Episode Seventy-

It was completely dark in our hotel room when I woke up. My face was shoved into Edward's neck, his beard brushing against my nose and forehead. Without a single doubt, I knew that's how I slept the entire night. I was held as tightly as I could be by him. His warm hands were clenched protectively around my body, and my legs were tangled with his. Edward's breathing was slow and even. I instantly knew he was awake, too.

“You smell so good,” I whispered softly into his ear, brushing my lips over his skin lightly before taking in a deep breath through my nose. He chuckled very quietly, smoothing his hand up the center of my back. “Have you slept any?”

“A little.”

“What time is it?”

“Seven.”

I groaned. I wouldn't be going back to sleep even if I really needed it. Edward turned his face slightly and kissed my jawline. Humming quietly, I tilted it back to give him better access.
"Why don't I take you out to get some coffee and we'll pick up the candy? We'll bring some back for the creepy sisters, too," he offered as his hand pressed up against my spine under the back of my shirt. "You can even wear my hoodie, and you won't even have to put on a bra. You can get ready to go when we get back."

I giggled, "you just don't want me to wear a bra."

"Obviously. But, no one's going to be able to tell through your three massives layers," he teased. "I know you're uncomfortable right now."

"I'll be fine. It's almost over." He knew very well why my breasts were sore. I knew he had noticed me digging at my bra all through the flight. My period always made them hurt. "I'm glad there is going to be lots of food today. I hope it's good. I'm probably going to pregame with some doughnuts though," I told him honestly. He laughed, pulling back to smirk at me. "What?" I questioned his look. I wanted to know all of his funny comments.

"Pregaming is usually liquor. But... What kind of doughnuts?" He smoothed his finger under my chin, smirking at me slightly as he did so.

"Those trashy mini store-bought kind. So I can eat a dozen of them and not feel guilty. Both chocolate and powdered, probably. I'll bring some back for Al and Roe and pretend I got them a treat to go with their coffee."

My boyfriend shook his head, rolling his eyes a little bit. "I love how easy it is to make you happy sometimes. I'm willing to get you whatever you wish at any time. And you want a two dollar bag of doughnuts."

"Mm, at least two bags of them, actually. It would be cool if they had blueberry cake ones, but I'm never that lucky. Also, a vanilla cappuccino."

"With extra vanilla," Edward smirked at me slightly, pecking my lips lightly several times. "I know what you like."

"Mm-hmm," I hummed, kissing him back. "Give me your hoodie."

"Yes, ma'am," he drew out. Edward pulled away from me and tugged off his thick shirt, leaving him topless. He plopped it down onto me heavily, making me giggle. I snuggled up with it as if it were a beloved blankie.

"I wish you didn't have to put clothes on," I playfully complained as I watched him get out of bed to fetch himself something clean. "I am okay with you being topless all the time as well. And pantless."
“Shall I walk around nude for you all the time?” He teased, pulling on a long sleeved t-shirt and then a sweater. He kept on his sweatpants.

“Yeah, that would be great actually.”

“Should I start now?” He jokingly asked, pushing his thumbs down his pants at his hips. When he did it exposed just the beginning of his happy trail. I bit my bottom lip as I took in his deliciously bare stomach.

“I want to say yes, but we should probably wait until we get home.” I crawled to the end of the bed and sat on my calves. Slowly, I ran my hand up his thigh. “Oh, you’re not wearing any underwear.”

“No, I am not,” he grinned at me as I gripped him through the soft fabric.

“I love when you don’t wear any,” I mumbled, slipping my hand down the front of his blue pants. Edward actually laughed, leaning his head back as I slowly stroked his half hard erection. Softly he moaned, closing his eyes tightly.

"Or, we can stay here, and I can fuck you in the shower," he offered seductively. "And we can get the candy and coffee on the way."

"I want doughnuts." I let go of him with a smirk. His expression was playfully sour. Edward growled at me, leaning down for a quick but powerful kiss before pulling away from me. Swiftly, he very gently pinched one of my perky nipples through my shirt before going across the room to get his wallet.

“Well, if I’m not going to get laid... Hurry up and get that fine ass out of bed so I can get you some damn doughnuts," he teased. I laughed, hopping out of bed eagerly. I put on his hoodie and practically skipped to him for another kiss.

There was a small grocery store right next to the hotel where we were staying at. We drove mainly because it was raining and cold. Neither of us wanted to walk the three hundred yards. Edward got a cart, leaning his arms over it as he pushed it along. He let me have my silence for a few minutes. I wasn't sure what I wanted to talk about or if I even could. I needed the playfulness and his reassuring presence, though. I think he knew that.

