



# The Pact at Misty Mountain

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# Summary

Bella came to Camp Misty Mountain to have an adventure and lose her virginity. When she met Edward Cullen, son of the owners and future director of the camp, she found more than she bargained for: love. 1st place winner in the Camp Twilight contest.

# Chapter 1

**Thanks so much to the Keepers of the Naughty Sparkle for awarding this story First Place in the Camp Twilight o/s Contest!**

**Thanks as always to my amazing betas, Awesomesauce76 and Brits23, and my pre-readers Kyla713 and loss4words. I love you all!**

**This story is rated M for adult situations.**

**Disclaimer: Twilight belongs to S.M., but Campward belongs to me!**

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I came to Camp Misty Mountain to lose my virginity.

That was the plan anyway; just two months of fun with my two closest friends before we went off to college, hoping that I'd have an amazing summer fling. I never imagined that I'd have the best time of my life, or that I would fall completely in love.

It was the summer after our senior year in high school. Alice Brandon, Rosalie Hale and I had been best friends since kindergarten; we'd put band-aids on each other's skinned knees after falling off our bikes, been a shoulder to cry on for our first broken hearts and tried our first cigarettes together in the field behind our high school. Now at age 18, we wanted one last adventure together before going to different colleges on opposite sides of the country.

We'd applied to camp hoping we'd be able to work together and had really lucked out. The three of us were going to be head counselors for the twelve year old girls, Misty Mountain's oldest female campers. Those campers were independent enough to not need constant supervision during the day, so we were also going to be day time specialty counselors: Alice had been assigned to Dance, Rose to softball, and I was going to be working at the quintessential camp activity: Arts and Crafts. We knew we had our work cut out for us, but we absolutely couldn't wait.

My father, Charlie, insisted on driving the three of us to the camp in Granite Falls, Washington, nestled in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. It was a four hour drive each way but my dad didn't care. As the Police Chief of our hometown of Forks, Charlie always wanted to make sure I was safe. So safe in fact that he made sure I never, ever had any fun.

That was all about to change.

As we drove, Rose listened to her iPod while Alice chattered non-stop from the backseat with Charlie about all the things she was looking forward to at The Academy of Art University in California. Rose had gotten in on early admission to Northwestern; it was a done deal since her parents were alumni. I was headed on a full scholarship to Princeton in the fall.

I stared out the window of the cruiser and watched the scenery flash by. As we drove along the edge of Olympic National Forest, the scenic vistas reminded me of what was waiting for us at camp. I was looking forward to being surrounded by cool mountains and crystal blue waters.

Camp Misty Mountain was a sleep-away camp for girls and boys, with each side's sleeping quarters separated by a gorgeous lake. I'd seen pictures from the brochures and read enough on the website to know a little bit about it: it was created in the eighties by its owners, Carlisle and Esme Cullen. Along with one other family, they'd bought up little pockets of land on the mountainside just north of Wenatchee National Forest, and within a decade had created one of the most popular and exciting camps in the state.

Kids from Oregon and Montana would travel there because of all it had to offer, and because of its fantastic reputation. Counselors from all over the country and even other parts of the world came to work at Misty Mountain as well, and my heart fluttered with anticipation, wondering who I'd meet there. I was ready to find someone amazing.

I'd been pretty quick to get over my breakup with my ex-boyfriend of two years, Jake. Even though he went to school down on the reservation, our fathers were best friends so we were always together. It seemed natural that we'd grow up to be boyfriend and girlfriend. We'd shared a clumsy first kiss when we were thirteen, sitting in his backyard with the smell of fish grilling on the barbeque permeating the air.

Now the odor of fish made me sick.

It wasn't that Jake was a bad guy, we just didn't...fit. He only wanted to spend his time rebuilding his damn Volkswagen Rabbit, and there's only so much time a girl can stand to spend sitting in her boyfriend's garage, looking at his grease-stained jeans sticking out from underneath an old car. Half the time, Jake was more interested in hanging around his buddies than with me; arguing over food and wrestling in the dirt like a pack of dogs.

By the end of senior year he barely seemed interested in doing anything with me at all. The last time we'd hung out, watching TV in his basement with the house all to ourselves, I started flirting and offered to go down on him. He'd munched away at his snack, staring at the flickering lights in front of him and asked me if we could do it later because he really wanted to finish his pretzels.

That day I broke up with him and never looked back.

Alice and Rose hadn't had much luck with boys either. Alice was saving herself, not for any religious reasons but because she just "had a hunch" that someone really special was waiting around the corner. I had learned not to argue with her "hunches"; it was uncanny how they were almost always correct.

Rose hadn't bothered actually *dating* any boys in high school either; she'd fooled around with Tyler Crowley a few times, but only because she liked a boy in a football uniform. She had a thing for brawn, but all the boys at school were just that: *boys*. They were too juvenile for her and what she really wanted was a *man*.

I'd always felt kind of bad for the boys at school who lusted over Alice and Rose since they were both so beautiful. Rose's figure had developed first, and with her soft curves and long blonde hair, she would always turn heads wherever she went. Alice constantly drew attention as well; her tiny, dancer-like body was so graceful and her pixie haircut was so original and striking. I knew I had some good traits as well, but while Alice always said she wished she had my clear, creamy complexion and Rose was jealous of my ass, I always felt like the odd one out in our little threesome. With my plain brown hair, brown eyes and a propensity to be incredibly awkward, I felt dwarfed by their beauty.

So, out of our general lack of success with boys came "The Pact." We promised each other that we would each find a really hot guy this summer, someone who made us weak in the knees, and finally lose our virginities.

Several hours later when we finally arrived, I stepped out of the car onto the camp's gravel parking lot and stretched my arms over my head. I looked up at the tall, softly sloping planes of the mountains which were dotted with the sharp peaks of pine trees, a soft mist hugging the highest peaks. I breathed in the cool mountain air, filling my lungs with the scent of freedom.

The sound of Charlie slamming closed the cruiser's trunk after pulling out our duffel bags brought me out of my musings.

"Thanks for driving us, Chief Swan!" Alice threw her arms around Charlie and a

reserved smile appeared under his mustache. He'd always loved Alice; he'd been like a father to her since she'd grown up without one herself. Mr. Brandon was an alcoholic, and had left Alice's mother when we were nine. She'd never spoken of him since.

"It was very generous of you to drive us all this way." Rose flashed her signature grin at him. Rose was one of Forks' privileged few; her family was wealthy, genteel. She grew up in the lap of luxury and while she did on occasion seem haughty, her good manners and upbringing always shined through.

As Alice detached herself from my father, Rose leaned in and gave Charlie a quick peck on the cheek before stepping away to let him and I say our goodbyes.

We stood awkwardly by one another; Charlie and I had never been great at showing emotion. Even though it had been just him and me since my mom died years ago, we hadn't been very open with one another. Of course I loved him, and I knew he loved me back in his crazy, protective way but we just didn't know how to show it.

"Thanks for, um, driving us," I said, nervously twisting the mood ring I wore on my pointer finger. "We really appreciate it."

"It's no problem." He leaned back against the car, looking around at the camp parking lot. Surrounding us were other parents hugging teenagers goodbye at their cars while other teens trudged huge bags and trunks off Greyhound buses. He eyed a group of older looking boys warily. "Looks like you're gonna have a really...great time here." His already dry tone was dripping with sarcasm.

I nodded and smiled, looking over my shoulder at Alice and Rose. They were already gawking appreciatively at the boys Charlie had glared at; they were wearing camp shirts that said "Pool Staff" on the back. And they were really, *really* hot.

Charlie cleared his throat and I turned back to him, blushing. "Well I think it's about time I got going," he said, standing over me. He quickly leaned down to kiss me on the forehead, and a sudden tension took hold in my stomach. Surprised by the realization that I was going to miss him, I wrapped my arms around Charlie's waist and pressed my face against his chest.

I heard him exhale in relief. "I love ya, Bells." His voice cracked as he spoke. "Have fun. Call me once in a while."

"I will, I promise," I said, forcing a smile and wiping one errant tear out of the

corner of my eye. Walking backwards towards my two best friends, I waved goodbye to Charlie as he got into his car and drove away.

When I turned back to Rose and Alice, they were staring up at the camp office. It was perched above the welcome area, a story above the parking lot. It looked like a log cabin except for the dark, tinted windows that surrounded all sides of the second floor.

