



Episode One hundred:

After slipping on a nightgown, I padded into the kitchen to start up our food. It would take about an hour, though it wasn't a lot of work. It was just heating things up. While I was cooking, I would catch glimpses of him taking cameras into the bedroom. I grinned to myself.

Edward had changed into blue jeans and a t-shirt, his hair messy from his nap. I watched him from the island, biting my lip. After his second or third trip, he finally felt my eyes on him and turned.

"Are you checking me out?"

"Yeah," I replied simply. He smirked and wiggled his eyebrows, then turned to go finish his work proudly. I giggled at his happy mood.

He brought me a glass of wine as he smoked a joint, dancing along to the music that I had started as I cooked. We ate outside, twilight making the sky glow purple. After dinner, I went to get ready while he did the dishes.

The outfit that I had chosen was a simple, too short, pleated black skirt and a short-sleeved white button-down shirt. Underneath was a bright red lace set that he and Jasper

had picked out for me when we were in Sydney at the mall. My new red heels matched, as did my bright red lipstick.

When I came out of the bathroom, I realized precisely what he had set up. There were several cameras positioned around the room facing a chair that was in front of the glass wall so that the mountains were the background. The room was lit by dozens of candles. My laptop was on his dresser, a speaker set up to play my music.

“So, you’re going to send Jasper a video of us fucking from seven different angles?” I teased as I turned on the playlist. The first song wasn’t the one that I wanted to dance to, just something to help set up the mood. Actually, the first few were.

“Six,” he corrected, smirking at me. “I was just going to film you dancing.”

“Liar.”

He finished his glass of bourbon that he had been nursing while he lit the candles. Edward walked towards me slowly, his eyes taking me in hungrily. “You look delicious right now,” he murmured, running his thumb over my chin.

“We’re about to make a porno,” I said jokingly even though that was obviously what was about to happen. I didn’t mind that much, but I wanted to point out the obvious to him. “One with pretty high production values. These are expensive cameras, Eddie. I’m not sure this qualifies as amateur porn anymore.”

His face dropped a little, his eyes going to the ground. “We don’t have to-”

“Did I say that I didn’t want to?” I laughed. “Go sit down.”

Edward had brought the bottle with him, so I poured more of the whiskey into the tumbler that he had been drinking out of. I took a big gulp, finishing it quickly before having another. Then I poured another glass and brought it to him. Edward lifted the remote up to show me. He turned on the cameras, then set it to the side.

The song that I had picked was slower with a heavy beat. As soon as I began to dance, his eyes grew warmer with desire. He sank back in his chair a little, shifting his legs apart. Edward took a sip of his drink, licking it from his bottom lip.

It was more than halfway through the first song before I even came within touching distance of him, swirling my hips with my arms above my head for his and Jasper’s viewing pleasure.

He put the glass down when the next song started. I took this chance to swivel my ass in his lap, my hands on the arms of the chair to keep my balance. It just brushed him, but his erection was already rock hard in his jeans. I leaned my back against his chest, still moving my hips against him as I unbuttoned my shirt.

When I stood again, I pulled it off my arms and dropped it somewhere out of the way. I turned my back to him, playing with the skirt as I continued to dance. I dropped low and came back up slowly, making him hum in pleasure. The black fabric was added to the pile of discarded clothes. Edward ran his tongue over his teeth, his cheeks a faint pink.

I began to dance in his lap again. His erection jerked against my thighs. "It's so hard not to touch you," he whispered.

"Why can't you?" I teased.

His tongue darted out to wet his bottom lip before he looked up at me. "Because once I start, I won't stop, Isabella."

"Good," I purred. The bra was next to go.

I touched myself for him, moving my hands over my stomach and breasts as if they were his. He moaned again, sucking in a deep breath through his nose. His eyes were half-lidded, his lip between his teeth.

Then it was time for my panties to join the pile. I was left in nothing but the glittering red heels. This is what he wanted the night of the awards show.

Straddling his waist, I made sure to rub my breasts in his face. He leaned forward, breathing in my scent deeply as he did. I tilted back, my shoulders moving to the beat. When I came back up, my hair fell over my face and chest. Edward slid his hand over my cheek, pushing it out of my eyes. His fingers moved to the back of my neck, and he pulled me in for a deep kiss.

