



Episode One-Hundred-sixty.

We ate in the car on the ride home, feeding each other fries and stealing bites of the different burgers and nuggets we purchased. It was exactly what I needed. We hadn't eaten since lunch, and my stomach was getting annoyed at how much we had to drink with nothing to soak it up.

Stumbling to our door, I slipped my shoes off because they weren't doing me any favors. I had a blister on the top of my foot, and my toes were cramped. Once we were inside, Jasper scooped me up and kissed me deeply. Dipping me back, his hand gripped my ass. My heels were flung from my grasp, crashing to the floor loudly. It didn't stop us, though. I giggled against his mouth. When we pulled apart, I took a step back to relax against the wall to catch my breath.

Then he yanked our boyfriend to him with his tie. They kissed passionately as he took control. He backed him up to the door, slamming him against it. He might have been shorter, but he was stronger.

"I hated seeing someone else touch you," Edward grumbled against his neck before biting down on his earlobe. "You're ours." His hand smoothed down his spine to his ass, gripping it tightly.

“Do you really think I’d want another man?” He questioned as he worked off his belt. His eyes never left his, drawing it out in one smooth move and chunking it to the floor with my shoes. “Why are you jealous? You know I’m yours.”

He pouted like a child, his lips pursing a little as his nose scrunched up. “I should be able to tell people to fuck off from my boyfriend. I can do it with Bella, but I can’t with you.”

Laughing softly, he tugged off his tie. “It was just a dance.” It floated to the ground.

“Mine,” he continued, pulling his turtleneck out of his pants after pushing his jacket off his shoulders. He turned him, so he was against the door. “Ours.” He took his neck in his hands, holding his chin up so he would look into his powerful green eyes. His thumb skimmed over his bottom lip.

Jasper pulled him closer by his shirt, so they were smashed together. They kissed for a long minute, his fingers in his hair as he held him in place. Edward’s hands slid down his chest.

“I don’t need anyone but you two,” he promised. “Let’s go to bed, and I’ll show you just how much.”

He pushed off the door and walked towards me, taking my hand while still holding our man’s.

When the alarm went off, I groaned loudly. I was lying face-first on my stomach, my nose shoved into my soft white pillow. Jasper was in the middle with his hand on my ass and was snoring noisily. His mouth was hanging open, and just the tiniest bit of drool was dripping from it.

“I made a mistake,” Edward complained as he slapped at the bedside table to look for it. All I wanted was the cheerful singing to shut up. “Why did I drink that much? Why am I fucking idiot? Shitttt.” He covered his eyes with both of his enormous hands, shaking his head back and forth.

I tried to wake Jasper, but he moaned and grabbed my arm, then snuggled me into submission. “Baby, no,” I laughed and struggled to get out of his grip. “No…” He rolled over on top of me and buried his face in my neck. “Fuck, you heavy bastard, get off of me,” I complained loudly in a strained and winded voice.

Snorting, he moved down and shoved his nose into my stomach. “Can we sleep on the plane?”

“It’s a private jet with a bed in the back,” Edward mumbled. “So, yeah.”

“Oi, fancy.” He pushed onto his back and rubbed his eyes. Slowly, he stretched, popping everything he could.

“I’ll go start some coffee,” I murmured, pushing myself up without bothering to get dressed. Both of my men groaned in thanks and rolled into each other to cuddle. When I came back, they were still in bed, unmoved. I threw on my robe while the kettle bubbled. “Get up.” I smacked at the tops of their feet that hung out of the blanket.

“Fine.” Forcing himself up, Edward stumbled to the bathroom.

Jasper slipped on sleep pants and followed me into the kitchen. I put some bread in the toaster oven while he wordlessly went to the fridge to get butter, jam, and creamer. I nibbled on a banana since I knew it would be good for my stomach and muscles after everything I drank the night before. Traveling was going to be a bitch.

I searched for easy stuff to go with our lazy meal. All I could find was cut up fruit and Greek yogurt, but it was enough. I was feeling a little queasy and wasn’t sure how much I could really stomach.

“Holy shit,” Jasper grunted behind me. Leaning against the island, he was reading his phone.

The kettle whistled, so I poured it into the French press. “What?” I questioned as I glanced over my shoulder. It could have been a million things, from a personal message or the news.

He looked up at me with a slight grin. “So, I’m on Rotten Tomatoes. Wanna guess the critic’s score of the movie?”

Humming, I tried to be objective. “Eighty-five percent?” I would have given it a ten out of ten, but I might have been biased.

He shook his head. “Ninety-five. They’re already certifying it fresh.”

“What?!” I brought my hands to my mouth and did a little hop in place. “Are you serious?”

