good.

Edward

I sat back in my chair and groaned in frustration.

*I'm in **hell**!*

I spent most of the rest of Monday in a panic, frantically searching through the papers on my desk as the children worked on math problems. I kept hoping I'd find the countdown hidden under something. I'd been so focused on it that Madison and Nicole had asked me if I wanted their help cleaning out my desk.

I truly loved these kids but I was desperate for the day to end so I could do a thorough investigation through all my paperwork. When I finally got the chance, it yielded nothing. I'd thought of asking Fred if he'd found it somewhere, but he wasn't there; a different custodian was buffing the floor when I left that day.

I'd briefly spoken to Edward about it Monday night on the phone, not wanting to risk being overheard at school. He told me not to worry about it, that most likely one of the custodians had just thrown it out, but I could tell from the sound of his voice that he wasn't pleased.

- I -

Tuesday was "Ice Pops" day at school and from the moment the children arrived, they were giddy, eager for their end-of-the-day treat. Edward and I were carefully avoiding one another. While I knew he'd asked me to stay quiet, I couldn't help but worry if the distance he was putting between us had something to do with losing the countdown.

Or does it have to do with me?

I tried not to let my doubts get the best of me as he treated me with polite respect, all our previous banter and flirting gone. Alice noticed him brushing past me in the faculty room during lunch and gave me a reassuring pat on the shoulder, insisting everything would be fine.

At two o'clock, I brought my students out to the far end of the field, a freezing box of ice pops in my hands. We sprawled out in the grass under the shade of a giant tree and they chatted as we ate. I waited until they were all done, chasing after one another in the hot afternoon sun, to have my own snack. Leaning back against the tree, I let the relaxing atmosphere soothe my mind.

As I sucked on the sweet, cherry-flavored popsicle, my thoughts drifted back to Edward. A hot flush came to my cheeks as the actions of my mouth reminded me of my faculty room blow job fantasy.

I wish I'd gotten to taste him on Friday.

I licked the ice pop and fantasized about taking Edward into my mouth, imagining his eyes sliding closed, biting his lip as pleasure coursed through him. My mind wandered to other ideas: *him running an **ice** cube up and down my body, me licking **icing** off his fingers...*

I shook my head and forced myself to concentrate on my class, finally gathering them up and bringing them inside for dismissal. I mentally categorized my ideas, planning to add them to my countdown whenever I could stop worrying about the missing document again.

We passed Edward's class as we entered the main hallway. His students were wearing smocks and covered in paint as they walked back from art. The children greeted each other cheerfully, but Edward only gave me a cool, indifferent nod as he led his class towards the fifth and sixth grade wing. As he walked away, I tried to hide my wince.

I have to find that damn countdown!

- J -

I hobbled into the library for our faculty meeting with my face beet-red. Wednesday was "Jump Rope" day and the children had insisted on seeing how many times I could jump before stumbling. They were so enthusiastic and I hated saying no, so of course, I'd jumped. As they chanted the number "seventeen", I'd lost my footing and fallen, twisting my ankle. *How ironic*, I thought, *since there are exactly seventeen days of school left.*

Angela, one of our Teacher Aides, had dismissed the class for me as I'd limped into Nurse Clearwater's office. A frequent patient of hers, she shook her head at me and went into her fridge for an ice pack.

"Injured again, huh, Ms. Swan?" I nodded meekly at her. She'd released me after stretching my right foot to make sure it wasn't broken, and my cheeks were flushed with embarrassment as Alice helped me hop down the hall.

As we made our way through the doorway, Edward looked at me curiously, his brow furrowing in concern. He watched Alice brace my weight with hers, easing me into the chair nearest the door so I didn't have to put any weight on my leg. I wished she'd managed to transfer some of her intrinsic grace to me as I fell clumsily into the wooden seat.

Great, so now my ass will hurt in addition to my ankle!

I gave Edward a pitiful look across the room as Jane brought the meeting to order, but he quickly looked away.

And my self-esteem!

Geez, I know he wants to keep this quiet, but does he have to freaking ignore me like this?

I crossed my arms angrily across my chest and willed myself not to look at him throughout the remainder of the meeting.

With my ankle throbbing, I sat uncomfortably through the next hour, refusing to turn Edward's way, even when he was responding to something Jane said. When the meeting had finally finished, I attempted to stand up on my own power, eager to get out of the library as soon as possible. However, the searing pain that shot through my leg forced me back down again.

"Just sit tight, Bella! Rose and I will help you to your car once everyone gets out of here," Alice instructed, asking Rose to get my bag out of my room for me. She complied grumpily, shuffling out of the room with the rest of the staff.

"Oh great, so I get to sit here like an invalid while Edward walks right past me, ignoring me again?" I muttered under my breath. "I can't wait!"

"Shhh." Alice hushed me as the other grade levels trudged out, Edward pulling up the rear.

He wished Jane a good evening as she sauntered out of the library. He then paused and hovered by my chair. I kept my arms crossed and studied the bland carpet on the floor.

"What happened?" he asked softly.

"Aside from you being a complete and total moron?" Alice replied, shocking me so much I couldn't help but look up at her. My eyes whipped to Edward's, which were wide with realization.

"Yes, I know about you two. And before you stick your foot in your mouth even further, Bella didn't tell me anything."

*Oh my god, I can't **believe** she's saying this!*

I tried to disappear into my chair. Edward set his jaw as he glared at her and gestured silently towards the open door.

"Oh relax, there's no one here," she snapped. "What happened is Bella hurt her ankle, obviously."

He looked down at me, concern evident on his face. My cheeks burned with humiliation. Did he really need to see how awkward I was constantly?

"If you could stop being a self-involved prick for thirty seconds, it would be nice if you could help me get Bella to her car," Alice concluded. We both stared at her; in all the time I'd known her, I'd never seen her speak a cross word to anyone. I guessed Edward was equally as shocked.

"Of course," he mumbled, flustered. "I'm so sorry, I've just..." Edward trailed off as he glanced at my swollen ankle, then back up to my face. "I'll be right back. Just let me lock up my room."

When he hurried out the hallway, I buried my face in my hands. "That was mortifying, Alice! If he doesn't want to be with me then—"

"Oh *hush*, you!" she commanded. "My brother is crazy about you and you know it. He's just being a complete imbecile, worrying about how things will look."

"Well I know he meant what he said, about not wanting people to think I was a rebound or whatever. But is it true that teachers here can't date?"

I'd never thought to ask; even though I'd been in love with Edward all this time, he'd been unavailable. It had never crossed my mind to find out if dating other teachers was against school policy and I made a mental note to check in our HR manual.

Alice waved her hand dismissively at me. "There's always ways around that. It's called discretion. Though I certainly hope you'd be more successful than Jessica and Couch Newton," Her smile was sly as she responded. It was amazing what that girl knew.

Rose returned with my things at the same time that Edward reappeared.

"Hey there, Sunshine," Rose said sarcastically to him. "You here to lend a hand or to ignore Bella some more?"

Rose didn't know about us, but my heart momentarily froze in my chest with fear over his reaction. His eyes flew to Alice's and she shook her head ever so slightly, and then glared at Edward's look of relief. He then pursed his lips and nervously shifted in place.

For a moment, I felt bad for him and grateful towards my friends for sticking up

for me.

"Come on, let's get Little Miss Spastic home," Rose said. *I guess my thankfulness towards Rose will be short-lived.*

"Thanks a lot," I grumbled. Alice started to pull me out of my chair and I winced as soon as I tried to stand. Edward rushed close to me, pulling my right arm over his shoulders and wrapping his left one around my waist.

"Put your weight on me," he said softly. I was confused by his sudden show of affection but complied, leaning onto him for support as we walked slowly out of the library, through the main entrance and into the parking lot.

When we got to my heaving monster of a truck, Edward helped me to the driver door, but before reaching for the handle, I paused and stared at it.

My right foot! Oh crap!

"Uh, guys?" They all looked my way. "How exactly am I supposed to drive?"

Rose and Edward both looked confused for a moment, but Alice's face was devious, scheming.

"Now, why didn't we think of *that*?" She tapped her finger against her lips, pretending to think. "Edward, you take Bella home. I'll drive her truck to her house and Rose can take me home from there. It's no problem since she and I carpooled this morning."

Alice rattled off her commands, pulling my keys from my hand before anyone could speak and skipped past us to my car door.

Edward turned over his shoulder towards his Volvo. My eyes narrowed as Alice quickly winked at me. Had she somehow planned for this?

"Um, yeah. That's a good idea," he said, appearing confused and ill at ease. He was acting so unlike the cocky, sarcastic Edward I'd known for months.

The concern for me was apparent on his face, but he'd left me with so many unanswered questions in the past few days that my patience was reaching its limit.

Alice and Rose quickly drove off as Edward shuffled me over to the passenger side of his car and gently lowered me in. While he crossed to the other side of his car, I

felt my resentment at being left in the dark stewing. He silently sat down and strapped his seat belt around him, and as soon as he pulled out of the space and began driving, I snapped.

"What the *hell* is your problem?" I yelled. He jumped at my tone and gaped at me, obviously startled. "Why have you been ignoring me all freaking week?"

Edward sighed as he drove, looking sheepish.

"It's not my fault the stupid countdown got lost! *You're* the one who dropped it on the floor!" As I yelled, hot tears began to slip down my cheeks, both from the strain of the week's events and from the painful throbbing in my leg.

"I'm so sorry, Bella." He reached across the console and took my hand gently in his, running his thumb soothingly over my knuckles. "I've been a total ass."

I sniffled, trying to hold back my tears until they turned into hiccups.

"Don't cry, please?" he pleaded, squeezing my hand but I stayed stubbornly turned away from him. "Look, why don't I bring you back to my place for awhile? I'll make us some dinner, and we can talk, okay?"

I nodded, never meeting his eyes as I continued to stare out the window.

An hour later, I was sitting at Edward's kitchen table, my foot elevated on a chair with an ice pack wrapped around my ankle and a glass of wine in my hands. Edward was cooking dinner, stirring pasta and sauce in big stainless steel pots. I'd told him I would have been fine with take out, but he insisted on cooking for me since he'd been acting like such a buffoon. It didn't take much convincing for me to agree.

I sat back against the chair, swirling the delicious red wine in its glass. I was still somewhat amazed that Edward Cullen was cooking me dinner. As I watched him work at the stove, carefully adding spices to his sauce, I thought how much I'd like to jump his bones if I weren't down one foot and still pretty pissed at him.

Jump his bones! That's a "J" word!

I sighed as I thought about the countdown. *If I hadn't written the stupid thing, we wouldn't be in this mess!* Then I realized if I hadn't written it, we may never have gotten together in the first place. *Well, if that isn't a 'Catch 22!'*

"I'm really sorry the countdown disappeared," I said remorsefully, frowning, but

Edward shook his head.

"No, no. It's me who should be sorry. You're right. I *was* the one who dropped it." He began plating the pasta and my stomach growled. I was absolutely famished and would have been thrilled with peanut butter and jelly at that point.

*He could make me a sandwich and I could suck the **jelly** off his fingers...*

The wine was definitely going to my head.

"And I'm sorry I've been so distant the last few days," he apologized, looking over at me. *That's right! I'm mad at him!* I reminded myself that I couldn't want him so badly when I was angry...could I?

Edward set a plate of steaming spaghetti in homemade marinara sauce in front of me and I nearly salivated. *Damn, this guy can cook!*

As we ate and drank, he explained to me that his divorce had been so public that he'd become very protective about his personal life. He'd been quite resentful towards Tanya; when the scandal first broke, there had been press standing outside the school grounds waiting to assault him with questions. After that, he didn't want *anyone* knowing his business. Knowing the countdown had been misplaced added to his unease.

"But that doesn't give me any excuse to act the way I have been," he said apologetically and my anger towards him waned.

"I thought it had been because you regretted..." I waved to the air in between us but he shook his head vehemently.

"No, I definitely don't regret it. At all." Edward took my hand that had been in the air and pulled it to his mouth, kissing my knuckles reverently. "I'm just not prepared to be in the spotlight again once everyone knows...at least, not yet. I'd just like to give us a little time together before we have to face the firing squad, so to speak."

Taking another sip of my wine, I let his words sink in, feeling my resentment and doubt melting away. He just wanted to keep this under wraps for a while; I had to see the logic in that.

"Okay," I agreed softly. And then he gave me one of his signature smiles, the kind that made his eyes light up and my heart spasm in my chest.

We continued eating and talking. When I slurped my last long string of spaghetti up through my teeth, Edward paused with his glass in mid-air to stare at my mouth. As I swallowed my mouthful of pasta, I smiled a Cheshire-cat grin. The wine had done plenty to lessen my inhibitions and was also making my ankle feel a hell of a lot better! Either that or I didn't notice it anymore.

Edward smiled back and cleared his throat, raised one eyebrow and brought his glass to his lips. He continued to gaze at me as he drank and I blushed from the intensity of his hot stare.

"So...how exactly did you twist your ankle?" he asked.

I shifted uncomfortably and looked down at my plate. "Playing jump rope. It was 'J' day today."

"Fuck, you're cute when you blush," he said huskily, at which my cheeks flashed a hotter shade of crimson.

"'J' day, huh?" he asked as he downed the last sip of his wine. He placed the glass on the table and leaned in toward me. "What did you add to your countdown today?"

The way he was looking at me, his eyes hooded and lustful, sent flares of desire through my body and I bit my lip involuntarily. "Ah ah ah..." he chastised, shaking his head and reaching his pointer finger up to pull my bottom lip from my teeth.

I allowed him to tug it gently, but before he had a chance to move his hand away I bit down on his finger gently, letting it slide through my teeth.

He inhaled a long hiss but still looked at me expectantly, waiting for my answer.

"Well," I began. "I haven't added anything this week...but I have thought of things."

"Yes...?" He raised his eyebrows, an amused look on his face.

I squeezed my eyes shut in embarrassment. *I can't believe he's asking me to say this out loud!* "I thought about licking jelly off your fingers."

There was silence from his end. I peeked my eyes open to see his lips pursed in thought. "Jelly, huh?"

I nodded slowly. The tension between us was so thick and the ache to feel his

touch was building exponentially between my thighs. My heart and my clit were throbbing in tandem.

"Why don't I help you over to the living room? You can have some more wine while I clean up. I'll join you in a few minutes with dessert."

He winked at me and I forgot to breathe for a moment.

"Come on." Edward motioned for me to move forward and I moved awkwardly to stand, but he stopped me, bending down to slide one arm tenderly under my knees. He placed the other between my back and the chair, his perfect mouth just a breath away from mine as he scooped me up into his arms.

The moment was so perfect, I could help the wide grin that spread across my face.

Edward carried me into his beautifully decorated living room and settled me onto the couch. Taking a pillow from it, he lifted my leg gently and placed it underneath my ankle before pouring me another glass of wine.

As he washed the dishes, I relaxed and looked around the room, feeling my head buzzing with excitement and anticipation. All the stress from the week melted away. I assured myself that by that point, the countdown had to be long gone.

I took another pull of the heady liquid and lolled my head back on the couch. The water in the kitchen stopped, and I heard the sounds of cabinet doors opening and closing, silverware against ceramic.

"What exactly are you making in there?" I called out to him.

"You'll see."

A few minutes later, Edward strolled into the living room with some bowls and plates on a serving tray. He settled it down on the coffee table and I craned my neck to see what was on it but he angled his body in front of me, blocking my view.

Edward's look was mischievous as he sat down on the couch sideways, facing me. "I made my own ABC Countdown for this week. I didn't have any jelly, but...I did have *other* things."

My head swam a bit as I leaned sideways to put my wine glass down on his end table; I was definitely tipsy now. "Well, let me see!" I exclaimed. I moved to sit up, but he gently placed a hand on my arm, stopping me.

"I uh... wanted to try something," he said, grinning as he pulled out a long strap of satin. He quirked an eyebrow as he held it out in front of me. "Do you trust me?"

A blindfold? Holeeee crap! He wants to feed me dessert...blindfolded? Um, hell yes!

"Yes." My voice came out as a heated purr as I nodded slowly, heavy-lidded with anticipation of what was to come.

Edward smiled and leaned forward to kiss me, sweetly at first but then our kisses quickly became more heated. Our tongues slid into one another's mouths, nipping, sucking and pulling on each other's lips. Finally, he reached his arms around me and placed the cool satin over my eyes.

Once it was tied tightly at the back of my head, I felt Edward's breath hot at my ear. "Now, let's see how well you know the alphabet, Ms. Swan."

I shivered at his words and felt the loss of his body next to mine as he reached forward for my first treat. I heard something being unwrapped and then felt something small and smooth being run across my lower lip. I inhaled and was met with the tempting scent of chocolate.

