

The background of the image is a close-up, slightly blurred photograph of a book's spine and cover. The spine is on the left, showing a textured, possibly woven or knitted material in a light brown or tan color. The cover is on the right, appearing to be a smooth, light-colored material. A prominent horizontal band of solid blue color runs across the middle of the image, serving as a background for the title text.

# **It's Just Words**

## **Aylah50**

# Copyright Page

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# Summary

Thousands of miles apart, words brought them together. Through each other, they find inspiration, an answer to what was missing. Their unexpected bond will change them both, forever. Winner of "Best 1st Time" for the FTLOW contest.

# Chapter 1

**Thanks so much to loss4words for writing this collab with me, and to Kyla713, our fearless beta.**

**Thanks to the judges of the For the Love of Women Contest who awarded this story "The Best First Time!" To see our winning banner, and the fabulous banner made for this fic by Heatherdawn, check out my profile.**

**Warning: this fic is a femmeslash fic. That means girl on girl. There is \*NO\* Edward in this story. If that is not your cup of tea, then do not pass go, do not collect \$200 and stop reading now!**

**Twilight and all characters within belong to Stephenie Meyer.**

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It's just words, they say.

*Who could it hurt?*

*It's just words*

*that are written,*

*and spoken*

*turning us into*

*so much more.*

**VPOV**

"Where's my damn coffee, Victoria?"

My heart lurched into my throat as my boss, Aro Volturi, growled at me from his office. He was a total beast without caffeine. It didn't help things that I'd been late again to work this morning, all because my fiancé, Jake, was completely incapable of finding his cell phone without my help.

"I've got it right here!" I hurried into his office, a tray of Starbucks balanced in my

hand. He calmed down after a few sips, and once we'd gone over his schedule for the day, I walked back to my desk. Hanging up my coat and pulling my winter cap off my head, I shook out my fire-red ringlets and took a deep breath.

*What am I **doing** with my life?*

For the longest time, I'd wanted to be an author. I'd been writing since I was a child, filling up marble notebooks with stories of princesses and unicorns. I'd gotten a degree in Creative Writing, but by age twenty-seven, the only job I'd managed to find in my field was an Executive Assistant. And I'd been in that job for far too long.

I'd spent four years working for Mr. Volturi, president of Eclipse Publishing. In that time, I'd been mostly photocopying and setting up appointments, watching other aspiring authors get their work published, while my unfinished manuscripts gathered dust on my home computer.

I hadn't written anything decent in years.

It wasn't as if I hadn't tried, but the words always seemed to taunt me, just outside of my grasp. Like an unhappy muse, inspiration seemed to have abandoned me. It felt as if everything in my life, my job, my friends, even my fiancé, all left me with a lingering sense of dissatisfaction.

Jake wasn't a bad guy; he was gentle, sweet and intelligent. He'd been everything I'd thought I wanted, and when he proposed last year, I felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

Lately, however, he'd just been pissing me off; one day especially. We always took the subway downtown together, but he was so damn slow in the morning. When I saw my usual train blow past, I'd glared at him, and the puppy-dog look that once had melted my heart, only annoyed me even more.

For months, I had been wanting...more...but what that *more* was, I hadn't been able to figure out. Jake was eager, tender, but every time we had sex, which had lessened in frequency, I found myself still hungry, craving something elusive and intangible.

Something was missing.

Warming my hands from the January chill, I turned on my computer, opened my email, and was instantly reminded of what had been filling that empty place inside of me; the person whose words and face had been captivating me, capturing my

fantasies and taking hostage my dreams.

That person was Isabella Swan.

In the few short weeks I'd known her, she'd consumed nearly every waking thought. At first, I'd thought it was a simple 'girl crush'; the thrill of clicking with someone new. But as our connection grew, I looked forward to talking to her more and more, my stomach fluttering in anticipation whenever her name popped into my inbox. It had seemed innocent enough...in the beginning.

I had always considered myself straight and had only ever dated men. Hell, I was engaged to one. But there had been times, when getting myself off, that images of Jake, or any guy, just wouldn't cut it, and I would fantasize how it would be with a woman. I'd imagine soft lips against mine, my fingers tangling in long hair, the skillful fingers of another woman stroking my clit as she would her own, and the erotic thoughts would always push me over the edge.

I'd always shrugged the fantasies off, not giving them a second thought. I'd never told Jake, or anyone else for that matter, about my hidden desires. I never fantasized about anyone I actually knew, so what was the big deal?

But that wasn't the case anymore. Now my daydreams were filled with the images of one particular person: her soft curves, creamy white skin and mahogany hair. And I was powerless to stop it.

I'd first talked to Bella on a Thursday, three weeks back. I didn't know then that it would become the day changed my life.

Beforehand, I had looked forward to Thursday nights simply for the peace and quiet I got during Jake's poker night with the boys. I usually spent them staring at a blank page on my laptop, trying to write something decent. But now, Thursdays held an entirely different meaning; they were the nights I talked to *her*.

We'd "met" online of all places, both having volunteered in an internet-based fiction writing program. It had been my new year's resolution several days before to do something more with my writing, and found the course on Google. There were three other girls in our group, including Angela, whose manuscript we'd be working on. It would last for ten weeks, and during that time, we would go through all the chapters of her story, critiquing and supplying feedback.

"It's about time you actually did something with writing!" Jake said encouragingly when I'd told him about my application. While I'd insisted that I was just a

participant in assisting another aspiring author, , Jake was excited for me nonetheless, and thought it might catapult me into finally finishing something of my own.

Sipping my coffee, I opened my email from Alice Cullen, our group moderator, reminding everyone about that night's meeting. I sat back in my chair and thought back to our group's first chat. From the very beginning, Bella had intrigued me.

We'd all introduced ourselves in the voice-chat we'd logged into. *Shopaholic29* was Alice, from California with aspirations of working at a fashion magazine. *Lovetowrite* was our author, a soft-spoken girl from Boston. *Garagewhore00* was Rose, a Texan who fixed up cars, and an avid reader of romance novels.

They all seemed nice enough, but when *Belladonna86* introduced herself, my whole body seemed to react.

"Hi, I'm Bella. I'm from Forks, Washington. I'm a medical transcriptionist. I haven't written anything that's been published before, but...I like to write poetry."

I cocked my head to the side, listening intently as she spoke. Her voice was deeper than the rest of ours, quiet, calm and it slid through the air like molten chocolate. I shivered slightly at sound of it, soft, husky and delicious, and I found myself craving more.

But, it was my turn to talk

"Hey," I'd said. "I'm Victoria, from New York. I'm an assistant at Eclipse Publishing." They all sounded impressed, so I quickly assured them that getting coffee in the publishing world was not nearly as glamorous as it seemed.

They all laughed, and then Alice got the meeting started, sending us all a link to the outline. I listened as she gave each of us instructions for our responsibilities within the group. I would be mostly editing for grammar, while the others would be reading for dialog, characterization and consistency.

