



Episode Three-

I tried to stubbornly carry everything in with as few trips as possible into the house. It was stupid, I didn't care. The only problem with that was that I accidentally shredded the thin plastic bags that had the chips and sweets in them. I could have, I suppose, put them in another bag or made more trips, but once again I was moronically stubborn. I heard Bella giggle and take pictures of me as I dropped things.

"Goddammit!" I shouted as I embarrassingly dropped them to the floor for the second time in a row.

"Mm, pringle shards," Bella playfully joked as she took a picture of me. Afterward, she helped me to pick them all up and carry them the rest of the way into the office.

"Whoops," I laughed in embarrassment before smiling at her. She returned it a little slyly.

I hurried to set up. I didn't want her to wait even a few minutes. I lined things up, brought us drinks, and set up the table.

"So, I'll do the unboxing video first," I started, but then I realized that once I got started with her, I didn't want to stop. On the off chance that we got on a roll, I didn't want to break the momentum. "Actually, I'll take pictures for the thumbnails first. Then I'll do the unboxing video. And *then* we can do the food ranking videos. Sound good?"

"Yup. Is it okay if I take pictures of you while you set up?" She asked.

"Go ahead."

I felt horribly awkward as I took pictures of the stuff, and she took pictures of me. It was hard not to notice her intense focus and determined expression. I liked it so much. Quickly I brought up my camera and took her picture. Her eyes got large with surprise. I couldn't help but smile.

"If you don't use a flash you can take pictures during the video if you want." I came around to the video camera, setting it up at the right angle after putting down my handheld camera.

"Good to know," she commented.

I felt more nervous than I had in years doing one of these stupid videos. I took in a deep breath and cleared my throat. I was determined not to fuck up in front of Bella.

"Three, two, one... Hello everyone, and welcome back! I'm Eddie, your not so humble host! So today, I've got an extra special treat for you! I'm a very lucky boy, and the wonderful developers over at Blue Box have sent me the special limited edition of Death Calling, the game of the year edition, and they have given me the honor... NAY! The privilege of being the first to unveil it to the public in all of its morbid glory.

"Not only do you get the game and all of it's DLC, but you get a Creator Science mug, just like the collectible from the game. Too bad it doesn't actually increase your energy in real life. Of course, we need something to put in those mugs! So, we've got ourselves this gorgeous bright red health tonic, cherry pomegranate flavored so it might actually be healthy for you but probably not. I'm not going to drink it because it's too beautiful to waste. It also comes with an enamel pin of the Frost gun, which is my favorite weapon in the game, hands down. Because nothing is more fun than freezing your enemies whole and shattering them into a million pieces like a savage. And then last but certainly not least I am proud to reveal the very best part of this already *amazing* set. A Funko pop of my character. That's right! Plex, the very best *worst* robot is getting his very own figure! But this ain't no newb Plexie. No! He is rocking his very own fully upgraded tank armor. And he is a sexy beast. I can't tell how excited this makes me! It's my first Funko! But, hopefully not the last!"

I hammed it up for the camera, being loud and obnoxious as I tried to hurry up through the video to get the next part. Bella was watching me intently, a slight but beautiful smile spread over her plush lips.

“Alright everyone, that is what I've got for you today. If you want to pre-order this awesome edition head over to my website, Eddie Cullen dot com and click on the link or you can go directly to Blue Box Games dot com. If you're not already, please like, subscribe and remember to hit the bell so you can stay up to date with my ever growing ego. Buh-bye!”

Bella took my picture the moment the video ended. I felt my breath catch in my throat as I looked over at her. Her eyes met mine, and it felt as if she was looking right into me.

“How was that?” I asked quietly.

“Seemed solid. I couldn't say to the visuals. I didn't see what the camera was filming, but I think you got it,” she told me in return, her voice soft and encouraging.

“Yay, first take,” I said in surprised relief, putting my new toys away on my favorite shelf of stupid goodies. It was all my toys, games, and books. I loved it so much. I knew my room was overflowing, but I didn't care.

I realized Bella was taking my picture, so I posed for her, giving her my cheesiest smile as I showcased my favorite loot.

“Would you like to do sweet or salty first?” I could tell she thought I was being cute, so I pushed it further. I did the duck face again since she had liked it so much from before. Bella shook her head a little and rolled her eyes in amusement. “Your choice.”