Following their stares, I looked up at the wood terrace surrounding the office to see three boys - well, honestly they were built enough to look like men - surveying the goings-on below them.

On the right was a tall and burly guy with brown, curly hair cropped close to his head. He looked practically massive, like a bear, but had an adorable smile and dimples that could be seen from a mile away. On the left stood a tall but slightly less brawny boy with curly blond hair that reached his chin, pulled back just behind his ears. Perched on his head was a tan cowboy hat. The third boy in the middle faced away from us, but the view of his mane of copper hair and cute ass was enough for now.

"Ladies, I think we've found our targets," Rose mused, looking at the dark-haired one and practically licking her lips. "I know who the one on the right is, that's Emmett. He's even yummier than in his pictures."

"Good, I want Jasper," Alice said, eyeing the blond. "He's the one I have been waiting for. You can have Emmett."

"How do you even know who these guys *are* already?" I asked them.

"How do you *not* know?" Rose replied incredulously, never taking her eyes off the boy she called Emmett. "You said you looked at the camp website?"

"Well, yeah...but..." I stammered.

"And you didn't check out the 'Camp Family' section?" Alice continued in the same exasperated tone of voice as Rose. She glanced at me quickly before staring back up towards the blond who was now laughing at something the one in the middle said. "Where they showed pictures of the staff that's been coming here forever?"

I shook my head, irritated by their shock at my lack of knowledge. "Nope, can't say I have."

Rose pulled me snugly between them and leaned her head next to mine. "Emmett McCarty has been going to camp here since he was five. He's really tight with the owners and is the head counselor at Hockey." As she spoke, Emmett seemed to notice her presence, staring down at her with a smirk on his face.

Alice stood closer to me on my other side and spoke quietly over her shoulder as well. "Jasper Whitlock is friends with the owners too. He teaches Horseback Riding." At that moment Jasper laid eyes on Alice, smiling as he leaned down and balanced his elbows on the wooden railing. He reached up to tip his hat, inclining his head towards hers in something that resembled a bow.

"They're all older," Alice said.

"Mmm-hmm," Rose said, shifting her head from side to side and licking her lips. "College boys."

Emmett said something and nodded in our direction. The one with the copper hair turned around, looking down to see what his friends were pointing out. His eyes met mine and my heart leapt into my throat.

Staring down at me was a pair of the most intense green eyes I'd ever seen. His shock of hair was a mess but somehow it suited him. His jaw was square and chiseled, and even from this distance I could see the hint of stubble on his chin. His perfect lips turned up into a crooked smile as he continued to gaze at me, and I felt my face burn in embarrassment.

Unable to break the stare, I leaned closer to Alice and asked, "Who's the third one?"

"You've *got* to be kidding me!" she whispered harshly. "Bella, that's Edward Cullen. Son of Esme and Carlisle, the *owners* of the camp!"

Rose continued Alice's thought. "He's the overseer of the Boy's side and will take over the whole camp when Esme and Carlisle retire."

I gulped audibly as I noticed that sure enough he was wearing the unmistakable dark green collared shirt worn only by camp directors.

His smile seemed to set me on fire and give me the chills simultaneously.

"I think Bella's found her man!" Alice teased me, her voice tinkling like a wind-chime on the cool mountain breeze. I barely even heard her, my breath stolen

by the Adonis standing above me.

"I don't have a chance," I finally scoffed. I knew I was in over my head, but I couldn't help myself because *damn* that boy was *fine*.

"You sure as hell do," Alice rebuffed. "Look at the way he's smiling at you."

She was right; he was, so I smiled back and waved at him. He returned the sentiment with a nod of his head before turning around to go back inside the office. Alice giggled as Jasper tipped his hat at her again. Rose raised an eyebrow in Emmett's direction after he winked at her before following Edward inside.

"Ladies," Rose said as she turned around to face us. "Let The Pact begin."

- MM -

Hours later, after we'd unpacked our things in our bunk and gotten settled, we changed into our white staff shirts with the camp's dark green mountain emblem on the upper right and khaki uniform shorts. Suddenly Carlisle's voice sounded over the loudspeakers that boomed across the camp, telling the staff it was time for dinner. We pinned on our nametags and trudged across the Girls' camp, the gravel crunching under our feet.

On the outside the buildings looked old and classic: they were long and narrow, built out of a dark, cherry-red wood. Inside, however, they were modern and comfortable. At the apex of our slanted ceiling hung a fan for days when the sticky summer air invaded the cool mountains in a humid fog. While the campers slept in bunks and had to share small dressers, Alice, Rose and I each had our own beds and enough closet space to accommodate us. We even had our own bathroom.

We came to the edge of the lake that separated the sides: a long, sandy crescent that connected the two areas. With instructional swim taking place at the camp's pool, the lake could only be used for swimming up to a point. Colorful buoys bobbed in the water marking where it was too deep to be safe. After that, sailboats, canoes and small paddleboats rested peacefully on the waves, waiting idly for the campers' return.

The lake was surrounded by mountains on either side, upon which rows of pine trees were stacked like soldiers, stretching up into the sky. The sun, enmeshed in puffy white clouds, was beginning to set; it flashed an aura of orange, red and pink against the crystal blue of the water, surrounded by earthy green.

We headed left, following the lines of counselors heading towards the mess hall. The warm smell of charcoals wafted in from the outdoor grills as our barbecue dinner was cooked. Alice, Rose and I brought our trays to one of the many picnic tables inside, red and white checkered tablecloths covering them all.

There were other counselors already seated there; two girls and one boy. The boy immediately introduced himself to Rose, brushing his hands off on his khakis and reaching out to shake hers. He was Mike Newton, head counselor of Boating, and had been working at Misty Mountain since he was thirteen. The two girls were less interested in meeting us but gave us their names regardless: Jessica Stanley and Lauren Mallory, both of whom were lifeguards. They started coming to camp here when they were in the seventh grade.

As we ate we saw Carlisle and Esme enter the mess hall, stopping at each table to welcome back returning staff as well as new ones. Though they were well into their forties, the Cullens were incredibly good looking. Carlisle possessed the same chiseled jaw I already recognized in Edward, a sturdy figure that showed many years of horseback riding and hiking, and eyes that glittered when he smiled.

Esme's caramel colored hair hung in ringlets down her back. She had eyes that were deeper pools of emerald than Edward's and had soft creases by her lips from too many years of smiling. The grins on their faces were warm and genuine as they shook hands and hugged their employees, and each staffer greeted them with a feeling of mutual affection.

Suddenly, Rose's elbow jammed into my ribs. I started to ask her what that was for, but when I turned her way she was facing the front of the room. I followed her stare and my stomach did a flip-flop. Edward sauntered into the room, trailing behind his parents, Emmett and Jasper standing by him like body guards or an entourage. He surveyed the room with a cocky smirk, his muscular arms crossing over his chest. As his gaze swept over my table, I found myself suddenly staring into vivid green.

I gasped and immediately bit my lip, quieting myself. *Fuck, how can anyone that gorgeous be real?*

As Edward's eyes locked with mine, his gaze suddenly softened into something that resembled curiosity, but his demeanor quickly changed as he saw the other counselors sitting at our table. His lips flattened out into a thin line and he, Jasper and Emmett moved on to get their dinners.

"Ugh, don't even bother with *him*," Jessica said, stabbing a french fry with her

fork. I shook my head quickly and turned to look at her as Alice and Rose stiffened on either side of me.

"What do you mean?" I asked innocently, still sneaking glances in Edward's direction as I sipped my soda.

Jessica paused, french fry in mid-air and looked back over her shoulder before turning around to glare at me. "With *him*. Edward Cullen. Don't waste your time."

"Why is that?" I responded nervously, hoping I didn't already sound too interested.

Lauren leaned in from across the table, as if she were about to share a secret with me. "Because he's a total player. He's freaking sex on a stick, but he's cocky as hell. He walks around like he owns the place."

"He *does* own the place," Mike retorted, throwing a straw wrapper at her. Lauren threw it back at him and giggled. Rose rolled her eyes at them.

"Yeah, well," Jessica continued. "He's still a jerk. And no one is good enough for him, *trust me*." Her tone oozed with years of unresolved sexual tension.

