



## Chapter Thirty-Eight-

“So, how long is the flight?” I asked as I tried to guess where we were flying for our little vacation in the back of the taxi on our way to the airport. I had been making guesses and asking questions for about five minutes. I wasn't having any luck naming specific locations.

“It's around five hours,” Edward commented. “Give or take.”

“That doesn't help much,” I sighed, trying to think. “I don't think you'd take me back to New York State.”

“No. Not New York,” he agreed.

“Probably not the east coast either, then. I don't think to Colorado is that long of a flight. No layovers, right?” I questioned curiously.

He was smiling a little to himself, pleased he had done such a good job stumping me. “Right. Non-stop.”

“And it's snowy for sure,” I mused out loud, it was the only thing I knew for sure. He was trying to be mysterious. He was doing a surprisingly good job of it.

Edward squeezed my hand, enjoying himself. “Yes, very snowy. Snow for as far as the eye can see.”

I made a little face. “Wyoming?”

“No,” he chuckled. “Wasn’t even in the running.”

“Not New York, Colorado, California, or Wyoming. Or Lake Tahoe or Aspen. Gosh, I don't know. Why don't you just tell me?” I said as I leaned my head against his shoulder.

“No, this is fun,” he grinned down at me. “I really like the surprise part of this. It's very exciting.”

“I'll figure it out at the airport,” I pointed out to him.

His smile grew with pleasure. “Our flight is private, and we'll be going directly to the plane. So, no airport signs to give it away. Sorry, love.”

“So, is it a good thing I have my passport?” I asked him next. “Canada? But, you didn't say I'd need it for sure.”

“Mm, it's not needed, I think. I'm pretty sure,” he answered. “I have mine as well, just in case though.”

“So, in the US. Or, a territory at least. I don't think any of the islands are snowy though. All I can think of is the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and Guam. None of those are cold.”

“Yup, usually very warm there,” he popped the p with his lips. “Would you like some more clues?”

I shrugged, giving up. “Yes, please.”

“We will be almost entirely alone most of the time, surrounded by amazing wildlife.”

Well, that wasn't really helpful. “That still sounds like Wyoming.”

He laughed, “I have to think of things that won't give it away. Um, Lots of Mountains. Streams. Bears. Lots of big fucking bears apparently. Big. Cold as Fuck. Um...”

“Alaska?” I questioned.

Edward brought his lips to my ear so that only I could hear in the back of the car. “In a beautiful secluded log cabin just off Denali, just a nice walk away in the snow to a luxury hotel with five-star chefs and a well-stocked bar. We can play in the snow all day or stay warm inside by the giant fireplace, and at night we can watch the northern lights. Your lens,” he tapped his finger on my camera case at my side, “should be good for taking pictures of that. That's what Alice said, anyway.”

I took his face into my hands and kissed him deeply on the lips.

“How am I going to top that ever?”

"You don't need to top anything. Though, I think you should pick somewhere nice and warm next," he told me, hugging me close.

"We'd for sure need a passport then," I answered him. "I was kind of thinking New Orleans though, but I don't know how warm it will be there."

"I've never gone to New Orleans before," he said thoughtfully.

"It's during Mardi Gras," I mentioned.

"Oh, no way! That sounds too cool!" Edward said brightly. He looked so young when he was excited.

"It's a little early in the season when we'd be going, though. I was doing research, and they're only doing one parade the weekend we could go, before Australia. On the ninth. It's a sci-fi themed parade. It's called the Krewe of Chewbacca."

He threw his head back in laughter, "oh, my god. Yes. I want to go on this trip already."

"There are some other Mardi Gras events, but not any of the big parades. Mardi Gras is on the fifth of March next year, so they do their big parades the two weekend right before Fat Tuesday," I admitted to him. It wasn't going to be the party he thought it was. I didn't want him to be disappointed.

"That sounds like fun. And a good idea for a video next year. Or rather, year after next. You know what I mean."

I had already thought about that as well. It was one of the things I had taken into consideration. "Probably several videos. You could tour the graveyard. The zoo. There is a riverboat there. Plus you could spend a week just doing food videos. Ghost tours all over the quarter. Maybe I can even be a good Catholic and go get some ashes rubbed on my forehead after."

"What?" He looked genuinely confused.

"Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday. Lent, Good Friday, Easter. Ash Wednesday is the beginning of Lent. And all the good Catholics go to their priest and get ashes rubbed on their forehead." I used my thumb to make the sign of the cross on his forehead. "*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris,*" I recited the Latin to him.

He looked visibly uncomfortable. "Oh... I'm pretty sure you just cursed me somehow?"

"*Remember, man, you are dust and dust you shall return,*" I quoted.

"Is that what that means? Oh, it is a curse then." He made a little sour face. "Wait. Do you know Latin?"

"My grandmother made me memorize all the prayers stuff. She was super crazy

religious," I explained. "*In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*" I did the sign of the cross. My grandmother said that phrase probably more than anything else. She would pray over just about anything.

"That's really kind of unnerving," he admitted.

"*In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen,*" I said the real words. "It does sound like a curse. I can do some longer ones if you ever want to not sleep."

"Nope, I'm good," he chuckled.

The airplane was small, only six huge and comfortable looking seats with a vast aisle and tables in between them. We were greeted by champagne by the steward. After takeoff, I sat on Edward's lap as we watched the scenery go by through the plane's window.

We arrived at the Fairbanks Airport and then had to drive another three hours to the resort. Luckily we had a driver who was used to the snow. We had to change into warmer clothes before we left the plane because it was so cold. It was just hovering around zero.

It was dark by the time we arrived at the amazing luxury cabin hidden off in the woods. We passed the enormous main hotel, something like out of *The Shining*, but it completely disappeared behind the trees even though we weren't that far away.

To say it was luxurious would be an understatement, honestly. It was by far the nicest place I had ever stayed in before. It had two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen, and a living room. One of the bedrooms was enclosed entirely in glass, and it had a massive jacuzzi bath in the bedroom. Each room had a fireplace I probably could have stood up in. All of the fires were going already.

I was speechless as I came into the living room. Everything was far more beautiful than I could have imagined.

It suddenly hit me in the middle of that Alaskan forest that the kind of money he was playing with was in a different stratosphere. Edward tipped the driver after he helped bring in the bags. The door shut behind us, leaving us alone for the first time in hours.

Edward came to stand behind me, running his hands over my shoulders and he brushed his nose against the back of my neck. He slowly unraveled my scarf and removed my hat, tossing them onto the couch. He removed my jacket and added it to the pile. He had a hungry look in his eyes.

"Is it what you hoping?"

"It's more than I expected," I breathed out. "It's so much, Eddie."

He kissed along my temple, and I ran my fingers over his rough jaw. He hadn't shaved in a week for me. In fact, he wasn't going to again until he had to for work. It was already over a half inch long, reddish brown with a few black hairs mixed in and was just starting to grow the

tiniest bit softer.

"I wanted to give you something you'd never forget." He ran his fingers over the front of my neck from behind, squeezing gently. I closed my eyes, resting my head back against his chest. Lightly he rubbed his thumb up the center to my jaw. He twisted my chin gently so that he brought my mouth up to his in a kiss, his other hand resting on my stomach.

I turned in his arms to face him, sliding his jacket off of his shoulder with my hands. He held me close to his body, his hands going down my back to my ass. He gripped it tightly as my arms went around his neck.

"Get some wine, and I'll get the water in the tub started," he told me warmly, his erection pressing against my stomach even through all the thick layers of clothing between us. I couldn't believe how turned on he was by me. I wondered what gave me such power over him.

When I went to go towards the kitchen to get the wine that he requested he swatted my ass, making me giggle joyously.

The glass-encased room was almost entirely surrounded by trees except for a small clearing that I couldn't see more than five feet ahead of me because it was so dark outside. The room itself was simply filled, a large California king bed, a couple of bedside drawers, a round dining table with a couple of chairs, a dresser, and the hot tub to one far end. When I came in, Edward was already stripped down to his jeans and nothing else. The room was amazingly warm because of the pleasant smelling fire. I could barely hear it crackle as he played music loudly on his phone.

My heart was in my stomach, surrounded by a million butterfly as I looked at him. He was so beautiful, literally cloaked in stars. I didn't feel worthy.

"Hi there," he grinned at me. I felt so nervous for some reason I couldn't explain. He came to take the wine glasses and bottle from my hands. "You okay, my love?"

"I think I might be a little overwhelmed," I admitted to him in a tiny voice.

He placed the drinks on the table and came back to where I was standing, taking my waist in his hands.

"Is it a bad thing?"

