



## Chapter Thirty-three

I was lying comfortably in Edward's bed, but I couldn't sleep. It was late, but for some reason, I was wide awake. I had slept some, but I tossed and turned. I simply could not relax. It didn't help that I was cramping again, and his family was all around us. I wasn't sure which was making me more uncomfortable.

I considered getting up to get myself some aspirin, but I didn't want to bother anyone. Especially Edward, who was dead ass asleep. His arm was lazily draped over my hip, my back pressed against his stomach. He was snoring quietly into my hair, his breath spreading across my neck. I felt so completely encircled by him. It was lovely, even if I didn't feel great.

Smiling happily to myself as I snuggled closer to him, I wiggled my way towards him so that I could press my hips against his. Apparently, he very much enjoyed it.

My eyes widened as I felt him harden again my back, a deep thrumming growl rumbling through his chest as his arm tightened around me. The snoring stopped for just a moment before it started once more, this time with his face even more deeply buried in my curls. The whole thing made me smirk.

I had to admit I was feeling naughty. I was bold after his near-instant reaction to my touch, and it made me happy. My ego had been stroked, and I enjoyed it. So, I wiggled again only to see what would happen.

Edward's hand pressed against my stomach, practically smashing my ass against his crotch. His body stretched and popped as he growled again with his head tilted back against the pillow. This time the snoring didn't continue after a few seconds of being still. I bit my lip to hide my smile in the darkness, just barely twitching my cheeks to see what would happen.

"What on earth are you trying to do to me, woman?" Edward grumbled as he brought his face back to my hair, taking in deep breaths as he kissed along my neck.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you," I told him quietly. "Go to sleep."

"Liar. You wanted to wake me up with that wandering ass of yours." I could feel his smile against my skin. His hand slid down from my stomach to the top of my pants, but I put mine on his to stop him.

"I didn't mean to start anything, it's just that I felt you get hard and I wanted to see something," I explained quietly. "And it's not that I don't want to, but I'm on my period," I clarified, not wanting a repeat of the past. That was the last thing I needed, especially with his family in the house.

"You know that doesn't mean no pleasure, right?" He asked in my ear.

I felt instantly flushed. The way he said it was so deliciously hungry. "I've never done anything during."

Tugging on my hip, he forced me to roll over towards him. I could see his eyes in the dark, gleaming and beautiful. I grew hotter in his gaze. "Bella, do you want to?"

"Want to... what?" I stupidly inquired, unable to tear my eye away from his.

"Feel pleasure?" He continued as his lips lowered to mine, not closing his eyes until our noses touched. The kiss he gave me left me breathless, sweat already starting to form right behind my ears.

All I could do was nod, somehow, in a trance.

One minute I was on my side, and the next, I was on top of him with one of my legs in between his. I don't know how I got that way exactly, but it was at his bidding. He pushed me upwards with his strong hands, and just for a moment, he gazed at me. I brought my hair back as I panted, closing my eyes as I tried to steady myself.

"I can see how hard your nipples are even in the dark," he said in a husky voice that sent chills down my spine. His palms moved from my hips over my stomach, shoving my shirt up as

he did. "I love it when they are. They're so beautiful. So pink, just begging someone to suck on them. God, it makes me hard when I feel them against my tongue." With those sensual words, he pushed the fabric over my breasts with his fingers grazing them. I whimpered his name, but he ignored me, rubbing his thumbs over them repeatedly. I rocked back and forth against his thigh between my legs, squeezing it tightly to relieve some of the tension. It didn't help, though. It only made it much worse.

"I could bury my face in your tits all day," he growled, and suddenly I was pulled forward. The sounds Edward was making were practically animalistic as he brought one of them into his mouth. He wasn't gentle as he flicked, sucked, and tugged. My arms instantly wrapped around his head as I enjoyed the sensation, his knee lifting slightly as I continued to grind myself against him. One of his hands rested against my spine while the other massaged my ass, his lips switching back and forth between each breast.

I was having a hard time being quiet. But I had to remember his family was there, and that's the last thing I wanted to happen. That awkward moment around the dining room table at breakfast, their eyes all looking at me in judgment. That 'you slept with my baby' glare.

So, instead, I repeated his name in a hushed sort of whispered whine. For a while, at least. Then I couldn't get that out anymore and switched to 'fuck, fuck, fuck.'

The friction and tension built in between my thighs until finally, it snapped and sent a wave of pure pleasure throughout my entire system. Edward didn't pause, though he slowed down. My grip loosened around his neck, and I tugged on his hair. "Stop," I breathed quietly.

He pulled away and looked up with a sweet grin. "How was that?"

"Lovely," I smiled, feeling completely relaxed. Almost every part of me was jelly.

"Good," he beamed, seeming proud of himself. He appeared ready just to cuddle and go back to sleep, but I knew he was still hard. I could feel him, and I would not leave him wanting. So, I slipped my hand down between his body and mine. "What are you doing?"

