



Have Yourself a Sneaky Little Christmas

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Summary

After weeks apart at College, all Bella and Edward want for Christmas is some alone time together. But with a houseful of family getting in the way, how will they ever find the time to sneak off for a little holiday lovin? A collab with Awesomesauce76.

Chapter 1

Entry for the Twi-Muses Naughty or Nice Holiday Contest

Summary: After weeks apart at College, all Bella and Edward want for Christmas is some alone time together. But with a houseful of family getting in the way, how will they ever find the time to sneak off for a little holiday lovin?' A naughty collab with Awesomesauce76 for the Twi-Muses Holiday Contest. BxE, AH/AU.

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BPOV

Two days before Christmas

Merry almost-Christmas, baby. I can't wait to see you. - E

I smiled as I read Edward's text, walking away from the baggage carousel in William R. Fairchild International Airport in Port Angeles. I texted him back, saying I couldn't wait to see him either, and headed toward the exit with my suitcase in tow. It had only been a few weeks since I'd last seen Edward, but it felt like months.

After two years of dating in high school, Edward and I had decided to go to colleges that were near each other. He was accepted into Stanford University, where he was studying Biology and had been planning on enrolling in their Medical school from the day he got his admission papers. I'd decided to study Communication at the University of California at Berkeley.

Even though we lived fairly close to one another, only an hour and a half apart, we'd both been incredibly busy studying for our final exams. It had been too long since I had my hands on him; far too long.

As I made my way through the airport terminal, I couldn't help humming along with "Here Comes Santa Claus" coming through the speakers, grinning at the green and red tinsel that adorned the signs. With each step I made towards the exit, I felt lighter; I was that much closer to Edward.

Finally approaching the doors, I stepped outside and gasped, the cold air hitting me like a ton of bricks. It was late in the afternoon and the sun was just about to set, bringing on the frigid Washington night.

I shivered, zipping my jacket tighter. I'd gotten accustomed to the balmy California weather. I loved being back in warmer temperatures; it felt comforting, and reminded me of Phoenix and my mom.

I'd been born in Forks, but hadn't lived there since my parents had split when I was a baby. My mom had moved us out to Arizona, and I lived there until I was fourteen, when she and her new husband, Phil, had kids. Leaving the warmth and sunshine for the cold and wet of Washington wasn't my first choice, but my mom had her hands full with her new family, so I went back to live with my Dad, Charlie.

When I'd closed my locker on my first day in the ninth grade at Forks High School, I'd been surprised to see the smiling face of a dark-haired, pixie-like girl. She told me her name was Alice and that we were going to be good friends.

I'd learned quickly never to disagree with Alice.

Not only did we get to be best friends, but I quickly developed a crush on her twin brother, Edward. I'd always thought through most of high school that he was too quiet and shy to notice how much I wanted him; it wasn't until our junior year, when we were Biology lab partners, that he admitted he'd always liked me, too.

"Bella!"

I turned in the direction of my father's voice and saw him waving from the front seat of his police cruiser. As I made my way to him, blinking against the biting cold whipping across my face, he quickly jumped out to help me with my things.

"Go on, get in," he told me, nodding to the front of the car. I climbed inside the passenger seat of the car, warming my hands on the vents. Bing Crosby's voice crooned "Silver Bells" through the cruiser's radio.

"Did you have a good flight?" Charlie asked once he was inside. "Not too bored all by yourself?"

I'd originally planned on flying back home with Edward for our winter break, but his exams ended earlier than mine and his dorm was closing. Since I didn't think my roommate, Angela, would appreciate Edward lounging around in our tiny off-campus apartment during finals, he had reluctantly decided to fly back without me. I missed him, but I knew I would be too distracted with Edward around to study.

"Oh, yeah. It was fine," I replied and nodded, stretching my numb fingers as feeling returned to them.

"That meeting with your advisor go all right?"

I paused before answering, thinking about what had held up my return.

After Edward flew back home, I'd ended up staying in California even later than I'd planned; my advisor had offered to meet with me after exams to discuss the possibility of me applying to Berkeley's Graduate school in Journalism. It was nearly impossible to get an appointment with her, so it was an opportunity I couldn't afford to pass up.

"It did, thanks. I'm going to take the holidays to think about it."

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

Can I come over tonight? I'll climb in through the window, just like old times. Charlie will never know. -E

A rush of heat bloomed through me, and it wasn't from the car's vents. Turning toward the window to hide my blush, I closed my eyes for a minute, replaying in my mind the feeling of Edward's lips on mine, his hands on my body. I remembered the rush of him sneaking into my room by climbing up the tree next to my bedroom window back in high school: the hushed whispers, the awkward fumbling in the dark that led to delicious groping sessions, the difficulty of acting nonchalant when I saw my father the following morning at breakfast.

I hadn't been touched by him for so long now that my skin was aching for contact, and even the slightest suggestion of time alone with him had my stomach twisting in knots.

"So I'm really sorry I have to work on Christmas," Charlie said, pulling me from my thoughts. "I'd really hoped to have it off this year."

"Oh, that's all right, Dad," I replied, willing the thoughts of Edward's touch out of

my head. "It's no big deal. I'm used to it."

I tried to keep the tone of my voice cheerful and reassuring. This wasn't the first Christmas I'd be spending with the Cullens, but this was the first time I'd be sleeping over for the holiday. Esme had become like a surrogate mother to me over the years and wouldn't hear of me spending Christmas Eve by myself.

"I'm looking forward to spending tonight with you though," Charlie said in an uncharacteristic display of emotion. He cleared his throat. "I've really missed you, Bells."

I told him that I had missed him too, then reluctantly pulled out my cell. No matter how much I was dying to see Edward, I knew from his tone that my Dad was lonely for me.

I don't think that's gonna happen. Got family time with Dad tonight. -B

Charlie had gotten stuck with the night shift on Christmas Eve once again this year. He probably wouldn't be getting home until halfway through Christmas Day at the earliest, so we had decided to have our own traditional Swan Family Christmas Eve dinner a day early. It mainly consisted of a baked ham and watching cheesy old Christmas movies, but it had always held a soft spot in our hearts since the first year I moved in with him.

As Dad and I drove away from the lights of Port Angeles and through the dark, tree-lined road heading to Forks, I filled him in on my last few months at school. I was growing more and more uncomfortable, though, because every few minutes, I got another text from Edward.

