



Episode One-hundred-twenty-four

After another song, Edward brought me back into the VIP area where Sarah and Jasper were sitting together. They were chatting, smiling as they leaned into each other. His lips were very close to her ear, his hands moving as he spoke. She turned her face towards him and said something in return, making him laugh genuinely. He threw his head back, his eyes crinkling around the edges as he patted her knee. She held his arm as she tilted forward with her giggles. Covering her mouth, she continued to snicker as we walked over to them.

He grinned as we moved towards him. The way his eyes went over us was so warm and alluring. Jasper bit his bottom lip for a moment.

Sarah popped up to greet us, quickly putting her arms around me as if she hadn't seen me in years and not just hours. I could already smell the champagne on her, lingering on her lips like perfume. Her black hair was straight and shiny, tickling my bare shoulders as she hugged me tightly.

Leaning back to take in my appearance, she put her hand on her heart. "Holy shit! You're so fucking hot!" She glanced at Edward. "All of you look so great!"

Sarah was different than I had ever seen her before. She was wearing a pink tube top and a tiny leather skirt. It barely kept everything contained, so much of her light olive skin was showing. She was breathtaking. But she also appeared very young. I felt guilty for thinking she

was so attractive. But I could tell by the boys' expressions they thought she was gorgeous, too. They were closer to her age, though.

"So are you!" I assured her, but she shook her head, ducking as she pushed her hair over her ear. "No! Really!"

"That's what I was telling her," Jasper said with a teasing smirk, winking at her.

She giggled, rolling her eyes. "We need a bottle of champagne to toast with!" She yelled over the music. Everyone nodded in agreement. The one on the table was already empty, so she beckoned over a waitress for another. Her gestures were big, waving her arm over her head. She drank a lot before she came.

"And a round of water for everyone, too," I added quickly before she could leave. "I will not be hungover because I can't keep up with y'all. You're half my age."

Gasping in mock horror, she touched her hand to her heart. "I am not!" She pretended to pout before laughing. "I'm two-thirds your age. I think. Half your age would be like sixteen."

She wasn't helping.

"Mm, close enough," I quipped, finally sitting on Edward's lap on one of the leather couches that were in the lounge. He chuckled at my attitude before lightly kissing the back of my shoulder, his arms going around my waist. Placing his chin on it, he grinned contentedly.

"I want you to know that I will dance with all of you tonight," she promised seriously as she waved her finger around. "So, you better try to keep up."

"I don't think that'll be a problem," Edward spoke for me, squeezing my stomach with his hand. I tilted my head slightly to look at him, and he raised an eyebrow. "As I've said before, you're energetic."

When they returned with our drinks, Sarah passed us both a glass before filling the one Jasper was holding to the very top. "So, a toast to good movies and new friends!" She grinned, lifting the flute into the air proudly. "This has been one of the best experiences of my career, and I am so glad I met all of you."

"Even me?" Jasper teased, placing his hand on her knee. Instead of answering, she winked at him and clinked her glass to his. He lifted his cup to his grinning lips and took a sip.

"Yes! Because now I have someone extra handsome to dance with tonight!" She flirted smoothly, leaning into him with her hand on his thigh. They were both hams and enjoyed showing off.

He obviously liked it, sucking on his bottom lip for a moment as he looked over her scantily clad body. “Oh, sweetheart, are you sure you’re a lesbian?” He cooed. She giggled at him, her cheeks pink with his charm. “Cheers, darling.” He returned her wink, raising his glass once more.

I could see our boyfriend smirking to himself, trying not to roll his eyes. He was being playful for us.

Everyone clinked flutes and finished their glass in one go. Sarah poured me another, grinning wickedly as she did. She filled it to the very top, almost overflowing.

“Oh, my god. Are you really trying to get me drunk tonight?” I questioned after slurping up some bubbles from the top so it wouldn’t spill. She giggled sinfully. “You are!”

“Okay! Maybe a little, tiny, bit!” She tried to say as innocently as possible, but it really didn’t work. Sarah pinched her fingers together. “Teensy-bit. It sounds like so much fun! I want to see what you’re like when you’re drunk!”

I covered my face with my free hand. “I’m a hot mess. Ask him.” I pointed to the man behind me.

The last time I seriously had anything, we fought.

“Just the once, and that’s because I made you mad,” Edward responded with a smirk. He pursed his lips for a moment. “And that was my fault. You’re fun drunk, actually.”

Shaking my head, I finished my second glass. Sarah poured me another right away, emptying the bottle. She immediately flagged the waitress again, adding the spent one to the table with the other. It was dotted with confetti, the lights of the club reflecting off of them.

Soon, there was another and a few bottles of beer. Then, there were several shot glasses that had been filled with expensive whiskey. Sarah bought the liquor for the table when she learned Edward liked it. They wouldn’t let it go to waste. She just kept pouring.

“Come on! Let’s go dancing!” Sarah shouted as she hopped up to her feet when we finished the bottle. When she did, she grabbed Jasper’s hands with both of hers. They were so tiny in them. He looked rather surprised. “Unless you think your boyfriend will mind?” She wiggled her shoulders at him, making her breasts jiggle.

Jasper automatically glanced over at Edward and me, his mouth opening and closing for a moment. It made me smirk. He really was so obvious. He quickly brought his eyes back to her before he cleared his throat and shook his head. “No, he won’t mind at all. Let’s go.”

When we got to the floor, he yanked her to him roughly. She laughed, putting her hands around his neck as his palms smoothed up her back. He was going to dance with her far more aggressively than he would have with me because he wasn't concerned about how it looked. But Jasper was drunk, and they were only friends. Her fingers slid over his shoulders as their legs moved together so that they were grinding with one another.

