



Chapter forty-four-

Edward had some shooting planned with his friends the next day, but I wasn't exactly feeling up to it. So, instead, I went to the grocery store to get food for us for the next several days. When I got back to the house, I made some salsa and guacamole for him and his friends later. Once I was done, I crawled back into bed. I was getting worse, not better. I was probably actually going to have to break down and go to the doctor. I didn't want to. There wasn't anything they would be able to do for me. I just knew it. I had stupid stomach stuff before.

He kissed me awake sometime later, brushing his hand over my stomach softly as he did.

"Hey there, beautiful," he whispered into my ear. "I'm back. How are you feeling?"

"Tired," I admitted faintly as I rolled over to look at him. He didn't need to know about my cramping.

"If you're not better by tomorrow I'm taking you to the doctor whether you like or not," he told me firmly. He had been trying to make me go for days by then.

"I'll be fine," I sighed. I didn't want to ruin his vacation by going to the doctor when it would probably go away on its own in a day or two. I was perhaps just traveling too much. Jet lag always really affected me.

He didn't look amused by my answer. "No. You'll not win this. It's stupid to keep suffering if you don't have to. And, if it is an ulcer or something like that you need to have it dealt with. And if it's not then, we must figure it out because this has gone on far too long."

"Alright," I agreed just because he was getting more and more riled up. I decided I was going to be better in the morning, whether I actually was or not. "Where are your friends? Are

they here?"

Edward brought one of his hands up to my cheek, smoothing his thumb over it as he looked down at me worriedly. "Just one is. The others are on their way. They're not here yet. If you don't feel up to it, I understand," he said softly. "You'll get another chance to meet them."

"No. You've been looking forward to this for ages. Give me a few minutes to freshen up, and I'll be out," I promised him as I brought my hand up to his, leaning my face into his big soft palm. I smiled a little, breathing in his pleasant scent deeply. He smelled faintly of coffee.

"No rush." He kissed my forehead before giving me a few moments to get ready.

I put on a fresh, silky sleeveless red top to go with my blue jean shorts. It was in the eighties and very muggy. My feet had been cold lately, so I put on knee socks, the weird combination of hot and cold, not helping how I felt. I freshened my lipstick after I brushed my teeth, spritzing on perfume as well. I didn't feel pretty or comfortable. My makeup felt like a mask, but I needed one to make it through the day.

The living room was quiet as I walked towards it from the bedroom. Almost eerily so. There was a shorter, compared to Edward, pale white man sitting on the couch, playing with a controller and headphones on so that I couldn't hear what was going happening on the screen. He was wearing a red backward baseball cap, blue jeans, and a black and white striped shirt. He had a very thick handlebar mustache that started a soft golden brown at the roots and faded into a light pale yellow as it twisted towards the ends. When he saw me, his smile grew, revealing the wide gap in his otherwise straight front teeth. He was surprisingly handsome, even with the outrageous facial hair. He also had tattoos all up and down his arms. Very nice ones that I liked a lot.

"Well, hellooo there, gorgeous," he said in a thick Australian accent as he pulled off his headphones. Whereas Edward's was posher, he sounded like the *Crocodile Hunter* from TV. The hello cracked halfway in a funny way, making me giggle a little despite my cramping.

"Um, hi," I giggled out a little nervously.

"I'm Jasper, Anthony's best mate, and you are... just stunning. Absolutely *stunning*." He put his hand on his chest, which he puffed out dramatically. *Oh no*. His best friend was just as silly and loud as he was. I was sure they were a handful together. It was going to be payback for Alice and me.

Edward came out of the kitchen with two beers. He quietly put them both on the table before dramatically slapping the hat off the back of his friend's head.

"Don't flirt with my girlfriend," he said dryly.

"Oi, I already know she likes Aussies with facial hair. I thought I'd give her a chance with a real man," his voice was odd and strained, comically so. I had heard him before in several of Edward's video game bits on his channel. It always made me laugh, and he was definitely doing it on purpose. He also had a bit of a dirty sense of humor in his videos, if I remembered

correctly. I had seen his face in some of the pictures around Edward's house and in a lot of his older videos, I realized the longer I looked at him.

