



## Episode One hundred-one-

I was excited about the videos Edward had planned for the day. We were ready for a good long day of stupid fun without any thinking at all with our friends. I loved his idea of making drinking videos then eating. It seemed perfect. The boys agreed.

In amusement, I watched as Seth and Tyler played rock, paper, scissors for who was going to be the third in the videos for the day. The loser would be the cameraman and the designated driver who would go get our food later for the video we would be making about our favorite fast foods to have while drunk. They played this one a bit more aggressively than the other morning over bananas.

“Yes!” Seth shouted when he won, throwing his fists in the air.

“Probably for the best,” Tyler mumbled in annoyance. His best friend chuckled evilly, coming to sit beside me. I was in the middle of the table. Edward was getting ready for the video, arranging everything in the order that we were going to be drinking them. I had already taken pictures for him for their thumbnails. It was going to be too hard to later, probably.

“So, how drunk do you think it’s possible to get sharing a third of a beer?” I asked curiously. Some of the bottles were pretty big, though, not the standard American size that you would find in a six-pack.

“Ask that after the tenth one, but before we do the shots later,” Seth quipped, smirking at me. “Hmmm... I bet... He’ll be fine. I’ll be tipsy. You’ll be trashed.”

“She can drink you under the table, mate,” Edward replied, putting the big metal bottle opener on the table. It was shaped like an old-fashioned key, and it clunked heavily when it landed on the tabletop. It was obviously something that he bought because he thought it was cool.

“I’ve just had way more practice at it. And I’ve always been a very functional drunk. I spent most of high school that way,” I joked. “And I had a 4.0, was on the student council, president of the Spanish club, a cheerleader, and first chair violin. Or so I’ve been told. I kinda remember some of it.”

Seth laughed. “You were busy.”

“My grandmother believed bad things happened to you if you slowed down, and I sadly took that to heart. Turns out, surprise surprise, bad things happen no matter what, and though she instilled a great work ethic in me, she also gave me major anxiety. I thought I had to never slow down, ever. Which is probably why I needed to drink and party and why I take medication for it now.”

“I can’t see you as a hard partier,” Tyler stated almost offhandedly from behind the camera. “I’ve seen you at a couple of things. You’re so reserved.”

I laughed and looked away from him in mild embarrassment. “Okay, but Jack and Coke Bella isn’t. She’s loud and confident. And sober, I’m an obvious exhibitionist who never shuts the fuck up... What do you think she is?” I asked, tilting my head to the side slightly. “I’ll give you a hint. Probably not dressed and on a table. Eighteen-year-old Bella spent a lot of time topless in strange places because of Jack.”

“So, what you’re saying is that I shouldn’t give you anything to drink?” Edward questioned me, passing us each a clear tumbler glass and a bottle of water. He was smirking at me playfully, just looking at me from the corner of his eye.

“Are you planning on letting me drink a liter of Jack Daniels?” I inquired seriously. He shook his head, scrunching up his nose. “Smart. Lauren would be furious if she missed me getting torn up and started stripping. Probably singing as I go,” I muttered in a thick southern drawl.

“Ha, yeah,” Tyler chuckled, nodding in agreement from his high stool behind the camera. “You’re probably right. She’d love to see that shit. She always loves a good hot mess.”

I lifted my cell phone to show him the screen. “She’s already sent me a message that said to drink for her today. So, I’m drinking for two now.”

“Please don’t,” my boyfriend mumbled, pressing a kiss on the top of my head before sitting beside me. He had some of the beers that we were drinking in a cooler at his feet. “Seth, you start. Everyone ready?”

Tyler gave a thumbs up. “Alright, three, two, one...”

“Hey! This is Bella. That’s Eddie, and I’m Seth, and we’re ranking Australian beers today! And none of it is fucking Foster’s, bitches!” Our friend declared way too loudly, spreading his arms out in front of us. I shook my head and made my eyes wide as I looked over at Edward. He was amused.