“So, what kind of candy is good for a smores?” He asked curiously once we got to the sweets aisle. “I’ve never had one before.”

“Anything chocolate, really,” I said as I looked at my options. He started pulling out two of pretty much each kind he could find. I just laughed as I watched him put at least twenty bags of candy into the blue cart. “What are you doing?”

“The York peppermint patties might be good,” I offered with a smirk. He smiled at me when he realized I wasn’t going to complain about his shopping style.

He dropped two bags of that in the cart as well. We started to walk down the aisle again. "Ooo, Oreo candy bars." Edward threw two of those in there also. I laughed again, smiling to myself. "Got something to say?"

"If they don't eat this candy, I will, and my thighs are going to get huge."

"Mm, thick thighs. Yum," he mumbled to himself. My boyfriend smiled at me innocently when I glanced at him. "Sorry. I like your thighs."

“So, you’re saying they’re thick?"

“In the best way, yes,” he smirked at me, knowing that I was teasing him. Edward knew my dry voice well enough to pick it up right away. “Your ass, too.” I laughed loudly despite myself as he shamelessly flirted with me in his deadpan manner. “Jasper thinks so, too.”

"Mm, his ass," I muttered to myself, making him laugh.

"Agreed."

I sighed a little bit as I chewed on the side of my thumb a little anxiously. “I can’t wait until he comes. But he’s probably happy he’s missing this insanity.”

“He feels guilty as hell. He feels like he’s already a bad boyfriend,” he commented quietly as we walked towards the baked goods aisle.

“It’s not his fault,” I sighed. “I wish he didn’t feel that way. I can’t tell you how comforting he’s been to talk to this week. I’ll have to make sure he knows that next time we talk. Though I’m pretty sure I could go for a pile of naked snuggles right now.”

“Me too,” he agreed as we stopped in front of the doughnuts. I pointed at the kind I liked. He got a bag of powdered, chocolate, and iced lemon. He also picked up a box of blueberry cake doughnut sticks. “Close enough,” he shrugged.

"I kind of wish we could just go back to Australia and stay," I complained as we went towards the checkout. There was a coffee shop in the grocery store, and we were going to visit that very last.
“I’m surprised you’d want that.”

“I saw how happy you were around your friends and family and I liked it. That cabin felt like something out of my dreams. With both of you there, it was perfect.”

Edward put things on the conveyor belt. He didn’t look at me as he spoke, “even with my psycho mother?”

“I could take her.” I shrugged.

“In a bar fight,” he said under his breath. I snorted. “I don’t want to take you away from your friends and family to just be around mine.”

“I’m already willing to move away from my friends and family to be with you. And it would be worth it.”

“That’s sweet. But you’re willing in the same country,” he countered. “And you just found your brother and sisters. I don’t imagine you want to be so far away from them yet.”

“No, not yet,” I agreed. "But someday, maybe. I figured you may want to raise our kids around their aunts and cousins."

"I'd like to raise them around their aunts and cousins… in LA. That would be fantastic," Edward replied. "But… Bella, that's very sweet. It makes me happy when you say such things. I do realize it would be a sacrifice on your part, and I appreciate it."

“Well, if you’re going to spoil me rotten and treat me like royalty, it’s the least I can do,” I smirked at him playfully. I leaned in close so that he was the only one that could hear me. “Oh, woe is me. I have to live in a lovely oceanside cabin with my hot young well-hung millionaire surfer boyfriend and our other equally sexy and well-endowed surfer boyfriend. I’ll just have to distract myself with nude, half drunk sunbathing and hours of mind-blowing sex."

Edward turned fiery red, making me giggle. “I'll agree to young, millionaire, and surfer. I can’t deny those things.”

“You’re not my hot well-hung boyfriend?” I asked after we paid.

He had his chin in the air, his face playfully serious. “Pre-fiance.”

“Oh, you're right. I'm sorry. Super hot, extremely well-hung pre-fiance.”

“Stop saying well-hung,” Edward laughed uncomfortably.
I looked at him directly in the eyes and very seriously and with no emotion whispered, “well-hung.”

He swatted me hard on the ass. I dissolved into giggles, leaning into his side. Edward comfortingly put his arm around me. “Come on. Let’s go get you some coffee, you weird little thing.”

“You like it.”

“I do. It’s obviously part of the problem.” He winked at me.

“There you are!” Rosalie said worriedly when we knocked on the door that connected our hotel rooms together. "I knocked on your door a few minutes ago, but you didn't answer."

“Sorry. We got you some hot tea and doughnuts,” I told her, waving my hand towards the table with some of our haul from the store. The rest was in the trunk, waiting for us. “A large hot green tea with lemon and honey, right?”