“Salty then sweet.”

“Sounds perfect,” I said excitedly as I put the chips onto the table. “So, I'll start, and you can jump in whenever you feel comfortable. I'll start on one, like before. Just let me know if you need to stop for any reason.”

“Alright. Where shall I sit?” She put down her camera and came over with a bottle of water. Bella seemed eager to take my directions. That was good. It would make all of this easier.

“Either is fine.” I put some paper and something to write with on the table so we could keep a tally of the scores.

Bella sat, her ankles crossed to one side. She delicately took a sip of water, taking a deep breath through her nose. She was nervous, but I was ready. I could control this situation. I was excited.

"Okay. Three, two, one... Hello everyone, and welcome back! We've done Walker's. We've done Smith's. We've done Lay's. You've been asking for it so today we're ranking Pringles flavors. But, no, I'm not doing it alone! Today I'm joined by a super special guest. She has the unfortunate task of following me around and taking my picture for a full week. She's super talented, and we're wasting her precious time with our tomfoolery, so everyone give a warm welcome to the very lovely Ms. Bella Swan!"

She waved delicately, smiling. “Hi! I'm really excited to be here actually.”

“So, do you like chips? Or crisps as my parents would call them?” I started as if I was going to interview her. Maybe I could be a terrible talk show host one day. Or, maybe like Colbert. That could be fun.

“I do. They're probably one of my favorite quick snack foods to buy because it's just impossible to get the same result from a homemade version,” she chatted comfortably. All of her nervousness seemed to be for nothing.

“Do you have a favorite flavor?”

Bella tilted her head to the side in thought. “Of Pringles or of any chip in general?”

“*Mm*, both.”

“Pringle's originals are simple and perfect. Of any chip, in general, I'd say either honey barbecue or fried green tomatoes. I have to admit I have to just not buy them because I'll eat them all at one time and they don't come in little bags,” she explained smoothly as if she had been thinking about the answer all morning and knew exactly what she had to say on the matter. It actually surprised me.

“Oh, my god! I've never tried either of those, and they sound *delicious*.”

I could see the corners of her mouth twitch in an almost smile. "They're both Lay's."

"I'll have to look for those! Those are such interesting flavors! Not very common. They're both very southern American, too."

"You can take the girl out of Texas..." Bella trailed off once again in that thick accent. I realized then that it was entirely real. It was very charming, and I couldn't help but chuckle at it.

"So, what we have here is the top ten selling flavors of potato goodness, and we're going to taste each flavor and rank it on one thing alone. Flavor. We'll give it a number one to ten and then audience we will give you *the* definitive list of Pringles flavors. I know you've all been on the edge of your seat waiting for this," I started in my biggest voice. I could see Bella watching me just barely out of the corner of her eyes. She was smirking a little, but she looked like she was having fun. I hoped she was.

"First, the original!" I started, but the stupid safety seal refused to come free. In my frustration, I tore it right off. "Dammit!" I snapped at it. She laughed quietly as she took the can of chips from me. With one of her nails, she pushed a hole into the seal and then quickly ripped it away. "Show off."

"If that's showing off, you're in for a long day, sugar," she said in a funny but dainty southern drawl. It was amazingly dry. I was already having fun. Any worries of her being terrible for the camera melted away. She was a natural.

Bella looked into my eyes, holding my stare with a slightly bemused smile. She knew she was getting to me, and she was enjoying it.

"You're not wrong," I told her too honestly, making my eyes as wide as possible as I stared her down. As I did, I shoved several chips into my mouth at one time. I could actually see her cheeks suck in as she held her little laugh. Bella quickly composed her amusement, though.

"They're in better shape than I expected," she began to tease me, popping one into her mouth as well. "Eddie kept tossing them around like a football for some reason."

"Not on purpose!" I clutched my pearls for half a second before moving on. "What do you rank this? Do we even need to talk about the flavor of this one?"

She pretended to look bored. “No. Perfect potato-y flavor. Perfectly overly salted. Classic. Eleven out of ten, would snack again.”

“Wow, you're already bucking the system and awarding a whole extra bonus point,” I teased her.

“What can I say? I'm a rebel.” The words fell so dryly from her lips. It was so perfectly unexpected. I laughed despite myself. She began to giggle as well, both of us looking away from each other as we tried to compose ourselves once again.