"Twat," Edward snapped at him as he dove over the back of the couch and they began to wrestle jokingly. I was a little stunned.

I had a strong feeling this was normal for them. I didn't mind in the least. I didn't regularly watch two full grown sexy men roll around on top of each other, but I certainly wasn't against it.

It was times like these when I realized precisely how young my boyfriend actually was.

There were several hard slaps between the men as they grunted at each other and struggled. Jasper had shoved Edward's shirt halfway up his chest as he tried to get a better hold of them, his fingers digging deeply into his sides. It was sexy as fuck.

"So, if I said I'd have sex with the winner," I deadpanned softly from my spot beside the couch, "how much chaos would ensue, exactly?"

Both of the men looked at me, shocked and confused. Jasper smiled and laughed heartily, "oi, I like her. She's funny."

"She's only saying that because she knows I would decimate you." Edward shoved him roughly, but Jasper was shorter and more broad, harder to move because of his lower center of gravity. He pushed Edward away with one hand and made a muscle with the other arm. It was huge, thicker than Edward's even. And it was definitely for my benefit.

"You see that," he shouted at him. "Look at these guns, Tony. Yeah, bitch, you ain't the only one hitting the gym."

Aw, boys are dumb and cute. I liked them so much.

They wrestled for a few more minutes, Edward overtaking him to the floor with a heavy thud. Luckily he didn't hit the table. Jasper pushed him over quickly to his back, making the table scoot away with a high pitched squeak. He pushed Edward onto his back and pinned him down with his entire body on top of his. He had his thighs pressed against Edward's, his feet pinning his ankles down while he gripped my hot boyfriend's arms above his head.

They were actually seriously turning me on. Embarrassingly so. I could feel heat spread from my neck to my shoulders, a tingling crawling up my spine as I became slightly wet.

"Okay, now I see why you like to watch Alice and me," I mused, picking up one of the beers so I could take a sip.

"Who's Alice?" Jasper asked Edward panting while on top of him.

"My kinda sister," I answered him with a smirk.

"Oh, my god. That's so hot. Is she a sun-kissed goddess like you?" Edward slapped him

hard against the cheek after Jasper asked. "Oi, cheeky cunt!"

"Bells is adopted, you dirty fucker. Alice's a natural blond actually." He was holding Jasper's shoulders at arm's length while the shorter man struggled to get his revenge for the slap.

"Black hair right now, though. Super hot, too. Freckles, big blue eyes. Great tits," I joked from behind them, motioning to my chest. Jasper looked back at me in surprise, and Edward shoved me off of him quickly.

"I wasn't going to say that," my boyfriend huffed as he came to his feet. He was panting and sweaty. I offered him his beer back. "Cheer, love," he murmured as he took a long swig.

"Wait, so you wrestle around with your sometimes blond adopted sister who has nice tits?" Jasper asked from the floor, still trying to catch his breath. "Have you seen this in person?"

"We don't wrestle, really," I said. I caught Edward nodding beside me silently. He smiled behind his beer when I made a little face. "You've never seen us actually wrestle around before. Alice loves wrestling though, but she likes it rougher than I do," I commented.

"She hits too hard?" Jasper asked, finally coming to his feet.

"No, she wants me to hit harder. It hurts my hand. I mean, I guess that's what her belt collection is for... But I'm always afraid that I'm going to hurt her," I explained evenly.

Edward narrowed his eyes at me, taking another drink of his beer. "Are you joking or not?" He said in a soft, curious tone. He was seriously thinking about the answer.

"I've had way more sex with Alice than I have with you, my darling." I patted Edward's cheek gently. I turned to Jasper swiftly. "Nice to meet you. If you'll excuse me, I'm going to get dinner started."

Jasper laughed at my abrupt departure into the kitchen. I could still hear them from behind the door, though.

"Wait, is she serious?"

