



Episode One-hundred-five-

I made sure to wake up with Edward this time. There was no way that I was going to sleep through the alarm again. I wanted to see him work, and this time and not act like a child afterward.

We showered quickly together. He decided that he wanted to eat breakfast on the set so that we didn't have to rush for time. We could just get something delivered. That meant that he was craving crepes. They were one of his favorite breakfast things to have at the moment.

They were added to my list of food items for videos.

Tasha and George were waiting for us when we arrived at his tiny trailer. They were sitting at the picnic table, sipping on coffees. They both perked up when he showed up, smiling and waving as they stood.

"You're back!" Tasha declared excitedly as she hugged me. "Thank you for that recipe! I've already made that macaroni and cheese at home, and it was so good that I ate it three meals in a row," she gushed quickly, putting her hand on my back.

I laughed, walking with her to the stairs. "I'm so glad that you liked it. It was my guardian's growing up. She's a great cook."

My boyfriend went to open the door for us. He took my hand and helped me step up the stairs first before following behind. Edward was always my gentlemen. He then helped Tasha up the thin metal steps, offering his hand to her as well.

"I've been watching some of your videos, and I've made a couple of things now. You should make it for one of those. It would be perfect," she continued.

"She made jam, and it was delicious," George informed me, going to the little closet once he was inside. He pulled out a suit jacket and a stark white button-down shirt. "She brought me a peanut butter and strawberry jam sandwich that she made with it, and it was one of the best that I've ever had."

She beamed at him. "Thank you."

I sat at the table to get out of the way. Edward went to his chair, pulling out his phone as he did. He quickly put in his order before he passed it to me wordlessly, obviously still sleepy. He had selected a strawberry and cream crêpe with extra everything, a big fruit salad, and an extra-large iced coffee with extra caramel. I smiled to myself because I knew my man well. I ordered a crêpe with Bavarian cream and hot Rainier cherry syrup, and a large vanilla cappuccino.

"Oo, good choice," he mumbled when he saw what I had chosen. "Can I have a bite? I'll share my fruit."

"Of course, sweet man."

He smiled lazily before passing the phone over to George. "Get yourselves something, too."

"I love you so much, sweet man," he breathed sarcastically, taking the cell from him. Edward playfully winked, making him break immediately and laugh. "Thank you. More fucking coffee, please. Oh, and a muffin. Tasha, what do you want? They have Belgium waffles."

"Do they have ones with Nutella?" She asked as she started to style Edward's hair. Her long dark fingers dug into his red locks, scratching it back as she examined it. Her nails were painted black and glossy, standing out against the auburn.

"Mm, yes. They have one with strawberries, bananas, Nutella, chocolate pearls, and whipped cream." There was a knock at the door. Tasha nodded at him as he got up to answer it.

“Milk?” George opened the door and smiled. “Hey, Sarah! We’re ordering breakfast on Eddie’s dime. What would you like?”

“Hey!” She laughed, coming into the trailer stairs.

“Yeah, get yourself something, too,” my boyfriend instantly offered.

“Thanks!” She grinned and then she saw me. Her eyes getting wider. “Oh! Hey! Welcome back! It’s so good to see you again!” Sarah hurriedly came to hug me. I stood up to greet her. “I was hoping that you would come back soon.”

I hugged her in return. We were close to the same height, so for once, it wasn’t awkward for me. “It’s good to see you, too.”

“So, if you’re getting me breakfast, I’m totally taking you two out to lunch. We’ve got a long one today it looks like,” she stated firmly, pulling back to look at Edward with her arm still around my waist.

I met my boyfriend’s eyes in the mirror, and I nodded and smiled. He grinned in return. “Thank you. Sounds great. You ladies pick. I don’t care what we eat.” He then closed his eyes as he relaxed in his seat.

“You don’t want any say?” She asked him in surprise, glancing back over her shoulder at him as she finally released me completely. We sat on either side on the small table in the tiny space.

He shook his head, not opening his eyes. “Anything will be fine as long as the company is so lovely.”