Across the mess hall, Edward sat down at a table and looked back in my direction once more. For a split second, that tiny crooked grin appeared on his face again before he turned back to his friends, breaking out into laughter over something one of them said.

His laugh was adorable; I wanted to be the one making him smile like that.

After dinner we all headed to the camp-fire area, in a small clearing just behind the beach for a "first night" meeting and toasted marshmallows. Surrounding the crackling flames were some benches and rocks which were quickly filling up with counselors. Alice directed us to an empty spot in the sand, far away from where Jessica, Lauren and Mike had found seats. In the center stood Carlisle, his arm wrapped lovingly around his wife.

My eyes swept the area, looking for a shock of messy auburn hair, and found him standing around the outskirts with Emmett and Jasper.

When everyone was seated and the conversations died down so that the only sounds were the snapping and popping of burning wood, the soft chirping of crickets and the gentle rush of air through the tall trees, Carlisle began to speak.

"Welcome everyone. It's so good to see so many familiar faces, and also to meet some new ones. We hope you're all ready for an excellent summer here at Camp Misty Mountain." A cheer went up among the counselors, and I couldn't help but grin.

Esme continued, "Now, you all know that the campers don't come until Monday, so tomorrow we are going to have our traditional counselor team-building scavenger hunt hike."

Another chorus of applauding resounded, but I happened to look over at Jessica and Lauren who were rolling their eyes. I guessed they weren't into scavenger hunts. Or traditions.

Carlisle spoke again next. "As most of you know, you'll be split up into random groups of people from different areas of camp so you can get to know each other better. Each team will have certain items they need to find along the mountainside. Whoever gets to the top first, wins."

A boy with dark hair and glasses raised his hand from his perch on a log. "Um, what do we win?"

"Respect!" Emmett's voice boomed. Everyone chuckled, including Carlisle.

"That's a fair question," Esme replied, still laughing a bit from Emmett's comment. "Opening Day Scavenger Hunt is a tradition since our first year. You *do* win the respect of your peers, and are the first to see the spectacular views from the mountaintop."

"And..." Jasper prompted her in a low voice, a wry look on his face.

Carlisle looked down and smiled a bashful grin that Edward seemed to mimic at that very moment. "And the winning team gets to choose another team to be on bed-making duty for them for a week," he declared.

Several counselors in the know either hooted or groaned, I supposed depending on which side of the winning team they'd been on in previous years.

"Now, I know that many of you have a lot of catching up to do, but you all need your rest," Carlisle continued. "The lights-out bugle will play at 10:00. For now, enjoy your treats and we'll see you all in the morning."

The staff clapped as Carlisle and Esme made their way through the crowd,

heading to the owner's bunk at the edge of the Boys' camp. Everyone started towards the table a few feet away on which sat long, thin sticks and plates full of soft, fluffy marshmallows. We got our supplies and stood in line for a few minutes, waiting for our turn to stand over the large camp fire.

As I skewered one plump marshmallow on the sharp tip of the stick, a soft voice behind me spoke in a southern drawl. "Evening, ma'am. I don't think we've met."

"No, we haven't. I've been waiting for you," Alice said brightly. I turned around to see her smiling up at Jasper, who had taken his hat off to greet her. "I'm Alice Brandon."

She held out her hand for him to shake, but he turned it sideways so their hands were palm to palm and bent down to kiss her knuckle, keeping his eyes locked on hers the whole time. As he stood up he placed his cowboy hat back on his head and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Alice."

"Well Jasper, I see you've already introduced yourself to one of these *fine* ladies." Emmett came up behind him, drawing out the word fine as his eyes slid up and down Rose's frame. I looked quickly behind Emmett and my heart plummeted; Edward wasn't with them.

Emmett held his hand out to Rose. "Emmett McCarty."

"Mmm-hmm. I know." Her reply was pleasant but curt, and she turned away from him back towards me, as if he'd interrupted a conversation we'd been having. I furrowed my brow but Rose winked at me; she was playing him.

Emmett seemed taken aback. Obviously he was used to girls falling all over him. "Well, I know you're new here," he said, eager to regain her attention. "Maybe I could give you a tour, show you around the place?"

She turned back to him, smiling sweetly. "I *suppose* that would be all right. I'm Rose by the way." They shook hands and Emmett's dimples flashed before he and Jasper both looked at me expectantly.

"Oh! Yeah, hi, I'm Bella Swan," I stated, reaching out to shake their hands.

"Bella," a husky voice said from behind me. "That's a very pretty name."

Heat flushed my face as I turned around to find Edward Cullen standing directly behind me. My heart skipped a beat as I stared at him; his crooked grin looked even

more adorable up close, and *damn* even his teeth were gorgeous. The firelight reflected on his beautiful face, causing it to glow.

I laughed, slightly embarrassed and thanked him.

"I'm Edward Cullen," he said. He didn't reach a hand to shake mine, but simply stared into my eyes. He was so tall I had to angle my head back to look at him. I didn't know what to do with my hands, my awkwardness suddenly making an appearance, and I bounced the bottom of my stick against the ground.

"Yeah, I...uh, know who you are." I nodded my head slightly as I spoke. He grinned at me as the line advanced and motioned us towards the fire.

The six of us toasted our treats together and then sat down at a picnic table not far from the fire. We found out that they were all 19 years old, from Seattle and going into their sophomore years in college. Emmett attended the University of Florida, Jasper went to Texas A&M University, and Edward was enrolled in the Business program at the University of Pennsylvania. They also told us that in addition to their specialty stations in the camp, Emmett, and Jasper were head counselors for the twelve year old boys.

Emmett did most of the talking, regaling us with stories from previous years at the camp, his obviously boisterous personality becoming apparent within just a few minutes. Edward sat next to me but didn't say much, hanging back from the conversation.

Every time I turned shyly towards Edward he smiled at me, and each time I found something new to gawk at; the perfect line of his nose, his insanely long eyelashes, his soft lips. I chanced a look in his direction when he was finishing his last marshmallow, and his tongue darted out for a split second to lick off the stickiness left on his lips. My breath caught as I saw this and I felt my panties getting wet, thinking about what his tongue could do to me.

*God I'm bad!* I thought and blushed involuntarily.

The bugle sounded, shocking me out of my dirty ideas, and the six of us reluctantly rose from the table.

"We'll be seeing you lovely ladies bright and early tomorrow?" Jasper questioned, kissing Alice's hand once more. We nodded and agreed. Emmett turned to whisper something in Rose's ear and she laughed, swatting at him and shooing him away.

Edward stood with his hands in his pockets and looked down at the sand by his feet for a moment before lifting his head to meet my eyes. He made no attempts to kiss my hand, or anything else for that matter, but his adorable crooked grin reappeared and I bit my lip as I grinned back. He was so beautiful I thought I might pass out.

"Have a good night," Edward said softly and then walked backwards to rejoin Emmett and Jasper, who were already making their way towards the Boys' side.

As we plodded through the sand and back to our bunk, Alice and Rose discussed the night's progress and how they were going to wrap Jasper and Emmett around their fingers. I lay back on my bed and breathed in the cool, nighttime air.

I didn't know what Jessica and Lauren had been complaining about because Edward didn't seem like a player to me. But sex on a stick? Abso-freaking-lutely!

- MM -

The morning bugle sounded at seven A.M. and quickly got dressed and covered ourselves in sunscreen and bug spray. After a hearty breakfast we met up where everyone was assembling at the base of the mountain. Esme was handing out water bottles and walking sticks while Carlisle passed around a large tin can filled with small, colorful strips of paper.

"You can't look as you reach in the can," he warned good-naturedly. "The color you choose will be the team you're on."

I closed my eyes as I reached into it and pulled out a red strip. Rose chose purple and Alice ended up with green. When Carlisle got to Emmett, Jasper attempted to distract him while Emmett tried to fish out a certain color strip. Catching on, Carlisle glared at Emmett who simply shrugged with an innocent look on his face. He held up a purple strip and winked in Rose's direction.

Jasper pulled out a blue strip and pouted in Alice's direction, but as Carlisle turned away Emmet nudged Jasper. He handed Jasper a green strip, having managed to grasp both colors they wanted before Carlisle noticed.

