



## Part ten:

Edward shifted before getting off the bed. After tugging his boxers off entirely and tossing them onto the rocker for later, he went to the end of the mattress to unwrap my foot for me. Every time he exposed new skin, he would kiss it, rubbing my ankle gently as he did. He was so tender, pecking the top. His eyes peered into mine, and he grinned. Somehow, even though we were both nude, it was innocent.

Offering me his hand, I slowly stood up. He tugged me to his chest, holding me to him. I had to bend my head back to look up at him, my hair tickling me as I did. His fingers moved over my shoulders, tracing over my freckles. Biting my lip, I timidly brought mine to his abs. His breathing visibly picked up as my fingertips circled his belly button.

Finally, I pulled away from him and took his hand to lead him to the bathroom. It felt strange to walk around my house naked with a nude man. I was glad the shower was right by my room. Otherwise, I would have been too embarrassed to do it. He didn't seem to mind.

He watched as I turned on the hot water all the way, leaning against the ugly pink shell-shaped sink. Edward looked too beautiful for the dank little space. When I peeked at him over my shoulder, he was gazing back with a grin.

Once it was ready, he picked me up by the waist and placed me inside the tub carefully. He continued to hold my hand as he stepped in, making sure I was stable. Tiny drops gathered on his pale skin, his half hooded eyes watching me intently. He looked like my fantasy.

Quickly, I threw my head back into the spray just so I didn't stare at him too hard. He was perfect, and I had trouble standing on two feet.

"Here," I offered, moving around him as cautiously as I could so he could get under the water. He held onto my waist as I did. It flowed down his chiseled chest in rivers. My gaze followed the path all the way down.

Openly gawking, I pressed myself to the wall. I couldn't help it. His fingers ran through his slick hair, his eyes closed. When he opened them, his gaze focused entirely on me. It was full of longing. It took a moment to snap out of my daze and remember I needed to wash my own. We were in the shower for a reason, after all.

Quickly, I put a huge dab of the pink soap into my palms and lathered them up before I scrubbed my locks as my eyelids sank shut. Then I felt his hands slide on top of mine. I jumped, my eyes snapping open as I peered at him in surprise. Biting his lip, he took over, massaging the bubbles into my scalp. His fingers worked it until the foam slid down my shoulders. Stepping closer, I balanced on the tip of my toes on my injured foot.

Edward turned me, so I was under the water again. His body was flush with mine as he pushed his fingertips through my curls until I tilted my chin back into the stream. He helped work the shampoo free until it ran clear. When it did, he leaned forward and kissed my throat lightly.

Bending my head back further, I enjoyed the attention. "Do I get to wash yours now?"

"If you want to," he smiled against my skin.

Reaching for the bottle, I put only a little in my palm. He had much less to clean. I gave him an apologetic look as I moved the pink soap between my fingers. The only other option was my Dad's gross smelling dandruff stuff. I lifted my arms, working his beautiful bronze hair with my hands. He stooped down some, so I could reach.

"Mm, strawberries," he taunted playfully, smirking.

"Would you like me to use the body wash too?" I offered with a raised eyebrow.

Jokingly, Edward scrunched up his nose. "No, thanks. I think I'll smell fruity enough."

I pretended to pout for a moment. "Aw, you don't think I smell good?" I asked as I rinsed out his hair. He tilted his head until his muscles were standing out just a little.

“Oh, you smell fantastic. Good enough to eat as a matter of fact.” He turned me under the spray again, so my back was pressed against his chest. I heard a clicking behind me, then a sloppy splat. I glanced over my shoulder to see him putting my body wash into his hand.

His palms skimmed across my stomach, his hips pushed against my ass. Starting with slow, soothing circles, he washed my belly while his nose dragged over the back of my ear. Instead of lingering on my breasts, he gave them a quick once over before moving onto my shoulders and arms. My head fell against his pec, just enjoying all the affection he was lavishing on me.

As soon as the bubbles formed, the warm water washed them down my legs. I was so content that I never wanted to leave. With a soapy hand, Edward tilted my chin up so he could kiss my lips. “All clean,” he whispered against them.

Biting my lip, I pouted because I knew it was time to get out. I didn’t want to. But the water was already starting to get cold. We had probably been in for thirty minutes, at least. Quickly rinsing his hands, he switched off the shower for me.

Edward stepped out first and grabbed a towel to wrap around his slender waist. Then he got one for me too. Instead of just handing it to me, he dried me off. He didn’t miss a single spot, playfully nudging my arms up so he could even get my armpits. I couldn’t stop giggling. When he was satisfied, he wrapped it around me before picking me up. He didn’t set me to my feet on the mat but placed me on the vanity. Crossing my legs at the knees, I reclined back on my hands as I watched him dry off.

