



Episode One-hundred-sixty-three:

We went back to the hotel to get ready to meet my friends for dinner before we went to whatever venue they picked for the evening. Personally, I didn't care where we went, as long as I was with them. I sorted through the garbage bag, pulling the one I wanted out from the very bottom before going to the bathroom to get to work. Thankfully, the dress even smelled nice, like lavender.

I was jealous of how my men could get ready in seconds, and it took me an hour and a half after a shower. But that was the world we lived in. I curled my hair and pinned it to the top of my head in a forties style, making my makeup vivid red to go with the outfit. It went with it almost perfectly. Even my eyeshadow was crimson with thick black winged eyeliner.

Jasper was talking to Edward on the phone as he looked out the window with his back turned to me when I came out. I slipped on my Jimmy Choo's before I sorted my purse. I was probably going to have him carry most of my stuff in his pockets because I didn't want to lose anything. It was just easier.

"Yeah," he chuckled. "Yes, it was delicious! And his mother and father seem lovely." He laughed again, his head falling back as he put his hand on the window frame. He was wearing a pair of steel-gray slacks and a black button-down with the top one undone. "Isn't her niece a doll? The girls will love her. I can see them getting along just swimmingly." He grinned warmly. "Uh-huh, right? I can't wait to take them all surfing. That'll be so much fun. I haven't gone in-" He

turned and finally saw me. It made him stop mid-sentence. “Ooooo, yes,” he drew out in a deeper tone. He bit his bottom lip purposefully. “Mmmm. Oh, our girlfriend is smoking hot.” Giggling, I shook my head as I went to get my wrap. It may have been close to June, but NYC didn’t care about that. It was still cold.

He spun his phone around and switched it to Facetime. Edward was in makeup, his hair slicked back with sweat. I couldn’t tell what his costume was, though. “Damnnnn, look at you. I haven’t seen that dress!”

“That’s because Esther just gave it to me.” I twisted in my spot a little to give the right sparkle effect while holding my hands out. “It’s straight from 1985, and I’ve got some more for later. No ripping these off, though. I like them more.”

“Let me see the back,” he demanded. Rolling my eyes, I turned completely around and peeked over my shoulder. Slowly, I slid my hand over my ass. Jasper pointed the phone straight at it. “Oh, yeah. There we go. Thank you.”

I wiggled it at him. Twisting back around, I giggled. “How’s it going there?”

His grin was crooked, pushed to one side. “I’m having so much fun. It’s a fantasy- um, it’s hard to explain. But I’m a pirate,” he laughed. “You’ll see. It’s- it’s magical. It really is,” he grinned. “I miss you both, though. Especially that fine backside-” He stopped, his eyes getting wider. “Oh, shit. People,” he whispered, then chuckled awkwardly. “Hi.”

“They’re ready for you on set, Mr. Cullen,” someone explained in an almost bored voice in the background. I couldn’t see them.

“Ah, that’s my cue.”

“Break a leg, baby. I love you,” I cooed before blowing a kiss.

He beamed. “I love you too. Both of you.” He pursed his lips. “Jasper!” He called so he would turn the phone around. “Take pictures for me later, hm?”

His smirk grew naughty. “What kind?”

“You know what kind,” he murmured in a low tone before he ended the call abruptly.

We gazed at each other for a minute. “We’ll see,” I commented, pulling my shawl around my shoulders. He gave my ass a good swat before he opened the door to leave, making me laugh loudly. It was going to be a fun night.

Emmett saw us first in front of The Arepa’s Café. Rose and Alice were already there, chatting very close together. We were meeting Demetri and Riley after. He had a show to do.

The tourist season was just beginning to pick up, and he would be busy for months. Em's smile grew huge. "Ooooo, girl." He finger-snapped in a z. "You are serving up some LOOKS!"

With my hands on my hips, I struck a pose. "Two thousand dollar shoes, Target clutch, and a hand-me-down dress that was headed to Goodwill." I held my arms out and spun. "It's something."

Rose embraced me tightly. "You look great!" When she pulled away, she held her hand out to my boyfriend. "Hi, Jasper. Nice to meet you." She smiled at him warmly, trying to show that she was okay with what we were doing. It wasn't for her, but she wasn't judging.

"You too," he grinned, then shook Emmett's hand. His gaze started at his feet until they slowly arrived at the top. "My, you are a big bloke, aren't ya?"

Squeezing her husband's arm with both of her hands, Rose's fingers couldn't go around them. She leaned in with a proud grin. "That's because he's my big mountain man."

He put his arm around her waist, pulling her closer. His fingers curled under her chin as he kissed her. "And you're my little Cajun gal." She melted.