"No," I whispered, looking up. The sky was rolling with green and blue lights. "We're literally at the top of the world, Edward. It's amazing."

"I wanted to show you how I feel when I am with you," he whispered sweetly. I would have called him out for being so cheesy, but he was so sincere. He was a try hard, but he was doing it because he loved me.

*He loves me. He's doing this for me. Wow...*

Edward knelt down in front of me, helping me to get my boots and socks off. He was cautious of my broken foot and toes, but it only mildly ached now. When he stood, he brought my bulky sweater and one of my long sleeved shirts up with him. Underneath was still a thermal shirt and a tank top which he tugged off until he finally got to my bra. It was a little strange to be standing in the middle of the forest semi-nude. I was wearing that hot pink bra he had picked out at Target months ago. He still loved it. He buried his face in my chest, covering it in warm kisses.

He lifted me by the ass and carried me to the bed where he gently laid me back. Edward worked my pants off with a grin, carefully tugging them off so not to hurt me. I was going to be so ready to get back to normal, so I could attack him in the way that I wanted to. Not being able to jump him was a real problem.

I watched, lifting up on my elbows as he went to check on the water. There was seemingly endless amounts of hot water, and it took three spouts twenty minutes to fill the tub up completely.

Pulling the hooks free, I tugged my bra off while he went to check. He watched me, his eyes thirsty for more. Slowly he removed his own jeans, pulling them down to the floor with his briefs. I watched with a grin, taking in the glorious view.

When he came back to the bed, he pulled my panties down, kissing my stomach as he did. For the briefest moment, he kissed between my legs, making me moan in surprise. With a surprising amount of speed, he picked me up over his shoulder, making me squeal and giggle in happiness. He slapped my ass hard, my skin stinging pleasantly. I slapped his own ass forcefully to which I earned a funny little wiggle.

The tub had stairs going into it, and he held the guardrail with one hand and with his other arm securely around me. He let me down into the deep water gently, dunking entirely under afterward in front of me. My feet could barely touch the bottom. When he popped back up, he pushed his wet hair away from his eyes before pulling me close to him.

His hands were all over me as we kissed, slipping and sliding down my back and ass easily. I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist, his erection pressed against me. Without breaking our kiss, he used his hand to help slip himself inside of me.

I tilted my head back happily with my eyes closed as I bounced up and down on him, his hands on the small of my back to help me. When I opened my eyes slowly, I could see the Aurora Borealis and the millions of the stars that dotted the sky. There was almost no light pollution, and it was the clearest sky I had ever seen. Edward guided my hips, moaning at the sensation of me being so tight around him. The water sloshed around us, spilling over the edges with force.

We played in the hot water, touching, kissing, and fucking without ever reaching our climaxes. When it was finally starting to get cold, he helped me out of the bath. Edward also helped me dry off with a warm towel, careful not to miss a single spot. Without a word, he led me to one of the chairs at the table.

"Sit," he commanded gently.

Edward knelt in front of me in the chair, spreading my legs apart with his hands on my knees. I giggled happily when he tugged my ass towards the very edge of the seat. I loved when he manipulated my body the way he wanted it. He propped both of my legs over his shoulders, both hands holding the outside of my thighs as he buried his face between my legs. I wound my fingers into his hair, holding the back of his head as he devoured me thoroughly.

My back arched, my head against the back of the chair and my knees high in the air. He could make my eyes roll into the back of my head with just his lips, but then he would add his teeth, his tongue, nose, or fingers and my body would begin to tremble. The way he would look up at me would make my stomach twist into knots. I could cry out as loudly as I wanted to in the private cabin, so I took full advantage of that. The louder I got, the more it encouraged him... which just made me even louder in return. My bare heels dug into his back as I came, my fingers tearing at his hair.

He kissed my mouth hard, his fingers still inside of me as he made me cum around them. His other hand fisted the back of my hair, holding our rough kiss as I practically screamed around his mouth. With a quick lift, I was on the table, and he was between my legs. Edward was being aggressive and demanding. He fucked me at a perfect pace, my hands holding me up on the table. My breasts bounced the force of it, the cold air making my skin prickle pleasantly. When I looked up towards the sky again, I got lost in the sensation and the colors until it was too much to keep my eyes open. My mouth hung open, and no noises came out when he found the right spot.