He still had water droplets running down his throat from his thick hair. Quickly and roughly, he ran his towel over his head and then his neck. His eyelids closed as he swiped the terry cloth over his chest. As it inched lower and lower, I made a little unintentional mewling sound in anticipation. His eyes snapped open, and he flushed when he realized how much I was loving the show. He promptly wrapped it back around his hips, tucking the corner tightly so it wouldn’t fall.

“Aw, why did you stop?” Mischievously, I pouted. “I was having fun.”

He walked to me, pulling my legs apart so he could stand between them. “Oh, really? Do you enjoy watching me?”

Once more, I bit my bottom lip and nodded. Edward chuckled, looking away for a moment. He leaned forward and swiftly kissed my lips just once. “I really don’t know why.”

“Um... Cuz you’re sexy,” I said in a stupidly childish and silly voice. “Obviously.”

He laughed again, louder this time. "Okay. If you say so."

"I don't think you see yourself clearly," I replied as I traced my finger over the edge of the towel.

Instead of responding, he lowered his mouth to my throat and kissed and suckled at the nape. My hips pushed forward, and I wrapped my legs around his waist. I pulled him back gently by the hair, kissing his lips deeply. Moaning against my lips, his hands slid down my back.

All the wiggling and squirming of making out loosened the hold on his towel after a few minutes. I could feel it drop to the floor, his erection pressed against the center of my moist thighs. The room was steamy, but he was hotter. I felt as if I was on fire. Edward gasped softly, his hips thrusting forward.

A couple of adjustments and he could be inside of me. We both wanted it so badly.

"It's so tempting..." He muttered against my jaw as his lips dotted kisses up to my temple.

All I wanted to do was push my hips forward and beg him to take me. It would have been so easy. And I knew it would feel spectacular. I was too turned on for it not to be. I could imagine screaming out his name while he pumped inside of me, sweat dripping down his brow as he grunted mine.

But I longed for more than that. I wanted him for longer than an afternoon, and I didn't want him to regret anything. It would be too much too soon for both of us.

Wrapping my fingers around the back of his neck, I pressed my lips to his ear so I could whisper into it as seductively as I could. "I'm yours if you want me, but I always will be. Make love to me when you're ready."

"I know," he breathed, his face buried in the crook of my throat. "I will. I want to. I want to so much." Literally, I felt him twitch against my thigh as he spoke.

"Edward..."

"Yes?" He whimpered, his teeth moving over my shoulder. His fingers dug into my back. I could feel his actual struggle.

My nails scratched down his spine. "Pick up your towel."

He smiled sadly at my words. We were both more than a little frustrated. "Yeah. Okay," he finally agreed. He quickly dipped down and put it around his waist. I bit my lip as I watched. His erection was still standing at attention.

Pulling him in for another kiss, my arms went around his neck. His grin grew, his hands on my hips. He laid his forehead against mine. "We should get back, anyway. Alice will show up here soon if we don't. You know how she is," I joked. "She hasn't interrupted anything in a while. She's probably starting to get hives or something."

He groaned, throwing his head back. "Let's just stay here."

"Well, if we stay here, we're going to end up going at it. And you need to know she doesn't knock here either."

Snorting, he rolled his eyes. "Evil little pixie," he mumbled under his breath. Finally, he cleared his throat. "We should probably get back before the rain gets worse."

He carried me down the stairs on his back while I wore my backpack. After the shower, he meticulously re-wrapped my ankle, putting on a couple of thick layers of socks to keep my toes from getting cold. My arms tightly wrapped around his neck with his around my thighs. The trip down, he was more careful.

Placing me in the car, he rushed to his side. Hurriedly, he got in so he could turn on the heat. The rain was picking up, and it was chilly. I relaxed with my hand on his thigh, listening to music. It was some random indie playlist. It was perfect for the gray weather.

The foyer was cleaned up when we got back. "Should I just take you up to my room?" He asked in my ear in a breathy whisper. I wiggled my eyebrows at him, making him chuckle. Once again, he was carrying me like a princess with my bag hanging off of his shoulder.

"Hey, what took you so long?!" Alice called from the living room.

"Oh, I think I know what," Rosalie joked quietly.

"Yeah. Take me to your room." My boyfriend quickly nodded in agreement. "And lock the door." He started up the stairs.

"I'm kidding!" She laughed. "Aw, I'm sorry. Come back!"

He ignored her and kept going, a smirk on his pretty lips. Giggling, my arms tightened around his neck, and I pushed my face into his throat.

When we got to his room, he placed me gently down onto his couch. Throwing my backpack onto his bed, he dashed to the door to lock it. I laid so I could watch him, my head on the arm of the sofa. Then Edward rushed to me as he had the night before. I was ready for him this time. My fingers curled into his hair, holding him to me.

It was like sparks were literally flying off of us.

“You are such a fantastic kisser,” he mumbled against my mouth.

“If you say so. I don’t know what I’m doing,” I admitted. “You’re my first kiss.”

Edward quickly pulled back in surprise. “Really?” I nodded, then tugged him to me again. “I think your lips were made for it,” he said between kisses.

“They were made just for you.”