"Please find your team members," Carlisle instructed, pointing towards the areas in the clearing where each of the five colors should meet. The red team was comprised of Mike, who looked terribly disappointed he wouldn't be with Rose, the boy with the glasses from last night whose nametag said 'Ben,' a girl with dark hair and cat-eye glasses who introduced herself to me as Angela and a few other

counselors whose names I didn't catch.

Edward stood by Carlisle as Esme handed scavenger hunt lists to each director.

"One camp director will accompany each team since we know the terrain. Either Edward, Esme, myself, Eleazar or Carmen will be joining you," Carlisle said.

I recognized Eleazar and Carmen Denali from the camp website; they were co-owners of the camp with the Cullens. They each took a slip of paper from the can and I crossed my fingers behind my back. Edward looked at the red piece of paper in his hand and the wind ruffled his hair as he turned in my direction and smiled. I felt like clapping, or jumping up and down. From the blue group, Jessica and Lauren scowled in my direction.

"Ok counselors; remember what you're working for!" Esme called out, in response to which Emmett let out a loud cheer. "Stay safe and we'll see you all at the top." All the directors then jogged out to their groups.

"Hi," Edward said simply, sweetly, as he reached my group. He was talking to all of us, but he was looking at me. "I've been hiking this mountain my whole life. I know it really well, trust me."

"You're not gonna win, Cullen!" Emmett yelled out, looking over his shoulder from Rose's side as they started up the rocky base of the mountain with Carmen as their guide. To be quite honest, I was a little nervous; hiking had never been my thing. I was too clumsy for outdoor sports or any sports in general, really. I preferred to spend my time with books, but I was here at camp for an adventure and I wasn't going to hold back now.

Edward shook his head and smiled at Emmett's comment. He scanned our scavenger hunt list. "The first thing we've got to find is a red bandana. My mother usually hides things in trees. Let's get started."

He led the way up the incline and Mike started chewing his ear off as we walked, saying he really needed more lifeguards at boating.

"So, where at camp do you work?" the friendly girl who'd said her name was Angela asked me.

"Oh, Arts and Crafts - ouch!" I replied, reaching down to rub my shin, having just brushed it against a sharp branch. Two minutes in and I'd already sustained my first injury of the day. "I'm such a spaz!"

"Oooh, that sucks. Here!" Angela reached into her pocket and gave me a band-aid. "I work at Archery. I'm always hurting myself, so I keep those on hand constantly."

*I like this girl already!*

I thanked her, bending down to place it over my cut and asked her if this was her first year here as well. "Oh no, I've been coming here since the seventh grade," she said as we quickened our pace, catching up to the rest of the group.

She told me that Jessica and Lauren had been her bunkmates when they were kids. "I hope every year they will stop being mean to me, but they never do. It's been ten years and they're still total..." she paused and looked around, then whispered the word "bitches."

Laughing, I nodded. "Yeah, I didn't get the best vibe from them when I met them yesterday."

"Hey! I think I see a red bandana!" Ben suddenly yelled out. He reached up into a tree and pulled a red piece of fabric off a tree limb. Edward clapped him on the shoulder, congratulating him, and Ben beamed. When his eyes met Angela's he blushed and looked away.

Edward announced that our next item was a red plastic Misty Mountain water bottle. As we resumed our hike, he turned my way and asked me how I was doing.

"Fine, except I've already managed to cut myself," I said, laughing in embarrassment.

Edward's brow furrowed, immediately concerned. "Are you all right?" he asked.

I assured him that I was fine and that Angela had given me a band aid. He looked relieved, until Mike began talking to him again. Edward gave me an apologetic smile and gave Mike his attention.

As we continued trekking up the mountainside, Angela leaned in closer to me. "Well I can see why Jessica is giving you a hard time already!" She nodded in Edward's direction.

"What do you mean?"

She laughed at me, slightly astonished. "Edward! He's paying attention to you. That's enough to incur her wrath!"

The incline got a little steeper and rockier, and I needed to use my walking stick to help propel me upwards. "What's he like? Edward, I mean," I asked Angela.

"Hmm, I don't know him very well. I mean, I've known him for years but we've never really talked. But he's a good guy, really loves this camp. He's incredibly loyal to his friends, and I mean, like he would do anything for them. He's completely gorgeous, of course, but I've never seen him *date* anyone."

When I asked her why, she shrugged. "I've seen him flirt a lot, and rumor was he had a thing with Tanya, one of Eleazar and Carmen's daughters, but I don't think there was any truth to that."

Someone yelled out that they'd found the water bottle, and I turned to see a counselor from our group jump up to grab it from where it rested on top of a large boulder.

"I think Edward just has a lot on his shoulders. Some girls say he's a player, but I don't think he is. He's just, I don't know..." Angela paused, looking for the right words. "He's the future owner of the camp; he's got a reputation to uphold. He can't fool around with whoever he wants; he's gotta be careful."

Edward motioned for us gather to around him. "Our last item to find is a red Misty Mountain towel. Now Emmett's team," he looked over his shoulder, "is up to their last item too. I do *not* want to let that team win because trust me, his bed is disgusting!"

We all laughed and promised to look extra hard for the towel. As we continued hiking, Edward walked next to me. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Yeah, I actually am," I answered, surprising myself. "I'm not usually very outdoorsy."

He smiled, chuckling to himself.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked him.

"You!" he responded playfully. "You're not very outdoorsy, and yet here you are at a sleep-away camp famous for its outdoor activities." He bit his lip as he turned to look at me. I wondered if it was his dazzling smile or the higher altitude that made me suddenly feel like I was losing oxygen. "You intrigue me, so I have to ask: Why did you come here?"

*To lose my virginity to someone insanely hot, such as yourself. Would you like to help me out with that?*

"For an adventure," I answered. We stepped past a line of trees into a clearing, and as I looked around me I finally appreciated how high up we were. Suddenly something bright caught my attention. Up ahead of us I saw a red towel flapping in the breeze. It was lined up next to the towels for the other color teams, held down by a heavy rock.

"I see it!" I exclaimed, pointing. Edward turned to look but out of the corner of my eye, I saw Emmett's team had realized where the towels were as well. I took off at a run, putting every ounce of strength into getting my body up the last steep incline. Pumping my legs as hard as I could, I reached out and grabbed the towel, pulling it free of the rock.

Collapsing against the soft grass, I heard my team cheering my name. A disappointed, panting Emmett slowed to a stop just a few feet away from me.

He held out his hand to help me up. "Nice job, Swan. You've earned my respect." He winked at me, and then leaned in to speak in my ear. "Just don't make our team do the bed-making, please? I really don't want to touch Newton's sheets."

I smiled and told him I couldn't promise him anything, but I'd keep it in mind. Edward pulled a walkie-talkie out from his belt loop and informed the other directors that the red team had won, keeping his sparkling eyes on mine the whole time.

After putting it back in his holster, he looked around to see the red and purple teams chatting and drinking their water.

"Come with me for a minute?" he asked softly. "I really want to show you something."

I followed him to the highest point on the mountain and the most amazing view stretched out around us on every side. The sky was the most intense shade of blue I'd ever seen it, clear and clean and dotted with a sprinkling of airy, white clouds. Below us was the expanse of the camp, with its lush trees and pristine waters. I could see where the lake filtered out to join the rapids that rushed down from Granite Falls. In the distance stood taller mountains; the slightest mist wafted around them, enshrouding every crest in a soft embrace.

"This is the view my mother was talking about." He spoke in hushed tones, in awe

of the natural beauty itself. "This is where my parents hiked to when they first decided to buy the land and create the camp."

He leaned in close to me and pointed to the mist out in the distance. "You see that mist?" I nodded, silent; the feeling of his breath on my neck caused me to shiver and I was afraid opening my mouth would ruin the moment. "That mist is always here, every season. It lives here, like it's part of the mountain."

I turned to look at him, his face only inches away from mine.

"I don't know," he continued. "There's something magical about it. Anyway, that's where the camp got its name."

"That's....really cool." I cringed inwardly at my juvenile response, but with his face this close to mine, I couldn't think of anything else to say. "It's so beautiful up here."

A light gust of wind blew my hair into my face. Edward reached up and tucked a strand behind my ear. "Yeah," he whispered, looking straight into my eyes. "It is."