“That’s because we don’t drink piss,” Eddie said just as loudly as smirked at him, pulling out one of the bottles. It had a little bunny on the front. It was adorable. He popped it open and poured me a glass first. Ladies first, because he was always a gentleman, even in actor mode. “Okay, so this is called White Rabbit, and it’s made in Melbourne, I think...”

We tried five beers, a third of a bottle of each, in about forty-five minutes. I felt a little warm but not really drunk. It was like having a tall draft beer and a half, maybe. Perhaps two.

The boys quickly cleaned up and reset.

“Alright, honey, you do the intro this time,” Edward pointed to me.

“You just don’t like doing it,” I teased gently, squeezing his knee underneath the table.

“No, I don’t.” He stuck his tongue out at me mischievously. I reached out and touched it lightly with my finger. He promptly bit at it, making me laugh loudly in surprise. Edward was already a little tipsy and in actor mode. But he had also found one that he really liked and opened a bottle for himself to drink while he cleaned, so he was a little ahead.

Pushing my lips together, I nodded. “You’re going to be so fun in an hour,” I muttered sarcastically and then smiled at Tyler behind the camera. He winked at me before counting off

on his fingers. "Hi, I'm Bella, and today Eddie, Seth, and I are trying Australian hard ciders! And I am super excited because they are my favorite." I did a little happy dance in my seat as I beamed like a child about to get a treat.

Edward brought one of them onto the table. It looked like it was bigger than a regular beer but smaller than a wine bottle. He put it in the middle for me to open. I did so enthusiastically.

"Oo, it's pear," I said as I popped the top. I instantly smelled the crisp fruit, bringing the bottle to my nose. "Oh, my god. I already know that I'm going to like this," I told them both as I poured them each a reasonable glass and me an almost full tumbler. "Oops," I giggled.

"It smells really sweet." Seth took a little sip and shrugged. He took a bigger drink. "It's alright. It's really light. And bubbly."

"This is something that you would have by the beach and just keep drinking because it's refreshing. And then three hours later, you're absolutely fucking plowed because you've had three big bottles," I giggled into the glass before taking a large drink.

"Are you speaking from experience, baby?" Eddie asked with a raised eyebrow. He was definitely getting wasted, his cheeks pink and eyes glassy. The tip of his nose was a little red, and he had an almost constant smirk.

"I had a military friend who lived in Germany for a while who gave me a bunch of this crazy cheap sweet wine that was like two dollars a bottle. It was the best thing that I've ever had... and it was like this stuff. I feel like I could drink it with a straw straight out the bottle," I explained, leaning back in my seat as I looked at the camera.

"Need them in Capri Suns," Seth replied, finishing his glass. He took the bottle and poured himself a little and then put some more in mine. "There you go, boss lady. Don't want to waste any."

My boyfriend stretched his back as he glanced over at me. "We need to go to Germany and get you cheap wine to bring home with us," Edward murmured, pouring himself the rest of the bottle. It went to almost the top of the glass. He said the 's' in us a little too long.

"When are we going to have time for that, Eddie?" I seriously asked. "We barely had time for this. And this is our job!"

His nose scrunched up. "Oh. Hm. Let's go there for Christmas this year. We'll go to see some snow there. We'll go to the Alps or something." Then he nodded very seriously like that's exactly what we were going to do. He wasn't going to remember the conversation at all.

“Take me with you,” Seth whispered in a tiny voice, pouting as he looked at me.

“No,” I snapped at him very seriously, making Edward laugh and look away to try to gather himself. “Shhh...” I put my finger over my lips and leaned into him. “My lightweight prince charming is wooing me with my two weaknesses: traveling and cheap liquor.”

“Those are not your only two weaknesses,” he replied seductively, pointing at me with the hand holding the glass. Edward poked my nose. “Boop,” he breathed.

For a moment, I just blinked at him and then shook my head. “Oh, no,” I sighed and looked back at the camera. “This one is going to take so much longer than the last one.”

He had the clipboard that he was holding over his mouth, but his eyes were crinkled. “Ya think?” Tyler laughed. “What did you think of this one? You all seemed to like it,” he asked, directing us in some sort of way. Someone had to take control of the insanity.