Please? I can be quiet, I promise! You on the other hand... ;-) -E

I haven't held you in weeks! I'm DYING here! -E

I tried to ignore them, but each message made me crazier than the last.

I'm starving for you. I feel like I haven't tasted you in ages. -E

I miss that sweet, hot, dirty little mouth of yours. The way that it moans and licks... -E

Are you trying to kill me? I finally replied, rubbing my thighs together discreetly as I typed. ***You know I want to, but we can't. I'll call you later. -B***

I shoved my phone back in my pocket and vowed to devote my attention to my father for the rest of the day. I only hoped that it was a vow I could keep; the closer we got to Forks, the harder my heart began to pound at the thought of seeing Edward again.

When we reached town, I had Charlie stop at the local grocery store, knowing that it would be a lost cause to hope for any decent ingredients in his man-cave kitchen. I had spent all of my high school years finally turning it into a functional room in the house; I'd stocked his cupboards and cooked his dinners almost every night, only to have it revert right back into frozen dinner land the moment I went away to college.

The store was predictably packed with last minute shoppers, fighting over stuffing mix and frozen Butterball turkeys. I navigated quickly through the crowd, eager to get home and out of the holiday craziness. I grabbed the first decent ham I could find, as well as some Au Gratin potatoes, a couple six-packs of Rainier and a few other ingredients for my dad's favorite monkey bread recipe. I bought enough for a double batch, remembering that Edward's family had always liked it whenever I'd taken it over there in the past.

When we finally got home, I threw the ham in the oven to bake as I went about unpacking my luggage. Charlie settled himself in his favorite chair to watch some football highlights while he waited for dinner, and whenever I had a few minutes to spare I would take him another beer and sit with him for a while. When I actually relaxed long enough to look around, I noticed a small four foot tree in the corner.

"Is that new?" I asked, gesturing to the cute little decoration.

"Yep," he replied, sipping his beer. "Bought it last week. The old one was falling apart. This one's great; you just unfold it like a damn umbrella, and it's already got the lights on it and everything."

"I bet you got a good deal on it," I said with a smile, knowing that if there was one thing my dad actually liked to talk about, it was a sale.

Charlie slid his eyes over to me and leaned in sideways, as if he was about to share a secret. "Half off," he gloated.

"Wow! Nice," I smiled again, humoring him. I examined the little tree more closely, feeling a warmth radiate through my body when I recognized many of the sloppy, handmade ornaments as ones that I'd made for him in school while I was growing up in Phoenix. Every single year, they were never forgotten.

My dad didn't need to tell me how much he loved me; it was visible everywhere I looked.

"I saved your favorite for you," he said when he noticed what I was staring at.

"Miss Piggy?" I gasped.

"Of course. She's over on the bookshelf, in her box."

I ran across the room and found my favorite childhood ornament from my few Christmas memories with my father. I didn't come to Forks very often to visit him back then, but I had been here for about a week near Christmas a few times through the years.

One time, back when my Nana Swan was still alive, we had a family dinner at her house and she gave me this ornament after Charlie had told her how much I loved *The Muppet Show*. It was Miss Piggy, decked out in one of her evening gowns, with a halo and little fuzzy angel wings. From that night on, I declared that I would be the only one to ever put Miss Piggy on the tree, and it always tickled me that my father cared enough to still let me do it.

Right as I had just finished adjusting her portly little frame on the best branch available, the timer on the oven beeped. I dished out two large helpings of food while Dad put the first of our many DVDs into the machine and unfolded two of the nice wooden TV trays that I had bought him for Christmas last year.

Not much was said between us as the Grinch sent Cindy Lou Who back to bed with a glass of water, and only laughter could be heard in the room when Clark Griswold spewed out a five minute rant about his boss. We ate monkey bread while Emmett Otter put a hole in his mother's washtub, and by the time Ralphie finally got his Red Ryder BB gun, we were both yawning.

I quickly covered up the leftovers and kissed Charlie on the cheek, wishing him a Merry Christmas as we went to bed. Once I was alone in my room, I quickly pulled out my cell and dialed the number I'd been thinking of in the back of my mind all evening.

"Mm... I was beginning to think you forgot about me," he purred sleepily into the phone.

"Sorry, baby. It went later than I thought," I whispered as I climbed into bed.

"It's alright; I know how much he loves this night with you." His voice dropped to a silken whisper. "I wish I could be loving this night with you, too."

"Ugh, don't guilt trip me," I groaned. "I am already missing you so much right now, Edward."

"Enough to let me come over?" His eagerness was almost enough to make me cave.

"Baby, I'm practically asleep. I've been missing you so badly, I don't want our first time back together to be half-assed. Does that make sense?"

"I suppose," he sighed. "What are you doing right now?"

"Lying down."

"Oh yeah?" I could actually hear his eyebrows raise. "What are you wearing?"

"Are you kidding me?" I was pretty sure he could hear my eyes roll.

"Come on," he teased. "At least give me something!"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked in a breathy whisper, already feeling my skin warming from the rapidly spreading blush that was starting on my face and making its way downward.

"*Fuck*," he groaned. "More of that."

"And what will you give me?"

"I know *exactly* what I'd like to give you right now."

"Ooh... a present for me?" I hummed playfully, unable to ignore the moisture that was collecting between my thighs. "Is it big?"

"Well, it's not tiny," he chuckled, the sound going straight to my sensitive flesh and making it pulse. "And it's only getting bigger."

"Oh my," I sighed, closing my eyes and just listening to his choppy breathing for a moment. When I could hear a distinct rustling of fabric my eyes popped open again. "Edward?"

"Yes?" he gritted out through clenched teeth.

"Oh god," I moaned. "Are we there already? I thought we were being playful first."

"Sorry," he panted, "I just... I just can't help it. Not when you sound like that... I miss you too fucking much."

"Don't apologize," I scolded, already sliding my hand down into my pajama shorts. "Just let me catch up."

"Yesss..." he hissed.

Suddenly, a quiet knock sounded at my door. "Bella? Are you still up?"

"Shit!" I said under my breath, dropping the phone on the bed as I quickly kicked off the sheets, my heart pounding in my ears. I ran to the door, embarrassment and frustration building swiftly inside me.

