



Chapter Sixty-Four-

After fooling around multiple times in the night, I woke up to Jasper smoothing his hand over my back gently. He was dressed in just sleep pants, sitting up beside me in bed. Edward was dressed too and packing. We had been slowly for days, putting things away, and cleaning up as we went. We were leaving with more than what we came with, as always.

I knew it was our last day, but I didn't want to go. It always felt like I was having to leave my bubbles of happiness. I knew that Jasper was just as sad as I was. Shifting over on my stomach, I laid my head on his firm thigh, clutching it. He began to play with my curls tenderly.

"I adore your hair," he told me quietly. "It's so soft and lovely."

"Thank you." I smiled at him slightly, looking up at him.

"I like your ass, too," he said dryly. I laughed, sitting up so I could rest beside him on the headboard. He draped an arm over my shoulder. Jasper sighed heavily, "well, he can't stay because of work. What about you? Can I talk you into staying with me?" He said teasingly, brushing his fingers under my jaw.

"You could just come with us," I offered. "If he's got work, so do I."

"Soon. Three months. Beginning of June," he replied quietly.

"It's not soon enough," I answered. I laid my head on his shoulder, smiling at Edward, who was watching us. "We're going to have so much fun together when you get to LA. I'm going to spoil you both so much."

"I believe you," Jasper smirked, winking at Edward. Our boyfriend blushed a little, turning his attention back to his suitcase of clothes. "You know, I think it's funny that Tony isn't saying anything about me trying to steal you away."

"Mm, because it's not stealing if she's yours, too," Edward commented. "And she's not a thing to be stolen anyway. She's a brilliant woman, and she can decide where she wants to go. And I'll support her whatever she decides to do because I love and respect her."

"Your sisters have trained you so well," I replied, smiling at his words. He chuckled. "I love them all so much. I really do."

"They love you, too," he said as he sat on the edge of the bed. Edward sighed heavily. "I can't believe it's already the fourth."

"I-" I began to say, but then I realized something. "Oh... It is the fourth, isn't it?"

"What?" Jasper asked curiously when he saw my serious expression.

I shook my head. "I just realized I didn't think about my wedding anniversary at all this year. It was the first. It would have been fourteen years." I pulled the sheet up around me, leaning my head back against the headboard. "Am I terrible?"

"No," they both said quickly.

"So much has been going on," Edward added, touching my ankle. "My love, don't feel bad about not being sad on a certain day."

"Yeah, I suppose. And it's always going to be the anniversary of something," I sighed heavily. "It feels like a different lifetime ago. But... I'm so glad that I'm here now."

"Me too," Jasper told me as he pressed a kiss on my temple. "Come on, gorgeous girl. Why don't we get cleaned up?"

After a long pleasant shower with them, we got ready to go out to dinner with Edward's family. Afterward, they were coming back to the cabin to swim one last time. Before we went, I packed all but the things I would need for the next couple of days. I wore a light blue sundress and a cardigan sweater, makeup covering up all my hickeys and bruises.

"I really do hope you buy this place," I said to Edward as we walked out the front door. He was looking very nice in slacks and a polo shirt, his sunglasses resting on the top of his head. The sun had brightened his red hair and brought out the faint freckles on his nose and arms.

"Already done," he grinned at me. "It'll be yours once we sign some paperwork when we get back to the states."

"What?"

"Well, Ms. Swan, It is my gift to you. Your name is on the deed."

I stopped, turning to look at him by our rental car. "Are you serious? Why'd you put my name on it?"

"Because it's a gift to my pre-fiance," he said smoothly. "Like I said the other day."

"I just thought you meant you were going to buy it in your name because I liked it so much. I didn't realize there was paperwork. That's a big gift, honey. But... Thank you," I breathed before pulling him down for a kiss.

"Of course."

"I'm a little stunned," I admitted.

"Well, you might want to get used to it." He pulled the passenger side door open for me, grinning. "Actually, both of you should. You're dating a man with the means to treat you like royalty now. I obviously enjoy spoiling the people I love."

