



Episode one-hundred-four:

At six in the morning, Edward kissed my forehead and whispered that he loved me before going to the studio. I blindly groped for his shirt, bringing him to me for a kiss. It was slow and sleepy, his fingers in my hair as he held his palm against my cheek.

“I’ll go with you tomorrow,” I mumbled when I pulled away, pushing my hair out of my eyes. I didn’t open them, though. I wasn’t awake enough yet. Bouncing back into place rebelliously, I kept pushing, but my curls continued falling over my nose.

“You don’t have to.”

“Mm, no. I want to,” I answered as I finally opened my eyes, stroking his cheek in return. His big warm green ones were practically glowing. I purposefully pouted. “Please? I want to.”

“I’d love that,” he smiled as he melted a little, his thumb skimming over my bottom lip.

I pulled him to me for another kiss. His fingers went to my hair, holding it back at my temple. We made out for so long that his driver called him to let him know that she was outside waiting for him. Edward had never kept her waiting before.

Laying in bed on my stomach, I watched the sun slowly rise after he left. It was beautiful, as always. I decided that I wouldn't waste the day since I was awake anyway. First, I worked out before showering and having a quick breakfast.

As I sipped my coffee, I planned out possible dishes that I could cook for videos. I would let the men have their input in what they were interested in eating. Lauren too. By the time that I was done typing out the list, there were a hundred possibilities. And I could probably add a hundred more if given more time to think. I sent it to everyone, including Jasper. I wanted to make the food that he liked too when he came. Also, I encourage them to send me suggestions. I knew that I would never truly run out of ideas with them helping me.

When I was done with that, it was time to start work on my serial killer research. It was honestly a little hard to narrow it down. There were so many choices. Seth had sent a list that he wanted to cover, so I sent him one in return. None of them really overlapped. We decided to just surprise each other and see how it went.

I opted to do a murderer based out of Houston that I knew a little too well. The Candyman. A killer of children, he literally lured them in with sweets. And because they were mostly poor kids, the overworked Houston police department pretty much ignored them. It happened only about a decade before I was born, not far from where I lived.

Then I chose to do one based out of Australia. This guy was called the Night Caller. His crimes happened in the fifties, and he was hanged for his many murders. My final choice would be a woman. They were so rare, it made them more interesting. I had always wondered if there were just less of them, or if women were just better at getting away with it.

It only took me about three hours to type out all the basic facts that I would want to share about each. I sent it to Seth with the email titled, 'this time on Serial Killer Story Time...' I smirked to myself as I did. At least I knew that he would enjoy it.

My phone rang, and I half expected it to be Seth, but it was from a number that I didn't recognize. But it was out of Washington state, so I answered it right away.

"Hello?" I said slowly.

"Hi! Bella?" A deep male voice asked instantly in excitement.

"Yes?" I responded. I couldn't tell which of my relatives it was, but it certainly sounded like one of them.

"Hi! It's Embry, your cousin. I got your number from Jake. I hope that's okay," he continued nervously.

“That’s fine! How- How are you?” I hadn’t talked to any other of my family members besides my siblings on my phone, and I felt really awkward. But I wanted to. I was standing in the kitchen, so I sat down at the island.

He chuckled a little softly. “Can’t complain! Things have been good. Anyway, about why I called... So, when you came to visit, you said that you wanted to get a tattoo, right?” He began excitedly.

I smiled. I already liked where this conversation was going. “Always.”

“Cool! Alright, so I drew up a few options for you if you want a fam tattoo. You’ve got a lot to choose from, actually. Just slightly different styles to customize it a little, you know. Everybody has something a bit different. I’ve also got the one that Billy and Jake both had done at the same time a few years back. I’ve drawn some for your man if he wants one, too. Eddie was talking about it.”

“Oh, wow!” I sputtered in surprise.

“Anyway, I was wondering where a good place to send the pictures was, so you can check them out? I want to have time to design exactly what you want. I don’t know when you’ll visit again, and I want to be ready,” he explained to me cheerfully.