"Hey, kiddo," Charlie smiled as I opened it.

"Is something wrong?"

"No, no. I just wanted to thank you one more time for tonight. I really had a good time."

"I'm glad," I said with the most convincing smile I could summon. I didn't want my resentment at being interrupted to make him think that I didn't mean what I said. "I had fun, too."

After we said our goodnights again, I crawled back into bed and searched for my phone. I was amazed to find that the call had not been ended.

"Are you still there? I'm so sorry!"

"Yeah, I'm here." I could hear the tired disappointment in his voice. The urgency of only a minute ago had disappeared.

"Did you still want to...?"

"Ugh," he groaned. "Hearing your dad kinda killed it for me, sorry. I just stayed on so that I could say goodnight."

"Okay," I sighed. "Me too, actually. That was really embarrassing. I love you."

"I love you too, baby. 'Night." I heard the silence in my ear as he ended the call, and I sighed into the darkness.

Rolling over to my side and curling up into a ball for warmth, I drifted off to sleep with visions of Edward's sugarplums dancing in my head.

- S L C -

I woke up on Christmas Eve morning to the uncharacteristic smell of hot chocolate wafting upstairs. Kicking off my blanket, I shivered in the morning chill and grabbed a pair of flannel sweatpants from my closet. I hadn't even bothered to bring them to California; most nights weren't cold enough there to need them, and the ones that were usually had Edward wrapped around my body when I woke up.

Another shiver ran through me, but not from the cold. I groaned as I thought about waking up next to Edward, our legs tangled together, his breath warm as he pressed kisses against my neck, the way he'd moan softly when he pressed his already stiffened cock against my-

"Bells? You up?" Charlie called up the stairs. "I've gotta head over to the station soon."

"Uh..sure! Sounds good! I'll be right down!" Chasing thoughts of Edward's morning wood out of my head, I threw on a sweatshirt and padded downstairs into the kitchen.

"Wow, hot chocolate! What a nice surprise," I said as I settled into a chair at the table. Charlie was already in his uniform.

"Yeah well, don't get too excited," my father said sarcastically as he handed me a mug. "It's just Swiss Miss microwave."

I smiled up at him and blew on the hot beverage before taking a sip. The sound of something popping out of the toaster had Charlie turning in its direction.

"Here you go," my father said, hiding two plates behind him as he walked back to the table. "Another Swan Christmas tradition!"

He set down two plates with Strawberry Frosted Pop-Tarts on the table, beaming down proudly at them. I laughed and thanked him, eagerly reaching for one of the

warm pastries.

This had been Charlie's first awkward attempt at making some kind of Christmas breakfast for us when I moved out here. Granted, it was little more effort than pouring a bowl of cereal, but I appreciated the gesture, especially since he was pretty clueless as far as parenting was concerned. It had been a tradition of ours ever since.

Charlie remained standing as he ate. "Is Alice coming to get you soon?" he asked me, raising his mug and pointing it in the direction of the window. I turned to see that a light snow had already begun to fall. "Looks like it might get pretty slippery out there."

The red pick-up truck Charlie had presented me with when I got my license was parked in a garage back at Berkeley. Edward and I had driven it out there at the beginning of this semester when I had moved into an off-campus apartment. It was just as well; Edward would always grumble about me driving it on the roads out in Forks, anyway.

"Oh yeah, I'll run up and text her to ask what time." I gobbled down the last bite of my pop-tart and stood up. "Be right back."

I sped up the steps back to my old bedroom and powered up my cell phone, which had been charging overnight on my bed table. As I was quickly typing out a text to Alice, my phone buzzed with an incoming one.

Hey beautiful. I can't wait to see you...and finish what we started last night. ;) -E

I closed my eyes and swallowed, unable to stop myself from thinking about how much I wanted his hands on me. Before I could talk myself out of it, I fired off a quick reply.

I'm holding you to that. And if you're lucky, I'll be holding something else of yours, too. -B

As soon as I hit send, Alice responded that she was already on her way, and I slipped my phone into my pocket. I grabbed a box wrapped in snowman-covered wrapping paper out of my duffel bag before hurrying back downstairs.

"She's on her way," I told him and then held out his gift. "Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, I have yours up here," Charlie said, reaching up to the top of the refrigerator. It was the same hiding he used every year. "Sorry, the wrapping job is pretty awful."

He handed me a soft, rumpled package which looked like it had been wrapped by an eight-year-old, tape sticking out at odd angles and awkwardly folded edges everywhere.

I was surprised to find that he'd gotten me a new Kindle, not even aware that he knew what a Kindle *was*, and he was thrilled with the brand new mustache trimmer I had given him.

We thanked each other and then Charlie stood, gathering up his things for work. I followed him into the hallway where he lifted his gun from its familiar resting place on a hook on the wall.

"So, you... uh... got suitable sleeping arrangements over at the Cullens?"

I rolled my eyes and smiled. "Yes, Dad. I will be sleeping in *Alice's* room."

"Well, that's good," he grumbled as he checked his gun to make sure the safety was on.

I laughed, thinking back to the uncomfortable 'birds and bees' talk Charlie had tried to have with me years ago when Edward and I had gotten serious. It hadn't gone smoothly, both of us stumbling embarrassingly over our words, and since then he'd tried to pointedly ignore the fact that we were sexually active.

My phone buzzed again in my pocket.

My hand in the shower didn't feel nearly as good as yours does. Get here soon! -E

My face flushed hot as I read it, and I quickly turned to hide my reaction. If my father only knew just how sexually active we really were, he'd probably lock Edward up in jail for the duration of our visit.

The embarrassment on both our parts was interrupted by a cheerful knock at the door.

"Chief Swan!" a tiny voice chirped as my father opened the door to let Alice in.

"Well, hi there," he laughed as she launched herself at him, hugging him tightly

around the neck with one arm. My dad had never been one for hugs and displays of affection to begin with, but for some reason he never minded when it was Alice. I don't think he had the energy to fight her off... she was a force of nature.

"Here, these are for you," she said as she pulled away, holding out a covered plate that she had been hiding behind her back.

"Are these your mom's Christmas cookies?" he asked with a light in his eye and possibly the slightest hint of drool forming in the corner of his mouth. Esme's cookies were legendary.