"That's not fair. I don't know what I could give you in return," Jasper mumbled as he got into the backseat. Edward leaned into the car and swiftly kissed him, shutting him up.

"I think you were pretty effectively giving him something this morning," I teased Jasper while Edward came over to the driver's side. He laughed, pushing the back of my head. I giggled, "you were giving it to him good, too. I think you need to give me some tips."

"Are you two going to be able to stop flirting long enough to get through today?" Edward joked as he buckled up, glancing back at Jasper then me.

"Us? No, leave me out of this. It's you two lovesick idiots. Hitting each other because you can't talk about your feelings." I rolled my eyes at him hard. "Legit, it took me two hours to figure it out while my medication was scrambling my insides. I think I confused your sisters, though. You know, being as I'm a female who is probably the exact opposite of your mama, that you

obviously want to touch."

"Thank god for that," Jasper snorted.

"Right," Edward agreed. "I'll behave."

"I promise nothing," our boyfriend joked from the backseat. "I'll try my best to keep my hands to myself."

The restaurant where we were eating at was a very nice seafood place right on the wharf. We had a private balcony all to ourselves, overlooking the gorgeous Sydney Bay. We arrived first, going up to the table to wait for his family. We ordered a bottle of wine and sat in the sunshine.

"It's so beautiful, Eddie," I whispered to him when we were alone.

"I can't wait to take you both around the world. I want to see it all with you," he replied sweetly, making my cheeks warm a little at his sudden intensity. I smoothed my fingers over his beard, pulling him closer to me so that I could press my lips to his. It was a gentle chaste kiss. "My queen," Edward whispered in my ear so that only I could hear it.

"Anthony, can you not molest the poor woman for half a second," Edward's Grandpa George teased him cheerfully as he came out onto the balcony with his wife in tow. Sasha and Carmen were right behind them with their husbands and kids.

"Oh, I'm the one molesting him," I joked, scratching my nails over his beard. "He's too sweet, and he deserved a good kiss."

"What did he do to earn it?" Elizabeth asked curiously.

"He bought the cabin because I liked it so much," I told her with a big smile. "So, when we come to visit again we'll always have a beautiful place to stay."

"Hopefully, that means you'll visit more," she said excitedly.

"Well, it's time for you all to come to me next," Edward replied. "I'll fly you all out to LA. Take you to Disneyland."

The little girls' faces at the table instantly lit up. Their Uncle Tony was good at making grand promises. I had no doubt he would carry through with it.

"Actually, I bet Disney has hotels that would be good for large groups. The girls would love it, too. Do you get a discount at Disney now that they basically own you?" I joked.

"I do indeed. That is a good idea, actually. Your Aunt Bella is good at coming up with ideas like that." He smiled at me charming though he was talking to the girls.

"Mm, you do realize that's what I did at CfA for, like, years? I planned and arranged trips for large groups of people," I asked my boyfriend. "I am *the* boss at this kind of stuff."

"That is true. Perhaps I'll put you in charge of planning this chaos," he said with a teasing smirk.

"I'd love to," I replied before pecking a kiss on his lips. He pressed his forehead against mine for a moment and sighed in happiness. "So, girls," I asked the oldest of his nieces when I pulled away, "Disneyland, of course. Surfing. Shopping. What else should we do? Maybe go to a concert or a play? Go to some museums? I haven't gone to the Natural History Museum in LA yet. Or, we can go to the observatory and go look at the stars."

"What's at the Natural History Museum?" Ruby asked curiously.

"Science stuff. Cool rocks. Dinosaur bones," I told her excitedly. "I love dinosaurs."

"Really?" Mia asked quietly in her shy way.

I nodded, giving her my full attention. "Mm-hmm. Someone I cared about loved them, so I learned about them, too. Fossils are super cool. He had a bunch of little ones."

"Who?" She asked me curiously.

"Well," I considered how to answer her. I decided to be honest. "His name was Aiden. He collected them as a little boy. Gems and minerals, too. He collected tons of different stuff, though," I explained to her.

"Like what?"