Bella didn't speak much throughout the meeting, but every time she did, I found myself leaning toward my computer speakers to hear her. Her laugh was husky, sexy, but I couldn't help but notice that there seemed to be a sad lilt lacing her words, and I wanted to know why.

And I couldn't understand my distress when she'd had to log off to attend to her crying son. She had a child? Was she married? I found myself strangely irked by her

having to leave the meeting early, and confused by my disappointment as well. I barely knew her! I brushed it off, attempting to follow the rest of the meeting.

I'd sent out an email the following day, telling all the girls how much I was looking forward to working with them. Bella had replied with a similarly enthusiastic response, and it set off a round of emails back and forth, talking about our mutual connections to writing.

We started talking nearly every day, my inbox filling up with emails from her, and I began to look forward to each and every one of our conversations. Our connection was easy, comfortable, as we began to open up, telling each other more about our lives, just as any other friends would.

But there was something more there I couldn't deny, a spark that woke something inside me, because throughout each night and into my dreams, Bella's voice lingered there, haunting me.

## ***BPOV***

*I want Matty this weekend.*

I growled as I read the text message on my phone. It was from Mike, my soon-to-be ex-husband of six years, and father to our two-year-old son, Matty.

Three months ago, Mike decided that our marriage was not the right path for him. Where I was once the apple of his eye, I'd suddenly become more like an eyesore to him. Now we were separated and on the path to divorce.

I'd met Mike my senior year of college. He was sweet, charming and swept me off my feet. Our relationship was great in the beginning. We had fun together and balanced each other well; he was silly and outgoing while I was quiet, introverted. My father, the police chief, was not at all impressed with our decision to elope after eleven months of dating, but quickly overlooked it when they discovered they rooted for many of the same sports teams.

*Not a chance, Mike. It's my weekend with him and we're seeing my dad.*

I angrily typed out my response to him and stood, jostling the pile of transcripts I was working on. Matty was at day care, and I needed that quiet time to get some work done, but Mike just infuriated me so much, I couldn't concentrate.

I could feel the anger stewing inside of me. Why the hell had he suddenly decided

he wanted to see his son now? Matty had been asking about his daddy a lot; the bastard had only visited once a month lately, which hadn't been fair to our son. Matty was innocent in all of this, but Mike was punishing him right along with me.

In our fourth year of marriage, Mike's behavior had become suspicious, getting secretive over things like his phone and computer. Previously, he couldn't have cared less if I read his texts or emails, but he began to get very protective over them, hiding things from me. I really should have paid attention to that, but I didn't want to see it; I didn't want to know.

Then one day, I found out that Mike had been cheating on me.

Then one day, I decided that I needed to know what was going on. I followed Mike to a "meeting" and watched as he stopped at the local diner. Once inside, I saw him wrapping his arm around Jessica Stanely, a skanky wench he'd gone to high school with.

The really stupid thing was that it took me another two weeks to finally confront him about it. It resulted in a huge fight, that thankfully, Matty had been sound asleep through. I screamed and cried while Mike yelled and laughed at me, then walked out the door.

When he left, I didn't exactly feel better. I felt cornered, as if my life was total chaos, but mostly, I worried about how it would affect our son. Once Mike came by with his idiot friend, Tyler, to collect his things, it hit me that I was really alone. For a few months, I felt as if I barely existed.

But finally, something snapped inside of me. As though I had a rubber band pinging around inside of my head, thinking up all of the different ways I could live my life...as I chose. Mike had been gone long enough that everything in our home had become less jaded by him every day. I woke up one morning and the sun was shining in through the windows, and I realized what kind of a fog I'd been living in. And I was *pissed*.

Doing my best to see through my anger, I pulled out one of my journals and just began to write. I'd enjoyed writing poetry for as long as I could remember, but when I met Mike, I just stopped. Every once in a while, I would be hit with inspiration of some kind, but never wrote it down, thinking he wouldn't understand that side of me.

I sat for hours, filling the pages with words that had pent up for so long. Some came out angry, hateful, while others were loving, or sad. I purged, and when I was

finally empty, I discovered that I wanted to write more. That's when I pulled out my laptop and started looking around online. I needed an outlet, a support group, finally finding an internet-based writing program.

And that's when I'd met Victoria.

Not wanting to risk Mike attempting to pick Matty up from daycare, I decided to head over there early. I would need to get dinner ready ahead of time anyway, since tonight was Thursday: meeting night.

As I drove, I thought about my new friend, Victoria. From the very first meeting, she seemed like a bit of a fireball, which I had to admit, I liked. We'd progressed several chapters into Angela's manuscript, and as a result, the five of us had gotten to know each other pretty well. As much as you can get to know people over the internet, anyway. Victoria and I had exchanged email addresses, and our conversations had grown quite frequent.

I'd really enjoyed talking to her, practically beaming when I saw her name in my inbox. We had so much in common; music, movies, books we liked. Some nights, we chatted for hours. In a few short weeks, I'd grown even closer to her than I was with some of my real-life girlfriends. We'd become friends on Facebook, and I couldn't deny the strange sense of trepidation and excitement I felt when I had first checked out Victoria's profile.

As much as I didn't want to admit it, I couldn't get her out of my head.

As I drove, flashes of photos I'd seen of Victoria floated through my mind. Like a boat with no oars, the pictures slowly moved across my mental field of vision, allowing me a great deal of time to concentrate on them...on *her*.

For as long I had been with Mike, our sex life had lacked something. He was boring in the sack, and when I was unable to get there from the sex alone, I found that imagining myself with other people often helped me come. I had to admit that, often times, they tended to be women.

And in the recent weeks, every time I succumbed to my fantasies, pulling my vibrator from my drawer, it was a specific redhead with light freckles brushed upon her nose and cheeks that came to mind.

Squirming in the driver's seat, I squeezed my legs together to relieve some of the exquisite ache. I had no idea what to make of my thoughts, and to be honest, they made me a little uneasy. Still, butterflies fluttered in my stomach when I

remembered we had our meeting that night.

Pulling into the parking lot of the daycare, I hurried inside to pick up Matty. He ran to me when he saw me, throwing his tiny arms around my neck. When I picked him up, he let out a deep yawn. He hadn't been sleeping well since Mike left, waking up several times during the night.

He was out cold within minutes, and with his perfect face in my rear-view mirror, I quickly drove us home.

## **VPOV**

That evening, I got an email from Bella telling me she'd be running late for our meeting. Her dirt-bag ex was being a real shit about their impending custody agreement, and she had some calls to make before she could get online.

In the passing weeks, she had told me all about her son, showing me photos of him on Facebook. The first one I saw almost took my breath away, but not because of the newborn she was cradling.

Bella was incredibly beautiful.

Her eyes were not looking back at the camera, but instead, gazing down lovingly at her son. Her face was heart-shaped, her ivory skin smooth like porcelain. The softest blush colored her cheeks, matched by the tulip-pink of her rosebud lips. Thick, dark eyelashes hid her downcast eyes, and her mahogany hair fell around her face and shoulders in a dark halo.

