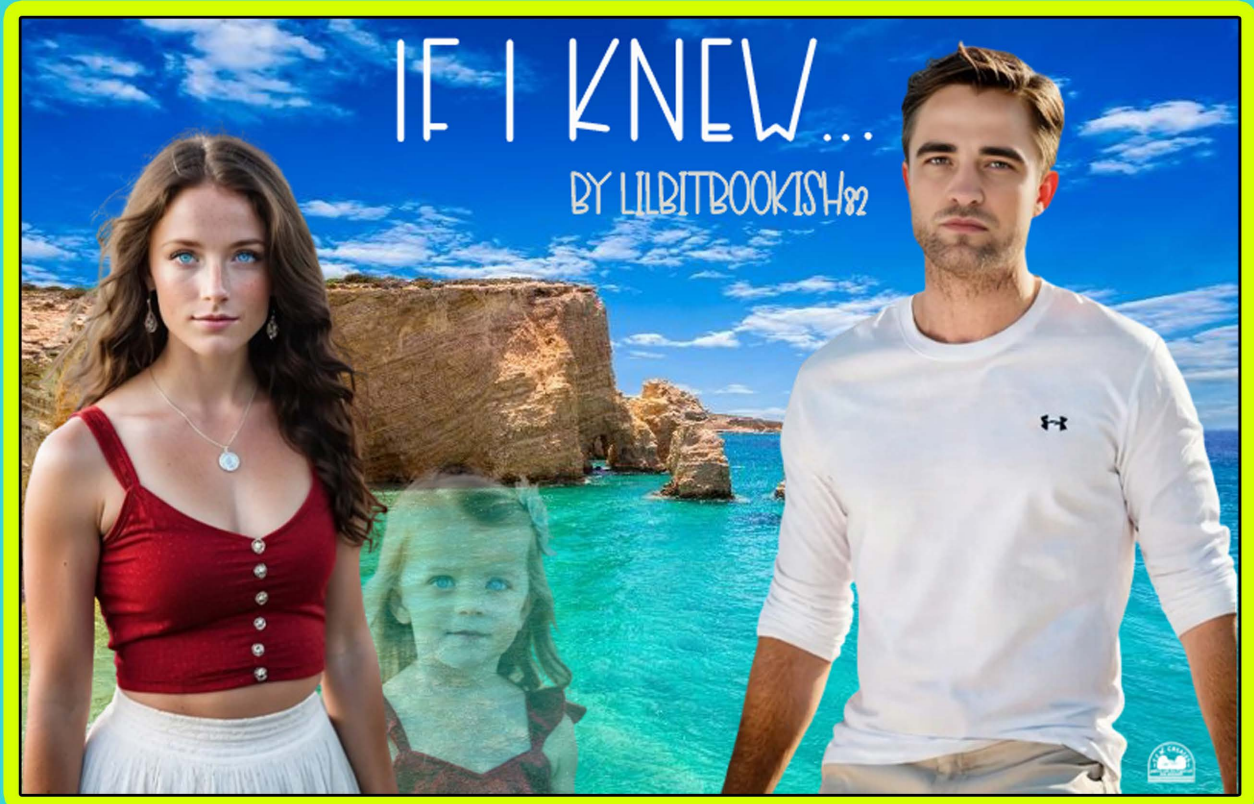


Rated M

IF I KNEW

by Lilbitbookish82



# IF I KNEW...

# LILBITBOOKISH82

CREATED BY LILBITBOOKISH82



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Any and all feedback is greatly  
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lilbitbookish82@gmail.com

**So, I just watched Mamma Mia: Here We Go Again the other night, and it gave me a plot bunny that I couldn't get rid of. The only similarities here are a girl living on an island in Greece and a few other things, but this is no way a Mamma Mia story.**

**I hope y'all like it. The first half will be EPOV then a few in BPOV only, then we'll move to both POV.**

**As always:**

**Disclaimer: All characters are property of that lady who wrote Twilight. This story, however, is mine. © 2024 lilbitbookish82**

## **Chapter 1: The Island**

### **EPOV**

As I began to pack, I couldn't help but get excited about this adventure. I just graduated from college with my degree in pre-med from Northwestern and was offered the NUPSP internship. My parents were *'very 'disappointed'* in my decision to turn that down in lieu of traveling for the summer. I had made the decision when I was interviewing for med schools that I needed a break from studies before real life descended. I of course got accepted into several programs and had decided to accept the placement back at Northwestern's Feinberg School of Medicine which my parents were thrilled with, and it got them off my back knowing I would be back at the beginning of September to begin Phase 1A on the 30<sup>th</sup>. I knew what I signed up for when I made the decision to go pre-med, but school takes the soul out of you and instead of burning out, I chose this instead.

