



Episode One-hundred-three:

When Seth and Tyler left, Edward stood in the foyer with his arms crossed and a slightly sour expression. He was obviously still a little drunk, his eyes glassy and his auburn hair everywhere. The food had helped, but he drank a lot more than I had, and it showed.

“So, I think that we need to talk, Miss-”

His tone struck me wrong right away. “I think that you need to rethink your usage of the word ‘Miss’ if you want this to be a pleasant conversation,” I snapped back instantly. I was already in a bad mood after the phone call with Alice. His cheeks immediately went pink, and he was a little taken aback. He blinked a couple of times. We had never fought before, and he had never truly seen me angry at him.

“Okay,” he started slowly. “I will start by apologizing for sounding like an asshole-” he mumbled out before waving a finger at me, pouting. “But why didn’t you tell me about your writing?!”

I crossed my arms over my chest, cocking my head to the side. “Just like you’re not obligated to tell me everything, I’m not either. It was a hobby that I had a decade ago. One that I wasn’t very good at. Why does it matter?”

Edward scrunched up his face in confusion. "Alice said that you won awards!"

"What do the awards mean to you, Eddie? You have a Grammy, and it means fucking nothing. Nothing. It's gathering dust on a shelf behind a dozen others. How often do you bring it up, huh? Someone on the internet thought that my stupid stories were a good time waster and made me a banner. Big whoop! It was lovely at the time, but that's it. What do you want from me?"

He sucked in a deep breath through his nose, his cheeks getting red-hot. He looked sincerely offended. "Why do you always put yourself down?"

I didn't understand his attitude. My fingers dug into my forearms, my nails sharp against my skin. "You haven't even read it!"

"That's not the point!" He replied quickly.

I stomped my foot in annoyance. "Yes, it is! You shouldn't assume that it's quality because it's by the woman that you're getting some from."

Edward's eyes got huge. "You're more than that! Christ!" He spat the last word, his jaw tight. "You're going to be my wife!"

I lifted my hands up, stopping him. "It shouldn't matter if I am! Stop trying to boost my ego. I don't need it, and I don't want it. And I don't like it!"

He licked his bottom lip, rubbing a palm over his forehead slowly. "This is not about your ego. This about knowing you. This about sharing things with you. Sharing our lives."

Sucking in a deep breath, I tried to calm myself. There was a hollow ringing in my ears as my blood pressure began to rise. "You're acting as if I hid it from you purposefully. I didn't. I've mentioned in passing that I have written before."

Edward made another face, pouting as I made a point. He looked very young at that moment, his frustration written all over his smooth features. "I thought that it was for like... English class or whatever."

"So, it's only interesting if it has over a million views?" I countered evenly as my hip cocked to the side.

His chest puffed up as he drew in a sharp breath. "No! I'd want to read it even then! I just thought that I wouldn't have handy dandy internet access to OVER A MILLION WORDS! How many novels is that, Bella? You've written novels. Novels," he sounded out the word in

aggravation. “Why wouldn’t you tell me that? That’s so cool!” He whined the last part, his pouty frown deep.

“No, it’s not!” I snorted, shaking my head. I wondered what he thought I wrote about.

“Bella, even if it’s terrible... Do you know how hard it is to string together one thousand words? Why would you keep this from me? This is literally jam.” He pointed towards his office. “This is what I do. I am a creator of stories. Why- Why wouldn’t you?” He finished brokenly. Edward was too drunk to argue his points as well as he wanted to.

“Why would I show you something that I did when I was- what? Twenty-three or four? I’d feel like I was pulling out my crayon drawings.”

He flung his hands up, turning around for a moment to gather his thoughts. He whirled back to look at me. “I want to see those too! Don’t you understand!? I want everything! I want every single part of you! I want every scrap of paper, every memory. I want everything that you got! Good or bad! Crayon fucking drawings. Everything, baby!”

“I wasn’t hiding it!” I repeated steadfastly.

“Then why did you get so mad at Alice?” His voice was getting a little more high-pitched as he got emotional.

“Because that wasn’t hers to share!”

Edward huffed, closing his eyes for a moment. Annoyed and pouting, he still had his arms crossed over his chest. “Are there any other skills that you’re hiding from me? Hm? Professional cricket player on the side? Russian spy? Exotic belly dancer?” He asked very loudly and sarcastically.

I looked at him like he was stupid for a long minute, just blinking. “Edward, I’m a dancer. You’ve literally recorded me dancing for you in the past twenty-four hours on six different cameras. I’ve taken multiple belly dancing classes just for fun.”

