



Part Eleven:

Not ten seconds later, there was a banging on his door.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Edward asked against my lips, making me snort. “What?!” He shouted as he looked over his shoulder.

“I wanna play with my best friend!” Alice joked from behind it in a purposefully childish voice.

“I wanna play with her too,” he purred, making my cheeks instantly heat as I grinned. My nails dragged down the back of his neck as I lifted my head to peck at his lips. “She’s not a toy!” He growled at her as my mouth traveled to his stubble covered cheek.

“Unlock the door!” She demanded. “Edward!” We could hear her stamp her foot.

He sighed and huffed, pushing himself off the couch with his hands on the arm. Stomping over to it, he threw it open. “You’ve been trying for months to get us together, and now that we are, you can’t leave us alone?”

Ignoring his words, she walked past him to me. "Come downstairs, and I'll do your hair and nails," she lightheartedly offered. I groaned. "Oh, don't act as if you're surprised. It's what I do."

"But I don't wanna."

She tilted her head to the side. "I don't care. We want to gossip." She grabbed my arm and tugged on it. Moaning in complaint, I didn't move. "Please?!"

"You're not even going to pretend," her brother muttered under his breath. "You're pathetic."

"No, I'm not! Now, carry her to my room for me, please," she ordered with a smile. Alice then pointed to the door. "Or we can do it here, and you can just leave. Whichever, I don't care."

"You're so bossy," I scolded as I stood. I had to push myself up with my hands, carefully balancing so I wouldn't fall over.

"Yeah, I know," she grinned as if I was complimenting her. He shook his head, coming over to me. He quickly swept me off my feet. Squeaking and giggling, I put my arms around him happily. This was promptly becoming my favorite way to travel.

Rose was already waiting for us on Alice's pink and white frilly bed. It had the ugliest pastel cotton candy-colored netting around it and a million stuffed animals. Laying on her stomach, she had her feet in the air. She grinned wickedly when she saw us.

"Are you ever going to walk again, Bella?" She joked, smirking as she put her chin on her palm.

"Why would she want to when I'm willing to carry her around?" He snapped back, placing me in his sister's large Papasan chair that took up one corner of her room. He adjusted it, so my foot was on the ottoman, propping the teddy bear that was in the seat before in my lap. "I'm going to go get you some more ice and a different painkiller to help with the swelling. It's good to alternate them. What would you like to drink?"

"Just a bottle of water. Thank you," I answered as I pecked a quick kiss on his lips when he leaned in. His fingers rubbed the back of my head gingerly as he returned it.

"Wow," Rosalie whispered after we watched him go. "Look at him. You've already got him whipped."

"Shut up," I barked. "He's just sweet." I squeezed the stuffed animal to me. "He's so caring."

“So, why did you take so long?” Alice demanded again. She wasn’t going to waste any time.

Blushing, I slowly opened my mouth. “Uh... I took a shower.”

“Alone?” Rose pressed. I pushed my lips together. I couldn’t answer. “Girl! What did you two do?”

“I’m still a virgin!” I blurted out quickly, putting my hands up. Giggling, she clapped her hand over her mouth. “Stop. I am!” She actually snorted. “Stop!”

“Oh, I believe you,” she smirked again.

“Eddie is a prude, but he’s so into you. It’s crazy,” his sister murmured, shaking her head. She looked over at her other best friend. “See, I told you they’d be good together.”

“It’s been a day,” she countered.

“He’s already in love with her,” she suggested knowingly. Rose scoffed, rolling her eyes as she shook her pretty head. “I know him. He totally is.”

Everyone got still when we heard steps on the landing before the door opened. We watched Edward return with a chilled bottle of water and the pills. He cracked it open and passed it to me. He knelt beside me as I popped them into my mouth. Pulling the blue ice bag from his hoodie pocket, he gingerly placed it on the top of my foot. “Do you need anything else, love?”

Alice’s eyes got huge behind his head, her hands going out at her sides and waving a little. Rose’s mouth snapped open in surprise. I just turned scarlet.

I couldn’t meet his gaze, quickly shaking my head. “No, thank you.”

“Call me if you need me, and I’ll rescue you. She doesn’t scare me,” he playfully whispered to me, loud enough for them to both hear.

