Episode Eighty

Edward was in such a good mood as we worked together throughout the morning together on the videos. He made the coffee, and every time he turned off the cameras, he would kiss me in some way. My cheeks, nose, forehead, neck, but never my lips so as not to mess up my lipstick. He kept pinching my ass or tickling my sides. I felt like I spent the entire morning laughing.

Everything for breakfast was done and getting photographed when Zafrina showed up right on time for our meeting. We had even made the tomato sauce for the lasagna, and it was busy simmering away in a slow cooker. The whole house smelled great already. It made the entire space feel homier.

He opened the door for her when she knocked, jogging over to it. Edward was wearing just basic blue jeans and a comfortable t-shirt. There was an Easter-themed tea towel, that I had just purchased because it had chocolate bunnies on it, hanging from his back pocket since he was helping me do the dishes. His sock covered feet padded over swiftly, his ass doing a little wiggle as he went. He was so damn cute.
“I can smell that outside. What is it?” Zafrina leaned herself into the doorway before coming in, taking a long sniff. Her eyes were wide, her long straight hair hanging over her shoulder.

Edward grinned at her reaction, chuckling a little bit. “Homemade pasta sauce made from fresh tomatoes that Bella got from the farmer’s market yesterday for pasta. She’s going to make lasagna for dinner tonight. Have you eaten? She’s also prepared breakfast,” he said charmingly.

“I had a yogurt and coffee. But that was a few hours ago. Breakfast would be fantastic,” she answered as he ushered her inside the living room where I could see her better. “Good morning, Bella,” she called to me softly, raising a slender hand in a wave.

I put my camera away quickly so that we could eat everything while it was still hot. Washing my hands, I hurried to dry them. "Good morning! Can I get you something to drink? Milk, juice, coffee?" I offered politely like every good southern hostess was taught. My nerves came back in full force. Edward had been distracting me so well.

“Coffee would be just great,” she replied as she sat down at the table. “That is such a lovely view, Eddie.”

"I've seen yours, and it's not bad either," he smiled. "She lives only a few blocks over. Hers is nicer."

She waved her hand distractedly, looking at something on her phone before she put it in her purse. “But yours has been remodeled more recently.”

Edward helped me bring creamer and the strawberries from the fridge. There was so much to carry. I might have gone overboard. But I needed the diversion.

"Do you eat like this every morning?" She flicked her long black hair over her shoulder. Zafrina was wearing a zebra print pencil dress that fit snugly over her wafer-thin body with a big chunky wooden bead necklace. She looked very sleek and modern.

"Well, this is a lot," I admitted in a little laugh. "I don't usually do this much, but we're making videos. So, it's work too. Though, I do try to cook for Edward and me as much as possible."

My boyfriend chuckled warmly, winking at me playfully. “I am a very spoiled man.”

“This is all beautiful. I can see what you mean, Eddie! This is definitely cookbook-worthy stuff,” she said with a grin as he passed her a fresh cup of coffee. He also gave her a plate with a blueberry roll on it with a wink. It made her kind of melt too, just like it had done me. She
wasn't immune to his charms either. She smirked at him, clearing her throat. "Now, shall we discuss some numbers? I know that's your favorite part," she said to him. "Oh, and pass me a slice of bacon, and I want to try those eggs, too. I'm so hungry now that my mouth is watering."

Mainly they talked numbers, and I shoved food into my mouth as I listened. Basically, she didn't get paid unless I did, but I already had enough offers that she wasn't afraid about that part in the least. She was excited because ever since I had come into his life, Edward had gotten a lot more attractive sponsorship deals. Cute couples were really appealing, apparently.

Then they started talking about the videos we already made together and how much money they had earned. Just his profit from the ones I was in.

"Our accountant was saying it was close to a quarter-million in just under six months," Edward mumbled as he pulled apart his roll, taking a big bite. He licked the icing off of his fingers casually. "This has been my best year already for YouTube, and it's not even April yet. March has been amazing, revenue-wise. Bella seems to be my good luck charm."

Two hundred and fifty thousand. Our accountant told him. The entire concept baffled and scared me. It felt so much more high stakes when they put it in those terms.

"You're getting millions of views a month. This is the perfect time to expand," Zafrina commented, taking a bite of bacon. It was her third piece. She really liked it. "Between your commercial work. The movies and television. Not to mention the awards... With the addition of Seth and Tyler's stuff. And, of course, Bella, along with your videos, you could boost that into the billions one day very soon. By the end of this year, I'm betting. Just think of that ad revenue."