"Uh... you know, who knows. Probably. Actually, I don't really know. We've had lots of sex at this point."

"I would hope so. She's super hot," Jasper replied. I heard another slap.

Edward had made a request of nachos for him and his friends when they came to visit. It had become one of his favorites of mine, and he wanted to share it with them. It was easy enough to make. It only took thirty minutes or so before I was all ready to prepare them for when his friends finally all showed up. Just as I had set everything out to start the assembly, there was a knock at the door.

There was a ton of noise as he greeted his friends. There were cheers and laughter. I stood in the doorway of the kitchen to watch him hug each of them. One of his friends was actually, somehow, taller than him by a couple of inches. There were three women in the group, two of them pretty blond twins, and there were five men in total. Most of them were white, one of the guys was Asian. Jasper watched from the couch, smiling and greeting his friends with a wave.

"You must be Bella!" One of the twins said to me after getting her hug from Edward. She came and swallowed me up in an embrace in her long arms. She was a tall woman with a strong but sweet face. "You're so tiny!"

"That's because she's a snack." Jasper smiled at me, stupidly. He actually wiggled his eyebrows at me.

"Baby, I'm a five-course dinner," I joked with him.

"Yes, you are." Edward came to scoop me up in his arms because he was in such a good mood. I squealed and laughed as he lifted me above him with his arms just under my ass. He kissed me with a dumb little grin on his face. "Everyone, this is the woman I've not shut up about in months. Bella, this is Kelly," he pointed to a woman who complimented me. "Melly," her sister. "Lu," he pointed at the other girl. "Marcus and Felix in the back there. James. Peter. And this is Lee," he pointed at the Asian man.

"Hey, along with half the planet," I told Lee as Edward put me down.

"Right? It's so annoying," he replied. He had a thick Australian accent too. I wasn't expecting it for some reason.

"Something smells good," Peter said loudly. He was a very young pale-faced blond with spiky hair. He was very skinny as well.

"I'm making nachos. I should go finish those up," I said, feeling a little awkward. I didn't know what else to do or say. "They'll be out in about twenty minutes."

"Do you need any help?" Edward asked sweetly. I smiled up at him, touching his cheek. He had been missing his friends so much, but he was willing to take time away from them for me. He was such a good man.

"No, I got it," I promised.

"Okay. Let me know." He leaned into my hand. "What I will do is get everyone some drinks, yeah?" He looked at his friends who all gave their approval.

I ended up making huge platters of nachos. It was definitely overboard in my opinion but better too much than not enough. By the time they were ready, his friends were all crowded around the television and were playing video games loudly. Slowly I began to sneak bowls onto the small dining room table that took up a corner of the room behind the couch. I had two kinds of salsa, one mild, one spicy, a large bowl of guacamole, seasoned sour cream, slices of limes,

pickled jalapenos, diced tomatoes, and fresh slices of avocado. They finally noticed me when I brought out the first tray of steaming chips.

"Ohhh, look," one of the guys said, looking at the mountain of food from the couch. I couldn't remember if it was Felix or Marcus. "I am so hungry now. God, do you hear my stomach?"

"Edward, would you get the plates for me?" I asked as I went back into the kitchen for the other smaller tray.

"Yes, *Edward*. Could you," one of the guys said in a mocking voice. It was James, and it rubbed me the wrong way for some reason.

"Shut it," Edward snapped at him. "You're just annoyed you don't have a girlfriend," he mumbled as he got off the couch.

"I get plenty of women!" He snapped back. "You'd be bloody surprised!"

"You live with your sister," Edward said, sarcastically laugh. The group quietly snickered at their exchange.

"Edward is a prissy ass name," James popped back quickly, obviously annoyed that he had been so properly called out.

My boyfriend made an angry little face as he followed me into the kitchen to get the paper plates from the countertop. I came in very close to him and looked him dead in the eyes as I shouted back at his friend, "you know, it doesn't sound prissy when I'm moaning it every night."

The group enjoyed that thoroughly.

