



Episode One-fifty-eight

Edward still had to record for half a day, but the movie premiere wasn't until later in the evening. He was trying to pretend he wasn't nervous and that it wasn't a big deal, but this was his first major motion picture with such huge-name actors. His other roles, though he did well, weren't in the Oscar-bait category. This would be a stepping stone to bigger and better things. There was already award talk swirling around it, even though it wouldn't be released to the public until the following week.

Jasper and I spent the morning getting ready for the event. He needed a haircut, and I wanted mine styled and got fresh nails to go with my dress. They were silver with a mirror finish.

Restlessly, he moved around the room to get dressed when we got back home. The makeup I was applying seemed too heavy, and I wasn't sure if it was right for the outfit. I wished Demetri was there to help me, but he was busy with a new show. But since I didn't want to hire anyone, I was on my own.

My dress was the most extra I had ever gone. It puddled the floor around my feet, and the slit went to my hip. Because it was so shiny, I didn't need much jewelry- a pair of silver hoops and my Rolex, as well as the two rings that never left my fingers- my mother's engagement ring and the one that Edward gave me for Christmas. That was it. My gown hung off my shoulders, exposing my collarbones.

I had to wear all the shapewear to make sure I was flat in the right places, and my breasts were shoved up together to almost my nose. Jasper finished changing and was just putting on his watch when I came out. He went with a dark, navy blue suit, a black turtleneck, and a silver pocket square. He purposefully did it to match mine. And he was gorgeous.

“Could you help zip me up?” I asked softly, holding the dress up. I twisted in place to show him the zipper in the back.

“Of course,” he replied as he rushed to me. It went up in one smooth movement. He leaned down to kiss my shoulder before turning me around to see the front. He took both of my hands and lifted them up. “Oh, my god. Look at you. You are an absolute angel. You’re just missing your wings.” He spun me around to see the back again.

“That’s because I’m actually a devil, and we don’t have wings. We have horns that are easily hidden by up-dos.”

Chuckling, he pulled me closer. His hand rested on the small of my back so we could sway to a song that wasn’t playing. Dreamily, he began to hum in my ear as we moved. “I could dance with you all night,” he whispered as he buried his face in my neck.

“Sorry I’m running late,” Edward announced loudly as he burst into the room. I hadn’t even noticed that he was- too focused on getting ready myself. If he was, it was only a few minutes, but it was enough to bother him. Pausing, his jaw dropped as we both turned to look at him. “Oh, wowww...”

“What?” Jasper laughed at his almost star-struck appearance. His eyes were enormous, and he was gaping like a fish.

“You’re both so beautiful, and I get to spend the entire night with you,” he answered, his mouth turning into a broad smile. “You’re both so stunning. May I take pictures and post them? I want to show everyone how lovely you are.”

“Sure, let me get my shoes first,” I responded, wanting to give him the whole effect.

While I hurried to the closet, Edward went to Jasper to give him a greeting kiss. He played with his jacket, fiddling with the buttons as he looked him over. “You are so hot. You clean up so well.”

He peered down at himself with a slight grimace. “Is it enough?”

“It’s perfect. I love it.” They kissed again, our boyfriend holding onto his lapels to keep him in place. It deepened as his hands moved over his stomach, pulling him closer so they were chest to chest.

My shoes were simple, silver heels that were easy to slip on. They were cheap from Target, but no one needed to know that. I came back to Jasper's side, leaning into him as his arm went around my waist. Edward took my hand and lifted it to kiss so as not to mess up my makeup. He backed up and pulled out his phone.

Pressing his palm to my stomach, I twisted so I could rest my back against him. "All I need is a corsage, and we could pose like we're going to prom. Do y'all have one, too?" They both nodded. "I wasn't sure if that was an American thing or not."

"I think it's a bigger deal here. We had loads of formal dances at our school," he explained as he clicked on the camera feature.

Jasper wrapped his arm around my waist as I stood to the side once again, pressed against him. I had my hand resting on his abdomen, just under his opened jacket. We smiled at each other as our man snapped away. The one he put up before he got ready had us looking at each other with an expression that was almost lusty. It appeared like something out of a photoshoot for actual models- an over the top Rolex ad, maybe. The message he put with it was, "My favorites are my dates for this evening. Can't wait to go to the cinema with these sexy people. #ConvergenceMovie."

I glanced at it only a couple of minutes after he posted it once I finished gathering my things, and it already had hundreds of likes, retweets, and comments. I shouldn't have been shocked since it was his public profile, but since it wasn't a picture of him, I didn't think they would care.

