



Episode Eighteen-

That night I dreamed about Jasper. It wasn't strange for me to do so. I did a lot actually. I missed him terribly. We had been together almost every day for well over a decade of our lives. We shared a dorm, and then we shared an apartment.

The first dream that I had, we were in the old place in Sydney. Jasper and I were laid out on his old bed, watching his television because it was the nicest at the time. He was stretched out with his arms behind his head, smiling as we spoke. I don't know what was said, but we began to wrestle jokingly, a bad habit we had kept up from when we were on the wrestling team together in school. We both loved to roughhouse far too much and were often vicious in our attacks. Neither of us really got mad at the pain, and probably both enjoyed it far too much. Frankly, he was better at it, but I was always bigger.

The dream was more feelings than images. Happiness, laughter. Everything was playful and fun. It made me miss him all the more. It ended, and even in my head, I knew that it was all just a dream. I was sad for it to be over, though. I wanted that. I wanted my best friend around.

There was a reason that he was the first person that I wanted to call after Disney. Because he was the first person that I would call after everything important that has ever happened to me in my life. He had always been there for me.

Then I began to dream again. This time we were in my new bed in LA, and we were both nude. It reminded me of the one I had with all the strange women kissing me. I wasn't as anxious in this one, though. He crawled on top of me, kissing me. In it, I returned it eagerly, my arousal evident as it rubbed against his erection. His strong hands pinned my wrists above my head, his mouth on my neck. The images were just as sharp as the emotions in this one.

"Please," I whimpered pathetically. I wanted to reach for him and pull him towards me, but he held me too tightly. *"I need you."*

"Beg me," he said as he kissed down my chest. Suddenly he was between my thighs, kissing and licking there as my knees bent. My body pushed itself toward his warm mouth.

I couldn't speak, though. I was too in shock from the pleasure that he was giving me. He looked up at me with his wicked grin as his hands smoothed over my thighs, spreading them.

In the dream, all I wanted to do was grab his face and shove my cock in his mouth. My hands still felt pinned down, though. And then he gave me what I wanted, but just for a second.

I woke up with a start, my heart thumping in my chest. It was just a couple of minutes before my alarm was supposed to go off. Bella was curled at my side, her red nightgown lifted up over her bare ass. She wasn't wearing panties to bed. One of her legs was pulled over my naked thigh, and I could feel the warmth between them.

My erection was confused. And I was annoyed with myself.

Painfully aroused was not the word to cover it. I was embarrassed about having such a dream with a beautiful woman in my arms, but I knew I couldn't control it. I hated myself for perversely enjoying them, though. It made me feel dirty, especially since I admittedly found him attractive. Though anyone would have, he was objectively so. Muscular, blond, blue-eyed, tattooed, and a great smile. I would never tell him, or her, about the thoughts. He had been nothing but a friend to me, and there was no reason to embarrass either of us.

He might not have been shy about sex, but I was.

I had dreamed about having sex with Jasper countless times, especially since moving to America. To the point that I looked it up and talked to my therapist about it. Apparently, it was a sign simply that I missed him and that we were growing closer together. Our friendship had gotten stronger since I left. We spoke more often and perhaps more deeply about personal things. He was the only person, now besides Bella, that I felt entirely comfortable around.

No masks. It was such an odd thing to be just *me*. Honestly, if I could find a way to get him to come to America, my life would be utterly perfect. With my girl and my best friend, I could take over the world. I would happily wear my mask all day if I could take it off every night to be myself with them.

My alarm began to go off, and Bella groaned softly as she stretched her arms over her head. I smoothed my hand over her back gently, rubbing my fingers just over the curve of her ass.

“Good morning, lovely,” I whispered as I leaned down to press my lips to hers. She moaned against my mouth, happy to return it with her tiny fingers tangled into my hair. I wondered if she knew how much I loved that. “Do you want to work out with me before I have to go?”

“Mm,” she hummed, pressing her lips against my neck. “I’d love to. Let me go get changed, and I’ll meet you in there.”

After a long and sensual kiss, she pulled herself from my arms and went to the spare bedroom to get some work out clothes. I took several minutes and calming breaths before I got dressed.

