



Episode One-hundred-eight

That evening after I went to the doctor and did some old-fashioned retail therapy, I played with my new journaling supplies. I set up each page with the date and a place for how I felt, what I did to relax, and what I was grateful for. I just did the week to see if I liked it first before I wasted any more time fiddling with tape and markers.

For the day, I decided my relaxation activity was setting up my journal. I worked on it for more than thirty minutes, at least. It was meditative in a way. Before I felt just mildly anxious, but when I was done, I felt calmer and excited for the week we had ahead.

I already knew the things that I was grateful for that day.

Edward, whom I missed dearly. He had texted to say that his throat was sore and would probably be having an early night. I started some soup in the slow cooker and made a pitcher of lemon tea as well to soothe it. He had spent most of the morning screaming with Sarah, sending dozens of funny pictures and videos to show me.

The second was Jasper. He had the morning free, so we talked for a couple of hours on the phone. We discussed what videos he wanted to make with me once he arrived. We started with the food ones before he told me about all the ideas that he wanted to work on. His plans.

He wanted to make retro gaming ones with me. We would play through old games, and we would just talk smack, kind of like I did with Tyler with the movies.

And lastly, I was grateful to Dr. Causis. I overshared more than what I wanted to in our first session, but he didn't make me feel uncomfortable in any way. Surprisingly, I instantly felt at ease with him. His homework was going to prove an interesting challenge for me, even though it shouldn't have. I had everything to be grateful for, but I would quickly start repeating myself. And I didn't know how to relax.

I thought about what I wanted to do every day. I knew that I required more than thirty minutes, though. My brain just needed to shut off for a little while and have a break. No overthinking, no second-guessing. I wished that Edward could just take over my brain for a few hours to give me a minute to breathe. And then I thought about our date night.

"Edward, can I talk to you about something?" I asked after I had sat him down at the dinner table with a bowl of tomato soup and a couple of grilled cheese sandwiches.

"Of course," he smiled as he pulled one of them in half. He took a big bite, watching me curiously. Most men would have been worried about the phrase, but he was so secure in us, it didn't even cross his mind that it could be something bad. I smiled to myself, glad he felt that way. What I wanted wasn't bad. Just naughty.

"Sunday, you still don't want to go anywhere. Right?" I began.

"Yeah. Unless there was something that you wanted to do?" He offered, stirring his soup with his spoon before taking a bite. He smiled at me charmingly. "We could go out and have brunch if you wanted. I just think that I'd like to stay in most of the day if that's alright."

"Well," I cleared my throat, "um," I laughed and sighed, feeling embarrassed about how sweet he was being. I went ahead anyway. "Can we actually just turn off our phones and spend the entire day fucking again?"

Edward choked on his bite of sandwich, laughing and swallowing heavily. He took a big gulp of his tea to wash it down. "I love that you're bringing it up like this and asking in advance and everything."

I giggled. "I am for a reason, though. I wanted to know if you would like to spend it... playing. Role-playing."

"What did you have in mind?" He stirred his soup again. Edward knew better than to put something in his mouth, just in case. He was also trying to pretend that he wasn't extremely excited by my request. He was a good actor, but I could see it in his twinkling green eyes.

“My doctor says that I need to relax more and I think that he’s right. I need to not think for a day, and I want you to be in charge. Whatever you want. Whatever you want me to do, whatever you want us to do together. If you want me on my knees the entire time or baking cookies. I don’t care. I want to be totally submissive to you. I’m tired of my brain and thinking.”

“The entire Sunday?” He questioned.

“Yeah, if we can.”

He looked away from me for a moment before glancing back. “And I can do whatever I want the entire time?” He asked next. “Even if it’s totally sexual all day long?”

“Edward, anything. I will do whatever you want.”

His grin got so wide. “So, if I give you my credit card and I tell you to go lingerie shopping so that I have a nice selection to pick from... You’d do it?”

“Is that how you want to spend our Sunday?” I inquired with a smirk.

“That’s how I want you to spend tomorrow to prepare. While I’m filming. I want you to go out and buy...” He thought for a moment, doing some sort of kinky math in his head. “At least a dozen different things for me to pick from for you to wear.”

“A dozen?” I laughed. “That’s a lot for one day.”