His face was crimson. “Yes! I realized that one was a stupid example as soon as it came out of my mouth,” he mumbled a little less sardonically, starting to smirk to himself.

“Just that one?” I giggled. He laughed, looking away from me as he rubbed his hand over his face again. “Read it. I don’t care about that. Seriously. I wasn’t hiding it. It was a hobby, and nothing came of it.”

“Two million views feels like something.”

“Is it something on YouTube?”

Edward groaned softly. “Don’t compare us.”

I quickly shook my head. “I’m not. I’m asking a question.”

He leaned his head back. When he looked at me, he shook his head again. “Not really,” he sighed. Edward looked up towards the ceiling, closing his eyes as if he was getting a headache. “I can read it, though? You won’t get mad at me if I do?”

I looked away from him, embarrassed by what we were doing. Drunk and bickering like children. “Of course not. I just... don’t want to know about it,” I whispered, my voice a little shaky. “Think of it like the videos. Feel free, just maybe not with me.”

My boyfriend frowned a little. “Can I talk to you about them?”

I shrugged as I bit my lip for a moment. “What is there to talk about?”

Scoffing, he sniffed hard through his nose as he returned my shrug a bit sarcastically. Edward took a moment to gather his thoughts, looking away from me again. “What if they’re good?” He asked more sincerely than I expected. He sighed once more. “What if I want to compliment your work? Can I do that without you getting upset about it?”

“Why don’t you read it before you even think about that and...” I shrugged again, hugging my arms over my chest as I looked down at my feet.

He growled a little and tugged at his hair in frustration. “Why do you hate your art? You’re so talented!”

“I don’t! I like my pictures. Do you like everything that you’ve ever created?” I demanded to know.

He ignored my question. “I don’t understand what’s different about your photos,” he admitted. “Bella, everything that I’ve seen you do, if you care about it, you do it well. I have no doubt that whatever I’ll read will blow me away and not because you’re my girl. I honestly want to see what you can do as someone in Hollywood.”

“Edward-”

He put his hand up. “No! Let me read them, and if they’re shit, I’ll never mention them again. Okay? But I’m not going to ignore your talent because I don’t ignore free money. I bet Zafrina-”

“No,” I said quickly. “Please don’t even threaten that.”

“It’s not a threat!” He laughed.

I stomped my foot again, feeling tears starting to sting at my nose suddenly. “I can’t live up to these expectations, Edward! I’m going to disappoint you.”

He stopped, and his arms fell to his sides as he looked at me in confusion. “Do you think that’s even possible? There is no way that you could disappoint me, love.”

I shook my head. I just wanted to shrink away. “One day, you’re going to look at me and realize what a nothing I am next to you.” I began to cry. “That I can’t keep up. That I’m not smart or talented or-”

Suddenly I was in his arms, crushed against his chest as he hugged me to him. My fingers curled into his shirt, pressing my face into it as I sobbed.

“That’s not going to happen,” he breathed into my hair. “You are smart. You know how talented I think you are.”

“You just think that because you’re in love with me.”

“God, I wish that you saw what I did. I’m in love with you because you are those things!”

I continued to cry. “I’m going to disappoint everyone. You, Jasper, Jake-”

Edward promptly interrupted me. “I know that you’re struggling a lot with your self-worth because of your fam-” he paused and took a quick little breath. “Oh. Oh, this has everything to do with that and nothing to do with your abilities. I’m stupid. I shouldn’t be pushing this right now.”

Swiftly, I pushed away from him. His words stung for some reason. “You shouldn’t baby me because-”

“I’m not!” He cupped my cheek. “I’m not. I’m being a pushy asshole. I’m trying to shove my life onto you, and you obviously don’t want it right now. Too much has been happening.”

“I do want this with you, though. It’s all that I’ve ever dreamed about. I’m just scared, and my brain has been all over the place. I feel anxious all the time, and I know that I need more medicine, but I’d love to just dump them all down the sink because they’re part of what’s making me feel that way now! What if I take more or something different, and it does it again? Jasper says that I should take out the IUD if it worries me that much,” I babbled out, my words becoming more and more rushed as I did.

“You should!” He agreed briskly. “If it’s keeping you from getting what you need, then yeah! You should!”

“I’m not ready to get pregnant!” I squeaked through my tears. “I can’t do that right now.”

Edward lowered himself down a little to look in my eyes. “I’ll wear condoms!” He promised quickly, cupping my cheek again as he tried to wipe away my tears.

