

MY YEAR AS A SEX SLAVE

I simply cannot describe how beautiful Bella was when she awoke from her transformation. Of course, she's always been beautiful to me, at least once I allowed myself to notice and appreciate her, which is something I resisted when she first arrived at Forks High School. How glad I am that I overcame my arrogant self-absorption long enough for her to capture my attention before her scent did! Though I didn't realize it then, my indifferent attitude toward Bella—and really, all women during that period of my life—stemmed from a place of unconscious, muted despair.

I had lived one hundred four years without the kind of love in my life that I witnessed every day in my family. I couldn't feel the lack of something I'd never known, but I'm not blind or stupid. I was more than aware of the way my parents and siblings looked into their mates' eyes, the way every one of them lit up automatically when their other half appeared, the way they disappeared together at night, and yes, even the way that Emmett and Rosalie simply could not keep their hands off each other. All of it was foreign to me—that kind of attraction to anyone—but that doesn't mean I didn't wonder what I was missing or perhaps even what was wrong with me.

Carlisle says that statistically speaking, I likely had had some experience of sexual desire and gratification as a human. After all, I was a seventeen-year-old boy and even in those days when teenagers were not as sophisticated as they are now, our bodies awakened at the usual time for humans. And human boys are known to have a remarkable affinity for their own sex organs. Of course, I don't remember my body changing, but the fact that I have hair on my chest and the voice of a man rather than a child proves that I had physically entered manhood.

So from somewhere in my past experience, my body remembered the cravings that Bella so eloquently (and frequently) expressed to me while she was human. Though I can't remember my human experience, based on my observation of humans, I have concluded that sexuality is different for vampires. We don't have hormonal spikes that drive us suddenly forward in a search for a sexual outlet. Instead, when the subject of our sexual focus is present, at least one thought thread of our many-threaded minds continually runs along a sexual seam, creating a constant craving. At any moment when Bella is near, I can direct my attention to that thread of thought and instantly be prepared to indulge it.

The first time I visited Bella's bedroom, I began to experience what I later recognized as sexual desire for her. The feelings were new to me and powerful, and while she remained human, I had to exercise an enormous amount of self-control to prevent myself from acting upon them—especially when combined with my natural thirst and Bella's constant pressure for more physical contact.

What a revelation it was after Bella was changed, therefore, to find that my sexual attraction for her had amplified by several times! Altering her already potent draw into a form wholly compatible with my own makeup changed the equation and suddenly, all of my carefully cultivated control and restraint flew out the window. I was once again in over my head, drowning in desire for her. The moment she threw her arms around my neck, a gravitational force more powerful than any before it secured me to her forever—a moon in her orbit.

On the day Bella awoke, despite the fact that my family stood observing us, my mother silently shrieking *Too close! Too close! She'll attack!* and Jasper poised to leap between us, I could have taken my wife right there on the floor. I wanted to. Such was the power of my enhanced attraction to her. Fortunately for our spectators, my overarching feelings of relief and adoration kept me in check as

well as the knowledge that if I felt so unrestrained, then Bella must feel even more so and it was my responsibility to help her manage her new cravings...of every type.

When we lay outside together after Bella's first hunt, I was again overcome by physical desire for my vampire wife. I was desperate to strip her naked and feel the smoothness of her new skin against my own. How I longed to press my lips to every inch of her body and explore her with my fingers and tongue! It had been less than two weeks since we'd last made love, but it felt like half a lifetime.

Admittedly, the fact that Renesmee was waiting for her mother to return would not have been sufficient inducement to drag me off of my wife's new body, but fortunately, it distracted Bella enough to get us home. If we had made love in the woods then, I don't know how many days it would have been before we resurfaced to face our obligations. Finally, I understood the indecent behavior that Emmett and Rosalie so often displayed in their first ten years together.

The density and texture of Bella's new form signaled that I was no longer a physical danger to her, though so thoroughly had I trained myself to avoid expressing my desire for her directly that it took my mind a while to catch up to the knowledge that it was perfectly safe for me to engage with her however I wished. In fact, Bella was much more of a danger to me than I was to her. She was so easily overwhelmed by lust that she often forgot to account for her new strength.

Our first night together was an eye-opening experience. Within a minute of tearing off our clothes, Bella had knocked me to the hardwood floor of our bedroom with an overly exuberant kiss. Overcome by passion and desire, I had slid on top of my wife and was making love to her in a gloriously carnal reunion. Then suddenly, I wasn't. In her excitement, Bella had rolled me beneath her and assumed control. I found myself trapped under a highly

aroused, boisterous newborn with no hope of dislodging her if I'd wanted to.

Reflecting on that later, I realized what a profound change had occurred in our relationship. Suddenly, Bella was able to exercise complete physical control over me. Because I couldn't read her mind, I was utterly helpless to defend myself against any assault she might launch. It was little consolation that her assaults were always amorous and that she never would hurt me intentionally.

My psyche was stunned by the strangeness of my new position and the awareness of my new vulnerability. I was instantly enlightened as to how Bella must have felt being with me while she was human. At any moment, she could be moved from one physical location to another, hauled through the forest at lightning speed, or knocked senseless in an unguarded moment. Even being kissed by me must have felt a little risky. Just as I crushed an iron rose from our bed in my hand, so I could crush her hand when I reached to hold it, or crush her skull when I leaned down to kiss her. How did Bella ever tolerate such vulnerability??