"Open up," he whispered. I accepted the delicacy into my mouth and as it melted on my tongue, I recognized the luscious taste of a chocolate kiss.

"A Hershey's Kiss?" I asked him.

"Yup, for days 'H' and 'K,'" Edward replied.

"Mmmm! Can I have another one?"

He chuckled in response. "Maybe. Let's see if you can guess this one."

My fingers squeezed the couch cushions as I waited. I felt a spoon brush against my lip and accepted it into my mouth, wrapping my tongue around it and sucking off the scrumptious substance. "Pudding?" I asked.

"Yes..." he prompted. *It's not 'P' day yet...*

"Jell-O pudding for 'J!'" I exclaimed gleefully.

"Very good." Edward turned away from me and I squirmed on the couch, eager for

him to continue our game. He breathed silently next to me as he put the next offering on my tongue. It was thin, textured and gummy. Hungrily, I gnawed part of it off and swallowed.

"'L.' Licorice." I opened my mouth for another bite, but he pulled it away so I pouted at him. "What do I get for 'I'?"

"Hmm, I saved the best for last," Edward murmured. I felt his pointer finger smear a substance along my lower lip and my tongue snaked out to lick it off.

I moaned appreciatively, nearly shuddering from the overwhelming sweetness of the taste. "Icing," I concluded. *Icing!*

He ran his finger along my bottom lip and I darted my tongue out, hungry for more. He slipped the icing-coated digit into my mouth and I moaned as I sucked on it greedily. I gripped the couch cushions tighter and squeezed my legs together as Edward slowly pulled his finger out.

"Well, it would seem you do know the alphabet well, Ms. Swan," Edward cooed as he pulled the blindfold from my eyes. When I focused on him again, he gestured out to the food in front of him. "As well as desserts. Which ones did you want more of?"

I quirked an eyebrow as several naughty ideas came to my mind. "Can I have them however I want?" Edward seemed a bit confused at my response, but nodded nonetheless.

"Now *you* wear the blindfold, Mr. Cullen," I instructed teasingly.

"I always follow the teacher's directions," he complied, sitting back on the couch and allowing me to wrap the satin strand around him. Then I grabbed a small piece of licorice from the tray.

I knelt on the couch next to him, careful not to put weight on my swollen ankle and gently nudged the end of the licorice strip into his mouth. Edward bit down on it and smiled as he swallowed his first bite. He started to slice off another taste with his teeth but I stopped him.

"No, just hold it there," I whispered and then began to take small bites from the other end. I nibbled forward until my mouth was hovering against his, feeling his quickening breath against my lips. I kissed him and slowly swiped my tongue out, retrieving the rest of the candy from his mouth.

He groaned as I kissed him deeply, his right arm wrapping around my waist. With one hand enmeshed in his unruly locks, I traced the fingers of the other one down his short-sleeved dress shirt, popping open buttons as I went. Continuing to kiss him, I reached inside his shirt and ran my nails down his chest, dragging them lightly against his nipples and causing him to hiss into my mouth. My fingers followed a path down the fine trail of hair that led to the waistband of his pants, which I slowly began to unbuckle.

"I thought you wanted more dessert?" he asked breathily as he lifted his hips, allowing me to pull his pants and his boxers down all at once. I let them slip down to his ankles and palmed his cock, eliciting a groan from him.

I reveled at the sensation of him, thick and pulsing in my hand. Even though it had been less than a week since we'd been together, I'd almost forgotten how big he was. His hard shaft was stretched against smooth, hot skin and my mouth began to water.

"I do want more..." I told him, but it wasn't more sweets I needed in my mouth.

I want a taste of Edward, I thought, reaching my arm out to the coffee table and dipping my index and middle fingers into the bowl full of icing, *and chocolate!*

Running my fingers along his length, I left a sticky trail of chocolate along his cock. Edward shivered and his hips flexed slightly, silently seeking out more contact. I gathered another dollop of icing on my finger, then ran it around the head, coating him entirely. Licking my lips, I bent down over his lap and sucked the tip of his swollen cock into my mouth.

"God, yes," he said softly. His voice broke as he spoke and I shivered with the knowledge of the pleasure I was bringing him.

He tasted so fucking good; I was sure even without the icing I'd be lightheaded on Edward's flavor. Circling his plump tip with my tongue, I made sure to suck off all the chocolate I could. I lowered my mouth onto him, taking as much of his length in as I could, caressing him with my tongue as I slid back up.

The combined taste of Edward and the icing was so delicious that I moaned loudly as I plunged him back into my mouth again. I heard him inhale sharply as the vibrations reverberated through his cock and his hands roamed across my back until both of them slid into my hair.

I began sucking him in earnest now, my head bobbing over his lap. One of my

hands gripped the cushions for balance while the other began stroking his thighs and gently cupping his balls. "Oh fuck, Bella! Fuck fuck fuck!"

He kept one hand tightly woven into my hair while the other slid down my back and squeezed my rear before traveling lower. Edward bunched up the fabric of my skirt and pulled it back, running his fingers against my panties. He pushed them hard against where the cotton was soaked through and I moaned around him again, causing his hips to jerk.

Desperate need was coursing through my body as he pressed his fingers against me with more insistence, his other hand roughly gripping my hair. The tug felt deliciously good against my scalp and I rocked my body back against his hand as he pushed aside the edge of my panties and slid a finger inside me. A gasp bubbled up inside me but I somehow managed to hold it in.

"Bella, I'm gonna...you should..." he warned. I responded by sucking him harder, hollowing out my cheeks and he groaned. Edward thrust his cock in my mouth a few more times while he added another long finger and pumped them deep inside me.

"Fuck, yes! Ungh, oh...fuck...Bella!" He cursed and shuddered, coming with a low growl as I swallowed all he had to offer.

I pouted as I felt his fingers slide out of me and I released his cock from my mouth at the same time. I made sure I'd licked him clean of the icing, then sat up carefully and winced. My knees were aching from the exertion of keeping my weight off my ankle and my whole body was shaking. I looked up at him to see that he'd pulled the blindfold off.

"Cheater!" I exclaimed.

He smiled at me, his chest still heaving slightly as his breathing slowed down. Edward never took his eyes from mine as he slid the fingers that had been inside me into his mouth. "Mmm, now it's *my* turn for dessert."

My stomach flip-flopped and my legs turned to jelly beneath me as Edward's eyes tracked over my body. "Clothes off. Now!" he growled.

I pulled off my top and quickly wiggled out of my skirt, pulling it down my legs as he slid his arms out of his unbuttoned shirt. When he reached over and pulled me onto his lap my hot center rubbed against his softening member and I whimpered.

"Don't worry. Just give me a few minutes," he assured me, running his fingers

through my hair.

I nodded meekly as Edward sat back and stared at me, now straddling him in only my bra and underwear. He then pressed his mouth against one lace-covered breast, blowing hot air against my nipple while kneading my other breast with his hand. The hand that wasn't occupied splayed across my back and then reached up to unhook my bra. The fabric fell from my arms and Edward whispered, "Beautiful," before latching onto the other breast and flicking his tongue against that taut peak.

I arched back and cried out as I ground my hips against him, seeking out friction. Edward braced me with one hand as he leaned me backwards, reaching behind my body towards the coffee table. When he pulled his hand back, I saw the tips of his fingers covered with Jell-O pudding. He smiled wickedly as he covered my nipples with the slippery substance and then pushed his fingers into my mouth for me to suck off the rest. I tasted my own flavor underneath the chocolate and closed my eyes as he licked the pudding off my breasts.

"God, you are so fucking sexy," Edward growled when he finished, pulling my head down to his. He kissed me passionately and as my body bucked against him, I felt him grow hard once again underneath me.

"You have no idea how much I've fantasized about you. *God*, the things I want to do to you." His words were making it hard for me to breathe.

"Edward...please...I can't..." I trailed off as I unabashedly rubbed myself against him, nearly dizzy with desire.

He smirked as he slid his hand under the waistband of my panties. Edward began gently caressing my slick folds before deftly stroking my clit. I cried out as I gripped his shoulders, my head sinking back as I trembled with the sensation of him drawing circles on my sensitive flesh. He abruptly stopped and I gave him a pained look, quivering with need.

Edward ran his hands over my hips and squeezed my ass cheeks, then dug his fingertips under the seam and nearly clawed them off my body. I lifted each leg, trying not to look too awkward as he pulled them down. I then held onto his shoulders for leverage as he reached into his jeans pocket, still pooled around his ankles. He sat back up with a wrapped condom in his hand and I couldn't help but laugh at how prepared he was.

I bit my lip and held my breath as he rolled the condom on, then tugged on my hips to position me above him. Staring at him longingly and entranced by his

wicked, crooked grin, I writhed as he stroked my clit with the tip of his amazingly hard erection. I squeezed my eyes shut; this teasing was torture.

"*That's* the look I've been waiting for," he breathed, his voice husky and smooth. "The look I've fantasized about."

I panted above him, too far gone to understand what he was saying.

"I can see it on your face right now," he whispered, tracing one finger over my open mouth. "That you're absolutely aching for it."

"*Please!*" I begged in a high-pitched wail, feeling as if I was coming completely unglued.

I tried to lower myself down onto him but Edward slid his hands down to my hips and held me still above him. His grin was pure sin, his green eyes piercing into mine as he rested his head against the couch cushions, seeming to enjoy watching me squirm.

I moaned wantonly as he just barely pressed against my opening and his face was smug as a husky chuckle escaped him.

"That moment right...before...you get...what you want..." he continued, as his god-like body flexed beneath me, his fingertips tracing circles against my sides. Edward then squeezed my body firmly and leaned in close to me to whisper in my ear.

"...And then it's yours."

He gripped my hips, pulling me down forcefully onto him as he pushed all the way inside me with one deep thrust.

"Oh my God!" I screamed and dug my nails into his shoulders.

Edward rocked my body over his, working me against him and I knew it wasn't long before I was done for. Each time he filled me and retreated, the pleasure was so insanely delicious I couldn't contain the sounds that were pouring out of me.

He moved one hand off my hip and dipped his thumb down lower, running it over my clit and I felt myself get immeasurably wetter. "I want to hear you come, baby. Give it to me, now!"

His words and ministrations pushed me over the edge. I cried out and shuddered, my body clamping down on him as tidal waves of ecstasy ripped through me. Before I had a second to catch my breath, he rolled me over onto my back and began pounding into me with an animalistic frenzy.

The pleasure was too intense and I came again, my voice hoarse with the ferocity of my screams. "Ugh, you feel so fucking good, Bella!" Edward grunted, his thrusts becoming erratic and choppy as he bent his head down next to mine. I bit down on his shoulder, unable to stop myself from running my teeth along his smooth flesh, and he pressed his sweaty forehead against my neck. Our bodies were slick with sweat as he plowed into me, and I closed my eyes to listen to his blissful shudder as he came inside me.

We lay there together for a few moments, breathing softly. He placed butterfly kisses along my collarbone while I played with his hair. "Come on," he said as he sat up, his face flushed and sweaty. "Let's go get cleaned up."

- K -

On Thursday, I stayed home to rest my ankle, using one of my remaining sick days. I couldn't have handled "Kickball day" anyway and had called the substitute service the night before from Edward's apartment at his insistence.

After our shower, during which he scrubbed me thoroughly, making sure with his tongue that no icing had accidentally gotten inside me, he drove me home. He promised to stop being such a prick in school and asked to take me out to dinner over the weekend.

I spent the entire next day relaxing in bed and reliving my night with him, mentally adding more items to my countdown: *I love the way he **kisses**. He makes me weak in the **knees**.*

When I hobbled into the kitchen to find Charlie eating *Hershey Kisses*, I was unable to hide my grin even when he asked me what I was smiling so much about.

- L -

Friday was "Let's Make Lemonade" Day and after lunch, the kids clamored to get into the cafeteria with the other second grade classes, excited to try their hands at squeezing lemons to make their own drinks.

Across the cafeteria, Edward's class was celebrating a birthday, eating a cake that

one of the P.T.A. mothers had baked herself and brought in to share. My mind was racing with 'L' words to use with Edward; **lotion, lather with bubbles, lube!**

"Hey, Mr. Cullen, you've got icing on your face!" one of his students pointed out, laughing.

Icing.

From across the room, our eyes met. We both blushed and smiled.

As the week finally came to a close, my citrus-smelling students running down the hallway to their buses, I began to pack my bag.

"Ms. Swan?" said a voice from my door. "Do you have a minute?"

Fred!

"Sure, Mr. Banner, come on in!" I replied smiling until I saw something in his hands— a folded up piece of printer paper.

He advanced shyly towards my desk. "I've been on vacation this week, but I found this last Friday on your floor and I wanted to make sure I got it back to you."

My heart pounded in my chest, my eyes wide and my face burning with humiliation as he handed me the paper.

Okay, God? Now would be a good time to open the Earth and let it swallow me up!

"Don't worry, I didn't look at it...after I saw the title. I would have just thrown it out, but Ms. Volturi is weird sometimes." He leaned closer to me to whisper, "I've seen her rifling through the trash once or twice. I've never known what she was looking for, but I had a hunch you wouldn't want her to see this."

Fred smiled and took a few steps backward, nervously rubbing his hands together.

I tucked the paper safely into my bag, resolving to delete the countdown from my work computer as well and only add on to it at home. "Thank you, Mr. Banner. I really appreciate this."

He waved me off, assuring me it wasn't a problem and quickly stepped out of the room. As soon as he had moved down the hallway, I sat down in my chair and sent Edward a text message.

Crisis Averted; The missing documents have been found.

His response came quickly.

Great! I can't wait to keep adding to it. See you tomorrow, sexy.

I sighed with relief. I couldn't wait, either.

Bella's ABC Countdown - Sexy Edward Cullen

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**, want to give him a **blowjob** in the faculty lounge.

C: "C: **Cocktails** with Mr. **Cullen** tonight, he has the **cutest** smile, he's sometimes **crabby**, I would love to **cuddle** with him, I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!

D: Edward **dazzled** me nearly every day, how I could **drown** staring into his gorgeous green eyes, all the **dirty** things I wanted to **do** to his **dick** and the rest of his **delicious** body, **damn** he looks good today.

E: Edward

F: He makes me so damn **flustered**, I have so many **fantasies** about him, want to **feel** him so badly, I want his **fingers** inside me, dear God I want him to **fuck** me!

G: **Gorgeous, God** yes!

H: He's so **hot**, I want to **hide** with him in a closet and make out, I hope I get to **hump** him again; **Hershey** kisses

I: I want to take him **into** my mouth, **imagining** his eyes sliding closed, I want him to run an **ice** cube up and down my body, I want to lick **icing** off his fingers

J: I'd like to **jump** his bones, I could suck the **jelly** off his fingers; **Jello** pudding.

K: I love the way he **kisses**, he makes me weak in the **knees**; Hershey **kisses**

L: **Lotion, lather** with bubbles, **lube**; **Licorice**

Well we're about halfway through the alphabet now! Leave me some love and let me know what you thought!

Chapter 4: MNO PQ

Thanks to my wonderful betas Awesomesauce76 and Brits23, and my fantastic pre-readers lazykatevamp and loss4words. Love ya!

Chapter 4: M N O P Q

- M -

Monday was "Mismatched Clothes Day." My students all came into school that morning wearing the most horribly put together outfits: different shoes, socks of different lengths, polka-dots with stripes. They created a dizzying, clashing group as I led them down the hall to the cafeteria. We had an assembly that morning because it was also Flag Day.

We filed into the cafeteria, which doubled as our auditorium, with me still limping slightly from the previous week's ankle incident. The room had been cleared of all the tables, and folding chairs that had been set up for the teachers lined the walls. The kindergarten and first grade classes sat in lines near the stage, as well as Alice's second grade class. I saw that she and Rose were already sitting in chairs next to one another; usually, we sat together during assemblies, but that day, several of our teaching assistants and aides had filled the seats next to them.

I led my class in and they sat dutifully behind Alice's, yelling to their friends and folding their little bodies, getting comfortable on the floor. I waved sadly at Rose and Alice as I found a seat near my class, disappointed that I wouldn't get to sit with them. I contemplated asking the other teachers to move but hesitated as they both waved back and Alice gave me a little wink.

My mind wandered from the momentary curiosity Alice's wink had caused. As I settled into my chair, I thought back to my date with Edward the Saturday before.

He'd been a perfect gentleman, introducing himself to my father when he picked me up, un-ruffled and amused by my father's police-issue rifle that still hung from a hook by the door. He'd taken me to some Italian restaurant in Port Angeles and we'd talked non-stop throughout dinner. We were both so relieved the lost countdown had been found. Of course, I hadn't told him that it was Fred who had returned it to me; I thought he might be uncomfortable with that, so I said it had been in my classroom all along.

