



## **Episode One-hundred-twenty-nine**

We spent the day relaxing, which surprised me. That was also Jasper's idea, and I was grateful for it. It was nice to spend most of it snuggling on the couch or outside swimming in the sunshine. I edited some pictures from the past few days, but just my favorites, while they watched some movies beside me. We cuddled up closely, holding hands.

At six o'clock, Edward looked over at me and spoke. "Our reservations are for eight. You can wear whatever you like, though."

"What I like, as in sweat pants and tennis shoes or whatever heels and dress I want?"

"Anything you'd like," he repeated with a small grin at my teasing. He knew I would dress well for him no matter what. "We're not really doing a lot of walking anywhere. And it's inside. Plus, we'll be alone. Wear my hoodie if you want."

I pursed my lips to the side. I hated how purposefully vague he was being. At least I knew it wasn't the zoo. "Okay. I'm going to get ready."

Knowing him, he would want to take pictures, so I straightened my hair and did my makeup to match my outfit. It was navy blue, so I painted my mouth to go along with it and

rimming my eyes in cobalt. I wore one of the cheap dresses I had gotten just for him to destroy. He had liked it before.

Edward had quickly put on tight gray slacks and a stark black button-down shirt that was sharply ironed. Jasper was sitting in his pajamas, his laptop beside him. "You can still get dressed and join us," he was speaking to him in a low voice.

"Nope." He looked over at me and grinned. "She's ready to go. You're lovely, dove."

Turning to look at me, Edward's eyes narrowed as his smile grew crooked. "Oh, that dress. I remember that one."

I peered down at my feet. "Do you still like it?"

"Mmhhh, and I can't wait to rip it off of you tonight."

Flushing, I tried hard not to bite my lip. I didn't want to ruin my makeup. I rocked back on my heels for a moment, turning my attention to our boyfriend. "Jasper—"

"No," he said right away, not letting me finish because he knew what I was about to say. "Come and give me a kiss before you go." I walked to him, pouting. He pecked my neck so as not to mess up my face. "You are an angel. Have fun."

"Thank you. Enjoy your time alone."

Edward leaned over and gave him a deep kiss for both of us. He put both of his hands on his jaw, holding him up as he dominated his mouth for just a moment. "I love you. We'll see you tonight. Call if you need anything. My keys are on the dresser if you want to go anywhere."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Get out of my face," he retorted mischievously, pushing him away forcefully. "Love you, too, darling."

Walking silently while holding hands, we went outside. There was a car out front, iced champagne in a silver bucket waiting for us inside. He poured us each a glass when we started moving.

"I feel so guilty," I breathed as I took it slowly from his grip. "We've been begging him to come for ages and our first not working night out, and it's without him. And I know six months is a thing, but not really. It's amazing, but he's more important right now."

He sighed. "I feel horrible about it too. I totally agree with you. We both tried, though. And I get it," he exhaled again heavily. "I'll give the two of you your special nights. But you're right when you said I went overboard. I understand I did, but part of that is also commemorating

being done with the film. The timing just worked out. And I enjoy celebrating you. I don't think it would have been hard to pull up another seat to the table, you know?"

"We should do something special for him. Something huge."

"Like what?"

I thought about it for a moment. "I wish we could take him to that cabin in the woods we keep talking about. I think relaxing is genuinely what he needs, and the past couple of days has been so good for all of us. I just don't know when we'll be able. We've already got New York planned now. And Washington. And the channel, and your movies, too. And Ireland in June. It's always something."

He took a sip of his drink. "We could go this weekend."

"Sunday?" I questioned. I knew we had some filming on Saturday. He wanted to make more cooking videos for my channel with Jasper before the launch coming up.

Edward drew in a deep breath, thinking hard about something for a moment. "We've got plenty of your videos to start, and we're always making more. We can put it off for another time. Jasper's right. I don't need to make all of your fun work. You don't have to put content out every day like I try to," he murmured into his flute before he had another long sip.

"Don't feel guilty about that. I love doing it," I promised, leaning in to kiss his lips lightly. They tasted slightly sweet with the liquor. "So, let's go to a little cabin not too far from here. Out into the wilderness. We'll get a ton of food, turn off our phones, and enjoy each other's company for two days?" I thought out the basics out loud.

"We can leave Friday night after the party," he offered in return, thinking about how to get the most out of our time together. "It won't go on too late, I don't imagine. Lauren isn't up for ragers," he chuckled wickedly.

I laughed at his words, nodding in agreement. She was having trouble getting off of the couch. "That sounds good. So, is this what you two sit around doing?" I inquired jokingly as I bit my lip. "Just try to figure out how to make me happiest?"

