



One-hundred-forty-six

When it was time to go, I offered to let Edward sit in the front with our boyfriend as he drove. Instead, he dragged me to the backseat with him so we could cuddle and kiss for his amusement. The sun was down, and no one could see us. By the time we got home, I was sleeping on his lap.

I woke up being carried by Jasper. We were already in our bedroom. Tired and surprised, I pushed my face in his chest. He kissed my lips several times after he laid me down in the center before going to unload the car.

“Mm, I’ll be there in a sec,” I mumbled drunkenly, trying to open my eyes wider.

He chuckled as he came over to me. “No. Go back to sleep, dove. We’ve got this. It’s alright,” he cooed, kissing my mouth slowly. It deepened for a moment. “We’ll be in here to join you in a minute.”

I must have fallen asleep because only a tick later, Edward was standing over me and unbuttoning my jeans. Lifting up, I wiggled out of them with his help. He pulled them from my

feet with my shoes and socks. Sitting up for only a second, I threw off my bra and shirt to be more comfortable. Jasper chuckled again as he snuggled in beside me.

The bed was shifting when I woke up in a bright room. He was still cuddled up behind me, but Edward was dressed in nice professional clothing. They whispered to each other as they kissed several times.

“So, I’ll get off by seven for sure. We can have a quiet night in, yeah? We’ll see if Bella wants to order something for dinner. I’ll fetch us some beers on the way home, and we’ll play games?”

“What do you want to play?” He questioned in a sweet, sleepy voice.

“Whatever you want. I just want to play with you.”

“That’s what she said,” I mumbled into the pillow. It made both of them snort. Edward gently clapped my ass, making me giggle. “Sounds good. Whatever you wanna do, baby.”

He grinned as he leaned over both of us. Our heads were close together. Lightly, he pecked our foreheads. “I love you both. Have a wonderful day.” In turn, he kissed both of our lips.

After he left, Jasper lavished attention on the back of my neck. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah,” I mumbled. “Just... tired. And sore. I’m fine. I just need to wake up. Maybe take a couple of days off from fucking.”

“Awww,” he laughed. I giggled too. He lowered his voice into a whisper. “I have a rash on my thighs, so good. I’ve been rubbed raw.”

“Aw,” I pouted, turning to look over my shoulder at him. “Sorry.”

He rolled his eyes. “I’m not, dove. Worth every second. I just need to figure out something for it.” He looked underneath the covers at his legs with a grimace. “All the drugs are different in America.”

“I know what to get you. I need to go to the store, so I’ll pick up some while I’m out.”

“Mm, thank you. I have to do some editing today. I want to make sure your queue is filled for the next month. We’ve got a lot going on, and I need to be certain you’re both ahead.”

I rolled over to look at him. Placing my hands on his cheeks, I kissed his lips lightly. “I am so glad I have you to help me.”

We made out for several minutes, each second getting deeper. He pushed me onto my back to hover over me. I giggled against his mouth. "Oh, I thought you needed a break, too."

"I do. Shit. I'm sorry. You're just so tempting," he mumbled as he flopped back beside me. "Want to take a shower, and I'll take you to breakfast before we go shopping?"

"Do you want to go with me?" I questioned in surprise.

He shrugged. "I want to hang out with my girlfriend, yeah. I don't care where. Though I have to tell you that this isn't a proper date. We need to do that soon."

"What's a proper date?" I asked with a smirk. "Target doesn't do it for you?"

Jasper scoffed. "No. It doesn't. And a real one involves a quiet meal with wine and a place where we can whisper in each other's ears and cuddle for a couple of hours. Like a movie. Or dancing. I'm a little jealous that Tony has gotten to take you out so much, and we haven't done anything," he admitted. "I appreciate the alone time, but I want to- I don't know," he sighed then smiled at me. "I'm impatient, too, just not as bad as him."

"We'll find the time," I promised, giving him a kiss. "When your thighs aren't rashy, and my ass isn't aching."

"Sounds good. My rear is sore, too."