The tension over being found out had been lifted; Edward's face was glowing and animated as we discussed subjects ranging from school politics to global events. The crabby, down-trodden demeanor he'd had so often at school was completely absent.

I couldn't help but wonder if the change in him had been because of me.

He'd been so light-hearted as he joked and flirted, and as the night wore on chills ran through my body each time his eyes lingered on my mouth, my collarbone and lower. At one point during dinner, after our server had cleared our plates from the table, he simply leaned forward, his arms crossed on the table, and smiled devilishly at me.

I'd been dazzled by his stare, transfixed by his long lashes, the soft pout of his lower lip, and the perfect angle of his jaw line. For a few moments, we stared silently at one another in the busy restaurant, and my breathing picked up as his tongue darted out to lick his lips. I may have moaned out loud at the sight, biting my lip as I remembered what his tongue could do to me. Squirming in my seat and desperate for friction, I squeezed my legs closed, my face flushed, hot and needy.

"Do you want...dessert?" he'd asked me, cocking one eyebrow up.

I'd laughed at his pointed remark, overcome for a moment with the memory of our evening spent with sweets the previous Wednesday.

"Not here," I breathed. *Take me home with you. Do anything you want to me. I'm yours.*

Edward motioned to our waitress for the check, and minutes later, we were speeding back towards Forks, my hand nestled in his, his thumb stroking across my fingers. I still couldn't believe I was actually there, in Edward Cullen's car, with my fantasies of almost a year finally coming true. Despite my elation, a nagging doubt lingered in my mind: we were still hiding it.

What if he doesn't really want to be with me? What if this is all just sex to him?

I thought back to what he'd said the week before outside my house: that he was worried how it would look with us getting together so quickly after his divorce, that I wasn't his rebound. That I was so much more than that.

Letting the memory of his words and the soothing feeling of his thumb against my skin comfort me, I pushed the thoughts from my mind.

All my doubts were forgotten when we reached his house; when he'd slid my tank down as we'd kneeled on his bed and kissed a path from my neck to my shoulder. My mind was empty of anything but his touch as he'd nuzzled and kissed my breasts, undressing me as he lay me down on the soft pillows. Consumed by pleasure, I was unable to think anything coherent at all as he'd claimed me with his mouth and then his body, bringing me to orgasm over and over again, moaning my name as he'd finally found his own release inside me.

*Mmmm, **moaning**.*

Inspiration struck as the first "M" words entered my mind, shaking my head as I came back to the present and the noisy cafeteria.

*I love the way his **mouthmoans** my name.*

"Ms. Swan?"

*...The way his **mouth** says '**Ms. Swan**.'*

Wait...oh crap!

My eyes shot up to find Edward smiling down at me. I'd been daydreaming so much that I hadn't noticed the entire room filling up with all the grade levels, or him coming to stand in front of me.

He looked so sexy in his khaki pants and light blue button down shirt. The morning light filtered in from the windows and highlighted where the tips of his hair were turning a light auburn-blond.

"Hi Ed-...I mean..." I winced. "Good morning, Mr. Cullen."

His crooked smile beamed down at me. "Good morning. All the seats are filled up in the back of the room."

He waved his hand towards where the fifth and sixth grade teachers sat, any extra chairs filled up by a few parents who had come to see their children perform this morning. Jessica quickly looked away from us, unable to hide the sneer she'd had on her face when she saw Edward standing next to me.

"Would it be all right if I sat here?" Edward pointed to the empty seat next to mine. I looked at it with surprise, briefly remembering being asked to watch a third grade class during the assembly, since their teacher had a few parent phone calls to

make. I'd been so lost in my thoughts I'd barely registered answering her.

"Ms. Swan?" Edward prompted when I didn't answer. "You don't seem very alert this morning. Did you have a...busy weekend?"

His eyes glittered as he teased me and I pursed my lips to stop myself from smiling back. "Actually, I didn't get very much sleep Saturday night. I must be a little...worn out." I tried to keep the tone in my voice light and his grin warmed my heart as he sat down.

I glanced over at Alice, who winked at me again. I realized if I'd tried to sit with them, I wouldn't have the warmth of Edward's knee pressing up against mine. Shaking my head at Alice's uncanny foresight, I directed my eyes up towards where Jane stood at the microphone, commanding everyone's attention. The children quickly quieted down and our last full-school assembly of the year began.

A few sixth graders brought out our flag and as we all stood to say The Pledge of Allegiance, my mind began to wander again. My stomach plummeted with the realization that there were only thirteen days of school left. Most teachers were looking forward to the last day of school, but as my ABC Countdown advanced forward, with fewer and fewer letters left, I knew that summer would be arrive soon. In less than two weeks, I wouldn't be seeing Edward every day.

Will he want to continue seeing me once school ends? If he does, how long do we continue hiding?

I hated not knowing the answers to these questions, but as our music teacher began playing *The Star Spangled Banner*, my doubts suddenly emptied from my mind.

Edward was singing.

His voice was warm and soft, the lyrics wafting smoothly from his mouth like honey or caramel. I had no idea he was so musical! My voice faded away to whispers as I strained to hear his alone over the singsong notes of the children and other teachers.

His voice was pure and rich as he hit each note, the tune of this boring, traditional song never having sounded so beautiful. The sound sent sparks through me; electricity buzzed in the air between us and I involuntarily leaned closer to him.

I felt magnetically drawn to him. I wanted to slip out of this crowded room into an

empty classroom and listen to his hushed, breathy voice as he sang into my ear, his hands sliding under my top...

I stopped my train of thought as the song ended. Edward leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees and looked back over his shoulder at me. His hooded eyes held a look of reserved lust as a tiny smile graced his perfect lips, surrounded by soft, downy stubble.

Shaking my head, I turned away from him, trying not to let him see how much he affected me. The smirk I saw out of the corner of my eye let me know how much I certainly was not fooling him.

I was sure in that moment that there was no way I could keep hiding it all for much longer.

- N -

Tuesday was "No More Homework" day; it would be the last day of the school year that I would assign anything for homework. The kids cheered as they filled out their planners at the end of the day; their only assignment was to do their nightly reading.

I'd already done my own homework the night before, thinking of all the "N" words I could that reminded me of Edward: *he makes me feel so **naughty**, I'm a complete **nympho** when it comes to him, I love the way he **nuzzles** my **nipples**, I'm filled with **need** for the way he **navigates** my body. I love to stare at him when he's **naked**.*

We'd brushed by one another earlier in the day. I had been leaving the office after checking my mailbox and he was walking in. I'd walked past him and my arm slid against his. I felt like a teenager once again as every nerve ending crackled from the slightest sweep of his skin along mine. I shuddered slightly and looked up at him but he simply smiled and nodded politely at me, his eyes lingering for just a second before Jane called out his name.

*It makes me crazy how **nonchalant** he can be in school!*

There I was going crazy at every look and touch, and he barely looked affected in any way whatsoever.

*This is starting to drive me **nuts**.*

- O -

I sat down at my desk on Wednesday morning to an email from Jane asking if the buddy classes had finished their projects yet. I dashed off a quick note to Edward, asking if he had any time today to come by and take a look at our collage before we printed it out. By the time the morning announcements came on, I already had a reply from him, stating he would come by during his prep at eleven.

Furrowing my brow, I began to type a reply that we'd need to reschedule. Today was "One Subject Outside Day" and all the second grade classes would be doing their reading block in the warm sun. We'd planned it for eleven o' clock. As I hit reply, an email notification came into my inbox.

From: Whitlock, Alice

Sent: Wednesday, June 16, 2010 8:17 AM

To: Swan, Isabella

Subject: One Subject Outside

Angela and I will take the kids outside at eleven. Join us when you're done.

- Alice

It really freaked me out when she did that.

A few hours later, a short time after the children had followed Alice's class outside with books in hand, Edward walked into my classroom. I had to fight the urge to ogle his incredible good looks as he strode in wearing black slacks, a white T-shirt and a yellow short-sleeved button down over it. That man could pull off *any* color!

He smiled as he came to stand next to my chair, leaning on my desk as he took a swig of the orange juice he'd brought in. He tapped the rim of the bottle against his lower lip as he studied the collage on my computer screen. I shifted uncomfortably in my chair as he pursed his sensual, open lips around the bottle to take another drink.

*I would kill to be that bottle of **orange** juice!*

He suggested moving a few photos around, but other than that, the collage was pretty much complete. I was proud of how many books our students had read together, and I knew my class had learned a lot from his.

"The kids should be really proud of themselves," I said as I emailed the collage as an attachment to Mrs. Cope for printing on the office machine. "They worked really hard this year."

But Edward wasn't listening. Instead, he was staring at the board where it said what day of the Countdown it was.

"It's 'O' Day, huh?" he asked me.

"Oh! Yeah, it is. The kids are outside. Alice is with them-"

I paused as he quickly looked behind him to see the hallway empty through my classroom windows, then leaned in and placed his lips against my ear.

"And what's on *your* countdown for 'O' Day?" His whisper was hot against my skin and I shivered, pretty certain that I'd lost all ability to speak.

"It wouldn't really be 'O' day unless you had an *orgasm*, would it? Several of them."

Oh my God.

Edward pulled back to smile sinfully at me and I bit my lip. He hissed sharply at the sight.

Suddenly, the sound of children chattering filled the hallway and I knew my class was fast approaching.

"My house. After school," he said quickly before rushing out of my room.

I rushed out of school to follow Edward home at the end of the day and my heart pounded in my chest as I stepped out of my behemoth of a truck to meet him at his front door.

As soon as it closed behind us, Edward's lips were on mine and his fingers were tangled in my hair. He pushed me up against the wall and I whimpered as he caressed my tongue with his. I was breathless, dizzy. I felt high from our mutual desire and drunk off his kisses, his touch.

Edward's fingers slipped from my hair and reached down to grab my wrists, pulling them up and pinning them against the wall. I shivered as his lips slid from mine to bite gently behind my ear, nipping and sucking as he made his way down to

my shoulder. I opened my eyes and noticed we were directly across from a giant mirror that hung in his hallway, and I had a perfect view of the things Edward was doing to me. From the way the muscles in his arms worked as he kept my hands captured above my head, to how his body moved as he began grinding it against mine.

His teeth came down on my neck and I moaned loudly, my body writhing, trapped between Edward's and the wall. My eyes never left the mirror, though. He must have noticed my stare as he looked up at me because his ministrations on my neck ceased. He turned, glancing over his shoulder to see what I was looking at.

My cheeks blushed scarlet as his gaze passed over our reflections; he already knew I wrote a dirty countdown, and now he was going to think I was a complete pervert as well.

But all I saw in the mirror was Edward grinning wickedly at me, his eyes smoldering.

"So you like to watch, huh?" he asked, the warm, liquid honey of his voice dripping with lust as he turned back to face me. "God, that's so fucking sexy."

I gasped at his reaction, my breathing coming out in labored pants. My hips were still moving involuntarily towards the space between our bodies, and Edward chuckled softly as he saw the longing on my face.

"Well, let's give you something to watch then."

Edward shifted so that he kept both my hands clasped together with one of his own. "Keep your eyes on the mirror," he breathed into my ear before pulling my lobe into his mouth and sucking on it briefly. His free hand worked at unbuttoning my blouse and pulling it free from my skirt, brushing the fabric back before sliding his palm along my breast.

I moaned his name softly as my nipple puckered under his hand. My head rolled back against the wall as I began rubbing my thighs together, wet and frantic for his touch.

"Oh, no you don't." Edward slid one thigh along mine, forcing them open so I couldn't even give myself the tiny bit of friction that afforded, and his hand left my breast to cup my face. He caressed my cheek with his thumb before moving it to my chin, gently tugging my face down so it was level.

"Watch," Edward entreated, tilting his head back in the direction of the mirror.

He brought his hand back to my breast, rolling and tugging my firm bud through the fabric of my bra. He switched to the other one and his eyes met mine in the mirror as I practically shook with my need for more.

"Edward, please..." I begged.

He smirked at my desperation, but his eyes were dark with need as well. I watched our reflections as he trailed his hand down my belly, hearing him moan in approval as I arched my body to meet his touch. Edward slid my skirt up and I followed his long fingers in the mirror as they teased over my panties, soaked through with desire. He ghosted his touch lightly across the satin, and my eyes slid closed as the ache to feel him on my skin threatened to wreck me completely.

"I said, watch!" Edward commanded, the sudden roughness of his voice accompanying the abrupt absence of his touch between my legs.

My eyes flew open and I gasped at the intensity of his stare.

"I need to see in your eyes how much you want me," he growled hotly, his eyes studying mine as he held his fingers at bay.

"Oh fuck, I want you so fucking much!" I wailed, my hips rolling in the direction of his hand, fingers grasping the air as his held them prisoner against the wall.

"Good girl," he whispered, and brought his hand to the waistband of my panties. My hips bucked forward as he parted my folds and began caressing my sensitive, swollen skin.

Edward rubbed me expertly, gently tracing circles along my flesh with his fingers, looking down to watch their movement under my panties. I moaned as I felt him slide his middle finger lower, his thigh still pressing against mine and forcing my legs apart, slowly sinking it all the way inside.

"Oh...God, yes!" I was nearly sobbing with relief at finally feeling him touching me.

I could feel Edward's eyes fixated on mine as I stared at us in the mirror, feeling him moving in and out of me, smooth and deliciously slow. He added another finger and twisted them inside me before pulling them back out again, dragging the moisture up to rub my clit once more.

Unable to obey his command to watch, my eyes squeezed shut involuntarily as I fell apart under his hand. I gasped and cried out, my body shuddering with pleasure as he stroked me through my orgasm. Edward held me up with his leg still under mine and his hand clasped at my wrists as I came down from the intense sensations and slumped against the wall.

"That's one," he said, grinning at my reflection.

He was true to his word as he brought me into the bedroom, undressing me swiftly and positioning me on my hands and knees on his bed. I felt his cock slide against my wet skin and as he took me from behind, I cried out, clutching the comforter in my fists. I came quickly and suddenly at the sensation of his first thrust.

His fingers dug into my hips as he pumped in and out of me, dragging the thick tip of his cock against my sensitive walls, giving me pleasure I never knew possible. Our bodies were slick with sweat, slipping against one another. Edward groaned each time he drove deeper inside me until I came a third time, his moans mingling with mine.

- P -

Only as a teacher can you come into work wearing pajamas and have it be acceptable attire. Thursday was "Pajama Party" day and I arrived that morning wearing pink cotton lounge pants with rainbows on them, a matching T-shirt and my big fluffy slippers.

I also came in with a huge smile on my face. Waving at Edward as he drove into the parking lot at the same time, I thought about our conversation in bed the previous afternoon, coming up with "P" words together to add to my countdown.

"You love how I *penetrate* your *pussy*," he'd whispered as he'd trailed his fingers along my thigh. We'd just calmed down a little while before and already, I wanted him again.

"Our lust is *palpable*," I'd groaned back.

"You *perspire* when I'm near." He kissed my neck and licked off the sweat that had pooled in the crevice where it met my shoulder. His beard rubbed against my throat, making my skin tingle and I began to giggle at my next thought.

"You've got a *panty*-dropping smile," I said through laughter. He'd scoffed at that and began to tickle me, holding me down with the other hand and making me

squeal. It had felt so good to be playful with him.

When he felt I'd had enough, he'd pulled me so we were facing one another, lying side by side. He'd propped his head up with one hand and let the other drift up my arm, over my shoulder and across my face.

"You're so *pretty*," he'd whispered as he stroked my cheek.

I spent the morning with a huge smile on my face, my mood so happy even the children and a few other teachers noticed. I tried to pass off my cheerfulness that day as just being excited that we were nearing the end of school, but Alice, of course, knew better. At lunch, she asked me how things were going with Edward. My eyes widened as she made the inquiry in front of Rose, at which she rolled her eyes and waved her hand dismissively.

"Honestly, Bella. You think you're *that* good at hiding things. Rose has known almost as long as *I* have. Anyone who knows you or Edward well enough can see it clearly all over your faces," Alice said nonchalantly, leaning forward on the table. "So, spill. How's everything going?"

"Great," I responded through a mouthful of sandwich, hoping to mask my unexpected discomfort. "Really, really great."

Rose looked at me skeptically. "If it's so great, then why does he still want to keep it such a secret?"

I glared at her to keep her voice down and then shrugged. Her words weren't helping me bat away the nervous concerns that buzzed around my head like mosquitoes in August.

"He doesn't want it to look like I'm his rebound," I said, doubt creeping in even as I spoke the words. "And he doesn't want Jane on his case. Isn't dating your co-worker a big no-no here?"

"Bella, teachers aren't forbidden to date," Rose said. "I'm married to a junior high school guidance counselor, remember?"

"So...it's not totally frowned upon?" I asked them, relief flooding through me.