I had scrolled through other pictures from birthday parties and family events. In many, Bella was staring back at the camera with a serious expression, her eyes a warm brown. A few, however, caught a genuine laugh: her head tilted back, her eyes sparkling with joy. Matty was always in those shots, anyone could see how happy he made her, that he was her entire world

With an hour left before our eight o'clock meeting, I sat at my kitchen table with my laptop in front of me, my gaze fixed on the screen. I'd run short on time that week and was scrambling to finish Angela's latest chapter.

"Be back soon, babe!" Jake swooped in to kiss my cheek as he headed out. I grunted an answer to him, barely aware of his presence, as I was completely engrossed in the story. In that chapter, Angela's main character was contemplating responding to another woman's advances, even though up to that point, she'd

considered herself straight.

*Well, if that ain't art imitating life.*

The skin on my arms rose up into gooseflesh as the fictional protagonist was seduced, and I found myself squirming in my chair. When I reached the end of the chapter, the two women shared a passionate kiss and I sat back, closing my eyes as my nipples grew taut. I groaned, squeezing my legs tight around the ache that lingered between my thighs.

When it was time to log on for the meeting, I joined the group as we delved into the chapter. We ruminated for a while over whether it was a realistic move for the character to take, everyone giving their thoughts on the feasibility of it. We were halfway through the meeting when Bella finally signed online, and I excitedly messaged her in a separate window.

*VictoriassecretNYC: Hey there! Glad you made it!*

*Belladonna81: Hi! What did I miss?*

While the two of us typed, Bella entered the group chat, making her apologies for being late. The discussion continued, everyone's voices fading into the background as Bella and I resumed our private conversation.

*VictoriassecretNYC: We've been going over *\*the\** kiss.*

*Belladonna81: LOL! What does everyone think about it?*

*VictoriassecretNYC: Well, you know - we have to spend **ages** dissecting the character and her motivations first, but everyone seems to like it. What did you think?*

*Belladonna81: Well...I thought it was pretty hot! *\*blush\***

My fingers froze above my keyboard, and I blinked in surprise as I read her words. She thought it was hot? Did she mean that in the sense that it was sexy to read, or in the 'hot-damn-it-made-me-wet' sense?

*Belladonna81: I mean... everyone fantasizes about something like that at some point.*

I couldn't tell if she was back-pedaling, or hinting at something, but I *had* to find

out.

*VictoriassecretNYC: Have **you** fantasized about it?*

It felt so bold to ask this question of someone whom I hadn't known for long, but I needed to know. As I waited eagerly for her reply, my face flushed red and I thanked God she couldn't see me.

*Belladonna81: Yes. \*blush\* You?*

Bella sure seemed to blush a lot online; I wondered how much she actually blushed in person. I closed my eyes for a moment and pictured Bella, a soft flush coloring her smooth skin.

*VictoriassecretNYC: Yeah, I've wondered what it would be like, you know?*

*Belladonna81: Oh, yeah, definitely.*

*VictoriassecretNYC: I've **never** admitted that to anyone before!*

*Belladonna81: Me neither!*

My heart raced with these small admissions. As the meeting carried on, Bella and I didn't speak much, except for the occasional necessary response. My body felt tingly and alive as we talked about the things we'd always been curious about. It felt liberating...and incredibly exciting.

By the time the meeting started winding down, I was beyond turned on. When we'd all disconnected from the voice chat, promising to email each other before the following week, Bella stayed online, lingering in our conversation.

*VictoriassecretNYC: Do you think you'd ever actually do that? You know...be with a woman?*

*Belladonna81: I don't know...maybe. If I were drunk enough! LOL!*

I giggled, already feeling drunk myself off our talk. I felt similar to when I met a new guy, to when I'd met Jake: all smiles and teeth sinking into lips. Before I could respond, Bella sent another message.

*Belladonna81: I have to go. Sorry! I have to make dinner.*

I glanced up at the clock - it was already nine-thirty in New York, but still early on the West Coast.

*VictoriasscretNYC: \*Pout\* Stupid time zones.*

*Belladonna81: I know. Talk to you soon?*

*VictoriasscretNYC: Hope so!*

We said goodnight and I found myself staring at a blank computer screen, Bella's words rolling through my mind. Knowing that I still had some time before Jake got home, I wandered into the bedroom.

Settling down on the comforter, I closed my eyes again, images of Bella immediately consuming me. As I pictured her long, dark hair splaying over her shoulders, her intense eyes gazing at me lustfully, I slid my hand under the seam of my sweats and into my panties, aching for release

I stroked my smooth lips, and when I gently parted my folds, I gasped - my body immediately responding and arching at my own touch. I couldn't believe how wet I already was; it took me ages to get this way with Jake.

As I began rubbing my clit, alternating between languid circles and brisk strokes, I let one of my fantasies take over, except this time, the faceless girl caressing me was Bella. Her soft, husky voice was whispering in my ear, her perfect skin flushed and naked next to mine. I rubbed myself faster as fantasy Bella worked me harder, and slid my other hand in my panties to push a finger, then two, inside me.

In my mind, she would know just where to touch; how hard and fast, when to pick up speed, and when to stay-right-fucking-there-because-oh-my-god-I'm-so-fucking-close. I imagined Bella's breath hot against my neck, urging me to come for her, and I crashed over the edge, crying out and shaking from the force of my orgasm.

I stared up at the ceiling as my breathing came down, unsure of what this new development meant. I'd never actually thought about anyone *real* before. Could I possibly contemplate the fact that I truly wanted to *do* this?

*Do I **dare** tell Bella about this?*

Suddenly hearing a key in the lock at the door, I jumped up quickly, shame rushing through me as I heard Jake calling out my name.

## ***BPOV***

I leapt out of the computer chair as if it was on fire. My heart thumped away in my chest as I thought about the last few lines of my conversation with Victoria.

*What am I doing? Have I really just admitted those things to someone I barely know?*

I glanced over at Matty, content with a full belly, playing with his Legos on the living room floor. I had lied when I said I had to go make dinner, making up the first excuse I could think of. We'd eaten already before my meeting. I felt like an asshole for lying, but I just had to step back, afraid of what else I would've said.

I spent the rest of the evening playing with Matty, while in the back of my mind, I kept replaying the chat with Victoria. Our conversation haunted me, but I couldn't deny how it made me feel. My entire body warmed and I couldn't deny the tightness between my legs that was dying to be relieved. Guilt then rushed through me, because my son was sitting three fucking feet from me and I was fantasizing about being with a woman.

Once Matty was down for the night, I wandered through the house, feeling a bit like a caged animal. The computer felt like a huge presence in the room, as if I were battling against it. I needed to relax; I was so pent up with anxiety, and the best thing for me to do when I got like that was to write.

I poured a glass of wine, grabbed my favorite pen and notebook, and went into the bathroom. I pinned all of my hair up on top of my head, and, with my bathtub caddy in place, I settled into the almost painfully hot water. It felt good on my limbs and I felt myself minimally relax.

As I closed my eyes, Victoria's face once again floated into my mind. It was all I could do to write the words fast enough as they quickly filtered into my brain. There was no thought behind it; they just came to me as I pictured her hair, eyes, and lips.