Alice stuck out her tongue and pretended to gag as she looked at us. Jasper snorted. Her sister kicked at her, but she was able to dodge. Meanly giggling, she took my arm as she danced away. "So, what are you going to get?"

We walked in together before I answered, humming as I thought. "My usual, of course. I'm craving it so badly."

My boyfriend put his hand on the small of my back. "Dove, would you order for me? I trust you," he asked as he came around the other side of me. His eyes flitted over the menu. "Everything looks spectacular. How do you even choose?"

The young man who worked the counter the day of the attack was there. He must have been five inches taller and didn't have his braces anymore, but he was still covered in acne. "Hey! Long time no see! Wow! You look nice. Are you going out tonight?"

"Thanks," I smiled. "Yup, hitting the town. How are you doing?"

"Great!" He beamed. "I just finished high school, and I'm going to NYU next year."

"That's fantastic! That's my alma mater."

He grinned. One of the other employees walked by, and he realized he wasn't supposed to be socializing. "Yeah!" He cleared his throat and ducked his head. "So, what can I get you?"

After he took our order and I paid, he looked around curiously. He whispered, "Um, I've been watching your YouTube channels. They're really cool. My mom likes your cooking videos."

I slipped a twenty into the tip jar. "Thanks," I repeated. How could I not with how complimentary and sweet he was?

He pointed at Jasper. "I really like yours, too." Then he leaned over the counter to peek at the tables. "Um, is he around?" We didn't have to ask who.

"Nah, he's working," our boyfriend replied for us. "He's devastated about missing these, too. Said it was delicious when he had it, so I'm looking forward to it."

"He liked it?!" He asked excitedly, almost bouncing in place. Peeking around again, this time towards the back, he then inclined in so he could whisper once more. "If you ever wanted to film one of your restaurant ones here, it would make my mom's decade. If you wanted to, you know. I don't know how you pick them."

Giggling, I looked at Jasper. "Well, I don't know when he'll be able to go with us to New York, but when we do, he would love to."

His entire face lit up. "Really?" He almost shouted before quickly becoming embarrassed and lowering his voice. "Are you sure?" He even tried to make it deeper.

My man put his hand on my hip. "If she asked, he would do it in a second."

"We could frame it as going to my favorite restaurant," I said to the blond, thinking about what Edward would want. "This is one of those places I would agree to try the entire menu, especially if we could bring all of my friends to help." I looked back at the young boy. "We'll call you next time we're around. I can't promise it'll be soon, but it's for sure something we're interested in."

We sat at a table in the corner to wait for our order. We were sharing a couple of appetizers and a pitcher of sangria to start with. Emmett's eyes were comically wide. "You're, like, famous." He batted his eyelashes. "O.M.G."

Snorting, I shook my head as I picked a piece of fruit from my drink. "I'm famous adjacent." I popped it into my mouth.

"No. You're not," Jasper argued right away.

We stared at each other before I glanced away. "I'm not Eddie's level. And the only reason anyone knows who I am is him."

He rolled his eyes. "No. Not anymore. And when the film comes out..." he trailed off.

“You were in a movie?!” Emmett questioned more seriously. “When did this happen?”

I wasn't sure why he was acting as if it was a big deal. “Um... I was an extra in something Eddie did a couple of months ago.”

Jasper leaned in. “And they loved her so much, they've asked them to film additional scenes. And the music video. Mustn't forget that. That's soon.”

“What?” Rose gasped, gripping the edge of the table. “You're going to be in a music video?”

“For the movie,” I explained, blushing at the attention. Taking another sip, I cleared my throat. “Erica is doing a cover of Naked Eye.”

“Erica?!” The twins shrieked. Their teenage side was showing.

Emmett wrinkled his nose. “I don't know that song,” he spoke normally at the same time they did.

“Yes, you do,” I laughed, ignoring them, and began to sing the chorus. “With my naked eye, I saw all the falling rain coming down on me. With my naked eye, I saw all, if I said it all, I could see.”

The girls knew it too and sang the next part. “And it feels alright...” It was definitely something we had sung many times back in the day. It was one of my favorites when I was growing up. It made sense since Sarah's character was supposed to be a psychic.

The men laughed and clapped, as did two other groups who were sitting beside us. It made me flush neon because I didn't realize there were people listening to us. I covered my face with my hands, shaking my head.

The young man brought a plate to the table. “You have a pretty voice,” he complimented politely.

“Thanks,” I whispered. I wanted to sink down under the table.

Chuckling, Jasper put his arm around my shoulder and brought his lips to my ear. “You need to sing for the channel.”

“No. I'm not that great. I'll play, but-” I shook my head again. My heartbeat picked up, just thinking about it.

Rose took my hand. “You're amazing. You should.”

I stuck my tongue out before I reached for my drink, taking a long sip. I didn't want to talk about it anymore. "I do enough. I'm good."