Tomorrow morning at 5:20 am, my flight will leave O'Hare and leave me spending the summer on the island of Paros, Greece with my uncle Aron. He moved there five years ago when he decided to quit his job and *'live life'* instead of wasting away in Chicago. He had just gone through a messy divorce when my ex-bitch of an aunt decided that she would rather *'try'* women for a change. It certainly didn't stop her from trying to rape his bank account though. Thank the fucking lord that he was smart enough to listen to my grandparents when they told him to, and I quote, "pre-nup that bitch." They

knew she was a gold digger from the second they met Sulpicia Rossini. The only good thing about that marriage was the addition of my best friend/cousin Emmett who was living in Naples now with his fiancé Rosalie. I was pretty stoked that they would be coming out to Paros to visit while I was there; I missed that pain in the ass.

Finishing up, I decided to go around and unplug all the appliances so I wouldn't forget to in the morning, and then crashed. My alarm went off at the ungodly hour of 2:00 am, so I got up and took a quick shower, made sure all the rest of my toiletries were packed, ensured nothing funky would grow in my fridge while I was gone, took the trash out, and grabbed my shit as I locked my door for the last time for three, glorious months of sunshine, sand, and relaxation. The Uber I requested was idling on the corner, so I popped my bags into the trunk, and we were off.

The best part about early flights was the fact that check-in was a breeze. I got in and through security in less than 30 minutes, grabbed a cup of coffee at Starbucks, and popped my ass into my chair at my gate to wait for another hour and a half for my flight to Athens to take off. While I was waiting, I decided to get out my iPad and watch *The Batman*. By the time my flight was called to board, I was pissed I had to stop my movie because it was at a bad-ass scene, and I was really into it. Oh, well...I'll finish it on the plane.

As I was about to take my seat in business class, a tiny wisp of a girl slapped my ass and said, "da fuck, Cullen?! You're just leaving for the summer without telling me?," she pouted.

I turned around and looked down on my little friend and said, "well Brandon, it seems you were doing the same!," I laughed and gave her a hug.

"It seems to be kismet, Edward! I'm your seat mate, well behind your seat mate," she giggled. "I promise I won't big you the 'whole' time. What's taking you to Athens?"

"Oh yeah, 'kismet'," I laughed. "It's actually a stopping point on my way to see Uncle Aron," I told her. "I'm spending the summer relaxing before the real-world steps in in September."

She rolled her eyes and replied, “I see we have the same idea. Instead of Paros, I’m heading out to Santorini. I’m meeting Jasper there for our long-awaited honeymoon!” she gushed talking about her new husband of 5 months. He had accepted an internship at Latham & Walking in NYC, and they had been apart for about a year besides their wedding. His internship was over, and he took a position in their Chicago office that he accepted on the terms he would begin on September 15<sup>th</sup>. I was happy for them to finally be back together again.

Allie and I have been best friends since we were practically born. My mom and her’s are childhood best friends and of course we were thrown together for everything; it was inevitable that the little ball of fire sitting behind me would cling to me throughout our lives. She’s like an octopus, stuck on your face, sucking you in and making you adore her.

“Ah hell Allie-Cakes...I’m fucking happy for you guys! It’s about time!” I smirked. “Try not to get pregnant on this trip otherwise 1A is gonna suck for you!”

She stuck her tongue out at me and said, “I’m on birth control asshole and I made Jasper buy stock in Trojans before he left New York. I’m not that dumb,” she grinned. “Ok butt-munch, I’m exhausted and I’m going back to bed as soon as this shit takes off. Love your face!” she told me before grabbing a magazine to help her ‘zone out.’

