

## Part Five:

When I woke up the second time, it was a much more reasonable hour. The sun was peeking out from behind dark clouds, shining brightly in my eyes. My head was on Edward's bare chest. It took me a moment to remember what happened during the night. We hadn't gone all the way, but our touches were anything but innocent. I recalled deciding he had the hands of a god. My god. I didn't think he was awake yet, his breathing steady. So I gave his stomach one last kiss, just in case he didn't want me to do it again. Pressing my lips against the hard muscles of his abs, I dragged my nose against it. His hand went into my hair, stroking it gently.

"Good morning, love."

When I looked up, his grinning face greeted me. Returning his easy smile slowly, I slid up his body. With his fingers still tangled in my curls, he pulled me closer and kissed me. His other hand traveled to the back of my bare thigh, running it over my bottom and underneath his maroon shirt I was wearing. He playfully slipped it on me while we were getting dressed again, saying it looked better on me. It could have been a nightgown on me, going to my knees. And the best part was that it smelled like him. Spicy and mildly sweet. I never wanted to take it off.

"Hi..." I breathed. I felt a little stupid because I didn't know what else to say, especially with him massaging my butt.

"You're even more beautiful in the morning light," he whispered as he nuzzled my neck.

"Are you sure no one has ever called you charming before?" I questioned as I tugged at the ends of his hair.

"Does my mother count?"

Scrunching up my nose, I closed one eye as I thought about it. Then I sharply shook my head. "Um, nope."

He chuckled before touching my cheek. "You're too much, Ms. Isabella."

"You're one to talk, Dr. Cullen," I retorted.

“Oh, speaking of which, let me look at your foot,” he said before carefully shifting me to my back. Lifting the covers, he crawled underneath. “Hm...” He mumbled thoughtfully as his fingertips grazed my ankle.

“Look any better?”

“It’s really bruised. You’ll probably be limping for a couple of days. Mm, I have to tell you something...” he trailed off, still completely under the blanket.

“What is it?” My body tensed up a little automatically.

His hands went along the insides of my thighs. “I have the best view from here,” he teased. I laughed, warming at his words. I lifted the comforter, and he grinned with a wicked look in his eyes.

“What are you up to down there?” I wondered, raising an eyebrow.

He kissed one of my knees, his gaze never leaving mine. “Breakfast...”

Instantly, I drew in a sharp breath, my skin flaming red as the heat went from my nose to my toes.

Edward had, for sure, become more comfortable since the start of our evening together. He was downright playful, and I loved it. I adored his confidence. He slowly nipped and kissed upwards. I was shaking by the time he reached the apex of my thighs. His tongue dragged along the bend, causing me to jump. My hands went into his hair as my head fell back onto the pillow.

“Bella,” he growled between my legs. “You taste so unbelievably good.”

Then there was a loud knock on the door.

“Hey, Bells! Are you awake?” Alice yelled from behind it, far too loudly.

Both Edward and I groaned at the same time, then I heard him mumble, “The worst timing ever,” under his breath.

“Yeah. I’m up. I’ll be out in a few minutes,” I called back, my hands still in his hair.

“Do you need help?” She questioned, and I could tell that her hand was on the doorknob. I prayed it was locked.

“NO!” I shouted a bit too enthusiastically. “No, I’m fine. I’m just going to get changed. I’ll be down in a second.”

“Alright, if you’re sure,” she remarked before walking away, her footsteps echoing down the hall as she went. The stairs creaked for only a moment.

Edward shifted a little, so he was lying between my legs. His arms were crossed over my stomach with his head resting on them. “How can you stand her timing?”

“Right now? Not very well,” I responded with a sigh. “Has she always been like this?”

“Always,” he sneered. Lowering his mouth to my belly button, he kissed it lightly. “We better get dressed. If we don’t, she’ll come and tear down the door.” I pouted a bit but nodded. I wasn’t ready to put clothes on or for him to stop. At all. Like his promise of the night before, he whispered, “Later.”

Only ten minutes passed before I was adorned in jeans and Edward’s t-shirt. I honestly didn’t want to part with it. And when he told me he liked how it looked on me, I decided to keep it on. I only slipped on a bra. I could just say I borrowed it because I wanted something comfortable to wear. That was believable. With my arms wrapped securely around my new boyfriend’s neck, he carried me down the stairs.

When we reached the kitchen, no one was there. Not that I minded. I had no idea what he wished to tell his siblings, and I wouldn’t push his boundaries with public displays of affection. Carefully, he sat me on a stool. He stood behind me, his arms wrapped around my waist, and his mouth temptingly close to my ear. His breath blew over it, making it hard for me to think.

“What do you want for breakfast?” I questioned shakily. I don’t know why I spouted it out, but I felt like I needed to say something.

“You...” he purred.

