



Episode One-hundred-sixty-nine:

I felt kind of, sort of, human in the morning. Enough to fake it, at least. But I was cramping and uncomfortable. And my period was extremely heavy. I brought a backpack full of supplies just in case things went sideways for me, and I was drugged up to the gills. Not as bad as the day before, though.

Edward was little-kid levels of excited to have us all there with him on the set, even if most of his day would be spent in front of a green screen. It was going to be a lot of CGI. It was the best way to make magic in Hollywood. Or the cheapest.

When we arrived, there was a team of fifteen people to get him ready in hair and makeup. They gave him a wig that was almost the same shade as his hair, but shinier and long. It was well past his shoulders. They also gave him several fake scars on his face. They were at the corner of his eyes and over his lip. His costume was so over the top. His black leather breeches were super tight, and he was obviously wearing a codpiece underneath. And his scarlet shirt was tattered and exposed most of his chest. They covered up his tattoo with dozens of others on his pecs and arms where it was open. One of the final touches was loads of jewelry- layered necklaces and bunches of earrings. The outfit was completed with knee-high leather boots. It was a look, to be sure.

He got up and did a little spin, holding up his hands out at his sides as the makeup artists hurried out of the room to get someone else ready. There was only one left, cleaning up the mess they made.

“Woo! Ten out of ten,” Alice cheered, making me laugh. Jasper and I began to golf clap. Our boyfriend jokingly bowed. “Turn around.”

“Yum,” I giggled when he obliged. “Are these coming home with us? Please say yes.” He shook his head when he twisted back. “Well, that’s okay. I’m definitely going to buy you a pair. Merry Christmas to me.”

“To wear with the fangs he stole from the last one,” Jasper mumbled under his breath.

Twisting to look at him with wide eyes, I gasped eagerly at the idea. “Oh, my god. Yes. Please,” I replied, putting my hand on my heart as I looked at him. Our boyfriend was turning pink in the cheeks underneath all the layers of makeup. “Oh, he’d be the perfect Lestat in that. With a blond wig. When he’s doing his eighties rocker thing.”

“Ooo,” Alice drew out. “You’re right. That’s so hot.”

Jasper chuckled the entire time. “How self-conscious are you right now, mate?”

He laughed. “So, so, so self-conscious.” He blew out a breath as he put his hands on his hips.

“We all think you’re sexy!” I giggled at their exchange. “You dirty up so good, baby.”

He rubbed his hand across the back of his neck. “I feel like a weirdo in all this junk. How can you find it attractive?”

“Um.” My best friend looked at me. “There is a mirror behind him. Does he not see himself?”

“No. Not at all. Seriously! You look incredible,” I continued. “You do realize you’re going to become a sex symbol, right?” He was almost there. Eddie was a couple of hits away from being on literally everyone’s radar. Convergence was going to be one of those. If it was big enough, it would be all that was needed to push him over the edge.

An unflattering noise came out of his throat, ducking his chin as he rolled his eyes. “Okay,” he said in a thick accent. “You don’t have to blow smoke that hard up my bum.”

My friend leaned over and whispered in my ear. “Does he realize he’s had a foursome this week, or does he think that happens to everyone?”

I put both hands out in front of me, making my eyes wide again. "Right?!"

"What did she say?" He asked, pouting a little.

Tilting my face to the side, I stared at him. "Honey, if she could say it out loud, she would have." Cackling, she threw her head back. She pointed at me, nodding as she did. "I think he does, actually."

"Men are so oblivious," she snorted, then bent in to whisper again. "I wonder how many Jasper has had."

He leaned in and replied, "Um... A few." He wiggled his eyebrows at her. He lowered his voice even further so our boyfriend definitely couldn't hear him. "But with mostly blokes. I'm kind of a slut, though."

"Me, too," Alice cooed before winking at him. It made him chuckle.

Edward put his hands on his hips as he straightened his shoulders. "You know what? Don't tell me. I don't want to know."

