



## **Episode ninety-seven:**

I was smiling when I woke up, feeling entirely happy and safe. There were no alarms. Nowhere that we needed to be or anything that we needed to do. It was so nice. I was in one of Edward's huge long-sleeved t-shirts and no pants. He was pressed behind me in just his basketball shorts that he liked to sleep in. I loved how they felt against my bare legs. He had pushed the shirt over my pantie covered ass, his big hand resting on it.

Swirling my hips, I tested to see how awake he was. I couldn't tell for sure. He was still and his breathing even.

"Oh, yes. Very nice," he said very smoothly. Obviously, he was already very awake, making me giggle at his silly attitude. He slid his hand down my cheek, gripping it tightly so that his fingers dug into my skin. "Do it again." I backed up into his hand, wiggling a little. It made him chuckle. "Your arse is so nice and warm right now, too. Come here," he said before he pulled me as close as we could be to one another.

Edward snuggled in behind me, our legs perfectly tangled. I could feel his heart beating against my back, in time with mine. Taking his hand, I put it over my own heart. His fingers spread flat over it, pushing his palm into my skin as his nose dragged over my ear. He took in a deep, relaxed breath.

“Oh, my god. I’ve missed this,” I moaned softly after a few moments, leaning my head back against his shoulder as my eyes sank closed. I wasn’t even sure when the last time we were able to wake up like this was. Even in Sydney, it didn’t happen that much. There had been only a couple of days with Jasper.

“Me too, love. I’m sorry,” he mumbled quietly as he leaned in to kiss my shoulder where the collar of the shirt had slipped down to expose my freckled flesh. He tenderly rubbed his fingers over it and down my arm to my hand. They wove with mine, resting on my stomach before squeezing my palm tightly. Edward pressed his face into my hair and took another deep breath like he couldn’t get enough of me. I understood because I couldn’t get enough of him either.

I shook my head at his words. “It’s okay. I’m just a spoiled bitch now, and I want my men around me all the time,” I teased lightly in an almost bored voice. He chuckled again. I glanced over my shoulder and smirked. “Hurry up and make that billion dollars that you’re apparently aiming for, so you can retire at thirty, and I can have you to myself.”

“Do you think that I’ll make a billion?” He curiously asked. He was seriously asking the question.

I didn’t have to think about it. If that was his goal, that’s what he was going to get. “Oh, I have no doubt,” I answered as I dragged my fingers over his jaw from behind with my other hand. I glanced back at him again. “This Disney thing... It’s just the beginning. You’re twenty-five. You have to know that. You’re making a million dollars for less than a month’s worth of work just right now. You’re too talented. If they want your time, they should pay for it. They’re not stupid, Edward. You’re worth every single cent.”

He literally purred against my neck, kissing it after moving my hair out of the way. “Woman, what are you doing to my ego?”

“Explain to me what telling you the truth does to your ego,” I countered evenly. “Jasper thinks that we should keep it in check, but I’m not going to lie to you either. You are the most talented person that I know.”

“You to stroke it, him to make sure my head doesn’t get too big.” I giggled a little at his words. “It’s probably exactly what I need,” he laughed gently then sighed. “If I do make a billion, though, it’ll be because you are my muse. Both of you, actually.”

I shook my head. He was wrong about that entirely. “No, you’d make that billion one way or the other. You’re just going to be a lot happier doing it with us,” I replied to his sweetness. “You don’t need me to be successful. Obviously. You were doing just fine without me. But I am so delighted to be on this ride with you right now.”

He hid his face in my neck for a moment, pecking it lightly with kisses. “Does it scare you still?” He asked next. “The money?”

“Mm,” I hummed. “Yes,” I admitted with a little sigh in my voice. I wasn’t going to lie to him about that either. “But I’m not going to let it stop me. I’m not stupid. Money and success is always a good thing when handled well. But I hope that you know that I would marry you even if you were penniless.”

Edward chuckled to himself. “You’d probably prefer it.”

“No,” I laughed as well. “I’d still want you to be successful. No matter what you decide to do with your life. But I don’t think you’d ever be poor anyway because that’s not who you are. You’re too smart and determined. So, yeah. It’s scary but, I mean, most good roller coasters are a little frightening but usually worth it. It is still a bit overwhelming to think that the words in your head are worth so much. You make insane noises, really well, and people want to give you millions and millions to do it.”