Sarah looked over at me and smirked. “He’s so smooth. He needs to teach me a thing or two.”

I giggled softly, putting my cheek on my fist. “He is that.”

“He’s probably just acting it up for us,” Tasha kidded, slicking up his hair with some sort of fluffy white cream. She scrubbed it in until it was all gone.

“No,” I replied lightly. “He’s like this when we’re alone, too.” Finally, he opened his eyes again. Our gaze met in the mirror once more, and Edward smiled. “He’s just a little louder when he’s around other people.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

I snorted. “No, you’re not. It’s how you make money, silly.” He winked at me, smirking a little. Once again, he closed his eyes to relax.

This day of filming was a lot more fun. There was a lot more action, and Edward was hilarious throughout. He was often filming with Sarah, but she would get lots of breaks when the director would want to focus on Eddie for a moment for expression shots. We were sitting far enough away so that we could talk without worrying about messing up the take. Though we were still chatting in whispers.

We were sitting on a set of yellow pallets that were stacked up at least three feet high. The room was dark, and there weren’t a lot of people around us in our tiny corner. Edward was in the middle of what looked like a haunted house.

“He is so cute,” Sarah whispered to me with a little smile. “He’s such a sweetie pie.”

I nodded, biting my lip as I watched. “Edward really is.”

“You know,” she began with a little laugh, “when I first met him. I seriously thought that he was gay. Though obviously, I was wrong.” I smirked a bit, but I didn’t say anything. I nodded my head just once. She clicked her tongue and made a little noise. I looked over at her, and Sarah smiled knowingly. “Oh, I see. That’s what I thought.”

I snorted and shook my head. “I didn’t say anything. What do you think?”

“He obviously likes women.”

“He does,” I agreed with a smile. “Very much so.”

Sarah lifted her eyebrow and lowered her voice even more. “He’s not straight, though. I can tell.”

“How?”

She hummed, leaning back against the metal wall as she drew her blue jean covered legs underneath her. She was still wearing the yellow hoodie from before, but this time it was all scuffed up on purpose. For a moment, she picked at the frayed hem, twirling the strands between her delicate little fingers. “The way he talks. The way he just... acts. He’s got a serious flamboyant streak. I mean, it’s not all the time but sometimes. Also, I keep catching glances of him looking at pictures of a guy on his phone. Like shirtless, surfing, hot kinds of photos.”

I laughed despite myself. “Was he blond? Mustache? Hunky?”

“Yes!” She whispered in surprise.

“I know who he’s looking at then,” I smirked and shrugged my shoulders. “It’s not my story to tell. He’s not ready to be like that yet.”

Rocking a little in her spot, she nodded. “I can understand that. I won’t say anything. But when he’s ready, let him know that he has an ally in me.”

“Thank you. That’ll mean a lot to him. I hope one day that he feels comfortable enough to share that part of himself. It’s still really new to him. But he’s young. He has time to explore it,” I said, not looking at her but my fingers as they curled and uncurled around the yellow wood beside my knee.

Just a moment later, I heard my boyfriend call my name booming loud from across the room. He was standing beside the director. He waved his hand to me when he realized that he had my attention.

“Oh, you’re being summoned. What does that mean?” Sarah asked jokingly, cocking her head to the side.

“Who knows?” I slid down from my seat. “I guess that we’ll see in a moment.”

Swiftly, I came over to them. “Yes?”

“Ah, there you are,” Eddie cooed at me, taking my hand before he brought it up to his lips to kiss. He was in full actor mode. “Rob, of course, this is my lovely pre-fiance, Ms. Isabella Swan.”

Rob was a handsome English man with wild floppy brown hair and big blue eyes. I knew that he was an actor as well, but I wasn’t sure what movies he had been in. He smiled at me and took my hand to quickly shake it. “Lovely to meet you, Isabella. You are his favorite subject.”

I instantly blushed. “Nice to meet you as well,” I quietly breathed out, glancing over at my boyfriend quickly before looking back at him.

