



Episode One-thirty-five

Poor Tyler probably didn't talk for the first two hours. His cheeks were slightly pink, and he kept hiding his face behind the camera while pretending to check settings. Seth had been a little shy at the start, but once he realized how playful and relaxed Sarah was, he loosened up as well and joked with her. Our video with him was a lot of fun. He said he enjoyed being the tallest one for once.

Ms. Jones finally noticed after the fried rice video. I knew she would eventually. She was far too observant. He wasn't doing a very good job at hiding it, though. It was cute and funny to see him this way. He was usually the coolest head of the group, all the other boys ready to act like a fool for anyone's entertainment. His wife kept whispering to him with an enormous smile on her face, and he would give her nasty looks.

"Does he not like me?" She asked in a whisper as we moved around the kitchen to clean up and reset for the next shoot. Sarah didn't mind washing or doing anything I requested. She demanded to do the same things the men were helping with. "He's kind of stand-offish. Did I do something?"

Lauren was making herself a bowl with another egg roll. She snickered to herself, looking over at her while shaking her head. “No, the opposite actually,” she spoke so her husband couldn’t hear her.

Her mouth opened in understanding, and she nodded. “Oh, okay. Gotcha.” Biting her lip for a second, she glanced at him then back at his pregnant wife. They shared a wicked look. Sarah casually strolled to him, leaning over to peek at the camera settings he was messing with. He straightened up in surprise as she got closer, his eyes getting massive. “So, how’s it going? Is it looking good?”

“Uh...” He drew out, staring at her like a gulping fish. He cleared his throat. “Oh, yeah. Great. Looks perfect.”

She touched his elbow lightly for a second. “That’s fantastic! This is a lot of fun. Is this what you do all the time? Play and eat? If so, I’m so jealous.” Sarah bit her lip, tilting her head to the side slightly as she put her arms behind her back. Her eyelashes fluttered. She was almost mean in her sweetness.

Lauren stood beside me, watching them interact. She was using the egg roll to scoop up the rice. “I like her,” she muttered under her breath, smirking because we both knew what she was doing. It was funny to see her husband so flustered over small talk from a little girl who had to bend her head back to look at him. Tyler was close to a decade older, too.

“Oh, um... no. It’s not like this all the time. I mean, sometimes. We... We go out to places. Like um, the bat place or go give blood, or whatever. Plus, I do my own stuff, too. Movie reviews. As does Seth. Not films. He does supernatural and crime shit,” he rambled like a madman.

Instantly perking up, she rocked on her heels. She was wearing cute Nintendo themed Chucks that were probably custom. She had dressed casually, almost like her character in the film. “I’ve heard! I can’t wait to watch it all! I know Eddie is so excited about the network launch next week. Are you going to do anything?” She peeked at him from over her shoulder, her hands still behind her back. She was turning the charm up to extra.

“I thought we could live-stream for a couple of hours and answer questions from the chat,” Edward mused as he wrote something down. “We’ve never done it before. I don’t know how exciting it’ll be.” Shrugging, he didn’t look up.

“I’m surprised you’re not doing something with food,” Sarah replied.

“What could we do?” He questioned, then paused to think about it. He shrugged again as he considered it. “I suppose we could have Bella cook something live while we chat or maybe eat and rank, but I don’t know how well that would go. It might be hard to do that and

answer questions, too. Also, don't want to sign her up for extra effort she didn't ask for. Especially so soon."

"You could do a mukbang," she countered as she rocked on her heels again.

"Ooooooo..." Edward drew out excitedly. He was standing in the living room, looking over the schedule on the clipboard. Leaning against the couch, he bopped it against his chin in thought. His head waffled from one side to the other.

Jasper was working on dishes for us. Turning from the sink, he flicked the water from his hands. "What the fuck is that? It sounds extremely dirty. I'm down."

Seth got fired up, too. "It can get a little messy. It's a South Korean fad where people eat a ton of fun food for their viewers."

That was one hundred percent, for sure, not the kind of dirty he was talking about. I pushed my lips together to keep from saying anything. His innocence was too cute. Our friend was adorable.

"Trays and trays of it," Sarah added in. "All kinds of stuff from soup to sushi, barbecue. I watched one that was McDonald's. I want to do a fast food one."

Bringing his thumb to his mouth, he looked out towards the pool. "That could be fun." I could already see him making a list of food he wanted to do it with in his head.

"You just want an excuse to eat a lot," our boyfriend quipped. I nodded in agreement as he came to stand behind me. Putting his hand on my waist, his arm purposefully snaked against my ribs to reach for one of the egg rolls. I loved having the hidden contact. "I hope you still find him sexy when he's chubby," he spoke in my ear meanly before taking a bite.

"Mm, dad bod," I teased, glancing at him. He was so close I could smell his cologne. "I'm here for it, definitely if he grows the beard again. Yum."

His cheeks flushed slightly, liking that idea himself. Jasper had told me before he first found him attractive when he was at his chubbiest as a teenager. Edward had lost a lot of weight and grew several inches. I kind of doubted he would plump up again anytime soon, especially with how active he was daily. "I'd buy that calendar," he breathed. "Daddy bods with beards."

"Me too," Lauren interjected, smirking at him. He chuckled and playfully poked her rib, making her giggle.

“Stop, you’re making me feel awkward,” Edward complained with a pout, rubbing the back of his neck. “Because I really want to do the mukbang idea now, but also don’t want to look like a fat ass.”

I laughed. “It’s a bit gluttonous, honey.”