There was a knock on the door of his dressing room. This one was bigger than the one in Hunter's Moon. It had a couple of couches and chairs for us to sit and watch as he prepared. An assistant popped their head in. "Mr. Cullen, we're ready for you on set."

Once again, he straightened his shoulders and rolled his neck to pop it. "Okay. I'm on my way."

They literally gave him a scrap of a script to memorize when we got there. It was just a few sentences here and there, but the director encouraged him to ad-lib as much as he wanted to. Most of the time, he would play off someone who wasn't there. There was an assistant shouting lines at him, reading from a clipboard. Only a few major actors were coming in for the reshoots. He could be mostly spliced in.

They gave us chairs to sit in, way behind everyone that was working. There were several others in seats around us, too. Everything was so quiet while he worked. We could hear a pin drop.

"He's going to win awards someday," Alice murmured in my ear after the third scene. The short monologue he was snarling was terrifying. He was going to get a reputation for being a good villain. It was kind of funny since he was genuinely the kindest person I had ever met. Maybe it was the only way he could be cruel. He had to pretend. It wasn't something that came naturally to him, but he had experienced it, especially in his mother.

“He already has,” I reminded her. She had seen his shelf.

“No, I mean... He’s going to win Oscars. He’s the real deal,” she said, almost in disbelief. “I always thought you were decent, but he’s on another level. It’s crazy to see so close up.”

“He really is,” Jasper agreed, proud as could be. He was gazing at him, unable to take his eyes off of him. I could feel his love spilling from every pore. Reaching over, I took his hand and squeezed it tightly. “Yesterday was incredible. I got to see him work with Gary Oldman.” I raised my eyebrows. “And Eva Green. She’s his sister in it. She’s a sea witch.”

“What the hell is this movie?” I questioned. He shrugged, making me laugh. “It sounds like a bedtime story.”

“It does,” my friend agreed.

“And you can tell he’s having the time of his life, too,” he smiled. “That’s the best part.”

They called cut and had to reset for a different scene. Edward came bounding over to us, an assistant bringing him a cold bottle of water as he sat in his empty chair. Two makeup people rushed over to fix his face. There were beads of sweat forming at his temples from the intense lights.

“So, what do you think?” He questioned with a big smile after taking a long slurp from his straw.

“How can you go from scary as fuck to cute so quickly?” I asked with a slight smirk.

His nose scrunched up some. “Am I frightening?”

The three of us nodded at the same time. It made him grin. “It makes the leather pants even hotter,” Alice added.

He scoffed. “They’re chafing my arse something fierce.”

“Do you need something for that?” An older gentleman with white hair asked. It was long and went down his shoulders, shiny and board straight. He looked like a skinny, new-aged pottery teacher.

My boyfriend’s eyes went wide as he sat straighter in his chair. “Uh, no, sir. I’ll be fine. Only one more day to go. I’ll live. Thank you.” He cleared his throat and looked at me. “Mr. Wells, this is my fiancé, Isabella Swan. Bella, this is Tobias Wells.”

I was going to ignore what he called me because I knew he either blurted it out from nervousness, or he wanted to seem more mature. But I had called him that to my family, so it was fair. I stood and offered the director my hand. "Nice to meet you, sir."

"Aren't you the most mismatched pair!" He chuckled, taking my palm and giving it a firm shake. "You have a unique look. Your eyes are quite striking."

"We may be opposites in looks, but we have loads in common," Edward informed him, smiling at me. "She's a musician, dancer, actress, and chef, and those aren't even her day job. She's the talented one between us."

"Shut up," I spouted automatically, heat filling my cheeks. "He's full of charm and lies."

"Then he's exactly what I'm looking for," the older fellow chuckled.

"I promise he's perfect for whatever role you put him in."

"Now it's your turn to hush," my boyfriend smirked at me from his spot. He was getting powder on his forehead with a big, pillowy pad. It threw dust around him. "These people right here are my biggest cheerleaders. They make me feel like I can do anything, and it's dangerous."