Bella was impressively good at this. Shockingly so. I had friends who took years to get this comfortable in front of a camera. Jasper was good at it, but that was because he was as big a ham as I was. I wondered if I felt this way just because I was so attracted to her. I would send Jasper all the footage later to see what he thought. He would always be honest with me.

We went through all the flavors of chips, going back and forth. She was playful, kind, funny, and always charming. Her accent was subtle at times, and at others, it came out thick. Especially with certain words.

“So, what you're telling me is after all that, my extra point determines the winner and breaks a hard three-way tie?” She counted up the score, tapping the pen on the paper as she did.

“That's exactly how it worked out! So, our top three is Originals, followed by the amazing loaded baked potato and cheddar and sour cream! Maybe skip the barbecue. What is your favorite flavor? Comment down below and let me know what foods you'd like me to rank in the future. Bella, do you have anything you want to plug?” I asked.

“You can follow me on Facebook or Instagram at Swan Photography. You can also go to Swan Photography dot com to buy prints of some of my favorite pictures that I've taken.”

“And everyone, they're so awesome! Definitely check them out. The links will be down below. If you're not already, don't forget to click subscribe and the hit the bell so you can stay up to date on whatever ridiculous thing I call work next! Buh-bye!”

Maybe for the first time ever, I relaxed beside her as the camera turned off. I was so pleased with how everything was going. We flew through the video easily.

"You did so good!"

"Really?" She didn't seem to believe me.

"Yea! Especially for your first time. I really like your... How should I say this? *Acerbic* wit. I like the banter. Just relax and don't be afraid to say whatever is on your mind. If it doesn't work, I can always edit it out after."

"In Texas, we'd call that being a smartass, and I got my ass whooped a *lot* for it," she did her accent purposefully thick to be silly.

I laughed as I cleaned the table. I would probably get my ass kicked back home too. My mum was not against corporal punishment. She was rather known for being a harsh judge in the courtroom. That extended to her home life as well. I got a lot of smacks. A *lot*.

"You're not wrong. But, so am I. Two peas in a sarcastic pod. So, are you ready for the next video, or do you need a break?"

She bit her lip a little. "Can I get some milk to drink instead of water first?"

"Good idea. I'll be right back." I stood up quickly and left into the kitchen to get her drink. I was happy to have a few moments to breathe. I was feeling so nervous again now that I saw how good she was.

I checked my phone. Jasper sent a message that said, "*how is it going?*"

"Really really good. We just finished filming a video together."

"Are you fucking serious?" He asked me in surprise. He knew me better than anyone. Jasper knew my anxiety around people. *"You must like her. How is she?"*

"Good. Really good. Talented."

"I didn't realize having big tits was a talent."

"It's not lol. She's funny. And smart. And good in front of the camera."

"You got this from one video?"

"You'll see," I told him. I hurriedly finished making our drinks and rushed back into my office to the patiently waiting Bella.

A thought came to mind as I set up the sweets on the table in front of her. This would show him.

"Would you like to do the intro this time?" I questioned her quietly.

Bella looked a little surprised to be asked. "How?"

"However you like. You've seen how I do it. If it doesn't work, we can cut and start again. We're doing really well on time." We had rushed through the first video. I looked at my watch. "It's earlier than I thought."

"Okay," she lazily shrugged her shoulders. It was no big deal to her.

I sat down beside her and began to count down. "Three, two, one..."

"Hello everyone, and welcome back! Today we're about to get mad diabetes because we're going to rank Little Debbie's snack cakes. This is Eddie Cullen." It was everything I could do not to burst into hysterical laughter as she said everything too brightly, her accent too funny. It was perfect. Bella was fucking with me. I loved it.

I could imagine her as the perfect improv partner. She was not scared of me in the least. I could tell she was having as much fun as I was too. She pointed her little finger at me when she said my name. I knew she wanted me to jump in.

"And that is my very special guest, Bella Swan."

Bella looked dead-eyed into the camera. "And if you're seeing this video, please send insulin."