My breath caught in my throat for a second as my fingers curled around my shirt’s collar anxiously. “Aw, Embry! You’re so awesome! Thank you! Is this your cell? I can text you all my information.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah! Perfect! That’s great,” he replied almost in relief. “You’re welcome. Still thinking about filming it?” He enthusiastically asked. “I watched your tattoo video again. I love your ink. It makes me really excited to design something for you. You’ve got great taste, and I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“Oh! Thanks!” I paused for a second as my cheeks filled with blood. It meant so much more when the compliment came from family. “That would actually be something that I might want to film for prosperity. For me, if anything else. Would that be okay with you?” I questioned. I didn’t want to make him uncomfortable in any way.

It was like I could almost see him shrug. “It won’t bother me none.”

“It’ll get a ton of attention for your shop,” I let him know immediately. “It’ll be positive attention, but still. Every place Eddie visit gets a bump.”

Embry laughed a little. "Hey! Free advertising! All it costs me is the ink!" He joked. "Sounds great to me."

I shook my head, making my hair bounce around my face. "Oh, no! We'll pay you for your time and supplies."

"Hell no!" He laughed again as if I was being silly. "It's my gift to you. You're my fam. La Familia. It's what we do, babe," he teased jovially. I smiled but shook my head again.

"No, no, no! If Eddie pays you and we make it a video, he gets all the money back like twenty-fold. He'll insist on it anyway. I know him," I informed my cousin.

He snorted softly. "Well, as long as I'm taking the white man's money and not yours." I laughed loudly at his taunting. Embry chuckled then got a little more serious. "He seems like a nice guy. I liked him. We all did."

"He's the best," I informed him softly.

"What is he doing today? I'm not keeping you from anything, am I?"

"Nah. I'm home alone today. He's off filming a new movie. It's his first lead."

I could actually hear him get excited. "That's so cool! Have you been able to go on set?"

"Yeah," I laughed lightly. "It's a little more boring than you expect if you're not one of the people working. It's always fun to watch him, though. Edward is a fantastic actor."

"That's so cool," he repeated. I heard a ding in the background. "Oh! I gotta go. Got a customer. I hope to talk to you again soon, cuz," he concluded brightly before we hung up.

I sent Embry the information as soon as I got off the phone with him. It made me feel lighter for some reason. I ate lunch by myself with a smile on my face. I had a family, and they cared about me. They thought about impressing me. They didn't have to worry about that, though.

After working on pictures for a couple of hours while listening to music, I got a call from Jasper. It felt like a day of phone calls, but I was okay with that. I smiled as I answered. It was around his lunchtime. I wasn't really surprised.

"Hi, honey," I started casually.

"So, guess what our boyfriend sent me?" He spoke too loudly in a kind of high-pitched voice. He was being purposefully silly.

“What’s that?” I asked dryly, almost as if I was bored.

“I think you fucking know what he sent me, Isabella,” he jabbered rapidly, getting higher and higher.

I had to purse my lips together. “You know better than to open his emails at work!” I laughed towards the end because I couldn’t help it. “Your boy is shameless and a little mean.”

“I know,” he whimpered. “I know, I know. Ahhh... But I’m at lunch! I thought that I could handle it if it were more pictures. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Bella, have... have you seen it?” Jasper whispered like it was a secret.

“No,” I scoffed right away. I intentionally made my voice high for him to be funny. “I don’t watch my shit with my clothes on. What the fuck are you talking about?” He laughed genuinely, surprised. “Did he just send you the footage of all six cameras in full, or did he actually edit it? What am I saying? He did both.”

Jasper whined loudly. “Oh, of course, he sent both. He gave me like five hours of you two fucking in many gorgeous cinematic angles. And dancing. Goddamn. Your ass, dove. Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he moaned quietly. “I’m seriously considering faking illness just to go home to watch all of it. Over and over again.”

“Do it,” I giggled wickedly. “I’ll keep you company while you masturbate. I want to watch.”

“Stop!” He laughed, jokingly scandalized. “Isabella!”

“Aw. Why?” I pouted, twisting one of my curls around my finger as I grinned to myself.

He sighed heavily and overly dramatic. “I can’t do that, and you know it,” he laughed more genuinely again. “Goddammit, Bella. You’re both terrible. I’m so horny right now. How am I supposed to focus? All I can think about the way your ass jiggles.”

“You said that you wanted some videos, and you sent him ours while he was working,” I reminded him with a smirk.

“But he doesn’t have to keep punishing me,” he whined again, fake crying. “He’s so fucking cruel to me.”

“I think that you like this kind of punishment,” I purred seductively. He legitimately groaned.