We made out for a long time, he fully dressed with me nude in his lap. I continued to move my hips to the beat against him as it changed into a different song. Then he put his hand between my legs.

"Keep dancing," he whispered against my mouth.

It was so hard to keep moving as his fingers expertly toyed with me. I lost myself to the sensation. Before the end of the song, I came easily on his hand. He pushed two of his fingers inside of me to feel the spasms, drawing them out even longer.

“That's right. Good girl,” he sighed, and I actually whimpered.

Suddenly, he picked me up and carried me the few feet to the bed. Edward laid me back and began to kiss between my breasts. My hands hurried to pull off his shirt. Once it was gone, he lifted my hands over my head and held them there as we continued to kiss.

He wasn't wearing underwear. Watching him undress still made my heart leap with joy every single time. Stroking himself gently, he looked down at me hotly. I couldn't take it. Pulling him down to the bed, I swiftly straddled his waist. It didn't matter how many times before in the day we had gone at it, I still wanted more. I needed it.

The song changed just as I slid down on him. The beat was perfect for what I wanted to do to him. His hands quickly went to my hips, holding on tightly. Slow and sensual, I fucked him hard.

I came again, too sensitive from our day. But it felt so good, I couldn't stop. I felt addicted.

“Yes!” He gasped. Taking over, he flipped me onto my back. His big hands wrapped my legs around his hips. He pounded into me, my ass completely off the bed. “OH, FUCK!” Edward shouted, his hands going to mine above my head. But he didn't pull out after he finished. Instead, he began to kiss my neck, slowly rocking his half-soft erection until it was firm enough to start moving again.

I loved dating a twenty-five-year-old.

He moved one of his hands between us, just pressing them against my clit and using our rocking to create the delicious pressure that made me cum twice more before he finished in me again. This one was so intense that he was shaking on top of me.

We laid in silence for about five minutes.

“You okay?” He whispered against my neck. I nodded, smiling as I stroked his back. Carefully, he shifted beside me. As he did, Edward mumbled, “twenty.”

“What?” I asked, not sure if I heard him correctly.

“You've gotten off at least twenty times today. I lost count a couple of times, but the ones I counted for sure...” He smirked to himself, obviously very proud.

“Oh, god,” I laughed, covering my face with both of my hands. “Really?”

“Mm, can you imagine how many Jasper and I are going to give you?” He asked as his hand moved over my stomach.

My legs snapped shut. “No,” I giggled, too ticklish for anything else. We both began to laugh harder. Edward pulled me to him so that we could snuggle.

“Fuck, I need to turn off the cameras,” he murmured after a few minutes.

“I’ll get the remote,” I offered. Before standing, I kicked off my shoes, each of them clicking to the floor. Stretching out, I popped my neck and shoulders. I was pretty sore, but anyone would be.

As soon as I tried to lock my knees to stand, my legs told me ‘nope.’ My ass connected with the floor with a shockingly heavy plop. It happened so quickly. I gasped in surprise before beginning to cackle.

“Are you okay?!” Edward sat up instantly.

I just continued to giggle, my face in my hands. “You fucked my legs stupid. Give me a second.”

“Well, I told you to stretch.”

I swatted him, earning a cat-like grin. He began to laugh as well, leaning over to help me to my feet before kissing me deeply once I got back on the bed.

“You know what? You stay there. I’ll get the remote. And I’ll fetch you some more aspirin. Do you have a bottle of water?”

I threw a pillow at him.

Several hours later, we laid in bed once again. Edward was happily fast asleep and had been for a long time. He was exhausted from our fun. Deservedly so. And so was I, but I couldn’t get my mind to relax. It was three or four, and I was restless. I didn’t want to bother him. So, I decided to take my phone with me out onto the patio.

There was a message from Jasper waiting for me from earlier in the evening. We had texted some throughout the day, but he had worked and then gone out with his friends. I responded back, and he asked why I was awake just a minute later.

“I couldn’t relax,” I admitted to him in a text.

The phone rang in my palm.

“After the fun day that you've apparently had, and you can't relax?” He teased. Jasper had obviously been drinking some. His voice was high-pitched and funny. “That's usually Tony's problem, not yours.”

“Tony,” I used his name playfully, “is good and asleep right now, actually. I assume that he very proudly told you what he accomplished today in great detail.”

“Not exactly in specifics yet. He said that the two of you fucked like rabbits and that he helped you break your daily record.”

