Episode Seventy-Six

"Hey, short stuff. You're looking much better," Seth complimented me, grabbing me around the waist as he lifted me up into a tight hug. "Doing okay?" He asked, sincerely when he put me down.

My cheeks instantly flushed. "I'm doing great. Really. Sorry for freaking out on you the other day," I replied with a little sigh in my voice. I always felt embarrassed when I showed any extreme emotion in front of anyone, crying being the very worst. He had only seen my reaction at a glance, but I was sure it was enough to worry him. It was the closest I had come to having a breakdown since Aiden died.

"Nah. You're fine." Tyler patted me on the shoulder as he walked past us. "Totally understandable. Lauren keeps crying over it, though. She'll just randomly start sobbing. I don't know what to do about it." He blew out a heavy breath, his eyes getting wider.

“Oh, no,” I laughed at his funny expression. “She doesn’t need to do that for me.”

He sighed, his shoulders slumping. “She says it’s just pregnancy hormones.”
“Yeah, I’d say so,” Edward chuckled a little. He had been a witness to every single one of his sisters’ pregnancies to a degree. Apparently, they went from all ends of the spectrum, from easy to terribly uncomfortable and vomiting the entire time. “It’s probably a little cathartic. Plus, it’s a story with a pretty happy… I’d say ending, but I’m going to say middle.”

I grinned at my boyfriend's words, sighing a little bit in happiness. "Mm, I think you are exactly right." He winked at me. All I could do was smile at him. I turned my attention back to Tyler. "She’s sweet. She seems very empathetic. Hopefully, they really are good tears."

He straightened his back, then nodded. "Yeah, she is. I'm just so tired," he whined.

Edward chuckled again, "shh, no one tell him what’s going to happen when the baby comes."

Tyler shook his head. "No. I'm okay with staying up with the baby. Late nights are fine. It's her crying all the time that is exhausting."

"Shh, don't tell him what's going to happen when the baby comes," Seth repeated his boss in a low whisper. I giggled, but Tyler decided to ignore him, just going to the car.

“I can already see you now being the kind of dad that gets up in the middle of the night to watch stupid videos with the baby,” I teased Edward, walking into the garage ahead of him.

"I have totally done that with many of my nieces, actually. I mean, I'm usually awake anyway. Why can't they enjoy a classic sci-fi film or something like that with their midnight snack?” He smiled at my giggles. "Don't worry. When it's our turn, I'll get up with the baby lots. And we'll get a part-time nanny to help."

"Just part-time?” Seth asked.

"Well, I want to be there for most of their first years. I don't want to miss anything, and I'll be able to afford to, by the time we’re talking about having kids,” he said very casually. Edward wasn’t talking about money but time. He would be able to afford to slow down with his career. "So, a nanny here to help Bella when she needs a bit more rest or assisting with getting things done like doctor's appointments or errands when I'm not there to help. Or if Bella is working and I need help. You know, it goes both ways. It's always a good idea to have an extra set of eyes and hands, especially ones that come with training."

I stood back, watching him very calmly explain how amazing of a father he was going to be to our friends without even knowing it. It was like he knew all the exact right things to say around me to make me want to have his baby. I was so glad I had gotten the IUD when I did.
Edward passed his keys to Tyler and gave Seth my camera equipment to put in the trunk. We slipped into the backseat together first. Since we were alone for a moment, I pulled him into a deep kiss. My fingers twisted into his collar roughly, showing him exactly how happy he made me with my lips.

“I love you,” I whispered when I pulled away.

“I love you, too. What was that for?” He asked, innocently. His eyes were a little glazed over, and he looked almost star-struck.

“Does it have to be for something?” I asked him a bit teasingly, running my finger over his jaw. “Not just because?”

He grinned beautifully at me. "No. It doesn’t. I just wanted to know so I can do it again. You know, so I can get more wonderful kisses like that," he purred against my cheek before pressing a little peck to it. Edward was in a good mood, and I loved it. I adored how it washed over me and brightened my outlook on everything. When I was with him, it felt like I was always standing in the sunshine.

“Mmhmm,” I hummed, pulling him in for another quick kiss. Carefully I fixed his shirt and smoothed my chapstick from his bottom lip. He smiled his charming grin once again and sighed before laying his head on my shoulder for the entirety of the drive. I lovingly played with his pretty red hair, letting the strands tangle with fingers.