"Yeah. Pretty much." I giggled softly, looking away from him as I took a long drink. "I'll find us a place. Shouldn't be too hard, I hope. You can be in charge of the food, naturally," my boyfriend continued.

"Naturally," I repeated with a slight smirk. "Just get things to eat off of each other?"

“Yes!” He cheered before finishing his glass. He poured himself another and topped mine off too. We clinked flutes, the crystal ringing for a moment afterward.

I tilted my face to the side, watching the bubbles as they rose to the top. “We’re a bad influence on you. We’re making you skip work.”

He quickly shook his head. “No. You’re a good one. You’re making me skip work,” Edward said with a huff as he sat back more comfortably in his seat, putting his arm around me. “I can slow down some. I know that. I need to. I need you both to remind me not to work myself to death.”

The building we pulled up to was open and easy to see inside. It was the Museum of Neon, which was part of the MONA.

“Is it just for us?” I asked softly, looking at him. He nodded his head, a big grin on his face when he saw how I reacted. Then my eyes got huge, my heart dropping. “Oh, no! I forgot my camera!”

“No, you didn’t,” he promised, kissing my jaw. “I put it in the boot while you were getting ready. Don’t worry,” he replied, getting out first so that he could help me to my feet. The driver opened the trunk and passed Edward a wicker basket. “Thanks, mate.” He gave him what looked like a folded one-hundred-dollar bill. “We will be a few hours. I’ve got your number if we need to you sooner.”

“Thank you, sir!” He replied quickly. “I’ll be here when you’re ready.”

There was a host waiting, smiling widely as she held the front door open for us. “Welcome, Mr. Cullen. Ms. Swan. Thank you for coming tonight. We have your table set up for you upstairs.”

“Table?” I asked, looking over at Edward.

“We are about to be served a seven-course meal cooked by a five-star chef,” he explained, following the host up the stairs. My heels clicked loudly in the quiet space. It had closed to the public about an hour before.

“I kind of figured dinner was in the basket,” I admitted, looking down at it as my arm wrapped around his.

“It’s got your camera, a couple bottles of champagne I purchased for the occasion, and another gift.”

My breath drew in sharply, my cheeks heating. “Edward! It’s too much!”

“Never!” He laughed wickedly, pressing a quick kiss to my jaw. His grin was impish. “It’s something small. I promise.”

“That means nothing,” I told him quickly. “Small means jewelry.”

His mouth opened a bit. I was exactly right. “So what if it is? See, I knew you wouldn’t cry over jewelry. That’s why I can give it to you now,” he answered sarcastically.

The room we came to was gorgeous, glowing with the intense neon lights. It was dark beside them. The table was set up in the middle of the area with candles. It took me a few moments to realize that the space was also filled with vases of white flowers of all kinds. All the fluorescents danced off of them beautifully. Music softly played.

Edward put the basket down at our feet and wrapped his arms around me from behind. “I know I’m kind of repeating the theme with date night a little, but when I found it, I knew how much you’d love all the colors. Your favorite thing about New Orleans was all the neon. But I want to take pictures of you in the lights.”

“Okay,” I agreed, turning in his grip. “Thank you,” I whimpered into his shirt. I pressed my hands flat against his chest, my fingers curling into the fabric.

He lifted my chin. “Dinner first. I hope you’re hungry. It’s an Asian-Mexican fusion.” We had skipped lunch, but we had that massive and delicious breakfast he had picked out for us.

“Sushi and tacos?” I questioned. He nodded in answer. “Yes!”

Edward laughed, pecking a kiss on my nose. “I knew you’d like that.”

When we sat at the table, he pulled out a chilled bottle of Dom Perignon from the basket. There was an ice bucket waiting for it already. Then he picked out a second one and opened it.

“Wow,” I said as he handed me the glass. I wondered what we drank earlier. I knew it wasn’t cheap. As soon as I tasted it, I realized it was in a whole other league. And I liked the stuff in the car.

“This is for me,” he confessed as he sat down at the table across from me. “I bought these as soon as I got the part. I don’t think I could have made it through with my sanity. I mean, the movie,” he rambled. Edward cleared his throat and smiled awkwardly. “I know I lose myself in my work, and you kept me from falling into that hole. I have never felt more supported in my life, and I wanted to do all of this to thank you for that. You’ve given me everything I need, and it’s incredible. I really couldn’t have done it without you.”

“Edward! That was all you! You always give me way too much credit. I’m just here.”

“And that’s enough!” He countered, reaching for my hand from across the table. “Thank you for going on this journey with me for the past few months. I can’t wait to see what a full year brings.”

“Me too,” I agreed. “It’s been crazy.”

“It has. And it’s been the best.”