



Episode One-hundred-twenty-eight

I was pleasantly sore when I woke up. All the swimming and fucking would probably make me toned, if anything else. Playing in the pool had been what I wrote in my journal for relaxing, though I could have put in the wonderful bath or cooking for them in the morning. The whole day had been unbelievably restful, despite the hangover. I expected it to be worse.

Jasper was pressed as fully as he could be behind me, his legs and arms molded to mine. His breath flowed over my ear, tickling my skin. It was passing his lips in little puffs, his mustache brushing against me. I giggled softly, rubbing my fingers over his chin. He hummed but wasn't awake. He kissed my fingertips automatically before readjusting so that his face was in my neck.

I reached for Edward, but my hand found nothing. Slowly, I opened my eyes to find him gone, and the bathroom door open. It was a lovely, sunny day, just after nine in the morning. He wasn't outside from what I could tell, either. We went to bed at a more reasonable hour the evening before because everyone was so exhausted.

Grabbing my phone, I didn't leave Jasper's grip completely. I quickly returned some messages, wishing Alice and Rose's mom a happy Easter. Jake also sent GIFs of the old Cadbury bunny commercials from the eighties. I sent him one in return of a person in a bunny suit fighting with someone else. He instantly laughed. We had a very similar sense of humor.

I was just about to get out of bed to go look for our missing boyfriend when he came in with two big white paper sacks in both hands. They looked like to-go containers. The room filled with a lovely savory smell of bacon and sausage.

“Hi!” I spoke quietly so as not to startle Jasper awake. “What’s all that? It looks like a lot.”

“Breakfast in bed for my loves.” He smiled at me unreservedly. He was dressed in black cotton sleep pants and a white t-shirt that was way too big for even him. It went well past his ass and was very baggy. “This was always part of the plan, but this is a portion we can do with him. Stubborn-” he mumbled under his breath as he set the bags on the dresser.

“I’m awake,” he murmured against my neck. “You two need time to be a couple for a few minutes.” He didn’t move as he spoke, his grip on my stomach tightening.

“But we’re not just a couple-” I argued, but he turned me so he could kiss my lips to shut me up once more. “Seriously. Too effective,” I whimpered against his mouth.

He shook his head. “We’ve gone over this, and we’ll not do it again. I won’t change my mind. I want to eat those sweet potatoes and ham again alone tonight while I watch stupid anime in my boxers until ten minutes before you get home. Don’t take that away from me,” Jasper joked.

“How do you feel about some blueberry stuffed French toast with sausage first?” Edward asked as he took out a box. He popped it open to check to make sure that was what it was.

“God, I love you,” he moaned, pushing himself up so he could take the container. He carefully opened it and hummed loudly. “That is lovely.”

“Hash browns and a big side of fruit for all of us to share, too. And for the most beautiful woman in the world, I got the surf and turf eggs benedict and sliced tomatoes because I know how much you love them. Also, chocolate milk. And some extra whipped cream for yours,” he mumbled as he put the bowl beside Jasper.

“Thank you!” I gushed, opening it up after I sat up, too. It smelled incredible. He had even ordered it with extra sauce because he knew how much I liked it with my tomatoes. “This is a little messy to eat in bed, though.”

He chuckled. “I don’t care. We can wash the sheets. Or buy new ones. Or a new bed.”

I shook my head at his attitude. “I’m going to get some hot sauce and napkins. Do you-” He pulled out a bottle of my favorite and a bunch of paper towels. “Oh, perfect.”

"I also got extra of all the breakfast meats, too," he continued, placing it onto the mattress for us to see. "The drinks are in the kitchen. I'll be right back."

"Do you want some help?" I laughed lightly.

"No! Stay in bed! I have a plan."

"He's so cute." I grinned to myself. Jasper was chuckling as he opened the fruit platter Edward ordered for all of us. It looked like it was for a party, not for three people. "You helped him arrange today?" I glanced over my shoulder at him.

