



Episode Ninety

Lauren, Tyler, and I stayed until it was well after dark, taking photos where the streetlight would allow us as we walked back to their car. We were having a lot of fun. I was really pleased with how everything turned out. I was excited to start working on editing the pictures right away.

They dropped me off back at the house, which was still dark as well. Edward wasn't home yet from shooting. I punched in the keycode and made my way inside. I hated it being so quiet. I missed him throughout the day. Especially as I saw the loving couple look at each other with literal tears in their eyes.

My phone rang just a moment after I stepped foot into the foyer. I moved towards the kitchen as I answered, walking to the fridge to get myself a glass of wine to drink while I edited. The call was from my brother.

"Hello," I said too brightly, already smiling. I was always excited to talk to him and hadn't been expecting to do so that night. At least on the phone. We were having constant text conversations.

He chuckled at my tone. "Hey there, sis. How are you doing?"

"I am good," I replied as I pulled out a nice white from the fridge. "Great, actually. I just got back from taking pictures for a friend," I explained.

Jacob made an 'interested' little noise in the back of his throat. "Cool! Just for fun?"

"Yeah, it's for a party they're having soon."

"Nice. So, what are you doing now? I'm not bothering you, am I?" He worriedly asked. Usually, we let each other know in a message when the other was calling. I was talking to my siblings almost entirely through chat, which actually made it easier. There was no rush to answer, and no one was put off when someone didn't respond for ages. We were all busy people.

"Oh, no. Not at all." I shook my head even though he couldn't see me. "I'm just waiting for Eddie to get done filming for today. I don't know when he will be, though. I literally just walked into the house."

"Late night."

"Yeah," I agreed. "I've been out pretty much all day, and I'm kind of tired. So hopefully, Edward won't be too long because I'm ready for bed. What about you?"

"Chilling outside with a smoke. Ness went to visit her mom for a few days, so I'm all alone and fending for myself," he responded, sighing softly. "So, bored as fuck. What kind of pictures were you taking?" He continued. I giggled softly. "What kind of party?"

"Gender reveal. It was a maternity shoot. So, good practice for whenever I do Vanessa's. We need to figure out when y'all want me to come up to do that," I said with a little smile. I couldn't wait to see them again. I loved talking to Jake so much. There was a connection there that I couldn't explain, but it felt right. And nice. I adored having a brother.

"Baby, whenever you want to come will be great. We'll make time for you," he swore very quickly. "You aren't too busy though, are you? I would get it if you were."

I scoffed, shaking my head again as I played with the bottle of wine. "For this? No, never. I want to come back already anyway. I... I didn't get enough time, my last visit. I was too much in shock before. I'm finally feeling back to normal now, though," I admitted to him, feeling a little sad. I shook it away. "How far along is she, exactly? I shouldn't wait too long."

My brother thought for a second. "Six months and three weeks."

“So, in the next six or seven weeks sometime would be the best. I’ll probably have to come on my own this time, though,” I concluded softly as I thought about everything that was coming up in the next few months. “Eddie is so busy right now. But I want to see the girls again when I’m there. And our grandfather, too.”

He laughed a little bit. “He likes you. He respects how strong-willed you are. Gramps says you have the spirit of a real Quileute. You were born a wolf.”

“Oh,” I sort of whimpered, putting my hand over mouth to keep from squeaking. I was determined not to cry over every little thing. “Really?”

“Yeah,” he answered warmly.

“My grandpa likes me,” I croaked, rubbing my hand over my cheek. “Aw.” I didn’t know what else to say.

Jake chuckled for a moment. “Yeah, and it’s fucking amazing because he hates everyone pretty much.” I laughed at his words. They didn’t surprise me at all. He seemed to be that kind of man. “He loves you, Bella. We all do.”

Tears stung my eyes, my nose stuffing up a little. “I love you, too,” I closed them as I breathed out the words. My phone beeped at me, interrupting the conversation and my emotional moment. “Ah, I think Eddie might be calling me.”

“I’ll let you go then,” he replied in a pout. “Have a good night!” He added more cheerfully. My brother seemed to, in general, be an optimistic person.