"Well," Rose began. "Emmett and I work in different schools so it's not entirely the same thing, but I imagine the same rules apply throughout the district."

Alice unwrapped her lunch and looked thoughtful. "I think all you have to do is tell Jane you're dating. If you told her, I doubt she'd care. Jane would rather everyone be honest with her than keep things behind her back."

I thought back to what Fred had told me about Jane rifling through the trash. Suddenly, the image of Jane dumpster-diving behind the school popped into my head, her legs dangling over the edge like the Wicked Witch of the East after Dorothy's house landed on her. I laughed, making Alice and Rose both look at me as if I was crazy.

"Well," I began, nervously tapping my foot on the floor. "I don't think Edward is ready for that."

"Yes but, why is it all about what *he* wants, Bella?" Alice asked gently. "What do *you* want?"

Our conversation ended abruptly at that point as Edward suddenly entered the faculty room and walked briskly over to the telephone against the wall to pick up a parent phone call. He waved at me across the room and I smiled broadly, my cheeks turning pink from his nearness.

Rose gave me her famous eye roll and took a bite of her lunch.

*I'm so **pathetic**.*

- Q -

Friday was "Question" day; for a half hour before dismissal, I allowed each child to ask me any question they wanted.

I'd been tossing and turning all night, waking up with my head filled with questions of my own.

Were Rose and Alice right? Was I only worried about what Edward wanted, forgetting about myself?

I wondered if it *would* be easier if Edward and I just came forward with it. But on the other hand, it had only been three weeks since we started dating.

Are we even dating?

I wondered if our trysts at his house could be considered anything more than just

fucking.

What if I ask him to go public with our relationship and he doesn't want to?

With this quandary of anxious thoughts, I felt like I was drowning in quicksand.

And I couldn't even think of any naughty words for my Countdown, other than *quickie*, or the *quintessential qualities* of sexiness that Edward possessed.

That afternoon, I answered eighteen out of the twenty-three questions my students had scrawled out in their adorable print on pieces of loose-leaf paper. I told them how old I was when I first learned to ride a bike, what my social studies grade was in the second grade and what my least favorite vegetable was. The five I abstained from answering all asked, "Do you like Mr. Cullen?"

Q is a stupid letter.

That night, I met Edward for coffee and we took a walk through the park at dusk. It occurred to me that we'd been together enough places in public by then that people may have seen us, and if that were the case, we might as well just say we were together.

"Edward?" I began meekly, my voice wavering a little as I spoke his name.

He seemed to sense something was up and his brow furrowed.

"I was just wondering if..." I trailed off, ready to chicken out and ask him something harmless, like if he wanted ice cream. Rose's eye roll appeared in my head and I bit the bullet. "...if you still weren't ready to tell people we're together."

Edward sighed and looked at the ground. I immediately regretted bringing it up. "Never mind," I muttered and kicked at the ground with my toe, but Edward took my hand in his and led me to a nearby park bench.

"I haven't been very fair to you, have I?" he began, studying my fingers that laced between his. "Bella, exactly how much do you know about my relationship with Tanya?"

I frowned at the mention of her name, not sure where this was going. "Just that she cheated on you."

"I thought Alice might have told you more."

"No," I muttered. "She didn't."

Edward raised his eyes from our entwined hands and I found myself looking into sparkling, crystal jade, filled with emotion and regret. "Did you know she was my high school sweetheart?"

I shook my head, unaware of this new piece of information. The idea of Edward actually being in love with that cold-hearted bitch at any point in time made my stomach turn.

"We rushed into getting married straight out of high school. We didn't take the time to find ourselves, to figure out who we were." He sat back and stared out over the park to where the sun set, the sky turning from brilliant shades of red and orange at the horizon to pale pink before giving way to the violets and blues of twilight.

Edward continued, "By the time we did figure it out, almost ten years later, we realized we didn't like each other very much at all. I'm on my own now for the first time since I was eighteen and I feel like I'm just now figuring out what I want."

I shifted on the bench so I was facing him, tucking my legs up underneath me. "What *do* you want?"

Edward sighed heavily, rubbing his face with his hands and gripping his hair roughly before turning back to face me. "You," he whispered softly.

He sat up quickly and took my face between his hands. "I know I've thrown a lot of bullshit at you, not wanting you to look like a rebound, not wanting Jane on my case...but that's all crap. The truth is, I've finally realized what I want, and it's scaring the hell out of me."

My heart was pounding as I reached up to run my hands over his, still cupping my face. "You're amazing, Bella. You're beautiful, smart, funny and sexy as hell."

I blushed and felt his thumbs stroking across my reddened cheeks. Edward moved forward and gently brushed his lips against mine, barely a kiss, just a sharing of breath. He rested his forehead against mine as his hands dropped to my lap, holding mine tightly in his own.

"I wanted you for months while my marriage crumbled and my divorce ripped my life apart. It tortured me. I thought about you constantly, wondering what your life was like before you came to Forks, what your favorite flower was..."

He paused, his eyes scorching from under his lashes. "...what sounds you made when you came."

Heat rushed through me and my eyes nearly rolled back in my head at his words.

"But still I couldn't imagine the idea of you actually being mine." He squeezed his eyes shut and exhaled. "Now that I have you, I just don't want to rush into it and risk fucking everything up."

"Haven't we already rushed into it?" I questioned softly, but he didn't answer. "You already know how I feel, of course. I wrote that countdown, which shows how much I want to be with you. Either that or what an idiot I am."

He pulled back abruptly, shaking his head slowly as he regarded me carefully. "You're *not* an idiot," he said. "Finding that countdown was just the catalyst. I wouldn't have been able to resist you for much longer anyway."

"I wish you hadn't bothered to try," I replied softly, leaning in to capture his lips with mine.

"Neither do I. I guess *I'm* the idiot," he said, making me chuckle as our lips met, gently pressing against one another.

Our kisses slowed and Edward's eyes opened; he looked relieved and determined.

"When school ends," he stated with certainty.

His fragmented sentence confused me. "What about when school ends?"

He flashed me a signature crooked grin that went all the way to his eyes, causing them to sparkle. "We'll tell everyone when school ends."

I grinned back at him happily; that was enough for me. Edward pulled me in for a hug, kissing the top of my head before stretching his limbs and standing up, tugging me off the bench so we could resume our walk.

Nine more letters to go, and then I could tell everyone that Edward Cullen was mine.

Bella's ABC Countdown - Sexy Edward Cullen

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**, want to give him a **blowjob** in the faculty lounge.

C: "C: **Cocktails** with Mr. **Cullen** tonight, he has the **cutest** smile, he's sometimes **crabby**, I would love to **cuddle** with him, I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!

D: Edward **dazzled** me nearly every day, how I could **drown** staring into his gorgeous green eyes, all the **dirty** things I wanted to **do** to his **dick** and the rest of his **delicious** body, **damn** he looks good today.

E: **Edward**

F: He makes me so damn **flustered**, I have so many **fantasies** about him, want to **feel** him so badly, I want his **fingers** inside me, dear God I want him to **fuck** me!

G: **Gorgeous, God** yes!

H: He's so **hot**, I want to **hide** with him in a closet and make out, I **hope** I get to **hump** him again; **Hershey** kisses

I: I want to take him **into** my mouth, **imagining** his eyes sliding closed, I want him to run an **ice** cube up and down my body, I want to lick **icing** off his fingers

J: I'd like to **jump** his bones, I could suck the **jelly** off his fingers; **Jello** pudding.

K: I love the way he **kisses**, he makes me weak in the **knees**; Hershey **kisses**

L: **Lotion, lather** with bubbles, **lube**; **Licorice**

M: I love the way his **mouthmoans** my name, the way his **mouth** says '**Ms. Swan**', He looked so **mouth-watering**, I felt **magnetically** drawn to him, I had no idea he was so **musical**!

N: He makes me feel so **naughty**, I'm a complete **nympho** when it comes to him, I love the way he **nuzzles** my **nipples**, I'm filled with **need** for the way he **navigates** my body, I love to stare at him when he's **naked**. It drives me **nuts** how **nonchalant** he can be in school! This is starting to drive me **nuts**.

O: **Ogle** his incredible good looks, he pursed his sensual **open** lips, I would kill to be that bottle of **orange** juice! **Oh** my God, **Orgasm**.

*P: I love how he **penetrates** my **pussy**, our lust is **palpable**, I **perspire** when he's near, he has a **panty**-dropping smile, **playful**, he thinks I'm **pretty**, I'm so **pathetic***

*Q: My head is filled with **questions**, a **quandary** of anxious thoughts, drowning in **quicksand**, **quickie**, **quintessential qualities** of sexiness*

Leave me some love!

Chapter 5: RSTUV

Big hugs to Awesomesauce76 and Brits23. Big thanks also to Sweetvenom69 and her awesome skills with the alphabet!

As always, SM owns.

Chapter 5: R S T U V

I didn't get to see Edward much over the weekend following our talk in the park; he had family obligations so I tried to spend Saturday and Sunday working on my grade book and finishing up some end-of-the-year paperwork.

Sprawled out on my bed and surrounded by schoolwork, my thoughts immediately drifted to our conversation on the previous Friday and his words of promise. Rolling over onto my back, I stared up at the ceiling before closing my eyes and allowing my thoughts to wander.

"We'll tell everyone when school ends," he'd declared.

My heart skipped a beat thinking about how tortured he'd looked, gripping his hair aggressively and looking over at me with pained eyes. He wanted me so much, it scared him.

I couldn't help laughing to myself at how cliché that sounded, but elated nonetheless that it was true.

Jake jumped up on my bed and curled himself into a fluffy ball next to me, letting out a tiny feline sigh. I gave his fur a gentle ruffle and began to wonder if Edward liked cats, too, but stopped the train of thought right away. He was barely ready to say we were a couple; I doubted he was ready for me to move Jake's litter-box into his house immediately after.

- R -

Monday was 'Bring a Riddle into School Day.' With only nine days of school remaining and all grades due, I had very few lessons planned so I was thrilled that the countdown gave some amount of structure to our day.

I'd also made sure not to include any activities into this week's countdown that

involved running around, since I'd actually managed not to fall down and injure myself at all since the week before. I was hopeful I'd be as lucky that week.

The children were so excited, starting the off day by sharing jokes and brainteasers with their peers. Watching their little faces erupt into laughter was the sweetest way to start my morning, although I had to admit, I was more than eager to catch a glimpse of Edward in the hall.

I'd tried to finish my grade book over the weekend, which was essential, since it was due on Wednesday, but all I'd succeeded in doing was coming up with "R" words for my "Sexy Edward Cullen ABC Countdown." So far, I had plenty of ideas: *I love it when he **rubs** me, his face when he **releases** inside me, I want to wear **racy, red** lingerie for him.*

I didn't actually own any red lingerie but had ordered some on a whim from Victoria's Secret the week before and was very excited for it to arrive.

A continuous stream of **raunchy** words began to flow through my mind: *I'd let him tie me up with **rope**, I'd be willing to **role-play** with him, I'd let him fuck me in the **rain**, I wonder if he'd like a **rim** job.*

I made a mental note to go back and add *kinky* to the letter "K," wondering what Edward would think when he saw that.

I couldn't help but smile at my thoughts, disguising it as appreciating Nicole's joke. The things I was willing to do with Edward simply blew my mind. Thinking about what that man did to my body sent involuntary shivers running through me. No one in my life had ever made me feel the delicious sensations his hands, mouth and body had afforded.

I quickly shook those thoughts out of my head, feeling quite embarrassed to be thinking about those things in front of my students, even if they had no idea what accounted for my blush.

"Hey, Ms. Swan?" Scout called out. He'd already told several riddles and the kids were begging for more. "I've got a riddle for you!"

I told him to go ahead; he always had such a great sense of humor.

"Which word in the dictionary is spelled incorrectly?" he asked me, a goofy smile on his adorable, tiny little face.

"I don't know!" I replied enthusiastically, waiting for the punch line.

"'Incorrectly!'" he answered through a loud guffaw before doubling over into hysterics. The rest of the class burst out into laughter along with him and I couldn't help but join in.

As excited as I was for the end of the year to come, I was so torn, as well; I was really going to miss these kids.

- S -

By the time Tuesday arrived, I'd barely seen Edward at all. I'd spent my prep and all of my lunch for the previous two days working frantically on my grades and still wasn't done yet for that day either.

Tuesday was 'Sit Where You Want Day' and the children came in excited, scrambling to sit with their friends. However, they found they *all* wanted to sit with one another, so they pushed all their desks together into one giant circle in the middle of the room. I was thrilled that I'd been able to foster such a sense of community among them.

After walking them down the hallway to the cafeteria, I grabbed my lunch from the faculty room refrigerator. As I was leaving the room, my eyes lingered on the shabby couch in the corner of the room, next to a rack of out of date magazines. It wasn't much of a lounge; my school back in Phoenix had several plush couches and a television in its faculty room, but I wouldn't trade this place for the world. No one back there was anything like Edward.

My faculty room blow-job fantasy flashed briefly in the back of my mind.

Walking quickly to back to my classroom, I passed by Rose and Alice on the way.

"You're not eating with us today?" Alice asked, surprised.

"No! I'm sorry, I can't! I've gotta work on my grades," I replied apologetically.

Rose smirked at me. "You're sure you're not planning to have a quick-" she paused and looked around the empty hallway, then mouthed the word 'shag', "in your classroom, are you?"

My mouth immediately slid into a thin line and I glared at her. She and Alice both laughed playfully at me and wished me good luck on finishing my grades.

Stepping back to my desk and setting my lunch down on it, I realized it had been several days since I had actually shagged Edward, and the persistent throbbing between my thighs was getting difficult to ignore.

Hmmmm, **shag!** That's a good "S" word!

Hit by sudden inspiration and unable to stop myself, I grabbed a small piece of notepaper and started writing.

*"He's so **sexy**, I love to **suck** him off, he's got the most **sensual** mouth, I'd love to **spend** the night with him."*

I tapped my pencil at my mouth, looking over at my closed grade book and then back to my note as the flow of words continued.

*"I'd **sit** on his face, he makes me **scream** in pleasure, he always **satisfies** me..."*

I giggled, turning the paper over to the back and thought of more.

*"I'd **submit** to him, let him **spank** me, **shackle** me to the bed..."*

I blushed in spite of myself. I was thinking of doing things with Edward I'd never done with anyone, things I'd barely even thought about before.

"What are you doing in there?" a voice suddenly called from my classroom door, startling me as I quickly folded up the paper and stuffed it in my pocket. Relief flowed through me when I realized it was Edward.

He advanced toward me, a wry look on his face, knowing he'd caught me.

"You uh...*alphabetizing* anything over there?" he teased.

"Nope! Not at all," I taunted back, biting my lip.

He shoved his hands in his pockets and laughed nervously, his eyes trained to my mouth before forcing them to his shoes. "Please don't do that here," he said quietly. "You know what that does to me."

I obeyed his plea and dutifully released my lip from between my teeth. When his sparkling, mischievous green met my nervously excited brown, I inhaled sharply.

We stared at each other silently for a moment and he angled his head, looking in

the direction of my pocket. "You gonna let me see what you wrote?" he asked.

I gulped. I wasn't sure I was ready for Edward to see the smutty words I'd just come up with, and certainly not in school.

Hehehe...smutty!

"Not right now," I answered, and then sighed. "Besides, I've really got to finish my grades. I'm nowhere near done and Jane will have my head on a plate if they're not ready by tomorrow."

Edward nodded, fists still shoved firmly into his pockets. "All right. I've got a parent meeting after school but...I'll call you tonight?"

It was adorable how unsure of himself he seemed; so different from the sexy, dominating, self-confident man I'd gotten to know in bed. I nodded and watched his form retreat from my room, appreciating his delicious backside as he left.

I giggled, thinking back to the words that had started it all: Edward Cullen's ass. Then I sighed resolutely and opened my grade book, determined to finish.

I, of course, didn't complete them until hours later, at about two in the morning. I accepted that as punishment for working more on my countdown when I got home.

I'd added that day's "S" words to the document on my home computer and then quickly ripped up my hand-written note, throwing it in the garbage. Deciding that wasn't enough, I gathered up the trash and brought it to the can outside. I was already worried about my principal finding my countdown; I didn't need my dad to see it, too.

My lack of progress on my grades forced my phone call with Edward that evening to be short, as well. However, speaking with him was preempted by a phone call from Alice. She quickly explained that he was going to ask me to join all of them for a teacher's night out at a local bar on Thursday. I rushed her off the phone when I saw his number on call waiting, and he'd barely finished asking me when I'd answered yes.

