



Episode One-hundred-thirty

The first course of our meal was a small bowl of very spicy white fish soup in a deep red thick broth. There were lots of peppers of all colors floating in it. Edward kept gulping down his drink, trying to hide the fact it was burning his mouth. A waitress brought us the food, and when she came to check on us, he asked for a glass of ice water in a rough voice. His eyes were watering a little.

I loved it. It was delicious and opened up my sinuses.

Next, was a creamy cool avocado and crab salad in a crispy fried wonton cup. I could have eaten them for an entire meal, a whole platter. I decided to try to replicate these at home, especially since I could tell my boyfriend really liked them, too. But he loved avocados. It was refreshing after the hot soup. None of the heat remained, just the mild spice-high lingering.

After that, the chef brought out sushi he handmade moments before. Each piece was from a fish popular in different regions in Mexico. Red snapper with a red chili slice on top, tilapia that had been ceviched, and a mackerel. They were all formed beautifully in a ball, lined up like art in a row.

I stopped to take a picture of these. They were too beautiful not to remember every single detail. We weren't in a rush to eat, anyway. There would be so much more to enjoy. The white fish appeared so cool with all the surrounding neon. It was by far one of the most interesting food pictures I have ever taken. It looked like the sushi you would eat in a futuristic sci-fi movie set in Neon Tokyo.

Sitting on Edward's lap, I snapped several photos of us between courses. He took my camera from me so he could get more of us in the frame. He took a few of himself kissing my throat, my head falling back in pleasure.

The next two courses were the main ones. First was the fried rice topped with elote and served with a perfectly poached egg. There were also two sauces, one shiny brown and the other a creamy white. I had no idea what either of them was. The smell was incredible.

"So, we'll have to figure out how to make this at home," Edward mumbled to himself before he picked up the spoon to dig in. "That aroma. Oh god. It's so good." He dipped it into the sauce, licking it off. "Oh, yeah."

And the taste was even better than it smelled. The sauces were strong and slightly sweet, especially the brown one. I mixed the egg until it was a yellow mess, eating it far too quickly.

The second of the main courses was a chimichurri Wagyu beef served on a bed of chilled soba noodles. We opened the other bottle of champagne to go with it. I was feeling overly full and tipsy, but I wouldn't stop.

What they brought to the table next was perfect. It was a ginger granita, a spicy and refreshing ice dish that was a palette cleanser. They topped it with just a drizzle of homemade condensed cream. The colors danced across the slush, making it glow like a snow cone despite it being white.

"We'd like to wait a few minutes before we get the dessert," Edward told the waitress when she took the bowls away from the table. He reached into the basket and pulled out my camera from its bag. "May I take your picture?"

"Do I get to take yours?" I questioned as I rose.

"Of course," he agreed right away. "Go over there for me, beautiful," he instructed as he pointed to the left corner. He stood up too. "I want to take pictures of you all over this place."

"I should buy you your own camera," I told him as I walked to the spot. He was already taking photos of my back as I strode over. "Yours at home is nice, but mine is better."

“I was thinking about upgrading yours for the channel, for the cooking stuff, and might borrow this one occasionally to practice, if you don’t mind. This model is a few years old. It’s about time you upgraded anyway,” he mumbled almost absently, looking at me through the viewfinder.

Sighing, I frowned to myself. “You don’t have to keep getting me things.”

He shook his head, pulling back to look at the screen and the pictures he had taken. “No, I’m buying it for the channel. I was researching, and your model is nice, but still the middle of the road. I could get you something much better, and you won’t even need different lenses. You know, for the books I want to put together for your cooking. We’re already getting printing offers. It’s just a matter of time now.”

“What?”

Edward smiled at me, tilting his head to the side. “Oh, yeah! Some sponsor deals come with cookbooks. We’ll talk about it all with Zafrina on Wednesday. By the way, she’s wondering what you’re cooking,” he chuckled, bringing the camera back up to take another photo. “She’s very excited to see us again. I talked to her a little yesterday.”

“I’ll have to make her something special,” I babbled to myself before glancing at him. He was still busy taking his pictures. “What do you think my job title is now? I don’t know if I’m really a photographer anymore,” I blurted out.

Pulling back again, he made a funny face. “What?” He shook his head. “Okay. What’s your shop selling then?” He asked as he looked over at the camera at me for only a second. “You are a photographer and... I suppose, entertainer and producer, though that really doesn’t cover it. Chef, artist, and creator.”

“I don’t see how I’m a producer,” I admitted to him. He pointed to another sign he wanted me to walk towards. I did so automatically. “I’ve only started. I don’t think what I’ve done counts.”

“Everyone has to start somewhere, and you’re doing beautifully so far. And you’ve made us so much bread,” he teased lightly. “So, yeah. It does.”

I thought back to the money from the morning and the pile of cash sitting in my account. I still wasn’t ready to bring it up, but I had some questions I wanted to ask. In my heart, I knew I couldn’t keep any of it. It wasn’t mine, and I didn’t earn it. I had to either have him take it back or give it all away.

“What’s the matter?” He questioned, walking towards me. He reached his hand out to me, and I took it slowly. “What’s the face?”

Shaking my head in answer, I leaned into him. "I'm overwhelmed," I confessed, lifted my chin up to gaze at him. "You've really stepped into your role as a multimillionaire in the past month. You were born for this."

"So were you," he swore, his free hand going to the small of my back to pull me even closer.