"Video games. Knick-knacks. Books. Weapons, too. Though that was kind of his job," I explained to her since she seemed so interested. The nine-year-old was leaning in, listening to my every word. "He studied ancient weapons. Like swords, maces, longbows, and that sort of thing."

I had all the kids attention for sure. "Did you ever get to play with swords?" Ruby asked me curiously with a big smile.

"Actually, yes. He'd have me do experiments all the time because I am almost exactly the average size of a medieval woman." I rolled my eyes. "Women didn't get too many fun

swords, in my opinion. Maybe daggers. Everyone had daggers. Men, women, kids, your dog.” They giggled at my words.

“What kind of experiments did you do?” Chloe asked.

“Oh, he was always making me do something stupid. I wore lots of weird dresses. And, I got to poke, stab, smash a lot of things. Clay, pots, actual donated human skulls. *Hey, honey. Here’s a bag with a rock. Can you come hit me with it?* That was a thing I did more than once.”

“Why?” Grandpa George asked me with a laugh. I didn’t realize the adults were listening to me too. They were having their own conversations around us.

“Um, so,” I began laughing, “If you got in a fight with your spouse, you could ask for a trial by combat. They would dig a hole and put the husband in it up to his waist. He would be given basically a club or something because you just want to seriously maim your loved one. And they’d give the wife a bag with a big rock. And they let them go at it. People regularly died, of course. Usually, the husband because you can shatter a skull if it’s a big enough rock. Because a bag with a rock is just a makeshift mace. And my dopey doctor would have me hit him while he was wearing padding, trying to figure out what kind of damage it would do. The padding had pressure sensors in it for data collection.”

Jasper laughed, “was he a masochist?”

I rolled my eyes again. “Undoubtedly. He’d be covered in bruises for weeks. Ask me to do it again. He,” I laughed again, “shouted at me to hit him harder once in the middle of his office at the school. And I’m just dying of embarrassment because I KNOW every one of his colleagues can hear his stupidly loud ass, and we’re going to have drinks with them afterward. Just, *Doc. No. Please. Please be quiet. I’m going to actually try to hurt you if you do that again.* Which is exactly what he wanted. But I didn’t want to, you know, kill him.”

“Did you hit him harder?” Edward smirked.

“Yup. The bruise that I gave him was,” I made my hands the size of a dinner plate, “with padding. He didn’t ask me to do that again.” I grinned evilly.

“You’re so dangerous,” Jasper laughed. “Tony, you best be careful.”

“You’re going to live with her too in a few months,” Edward replied jokingly. “I’m not worried about me. I’m not stupid enough to ask her to hit me. What I’m worried about is anyone that pisses her off. It’s like I have the tiniest bodyguard.”

“I told you I would shank someone for you,” I said dryly.

"I believe you, baby," he replied very seriously, making me laugh. Edward instantly smiled and nodded. "But, no. Really. I believe you. You're scary."

"So you're joining them in America, Jasper?" Elizabeth asked, leaning in to hear the answer. Both of Edward's sisters were leaning in too, eager to be nosy.

"Yes, ma'am," Jasper said, taking a quick sip of his wine.

"And you'll be living with them?" George questioned.

"At least for a little while. We'll be able to get so much more work done that way," Edward said thoughtfully. "Plus, my house is more than big enough. His room has an amazing view of the mountains. You're going to love it," he promised our boyfriend.

"How do you feel about that, Bella?" Carmen asked me curiously. "Living with two men?"

"They're both incredible gentlemen, and Edward has a cleaning service, so I don't have to clean the bathrooms," I told her honestly, shrugging my shoulders with a little smile. "Honestly though, Edward and I started out living together, and we are terrific together. And they lived together for years and got along well, so I don't imagine there is going to be any problem."

"Jasper has always been a sweet boy," Elizabeth said to him warmly. He put his hand on his heart and gave her a big cheesy smile.

Finally, Edward's other grandparents showed up with his other two sisters with their kids. Two of his middle nieces went running for the boys, each of them basically forcing themselves into a lap. Ava reached for me from her mother's arms as she sat beside me at the table. I quickly brought her into my lap, kissing the top of her head.