"And don't forget about Jasper," he added.

"Oh, yeah. Him, too." She poured herself another cup of coffee. My eyes focused on the dark black liquid as it flowed into the stark white mug. My fingers absently played with the charm on the necklace that my aunt gave me. A single phrase kept repeating in my head.

Billions of views a month.

My brain wasn't working very well. I hated math and numbers so much. It was like it just wanted to shut down, and I couldn't understand why.

Edward touched my back suddenly. It was gentle, but I still jumped a little in my seat and drew in a short sharp breath. I didn't realize I had been staring off into nothingness. I probably looked insane.

"You okay?" He asked, worriedly.
I forced a smile. "Fine. Just... overwhelmed by such large numbers. I know your work has already gotten into the billions of views." I shook my head. I turned to Zafrina. "I'm glad Edward is here to help me with all of this. He's so much better at it. I couldn't do it on my own." The last sentence felt like a major understatement.

"Eddie is a great businessman. And he is going to make both of us very wealthy women." She smiled before reaching for my hand to give it a little pat. "Now, would you like to sign that paperwork now, Bella?"

I licked my lips, looking over at Edward. He smiled encouragingly. Taking a deep breath, I nodded. "Yes, I would."

Zafrina clapped her hands together happily. "Great! Fantastic. This is extremely exciting," she said brightly as she pulled a contract from her big beautiful brown leather briefcase. "Ms. Swan, I cannot tell you how happy I am that I talked him into letting you take his picture in the first place. He fought me tooth and nail, pouting the whole way. You should be thanking me." She pointed at Edward with one her long sharp, perfect nails, wagging it at him. He laughed and playfully raised his hands in defense.

"I have thanked you, and you know it. Many times. Also, I pay you a shit ton of money, and I gave you a very nice Christmas gift. And birthday present, too. I would like you to know that your tastes are more expensive than my girlfriend's, by the way. I tried to buy her a nice Fendi, or whatever, purse like I got you for your birthday. Yesterday at the mall. And she would have none of it," he chuckled, taking my hand. "See? Should have let me buy it for you. It's the least I could do."

I shook my head, blushing a little bit. "That particular purse was actually just ugly," I teased him, making her laugh. "God, those shoes you picked me out, though. Those Jimmy Choos. I never thought I would own a pair, and they're gorgeous and so outrageous." I didn't want him to think that I didn't like his tastes. Almost everything else had been beautiful.

"Were those the black or white ones?" He asked. Edward had bought me a few pairs of shoes. I think he had liked shopping for those the most.

"The ruby red slippers that would make Dorothy eat her heart out," I joked. "I'm going to wear them to the award show."

"Oh, yes," he drew out. "I like those a lot."

Our manager's eyes lit up. "Jimmy Choos? Can I see those after we sign this paperwork? I love shoes so much," Zafrina said to me excitedly. "And would it be okay if I take one of those rolls with me? My secretary loves blueberries. They're her favorite."
“Take a few and stop him from eating them all,” I teased my boyfriend. He was on his second roll, and he had frosting on his fingers. He kept distractingly licking them off.

“Yeah, actually. That’s probably a good idea,” he agreed, sucking the sugar off from his thumb.

Zafrina loved my shoes. Edward mumbled under his breath that he knew what to buy her next time he needed a gift for her, and she spouted off her shoe size without looking away from the red high heels. He laughed and pulled out his phone so that he could write down the note.

After she left, we spent the afternoon making some more cooking videos. Custard and whipped cream first, breadsticks, and then finally the lasagna. Nothing was rushed, and it was a lovely afternoon. We ate dinner outside by the pool with a glass of white wine.

Once all the food was made and eaten, we went into his office so he could upload all the footage and work for a little while. I sat on the couch with my laptop, listening to music while I worked on our pictures quietly from the evening a couple of nights before.

When I was finally done, I put them all in a folder on our shared online drive and didn’t say anything. I titled it merely with the date, wondering exactly how long it would take him to realize they were there.

The answer was about an hour.

I knew exactly when he saw the first one with me laying nude on the wall, smoke curling from my fingers and the mountains a dark silhouette behind me. He made a soft whimpering sound, covering his mouth with his hand.

“Oh, fuck… Bella…” he moaned. He turned in his computer chair to glance at me. “Really?” It’s like he didn’t know what else to say about them.