I scoffed softly. "Oh, I'm not surprised one bit."

After a quick breakfast, we went to the store. My arm was wrapped around Jasper's as we strolled inside.

"This is one of the first places I went to with Edward," I commented. "We ate at the diner over there." I pointed to it from across the parking lot. "The first picture I took of him was the very best. It ended up on the cover of the magazine."

"I love that photo," he declared.

"I was only screwing around because he was flirting so hard with me."

He snickered. "You intimidated him so much. How bad was it? He said he was doing terribly at it."

"I'm here, aren't I?" I questioned as I grabbed a cart.

Jasper smirked wickedly. "Despite his best efforts." He got the exact reaction he wanted, making me cackle.

"Hey, I could have gone after him harder, too. That's on me."

"YOU KISSED HIM FIRST!" He declared, clapping between each word. "He should have-" He stopped himself from ranting. He lifted his hands and made a funny face. "I was so mad at him that night. Such a fucking knob. She wants you, you handsome prick. Kiss that woman like you mean it!"

I leaned into him, closing my eyes as I tried to keep my laughter in. "Do you have room to judge?"

"Yeah. Because if that motherfucker had kissed me at any point, his pants would have been on the ground in thirty seconds. It doesn't matter where it took place, either."

I smacked his stomach lightly. "That's true. Poor Edward. Don't give him shit. I think his shyness is cute. It's part of his charm."

"Yeah, but you enjoy it when he's cocky, too."

"I prefer the in-between."

"Me too," he agreed.

When we got back to the house, he helped me put everything away before going off to the office to get some videos done. I had work to do too. I wanted to have all the pictures completed from the gender reveal before the end of the week. At the very least, most of them. I would give them both mine and the unedited. I would also make them a special book.

While I did that, I decided to multitask. Jasper and I would be making cooking videos alone the following day for the first time. One soup video, a bread, and finally, a dessert. It would be our dinner. Roasting some chicken, I listened to music while it baked in the oven. When it was finished and had time to rest, I used the bones and vegetables to make a broth in the pressure cooker. I was making two batches of it, so it would take a while. It needed to sit in the fridge so the fat could rise to the top.

It took awhile for it to finish and for it to be put away, but Edward still wouldn't be home for a couple of hours. He had wanted to order dinner, but I figured I could make them a dessert. Both boys had worked so hard. Jasper had barely come out, only once to fetch a bottle of water and give me a kiss.

I was halfway through making a small blueberry peach cobbler when he came out again. It was around six-thirty. My filling had just completed, and I was ready to put the crust on.

“Oh, my god. That smells glorious.” He paused at the bar to look at the pictures on my computer. I had edited perhaps three hundred during that time. “Wow, these are beautiful. They’re going to be so thrilled.” Jasper scrolled down. “She looks so angry,” he laughed.

“I hope they do.”

“They will,” he promised as he came up behind. He settled his hands on my waist and kissed my neck tenderly. “Tell me what to do. I’m stopping for the day.”

I shook my head. “I just need to put it in the oven, then wash some dishes. It’s got to cook for an hour and then sit for another.”

“Perfect.” He swiped his finger into some leftover goo from the pan, tasting the sugary mix. He hummed. “It’s a... square pie?”

“Cobbler.”

He had another lick. “Yummmm...” He picked up the spoon. “I can see why you have a show.”

“I just threw it together. Should I jot down the recipe?” He only nodded as he took the pot with him to the sink. He saved it for last, eating as much of it as he could.

My phone rang, and I was surprised to see it was Alice. Normally, she texted first. “Hey.” I put it on the speaker because my hands were messy from cleaning the counters.

“Hi!” She said cheerfully. “I miss your voice. How are you?”

I smiled. “I’m great. Been cooking all day for shoots tomorrow.”

“Oh, the glamorous life of a star.”

“Right?” I laughed. “Oh, speaking of stars, I need to talk to you about something. So, I have a hot young lesbian friend who is going to be in New York City for a while. Are you interested in going on a date? She saw a picture of you and asked me to arrange something.”

