



Episode Ninety-Four-

“So, pick anything,” Tyler said when we got back to his place after eating our somewhat spicy wings. We didn’t go crazy. He had the container of VHS tapes ready and waiting for us on the table. “I’m going to make some popcorn. Would you like some as well?”

“Yes, please,” I answered distractedly as I looked at our selection. There were at least fifty movies in the big cardboard box. There was everything from horror to kids’ films. Some of them I had never heard of, some of them I owned on VHS back in the day as well. The whole thing made me smile.

Tyler went off to go prepare the snacks while I pulled some out onto the wooden table beside it, trying to see what was on the bottom. A few moments later, he popped his head out of the doorway. “I’ve got Whoppers, Junior Mints, and M&Ms if you want some chocolate to go with it. I like to mix it myself.”

I smiled to myself. “Juniors Mints! I haven’t had them in ages. I love them in popcorn. That would be great.” I wasn’t sure when was the last time that I had sat down to watch a movie at home with popcorn. Alice and I had gone to the movies in Port Angeles and just saw some dumb chick flick that I couldn’t even remember the name of now.

“Soda?” He asked next. I nodded in response when he peeked out again. “I think we’ve got orange and grape right now.”

“I’ll take an orange.” I picked one to look at the back of the box. “Wow, so many choices. So, can it be a movie that I’ve seen before? Does it matter?” I questioned as I picked up an old Disney movie in the white shell. It had a very distinct eighties’ plastic smell.

“Nah, whatever you want. I haven’t seen anything in it yet,” he answered loudly from the kitchen.

I finally pulled a tape from the pile. It was a comedy that I had seen before, but it had been so long that I couldn’t remember anything about it other than I enjoyed it. I wanted something on the funnier side. It was named ‘A Fish Called Wanda.’

“This one.” I lifted up my choice.

Tyler traded my drink for the movie, nodding his head at my decision. He flipped it over to read the back for himself. “Huh, John Cleese. Nice. Do you like Monty Python?”

“Love it,” I smiled in response. I had watched them all with Aiden. Even the show.

“We should do one with you and Eddie as my guests. We could do the Holy Grail. That would be so much fun,” he said cheerfully, walking back into the kitchen to get our snacks.

“I can’t wait,” I giggled as I tried to imagine it. “I wonder if he’s seen it. We haven’t watched many movies together.”

He sat the bowls onto the table, a box of candy on top of each. “I’m going to get on his nerves quoting it no matter what,” he mumbled under his breath, going to stand beside the 4k television to stick it into the VHS player that was hilariously hooked up to his very modern system.

Tyler had his camera out, ready to film our reactions and then after we would talk about it together. We sat on the couch with all the remotes that he needed.

“Alright, kiddo. I’ll do a quick intro, and then we’ll get started,” he directed.

“Got it, boss.” I winked at him and grinned.

We laughed the entire time it was playing. When it was over, we were both excited to get started with our review.

“I want to start by thanking Bella,” he began to the camera very seriously, “for picking out some of the weirdest shit that I’ve ever seen. I fucking loved it, but what the actual hell did I just watch?”

I laughed loudly. "That's a perfect summary of this Oscar-winning movie. What the fuck?"

"Yup! End of the video! That's it. That's all we need. Bye, guys!" He joked, waving at the camera. I laughed again. "No, so who's your favorite character in this? Like, I have a hard time even narrowing it down. Though Kevin Kline did win an Oscar for best supporting actor for a reason."

"It's one of those movies where everyone is so interesting, but I have always been a fan of Micheal Palin. There was another movie that this cast did, called Fierce Creatures, and he plays the sort of the opposite of this role. He's just got such great comedic timing."

"We are the Knights who say Ni," Tyler whispered, doing a perfect impression. I burst into giggles.

We went on for probably an hour about the movie until we heard the front door close. Tyler wrapped up for real then. We went on for way too long, and he was going to have to edit a lot because we screwed around so much.