She decided on a white sports bra and a pair of yoga pants. It was hard not to openly stare at her toned body. I found her tattoos especially sexy like this. She was usually fairly conservative in the way that she dressed. I found myself almost jealous that she was so comfortable with her own body.

I had not watched Bella work out the day before. If I had, perhaps I would have gotten a clue to how fit she actually was. She flew through a routine that made me ache just thinking about it. And she lifted weights that I found surprising. I would have never guessed that she was so strong, but she did so with ease. Then to finish it off, she did thirty intense minutes of the elliptical. It was, by far, my favorite part. I loved watching her breasts bounce so much that I actually found it hard to concentrate, even as I tried to show off with my own workout.

We were both covered in sweat by the time we finished. I wanted to take her on the weight bench. Instead, I let her lead me to the shower. She turned on the water before tugging off her bra. Bella helped me with my own shirt so that our naked torsos were pressed together as she pulled me down into a kiss.

Her kisses were the best, and her warm, delicious mouth was unbearably sweet. She smiled as I grabbed her ass, her hands smoothing over my chest.

“I could kiss you all day,” I told her honestly.

“And I’d let you if we both didn’t have to work today,” she said, annoyingly responsible. She saw my frustration. “You can kiss me all you want tonight, though,” Bella promised.

“Mm, I planned on it,” I hummed as I pulled down her pants and underwear. “And not just those pretty lips.”

Bella tugged down my shorts, a sexy smirk on her face. She then bit her bottom lip before dragging her hand over my erection. Then she giggled wickedly as she slipped into the shower.

We made out for most of the shower, her hot, slick wet soapy body sliding against mine while my hands alternated between her breasts and ass. It was a great way to start the day, and honestly, all I wanted to do was get back into bed with her and fuck her from behind again.

Instead, Bella made us a beautiful breakfast that we ate outside in the sunshine underneath the umbrella. I merely made the coffee, though I was getting pretty good at it. I liked watching her work.

She carried her laptop outside with a large mug of coffee before I left. I brought her my weed to help take the edge off if she needed it. I knew she was nervous about how the magazine would like her work. Personally, I thought everything she did was amazing, but I might have been wildly biased.

I hated recording commercials. It was boring and tedious. I said the same thing a hundred times in a hundred different ways before moving on to the next phrase. The director was a loud man, shouting ‘*good, good. Let’s do it again,*’ after every take. I was far less motivated to do well than I had been before when Bella was watching. I don’t think I could have done any better than I had, though.

All I wanted to do all day was go home to her.

It was late when I got out of the recording studio. Tired, I didn’t really feel like going out. My throat hurt. I hoped Bella would understand. I didn’t think it would bother her, she was so compassionate.

Jasper sent me a message as I sat down in the driver’s side of the car, thinking about what I wanted to text my girlfriend. “*How did the celebration go?*”

“*Perfect. It was a great night. Bella made us a proper Sunday roast, and she loved her gifts. I went hog wild, though,*” I answered him. “*I’m just getting off work, and I’m about to head home to her.*”

"Any plans?"

"I'm knackered," I admitted. "She was working on things today too, so I hope she doesn't mind staying in."

"She'll have to figure out that you're a homebody at some point," he teased. He wasn't wrong, of course. I enjoyed being at home more than anything else. Though I did appreciate going out occasionally, it was only for short controlled spurts of time.

"Would you like me to pick up anything for dinner or would you like to order dinner?" I finally texted Bella. Her response was almost instant.

"I'm making homemade pasta if that's alright?" That sounded fabulous. It was so lovely that she was cooking for me again without having to be asked.

"Oh, yes, please. Do we have garlic bread?" I questioned. I sent Jasper a text back. "Bella is making us pasta for dinner."

"Yum," he answered.

"No. If you want to stop and get some french bread, I'll be more than happy to make you some. It sounds good," my girlfriend responded.

"Should I get dessert?" I was eager to do anything to please her. It would also give me a chance to get her something else while I was at the grocery store. I texted Jasper. "What flowers should I get Bella?"

"Ahhh... Fuck if I know?"

"Be helpful and look some flower shit up."