I smirked as I fully removed my shirt. "Returning the favor. You're not the only one that likes to suck." Flushing, Edward twitched dramatically as my lips formed the last word.

Honestly, I didn't realize it was possible to have two orgasms without even removing one's pants, but apparently, it was. He seemed pleased with his own as he hovered nude over my bare chest, my mouth and hands teasing him until he couldn't take it anymore. When it was all said and done, we were both happy and in need of a bath.

Groaning loudly, I stepped into my favorite place in the world. I adored Edward's shower.

“Is it wrong that this thing can make my girlfriend moan louder than I can?” He teased as he followed behind. I could see it in his eyes that he was trying to hold back his own, though. He enjoyed it almost as much as I did.

“That’s only because your family is in every single room around us. Someone could hear us, and then I’d just want to curl up and die.”

“And I couldn’t allow that to happen,” he stated as he brought his hands to my hips. I leaned against him, closing my eyes as I enjoyed the hot water flowing against my skin. “I’m sorry about my freak out earlier.”

“It’s understandable.” I shrugged, turning to look up at him. “Don’t worry about it.”

“I don’t want you to worry that our relationship is in doubt in any way.” He pushed my hair away from my neck and kissed it lightly. “Because it’s not. I’m here for the long haul.”

I rubbed my palm against his cheek, twisting my head in his direction so we could kiss. We bumped our foreheads together before we pulled apart so I could face him. “Edward, you’re so sweet, but you don’t have to commit like that right now. I realize we’ve only been together for a short while, and I don’t expect us to figure out forever yet. I feel blessed just to know you.”

“I feel the same way,” he breathed as he tugged me closer with my stomach against his. In the middle of our sensual kiss, I felt his tummy grumble loudly in demand for food.

Pulling out to arm’s length, I looked down. “Well, hello to you too,” I giggled.

“I worked up an appetite.” His cheeks flushed an adorable shade of pink. He could straddle my face while he jerked himself off without even the slightest bit of shyness, but a growling stomach on the other hand...

“Then why don’t we get finished up here and let’s go get a snack. We have a TON of leftovers. I’m sure I could whip us up something fantastic.”

“Mm,” he moaned playfully. “A girl after my own heart.”

It was nearly three in the morning when we made it downstairs. But we weren’t alone. When we got to the dining room, I realized the kitchen light was already on. Edward placed a finger over his lips, urging me back with his other hand as he crept ahead of me. He leaned against the wall and peeked inside. I had no idea what he was doing, but I could hear the fridge opening and closing.

And just when I was about to ask, he popped out in the doorway and practically shouted. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?!”

I heard a platter clatter against the counter before I poked around the corner to see Emmett's face turn super white before flushing red. "Holy Mother, did you have to scare the shit out of me?" He asked as he picked up a turkey leg off the countertop. It already had a huge bite out of it.

"To see that thing fall out of your mouth? Oh yeah, I did. That was hilarious," he laughed as he tugged me towards the kitchen with him. "Hungry too?"

"Obviously." He rolled his eyes. "Couldn't sleep too?"

Edward just shrugged, smiling a little to himself. Emmett laughed, putting the leg down onto a plate he retrieved from the cabinet. "What?" He asked his brother.

"You got some," he pointed out. The grin on his face was totally shit-eating. It was rather amusing. Laughing too, I covered my mouth with my hand as I sat at the island. "See ah-huh. I can tell that shit from a mile away. You guys are so obvious."

My boyfriend only flipped him off. It just made him laugh harder.

It made me giggle too, but I swallowed it, only smiling. I cleared my throat before the boys could start fighting. "I was going to make something warm. Would you like some as well?"

"Hell yeah, that would be awesome."

"Are you even going to ask what she's making?" Edward laughed.

"Doesn't matter. You always eat whatever a beautiful woman offers," he declared as if it was a rule he learned in elementary school. "Besides, I'll eat anything."

"So, it runs in the family," I teased as I got up to get things from the fridge. I shoed Emmett towards the island for a seat with his leg. He already had the meat out, so I retrieved some cheese, onions, mushrooms, peppers, and garlic. "I'm going to make turkey quesadillas, by the way. I hope you like Tex-Mex."

"Fucking love it, baby," he flirted as he wiggled his eyebrows. Edward smacked him hard on the shoulder. His big brother just smiled.

The boys watched with rapt attention like I was making magic with the knife as I made quick work of the veg. I heated a skillet and threw all of it in with a bit of butter. I tossed my boyfriend the block of cheese to grate while I chopped up the meat.

Emmett went to the refrigerator and pulled out a beer for each of us, opening them up without a word. It was the first time I had seen his expression anything but amused. He was nearly thoughtful. He sat down beside his brother, mulling over something. "Can I ask you something?" He finally breathed.