“Oh, yes! Thank you!” She grinned excitedly, going to get her drink. “Oh, it’s still super hot, too! Nice!”

“I got Alice something, too.”

"She’s in the shower," she replied, looking at the doughnuts. Rosalie opened the powdered ones. It was clear from her appearance that she was almost done getting ready. Her hair and makeup were already done, but she was still in her pajamas. "Good morning, Eddie. Thank you for breakfast."

“Of course, Rose,” he replied politely. “I’m going to fetch a shower as well. Love, do you want one?”

“No. I’ll take one tonight.”

“Do you want me to do your hair?” Rose asked, a slight smile on her face.

“I’d love that,” I smiled at her in return.

She went into her room to get her stuff. Edward leaned down and pressed a kiss to my cheek before going into the bathroom. I set up a chair in front of the mirror and took a sampling of pastries to snack on while she messed with my hair, sipping on my coffee with my feet underneath me.
Rosalie plugged in her straightener and began to brush out my long hair. We looked at each other in the mirror and smiled.

“How many hours do you think we did this as kids?”

“Hundreds, if not thousands. I still remember the first time you tried to make my hair straight,” I replied quietly.

“Seventh grade. It took three hours,” she recalled. “You didn’t wash your hair for three days afterward.”

“They’re so much better now,” I said thoughtfully, nibbling on a powdered one. “How are you going to do it?”

“Make it straight and give you a braid crown, I think. Half up, half down, maybe. I’ve got some pretty colored bobby pins that would look cute in your hair. What do you think?”

“Whatever you want to do. I trust you.” I finished the doughnut before picking up a chocolate one. I offered it to her. She took it silently and shoved the whole thing into her mouth.

Rosalie slowly began to straighten my hair. When I was done eating, I decided to put on some makeup since she was working so hard on making me look cute. I didn’t want to look like a sick Victorian-age child.

“Waterproof everything and then put enough setting spray for five people,” she instructed jokingly when I started to line up my supplies.

“Right,” I snorted, wiping my face clean with a facial cloth. “There are going to be a ton of pictures taken today, I think. Got to look nice.”

“I think you’re right about the pictures. Are you excited?”

“I’m overwhelmed. Jake is cool, though. Really cool. I can’t wait for you to meet them.” I touched her hand. “Thank you for being here. I know you’re busy.”

“Just because I am doesn’t mean I don’t want to be here for you. I love you. You’re my family,” she replied quickly.

“I love you, too.”

“I know we’re not as close as we used to be and I realize that’s mainly my fault. Between work and Emmett.” Rose said softly in a sad and apologetic tone. I swiftly shook my head.
“I understand. I mean, same. Recently at least. I wish we could just text more,” I said with a little sigh.

“I’ll work on that,” she promised as she leaned down to look at me. Rosalie put her perfectly white face next to my olive one, her thin arms wrapping around my shoulders. “Bells, I’m so happy for you right now.”

“Thanks.” I patted her arm. “I’m happy for me too, honestly,” I admitted to her. “Just still a little shell shocked.”

“That’s why we’re here.”

“I know.”

“Eddie’s a good one for flying us out.”

“Yes, he is,” I agreed wholeheartedly. “He’s the best.”

I began to put on light makeup on as Rose started to braid my hair in silence. After a few moments, Edward popped his head out of the bathroom, still wet and dripping.

“I forgot my clothes,” he informed me, answering the question in my eyes.

“Well, come get them,” I smirked. I was mid-braid and unable to get them for him.

Edward rolled his eyes, closing the door for a second before coming out with a white towel around his hips.

"Yeah, come and get ‘em," Rose said softly, looking over his half-naked body in the mirror. "Don't mind me. At all."

“Don’t say that. He’ll probably drop the towel then,” I joked. I heard him snort behind me while he grabbed a couple of things from his suitcase.

“Don’t mind me,” Rosalie said very loudly again and sarcastically. I giggled to myself, rubbing my forehead slightly as I did.

Edward didn't say anything to us as we walked passed us again, but I could see his head shaking in the mirror. He went back into the bathroom, his back to us. Just before the door closed, he let his towel drop to the floor for a great view of his ass.

I threw my head back in laughter, unable to help myself. Rosalie laughed as well, putting her hand over his mouth with her eyes wide.
“Thank you,” she yelled at the door.

“You’re welcome. I do what I can,” he answered from the bathroom far too brightly. He was happily playing it up for us, just trying to amuse me.

“You could bounce a quarter off that ass,” Rosalie whispered to me.

“I kind of just want to take a bite out of it all the time,” I said with a little sigh, brushing the blush along my cheeks. Edward came out of the bathroom in just his blue jeans, the very top of his briefs sticking out. “Though that’s a good view, too,” I told him as I offered him his comb.