"Sophia, want to share a lobster platter with me?" He asked the four-year-old girl in his arms. She made a little face at him. "Okay," he laughed. "What do you want to eat then?"

"Fish and chips," she told her uncle, pointing to the menu in front of her. There was a large picture of the fried fish.

"Oh, can I have a bite?" He asked her teasingly. She quickly shook her head. "It's okay. You don't have to share." She grinned up at him and laid her head on his shoulder. "What do you think, love? Want to share one of those giant lobster platters with me?"

"It's supposed to be for a family, you pig," I laughed. "I'm not saying no. I'm just saying we might need help with it."

Edward waved his hand towards Jasper, who shrugged. "Yeah, I'm down. Sounds

delicious."

The outrageous meal he ordered for us wasn't just lobster or even one kind of lobster. It had oysters, tiger prawns grilled, barbecued, and fried, salmon cooked two ways, squid, calamari two ways, mussels, chips, and a whole host of sauces as well. I laughed when they sat it down in front of us.

"That is enough for five people," I stated to them in shock.

"Okay," Jasper snorted, picking an oyster and squeezing some lemon on it. "Just watch."

"Oh, good. You two can do those stupid food challenges and destroy each other's stomachs," I mumbled to myself, putting some of the salmon on my plate with a pile of the french fried potatoes.

"You can eat as much as me. I've seen it," Edward told me. "Where does it go?" He leaned in with narrowed eyes.

I poked my bottom. He scoffed. "Yeah, I know. I'm acting like I'm not already thinking about dessert."

"Oh, what are you thinking about?" He asked me excitedly, taking a big bite of his lobster. I wiped a spot of butter off his cheek, grinning at his purposeful childishness.

"The chocolate souffle or the cherry pie with mascarpone."

"Sounds good. We'll get both."

"Tony, this is why you were a fat child." Tanya smiled wickedly over her bowl of lobster in cream on a bed of pasta. It looked delicious.

"Tanya!" Grandma Jane scolded her.

"It's because he eats his feelings," Carmen thoughtfully replied, earning a sharp look from her brother. "Well, she should know."

"She already knows," I laughed. He looked at me with a raised eyebrow. "You were so nervous the first time we met that you ordered a BOAT load of Chinese food and nearly ate it all. All within moments of meeting me. I didn't know that then, but-" He made a sour face. "How much sushi did we get the night of the storm?"

"Okay, in my defense it was all the things I would have normally ordered. It just would have been more than one meal," he said, his chin high in the air. I offered him a bite of my

barbecued salmon. Edward happily accepted it, smiling at me. "Well, you use food to show love so..." he trailed off.

"That's how you get a good man!" Tanya giggled over her wine glass. "You feed him until you trick him into loving you." Her husband Liam gave her a look. "Oh, please. You know that's how I got you."

"Oh, I was already in love with Bella before I tasted her food. But, the first time she cooked for me before we even started dating was one of the nicest meals anyone has ever made for me, full stop."

"I told you it was 'impress you' food."

"And I am still impressed," he teased, offering me a chip. I took it from his fingers and leaned my head on his shoulder as I munched on it.

Sasha sighed with a smile. "You two are so cute together."

We were at the restaurant for three hours, having fantastic conversations and eating amazing food. We did get two desserts, sharing with each other and his nieces, who found their way into our laps. Ava slept on my chest so that her mother could enjoy her dessert. I loved it all.

In the parking lot, Edward hugged all of his grandparents goodbye since they wouldn't be joining us back at the cabin with his sisters and nieces. He whispered his love for them, kissing their cheeks and trying not to tear up in front of them. He put his entertainer voice on for them.

Jasper drove back to the cabin for him. They held hands in the front seat together. Our boyfriend sniffled the entire way quietly, staring out the window silently.

We arrived back to the cabin first, but not by much. His sister Sasha pulled in right behind us, so Edward went to help take the kids from their seats.

