



Episode One Hundred-Two:

We all looked at each other. It probably wasn't a great idea to leave three inebriated people alone together.

"We could make another drunk video. We can do twenty questions... drunk couple's edition," Seth offered, smirking. He waved his finger between the two of us.

"Okay," I agreed with a laugh before looking over at Edward. "I'm down."

"Very nice!" He pointed at Seth. "You've got the app on your phone. You ask the questions."

"I think that's what he meant, sweetie. We're the couple." I patted his thigh, grinning at him wickedly. Edward scrunched up his nose and nodded sarcastically. "These are probably never going to be seen by anyone."

My boyfriend shrugged. The gesture was far too big. "Meh, by Jasper and me later, and that's who really matters," he slurred. "I need funny shit to entertain me every once in a while."

Seth put his chair behind the camera before pulling out of his phone. Edward pointed at me and then the tripod.

"I take it that you want me to do the introduction?" I asked wryly. He rolled his eyes and nodded again, putting his arm around me as we sat very close together. "You're a hot mess right now," I whispered.

"You're just hot," he replied warmly as he laid his head on top of mine, making me snort.

"Alright. Three, two, one..." Seth rolled his eyes, counting down with a sigh.

I put my chin up, smiling. "Hi, I'm Bella, and this is my boyfriend Eddie, and we're both very drunk. And we've decided it would be a good idea to answer random questions in front of a camera. This can only end stupidly."

"It should be fine." He patted my thigh. "I can edit out the worst stuff," he replied brightly, pleased with himself. He pointed at Seth, waving his finger again. Then Edward brought his second bottle of beer, the kind that he liked from the first video, from underneath the table and took a long drink.

"Okay, first question." Seth snickered as he read it. "Would you rather have everyone be able to read your thoughts or be naked in front of everyone?"

"Naked, obviously," I answered with a laugh. "I think the same for you."

"Yeah," he admitted with a grave nod. "It actually wouldn't bother me to be nude in front of a camera. I've not been offered a role like that yet, but I wouldn't turn it down if I got one."

"That's because you have nothing to be ashamed of." I wiggled my eyebrows at him seductively as I wriggled my shoulders. He looked me straight in the face, then down at his crotch like he was thinking about how he should answer, then just nodded nonchalantly in agreement. "Oh, god," I looked away, trying not to reward him with a laugh. I pointed at Seth this time, shaking my head at my idiot boyfriend, who was grinning.

"Have you ever watched anime?"

"One of my favorite movies is an anime, but it's pretty Disneyfied," I responded. "Howl's Moving Castle. I've watched all of those movies. The Studio Ghibli ones. I like other stuff, too. I don't go seek it out anime purposefully, but I don't mind it."

"Really?" Edward asked with a smile. "I think that I have all of those on DVD or Blu-ray. We should watch them all together someday."

"I'd like that. Which is your favorite?"

He leaned his head against mine once more. "Ummm..." He drew out, thinking of his answer. "Nassica: Valley of the Wind. But I was obsessed with My Neighbor Totoro as a kid. Fucking obsessed."

"Aw," I drew out. "I like both of those, too. I ugly cried when I watched My Neighbor Totoro, but I watched it as an adult. Actually, I think that I've cried at some point watching all of those movies, probably."

"I can see why you'd like Howl's Moving Castle," Edward said thoughtfully as his fingers tightened around my shoulders.

"Why's that?"

"You can obviously relate to Sophie. Made to feel older by no fault of her own, but she is still kind and hopeful. And she's sarcastic, bright, witty like you. She doesn't know how pretty she is, either," he said charmingly. I bit my lip, looking away and blushing at his warm words. I just couldn't. He was being too sweet. "And you both have a thing for vain assholes."

I looked back quickly. "You're not vain!" I laughed in surprise. "Or an asshole."

He closed one eye, wrinkling up his face a bit. "I'm a little of both. Let's be honest."

I shook my head again and rolled my eyes. "Never around me."

"You're not vain," Seth agreed with a laugh. "You can be an asshole, though."

"Actually, you're both kind of assholes to each other," I smirked. "I think that you both like that, though. It's how you express your love."

They actually did the same 'so-so' gesture at the same time, making me laugh. Seth grinned as he read the next question on the phone. "This is an interesting one. What's your biggest fear?"

I looked over at Edward, curious about his answer. He was looking at me, sighing heavily. "Losing you. It's the only thing that I'm terrified of. Anything else I could live through, but you..."

"I'm not going anywhere," I promised, leaning in for a soft, quick kiss. "But I understand. Mine is in the same vein. I'm scared that I'm just going to watch all the people that I love pass away one by one, and then I'm going to die all alone."