"Mhmm," he answered through a mouth full of mangoes. I pouted. "No. Don't do that. I don't care how cute you are. And sexy with your tit hanging out like that."

I quickly adjusted my nightgown. I hadn't realized it had fallen down my chest. Jasper reached over and gleefully pulled it back down, just before it exposed my nipple. Then he leaned into me and pecked a quick kiss on my lips.

"It won't stop me from feeling guilty."

He ignored my words. "Can I have a bite of yours? That looks delicious," he praised as he passed me a set of utensils.

Smirking, I took them. "Of course."

Edward returned and gave me a large cup of milk and a fresh mug of coffee from our kitchen. He also had one for Jasper and a green smoothie. Finally, he crawled onto the bed with his own meal. He had gotten banana pancakes and freshly squeezed passionfruit juice.

"Thank you," I repeated, putting my plate down for a second so I could give him a tiny kiss. "Both of you. I know today will be extra special because of both of you."

"Our pleasure entirely." He smiled against my lips, pecking them again. They tasted of coffee.

"How much revolves around eating?" I questioned teasingly, picking up my box once again. Settling back against the headboard, I drew my feet underneath me before I dug in happily. My stomach was growling.

"So much," Jasper laughed to himself. "It's the one thing you definitely have in common. I like to eat, but you two love your food."

Edward lifted his juice. "And it will make us all fucking millions. Cheers, my loves."

Once we had eaten and made a huge mess of it, he hopped off the bed again to fetch something from the closet. He came back with what appeared to be a card and a small square box. He gave the package to Jasper, who looked at it in confusion.

“What’s this?” He turned it around in his hands carefully.

“A gift.”

“Why?” He wrinkled his nose.

Laughing, Edward tilted his head to the side. “Because I love you, and I wanted to buy you one, you daft koala.”

He clicked his tongue softly. I giggled as I held the envelope in my hand. It was thick, and there were obviously a lot of things in it. “Oh, no. We’re both like this. How annoying for you.”

“Yeah, I got a type apparently,” he answered with a sigh. “Someone open something. Please?”

We looked at each other for a moment. “You first,” I said, leaning into Jasper. “You know what mine is already, so it’s not a surprise.”

“Yeah, but I know what he got you, and I want to see your reaction,” he complained, opening the gray box as he spoke. Inside was a beautiful silver watch. The face was a solid black with diamond accents around each number. It looked like something classic. They printed ‘Rolex’ and a tiny crown in the center. “Oh, Tony…”

“It’s a diving watch!” He beamed, pleased with his choice. “It’s good up to three hundred meters, so you can wear it when you surf or swim. Flip it over.” On the inside, his name was beautifully etched into the metal. Underneath, it read. “I love you.”

Jasper sniffled, pausing for a long moment as he just gazed at it in wonder. Then his head shot up. “You bought me a Rolex, you idiot!” He put his hand over his mouth, hiding his smile. He looked over at me. “It’s a Rolex,” he repeated. “This is a goddamn Rolex, Tony.”

“A very pretty one with your name on it.” I grinned at his reaction. “It looks vintage, too. How cool!”

“It is,” Edward explained quickly. “It’s from the fifties. They’re very fashionable right now!”

“Tony!” He said his name again in shock.

“Just put it on! I want to see if it fits!” He chuckled once again. “I’ve been worried. We can add a link if we need to. I’ve already looked into it.”

He seemed scared of it, so I took it and grabbed his wrist gently. It fit perfectly. Turning to check the time, it was correct and didn’t need to be adjusted. Jasper turned his palm and pressed it to his heart. “I love you, too. Thank you. You didn’t have to get me anything, darling.”

Edward leaned forward on his knees to kiss him. “I wanted to.” He gave him another. He looked euphoric. “Mm, blueberries.”

Our man took his face into his hand, pulling him to him again. For several pleasant moments, they tenderly kissed, Edward leaning further and further into him. Chuckling when they pulled away with their happiness, they both stared at me expectantly.

“Okay, your turn, dove.”

