



Episode Ninety-six:

Edward arrived home not very long after the phone call with two dozen roses clutched in one of his fists that were a lovely peach color, but they were also stripped with pinks and reds. They were beyond gorgeous. I took them with a big smile, his lips pressing a firm kiss to my cheek as I did. “And guess what?” He whispered gleefully in my ear.

I giggled, his breath making me a little ticklish. “What?”

“I didn’t forget a vase this time,” he replied, bringing his other arm from around his back to reveal a fancy paper bag with loads of tissue coming out the top. His proud expression made me laugh. He leaned in, kissing my ear again before whispering once more. “A dozen from me. A dozen from Jasper. He helped me pick them out.”

“Thank you,” I breathed, turning to kiss his mouth wholeheartedly as I carefully cradled the beautiful flowers in my arms. My other hand came up to play with his lovely thick hair. I held it for as long as I could with people watching. He happily sighed, taking a deep breath when I pulled away.

He licked his bottom lip before straightening up. "Mm, you are very welcome, my lovely girl. Now, what are we about to film? I'm ready to eat." Edward clapped his hands and rubbed them together.

"Wanna try chocolate avocado mousse?" I asked with a little smirk. I knew what his reaction was going to be. It was actually a challenge for him to not wrinkle his nose. I had to look away from him to keep a straight face.

"Nope, not one fucking bit. But I will because I trust you," he said far too brightly. I lost it. "I mean, I'll probably like it, but the words just don't sound good together. I'm sorry. It's your cooking. As I said, I trust you," he answered more genuinely.

"It's for Lauren," I explained. "I wanted to do something vegan and chocolate. It's what she's craving right now."

Edward quickly nodded his head in understanding. "Mm," he hummed, going to his sink to wash his hands. "Gotcha. She'll like that. Well, tell me what to do, Ms. Swan. This is your shoot. Where do you want me, baby? Behind or in front of the camera?" He wiggled his eyebrows at me playfully as he swiped the towel over his skin to dry it.

I expected him to take over when he got home. This was his thing. It was nice to know that he respected me enough to take my opinions on the matter into consideration. Edward really wanted us to feel like a team.

Smiling, I began to put the flowers in the vase after washing it off and adding water. I hummed to myself. "In front of the camera, I think. We'll have you and Tyler in the next and then you and Seth in the shepherd's pie one. And how about just you and me in the video for the steak and potatoes?"

"Sounds perfect," he sincerely smiled, his expression warm and happy. "So, you boys behaving for her?" Edward inquired with a little smirk at Seth as he fiddled with the settings of one of his cameras. Tyler was playing with the sound equipment at the dinner table.

"We're not children," he quipped quickly. His best friend snorted to himself, shaking his head. "Okay, we're not bad kids." Tyler pursed his lips, then nodded his head in agreement.

I laughed at their banter. "They've been very well-behaved. I love spending time with them. They're perfect gentlemen."

Seth held his chin in the air proudly. "Yeah, we're gentlemen. So there."

Four hours later, it was just after six in the evening, and we were alone. Both men took a lot of food home, a combination of everything, even the vegan stuff. They were surprised that

they liked it. The kitchen was a bit of a mess, so I began another load of dishes while Edward helped them get it all to the car.

When he came back in, he stood behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist as he kissed my ear. His hands moved over my stomach, pushing just under my shirt. I was perfectly full and a little sleepy from waking up early. I rocked against him, enjoying his closeness.

“If you give me a minute, I’ll finish this up and-”

Edward promptly shook his head, pecking my neck lightly. “No, this can wait until tomorrow. Go get changed.”

“Why?” I asked, tilting my head back a little so that I could look at him.

He grinned a little slyly. “Remember how you said when you moved in, we should do a weekly date night? Well, consider this the first.” He leaned down and kissed me soundly on the lips, holding my face in one of his hands.

I melted into him, my back relaxed against his chest as he held me up. “Where are we going?”

He shook his head again, his expression coy. He was obviously proud of himself over whatever it was that he had planned. “It’s a surprise.”

“When did you have time to plan a surprise?” I asked him curiously as I dried off my hands.

Edward rolled his eyes. “Um, this morning when I had loads of time, sitting on my arse in the trailer,” he chuckled. “I didn’t do shit this morning.”

“What should I wear?” I questioned next, finally turning in his arms. His hands instantly went to my ass and gave it a little squeeze. It made me giggle as I rested my cheek on his chest.

“Mm, comfortable shoes,” he answered vaguely. “I’m good wearing this unless you think that I should freshen up.” I shook my head. “Well then, I’ll finish the dishes while you change,” Edward offered, giving me another good squeeze.

“Thank you.” I smiled before practically dancing off towards the bedroom to get clean clothes on. Though he had helped, I had done most of the really messy work, and my jeans and shirt were splattered with a variety of colors.

“Don’t forget your camera!” He called after me.

About an hour later, we pulled up in front of the Los Angeles Natural History Museum. There were lights on around the building, but it was so late. There were only a few cars in the parking lot. I knew that it couldn’t be opened. There weren’t enough vehicles for it to be some sort of special event.

I expected him to explain, but he didn’t say anything. Waiting until we were walking towards the entrance, I glanced over at him. “Isn’t it closed?”