Nodding, he continued reading something else on the screen. “The reviews are amazing, too. ‘A bombastic thrill ride.’ Uh, agreed. ‘It borrows from the classics while making them it’s own.’ And... ‘Every moment is a blast.’”

“What happened to not worrying what the critics have to say?” Edward asked with a sly smile as he came into the room. He was only in his boxers, his hair everywhere. His nose was slightly pink, and he had a grin that stretched to one side.

Jasper stared into his eyes. “But the best part of this superb ride was Eddie Cullen, who plays Issac’s right-hand man, Elliot, to perfection. As charismatic as he is crazy, the last time an actor stole a movie this hard with this little screen time was Anthony Hopkins in Silence of the Lambs. He owns every second and demands your attention with his wit, delightful delivery, and overall badassness. This is a rollercoaster I’m already getting in line for again. Five out of five stars.”

He turned redder with every sentence. “No.”

“Yes,” he retorted, his smile growing. “Darling, you just got compared to Anthony Hopkins!”

His eyes began to tear up, and he sniffled deeply. “No,” he repeated. I threw myself at him, wrapping my arms around his neck. “They didn’t say that,” he mumbled into my cheek as his snaked around me.

“Yes, they did,” I laughed. “And they’re right! I’m so proud of you.”

He squeezed me to him. “But I was so sad the entire time. All I could think about was you. I put all my emotions into it,” he whispered as his fingers tightened around my ribs. “I felt like I was going mad without you.”

“And it made it incredible. Now imagine what you can do with your happiness.”

He kissed me deeply, wiggling me in place, so my feet swung around us. “Thank you,” he chuckled. Edward was trying so hard not to cry. He was such a sensitive soul.

“Why are you thanking me?” I giggled. “This is all you, baby. And guess what?”

“What?”

“In a couple of hours, you’re going to make some more magic with a director who sought you out. He called you personally because of how remarkable you are.”

“I don’t even know what I’m about to film,” he argued, shaking his head. They were keeping everything as secret as possible. He wouldn’t get his lines until he was on set. He didn’t even know what part he was about to play. They were trying to switch out the actors without bringing attention to themselves after the scumbag got arrested.

I grinned. “Sounds like fun, though.”

“Come get something to eat before you have to shower,” Jasper called to us. He had buttered the bread and put it on the table with the rest of the stuff I had already pulled out. “You

can't make magic on an empty stomach, especially this hungover." He shook a bottle of painkillers at him.

Edward had to leave before us, but he was much more awake and excited than he was before. Being twenty-five also made it easier to get over his headache. Before he left, he gave me something to give Alice. It was a rather large gift-wrapped box he pulled out of the closet. I had no idea what it was, but I wouldn't question it.

I wore pajamas to the airport. It was trashy, but no one else was going to see us. Jasper only put on sweatpants and a hoodie. We might have been showered and fed, but we weren't awake. Right after takeoff, we went into the private cabin for a nap.

Snuggling in behind me, my boyfriend loved being the big spoon. "Hm, shouldn't we join the mile high club?"

"Maybe on the flight back." I pulled the covers up to my nose, and almost as soon as I closed my eyes, I was asleep.

Not moving from my spot, I was awakened by the steward who knocked on our door to let us know that we would land in twenty minutes. I got five solid hours of rest, which made me feel so much better. After changing, we took our seats. She brought us bottles of water while we circled Lagaardia to wait for our runway. It was just after six o'clock in the evening, and by the time we got to our hotel, the sun was setting.

I texted Alice to let her know that we had checked in. She was still at the office. Summer was coming, and it was her busiest time of the year. There were dozens of trips and events planned for June and July.

Jasper was staring out the window at Manhattan down below. We had an amazing view of Central Park. Edward had gotten us something nice when he thought we were all going. It was a beautiful suite, and he was trying to spoil us. It would have been a very romantic setting for all of us. And it made me miss him more.

I wrapped my arms around his waist from behind. "How are you feeling?"

He didn't look away from the city. "I'm alright. The nap helped."

"Do you want to go to my place? We can order dinner once Alice gets there. Maybe we can pick up some packing supplies on the way."

"Sure, sounds good," he agreed with a pleasant smile.

We took a taxi to Queens. He kept his eyes out the window the entire time. He had never been to New York before, and his grin was huge. Everything was bright and beautiful, the lights

glowing. I loved the city at night, too. I would show him as much as I could in our short time there.

We stopped at a mini-mall a few blocks from my apartment to pick up plastic tubs and bubble wrap. Jasper pushed around the cart lazily, only his elbows resting on it.

“I have no idea how many I need.”

“We can always come to get more.”

I pursed my lips to the side. “True. Also, I can just leave them for Al if I get too many. She could use them. I’m overthinking this.” I started to fill up the basket with a variety of sizes.

“You? Overthink? Never!” He teased.