I tried to hold it in. I did. I covered my mouth with my fist as I looked at her purposefully

emotionless face. She was so goddamn good at it. I got myself under wraps until I looked back and saw her silly smile. It curved imperfectly to one side, a little scar to the corner of her mouth that moved up her cheek. It was very faint. A loud snort came out as I tried to control my face. Bella slowly moved to look at me, her expression hard as she casually sipped her milk.

I lost it, dissolving into nervous giggles.

“You've not even had sugar yet!” She playfully chided me.

I tried to breathe and control myself. “I know. I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me.” I did know. I was a nervous pervert with a crush on the very pretty and very funny woman sitting beside me. I giggled and made jokes when I was anxious. Especially around women.

“Okay, so first we're going to start with the oatmeal cookie,” I cleared my throat. I needed to move on. “We're going to split this in half and...” I offered her whichever she wanted. She took one and split it in half again.

I had legitimately never had so much fun filming a video in my office before. I enjoyed them for sure, but she was honestly a riot. At one point, she laughed so much that she almost sprayed milk out of her nose. I couldn't stop laughing. Bella was patient and witty. Her smile was so easy, and her comic timing surprised the hell out of me.

“Alright, everyone! There you have it! Swiss Cake Rolls are king. Cosmic Brownies may be at the bottom of our list, but are they your personal favorites? Let me know down in the comments and let me know what you'd like to see ranked next!” I began to wrap up the video. I wondered if she knew what to do if I just pointed at her.

“So, don't forget to like, subscribe, and hit the notification bell so you can keep up to date with all the sweet, sweet content!” She said without hesitation.

“Buh-bye!” I said too loudly, the sweets rushing through my brain painfully. I laughed, rubbing my skin. “I've got a sugar headache.”

“I'm not surprised. You ate all of yours,” she said teasingly. Bella was still licking chocolate off her fingers. I wanted to lunge at her, grabbing her up and kissing the sugar away from her lips. I had to look away quickly and distract myself. Then I got an idea when I saw my cheap ass Halloween store top hat on the shelf.

"I can't believe how quickly we got done," I said after looking at my watch. "I think we have time for one more video... if you're willing."

Once again, she didn't hesitate at all. And once again, I thought of her in improv.

"Sure. What kind of video? I'm not sure I can do more food just yet."

"Me either," I agreed. My idea had nothing to do with food, though, but everything to do with getting to know her better. "I was thinking since you're here... Would you like to do one of my 'Twenty Questions and an Impression' videos?"

"Oh," she drew out softly. "I thought you only did that with your close friends."

I was surprised. She had maybe paid better attention to my videos than I thought. I cleared my throat as I tried to recover. "Um, well. I mean, I've done it mostly with my friends, but it really is a game about getting to know new people while being able to practice whatever accent I may get. If you don't want to, you don't have to. I wouldn't want to make you do something you might be uncomfortable with." My dumbass mouth took over and ran away from me. It was the worst it had done all day.

Bella tilted her head to the side thoughtfully before she answered, "I'm not the most exciting person to learn about, but I don't mind."

Um, fucking doubtful.

"Awesome! Perfect! Just give me a few moments." I practically jumped to my feet in excitement. I had been literally handed the best excuse to learn about her and film the response to overanalyze later like the weirdo that I was.

I set up again, letting her sit alone behind the desk. I put the mic on as I pulled up the app with the random question generator that I had made myself. Finally, I pulled out the hat filled with the voices for her to pick from.

"Alright, three, two, one... Hello everyone, and welcome back! It's time once again for everyone's favorite filler episode... *Twenty Questions and an Impression*. The show where a friend pulls a voice from a hat and then I ask them twenty random questions in that voice. This week we have our latest victim, the lovely Ms. Bella Swan," I pointed to her.

"Hi!" She beamed before reaching into the hat. Bella looked at the paper, frowned deeply, said, "nope," and put it right back.

"Wait!" I laughed, "which was that?" Bella blushed at my question.

"Southern. Bad southern accents are like my pet peeve. Sorry." Maybe I should have been offended that she assumed my southern was bad. She wasn't wrong. I wasn't a master of it, by any means. Her reaction was so sincere and innocent, though.

"What makes you think mine will be bad?"

Bella decided to be funny, going expressionless again with wide eyes. She saw that she was getting to me and decided to egg me on by tilting her head to the side like a confused puppy. I couldn't help but laugh again, waving her on to pick another accent.