"Hm?" Edward responded, barely taking his attention away from the box grater.

"Why did you spaz the fuck out earlier when you saw the tape of Mum?"

That made him falter for a moment before he went back to work. He was quiet for a long time before he replied. "You know it's always been hard for me to see her."

"Yeah, but it worried Mom. She feels super guilty because she thought it would make you happy."

"It did," he assured him. "It's just been a stressful week already."

Nodding his head, Emmett took a deep swig of his beer. "With dad showing up early? I hate it when he does that. It makes everyone freak out at work."

"It's not so much that."

"Then what is it?"

Edward glanced at me, and I just shrugged and smiled. He could say whatever he wanted, I didn't mind. His brother looked between us, then back at him. "Uh, I don't think Dad likes Bella all that much. There was kind of a blowout," he explained vaguely.

Emmett raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "Why?"

"Frankly, I don't know. He claims she looks like Mum," my boyfriend whispered, finally finishing the mound of cheese before passing it to me. "It scared him. He's worried she'll take advantage of me for some reason. Because I guess I become a mindless idiot when I'm-" he stopped himself from ranting.

I went over to the cabinets to pull out the cast iron griddle. Stopping, I met Emmett's curious gaze. "Yeah, I kind of see it. The hair is wrong. But the mouth. You've got those big pouty lips. Man, I've always thought they were hot." He winked, making me blush and giggle.

Edward just scoffed. "Don't hit on my girlfriend by saying she looks like our mother."

“Whatever.” He shrugged. “But, yeah. Tony, don’t worry about Dad. He’s been watching these tapes for a couple of months with Esme, apparently. It’s been too much for him. He was a real asshole all last week before he headed this way. I was happy to see him leave for a while.”

“At least it wasn’t just directed towards Bella and me,” Edward sighed before stretching his arms above his head and looked at his brother with a curious expression. “So, how is everything up there then? What about Carmen and the girls?”

“Want everything on yours, guys?” I asked before they started any serious conversations. He nodded, but I knew how he liked his already. He was easy to please.

“Yeah, that would be great,” Emmett replied before turning his head towards his brother to answer. “You know how stubborn she is. She always looks so damn tired. I don’t know about that husband of hers. He’s always working.”

“Being a doctor is an important job,” he stated before taking a sip of his beer, making a little face after he did. “And honestly, any woman that’s with us has to deal with us having to work a lot. Can we judge?”

“It’s different when you have kids, though, I think. Besides, she has the funds. He doesn’t have to work if he doesn’t want to. She’s too obstinate to hire a nanny or ask for help. He should.”

“Being a doctor was never about the money for him. Think about how they met. He had been involved with charities since he was a teenager. He said it was part of what inspired him to be a physician in the first place. And he’s a good man. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be with him.”

“I guess so.” His brother shrugged. “I just worry about those girls.”

“What about us?” Carmen asked as she came in with the littlest one in her arms. Irina was whining quietly, sniffing as tears dried on her cheeks. Eleazar followed behind her, looking exhausted.

“You know how much we agonize over everything in this family.” Edward then spoke in a baby voice as he got off his stool to walk over to them. “What on earth are you doing awake, little one?” He inquired as he took her from his sister.

“She’s hungry,” her mother explained.

Her husband smirked. “Surprise, surprise.”

I watched the whole family interact quietly as I cooked, setting a large quesadilla in front of Emmett and another where Edward had been sitting. He looked so natural with the baby in

his arms, bouncing her happily. She smiled at him, placing her fat little fist on his mouth. He kissed it before blowing a raspberry, making her giggle.

“And what does my girl want to eat, huh?” He asked her as he sat down at his stool. Carmen and Eleazar sat at the remaining two without a word.

Irina, of course, didn’t answer, but she grabbed up a piece of his quesadilla so fast that no one could stop her.

“Oh, be careful! That’s hot!” I said quickly.

“That’s got peppers in it,” he warned her as she shoved a big bite into her tiny mouth. “You won’t like it.”

“She’ll eat anything,” Eleazar scoffed with a laugh, his accent thicker. Perhaps because he was so tired.

“Don’t steal your uncle’s food!” Carmen tried to get up and take it away from the child, but neither Edward nor Irina would have any part of it.

“If she likes it, she can have it,” he assured his half-sister. “Which she seems too,” he chuckled as the baby took another big bite.

“I have plenty to make more for everyone,” I told the couple in front of me. I had already started a second one for Edward and Emmett, anyway. They could wait a minute.

“Are you sure?” Carmen asked, almost shyly. She looked a lot like him when she talked like that. They had the same little crooked smile that was higher on one side.

“Of course,” I assured her. “One with everything?”