Opening up the thick envelope, on the inside was just a bunch of white folded printer paper. It reminded me of the Christmas gift I had gotten for him. I unfolded them and read.

The first was a membership to the Getty. That included the Natural History Museum, the La Brea Tar Pits, and the William S. Hart Museum. The next was a membership to the LA Zoo and Botanical gardens. And the Aquarium of the Pacific. The four pages after were the highest level of patronage at art museums. It was for three people, so we could all go.

“I know how much you love this kind of stuff, and I wanted us to never run out of date ideas,” he stated bashfully after when I said nothing.

Crawling to him, I hugged him tightly. I was just trying not to cry. My nose was stinging, though. It was hard to control. His arms wound around me. “Why do you always go so overboard?” I whimpered into his neck.

“Do you like it?” He asked quietly, his grip getting tighter. I nodded quickly. “Well, good. It was all his idea.”

I clambered over to Jasper and hugged him, too. He chuckled, rocking me in his embrace. “I can’t wait to go to the museum with you. And he definitely paid for it all. I just told him what I thought you’d enjoy.”

“I don’t care. It’s still awesome,” I replied as I pressed my face against his throat.

“Yeah, well... I thought of this one all on my own, though.” Edward pulled a piece of paper from his back pocket. I turned to look at him for a moment. What he had given me was

more than enough for six months. He was taking it way more seriously than I had, especially since I hadn't gotten him anything at all. "Go on," he laughed. "Take it."

Biting my lip, I swallowed nervously. "You went crazy, baby," I told him as I took it from his grip. "I mean, I love that it supports awesome organizations, and it's something we can all do, but you didn't have to get so many."

Edward's smile grew with my words. "Well, you know I'm all about supporting organizations," he replied in an almost giddy voice. He could barely contain himself.

I gazed at the paper in my hands, still not unfolding it. "What did you do?" I questioned. He looked at the sheet, nodding his head at it. Then he pointed at it. "Ugh, okay," I laughed. It took me a moment to realize what it was. It was a cleared check in his bank account written out to Culture for All. In the memo section, it said, 'In Isabella Swan's name.' It was five hundred thousand dollars.

The paper fell from my hands, and the tears I was trying to hold in spilled out violently. Both flew up to my mouth in a gasp.

"Eddie!" I launched myself at him, nearly knocking him backwards.

He easily caught me in his strong arms, expecting my outburst. "A half a million for half a year. I told Alice I'd give her a million at a year, so she really wants this relationship to work out now," he teased, patting my back. "And this is why I wanted to give it to you this morning. I didn't want you to ruin your makeup tonight before I got a chance to," he quipped, his fingers soothingly rubbing my neck.

"Thank you," I sobbed.

"Of course," he answered, his grip tightening as he pressed his face against my shoulder.

My fingers curled into his hair at the back of his neck as I pushed my cheek against his. It wasn't possible for me to have him close enough. "You didn't have to do any of this," I continued, barely able to catch my breath.

He nonchalantly shrugged. Leaning back, he ran his fingers under my jaw. "Nope, but I can, and I wanted to. And it felt great," he spoke cheerfully then lifted my chin. "I've got everything I need now. I can give this shit away. I haven't been able to do as much of my charity work as I want to, either. This makes up for it, I think." I nodded my head vigorously. "I'm surprised you didn't hear Alice's scream from New York."

I laughed through my tears, melting into him again. "Me too. It's the biggest donation they've ever gotten before by a lot."

"And as I said, I plan to give them a million every year in your name. And maybe this will help bring Alice to Los Angeles quicker." I pulled back to look at him in surprise. He brought his hand to my cheek, his thumb moving over it to wipe away the tears. "I know you need her, and you got my best friend to move to LA." Edward shrugged again more timidly.

I grabbed his face and kissed him deeply. "My sweet man," I whispered as I hugged him to me tightly. He snuggled up to my chest, pressing his ear to my heart while I stroked his hair. "So, are we going to any of these places today?" I nodded my head towards the papers on the bed beside us.

"Mm, yes. But not until tonight. You'll see."