"Of course! Fresh out of the oven, too. I thought you could take them with you to the station. You know, a little bit of Christmas on a plate since you're stuck there working."

"Why, that's just... thank you," he coughed uncomfortably, clearing his throat. "I guess I'd better get going. Tell your parents I said thanks for having Bella over tonight," Charlie said as he slipped on his bomber jacket. "I really appreciate it."

"Well, we're happy to have her." Alice beamed. "Maybe next year we can have *you* over too, Chief Swan."

It was hard to see in the low light of the hallway, but I was pretty sure my father blushed. He coughed again as he opened the door.

"You two had better head on over before the snow gets any worse," he instructed.

"I promise, we will," Alice said sweetly.

Charlie leaned in and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before stepping out the door. "Make sure to lock up!" he called over his shoulder.

Alice giggled as we headed upstairs to my room. "Your dad is so sweet."

I rolled my eyes at her. Alice had made no excuse for the fact that she'd had a crush on my dad for most of high school. Thankfully that had dissipated when she'd left to study Fashion Design at The Art Institute of Seattle. Edward's best friend, Jasper, was a Computer Science student there, too. He and Alice had spent most of their childhood as enemies; she'd always thought of him as Edward's geeky, annoying best friend and would lock herself in her room whenever he was around. But while away at school, hate seemed to transform into love.

Or maybe just lust. Alice and Jasper seemed sweet and innocent, but could really put everyone else's sex life to shame. The two of them did some freaky stuff I didn't even *want* to know about.

"So, what should I bring?" I asked Alice as she settled down gracefully onto my bed.

"Well," Alice began, wrinkling her nose at the first outfit choice I held up. "Just wear jeans for now. My mom needs our help cooking for a while, and then we have the annual Cullen Snowman Building Contest!"

I turned to stare at her. "I can't believe you guys are still doing that!"

Alice snorted. "I'm just happy no one agreed with Emmett's suggestion to change it into an annual snowball fight."

Pulling some heavy jeans from my closet, I laughed, thinking of Alice and Edward's big brother and all of his antics. "Did he bring Rosalie?" I asked as I tossed my phone on the bed and pulled off my sweats, quickly changing into the jeans.

Rosalie was Emmett's fiancée. They'd met at the University of Washington in Seattle and they'd moved into an apartment together there after they'd graduated last year. I'd met her once last summer.

"Yup, Ms. Haleowitz is currently teaching my dad how to spin a drier. Emmett won't stop singing Adam Sandler's Chanukah song. Last night, I swore I could hear him calling her a sexy, badass Jew."

I couldn't help snorting at that as I held up a brown sweater-dress to bring for Christmas dinner. "You could *hear* them?"

"My room shares a wall with the guest room, remember?" Alice shook her head at the dress, then bounced up and started picking through my clothes. "You have no *idea* how loud they are."

I grimaced. Edward and I could get pretty loud, too, and it was only now dawning on me that we might not be very successful at keeping the noise down after such a long separation.

Alice snickered. "Or perhaps you *do* know a thing or two about being noisy. I seem to remember quite a few weekends I spent with my head under the pillow whenever Mom and Dad were out of town."

"Oh shut up!" I said, turning beet red. I could see the evil little gleam in her eye that she got whenever she was in the mood to tease me.

"Hmm... enlighten me. Just how long *has* it been since you've seen Edward? You're gonna be all hard up and jittery through the whole night, aren't you?"

Gritting my teeth against the desire churning in my belly, I lied. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh *please*, Bella. I know how much Edward is dying to get his hands on you. Trust me, he hasn't taken a shower *that* long since high school."

I groaned and stuffed my pajamas in a bag, discreetly hiding the sexy red lingerie I'd bought inside them. I knew that whatever I wore would probably just get ripped off in a matter of seconds anyway, but I wanted to at least *try* to make it special.

I stopped packing for a minute, my mind wandering to the last time we were together. His hands had roamed over every inch of my skin, leaving me completely breathless, before he followed the trail of his fingertips with his tongue. The hard planes of his body had felt so amazing as they covered me, and when he finally sank inside me, I thought I might pass out from the pleasure. He had fucked me senseless for hours that night, only to wake me up for more of the same before breakfast.

I *really* missed my alone time with Edward.

My phone buzzed on the bed and Alice snatched it up before I had a chance to grab it.

"No, Alice don't!" I exclaimed, but it was too late. She held it just out of my grasp and read the text out loud.

"On the first night of Christmas my true love gave to me... a blow job on her *knees*?" Alice took one look at me, throwing me back my phone as she broke into a fit of laughter.

Humiliated, I groaned and flopped onto the bed, throwing an arm over my eyes. *He's definitely trying to kill me.*

Alice gave up on my clothes and closed my closet, saying she'd let me borrow something of hers.

"Don't worry, Bella," she cooed, sitting down on the bed next to me. "I'll make sure to sneak you into Edward's room tonight."

I lifted an arm and opened one eye. Her tiny pixie face wore an all-knowing smirk. "But it's Christmas! I don't want to be disrespectful, and I definitely don't want to get caught."

"Come on, everything will be fine," Alice insisted. "Besides, don't think you're the only couple who wants to get it on tonight - I'm kicking you out as soon as I can get Jasper into my room! But Mom and Dad are getting better at catching on, so we're gonna have to get better at being sneaky."

"Oh, well, that's realistic," I complained. "The resident klutz here is bound to drop something or fall down the stairs."

"Oh, whatever. Stop worrying so much, we'll make it work." Alice glanced out the window at the rapidly falling snow. "Now, let's get the hell out of here while I can still find my way home!"

- S L C -

As we drove the long, winding road to the Cullen's house, a fine layer of snow had begun coating the tall evergreens lining the pavement. Alice pulled Carlisle's sleek black Mercedes into the three car garage. She parked it between Emmett's massive jeep and Edward's little shiny silver Volvo, which Esme was using while he was away at school.

As we stepped out of the car, I inhaled deeply, loving the smell of pine needles and firewood that filled the air. From the driveway, I could faintly hear Eartha Kitt's voice crooning "Santa Baby" inside.

Alice grabbed my bag from the trunk, insisting that I was the guest and there were people waiting to hug me inside. She followed me up the walkway to their large wraparound veranda, our feet crunching on the blanket of snow as we walked.