Edward didn't let me get as much for myself on the next bottle, filling my glass for me. When I finished my drink, because I liked it, I jokingly made another full glass. He pouted, momentarily annoyed that I wasn't going to let him control my cup.

“We can't get too drunk before the 'shots' video,” he informed me.

“K, Dad,” I said sarcastically in a challenging way, raising an eyebrow at him as I drank it all in one go. His eyes got huge, his mouth hanging open.

“Man, you might want to call Lauren if you want her to get here before Bella takes her shirt off,” Eddie thundered to Tyler. I threw my head back in laughter then flipped him off with both fingers. He faked offense, gasping and making his eyes impossibly wider for the camera. Clutching his imaginary pearls the entire time.

“This isn't even enough to make me consider taking my socks off yet.” I made a little face at him, crossing both my arms and my legs. “You'll probably get some warning clothes first,” I told Tyler before looking back at my boyfriend. “The bra is probably the first thing to go, honestly. Stupid uncomfortable fucking thing. And I can take that off without removing my shirt like a goddamn magic trick,” I snickered the last couple of words. “Then I'll take off my pants. And then I'll find a bed because I'm old now and just want to take a friggin nap.”

Edward scoffed, rolling his eyes as he shook his head. “You're not old,” he laughed. “Not even close.”

“I have comments that I could make that neither of us will like,” I mumbled seriously.

“Mm, try me.” He took a little sip as he held my gaze as earnestly as he could. Edward made a face, not liking this one as much.

“I could have easily been your babysitter.”

He instantly looked excited. “I know! Trust me. I’ve thought about it.” He shot the rest of the tumbler down quickly so as not to waste it. “I also have this fun fantasy where you were one of my sister’s friends and-” He was drunker than I thought.

I covered his big mouth with my little hand. “I realize that you think that you’re funny, but sir, this is a dangerous path that you’re walking down. Do you want to test me in front of a camera?”

“Kinda,” he rumbled against my hand, smiling. It was very naughty. He was thinking of the night before for obvious reasons.

“She’s going to make you sleep on the couch tonight,” Seth snickered from beside us.

It was my turn to make a face. “First, I would never kick a man out of his bed. Second, sleeping on his couch isn’t a punishment. I do it all the time, and I fucking love it. Third, I’d just go to bed in the guest bedroom because it’s super comfy and has a good view to wake up to,” I informed our friend firmly. “I like this one, by the way,” I told the camera, finishing my drink.

Somehow we got through the rest of the video, just getting more and more giggly and giddy. We had a short break, but Edward decided after twenty minutes that we needed to try to plow on. We would be trying four different shots. My boyfriend had his arm draped over the back of my chair, smiling widely at the camera. He decided to do the intro this time because he was ‘ready.’

“Hi! I’m Eddie Cullen, this is the beautiful Bella, and that’s Seth and on we’re on part three of this fucking insanity! We’re trying Australian liquor!” He declared too loudly and with way too much enthusiasm. Way. Way. Too much. It was hard to hold it together.

“Shots, shots, shots,” Seth chanted quietly under his breath, making me break and giggle.

Edward plopped the bottle down heavily in the middle for me to open. It was black and heavy, the shoulders wide with a long narrow neck. There was some sort of swirling pattern raised in the glass.

“Oooo. I like the bottle. What is it?” I turned it around to read it. “Oh, it’s coffee! Yay!”

“I knew that you’d like that,” he said charmingly as he filled up our shot glasses. They were heavy glass ones that reminded me of the ones from the beginning of Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark. “Cheers, love.”

I shot it down quickly. It was sweet and delicious. I loved it.

“So, in the morning, I’m going to need this in my coffee, please,” I started to my sweet, very drunk, boyfriend, pointing at my shot glass. “And I want more now. Please. Pour me another, bartender.”

“No,” he answered, putting it underneath the table away from me. I pouted at him. “Nooo. Seriously.”

That’s pretty much how the entire video went. By the time we were done, all of us were hammered. Luckily, we had written our orders for Tyler to pick up before we got started to avoid confusion.

Edward stretched and looked over at me lazily. “So, what should we do while we wait for him?”