As we were about to take off, the flight attendants walked their last route to check seatbelts. Of *course*, I would get the bottle-blonde who ‘*just had to make sure my belt was tight enough*’ get to me. I rolled my eyes and told I had it while I heard a snort from behind me. Why is it always the skanks? Once we were at cruising altitude, I pushed my seat back into the bed position, finished my movie, and passed the hell out.

At one point, I was woken up by blondie asking me what I wanted for breakfast, but I declined and went back to sleep. By the time I had finally woken up, we only had another hour until we landed. I guess I was exhausted because I had just slept over ten hours. I got up, went to the lavatory, and took a piss before refreshing myself. When I got back to my seat, I decided to watch

the in-flight movie that was playing...some rom-com bullshit that was mind numbing until they came by for final descent trash removal. I heard Allie giggling at something she must have been watching, so I left her alone. We finally landed at around 3 am Athens' time. I gathered my stuff, helped Allie grab her carry-on, and made my way off the plane. After going through immigration, I kissed Allie on the cheek, gave her some sick innuendo in which she slapped me for, and headed off to my gate. I wouldn't take off until around 10:25 am local time, so I decided to be a slacker and watch a few more movies. I did get up a few times to stretch my legs, so I got myself some much-needed food and coffee before returning to my area. Thank the lord this flight was going to be less than an hour long!

I finally decided that 9:00 am was late enough, and I dug my phone out of my pocket. I had purchased an international plan for this trip, so I called Uncle Aron. He grumbled at me for waking him up because his *'ass had been up all-night playing cards with his boys.'* He's a moron. I reminded him I would be landing at around 11:30 in which he told me he *'fucking knew what time, jackass'*. I called him a douche and told him I loved him before hanging up. I made sure to call my mom to tell her I'd arrived in Athens safely and then continued watching another movie I had started. They finally called my last flight, and I was finally on my way.

I did indeed arrive at around 11:30, so I grabbed my stuff and made my way to the baggage claim. I saw my uncle waiting for me, so I went up and gave him a hug. "Hey old man! It's good to see you!"

He punched my stomach and said, "I'll give you old man, you little shithead!" He laughed and then said, "it's good to see you, Eddie. You look good but pale as hell. You also stink. Let's get you back to the villa." We walked out to what I like to call his *'mid-life crisis car,'* loaded my bags, and began the drive out to Logaras Beach where he lived.

He had this kick ass place called *VillaThe Little Prince* which overlooked the beach. It was all white; the floors, the walls, cabinets, bedding...even the fricking outside was painted white. Luckily, he had a housekeeper to keep all that white shit clean. When I got into my room, I took a long, hot shower, coated myself in sunscreen, then put on some board shorts and my

sunglasses, and found my uncle. He was on the patio drinking a beer. He offered me one and we just sat and shot the shit for awhile. He said he was seeing a woman named Renata which shocked the hell out of me, because when he divorced Sulpicia, he said women were the devil and he'd never been in another relationship. Apparently Renata broke down his defenses because he was gone over her. He was *way* happier than I had ever seen him, so if this woman made him like this, she was a saint in my eyes. She too had a relative that had come to stay this summer, but apparently this move was permanent for her. I guess it was her niece and she had come from England because her mother had recently passed, and she said life was too short to be stuck in the dreary weather and a sucky job. It sounded like this girl had the right kind of idea. He said we were all going to have dinner in a few days together; she had wanted me to adjust to the time difference and settle in first before bombarding us. She sounded really great for Uncle Aron.

After another half-hour, Uncle Aron decided to run some errands. I declined his invitation to join him, instead taking a chance of sitting here and relaxing. I needed a mind break from life, and this was perfect.

My stomach growled a few hours later, so I went inside to grab something to eat. I opened the fridge and shook my head. He had some milk, a ton of beer, a crapton of ketchup, and something questionable in a container. I found his pantry and it was just as pathetic. Apparently, I needed to get some food in order to survive. I went and threw on a plain white t-shirt, put on some flip flops, grabbed my wallet, and went to find the nearest village on my Ducati. I promised my parents I would get rid of it for *being unsafe*, but what I didn't tell them is that Uncle Aron had it with him here in Greece. Damn, I missed this thing!

