



## Part Two:

Since it was Halloween, the line for the haunted house was rather lengthy, making us wait longer than the usual ten minutes. Music was playing loudly all over the fairgrounds, filling the air with the thumping bass. It could be a somewhat strange mix. There would be rap, heavy metal, a country song, then something from the fifties. But it wasn't horrible. I actually heard a lot that I enjoyed.

"Oh! I love this one!" My best friend giggled. Alice, being herself, wasn't shy at all. She began to dance, or maybe grind, against Jasper. It didn't take much for Rose to get into it, too. Laughing, I watched their silly display. Both guys loved it.

"I feel rather left out," a velvety voice declared from behind me. "I don't suppose you'd dance with me?"

Turning, I bit my lip. "I'm a horrible dancer, and I don't want you to lose a toe or anything."

"Please?" Edward gazed at me from underneath his thick eyelashes.

“Honestly, I don’t know how to dance to this kind of music,” I informed him, trying to think of another excuse. It wasn’t that I didn’t wish to. It was just that I didn’t want to hurt him or make a fool of myself. But if he was anything like his sister, I already knew I was doomed. She always got her way.

“It’s not that difficult, I promise. Here... Let me show you.” And without another word, he turned me around. Placing his palms on my hips, he pushed my backside into him. With his hips, knees, and hands, he pressed me into a steady rhythm. “There you go. Not hard at all, is it?”

“No,” I squeaked out.

We continued to move together, his hands sliding up to my waist. My head leaned back against his shoulder without my permission, and his smile greeted me. I decided to try something I saw Alice do. Saying a quick prayer, I hoped I didn’t accidentally punch him in the face. I brought my arm up slowly. He seemed to understand what I was doing because his palm drifted up my side to my sleeve, guiding it until my fingers were resting against the back of his neck.

“Hey guys, it’s our turn,” Alice shouted to grab my attention.

Blushing, I looked away quickly as I disengaged from him. I was having way too much fun. Edward didn’t seem to be embarrassed at all. He offered me his arm. “Shall we?”

Nodding briskly, I picked up the bear from the small patch of dry ground at our feet then slipped my other arm around his. I wasn’t looking forward to the haunted house. Typically, I was pretty jumpy, so I was never a big fan of them. But I seemed to be the only one, though.

Gradually, I let go of him as we walked inside. I went in front of him, wishing I could run through it or just turn right back around because I knew it was coming. Someone jumped out, yelling at me loudly. Turning, I screamed and ran directly into Edward. His arms wrapped around my waist tightly, holding me to him.

“It’s okay,” he hushed me gently. “Why don’t you hold my hand? I swear I’ll keep you safe.”

Once again, I nodded and took it. I wished we both didn’t have gloves on, so we were skin to skin. I was beyond curious about how it felt. The rest wasn’t nearly as frightening. I was too wrapped up in being so close to him. Whenever there were bits of light, I would try to study his features, but every time he would be looking back at me.

We were almost free and clear, but I couldn’t hear Alice, or the others, anymore. They must have gotten lost in the maze part somewhere in the middle. I could see the light coming

from the exit. I picked up my pace, ready to be out. Suddenly, something popped out from the ceiling, and I almost ran directly into it. Shrieking, I stepped backward. I wasn't sure what my foot caught on, but I braced myself for a fall that never came. After a moment, I opened my eyes one at a time.

"Are you okay?" Edward asked as his arms tightened around me.

I tried to stand on my own, but it didn't work. When I put pressure on my left foot, I let out a loud hiss of pain. "My ankle hurts."

Saying nothing else, he put his arm underneath my knees and picked me up bridal style. He walked purposefully out of the exit and over to the nearest bench.

He sat down with me on his lap. "Which one is it?"

"The left." Biting my lip, I tried not to cry.

He carefully unlaced my boot and tugged it free. He pulled off my sock and set it to the side. Gingerly, he ran his fingers over my ankle. "Wiggle your toes for me."