“Man, I don’t blame you,” Seth told me after blowing out a long breath. He did an all-over body shiver. “That shit is scary.”

“I’ve just got to not outlive Alice and Rose,” I joked. “Their family is stupidly long-lived. Their Daddy died close to ninety, their Mama is still going strong at seventy-five, and their grandmother is still alive and living on her own. Their great grandmother died only, like, five years ago, and she was a hundred and something. I figure one of them is bound to live to a hundred and twenty.” I put my chin in the palm of my hand. “So is yours, thankfully.”

My boyfriend frowned deeply. “I don’t even want to think about you dying in seventy years.”

“I won’t live to a hundred and three, Eddie.” I rolled my eyes. “Actually, I figure that I’m probably exactly close to middle-aged right now.”

“You fucking better not be.” He leaned down and narrowed his eyes at me. “Your cute ass better live to at least one hundred. Fifty is middle-aged.”

“I’ll try my best,” I promised.

“But anyway, you shouldn’t be scared of dying alone because that won’t happen. You’re going to be surrounded by our children and grandchildren, and hopefully, great-grandchildren. All of your adoring nieces and their kids too,” Edward stated firmly, pushing my hair away from my face. “We’re going to have a big beautiful family, and you are going to be surrounded by love for the rest of your life, I swear to you on all that I hold dear. It is the only thing that really matters to me.”

“I believe you.” I leaned forward and kissed his cheek lightly.

I heard our friend take a deep breath from behind the camera. Finally, I turned to look at him. He was smiling. “Wow. Like... You are really that in love, huh?” Seth curiously asked. “I know that you guys are lovey-dovey and all, but...” He trailed off.

I looked over at Edward, smiling. “Yeah.”

“It’s kind of cool that I’ve been able to watch your relationship grow,” he answered with a little sigh. “I’m jealous as fuck, too. Honestly.” He shook his head a little.

“You’ll find someone,” I promised sincerely. “You’re cute. If we were in New York, I’d have friends that I could set you up with, in a heartbeat. I’ve got a few single friends, both male and female. I don’t know what you’re into. I don’t want to assume.”

Seth flushed, looking down at his lap. "Women. I'm into just chicks," he said quickly. "I'm straight. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Just my preference." I giggled at his discomfort. "You know what I mean." I nodded.

"You can set him up with Alice," Edward smirked at me, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I wouldn't do that to him."

My boyfriend snickered. "Alice is kind, funny, smart, and hot! He'd be lucky to have dinner with her."

"You think that she's hot?" I turned to look at him very seriously. His smile grew because he knew that I was fucking with him. He tilted his head to the side in a challenging way. I went in a different direction. "She'd break him, baby."

"You don't know. He might be into it, too," Edward reasoned. "He's probably a freak, too."

"I want to argue with you, but I feel like you might actually be trying to help me get laid," he interrupted him sarcastically.

"I am. It just might be weird. But it'll probably be worth it."

I put my hands over my face as I leaned my head back. "This video better not leave your office," I concluded to Edward with a laugh in my voice. "Oh, my god. We're actually filming this conversation."

"Just do the next question," he insisted, waving his finger again.

"Have you ever stalked someone?" Seth said with wide eyes at such a random and a rather rude question. I didn't say anything, instead just pointing at Edward. He did the same. He smiled innocently.

"Only online stalking," I declared swiftly. "I probably watched him for the three solid weeks before I came here. I watched as many of his YouTube videos as I could stand, listened to his books, watched some of his shows and movies. And then I quickly found out that's not what he's actually like at all. I thought he'd be a loud douchebag."

"Turns out that he's just loud," Seth quipped before asking the next question. "What's the last song that you listened to?"

"Her song!" Edward exclaimed with a big pleased grin. "Bella gave me all her music for the channel, and there are hundreds of hours of it. And it's all excellent. You'll be hearing a lot of

it soon.” He pointed at the camera. “I’ve only listened to about half of it. I really like your piano stuff, though,” he told me directly. “It’s really relaxing.”

“I’m glad that you’re enjoying it.”

“I love it,” he promised warmly, kissing my temple. “What about you?”

I pulled out my phone and brought up my music app. “The last song that I listened to was called Silver tongue.” I looked over at him. It was on the playlist of songs that I had made for dancing to the evening before. It was, for sure, about oral sex. My boyfriend was blushing a little pink, making me grin wildly.

“Next question,” he insisted immediately.

Seth thankfully missed our silent exchange. “What is something that you’ll never do again?”

“Oh, that’s interesting.” I looked over at Edward. “You go first.”

“I won’t jump out of a plane again because I know how much it upset you.” He took a swig of his beer. “Even if the fear for my safety made you kiss me in the first place.”

“You’re being all sweet, and I can’t think of anything.” I leaned into him. “Umm... I’ll never drink tequila again.”