"Scottish." She showed me the slip after she picked a new one.

Oh *no*. My Scottish was terrible. I had made it purposely outrageous for so long to tease my grandparents that I actually had trouble fixing it. I often did it to my sisters to make them cringe. Once my mother outright slapped me for doing my grandfather's accent at a family reunion. I was ten. I probably deserved it.

"Oh! Yer done given me an easy one."

Bella cringed, but it melted into a smirk. "Alright, Mr. McDuck." She put the hat away. "I'm ready when you are."

"First question! Hae ye ever played a sport?"

"Yes," Bella nodded. "I did gymnastics as a kid and dance, too. And I was a cheerleader."

My brain sputtered. *Cheerleader*. I couldn't look at her. I just nodded, quickly clicking the next question. "Question two! Whit movie scarred ye as a wee bairn?"

"Scarred me? Like stuck with me, messed me up. Ummmm...." She subconsciously bit her

bottom lip as she considered it for a moment. "Raiders of the Lost Ark. The snake part. I don't like snakes. That, or David Bowie's codpiece in Labyrinth. That ruined me forever." The way she looked into the camera, blinking like a sad broken child, her innocence lost forever, was hilarious.

I actually bit my lip to keep from snorting loudly into the mic. Tapping on the screen, the app wasn't loading nearly fast enough for me. "Three! What is your dream car?"

"A self-driving one. I haven't driven more than a few hours in like ten years. Cars are not really in my wheelhouse."

"Question Four! Is a hot dog a sandwich?"

Jasper and I put the dumbest fucking questions in this thing. I wonder which of us idiots put this one in there. We had programmed thousands.

Bella giggled. "Um, no. A hot dog is a sausage, not a sandwich, but I know what you mean. No. It is meat stuffed into bread. A sandwich usually includes two or more separate slices of leavened bread. And, it is possible to make a hot dog sandwich, suggesting that a hot dog is not already a sandwich."

"'At was way moor thoughtful than it deserved," I told her, still wanting to laugh. "Question Fife! What is your first fife jobs?"

"Oh, um. I'm not sure if I've had five jobs. Let's see. I started babysitting when I was, like, eleven, like most kids do. Then I started working at my church when I was fourteen. I had to get my Mamaw to sign a special paper and talk to someone since I was so young. I worked in the baby room there until I graduated high school."

"They lit ye wark in the wee bairns' room? So young." My sisters started having babies when I was around twelve, and they didn't trust me to be with their kids until I was, maybe, fifteen, and I was their brother. After a while, they became rather demanding of my babysitting services. I was good with my nieces.

"Well, I actually started volunteering in the kids' rooms when I was like ten to get out of sitting still during church. I started out helping with the toddlers, but then I got a chance to work with the babies, and I loved it," she explained.

I smiled a little. "So, ye good with wee babes?"

"Yeah, I have mastered the newborn to about eighteen month age range, at least. I love babies. Anyway, after high school, I moved to New York. I worked in a family owned Italian place in the kitchen as a cook for about five years while I put myself through school. After that, I started my career in photography and helped my friend start up her non-profit. I worked in the office. And, I've been doing that pretty much ever since. So, I guess that's five?"

"Whit sort of non-profit is it?" I asked her curiously. My charity work was probably one of my favorite parts of my fame. I loved that simply throwing my name towards something could help somebody.

"We help those who might not be able to travel for whatever reason and help them to get exposed to other cultures and travel. We help kids who have never left the Bronx get to go to places like Germany or England. Australia. Or, adults who've been unable to get out of the house because of disabilities and take them to the beach or the garden. There is a whole host of things we do every week. Long trips, day trips, two-hour outings. Classes. It's a fantastic organization that I am so proud to be a part of. It's called Culture for All, at Culture for all dot com. Please, please, please donate so we can continue to open up the world for everyone if you can." She put up her hands, literally begging. She obviously cared very much about it.

"Link in the box down below!" I said normally before I realized what I was doing. "Six! If animals could gab, which wood be th' rudest?"

"If animals could talk... hm..." Bella giggled a little very softly, tilting her head to the side thoughtfully. "Well, I think the rudest can already talk. I think it was Andrew Jackson's parrot that got kicked out of his funeral for cursing too much."

