



Episode One-hundred-fifty-nine:

Edward drank two whiskeys very quickly as we traveled to the venue. He leaned his head back, trying to catch his breath. "I feel like my heart is going to just pump out of my chest," he complained. He glanced over at Jasper, already tipsy. He had a lot of champagne at the theater, too. "Do you think I'll ever get used to it?"

"No," he chuckled, brushing his fingers over his chin. "Not as long as my sweet, shy Tony is in there. You love to pretend to be someone else, but it's always going to make you a little nervous." He pecked his neck. "I hope you don't ever get comfortable with it. It's not normal. Things like this are extraordinary."

"You're right," he agreed, then peered at me. "I did have fun, though. I adore talking about you and the channel. So many people asked about it. And the free publicity!"

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," I replied as I relaxed against his side.

"I always do when I'm with you," he tried to say seductively as he brushed his fingers along my hip, but then he hiccuped. "Oof."

Jasper began to laugh softly. "Oh, you're going to be a mess tonight."

"Yeah, probably," he smirked. Sighing heavily, he stared at him for a moment. "God, you look so good," he mumbled as he leaned over to kiss him, his hand grazing his stomach under

his jacket. "I love seeing you both dressed up. I wish I could show you both off properly. Yell at everyone that you're mine."

"Eh," he drew out. "Show her off. She's the pretty one." He winked at me playfully, kissing his jaw as he did.

Turning to me, Edward pulled me into a quick kiss before laying his forehead against mine. "More than one of my co-stars mentioned how beautiful you are. I can't wait to dance with you. It's always so much fun, but I wish Sarah was here. Then you'd have someone to dance with all night too." He took Jasper's hand and squeezed it.

"Too bad. Though she'd get you too pissed, and I want to fool around when we get home..." He replied a bit sarcastically as his palm drifted from his knee to the inside of his thigh. Our boyfriend opened his legs a little, hoping he would move lower.

"True," he snickered, leaning forward to pick up the bottle of whiskey. He offered a freshly filled glass to me first. "Then I guess I'll have to be the bad influence tonight. Cheers, love."

"Set your alarm on your phone," I said as I held his gaze, drinking the amber liquid. It was pleasantly smooth and warm in the back of my throat. It was an expensive brand that I had never had before. "Okay, one more." I bought it up to him, biting my lip.

"Good girl. Drink up. We're celebrating tonight." He poured a heavy shot that was probably closer to two. "It's the beginning of my career as a serious actor. And tomorrow, I'll fulfill a dream I've had for years. Since before I picked up a camera, I wanted to make a movie with a few different directors and now... They're coming to me." Grinning, he shook his head in disbelief. "Is it that good? Do you think I'll win awards?"

"Yes!" We said again in unison. I passed Jasper the glass so he could have his share. I knew he would like it, too.

Slowly, I traced the line in Edward's pants where they had been pressed. "You were terrifying in it. You looked like a real villain."

"And they left that open on purpose, the editing... They wanted to leave it for a sequel with you. Maybe with you as the big bad guy..." Jasper added thoughtfully, taking a sip. "It's what I would do with that ending."

Laughing, he shook his head in skepticism. "They haven't said anything about that, and they only signed me on for one movie. Plus, I don't know if this director has ever done a sequel."

"There is a first time for everything."

“They’d be stupid not to do it. Especially when the film does well,” I declared. “And it will. It’s going to be the first blockbuster of the summer. It’s going to be so hard to top, too.”

“God! You are so terrible for my ego,” he continued to chuckle. He put his arm around my shoulder and kissed my temple. His lips lingered there for a long moment. “I hate looking at critical reviews. YouTube, I don’t give a shit what others think. I’m making it for me. But when it’s for someone else...”

“Don’t read them. Ever. Seriously. Follow the money. Look at how well it does. That’s where it matters,” our boyfriend countered instantly. “You’re good with numbers, and you know how they work. Stick to that, yeah?”

He sighed. “I suppose you’re right. As long as you like it.”

“I love it,” he swore, pulling on his tie. They kissed for a long minute, sloppy, and a little drunk. We pulled into the front of the club, so Jasper slurped down his drink quickly. “Let’s go party.”