"Can we order pizza?" Lauren called loudly as she walked down the hall, she couldn't see us yet. She didn't even say hello. "Can we order from that place with the good vegan Chicago style? You can get you a meat and cheese one. I'll do mine with-" She stopped when she saw me on the couch. "Bella! I forgot you were here! Do you want pizza? You might actually like the kind I get," she chirped very enthusiastically.

"I don't get a hug. I don't get a greeting," Tyler complained, standing up to kiss his wife. She ignored him, cuddling his waist as he pressed one to her temple. He went off to the kitchen to put the popcorn bowls away. "Yeah, we can get pizza. Whatever you want. Just order it, and I'll add mine."

"Bella, what do you want?" She said as she plopped down on the couch beside me. Lauren laid her head on my shoulder. "This place has all the veggies and good vegan cheese."

I shrugged my other shoulder. "Whatever you want. I'm not super hungry. I'll try whatever you're getting."

"We should get bigger ones, so she can take some home to Eddie," Lauren added thoughtfully. "Is there anything he would like?"

"The better question is what doesn't he like," Tyler teased from the kitchen. He came out, leaning against the doorway with the bowl as he dried it off with a towel after washing it. "We should get a large meat-lovers. I know he likes those."

"I do too, actually. Especially Chicago style," I agreed. "Yeah, he'd like that. I am putting money towards this meal, though. You've fed me enough lately."

Three hours later after discussing what time Tyler and Seth would be over to film cooking videos, I came home with a whole pizza's worth of pie for Edward to have when he got in from work. It was a little after nine in the evening. I got a message just after I put it away. I leaned against the island as I read it.

"I'm sorry, but filming is going to really late tonight. We're trying to make up for the missed time. Don't wait up for me."

"It's okay. I'm sorry that you're going to be working so late. I know you're tired." We had stayed up too late in the night, making love. I enjoyed it, but I got to sleep in a lot more than he did.

"I took a nap in the afternoon after lunch. It could be worse. Sarah says hello and wants to go to dinner with us sometime soon, btw."

"Sounds great," I typed back.

My phone flashed right away in my hand. He mustn't have been that busy. "Did you have fun today?"

"I did, but I miss you, and I'm drained," I answered. I hadn't done that much, but I had spent the day eating, and it was making me sleepy.

"I miss you, too. Sorry, back to work now. Get some rest. Love you. Sweet dreams."

"Okay, love you too. There is pizza in the fridge for you when you get home if you're hungry."

"Oh, good. I've already eaten that food you packed for me for dinner, but I'm still hungry." Then he sent a bunch of hearts and pizzas. I giggled a little. "Oh, and Tasha requests the mac and cheese recipe. Okay, going for real this time... Goodnight."

I made myself a glass of wine and took one of Edward's joints to have by the pool. The weather was beautiful, just starting to get warm. It was going to be hot enough to swim before even Easter. California did have some great weather.

My phone buzzed once more in my pocket, and I half expected it to be Edward. Maybe he was between takes again, or magically he had gotten off earlier than expected. But it was Jasper, just getting off from work. I answered the call with a smile.

"So, I'm home alone. Wanna come over and make out?" I teased instead of saying hello.

"Fuck, yes. I'll be over in twenty to twenty-four hours," he joked back instantly.

I took a hit, giving a little laugh. "I will buy your ticket right now if you'll just come," I said very seriously, softly.

Jasper sighed. "What's wrong?"

I clicked my tongue, shaking my head. "Oh, nothing. I just... I miss you. And Edward. And us. I'm stupidly lonely for some reason. I think I don't know how to be by myself anymore. And I'm kind of mad at myself because of it."

"Neither do I. It's the worst."

Biting my bottom lip, I sighed. "Don't isolate yourself, okay? Go out with your friends more. Go see Edward's sisters. It makes him feel better. He's worried about you," I informed him gently. "It makes me feel better, too."