“Dammit, woman,” he spoke in a surprisingly deep voice. I laughed loudly. He chuckled, too. “I love it. Will you dance like that for me?”

I bit my lip, my cheeks flushing as I thought about it. “I’d love to. Our boyfriend is turning into a bit of a hot mess, though. In his own words. He’s gone from almost timid to ‘let me set up the cameras while you get the strap-on,’” I joked.

“HAVE YOU FILMED THAT?!” Jasper actually shouted at me.

“No. Not yet,” I replied confidently. “Our next video will be titled ‘Eddie gets pegged from behind for the first time’ probably.”

“Can you imagine?” He murmured.

“Um, I don’t have to. If I suggested it, he’d do it tonight when he got home from the set.” I cleared my throat, putting on a bad Aussie accent. “No, I’m not tired at all! Let me just go set those up right quick, love.” He chuckled evilly. “Edward might be shy, but Eddie wants to be filmed fucking.”

“No, Edward isn’t shy. He’s quiet. Tony was a timid little bitch. He hasn’t been Tony in a while, though, I think. Eddie is a cunt, and sometimes I’d like to punch him in his pretty face,” Jasper spoke through playfully gritted teeth. “He’s a funny bastard, but boy, does he need a good smack.”

“Wanna come spank him?” I deadpanned.

“ISABELLA! I can’t,” he faux-cried the last two words again. “Do you think that he’d like that?” He whispered.

I snorted. “Um, probably. If not, you can spank me.”

“Goddammit.”

“Is that the video that you want next? Would you rather me spank him, or would you like Edward to take me over his knee?”

“I will hang up on you. Don’t think that I won’t just because you’re a lady,” he threatened flatly.

“No, you won’t,” I answered alluringly. “You’re my gentlemen, and you’ll tell me that you’ll miss me before you go back to work and that you’ll think about me-”

“Oh, that was never in doubt,” Jasper interrupted. He sighed heavily. “I’ll miss you, my dove. I will undoubtedly think of you and that stupid cheeky cunt all day. I’ll talk to you this evening?”

Smiling to myself, I nodded. “Yes, you will. Have a good day.”

“I already am,” he remarked before he hung up.

It was just after eight when Edward got off. He texted that he was on his way home and that he wanted to order some sushi for dinner if I hadn’t cooked. I didn’t because I was too busy working on photobooks and flirting. I had just finished several from Australia, making one for each of his sisters and their families; all of them together, just of the baby, and one just for Jasper and Edward’s eyes only. They were sent off to the printers. Washington State would be next. I couldn’t work on pictures anymore, though. For at least a little while.

I was lying on the couch in his hoodie and my panties. Edward grinned when he saw me, covering my cheeks with kisses as he leaned over me.

“Did you have a good day?”

“Yes! It was great. Very productive. We got a lot done. How was your day?”

“Really good. I was productive, too. I finished my research for the murder shows with Seth. And did you see the menu stuff?” I questioned as I played with the hem of his shirt.

“I did! God, it all sounds good,” he hummed loudly in pleasure. “I put some notes already. Mainly, ‘I want to eat this.’ And ‘can we also do this flavor, too?’”

“Perfect. That’s exactly what I want. I’ll check them out later,” I told him before I pulled him in for a kiss. He happily returned it.

Edward pushed my hair out of my eyes as he had in the morning, leaning over me so that he was gazing down warmly into them. His nose skimmed across mine, and he sighed quietly. “You seemed to be feeling a bit better today.”

I sighed as well before I nodded, looking away from him. “I felt less useless.”

“You weren’t useless before,” he swore quietly, instantly frowning.

“I know.” I shook my head. “It’s just—” He stopped me, making me look at him. Edward put his hand on my chin, holding it so that I would look in his eyes. He was silently pleading with me to believe him.

“You’re doing a different kind of work. You’re still transitioning, and we’re just getting started. Don’t overthink it too much, okay?” He kissed my forehead. “There is no need to rush. I see that now.”

“Okay,” I smiled.

Edward took a deep breath, pressing another kiss to my skin and letting it linger there. “You’re doing great.”

“You’re a fantastic cheerleader,” I teased him gently, my fingers running over his cheeks as I held him to me for just a second. He grinned at me sweetly. “Okay. Go get your laptop. I’m hungry. I want something with tempura.”