Edward ignored me. “At least. All different styles and colors. More, the better. Give me a variety. I want you to model them for me on Sunday, and I’m going to take pictures of you again. And get some shoes. Stockings, too. The whole thing.”

“What about lipstick?” I teased. This wasn’t entirely where I thought he would go first. I thought we were going to play vampire and victim again.

“Yes,” he answered, leaning in. He held my gaze from across the table as he did. “Can you... Can you get some necklaces? Really long ones?”

“Long like my strand of pearls? Do you know the ones? They go almost to my belly button.”

He swiftly nodded. “Exactly.”

I nodded slowly as I took in his request. “Okay, I can do that. What else?”

Edward's smile grew wider when he realized that I wasn't going to argue with him. "That list you keep joking about it. I want it. I'm serious. I want you to fill it out for me. The dirty checklist."

"I don't think that you'll be surprised, but okay," I laughed a little awkwardly, taking his hand from across the table. "I'm going to tell you that there is going to be a lot of 'haha no's in there for you. A lot of jokes. Probably a page just for notes."

He took a bite of his grilled cheese and slowly chewed, smirking a bit. He was still holding my hand with the other while he ate. "I want to do the things you enjoy."

"I'll enjoy having you take control of me in every way. I want to give you all your fantasies. And I like it when you're confident and controlling. Also, I know that I'm way kinkier than you, so nothing you're going to do will really surprise me."

"I feel like I should almost be offended," he joked with a smile.

I laughed again and thought about my answer. "You're getting kinkier. That's why I want to do whatever you want. I want to see what we should explore next."

"So, if we woke up early, you would happily dress in whatever lace thing that I picked out for you? And let me do whatever I wish to you the entire day? While taking pictures of it?" He asked just to make sure.

"God, yes. Please."

"What if I want to spank you again? Tie you to things? Gag you?"

I rolled my eyes hard. "You already know that I like those things." I took a sip of my tea.

"What if I want to take pictures by the pool again? In the daytime?" He was all about finding out all the details. I liked that about him. It made me smile. He was good at contracts for a reason. This was Business-Edward mixing with pleasure-Edward.

"The walls and hedges are huge. No one can see in unless they're in the house. We can do whatever you want outside in the backyard. This place was designed to feel open while still closed off from the rest of the world. And the waterfall by your pool is loud enough to drown out the sounds that we would make."

"I want to play with food," Edward shyly declared. His cheeks were slightly pink as if he was embarrassed. I already knew that he did. "I've wanted to for a while."

“You’d like for me to buy that as well tomorrow? Food good for that?” I deduced, trying to help him along. I could tell that he was still feeling timid and having trouble asking for what he wanted. One day we would finally completely work past that.

Edward looked away from me, smiling to himself as he did. Slowly, he stirred his soup again. “Yeah. Get easy stuff for the day so that you don’t have to cook anything. Though I do love the idea of your cookies, I know how long they take you to make.”

“I’ll make you some soon,” I promised. “Any other requests?”

“I want you to shop like you’re me,” he informed me very seriously, making me giggle. “I mean it, Isabella. Go wild.”

“Will you punish me if I don’t?” I inquired a little quietly, just peeking at him from the corner of my eyes as I took a bite of my dinner.

His tongue moved in his closed mouth, words, and ideas rolling around in it as he considered how to respond to me. “Yes. But I don’t think that you want to start like that. I think you want to be a good girl and do exactly what I tell you to do,” he urged, looking directly into my eyes. I felt warm all over, a tingling starting at the base of my spine.

“Yes, sir,” I smiled, biting my bottom lip a little. “Do you just want lace?”

“Give me a bit of everything.”

I licked my bottom lip, looking up and thinking about all the fun things that I was going to buy for him. “I’m probably going to go cheaper... just in case we happen to destroy anything. That was an expensive dress you ruined last time.”

“Sorry,” he murmured.

“Liar. We both liked it, and you know it.”

Edward laughed. “Yeah, you’re right.” Then he sighed heavily. “I have to go to work tomorrow now while thinking about all the things that you’re buying for me.” He took in a deep breath. “Things that you’re literally encouraging me to rip off your body. Oh, god.”

“And if you wanted... you can use some of your new toys on me.” I offered flirtatiously as my fingers ran along his knuckles down to his fingertips. “Maybe one of the plugs.”