Edward brazenly gawked, pulling me onto the floor a foot away. I giggled, turning my back to him so that I was pressed against his chest. I wanted to watch them, too. It reminded me so much of the first night we danced together. He took my arm and guided it up to the back of his neck, his lips kissing my wrist as his other hand gripped my hip so that I was backing up into him.

Jasper was trying not to stare and was failing. Sarah kept stealing glances over her shoulder, smirking as she shook it to the rhythm.

Then the song changed, something older that I remembered dancing to back when I was her age. Laughing, I sang along to the tune. Sarah turned around, moving her ass against Jasper. His fingers moved to her hips, holding her in place. She started singing too, gripping my hands as we danced to the beat together.

Sliding his palms to just under my breasts, Edward kissed my ear as his hips moved against mine. I knew exactly what he could do with them, and it made everything we were doing so much hotter. My brain was liquor filled and making me get lost in the music. It was so much fun. My head fell back against his chest.

When the song changed again, Jasper pulled me towards him with a laugh. He put his arm across my shoulders, his hand on my waist as we watched Edward pull Sarah to him. She giggled as she jumped up so she could reach his neck. He chuckled as he lifted her off the ground to sway with her.

Then something with a Latin style came on. She took my hands and pulled me to her so we could dance. Our legs tangled together, her palms on my waist. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched as Edward shifted close to Jasper, whispering in his ear. He was trying to block it from view with his body, but his fingers grazed his ass. His cheeks went pink, their smiles naughty.

"We're going to run to the loo. Want us to bring you a drink back?" Edward called over the music.

"Yes!" Sarah grinned as she put both of her arms around my neck. "What do you want? I'll get whatever you get." She pressed her cheek to mine, looking at my boyfriends. She was hammered.

"Cranberry and vodka?"

“Perfect,” she agreed. He winked at me before sneaking off to have a few moments alone with Jasper. I hoped they got to make out. “Damn, those are some fine-looking men.”

“Yes, they are.” I nodded as I watched their asses go.

“Jasper is so hot,” she whispered, fanning herself. “I don’t even like guys, but damn he’s a good dancer.”

“Mm, yeah, he is,” I acknowledged, turning her so she could dance against me. I didn’t want her to see my blushing face. She grabbed both of my hands, holding them out in front of her as she moved to the song. “So are you,” I complimented.

“Thanks. I’m glad I had so many fun people to dance with tonight,” she said as she wrapped them around her stomach.

“I’m surprised you came alone,” I admitted. When my fingers moved over her abdomen for a moment, goosebumps raised. I didn’t mean to tickle her.

Sighing, she bent her head back against my shoulder so she could look at me. “My date canceled on me. But I’m glad. This is better.”

“Well, their loss.” I squeezed her belly and pressed a quick and playful kiss on her cheek. She giggled and nodded in agreement.

We danced for hours, taking turns switching between partners. Sarah was more than a little determined to get me as drunk as possible. As the evening went on, everyone got sillier and looser. Every chance he could, Edward would touch Jasper. If anyone was watching, they could say it was just a quick brush that wasn’t on purpose, but I knew better.

“I need air,” I told them when my head began to swim. Sweat was dripping down my neck, my chest getting tighter. My man knew exactly where he wanted to take me. I had a feeling it was where he took our boyfriend earlier in the evening.

The bodyguard hung back outside the door on the empty rooftop. The lights of Los Angeles glowed around us, the cooler wind swirling. It was exactly what I needed.

Walking ahead of the boys, I enjoyed the sensation of the air on my face. Closing my eyes, I lifted my chin as I leaned against the wall. Edward came up behind and enveloped me in his strong arms.

He pushed his face into my hair, breathing in deeply and humming after skimming his nose over my earlobe. “It’s been almost six months to the day since the last time we were on a

rooftop like this. Everything is so different now,” he spoke softly before pushing his lips against my scalp. My fingers wrapped around his wrists as I leaned back against him and closed my eyes. “I like how tonight will end much better.”

“I’m sorry I was so dense,” I said as I glanced back.

Our boyfriend came to stand beside us, leaning against the wall with his elbows resting upon it. “He should have just told you... while he was sober,” Jasper teased, smiling over at Edward. Shaking his head, he rolled his eyes. “He whinged about telling you for ages before. And you even kissed him earlier in the day! So, it was his move, in my opinion. Honestly, I don’t know why he didn’t ravish you after the jump. You couldn’t have stopped me.”

Giggling, I bit my lip as his warm blue eyes scanned my body. I knew he would have carried me off like a caveman. I had a feeling he wouldn’t have asked shyly for a kiss, but would have taken it. I would have let him, too.

Sarah propped against it, a couple of feet from him. She leaned over the edge, her foot kicked back as she did. Glancing over at me, she smirked. “Oh, you kissed him first? I like a take-charge kind of woman.”

“So does he,” Jasper continued jokingly. “Obviously. You should have just told her after the second day, Tony. After you filmed the tattoo video.”

“Well, I’m not as brave as you,” he replied, putting his chin on the top of my head. He turned it only an inch to look at him. “You know that.”

Scoffing, he stared out at the twinkling lights. “I’m not brave at all,” he sighed, taking a sip of his fresh beer. “It took me a decade to-” He stopped before he could say something he shouldn’t around Sarah. Jasper shook his head. “Though I am braver than you,” he lightly quipped, eyeing him over the bottle.