I stuck my tongue out at him, making him chuckle. Then I heard in a tiny voice. “Aunt Bella?”

My niece was standing at the end of the aisle with her head cocked to the side in confusion. The last time I had seen her was February, and she was at least two inches taller.

“Claire!” I shouted, wrapping her up in a big hug. Though I didn’t even tell my feet to move, I was there, embracing her. “Oh, I’ve missed you! Did you get the box?” I had been collecting treats from my travels, and I had been sending them whenever I had a chance. Earlier in the week, I sent her goodies from Washington. Candy, trinkets, a stuffed wolf, and a book about the Quileute people.

“Yes, I did! Thank you!” She beamed, gripping onto my forearms. “I thought you moved to Los Angeles!”

I laughed. “Actually, that’s why I’m here. I’m getting the rest of my stuff.”

Lowering her voice, she peeked around. “Is Eddie here?”

“Aw, no, sweetie. He had to work. He’s filming a movie right now. I’m here with our wonderful friend Jasper, though,” I explained and looked over my shoulder. I grinned at my boyfriend. “And this is my incredible niece, Claire.”

He came around the cart and offered her his hand, the other on his heart. “Oh, my! This is the lovely creature you were telling me about? You’re right. She is stunning.”

This was why all of Edward’s nieces loved him.

She went neon pink as she stared at him in awe. She was almost fourteen, and her hormones were smacking her in the ovaries. Blinking, she sputtered. "T-thank you! I love your videos. I like video games, too."

Jasper chuckled charmingly. "Oh, thank you. I'm glad you do. I'm going to be making lots of them with your aunt soon. And I'm very much looking forward to it. I love playing with her."

"That's so cool," she breathed. She looked over, and her eyes lit up when she saw someone. "Mommy! Look!"

Aiden's sister was confused for a moment before she smiled. She hurried down the aisle towards me, abandoning her cart to come quicker. "I didn't know you were in town!"

"It's only for a couple of days, and I'll be packing," I explained. "But I'm so glad I get to see you! I was going to call about lunch if we had the time."

"Make time!" She laughed, holding my hands. "We miss you! Esther is going to want to see you. We're going over to her place tomorrow to eat. You have to come."

I glanced at my man, who smiled encouragingly. "Well, I guess I need to introduce you to Jewish food." I looked at my former sister-in-law. "Helena, this is our best friend and roommate, Jasper Hale. He's helping me move."

She shook his hand. "That's very nice of you to help!"

"Well," he chuckled, "she's going all the way to Sydney to do the same. It only seems fair."

"Oh, no," I began dryly. "I have to go to paradise and stay at my place with a private beach. How terrible," I drew out. Gazing at her, I remembered I hadn't spoken to her in a while and hadn't told her. "Eddie bought me a house, by the way. Just on a whim, because I liked it. An adorable little bungalow with a stretch of crystal clear water."

"Oh, my god! Where can I get a man like that?"

"Australia, apparently," I teased, winking at Jasper. They had both done it to me in the past few days, and it was finally my turn. Smiling, he glanced away.

"You're really coming over tomorrow?" Claire inquired just to make sure, but she kept her eyes glued on him. She might have liked Edward, but she thought he was hot. I couldn't blame her. He was.

I looked at him to be certain, and he gave me a quick nod. "We'd love to. You know what? Don't tell your Grandma. Let's surprise her. What time should I show up?"

“Any time after one. You know how Mom is,” Helena smirked. “So, what are you doing now?”

I pointed at the cart. “Packing supplies. We just got here a couple of hours ago. It shouldn’t take me too long. I’m not taking much.”

“Well, I’m glad we’ll get to see you.”

“Me too. We won’t be able to stay all day though, because I have plans with the girls. We’re going to dinner and such.”

“Anything is better than nothing.” She peeked at her watch. “I need to go pick up Mike in about twenty minutes. So, we’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Of course,” I promised before I hugged my niece again then kissed her forehead. “Love you, baby. See you soon.”

She kept her eyes on us the entire time she walked behind her mother. I curled my fingers, waving goodbye.

“What a cutie,” he commented, taking the cart once more.

“You don’t mind?” I asked in a soft voice so no one else could hear us.

He shook his head. “Not at all. But I don’t have to go if you don’t want me too.”

I reached for his hand. “I do, though. I want my family to meet you, even if I can’t explain fully who you are. At least for right now. Maybe someday we can.”

“Would you tell them?” I nodded instantly. I wasn’t ashamed of anything we were doing. We were just three people in love. “You’re so brave. I would be so scared to lose them.”

“They’re still my family and always will be. I couldn’t, no matter what I did, because that’s what it’s like to love someone unconditionally. They only care about my happiness, and as long as I’m not hurting myself or anyone else, they’re going to be thrilled.”