"Seriously?!" I laughed, wondering if she was telling the truth. I would have eaten any information she gave me out the palm of her hand, though.

"Yeah, I think so." She smiled. "Birds are kind of assholes anyway. They're just mad they're not dinosaurs anymore."

"Question seven," I kind of laughed. "Are ye close wit yer mum and dad?"

Her face went instantly a little sad and dark behind her pretty eyes. "Uh... no. I don't know who my father is, actually. There is no name on my birth certificate. My mom died when I was five, so I didn't really get to ask. My maternal grandmother raised me until I was fifteen, but then she

passed away."

Oh, well, damn. I felt like such a jackass.

"I'm sorry. I can ask another question. Or, we can stop," I spoke normally, embarrassed.

"No, it's fine. I'm really removed from it all now." She gave me an awkward little smile that was meant to be reassuring. "It happened so long ago. Anyway, I was really lucky because my best friends' mother became my guardian and I'm still very close to her today. Hi, Mrs. Brandon! Love you." She waved playfully at the camera. "She's going to show this to every person she knows."

Well, if that was the truth, I was going to make this the perfect video for her. Though, I wasn't sure if I was ever going to put it up.

"Alright, somethin lighter now." I tried to get the next question to load. It was another stupid one, and I grimace to myself. "Question eight. Whit is th' sexiestic name ye can tink of?"

She didn't miss a beat. "Bella, obviously." She was moving on easily. So, I decided to help that along.

"Wrong. It's Edward," I told her like an asshole. She scoffed but then laughed. Then I decided to go off script since the app was taking forever to load again. It's something I wanted to bring up but not seem nosy or rude. "Nine! Whit is yer eye colour?"

She opened her eyes wide for me, leaning forward slightly so that I could look into them. "I have one brown and one blue eye. I have full genetic heterochromia, meaning I have two different colored eyes, or rather the blue is lacking pigment. It doesn't affect my eyesight though," she explained it as if she had done it a million times before. Her eyes were strikingly unique. I wondered if it bothered her. I decided to play dumb.

I tilted my head as I pretended to notice them for the first time. When I did, she did as well, her eyes getting comically wide again for effect. "That's cool," I said honestly. "Like David Bowie." It was the coolest person I could remember from the brief bit of googling on the matter I did. She had mentioned Labyrinth before.

"Bowie got his from a punch during a fight over a girl. His pupil was just always fully dilated, and he had naturally blue eyes," Bella answered back knowingly, smoothly correcting me.

“Gah, really? I'm learning so much today,” I spouted out automatically.

She smirked at me before playfully answering, “I am full of useless knowledge.”

“Question...”

“Ten.”

I smiled at her charmingly. “Right. Not completely useless. Ten! Wood ye rather fin true love or fife million dollars?”

“True love. Money doesn't buy happiness, only security. Beside five million isn't what it used to be,” she said without hesitation.

I nodded slowly. What a lovely answer.

“Eleven! Top fife favorite video games. Do ye play?” Bella began to smile as I asked the question.

“I do! I used to play a lot with my husband, less so now.”

I was instantly deflated. “You're married?” The words left my mouth before I could stop myself.

Of course, she was married. How could she not be? She was practically an angel. Not just in terms of looks. She was kind and funny, too. She hadn't been wearing a ring, though. Not that I had checked or anything.

Bella flushed and then quickly shook her head as she looked down. “No. I'm a widow, actually.”

Several things filtered through my mind. First, I was relieved that she was not married. Second, I felt guilty for thinking that. I felt embarrassed at myself and completely unsure of how to continue. I kept bringing up sad things I was sure she didn't wish to speak about. At the very least on camera.

“Jesus, I am so sorry.”

She laughed humorlessly as she rubbed her tiny fingers over the place where her heart was. It was like it still ached, and her hand automatically went to the wound. Her eyes were a little distant for a moment before Bella looked back at me with such intensity.

“Really, you don't have to keep apologizing. Death... *happens*. I get it, though. What else can you say?”

“You're so young, though.” I couldn't imagine, this poor woman who was all alone in the world. I had so many sisters and nieces. I had too much family. I wondered if she had anyone on this earth.