“Alright, you too. Don’t get too bored. I’ll text you later. I’ll look at when I can come up, and we’ll make plans,” I promised quickly.

“Sounds great. Bye, sis,” Jake answered jovially before hanging up.

I swiftly switched over the call to the other line, sniffing loudly into the speaker. It was the remains of my almost tears. I was glad that I didn’t. My crying at the beach had been cathartic enough, and I didn’t need my face to be any puffier.

“Hello?”

“Bella, what’s wrong?” Edward started, instantaneous worriedly.

“Nothing,” I laughed a little watery. Clearing my throat, I swallowed back my emotions. I continued to play with the bottle of wine, never actually making myself a glass. “I was just talking

to Jake, and he said something really nice. Don't worry. I'm fine, honey. Good tears. It's been a pleasant day."

"Oh," he sighed in relief. "Oh, good. I shouldn't have panicked that quickly. Crickey. I'm sorry."

I giggled as I rubbed the heel of my palm against my eye. "It's okay. I understand. I probably would, too."

He chuckled. "Um, anyway, should I pick up something for dinner or do you want to go out?" He knew I had been out all day. We had frozen stuff, but I wasn't sure how much effort I really wanted to put in.

"Let's just order dinner. I want to spend the rest of the night in your arms, editing. On the couch. Or the bed."

Edward hummed loudly in pleasure at the idea. "Mm, sounds perfect. I have a script that I need to read."

"Okay," I responded as I looked at the bottle of wine again. "I'll see you in a few minutes. Love you."

"I love you too," he reciprocated promptly, making me smile.

I decided to skip the drink until he got home and get a shower instead. I was feeling sandy from the beach, and I didn't want to bring it into the bed with me. The tiny grains were in my hair and stuck between my toes, somehow finding its way into my shoes and socks.

After laying out my nightgown for the evening, I warmed up the shower while I brushed my hair. I used a cleaning wipe to scrub away the remains of the light makeup that I had worn for the day. There were bright purple circles under my eyes. I hadn't realized how tired I really was.

The suds from my shampoo were just beginning to free themselves from my curls when the shower door opened. Edward slipped in behind me, pressing a kiss to the back of my shoulder. He pushed my hair to one side, massaging his fingers into it to help get the soap out.

"I have missed you all day," he sighed heavily, pulling my warm wet body to his much cooler one. It was a pleasant difference.

Leaning my head back against his pec, I glanced back at him. "Bad day?"

"No," he shook his head and sighed again. "I just want to be terribly selfish and beg you to come to the set with me every day, but I don't want you to be bored."

"It's not that boring, but I can't tomorrow. I have a lunch meeting with Zafrina. Maybe later this week I can come back if you want me to," I explained. "The day after I could. I don't have anything planned, and I can work on my pictures some while I'm there."

"What sort of meeting?" He asked in curiosity. Edward switched spots with me so that I could put the conditioner in my hair out of the direct streams. The remains of his white makeup ran down his chest in little rivers, his eyes smudged black. I would have to help him clean it off better.

"We're going to talk about the press coverage of the award show, apparently," I answered as I moved the cream through the ends of my hair with my palms. He finally began to wash his own.

Edward made a little face. "Oh, the boring stuff."

"I don't know why she would want to talk to me about it," I admitted, leaning back against the shower wall. I hadn't seen anything about the event. But I had been busy with too many other things. Not that I watched television at all or sought out magazines to read. I just took the pictures for them. I wasn't even on social media that much, if ever. I hadn't been on since Sunday night before the awards, at least.

He chuckled softly. "I do," he commented, reclining his head in the water so that it slid down his delicious back. "It's just her thing. She'd do it after everything with me if I let her. I don't think it's necessary, though. It's all very dull and tedious. And a waste of time. And I don't give a flying fuck what other people say about me anyway."

"She wants to talk to me about what kind of role she's going to play. I don't know what that's going to be."

Sweetly, he smiled as he ran his hand down my arm to mine so that he could hold it for a moment. "Don't worry about that. It's all trial and error."

