



Chapter Sixty-Five-

It was dark when I woke up from my fitful sleep. No one was holding me. When I looked beside me, both men were sitting up in the darkness in silence. They were holding hands, and Jasper had his head on Edward's shoulder.

"What time is it?" I asked quietly, sitting up a little. I pushed myself up with hand and rubbed my eyes with the other.

"Five. My alarm will go off soon," he said softly, his voice a little rough. Jasper had been crying. I sat up completely, and he offered his arms to me. I pressed myself against him, wrapping mine around his neck. "This is going to be harder than I thought," he said into my hair.

"Come with us," I begged him in the darkness. I wanted him to as badly as Edward did. I was going to miss him. The words hung heavily in the air.

"Please, dove. Don't. I can't," Jasper whispered. "I have to take care of things here first."

"Fuck the other things. Fuck your work, and we'll get your stuff later. We can come back. I'll come with you and help you pack. I'll buy you whatever you need until then," I said almost desperately as my face pressed into his neck.

"You sound just like him," he laughed as he pushed his face deep into my shoulder. "I can't do that. I couldn't just leave."

"I'll stay and help you pack, and we can leave in a few days," I offered next. I could feel his true unhappiness, all the problems that were eating away at Jasper, and I wanted to take him away from them.

Edward let out a watery laugh. I felt his hand on my back, gently rubbing up and down my spine. Jasper's alarm went off, and my arms tightened around him. He pulled me into a deep kiss as his phone sang to us. It felt overly cheerful.

"I'm in paradise. Show me heartbreak a thousand times," the phone said just before Edward quickly shut it off with a sigh.

"Three months. That's it. That's all we have to wait," Jasper said when he pulled away. "I'll get some time off in the middle. It won't be that long." He wasn't saying it to me but rather to himself. His hold on me was still tight, refusing to let go. I didn't want him to.

Our flight was in a few hours. I didn't want to leave Australia. I didn't want to be away from him. I didn't want Edward to be away from his family. Even if things didn't go perfectly, I felt happy and contented.

"I'm going to miss you," I breathed.

"I'll miss you both terribly. Be a good girl for him, hm?" He teased, trying to lighten the mood some.

"Never," I laughed and pulled away. He smoothed his hand over my cheek, smiling just a little.

Jasper got up on his knees on the bed and straddled our boyfriend's waist so that he could properly kiss him. He wove his fingers into his thick, auburn hair, dragging them back until they rested on the back of Edward's neck. When they pulled away from the kiss, they rested their foreheads on one another. Edward's hands slid up his back, holding him to his bare chest.

"I hate this," he sobbed suddenly, sucking in a deep breath. "I'm sorry," he apologized for his tears, wiping his eyes with the heel of his hand.

"Tony, darling, don't cry," he tried to soothe him gently. "It'll be fine. I promise. Soon. I hate it, too."

"I wish you weren't so stubborn."

Jasper ignored the comment. "Kiss me again before I get out of bed. Please? Both of you."

Edward quickly pulled him into a forceful kiss, wishing to make him change his mind with his passion. Jasper had to pull away finally, gasping for air. Before he could catch his breath though I kissed him as well. Our kiss was slower, sweeter.

"Send me some fun videos," he whispered to me, making me giggle.

Finally, Jasper got out of bed and got ready to leave for work. Once he was dressed, he kissed us each chastely and hugged us before leaving us alone in the darkness. I held Edward for an hour in silence before we finally got ready for the day ourselves. He shook a little with his tears.

On the plane, he stared out the window quietly beside me. We had been in the air an hour already and had eaten breakfast of coffee and pastries once we had taken off. I held his hand, smoothing my thumb over his knuckles. His mouth was tight with his sadness.

"So, I know I'm not the person you want to be on this flight right now-" I began slowly.

"Bella," he sighed my name, interrupting me.

"Let me correct that. I realize that I'm not the only one you want to be on this plane with you right now, but I want you to know that I will do anything you need to feel better. We can talk or cuddle or whatever. I want to be able to give you what you need."

"I don't know what I need," he murmured then sighed as he leaned back against the seat.

"Do you want to talk about what's on your mind? Maybe it'll help to get your thoughts out," I offered gently.

Edward considered his words carefully before he pressed his head back on the headrest, turning his face to the side to look at me with a small frown. He squeezed my hand gently. "Um... To be honest, right now I'm scared that because I'm acting this way, you'll think you're- that you're not *enough* for me. When you are. But, I can't seem to force myself to... to act normal."