“So,” Edward started to get my attention, “we’re about to break for lunch. Afterward, I’m going to be filming a scene where I will be picking up on a random victim to drink from. Would you like to be my victim?”

“What? Seriously?” I asked in surprise, turning to look at him fully.

“Our original girl has suddenly dropped out, and Eddie suggested you as a replacement if you’re interested in the role. It’s a few simple scenes and a line,” Rob explained, pushing a

pencil behind his ear. He had a faded blue baseball cap on backward, his hair sticking out the back and sides messily. "All you'd have to do is go through a little hair and makeup before."

Slowly, I blinked as I took the information in. It certainly wasn't what I was expecting to happen when I came over. My mouth opened and closed a couple of times before I looked back at Edward. He smiled encouragingly.

"Yeah, that sounds like fun! I'm not an amazing actor, but I will try my best," I shyly responded, dropping my eyes as I flushed.

Edward's hand smoothed his hand down my back. "I think you'll do just fine, love."

"Don't worry," Rob said with a chuckle. "I'm sure that you'll do just fantastic. I'll see you both after lunch." He turned to look at the assistant next to him. "Go ahead and call for a break. We'll be back on set C in two hours."

We decided to have lunch at a little hole-in-the-wall Thai place that was less than a block away. It was amazing. We all had different dishes and were sharing, family-style. Sarah obviously loved food as much as we did.

"You should join us for a video," I began offhandedly as we ate ice cream for dessert on the way back. There was a sweet little shop, three doors down. We had been discussing the best cold desserts for nearly twenty minutes straight, and she had some opinions on the matter that she was willing to argue with Edward over. It was pretty funny.

Her eyes got big, and she reached over to grab me with one hand while holding her huge waffle cone with vanilla ice cream and rainbow sprinkles in the other. "Can I be in a cooking one?"

"Girl, you can be in any video you want," Eddie replied far too cheerfully before he took a long lick of his own rocky road cone.

I turned to look at our young friend. "Oh, I see what you mean," I spoke meaningfully in a quiet voice. She threw her head back in laughter.

"What is that supposed to mean?" He questioned as he scrunched up his nose a little. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

For a moment, I pursed my lips as I considered how to answer him. I decided not to lie. "Remember when you told me that she's figured you out?" I questioned lightly. "You're right. She really has."

He looked at her and then back at me. His lips pursed to one side and then the other, his cheeks kind of pink as he nodded.

“I won’t say anything. I don’t really know anything. She actually didn’t confirm or deny anything,” she added quickly. Sarah was worried that I had gotten myself in trouble with him.

“It’s probably more telling that she didn’t,” he commented and then sighed. We were practically alone on our walk back to the studio. There wasn’t anyone directly around us, just a few people across the street walking their dogs or biking. He held his chin up. “I’m bisexual. I’ve only recently admitted it to myself that I was. You are only one of three people who now know,” he explained calmly, but I could see his nervousness in how smooth he kept his face. I squeezed his hand.

Sarah touched his arm. “I’m honored that you would tell me. I promise to keep it to myself. But like I told Bella, if you need an ally, I will be there for you. You’re my friend, and we need to stick together. You’re a really talented actor, and I’m proud to work with you on this film.”

“Same,” he barely breathed out, his voice tight. He smiled meekly.

Grinning, I came around to her and took her arm. “So, what kind of cooking videos do you want to do? Maybe I can do your favorite dishes.”

“That sounds like so much fun,” she giggled as we continued to saunter back to the lot, her arm curling around mine. “It’s so hard to pick.”

“If you can make a whole day of it, we can do more than one video.”

She got excited again. “Oh! That makes it easier! Let’s see. We need at least one savory dish and a dessert. Eddie, what’s your favorite food of hers?” She asked quickly, pointing at him with her other hand that held her dessert.

And just like that, we moved on from the subject. Edward walked on the other side of me, cheerfully smiling to himself the rest of the way there as we continued to chat about food.