Esme's taste in decorations was exquisite, and her holiday décor didn't stray from the norm. Each window in the large, white house had a single white candle on the sill, and through the window leading into the living room, I could see her perfectly decorated tree. The elegant columns on the porch were wrapped in coils of pine garland, dazzled with red and silver metallic spheres. A wreath complete with silver bells was affixed to the front door.

The jingling of the wreath heralded our arrival as we opened the door. Inside, I could already inhale the decadent aroma of peppermint, eggnog and other delicious confections cooking in the oven.

"She's here! She's here!" Alice called out, and before I knew it, a rush of thundering footsteps were heading toward me.

"Bella!" a loud voice echoed in the foyer before I even saw its owner. Emmett was the first to make it to me, bounding in my direction as if his life depended on it, before wrapping me up in the most exuberant bear hug I'd ever received in my life.

"Hey, Em," I barely had the strength to gasp as he squeezed me harder.

"Emmett, put her down!" Esme scolded. "It's my turn." As soon as my feet hit the floor, she was pulling me into a tight hug. "I haven't seen you in forever, dear!"

"I was just here for Thanksgiving," I laughed when she finally released me.

"Well, it feels like months."

I turned to see Esme's husband, Carlisle, smiling warmly and holding his arms open. "It's so lovely to see you again," he smiled.

I blushed lightly as he held me, thinking in the back of my mind that I couldn't really blame Alice for crushing on Charlie when her own father was such a damn hottie. He had aged beautifully, with slight streaks of gray at his temples that only served to make him look even more distinguished than he had before.

I secretly hoped that Edward would take after him in this way. I could certainly handle spending the rest of my life cuddling up to someone who looked like that.

When our hug ended, I noticed that Jasper was hanging back a bit. I smiled at him, expecting him to move closer for his own hug, but he surprised me by shrugging and throwing his arm around Alice's shoulders.

"Sorry, Bella. I just figured that someone here might rip my arms off if he didn't get to hug you next." He nodded towards the stairs and the sea of people parted, seemingly in slow motion, to reveal the one person I had been dying to see more than anyone else in the entire world.

Edward.

He looked positively sinful, propped up against the railing at the foot of the stairs with his arms crossed. He was dressed in a light blue button-down shirt that was rolled up at the sleeves and jeans that were so snug in the front that I was beginning to feel light-headed.

As soon as we locked eyes, he stalked towards me with a ravenous look on his face; it was so heated and full of passion that I lost sight of everyone else in the room, allowing myself to be pulled in as if it were a tractor beam of lust.

"Uh... guys?" I heard Emmett somewhere in the background. "Jeez, let's get out of here before we all spontaneously combust." I heard the shuffling of feet as the rest of the family quickly cleared the room to avoid the nuclear meltdown that was about to become our reunion.

When he was finally standing in front of me, only an arm's reach away, he suddenly stopped.

"Let me take your bag for you," he said with a strained voice, leaning over to pick up my luggage. He hadn't even hugged me yet.

"Edward?" I asked, unable to keep the sound of worry from my words.

"I can't... touch you," he muttered under his breath quietly. "Not yet. Not here." He turned around quickly and began heading up the stairs, stopping only once to look back over his shoulder at me to make sure I was following.

When we reached Alice's room he threw the door open roughly without looking, his fiery gaze never leaving mine as he tossed the duffel bag inside.

"There; all settled. Now..." he paused, looking me up and down slowly. "Come with me." It was practically a growl. He grabbed my hand and pulled me behind him, nearly running down the hall until we arrived at his room.

Throwing open the door so hard that it bounced off the wall, he grabbed me around the waist and dragged me inside. He had just enough sense left to push the door closed behind us, and the moment it clicked shut, he slammed me up against it.

"*Fuck*," he groaned into my neck as he inhaled my scent deeply. I could only whimper, the sound of it making him thrust his hips against mine reflexively, grinding his more-than-evident arousal into the place I wanted it most.

His mouth slammed down on mine, swallowing my cries of need that his body had elicited. I felt his hands slide down my back until they were cupping my ass, pulling me into him more firmly before lifting me up and wrapping my legs around his waist. Our tongues warred with each other, slipping and sliding together until another strong thrust of his hips caused me to throw my head back and gasp. He didn't allow it to break his stride, however, simply sliding his kiss-swollen lips down over my

jawline to my neck as he continued his powerful thrusts.

"God!" he grunted. "Missed you ... so ... *much!*" His words were punctuated with sharp nips of his teeth against the flesh of my neck, causing my eyes to roll back in my head.

I couldn't think straight. I wanted to tell him so many things: how much I loved him, how badly I had missed him, how good he was making me feel. Instead, I could only moan.

At some point, through our moans and grunts, I began to hear a voice that wasn't ours.

"Edward?" it called out again, louder this time. It was Esme, yelling from the bottom of the stairs.

He groaned painfully, resting his forehead on my shoulder for a moment as he panted loudly, trying to regain his composure. "Yeah?" he called out, never lifting his head.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, dear, but I need you and Emmett to run to the store for me before they close."

"Mother fu—" he grumbled. "Why can't he go by himself?" Edward called back out, unable to hide the whine in his voice.

"Have you seen the snow outside? I don't want either of you out there alone. Now hurry up! Bella will still be here when you get back."

Grumbling even more to himself as he set me down, he took a deep breath before finally meeting my eyes. "I'm sorry. If I don't go, she'll never leave us alone."

"It's alright," I smiled. "She's right, we have all night to be together. I'm being a rude guest, anyway. You run to the store, and I'll see if she can use any help in the kitchen."

Edward stared at my lips as I spoke, a slight whimper breaking loose before he kissed me one more time. "Okay" he panted, kissing my nose and my forehead quickly as he pulled away. I watched as he slipped his hand into his pocket and adjusted himself, tugging his shirt down farther as he opened the door. "This is definitely going to be continued."

"You bet your sweet ass it is," I laughed, following him out into the hallway.

- S L C -

About half an hour later, I was up to my elbows in flour as I helped Esme mix more dough for the crust. Alice was stirring up the pumpkin filling while Rosalie was slicing apples. Esme was rolling out the dough at the counter and getting the crusts ready for baking. We had turned the Cullen's kitchen into one big pie-making assembly line.