“You wanted to be a Broadway performer. Is it so different?”

I laughed again. There were a million differences that I wasn’t sure how to explain to him. I sighed as I tried to think about how to word it. “I wanted to be a pretty parrot. A songbird. Just repeating whatever was on the paper. And I couldn’t do that. It’s hard. And it’s even harder to write. I tried that too and couldn’t either.”

I felt him shake his head against my shoulder, his hand on my stomach pulling me somehow even closer. “You’re so talented. You should have been the celebrity,” he said quickly. “You would be my little starlet if the world was just.”

Edward was incredibly sweet, his words making me blush and smile a little. “You just want to play casting couch,” I taunted mischievously. I didn’t want him to think that he needed to console my pride. I didn’t mind not being the star. The only attention that I wanted at that moment was his, and he was giving me plenty.

He snorted before he caught himself. “Not just,” he made a funny little noise in his throat. “I do want to, but the universe should have been better and given you the chance to show everyone your mad skills sooner. But I’m fixing that as we speak,” Edward said very seriously before his voice changed. “And I would love to be on your casting couch. I also have this fun

fantasy where you're the established star, and we have to film a sex scene, so we practice first..." He wiggled his eyebrows playfully when I looked back at him. He was being silly on purpose to amuse me.

Giggling, I looked away before glancing back once more. "If I were an established actress, why would I need to practice? Maybe I'd rather you go full method for the camera," I replied as confidently and as seductively as I could. Then I wiggled my hips again.

"Damn, you're cheeky this morning," he sort of growled against my shoulder, nibbling it. He moved the shirt further out of the way. "That's so hot," he sort of mumbled to himself, his erection twitching against my ass as he kissed behind my ear.

"Is that what you want to do tonight?" I ran my foot up his calf. "Shall we practice your favorite scene?"

He instantly shook his head. "No." Edward didn't hesitate with his answer. "I want you to dance for me. For us," he responded as he pressed his hand against my stomach before slowly sliding it down. Gripping the end of the fabric tightly, he lifted my shirt up higher. "I want to watch this gorgeous ass shake." Then his other hand gripped it tightly.

"Mm, fuck..." I half-giggled, half-moaned. "Yes, sir. Is there anything else you want to do today?"

Edward shook his head firmly, the cloth of the pillow scraping against his rough cheek. "No. You're not cooking. We're not working. We're not doing a damn thing. What we are going to do is lay down for as much of the day as possible. We're eating, sleeping, fucking, and maybe playing some video games while lying down, and that's it. And we're going to smoke because it makes all of those things more fun." He said everything with such finality that it made me smile.

"Wow, sounds relaxing," I sighed, leaning back against him as he continued to rub my ass, squeezing it over and over again. Each time it got tighter and tighter. "Mm, yes."

"You like that?" He asked teasingly before he slipped his finger under the fabric of my panties, following the curve up and down until pushing it further to the side. I could feel his erection through his shorts against my thighs. So, I reached behind me and began to rub him through the soft material, earning a moan. "God, yes. I've missed you so much. Mm... I swear that I'm going to fuck you at least five times today, Isabella," he promised suddenly.

I smirked when he said my whole name. It sounded so sexy in his accent.

“So, you’re saying that I should do some stretches or something?” I snickered, pulling his shorts down with a sharp yank. Edward pushed his fingers into my panties between my legs from behind just as rough, making me gasp softly.

He ran his nose over the back of my neck, pecking at my ear. “Maybe do some stretches later. And it’s probably a good idea to stay hydrated. I’ve already got some aspirin for you on the-”

Rolling over swiftly, I attacked him with a laugh at his teasing. This shut him up happily.

About ten minutes later, we pulled away from each other, hot and sweaty. Panting, I looked up at the ceiling as I tried to catch my breath. Edward was grinning from ear to ear, very red in the face, and panting just as hard as I was.

“Why don’t you stay hydrated?!” I declared sassily when I finally glanced over at him with a smirk. He chuckled, before growling playfully and pulling me towards him to aggressively snuggle for a little while. His legs tangled with mine again while his arms held me as close as he could. I was wrapped in Edward.