*Whoa.*

Suddenly we were interrupted by all the teams making their way up to the highest peak and Edward quickly stepped away from me. Esme and Carlisle congratulated me, declaring the red team the winner. Alice and Rose skipped towards me, kissing me on the cheek. When Carlisle asked me if we'd decided which team should be on bed-making duty, I smiled in Angela's direction.

"Um, I think we're gonna go with the Blue Team." The counselors erupted into laughter, pointing and calling out different members of that group. Jessica and Lauren shot daggers in our direction, and Angela covered her face as she began to giggle. I shrugged back at them, in a gesture that said 'oh well.'

As the cheering died down, everyone began their descent down the mountain. Out of nowhere, I felt Edward squeezing my hand. "Can I see you later?" he whispered. I told him I'd like that, and as he stepped away to rejoin his parents, Alice and Rose rushed to my side.

"I'm going for a walk with Jasper tonight!" Alice breathed happily, twirling around.

"Yeah, and Emmett's taking me on that *tour* later," Rose said suggestively. "I don't think we're going to see much of the *camp* though!"

I laughed with them and watched the directors retreat down the mountainside ahead of us. I realized that as much as I wanted to keep up with The Pact, I wanted to actually *get to know* Edward Cullen.

Already I knew I was in too deep.

- MM -

The following two weeks passed by quickly. Our campers arrived, and Rose, Alice and I realized very quickly what a handful they were. The worst of the bunch was a thin, blonde little girl named Jane. She had been a camper at Misty Mountain since she was six years old. It seemed that her wealthy parents didn't want her home with them in between semesters at her boarding school. Jane had an entourage of other campers who did whatever she said, most notably two girls named Heidi and Chelsea. The three of them frequently tortured other less popular girls with biting remarks and cruel words, similar to the way Lauren and Jessica must have treated Angela years ago.

Emmett and Jasper had their share of trouble as well, although they knew their campers well. The leader of their bunch of twelve year old miscreants was an odd, pale little boy named Aro, who grew his jet black hair long and wore it in a ponytail. He and his buddies, Felix, Demetri and Alec were always playing pranks on the other campers.

The Blue Team had not taken their loss in stride; Jessica and Lauren had been very snippy about making mine and Angela's beds, and the other team members were equally as put out. Although they didn't do anything childish, like leave frogs in our beds, I knew that we were definitely not going to be friends.

I didn't care though; I was having too much fun. Every day I made some kind of interesting craft with children of different ages. Some days I helped the six year olds make popsicle-stick frames to send back home, others I taught ten year olds how to make red, white and blue pot holders.

I found out that Wednesday nights at camp were "Spooky Story Nights," with Carlisle or Eleazar gathering the children around the camp fire, telling wild tales as we munched on S'mores. It was fun for the most part, except for when Jane threw a sheet on in the middle of the night and scared the crap out of Bree, one of the many campers she liked to tease.

The Pact was in full swing as well; Alice and Jasper had quickly become a couple, something she said she'd known would happen all along. While the two of them had

only kissed, Rose and Emmett had gotten to second base and were well on their way to third before they'd been caught.

They'd snuck out after hours to the lake and Emmett had pulled her into one of the canoes that was moored to the dock. They made out for a while and after Emmett had successfully gotten off Rose's bra, he was about to unbutton her shorts when a flashlight suddenly shone into their faces. It was Mike, who had returned to Boating with permission from Carlisle after realizing he'd left his nametag there. Rose and Emmett had found the whole thing hysterical, far too self-assured to be embarrassed, and had run off hand in hand back to the beach.

Unfortunately Rose had forgotten her bra, and when it washed up onshore the following morning we were all glad that Mrs. Hale's housekeeper hadn't sewn the family surname into Rose's underwear.

As for Edward and me, we'd spent nearly every day together. He'd joined me for almost every meal in the mess hall, and we'd taken dozens of long walks since the first one we'd been on after the scavenger hunt. He'd told me tons of stories about the camp, including the time that he, Emmett and Jasper had nearly gotten sent home at age eleven because they'd snuck into the girls' bunk in an attempt to steal their panties. I had laughed as he told me how mortified he would have been to be shipped to his grandparents for the rest of the summer.

He got to know me as well; I told him about my mother passing away when I was five, about my uber-protective father and my idiot ex-boyfriend. We talked about college, what I wanted to study and how he was enjoying pursuing a degree in business, preparing to be camp owner. In the time we'd spent together, I'd discovered he wasn't the cocky player Jessica had accused him of being, but that she'd held a grudge against him and any girl he'd ever shown interest in since he'd turned her down the summer they were both Counselors-In-Training.

I guessed we'd sort of become a couple by now, even though we'd never actually said anything official about it. I was loving every minute we spent together, but so far we hadn't even done so much as kiss.

To be honest, it was starting to drive me a little crazy.

That all changed by our third Friday at camp; it was the first counselor movie night, set up on the beach by the lake with a huge screen. I'd been told by Angela that this was usually a night when couples at camp got busy, and when we arrived I saw that the sand was strewn with counselors cuddled beneath blankets, sleeping bags and towels. Although we had no 'supervision' so to speak, Carlisle and Esme's

cabin was not far off, so everyone was attempting to be stealthy.

The six of us laid our blankets towards the back of the group, near the spot where the sand shifted over into grass. Emmett and Rose started going at it nearly seconds after the movie started. I was lying next to Edward on a blanket, only feet away from the loud sucking noises and low murmurs coming from our left.

On the other side of us a few feet away Alice leaned on Jasper, her back against his front. His ever-present cowboy hat barely hid the fact that he was kissing her neck, and I couldn't help but watch as his hand grazed her side, cupping her breast gently before gliding down her belly underneath the blanket which they'd spread over them. As Alice's eyes slid closed and her head lolled backwards against his chest, it didn't take me long to realize what he was doing to her.

The sucking noises to our left suddenly ceased and I noted with surprise that Rose had disappeared, until I saw the blanket over Emmett was shifting between his legs. The unmistakable sound of a zipper sliding open was heard even over the movie, and Emmett bit his lip, his eyes glossing over as he fought to stay quiet.

Edward looked over me and cupped my face in his palm, something he'd done several times in the last few weeks. "You wanna get out of here?" he whispered.

I looked back at Emmett, who was now pulling in a sharp hiss through gritted teeth with his eyes squeezed tightly shut, then over at Alice who was panting softly with her face turned into Jasper's neck.

*This is just too damn weird.*

"Yes, please!"

Edward stood and took my hand. "Good! There's someplace that I've wanted to take you."

I grabbed our blanket with my free hand and whisked it off the sand. Our friends didn't even notice as we quickly walked away.

"Where are we going?" I asked in a low voice as Edward led me past the fire site and into the deserted camp.

"You'll see," he said, smiling. I grasped his hand tightly and followed him past the darkened mess hall, the Gymnastics tent and my second home, the Arts and Crafts Pavilion. We followed the sandy trail down to the amphitheater where Drama had

been rehearsing their yearly summer play. He pulled me up the steps onto the stage and sat me down next to him on a bench in front of the piano.

"I only do this when no one is here," he said. His eyes sparkled with mischief but then a calm came over him as he touched his fingers to the keys and began to play.

The music he created for me in that dark, empty theater, illuminated only by moonlight, was so perfect I nearly cried. I didn't speak until he was finished, asking him in amazement what he'd just played.

"I wrote it," he said simply, closing the cover over the keys.

"It was really beautiful."

Edward turned to me and smiled, then took a deep breath and sighed. "Can I tell you something? Something I haven't told anyone?"

I nodded eagerly, waiting for him to confide in me.

"I've been accepted into Julliard," he announced, and my mouth dropped open. "I sent them an audition tape in the Spring and they loved it. The admissions office told me I could transfer at the beginning of my sophomore year."

"That's great!" I exclaimed.

"No, it's not," he said sadly, standing up and pacing around the piano. "I'm going to college to get a business degree, so I can take over Misty Mountain and run the camp."

Edward approached the bench from the other side and flopped back down next to me, facing the opposite direction. He rubbed his face roughly with his hands before dropping one into his lap and gripping his hair with the other. "My parents would never understand."

"Edward, look at me." He didn't, so I turned sideways on the bench to face him. I gently stroked the hand that was pulling his hair until he released it and looked up at me with a pained expression. My heart clenched, hating seeing anything but happiness reflecting from his eyes.