"You are the *best*. I love you so much," he whispered to me, drawing me in closer to him with both of his strong arms. "When you feel better I swear I'm going to take you out and buy you all the diamonds you want."

I laughed blithely, kissing him for a moment before turning to go take the rest of the food out. He slapped my ass as I went. I wiggled it at him for good measure.

Half the group was up and around the table, but they hadn't touched anything yet. Jasper reached for a chip, but Melly slapped his hand away before he could. She hissed at him to be patient.

"Okay, so these are vegetarian," I sat the platter down. "Just beans and cheese. Those are half ground beef, half chicken with a bit of a mix in the middle," I explained. "The green salsa is mild, and the red has Scotch bonnets in it. And garlic lime sour cream."

"I'm sorry," Felix said quietly, "do you have anything vegan?"

“Oh! Yeah. The salsa and the guac is. So are the beans. I made them myself. The chips should be as well. Let me go get those for you,” I said to him pleasantly.

“Thanks. Cheese hurts me now,” he said quietly, looking at the food longingly.

If I thought I made too much, I was wrong. They cleaned the platters. They went through four bags of chips and all of the salsa I made as well. And they all drank like damn fish. Edward was the most reserved drinker of the bunch. They were all getting louder and louder as the evening went on.

I seemed to like all of his friends just fine, except for James. Melly and Kelly praised me for my food, asking for the recipes, and Lucy and Marcus, who were a couple, chatted with me about my pictures. Edward had sent them a large canvas for a housewarming gift earlier in the year.

He was sitting on the floor in front of me on the couch, my legs dangling over his shoulders as he played video games. I swatted him on the top of the head, and he had no idea why, because of his headphones.

“What did I do?” Edward asked wide-eyed.

“Ask for the stupid code when you get things from the shop. You don’t have to pay full price, idiot,” I complained. “I’m not going to tell you again.”

He pouted out his bottom lip. “I forgot! And it was late, and you were asleep.”

“It can’t be both,” I pointed out to him. He scrunched up his nose at me, and I returned it.

“You underprice them, anyway,” he muttered, turning back to the game they were currently playing.

“Okay,” I said sarcastically. “Well, if you want to be in charge of how much I sell my shit for, please go right ahead.”

“First off, don’t call it shit. Because it’s not. It’s art. You are an artist,” he said as he continued to play his racing game. “You have put hundreds, if not thousands, of hours into practicing your art. You have a degree from a top American school in said art. You should be regularly showcasing your work in galleries and selling them for a price that reflects your skills. And I would be more than happy to arrange that for you. I realize you lack the confidence in your work now, but I have no doubt that one day you will be in the museums you so love to visit.”

I leaned forward and kissed the top of his head, hugging my arms around his neck. I pressed my cheek on the top of his scalp. He pressed a kiss to my knee, not looking away from the screen. He came in second.

“Aw, Tony!” Lucy said, waving his hand in front of her eyes as if she was going to cry. She was fucking with him. “When did you become such a sweetheart?”

"Oi, I've always been," he pouted some more playfully at being made fun of. "You're just all assholes."

"You know, I kind of like the idea that it's just for me," I teased him as he leaned his head back between my legs to look up at me. He stuck his tongue out at me, making me giggle. "I think you're extremely sweet, though. Alice thinks so too. And Demetri. So, I know it's not just for me." I ran my fingers through his hair, and he hummed in pleasure.

"You look really happy," Peter commented to Edward.

"Well, let's see. I am madly in love with an incredibly smart, talented, sexy woman. Who is going to make very fat," he chuckled as his arms stretched above his head. "My career has already gone way beyond what my dreams were. I live in sunny, beautiful, California, in a gorgeous home that overlooks the mountains. Away from my crazy mother. Yeah. I think this is what happiness is." His grin was from ear to ear as he rolled his head back against my thigh. "And in a few weeks, I'll be able to wake up every morning with you. I don't think it could actually get any better than that."

"I don't think that's true," I told him pensively. "Then what else would we have to look forward to? We're just getting started."