I went north and just decided to look for somewhere to eat instead of going to buy food. Uncle Aron could go shopping later as a punishment for starving me. As I was driving, I found my way into a small fishing village called Piso Lavadi. It was crescent shape and I decided to drive over to the side by the marina. There were a few places up and down that looked to serve food, but I saw a little Vespa parked right in front of this little restaurant called *Ouzeri Halaris* and parked as well. I took off my helmet, plopped my sunglasses on my face, and walked across the street to take in the view. My Uncle Aron was lucky as hell to live here. The water was this amazing shade of azure, and the air was

fresh. There were older men playing cards and drinking ouzo at little tables along the way, women moving up and down the little street pushing carts and stopping to laugh at the men, and a few children running and playing. It was a relaxing atmosphere, and I was really happy I was experiencing it. A little boy was tossing his ball and it jumped up to the little patio of *Ouzeri Halaris* bumping into a small woman with long brown hair. She quickly turned around, grabbed the ball, and tossed it back while giggling.

“Athanasios! Ti sou eípa gi’ aftí ti bála? Tha sou tin petáxo tin epómeni forá!” (*Athanasios! What did I tell you about this ball? I’ll throw it at you next time!*), she giggled while pointing and squishing her adorable nose at him. Her accent was a little odd, so I was assuming she wasn’t from here or was a foreign resident. She looked up and caught my eye, smiled, and waved saying, “Gio sou!”

I waved back at the woman and said, “uh...Hello?” I think that’s what she said to me, but my Greek was shitty, meaning practically non-existent. She was a petite little thing, maybe 5’2”, piercing blue eyes, long brownish hair that hung down to her waist in waves, and the most beautiful smile. She was wearing a long, white skirt that flowed in the breeze along with a red tank top, tied up above her cute little bellybutton that I noticed a dangling charm hanging from. She was gorgeous actually. You could tell she wasn’t Greek if you really looked at her; her cheeks were too flushed with the heat, and I could see a sprinkling of freckles across her nose.

“Oh, hullo!,” she said with a soft English accent. “You sound...hmm, American right? Your accent sounds a little like my aunt’s boyfriend’s. He’s from Chicago I believe.”

That made me stop quickly; this must be Renata’s niece that recently moved here. “I am from Chicago actually. I believe we may have a mutual acquaintance. You must be Renata’s niece and are probably talking about my Uncle Aron,” I smiled.

“Yes! Of course, you must be Edward. I know your uncle was very excited for you to come and stay. He said you needed to take a long-awaited holiday after your graduation. Congratulations on that!”



“Thank you, ...,” I paused waiting for her to give me her name.

“Oh shite, where the bloody hell are my manners? I’m Bella, well actually it’s Isabella but only the older residents call me that,” she babbled on. “Oh, christ on a cracker, I’m so sorry, I talk a lot,” she giggled.

I couldn’t help but laugh while I walked up onto the patio and grasped her small hand. “It’s nice to meet you Bella, not Isabella.”

“You as well, Edward,” she beamed. All of a sudden, my stomach let out an ungodly loud sound of hunger. “Blimey! You sound like you need a bit of a nosh! Come on in and I’ll nip in the back and get you something to eat. Are you allergic to anything?,” she asked.

“Nope, thank you. I appreciate it. Uncle Aron had almost no food in his villa, and I was actually coming in here anyways. I saw another bike parked out front and decided it would be the perfect place. It a regular’s?,” I asked her.

“That’s mine actually,” she smiled over as she walked behind the bar. “it’s the easiest way to get around the island and I love to feel the wind in my hair.”

“Well aren’t you just a breath of fresh air, Miss Bella. Seems like we have that in common.”

“Your driving Aron’s Ducati?,” she asked in awe.

“Actually, it’s mine. Uncle Aron brought it here from the states. My mother kept nagging me to get rid of it, so I sent it with him when he moved.”

“Edward”, she said seriously as she placed a great-looking salad in front of me, “you *must* promise me you’ll at least take me on a ride on that thing. I’m so jealous I could spit. Besides, I’d be perfectly chuffed if I could. I would be riding a beautiful piece of machinery behind a dishy bloke”. I heard her mumble “shit” under her breath as a gorgeous blush bloomed on her cheeks.