“I’m not sure that’s on the menu,” I replied, a heavy blush coming across my cheeks. “For right now, anyway. Maybe later.”

“Too bad. The sample I had earlier was delicious, and I can’t wait to get another,” he insisted before he kissed my neck. I shuddered, my breath stopping in my throat. He slowly dislodged himself from me, a cocky smile over his lips. “Cereal?”

“You’re teasing me.” I pouted a little. “That’s not very nice.”

“Just a bit, but I promise to behave now,” he smiled, looking somewhat shy suddenly. Edward pulled a box of Honey-nut Cheerios from the cabinet along with two bowls. He held it up in an offer. Smirking, I finally rolled my eyes and nodded.

We sat beside each other in comfortable silence after that, less than an inch apart. I could feel the electricity flowing between us, and the hair on my arms stood up on end. But it was broken when Alice came in with Jasper in tow. I wondered briefly when he had gotten there. It was still early, and I hadn't heard him.

He looked between us and smiled brightly. “Finally!”

“What?” His girlfriend questioned with confusion playing over her pixie-like features.

He rolled his eyes as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, and he knew exactly what we did the night before. My blush was already crawling up my cheeks. I, at least, expected Alice to ask about my clothing before they assumed I was sleeping with her brother. And fooling around with him. I didn't count on Jasper. He always seemed to notice these kinds of things. He knew how to read the feelings in the room.

“They're together now- like a couple. I mean, Bella has liked him since last year, and now finally he can stop moping! Thank god.” He shook his head and made a face before he glanced at her. “I can see why you've been trying to get them in the same damn room for two months. You were right. I think they're a good match, too. Much better than him and Tanya-”

Edward's head snapped up from his bowl of cereal, his expression growing angry. She frowned at her boyfriend. He had been smiling, but he swiftly lost all color in his face as his friend's appearance became fearsome. I had never seen a look so hard before. The stare he was giving him literally sent him backing out of the room in retreat.

“Excuse me,” he muttered curtly before going after his best friend. I was a little worried there was about to be a fight, and I wasn't exactly sure of the reason.

“Who's Tanya?” I asked Alice quietly so they wouldn't hear us. I had never heard the name before, and I was starting to worry. It was evident she was an ex of some sort.

She wrinkled her nose in disgust. “I don't think it's my place to explain... her. We don't talk about her. You'll have to ask Edward about that situation if you're really together,” she spoke the last part with a smile. Her big blue eyes were so hopeful. “Are you?”

Lowering my head, I stirred my breakfast for a moment. “Yeah,” I finally responded shyly, looking down at it.

She squeaked loudly, balling up her fists in excitement. "I knew you two would be a good couple!" She insisted as she danced in her spot.

"Well, if you knew, then why did you keep interrupting?" I demanded.

Her forehead wrinkled in confusion. "Interrupting what?" Then it dawned on her. She grabbed my arm. "Oh, my goodness! Isabella, what did you do to my brother?"

"I didn't do anything! He started it!" I defended myself. I knew she wasn't really accusing me of anything, but those words automatically came out of my mouth. "Shut up."

Biting her lip for a moment, she leaned in so she could whisper. "Um, what did he start?" She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Mary Alice, it's your brother!" I tutted in return, rolling my eyes. There was no way I was going to give her details in the middle of the kitchen. Especially if Jasper was going to blab everyone's secrets just because he didn't get enough sleep. I had been too shocked by Edward's reaction to even acknowledge the fact he told him I had a crush on him the year before. I was going to pretend it never happened.

She shrugged, putting her hands up. "Yeah, so? Come on! Tell me. Please?" She begged, dragging out every word. Then she brought out that famous pout. It wasn't fair, but I was digging in my heels. She couldn't have everything she wanted.

I opened my mouth to tell her to piss off politely when Jasper came back into the room with wide, anxious eyes. It was apparent he had been thoroughly told off. He gently grabbed his girlfriend's arm. "Hey! Let's go shopping.." He didn't wait for her to give him an answer. "Let's go get some snacks for later."

"But-" She started, but he gave her a sharp look then raised his eyebrows. Her mouth formed a little O, then nodded. "Right. Okay. Hey! We're going to run to the store. Need anything, Bells?"

Confused, I looked between them. I shook my head slowly. "No, I'm fine."

"Call me if you need anything," she repeated with an earnest expression on her innocent face. She was deathly serious, something unusual for her.

Pushing my breakfast away, I wasn't hungry anymore. Running my fingers through my hair, I wondered what was happening. I was missing out on something reasonably big by the way Edward ran out of the room after Jasper. He looked like he was about to punch someone. Typically, he was a reserved person.

I wasn't alone with my thoughts for too long. He came into the kitchen, looking frustrated. His cheeks were slightly pink, and his nostrils flared. I peeked up at him, and he smiled somewhat, but I could see the sadness in his eyes.

“So, um, I should probably talk to you about something.”