“Do you like them?” I asked nonchalantly, looking up from my screen. I had moved on to pictures from New Orleans, my laptop lit up with neon.

He hummed for a moment, looking back at his screen. "I seriously don't know how I'm going to choose. You're so delicious in all of them," he said, hurriedly clicking through the many photographs. "Wow. God. You are so sexy. Thank you for editing them for me," Edward replied, almost breathlessly.

“You’re welcome,” I said lightly.
He sat quietly for a few minutes, looking at the pictures over and over again. Finally, he just shared the whole file with Jasper. Watching out of the corner of my eye, I giggled to myself. I bit my lip as I continued to work.

His phone literally rang a minute later. My giggles turned into full laughter.

Edward answered it and put it on speaker.

“I’m- I’m at work right now, darling. What are you trying to do to me? Are you fucking serious?” Jasper said in a rather high pitched and strained voice. This was not acting. This was torture.

Our boyfriend laughed, “yeah. I am very fucking serious, love.”

Jasper moaned. “Good god. I… Oh, fuck- just… Seriously?” He kind of laughed. I could hear him rub his hand over my mouth. “I may actually be too horny to go back to work now. You fucking bastard.”

I laughed too loudly. My hands flew to my mouth, my head falling back against the arm of the couch.

“Dove, you missed your calling as a goddess.”

“No, I didn’t. Apparently, I’m going to be a domestic one with my own cookbooks and television shows,” I joked playfully.

“Honestly, that’s perfect for you,” he chuckled. “When did you take these?”

“A couple of days ago,” Edward answered. “She let me after we went dancing for the video.”

He sighed softly. “I like that one,” he said almost thoughtfully. “I like how you look at each other. It makes my heart so happy.”

"I am always amazed by how you can go from perverted to charming and back again in a single conversation." I shook my head and smiled to myself. "Sometimes, in a single sentence."

Edward laughed. “He’s always been like that. It’s a real problem actually, I think.” He was being an asshole for fun, and I think they both liked it.

"Oh, stuff it. You think I’m cute as hell. I know it now. You can make fun of me if you want to, but I know it’s because you like me now," he quickly defended himself.
“Yeah, okay,” he scoffed back.

My eyes rolled as I shook my head. “Like children on a playground,” I said to myself. “So adorable!” I continued in a babying voice.

“Yeah. Well, you like us too. So, what does that say about you?” Jasper asked sarcastically.

“That I have a stunted maturity level?” I answered seriously. “Honey, it’s not a secret.”

He laughed at my answer and sighed. “How am I supposed to go back to work now?”

"Eh, just quit, and you can take the next set of pictures," Edward offered seductively. His voice sent an instant chill down my spine.

“Of you, her, or can I do both?”

“Both,” Edward and I said at the same time. Our boyfriend winked at me again, the second time in a day, grinning a little. “We can take turns,” he added. “I want to take your picture, too.”

“Damn you both. I want you so goddamn much. Bella, dove, I’m serious. You are a goddess, and neither one of us deserves how sexy you are. Thank you for sharing those pictures with me. They are art. You, my dove, are art,” he said in a rush.

“They're pornographic, and you're just going to jerk off to them this evening, but sure. You're welcome,” I smirked, blushing a little bit. "Enjoy."

“I’m going to wank off in the loo, right now. Are you kidding me?” He replied. Edward laughed loudly and covered his mouth with his fist. “Shut up. You knew what you were going to do to me, sending those to me right now. You knew that I was at work. Asshole.”

“You chose to open them right now!” He defended himself in a laugh. He wasn’t in the least bit sorry.

“You titled the message, ’a present to make your day better.”'

Edward’s grin was wicked. “I did because isn’t your day just a little bit better knowing those pictures exist?”

“You’re purposely mean to me,” he replied in a tiny whimper. “Dove, I need to go back to work. Once again, thank you. I will text you again when I get off work tonight. And… Hey Tony?”
“Yeah?”

Jasper hung up, making me laugh again.

“You know what?” He muttered to himself as he picked up his phone. He quickly typed a message. “Your mustache is still stupid.” He said the words out loud as he wrote them.

Quietly, I snorted to myself. "It's just darling to watch you two flirt."

“I know, I know,” he laughed a little at my teasing. “But he’s right, though. You are a goddess.”

I bit my lip, smiling to myself. I closed my laptop, putting it to the side. “I think that’s enough editing for tonight, don’t you? Would you like to join me in the bath?”

He grinned, nodding eagerly as he shut down his computer for the evening.