I licked my bottom lip. “That's it?”

“Yup,” he popped the p. I giggled. I couldn't help it. If he only knew. “What?”

It wasn't like Edward was going to keep it a secret from him. It would probably make him feel better that I was telling him actually. “Well, we tried strap-ons today for one.”

He turned on Facetime before he answered, his nose was very close to the screen. “Oh, really?” I giggled again. “How... How- how did it go?” He stuttered out. His face was flushed red. Jasper blinked several times, his light blond eyelashes against his cheeks.

“Well, first, you should see how many things he bought,” I began cheerfully. I was going to draw this out a little. “When they arrived, he started opening them like Christmas morning. Then he asked if I would try one on for him. To model. It was...” I licked my lips and swallowed before shaking my head. “It looked like boxers briefs, and there were things inside as well. For me. He helped me put them on. Edward actually got me off just sucking on it, too. It felt amazing.”

“I wish I could have been there to watch that,” Jasper said hotly. He bit his bottom lip, his warm blue eyes examining my face as he did.

“So do I,” I breathed, playing with one of my curls. “After he got me off, I decided it was his turn. I gave him a blow job, and I began to finger him,” I said a bit faster, getting a little more flustered with my words.

“Have you ever done that before?”

I shook my head. “No.”

He took in an unsteady breath, his mouth moving from one side to the other as he considered his next question. It made his nose wiggle. “Did he like it?”

“Yes... So much, in fact, that he begged me to fuck him in the ass. And I did.” I took a breath. “Until we both came. He’s already talking about how he wants bigger,” I laughed a bit nervously, biting my bottom lip. I felt like I was on fire, telling him over the phone like this while he watched me. “He wants you so badly. Edward is annoyed with himself because he didn’t ask you to sooner in Sydney.”

Jasper shook his head in answer, sighing. He looked away for a moment, bringing an unlit cigarette from behind his ear then back again anxiously. “He wasn’t ready. I knew that. It wasn’t the right time. Too much was going on.”

“I think so, too,” I breathed.

He made a little face, fiddling with the earlobe holding his smoke. It was apparent that he was trying to resist the urge and was losing the battle. I could have used one of them myself. “I’m surprised that he’s ready now,” Jasper admitted. “I didn’t know if he ever would be. And it would have been fine if that were the case, but...” he trailed off.

“But he did enjoy it.”

Nodding, he looked at me slyly. “That is good to know.”

I laughed a little to myself. “You better get ready. Edward doesn’t hold back when it comes to the things that he enjoys.”

There was a pause, his face instantly sadder. His deep blue eyes clouded, one side of his face pinching together as if he was in pain but trying to bare it. He wasn’t looking at me when he answered. “He used to.”

My heart broke for him.

“Not anymore.” I shook my head again and smiled. I just wanted to lighten the mood a bit. “You’re going to have fun.”

He laughed a bit and cleared his throat. “Um, I’m usually more of a Top, if I’m being honest. I mean, I love it when Tony fucks me and want him to do it to me over and over again, but it’s... it’s rather nice knowing that I’ll be able to return the favor. It’s one of my longest-running fantasies, and it’s crazy to think that one day, I’m going to be able to fulfill it.”

“Oh, baby, at this point, I’m not sure you have a choice. He’s going to be begging for you to take him,” I commented with a smirk before rolling my eyes and shaking my head. “I don’t think that he realizes how small that toy actually was, though. Two extra inches isn’t much until it’s going inside of your body. You’re so much bigger,” I spoke seductively in a way that he

obviously liked. Jasper's smile turned warm as it curved to one side, his eyes going over my face. Men were so easy to please.

"Well, I'll just have to fuck him as gently as possible," he said mischievously, but I could see that his cheeks were red with the excitement of just the idea of it. "I've literally imagined him begging me to fuck him so many times. It scares me a little now. I don't want to hurt him. Or scare him away."

"You won't," I promised. "Just use your fingers on him first with way too much lubrication. It should be fine." He chuckled at my words. "I wish you were here to help me with this. I know you could do everything better than me."

"He loved what you did to him, though, didn't he?" He asked curiously.