“Yeah, but people like that,” he argued quickly. “They like that we get to try things they’ve always wanted in insane amounts.”

“Yes, but there are individuals in the world who have very little to eat. We are in a time of the one percent, a class you are now a part of,” I replied, thinking about the conversation with our accountant the other day. It felt like months ago, not just a mere week. I hadn’t looked at my email because I wasn’t ready to be annoyed at Edward yet and was delaying it. “Maybe not very woke, you know?”

Grunting, he bowed his head. “Ah, yeah. Got a point there.” He bounced the board off his chin again for a second before making a big sweeping gesture with it. “Well, we could make it a charity live-streaming event. We could do the mukbang, answer questions, people could donate to... The LA food bank? Yeah?” He nodded his head at the idea. “We’ll keep it food-themed. I’ll match it with a certain minimum. Twenty-five thousand. That would be a good start, right?”

I walked over to him, took him by his now dirty t-shirt from working in the kitchen, and tugged him down for a kiss. He smiled against my lips, putting his hand on the back of my head to pull me up to his eager mouth. “What do you want to eat? Do you want me to cook, or do you want to order?”

“We’ll order. We’ll save your cooking for another day when we have more time to plan. People will want those recipes and videos right away,” he said against my lips, pecking them twice. “Mm, you taste like ginger.”

“If I say I’ll match it too, can I get a kiss?” Sarah asked impishly. Laughing, I walked to her, took her face, and gave her a smacking kiss on the forehead. She giggled. “Aw! I wish I could come!”

“You’re totally invited,” Edward offered right away with an outstretched hand.

She pouted. “But I work next week. I fly out to New York for a while. I will donate, though! That’s awesome!”

“Thanks for the idea!” He told her brightly. She saluted him with a happy smirk.

“Dove, I’ve got you just about all set up,” Jasper called from the kitchen. He was drying his hands off on a towel, his sleeves pushed up his thick arms.

“Oh, thank you! I’m sorry, I got distracted,” I mumbled, going to wash up. I didn’t mean to let him do all the work like that.

Sarah turned her attention back to Tyler. “Are you going to be in the video with us?”

He quickly shook his head, his eyes getting wider. “Uh, no. No… I’m good. Lauren-Lauren should be in it!” He pointed at her. “She’d be great.”

“Oh, yes!” She concurred. His wife was obviously not in agreement. Her face was pushed together, shaking her head wildly.

“We’re making the orange chicken next, actually,” I chuckled at her reaction. “That’s not kosher. You can’t have the vegan cook meat. That’s cruel. Especially since I know that she’d eat it if she could.” She pouted and nodded, pointing at me.

“We could do it with Tyler, and then we’ll do the tofu with Lauren! That’s perfect!” She declared. I hadn’t actually planned to make a video of that, but it wouldn’t take long, and I was going to cook it, anyway. Edward wouldn’t mind having the extra content, that was for sure.

“Ugh, no. I look terrible,” she complained right away, shaking her head again. Like four people at once argued with her. “I’m not wearing any makeup!”

“Oh,” I said, then shrugged my shoulders. “You can borrow some of mine. That’s not a problem.”

“We’re not even close to the same shade,” she snorted. She brought her pale arm next to my tanned one. I had gotten much darker since we were swimming so much. I would need a new foundation myself.

Giggling, I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, okay, true. But I have this fancy nude cream that tone-matches. It’s amazing. Here.” I held my hand out to her. “I’ll get you set up, and you can do your face while we make the chicken.”

“Oo, I want to go see your stuff too!” Sarah hurriedly followed behind us. I reached behind me in an offer to join.

She took my other hand. “Oh, my god, you have to see my collection. It’s crazy. The first gift Eddie ever got me was the whole Ulta. I have the entire rainbow, and his sisters bought me a bunch of Australian brands. I need to do a makeup video with those.”

“I want to do a makeup video!” Sarah clapped her hands together. “Can we? After we do the food?”

“I thought we could do some drinking ones,” Edward called to us as we walked down the hall. “If you’re interested.” He was still in the living room with the boys.

“YAS! Let’s get drunk and do makeup!” She grabbed my shoulders and shook me once from behind. “That sounds like so much fun!”

“I AGREE!” He shouted in return, making me snicker. This was going to turn into a mess.

I decided to be mean. “You can do Eddie’s,” I whispered.

“Yesssssssssss,” she laughed. “Would he let me?” Lauren and I both nodded. She giggled evilly, her eyes comically narrowed, then she rubbed her hands together.

Lauren pouted as she sat down in my makeup chair. “Aw, I wanna get drunk.”

I snorted at her bluntness. Sarah pursed her lips. “Oh, I’m sorry! We’ll have to do it again when you have the baby!”

“We’ll make the boys babysit,” I encouraged. “Soon.”

“When I get back to town, do you want to go to lunch? The three of us?” My new friend asked as she looked at her in the mirror. “You’ll probably still be pregnant, but I want to see your baby belly. It’s so cute.”

“Really?” Lauren questioned in surprise. “I’d love that. I could really use more friends who aren’t afraid of this whole kid thing.”

“Sounds great,” I agreed as I started pulling out the supplies she would need. “So... use whatever you want. I’ve got everything you could ever need. Literally.”

She touched her wild locks. “What about my hair?”

I opened another drawer. We both had curly hair, so we used a lot of the same products. It also had my straightener. “Here you go, hun. Let me know if you need anything.”

“I am having so much fun!” Sarah sighed as we headed back into the kitchen. She skipped over to Tyler, grabbing his arm. “Come on! You can stand next to me!”