There was also a small red carpet at the entrance, but we just took pictures. He was done with the paparazzi for the evening. We posed for several minutes, though. Edward didn’t let go of me the entire time. He had used up all of his energy during the movie, but he didn’t let it show.

It made me feel beautiful how he touched me and moved me to pose. Modeling really did come naturally to him. His brooding face was intense, almost cocky. Every part of him oozed charm. We kissed for the cameras, his hand on my back as he dipped me back.

The entire club was for us. There were a lot of folks involved with the film, so they needed the space. The music was so loud. Discos balls were everywhere and were throwing prisms. It was quite the effect. It streaked across the floor and onto the crowd.

The second we walked in, people were on top of us because they wanted a minute of his time. All he could do was smile and act, but luckily, he was amazing at it.

Everyone got us drinks- round after round of nice champagne or trendy liquor. Eddie was the man of the hour, almost everybody who showed up to the afterparty who was somebody needing to chat with him. Directors, producers, writers, other actors. He got handed so many cards. I felt more like a prop than anything else because he barely got to introduce me before they were jabbering about work.

Jasper kept by my side, whispering in my ear and making sure I had drinks. He thought it was boring too.

“Hi,” a pretty young man with slicked-back hair in a nice suit said with a smile as he came up to us. Edward was talking to the director of the movie about upcoming projects that were years in advance. I couldn’t keep up, but I had too much to drink to even try. “Bella and Jasper, right?” We nodded. “I’m the head sound editor on Convergence. I enjoy his channel, though,” he pointed with his beer bottle at our boyfriend. “I’ve been a fan for a few years, actually. I started off in video games and worked on a couple he was in when he was starting out.”

“He’ll be happy to hear that,” I promised with a grin. “It’s his baby.”

He nodded with a pleasant smirk. “I like all the new cooking stuff. It always looks like you guys are having a good time.”

Jasper put his hand on my back. “We are. Bella always makes anything she does a blast, even work.”

Giggling, I blushed as I looked down. “I just like cooking for my boys so much. All of them. And Lauren too.”

The guy smiled, taking a sip of his beer. “That’s really what makes good content. The love of it. Um, anyway... I’m Jorge.”

We shook hands. “Pleasure to meet you,” my man responded.

“I don’t suppose you’d like to dance?” He asked Jasper, pointing with his drink again. He looked him over slowly, pulling his lip between his teeth for a moment.

Opening his mouth, he peered at me, then our boyfriend, who was still loudly chattering away and making his audience laugh. I shrugged. I didn’t mind if he had a little fun. There was no reason for him not to. It was only a dance.

“Sure, why not...” He finally replied, shrugging his shoulders before quickly finishing his drink. He placed the empty glass on the small table we were settled at.

When they walked to the floor, he glanced at me with wide eyes. It made me giggle softly. It was playful and silly. And it caught our boyfriend’s attention.

“Who’s that, and where is he going?” He blurted out, interrupting his conversation to look at me.

“That is a long-time fan of yours that asked Jasper for a dance. Seems really nice. Said he was a sound editor,” I explained in a sweet tone. “You know, dancing. What we should do with what little time we have before we have to go. One of us has to get up early in the morning to shoot.”

He stood. "You're absolutely right. I am so sorry for ignoring you. If everyone would excuse me," he spoke to the group of maybe ten people. If they responded, he didn't wait for one.

When we got to the middle of the dance floor, he pulled me close, but he was looking around for our boyfriend over the top of my head. "Oh, ho ho. Your green-eyed monster is showing. It's so cute," I teased.

Edward pursed his lips before sighing. "Um... Maybe a little. I wouldn't like it if someone danced with you that I didn't know either. Sarah or Alice is one thing, but- He's a big boy, though. He can do what he likes," he mumbled the last sentence against my skin before kissing my bare shoulder. His arms squeezed me.

"We'll dance for a song or two, then I'll go reclaim him for you. Then we can for a while, and you can go schmooze up those future paychecks," I spoke in a cloying voice before patting his cheek. "They want your secret sauce so bad." He snorted at my wording. "They want what you got so much. But if they want it, they're going to have to pay."