Bella shrugged, looking nervous as chewed at her bottom lip for a moment. “Death can happen at any moment. Trust me, I know. My husband just dropped dead of an undiagnosed birth defect while getting breakfast one morning. He was healthy, active, ate right. He had a full check-up the month before because we were trying to get pregnant, too. He was just forty. And he was dead before he hit the sidewalk. That was three almost four years ago, and it's still shocking,” She forced a pained smile. “Anyway, my husband used to collect video games and video game systems. Half his office was just shelves and shelves of video games and the books that go with them. Even if they were terrible, for some reason.” She shook her head and smiled wistfully.

“I'd probably say my favorite games are,” she pushed on. “Gosh, that's hard... Final Fantasy X. Kingdom Hearts, the first one. Any of the Mario Kart games. Maybe one of the Grand Theft Auto series or maybe the Mass Effect series. One and two were both great. But if we just go on the sheer number of hours played it would probably be World of Warcraft or Stardew Valley. I've played both for literal months. Don't Starve, too. Or, maybe old school Rollercoaster Tycoon.”

She basically listed off all of my favorite games. Every single one of them I had played obsessively.

“I like those, too,” I tried to hide my excitement as I put my accent into place again.

“I'm a filthy casual, though.”

“That tis th' dumbest tin,” I shook my head. I frowned at the voice. “Oh, that sounded more Jamaican.”

“How many people are you going to offend with this accent, by the way?” She asked sarcastically.

I scoffed at her question. I decided to be somewhat honest. “Well... I'm doing a near spot-on impression of me grandpa, so... at least my entire family.”

I couldn't help my smile as she laughed. It was a lovely sound.

“Question twelve. Wood ye rather ne'er be angry again or envious again?”

“I'm not really a jealous or possessive person. But I am angry all the time. I don't know what I'd do with myself if I was never angry again, though. Anger is a powerful tool. It forces change. But, I guess anger. I don't think either would be beneficial.” Everything that came from her mouth seemed to be well thought out and genuine.

So, I decided to be an idiot and do a Yoda impression. “Anger leads to hate.”

“Only if you don't do anything about it,” she countered.

“Wise, you are,” I did in the Yoda voice again before going back into the terrible Scottish. “Thirteen. Favorite book?”

“A Stranger beside me by Ann Rule.” Never heard of it. I would research that at a later date.

“Fourteen. Where war ye born?”

“Houston, Texas.” She did say she was from Texas. It really did explain the accent though. I had never been to Houston before. I had only been in Dallas once for a flight.

“Question fifteen. Whit any person wood ye like tae have dinner wit? Livin o ded.”

“My father,” she replied simply. Bella didn't seem bothered by it, so I decided to ask a question. She was the one bringing it back up after all.

“So, you really don't have any idea?”

“No. Not really. I only have the vaguest context clues. My appearance is the biggest. I'm guessing he was probably Mexican or maybe Afro-Latino. My hair is pretty curly and thick, but I'm pretty light. I don't know, though. My white mom worked at a Tex-Mex restaurant when she got pregnant, I think. And, I think if he had been white, or passing at least, my mom's parents would have forced a shotgun wedding but I think their racism was stronger than their religion. My grandmother really improved after my grandfather and mom died, though. I don't know if she knew who it was either or if I was just too young for her to tell me before she died. My grandmother didn't talk about any of it, though, to be honest. She barely spoke about my mom at all,” Bella explained to me. I'm not sure she meant to tell me all of this. She seemed so opened and exposed. I could tell right away that it upset her. This also answered a question I had. She didn't know what nationality she was either.

“That's a lot for a kid to handle,” I told her truthfully. I wanted to comfort her so badly despite only knowing her a single day.

“I think it would be a lot for anyone at any age. It sucks. But we can move on though if you like,” she encouraged.

“Right, sorry,” I cleared my throat, wanting to move on, too. “Question sixteen. Oh, no. I don't think I can ask this one,” the words slipped from my lips before I could stop them. I instantly turned red. Why did I have to add these stupid questions to this?

“What is it?” Bella asked, her head slightly tilted to the side in curiosity.

I wanted to crawl into a hole. I covered the mic with my hand before I whispered, “does the carpet match the drapes?”

Bella wasn't bothered in the least. She laughed loudly, throwing her head back. It made her lovely hair bounce. “I've never dyed my hair before. So, take from that what you will.”

I was having a hard time keeping myself from wondering what the carpet looked like.

