



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 that he had the hands of a god. My god. I didn't think that he was awake yet, his breathing steady. So I decided to give his stomach one last kiss, just in case he didn't want me to do it again.

I pressed my lips against the hard muscles of his abs, dragging my nose against it. His hand went into my hair, stroking it gently.

“Good morning, love.”

I looked up at him and was greeted by his grinning face. Returning his easy smile slowly, I slid up his body. With his fingers still in my hair, he pulled me closer to him and kissed me. His other hand went to the back of my bare thigh, running over my bottom and underneath his maroon shirt that I was wearing. He had playfully slipped it on me while we were getting dressed again, saying that it looked better on me. It could have been a nightgown on me, going just to my knees. And the best part was that it smelled just 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 his fingers massaging my butt.

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

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

“Does my mother count?”

I scrunched up my nose, closing 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,” Edward said before he carefully shifted me to my back. Lifting the covers, he crawled underneath. “Hm...” He mumbled thoughtfully as his fingers grazed my ankle.

“Look any better?”

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

“What is it?” I asked, feeling my body tense 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 just a little at his words. I lifted the comforter, and he grinned at me 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 eyes never leaving mine. “Breakfast...”

I instantly 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 that he had 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, Bella! Are you awake?” Alice yelled from behind it far too loudly.

Both Edward and I groaned at the same time. 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 that it was still 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 steps creaked for only a moment.

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

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

“Always,” he scornfully sneered. Edward lowered his mouth to my belly button, kissing 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 get 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 that he liked how it looked on me, I decided to keep it on. I just slipped on a bra. I could just say that 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 wanted to tell his siblings, and I wasn't going to 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. It was making it hard for me to think.

“What do you want for breakfast?” I pressed 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 that I had earlier was delicious, and I can’t wait to get another,” he insisted right before he kissed my neck. I shuddered, my breath completely 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 vouched with a small smile, looking somewhat shy all of a sudden. Edward pulled a box of Honey-nut Cheerios from the cabinet along with two bowls. He held them up to me in offer. Smirking, I finally rolled my eyes and nodded.

We sat beside each other in a comfortable silence after that, less than an inch apart. I could feel the electricity flowing between us. The hair on my arms was standing up on end.

Our silence was broken when Alice came in with Jasper in tow. I wondered briefly when he had gotten there. It was still pretty 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 like 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 that 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 obviously liked him since last year, and now finally he can stop moping! Thank god.” He shook his head and made a face before he looked at her. “I can see why you’ve been trying for two months to get them in the

same damn room now. You were right. I think that 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. Alice frowned at Jasper. He had been previously 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 that he was giving his sister's boyfriend literally sent him backing out of the room in retreat.

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

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

She wrinkled her nose in disgust. "I don't think that 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 said the last part smiling. Her big blue eyes were so hopeful. "Are you?"

I lowered my head, stirring my breakfast for a moment. "Yeah," I finally responded shyly, looking down at my cereal. She squeaked loudly, balling up her fists in excitement.

"I knew that you two would be a good couple!" She insisted as she danced her in her spot.

"Well, if you knew, then why did you keep interrupting?" I demanded with a raised eyebrow.

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

"I didn't do anything! He started it!" I defended myself. I knew that 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 that she could whisper to me. "Oh, what did he start?" Alice wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Mary Alice, it's your brother!" I tutted in return, rolling my eyes. There was no way that I was going to give her details in the middle of the kitchen. Especially if Jasper was going to start blabbing 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 that he told him that I had a crush on him the year before. I was going to try to pretend that 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 my heels in. She couldn't have everything that 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 that he had been thoroughly told off. He gently grabbed his girlfriend's arm. "Hey! Let's go shopping, Ally." He didn't wait for her to give him an answer. "Let's go get some snacks for later."

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

I looked between them, confused. Slowly, I shook my head. "No, I'm fine."

"Call me if you need anything," she stated with a too earnest expression on her innocent face. She was deathly serious, something that was 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 obviously missing out on something, and something reasonably big by the way that 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 utterly frustrated. His cheeks were slightly pink, and his nostrils flared. I peeked up at him, and he smiled slightly, but I could see the sadness in his eyes.

"So, um, Bella, I should probably talk to you about something."