"Does your family make pies for Chanukah, Rosalie?" Esme asked. "I'm afraid I'm not very familiar with many of the traditions."

"Pies?" Rose snorted. "The only thing my mother knows how to make is reservations."

We all snickered at her response.

"We do have *some* traditions though," she continued. "We light the Menorah each of the eight nights, and my grandparents always gave me chocolate gelt."

"Chocolate *gelt*?" I asked, not sure if I'd heard her right.

Rosalie let out a throaty chuckle. "No, but we do have plenty of that, too. Gelt are little chocolate coins. You can win them playing the dreidel game." She started explaining how to play as Carlisle and Jasper shuffled in from outside, carrying some pre-cut firewood.

"Well thank you for sharing with us, Rose," Esme said as she wiped her hands on her apron. "I never knew about all that."

"Yeah, well," Rose smiled. "I've found that most people's knowledge of Chanukah extends as far as the *Friends* episode where Ross is telling his son the story of the Maccabees."

"I'm the Holiday Armadillo!" Jasper called out joyfully, popping his head in from the hall. "Santa's part -Jewish friend!"

Rose glared at him for a moment but couldn't stop herself from dissolving into the giggles that had already taken hold of me, Alice and Esme.

"What?" Jasper asked innocently. "It's a great episode."

Carlisle clapped a hand on Jasper's shoulder. "Come on, let's get the fire going before you end up having to make a pie." He paused, glancing at Rose's jokingly tight-lipped stare. "...Or end up *in* one."

Just then we heard the garage door open, and my stomach did flip-flops as I realized Edward was back. Heavy footsteps were heard as the boys banged the snow off their feet, and Emmett heralded their arrival by singing *Feliz Navidad* loud and off-key as they entered the hallway.

"Good lord, Emmett, stop that!" Esme chuckled when he sauntered into the kitchen like a lounge singer. "You're going to give me a migraine with all of that tone-deaf racket. I know you have a lovely voice, why don't you use it?"

"Here is your cranberry *sauce!*" he sang even more obnoxiously than before, holding out a plastic bag with a few cans in it. "And your ***marshmallows!***" He brought it on home, really dragging out the last word as he tossed a bag of miniature marshmallows on the counter.

"Thank you, dear," Esme laughed, hugging him quickly when he leaned down to give her a peck on the cheek.

Through the entire exchange, I had become increasingly aware of the feeling that I was being watched. I turned slowly towards the door to find Edward hovering there, his eyes following my every move. When he realized that I was finally returning his gaze, he looked as if he was about to say something, but he was cut off before he'd managed to get one word out.

"Oh! Edward?" Esme called, already resuming her dough rolling. "Can you please do me a favor and run back out to the garage? That box of family ornaments is still out there, and I want to make sure that we don't forget to bring it inside before tonight."

I watched as his face fell, and what could only be described as a pained look took over his features. Without moving his eyes away from mine, he simply nodded and uttered a quiet "Fine" that was little more than a pout.

I felt a tug deep inside of me as he walked away, as if his body was begging me to follow.

"Uh, Alice?" I said as I wiped off my hands, suddenly having an idea.

"Yeah?"

"I think I dropped my chapstick in the car on the way over here."

She smirked and gave me a knowing look. "Oh, you did? Well, you should probably go take a look, then... before it gets too dark. Here's the keys." She pulled them from her pocket and tossed them across the counter to me.

"Thanks."

I made my way to the door that connected the house to the garage and stepped through quietly, admiring the sight of Edward's backside as he stood up on his tiptoes to reach for a box on the top shelf of the storage cabinet.

"Nice view," I said, whistling lowly.

He turned around quickly, leaving the box where it sat, a wicked smile slowly spreading across his face. "What are *you* doing out here?" he asked as he moved towards me, a predator on the hunt.

"Oh, nothing," I smiled, leaning back against the side of the Volvo. "I was going to search your dad's car for my chapstick," I explained, "but I suddenly remembered that it was here in my pocket the whole time." I pulled out the tube in question, making a show of slowly applying it to my lips. When I was finished, I popped them together a few times loudly before blowing him a kiss.

"Chapstick?" He raised an eyebrow skeptically once he could finally pull his gaze up from my mouth.

"Mm hm."

"*That's* what was so important? Chapstick?" He continued to move in closer to me, and I could feel the heat from his body coming off of him in waves.

"Definitely. I was really worried that I had lost it; this is a limited time only holiday flavor, I'll have you know."

"Oh, is that so?" he smiled, caging me in with his arms braced against the roof of the car. His face was only inches away from mine.

"Yep," I nodded innocently.

My head was beginning to swim from his proximity. I could smell the faintest hint of his cologne, just enough to make me drool, and if I stared at the column of his

throat long enough I could see his pulse pounding in time with the beating of my heart.

"Man, if only this car could talk," I chuckled nervously as I tapped the door of the Volvo behind me, suddenly feeling the urge to change the subject. I had to look away... had to speak... anything to keep from completely losing my sanity to a haze of lust.

"Care to jump in the backseat for old times sake?" he smirked.

Oh god... that was totally the wrong direction to take, Bella.

"I don't... don't really think that's a good idea right now, do you? Anybody could find us." I was swallowing quickly, my breath coming in shorter pants as he leaned the full weight of his body against me, pressing his arousal firmly into the groove of my hip.

"Bella?" he whispered.

"Mm?" I whimpered, past coherent words.

"What flavor is it?" His sweet breath was flowing over my lips, nearly causing my eyes to roll back in my head.

"Huh?"

"The chapstick. What flavor is it?" He never took his eyes from my lips as he spoke.

"Guess," I gasped, grabbing the back of his head roughly and pulling him forward the last few vital inches until his mouth was covering mine.

He groaned loudly, and I eagerly swallowed every sound. Our tongues swirled together, circling each other in a delicious back and forth motion. Our various moans and whimpers made me long for the closest bed available and soundproof walls.

I squeezed huge fistfuls of Edward's hair as I held him to me in a death grip, rubbing the front of my body against his now straining erection. His own hands had just gripped me around the waist when a voice at the door made us jump.

"Jesus Christ, get a room, you two!"

"Emmett," Edward groaned, dropping his forehead onto mine and sighing loudly before he turned to face his brother. "We keep *trying*, dammit! You guys keep interrupting us."

"Man, you get whiny when you're horny," he teased.