He waffled his head from one side then to the other before grinning impishly. “Not for us. We’re right on time, actually,” he informed me. Edward looked at me with a comically-raised eyebrow as he knocked on the front door in a little pattern. Just a moment later, a man in a suit with a security guard behind him opened it. The well-dressed gentlemen instantly smiled in recognition.

“Mr. Cullen! Welcome! Thank you so much for coming! We were very excited to find out about your interest in visiting us,” he said brightly as he allowed us inside. Edward put his hand on the small of my back, allowing me to go first.

My boyfriend chuckled warmly, instantly becoming Eddie. “Though I am very excited, this visit is actually for my wonderfully intelligent partner. But it has been on my list to make a video here...” He trailed off suggestively. I wondered how he arranged all of this, but I would ask my questions later. I didn’t want to interrupt.

“If you’d like, I can send you our media packet,” he stated instantly then beamed, delighted. Anything to bring money into the museum, I figured. I couldn’t imagine how much the evening probably cost my boyfriend.

Smoothly, Edward pulled a card from his pocket. He had come prepared. “Fantastic. This has my information on where you can send it.”

“I will right away,” he replied, looking down at the thick card stock in his hand in wonder. It was evident that he was a little starstruck. I understood completely. “Oh! By the way, my name is John Stanford. The museum is yours for the evening. If you need anything at all or have any questions, please let me or one of the security guards know. Enjoy your visit with us!”

He and the security guard escorted us to the entrance of the main hall. Everything was so amazingly quiet and still. I took my boyfriend’s arm, leaning my head against it. My smile was huge despite the fact my bottom lip was between my teeth.

Edward waited until we were alone again to speak. “So, I figured around the time that I saw the fire engines that we probably wouldn’t be working tonight, so I could plan something fun

for us. I had a few hours to think about it, but I have to admit that I was struggling. Jasper actually suggested that I take you here tomorrow, perhaps as a lunch date. But you know how hard I like to try," he concluded teasingly.

I joyously laughed, looking at the exhibit space that was spread out in front of me. There was so much going on in my head that it was overwhelming. I had never had someone be so many wonderfully romantic towards me and the fact that they worked together to make me feel loved was amazing.

Quickly, I turned and jumped up into his waiting arms before wrapping mine around his neck. He chuckled against my lips as I kissed him ferociously, my feet kicked up in the air.

"Can I tell you how marvelous it is that my sweet men take the time to think of ways to make me happy?" I asked in his ear. "Thank you so much. You don't honestly know what it means to me."

"You're very welcome, my love." He grinned shyly for a moment. "Honestly, he's always helped me pick and plan all of these things," he admitted almost sheepishly. "Now he's just a lot more invested," Edward chuckled.

"Oh, really?" I laughed. "Mm, what other fun things should I be thanking him for?"

He put me down to my feet, wrapping his arm around my waist as we began to walk towards the room with all the fossils and rocks. "Oh, geez. Besides bitching at me until I grew the balls to tell you how I felt?" He rolled his eyes at himself. "Well, the first time that I got your roses, he helped me pick the color. He assisted me in planning Alaska, too. Honestly, it feels like he has a hand in everything."

"That must have been so hard for him," I commented softly.

"What?"

"Him listening to you talk about me for months. The man that he loves falling in love with someone else and still being supportive despite his romantic feelings. I hope that you thanked him for all of that," I answered, glancing up at him. I shook my head and sighed. "I can't imagine his pain."

Edward stopped to look at me. "Do you think that he loves me? Really?"

"You're daft for someone so smart," I replied, taking his hand as we stopped at some railing. "I'm not going to be the one to tell you about his feelings, though. That is a question you should ask him if you're really ready to know the answer."

“I was just wondering what he said to you,” he mumbled, blushing.

I laughed a little. “He didn’t have to say anything for me to know that. Sweetheart, I figured it out the very first day. Remember how I said that I shouldn’t know things before the two of you?”

He sighed dramatically and playfully. “Yes.” I snorted. “I get it. Yeah, it probably was hard for him, and I will thank him in my own special way.”

“Yeah, with blowjobs.” He laughed loudly, looking away from me as he scrunched up his nose. “I’m not wrong.”

“Nope, you’re not.”

We stopped again at the entrance. Just beyond were massive dinosaurs and other ancient creatures. I bit my lip, looking up at my smiling boyfriend.

“So, one thing that I remember you complaining about in New York was that there are always too many people at museums for good pictures. Well, love...” He opened his hands as if he was offering the whole place up to me on a silver platter. Edward really was.

“So, next week is my turn?” I asked with a smile. He nodded quickly, clearly excited by the idea. “Will I actually be able to plan anything?”

He nodded again. “If things stay the way they are, I’ll be off on Sunday. But... can I actually make a request?” He asked shyly. “If that’s alright with you.”

“Of course. Anything.” I would do everything in my power to make him happy.

“Can it be a thing we do at home?” He wrinkled his nose a little again and sighed. “I’m tired of being around people. Which is why this is perfect.”

“Yes, it is,” I agreed. “We can, of course, do something at home. I’ll think of something fun to do.”

Edward smiled a little. “Thanks. Now... Go!” He boisterously swatted my ass. “Take thousands of pictures. I can’t wait to see them all.”