



## Part Seven

Though neither of us wanted to leave the comfort of his couch, we dragged ourselves out of his room. Edward once again carried me down the stairs. I nuzzled my face into the side of his neck, breathing in his heavenly scent. It was quickly becoming my very favorite thing. He sighed softly, placing a gentle kiss on the top of my head. I felt like a princess.

Emmett said nothing to us when we came in. He kept his eyes on his lap, his mouth in a straight line. I could only assume Alice and Jasper had already spent the morning gossiping about the events. He was trying hard to keep his comments to himself, thankfully.

We sat on the sofa together, the couples cuddled up in various positions. His sister flicked the lights off, and since it started raining outside, the room was an eerie gray. The water droplets splattered loudly against the massive windows that made up most of the walls around the house. It was more than a little unnerving.

"What are we watching?" I asked lightly, snuggling close to Edward. He put his arm around my shoulder and gave me a brief smile.

"Scream!" She proclaimed too emphatically and brightly. She was absolutely chipper.

Instantly, I frowned. "Come on! It's not Halloween anymore," I sighed, pouting. I was tired of the holiday. It had already injured me once, and I was sick of being jumpy.

"But it's Día De Los Muertos!" She rolled her eyes at me. As if that meant anything at all. Then she danced toward the entertainment system to get it started. She pulled out the correct

remote and flipped through the menu.

I opened my mouth to protest more, but my boyfriend stopped me. He leaned in to whisper in my ear. "Just go with it. You know she'll get her way," he said loud enough for the entire group to hear.

"Listen to him! He knows!" She pointed at us, nodding her in agreement vigorously. I clicked my tongue and shook my head. She was the actual princess, not me.

"Besides, don't you want me to hold and kiss you when you get scared?" He purred against my skin, making me shudder. Giggling, I made him chuckle. We were smiling the entire time at each other. I nodded, and he quickly gave me a firm kiss on the lips. I tilted my head slightly to the side to deepen it, my fingers under his chin.

"Okay... What did you do with the prude we all know and love to annoy?" Emmett asked sarcastically. His arm was around Rosalie as she leaned into him. Her feet were tucked underneath her, one of her hands resting on his muscular thigh. She was smirking too, but her lips were pressed together in an attempt to hide it.

Edward flipped him off with his free hand, grinning as he pulled me even closer. I rearranged, so my legs were across his lap. Carefully, he helped me adjust with his hand on the back of the bend of my knee. When I was settled, it smoothed up my thigh for just a moment.

Everyone noticed.

"Did you drug him?" Jasper teased as he leaned in closer from his spot across the couch. "Cause if you did, you've got to share. It seems like the good stuff."

"Shut up! Leave them alone!" Rose barked at her brother and boyfriend. She sharply nodded her head, making her lovely blond curls bounce. It was as if she was officially making it her last word on the subject.

"Thank you," I gratefully replied under my breath.

Nodding again, she smirked just a little. "You're welcome, sweetie. Besides, if you keep him this pleasant, you two should be together all the time." Her smile became more wicked. I could tell she was only trying to get a rise out of Edward. It didn't work this time.

Smiling slightly, he nodded as his palm slid up my back, his fingers curling into the shirt. It made my skin tingle. "Yeah. I would agree with that."

"Hey!" Alice shouted at the crowd in annoyance, clapping her hands together to get our attention. When it didn't work, she stomped her foot. "Be quiet! The movie is starting!"

Though I had seen *Scream* before, it had been years. I laid in Edward's arms, watching intently. I remembered who the killers were, but that didn't mean I didn't jump at certain parts. Or at every single lame jump-scare. I was beginning to wonder why I had become so jumpy. Nothing bad ever really happened to me. But it was worth it. Every time I did, his arm tightened

around me, and he would hush me gently with a tender kiss.

The rain came down harder, slamming against the window with the shocking force of the wind. It was almost black in the room by then. I was so into the film, taking deep breaths with my eyes wide as I watched. Every second, my heart beat a little faster. The screen was quiet as a bloody Neve Campbell looked for the killer in her home.

Suddenly, the front door slammed open, banging the wall hard just as a crack of thunder shook the entire house. Everyone screamed. I buried my face in Edward's neck, my arms wrapping around him tightly as I whimpered. Yes, I knew I was pathetic, but I didn't care.

I felt him shake with laughter. "Hey, Dad... How was work?" He inquired over the top of my head. I heard the rest of the group laugh softly, too. That nervous, I was just scared as hell, kind of chuckling.

I pulled away to see a soaking wet Carlisle holding a broken umbrella. His blond hair was slicked back completely away from his smooth forehead, his scrubs sticking to his legs, and his sneakers plastered with sticky mud. He held his hands out to his sides, the water dripping from his long fingers onto the foyer floor.