"You should tell them," I encouraged softly. "They're awesome people. I'm sure they'd understand, and even if they don't...." I trailed off, looking into his eyes, momentarily dazzled too much to speak. From far away we could still hear the

sounds of the movie being played on the beach; the leaves on the trees around us rustled softly and in the distance, an owl hooted.

I reached up, placing my palms on the sides of his face. "You should do what you *love*, Edward."

A soft sound escaped his lips, something like a sigh and a tormented "V" appeared between his eyebrows as he leaned in close to me and pressed his forehead against mine. His breathing became heavier as his eyes searched mine and I bit my lip nervously. His tongue swept across his upper lip and then before I knew it he was kissing me.

My hands slid up from Edward's face and into his wild, unruly hair as his arms came around me, pulling me from my position straddling the bench and onto his lap. His lips were soft and pliant as they pressed against mine and I gasped as he gently slid the tip of his tongue into my mouth, asking permission. I tugged on his hair and moaned, pulling his face harder against mine. His fingers tightened against my back, gripping my shirt as his tongue slid into my mouth, caressing mine softly. I rolled my hips against his and felt him grow hard through his khakis underneath me when he suddenly pulled away, panting.

"Bella..." Still out of breath, his voice cracked as he spoke and he ran his palms soothingly up and down my sides. "I'm sorry I haven't...that we haven't..." He sighed and leaned back to look into my eyes. "I'm sorry I haven't kissed you yet. I'm a shitty boyfriend."

My heart leapt into my throat as I thrilled to the word: *boyfriend!*

"It's all right," I murmured, eager for him to kiss me again, addicted already to the sensation of his lips on mine.

"No, it's not. That's another thing about this damn camp! I can't be who I *want* to be." He kissed me again sweetly, chastely, his arms now wrapped around my waist as he held me against him.

"When I was sixteen I got caught by Eleazar...kissing his daughter Tanya in the hockey rink."

I cringed at the familiar name, remembering when Angela had told me the rumors about the two of them.

"Emmett was supposed to be my look-out, but that didn't work out too well.

Eleazar, Carmen and my parents lectured me big time about my 'responsibilities towards this camp' and 'how I'm expected to behave,' blah blah blah. Tanya stopped coming to camp after that summer, which was fine. I didn't really like her anyway, I was just a horny teenager, but..." He sighed, his shoulders slumping forward. "I don't get to be *free* here."

*What an irony, I thought, because being here with you was the freest I've ever felt*

He kissed me again, slowly at first, over and over again as the passion began to rebuild. He gripped my sides and the intensity in his gaze made me quiver. "I feel free with *you*, though," he whispered.

"Me, too." I barely croaked the words out.

Suddenly Edward grasped me by the hips and lifted me off him, then stood up next to me. He opened the piano bench to reveal several soft cushions, and then placed them on the stage in a line. Edward pulled me down onto them, lying on his side next to me and traced his fingertips over my cheek.

"God, you're beautiful," he whispered, and then claimed my lips with his once again. As we continued to kiss, he trailed his fingers down my cheek and over my collarbone. I shivered into his mouth as he paused there, rubbing soft circles against my skin with his thumb, waiting for my okay. I reached up and grabbed his hand with mine, pulling it down over my breast. He inhaled quickly as he kissed me with more intensity, palming and gently kneading my breast, running his thumb over my hardened nipple and causing me to whimper.

My hips started moving reflexively against the cushions and Edward hovered over me, gently placing his weight on my body. My legs fell open as he slid between them, pressing his clothed erection against my hot center. I felt like I was going out of my mind as he rocked his hips against mine, our hands twisting into each other's hair, and he kissed me passionately, moaning into my mouth.

Soon I knew we were approaching the point of no return; either we had to stop now or we weren't going to until each of us was somehow satisfied.

Edward seemed to sense my apprehension and pulled his head back slightly, rubbing his nose against mine. "Do you want to stop?"

*No! I want you! I want you **now!***

"No...I just...I don't...I don't want to risk you getting caught, getting in trouble again," I muttered.

He sighed and rolled off me, rubbing his hand across his forehead before roughly grabbing his hair again. He took several deep breaths, attempting to calm himself down.

The truth was I wanted him so badly I could hardly stand it, and I was kind of surprised at myself for stopping him. But I wasn't sure I wanted my first time to be on a dusty stage floor in the shadow of a piano bench. Maybe I was a complete dork, but I was hoping for something slightly more...romantic?

"I'm sorry," I mumbled pathetically. I hoped he wasn't too disappointed in me.

"Don't be sorry!" he laughed, reaching up to caress my cheek. He kissed me softly before looking at me from under his lashes, a wicked smile on his face. "Besides, there will be other nights."

I bit my lip and my stomach burned with anticipation as he helped me up and put the cushions away. Edward gave me one last lingering kiss in the light of the stars before we raced back through camp for the end of the movie.

- MM -

The rest of July seemed to pass by in an instant. Our days were filled with endless camp activities: Alice was preparing a recital with the campers who had shown an interest in Dance and Rose had organized a counselors-against-campers softball game. I spent an entire week teaching how to make friendship bracelets, and found it incredibly endearing when Edward came by and tried to make one himself.

I'd also visited Angela at Archery, trying my hand with a bow and arrow, only to discover Ben waiting to walk her to dinner. I was thrilled that they'd started dating. In addition, Jessica and Lauren seemed to have forgotten their little grudge against us as now they were dating two international counselors from Brazil. Mike had backed off, having gotten the hint from Emmett that Rose was taken.

Emmett, Jasper and Edward were having their fair share of troubles with their pre-pubescent campers. In traditional camp fashion, late one night their twelve year old boys sneaked into the girls' camp, specifically into our bunk. Felix, Demetri and Alec tiptoed into our cabin, leaving Aro behind pretending to have food poisoning as a distraction to their counselors. A piercing scream woke the three of us, and we ran out of our room just in time to see the boys racing out the door, underwear in hand.

Edward, Emmett and Jasper had found the whole thing so damn hysterical that they hadn't even reported the kids to Carlisle and Esme. And we didn't mind that much either, since it was Jane's underwear they stole.

She was becoming even more of a handful. One day the little brat took all of Bree's clothes while she was changing by the pool. The poor girl has been crying in the girls' cabana for an hour before Alice had a hunch something was wrong and stopped there on her way back from Dance.

Alice raced back to our bunk to bring Bree a t-shirt and shorts, but not before laying on Jane some of the nastiest (albeit profanity-free) words I'd ever heard her say. Embarrassed in front of all the campers by everyone's favorite counselor, it wasn't long before Jane's antics came to an end. We were all thrilled when her parents packed up her things on visiting day, saying they were taking a long awaited vacation to Italy together.

By the time August rolled around, Rose had already fulfilled her share of The Pact. She came back to our cabin one night, uncharacteristically sweaty with twigs and pine needles in her hair. She flopped down onto her bed with a broad smile on her face, but then shifted uncomfortably on her blanket. Alice and I had stuffed Rose's sheets full of pillows, pretending she was sick and asleep in case anyone came looking for her.

"I *knew* tonight would be the night for you two!" Alice was practically giddy.

Rose stretched her arms above her, testing her body, as if she were trying to ascertain whether her limbs felt the same now that she was a *woman*. She sighed, complacent.

"Did it hurt?" I asked nervously.

Rose sat up. "Um, yeah, a little at first. Emmett's so freaking big that-"

"Shhhhh!" Alice warned her, pointing out the door towards where our campers slept.

Rose clamped her hands over her mouth and giggled, her eyes wide. She continued in a whisper, "He's so big that it was just kind of uncomfortable the first time."

"The *first* time?" I asked, amazed.

"Oh yeah, he came in about three strokes," she said. "But he didn't take long to recover. And the second time was really, really good." Rose waggled her eyebrows.

I hugged a pillow to my chest and listened while Rose told Alice about the spot Emmett had taken her to. My mind wandered back to the last time Edward and I had managed to find some privacy.

We'd gone for a late night swim in the lake, far past the beach and near the Boating dock. Jasper waited about fifty yards away, offering to be a lookout because of Emmett's bad track record in the past. It was kind of odd, him reading a book within our earshot, but hey, that's how things go at camp.

