

Disclaimer: I don't own Twilight, but I make this Daddy do kinky stuff

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Chapter 14

EPOV

"Is it really that difficult, sweetheart?" I chuckle quietly, thoroughly amused by Isabella's inability to make a simple choice. "Just pick one."

She huffs and pouts at me, only to divert her attention to the selection of Sony VAIOs again. In Ogden, they didn't have enough to choose from, and here in Salt Lake City, there are evidently too many.

After a few days of not leaving the house, we needed this day trip. Plus, Isabella still needs a new laptop, so I suggested this morning that we'd get out of bed and go into town. Admittedly, I need a break from all the fucking. See, I'm not twenty anymore, and my muscles are sore and protesting. Which seems to amuse Isabella.

"But there are so many," she mumbles, grabbing my pinky. Though we're hardly A-list celebrities, we still need to be careful when we're out in public. A coincidence it's all it'd take—like the fan of Isabella's who recognized her on the spot last week. We don't need drama in our life. Plus, with the Sundance approaching, Utah has the tendency to turn into a celebrity hot spot. However...I love that she wants as much contact as I do. I can barely keep my hands off of her at the house, so this is definitely a test of epic proportions.

"Have you at least narrowed it down?" I ask and kiss her temple.

She nods and takes a step closer to me. "Those two." She points at one black VAIO and one silver. The black one has a 17-inch screen and the silver one only has an 11. "Writing is easier with the larger one," she comments, and I definitely agree. When she composes and writes, a mini-laptop won't make things easy for her. "But then when I travel, which I do often, a smaller one is easier to carry around."

Also true, and if she traveled a lot in the past, it's nothing compared to what's going to happen in the future. She has already eagerly accepted my invitation to join me for all my travels this coming spring—something I'm more than thrilled about—but it comes with a few downsides, too. For instance, we'll practically be living out of our suitcases.

"So, take both," I say like it's obvious, because it is. "You can always use a memory stick to transfer your work."

Unlike her sister and cousins, Isabella isn't a big spender. It doesn't matter that she's technically a millionaire; she rarely splurges, and no purchase is ridiculously outrageous.

She chews on her lip, eyes on the shelves. "But isn't that too much? I mean, I already need to buy a new iPhone—"

"*You* are not buying anything," I tell her firmly. "I told you this yesterday, Isabella. I'm paying."

I want to give her a new laptop, and as for her iPhone... Well, she dropped it in the snow yesterday when we used the hot tub I have behind the house. She'd played some music on it and was about to change songs when the phone slipped out of her hand.

"Da- *Edward*." She flushes. I stifle a smile. "I have my own money."

I'm very aware. "But we went over this," I remind her pointedly. "You agreed when I said that I wanted to take care of you from now on."

This is a subject I refuse to be swayed on. I'm the provider. End of discussion. It doesn't matter if it's food, clothes, airplane tickets, or a fucking car. I'm more than capable of spoiling her, which is exactly what I intend to do. And she's going to let me. We had this talk yesterday, and we covered it all. Why she's going against me now, I don't know.

"I *know* I agreed, but it doesn't feel *right*." She actually stomps her foot. It's cute. It makes me want to bend her over and turn her ass red.

I arch a brow at her.

She scowls at me. "Okay, so what do you suggest I do with my own money then, huh?" She folds her arms over her chest.

"Honestly?" I dip down, brushing my lips over her ear. "I don't give a *fuck*, Isabella." She shivers. "But you will not give me attitude. Are we clear on that?" With that said, I straighten and tuck a piece of hair, which had escaped her pigtails, behind her ear. "Now, take those two," I point at the two laptops, "and then we'll drive over to the Apple store."

"Fine," she mumbles, ducking her head. Then she looks up again with an apologetic expression. "I'm sorry I acted like a brat."

I smile softly and pull her close to me, unable to help myself. "It's okay, sweetheart," I murmur and tap her on the nose. "We have plenty of adjustments to get used to. It will take time." I cup her cheek and kiss the other, letting my lips linger. "But you're going to let me pay now, right?"

She nods quickly, her eyes flickering to my mouth. "Yes, Daddy," she whispers.

I groan internally.

"Behave, baby girl," I murmur huskily as my hands slide down her back. Due to her ski jacket, it's rather difficult to touch her properly—although

that's probably a good thing, seeing as we're in public. "Come on. Let's go. We need to get some lunch, too."

~oOo~

Despite her reluctance to accept gifts at the store, when we sit down in a restaurant to order lunch, Isabella is practically bouncing in her seat as she keeps her bags close. Oh no, she refused to leave the new laptops and phone in my Rover. She insisted on having it all close.

"Gah! I'm so excited to open this when we get home!" she squeals behind her hand. I chuckle and watch as she tears off her beanie and jacket, only to dive into the bag with her iPhone. "I always love finding new apps. Oh, and these are just too pretty..." She trails off, lovingly brushing her fingers over one of the four different cases I bought her, too. She seems particularly fond of the clutch case from Michael...something Kors? I don't know.

"Check your menu for what you wish to drink," I tell her, shaking my head in amusement. "We came here to eat—not to fondle iPhone cases."

"Fine," she giggles. "By the way," she picks up her menu, "have I thanked you yet?"

I smirk and look down at the choices of fish. "Only a hundred times or so."