He gave me a little silly smirk. I knew what he was thinking. I saw it in his eyes. "Mm, I know a few things that might make it better. But—"

"Shhh." I covered his lips with my fingers. "We will not speak of these things in front of your friends. Or, your family for that matter."

"When you agree to be my lovely little bride, and we have—"

"Shh..."

"Good lord, Anthony. If she doesn't want to have your babies, I will," Lucy teased him. Marcus swatted her thigh, making her throw her head back in laughter. "Well, then you talk to me that way. You don't want babies anyway."

"How do you know he was talking about babies?" Lee asked Lucy as they started another game. Edward passed his controller to one of the other guys. He relaxed against the couch, rubbing my knee as they continued to dangle over his shoulder.

"I kind of figured he was talking about threesomes but, I mean... That's just me," I joked dryly. Edward lifted my leg so he could bite at my calf, making me laugh. "Between a baby and a threesome, one of those things is a lot more likely to happen," I laughed as he continued to bite me through my sock. "Stop, it tickles," I whined in laughter.

He hopped up on his knees and came to face me between my legs. "I was actually talking about getting engaged. Getting Married. Having a family. You know, those sorts of things. I wasn't actually being a pervert, love."

“Shh,” I covered his mouth again. “Don’t rush. It’s too soon. Be a pervert instead.”

“When will it not be too soon?” He asked charmingly, kissing at my fingers.

I pretended to think. “At least a year.”

“A whole year? From now or from when we started dating?” Edward teased me, pretending to pout.

I crossed my arms over my stomach. “I’ll go with dating.”

“I’m going to hold you to that,” he promised me as he pulled out his phone. He began to type in his calendar. “October fourteenth, *outlandish* proposal.”

I scoffed at his stupidity. He was showing out because his friends were there. “First off, nothing outlandish for the love of God. Second, we didn’t start dating the fourteenth. We started dating the twenty-second,” I pointed out to him. He held my gaze and smiled until I tilted my head further and further to the side. He cracked first but recovered so he could use his best-honeyed tones.

“I know, but that’s when I fell in love with you.” The girls all awed in unison. He flipped them off without looking away from me.

“You are so full of shit,” I told him, even though I was smiling. “It was not *love at first sight*. You’re so damn dramatic.”

“You don’t believe me. But I’ve got the receipts, baby,” he teased me.

“Oh... You know, I remember that night. I’ve still got the texts. Wait a sec,” Jasper said from beside me, pulling out his own phone. He scrolled for a minute, pursing his lips as he rushed through them. “Ah, here it is,” he cleared his throat. “*I think I just met the person I’m going to marry*. Then I called him a dramatic bitch because obviously, we agree. Asked what the fuck he was on about. *The photographer is here, and she’s the hottest woman I’ve ever seen.*”

“No,” I laughed taking the phone, so I could read the exchange. Edward’s face turned beet red. I began to cackle as I read the conversation. It went unsurprisingly into a perverted territory. “How are my tits?” I asked Jasper, squeezing them together with my arms as a continue to read. “Do they live up to the hype?”

“Yeah, they’re a bit of alright,” he joked with me, making me laugh harder. I leaned my head on his shoulder, continuing to read. I had a couple of beers in me, and I already liked him. I gasped when I saw a picture of me very quickly in the conversation.

“You *creep*,” I teased Edward. “Showing my tits to your best friend.” It was a very conservative picture.

“It was my contact picture for the first week. Now it’s the gold lipstick one,” he explained

with his chin up in the air.

"Your contacts, indeed. It is a good picture."

The conversation went on for what appeared to be days, and he sent a lot of pictures in the thread of me or us together. There were pictures with me and Seth and Tyler I didn't remember being in either. Edward had just been quietly hoarding his own photos.

"None of them do your eyes justice," Jasper flirted with me. I rolled them and handed him his phone back.