Our food arrived, thankfully changing the direction of the conversation.

Jasper and Emmett got along amazingly. They had a very similar sense of humor, and both were whip-smart. We laughed the entire time, but the sangria helped. They would both flirt with a brick wall and probably charm it somehow.

The young man brought dessert for everyone at the table, even though we didn't order it. Before we could say anything, he spoke. "On the house! Have a fantastic evening." He was grinning from ear to ear- just the possibility of us coming to film made his night.

I slipped another twenty in his tip jar before we left. I didn't want him to pay for our treats out of his own pocket.

The nightclub we were going to was in Brooklyn, so we met Demetri at his place. Riley answered the door, freshly shaven and well-dressed. We hugged, greeting each other affectionately. He grinned at Jasper, knowing exactly who he was from the video. I introduced them as we walked into their home.

My old dance partner came hurrying out of his bedroom, slipping on heels as he did. He was wearing a red suit with a fat black tie. His blond hair was drawn up in a neat bun at the back of his skull. He beamed when he saw me. "Bellsssss!!" He pulled his shoulders back to look at me. "Girl, we match!"

I laughed. "I know!" Picking me up, he lifted me in the air. "Wait, wait, wait! Put me down! I want you to meet someone," I continued to giggle, holding onto his forearms. My heels clicked loudly on the wooden floor. Turning to my boyfriend with a huge grin, I held out my palm. "This is my newest and bestest friend," I spoke in a childish voice as I touched his pec. "Jasper. You will love him as much as I do."

He looked between us seriously, cocking his head and hip to the side. His eyes narrowed. Silent for a beat, his expression turned annoyed. "You're fucking him!"

My mouth dropped in shock, drawing in a sharp breath.

"Wow, he's quick," Rose laughed awkwardly.

He turned to me angrily. "Why are you cheating on that man? I love Eddie!" He stomped his foot, making it tap loudly to make a point. His voice was much deeper than normal.

I looked deeply into his eyes. “As do we.” I waved my finger between us. I spoke slowly, so his dumbass would get it. “And you know I would never cheat on my partners.”

The light went off, and his attitude changed completely. Demetri laughed. “Ohhhh, you’re all together? That’s cute. What is it? A trouple?” His tone was instantly sunny and full of sweetness, as if he didn’t spit poison seconds before.

Jasper had his hand over his mouth, his eyes wide in total shock at what just happened. It was so swift. It was his worst nightmare, being called out by a loved one of his lovers.

“We prefer trio,” I replied confidently.

Laughing abruptly, Emmett looked between the three of us. “Wait, what?” He blinked. “Are you for real?” I nodded. “You’ve got two boyfriends?” He paused in confusion, his face scrunching in disgust. “Why would you want two of those? Aren’t chicks better? I got it when you dated girls, but dudes-”

I barked out a laugh. “No, women are fucking nuts. You should feel sorry for these men! I’m definitely the crazy one in this relationship.” Taking Jasper’s hand, I stood beside him before peeking over. “I told you they’d figure it out.”

He still couldn’t say anything, his mouth hanging open as his other palm dropped away. His eyes were the size of saucers.

Riley smacked his husband hard on the shoulder. “That was so totally rude! What is wrong with you?!”

He grimaced, shrinking away some. “Shit, sorry! It just came out.” He laughed stiffly before coughing once. Demetri forced a smile. “So, how long have you been together?”

“A couple of months,” my boyfriend finally breathed. “Um, nice to meet you.” He offered him his hand.

My friend brought him into a hug instead. He was taller than him because of the shoes. Otherwise, they would have been close. “Oh, honey. It’s nice to meet you too. I’m sorry. And I wouldn’t be mad at you even if it were true. I would be with her.”

“And why would you be angry at me?” I demanded.

“Because that man is perfect for you, and your cheating on him would just be you sabotaging it. Because you have self-esteem issues. But this is better. I’m happy for you.” He suddenly gasped as he realized something. “Eddie is bi. Oh, god. That’s hot. Uhhhh, that won’t help my fantasies...” he trailed off, looking off into the middle distance.

I thwacked him several times on the arm until he dissolved in laughter.

"I hate you. Can we just go? I need a drink!" I complained.

My friends spoke the entire ride, keeping up the conversation as my boyfriend sat beside me silently. I held onto his arm as we walked up to the club. It was overflowing with people, so loud that no one else could hear us. "I'm sorry about that," I whispered in his ear. "I didn't expect him to do that."

He let out an unsteady breath. "Jesus, that scared the hell out of me."

Grimacing, I wrinkled my nose. "He's wild and loud. I should have warned you better."