My hand flew across the page, a poem forming itself before my eyes. The words were all about her; she was a fresh rain, washing away all the grime after a long winter. She was the sun rising up in the morning, warming the earth and urging a new day. She was Victoria; she was beautiful, and I wanted her. I wanted to devour her.

When it was finished, my heart thudded in my chest at a rapid pace and I couldn't ignore the tingling I felt between my legs. I pushed the caddy toward the end of the

tub and lowered myself further into the bath. Fingers found nipples that, in the heat of the water, should have been soft, but were hard. My thumb brushed over the pebbled roundness, teasing and I sucked in a breath. It was her thumb, not mine; she did this to me. I swirled my fingers round and round, then trailed them down my sides and into the water.

I pictured her in the shower, wondered what she would look like wet with her long red hair slick and sticking to her peaches and cream skin. I thought of the way her mouth would taste as I stroked my inner thigh. Our tongues would mingle and she would let out a moan.

I groaned out loud, but didn't care. I wanted this, wanted her. My fingers caressed my aching lips, and in my mind, it was our bodies coming together, rubbing against one another as my fingers finally moved inside of me. Her fingers, her hands; I pictured them all over me. I thought about touching her, sucking her nipple into my mouth. I wanted to elicit moans of pleasure from her, claim them; claim *her*. I wanted her to claim me and, in that moment, I wasn't fucking ashamed of it.

Nothing had ever felt so right.

My fingers drove in and out of me furiously, rubbing at my clit over and over. Her name started to form, a whisper from my lips. "Victoria, Victoria. Oh, Victoria!"

My orgasm burst from me, like a prisoner seeing the sun the first time after release. It was all full of bright light and heavy panting, my body shuddering over and over again. When all of the sensations had finally subsided, I thought about what I'd just done.

And I started to panic.

It was one thing to fantasize over something like that, but it was another thing entirely to want to do it. And realizing just how much I wanted it scared the shit out of me.

If Mike ever found out, I knew that he'd try his hardest to take Matty from me. The vile comments that would spill from his mouth were beyond predictable and I couldn't put myself or Matty through that.

As much as I'd wanted to, I didn't turn on the computer that night or the following. Over the next several days, I avoided it like The Plague. I did my work, read with Matty; whatever it took to ignore the stupid thing. I couldn't begin to think about what could be said if I just emailed her. Jesus, I wanted to email her; she was

tormenting my mind, but in the most delicious ways.

After several days of avoidance, it was time to delve into Angela's next chapter. As I read, I couldn't deny the similarities of my life to Angela's characters. She'd made a decision, decided to go with it. Why couldn't I just do the same?

After I finished reading, without really focusing on what I was doing, I opened my Gmail account. I had two emails from Victoria, and for a long time, I did nothing - simply stared at her name in my inbox. If I clicked on her messages, what did that mean? Did I want to know what she was saying, and whether or not it would be in regards to our last conversation?

Did I *want* it to be about that?

I thought back to it, and how her talking about being with another woman made me feel. A shiver went down my spine at the thought, my hips shifting against my chair. As my fingers hovered over my mouse, positioning the cursor over Victoria's email, I finally decided to let the consequences be damned, and fell down the rabbit hole after her.

## **VPOV**

Bella hadn't answered me in a week. She hadn't been online either; not a breath of contact since we'd both admitted that we were...curious. I felt so stupid for mentioning anything; she probably thought I was a complete freak and didn't even want to hear from me.

Of course, I hadn't emailed her anything about *that*. They were the usual emails I'd sent countless times over the past five weeks we'd known one another: how was work, were Matty's sleepless nights getting any better, etc. I didn't mention Angela's last chapter, nor did I dare bring up our ... discussion.

And I had no intention of telling Bella what I'd done afterwards. If her silence had been any indication of her feelings, I was certain she regretted saying anything at all.

Jake had noticed a change in my demeanor over the week as well. He'd massaged my shoulders one night in bed, asking if I wanted him to stay home from poker night that Thursday to spend more time together.

I'd blurted out a quick, "No!" and literally felt him wince at my reply. Quickly apologizing, I'd told him I was okay; that things were rough at work and it would be

fine for him to go out.

I had also avoided reading Angela's latest chapter, hoping that the protagonist would give me a break from my own worries. The character instead was relishing in her newly found discovery, and exploring a relationship with another woman. Reading it only served to make me regret my recent actions even more.

As I logged into the chat that Thursday night, a light reflected off my engagement ring. I stared at the diamond, the visual reminder of Jake's love for me, and guilt flooded through me at all my treacherous thoughts.

I took a deep breath, flicking on my microphone. Bella had already logged in, and I reminded myself that everything that had transpired were merely thoughts, nothing more. All I had to do was brush them aside, just as I always had. I did my best to sound cool and indifferent throughout the meeting, until suddenly a message from Bella popped up on my screen.

*Belladonna81: I wrote a poem. Well... started one anyway.*

I blinked at her words. An entire week of silence, and *this* was what she had to say to me? My face flushed hot with irrational anger, the embarrassment of being ignored too much to keep in. She probably only wanted me to read it for my professional opinion, anyway.

*VictoriasscretNYC: Cool. Congrats.*

*Belladonna81: Will you read it?*

I responded in the affirmative and my fingers tapped at my keyboard as I waited.

*Belladonna81: Here's what I have so far:*

*Breast,*

*upon breast.*

*Move, beneath me,*

*baby.*

*Whisper my name,*

*let your breath*

*dance*

*across my skin.*

*Feel you move,*

*against me,*

*rub.*

*Pant.*

*Lick where*

*I want you*

*to lick.*

*Flick.*

*Do that thing*

*with your tongue.*

*And whisper my name.*

I felt my cheeks burn as I read it, and the familiar ache between my legs began to throb. Her words, so seductive in nature, lit a fire in me, and I felt my breathing pick up. Had we been thinking the same things all along? As I let my eyes rake over the poem a second time, taking it in, Bella sent another message.

*Belladonna81: I had a lot to think about this week. I'm sorry I didn't answer you...I was a little freaked out.*

*VictoriassecretNYC: That's okay!*

*Belladonna81: I wanted to talk about what we-*

Her typing was cut off as Alice spoke up, wondering if we'd both lost our internet connections since we hadn't said anything in a while.

"Sorry! I'm here!" I squeaked out, flustered.

"I'm here, too," Bella replied. "I got...distracted." I couldn't help but chuckle at that, and we messaged each other again, agreeing to talk after the meeting was over. I didn't think I'd ever stared at a clock so hard, waiting for the minutes to pass.

When we'd finally finished discussing the chapter, Angela thanked us for all our hard work and everyone finally signed off. Bella and I opened our own chat, my heart racing at the thought of having her luscious voice all to myself.

"Hey," she said softly. "How are you?"

"Umm." I didn't know what to say. Laughing through my nerves, I replied. "I don't know!"

She chuckled in response. "Me neither. Did you like the poem?"