“You’re pimping me out across the country. I don’t know how I feel about that.”

Snorting, I leaned against the counter. “I’ve met a couple of people you’d probably have fun with recently. Sarah will be there, though. She’s filming a movie around the city.”

“She’s a sweetheart and loads of entertainment,” Jasper encouraged when he wiped off his hands.

“Who’s that?” She asked immediately. She was so excited. “Is that your new guy?”

“You’re on speaker. He can hear you.”

She laughed. “What? Does he not know he’s the new guy?”

“No, I know,” he snickered. “Hi. You must be Alice. I can’t wait to meet you in person next week. Bella and Tony both speak so highly of you.”

“Me too! I’m so glad I’m going to see you for a couple of days,” she breathed. “We’re arranging a dance night with the group. Rose and Em wanna see you, too.”

I nodded, resting against my boyfriend. “Sounds great. Do you know if Roe has told Emmett or not about us?”

“She hasn’t.”

“Okay. Cool. So, uh... What about the date?” I asked again.

Alice hummed. “What’s her name? And she’s young? How young?”

“Twenty-two. And her name is Emma Sarah Jones.”

My friend paused for a second. “Wait. When you said ‘star,’ you meant...” She trailed off. “Are you serious?”

Jasper laughed at her reaction. “She’s just lovely. Not a celebrity-celebrity at all. Even if it doesn’t work out as a relationship, it wouldn’t be a bad time for you,” he encouraged again.

“Mm-hmm,” I agreed right away. “If she’s not busy, we should invite her to hang out with us. She’s cute, too. Nice ass.”

“Adorable wee little tits, too,” he added. I looked at him. He raised his eyebrows. “What?”

“She’s not that small. She’s at least a B-cup. Sarah isn’t flat or anything.”

“I thought I was about to get in trouble for complimenting her breasts,” he laughed in relief.

I shook my head. "But I just said she had a nice butt, though."

"And I totally agree with you. Just compared to your knockers, she's on the smaller side. Wee peaches vs... you know, melons." He made a squeezing motion with his hand.

"AREN'T THEY HUGE FOR A TINY GIRL?!" Alice spoke too loudly.

Covering my face with both my hands, I groaned. "YES or no on the date? Stop talking about boobs."

"But boobies are fun," he pouted as he patted the underside of my breast gently to make it jiggle.

"We will be friends, sir," my best friend responded with sarcastic flair. "Sure. Why not? At least I can say I went out with a child star once."

"Exactly. Alright. I'll text her."

Both my phone and Jasper's beeped at the same time. "Oh, I think our boyfriend is on his way home. I'll talk to you later."

When Edward arrived, he had cold beer, wine, and a bunch of flowers for me. He grabbed them just because he was in the store. They were a lovely spring mix.

"It smells so good in here."

"Dessert. Bella's making something delicious with peaches."

"You've ruined that word for me," I told him sarcastically as I went to get a vase. He only chuckled wickedly. Our boyfriend looked at us in curiosity. "He was being a pervert earlier."

"What fruit size would you say Sarah's tits were?" He asked seriously.

Edward pursed his lips as he actually thought about it. "Oh. Yeah... peach. Apricots or plums, maybe. Bella's got some cantaloupes, though," he chuckled to himself. "Honeydews. Mm, I love melon."

This was why they were friends. They both laughed like idiots.

I covered my chest with my arms. "Shut up and figure out what you want for dinner!"

Jasper snorted loudly. "You're so cute. Your nipples are all hard now, too."

While we waited for food, we watched television on the couch together. It was so normal and comfortable. After we ate, the boys played a racing game while I continued to edit. I did until I couldn't see straight, putting my computer to the side. I stretched out on top of both of them, my head in Edward's and my legs in Jasper's.

For the second night in a row, I was carried to bed. This time it was my sweet man's turn.

"I could walk if you woke me up," I complained softly.

"No, I enjoy doing this. It makes me feel like I'm taking care of you."

I kissed his cheek lightly. "You both are."