We chatted for a few, but Edward wouldn't let me off the phone until I'd told him a few of the words I'd written down that day. Peering out my doorway, I made sure Charlie was safely downstairs and the television was at a reasonable decibel to hide my voice. Then I shut the door tightly and sat as far away from it as I could, on my bed in the corner of the room.

"Well, I thought of a lot of good 'S' words today," I began.

"I'll bet you did." His voice alone made me shiver. "Tell me a few."

"You're so sexy," I'd whispered, making him chuckle in response. "You make me scream in pleasure..."

I heard his breathing pick up slightly as he huskily asked me to go on. Wetness pooled between my thighs and goosebumps rose on my flesh; there was nothing I'd ever experienced in the world like the high of knowing Edward wanted me.

"I'd love it if..." I stopped, almost too embarrassed to get the words out.

"If what?"

I'd never told anyone about the naughtier desires I'd had, but knowing Edward yearned to hear all my dirty thoughts made me feel emboldened to speak them.

"...If you'd spank me." My teeth came down hard on my lip in anxiety once I let the admission spill out.

Oh God, what is he gonna think of me?

"Fuck, Bella," he groaned after pulling a hiss sharply through his teeth. "You'd like that?"

I squeaked out a 'yes,' heat flooding through my body with the knowledge that it turned him on as well.

"You're killing me," Edward moaned. "You're fucking killing me."

I laughed softly into the phone, and closed my eyes. "Does that mean it's something you'd like to do?"

"Are you kidding?" he replied incredulously and I heard him shift in his chair. I couldn't help wondering just how...uncomfortable he may have been at that moment.

"You have no idea what thinking about that does to me," he growled. "It's taking every ounce of restraint I have to not drive out there, climb into your window and spank that sweet little ass right there in your bedroom."

I let out a soft moan and my teeth once again sank firmly into my lower lip as I

pictured Edward, eyes dark and full of want, as he climbed up the tree that grew alongside my father's house and into my window.

The words "*phone sex*" flashed into my mind and I wondered for a minute if I could file that under "P" or "S." Or maybe both.

"Have you ever...done *that* with anyone before?" he asked me, his voice hushed.

I shook my head, even though he couldn't see me. "Nope."

I waited a beat, not sure if I wanted the answer to my question, but went ahead with it nonetheless. "Have *you*?"

He chuckled throatily and I heard him stretch, "Well, not really. Not with someone who was into it anyway."

My brow furrowed. "Huh?"

What does that mean?

"Tanya and I weren't the best match...in that department," he said. He began to tell me how he and Tanya had been virgins when they were dating, and once married, had discovered they liked very different things in bed.

Suddenly, Edward's crabby demeanor in school made a lot more sense; *he was seriously horny!* I stifled my giggle and then a yawn as my eyes darted over to the clock.

"Ugh, I've gotta go," I announced sadly. Edward, of course, had already finished his grades.

We talked for a few more minutes, deciding when he would pick me up for our evening out on Thursday night, and then reluctantly said good night.

- T -

On Wednesday morning, I ended up hitting the snooze button several times and then ran around the house like a maniac when I realized how much I'd overslept. I raced into school just as the buses were unloading, and of course, managing to roll my ankle to the side on the way in.

At least it was my other ankle.

I passed Angela on my way into the building and asked her if she could wait at my door for a few minutes while I handed in my grade book. She nodded and rushed off down the hall, following the students who were almost there already.

Passing Mrs. Cope's desk, I rushed over to Jane's mailbox and quickly slipped my grade book in with the others, letting out a sigh of relief.

"I'm happy to see you finished on time, Ms. Swan," a cold voice breathed from behind me. I turned to see my principal glaring icily at me, her smooth blonde hair pulled into a tight bun at the base of her neck.

Jane could be so intimidating. I feared for the children who misbehaved and found themselves in her office. I knew from hearing their whispering when she passed that their nickname for her was "*Umbridge*," the frightening headmaster from *Harry Potter*.

"Yup, all finished!" I announced cheerfully, eager to escape.

"I'm so pleased." The tone of her reply was dry. I wasn't sure if I was being paranoid or not, but her voice definitely seemed to have a tinge of sarcasm to it.

"Please try to make it unharmed to today's faculty meeting," she requested as she floated past me and into her office, closing the door swiftly behind her.

I sighed quietly, knowing I'd probably never make tenure as long as she was principal.

Quickly rushing down the hall, I thanked Angela for watching my class and greeted them. Today was 'Twin or Triplet Day' and each child had chosen a partner or two to dress like. They were practically giddy, showing off their matching clothes, hairstyles and accessories.

I swear if I see one more Bieber T-shirt, I'm gonna vomit.

The day went by quickly, with "T" words compiling one after another in my head: "*I love his **tongue**, he's so **tantalizing** when he **teases** me, the way he **touches** my **tits**."*

Geez, I'm positively shameful!

When I passed him in the hallway as he was looking over some paperwork with Jessica, an irrational wave of jealousy overcame me.

*I want to **tackle** him right here, right now and show that bitch he's mine!*

But the wink he gave me when he peeked up from whatever they were looking at alleviated my passing fears.

When the end of the day came, I made sure to get to the library on time for the faculty meeting, surprising Alice and Rose when they arrived. They settled down into seats on either side of me and, as usual, my heart nearly stopped when Edward stepped into the room.

The slightest hint of a blush settled on his cheeks when our eyes met, and it almost seemed as if he walked in slow motion as he came towards me. The tiniest, coy smile turned up the corner of his mouth, almost as if he were laughing to himself. I looked up at him quizzically.

With a look that made my pulse quicken, he smiled at me and then knelt down in front of Alice to talk to her about something. My eyes followed his hand as he deftly pulled a folded up post-it note from his pocket and discreetly pressed it into my hand, which had been resting at the edge of my chair.

I felt like a high school student, whose boyfriend had just passed her a note in study hall.

With an attempt at subtlety, I waited until after he'd stood up and walked to a table before unfolding the little yellow paper, my breath catching in my throat as I read his elegant script.

*"Happy 'T' day," it said. "Have you ever been **tied-up** before? ;)"*

My eyes flew wide open and I stuffed the note into my pocket before involuntarily turned my head in his direction. The look on his face was pure evil as he smiled at me from the other side of the room.

*He's fucking **tormenting** me!*

Jane began speaking then, and I blinked a few times, trying to clear my head of the image of being tied to Edward's bed while his tongue worked me into a frenzy.

Must...stop...thinking!

I willed myself to pay attention, pulling an agenda from the pile on the table and attempting to focus. Jane thanked us all for handing in our grade books on time and

assured us that we'd have our report cards back to hand out before the following Monday. She then reminded us about what needed to finish closing up our classrooms and began discussing the following week's Field Day.

It was a Forks Elementary School tradition to spend the second-to-last day of school outside, with the kids participating in all kinds of fun activities. Coach Mike rattled off his plans for it and while Coach Tyler, the other gym teacher, chimed in.

"We've got relay races, bean bag tosses, three-legged races, tug of war..."

As they continued speaking, my eyes darted quickly over to Edward. His face was resting in his hand, his pointer finger above his eyebrow and his thumb at his chin as he listened. As if he could sense my stare, his eyes flickered to mine and lingered for a moment before turning back to Jane, who nodded approvingly over Mike and Tyler's program.

Tug of war. There's a rope in tug of war. You can tie people up with ropes. Edward wants to tie me up.

His note nearly burned a hole through my pocket and I knew without hesitation I'd let him do whatever he wanted to me.

- U -

Thursday was "Uplift Day." Each child prepared a compliment for three others, telling him or her how they had improved during the year. I'd done it earlier in the year, before winter break, and it was great to see the children lift each other up with their words.

My mind raced all day, thinking ahead to my evening with Edward: "*I wanted him to **undress** me, I couldn't wait to be **under** him again, the pleasure he gives me is **unreal**, he makes me totally **unhinged**, I love how **uninhibited** he is.*"

I was still exhausted from the little sleep I'd gotten the night before and I yawned practically throughout the entire day. Once I got home, I was thrilled to see a white, cardboard box from Victoria's Secret at the door. That was, until I considered the possibility that my father had seen the package. So my relief was more pronounced when I also found a note on the kitchen table from Charlie. It said that the fish were biting up by the Canadian border, and he and Billy had packed up their camping equipment and would be gone till the following day.

I took it as a welcome opportunity to take a quick nap.

When I woke up several hours later, the bright afternoon sunlight had melted into the dewy hues of twilight.

"Shit!"

Sitting up in bed, I nearly yanked my alarm clock out of the wall as I grabbed it off the nightstand to see the time. Edward would be there in thirty minutes.

"Fucking hell!"

I catapulted off the bed and ran into the bathroom, stripping as I went. After taking the fastest shower in history and twisting my hair up in a bun so it would hopefully air dry to a decent curl, I whirled around my bedroom trying to figure out what to wear.

My cell phone buzzed; it was a call from Alice.

"Hello?" I was pretty sure my voice was frantic as I began pulling things off hangers, then discarding them on the floor.

"Just wear the red lingerie," she said.

I paused, clutching a skirt in mid-air. "Pardon me?"

"The red lingerie you told me you ordered. It's arrived, hasn't it? Just wear that when Edward comes to pick you up." Her musical voice tinkled happily against the road noise I heard behind her. I cringed, wondering just who else in her car was overhearing this conversation.

"Um, I think I'll get arrested if I wear only that out to the bar tonight, Alice," I said, disregarding the skirt in my hands and throwing that to the floor as well.

"You won't be making it to the bar tonight," she informed me. "Just wear the lingerie when Edward comes to the door. Oh yeah, and Jasper says hi."

I groaned and slapped my palm to my forehead. *My humiliation knows no bounds.*

Thanking Alice for her sage wisdom, I pressed end on my cell and then turned to stare at the box of sexy undies.

Wait, did she say we won't be making it to the bar tonight? Does that mean she thinks...?

No, it couldn't mean we'd be so desperately turned on that we wouldn't even make it out for a few drinks before going back to his place to ravage each other.

But then again, I'd learned by then to never bet against Alice. And Charlie *was* going to be gone for the night, after all.

I quickly ripped open the box.

Somehow in the ten minutes that followed, I'd managed to twist my hair up into something that looked halfway decent, with little curly tendrils hung down framing my face. I'd had just enough time to put my makeup on before I heard the doorbell ring.

Here goes nothing.

I raced down the stairs on the balls of my feet, holding a towel tightly around me. The shiny, satin straps of my new bra were the only parts of my attire that could be seen outside of the it.

I took a breath as I reached the door, and then slowly pulled it open, hiding my body behind it. Edward smiled broadly, then craned his neck as he tried to figure out what I was doing.

"What's going on?" he asked as a furious blush heated my cheeks. He looked so damn good! I could hardly stop myself from reaching out and grabbing the fabric of his black T-shirt, dragging him inside and pulling down his dark wash jeans to attack him right then and there in the foyer.

"I'm not quite ready. I need a little more time," I told him.

His eyebrows came down in a moment of discomfort and he peeked around behind me. "Is your...father... here?"

I shook my head. "Nope, not gonna be here till tomorrow."

Edward's face broke out into a relieved smile as he stepped inside and I took a deep breath, sliding my palm against the door to close it after him.

His eyes momentarily widened as he saw my appearance. I smiled flirtatiously up at him, looking down at the cleavage that was partially hidden by the loosely tied towel.

"Actually," I crooned as I stepped closer, running my palms up his chest and over his shoulders. "I may need a lot more time."

My heart was racing with how boldly I was behaving. With anyone else in my life, I might have been self-conscious, but I threw caution to the wind. I'd already written a sexy countdown detailing all the unspeakable things I'd like to do to him *and* had admitted wanting him to spank me. What did I have to lose?

"Bella," he murmured, his eyes drawn to the crimson straps that adorned my shoulders. "What are you wearing under there?"

I stood on my tiptoes to press a soft kiss against his lips, and then angled my head to whisper into his ear. "Why don't you find out?"

His fingers nearly trembled as he brought them to where I had one edge of the towel tucked into the other, then slipped his index finger in to pull them apart. The towel slid down my body to the floor and Edward gazed at me, his eyes tracing sparks of heat down my body.

He took his time, taking in how my breasts spilled over the lacy, red demi cups as well as the matching panties that hugged my hips and dipped low under my belly button. When his gaze met mine again, it was with a feral stare.

He walked me backwards until my shoulders hit the door and kissed me with a passion I hadn't ever felt before.

"You are the sexiest fucking thing I have ever seen," he said against my lips when we came apart for air. "I can't wait to do every single thing you've come up with in that dirty little mind, starting right now."

Edward scooped me up in his arms, dashing up the steps as I laughed, directing him towards my bedroom. He didn't turn on the overhead light; the tiny lamp on my nightstand was already illuminating the walls.

When he lowered me to the floor, he ripped his shirt off over his head, only giving me a few seconds to admire his sculpted chest and taut abs, before pulling me in for another dizzying kiss.

His tongue danced along mine as our bodies ground against one another, our fingers touching, groping, tugging, stroking. I felt one of his hands slide over my panty-clad ass as the other gripped my hip, holding me tightly to him. His fingertips slid gently along the satin, dipping down lower to my thigh and back up again,

slipping tantalizingly underneath the edge as they came back up.

He continued this action again and again, but I was lost in the sensations of his teeth nipping at my lower lip and my fingers twirling into the silky strands of his hair. I didn't register the quick and sudden loss of his touch on my rear until I felt it again seconds later, when it came down with a sharp slap.

I gasped into his mouth and pulled back slightly to see him smiling down at me, gauging my reaction. The sting dissipated quickly into a pleasurable ache, then a burning need for more.

"Again," I whispered.

*He's **unleashed** something in me I've never felt before.*

Edward's smile widened as he spanked me again, a little harder that time. I had to admit it did hurt a little, but it made me wetter each time his palm came down roughly against my skin. Within moments, I was panting and he kissed me gently, rubbing soothing circles against the spots he'd smacked, now tender and stinging under the satin.

"Did you like that?" His voice, so husky and deep, nearly unraveled me as he ran his lips along my neck.

"God, yes," I murmured, angling my neck to feel more of his mouth on my skin.

"Good."

I moaned softly as he sucked roughly on the spot where my neck met my shoulders and began backing me towards the bed, his hands working at unhooking my bra as we moved. When I felt my knees hit the comforter, Edward pulled the bra straps down my arms and away from my body until it fell to the floor.

"Beautiful." he said before leaning down and running his tongue around my nipple, reaching up to knead the neglected one gently with his hand. His ministrations grew more aggressive as he continued, sucking my taut bud into his mouth, causing a shockwave to ricochet down my body and straight to my clit.

I moaned loudly and my knees began to give way underneath me as Edward switched his hand and mouth, giving each breast the attention the other hadn't had. The room began to spin and I wasn't sure how much longer I could stay upright during his assault of pleasure.

He stopped suddenly and stood at his full height, looking down at me with the same commanding glare I'd seen before in the mirror last week.

"Strip," he ordered.

I reached down with hands that shook with anticipation, pulling my new panties down my legs as he undid his belt and zipper, pulling his jeans and boxers down. I watched as Edward pulled his belt from the loops on his pants, holding it stiffly in his hands before returning his fiery gaze back to me.

"Lie on the bed," he growled. "Arms up above your head."

Yes, sir!

I did as I was told, stretching my naked body along my blanket and wrapping my fingers around the slats in my wooden headboard. Edward knelt down over me and slid the cool leather band of his belt around my arms, securing me to the bed.

He brought his face to mine and pressed a gentle kiss to my lips. "Is this okay?" he asked softly.

I liked that he was checking on me. His gentle words were a sharp contrast to the orders he'd barked previously. I loved both sides of him and wanted to worship them equally.

I'd read about play like that before: BDSM, safe-words and all that. I knew if it was something Edward and I were going to partake in often in the future, we'd need to have a discussion about that. But for the moment, all I wanted was his body and the things it could do to mine.

I looked up at my arms and tugged against my restraints; I definitely wasn't going anywhere.

And I'd never felt so turned on in my entire life.

I returned my attention to Edward's eyes, which were momentarily filled with concern and worry, but his anxiety vanished when I nodded. "Yes, it's more than okay."

He rested his forehead against mine and reached up to caress the exposed undersides of my arms. I shivered and writhed against him, beyond all capability of being teased and insane with need for his touch.

"Edward...please..." I whimpered through my request.

After that, I lost all sense of time as Edward lavished my body with attention. He kissed every inch of me, from my bound wrists down to my ankles, then back up again, stopping when he reached the apex of my thighs. Drunk on sensation, I could barely keep my eyes open as he kissed my folds, then parted them gently and lapped at my clit.

"Fuck, yes!" I cried out, moaning continuously as his tongue flicked against my bundle of nerves repeatedly, then slid a finger inside me as he sucked my clit into his mouth.