I swallowed thickly, my body coming alive again with the thoughts of her words. "Yeah, I did. I guess you're finding Angela's story...inspiring?"

"Well...not *just* Angela's story," she admitted. "This is so embarrassing...I...um... I can't believe I'm going to say this...out loud..." Bella stammered, and I heard her curse softly under her breath.

The words bubbled up out of me, and before she could continue, I blurted out, "I can't stop thinking about you."

There was a pause before Bella slowly murmured, "Neither can I." A shudder went through me and I closed my eyes, feeling my latent desires wash over me.

"That's why I didn't answer you this week. I needed to...figure this out," she continued. "I've never....I don't..." Bella spoke in half sentences, but it didn't matter; I understood perfectly.

"It's crazy, I know," I agreed. "We barely know each other, and we're on opposite sides of the country."

"But, maybe that's what makes it easier...you know...to admit it?"

"Oh yes. No one in real life to judge you..." I trailed off.

"Mmm-hmm," she replied, her voice taking that husky tone that had wrecked me

from the start. It was so warm and sultry; I wanted to drown in it. "No way to get caught..."

I gasped softly at her implication; were we about to do something we'd could get *caught* for? The idea was so hot and dangerous, and I couldn't help but say, "You're fucking beautiful, you know that?"

Embarrassed laughter ensued as she denied it. "I'm boring. I wish *I* had wild red hair...or a hot little body like yours."

I squirmed at her compliment and leaned closer to the mic, feeling my swollen clit brush against the seam of my jeans, affording me a small amount of relief. Biting my lip, I asked her, "What are we doing here?"

"I don't know."

We both paused, on the edge of a precipice, knowing there was no going back from there.

I took the first leap.

"Are you alone?" I whispered.

"Yes. Matty's at his father's."

With my pulse pounding, I finally said it. "I touched myself after we talked last week."

Bella let out a tiny whimper, and it spurred me on even more. "I thought about you, about kissing you, about your hands on me..." I involuntarily reached a hand up to caress my own neck and collarbone as I spoke.

"I thought about you, too." Bella's reply was breathless; excited.

I could taste the desperation in her voice, and I smiled as I huskily told her, "I've never cum so hard in my life."

"Oh fuck," she gasped, and I reveled in how my words were affecting her. My fingers trailed down my chest, my thumb brushing against my hardened nipple, before moving lower. I traced the seam of my jeans, pushing the fabric against my needy center.

"I want..." Bella murmured softly.

"What do you want?" I could tell she was holding back, but I wasn't going to let her. Even though there were thousands of smiles between us, I'd never been more turned on in my life, and there was no way I was stopping now. "You know what I want?"

"What's that?" I could hear her panting through the speakers.

Licking my lips and unzipping my jeans, my fingers meeting wet satin, I told her, "I want to hear you cum, Bella. I want you to cum with me."

"Oh...God," she moaned. Bella's voice was shaky, and I heard the sounds of fabric rustling. "I want that, too."

I didn't have to ask if she was touching herself; I could hear it in every delicious breath. Sliding my fingers into my panties, I let one of my fantasies take over. "I wish I could touch you," I gasped as I began stroking myself, imagining it was her slick skin I was caressing. "Watch your face, see your perfect skin flush, knowing it was from me."

"Yes! I want to taste your mouth, hear your noises... ohh...fuck!"

Her tiny mewls got louder, and I rubbed tight circles against my clit, not believing how quickly I was careening toward the edge. We mumbled our wants and needs between breathless gasps, and before I knew it, she was whimpering my name over and over again. Quiet shudders rushed through my speakers, her breathy voice sending a shockwave straight through me.

"Oh...fuck...Bella...ohh God!" My orgasm ripped through me, my own high-pitched moans and wails drowning out hers. When the delicious sensations subsided and our breathing came down, I squeezed my eyes shut, praying she wasn't regretting this already.

"You okay?" I asked her.

"Yeah..." She let out a tiny giggle, and I sighed, relieved.

"No freaking out on me again, okay?" Bella laughed as she assured me she wasn't, but then I heard a key at the door. "Shit, that's Jake. I've gotta go. Talk tomorrow?"

I felt torn; I wanted to talk to Bella so much more than I wanted to deal with Jake,

which was just so fucking wrong, but I couldn't help it.

"Sure. It's okay. Go." There seemed to be a smile in her voice as we hung up the call, and I zipped my pants quickly as Jake entered the kitchen.

"You look happier!" he noted, seeing my flushed cheeks. "See? I knew this writing group was going to be a good thing."

I winced, guilt replacing the elation I'd felt just moments before. *What the **hell** am I going to do now?*

## ***BPOV***

My relationship with Victoria grew a great deal in the next two weeks. We continued to text, email and chat, and I could feel myself coming out of the shell I'd been in for quite some time. Matty even told me that he liked my smile one night when we sat down to eat supper. It made me sad at first, thinking he'd seen my unhappiness through the front I'd put up. But, at the same time, he was beginning to see a new me, a better me, and that was good.

Something within me had definitely changed. Where once upon a time, I thought writer's block was something that stayed with a person most of the time, now my poetry was taking on a life of its own. I had to admit, a lot of them were dark, but they were intense emotions, and what better way to get it out than to write about it?

However, I was having a hard time finishing my poems. They would start out vibrant, but slowly taper off, leaving me frustrated and uncertain. Victoria continued to encourage me, urging me to work on one at a time. She was a huge influence on my poetry as well, I had to admit and I didn't feel one ounce of guilt for that.

The Friday before our last meeting, my phone beeped at me and I checked it, seeing an email from Victoria. I turned my computer on, since I had to work anyway, quickly opening Victoria's email. I knew that if I waited to check it until after I worked, I would just be distracted, too curious about it all day.

*Hey Sexy,*

*Can you call me tonight? I won't be online because Jake is backing up my hard drive. I hope you have a good day!*

*3 Victoria*

I thought about hearing her voice again; I was used to hearing it during our meetings, and, of course that *one* time. My body flushed all over as I remembered picturing her flaring red hair in my mind as I came with undeniably delicious force.

I clicked on the reply button:

*Hi Beautiful,*

*Will you still be awake by 8pm my time? I will need to get Matty to bed before I call. Let me know if that works.*

*Xoxo*

*Bella*

I got to work after replying, and just after lunchtime, my phone beeped with a text from Victoria. She said 8pm would be perfect, and that she couldn't wait to talk to me. I couldn't help wonder why it seemed that Victoria was always so eager to speak to me...and so often, but I shrugged it off.

That evening, I got Matty from the babysitter's early and spent a little bit of extra time with him before his bedtime. At 8:00, I relocated to the den and flicked on the fireplace, settled into my favorite chair and dialed Victoria. It rang only once before she picked up.

"Hey, can you hold on for just a minute?" Victoria asked me, sounding slightly breathless and whispery.

"Sure," I replied, finding myself whispering as well.

I waited a few moments, the phone making rustling noises in my ear, and then she was back.

She giggled lightly and I found my face flushing at the beautiful sound. "Um, yeah. I'm in my closet."