We'd only been in the chilly lake for a few minutes before Edward was kissing me and peeling back my bikini top, running his thumbs over my already puckered nipples. We bobbed in the shallow, murky waters behind the dock, our toes just barely touching the sandy bottom. Edward attacked my neck with his mouth, sucking and biting my skin as he palmed my breasts. I could feel his hard length through his shorts, pushing against me under the water.

Suddenly he spun me around, trapping my body against his and nudging me forward until we could kneel in the water, the surface splashing at our necks. "Bella, I want to make you come," he'd whispered, his breath hot against my ear. I'd shivered as he slid his hand into my bikini bottoms and began stroking me expertly, drawing slow circles against my clit. With his cock pressed against my ass, my body bucked wildly in the water as he swiftly brought me to orgasm, bringing his free hand up to cover my mouth, silencing my whimpers and moans.

I hadn't had the chance to return the favor that night since Jasper began whistling "Dixie," our cue that someone was nearby and we needed to get out of sight. I'd made it up to Edward the following weekend though, kneeling in front of him and taking him into my mouth after we'd snuck into the Gymnastics tent after dark.

It was during Color War Break, two weeks before camp was ending, that Alice and Jasper mysteriously disappeared. We were all down by the lake as the camp was split into the Blue Team and the Green Team by Carlisle, dressed in an Indian Headdress and war paint, and Esme, who wore her hair in braids, Pocahontas style. The campers were cheering madly for their Color War Generals, Sergeants and Lieutenants when suddenly our two friends vanished.

I had to hand it to Alice; it was the perfect time to slip away. The entire camp was occupied in team strategies, with all the directors (including Edward) busy and distracted. It wasn't until they traipsed back to the beach, a dazed look on Jasper's

face and a broad smile on Alice's, that anyone but me noticed they were gone.

Emmett immediately knew what was up and gave Jasper a high five. On the opposite side of the lake, Edward sat with the members of the Blue Team, a headband with a single feather attached wrapped around his head and one of the youngest campers sitting in his lap. Even from this distance he seemed to sense my gaze and caught my eye, flashing that beautiful crooked smile.

Even as I smiled back at him, my heart sank; I was running out of time with him.

- MM -

As the last week of summer reared its ugly head, and the camp was alive with tug-of-war, pie-eating contests, and other Color War tournaments, I found myself spending more and more time convincing Edward to tell his parents about his acceptance into Julliard. He was nearing the deadline to make a decision about the Admissions Board's offer. After a night when I discovered he could sing as well, his voice soft and husky as it carried out on the cool air, I was more desperate than ever to get him to transfer, despite his insistence that Carlisle and Esme would never understand.

"Edward, you *have* to tell them," I whispered in between kisses as we sat, cuddled up under blankets for another movie night. It was a particularly cold night and most of the counselors were exhausted from Color War, so the vast majority of us were actually watching the movie.

"I can't," he whispered back, running his nose against mine.

I pulled him closer to me, grasping his camp shirt in my fingers. I looked into his breathtaking eyes, and the frustration I saw in them tore me in two. "If you don't at least try you might always regret it."

- MM -

The days slipped by and Alice and Rose steered clear of discussing The Pact as they saw my anxiety increase. At that point, I didn't even care that Edward and I hadn't done it yet. In just three short days I would have to say goodbye to him and it was ripping me apart.

The Thursday before camp ended was the last day of Color War. In a large ceremony on the beach, Carlisle tallied the results from the games, declaring the Green Team the winner. Afterwards a catered, banquet-style celebration took place

in the mess hall. I walked towards it with a lump in my throat and my stomach in knots; Edward had finally agreed to tell his parents about Julliard.

I hung back from the crowd, watching Edward approach them. I couldn't hear what they were saying but the looks of concern on their faces made it evident that they were worried about their son. Before entering the mess hall, I took one last look behind me to see them seated at a picnic table by the camp fire site, Edward's head in his hands.

I barely got three forkfuls of dinner down; I was too nervous, constantly looking towards the door to see Edward appear. Whatever the outcome, I wanted to be there for him. I was amazed at how quickly he had become my entire world. I'd just reluctantly settled my spoon back on my plate when a raucous applause caused me to look up; Carlisle and Esme had just run in wearing clown suits, followed by Carmen and Eleazar who were similarly dressed. Edward slipped in quietly behind them and made his way to the back of the room where I sat.

When I looked at Emmett, confusion clear on my face, he leaned over and whispered with a huge grin, "It's time for the end-of-summer roasts."

As the head directors began their routine, poking fun in a light-hearted fashion at every member of the staff and causing all the campers to squeal with delight, Edward's eyes met mine. When he reached the back corner of the hall, his face broke out in a wide grin, and at that moment I knew he'd gotten their permission to change schools. I bolted off the bench where I'd been sitting, running to him and throwing my arms around him. He held me close amidst the chaos around us, put his lips to my ear and whispered, "Thank you."

- MM -

On Friday all the campers went home. Tearful goodbyes were said in the camp parking lot, in the shadow of the mountains where we'd all made our homes for the past two months. Our campers clung to Alice, begging her to come back next summer so they could be C.I.T.'s with her at Dance.

As we waved the last of them off, I turned around to see Edward standing on the office terrace; it was the exact spot he'd been in the first minute I saw him.

He motioned me over and I skipped towards the building, squinting in the sunlight as I looked up at him. "You're sneaking away with me tonight," he said and then placed his pointer finger over his lips, indicating for me to stay quiet. His devilish smile made my insides quiver.

A few hours later I met Edward on the beach where he waited for me, the late summer sun glinting in his coppery locks. In one hand he held a picnic basket and grabbed mine with his free one as he quickly pulled me towards the mountainside.

"Where are we going?" I giggled as I hurried alongside him.

"Up the mountain," he replied matter-of-factly.

"A hike? Ooooh, how romantic," I said sarcastically as we began climbing the bottom. "Won't we get in trouble?"

Edward paused and looked at me, a confident and carefree glint in his eyes. "It's our last night. It's worth the risk."

He brought my hand which was entwined with his up to his lips for a kiss and then nudged me along, continuing our climb up the steep slope.

We ascended through the brush, hand in hand, listening to the soft sounds of the forest around us. Even though it was still August, summer was beginning to give up its grasp on the mountainside. At the peak several trees were beginning to lose the lush green hue of their leaves and give themselves over to the wild oranges and maroons of autumn.

When we reached the top Edward took a blanket from the basket he was carrying and laid it out on the sparse grass. He pulled me down onto it next to him, reached into the basket again and produced two wrapped sandwiches, two bags of chips and two sodas.

He blushed as he handed me the food. "It's not exactly elegant I know, but it's the best I could sneak out of the mess hall without Eleazar catching me."

We ate our dinners in silence, smiling at each other as we chewed and taking in the beautiful scenery around us. I sighed as I gazed out at the lake, the mist still hovering around the mountaintops in the distance. "I'm really going to miss this."

He scowled slightly. "You don't think you'll come back next year?"

I shrugged, uncertain. The truth was I didn't know where I stood with *him*, and I wasn't sure I could handle coming back to Misty Mountain again and not be with Edward. "I don't know," I said softly.

"You know," he said, taking my hand in his. "Julliard isn't that far from Princeton.

It's only about an hour away."

I nodded, not sure where he was going with this. "Bella." His voice was barely above a whisper. "I'd really like to keep seeing you."

"I'd like that too," I said as I smiled, my lungs filling with relief. The anxiety that had been crushing me for the last two weeks suddenly lifted.

Edward leaned in and kissed me; it wasn't intensely passionate by any means, but as far as I was concerned it was the best kiss we'd had all summer.

"I took you up here for a reason tonight." He brushed a strand of hair off my face as he spoke. "I wanted to climb the mountain again with you, up here with the mist, to the place I first fell in love with you."

My breath caught in my throat. *He loves me!*

"I love you too!" I responded gleefully.

He shook his head, laughing. "And I'm not just saying that because it's the last night of the summer or because you have one more night left of The Pact."

I gasped and froze, then hid my face in my hands. "You know about that?" I moaned through my fingers, completely humiliated.

"Yeah, Rose let it slip to Emmett one night," he laughed apologetically, pulling my fingers away from my face so I could see my favorite crooked smile. Then Edward's gaze shifted, his thick lashes lowering over his eyes. "Do you still want to?" he asked huskily.