Doing what I was told, pain rushed through my foot. Crying softly, hot tears streamed down my too cold face. "It hurts, but I don't think it's broken."

"I think you're probably right. It'll hopefully be okay after a couple of days." He glanced up and frowned, bringing his hand up to my cheek. "Don't worry. It'll be alright."

"Oh, my god! Bella, are you alright?" Alice screeched as she ran over to us at full speed.

"I sprained my ankle," I stated, not wanting to say any more for fear my voice would crack.

His fingers on my back tightened slightly. "Dad doesn't go to work until eleven, so I'm going to take her to the house and have him look her over," he explained matter-of-factly.

"We'll all go," my best friend quickly suggested, looking at our friends.

"No!" I blurted out, unsure of who I was protesting. I didn't want to be a hassle, and I didn't wish to ruin anyone's evening. It wouldn't bother me to sit on a bench until everyone was ready to go. I didn't mind.

Edward was the one to shake his head, raising his hand up to stop his sister. "Don't worry about it, Ally. I'm kind of fared out, anyway. Why don't you guys stay and have a good time? I'll take care of her."

“Only if it’s alright with her. Is it?” She asked, her large round eyes glistening. Obviously, she wanted to stay. She was having a wonderful time with her boyfriend.

“Of course. Close the place down for me, okay?” I gave her a watery smile.

After she agreed, Edward carried me to the car as I clutched my teddy bear and boot. I felt rather silly. I wasn’t sure how he opened the door, but soon I was inside with the seat laying back slightly. Rushing to his side, he turned the heater on high before we started the quick drive to their home.

Carefully, I tried to shift to make myself more comfortable, but I accidentally put pressure on my foot. I let out a soft hiss, and the tears restarted. I bit my lip, praying he wouldn’t notice. But, of course, he did.

“Are you okay?” His hand reached for mine. He rubbed soothing circles on my knuckles, calming me completely. Timidly, I nodded.

Even though I was composed, I didn’t want to stop touching. It was so intimate. I knew he was just trying to comfort me, but it was lovely. When the car stopped, I didn’t even notice. Edward peered at me, our hands still joined. He smiled slightly, holding my gaze as he began to lean forward. I thought he was going to kiss me again, but of course, I was wrong. He unbuckled my seatbelt.

It was just my overactive imagination. That’s what I wanted, so that’s what it created. I usually liked to live in my own world, but it was getting bothersome.

“Don’t move,” he commanded in a firm voice before he got out of the car. He ran to my side, opening the door for me. Like before, he slipped his arms underneath me and held me to his solid chest.

“I could walk, you know,” I whimpered.

“No, you can hop. And I won’t have you fall and break your face. So... hush,” he playfully chided.

Edward opened the front door and brought me inside, kicking it closed with his foot. The noise echoed throughout the house. “Hey! You guys are home earlier than-” I heard Carlisle’s voice begin, but he stopped immediately when he caught sight of us. He rushed over from the living room. His father was already in his work clothes, a set of bright blue scrubs. “What happened?”

“She tripped. It appears she sprained her left ankle. There’s only minor swelling and bruising as of right now, but I wanted to bring her to you to make sure she’s okay.”

“Take her up to the study, and I’ll look at her there,” he instructed, running to get his bag. He carried me up those stairs like I was nothing. It amazed me how strong he was. Cautiously, he sat me on the leather couch, waiting for his dad to return in silence. “Well, Bella, I must say you’re lucky to have fallen around a pre-med student whose father just happens to be a physician,” he teased.

Smiling, I tried to ignore the throbbing. “Lucky for me. Unlucky for you both.”

Carlisle smiled kindly before bending down to examine my swollen ankle. He wiggled my toes in different directions, pressing the tender flesh with his cold fingertips. “Edward, I expect you’re right. Why don’t you run and get a bag of ice along with her things? I think they’re by the door.”

His son nodded and dashed out of the room. It was a little strange to be alone with the doctor, even though I liked and respected him. So, I made conversation. “Is Mrs. Cullen not home?”