"No, I get whiny when I keep getting blue balls, thank you very much."

"Well, I promise not to bother you any more later on, but for now you need to get your ass outside before I drag you out there. This is *my* year to defeat you in the snowman contest, and I'll be damned if I win by default because you were too busy playing grab-ass." He turned and walked away, leaving as silently as he'd appeared.

Edward took a deep breath and kissed me quickly. "I'm sorry. I don't know why we can't get five fucking minutes alone together today." He went back to the storage cabinet and grabbed the box of ornaments, checking to make sure I was following him as he headed back into the house.

"I can't believe you guys still take building snowmen so seriously," I laughed.

"Well, it used to be my favorite tradition every year," he said, leaning against the door frame to smile down at me. "But right now it's really pissing me off. Stupid cock-blocking snowman," he muttered.

"Oh, come on, grouchy. Don't let our hormones ruin the holiday for you. Let's go."

"Alright," he exhaled. "Hey Bella?"

"Yeah?"

"Sugar Cookies."

"What about them?"

"That's the flavor of your chapstick... Sugar Cookies." He smiled wickedly as he licked his lips, savoring the remnants of my taste on his mouth.

"Damn, baby... you're good."

- S L C -

The evening continued that way; with Edward and me exchanging longing looks

and getting constant interruptions. After we came inside from the snowman contest, during which Carlisle judged Rosalie the winner, much to Emmett's dismay, we all showered and changed for dinner. Edward was waiting at the bottom of the stairs when I descended with Alice, dressed in one of her soft white sweaters that hugged my curves in all the right places, and a tight, black pencil skirt.

"You look amazing," he breathed as he pulled me to him in the empty hallway, resting his hands on the small of my back.

"You're quite a looker, yourself," I teased, gazing down at him in a charcoal gray sweater and dark slacks.

We had just begun to lean in closer to one another, aching for one more kiss before dinner, when we heard Jasper clear his throat behind us. Edward's eyes squeezed shut in frustration as I shook my head and shrugged, and then led him into the dining room for dinner.

Through the meal, we kept sneaking looks at one another, catching each other's eye, exchanging a wink here, a blushing smile there. By the time dinner ended and we were all ushered into the living room by Esme, I was ready to straddle him on the couch then and there - family be damned.

Carlisle threw another log in the fireplace and Esme handed everyone a special ornament to add to the tree. Rose cooed over the popsicle stick frame painted in red and green that Emmett had made in Kindergarten, and I could feel my heart swelling with love when I held the tiny little Rudolph ornament that Edward had made out of clothespins in the third grade.

Alice handed me a candy cane as each family member was allowed to open one gift. I pulled back the plastic, holding the peppermint treat by the curved bottom. My eyes flickered over to Edward on the couch across from me and I slipped it between my lips.

His gaze was trained on my mouth as I sucked on just the tip of the red and white candy, slowly pushing it into my mouth and hollowing out my cheeks. Edward's expression was bordering on anguish as he watched me sliding it in and out of my mouth, and I could see him shift uncomfortably as I darted my tongue out to lick it.

His teeth sank into his lower lip and his eyelashes fluttered, his knuckles turning white in tight fists in his lap. Edward loved my mouth, even begged for it at times, and I knew I was getting him very riled up with what I was doing, but I think he deserved it considering all those racy texts he'd sent me!

A hard jab to my rib cage came from Alice and I realized Esme had been calling Edward's name, telling him it was his turn to pick a gift. I tried to stifle a giggle when I noticed just how incapable of standing up he was at that moment, and suggested I get my present first. He glared at me as I walked past him, rubbing his face roughly with his hands.

When everyone had received a present, Carlisle said we'd all better get off to bed.

"I expect you to all be good boys and girls," he warned playfully, wrapping his arm around Esme as we all stood to leave. "If not, Santa might forget to bring a gift for you."

Alice rolled her eyes and Emmett shook his head while Edward came up beside me.

"There's only one thing that I want for Christmas, and that's your hot, wet-"

I reached around behind me to smack him lightly on the back of the head before he could finish his sentence and smiled sweetly at his parents, thanking them once again for having me and wishing them goodnight.

We all clamored up the stairs, Edward with a pout on his face as he paused in the hallway.

Emmett followed Rose quickly into the guest bedroom; since they were engaged, Carlisle and Esme didn't mind them sleeping together, especially since Emmett's old bedroom had been converted into a design room for Esme.

"Too bad for you, suckaaaaas!" Emmett teased, giving Edward a playful slap on the back before closing the door. Through the wall, we quickly heard the rustling of clothing and Emmett murmuring, "Mmm... gonna find out if you're naughty or nice..."

Edward took my hand and gazed at me hungrily, his eyes darting toward the steps and his parents' impending arrival.

"Don't worry," I said soothingly. "I'll see you in a little while."

His nostrils flared with a tense exhale. "As soon as possible," he hissed through gritted teeth before releasing my hand and stomping off toward his own bedroom with Jasper.

"I don't think reindeer will be to blame for the clatter we hear tonight," Alice joked as we stepped into her room.

A little while later, after we'd heard Carlisle and Esme come upstairs and shut their bedroom door, Operation Christmas Switcharoo commenced. Alice texted Jasper, telling him to get his ass into her room. I planned on sneaking out as soon as he was there, but as we heard Edward's door move, another one in the hallway creaked open as well.

"Jasper!" We heard Carlisle announce. "You're not asleep yet? Is there something you need?"

"Uhh, yeah..." Jasper stammered. "I, uh, needed some more toothpaste."

Alice groaned at the lie and I imagined Edward's disappointment at Jasper returning with a tube of Wint-o-green Crest.

When it seemed like the coast was clear, I made the effort to slip into the hall, but when I did, Esme suddenly popped her head out of her room.

"Bella, dear, is everything all right? You should be fast asleep by now!"

"Oh! I um...I needed a pillow. I forgot mine at home."

I cursed under my breath and turned over my shoulder to see Edward peeking out through a crack between the door and the wall, his eyes pleading. I shrugged and accepted the pillow, returning reluctantly to Alice's room.

"They're fucking with us!" she whispered as I closed the door behind me. "I will *not* allow Emmett to be the only Cullen kid that gets laid this Christmas!"