We had a French bakery to start with for the day. It was the perfect way to begin. I always enjoyed how he arranged his shoots. Everything was fresh and delicious, the perfume of hot baked goods filling the hair. I loved the warm bread so much. Edward bought me a couple of dozen croissants to take home in a variety of flavors. He loved them, too. I could have eaten them all day, though.

He decided that he wanted to surprise me with the next video. Edward had been mysterious about it but told me to bring comfortable athletic clothes. I had worn leggings, a long tunic t-shirt, and my starry chucks but I also brought other clothes to change into, just in case. He obviously liked my choice in pants because whenever he got the chance, he would grab my ass when no one was looking.

“Eddie takes dance lessons?” I asked in surprise as we pulled into the dance studio. He nodded happily, grinning at my instant reaction. “Oh! How fun! Really?”

“Wanna dance with me, baby?” He opened the car door for me, helping me to stand with my hand in his. Edward was pleased that he made me so happy, his eyes glittering with joy.

I had to lift my chin up entirely to look up into them. We were only a few inches apart. “I'd
"I'm going to be in it, too," Seth informed me loudly, smiling in my direction charmingly. He and Tyler were getting the camera equipment from the trunk. "Do I get a dance, too?"

"Of course," I giggled as I went to go get my camera bag. "What about you, Tyler?" I asked him with a playful wink, bumping my hip into him.

He shook his head, vigorously. The poor man instantly turned pink. "No. I'm good. I'm fine with just watching and recording."

"He hates dancing. It's because he's too white and too-" Seth began to tease him, but his boss was having none of it.

"Hey! Be nice," Edward interrupted just as loudly as his friend. "I'm white, and I can dance a little."

"Mm. Yes, you can," I said in a purposefully seductive purr as I walked ahead of him into the studio. I knew he was watching my ass and that he caught my meaning right away. I gave it a little wiggle just for him.

"You best behave," he whispered in my ear in a funny accent. I shook my head with a giggle. "No? Am I in for a long day?" I nodded quickly, grinning wicked. He playfully growled at me, pressing a quick kiss on my lips. He then slapped my ass hard.

"Hey!" I laughed. "None of that."

"Then behave," he laughed, unphased by my threat.

"Nah." I flipped my hair over my shoulder and pushed passed him again as we made our way to the reception desk. He laughed and swatted me again.

Eddie was going to learn to waltz, tango, and salsa. We had a lot of fun with the salsa and tango, laughing as we spun around the room playfully. We were taking it very seriously. I wiggled and rubbed all over Edward whenever I could, which he both loved and hated at the same time.

I danced mischievously with Seth too, not as aggressively but enough so to make Edward take notice. He just thought it was funny. Seth was admittedly a better dancer than his boss. He kept dipping me back dramatically to be funny, my hair sweeping the floor before throwing me back up too hard. Then we would march around the floor like Morticia and Gomez Addams.
"You are so graceful," Edward whispered to me as we waltzed together. He was concentrating hard, and I was letting him take control. I loved being in his arms, so close to him in a way that felt almost magical. I could see us in the future dancing like this at some special occasion, him in a tux and me in a lovely gown. He made me feel like a princess.

“I’m trying so hard not to lead,” I joked in a whisper. He chuckled, ducking his head bashfully as he blushed.

"I wouldn't know the difference." I laughed at his answer as he dipped me back. This felt different from when Seth did. The way his hands were on my back, his eyes piercing into mine. "You look like an angel like this. You're so beautiful. I knew when I planned this that you would be, but it's so much better than I ever imagined," he whispered into my ear.

“Did you do this to see me dance?” I asked him curiously. He nodded in response. “You could just take me out.”

He nodded his head again quickly. "Oh, I will do that again, too, but I get to film this and watch it over and over again. How would you feel about doing a ballet video with me?” He asked me seriously before wiggling his eyebrows playfully.

I giggled softly. “That sounds like so much fun.”

“Want to wait to do that one until Jasper gets here?” He asked in a low voice. I laughed a little louder.

Humming for a minute, I nodded. “Mm, yes. Are you going to wear tights? Oh, my god. Please say you’re going to make him wear tight ass little pants. For me. For both of us.”