I laughed bitterly. “Do you know how thin my resolve is right now? You’re doing everything in your power to tempt me into having babies, and I’d love it just to spite your mother. Plus, Lauren and Vanessa are having kids. I am so goddamn jealous that it hurts! It hurts, Edward! I want to have a baby. I do. I really do. I want your babies. But I’m not ready. I’m not. I’m just not. And what if... we don’t even need the IUD? Hm? Or condoms? I’m not sure how I’m going to be able to handle that. Because I know that you want your own children-”

“I want whatever form of a family that I can get with you. Our children don’t have to come from our bodies. Hell, you want to adopt ten teenagers? Bring it. I don’t give a fuck. Our family is going to be weird as hell no matter what because we’ll be the parents, but they’ll be loved.” Edward paused once more. “Do you know how happy it makes me when you say that you want my kids, though?” He put his hand on his chest, puffing it out again, but this time as if he was full of joy. “It’s like medicine. It makes my heart just... better. I can’t explain it. I’m sorry that I’m rushing. I’m rushing everything. I’m just so psyched that I’ve found you now, and I’m ready to get started on the next part of forever with you. You told Jasper that he is my missing piece, but you’re wrong. It’s you. You’re our missing piece. I just want to put all the pieces together.”

I laughed a little lighter this time, shaking my head. “Just like your ass, this is not something that you can hurry along.”

Edward chuckled quietly at my comment, pushing his face in my hair as he brought me in closer again. “I know. Fuck. Sorry. Sorry,” he grumbled. His arms tightened around me.

“So I started looking for a new therapist today,” I said in a joking tone. “Perfect timing, am I right?”

“Maybe we should go together, too. This thing that we’re doing is complicated, and I want to make sure that you’re getting everything that you need. So much has happened between us and to us in such a short amount of time,” he spoke into my curls.

I tilted my head back to look at him. “How will you even have time to do that?”

He shook his head. “I’ll make the time, love. Hell, if I need to hire someone to come to us, I will. We’ll work it out. Don’t worry. And if you want to get the IUD out, I won’t say another

word about kids until you tell me you want them. I'm a jackass for making you feel like you need it." He laid his forehead against mine. "You've just had a health scare, and I can't keep my hands to my bloody self."

"No. No, no. I feel like I need it because of me, not you. I'm sorry that I'm not ready," I whispered.

"Why would you be sorry for that?" He kissed my temple. "It'll be your body. I'm just so ready to get this life we started going. It's already so good. I can see the future in my mind, and I want it so badly. I want to be there with you. And with Jasper."

"What do you see?"

He hummed softly, resting his cheek on the top of my head again. "You. Me. Jasper. A big house somewhere sunny and beautiful. A yard full of our kids. Somewhere relaxing where we can play all day. Doing whatever we want."

I snorted into his shirt. "Sounds like heaven."

His strong arms tightened around me. "It's going to happen. I'm going to make it. For you and me, and him. I'm going to make you both happy, and everything is going to be perfect."

I sighed heavily. "Honey, do you remember what I said about expectations and how sometimes we make ourselves unhappy?"

"I know." He shook his head. "I just need it." He sniffled into my hair. "I need that future to happen, love."

I squeezed him back. "I'm going to try to give it to you. I promise."

"You just have to be here. That's all that I need from you. Just be here. Let me love you. I'll make everything better, I promise." His fingers knotted in my curls as he held me to him. He was rocking me a little in his arms. We stayed like that for maybe ten minutes. Finally, he breathed the words, "maybe drinking was a bad idea for today."

I giggled, closing my eyes as I relaxed in his arms. "Yeah. Probably."

"Seth's Taco Bell is giving me heartburn," he whispered, making me actually laugh. "Be right back. I need some Tums." He slowly peeled himself away from me.

"I took a pill earlier. I forget what it's called. It's a silver bottle, something seventy-five. I accidentally bought the minty kind, though." I made a little face. He chuckled as he went into the

kitchen to look at the medicine collection that he had in there. He found what I was talking about, quickly taking one with a glass of tap water.

“What time is it?” Edward asked, looking at his watch as he leaned against the island.

“Just after eight,” I replied automatically even though I knew that he had the answer in front of him. I could see it on the clock on the stove behind him. He nodded his head, hugging his stomach for a moment.

“Do you just want to go to bed? I think that I’m done with today.”

I nodded in return, holding my fingers out to him. He hurried to me, taking them into his hand so that he could kiss my knuckles several times. I dragged my fingertips over his cheek, skimming over his plush pink lips. He smiled and leaned into them.

Suddenly and surprisingly, he picked me like a princess. I squealed and laughed, precisely what he wanted to happen. My arms went around his neck. I laid my head against his shoulder, closing my eyes.

I was just going to let him love me and make everything alright. At least for the evening.