"I know when you're acting, and I'd still know you were upset, Edward. I wouldn't want you to hide your emotions from me anyway, even if you think you need to protect my feelings from something. Which, you can't. And shouldn't. And it's only been a couple of hours. It's okay, I understand."

"I just don't want you to ever feel like-" he stopped and swallowed. He pushed his lips together, shaking his head slowly. "After we had that talk about Aiden. I... I need to make sure that I don't ever make you feel that way. You are enough for me. I care for Jasper, and I want him in my life. I need you, though. I never want to put our relationship in danger."

"I know," I promised him. "Honey, I honestly expected you to act like this when we left before we even started dating him. You obviously love Jasper, at the very least as a best friend. I knew you were going to hurt when we left no matter what. I'm not jealous. I'm sad that you're in pain." I ran my fingers through his hair soothingly. "I realize that my feelings aren't the exact same, and never could be, but I wish with all my heart he was with us right now."

"I know you do." He gave me a small smile. "You believe me, though? I would be happy if it were just us for the rest of our lives. No kids. No Jasper. Just you and me."

"Of course I do. I just kinda figured I was too much woman for one man to handle," I teased him gently.

"That you are," he agreed with a chuckle as he squeezed my hand again. "Now that we've left I've got all these thoughts and questions. Fears." He glanced out the window again.

"What are you afraid of?"

"You didn't just- Do all of that for me. Did you?" He asked, worriedly.

I laughed and looked away for a moment as I sighed. Everyone seemed to have the exact same fear. I took a deep breath as I looked at him very seriously, leaning into him.

"Yes. I totally had the best sex of my life *just for you*," I told him dryly. "You're the only man I'd do it for. You must know what a *huge* sacrifice it was on my part. To have two insanely hot and charming men give me all their attention and affection for several solid days. It was just... so... *hard*..." I couldn't keep the sarcasm out of my voice as my head fell back, dragging out the last words.

Edward scoffed, smiling slightly to himself. He shook his head as he rolled his eyes.

"I feel guilty for not telling you things before," he breathed when he looked out the window again. Edward was having trouble meeting my eyes.

"Things like what? That you occasionally think about men?"

"Only him really," he admitted. "I never expected anything to happen. I wanted it to though, even before he kissed me. Honestly, I expected us to drift apart when I moved. It's what I was most afraid of. But, we still talk every day. And I would dream about him. And think about

him like that. And, then I saw your reaction to us wrestling..." He trailed off, embarrassed.

"Mm, wrestling is going to end much differently than before," I giggled, smiling to myself. Edward blushed a little, glancing down at his lap with his own smile. "Honestly, it seems fair. I didn't tell you right away, and I have a much better grasp of my sexuality."

"You didn't do that on purpose. It wasn't like you were hiding it, we just hadn't discussed it yet."

"And I don't think you did either. You can't tell me your every passing thought. I have no doubt you've had fun masturbatory fantasies about other people while we have been together. I don't expect you to tell me everything. I mean, I enjoy them, but you don't have to tell me anything you don't want to. You have the right to that privacy. Please, don't hold back on my account though."

He laughed, pushing his hair away from his forehead before glancing over at me. "I can't tell you how grateful I am that you are so funny. And, kind. I can't- I don't have the words to describe how happy I am with you by my side."

"Edward, I promise you that I'm happy, too. Happier than I have honestly ever been. You, this, everything is like a dream."

"Everything has been crazy. But, it's been so much fun," he said almost bashfully.

"I'm having a great time. And, I'm super excited about moving in with you, and in a couple of months, everything will be perfect. We'll all be together, and we can see what kind of trouble we can get into in LA." I brought his knuckles up to my lips to kiss.

"So... speaking of moving in together. Are you still thinking about leaving the tenth?" He asked, curiously. "I know you said you were thinking about just going for a couple of days, but we didn't really discuss it anymore."

"Hm..." I hummed. I scrunched up my nose before I shook my head. "No. I don't know when I wanna go back now. If you really want to come with me, we'll need to figure that out, but... I'm in no rush. I'll cancel my tickets when we land and figure it out later when I can look at your schedule. I don't want to think about that for a few days though."

"That makes me feel a lot better, Bella," he admitted with a sweet crooked smile. But the sadness was still there. I knew what he needed was to be distracted from his thoughts. He was too emotional and too in his own head. His anxiety was getting the better of him.