“You’re making me feel like meat here, Bella,” Edward teased as he put on his deodorant.

"First, you show my girl here your gorgeous ass, and then you don't expect us to be talking about it afterward and all the good things attached?" I asked him with a smirk.

He leaned down, putting his hand on the back of my neck. “Silly woman. Give me a kiss before you put on your lipstick and then I’ll put on a shirt.”

“I’ll give you two kisses if you wait to put your shirt on until before we go,” I teased him back. He quickly pressed two kisses on my lips, making me giggle happily. There was a knock on the attached bedroom door.

Edward picked up the coffee we got for Alice and walked to the door without his shirt on still. He opened it, offering it to her wordlessly. I watched in the mirror as her brain fizzled and popped at the image of the hot shirtless Aussie, giving her a hot beverage in the morning.

“I’ve had this dream before,” Alice blurted out.

“There are doughnuts in here,” I called to her.

“Oo, doughnuts,” she said, coming in past Edward. Her eyes raked over him as she did. “This is why you’re moving to California.”

“No shit. I could have told you that without seeing his ass.” Rosalie sprayed my hair thickly with hairspray to make it stick in place. “It’s just a bonus.”

Edward took the bag of lemon ones and laid on the bed, semi-reclined with his arm behind his head. He was having too much fun with the women swooning over him.

“You saw his ass?” Alice said in surprise.
“Yeah, just a minute ago.”

“All nice and fresh from the shower, too,” I added in.

“Aww,” Al pouted, shoving half a blueberry stick into her mouth in one go. “I want to see it.”

“You’ve seen it!” I laughed at her.

“In pictures!”

“I’m right here,” Edward laughed.

“Okay. Well, take your pants off,” Alice told him, crossing her arms over her chest. “I want to see it, too. In person.”

“We don’t have time for that.” I shook my head. “Maybe another time.”

“Give me a few months. I've barely worked out in ages,” he joked, winking at me in the mirror because he knew I was watching him. We smiled at each other.

“Mm, if you want to talk about bouncing quarters...” I looked at Rosalie, raising my eyebrows. “You should see him in his wetsuit.”

“Him and Jasper,” Alice agreed, smirking at me. “Yummy.”

“Who’s Jasper?” Rosalie asked curiously.

I looked at Alice before flicking my eyes towards Edward. He knew my question. He lazily shrugged his shoulders. Alice already knew, and Rosalie wasn't going to tell anyone. She had no one she would want to tell. Roe wasn't much into gossip anyway. She knew my history, it wouldn’t surprise her in the least.

“Our boyfriend,” I replied carefully.

“Our?”

I watched my boyfriend in the mirror as I spoke, "Edward's and my boyfriend. They were best friends growing up," I explained, flicking my eyes up to hers in the mirror. "He's living in Sydney right now, but he's moving to the states soon. Some things happened while we were in Australia, and we decided to try together."

“Wait. Is he Australian too?” I nodded my head, taking out my phone. I quickly brought
up a picture of the boys together the night they went out to the club. “Holy fuck! He’s hot, too! Are you for real?” She looked at me and then Edward. “So, you’re like all dating?”

“Yes,” he answered her with a slight smirk on his face. “And, yeah. I think he’s pretty hot, too.”

“Oh, god. So hot,” she whispered, looking back at me. “How?”

“I think her tits are magic,” Alice answered sarcastically.

“Look into my cleavage.” I waved my hand in front of my chest as if I was going to hypnotize someone with them. “Actually, what were you saying? You like my thick thighs and ass?”

“I like all of it,” he said thoughtfully, his expression slightly warm. “You should know that by now.”

“But your ass is.” Alice did the stupid finger kiss thing she liked to do. “Muah. Chef’s finger kiss. Just muah.”

“I wish my ass looked like that,” Rose sighed. Neither of them had much in the ass department.

“I do fifty squats almost every day. That’s how I’ve got it,” I told her honestly as I blushed. “I don’t do anything special.”

“Nah. I don’t want one that bad,” she said with a laugh. I snorted and rolled my eyes. “That’s what plastic surgery is for.”

“I’d rather do squats.”

“To each their own.” She winked at me and then adjust her bra. Her breasts were plastic, and she loved them. So did her husband.

Rosalie had braided my hair around the top of my head to either side until it met in the middle in the back. She put it into a ponytail at the base of my neck and curled the ends slightly with the straightener, twisting it over and over.

“Thank you,” I told her warmly as I looked at my appearance. "It's gorgeous."

“You’re welcome. I still like playing with your hair.” Rose put both of her hands on my shoulders. “Now, let’s go get dressed so you can meet the rest of your family.”