He exhaled slowly. "I've been better lately. Don't worry about me, dove. Tell me what you're doing right now." He didn't want to talk about it anymore.

"I'm outside smoking and drinking all alone. Kind of sad."

Chuckling, his voice was light. "Oh, then we're both sad because that's what I'm doing too."

I giggled as I leaned back in my chair, pulling my feet underneath me as I got more comfortable. "I guess that makes me feel a little better. Anyway... I talked about you to someone today."

"Oh, really?"

"Mmhmm," I hummed. "Tyler says he likes you."

"He's a good bloke. Tony's found him a pair of first-rate mates, it seems."

I nodded my head in agreement. Edward was very lucky when it came to friends. "Yeah. I think so, too."

"I like working with them."

"Me too. Even Lauren. That's Tyler's wife. She's about to have a baby, and I'm..." I paused for a second to take a breath. "I'm so fucking jealous," I laughed a little bitterly. "I don't know why. I shouldn't be. I'm not ready to pop one out yet. And thinking about you or Edward with Ava doesn't help either. I've been editing those pictures lately."

"I got to watch her for a bit," Jasper said excitedly. "Irina was in a real bind the other day and didn't know who else to call. She's a darling, so I don't mind. She's trying to talk now. Just babbling. It's adorable," he said cheerfully then chuckled. "We went to the park."

I smiled to myself, taking another hit. "I know. Edward told me." I stopped for a moment to think about what we were talking about earlier in the day. "I told Tyler that I think you'd make a good father."

"Do you really think so?" He asked in a hushed tone. It was almost nervous. I found it very sweet.

"Without a doubt. I've seen it in person. I think that was my favorite day. When we were all together with the baby at the mall. Even if you were torturing me. Seeing you two on the couch together with her was..." I trailed off and sighed. I took a sip of my wine, tapping my ashes out into the tray.

"Mine too," he chuckled for a moment, then there was a little pause. "I'm so scared of being like my father. I don't know if I'd want to even bring children into this world. I wouldn't-" He stopped again. "I wouldn't be sad if it happened. On accident, I mean. But I don't know if it's something that I see myself going after like Tony."

"What happens when we're ready for kids?" I questioned a little apprehensively. I knew it was something that we would have to talk about.

Jasper sighed, thinking about the answer. "The moment you say that you're ready, Tony is going to do everything in his power to make that happen. And when it does, because he always gets what he wants, you two will be amazing parents. And... well, they'll have a very loving and protective uncle."

I looked at the joint in my hand. "I'm scared that it'll frighten you away," I admitted to him and maybe myself. "I want you, but I want to have his babies, too. I really do."

"Dove, I knew that going in. It's what he wants more than anything, to make a family with you. If I weren't at least okay with it, he wouldn't have let this go on for as long as it has."

"I guess that's true."

"I know that you're not in a rush. We'll worry about that later."

Gazing out at LA, I swallowed back some of my building emotions. "I want you to be a part of that family we make. I want to piece one together with you and Edward. It just felt... right, when we were together. I've never been that happy before."

"Tony is... he is my family already. Not a brother, obviously, but always more than my best friend," he replied before sighing almost wistfully. "For a long time, I wasn't able to picture my future. But now... now I see it with you and him. I see," he chuckled softly, "fantastic Christmases and relaxing summer holidays. Days filled with joy and nights filled with... security and comfort. I see... Home, happiness, hope. And, goddamn, I want those things so badly. So, if Tony and you want kids, I'll be there for that. I'll be in the damn delivery room if you want me to be."

I laughed. "I don't even want to be in there for that. I wouldn't do that to you," I teased, making him chuckle again. "You know, Edward said last night that you and I needed each other, to distract each other from our thoughts. I think he might be right," I stated a little more seriously. "I always feel better when I'm talking to you."

"Oh, for sure. But let's not tell him," he joked sweetly. "He already thinks he's always right. We need to keep his ego in check."

I smiled to myself, taking another a little sip of my wine. "Not too much, not too little?"

"Exactly."