"Oh God, oh God...that feels so fucking good!" I couldn't contain my moans as he continued to work me with his tongue and I begged him over and over again not to stop, never to stop.

He hummed in approval against my wet flesh and I nearly fell over the brink right then. But I wanted more; I wanted him in my mouth, too.

"Edward," I managed to croak out. "Edward, stop for a second, please."

He paused, looking up at me in confusion. "Are you all right? Do your wrists hurt?"

Truthfully, my hands were starting to feel a tiny bit numb but I couldn't find it in me to care and shook my head wildly.

"No, they're fine. I just want you. In my mouth. Now."

I let my tongue slip out to moisten my lip before I bit down on it, knowing fully what that did to him, and grew impossibly wetter when he whispered a few curses under his breath.

Edward crawled around my bed and settled his knees on either side of my head. I inched a bit further down the bed to make room for his legs, stretching my arms out to their fullest length.

His cock was stiff and beautiful as he lowered it slowly toward my lips, but I was impatient and licked the head as soon as it was close enough to reach.

"Oh, Christ Bella!" Edward shouted. I smiled before running my tongue in a circle around the thick tip, and then took as much as I could into my mouth.

Edward began whispering a litany of curses as he started slowly thrusting against my lips. I could hear his pants and groans even though his knees surrounded my head. Edward lowered his body until it hovered over mine, sixty-nine style. I felt his fingers part my folds once more and moaned as his lips latched onto my clit again, licking and sucking as my hips ground against his face.

I had already been nearly on the edge before, and after a few moments of his mouth working its magic over me, I was there once again. When he slid two fingers inside me, I screamed around the delicious intrusion of his cock in my mouth. A few pumps and licks later, I was bucking wildly against him, thrashing against his belt still wound tightly around my arms. The vibrations of my moans around his cock made him snarl against me as I came.

He kept licking me as my body slowed down, but I remained in a haze of desire and continued stroking him with my tongue even through my post-orgasmic pants.

"Bella," he gasped. "Bella...ungh! Stop for a second, please."

Now *he* was stopping *me*?

I released him from my mouth and raised my head as he slid off me, a wet, sloppy grin on his face as he turned around to face me.

"There was something...I wanted to try."

Edward climbed on top of my body facing me and I looked down to see him palming my breasts. His cock, still drenched from my mouth, was poised between them. He lifted one eyebrow as if to say 'may I' and I smiled at back him, granting permission. My head rolled back against the pillow as I felt his rigid flesh slide against my soft skin.

His hands were insistent yet gentle as he pushed my mounds together, looking down and watching himself disappear in between them. I gazed up at his perfect body rocking above mine and shivered as his mouth fell open and his eyes pinched shut in pleasure.

"Oh fuck, Bella! God, you feel so fucking good!" He rocked his hips above my chest, and each time he thrust against my body, I slipped my tongue out to lap at the head of his dick. Pleasure and pain mixed together as Edward's choppy and erratic thrusts shuddered to a halt and his fingers clamped down on my breasts.

"Fuck, baby, I'm gonna..." He couldn't even finish his sentence.

I watched his eyes fly open and stare into my own for a moment before he came, throwing his head back as he erupted violently against my breasts, his seed spilling in hot spurts down my neck and shoulders.

As soon as he calmed down from his high, Edward reached up and undid his belt, pulling my arms down and gently rubbing the skin that had been pressed against the leather. I winced slightly at the discomfort, but ignored it as he kissed each wrist and smiled down at me.

"You okay?" he asked. I smiled and nodded, letting him know that I loved what we'd just done, but told him we probably needed to get cleaned up.

He stood up, grabbing a washcloth from the pile of laundry that sat conveniently by my bed and gently wiped me down before working on himself. Once we were both clean, he wrapped himself around me, holding me tightly.

"That was *unbelievably* amazing," I whispered sleepily and snuggled into his arms.

"Yes, it was," he agreed.

I was asleep before he reached over and shut off the light.

- V -

Edward stayed at my house that night, and did the drive-of-shame home the next morning to quickly change before school.

We showered together at dawn, needing to feel each other again. My moans were loud enough to wake the neighbors as he fucked me underneath the hot stream of water.

A little while later, as I ate my breakfast at Charlie's kitchen table, I looked at the calendar and realized with both sadness and elation that our last full week of school was over. The following one would only be a four day week for the kids, with our faculty party that Friday.

It was 'Video' day; there was truly nothing academic left for the kids to work on, and rather than make them do boring busywork all day long, I let them choose a few educational videos to watch.

By the end of the day, I realized there was a tie between which would make me tear out my hair harder: *Justin Bieber* or *The Magic School Bus*.

Watching movies all day gave me plenty of time to think about 'V' words though: *"his **voracious** appetite, he took me with a **vengeance**, he says my body is **voluptuous**, he makes me feel like such a **vixen**."*

After the bell rang and the children were all gone, I began gathering up my things. Alice and Rose swung by to say we'd be having a "rain-date" on Saturday for the night out that Edward and I had missed the night before. Alice promised she'd be over to help me pick an outfit that didn't consist of only lingerie sometime during that afternoon.

I was still laughing through my goodbyes to them when Edward strode into my classroom. His eyes sparkled with delight as he asked me how my day had been, and that time, he didn't look over his shoulder as he captured my face in his hands and kissed me.

He really should have looked.

We heard a feminine voice clearing her throat from the doorway and we both froze. Edward's hands dropped as we both turned to see who was there.

Jane stood at my classroom door, her arms crossed over her chest.

"I assume you two have something to tell me?"

Bella's ABC Countdown - Sexy Edward Cullen

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

C: **Cocktails** with Mr. **Cullen** tonight, he has the **cutest** smile, he's sometimes **crabby**, I would love to **cuddle** with him, I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!

D: Edward **dazzled** me nearly every day, how I could **drown** staring into his gorgeous green eyes, all the **dirty** things I wanted to **do** to his **dick** and the rest of his **delicious** body, **damn** he looks good today.

E: **Edward**

F: He makes me so damn **flustered**, I have so many **fantasies** about him, want to **feel** him so badly, I want his **fingers** inside me, dear God I want him to **fuck** me!

G: **Gorgeous, God** yes!

H: He's so **hot**, I want to **hide** with him in a closet and make out, I **hope** I get to **hump** him again; **Hershey** kisses

I: I want to take him **into** my mouth, **imagining** his eyes sliding closed, I want him to run an **ice** cube up and down my body, I want to lick **icing** off his fingers

J: I'd like to **jump** his bones, I could suck the **jelly** off his fingers; **Jello** pudding.

K: I love the way he **kisses**, he makes me weak in the **knees**; Hershey **kisses**; **kinky**

L: **Lotion, lather** with bubbles, **lube**; **Licorice**

M: I love the way his **mouthmoans** my name, the way his **mouth** says '**Ms.** Swan', He looked so **mouth-watering**, I felt **magnetically** drawn to him, I had no idea he was so **musical**!

N: He makes me feel so **naughty**, I'm a complete **nympho** when it comes to him, I love the way he **nuzzles** my **nipples**, I'm filled with **need** for the way he **navigates** my body, I love to stare at him when he's **naked**. It drives me **nuts** how **nonchalant** he can be in school! This is starting to drive me **nuts**.

O: **Ogle** his incredible good looks, he pursed his sensual **open** lips, I would kill to be that bottle of **orange** juice! **Oh** my God, **Orgasm**.

P: I love how he **penetrates** my **pussy**, our lust is **palpable**, I **perspire** when he's near, he has a **panty-dropping** smile, **playful**, he thinks I'm **pretty**, I'm so **pathetic**; **phone** sex

Q: My head is filled with **questions**, a **quandary** of anxious thoughts, drowning in **quicksand**, **quickie**, **quintessential qualities** of sexiness

R: I love it when he **rubs** me, his face when he **releases** inside me, I want to wear **racy, red** lingerie for him, **raunchy**, I'd let him tie me up with **rope**, I'd be willing to **role-play** with him, I'd let him fuck me in the rain, I wonder if he'd like a rim job.

S: **Shag**, he's so **sexy**, I love to **suck** him off, he's got the most **sensual** mouth, I'd love to **spend** the night with him, I'd **sit** on his face, he makes me **scream** in pleasure, he always **satisfies** me, I'd **submit** to him, let him **spank** me, **shackle** me to the bed, **smutty**, he was **seriously** horny! **Sixty-nine**.

*T: I love his **tongue**, he's so **tantalizing** when he **teases** me, the way he **touches** my **tits**, I want to **tackle** him; Have you ever been **tied-up** before?*

*U: I wanted him to **undress** me, I couldn't wait to be **under** him again, the pleasure he gives me is **unreal**, he makes me totally **unhinged**, I love how **uninhibited** he is, he nearly **unraveled** me, he's **unleashed** something in me I've never felt before, **unbelievably** amazing.*

*V: his **voracious** appetite, he took me with a **vengeance**, he says my body is **voluptuous**, he makes me feel like such a **vixen**.*

Reviews make me warm and fuzzy!

Chapter 6: WXYZ

Massive amounts of love to my wonderful betas Awesomesauce76 and Brits23, and to Kyla713, pre-reader extraordinaire! More thanks down below.

Here it is, the final chapter!

Chapter 6 - WXYZ

"I assume you two have something to tell me?"

Jane glared at us from the doorway, her beady eyes boring into us.

Oh shit, Umbridge!

For a moment, I wondered if she was going to make me write lines that would appear as bloody scratches on my hand.

I promise not to make out in school. I promise not to make out in school!

"Um," I croaked out, terrified. I stood frozen behind Edward, our boss staring at us, thinking that now would be an excellent time for the earth to swallow us up.

"Jane, it's not as bad as it looks," Edward coaxed her.

"Isn't it?" she sneered, taking slow, menacing steps toward us. "Just how often have you two been slobbering over each other like teenagers on school property?"

I was ready to speak up and tell her we'd never kissed here before today, when I realized that wasn't exactly true. My mouth opened and closed but nothing but silence filled the air until Edward spoke up.

"It's not like that, Jane," Edward insisted, turning back towards me. "We're...together." Edward laced his fingers firmly through mine and stood by my side. He appeared so calm and confident, but as our palms slid together, I could feel a trace of sweat along his skin.

Suddenly, I had the overwhelming desire to run over and knock Jane unconscious, just to get her the hell out of our way so I could wrap my arms around him.

But I'll probably never get tenure if I do that.

Jane raised a distrustful eyebrow at us. "Let's discuss this in my office," she commanded, turning on her heel and marching out of my classroom.

I scowled and gathered up my things, and Edward smiled softly at me as we began to follow Jane down the hallway. It wasn't a real Edward smile, though, barely curling up at the corners. "It will be fine," he whispered against my hair, but even in that quiet murmur I could hear his voice shake slightly.

We settled into our principal's office with me feeling like a kid in trouble, and Edward appearing calm and self-assured next to me.

"Hmm, what to do with you two. I could write you up on disciplinary charges. Or report you to human resources for immoral behavior." She pondered from her chair across a long wooden desk, looking like she wished she could give us detention. "Decisions, decisions."

Edward looked almost amused. "I assure you, that won't be necessary, Jane."

As Jane delved into an uncomfortable and clinical discussion about our relationship, I focused on the sensation of Edward's fingers entwined with mine instead of the knots that twisted in my stomach. I stayed quiet for the most part, nodding at the appropriate times, and he ran his thumb reassuringly over my knuckles as he answered her endless line of questions.

"And you are both being completely honest when you say this is the first infraction on school grounds?" Jane's eyes slithered into slits as she stared at us.

My eyes widened, my teeth sinking deeply into my lower lip as I thought about our first kiss, just weeks before in my classroom. I was a terrible liar, and was certain Jane would be able to see right through me if I said anything, so I kept my mouth shut.

Edward coolly insisted that a kiss could hardly be considered an 'infraction,' and that our relationship had never been physical on school property before that day.

The lie came off his tongue with ease, and while that nagged at something in the pit of my stomach, it was also undeniably sexy, the confidence he appeared to exude.. He was missing the gruff exterior he'd had all year, caused by his failing marriage and stressful divorce. I wondered if perhaps his time with me was beginning to slough it away.

Try as she might to find fault, Jane could not find a single reason to bring disciplinary action against us, a fact to which she seemed immensely disappointed. Once Jane realized that our behavior had been appropriate for the most part, she forced a frigid smile.

"Well, I congratulate you both on finding such...*companionship* in one another," Jane said icily, causing me to grip Edward's hand even tighter. "Mr. Cullen, I certainly hope this relationship fares better than your last."

Edward forced a thin-lipped, irritated grin. "I'm sure it will," he replied tersely.

His gaze softened when his eyes met mine. Taking a deep breath, he asked Jane if she was satisfied with our answers and she would consider the situation resolved.

Jane's curt nod dismissed us and Edward stood, pulling me on wobbly legs along with him. He politely thanked Jane for her time, but she had already turned away from us to her computer.

We raced out into the parking lot, almost completely empty by that point since it was nearly four on Friday.

"I'd give you a really huge hug right now," Edward began. "But I wouldn't want to have another 'infraction'." His eyebrows waggled and his eyes sparkled, although the relief in his face was obvious.

I was surprised at how quickly he was being flirtatious again. "How are you so relaxed already?" I asked him, wide-eyed and feigning playful irritation. "I can still barely breathe! She scares the crap out of me."

"I'm just extremely relieved," he said, squeezing my hand as we headed toward our cars. As we walked through the empty spaces in the lot, Edward's voice lowered to a husky whisper that sent shivers down my spine. "Can I see you tonight?"

I started to say yes but then paused, wrinkling my nose at a forgotten realization. So much had happened in the past twenty-four hours, I had almost let it slip my mind that Charlie would be home from his fishing trip by then. He'd probably be pacing through the house, his police-chief sense clueing him in that someone he didn't know had been there. Jake would be following close behind, with his little tail up on alert. I could almost see Charlie bellowing, "Fee-fi-fo-fum," like the Giant from *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

I really needed to get my own place.

"Hello? Earth to Bella?" Edward waved his hand in front of my face, smiling at my spaced-out state.

"Sorry," I said and blushed, to which Edward groaned and closed his eyes. "Um, I can't tonight. Charlie's gonna be home. He'd be really grumpy if I wasn't there for dinner."

"I guess I'll have to be the grumpy one tonight, then," Edward pouted at me. I started to protest, feeling guilty and torn, but Edward shushed me and assured me that he was only kidding.

We reached our cars to discover notes pinned to both our windshields in Alice's curly-cue handwriting, instructing us not to forget about our make-up night out the following evening.

"Well, if I can't have you tonight, then tomorrow night you're all mine." The soft, humming desire in Edward's eyes dazzled me, rooting me to the spot as I clumsily reached for the door handle. I yearned to lean into his warm chest and feel the safety of his arms enveloping me. My need for him rocked me to the core but I knew Jane could still see us out her window, so I stared at my feet.

He seemed to sense my unease and reached out to stroke my cheek. "Hey, it's all okay now." Edward gently nudged my face up so I had to look at him. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

I nodded and smiled, feeling his comforting reassurance flood through me. He kissed my forehead quickly and then stepped toward his car, saying he'd pick me up at eight the next night. We drove off in our separate directions - me toward my father and the bedroom that still smelled of sex with Edward, and him toward the empty house where I so desperately wanted to follow.

- W -

Monday morning arrived quickly, and I yawned happily at my desk, my mind reeling at the **whirlwind** that had been the previous few days.

We'd gone out with Alice, Rose, Jasper and Emmett to the same club down in Port Angeles that we'd gone to a few weeks before, but everything had been so different the second time around. Edward and I sat next to each other in the little booth, our sides pressed closely against one another.

"So, are you two 'out' now?" Emmett had teased us. My eyes widened, unsure if

Edward was ready to tell his family about our relationship, but he'd smiled and put his arm around me, to which Alice had squealed and clapped her hands.

"It's about fucking time!" Rose said dryly, taking a sip of her cocktail.

We told them about being caught by Jane and the inquisition in her office, to which Rose rolled her eyes and called her names that made me giggle. Alice told us, with her otherworldly sense of premonition, that we wouldn't be getting any more trouble from Jane in the future.

It felt so freeing to be sitting there, openly holding Edward's hand, not hiding anything anymore.

My students arrived, bright and cheerful, yanking me abruptly from my daydreams. The day passed slowly as the children read, shared journals and waited impatiently for the water balloon fight I'd promised them at the end of the day.

As I stood outside with my class, watching them dissolve into giggles as the rubber balloons exploded around them, drenching their clothes in the hot June sun, I let my mind wander through "W" words about Edward.

We'd gone back to Edward's house Saturday night, after I'd made a very embarrassing phone call to Charlie telling him not to wait up. I'd launched myself eagerly into Edward's arms, desperate for him to do things to me I'd never known I'd wanted before.