“Oh god,” I laughed nervously as I forcefully rubbed my eyes. “Okay. *Okay*, um. Moving on. Seventeen. What is your most visited website?”

For me, it was my own. It took up a lot of my damn time.

She bit her lip as she thought about it for a second. "The one I put all the photos I take for just me. I spend a lot of time editing and arranging them in groups. I find it really soothing. It's my meditation."

"So, ye hav' a personal collection?"

"A massive one, yea. Just because I find something interesting doesn't mean it will sell as a print or poster. I'm always surprised at what sells. All my friends and family can see them, though. They're not private or anything." She smiled at me a little bit charmingly. I needed to see those pictures. I needed to know what she liked and found interesting.

"I want to see them. If that's okay. I really like what you're selling," I asked quietly.

"I can send you the link later. And, If you see anything you really like, I can put it in the shop," she told me like a smart businesswoman.

"Yas, thanks. Question eighteen. Whit is yae guilty pleasure?"

Please say rolling around with nerdy Australian men in the nude, my brain joked at me.

"Um... Guilty pleasures usually refer to food, and I actually have a really hard time keeping on weight so I kind of just eat everything and as much as I want. And I don't feel guilty about anything I do that gives me pleasure, to be honest," she laughed nervously. "I do try to not keep the worst stuff out of the house because I will eat it all, but when I do get it, I never feel bad. Life is too short. Don't deny yourself pleasure."

Her answer was better, my brain mocked me before it tried to turn off for the day. All I wanted to do for the rest of the evening was think about her and all the pleasure she wasn't denying herself. I cleared my throat and willed myself forward.

"Question nineteen. Whit is yer favorite drink?"

"Coffee." I could see the 'obviously' in her sassy little smile. It was hard not to return it.

"Last question. Book o' telly?"

“Audiobook.”

Of course, she had to give her own answer. It was perfect.

I went back to my announcer's voice. "Fantastic! And there we have it! If you enjoyed this interview and would like to see the extended version, you can visit my page, Eddie Cullen dot com, and for just a five dollar donation you can unlock unlimited access to tons of bonus content for a whole month! And best of all is that one hundred percent of donations are given to the charity of the month! So, please like, subscribe, and don't forget to hit the notifications button! Buh-bye!" I stopped for a second to consider what I wanted to do next. I thought about it only briefly. "Bella, why don't you do a blurb about your website? I can add it in as an end card to anything you're in so you just don't have to keep repeating it."

It would bring so much business to her little website. I hoped, at least. The companies I supported always talked about how pleased they were with sales after working with me. Hopefully, the boost would go to her as well.

Bella smiled as she looked directly into the camera. Smoothly she gave me a nice clip to add to the end of any video. "Hi, my name is Bella Swan, and I am a freelance photographer from New York City. If you're interested in purchasing a print, postcard, mug, canvas, or something else equally cool, you can visit my website, Swan Photography dot com. You can also follow me on Facebook and Instagram at the same name. Thanks! Bye!"

“My goodness. What a video that's going to be. Don't worry, I'll not put anything too personal. I promise.” I wasn't sure if I would ever put it up, to be honest. I almost wanted to squirrel it away just for me. I was definitely going to spend the night overthinking her every answer. And I was going to make Jasper watch the whole damn thing.

"It's fine. I don't mind. I wouldn't have told you if I was uncomfortable with it," she told me quickly as she stood from the table. Bella picked up her camera and twisted it in her hands to look at the settings. Her lovely, naturally black hair fell over her face like a curtain. I wanted to brush it away so that I could look into her eyes.

“Thank you for being so open,” I said genuinely.

I knew without a doubt that every answer she gave me was true. Bella seemed almost honest to a fault. I adored it. I wanted her to be truthful with me. This personable little woman wasn't scared of me in the least. Between my height and now a being celebrity, women tended to have

one of two reactions to me. They either stared at me with wide-eyed fear or nervousness, or they tried to figure out how willingly I would get into their pants. They were always disappointed. I didn't enjoy casual sex. I was too anxious and too controlling to find it fun. Otherwise, I would be getting laid every single night.

Shockingly, she took my picture, pulling me out of my thoughts before Bella whispered, "you're welcome."

This episode goes with 4 of Imperfect Pictures.

Thanks for reading!