“Never?!” Seth asked. “Why?”

“She sneezed it out of her nose as a teenager,” my boyfriend knowingly replied, covering his own. “Oh, my god. It burns. Just the thought burns.”

“Next question.” I rolled my eyes.

“What useless fact do you know?”

“Oh, oh, oh! It takes the same amount of pressure to bite off your little finger as it does to bite through a raw carrot, but we stop because our brains won’t let us unless in extreme situations,” he explained way too proudly. “When I learned that at twelve, I seriously tried to bite myself because I was a fucking stupid kid.”

“I’ve got useless music facts for days,” I complained. “Let’s see. Mozart or someone like that didn’t like a certain singer who had a tendency to raise or lower her chin at certain notes, so he wrote a song to make it look like she was bobbing her head like a chicken. That is a level of petty that I respect.”

"I feel dumber for knowing both of those things. Thank you," Seth deadpanned. "What is a mistake that you keep making over and over again?"

I slowly reached for Edward's beer. "I keep drinking too much, but I can't figure out how it happens." I took a long drink, looking straight into the camera. He giggled, pressing his face into my hair from behind.

"I keep being pushy, and I know that I am at the time, but I can't stop myself," Edward over-explained, taking his beer back and finishing it. "Like with Jasper. I know that I pushed about coming to America so much."

"Well..." I drew out. "Yeah, I'd agree with that one thing actually. But it's whatever now. He's coming, and everyone is happy, and soon, he'll be making these with us. And hopefully, you'll actually finally hire some more people for all this work that you want to do. Hire. A. Fucking. Woman," I clapped between the words. "Both of you," I pointed at the camera for Jasper. "A cute one."

"For you to look at?" He sarcastically asked.

"Yes. And... No. For Seth, too," I pointed at him. "Got any hot friends who need jobs?"

"That sounded dirty," Edward thundered. "Hotness is not a basis for employment."

I turned to look at him very seriously. "I'm pretty sure it's how I got this job," I quipped. Edward just high-fived me triumphantly. Snorting loudly, I covered my face with both of my hands again. "Oh, god! NEXT!"

"What is your secret talent?" Seth asked. "Eddie, do you keep anything secret?"

"Not if I'm fucking good at it." He winked at the camera. I snorted loudly once more. I opened my mouth to say something, but my phone began to sing Alice's ringtone in my pocket. "Oooo."

"Whoops. I'm obviously a professional," I laughed, taking my phone out. I had forgotten about it.

"It's okay. I think that the boss likes you. I don't think that you'll get into any trouble." He reached over and took my cell. Edward answered it, putting in on speakerphone. "Hello, Dr. Brandon."

"Yo, Eddie," Alice began brightly. "Hi, Bells. Am I on speaker?"

“Yup,” I answered. “We’re filming videos.”

“Drunk!” He cheered. “So, you can answer this one for Bella since you’re here. What is her secret talent?”

“She’s an amazing writer,” my best friend stated quickly. I promptly flushed pink. “But she doesn’t tell anyone about it.”

“No.”

“Um, yeah. Like really good.”

“What has my Bella written?” Edward questioned. I shook my head, covering my face and eyes. I wanted to die right there. She shouldn’t have been saying these things to him.

Alice was obviously excited to be sharing, though. “Oh, baby, are you in for a treat... Alright, so, I’ll just send you a link to her profile-”

“NO!” I shouted at the phone in abject horror.

“YAS!” Alice hissed in return, amused. “Okay, what do you think he should start with? I mean, you have so much to choose from. Do you think that he’ll like a novel or something shorter?”

“I hate you. Legit,” I told the cell phone. If she were in front of me, I would have straight-up strangled her. “Why would you tell him this? Why, bitch?”

“A novel? My Bella has written a novel?” My boyfriend slurred, leaning forward to look at me. I turned my face quickly, annoyed. Even my ears felt too hot.

“Dude,” Alice laughed, amused with how this was going. I had no idea why she called, but it didn’t matter now. “Not a fucking novel. Novels. Like a half dozen of them. A few novellas. A fucking boatload of short stories, too. What did we figure out that one time? Over a million words published?”

I snatched up the phone and brought it very close to my mouth. “I wrote because I was bored and lonely. It was not good. Why are you telling him this? This was a decade ago.”

“Because it was amazing! Seriously though, Eddie. She won awards.”

My eyes went wide. “Oh, fuck you! I can see his goddamn Grammy from FUCKING here!” I yelled at my best friend through the telephone. “Why the fuck would you tell him this?!” I repeated furiously.

“Because he asked! And this is funny! Also, I think that you're a better writer than me, and you're wasting your mad descriptive skills. It annoys me,” she said as if she was bored.