"I think the consumption of drugs on Halloween increases tenfold," he muttered, tossing the broken object to the side on the ground to deal with later. Next went his coat, throwing down the heavy black material with a wet thump. It sent splatters of muck everywhere. Luckily, underneath, his shirt wasn't too damp. He kicked off his shoes and grimaced at the sensation. They squished and slurped, popping off his heel.

"I have no doubt," Edward chuckled. He then lowered his lips to my ear and whispered. "You can let go now, sweetheart. It's okay."

I hadn't realized I was still clinging to his neck. "Oh!" I squeaked and let go quickly as I blushed a furious shade of crimson. I bit my lip as I glanced away in embarrassment.

His father slowly looked between us, finally settling on his eldest. He raised one of his perfect eyebrows. His son shrugged and innocently smiled. It was hard to miss the silent conversation going on between them. I peered down at my lap and flushed brighter. My fingers nervously played with my blue jean's leg as I avoided everyone's eyes.

He turned his attention back to me. "So, how is your foot feeling today, Bella?" Carlisle asked lightly. His voice was gentle. He had a great bedside manner.

"Still sore."

Making a little face, he gave a sad smirk. "Not surprising. Let me look at it."

He knelt down on the floor in front of me while I sat on the couch. With delicate fingers, he unwrapped the bandage. Gnawing my lip, I watched him as intently as I had the movie. Parts of it were purplish-black and a little swollen. Edward slipped his hand around mine, holding it sweetly. I squeezed it when I felt a slight twinge of pain.

“Wiggle your toes for me, please.” I did as he asked, though it hurt some. “Well, I think in a few days you’ll be good as new. But you need to take some aspirin to bring down the swelling and put a little ice on there. That’ll help with the discomfort.”

I quickly nodded. “Yes, sir. Thank you!”

“Edward,” he began after clearing his throat. His pretty blue eyes focused on his son. “Why don’t you get her those things while I wrap her foot again?” He really wasn’t asking.

“Actually,” I said before he stood. “We should probably head to my house before the weather gets any worse. Isn’t it supposed to rain all day?”

“Oh, yeah... That’s right,” Alice giggled too sweetly before looking over at her father. “Daddy, is it okay if Bella stays with us for the rest of the weekend? You know how clumsy she is and if she’s left all alone...” She alluded slyly that I would be my own demise. My best friend was probably correct. “Her dad works all weekend! And if you’re busy, imagine how swamped he is!” She poured it on thick as if she wouldn’t get her way.

He melted a little whenever he looked at his only daughter. “Yeah! Of course! She is always welcome here,” he promised with a smile, putting the finishing touches on the wrap. “But as soon as you get back, get some ice. Edward, go ahead and get her the aspirin.”

“Sure thing,” he grinned as he stood.

As soon as he was out of sight, his father gave me a rueful grin. He lightly patted my knee. “I knew it,” he declared in a soft whisper.

I didn’t even try to feign innocence or ignorance. “I’m sorry,” I began in a low, embarrassed mumble. “I won’t stay if-”

“Please, honey. Not only are you Alice’s best friend, but you’ve practically become a part of our family. And you’re better behaved than most of my children. I love having you here,” he quickly reassured me as he patted my knee once more. “It’s good for him, too,” he spoke even more quietly.

His other son chuckled at something. He just couldn’t keep it to himself. He had been good for too long. “So, if she’s a part of the family, would that make it incest?” Emmett asked a little too loudly, breaking up the still in the room.

My eyes got huge as I blushed, forgetting there were other people around us. Rosalie smacked her boyfriend hard on the back of the head, the noise echoing throughout the space.

Dr. Cullen chuckled, looking over his shoulder at her. “Thank you, dear. And that’s why you’re always welcome here.”

“My pleasure,” she replied smugly, daring Em to say or do something again with her fierce expression. He wouldn’t lay a finger on her, and I think he liked it when she roughoused

with him.

Edward finally came back in with a bottle of water and two blue-and-red pills in his palm. He handed me the capsules, then the drink after cracking open the lid. I smiled slightly and threw them into my mouth, taking a deep drag of the clear liquid. They went down easily. "Thanks."

"Ready to go?" He offered me his hand.

"I need to get my shoes first," I told him as I stood slowly from the sofa.

"As if I'm going to let you walk," he remarked, swiftly picking me up like a princess again. I kind of loved it. "You're dangerous enough on two stable feet."

"Be careful. I'm heading to bed," his father called over his shoulder, already making his way toward his bedroom without looking back at us. Not that anyone could blame him, he was rightfully exhausted.

His soggy clothes remained in a puddle on the floor.