I chuckled. "Why are you in your closet, Victoria? Is there something you aren't telling me? Have you decided to give up on men once and for all?" I joked.

"Ha! No. I'm hiding from Jake. He's in the living room and I know that I can't talk when he's right there. This is my favorite hidey spot."

I could hear the smile in her voice and it made me happy, but at the same time, I couldn't ignore the sense of trepidation and doubt I'd felt earlier in the day.

"Ugh. This can't be good, V. You are hiding from your fiancé in a closet while you talk to me. It isn't fair to you or him and...I don't know. Maybe this isn't such a great idea. This isn't healthy for any of us," I said, still talking quietly.

"Bella, relax. It's just words. We haven't done anything wrong, not really. It's fine. And I was having issues with Jake before you came along anyway, so none of this is because of what we've been doing," Victoria said. Her voice had a touch of anxiety in it.

I sighed loudly. "I don't know, Victoria. Maybe we should just cool it for a while. I think maybe we need to take a step back and really look at it from another perspective. This could seriously change our lives if we aren't careful. Do you think maybe we should just go back to being regular friends? I think...I think that maybe we need to. Please don't be mad at me!" I pled.

"Well..." she sighed. "I don't want to lose you, so if I can keep you as just a friend, then I'll take it."

She wasn't happy about it, I could tell from the tone in her voice that she was disappointed, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't stop the feeling inside of me that if we continued this, it would blow up horrifically in our faces and I would lose her as a friend. I couldn't gamble it.

We quickly finished up our call after that, neither of us as lively in our conversation after that. When I went back to the computer to shut it down, I noticed a new email in my inbox from Alice to our writing group:

*Hi Ladies,*

*So, with our workshop coming to an end, as a celebration for all our hard work, I thought that maybe we could get together? I would love to meet you all in person, and was thinking that we could meet in the middle so it isn't a huge trip for some. I've scoped out a few places in Vail, Colorado that offer skiing as well as spa treatments. It would be totally low key and relaxing. Let me know if you like the idea!*

*Kisses and Hugs!*

*Alice*

I closed my email and shut down the computer without replying. I didn't know what to say or do. I wondered if Victoria would go, and if she did, the potential of something happening between us seemed too great. We were going to have to talk about it, but I wasn't ready for that. I climbed into my bed instead and passed out. I dreamt of nothing but red hair that night...again.

I didn't check my email for two days, finding that I needed to really think it through before I spoke to Victoria again, and before I responded to Alice with my answer. I finally decide to just bite the bullet on the third day and sent a text to Victoria.

*Are you going? ~B*

Her response came instantly.

*Only if you are. I really want to meet you in person, Bella ~V*

*Do you think that's a good idea? ~B*

*I promise I can be good...if you can too. ~V*

I sighed loudly. That was the thing, I really wanted to meet her. I had thought about it constantly for a while, but I wasn't sure if we actually could behave.

I first opened the email from Alice and hit "reply all" that simply said, "I'm in." I immediately shut down my computer after that. I then sent a quick text to Victoria telling her that I was going. I turned off my phone then, not wanting to talk to anyone for the rest of the evening. I had to come up with a plan to be good in Vail, and I prayed that Victoria would do the same.

## **VPOV**

Two weeks later, I was walking through Eagle County Airport, my heart skipping a beat with every step I took - I was going to meet Bella in a matter of hours.

Once settled in my taxi, I quickly sent Jake a text, letting him know I'd landed safely and swallowed back the anxiety rising like bile in the back of my throat. As always, he'd been enthusiastic when I'd told him about my "girls' weekend" away, and had even accompanied me to the airport when I left that morning. The love shining from his eyes as he kissed me goodbye was like a stab to the heart, and I'd almost cancelled the trip right then and there.

Since Bella and I had decided to keep our conversations platonic, I'd had time to think about our situation. She was right in deciding we should stop. I didn't want to; I craved her constantly and wanted nothing more than to beg her for just one night when we met up in Vail. But, I was engaged to Jake still, and plagued by the persistent nagging question of whether or not it was still cheating if it was with a girl.

The truth was, I knew the answer, and for that reason, I'd been working harder to make things better with Jake. I'd even initiated sex, waiting for him one night in lingerie. But even as he pressed inside me, doing his best to bring me pleasure, my thoughts turned to Bella.

I tried to block her face out, filling the time I'd spent talking to her over the last two months instead with a renewed attempt at writing. But the blank page only mocked me as I grasped for words, and the dissatisfaction that had haunted me for so long came creeping back into my world.

The taxi pulled into the lodge we were all staying in, and butterflies filled my stomach. Hurrying inside to check in, I reminded myself that nothing was going to happen between Bella and me, and resigned myself to a weekend of relaxing fun. Lord knew I needed it.

Once in my room, beset with touches of rustic elegance, I dropped my luggage and went straight to my private balcony. The view was breathtaking. Although it was mid-March, the end of ski season, snow still capped the Colorado Mountains and the sky was a crystal clear blue. The sun, bright in the sky, made the snow sparkle. It was still only noon; Bella wouldn't be arriving till later that afternoon, having to arrange Matty's stay with his father. I knew she was nervous since it was the first time she'd be leaving him with Mike without her.

My phone buzzed with a text from Alice. She, Rosalie and Angela had all arrived late last night, and had hit the slopes in the morning. They were all waiting to meet me down at the outdoor heated pool.

After changing, I swiftly headed out to greet them, and discovered they were each as lovely as they'd seemed online. We enjoyed some time by the hot tub, chatting and laughing, but soon needed to change for dinner. Back in my room, I stepped out of the shower to find a text from Bella saying she'd arrived, my traitorous body immediately on alert from her proximity. I found it hard to breathe when I walked to the restaurant we'd all decided on for dinner, my pulse pounding through every inch of my body as I waited with the others to finally meet her.

"Hey, ladies." The words came from behind me, a voice I'd recognize anywhere. I turned around slowly, and when my eyes fell upon her, I had to stifle my gasp. She was every bit as exquisite in person as she was in her pictures.

The others rushed to greet her and I held back, trying to reign in my emotions. Bella looked up at me bashfully, the blush I'd dreamed about coloring her cheeks as our eyes met.

"Hey," she said softly as I approached her, her dark locks falling forward over her face as she hid her eyes behind a veil of incredibly thick lashes.

"Hey," I repeated back to her, smiling. *We're going to be good*, I thought like a mantra, but as I turned back to the others, I could have sworn I saw Bella's eyes rake across my features, giving me an unmistakable once over.

She sat across the table from me during dinner, giving me a perfect view of her creamy skin. She wore a tight black shirt that hugged her curves beautifully, offering glimpses of perfect cleavage every time she swept her hair back over her shoulder.

Although I was mechanically participating in the conversation around me, I couldn't stop staring Bella, and knew she was starting to notice. Her eyes drifted my way every few minutes, and as we waited for our desserts to arrive, she rested her chin in one hand and met my gaze. Her look was heated, full of lust. My pulse started to pound, the ache between my legs beginning to burn, and Angela's news about how she'd found an editor faded into the background.