I paused for a long time before shaking my head. "Yeah, but-

Jasper stopped me. "But what, dove?" He cocked his head to the side, his fluid eyes watching me. I kind of shrugged my shoulders and shook my head again. "You are one of the most sexually confident women that I have ever met. You know that he loved it. You know that you're a rock star in bed. What's really a matter, huh?" We looked at each other for a long time. He tilted his head some more, gazing at me. Jasper was really waiting for an answer. I blinked, looking away and sighed.

"Edward kept going on about how spoiled he was today. How good I am to him. But even today, he was working towards making me happy. He was focusing on giving me pleasure. And I've acted like such a brat this week-

He snorted, interrupting me again. "Tony might have been giving you joy, but that high score was all for him. You should know that, dove. You know what kind of man he is. He views everything as an achievement to unlock, and you gave him an exciting challenge," he said teasingly before getting more serious. He tugged at his earlobe, his smirk a little sad. "Your whole world has changed in the past year, and it's okay to be cranky and overwhelmed sometimes. If he had done the same thing, you would have already forgotten about it."

I shrugged. "That's different."

"How?" He shook his head. Jasper didn't really want me to answer. "Little girl, I adore you, but your anxiety is going to eat you alive. When is the next time that you go to your therapist, huh?"

"I don't know. I didn't really... feel... anything with the last one. If that makes sense," I sighed. He nodded in answer. We watched each other for a long minute on the screen. "I think that I might have to try a different one. I think it's time to up my anxiety medication again or try a

different one. I don't want to, though. What if it happens again, Jasper?" The words just came tumbling out.

"The IUD is different, right? Different chemicals. You're on another medication."

I nibbled on the side of my thumb gently. "Yeah."

His forehead scrunched up, his lips pursed up for a second. "If it's that much of a concern, take out the IUD. We can wear condoms. Deal with your anxiety first."

"It's stupid to-" I began, but he quickly cut me off.

"No, it's stupid to worry about something like that. Do what you need to do to feel better in your own skin. I can't imagine what's going on in your head right now. You need to find someone that you can talk to, someone that knows how to help."

I sighed, feeling as if I was going to cry suddenly. I held it in, though. "I should be happier."

"Says who?"

"Me," I laughed lightly. I shook my head. "I've got everything now."

"You just found out that your father died! You're mourning. So much more than just him, too. You're grieving the life you should have had with your family. And you've moved away from your life-long best friend for the first time, too. Something that I have experience with mind you. I know how hard that is. You may have a lot to be happy about, but... You're a stranger in a strange land doing strange things. That would be enough. Add in everything else... You had a freakout for a good reason."

I nodded, still chewing on my thumb. He wasn't wrong. For a long minute, I looked out at the mountains before I finally glanced back at my cell phone screen. "I'll look for another doctor in the morning and set up an appointment for this week. You're right. Thank you for being frank with me. I still feel bad about my little tantrum from earlier this week, though. I think that I said something that I shouldn't have to Edward. And it scares me."

"What's that?"

"That I don't want to go to see all the time and just watch him work."

He chuckled lightly. "Dove, he knows that."

"I didn't mean that I never wanted to watch him. I've only seen him once. I feel like such an asshole. I just blurted it out, and I regret it so much. But I just felt so awkward and useless while I was there. So out of place."

"He said that you got a lot of work done."

"That I could have gotten done easier at home."

"Yes, you could have. So, it's even more impressive that you did it there. You're just getting started with this. I know that it's intense. I'm worried about how I'm going to handle it all, too. So, promise to be gentle with me when I have my own little tantrum, hm? Because I will have one."

"It'll be easier once we have each other."

Jasper smiled at me. He took the cigarette down from his ear and put it back in the pack. "Yes, it will be. Tony will have us, and we'll have each other. Everything will be..." He trailed off, not knowing how to finish his thought. He grinned at me once more. "Go to sleep, dove. You look tired, and it's so late. In the morning, start looking for another doctor. And give yourself a goddamn break. You're doing fine, and we're here for you."

"Okay. Thank you for being my friend," I said slowly before returning his smile weakly.

"Yeah," he smirked a little. "Thank you for being mine, too. And my girlfriend." I laughed just a bit, very softly. "Goodnight, dove."

When I came back to bed, Edward was lying on his side. He held his hand out to me. Taking my phone from me, he put it onto the wireless charging stand. His big arm draped over me, his lips pressing a kiss against the back of my ear.

"Love you so much," he murmured right before he fell back asleep, holding me as he had in the morning with his hand on my thigh over his hip.