Crossing his arms over his chest, the director leaned against the makeup table. "Well, I don't imagine he'd be perfect for everything, but no actor is. But I think if used properly, he's exactly what I need. I'm glad I could get him for this."

I saw his Adam's apple bob, a brush dusting across his neck. He was hiding it well, but just under the surface, he was vibrating with nervous excitement. "Thank you for allowing me the chance."

"Thank you for succeeding beyond my wildest hopes. I was seriously thinking of canning this film if you didn't work out. It's not worth it to reshoot again if you didn't. I just don't have the time because I have another project coming up very soon." He stuck his hands in his pockets as he crossed his ankles. "I'm not worried about that now, though." He smiled. "So, anyway, I was hoping to invite you and your fiancé to dinner with my wife and me tomorrow. I'd like to talk to you about something. Might as well have an enjoyable meal at the same time."

Edward glanced at me, then back at the man, his mouth opening and closing in surprise. It was the only time he was getting off because the next day, he was going to work on *Dangerous Liaisons*. And the day after, we would fly out to Sydney for a week. I could see the panic of indecision in his eyes.

"Well, sir, you see, I have guests in town-" His hand lifted to Alice.

“Oh! They’re welcome to join us, too! The more, the merrier.”

I would not let him pass up this chance to just spend a day at home with us watching television or making silly YouTube videos. “That sounds incredible. We would love to. Thank you.” My boyfriend’s gaze shot to me. I smiled encouragingly. “We can hit a midnight showing after that,” I added.

“Oh, that’s right! Convergence premieres tomorrow,” the director began excitedly. “I went to an early showing of it about a month ago. You did a fantastic job,” he praised warmly. I felt like he was sucking up to Edward for some reason, but I wasn’t sure what yet. It was interesting to see how everyone treated him since they thought he was such a golden goose. He was, but it felt dangerously fake sometimes.

His cheeks flamed. “Thank you,” he breathed, forcing a smile. “Yeah, that sounds like a good idea.”

“I hope you’ve already gotten your tickets. I bet it’s going to be sold out,” he added.

My boyfriend chuckled awkwardly, looking down at his lap. “I’ve already got some passes for a showing. Reserved the seats and everything.” We were going to one of the nicer theaters with leather recliners.

“Can we still sneak in candy, or is that not kosher?” Alice joked to break some of the tension. Giggling, I swatted at her stomach. “Look, I draw the line at five-dollar Junior Mints when you can get them for a dollar at the grocery store.”

“I LOVE Junior Mints in popcorn at the movies,” Mr. Wells enthusiastically declared with a big laugh. “I always sneak in a box. But, really, who’s going to stop me?” He snickered, shaking his head. “Your friends have the right idea. It sounds like fun. I miss the good old days. The thrill of the first showing and watching an audience see it for the first time. You’ve got a hit on your hands, too. They’re going to love it. It’s about time a new spy film came out. It’s one of those genres that goes in cycles.”

He was a very chatty and pleasant man. Edward waited for him to take a breath to speak. “I hope it is, but I won’t congratulate myself just yet.”

“Smart.” He wagged his finger at him. An assistant with a clipboard snuck up to Mr. Wells and whispered in his ear. “Alright. I’ll be right there.” He looked at him. “I’ll have my PA arrange something and call your people about tomorrow.”

Jasper, like magic, pulled a card from his back pocket. “Here’s his numbers, just in case you need them.”

He put it in his flannel pocket above his breast, patting it. "Perfect. Thank you. We'll need you in about five minutes, kid." He reached over and quickly shook my hand again. "Nice to meet you, Ms. Swan."

"You too, sir."

Edward let out a long, shaky breath when he left.

I glanced at him. "So, what do you think he's going to ask you to star in?"

Flushing, his eyes grew wider. "Do you think?"

Shaking my head, I giggled. "Why else would he ask you to dinner, honey? He's buttering you up good for something." I smirked. "I can't wait to see what your next project is..."