“Hmm, dishy you say? Does that mean you find me attractive then?”, I smirked over at her.

“Oh toss it, you are a dishy lad Edward and I won’t deny it.”

“Well, the feeling is quite mutual Miss Bella.”

The blush brightened her face even more, but I couldn’t help but flirt with her. Her accent was making me insane; it was sexy as hell. It’s obvious she was attracted to me as well; I figured why not?

“How about after dinner tomorrow night since I know we’re coming to your aunts house, I’ll take you out on a ride? Does that sound okay?”

“Really?”, she asked excitedly. I nodded my head and she squealed in glee.

“Oh thank you Edward!”, she said as she grabbed me in a hug and then kissed me on the cheek. She told me she had to get into the back to make zucchini pumpkin pie for tonight’s dinner service but to enjoy the food because she *‘just wouldn’t take money from a new friend’*. I knew we weren’t supposed to tip here, but I felt wrong for accepting it.

“Thank you, Bella. I appreciate it. Let me know if you need me to help you do anything...it’s the least I could do.”

She waved me away and walked into the back. I enjoyed the food immensely and took in my surroundings while I listened to her humming in the back. It was between the lunch and dinner service, so I was the only one here at the moment. It was a typical older building in the traditional greek style. Whitewashed walls, beautiful blue accents, music playing in the background, and flowers on all the tables. It smelled of cooking vegetables and the freshness of the water and fish outside. Being here reminded me yet again why I was happy to be here for the summer.

When I was finished, I picked up my dishes and glass and knocked on the kitchen entryway. Bella was swaying her hips while humming and putting together some sort of odd looking pastry. She looked up and smiled at me and said, “Edward, you didn’t have to do that. Please, put them down anywhere.”

“My mother raised me to clean up after myself, and since I’m not a paying customer, I would do my part. Just let me have a clean rag to wipe the table and I’ll get out of your hair. I don’t want to keep you.”

“That is very sweet, but unnecessary. If you are *that* insistant, it’s in that bucket there.”

I nodded my head and grabbed the rag, wiped down my table, straightened my chair, and grabbed a set of silverware that I noticed on the bar to replace at my spot. When I was finished, I brought the rag back into the kitchen, ran it under some hot water, and replaced it in the bucket.

Bella was washing her hands off at another sink and then dried them, took the two giant pans she had just created and placed them in the oven to bake. Once she did that, she walked by me and waved me after her. She went back outside on to the front patio and sat down. She pointed at the chair next to her as she took a sip of her drink sitting on the table. I sat down and waited.

“So Edward, since you’re not in a rush apparently to leave my charming self, why don’t we chat?”

“I have no idea what to do with myself to be honest. I slept almost the whole flight so I could sleep tonight so I’m wide awake. Uncle Aron is out for now and I have no idea when he’ll be back. He said he would text me when he was on his way, but whenever that will be, I have no clue. What do you want to chat about?”

She nodded and rolled her eyes. “He’s always pottering around the island talking with people or helping around. He loses track of time often; it chuffs Auntie Renata something awful”, she giggled. So a chat...hmm, lets see. How about we play Twenty Questions? Thats always a good conversation starter!”, she gushed.

“Alright”, I laughed. “You want me to go first or you?”

“You’re the visitor, you may go first.”

“Okay, first question...hmm”, I pondered. I didn’t want to go too deep too fast so I asked, “how old are you?”

“Wow! Asking the hard ones straight off!”, she said sarcastically. “I’m 19, almost 20 in September. How about yourself? That isn’t one of my questions by the way, we both have to answer the same one”, she demanded.

“Quite a little demanding thing, aren’t you? I’m 21, will be 22 in a week actually on the 20th.”

“Cheers mate! We’ll have to celebrate. Okay, my question. Are you involved with any lovely ladies in the states?”, she asked nonchalantly.

“Why? Are you jealous?”, I asked her with a smirk on my face. She raised her eyebrow at me in challenge giving me a look that said, ‘*don’t fuck with me, mister*’. “No, I am single. I was too busy to give anyone any modicum of my time honestly. It wouldn’t have been fair. So, how about you lovely Bella? How many hearts are you breaking around here?”, I joked.

