



## Part Twelve-

All six of us stayed in the living room with Carlisle while watching movies and eating pizza. Though we were all cuddled up, everyone was, of course, chaste around their father. Alice was still on her horror movie kick. This time, we watched Halloween. She ignored my eye rolls. Edward loved it.

“Alright,” Carlisle began around ten that night. He was dressed in scrubs and wearing his freshly washed coat. He cleared his throat as he patted his pockets. “I guess that I’m heading out. I’ll see you all tomorrow. Call me if you need anything. Bella, do you need a stronger painkiller to help you sleep?”

“No, sir. I’m fine. Thank you,” I smiled at him. I was already feeling a lot better than it did the night before, even if it was black and purple. Edward kept me fairly well distracted.

“If it gets worse...” he trailed off. I quickly nodded in understanding. Carlisle yawned before sighing. “Ugh, I just want to go get a beer and have more pizza, and watch stupid movies with you guys,” he pouted as he marched off towards the door. “Be safe!”

“Goodnight, Dad!” Emmett called to him. “You got this!”

“Thanks,” he mumbled. “Love you all,” he said as the door shut behind him.

Edward and I looked at each other and smiled a little. I wasn't going to be the first to suggest that we go up to his room, though I could use my foot as an excuse. No one would believe that for sure.

Thankfully, Alice fixed that problem for me. "Well... bye," she chirped before she hopped off the couch and pranced off to her room. Jasper's eyes got a little wider as he smiled. He hurried to follow her.

"Please don't make me an uncle!" Edward begged.

"Got that covered," we heard Jasper reply as he rushed up the stairs after his tiny girlfriend.

"Literally," Emmett laughed. Rose smirked a little. I was a little pink, trying not to giggle at my boyfriend's obvious disgust on his face. "So, Bella, I think it's time to have that special talk, young lady. About the birds and the bees-

I threw my melted ice bag at his head. It clocked him the cheek. It made a wet sloppy noise, the plastic splatting against his skin. He didn't even flinch.

"Good shot, love," Edward chuckled as he picked me up. He turned to look at his brother. "Don't make me an uncle either."

Rosalie stood, shaking her head. "I'm on birth control, actually. I'm not that stupid," she mumbled. "Aren't you too, Bella?" She asked a little meanly as she tilted her head to the side.

"Goodnight!" I snapped at them, burying my face in his neck. Yes, I certainly was.

"Have fun!" Emmett sang as we walked up the stairs. "Let me know if you need any tips, bro."

"Go fuck yourself," he replied.

He took me into his bathroom to get cleaned up before bed. I brushed my hair and teeth, scrubbing my face clean before I slipped on the satiny baby blue nightgown. The hem barely covered my panties, and the v cut low at the chest, showing off what meager cleavage I had.

I opened the door and leaned against the frame. He was lying in bed in just his sleep pants. Edward let out a slow, unsteady breath. Rolling to the side to get a better look at me, he rested his temple on his fist. "Oh... wow."

Fidgeting with my nightgown, I looked down at my feet. I didn't know what to do with my hands. My heart was beating fast all of a sudden. "I don't know what to do with myself."

“You don’t have to do anything,” he promised. Edward got out of bed to pick me up once again. I laughed a little, my arms going around his neck. “I’m going to be a little sad when your foot is all better. I won’t have an excuse to do this all the time.”

“You can pick me up whenever you want. I love it.”

Edward playfully spun us around, my head falling back so that my hair went around us. He was chuckling too. After, he carefully put me in the center of the bed, quickly crawling beside me.

“Are you ready for bed?” He questioned as he began to kiss my shoulder, his big soft hand resting on my hip. I slowly shook my head, and I could feel his smile against my skin. “What would you like to do?”

I rolled over so that my chest was pressed against his, immediately bringing his mouth into an intense kiss. He moaned against my lips, his fingers sliding into my hair.

We didn’t go to sleep for hours.

It was, of course, raining when we woke up. It was just before eleven, and everything was quiet. Edward was awake beside me, watching me sleep. He smiled, slowly leaning in for a tender kiss.

I realized that it was exactly how I wanted to wake up every single morning for the rest of my life.

“Why don’t we get a shower and I’ll make you some breakfast, hm?” He offered, trailing kisses across my forehead.

He put me in one of his clean UW hoodies once we got dressed to keep me warm. The house was still quiet when we went into the living room. Their father wasn’t home yet, and his siblings were still asleep.

Edward sat me down on the couch, passing me the remote. “I’m going to make you a real meal. Any requests?”

“Surprise me,” I replied. He winked before hurrying off to the kitchen.

I got more comfortable on the couch, my foot up on a pillow as I lounged into the cushions. I just turned it onto Netflix, flipping through my options. It was on Edward’s profile, so I began to look through his list of offerings that he wanted to watch. There were a lot of documentaries and artsy films.

After a few moments, I heard the front door crack open. I assumed it was Carlisle. Automatically turning to see, I realized it was Esme back from her trip. She was finely dressed in a fashionable white coat, her lovely hair styled perfectly into a swirling bun at the top of her head. She pulled off her bug-eyed sunglasses and put them on top of her head.

Esme grinned when she saw me. "Hello, Bella! How are you, sweetheart?" She asked, coming into the living room to properly greet me. "Oh, no! What happened to your foot?"

