



Episode One-hundred-twenty-five

I had to take my shoes off in the car, my feet were so sore. Edward scooped me up in his arms as soon as I stepped out of it so I wouldn't have to walk on the concrete barefooted. Mine automatically snaked around him. Burying my face in his neck, I felt the exhaustion wash over me in a foggy wave.

And I was also more than a little dizzy from drinking way too much. I couldn't remember how many I had but there always seemed to be one in my hand. Sarah made sure of that. Cranberry and vodka, champagne, and lots of shots of whiskey. The smell lingered in the air, clinging to our clothes.

Jasper knew the code already and opened the door for us. As soon as we were inside, he turned to kiss me while I was still being carried by Edward. I moaned against his mouth in surprise, my head falling back some against his muscular forearm. His thick, knotted fingers moved over my chin, his thumb brushing along my temple. His tongue ran over my bottom lip, tasting me. Then it pushed over mine, making me shiver. When he pulled away, he curled it over my top lip and pecked it gently.

Then he kissed Edward. He lifted on his toes, hovering over me. His fingers drifted over my forehead and into my hair as it deepened. I adored being pressed between them like this. I

closed my eyes, assaulted by their overwhelming scents. Sweat mixed with cologne and liquor. I loved it.

“That is probably the most fun I’ve had at one of your work things,” Jasper told him honestly when they finally pulled apart.

“Well, it’s not all boring business talk,” he teased when he rested his forehead against his.

“You enjoy it,” he answered before he leaned down to kiss my forehead with a smirk on his pretty lips. He moved away entirely so he could kick off his shoes and pushed them off to the side. Then he stretched his thick arms above his head.

“To a point,” he added with his own smirk as he hungrily observed. “I had more fun dancing and drinking. And I loved watching you with Sarah.”

All while this conversation was going on, he was still holding me up. “I can walk,” I offered. I knew Edward had to be more tired than either of us. He was the one that was doing most of the work all day. We were just watching. He had been the one hanging from a wire, after all.

He glanced down at me, amusement flickering in his handsome features. “Do you want to?” It was mischievous, his eyebrow raised. I shook my head, putting it back on his shoulder with my own wicked grin. He smirked at my answer. “That’s what I thought.” Leaning in, he kissed me softly on the lips. “You’re adorable,” he breathed against them.

Carrying me to the bedroom, they undressed me together once I was back to my feet. Jasper unzipped my dress while Edward pushed it down my body. His hands went behind my back to get my strapless bra while my other sexy boyfriend shoved my panties down my hips. Within seconds, I was nude between them while they were still fully dressed. I was too drunk not to let them totally control the situation.

“That’s better,” Jasper purred as he kissed the back of my shoulder. His hips pressed against my ass, and I could feel his erection through his trousers. Edward’s was rough against my stomach, the denim brushing against my belly button.

“You’re both insatiable,” I whimpered, pressing my forehead against Edward’s chest. His smell flooded my senses again. I could almost taste the whiskey still on my tongue. My fingers curled around his vest, pushing my nose into it. I wanted to be buried in it.

Then I didn’t move.

Edward laughed. "Are you too tired for this?" I nodded slowly, pouting when I peered up at him. He was smirking drunkenly as his fingers brushed under my jaw. "It's okay, love. We can go to bed. We're all exhausted. You're just so tempting."

"But I want to keep up," I whined faintly, huffing. They both chuckled.

Once again, I was scooped up, but this time it was by Jasper. He gently put me on the edge of the mattress. My head swam with the action, falling heavily onto the pillow. Going to my dresser, he pulled out a comfortable pair of panties and a nightgown to bring to me. He sat them beside me, leaning over so he could kiss my lips tenderly. He seemed so big as he hovered over me.

I only put the gown on, tossing the clean underwear onto the nightstand for later. It was hard to even sit up, my head was aching so much. I flopped back into the cushions once again, unable to focus on the boys' talking anymore. By the time they got into bed with me, I was already asleep.

When I woke up in the afternoon, I was pressed as tightly as I could be between them. They were tangled around me and each other in a webbing of bare muscular arms and legs. We all stank, though. I brought my arm down from over my eyes so I couldn't smell myself anymore, grimacing as I did.

"Goddamn," Jasper moaned quietly, shifting a little. His thigh pressed between mine, rolling so he was on his side. His fingers tightened around my hip.

"You okay?" I mumbled, brushing my nose against his lightly as I turned my head to the side. I could barely move.

"Everything hurts," he grumbled roughly. Edward laughed even though his eyes weren't open yet. I could only open one of my own, the other sticking together with old mascara and thick eyeliner. I would have to scrub my face really well. "Did I drink that much?"

"Yes," Edward hoarsely chuckled before coughing, twisting his head away from us. "Yuck," he mumbled under his breath.

Jasper rolled flat onto his back, holding his stomach. I swear he sloshed. There was just so much liquid in all of us. "That little minx got me drunk on purpose and didn't even try to get in my pants. What the fuck?"

I giggled softly. "She got us all drunk," I replied. "How are you?" I turned my head towards Edward. His face was a few inches away from mine on the pillow. There were deep, dark black circles under his eyes, almost like his vampire character.

“Fine,” he answered, but it was rather harsh. Then he coughed hard again, his chest rattling. He slapped his pec twice with a frown. “I’ll be fine,” he clarified, rubbing his palm over his face. “Please tell me it’s not Sunday yet.”

Snorting quietly, I reached over him for my phone so I could look at it. “It is two in the afternoon on Saturday.”

“Oh, thank fucking god. We don’t have to do anything today,” he grumbled. “Let’s just order food and go back to sleep.” He rolled over more and put his hand on top of Jasper’s on my hip.