“Leave,” she insisted. “We’ll let you know when we need you again, Doc. Go play with the boys or something.”

“Scream if you must,” he breathed, giving me one more big kiss before standing up. “I’ll be in my room.”

As soon as the door clicked behind him, my best friend squealed loudly and jumped up and down once. "Oh, my god! See!"

"Shhh..." I hissed at her. "You're so loud."

"So, you're really a thing now, huh?" Rosalie pushed. "Like, you're his girlfriend?" I nodded. "Aw, that's sweet. And how did this happen exactly? You two couldn't keep your eyes off of each other last night. It was adorable."

Biting my lip for a moment, I considered not telling her. But I knew better. They would both pry until they got an answer. "After we got back from the fair, he started a scary movie, and you know how jumpy I am..." I trailed off. Playing with the teddy bear, I smoothed my fingers over the pink fluff. "And it was as if his arms were just waiting for me."

"He did that on purpose," Alice smirked, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"You think?"

"Um, of course," Rose snickered a little. "That's why Em always puts them on. Then what happened?"

"He kissed me, and it was incredible." My heart sped up at the memory. "But then you showed up," I pouted, making a face as I pointed a sharp finger at Alice. "It was going really well."

Shrugging, she brought her hand up. "Sorry. I didn't know." Then my best friend leaned in. "What happened after I left?"

"We went to bed," I answered immediately. "We just cuddled," I spoke in a whisper. My face was still wildly pink. They both giggled. "I. Am. Still. A. Virgin." I insisted as I covered my eyes.

"Okay, so you're still a virgin," Rose nodded with a very knowing expression. "What did you do? Because you certainly didn't just kiss."

"I didn't do anything," I interjected before lowering my voice. "Only touched him a little."

She made a high-pitched noise, her grin crazy. This was exactly the stuff they loved to talk about. I rarely had anything interesting to add.

"So... What did he do?" Alice promptly inquired next, looking over at her. She put her tongue between her teeth and wiggled her shoulders. "You said he started it this morning. What did he start, and did he finish it?"

I covered my eyes with my palms once more, making both of them break down into giggles. I shook my head, not wanting to tell them.

“Okay, you know Emmett and I do everything. Girl, nothing will shock us. Tell us! We won’t say a word to anyone,” my other friend urged.

“Except for them, and they’re both blabbermouths,” I argued as my fists plopped onto my thighs, my head still back against the cushion.

“We won’t tell them!” Alice promised. “I’ve never told Jasper any of Rose’s secrets.”

My face automatically scrunched up. “Because he doesn’t want to know about what kind of sex his twin sister is having, obviously,” I joked after I did an all-over body shiver. “Swear that you won’t say a word. Both of you.”

“We promise!” Alice tittered. Rosalie eagerly nodded. “Come on.”

“Why do you want to know?” I stalled.

“Um, Edward is shy. Uptight, prim. Prissy, even-” she continued.

“I get the point,” I interrupted.

“Okay, but after the drama of the summer-” she went on, but I cut her off once again.

“Hey! Why didn’t you ever tell me about that?” I demanded, just trying to change the subject, but it was a valid question. Alice barely brought up her brother in conversation. Normally, he was too boring as far as she was concerned. If she talked about him, it was only in passing.

Frowning, she shook her head. “Because he was devastated! I’m really not that much of a gossip, I swear. I wouldn’t want a soul to know what happened here. Poor Edward. And Mom and Dad don’t know what happened, and everyone would like to keep it that way. They’re still friends with her parents, and they’re good people. Their daughters are just freaks.”

“Trust me. I won’t tell anyone either.” I frowned to myself, wrinkling my nose in disgust. “Poor Edward,” I repeated in agreement. “I guess he told you everything that happened?” His sister nodded.

“I kind of figured she was screwing around behind his back, but he was so loyal to her,” she sneered. “I never really liked her. She’s snobby as hell. Tanya’s like a brand-new garbage can. Shiny on the outside, but yet, still filled with trash.”

"I actually liked her," Rosalie interjected with a slightly guilty grimace. "She seemed so normal when I met her. I don't understand why she would agree to get married if she was fucking around behind his back. College is the perfect time for a clean start. Just let go."

