



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 deeply. It was quickly becoming my very favorite thing. He sighed softly, placing a gentle kiss on the top of my head. I felt a bit like a princess.

Emmett didn't say anything to us when we came in. He kept his eyes on his lap, his mouth in a straight line. I could only assume that Alice and Jasper had already spent the morning gossiping about the events. He was trying really hard to keep his comments to himself, thankfully.

We sat on the couch together, all the couples cuddled up different positions. Alice had flicked the lights off, and since it had started raining outside, the room was an eerie gray. The water droplets splattering 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 little smile in return.

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

I instantly frowned. "Come on! It's not Halloween anymore," I sighed heavily, pouting. I was getting 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 explained as she rolled her eyes at me. Like that meant anything at all. Then she danced toward the entertainment system to get it started. She pulled out the correct remote and began to flip through the menu.

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

“Listen to him! He knows!” His sister pointed at us, nodding her head in agreement vigorously. I clicked my tongue and shook my head a little.

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

“Okay... What did you do with the prude that we all know and love to annoy?” Emmett asked sarcastically. His arm was around Rosalie as he leaned into him. Her feet were tucked underneath her, one of her hands resting on this muscular thigh. She was smirking a bit herself, but her lips were pressed together.

Edward flipped him off with his free arm, smirking as he pulled me even closer. I rearranged a little so that my legs comfortably placed across his lap. He helped me carefully adjust, 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 into me 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, defending us. She sharply nodded her head, making her lovely blond curls bounce. It was like she was officially making it her last word on the subject.

“Thank you,” I gratefully replied under my breath.

She nodded again, smirking just a little. “You're welcome, sweetie. Besides, if you keep him this pleasant, you two should be together all the time,” she told the boys as her smile became more wicked. I could tell that she was just trying to get a rise out of Edward. It didn't work this time.

He smiled slightly, nodding as well. One of his hands slid up my back, his fingers curling into the shirt just a little. 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 stamped 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 that I didn't jump at certain parts. Or at every single lame jump-scare. I was starting to wonder why I had become so jumpy. Nothing bad ever really happened to me. But it was worth it. Every time that I did, his arm would tighten around me, and he would hush me gently with a tiny tender kiss.

The rain began to come 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 in deep breaths with my eyes wide as I watched. Every second, my heart began to beat a little harder. 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 whole house. Everyone screamed. I buried my face into Edward's neck, my arms wrapping around him tightly as I whimpered pathetically. Yes, I knew that I looked sad. But I didn't care. I felt him begin to shake with laughter.

"Hey, Dad... How was work?" He inquired over the top of my head. I heard the rest of the group begin to laugh a little as well. That nervous, I was just scared as hell, kind of chuckling. I pulled back 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 the side, 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 black umbrella to the side on the floor to deal with later. Next went his coat, throwing down the heavy black material with a thud. It sent splatters of muck everywhere. Luckily, underneath, his shirt wasn't too wet. He kicked off his shoes and grimaced at the sensation.

"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 that I was still holding onto his neck tightly. "Oh!" I squeaked and let go quickly as I blushed a furious shade of red. I bit my lip as I looked away in embarrassment.

Carlisle slowly looked between us, finally settling on Edward. He raised one of his perfect eyebrows. His son shrugged and innocently smiled. It was hard to miss the silent conversation that was going on between them. I glanced down at my lap and blushed brighter. My fingers nervously played with my blue jean's leg.

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 really great bedside manner.

"Still sore," I told him honestly.

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

He knelt down on the floor in front of me while I still sat on the couch. With delicate

fingers, he began to unwrap the bandage from around it. I bit my lip, watching him as intently as I had the movie. Parts of my injured foot were purplish-black and a little swollen. Edward slipped his hand into mine, holding it sweetly. I squeezed his fingers when I felt a slight twinge of pain.

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

I quickly nodded my head in answer. “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 him.

“Actually,” I said before he started to stand. “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 adoringly. “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 right. “Her dad works all weekend! And if you're busy, imagine how swamped he is!” She poured it on thick like she wouldn't get her way.

He melted a little whenever he looked at his only daughter. “Yeah! Of course! Bella is always welcome here,” Carlisle 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 smiled as he stood from the couch. As soon as he was out of sight, his father gave me a rueful grin.

Carlisle 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 began to chuckle 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 that there were other people around us. Rosalie smacked her boyfriend hard on the back of the head, the noise echoing throughout the space.

Carlisle chuckled, looking over his shoulder at her. “Thank you, dear. And that's why

you're always welcome here, as well."

"My pleasure," she replied smugly, daring Emmett to say or do something again with her fierce expression. He wouldn't lay a finger on her, and I think that 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 asked, offering me his hand.

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

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

"You kids 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. He was completely exhausted, not that anyone could blame him.

His soggy clothes remained in a puddle on the floor.