He gave a quick shake of his head, ruffling his light blond hair. “No. She’s in Seattle for the night. She’s a judge at this charity ball. Esme is supposed to pick the best female costume. She decided to make a weekend of it and stay with some of her college friends,” he explained with a laugh. “She wanted me to go too, but as you can see, I’m working the graveyard shift. I think Halloween scares the newer doctors.”

“That’s too bad. It sounds like a lot of fun,” I remarked as I watched him wrap my ankle. He did it perfectly, not too tight or too loose.

“Well, she has to have her time alone every once in a while. Besides, we’ll have New Year’s,” he said with a sheepish little grin.

Edward came in, gently placing the blue bag on my foot. “Got the ice pack. And I went ahead and took her stuff to my room.”

My jaw dropped. “Your room?”

“Yeah. I can take the couch.” Carlisle looked at him with a raised eyebrow. His son gazed at him for a moment after remembering his father was there, and he probably needed to explain his reasoning better. “What? Alice kicks in her sleep. You’d have to fix her fractured ankle and Alice’s broken nose in the morning.”

Laughing, he tilted his head to the side as he made a little face. "You might have a point there. Alright. Why don't you take her up there? I'll be up in a minute with some painkillers. Bella, you may want to get ready for bed because they can make you a tad tired."

I nodded, then tried to stand up. "Oh, no, you don't," Edward murmured, swiftly picking me up again. "You're not going to do any more damage."

He carried me up two more flights of stairs to his room, which was all alone on that floor. I had only been in it once, and that was when Alice was trying to find something. It was a beautiful space, mostly done in gold and black. It was set up with a leather couch facing a huge flat-screen television. His vinyl records lined the walls, showing off his tastes. He sat me on the king-sized bed carefully and brought my bag over to me. "You get changed in here, and I'll go to the bathroom, alright? Do you need help?"

Flushing a bright red, I tried to clear the dirty thoughts out of my head. "No, I've got it. Thanks."

He went to his dresser and pulled out a couple of items, then headed to the restroom. I wasn't sure how much time I had, so I quickly undressed. I only brought over my shorts and a tank top, not thinking I would be around... anyone, really. Sighing, I tugged them on. I felt exposed. I was brushing out my ponytail when he came out of the bathroom.

"Wow," he breathed.

"What?" I asked as I looked down at myself.

"Um, you have really long hair. It's pretty," he responded in a rush. He walked to his television quickly, looking as if he was thinking about something. "Want to watch a movie? I'm not tired."

"Sure. That would be nice. You pick," I smiled, hopping over to the big comfortable couch with the ice bag. He grabbed one and placed it in the Blu-ray player. He went to his bed, and I thought he was going to sit there, much to my disappointment, but instead, he snagged a pillow and came back over to me.

"It's best to keep your foot elevated," he explained as he arranged everything for me, even placing my ankle on the cushion that just happened to be on his lap. Laying back a bit, I tried to get comfortable as the movie started.

There was a soft knock on the door. Carlisle poked his head in. "Doing okay?"

"Sore, but I'll be fine."

“Here, take this.” He handed me a single white pill and a glass of water. “It’ll take about thirty minutes to an hour to kick in, but it’ll really help. It’s the ‘good stuff.’ Edward, you don’t mind keeping an eye on her?”

“It’ll be my pleasure,” he grinned at me before looking up again. “We were about to watch something.”

“Alright. Well, you two have fun. I’ve got to head out now. If it gets any worse, I want you to come to the hospital right away. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” I promised. “Thank you.”

“Anytime. You know you’re my favorite patient,” he teased as he patted my shoulder. “I’ll see you guys in the morning.”

“Hey!” Edward called softly to his father as he got to the doorway. “Could you turn off the lights, please?” He got more comfortable in his spot while the opening credits began once he started it again. His crooked smile returned when it became instantly dark. “Thanks.”