"He is!" Riley grumbled as he walked around me, putting his hand on my shoulder. "I am so embarrassed. We really are thrilled for you, though." He reached over to touch Jasper's arm. "Whatever makes you happy. We aren't people to judge. We're all different here."

"Ain't that the truth," Alice agreed as she came around my boyfriend. "We accept everyone unless they're an asshole... D."

Huffing, he turned around to look at us. "Yeah, I know. I just reacted. I'm such a jackass." He put his hand on his heart. "I'm buying the first couple of rounds."

"It's okay. At least we don't have to pretend," Jasper replied before shrugging. Smiling, he glanced over at me. "She said you'd be cool with it, and I'm glad you are. I had a hard enough time coming out as not straight. Polyamorous is a whole different beast."

I leaned in and pecked his cheek, nuzzling it for a moment. I would have kissed his lips if we weren't in public. His strong fingers brushed over my jaw. "Don't let him off too easy. Make him suffer, so he gets us more drinks." When I looked at my friend, I wiggled my eyebrows.

Demetri rolled his eyes, but he was smirking. "Shots?" I nodded. "Coming right up!"

My boyfriend put his arm around my waist, resting his head on my shoulder for a moment. "You know... I wasn't going to indulge too much, but now, I think I will. My reasons not to seemed to have disappeared."

"What were those?" I asked, biting my bottom lip.

"I don't have to hide my true affection for you. If I had too much, I'd undoubtedly blurt something out. It's hard enough to control myself sober."

Giggling, I squeezed his arm. "Same."

We sat at a table to wait for my friend to return with our drinks. It was so crowded and hot, and it made me feel old for thinking so. When I was younger, I lived for it, but as I got older, I just wanted to be home, alone, with my two loves. It smelled like Axe body spray, sweat, and the tears of drunk twenty-two-year-olds in the bathroom.

Alice laughed randomly. It pulled me from my thoughts. I looked at her in confusion. She pointed to the speakers. "The music. It's from like the late 90s."

I smirked. "I remember dancing to it back in the day."

"Me too," the twins said at the same time.

Rose shook her head, making her eyes wide. "At a school dance, probably."

"Ugh, right in the feels," Emmett laughed, clutching his chest. "Me too." He began to sing badly to the tune. "Call me big daddy when you back that ass up."

Loudly, his wife scoffed. "No."

Riley smoothed a hand over his thigh playfully. "Heya, big daddy. How you doing?" He batted his eyelashes at him as he bit his bottom lip. His fake Brooklyn accent was so thick.

He put his arm around his shoulder, scooting closer to our friend. Then he stuck his tongue out at Rosalie. She matched his expression. They flirted like children, teasing each other constantly.

Demetri shoved between them, not giving two shits about what they were doing. "A bottle of Jim and seven shot glasses. Let's get this party started off right."

"I'll get the next round," Alice said as she put her hand on my bare thigh. She squeezed it with her cool fingers. "We need to toast Bella's newfound success. And happiness." She raised her shot glass to Jasper, smiling at him as she did, then winked.

He lifted his own before tapping the edge of hers, then threw the alcohol back. "Cheers, doves."

After seven shots over an hour, I was practically sitting on Jasper's lap and loudly singing along to the music with the ladies. There was some rum drink in my hand, fruity and bright red. It was one of the specials of the night. I was just picking random things to try. It was delicious, but the sugar levels were probably bad for my impending hangover.

My boyfriend's arm was around my waist, sipping on a beer as he continued to chat with Riley and Emmett. They were talking about immigration, curious about how he was fairing the

process as lawyers. It was Em's specialty. He offered to help him in any way he could. Mainly, Edward's attorneys were working on it, and all he had to do was sign paperwork.

"Girl, come rub that ass all over me," Demetri yelled to get my attention, then winked dramatically with his whole face. "Wanna dance?" He held out his hand, palm up, and wiggled his fingers.

"Hell yeah!"

He pulled me out into the middle of the floor. The music was deliciously loud. It filled my head, drowning out everything else. This was the best part of the club scene and the only reason I kept coming back. A couple of minutes later, we were joined by Alice and Jasper. She giggled as he tugged her close, whispering something in her ear. Nodding, she bit her lip for a moment, then glanced at me.

Shifting closer, she spoke into my ear. "Want some gummy bears?"

I had totally forgotten about the edibles. She had brought them up a couple of days before, but she had been pretty quiet the whole night. Alice probably had them before she left the house and forgotten until then. She had a dangerous habit of thinking everyone was just as high as her, even if they were sober. I looked at my boyfriend. He was smirking. Undoubtedly, she had already asked if he wanted to. "Sure. Why not? Only a few to start with, though."

They actually tasted decent, the sweetness overwhelming. They were cherry-flavored, too. I liked them.

Famous last words.