"Ugh, fine..."

"Up to you. We have leftover mousse and whipped cream still. And strawberries," she replied. It was delicious the night before, and I definitely wanted to eat it again.

"That sounds good. I'll be home as soon as I can," I returned with a bunch of stupid emojis.

Jasper finally came back with the information that I needed. "So, apparently yellow roses are a Texas thing? Plus they represent joy, which I would think fits how you're feeling. That's all the googling you're getting out of me."

"Perfect! Thanks :D"

"So glad to help you get laid."

I smirked to myself. *"I don't need your help with that. She'd fuck me without the flowers."*

The roses were right by the door, and so was the bread in the store. I rushed through the self-checkout so that I could hurry home back to Bella.

It already smelled so delicious from the garage.

She beamed as I presented her with the flowers, giving me a soft kiss as a reward. "How beautiful. Do you have a vase to put them in?" *Oh, fuck.* No, I didn't. Of course. Why didn't I think of that? Bella giggled at my expression. "No. That's okay. I'll figure it out."

After searching around for a few moments, she found a stupidly big beer mug that I had. Filling it with water, she trimmed the flowers to fit and put them in the center of the table. I smoothed my hands over her arms from behind, kissing her cheek after she placed them. "Thank you. They're lovely. I love yellow roses," Bella said sweetly, snuggling into my grip. "Are you ready to eat?"

"Yeah. Is there anything I need to do?"

She turned in my grasp and brushed her fingers over my cheeks. Slowly she shook her head. Pouting her bottom lip out, she lifted up on her toes to meet me in a kiss. "Are you okay? How did today go?"

"Mm. Yeah. Just tired, and it was boring. Usually, my career isn't a job, but today it was. But one must pay their dues and their bills," I explained, enjoying being close to her. She smelled clean, and her lips tasted of wine. "I don't mind. I just would have preferred to spend the day with you."

"Is there anything I can do to make it better?" She offered.

"You're already doing it," I breathed.

"Would a big glass of wine help too?"

"Mm, yes it would. But let me get that. Do you have a bottle opened already?"

"I finished the one we opened the other night. I needed to use it to roll out the pasta," she giggled. "So, pick us something to share. Whatever you want. I'm not picky."

I loved watching her dance around the kitchen. Her movements were so graceful. Bella lifted up on her toes and wiggle her hips as she stirred pots and made plates. She piled mine high with pasta in a creamy white cheese sauce and a fancy looking salad with homemade dressing. Everything on it was made from scratch. It was so impressive.

“This is incredible, Bella,” I told her after a bite.

“Thanks.” She blushed slightly as she twirled her pasta on her fork before taking a delicate bite. Bella hummed in pleasure after taking a tiny taste of the toast. “I’m glad you wanted bread. It’s good with the sauce.”

“It is.” I couldn’t eat fast enough. “I’ve never had homemade pasta before. It’s so much better. Seriously.”

“I’m really glad you’re enjoying it. I just made something pretty quick and simple,” she explained away like it was any less impressive somehow. Like I knew how to make homemade pasta, sauce, salad dressing, mousse, and whipped cream.

“And you used a wine bottle to make the pasta itself?”

“Yeah. I used to make pasta for the restaurant I worked for on the daily. I could probably do it in my sleep at this point. But I have to tell you... You seriously need some things for your kitchen,” my girlfriend remarked, looking at me from underneath her eyelashes as she twisted more noodles around her fork.

“Do you want to make a video about it?” I blurted out.

“What do you mean? Just listing off stuff you need in the kitchen or just me buying shit for your kitchen?”

I had no idea. My mouth decided to say it before my brain really had time to think about it. “Both, I guess. Kind of. I don’t know. You know what a person needs for a good kitchen. You used to cook professionally for a while. And if we make it into a video, I can write it off as a business expense.”

She giggled quietly. “That seems a little shady.”

I smiled innocently. “Not if we keep using them in videos. *Both* of us...”

“Do you even want to make cooking videos?”

