



Key Outtake Three: Jasper's Point of View: Come Over

I was home a grand total of two days before I got a text from my grandmother that stated she needed some assistance with repairs around her tiny apartment. My dad and brother-in-law typically performed such tasks for her, and she rarely asked me for help. But apparently, they were busy. Bella and I were staying in a hotel while we finished getting our townhouse ready. Most of our new stuff wouldn't arrive for a couple of weeks. She didn't know I had sped up the delivery of some of it, trying to get everything ready for our anniversary.

My girlfriend was spending the afternoon with our best friend and my sister, so I had free time. They were going shopping and just enjoying being back together again. The three of them had grown incredibly close, and it made all of them very happy. I found it sweet. They truly enjoyed each other's company and blossomed when they were together.

It was right before noon when I showed up at Mamaw's place in blue jeans and a plain white t-shirt, ready to get dirty if I needed to. She didn't say what she needed help with, only instructing me when to arrive. I figured it was likely a long list that the other two had been putting off for some reason.

She answered the door with a vast smile. Her wispy silver hair was perfectly curled, and she was dressed in a silk blouse and slacks as if she was about to go to church. She was even wearing pearls. "There's my handsome young hero. Come here and give me a hug," she cooed, lifting her arms in the air as she wiggled her fingers at me.

I leaned down and scooped her up gently. She was as light as she could be, and she smelled of baby powder and perfume mixed with the cigarettes she pretended she didn't smoke anymore. "How are you doing?"

Leaning back in my grip, she gazed at me. "Well, I am just fantastic now that my baby is in town again. How about you?" She patted my cheek gently.

"Good! Excited about the future and happy to be on vacation," I explained, walking into the living room with her. "So, what did you need help with? I don't have any tools, so I'll either have to buy them or borrow them for Dad or Emmett. I honestly don't know how helpful I can be compared to them."

"Oh," she breathed, then looked around. She licked her bottom lip. "Huh. Um..." She drew out, then snapped her fingers. "Ah, can you replace the light bulb over there?" She pointed to the low hanging lamp over her small table. It was easily reachable and hardly something I needed to do for her.

I stared at her for a moment. "Okay. Why did you really want me to come over?"

The woman didn't even try to pretend for another second. "When are you going to propose to that girl?" She demanded in annoyance as she wagged her finger at me. "I'm not getting any younger."

Laughing, I shook my head. "Really? That's what you wanted? What if she had come with me?"

"Why would she have wanted to?" She questioned, her arms crossed over her chest. "Well?" She tapped her foot, waiting.

We stared at each other for a long moment before I finally smirked, pulling my phone out of my pocket. "On our anniversary in a few days. Rose redesigned your ring with our friend's help," I showed her several pictures as I spoke. "I'm going to take her to our new place before she thinks it'll be ready. Alice and sis are going to help with that, too."

She beamed, pleased with what I had shown her. "Fantastic! Your Mama is just dying for you to get married already. I'm not pushy like her, but you got my ring. So you understand, this is different. I won't tell her. Don't worry."

“I promise by Christmas, I will ask Bella to marry me.” I brought my hand up, placing it on my chest. “I know she’ll say yes, but I’m still nervous, and I want you to know that you’re not helping. Sincerely, from the bottom of my heart, I need you to know that you’re terrible.”

“I ain’t trying to help! I’ve already done my part,” she snapped back.

“What am I going to tell her when she asks what I did today, hm?” I asked sarcastically since she was going to have an attitude. Sometimes it surprised me that my quiet father came from her. She had more bark than a pack of Chihuahuas and twice the bite.

“Tell her you fixed a light that was too high for me, and then I took you to lunch. So, go do it, so you don’t lie to her. They’re under the sink.” We gazed at each other until I finally sighed and went to do that. She walked behind me. “So, what do you want to eat?” She questioned. “I have a new Indian friend who moved in next door, and he keeps cooking all this delicious stuff I’ve never tried before. That naan bread is good. Have you had it?”

“Yes, ma’am. We can go to an Indian restaurant if you’d like. I’ll look up a place around here in a second,” I said as I searched, kneeling in front of her crowded cupboard.

“I’ll check on Yelp,” she muttered, pulling out her phone like she was a teenager. She typed surprisingly fast. “Most of his are vegetarian, so it’s healthier. But it’s got a lot of butter and yogurt in it, so it still tastes good. He’s going to teach me how to cook some of them.”

When I was done, I dusted off my hands. “I can’t believe you lied to me to ask a question you could have easily texted.”

“What if she had seen it?” She demanded as she got her purse, slipping on her prescription sunglasses after fetching her coat. They covered half of her face. She wrapped a scarf around her neck.

“You could have asked me to come over alone.”

She stared at me. “Well, that just sounds ominous. That makes it sound like a drug deal, and I ain’t on nothing good. Unless you want some of my hormone pills.”

I squinted for a moment before I shook my head, opening the door for her. “You make me understand where my love for sassy little women comes from.”

Mamaw sort of evilly chuckled to herself as she headed out. “How about your appreciation of big butts?”

I thought about asking her why she was so mean to me, but I knew it would result in more teasing. "I'm still a man," I countered.

"Woo, that woman has got an enormous backside, but she is pretty, though. Your kids will be beautiful, but if you have daughters, you're going to have beat those boys off with a bat. Blond hair, blue eyes, her figure, and lips. They'll be bombshells," she said on the walk to the car in the driveway, me trailing behind.

"Good Lord, I hope we have boys," I breathed, opening the door.

"Neither's a picnic, kiddo."

Slipping in the other side, I decided to change the subject. "So, tell me about this new fellow. Is he your boyfriend?" I teased.

Instantly, her expression changed. "Shut up and drive." I laughed, bringing the engine to life. "He's not. I'm just using him for his body."

I slapped the steering wheel, my fist flying to my mouth to keep my howling laughter in. "Mamaw, no."

"Did you think I was celibate?" She asked seriously. When I said nothing, she continued. "Well? I ain't dead." I playfully shuddered. "You wait until you're my age and you'll find out. You're just as horny as you were when you're twenty, only your body can't keep up like it used to. But it's better than it used to be with those pills."

"I have enough to talk to my therapist about right now. Please," I snickered.

"You asked."

"Oh, I certainly didn't ask for any of this," I replied, swirling my finger in the air. "Now, where am I taking us for lunch? I need a drink."