"Well," I said, leaning into him so that I could speak in his ear, "I have an idea that might help to make you feel a tiny bit better."

"And what's that?"

"So, from what I understand, there is a bed back there," I pointed behind us, still speaking in his ear, "and I know there is one thing I've personally never done before. Something I'm guessing you haven't done either."

He smirked a little bit. "I love that idea. But I, unfortunately, forgot to bring something with us on the plane. I didn't think to slip some into my pocket before I packed."

"Oh... then I guess it's a good thing that I have condoms in my purse." I grinned wickedly at him. I certainly remembered there was a bed on a plane when I shoved those things in my bag the night before. Edward smiled back slowly. "And lube, a little vibrator, the blindfold, ballgag, the cuffs-"

He laughed before biting his bottom lip. The steward was in the front of the plane out of earshot. Glancing in that direction, he saw nothing. My boyfriend still whispered, though, "do you want me to use those on you right now?"

"Who said they were for me, sweetheart?" I told him before I stood up with my bag. Without looking back, I went to the bedroom. Edward came in right behind me, smiling.

We didn't fool around the night before. Edward's family didn't leave until well after sundown, none of them ready to leave their beloved *Tony*. Jasper and I didn't tell him until after they went about his mother showing up. He raged for a little while about her, but he didn't have a lot of energy for it. He sat on the end of the bed while Jasper rubbed his back and whispered to him sweetly and I sat on his lap. When we went to sleep, it was with Jasper in the middle. I had my head on his shoulder with his arm wrapped my back. Edward laid on the other side, his long arm stretched over both of us so that their joined hands were resting on my hip. It made me feel amazingly safe and secure.

I needed to stop thinking, too.

I pulled out the ballgag and dangled it from my finger. "I think you're going to need this. You're going to get loud."

"Oh, am I?" Edward turned a lovely shade of pink.

"Very," I grinned again. "Get undressed and get on the bed. Now."

His face was completely flushed, and he looked very excited about whatever I was about to do to him. We had only played at me being the submissive one a few times, and we obviously enjoyed it, but we had yet to do the reverse. It was something I certainly thought about with him

more than once. My big, strong, handsome boyfriend bending to my will.

“Yes, ma’am.”

The words instantly made me feel warm. This was going to be so much fun.

And, I was right, Edward did need the gag.

When we arrived back to the house in Los Angeles, I flopped face first into the soft mattress. We had slept on the airplane after we played for a couple of hours, but it wasn't the same. My whole body ached from traveling that long. It was just ten o'clock at night. All of our things stayed in the living room. Edward tugged off my shoes and rolled me over onto my back, unbuttoning my pants before yanking them down violently just to make me laugh.

“Thank you. Very helpful,” I giggled sleepily.

“I live to serve,” he teased as he leaned down to capture my lips for a brief but passionate moment. Edward had enjoyed our little bit of role-playing more than I had expected he would, though all the things I did to him were undoubtedly *fun*.

I don't think he expected it to be as good as it was. I could understand the wild string of obscenities and pleading behind the rubber ball. I fully expected him to tap out, not beg for more.

I threw off my shirt, leaving me only in my sports bra and panties. Crawling to the pillows, I sank under the comfortable and familiar down blanket. Edward was freeing himself from his clothes as well, stripping down to his underwear and laying down beside me under the covers.

When he got comfortable, he texted Jasper that we were home. The response was almost instant. He smiled to himself as he put the phone on the bedside table and pulled me close to him. We spooned against one another.

“Eddie, I want you to know that you're more than enough for me, too. I should have told you that earlier,” I blurted out after a few minutes of silence, something that had been bubbling in my mind for hours. “I'm just not a jealous person. You're too good not to share. Everyone should see how wonderful you are. I'm not doing this for you, but seeing how happy it makes you when you're together is...” I trailed off, not knowing how I wanted to finish. “When Jasper gets here, we need to make sure he knows that too. Either one of us would be very lucky to have him. We have to treat him like an equal partner.”

“You're very right.” He rested his hand on my stomach. “We are lucky. He's an amazing man. And you are an incredible, caring, loving, kind woman. I can't believe I get to have you both. It doesn't seem possible.”

I rolled over to look at him in the darkness. "Sweet man. I love you."

"I love you, too," he breathed as he pushed some of my hair away from my face. "Do you remember in New York when you told me that everything good was because of me?" I nodded in answer. "That's exactly how I feel right now."