I nodded. "I know." I squeezed his fingers in return, looking down at them as I did. "When we started dating, I didn't realize this was even a possibility." I looked up at him slowly. "I don't know what I'm doing."

"Well, we'll figure it out together," he promised. "I'll help every step of the way."

"I know," I repeated.

After our shower, we dressed and ordered dinner. I worked on the bed on the new pictures. I was on my laptop between Edward's legs while he rested against the headboard and read a script for a movie he was possibly going to audition for. He wasn't sure yet. He had already read two others during the day between filming in his boredom.

We were comfortable for five minutes when he got a phone call. I was rather hoping it was just the delivery driver calling for a code or something, but I wasn't that lucky.

Edward sighed heavily. "It's a business thing. I'm going to take this in the office," he mumbled, getting out of our snug cuddling position. I pouted a little bit as I watched him leave.

Only a second later, my phone rang too. I smiled to myself when I heard the tune. It was the same song that played on Jasper's phone for his morning alarm.

"Hi, honey," I said brightly, just happy to talk to him again.

"Hello, dove," he began in a deep warm voice. "How are you?"

I decided to rest against the headboard to get more comfortable. "Good. Tired. I had a nice day out taking pictures like a real photographer. What about you?"

Softly, he hummed. "Better now that I can hear your lovely voice. Is Tony still filming?" He curiously asked.

"He just got home a little while ago, but he's on a call right now. We're waiting for dinner," I informed him with a small sigh in my voice.

"You okay?"

Shaking my head to myself, I replied, "Oh yeah. I'm just exhausted, and I got so spoiled to having you both in Sydney. I miss all the attention," I admitted. "I'm feeling a little lonely."

"Me too," he quietly confessed.

"Don't worry. We're going to spoil you soon."

"Oh, are you?" He said a little more lightly.

Hugging the blanket to my stomach, I closed my eyes to take in his voice. "Yup," I grinned. "When you get here, I want to spend a week in bed with both of you. With tons of kisses and lots of naked snuggling."

"I can't wait," Edward exclaimed as he came into the room. Jasper spoke at the exact time on the other side. I laughed, biting my bottom lip. A little blush spread over my cheeks.

"Neither can I," I answered them both. I put the phone on speaker as Edward crawled in behind me again. He put his chin on my shoulder as he put his arm around my waist. I wiggled my ass against him, snuggling into place.

"Hello, love," he started in an overly cheerful voice against my exposed skin. "I miss you terribly. I want you to come to watch me on set with Bella. Please blow shit off and come here."

Jasper laughed at his blunt and playful attitude. "You don't always get what you want!"

"Yeah, I do," he muttered in return. I snorted to myself. "Bella's bored on set. Come keep her company while I'm shooting. Do it for her."

He gasped. "You're a son of a bitch. That's dirty."

"Yeah," our boyfriend snickered. "Come for her."

"That's what she said," I laughed under my breath. Edward jokingly slapped my bare thigh, making me giggle. "I do want you to come. Come for me. For both of us," I added as dirty as possible. I could feel him laughing silently against my back, his face in my hair. "Oh, god. That tickles," I giggled again. "But no, really."

"We can't have this conversation every time," Jasper sighed.

"Um, yeah. We can until we get our way," I argued sarcastically.

"Geez, you are just like him!" He laughed.

"Yeah! I know! It's part of the reason you like me," I answered back slyly.

"You are annoyingly cute. Both of you. Stop it."

"Never!" I laughed as Edward squeezed my stomach.

The doorbell rang.

"Dinner!" Edward popped up off the bed. I giggled at his great mood at just talking to both of us. I couldn't wait to see how he was going to be once we were all actually together. It was hard to imagine being happier than I was.

“Alright,” Jasper laughed again as well. “I guess I’ll let you go eat then. Sweet dreams, my darlings.”

“Okay. Text me later, okay? I miss you.”

“Of course,” he replied. “I miss you, too.”

Only a second after we hung up, he sent me a message filled with a mixture of different colored hearts and flowers. I grinned to myself as I walked to the dining room table where Edward was starting to pull out our meal. He had already brought out the bottle of wine I played with earlier, two big glasses waiting for us.