His grin got huge. "That's right, baby. Never give it away for free."

It changed to a slower song, so we swayed together. I leaned my head against his chest, closing my eyes as I felt his heart beating. His arms locked around me totally. The club was hot, but I still wanted to be closer.

"I'm going to miss you this weekend. I wish it weren't two weekends in a row. And then, in a couple of weeks, you're going to Australia. We're going to be so busy. I hate it," he blurted out suddenly.

"It'll be okay, though. It's stuff we need to get done. And I want to be finally fully moved in with you. Then we'll have a bit of a break from traveling for a while."

"That's true," he smiled. "We need to get a bigger place soon. For real. But I love the house so much."

"We could just keep it as our shooting space and make our work stuff separate."

"Maybe," he breathed. We had spun in a different direction. When we did, he grunted softly. "Oh, I don't like that." It was so deep.

"What?" I laughed at his blurring out. His liquor was getting to him. I turned to see what he was staring at. It was our boyfriend with the other man very close. His back was to us, but the guy was smiling as they talked. He was obviously having a pleasant time. He had his arms

around his waist, his hands draping just above his bottom. Giggling, I rolled my eyes. “Want me to break up the party?”

He chewed it over for only a second. “Yes.” Then he swatted my ass. “Please?”

I nodded then swaggered over to them, sliding my palms up his back to get his attention. “I’m so sorry to interrupt, gentlemen. But we’ll have to go soon, and you promised to dance with me at least once before we went.”

Instantly, he turned to me with a smile. “Oh, you’re right. I did.” He looked back. “Thank you for the chat. Have a good evening.” It was so quick.

“Can I get your number?” He questioned, surprised it was happening so fast.

Jasper was a little pink when he answered. “You’re very nice, but no. Goodnight.” We walked several feet before he pulled me to him almost roughly. “My, he was boring. I was having trouble finding an out. You have perfect timing,” he muttered.

I slid my arms around his neck. “Thank your jealous man. He got annoyed that another boy was touching his property.”

“That makes it even better. It was a group effort,” he joked. “If we ever break up, my standards are going to be impossibly high.”

“Then I guess we shouldn’t ever do that, huh?”

He embraced me tighter. “Nope.”

We danced for a couple of songs before we found Edward and had more drinks. At midnight, I rubbed his shoulder to get his attention. Once again, he had a crowd around him. “You need to be up in a few hours.”

“Right. I’m going to be terrible tomorrow.” He looked to the crowd who were eating up his every word. “I need to get some beauty rest. You know how it is. Goodnight!” Once again, he didn’t wait.

We had to push through a sea of people to get outside. Reporters took our pictures, shouting questions that we didn’t answer as we waited for the car.

“Fuck, I’m starving,” Edward complained as he flopped into the middle. His skin was flushed from drinking and the heat. “I’ve not eaten all day because I’ve been nervous. I’m craving Maccas. Is that okay?”

“Mm, yes. Sounds good,” our boyfriend replied right away. I nodded eagerly because I would never turn down french fries.

We couldn't go through the drive-thru with the limo, so we went inside. It was a twenty-four-hour lobby, but there was only one person in it. They had kiosks for ordering food, making it easier than trying to explain anything drunkenly to the poor cashiers. Especially with me hanging off Edward, distracting him with my hands and kisses.

We ordered so much junk- fries, nuggets, burgers, apple pies, and milkshakes. We needed the sugar and fat, though. All the adrenaline had taken a toll. It would probably help the hangover too.

I sat on his lap while we waited for it, nuzzling his jaw with my nose. I had too much and didn't care if anyone saw us making out. His arms were tight around my waist, relaxing in the chair. I played with his hair, tugging it gently. His head fell back, and he hissed through his teeth with a smile. I playfully nipped his skin.

“Save it until we get home,” Jasper teased under his breath.

“Want her to pull yours too?” He quipped as he grabbed my ass. His state of being wasn't much better than mine.

“Yeah, I do,” he winked. They called our number, so he stood to get it. “Let's get to the house before you get us in trouble.”