She angrily banged out a text, demanding that Jasper hurry over right away, figuring the odds were decent that neither of her parents would reappear so quickly. When he suddenly slipped in the room, Alice whispered a hushed, "Go! Go!" at me, shooing me out of the room.

I thought I was safely tiptoeing down the hallway when I heard the master bedroom door open again. Terrified of being caught this close to Edward's door, I jumped into the guest bathroom, holding my breath, silently hiding in the dark.

"These kids," Carlisle said. "How many times have they tried to do this?"

I heard the sound of fabric tugging along the floor and I realized they must have been bringing presents downstairs to the tree.

"Well, what kind of parents would we be if we didn't at least *try* to stop them?" Esme asked.

They both laughed and I heard them reach the first step before they paused again. "Oh and by the way," Esme said, her voice suddenly seductive. "Do you think you could still keep that Santa hat on after we get back to bed?"

Wow, Esme's a freaky one!

"Only if you promise to sit on my lap and tell me what you *really* want, little girl."

Damn Carlisle, I didn't think you had it in you!

I heard the distinct sound of kissing followed by a quiet moan. Then their playful laughter and whispers followed them down the stairs.

I had just started breathing normally again when the bathroom door burst open. I nearly screamed, but Edward clamped his hand over my mouth and stared me in the eye.

"*Shh...* Don't make a sound," he whispered. His voice dropped another octave, husky and seductive, down to the level I referred to as his 'fuck voice'. "You're all mine now," he growled, leaning down and throwing me over his shoulder.

Normally, I would've been kicking and squealing the entire way to his bedroom as he carried me, but he knew he had me at a disadvantage, not wanting to alert his parents to our activities. As soon as the door was closed behind us, he tossed me onto his bed, ignoring the loud squeaking of the springs as he fell on top of me.

"Mine!" he grunted into my skin as he bit and licked at my neck.

"Yes," I gasped, my breath already stolen from me by my beautiful lover. "Yes... I'm yours. All yours."

I threw my arms around him, pulling him to me as I wrapped my legs around his waist. I could already feel him, hard and straining, as he ground his hips into mine. We both had to bite back our moans at the contact, the delicious friction threatening to drive us insane before he ever found his way inside me.

"Bella," he half panted, half groaned when I slid my hands down to grip his ass, pulling him into me more firmly. His words became stunted and frantic. "Need... I need... so much it hurts!"

I yanked and pulled at his t-shirt, causing him to whine when he had to pull away from me long enough to lift it over his head. He made good use of his time, however, treating my own nightgown to the same roughness.

When my breasts were finally exposed to him, I honestly thought he might start weeping.

"*Fuck... I missed you!*" he moaned in between licking and sucking my taut peaks. "I missed *these*, too! Did they miss me?"

"*Yes*, they missed you. Almost as much as I did," I giggled, drunk on the smell of him.

I felt as his long fingers gripped the edges of my red lace panties. "Are you terribly attached to this pair?" he whispered, a wild look in his eye.

"It's Christmas, baby," I smiled up at him. "Unwrap your present."

A loud snarl ripped through the darkness as he tore at the fragile lace, ripping them from my body and tossing them somewhere in the distance.

"Oh, god!" he whimpered, staring at my exposed flesh.

"What's wrong?"

"It's just... I just... I wanna eat your sweet pussy so *bad* right now!" he nearly cried. "But I'm afraid I'm going to explode the second I taste you."

"Edward," I groaned. "You can go down on me all night long for all I care, but if you don't fuck me right now I might kill you."

"Duly noted," he chuckled, kicking off his pajama pants.

I barely had the chance to to get a peek of his glorious erection as it bounced in front of me before he was covering me with his firm body. I welcomed him eagerly, wrapping myself around him until I didn't know where I ended and he began.

I felt the broad tip of his arousal nudging at my entrance briefly, so I shifted my

hips just enough to improve our angle. After that, it only took one forceful thrust before he was sliding inside me to the hilt.

"Fuck!" I hissed through his strained moan. At the first heavy drag and pull of his thick shaft inside me, I felt tears pooling in the corners of my eyes. "Oh my god... I can't believe I've made it this long without your cock!"

"Jesus, Bella," he gritted through his teeth, large veins standing out on his neck from his restraint. "Do you *want* me to come already?"

"Sorry," I laughed, giddy with the feeling of finally being joined with him again. He pulled himself all the way back, almost leaving me completely, before slamming back inside me so hard that the bed rocked into the wall. "Yessss," I moaned, before realizing how much noise we were making. "Edward! Careful... your parents!"

"I don't give a shit!" he cried into my neck, pounding himself harder and harder inside me. "They could walk in here right now and start taking pictures, for all I care. I'm not stopping."

I tried to brace my hand against the wall to keep the bed from rocking so hard, but the things he was doing to my body were more than distracting. *Fuck it. If he doesn't care, then I don't either!*

"So... fucking... *tight*," he grunted as he began to speed up. "So wet for me."

I felt myself beginning to clench around him; each thrust bringing me closer to heaven.

"Oh god, Edward... I'm so close!"

I felt him slide his hand between us, slipping his long fingers inside my moist folds until he was rubbing my clit in tight circles. The added friction was making me see stars, and it only took about two more strong thrusts before I was careening over the edge.

My inner muscles clamped down on him at the exact same moment that my teeth bit into his shoulder to stifle my scream of ecstasy.

"That's it, baby... come for me. Come all over me. *Fuck*, I can feel you!" Edward threw his head back and groaned again, spilling himself deep inside me as he pistoned his hips frantically.

When we had both come back down to earth, he collapsed on me heavily with a loud sigh. Once we finally caught our breath, we rolled over just enough so that I could sprawl out on his bare chest.

After a few minutes of sleepy silence and a few hundred lazy kisses to his delicious skin, I yawned and began to snuggle against him.

"Bella?"

"Mmm hmm?" I mumbled sleepily.

"You're not getting tired on me yet, are you?"

I peeked open one eye. "Yeah...why?"

He gave me a mischievous smile. "Because I'm not *nearly* done with you yet."

I groaned happily as Edward began to make his way down my body, kissing my skin as he moved.

When he'd settled his face between my thighs, he winked at me and said, "But I heard her cry out as I licked her just right, Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

**Thanks so much to Kyla713 for pre-reading. Don't forget to vote!
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