“Well, there’s Athanasios but he took it well when I said he was too young for me, and that Kalliopi would be devastated. She’s his little shadow. Then there is Constantine; a sweet 92-year-old man who walks by here everyday to bring me a flower...on his way to see his wife’s grave in the village.”, she said somberly. “He told me I reminded him of his Athena, and he couldn’t resist bringing me one since he did for her everyday too. But no, I am involved with anyone in the states...or here...or England.”

“That’s good to know.” I nodded. We continued our game asking each other silly questions like favorite color, least favorite food, favorite movie, weirdest trends, and so many more. It was her turn on question 18 now.

“I’m going to be forward here, but I’ve noticed you watching my lips for awhile now...so question 18. “Do you want to kiss me right now?”, she smirked.

I looked up at her in shock. I didn’t think she would notice, but apparently she was may more observant than I gave her credit for. I swallowed and took a

deep breath then answered, “yes beautiful, I do want that...very much. What about you?”

“Oh, thank goodness. I definitely want to snog the hell out of you and have since I saw you almost get hit with Athanasios’ ball. You’re very fit and I’d definitely like to have a go at you anytime.” The blush bloomed heavily on her cheeks, but I appreciated her candor. I liked a woman who wasn’t afraid to tell you what she wanted.

I grasped her chin lightly and brought my lips to hers. I started the kiss gently, taking her pouty bottom lip between mine. She moaned softly then grasped the back of my hair between her fingers, dragging me closer. He opened her lips, and I felt her tongue touch lightly to mine. Before I knew it, we were practically making love with our lips on the small patio when the fire was put out by a throat being cleared.

“Mmmhmm.”

We jumped apart quickly and looked over. A short woman who sort of looked like Bella looked up and smirked at us.

“Well, if my eyes are seeing right, I do believe you must be Edward. Besides, you look like your Uncle Aron a bit *and* I’ve seen your photo before.” She reached her hand out to shake mine before she said in her English accent, “I’m Renata. Bella’s aunt and your Uncle Aron’s *old lady* as he likes to say,” she huffed while rolling her eyes.

I cleared my throat and said, “It’s um...nice to meet you Renata. I am in fact Edward...and I’m sorry Uncle Aron is such a shithead,” I laughed.

“So, Edward, do you always snog ladies you’ve just met or is my Bella just special?”

“Oh my GOD! Auntie Renata! Are you kidding me?,” Bella screeched.

“Um, no ma’am...I don’t just randomly uh, snog ladies I’ve just met. Bella is special.” I looked over at her and she blushed while looking up at me under her eyelashes shyly.

“You’re pretty special yourself, sir.,” she said with a lilt to her voice.

“Oh goodness, I can *definitely* see how you’re related to Aron. You’re both charmers.” She looked at Bella and said, “Bella, Nidia is running a bit late, but since nobody is here, why don’t you take off. I’ll stay here until she arrives.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to leave you alone in case it gets busy,” she replied worriedly.

“Absolutely, darling. She’s only going to be about twenty minutes. I think I can handle it.”

“Um, let me go grab my things then. I’ll be right back,” she said then ran inside.

“I don’t think I need to explain to you how special that girl is to me, Edward. Please don’t treat her badly,” Renata said seriously.

“Ma’am, I’d never try to purposefully hurt her. I promise,” I swore to her.

“Thank you.”

I nodded at her as we heard Bella running back out towards us. Renata told her to be good and to text her when she was coming home, then went inside to take over. I looked at her and asked, “Well, would you like to take that ride now?”

“Really?,” she asked giddily. When I nodded at her, she started jumping with excitement.

“Come on, beautiful. Let’s go and you can show me some amazing spots.” She smiled so big that she could eclipse the sun. She grabbed her helmet off her little bike and came over to let me help her onto mine. She tucked her skirt

between her legs and climbed on, scooting back just enough to let me climb on. She grasped my waist tightly and we took off.

**So...what do you all think about this one? Once I'm done finishing up the next chapter of JALK, I'll go back to this.**