Edward snatched up the phone before Jasper could so he could look at what I just read. There was definitely a picture of me sleeping in his arms and him grinning like an idiot behind my hair still on the screen. He looked a tad embarrassed to be caught. There were also several pictures captioned '*but dat ass.*'

"So, here is my question, Jasper. How much has he shown you? I mean, I tell Alice *everything*, so it's only fair that he has you to talk to," I teased my boyfriend, snuggling my head closer to him. He saw what I was doing right away.

"Oh, he's always been very respectful," he lied, making me smirk.

"Of me and my tits?" I joked dryly. "And *that* ass. Has he shown you the book yet?"

"Oh, no no, no," Edward started, even his neck was red.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, dove," Jasper said too loud, obviously and purposefully lying. I began to laugh, and he took my hand, squeezing it. "I've been informed of its existence, but I have not been allowed to see its contents," he whispered to me.

"Aw, that's a shame. I look great in it," I teased Edward, looking directly in his eyes with a shit-eating grin. He made a little face, scrunching up his nose in annoyance. "Well, you've obviously shown him some interesting ones. Alice has seen your nudes, too. Seems fair."

"I've never sent you a nude," Edward replied proudly.

"No, but I've certainly taken them." I looked at him with wide amused eyes. He hadn't seen those at all.

"Oh, in New York," he said quietly. He laughed once in embarrassment, looking down before looking back up at me through his thick eyelashes. "Tell everyone our business, yeah?" He smirked at me. "I see how it is. Trying to embarrass me. Very nice."

I pushed his shoulder with my sock covered foot. "You like it when I'm a little mean."

He grabbed my foot and kissed the top of it. He held my gaze as he nuzzled the side of my ankle, his expression serious, and his eyes hot. I had to turn my face away because it made my stomach stir pleasantly.

Jasper pressed his lips to my ear, whispering so only I could hear, "whenever you're feeling really mean, I'd love to see those pictures," he said flirtatiously. He wiggled his eyebrows at me again when he pulled away. He was clearly joking... *somewhat*. He probably would have enjoyed seeing them well enough.

I laughed, and he squeezed my hand again. He was funny and somehow charming in a sarcastic way. I liked how he screwed with his friends. It was nice to see Edward happy around people.

"Oh no, what did he say?" My boyfriend looked at his friend worriedly.

"I was offering her pictures of a real man," Jasper replied back smoothly. Edward opened his mouth in fake anger and began to reach for a cringing but grinning Jasper but I stopped them before they could actually start to literally wrestle over me.

"Wait, wait. I need to get up. You two can be stupid in a minute," I told the two boys that were giving me all their attention. As much I was enjoying being in the middle of them, I need to use the restroom again.

I went off to the bathroom as quickly as I could without running, my stomach still cramping. I broke out in a cold sweat when I was in there. I was washing my face when Edward called that they were going to head out onto the beach for a while and asked if I needed anything. I declined quietly.

Instead of joining them, I went to our bedroom, flopping onto the mattress. I wrapped my arms around my stomach and groaned. My legs drew up, twisting into each other.

Jasper had used the bathroom after me and could see me through the cracked open door. He glanced in. "Oi, dove. You alright?"

"My stomach," I complained, a little dizzy.

He came over to the bed and touched my forehead. "You don't have a fever. Poor thing, you're covered in sweat. Can I get you something?" When he spoke to me then he used a very soft, smooth voice.

"No, I took something. It'll be fine. It'll pass," I sighed with a little pain tinting my tone.

"I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable earlier. I was just joking," he said quietly, a little worried.

"No, it's fine. I brought it up. I thought it was funny," I promised him. "I think we have a similar sense of humor."

"Sometimes, I have a hard time not taking it too far. Please let me know if I do," Jasper said, still sitting beside me on the bed. He suddenly seemed a little shy and nervous. He was a lot like his friend.

The sliding glass door could be heard, and I glanced out behind me to watch Edward run towards his friends with some beers on the beach. When I looked back, I saw that Jasper was watching him too. He was biting the corner of his lip, his eyes taking in all of Edward's form.