*He made me feel so **willing**, so **wanting**.*

I chuckled to myself as I dodged a water balloon from Scout, remembering Edward's breathless admission that he'd been lost in fantasy all day on Friday. As he hovered over me, he growled that he'd spent his entire prep thinking about my faculty room blow-job fantasy. If Jane hadn't walked in on us in my classroom that afternoon, he'd probably have tried to sneak me into the lounge and act it out right then and there.

*I couldn't **wrap** my mind around his desire for me, but my mouth had **watered** at the idea of him sitting there, thinking about me.*

His eyes had tracked down my body hungrily on Saturday night, snarling out through gritted teeth for me to touch myself for him. I loved how much he liked to **watch**, and I'd shuddered under his heated gaze as I brought myself to the brink.

*I surprised myself with my thoughts, thinking I would crave him using a **whip** or hot **wax** on my body; any **wish** he **whispered** to me would make me **wetter** than I thought possible. I was **wild** for him.*

I'd **whimpered** as he pulled my hands away, but then I was rewarded with the unbearably delicious sensation of him filling me, pushing into me over and over again. Our hips met at a frenetic pace until we crashed over the edge together.

A balloon exploded over my head, bringing me back to a stinging, cold reality as the water dripped down to my scalp. My students giggled and pointed, and I made a mental note to change "W" to something else for the next year's countdown.

- X -

The week continued to pass quickly, my classroom emptying of all supplies and packed away in boxes for the summer, the desks and chairs neatly piled up in the hall. I let the children bring in sleeping bags and beanbag chairs to hang out in, and on "X" day, they exchanged autographs in photo books I'd made for them.

I doodled X's on a notepad while they ran around the room, giggling as three X's together made their way into my mental countdown. *My time with Edward certainly was a **triple-X** affair.*

My grade book had been returned to my mailbox that morning without commentary from Jane, and I was able to print out my report cards quickly during my prep.

Jane's disapproving eye seemed to have moved on to some other school issue, leaving Alice to regale me in a chorus of "I told you so's." Still, I couldn't help feeling like everyone's eyes were on us, Jessica and Coach Newton especially. Their suspicious glares as Edward and I locked eyes for a moment in the office unnerved me, and I felt like the end of the week couldn't come fast enough.

- Y -

The children clapped excitedly when they arrived on Wednesday, seeing only the words "Yay! It's Field Day" on the otherwise empty board. We trudged outside with the rest of the school to sit on the blacktop, already heated from the morning sun.

Coaches Newton and Crowley greeted all the classes, and then explained the activities in the various stations set up around the field, ranging from beanbag tosses to three-legged races.

I looked cautiously over my shoulder to the back of the blacktop where Edward's fifth graders stood. My eyes sought him out like a beacon in the fog. My heart jumped a little when I settled on his auburn locks, the sun illuminating the tips of the silky strands into a golden halo. His arms crossed over his chest, and I could see the muscles in his forearms standing out even from so far away.

My eyes trailed down his legs and back up, at which the corner of his mouth turned up into his crooked grin. I couldn't help but smile back in return, feeling a silent communication between us across the rows of children.

*He's so **yummy**. I'd say **yes** to anything he wanted to do to me.*

All the grades began hollering and applauding at once, and I turned around quickly to see the coaches pointing out the tug-of-war they'd set up. Apparently, the coaches had planned that out as a teachers-only event to kick off the morning, and the kids couldn't wait to watch, to see which team would win.

My stomach churned as I followed Alice, Rose and the other primary teachers to one side of the rope while Edward, Jessica and the other teachers from the upper grades took up the opposite end. Coach Newton rearranged us so that the stronger people were at the ends of the rope, and, famous as I was for freaking accidents, I soon found myself at the very front of my team.

Craning my head to locate Edward at the other end, I wrapped my hands around the rope just before the red flag tied in the middle, and looked up to find myself face-to-face with Jessica.

"It looks like I've got a little competition from the newbie," she muttered nastily under the din of excitement around us. If she could have shot daggers from her eyes, I was sure she would have. I suddenly understood that her 'innocent' flirting with Edward had actually been a crush all along.

"Well, Ms. Swan," she said scornfully, looking me over. "Game on."

Anger swelled in me as the coaches blew their whistles, and I hauled the rope with everything in me, wishing that I could **yank** Jessica's head off. I dug my heels into the ground with every step I took backwards, and before I knew it, we had triumphantly dragged the upper grades past the line drawn in the dirt.

I watched with glee as Jessica fell, ass first, onto the ground. The cheers and boos of the students faded into the background as she glared up at me, taking Coach Newton's hand to help her up.

Alice threw her arm around me, half in a celebratory hug, and half to show Jessica who she was messing with. I felt as if I were in elementary school all over again, and thought for a moment to check for spitballs in my hair.

I knew in that moment that my problems with Jane might be over, but my issues with Jessica were just beginning.

- Z -

The rest of field day had passed without incident; I had even managed not to fall down at all. I hadn't had a chance to interact much with Edward, as he had to rush out to a parent conference right after our last faculty meeting. We'd spoken quickly on the phone the night before, with him encouraging me to divulge any of the words I'd come up with for my countdown so far that week.

"I have a few," I'd said teasingly. "But maybe you can help me think of more words tomorrow night?"

"Count on it, baby," he'd growled.

Edward had planned a celebratory end-of-school date for us the evening after the last day of school, and I sat anxiously tapping my fingers against my empty desk with mixed feelings clouding my mind.

"Z" day was "Zoom off to third grade," and while I couldn't wait for my evening with Edward that night, I was dreading saying goodbye to my students. The idea of not seeing their smiling faces every day was tugging at my heartstrings.

They rushed in that morning with cards for me. Most were hand-drawn in their adorable print in crayon, with things like "You're the best teacher ever" written inside. I walked them up to the third and fourth grade wing to meet their teachers for the following year, watching their little faces take in their new classrooms with awe.

The rest of the day passed in a rush of photographs, hugs and even a few tears, and before I knew it, I was hugging them goodbye. Nicole squeezed me tightly before she ran to meet her bus, wrapping her arms around my waist and resting her chin against my belly. As she looked up at me, her angelic eyes twinkling.

"Thanks for the ABC Countdown, Ms. Swan," she told me. "It was really fun."

I laughed and thanked her. I'd been so wrapped up in my Sexy Edward Cullen

countdown, I'd forgotten all about whether or not the kids were enjoying theirs. It was good to know they had.

When the last of them ran excitedly down the hallway, I looked around my empty classroom with tears stinging my eyes. I released a heavy sigh and began to gather my things.

"Don't worry, you'll see them next year," a voice from the hallway assured me. I turned around to find Alice leaning against the doorframe, an understanding smile on her face.

I sniffled a bit and she held her arm out to me as I met her at the door. "Now you get to deal with my little darlings from this year," she said sarcastically.

I could see Rose rolling her eyes from almost ten feet away as she walked up to us in the hallway. She began grumbling over a student of Alice's I was inheriting, whom she'd had in Kindergarten as well.

"Don't get her worried about that yet!" Alice admonished Rose. "Bella has more important things waiting for her now." Alice nodded toward the end of the hallway, where Edward stood waiting, leaning patiently against the wall.

I blushed as we got closer to where he waited, uncharacteristically relaxed with his arms folded and one ankle casually crossed in front of the other. A teasing smile set fire to my heart as I reached him.

'Happy 'Z' Day,' he said softly once Rose and Alice had passed us by. "Did you think of any more words?"

"Zilch," I quipped, shaking my head and beaming at him.

Edward laughed. "We'll see what we can do about that."

We waved goodbye to the two of them as we headed out of school, calling out that we'd see them the next day at the faculty brunch.

I nearly got a speeding ticket following Edward back to his place. My heart was already pounding wildly in anticipation of what was sure to come, though I was confused when Edward remained in his car. I peered into his passenger window to see what was up, and he curled his finger in a 'come here' gesture, his perfect lips mouthing the words, "get in."

I pulled the door open to find a card sitting on the plush, leather seat with my name on it. Smiling, I climbed into the car and looked at him before tearing it open, nearly slicing my finger on the paper. I'd been accident free for a few days, and wanted to stay on a roll with it, so I peeled back the remained for the flap carefully and pulled the card out.

It was a simple card, with the words "Great Job!" printed on the front, an artistic rendering of a bouquet of flowers behind it. Inside was blank save for a message in Edward's elegant script:

You can teach me the ABC's anytime! ;)

- Edward

When I turned towards him with an amused grin, Edward leaned across the console to kiss me softly, his lips brushing back and forth against mine so lightly, I shivered.

When he pulled back, he took a breath and reached for his seatbelt. "And now, I'm taking you out on an official first date."

"Oh...then why did you have me drive my truck to your place? Why didn't we just leave from school?"

"Well," Edward paused, looking unsure of himself. His voice was slightly hushed as he continued. "I didn't know if you could stay the night. I thought, you might need your truck if...if you needed to go home."

When his hooded, green eyes met mine, framed by thick lashes and looking uncharacteristically vulnerable, I nearly melted into my seat. He gently began stroking his fingertips over the top of my hand, which lay on the armrest between us. His touch sent sparks through me, and I wanted to launch myself at him, forgetting any date he'd planned that didn't involve us being naked.

"I'd like you to stay, though," he said huskily.

I moaned softly, thinking about the last time we'd spent the night together in my house. It had been so wonderful, waking up next to Edward, and I wanted nothing more than to do it again and again.

I huffed out a frustrated breath. I'd had enough with checking in with my father on dates with Edward. I was a grown woman, for crying out loud! But still, he had

gotten so used to me being home all the time since he'd been injured.

Suddenly, I had an idea.

"Can we make one stop on the way to wherever we're going?" I asked him.

His brow furrowed. "Sure...where?"

"My house," I informed him, pulling my seat belt around me. "I think it's time you met my dad."

Edward groaned as he backed out of his driveway. "Are the words 'bullet-proof vest' on your countdown?"

I smacked him playfully on the arm and smiled.

A short while later, we had parked in front of my father's house. Edward was hesitant, but I took his hand and pulled him forward. "If I can survive Umbridge, you can survive this."

"Umbridge?" he asked as we reached the front step.

I explained the nickname as I pulled my key out of my bag, and opened the door to the customary sounds and smells of my home: fish frying and a game on the T.V.

"We're back here, Bells!" I heard Charlie call out.

Our footsteps made the floorboards creak as we made our way to the living room, where Charlie sat on the couch sipping a beer. Billy Black was parked in his wheelchair next to him, with Jake curled up and purring in his lap.

"Well, Bells, who's this?" Charlie slurred a little over his words, and I couldn't have been more thankful that he had a few beers in him. Having grown up with my mom, it would be the first time I'd ever introduced a boyfriend to my father.

Boyfriend.

I turned the word over in my mind.

Edward Cullen is my boyfriend!

"Edward Cullen, sir," he said, extending his hand to Charlie, who brushed himself

off and stood up. "I'm your daughter's boyfriend."

Man, it sounds even better when he says it!

I began to giggle and Edward cast me a sideways glance. Shaking my head, I was relieved as usual that Edward couldn't magically read my thoughts; I really sounded like an idiot in here.

An idiot with Edward Cullen for a boyfriend!

"Oh, I...uh...I didn't know she was dating anyone," Charlie muttered, completely unequipped to handle the situation. "You related to Carlisle Cullen?"

"Yes, sir, he's my father," Edward admitted proudly.

"I didn't know you knew-" I began to interject, but my inebriated father cut me off.

"Well then, have a beer and take a seat, Edward! Carlisle and I are old friends."

Um....what?

"I was planning on taking Bella out tonight, Chief Swan. I'm afraid we only have a few minutes." Edward's voice was soothing and polite as he made our excuses, but Charlie pushed a beer into his hand.

"You've got time for a beer!" my father insisted.

"Hey, I have an idea," I said quietly to Edward. "You enjoy a beer with my dad and Billy. I'll go run up and pack some things."

Edward nodded, albeit reluctantly, and mouthed the words 'hurry up' as he settled down to chat with them. I ran upstairs to my room and frantically began throwing things in an overnight bag. By the time I rejoined them downstairs, they seemed like old friends.

Edward jumped out of his chair when he saw me, thanked my father for the beer and took my hand in his. Distracted by the game, Billy waved at us and Charlie promised he wouldn't wait up. I blurted out that I would be home sometime the following afternoon before racing toward the door.

We were laughing by the time we made it to the Volvo, feeling like kids who'd just gotten a later curfew. Edward took my face in his hands and kissed me deeply.

"Now you're all mine," he breathed.

We spent the rest of our evening with a long dinner at a local restaurant, filled with delicious food, heady wine and good conversation. Edward laughed more than I'd ever seen, but his gaze grew hotter during lulls in between topics. I felt my panties dampen under his lustful stare, and before I knew it, I was squeezing my legs together under the table, desperate to leave as quickly as possible.

He grinned devilishly at me and asked for the check.

As he drove us back to his place, he started playfully quizzing me on my words for the week.

"What did you write for 'W'?" he asked.

The wine had gone to my head, so I leaned across the console and whispered in his ear. "Willing... wanting...whip...hot wax."

Edward groaned and gripped the steering wheel tighter.

"You make me wild for you."

I licked the shell of his ear and heard his breathing pick up. I giggled, loving the feeling of how much I was turning him on, so I reached over and started running my hand along his leg as I continued to kiss just beneath his ear.

"What about 'X'?" he ground out, turning his head slightly to give me better access to his neck.

"Mmm," I hummed against his skin in between kisses. "Triple-X."

He chuckled lowly as we pulled up to the house, the sound setting my body on fire. "Triple-X, huh? That's just what I had in mind."

"Oh yeah?" My heart sped up at his wink as we climbed out of the car and walked to his front door. The thick summer air was heavy around us, with the song of crickets and spark of lightning bugs lighting our way. "What have you got planned?"

He smiled down at me as he unlocked the door. "You'll see."

The door clicked shut behind us, and our breathing, heavy with anticipation, was the only sound other than our footsteps. We passed the hallway mirror he'd attacked

me in front of and I shivered with the memory.

Edward must have caught it, because he pulled me close to him, pausing in front of the mirror as he lined his chest up with my back. He pulled my hair off my neck and I mewled when I felt his prominent erection push against my back.

"I thought of two 'Z' words," he murmured, bringing his mouth down to my neck while his fingers coiled up in my hair, tugging on my scalp hard enough until it was just shy of pain. He gently ran his lips along my skin, breathing words against me. "*Erogenous zones.*"

I whimpered and ground back against him, reaching my arms around behind me and sliding my palms along his thighs. I watched his reflection as he reached around with his free hand and caressed my throat, dipping his finger into the hollow at the base and then stroking softly against my collarbone.

"You like mirrors," he declared. His eyes remained on mine in the mirror as he kissed my neck and then grazed it with his teeth. "You should add that to 'M' on the countdown. Did you write that we like to watch each other, too?"

"Yes," I whimpered, tugging on his belt loops, bringing his body closer to mine.

"Good," he whispered firmly, his breath hot on my neck as he sucked on the skin where my neck met my shoulder. I hissed at the sensation and arched back into him.

"You thought of something else for 'Z'?" I asked him. The question came out as a high-pitched whine.

"Yes," he replied huskily as he abruptly let go of my hair, pulling his lips and other hand off me in the same breath.

I heard the sound of metal catching as his hands disappeared behind my body.

"Pulling down zippers."

I heard him pull down the fly of his jeans and cursed under my breath, aching to touch him.

"I want you," I moaned.

"Fuck, yes. Bedroom. Now." Edward's palms settled on my shoulders and he walked me quickly into the bedroom. I gasped when I saw what he had set up inside.

Perched on his dresser was a small video camera, already connected to the television. My likeness stared back at me from the screen, her face flushed with desire.

Oh my God.

"Think you'd like to make a triple-X video with me?" His voice was pure sex as he looked at us in the T.V., staring back at ourselves. When I didn't answer, he moved around to stand in front of me. Edward stroked my cheek with his thumb and ran it over my chin.

"Bella," he began, his tone softer now. "If you're not comfortable with this, it's all right. I don't want you to think I'm pushing you into anything."

Edward's eyes searched mine as he spoke. "The entire time I wanted you before, I never expected you to be so open and adventurous. I...I want to try everything with you, but only if you want to as well."

I realized then that he thought my silence was from apprehension. Little did he know I was so turned on, I could barely speak.

So I didn't. I launched myself at him, instead.

I threw my arms around his neck, gripping his hair roughly. Our mouths crashed together as a growl erupted from Edward's throat, rippling through my body. The fine hairs of his beard tickled my face as our kisses grew deeper and more frenzied. His tongue slid languidly past my lips, meeting my own and retreating before slipping back in again, mimicking what I wanted him to do to my body.