“Oh...” He drew out as he thought about it. “That’s a fun idea. So, on Sunday, we turn off our phones. But what about Jasper?”

“I thought you’d be sending the pictures to him.” I smiled. “We’ll put them on silent, and he is the exception. But you get to decide when and what he sees. You’re totally in charge.”

“Shall I have you call me 'sir'?” He said a bit sarcastically as he turned his palm up to take my hand.

“If that’s what you want. I’ll call you whatever you like, Tony,” I smirked, holding his gaze as I did.

He sighed and looked out towards the pool for a moment. His eyes drifted off in the direction of the city lights. “It feels strange when you use that name,” he admitted. “I came to America to become a different person, and you’re the first individual that I was around that made it feel like I really could be. I like it when you call me Edward. It makes me feel exceptional in a way that I can’t describe.”

“Wow,” I breathed out softly then giggled as I flushed. “That was a surprisingly sweet and meaningful thing to say in a conversation that started with me asking you to dominate me, Edward,” I spoke his name purposefully as I pressed my palm to his.

“I can beat your ass and hopefully give you thirty orgasms in a day but still recognize that you are the best part of my life and that you give me happiness and hope on a daily basis,” he expressed dryly. At the very end, he gave me a heartwarming smile.

I laughed at his joking attitude and purposefully over-sentimental words. “Please, bend me over something and spank me. I would love it so much. Please, don’t be gentle. Monday morning, I want people to ask me why I’m walking funny.”

He scoffed loudly. “I won’t be that rough.”

“I really want you to spank me hard.”

Edward sighed, thinking about it for a moment. “I couldn’t do that with my hands. Even if I wanted to. I don’t think that I could not pull back. I don’t want to hurt you.”

But I already had an answer to that. “You could use a belt. A soft leather one.”

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he repeated.

“I don’t want you to, either. I don’t want you to draw blood or anything,” I looked him knowingly, teasing him about his fangs. I had a tiny mark on my neck still. He kind of rolled his eyes but smirked. “I just... I just want to feel different. I don’t want to think about families or work. Or moving, money, or my emotions. I want to think about you and nothing else. I want to

make you happy. I want you to use me. I want to be totally yours and out of my own head, even if it's only for a few hours. I need it.”

“Damn,” Edward sighed, looking me over keenly. He tilted his head to the side as he considered his words carefully again. “So, what you’re saying is that you want me to fuck your brains out?” He deadpanned just to surprise me.

I laughed loudly in shock at his funny bluntness. As always, his timing was perfect. “Yeah. Exactly. Very well put, Mr. Cullen. I want my brain to be rattled for a couple of days, please.”

He chuckled as he finished his drink. “I love you. You’re the best. I love our sex life so much. Thank you.”

Shaking my head, I took a big gulp of my tea to finish it as well. “You’re welcome, I guess? If you can actually deliver thirty orgasms, though... Who should be thanking who?”

I could tell by the look on his face that he was about to make a bad joke or comment. “So, do you think that you can actually handle it? I almost broke you the other day.”

“No, you didn’t. And what if I want you to break me? I hope you do. You have all day to try. There are so many things that I hope you do to me,” I flirtatiously purred. He was starting to squirm in his seat, his arousal getting to him.

“Like?”

“I hope that you play with my ass some more. You’ve not really got to experiment a lot, and this would be a perfect chance to.”

“Wow,” Edward chuckled, shaking his head almost to himself. “I have to pretend to be a vampire while thinking about what toys I’m going to play with your ass with and wondering what sweets I’m going to get to eat off of it.”

“You don’t have to. You could try not to be a pervert.”

“No. No. That’s not how this works, love. You’re going to spend the afternoon getting ready for me to fuck you all day. At your own request. You’re going to buy sexy clothing and pick out foods that you think that you’ll like licked and eaten off your body.” He looked at me as if he was struggling with the very concept. “You asked me as sweetly as you could to use your body. Bella, I know how easily you get off. And I will make you cum at least two dozen times.” my boyfriend leaned in a little as he lowered his deep voice. “And I swear to you that I will use your body.”

I pushed away my half-eaten soup and sandwich. "I'm done. Do you want to use it right now?"