Edward hurriedly changed, shaving and styling his hair back away from his forehead. His suit was simple matte black with a matching shirt. He selected a silver tie to match my dress. It made me smile. I doubted they did that on purpose. It wasn't something they would talk about, which somehow made it sweeter.

"Can I have pictures, too?" I questioned as I pulled out my phone.

Jasper smiled. "Sure thing, dove."

They stood together but weren't touching. I didn't like that. I hung all over him, and they loved the photos. It wasn't fair that they had to pretend to be macho. Or thought they did. "So, we can touch as 'friends' in pics, and you two can't?" I asked sarcastically, tilting my head to the side.

Pursing his lips, our beautiful blond blushed a little. They came closer together and put an arm around each other's waist. "Sorry, it's a guy thing." He lifted to peck Edward's jaw lightly.

“It’s a toxic masculinity thing. Now that you’re in a relationship, you’re afraid to appear gay, but you were all over each other when you were friends.”

“I just don’t want to ruin his career.”

“Stop it,” Edward complained, pecking his lips quickly. “You won’t. You know what? Here, post this picture.” He leaned in to press a firm kiss on his cheek, holding him in place with his hand on his chin. I quickly snapped it before he could struggle away. Laughingly, he swatted him.

Tagging them in it, I put one of them posing normally and the kiss with the message, “I love my best friends.” Then put my phone away for the night.

A limo picked us up. We were quiet on the ride there because Edward was so nervous. He nursed a whiskey the entire time. He held my hand while Jasper had his on his thigh. I had never seen him so wound up before an event.

“What if it’s terrible?” He blurted out as we pulled up to the red carpet. There were three cars ahead of us. “I haven’t seen it yet. It could be horrendous. What if I embarrass myself?”

“What are you talking about?” Our boyfriend questioned. “Seriously? It’s going to be great. And if it’s not, I promise you will be the best part of the film. But it won’t be. This guy’s work gets people awards! He knew what he wanted when he offered you the part. The teasers and trailers with you in it are excellent. You are an incredible actor, and I can’t wait to watch you.”

“Me too. It’s going to be my first time seeing you on the big screen like this. I am so excited. Don’t worry,” I added as I squeezed his palm.

When he looked at me, I grinned reassuringly. The door opened, and he gazed at us with fear in his eyes. “I hope you’re right.”

He slid out first and offered me his hand. His smile was huge and fake, going straight into actor mode. I could hear cheers around him and people calling his name, but he ignored it. He winked at me, his mouth forming into a genuine one for just me for a second. Taking it, I carefully rose so as not to trip over my own feet.

When I got out, I offered mine to Jasper. He smiled up at me and stood, coming around our man to slap him on the back. “They’re screaming for you, and they have every reason to.” Edward held his chin up as he took a deep breath. “Come on, darling. Show them what you’ve got.”

We were about three feet onto the carpet when a reporter pulled him over to talk. It would take us a full hour to make it inside the theater to the private room where we were watching. The press was everywhere.

I tried to pretend everything was normal as I took Jasper's arm. "You're wonderful for his ego," I purred in his ear.

"No, I'm terrible. I'm just good at talking him up when he needs it," he muttered. His nerves were kicking in.

"Bella!" Someone shouted behind me. I turned to see a skinny, tall, blond journalist running towards me with a microphone in her hand. "Hi! Hello, Jasper! Can I have a minute of your time to talk about your work on YouTube?"

"Sure," I grinned.

"Great! So, your cooking series is already a colossal hit, and you've gained an impressive following of your own in a very short amount of time. Is there going to be any cooking shows on television in the future? Or anything like that in the works?"

I giggled anxiously. "No, we're just getting started and only on YouTube."

Jasper leaned in. "For now. Eddie and Bella recently signed an endorsement deal with a major corporation, and they'll be working on commercials for them soon. Also, a cookbook is an idea we've been tossing about, but we haven't begun any work on it."

She inclined in with wide-eyed enthusiasm. "What company?"

I looked at Edward's back while he continued to talk to someone else. I wasn't sure if I could say. "Um, well, we're going to keep it under wraps for right now, but it's someone fantastic that Eddie has worked with before, and we're both big fans. It is food-related, though. I will say that. Obviously, if I'm involved."

Nodding, she grinned. "I would buy your book. It's definitely something you should consider." She shifted in place, her voice changing, so it was higher. "So, you and Eddie have been dating for several months now. Are there any wedding bells in your future?" She brought the mic right in front of my nose.