I leaned in to hiss at the microphone in the tiny device. “I wrote online. I'm not wasting anything.”

“Horse shit,” Alice replied firmly.

“Can I read your stuff?” Seth eagerly asked. “What did you write?”

“Oh, she wrote a little bit of everything. Her romantic shit always did the best, but she wrote everything from horror, sci-fi, fantasy... Drama. Supernatural. Did you ever write any crime stuff or mystery?”

“No,” I mumbled in embarrassment. “I don't care if you read it. I just don't want to know. Ever.”

“She's making it sound like all of her stories were all just fucking terrible, and they weren't. I mean, there are a lot of outstanding short stories that are just fucking. Hm... I know which you should start with-”

“Please, stop.” I put my head in my hands. She just giggled. “Please do not recommend my personal handwritten porn to my boyfriend or his employee.”

“Okay, but that one with the three-”

“Stop!” I cried. Edward was laughing. “You too.”

“Alice, how good are these descriptive stories that Bella used to write?” My boyfriend grinned at me, enjoying egging on my embarrassment. “Like, really, really good?” He just thought the whole thing was funny, obviously because he was still very drunk.

“Well, one of them had over two million views and five thousand positive reviews,” she responded. “So, I'd say pretty damn good.”

He suddenly got very serious. “Are you for real?” Up until that point, I think Edward thought that she was just screwing with him and me. I had brought up writing in passing to him before more than once, and how I edited for Alice. It couldn't have been much of a surprise that I had some stored away. That's not what got his attention, though.

“Oh, yeah. That's one of the novels. All of them had at least four-”

I hung up on my best friend. “Whoops.” I put my phone back in my pocket after turning it off.

“Your award-winning stories had millions of views, and you didn't tell me?” Edward asked in shock.

“Why on earth would I tell you about it? It's not even like I made money off of it. I just did it for fun. Online, not published or anything.”

“How do you even win awards for that?” Seth questioned curiously.

I pushed my hair out my face, sinking down into my seat. “There are literally awards for everything.” I rolled my eyes. I brushed it away from my forehead as it fell into my eyes once more stubbornly. “This does not leave this room. I swear.”

“Can I tell Tyler?” Our friend asked in a quiet voice. He began to giggle at my irritated expression. “And Lauren?”

“Why are you so embarrassed by this?” My boyfriend challenged sincerely.

“Because it's not good!”

He sighed at my answer. Edward took out his phone, reading a message that he had just received out loud. “Alice says to tell you, ‘ha, bitch, like I don't have his phone number now too.’” He showed me the screen. The next text had the link to the online writer's profile that I hadn't published under in over seven years.

“That bitch can lick my scrotum. That's what she can do,” I muttered under my breath.

“I'm all for her licking me, but I don't think that'll make either of you happy,” Edward replied smoothly.

I cocked my head to the side, looking at him with one eye. “You know what? No licking for you. Nothing is getting licked tonight.”

“When did you even have time to write these?” He ignored me.

“This is post ballerina when I was basically a housewife for a long time. When I didn't do photography seriously. I was bored and couldn't sleep, so I wrote. But I've written since I was a teenager, so some of them were just handwritten things that I had from before and just transferred over,” I explained. “Especially the short stories. I've not written anything at all in like six years. I just help Alice with her stuff now. And she's right. It's not all smutty, but...” I trailed off. “I am so embarrassed. I hate this.”

“Why?” Seth asked.

I pointed at my boyfriend. “He’s such a good writer that he sold a script to Disney. Why would I want anyone to know about my trashy ass romance e-books next to that?”

“Two million books sold is a best-seller, Bella,” Edward quickly informed me.

“Views, not sold. It was free. It’s amazing what people will read when it’s free. Hasn’t your videos gotten billions of views?” Thankfully, Tyler walked in with our bags of food. None of the fast-food restaurants were all that far from the house. “Oh, good! Our meal!” I said with too much enthusiasm. “Looks like we’re done with this video. Darn.”

“Sweetheart, it’s not that bad,” he laughed, rubbing my back gently.

“I swear to you, if even a hint of a whisper about this makes it in any of your videos, you will become known as that Aussie actor who was strangled in his sleep by his crazy ass little girlfriend with his laptop cord on those shows that I like,” I deadpanned. He wasn’t too worried, his expression amused.

“What did I miss?” Tyler asked, confused. Seth grinned wickedly in response.

“Nothing interesting,” I promised. Edward raised an eyebrow in my direction. “Shut up. And don’t look at me like that. Can we just make this next video? I’m hungry,” I complained in a pout.

My boyfriend leaned over and kissed my cheek. “Of course.” He was still smirking. But I had a strong feeling we weren’t done with the conversation.