"Come here, Ruthie," he said to the four-year-old as he took her out of the car. She wrapped her arms tightly around his neck. "Come on, Emma. Let's go surfing, baby."

Tanya and Liam were next with Sophia, who hurriedly rushed over to Jasper. He scooped her up, giving her a big hug as he rested a hand on her little back. Those kids missed him as much as they missed their real uncle.

The rest of his family arrived shortly after, all of them filing into the small space. The girls all shoved into the bedroom, their mothers with them, to get changed to go swimming. They were all very excited about it. All of the men busily took all the kids toys and boards out to the

deck. When the women were done, they took their impatient kids to play. Their husband quickly followed, all of them excited to get in some surfing since the waves were so nice.

Edward and Jasper changed first while I got ready in the bathroom, giving me a few minutes alone in the house. I put on my long-sleeved swimsuit to hide my bruises, covering my legs in sunscreen and pulling my hair up in a ponytail.

I was almost out of the back door when I heard a soft knock on the front. I looked back at the beach, wondering who it could be. Slowly I moved towards it, the knocking getting more insistent. When I opened it, I saw Edward's mother standing on the other side by herself, looking like she ate lemons for breakfast. She also looked like she was dressed as if she was about to go to court, her solid black hair pulled up tightly away from her botox filled face.

"I'd like to speak to my son," she stated shortly.

"Are you here to apologize to him?" I asked her curiously, crossing my arms across my chest. My tone was even. I wasn't scared of her.

"I would like to speak to him," Esme repeated.

"Your son is currently playing with all of his nieces. He's happy and relaxed. So, unless you're here to apologize for... probably a million things, but we'll start with your behavior this trip, you can leave." I was not going to take this night from him. I had to protect him. The next day was going to be hard enough.

"What gives you the right to speak to me that way?" She demanded. Judge Cullen wasn't scared of me either, not that I expected her to be.

"For one, this is my house now. A home you came into without permission and berated your grown son for a perfectly normal activity. One that you've done at least five times yourself, at a younger age than him, from what I understand," I replied back. "You're going to lose your family, you know that? Do you not see it coming? Do you really think your son is the only one who is unhappy with you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" She snapped at me.

"They call you the terrorist," I informed her calmly.

"My children would never-"

"Yes, they would," Jasper said from behind me, coming inside. He was obviously coming to check on me since I was taking so long. "And, they have for a long time, Mrs. Cullen."

"This is none of your business!" She hissed at him. "I don't understand why he's allowed you to hang onto him the way you do, either. Just another leech."

Oh, no. You don't get to treat either of my boyfriends that way...

"Don't speak to him that way," I warned her quietly. "He is welcome here. You are not. Your son doesn't want to see you again. He's made that clear. I'm not going to allow you to ruin his last night here. It is too precious to him. He's happy and having fun, and you will not take that away from him. I won't let you take another single thing from him if I can help it."

I felt Jasper's presence behind me, protectively. I wanted to back up into him for comfort but didn't.

"You need to apologize to your son and to Bella. The things you said the day she went into the hospital are inexcusable. I don't care if you don't like her, or me for that matter, but that doesn't give you the right to treat anyone with this much disrespect."

"I don't want an apology," I said, not looking at him but straight into her angry eyes, and I felt his hand on my shoulder. "Not for me. Give one to Edward. Now, if you can tell me that's why you're here, I'll be happy to go get him for you."

Esme held her chin in the air. "I'll only speak to my-"

I closed the door in her face, locking it loudly. "Bitch, I've been treated like trash by better people than you," I said just for me.

Slowly, I turned to look at Jasper. I heard a car engine start as she peeled out to see whoever she was going to bother next.

"You're worth a million of her," I told him, reaching forward and stroking his cheek. He smiled at me slowly. Jasper pulled me into a tight hug.

"I was thinking almost the exact same thing," he whispered quietly in my ear before pressing a comforting kiss on my cheek.

"Do you want to take me surfing?" I asked him. He nodded, giving me a weak little smile. Jasper bumped his forehead against mine for a moment before we let go of each other to go spend the rest of the evening with Edward and his family.