"Oh," I said quietly. He hadn't been talking about my pictures, I think.

"What?" He asked, looking down at me. His cheeks had a little color in them, his pretty blue eyes slightly dilated.

"I'm not the only one you think is a snack," I commented, rubbing across my aching stomach.

"What?" He said, making his voice crack. "I-? What? No! I..." his voice changed as he looked at me and frowned. "Please, don't tell him," he said normally. "I shouldn't have said anything earlier. Please. I don't mean anything by it."

"I won't," I promised him quickly. "You should talk to him, though. He's very understanding. He'd be very supportive if you decided to come out."

Jasper looked positively terrified, and I instantly felt terrible for him. "No, I couldn't do that. We've been friends for so long. I'm not going to ruin that."

I looked back towards the beach at my sweet man. "What? I don't think that would happen."

"What would I do? What would I say?" He questioned me quietly. "I don't even know how he feels about someone being gay. It's not exactly the easiest thing to-."

"I'm pan," I told him honestly. "Edward knows and is fine with it because there is nothing wrong with it. Almost all of my friends are gay, and he's amazing with them. He came to a charity show we did for LGBTQ youth, donated a shit ton of money, and went to a gay club with us afterward. You should trust him. He's a good man."

"I know he is." He smiled at me warmly. "And... Me, too. I mean... yeah, I'm pansexual too, actually," he laughed uncomfortably. "That's really weird. I don't know if I've said it out loud before. Or if I've even talked to someone else who was as well. I'm still trying to figure out all of this," he admitted to me. "I thought perhaps I was gay for a time but..." he trailed off. "What do you think he'd say?"

I didn't have to think about it. "That he will be your friend *always*."

"You don't even know me." He almost seemed as if he was about to cry.

"Mm, not yet. But I know how Eddie talks about you, and I know how he feels about you. And I know him." I reached for his hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. He had such large, knobby fingers. His skin was soft, though.

"Shouldn't it upset you that I have sexual feelings towards your boyfriend?" He questioned me, his voice a little watery, but he was joking.

"Um, have you *seen* his ass?" I asked him, looking back outside again. They were laying in the sand, drinking and talking. "Besides, it's not like we're the only ones who think he's hot."

Jasper laughed, "yeah, that's true. He's in such good shape right now. He was really doughy in the middle when I first..." he trailed off. "I liked him before he started doing any of this shit on the internet."

"I bet he was still cute as fuck all chubby," I joked with him before becoming more serious. "I hope it doesn't bother you how lovey-dovey we are."

"No, dove. It's nice, he's so happy. I am a bit jealous, but I know nothing will ever happen there."

"I don't know," I smirked a little. "He's always surprising me."

"Me too, honestly. I don't know. I think I'd like to kiss him just once at the sheer curiosity at this point. I've thought about it so many times in my head," he admitted to me, extraordinarily embarrassed but also relieved to be talking about it. He shook his head a little to shake the thought away. "I shouldn't tell you that. I'm sorry. I've probably drank too much. You're his girlfriend."

"No, it's okay. I understand. Well, if you ever have a chance, go for it. I won't stop you. Please take pictures," I told him dryly. He laughed, a big smile curling at his pretty pink lips.

"I have your permission then? Good to know," he nodded in a jokingly serious way, rubbing his forearm with his hand.

"I mean, I'd like to be there for it," I admitted in a giggle. "You could do some more of that wrestling thing you did earlier, but maybe with no shirts this time first..." I drew out, looking out at Edward while biting my lip. I could just make out his profile, his arms behind him in the sand with his head tilted back. He was wearing sunglasses, smiling as he spoke. He was so beautiful in the sun, and the idea of them wrestling by the ocean was just too much for me. "Aw, I turned myself on, and I feel too terrible to do anything about it."

He laughed again, "do you want me to get you anything?"

"No, it's okay. You can go hang out with them. I'll be fine."

"I quite like hanging out with you," he told me sweetly. "I do hope we'll be good friends."

"Yeah, I think we will be."