He seemed so vulnerable when he asked me the question, and as I reveled in the moment I realized my first time could never be more romantic than this. I bit my lip and nodded.

"Yes," I whispered.

Edward searched my eyes before cupping my face in his hands. He ran his thumbs over my cheeks a few times before kissing me deeply, his soft lips brushing against mine over and over again. He laid me back against the blanket and began kissing my neck, his fingers lifting the hem of my shirt and gently caressing the skin of my belly.

I arched my back slightly, allowing him to rake the fabric up and pull it over my head. He gazed at me with fire in his eyes and ran his fingertips over my collarbone, back and forth, back and forth.

Eager for more contact, I reached behind my back and unhooked my simple cotton bra, throwing it to the side. Edward yanked his shirt up over his head and I gazed at the smooth planes of his chest, his muscled arms, and his tanned skin. He must have been impatient as well because he immediately began unbuttoning his shorts, after which I did the same to mine. He stretched along the length of my body, wrapping his fingers along the skin of my bare back as he kissed me. I shivered as he skimmed his fingers lower, tracing the curve of my ass until they slid down my thigh and hitched my leg up over his own.

Overwhelmed with the desire to feel the full weight of his body on top of mine again, I rocked my hips against his, feeling the head of his cock just barely push against me.

His lips grazed my ear. "Are you wet for me, Bella?"

I moaned at his words and felt his fingers trace a path of flames back over my rear, around to the crevice where my thigh met my hip. He began stroking the tender skin there and making me squirm in anticipation. His wicked chuckle made me hiss and I glared at him.

Edward leaned in to kiss me again, leaving me breathless as his tongue slid in and out of my mouth. His fingertips danced along my belly and I gasped as he turned his palm towards me and lifted the waistband of my panties, dipping his fingers inside.

"You didn't answer my question," he whispered, but I was rendered speechless as he brushed his fingers against my soft flesh. As he gently parted my folds and began stroking me, I gripped his forearms and bowed my head against his chest. My hips moved in time with his motions, and he chuckled again as he said huskily, "I guess I'll have to find out by myself."

He nudged me slightly, rolling me onto my back while he stayed on his side and continued caressing me. I lost my grip on his arm and wildly grasped at his hair, clinging to the soft curls and dragging his face towards mine.

Edward groaned as he kissed me hard, sucking my lower lip into his mouth as his fingers slid lower, teasing my entrance. I cried out as I felt him slowly push the tip of his middle finger inside me.

His lips found their way to my ear again. "Mmmm, you are wet. Tell me Bella, does this feel good?"

I bucked my hips against his hand, moaning a strangled "Yes!" I reached my hand out, trailing down his chest until I palmed his length through his boxers, which were damp and slightly sticky where it met the tip of his cock.

Edward inhaled sharply, his eyes sliding closed as I touched him through the cotton, grunting my name softly. I swiftly reached into his boxers, grasping his hot, rigid flesh, stroking him and watching him sink his teeth into his lower lip.

We lay there like that for a few moments, panting, moaning, and bringing each other pleasure with our hands. I could hear how wet I was as he continued to pump his finger in and out, over and over again

"Edward please," I begged. "I'm ready...I want you now."

His eyes met mine and he stopped his ministrations, pulling his finger out of me slowly and dragging it along my clit, making me jump and shudder. Edward raised his body above mine and hooked his fingers into my panties, inching backwards as he pulled them down my legs. I whimpered with the loss of contact as my hand slid out of his boxers, but then he kneeled and pulled himself free of them, staring at me.

The orange light of sunset cast a ray of warmth over us, making Edward's skin glow. Every muscled ridge in his arms was bathed in golden sunlight, and his eyes sparkled as he smiled down at me. He reached into the basket and pulled out a wrapper, and my breath quickened with excitement.

When he had the condom rolled on, a sudden rush of doubt flooded my stomach. "Edward?" I whispered nervously. "This isn't...it's not *your* first time too, is it?"

He frowned and hovered over me, putting his palms on either side of my face. "No," he said softly, running his nose along mine. "But it's my first time doing it with someone I love."

*Oh!*

Edward lifted one hand and ran his thumb across my cheek, my favorite gesture, and stared meaningfully into my eyes. "You're everything to me now, Bella."

I was choking with emotion, tears brimming at the corners of my eyes. "Make me yours, Edward."

He lined himself at my entrance; I felt him there, smooth and hot and sliding against my sensitive skin. I involuntarily tensed but as I saw the lust and passion in Edward's eyes, I relaxed and arched my hips up towards him, urging him inside.

"Promise you'll tell me if it hurts, or if you want me to stop, okay?"

I nodded and felt him push inward slowly, his eyes trained on my face as his arms shook on either side of me. I moaned at the sensation; it felt different from his fingers, more intense and burning slightly as he pushed deeper inside me. Edward kept his eyes on mine, watching me for any signs of pain as he pulled back and gently pushed in again.

His whole body seemed to quiver with the weight of his restraint. "Edward," I urged him. "I'm okay. Please..." I knew he was afraid of hurting me but I desperately wanted to feel him inside me.

Edward kissed me then, still paused with just the tip of him inside me, and as I was concentrating on the delicious distraction of his tongue inside my mouth, pushed all the way inside me.

I gasped as I registered the sudden, searing pain. I forced my eyes shut, clenching my teeth and trying to hold in the tears that were threatening to break free. I felt him rest his forehead on mine. "I'm sorry," he whispered regretfully, unmoving. "Do you want me to stop?"

Trembling, I gripped his shoulders, holding on for dear life. "No...it's all right....keep going."

Edward pulled out and pushed in again so slowly, so gently. I couldn't imagine how hard it must have been for him to hold back like that. As he moved in me the burning sensation slowly dissipated, and I shifted my hips slightly; the change in angle caused him to hit a different spot inside me and I gasped again, this time in pleasure.

"Fuck, I'm so sorry Bella," he called out, freezing again but I stopped him.

"No, no, it's good. Please....more," I cried. He exhaled a sigh of relief and thrust again inside me, causing me to moan. "Oh....*God!*"

I closed my eyes and concentrated on the sensation of his cock sliding in and out, his panting soft and insistent at my ear. "Fuck, Bella, you feel so fucking *good!*"

I could only moan at his words as he pulled back, sitting up on his knees. With one hand he held my knee securely against his hip, and brought the thumb of the other hand down to my clit. The new angle, combined with his fingers on me, felt so amazing that I started writhing and clutching at the blanket with my hands.

Looking up at him, I could see he was struggling to keep his eyes open against the onslaught of pleasure. The sight of his beautiful features contorted with ecstasy drove me surprisingly to the edge.

"Edward, you're gonna make me...oh my God!" I gasped and shivered, my orgasm sending waves of pleasure through my body. Edward immediately registered what was happening and let go, throwing his head back and calling out my name. He thrust once, two times and then stilled and shuddered against me.

We were both panting as we came down from our release. Still a little sore, I winced slightly as Edward slid out of me. He wrapped the condom up in a napkin and lay down next to me, kissing my forehead and pulling me into an embrace. A few tears lingered at the corners of my eyes and he lovingly kissed them away.

A little while later, as the cool breezes began chilling our flesh, we got dressed and packed up our things. I was reluctant to leave, to head down the mountain and face the reality of leaving him, of leaving Misty Mountain. I stared out towards where the sun was setting, a fiery orb igniting the watery hues of the camp into oranges and reds, making the calm surface of the lake glitter.

Edward stood behind me and wrapped his arms around my body, kissing the top of my head. "You know," he began. "Seattle's not that far from Forks. We could drive out to the east coast together?"

I thought about Charlie, probably already prepared twenty four hours in advance to come pick me up. What would I say to him? *Hi Dad. I'd like you to meet my new boyfriend, Edward. We're gonna drive across the country together next week. Sound good?*

"We'll have to see what my Dad says," I replied.

"Hmm, I think I might need a bulletproof vest for that." Edward kissed my cheek and settled his chin down on my shoulder.

Laughing, I snuggled into the warmth of his embrace, breathing in our last few moments of freedom together. The sun set over the horizon, the promise of another day ahead of us, and all the adventures yet to come.

**This story *\*may\** be continued at some point in time.**

**Let me know what you thought! :)**