The second of the five promised times was in the shower. After helping me to wash all over, he laid me back on the seat and began to devour me. When he finished, or rather I did a few times, he brought me to my feet then bent me over so that he could take me from behind. For the first time, we actually entirely ran out of hot water. We were probably in there for over a solid hour.

Edward actually had to help me stumble out of the shower, my legs a little wobbly. When I was dried off, I slipped on some clean underwear, and wordlessly he brought me his freshly washed hoodie. He wrapped his arms around me from behind, kissing my bare shoulder several times before letting me go.

I took some aspirin when he wasn’t looking. He had the bottle waiting on the bedside table. I knew that it was actually for him. Working so much had made him ache. Later in the evening, after I had danced for him, I decided to give him a good massage to make him feel better. He was being good to me, and I could return the favor.

We sat outside as we waited for the crepes that Edward decided to order. It was lovely weather, warm and windy. We smoked and sipped coffee, his arm around my shoulders as I leaned into him.

“I’m sorry that I haven’t handled this first week alone very well,” I said to him softly, the feelings bubbling to the surface in the quietness of the moment. He had been trying so hard to make everything perfect for me, and I had acted embarrassingly.

“No, it's okay. It's- You-” He started and stopped. “You've had so much going on, and I think that it's starting to get to you a little. You've handled everything else so well. You just need a little time to adjust,” he said soothingly.

“Yeah, maybe...”

He squeezed my shoulder. “I think that I need to give you more video responsibilities, too. More to do to distract you.”

“Oh? Like?” I asked curiously.

“Planning all the food shoots. The guys were impressed with how you did things.”

I shrugged. “I just tried to figure out how to get the most in a day and make everyone happy with food leftovers.”

“Exactly!” Edward laughed, his smile very proud. “I think that your office skills from Culture for All shine through there. Your scheduling skills are impressive.”

“I feel like you're teasing me,” I replied as I scrunched up my nose.

Edward pulled back to look at me. “I'm not! I swear. You got so much done in one day. I don't know anything about cooking. It's all your baby. From what I've gotten to quickly glance at with the guys looks great. When Jasper gets here, you'll have another personality to work with and someone to help you film whenever you want. He'll hire more people when he comes too, and hopefully...” he trailed off before he shook his head and smiled at me. “So, start making plans now. You could film every day if you wanted. Really make Jasper earn his keep.”

“Not every day.” I shook my head quickly. That sounded exhausting, and like I would waste a lot of food. “Can I invite Lauren to be in some cooking videos? They could all be vegan-themed.”

He immediately nodded his head. “Sounds great, love. Whatever you want. Really. This is yours. Do whatever you want with it. This is going to be your channel very soon.”

“I had some thoughts,” I started quietly, biting my bottom lip. “About combining cooking videos and try videos, actually. I could cook your favorite foods. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, things growing up, desserts. Whatever. Not just yours, but everyone else's too. Have everybody talk about theirs and rank them, maybe.”

“Ooo. That sounds like fun. And a good way to hurt someone's feelings,” he replied with a chuckle. He gave me an evil grin then wiggled his eyebrows again.

“What do you mean, my super weird comfort food is disgusting?” I said in a playfully horrified voice. “How dare you insult my mixture of mac and cheese with peas and sausage drenched in ketchup that was my favorite meal when I was four!” He began to actually giggle, leaning his head against mine.

“I’d eat that,” he admitted in a whisper.

“I’d literally mix it all together and cover the whole mess with layer ketchup and eat it with a slice of bread,” I explained.

“Yeah, I’d still eat it,” he shrugged. I smirked a little.

“So, I can make that for dinner soon?”

“Yeah, just let me add my own ketchup,” he agreed with his own lighthearted smirk. “I like sausage, and it’s been ages since I’ve had any. Do it with white cheddar mac and cheese, though. Or something like that.”

“Mild and creamy?”

He nodded again, taking another hit. “Yeah...” Edward drew out and hummed. The doorbell rang for breakfast. “Yes, food! So fucking hungry now.”

“Stoner!” I called after him. He just waved his hand behind his back.