“But then I have to wear them too,” he whined, dipping me back gently.

I playfully pouted out my bottom lip. "But then I have to wear them, too. Do you want to see me in a skin-tight leotard? Traditional pink with even the toe shoes. You don't have to do the shoes. But I will.”

“Can we keep the outfit?” He whispered, spinning me around before bringing me back to him. We were chest to chest, his hand on the small of my back.

“Are we going to play ballerina and casting director?” I asked him with a smirk.

Edward chuckled softly. "Will you dance for me, Isabella?” He asked in a husky voice in my ear. The dance was suddenly over, and he took a step away from me before bringing my hand up to his lips to lightly kiss. I think my instant reaction showed on my face because he smirked. I felt hot all over.
"You're so lovely together! Very graceful!" The dance instructor praised us, an elderly woman in her late sixties. She came over to speak with us again. I felt almost exposed in a very intimate moment. His words were cloyingly innocent, but their meaning was totally erotic. He was, of course, fine. He spoke to her cheerfully while his hand rested on my back still.

After, we were going to have a leisurely review video at a nicer Jamaican restaurant. Tyler was going to be eating with us while Seth filmed. We shared a massive platter of jerk chicken, curry shrimp, stewed oxtail, rice and peas, plantains, and festival bread. I loved every single bite. So did Edward. I promised to make him some at home someday. I enjoyed eating any kind of rice and beans. They tasted like my childhood.

We stopped with the guys for milkshakes on the way home for dessert. It was a really fun day. Every moment was perfect. It was like we got to play all day with our friends and he was going to make crazy money off of it. I wasn’t sure how he figured how to do it. Turning his playtime into cash like that. I was quietly in awe of his intelligence.

Seth and Tyler stayed for a little while and talked before finally heading out. I gave Tyler a mix of croissants and a message to give to Lauren, to not worry about me. I promised I would go out to lunch with her, just to show her that I was okay. It made him feel much better. We needed to make plans for her maternity pictures anyway.

“You didn't give me an answer earlier," Edward began once they left alone for the night. We were sitting beside one another on the big comfortable couch.

“And what was the question?” I asked him teasingly. He smirked a little. We both knew, but I wanted to see if he would ask me again, especially in that sexy way.

He licked his lips before he answered, “will you dance for me?”

“How?” I asked him curiously.

“What are my options?” He tilted his head back on the couch, looking at me as he did. His eyes were moving over my chest. I bit my lip to hide my smile at his attention.

“I could do ballet for you if you want to play that little game. Casting director and the eager dancer willing to do anything. I'd love to roleplay with you. You're such a good actor and so sexy normally. And of course, I could give you a striptease.”

It was his turn to bite his lip. “Would you let me film you? So I could send it to Jasper?”

I glanced over at him. "Of me doing a striptease?"
“Yes.” His nose was faintly pink.

"Yes," I answered as I crawled into his lap so that I could straddle his waist. He slid his hands over my shoulders and down my back as he pulled me close to him. "Not tonight, though. Give me some time. So I can prepare and do it right for both of you."

Edward looked so shy at that moment, even if he was very turned on. "Do you mind if I record it?"

"Not at all," I reassured him. "I'm surprised you haven't before. I loved it when you took my pictures. It turned me on so much. And obviously, I enjoyed doing it with Jasper."

He paused for a minute, running his finger underneath my jaw before finally looking into my eyes. "Can I do that again? Can I take your picture like that again?"

"Of course," I said instantly.

"I want to do it right now. Will you let me?" He began to kiss my neck. I gasped in surprise as he nibbled at my throat. Goosebumps started to dot my arms.

My first instincts were to tell him no. It had been a long day, and I knew both of us were tired. But dancing with him had been more exhilarating than exhausting. It felt entirely sensual while being fully dressed. I think he also liked showing off in that way in front of his friends.

I nodded slowly. "Do you want me to change?" I offered.

"No." He shook his head quickly. "Put on some dark lipstick, though. But first," Edward whispered as he held my chin, bringing me into a passionate kiss that lasted several long minutes. When he pulled away, I was breathless. "Go, do your lips and meet me by the pool with your camera."

“Yes, sir,” I breathed, pulling away from him with a smile.