Did I care about learning to cook myself? No. Did I want to spend as much time with Bella as possible? Yes. Also, watching her in the kitchen was extraordinary. I couldn’t imagine

that I would be the only person to see that. I could easily see a cooking show with her as the star. We played off of each other so well. Why couldn't we do it together? I pulled apart my bread and took a bite to give myself time to think about what I wanted to say.

"I'm already making food videos. You said yourself it makes sense that I learn. You could teach me. You've already doubled my cooking knowledge this week."

She laughed, biting her lip as she looked away from me. "I'm not against it but don't we need to be in the same state for that? You've already got your week planned, and I fly home on the second. And you already have to work on Sunday because of all the rain."

She was right about all of that. My attentive girlfriend was paying better attention to my schedule than I was.

"It's just one place for a watch. It'll be very short. We could do it after." I just wanted to make another video with her, and I knew she would love all the things for the kitchen. It would also give her an excuse to come back. Bella could make her own little cooking show in my kitchen. It would give me an excellent reason to focus on her. Besides, food videos always did fantastic on YouTube.

"The kitchen supply store or Bed, Bath, and Beyond, or whatever, ain't gonna let Seth and Tyler run around with cameras and a boom mic inside. Not with such short notice," she stated smartly in her thickened accent.

"Oh, well. Perhaps. We don't have to film the shopping, just the end results. All the things and why and what they do. Or we'll just use our phones. But either way, it'll be *Eddie's first fully decked out adult kitchen*. And when you come to visit again, we can do some cooking videos together. If you want to. It's up to you," I babbled.

"Are you sure you want me in so many of your videos?" Bella asked in a quiet and worried voice. I had to instantly dispel any of her fears.

I hummed jokingly, tapping my finger on my chin. "You are beautiful and well-spoken. Funny as hell. I absolutely do. You know, I posted a video with you this morning, and it already has five million views. The second part of the Japanese stuff. The sodas. It might be the fastest ever for a food one. And the comments are almost all nice. There was a percentage of *thirsty* ones, too." *Stupid, gross trolls and their obsession with tits*. "But it's the internet."

"The first already had ten million, though. I don't think it's me," she countered.

"It's up to twenty-two million views, actually. Last time I checked this morning. And the one from the jump has doubled its views from just yesterday. By the way, I moved your pay from

one hundred to one thousand. I can change it again if it's a problem," I explained in passing. It only took a couple of clicks to do it.

"How much are you actually giving me?" She narrowed her eyes on me.

"I'm not giving it to you. You earned it. You did work. Mostly tolerating my buffoonery..." Bella looked extremely unimpressed, cocking her head to one side and frowning deeply. I sighed. "Four percent of all the ad revenue and sponsorship if it implies. Like the jump gets way more because it's sponsored. Way way more. It's the most I've made from a single video already by a whole lot."

They paid me a quarter of a million dollars just to jump out of the damn plane in the first place. That wasn't to mention the incredible ad revenue.

"None of that was work," she began to argue right away, her whole face glowing. "I can't imagine what you're getting for each video. Do you do the same with Seth and Tyler? Give them a percentage?"

"They get double that for each one they do. They seem really happy about it." That was an understatement. No one was unhappy about our deal. They worked their asses off for me, and I made it worth their while. And I would make it worth hers as well.

"That's because they're getting paid thousands for twenty hours of work a week. Tops," she laughed awkwardly.

"They work on their own stuff, too."

Bella looked so distressed as she began to chew on the side of her thumb. "Would you promise to let me know if you ever feel like I'm using you? Because, I don't ever intend to but, I just... I don't want to take advantage, and you've already given me so much. I don't ever want to exploit your generosity. It would be okay if you gave me less. I haven't done much of anything."

Nope. No. Not how that's going to work. I was going to give her more with time, not less. Bella was crazy if she thought otherwise. But she looked so worried, though. I decided it was time to lighten the mood.

"You can use me a little bit." I winked. It worked, and her expression melted into a small smirk. Rolling her eyes, she looked away. I brought her hand up to my lips and pressed a kiss against them. "You're not. But I promise to tell you if I ever feel that way."

I knew without a doubt that it was never going to be a conversation that we were going to have. Bella deserved the world, and I was going to give it to her.

This goes with episode 17.