I fell back against the table. Thankfully it was sturdy enough to handle the pounding. His fingers dug hard into my hips as he came, his thumbs probably leaving bruises. He panted with his face against my stomach. I held him, stroking his hair. I felt so pleasantly satisfied.

"You okay?" He asked softly, looking up at me worriedly. "Your foot doing okay?"

"Yeah, it's fine," I promised him with a smile. "The table is hard and cold, though."

Edward chuckled, standing up and helping me to my feet. I hopped to the bed on one foot, sitting on the edge. After we got cleaned up, we ordered dinner from the room service.

"I can't believe I'm about to eat dinner practically at the North Pole," I commented, wrapped up in my warm pajamas in front of the fireplace in the living room.

He was so happy he was actually dancing around the room as he moved things into the bedroom for later. Edward had brought me a big glass of wine as was nursing his own.

"Baby, this is just the tip of the iceberg," he promised.

"The literal iceberg?" I asked. He chuckled, refreshing my glass and his own. "Can I ask you something?" I questioned softly.

"Anything, love."

I licked my lips as I considered how to phrase my next words. "This isn't *YouTube* money. This place," I pointed to the cabinet around us. "I mean, I understand that you're doing more than alright. But a million isn't exactly what it used to be. But this place is—" I shook my head. "How much are you...? God, I hate asking this." I looked down at the glass in my hands. "Nevermind. I don't want to know."

"Oh," he said, putting his glass down on the table. "Well, um. Yeah, you're right. This definitely isn't *YouTube* money. I've been investing it for the past couple of years, so it's still pretty good. But um... yeah, I got my first check from Disney. I wanted to really splurge."

"The two million dollar contract?" I asked. "The one from before?" We hardly ever discussed money unless it was my own.

"No, I got that before you came actually. I got part of the new contract. It's from the movie script they bought. It's not been announced or anything yet. But, I got it first check of many last week." He was a little bit sheepish. "It was in the eight figures."

"Are you serious?"

"If everything happens how it looks like it will right now, with the multiple shows and the movie and all the merch that goes along with it, I'm looking at a nine-figure payout over the next five years. It's so much. Too much. I'm hoping to give at least half away, probably more. No one needs that much," he smiled at me bashfully. "Which is something I'd very much like your input on. You have so much experience on the subject," Edward told me hopefully.

"As in One hundred million?" I asked in a voice so small it barely sounded like it came from me. "Nine-figures?"

"Ehhh..." he drew out. "More. Think at least double that. I'm not totally sure of the final figures because it does depend on how well the movie does as well. But, Disney and Pixar never really fails in the properties department," he said with a smile. "I told you that I really got everything I ever hoped for in the same week."

I drank half my wine in one go and looked into the fire. I didn't know what else to say to him. I knew he wasn't just making money from Disney, either. He had his voice acting in video games, too. Endorsements. He had so many balls in the air at once.

Dinner was delivered to our door, still just as hot as if just came out of the oven. The person carrying it set it up on the table for us. I watched silently as everything was uncovered, silver domes releasing swirls of steam into the air.

I didn't say anything the entire time they were there, still too overwhelmed by what Edward had told me.

When they were gone, he leaned down behind the couch, his elbows resting on the edge. Edward softly sighed, "usually, the problem is the other way around. The man doesn't make enough money."

"It's not a problem," I replied numbly. "It's just intimidating."

"I can understand that."

"You could legitimately give a billion dollars away in your lifetime," I tried to think of it positively. Was I the right person to help him with that?

"I hope so..." He petted the back of my hair. "I realize we're different when it comes to these things, but I think with time you'll get used to it."

"If we do get married we'll have to have a prenup," I said as I looked into the fire. I couldn't bring myself to look at him, embarrassed and anxious. "I don't want you for your money."

"Well, my lawyer will be very pleased to hear that, my darling," he answered smoothly. I looked back at him, frowning. He was trying to be a ham.

"I'm serious."

"So, am I. If that's what you want, I'll be more than happy to oblige you in any way you wish. And trust me. I know. I get it, love. You definitely don't want me for my money." He placed his hand on the back of my head and kissed my mouth lightly. "I feel the exact same way," he told me very seriously when he pulled away. Edward made a little face, scrunching up his nose and pursing his lips in an attempt to lighten my mood.

I laughed despite myself and rolled my eyes. "I guess if that's all settled, we should eat. Our food is getting cold."