"I tripped on Friday at the Fair," I explained. I supposed that she hadn't spoken to her husband at all, or our little drama wasn't important enough for him to share. "It's just sprained. I'll be fine in a couple of days, I think," I concluded.

Pouting a little, she petted the back of my head gently. "I'm so sorry. So, where's Alice?"

"Still asleep," I answered quickly, flushing a bit.

"It's afternoon! Lazy girl." She shook her head.

"Alright, love," Edward began as he came towards the living room. He couldn't see us. "So, I made you some eggs and toast. I hope that scrambled is okay. I'm not very good at cooking and-" He stopped when he came around the corner. "Oh! Hi, Mom!"

She looked between us, confused. He cleared his throat and brought the tray that he was carrying over to me. Edward set it on the coffee table. "Hello," she said slowly.

"Um, so I've got some coffee made. Would you like that, milk, or juice?" He inquired before glancing up at her. "Can I get you a cup, as well?"

"Sure..." she drew out.

"Milk," I answered when he looked at me. It felt as if my face was on fire.

"Oh, I think that I missed something," his mother mumbled to herself when he rushed back into the kitchen to go get those. "Love?" She looked at me and smiled, touching my shoulder. I ducked my head, embarrassed for some reason that I couldn't explain. "That's nice. I'm going to put my suitcase away. I'll be right back."

The rest of the weekend passed far too quickly. Time had never moved so fast for me before. I hated it. I wanted to curse it because it felt like it was stealing seconds away from me and keeping me from Edward. Somehow, it was already Monday morning, and he offered to drop me off at school before he had to head back to Seattle for the week. Alice was taking my

truck so that I could make it back to my house in the afternoon. She could ride home with Jasper. She knew that I wanted as much time with my new boyfriend as possible.

I was surprised when Edward stepped out of the car and went over to my side. I was just expecting him to drop me off at the front. My foot was feeling much better, though it was still wrapped. At least the little ballet slippers that I was wearing were comfortable. When I stood up to my full height, he placed a gentle kiss on my cheek.

“What are you doing?”

“Walking you to class if that's alright?” He asked, presenting his hand to me.

I took it with a happy little smile, swiftly nodding. He was so sweet. We started to stroll in the general direction of my first class, his hand slipping behind my back to my hip. I could not help but notice the many stares that we got. He was Edward Cullen, the hot and mysterious senior from last year. Everyone knew him or knew of him, at the very least. And I was nerdy, quiet Bella. Blushing, I just kept looking down at my feet.

“What's the matter, love?” He questioned as we stopped in front of the hallway. The bell hadn't rung yet, and the courtyard was filled with people. I leaned against the wall, wishing that I could sink into it. I don't think that he noticed everyone staring at us.

“We're being watched,” I responded quietly, my nose burning with the heat of my blush. The early morning air was too cool, stinging my cheeks.

He chuckled softly and leaned in a little before he spoke. “Then let's give them something to look at.”

Edward closed the distance between us, placing his hands on my hips to tug me closer. My arms automatically went around his neck as our lips touched. At first, it was gentle. Sweet and soft presses, but then it became more demanding. I twisted my head to the side, giving him better access to my mouth. We were pressed chest to chest. I wanted nothing more than to have the privacy to continue further.

I groaned loudly when I heard the warning bell ring, causing Edward to chuckle once more. “I will see you next weekend, okay?” He promised, brushing his fingers over my cheek. “Call tonight, and let me know how your foot is doing.”

I giggled, straighten the lapel of his jacket. “Edward, eight hours isn't going to make much of a difference.”

He rolled his eyes and smirked. “I just want to hear your voice.”

Pushing up on my good foot, I placed a final soft kiss on his lips. "I'll call you tonight."

He grinned, pressing his to my forehead. "Goodbye, Bella," he spoke my name in a whisper.

"Bye," I replied, my voice sad to even my ears.

I walked the rest of the way to homeroom in a sort of haze. It was so weird to be so happy and yet sad at the same time. I already missed him, pathetically enough. He probably wasn't even out of the parking lot.

Plopping down at my desk, I set my binder down with a little huff. I put my chin on the palm of my hand, propping myself up. I dejectedly drew doodles of hearts, swirls, and stars. The air changed around me, and I knew that someone was staring at me. And they wanted to get my attention. I turned slowly to see Jessica Stanley staring at me with wide eyes.

"Oh, my god, Bella! Was that who I think it was?" She started out, a big smile on her face. She was leaning in way too close for my taste.

"Who did you think it was?" I countered, knowing that she already knew.

"Come on. Don't play coy. Was that Edward Cullen you were sucking face with?"

"Yes," I indicated, lifting my chin in the air. But it was not 'sucking face.' It was a kiss between lovers. Not that she would understand that in the least.

She sighed dreamily. "Oh! He's so hot! And he's in college now, too. How in the world did you get his attention?"

Smiling to myself slightly, I blushed as I looked down at my little drawing. "I went to the fair with his sister, Alice, and our friends. I fell, and he caught me." It was oversimplified, but it was the truth. That's how it all started, I think. I fell for him completely. Or maybe on him. Well, perhaps both.

"Oh! That's so romantic! I would love to fall into Edward Cullen. He could catch me anytime," Jessica continued to ramble, not that I was paying attention to her after those last sentences. I knew that she continued to speak, but I didn't care. My mind was in other happier places.

Though, I did agree with one thing. He could catch me anytime.

**The End**