Beyond desperate to feel him, I released his hair and captured his hands, which had been gripping my hips, and guided them around so they were palming my ass. I felt him smile against my lips and then the warmth of one of his hands disappeared before coming back in a sharp, stinging slap on my rear.

I grunted into his mouth at the sensation and he moaned loudly, firmly grabbing my ass and lifting me up, hitching my legs up around his waist.

"God damn, you are so fucking sexy." Edward stumbled backwards until his legs met the bed, pulling me down to straddle him as he sat.

"Off," I pleaded, tugging at his shirt by the shoulders. He sat back to whip it over his head, and after I had done the same with my own, we resumed our breathless

kisses, our fingers running over newly bared skin.

"I need you, Bella!" he panted in between kisses. "I need to feel all of you, now!"

Edward unhooked my bra as I ground against his cock, still trapped behind his boxers and unzipped pants. My bra fell away and as our naked torsos pressed against one another's, I moaned that I needed him, too.

His hands found their way into my hair again and then I felt his long fingers stroke softly down my spine, sending jolts of electricity through me. I rolled my head back and Edward's lips found my neck, nipping and biting as I rolled my hips over his.

I whimpered when he stopped and snapped my head up, only to find his eyes on the T.V. screen. A wicked smile crept across his lips as his eyes slowly slid back to mine, and then he nodded to my left.

"Look," he whispered.

Still shaking with need and pressing myself down hard against him, I turned my head to see a newly installed mirror along the wall to our left. In the mirror, I could not only see our reflection as we gyrated on the bed, but the T.V. as well.

I turned back to him, his eyes glittering from the depravity of it all. Edward brought his lips to one of my pert nipples, looking at us in the mirror as he ran his lip over it, then flicked his tongue against the puckered nub and sucked it into his mouth.

I couldn't stop the gasp caused by the sensation, the pain and pleasure of him taking my nipple roughly into his mouth causing me to buck harder against him. Watching him watching me—it was sexier than I could handle and my eyes slid shut from the eroticism of it all.

"Fuck, I could watch you do that every fucking day. I can't wait to see you come, Bella. Over and over again."

He lavished attention on my other breast, palming the neglected one with one hand while the other traced patterns against my thigh. I couldn't stand to be clothed for another second.

"Edward," I managed to croak. "Please!"

He sat back and I climbed off him, standing so I could shimmy out of my cotton

skirt. His eyes were on the T.V. screen as I stepped out of it and my panties, and then I kneeled between his legs, waiting.

His eyes widened as he realized what I wanted. "Oh, fuck yes!" Edward quickly stood and wrenched his open jeans and boxers down his thighs, kicking them off and settling back down on the bed.

I licked my lips at the sight of his cock, hard and pulsing for me. Teasing him first, I leaned forward to breathe my hot breath against the tip as I ran my fingertips over the insides of his thighs. I caressed the junction where his legs met his hips, sliding them up to stroke the fantastic 'V' at the base of his abs and then flicked my tongue against his swollen head, lapping the beads of pre-cum.

He hissed a breath through gritted teeth and I looked up at him, my eyes locked on his as I slowly opened my lips over him, enveloping his entire shaft with one deep suck.

"Yes, oh fuck fuck fuck!" His hands slid into my hair, readying himself for the onslaught of pleasure, but I pulled back off him and paused, my open lips barely an inch away from where he wanted it.

I knew how that felt, what it was like to be teased within an inch of your sanity. He'd done it to me before.

And I could play that game, too.

His eyes flashed down to mine, a look of pained desperation in them. "No! Please don't stop!" he cried out.

I grinned widely at his begging and rewarded him for it, encircling my fingers at his base and laving my tongue all the way up his shaft in one, slow lick. Edward groaned at the teasing.

"Please." It was barely a whisper; I was aching for him. His legs were shaking with restrained need and I decided he'd had enough, sucking his stiff cock back into my mouth and swirling my tongue against it. I stroked him with my hand in time with my mouth, encompassing every inch of him.

"Yes, oh fuck yes...right there...shit, Bella...that's so fucking good!"

His words made me moan, sending vibrations through his dick and causing him to curse even louder.

I looked up at him as he began to thrust into my mouth, his hands running through my hair to keep his view of my actions un-obscured. His eyes flickered up to the T.V., over to the mirror and back down to my face, watching us from every angle he could.

His eyes slid shut and his mouth widened as I reached up to cup and gently caress his balls with my free hand, and I could tell from his shuddering breaths that he was close.

"Baby, I'm gonna...oh God!" I increased the suction on his dick and pumped him faster with my hand, hearing his moans increase as his hips thrust against my face. A strangled cry escaped him as he froze, his fingers gripping my hair tightly as he called out my name and pulsed into my mouth.

I greedily drank down every drop and he panted with the force of his orgasm, reaching down to hook his hands under my arms and pull me up to him. I straddled his lap, feeling his softening cock rub against me and whimpered into his kiss.

"I love it when you taste like me," he snarled, lifting me up and flipping us around so I lay on my back against the blanket. "You taste like sex."

Leaning over my body, he began kissing my breast, running his tongue in circles around my nipple before biting it briefly and soothing it with a gentle lick.

As he did the same to the other, I turned to look in the mirror, watching his solid body over me, his muscled legs in between mine as he nuzzled my chest.

Edward sat back up on his knees and spread my legs. He ran his thumb across my lips, drenched with need.

"Always so wet for me," he murmured as he began to stroke my swollen clit in slow circles.

His touch almost sent me spiraling over the edge within seconds, but he stopped and slid his fingers down to my entrance and pushed a finger inside me. I cried out as he slowly pumped in and out, then removed them and resumed stroking my wet, swollen flesh again.

I looked down to watch his ministrations, seeing between my legs that he was growing hard again as he touched me. "Are you watching?" he whispered, and I looked over his shoulder to the T.V. screen, watching the muscles in his back and his rear tighten as he worked me.

"Yes!" But even as I said it, my eyes slid closed, unable to stay open with the ecstasy his hands created.

Edward kept alternating, pleasing me one way and then the other, always leaving a part of me desperate for more. I felt his stiffened erection brush against my thigh as he moved, and I cried out for him, unable to take another second.

"Fuck me! Please, please...oh God, please, Edward! Please fuck me!" I was practically delirious with want as I begged him. "I have to feel you, please, I need you inside me!"

Edward leaned over and pulled a condom from his nightstand. As he rolled it on, I realized how badly I wanted to feel his bare skin against mine, but I knew that would come in time.

He lined himself at my entrance and then hovered over me, bringing my arms up over my head. He laced his still wet fingers through mine and stared into my eyes.

"There aren't enough letters in the alphabet to describe how badly I want you," he said softly, and then pushed inside me.

I gripped his hands tightly as he retreated and slid back in. He kept fucking me that way; all the way out, then blissfully returning, making me grunt and whimper with every move.

It was too much; he felt too good. Each thrust seemed to stroke every inch of me, bringing me quickly to the brink of my orgasm.

"I can feel you, baby," he groaned as my inner walls clamped down on him. "Come for me."

My body responded to his command and I came apart underneath him, coming in endless waves of shattering pleasure, screaming his name until my throat was sore.

"You're so fucking beautiful," he murmured, kissing me as I came down from my high, pumping into me with short, shallow thrusts.

He released my arms and hooked his fingers over my shoulders, driving my hips into the mattress. I reached down and dug my nails into his ass, pulling him closer to me. I couldn't help looking at the T.V. one last time, watching him fuck me wildly, his body moving quickly as he pounded into me. Throwing his head back with a roar, he stilled and released inside me.

When our breathing slowed, he kissed my sweaty forehead and ran his nose along mine. We were both drenched, and the sheets would definitely need to be changed before we slept in them. I grinned, knowing I was staying the night there with him.

Edward stood up to dispose of the condom and walked over to shut off the camera.

"Oh, crap!" he yelled out angrily.

"What?" I was startled by his abrupt change in tone, but then relaxed as he turned around, a sheepish look on his face.

"I never hit record!" he whined.

I laughed at his boyish pout. "Don't worry, baby," I told him. "We'll do it again."

Edward's face broke out into a grin so bright, it lit the darkening room. I was sure it mirrored my own.

- ABC -

I woke up in Edward's arms, sinking back into the warmth of his body and the bed, willing the alarm clock to be wrong with the time.

"One more day," Edward murmured soothingly to my grumbles.

"Can't we just mail in our keys?" I whined, pulling him closer and throwing the blankets over our heads.

We showered separately, knowing we'd definitely be late if we got in there together. Edward rinsed off quickly while I got a few more minutes of sleep, and then made breakfast for us while I lingered in the hot water, my thoughts replaying our previous night together.

"I could get used to this," I said as I arrived at the table, a plate of fresh pancakes waiting for me. He smiled softly at me, his skin crinkling at the edges of his lips.

Edward drove us to school and we strode across the parking lot together, hand in hand. I couldn't stop looking over at him, his hair still a tiny bit wet, dressed in a loose-fitting, beige button down rolled up at the sleeves, jeans and sneakers. He was so handsome; I still couldn't quite believe he was actually mine.

He caught my stare and winked at me as we entered the building. A few eyebrows

raised as we walked into the office to check our mailboxes for the last time that school year, but Edward greeted them all politely, his fingers wrapped securely in mine.

When we went to head down our separate hallways, he gave me a kiss on the cheek before walking away.

I worked on quickly finishing up the last odds and ends in my classroom, making sure everything was well packed up for the summer.

An hour later, I handed Mrs. Cope my keys, and she leaned forward over her desk to whisper to me.

"Looks like Mr. Cullen finally told you about that crush he has on you, hmm?" She winked and chuckled, and I smiled shyly back at her. Her comment seemed so backward to me; it blew me away that he had wanted me all that time and I had never noticed.

I found Alice in the shady spot behind the building where our faculty brunch was being held. Jasper was close by her side, since significant others were also invited. Rose and Emmett had decided to attend a similar brunch at the junior high school first, but would be stopping by later.

"So, how are you two showing the whole staff you're 'going steady'?" Jasper teased, putting his arm around Alice as he took a bite of his bagel.

"Like this," a deep voice growled playfully from behind me. I turned around to see Edward's perfect face, his hands caressing my face as he pulled me in for chaste a kiss.

"Aww, you guys are so cute!" Alice sang, clapping her hands together as Edward wrapped his arms around me.

I smiled and then turned up to face him. "I'll be right back, okay? I'm gonna grab a bite to eat."

Edward kissed me lightly on the forehead, and I stepped a few paces off to the table covered with goodies baked by the PTA. Jessica and Mike stood a few feet away from me, piling their plates high with food. I stilled as I heard their topic of conversation.

"Did you see him holding her hand this morning?" Jessica asked, disgustedly.

Mike snorted. "Yeah." He seemed slightly crestfallen at her aggravation, and then I remembered Alice telling me they'd been sleeping together.

Geez, what kind of slut are you, Jessica?

I'd been so happy those last few days, I'd forgotten about Jessica's confrontation at the tug-of-war. I stepped closer to them, trying to eavesdrop without getting caught.

"They'll probably fuck all summer, but I'll bet they won't last the first one hundred days of school next year."

Mike laughed. "I'll take that bet, Ms. Stanley!" They headed off in another direction, and I raised my eyebrows, pursing my lips in the wake of their challenge.

She thinks I'm just a summer fling?

I turned back to look at Edward, who grinned happily at me, a smile that truly made it to his eyes. A smile I put on his face.

The first one hundred days of school, huh?

I looked over my shoulder at Jessica, who had turned back to glare at me.

All right Jessica, you've got it.

Game. On.

Bella's ABC Countdown - Sexy Edward Cullen

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

*C: **Cocktails** with Mr. **Cullen** tonight, he has the **cutest** smile, he's sometimes **crabby**, I would love to **cuddle** with him, I'll bet his **cock** tastes like **candy**!*

*D: Edward **dazzled** me nearly every day, how I could **drown** staring into his gorgeous green eyes, all the **dirty** things I wanted to **do** to his **dick** and the rest of his **delicious** body, **damn** he looks good today.*

E: **Edward**

F: He makes me so damn **flustered**, I have so many **fantasies** about him, want to **feel** him so badly, I want his **fingers** inside me, dear God I want him to **fuck** me!

G: **Gorgeous, God** yes!

H: He's so **hot**, I want to **hide** with him in a closet and make out, I **hope** I get to **hump** him again; **Hershey** kisses

I: I want to take him **into** my mouth, **imagining** his eyes sliding closed, I want him to run an **ice** cube up and down my body, I want to lick **icing** off his fingers

J: I'd like to **jump** his bones, I could suck the **jelly** off his fingers; **Jello** pudding.

K: I love the way he **kisses**, he makes me weak in the **knees**; Hershey **kisses**; **kinky**

L: **Lotion, lather** with bubbles, **lube**; **Licorice**

M: I love the way his **mouthmoans** my name, the way his **mouth** says '**Ms.** Swan', He looked so **mouth-watering**, I felt **magnetically** drawn to him, I had no idea he was so **musical**! He likes **mirrors**.

N: He makes me feel so **naughty**, I'm a complete **nympho** when it comes to him, I love the way he **nuzzles** my **nipples**, I'm filled with **need** for the way he **navigates** my body, I love to stare at him when he's **naked**. It drives me **nuts** how **nonchalant** he can be in school! This is starting to drive me **nuts**.

O: **Ogle** his incredible good looks, he pursed his sensual **open** lips, I would kill to be that bottle of **orange** juice! **Oh** my God, **Orgasm**.

P: I love how he **penetrates** my **pussy**, our lust is **palpable**, I **perspire** when he's near, he has a **panty-dropping** smile, **playful**, he thinks I'm **pretty**, I'm so **pathetic**; **phone** sex

Q: My head is filled with **questions**, a **quandary** of anxious thoughts, drowning in **quicksand**, **quickie**, **quintessential** qualities of sexiness

R: I love it when he **rubs** me, his face when he **releases** inside me, I want to wear **racy, red** lingerie for him, **raunchy**, I'd let him tie me up with **rope**, I'd be willing to **role-play** with him, I'd let him fuck me in the rain, I wonder if he'd like a rim job.

*S: **Shag**, he's so **sexy**, I love to **suck** him off, he's got the most **sensual** mouth, I'd love to **spend** the night with him, I'd **sit** on his face, he makes me **scream** in pleasure, he always **satisfies** me, I'd **submit** to him, let him **spank** me, **shackle** me to the bed, **smutty**, he was **seriously** horny! **Sixty-nine**.*

*T: I love his **tongue**, he's so **tantalizing** when he **teases** me, the way he **touches** my **tits**, I want to **tackle** him; Have you ever been **tied-up** before?*

*U: I wanted him to **undress** me, I couldn't wait to be **under** him again, the pleasure he gives me is **unreal**, he makes me totally **unhinged**, I love how **uninhibited** he is, he nearly **unraveled** me, he's **unleashed** something in me I've never felt before, **unbelievably** amazing.*

*V: his **voracious** appetite, he took me with a **vengeance**, he says my body is **voluptuous**, he makes me feel like such a **vixen**.*

*W: A **whirlwind** couple of days, He made me feel so **willing**, so **wanting**. I couldn't **wrap** my mind around his desire for me, but my mouth had **watered** at the idea of him sitting there, thinking about me. I surprised myself with my thoughts, thinking I would crave him using a **whip** or hot **wax** on my body; any **wish** he **whispered** to me would make me **wetter** than I thought possible. I was **wild** for him. I'd **whimpered** as he pulled my hands away.*

*X: My time with Edward certainly was a **triple-X** affair.*

*Y: He's so **yummy**. I'd say **yes** to anything he wanted to do to me. I wished I could **yank** Jessica's head off.*

*Z: Erogenous **zones**, pulling down **zippers**.*

So, if you're sad to see the adventures of ABCward and Teacherella end, please go check out the outtakes on my profile. Also, there will be a follow up one shot released for the Fandom for Sexual Assault Awareness compilation! Check out my profile for more info on how to donate!

This was the first fic I officially completed, and there's so many people to thank: as always, my betas, Awesomesauce and Brits23 who agreed to take on betaing two of my stories at once this summer, in addition to writing their own fabulous stories. My team of prereaders Kyla713, Lazykatevamp, and Loss4words81, and also Sweetvenom69 who has a way with dirty words! They are all so wonderful and write amazing stories themselves - go check them out! And while you're at it, I also have to recommend Our Lives

Unbound by TheLadyinGrey. It's my "drop everything and read RTFN" fic!

Thank you so much for reading this story and for all your lovely reviews! If you liked ABCward and haven't checked out my other fic, The Ride, give Grungeward a read. He's all angsty and yummy and stuff.

MWAH!

-Aylah