My mouth just hung open because I wasn't sure how to answer. My boyfriend finished his interview and came to me, wrapping his arms around my shoulders. He obviously heard the question. "Not yet, but I'm extremely keen on the idea." He winked at her, acting casually.

"If I told him I wanted to get married right now, he would leave this instant to find a justice of the peace," I teased, putting my hands on his as they rested on my heart.

He laughed, then pretended to get serious, bending in to speak into the microphone directly. "I would pick her up caveman style, and we'd drive to Vegas. Like 'Buh-bye, guys! Enjoy the show!'" He playfully waved. "Then, march off with her."

I snorted. "Well, that won't happen tonight. So, yes, in the future, but not too soon."

"Alright, we've got to move on, or we'll be here forever. Have a goodnight," Eddie grinned pleasantly before moving further down the carpet. "I got asked that a second ago, too," he whispered in my ear.

"You should get used to it," Jasper mumbled and rolled his eyes.

"Welcome to hetero-normative society. Once we get married, they'll ask me about kids because that's what we're supposed to do. I am a baby-making factory for my man, and that's it."

"We'll do it our own way," Edward commented, putting his hand on the small of my back. People called to take our pictures. "Let's pose together."

We did as a trio first, then he and I as a couple before he did so solo. The carpet was filled with stars I had grown up watching. Jodie Foster was modeling for the camera, and Matt Damon was talking to a reporter. It was more than a little surreal. I didn't feel like I belonged among them at all.

The second or third question I was given when someone talked to me was about marriage. At least fifteen times, they questioned me about it. It was worse than a family reunion. My boyfriend only got asked about it twice. It was extremely annoying and sexist. Jasper began acting as my personal assistant, telling me to move on to the next person so I wouldn't get irritated. It was kind of shocking how many people wanted to talk to me, especially at such a big event.

"Bella," my man bellowed in an enormous voice to get my attention over the crowd. "Love, come here! I want you to meet someone."

He was standing beside Oscar Isaac and his wife. We shook hands, and we took pictures together as two couples, and then the men posed. I was so awestruck that I couldn't say anything but the bare minimum, but the boys were chatting like buddies.

Jasper lingered behind me and began to whisper in my ear. "You look perfect. You're a shining star, and you'll be as big as them one day. Your cookbook will be in every kitchen." I glanced over my shoulder at him, blushing at his compliments. "Just wait. Next year, they'll be begging to talk to you, and they won't ask about him once. They'll be questioning him about you."

I was happy to be pushed into the building. The press was going to their own screenings in separate spaces. They brought us champagne, and they were serving truffle popcorn and gourmet candies. Edward sat in the middle of us, drinking his quickly and ordering another. I could feel his hand trembling just a little in mine.

When the room went black, he let out a shaky breath.

He had nothing to worry about. It was incredible. For his part, he wasn't on the screen for very long. Less than twenty minutes, but every time he was in the scene, he was breathtaking. It didn't even look like my man. He was an insane, scenery-chewing killer who enjoyed being out of his fucking mind. His character was a real foe, and they didn't actually stop him. They just escaped from his clutches. I couldn't take my eyes off of him, watching his reaction to the art he created.

When the credits began to roll, the crowd stood and gave it a thunderous round of applause. I was so proud of him that I cried. Tears rolled down my cheeks, but thankfully my makeup was extra waterproof. I used enough setting spray to keep in place for a week. Swiftly, I pushed them away with my hand, hugging his side while Jasper whispered in his ear. Though I couldn't hear it, I knew it was praise.

People congratulated him right away- industry folks, other actors in the film. The director came by and smacked him on the shoulder. He was an older gentleman with silver hair and a long scarf around his neck. "I'd dust off a shelf if I were you. You're going to need the space for award season." And then he left, saying nothing else.

My boyfriend was so stunned, he couldn't speak. It was a rarity.

We were whisked out the back to go to our limo. The club that the afterparty was being held at was across town.

Edward let out another shaky breath, looking between us without saying anything. Both of us were gazing at him in reverence. At the same time, we leaned in to kiss his neck and face while our arms tangled around him.

"Oh, my god! You're so amazing!" I said in a watery voice. I almost cried again, the pride welling up.

"I am so proud of you," Jasper spoke at the same time. We laughed, pushing our faces into his throat. His skin was soaked with his own tears. His arms wrapped around our heads, holding us close to him. He kissed me first, then our boyfriend deeply. "Best supporting actor Oscar Winner, Eddie Cullen," he declared confidently as he ran his finger over his lip after.

"Do you think so?" He inquired in an unsteady voice.

“Yes!” We nearly yelled in agreement.