Shaking my head for a moment, I looked over at him again. “I’ve got stuff planned already. I was going to make a little Easter meal for us since we were probably going out tomorrow for dinner,” I murmured, my words slurred with my drowsiness. I had gotten all the things for it when I shopped for Jasper’s arrival. “It’s like a mini Thanksgiving. You’ll love it.”

Moaning softly in desire, Edward then huffed like I was making it hard on him. “I can’t even imagine what that looks like. You did so much last time. That sounds so fucking good.” He pushed his face into the back of my neck. “So hungry.”

Purposely, I made it worse. “Let’s see... I’m making brown sugar ham, scalloped sweet potatoes, bacon-wrapped green beans, and homemade rolls,” I explained as I got more comfortable between them with a wiggle. I reached behind me and lightly petted his hair as I spoke.

Humming, he shuffled in place. It made me ticklish, his lips moving against the back of my ear. “That’s so much work,” he finally complained. “It sounds good, but like a lot of effort. I don’t know. You don’t have to do all of that.”

“It’s not,” I laughed at his attitude. It just sounded more complicated than it was. It was mainly mixing and a bit of vegetable prep. They were both things I could breeze through. “Especially if you two can help me. It’s not like we’re filming it.” It always took Edward a decent amount of time to set all the cameras up, and I didn’t feel like making myself any more pretty than taking a shower. I was far too hungover for that. I needed to get the gross layer of makeup off before I even considered putting more of it on.

“But it sounds like something good to shoot-” he began, but Jasper swatted at him. His palm clapped against his thigh, smacking against his sticky skin.

“No, you idiot. Chill. You’re probably still fucking drunk. Let the woman make us something nice to eat. Stop trying to make her fun work all the time. This is how she relaxes.”

He instantly nodded. "Sorry, sorry, sorry," Edward murmured. "You're right," he sniffled into my hair, giving me a quick peck on the top of my head.

Jasper pulled me into a kiss. "That would be amazing if you're up to it. I'll do whatever you need me to. It all sounds delicious. But if you're too tired, we'd understand. You don't have to spoil us so. We're both pigs who'd be happy with Maccas."

"I want to." I smiled, melting against his mouth. I turned back to Edward. "It's on the list for the videos, anyway. Let me make a practice batch first." He bashfully nodded, kissing my shoulder. "Oh, by the way, are you going to tell me what we're doing tomorrow?" I wanted to know what I needed to plan to cook, or if I had to at all.

"Nope," he chuckled.

"What about food?"

"All planned."

I sighed. "How should I dress then?" I asked, hoping for at least a hint.

"Whatever sexy little thing you want," he simpered as he teased my throat with kisses.

"Helpful," I mumbled as I moved my hand over Jasper's bare stomach. He was still very close to me, our noses practically touching as his head lulled to the side. "What little sexy thing are you going to wear, hm?"

He pecked my lips once slowly. "My sleep pants at home because I'm not going."

I pulled back sharply to look at him, pouting right away. I almost knocked into our boyfriend's head. "Why not?" I looked at Edward for an explanation automatically. I knew he wouldn't like that either.

"Because it's your anniversary!" Jasper answered sardonically.

Scoffing, I shook my head. "Oh, come on now! It's been six months, not six years." Once again, I glanced back at Edward. He was smirking, his cheeks slightly pink.

"I already tried to talk him into coming, love," he finally told me. "Trust me."

I wondered when they had this conversation as I looked at Jasper. "I helped you plan the perfect night for two weeks. I will not butt in. It's fine," he spoke over me.

"You wouldn't be butting in," I promised. "Not at all."

Shaking his head, he kissed my forehead lightly. “You don’t even know what you’re doing, dove,” he warmly laughed. I shook my head again too, but he captured my lips in a quick and powerful kiss. “No. Go have your date night with your man and let me have some time to myself. I’ll eat your leftovers and watch Netflix. It’ll be lovely for everyone.”

“I don’t want to leave you!” I complained instantly. My skull was throbbing, and my sudden emotions surprised me. “We just got you-” I almost began to cry. He soundly kissed me again, shutting me up. His fingers slid in my hair, twisting into it as his tongue moved against mine. “Ugh, I hate how effective that is,” I whispered against his lips as my eyes fluttered open again.

Jasper laughed quietly. “Dove, no. Don’t feel bad. You’re not leaving me! I’m not a child. I don’t need you to watch over me. And I know sometimes you’ll go out without me. Sometimes, we’ll go without him. Tony and I, too. It’s a thing we’ll all have to get used to.”

“But-” I pouted.

“No!” He laughed harder. His thumb moved over my temple. “And that’s final. But you don’t know how good it makes me feel when you both act like this, though. Both of you pouting as you are. It shows me how much you care, which is why I’m okay with you going out without me!” He rubbed it over my cheek, pecking my nose several times.

“Are you sure?” I asked in a tiny voice.

He chuckled softly, his finger tracing over my bottom lip. “Yes. We’ll have our dates. I promise. I have ideas for both of you. Don’t worry so much.” He touched his forehead to mine for a moment. “Anxious little thing, go have your fun with your man.”

“Our man,” I corrected. I drew him closer to me, pulling him into a deep kiss. “It doesn’t matter what we’re doing because it would be better with you,” I answered a problem he came up with before.

“He said the same thing.”

“Because it’s true,” Edward added swiftly. He crawled over us, moving so he was lying behind him. As I kissed his lips, he spread his own over the back of his neck and shoulder. After a few seconds, he declared, “You taste terrible right now. Like hair gel and gym socks.”

Pulling away, I couldn’t hold in my laughter. I pushed my face into the pillow just so I wouldn’t cackle in his.

“And you smell like a gay bar,” he snapped before hauling him into a feisty kiss.