Bella reached back to rub her neck, her eyes flickering over to the others for a moment, then settled back on me. I watched her swallow, her long fingers tracing back over her cheek to her mouth. A seductive glint flashed in her eyes as heavy lids hooded them, and she ran her pointer finger over her lip before biting down on it. Hard.

*What is she doing to me?*

I couldn't take it anymore. Pushing my chair roughly back from the table, startling the others, I jumped up quickly and made my apologies, saying I suddenly wasn't feeling well. Without chancing a look at Bella again, I raced out of the restaurant and back to my room, chanting, *I have to be good*, over and over again. Once safely inside, I opened the French doors onto the balcony, hoping the cold air would shake me out of my thoughts. I stayed there for a while, staring out at the mountains, until I heard a knock at my door.

"Victoria?"

"Shit," I muttered under my breath. It was Bella, come to torture me with her gorgeous body and unspoken promises of an impossible tomorrow.

I didn't speak as I moved toward the entrance, knowing I didn't have to answer. If I stayed quiet, she would leave, but I couldn't. No matter what she wanted to say, I had to let her in.

"Hey," Bella simply said when I opened the door. The heat between us was electric, and the look on my face must have appeared pained because her expression crumpled when she saw it. "I'm sorry about what happened at dinner...can I come in?"

I swallowed hard and nodded, willing my breathing to slow down. Bella walked past me into the large room, cooing at the size of it. "Oh, you have a balcony!" she exclaimed, giving me a view of the perfect swell of her rear as she headed outside.

Bella gazed around at the starry night, leaning her elbows on the railing, and I followed her out there. "It's so pretty," she murmured.

"It sure is," I answered, but I wasn't talking about Vail. Bella caught my eye and blushed again, making every muscle in my body coil with restraint. I shivered, and not from the chilly night air.

"I finally finished my poem," she told me, looking at the ground. I knew what a milestone this was for her, and for a moment, all the tension between us melted away.

"That's great!" I responded cheerfully, moving closer to her. "Read it to me?"

Bella chewed her lip nervously as her toe tapped against the cement floor, then nodded as she pulled a folded up piece of paper from her jeans pocket. She took a breath, and began to recite:

"Raise my hand to your supple breast. My thumb pulls your taut nipple, a hiss of your breath, your need your want for me. Whisper your name, let my breath dance across your skin. Feel me move, against you, rub. Pant. Slide my fingers over nerves. Feel the slick heat. Feel you come undone. We come undone."

My eyes slid back open; I had closed them while she was reading, and as they fixed upon her once more, Bella's face was suddenly somber. "I couldn't have

finished it without you."

The inches that separated us were suddenly too much to bear and I moved toward her, gravity pulling me closer until we were face to face. Panting out soft breaths, I reached down and took her small hand in mine, lacing our fingers together. The sensation of her skin against mine sent sparks through my body, and I reached up with my other hand to caress the soft curve of her cheek.

We were both shaking, and I sucked in a breath as Bella's pink tongue darted out to wet her lips. "We shouldn't do this," she whispered, arching her face a tiny bit closer to mine.

"I know," I said, but I couldn't stop. Nothing and no one else mattered in that moment, but Bella. "You're fucking beautiful, you know that?"

A quiet cry escaped her lips as my fingers slid into her silky hair, pulling her face to mine and closing the distance between us. Our open mouths met, our lips just barely brushing along one another's, and then slid together into a perfect, world-altering kiss.

My lips trembled as we kissed again, slowly, her fingers squeezing mine as I tugged gently at her hair and then moved to caress the delicate skin on her neck. Our bodies were pressed softly against one another's, our breasts touching lightly, and I tentatively let my tongue slip out, hearing Bella gasp as I licked the tip of hers.

She answered my request with a kiss more passionate than before, sliding her tongue into my mouth as her free hand grasped my hip, pulling me flush against her. I moaned as our tongues danced together, soft and wet. Our clasped hands broke apart, hers reaching up to tangle in my curls while mine wrapped around her waist, settling on the small of her back.

"Oh, God," Bella whimpered, breaking free of our kiss and pressing her forehead against mine. Through the fog of our heavy breaths, I could see her squeezing her eyes tightly shut.

"What is it?" I breathed. *Please, please don't stop now!*

"It's your hair," she moaned, running her fingers through my wild locks. "I've dreamed about it."

Relief flooded through me, knowing she wanted this as much as I did, and I lifted both hands to cup her face, running my thumbs across her flushed cheeks. "Can we

go inside?"

She nodded and pulled away from me, walking into my room. I closed the double doors tightly shut behind us, my body shaking despite the heat inside. Bella stood a few feet away from me, twisting her fingers nervously as she studied the ground, and I could tell she was disappearing inside her head.

"Don't," I begged, walking toward her and taking her face in my hands once again, making her look at me. "Don't go wherever it is your head you are when I lose you. Just be with me here, now...please?"

I couldn't think about the abyss we were about to fall into, or what it would mean in the morning. I'd never wanted anyone so badly, and as much as that terrified me, I couldn't stop here. I needed this; needed her.

She studied my face, the hesitation vanishing from her eyes as we gazed at one another, my hands now smoothing down her shoulders and along her arms.

"I want you, Victoria," Bella whispered. They were the sweetest words I'd ever heard.

We kissed again, this time hungrily, Bella holding me tightly as I walked her backwards to the wall behind her, pushing her against it. All indecision gone, I kissed her hard, sucking on her tongue, nipping and biting at her pouty lower lip.

I wanted to touch her everywhere at once, desperate to feel every inch of her skin, finally pulling aside the soft strands of her hair with one hand and moving my face down to kiss her neck. Her breathy moans were destroying me, and I groaned as our lower bodies ground together, bringing my free hand up to brush against the swell of her breast. I felt Bella stiffen, and then melt into the sensation, so I cupped her breast gently and ran my thumb along her hardened nipple.

She whimpered, making me growl as I pulled back from her neck, staring at her wantonly. I wanted to see her, taste her, and began fumbling with the hem of her shirt, my fingertips fluttering along the bare skin of her belly, asking permission. Bella quickly reached down, lifting the shirt up and over her head, her breathing uneven.

With the lightest touch I could manage, I ghosted my fingertips along the top swells of both her breasts, watching her eyes flutter shut and her mouth open slightly. I cupped them more fully, pinching and pulling at her taut peaks through the white satin of her bra. Goosebumps raised along her flesh as I lifted my hands to

her shoulders, gently pulling the straps down. Bella gasped as she watched me lower my head to one of her breasts, brushing my lip slowly back and forth across her tight nipple before sucking it into my mouth.

Bella cried out, her fingers clawing at my back, as she mumbled, "Want to...touch you..."

She pulled my face from where I was still sucking her, her hands forming fists in my hair as she pushed me away from her and abruptly turned us around, forcing me against the wall. My eyes widened at her sudden courage, drinking in the needy look on her face as she tugged on my oversized sweater, urging me to remove it.

