



Part ten:

Edward shifted a little 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 bed and started 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 up into mine, and he smiled just a little. Somehow, even though we were both nude, it was extremely innocent.

Offering me his hand, I slowly stood up. He brought me to his chest, holding me to him. I had to bend my head back to look up at him, my hair tickling my back 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 a little strange to walk around my house naked with a nude man, no less. I was glad that the shower was right by my room; otherwise, I would be 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 sink that was obviously from the seventies. Edward looked too beautiful for the dank little space. When I looked at him over my shoulder, he was gazing back while smiling just a bit.

Once the water 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 that I was stable. Tiny

drops of water 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 that I didn't stare at him too hard. He was perfection, and I had trouble standing on two feet.

"Here," I offered quietly, moving around him as carefully as possible so that he could get into the direct water. He held onto my waist as I did. The water flowed down his chiseled chest in rivers. My eyes followed the path all the way down.

I pressed myself to the wall, openly gawking. I couldn't help it. His fingers ran through his slick hair, his eyes closed. When he looked back, they focused entirely on me. They were full of desire. It took a moment to snap out of my daze and remember that I needed to wash my hair. 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 began to scrub my hair as my eyelids sank closed. Then I felt his hands slide on top of mine. I jumped a little, my eyes snapping back open as I looked 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. I took a step closer to him, balancing on the tip of my toes on my bad foot.

Edward turned me so that I was under the water again. His body was flush with mine as he pushed his fingers through my locks until I tilted my chin back into the stream. He helped work the shampoo through my hair until it ran clear. When it did, he leaned forward and began to kiss my throat lightly.

I tilted my head back further, enjoying the attention. "Do I get to wash your hair now?"

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

Reaching for my shampoo, I put a little less in my palm. He had a lot less to wash. 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 a little, working his beautiful bronze hair with my hands. He bent down a little so that I could reach it.

"Mm, strawberries," he taunted a little playfully, smirking at me just a bit.

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

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

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

“Oh, you smell fantastic. Good enough to eat as a matter of fact,” he told me, turning me under the spray again. 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 began to glide across my stomach, his hips pressed 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 him a quick once over before moving onto my shoulders and arms. My head fell back against his pec, just enjoying all the attention that he was lavishing on me.

As soon as the bubbles formed, the hot 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 that he could kiss my lips. “All clean,” he whispered against them.

Biting my lip, I pouted because I knew that 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 water for me.

Edward stepped out first and grabbed a towel to wrap around his slender waist. Then he grabbed one for me as well. Instead of just handing it to me, he began to dry me off. He didn't miss a single spot, playfully nudging my arms up so that he could even get my pits. 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 though on the mat, instead, placing me on the vanity. I crossed my legs at my knees, leaning back on my hands a little as I watched him dry off.

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

“Aw, why did you stop?” I asked mischievously, pouting my lips out. “I was having fun.”

He walked a couple of steps over to me, pulling my legs apart so that he could stand between them. “Oh, really? Do you like watching me?”

Once again, I bit my bottom lip and nodded. Edward laughed, looking away for a moment. He leaned forward and swiftly kissed my lips just once lightly. "I really don't know why."

"Um... Cuz you're sexy," I said in a stupidly childish and playful voice. "Obviously."

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

"I don't think that you see yourself very 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 began to tenderly kiss and suckle at the nape. My hips pushed forward a little more, and I wrapped my legs around his waist. I pulled him back gently by the hair, kissing his lips deeply. He moaned against my lips, his hands sliding 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 like 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. I could imagine screaming out his name while he pumped his hips, sweat dripping down his brow as he grunted mine return.

But I wanted 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 that I could whisper into it as seductively as I could. "I am 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 neck. "I will. I want to. I want to so badly." Literally, I felt him twitch against my thigh as he spoke.

"Edward..." I trailed off softly.

“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 a little 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 obviously standing at attention.

I pulled him in for another kiss, my arms going around his neck. His smile grew, his hands on my hips. Edward laid his forehead against mine. “We should get back anyway. Alice will probably show up here pretty soon if we don’t. You know how she is,” I joked. “She hasn’t interrupted anything in a while. She 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 that she doesn’t knock here either,” I told him honestly.

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.”

Edward carried me down the stairs on his back while I wore my backpack. After the shower, he meticulously rewrapped 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.

He put me in the car, rushing back to his side. Hurriedly, he got in so that he could turn on the heat. The rain was starting to pick up, and it was chilly. I relaxed with my hand on his thigh, listening to the music that he began. 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 playfully at him, making him chuckle. Once again, he was carrying me like a princess. My bag was hanging off of his shoulder.

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

“Oh, I think I know why,” Rosalie joked quietly under her breath.

“Yeah. Take me to your room,” I told him. 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 very pretty lips. My arms tightened around his neck, and I giggled, pushing my face into his shoulder.

When we got to his room, he placed me gently down onto his couch. Throwing my backpack onto his bed, he swiftly went back to the door to lock it. I laid so that I could look at him, my head on the arm of the sofa. 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, pulling him to me again. “I think your lips were made for it,” he said between kisses.

“They were made just for you.”