When the waitress comes over, I order us the salmon with asparagus and roasted baby potatoes, knowing very well that had Isabella would've gone with pizza or hamburger...if she'd had the choice. And that's a big no for me. While she's freakishly strict about taking care of her skin and hair, she eats like fifteen-year-old boy. If it's greasy, it's good. So, I'm actually a little surprised her skin is as flawless as it is. Because I remember when I was a teenager...if I ate a pizza, you could see it on my face the day after.

Isabella is also crazy when it comes to candy and ice cream.

I love gourmet cooking and rich desserts, but there's a difference between "stuffing your face" and "enjoying every once in a while".

"When was the last time you had a big, fat Whopper, Edward?" she asks, sipping her water. She grins and twirls a piece of hair from a pigtail around her finger. "Or a bucket of fried chicken, or-"

I cough and hold up my hand to stop her. "I get it, baby girl. I get it." So, now she thinks I'm a snob? That's hardly the case. "Unfortunately, I don't eat very well when I'm traveling," I admit. "Late nights and days packed with meetings usually result in ordering in too much Chinese food or pizza. *But,*" I stress, "I refuse to eat that crap when I'm home or when I'm on vacation."

"I guess I can't wait for us to travel, then." She smirks.

Again, I shake my head at head, amused. "You act like vegetables are out to kill you." She has eaten what I've cooked so far, but her distaste for greens certainly hasn't escaped me. We will just have to work on that. "Speaking of..." I smile when the waitress returns with our food. "You will like this, sweetheart. You just need to give it a chance."

She eyes her plate as if the asparagus is going to jump up and bite her. "Well, while I pretend to enjoy this," she mutters, "we could talk about what happens in two weeks when we leave."

I nod in assent. We really do need to talk about that, and this is a good place. Because every time we've tried to have this conversation at the house, we've ended up fucking. Not that you'll find me complaining.

"I think leaving LA is a good idea," I say pensively, cutting into my salmon. "I could buy us an apartment in New York." I know that Isabella

is partial to New York, hence her living there, and I honestly don't see the appeal of LA anymore.

When Isabella hasn't replied, I look up to find her smiling softly at me. Her eyes are also full of unshed tears, which concerns me. "What's wrong?" I ask, covering her hand with mine over the table.

She shakes her head minutely and brushes her fingers under her eyes. "It's nothing. I promise. I'm just...I guess a part of me still can't believe you're willing to do all this for me. I mean, it's not just you. You have your entire company, too, and even though you have an office in New York, relocating the main office doesn't happen with just a snap of your fingers."

I frown. "I would do anything for you, Isabella." And the truth of that statement hits me hard. Taking a deep breath, I let the words settle, and I admit to myself that I'm clearly falling hard for my little Miss Bella Hale, regardless of the small amount of time we've spent together. It's not that I didn't expect it to happen, but I didn't think it'd happen so soon. Nor did I think about the intensity of my feelings. It's unlike anything I've felt in the past.

I revel in it, embrace it.

"This is for *us*, by the way," I correct her quietly and squeeze her hand. "I want this just as much. And until the relocation is complete, we'll just travel back and forth for a while."

"I'm still thankful," she says with a small shrug and a shy smile.

I pick up her hand and kiss her knuckles. "I'm not letting you go," I say simply. "Now, does New York sound good?" Really, I have no preference. As long as it's a major city we move to, I couldn't care less. I already have several offices across the country; relocating is nothing. In fact, we could even start fresh outside the US. "I also have offices in Paris, Frankfurt,

and Sydney.” Though, Sydney probably won’t work. I dabble in real estate, too, and that’s mainly what my office in Australia is for. That office practically runs itself, thanks to Charles Swan, a close friend of my father’s.

“Edward?” Isabella asks, and I look up. She smiles. “I don’t care where we end up—as long as we’re together. Pick a city, but…” She bites down on her lip for a second. “Maybe we should stay in the States, though.” My brows furrow. “I’m just saying that leaving a city is one thing, but if we move to another country, it might look like we’re running.”

Ah. She’s right, of course. While it’s going to get rough as soon as we go public with our relationship, there will be no running or hiding. I refuse to do that. So, yes, she’s absolutely correct.

“Maybe you shouldn’t even leave LA,” she adds thoughtfully. At that, my eyebrows shoot up in disbelief. “Just listen, okay?” I hesitate then nod, and she takes a breath. “First of all, you mentioned that you’re opening a new resort in Hawaii, yes?” Another nod from me. “Exactly. That means we’ll be there for an extended period of time soon. And you also said that Rosalie is going to Brazil in two weeks to start shooting her next movie.” True. “So, I’m thinking LA won’t be too bad since we won’t even be there for a while. We all know that gossip dies eventually; this is no different. It might take a while, but we can always avoid LA for a few months before we go back. But to actually move your entire main office from there…it will just look like you’re fleeing.”

Well. Isabella is smart.

“So, what do you suggest?” I ask, smiling.

She grins. “I think we should make your house here in Utah our permanent home, and then we can have apartments in LA and New York. LA is where you work when you’re not travelling, and New York is usually

where I work." She shrugs. "But when we're not on the road, I want to be here."

Sounds perfect to me. "Consider it done." I nod. "I'll call my Realtor as soon as we get back to the hous-" I chuckle. "As soon as we get *home*."

Isabella beams at me.