I stood before her in my black lacy bra and she kissed me hard, one hand still tangled in my hair as the other slipped down my belly, bypassing my breasts and slipping into the waistband of my leggings. I gasped, breaking free of our kiss as I felt her fingers slip deftly into my panties, and there was no awkwardness or fumbling as she immediately began stroking my clit. My eyes squeezed shut, my mouth opening in a silent moan as my head fell back against the wall with a thud, my hips immediately flexing toward her hand as she rubbed my wet flesh in teasing, tight circles.

It was better than any fantasy I'd ever imagined.

I opened my eyes to see Bella's wild with the pleasure she knew I was feeling. A devilish grin spread across her face and I whimpered, my legs beginning to buckle as she worked me into a frenzy.

"Fuck...Bella," I ground out, reaching for her wrist to stop her; I didn't want to cum yet.

She wouldn't stop, though, rubbing me faster as she leaned in to whisper teasingly, "Are you *sure* you want me to stop? I *know* how good this feels."

My orgasm rapidly approaching, I grasped her arm, grunting out, "Bella...please!"

She pulled me to her, spinning me around once more as she led me to the bed, her fingers never letting up. I thought I might go out of my mind from the pleasure, but her hand finally slipped free when my knees hit the bed. I fell backwards onto it as she wildly ripped her bra from her body, unbuttoning her jeans and shoving them down her legs.

I kicked off my boots and yanked my leggings off as well. As I sat up to unclasp my

bra, Bella climbed on top of me, straddling my lap. She kissed me again, her fists roughly grabbing my hair as she ground herself against me. My hips pushed up to meet hers, my hands finding her small waist to pull her down harder, and I could feel the blistering heat from her wet center along my skin.

Our sounds were all frantic pants and moans as we eventually shimmied back on the bed, and once we were lying side by side, I wasted no time in palming her pelvis, sliding my fingers along her smooth lips. I kissed her deeply as I touched a fingertip to her clit, her body bucking up as I caressed her the way I would myself. The burn between my own legs was impossible to ignore, and I flexed my hips against the mattress as her lustful mewls grew louder.

"Victoria...God...I'm-" she cut off with a moan as I suddenly stopped, lowering my hand to slide two fingers into her slick opening. She grasped at the blanket as I slowly pushed in and out, changing the angle, and twisting them inside her. "Please...make me...oh, fuck!"

I could see she was desperate to cum, but there was something I wanted to try first. Still fingering her hot pussy, I rose to my knees and crawled between her legs, watching her writhe. "Can I taste you, my sweet Bella?"

Her answering cry was all I needed, and I lowered my mouth to her soft mound, parting her folds with the fingers that weren't inside her. I inhaled her heady scent, and then slowly licked her swollen, wet flesh. A litany of curses fell from her lips as I began to lick her over and over, and when she started thrashing under me, I knew she was close.

"I have to watch you cum," I moaned, replacing my tongue with my fingers and staring at Bella's face, rubbing, pumping and stroking her as she screamed through her release.

She'd barely come down from it when she reached for me, pulling me down next to her and resuming her assault on my clit. Within moments, I was on the edge again, and I didn't care how loud my moans were as she breathed into my ear how good I'd made her feel, how she couldn't wait to do the same.

Bella's eyes were on me as my body began to shake. She rose up on her knees next to me and pressed two fingers just at my opening, teasing me until the very last second. As I cried out her name, Bella slid her fingers inside me, curling them to stroke against my g-spot. The dual sensations brought my orgasm crashing over me, my back arching violently as I shuddered through the waves of intense pleasure.

Bella climbed up my body, and when I felt her nuzzle against me, I started to cry.

"What's wrong?" she asked sweetly, reaching up to brush my tears away.

I shook my head, overwhelmed with emotion. "Never so good...with anyone...never."

Bella clucked her tongue and pulled the covers around us, tucking our bodies into them like a cocoon. She wrapped herself around me, breathing softly. "Me neither." She sighed contentedly, her body relaxed and minutes later, she was sleeping.

Now it was my turn to freak out. My heart pounded as my thoughts raced; I'd wanted this, so damn badly, but I'd never expected it to be *this* amazing. How could I go back to being miles away from her, go back to my old life, to a time before I'd ever known bliss like this?

Gently pulling my body free of her, I stood and slipped into pajamas, pacing the room. Words were piling into my head, and suddenly I felt the need to write. I hadn't brought my lap top, but the hotel had supplied a large legal pad on the desk. Grabbing a pen, I sat down, and let the words flow.

## ***BPOV***

My eyes slipped open, squinting as they factored in the rays of the early morning sun. The sun seemed brighter here, like it reflected off everything white it could find to amplify the area's beautiful intensity. It made me think of flaming red hair and the beautiful woman I'd been with last night.

Victoria.

I'd never thought it could be like that - two people so in sync with one another that our love making wasn't sex, but like a symphony, swelling at all of the right times and falling into decrescendo that left us completely sated. No, I'd certainly never experienced anything like that and it was at that moment, I decided that I couldn't, wouldn't deprive myself anymore. I was done buckling to what everyone else said and wanted, expected of me. I would be the absolute best mother for Matty that I could be, but I would also live my life the way I needed to.

I climbed out of bed, pulling the comforter around me and feeling the soreness from the previous night settle into my muscles, but it was a savoring pain. I looked around, but there was no Victoria. I checked the bathroom, and the hallway, but I didn't find her. I also noticed that her bags were gone and a lump lodged in my

throat.

I walked over to the balcony and opened the door, a cool morning breeze wafting in. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something white float to the floor, and I walked over to it.

It was a letter...

*Dear Bella,*

*Thank you so much for giving me the most incredible night of my life; it was everything I could have possibly wanted and more.*

*In the short time we've known each other, you've come to mean more to me than I ever imagined: friend, confidant, lover, and muse. I've finally found that spark again, through you. I stayed up all night last night writing. Here is the last two months of our lives, every word, everything we've experienced together: I've written our story.*

*And, after it was written, I watched you sleep in the breaking dawn of the morning. You are so beautiful, so good, and I realized that I can't do this anymore.*

*I can't go back to being just your friend, to being thousands of miles away from you. I desperately want this again, but I know a relationship isn't what either of us was expecting when we started all...this. I am engaged to Jake. You have a responsibility to Matty, and I won't risk getting in the way of that.*

*So that is why I have to go.*

*Please don't look for me - by the time you find this note, I will already be gone. Don't try to call me - I've already changed my number. I've changed my email address and my chat screen name as well.*

*I don't want you to find me, Bella.*

*Trust me - it's better this way. It will be as if I never existed.*

*I'm sorry,*

*Victoria*

I felt the tear slip down my cheek. Her words destroyed me. What was once so refreshing and wonderful, now felt like the cracked sand baked under the desert

heat. A loud sob escaped me and that was all it took for the damn holding in my tears to break. I clutched her letter in my hand as I fell to the floor in a heap, unsure of everything just then, of myself. I had felt so sure that this was it, that this was right.

Now she was gone...*forever*.

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**I know, it's not a HEA...but it could be...if we decide to add to it! Leave a review and let me know!**