"Because she wasn't finished using him yet," she sighed, shaking her head. "The place they'd get together would be better than the dorm she'd be stuck in otherwise. That's what I think, anyway."

"Fuck her," Rose muttered. She flicked her pretty hair over her shoulder. "Gross hoe. Who fucks their sister's husband?"

"A gross hoe, obviously," I agreed, making her smirk grow. "I can't imagine doing that to anyone."

"Thank goodness you're an only child," Alice laughed meanly. Automatically, I threw the pink bear at her. She easily caught it. Pretending to gag before I laughed too, I relaxed against the cushions. "This is perfect! Oh, my god! We're going to be sisters one day," she continued.

"Can we graduate high school before you plan all of our weddings, Ally?" I teasingly questioned. "Now, are you painting my nails, or can I go? I'm not telling you anything else."

She pushed off the bed. "Oh, that's a silly question. So, I was thinking maroon to go with your very stylish University of Washington shirt."

"Okay, that's fine," I murmured with a pout. "Just my fingers. We're not even attempting the toes."

About an hour later, my fingernails were perfectly painted by Alice while Rosalie curled my hair. When she pulled out her cosmetics bucket, I shouted. "Edward!"

"That's not even funny," my tiny best friend complained.

About a minute later, he opened the door. "She's got makeup, and we're not going anywhere. Please save me now," I stated innocently.

She rolled her eyes. "You could have just stood up and left," she continued, throwing a chapstick at me. I quickly put it on before tossing it back at her. She caught it, laughing. We stuck our tongues out at each other. Then I blew her a kiss.

"I'm not sure I can stand up from this stupid chair. It's eaten me," I grumbled, taking both of Edward's arms as he helped me to my single good foot. I kept the other one off the floor. We

were chest to chest, and I swear I could hear his heart speed up as we got closer. "Thank you," I breathed.

"My pleasure," he assured me. "Ready?" I nodded, and his arms went around me, lifting me off the ground.

"Your shoulders are going to be so sore," I teased.

He rolled his eyes, shaking his head. "You're a tiny thing, love. I could carry you all day. I lift probably quadruple your weight at the gym."

"Did she hurt your ego?" Rose jokingly called to his back as we left.

"Allow me," I answered, flipping her off for him. She condescendingly grinned.

Just as we were out of her bedroom, I heard Carlisle from somewhere down on the bottom floor. "Pizza," he moaned like a zombie. I heard his house slippers scooting against the hardwood. He walked to the bottom of the stairs and looked up at us. He was still in his pajamas, his flannel robe hanging off of him with his hair everywhere. "Pizza," he groaned again, lifting his credit card.

"Dad wants you to order food, Ally," her brother shouted.

"Oh! Yes!" She yelled, throwing herself from her chair and out of her room. She took the stairs two at a time. "Pizza. Pizza. Pizza," she chanted to herself, pulling the plastic from his fingers. She planted a big kiss on his cheek before she pulled out her phone and skipped to the living room.

"Shall we go down there? I'm starving." He made a face but relented, nodding in agreement.

Carlisle was already sitting in the middle of the couch, his head back and his mouth open like he was asleep. Confused, I tilted my face to the side. A little snore fell from his lips.

"Is he alright?"

"He's not as good at working nights as he used to be," Edward explained as he sat me down on the loveseat. He lounged beside me, pulling my feet onto his lap.

"You'll see one day," his father moaned, not opening his eyes. "You'll be a doctor too, and you'll see. Just wait. You will learn what it means to be tired. You'll have a wife and children, and you will never sleep again."

“Yeah, I intend to be a pediatrician, actually. Enjoy your emergency room,” he quipped with a cocky crooked grin. “I’m going to work at a clinic with regular office hours.”

His father sniffled. “Where’s the fun in that?”

“So, how was your Halloween, Dad?” He countered with a smirk. “What’s Mom doing again? Partying it up with her college besties while you’re pumping stomachs?”

He finally brought his head up to look at his son, his eyes narrowed in annoyance. There was black under them, smudging his ashen skin. “Just tell me when the food is here. I’m going back to bed.”