I laughed, pushing my face into his designer shirt and smudging it with my makeup. "I'm wearing a five dollar thrift store-

He brought his finger up to my chin and lifted my head up so I would peer at him once more. "And you wear it like a million dollar gown. You are sexy as fuck in that. And you know I truly think so. If I was born for this, and you were made for me, it means this is for you too. And Jasper. Don't overthink it."

"Okay," I smirked at his words.

Edward pulled away from me and walked back over to the basket. He put the camera down and picked up a gray box that looked like the one he had gotten for our boyfriend. "I think it's time for your gift. The last one, I promise."

"I don't believe you," I taunted gently as I unhurriedly took it. "Is this a Rolex?"

He pursed his lips as he stuck his hands in his pockets. Edward blushed. "Yeah, I'm a little obvious. I hope you like it."

Inside was a delicate rose gold watch with a black face. It had diamonds around the edges. 'Isabella Marie' was etched onto the backplate with the words, "I love you," engraved underneath. Once again, Rolex, with a tiny crown, was in the center.

"I love it," I said in a hushed whisper.

Edward's tongue darted out quickly to moisten his lips as if he were nervous. "To mark our time together and the start of our new relationship. I know that one like ours is difficult and giving me Jasper, as you have-

I brought my hand up to stop him. "I didn't give him to you. I only talked him into coming. You can't give humans out like gift cards."

He took a step closer to me, lowering his voice so no one else could hear us. We were alone, but I was sure the waitress was just around the corner, waiting to be called. "No. It's more than that. You saw something there under the surface, and because you care so much about

my happiness, you've allowed me to explore that. And I feel more myself right now than I ever have before. You have given me... myself. I am a different man than I was six months ago."

"That you are," I agreed. I put on the watch finally. "Okay. My turn to take pictures."

After about thirty minutes, we finished our bottle of champagne with dessert. It was three different flavors of mochi: Mexican hot chocolate, horchata, and tres leches. I sat on his lap the entire time, kissing him between bites.

"This is perfect," he whispered in my ear. "Thank you for letting me indulge. It's been so much fun."

"It's a good thing you're rich because you have a shopping addiction."

He laughed quietly. "Right?" Edward paused for a moment, resting his chin on my shoulder. "Can I confess something?"

"Anything," I promised.

Playing with the edge of my dress that was well above my knee, he didn't speak for a minute. This was my shy man coming out for a second. "If I had your ring right now, I'd propose."

This didn't surprise me. It would be a very romantic moment for it. I leaned back against him, pulling his arm around my stomach. The fingers of our left hands tangled together. "I'm glad you don't have it because I'd say yes."

"I know," he replied before kissing my cheek.

We stayed for a couple more hours to take pictures. It was fantastic. At several points, Edward had me lay on the floor so the color would wash over me. He would have me fan my hair out around my body, stepping over to capture my expression.

I told him he would have to learn to edit if he was going to keep taking so many photos of just me. There was only so much I could stare at my face, ass, or tits.

Jasper was smoking outside by the pool when we returned. We were both a little warm and tipsy from all the champagne. And he had another in the fridge to share with our boyfriend when we got home. He went straight to get it.

I plopped down onto Jasper's lap as Edward got the bottle, not even greeting him with words. He held the joint away so he wouldn't burn me as he leaned in for a quick peck. It wasn't enough for me, though. I put both of my hands on his cheeks, pulling him in for a deep kiss.

“You didn’t have to rush home,” he whispered against my lips, his other arm wrapping around me tightly so I wouldn’t fall back.

“We didn’t,” I promised, as I let my mouth travel down his neck. Leaning away, I brought my wrist up as I remembered something. “Oh, we match now. Kind of. He got me one too.”

“Wow,” he murmured as he looked at mine. He lifted my hand to inspect the face closer, just a couple of inches from his nose. It was dark outside, and the only lights were coming from the house. “That is something.”

I leaned in so I could whisper in his ear. “I am so glad there is insurance on these things.” He chuckled, nodding in agreement.

“I never want to take it off and also never want to wear it out ever. What if I lose it?” He replied in an almost panicked voice.

Edward set the bottle down on the table, reaching for the joint. “Then I’ll get you a new one. Obviously. It’s not a big deal, darling.” He blew the smoke out in a long stream, holding it between his two thin fingers like a cigarette. “They’re not that expensive. Please wear it for me.”

“You really have no concept of how much things cost, do you?” He questioned him seriously. I just shook my head in answer, making him sigh. “You know I will. It’s too beautiful not to. No one has ever gotten me a gift so extra before, though.”

“We have another present for you, actually.” I kissed his throat again. He moaned softly. “Remember that secluded cabin?” I asked in his ear. He shivered at my sultry words.

“Yes,” he smirked. “Are we going to be able to fly over it at some point this year?” He joked slyly.

“We’re gonna go Friday night until Sunday evening,” Edward informed him with a large smile. He passed me the joint so he could pop the cork. “We’re going to turn off our phones and be alone for two days.” He pushed it with his thumbs until it shot off with a hiss, falling to the table. Somehow, he kept it from bubbling over.

Jasper leaned his head against mine for a moment, taking a deep breath. “You planned this while you were out?”

“Well, we came up with the idea. It’s not like we went to a travel agent.”

Edward passed him a glass. "I'll book a place this week. It shouldn't be that hard. I'll find something out in nature. Somewhere quiet where we can relax, and Bella can take pictures. I am ready to spend some quality time with my loves."