*I found it extraordinarily difficult, not only because I was so unaccustomed to it, but also because I was aware that Bella did not know how to manage her newborn strength. In the midst of my intense cravings for her, a continuous warning cycled through my mind... *she can hurt you... she can hurt you...**

My new defensiveness didn't hamper my desire for my wife or my enthusiasm for making love with her. Neither was I consciously concerned about being injured. I knew that I would heal from any damage she might do and I was so happy to have her back—healthy, strong, and durable—that I was more than willing to tolerate some physical pain.

In that regard, Bella's first year as a newborn taught me some things about the nature of Alice and Jasper's relationship. First, that

anticipation of pain is often more distressing than the pain itself and likewise, anticipation of pleasure heightens subsequent pleasure. Second, once one has reached a certain level of arousal, pain no longer feels like pain, but acts as a stimulus to an even higher level of arousal. I have heard it said that there is a fine line between pleasure and pain and during that year with Bella, my personal line moved dramatically.

Sometimes when Bella was close to orgasm, she would clench her fingers so tightly that her fingernails penetrated my skin, leaving bloodless gouges or long, deep scratches in my back. Under ordinary circumstances, such injuries would hurt, but when my wife reached that level of sexual excitement, she always carried me along with her so that I was too aroused to interrupt everything and call her attention to it. Often, in fact, the intense stimulation of the pain threw me over the edge into orgasm unexpectedly. Orgasms under those circumstances were extraordinarily forceful...even thrilling. It was as if my body had interpreted the pain as pleasure.

While on our honeymoon, I had found Bella to be highly responsive to sexual stimulus of every kind, but after her transformation, "responsive" no longer characterized her behavior. Instead, she became dominant and dominating in our sex life. In her excitement, Bella would move me about this way and that, shove me around the room, or roll me onto my back, immobilizing or incapacitating me with her strength. During sex, I frequently felt like a Raggedy Andy doll being handled too roughly by a child. I protested and reminded her regularly, but it took Bella a long time to recognize and contain her power. It never felt to her like she was restraining or controlling me.

*Probably seventy-five percent of the times we made love in Bella's first vampire year, though, I ended up being subjugated in some way to my wife's desire. It became *de rigueur* for Bella to end up ravishing me from above, no matter what position we started in.*

With her new, heightened capacity for sensation, she would lose herself completely in the buildup to her sexual climax. She would flip me onto my back and crouch over me with her arms pressing into my biceps or chest, pinning me into submission. She would hold me helplessly beneath her as she flexed her thighs and thrust herself upon me, pleasuring herself with the most intimate part of my body. I adapted to this new state of affairs and enjoyed my increased arousal as I watched her use me as she desired. Indeed, I was her willing slave.

As our first year progressed, Bella became gradually more aware of her sexual dominance. Whenever she realized that she was on top of me and preventing me from moving, she would roll us over so that I was on top of her. Then she would forget herself again, let her body take over, and roll onto me once more, repeating the cycle, sometimes rapidly. To a human eye, we would have looked like a spinning wheel flyer whirling away across the ground.

While Bella was human, I had learned to sublimate and reign in my desire for her, to practice self-control. But I had always enforced Bella's self-control as well as my own and nothing about that changed when we got married. She had not learned how to keep her sexual desires in check and neither did she know how—or perhaps even want—to constrain her power.

I don't mean to imply that Bella abused her strength, but she never hesitated to use it. As time went on, she even embraced her power over me. I suppose it was a reaction to all the sexual frustration our situation (or from her perspective, I myself) had forced on her from the beginning of our relationship. When she was nearly a year old, she discovered that by inserting her finger in my backside, she could turn me into the sexual equivalent of a bug on a pin writhing helplessly at her mercy. She would hold me down, take my penis in her mouth and stroke me front and back into total submission or she would roll me onto my stomach and make me

come just by touching me inside. I allowed her, of course, as I certainly was not suffering, but she enjoyed reducing me to a mound of jelly at her whim.

In spite of wishing to indulge my wife in every possible way, I was still Edward, though...the one used to making the decisions, initiating our physical relationship to the degree that it had ever been possible, and being physically in control of everything. Suddenly finding myself in control of nothing, including my own body at times, was disturbing. Bella was stronger than me, probably more stubborn, at least as opinionated, and she enjoyed turning the tables on me, which was easier after her change than before. Plus once freed, pent-up desire whooshed out of her so hard and fast that even my highly frustrated and intense new cravings were always a step or two behind hers.

I never particularly minded being physically subordinate to Bella (a “Bottom” to her “Top”) during our first year together, but there are times, at least for a man, when being in control feels very necessary. It’s the essence of manhood as I learned it and though that standard has changed over the past century to some degree, I still believe that testosterone during the human years alters our brains in certain ways. So psychologically, it wasn’t always easy to be sexually submissive to my wife.

When my feelings of being controlled became too much for me to handle, I would insist on making love “doggy style” (Emmett’s lingo). It’s the one sexual position in which I always could subdue Bella—from behind, with her on her knees and elbows. She’s never found another position that gives her the same sensations as that one does. While still a powerful newborn, she certainly could have shaken me off, but she never wanted to, which allowed me some measure of control in the bedroom. Still does, as a matter of fact, though it feels less necessary these days.

Looking back, I'm sure that I overcompensated during our second year of marriage. As Bella's extraordinary strength waned, she—unconsciously, I think—began to cede control to me more readily and I grew more assertive as well. I prefer being a Top, as it turns out, I like “doing to” more than “being done to.” If Bella and I were a sexually Dominant/submissive sort of couple like Alice and Jasper, I would be the Dominant. Unfortunately, so would Bella, so it's best that we're not into that, I suppose. Still, our lives are long and one learns never to say never.

Edward

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