They said yes, so I started cooking more. When Emmett finished, he got his sister and her husband a drink. Everyone chatted and joked happily as the baby ate on Edward’s lap. She had the entire thing, much to my surprise. She really seemed to enjoy it too. But all the food and talk had woken her up even more, and she wasn’t going to go back to sleep anytime soon. So, we moved into the dining room where we could all sit comfortably.

“This is nice,” Carmen laughed after the men got done telling some story about when they were teenagers. She was lying lazily against her husband, his arm around her waist and his head on top of hers. He didn’t speak as much as the rest of us, but he was smiling. The baby had moved to my lap, playing with my hair in between her chubby fingers. “I wish we had more time like this.”



“Me too,” Eleazar commented. “I wish I didn’t have to go back on Saturday.”

“I don’t know how you do it,” Edward admitted. “Do you guys ever get time alone with him working and three kids?”

“No,” they said at the same time, smirking. Carmen continued to talk. “I don’t know, I just can’t find anyone I trust besides family to watch them. I know the nannies we had weren’t that bad, but that seems... wrong, somehow. I want to raise my own girls.”

“There is no shame in having help,” Emmett chimed in.

“I know that, but this is different. It would be great to have a day alone with my husband, but-” She brushed her hand along his cheek, and he turned his face to kiss it. “It’s just hard,” she frowned.

“I could watch them tomorrow,” I offered suddenly, the words falling out of my mouth.

“What?” Carmen asked as if she hadn’t heard me, a look of confusion written all over her features.

“I could keep the girls if you want to go out for a while. I worked in a daycare when I was a teenager. And I know CPR, I like kids, and yours seem to like me.” Shrugging, I looked at Irina, who smiled before yawning. She laid her head on my chest, nuzzling in comfortably. “I mean if you want. I realize you don’t exactly know me.”

“If Edward trusts you, I do,” she assured me with a quick smile. “That’s just a lot of hard work.”

“Sounds like playtime to me.”

She looked concerned. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, are you positive?” My boyfriend asked in a lower voice. “I’ll be at the office all day tomorrow with Emmett and Dad. Even Esme has to come in for some things.”

“Yeah, I’m certain. It sounds like fun. Maybe I’ll invite Alice over to help me,” I informed him. “She’d probably enjoy seeing her clothes on actual kids.”

“Oh, she’s the one that made all those cute dresses?” Carmen gushed suddenly. Her husband just rolled his eyes and smirked, shaking his head as if he knew what was coming. “I adore them. Are those the only designs she has, or does she have more?”

I smiled a little. “She has a ton of things.”

“I’d love to look through them all if she has the time in the next week,” she announced with a gigantic grin.

“I’m sure that can be arranged. So, what do you say? Do you two want to go out for a few hours tomorrow? Go to lunch or a movie. Do whatever?” I offered once more. I wouldn’t be offended if she said no, but I could tell by her expression she was tempted.

“You know what?” She concluded after a few moments. “Sure. Why not? That sounds great.”

Their brother stood from the table. “God, I’m exhausted just hearing about babysitting,” Emmett stated as he stretched his massive arms above his head with a crack of his back. “I’m hitting the sack. Thanks for the feast, Bella. It was perfect. Tony, you picked a decent one there,” he added as he slapped him hard on the shoulder.

“Thanks,” I giggled as I watched Edward wince, rubbing his hand over it. When he caught my expression, he smiled and looked away as he blushed slightly. It was so cute.

“I don’t think he’s the only one that’s exhausted,” Carmen remarked as she nodded her head towards her sleeping child. Irina’s face was pressed against my chest, her fingers tangled in my hair. “We better get her back to bed. Thank you for the food.”

“Yes, thank you. ‘Rina loved it,” Eleazar chimed in. I nodded my head as I stood. He came around the table and carefully got the girl from my arms. It took the help of Edward to release her hand from my curls. “Goodnight. See you in the morning.”

He kissed his sister. Then we watched as they left the room. We put the dishes in the sink and then flicked off the light in the kitchen to deal with the mess later. It was nearly sunrise, and I would need my rest if I was going to babysit the following day.

We were in bed before he spoke again, the lamps on either side turned off. He snuggled up close, putting his lips beside my ear. “That’s a sweet thing you offered to do. Are you sure you can handle it?”

“If I can handle you, I think I can take on three kids,” I teased. “Besides, if they become too much of a handful, I can always just call Seth.”

“They loved him, didn’t they?” Edward chuckled. “I’m glad someone so nice gets to be a part of your family. I know it makes you happy.”

“He’s a fantastic guy,” I agreed, nodding my head before yawning.

“It’s been quite a day for you, hasn’t it?” He cooed as he brushed my hair away from my forehead. I only nodded in response, my eyes already getting too heavy to lift. “Sleep, my love.” He placed a soft kiss on my temple. He kept his lips there for a long time. Just before I fell asleep, I heard him whisper faintly. “My love. My lovely sweet girl.”