



Episode One-hundred-eleven

I woke up surprisingly alone the following day. There was an outfit waiting for me at the end of the bed. It was a completely see-through mesh set. It was lavender with little hearts, and it left nothing to the imagination. There was one of my lipsticks that matched on top. I quickly changed and put it on before wandering into the living room.

Edward was sitting on the couch, working on his computer while he smoked and sipped coffee. He instantly perked up when he saw me. “Oh, my. That is very nice. Turn around.” Slowly, I spun around on my heels. “Stop.” He examined my ass. “Damn.”

“So, are there any rules I need to follow, sir?” I playfully questioned as I looked at him over my shoulder. I wiggled my ass at him.

“I want you to keep calling me, 'sir.' I like it. It turns me on.”

“Yes, sir,” I smirked a little as I turned once again to look at him. “Anything else?”

“Mmm... not that I can think of. Just be a good girl, and do what I tell you to?” He smirked as well, but his cheeks were a little pink. He winked, making me giggle. “Breakfast is already on the table.”

He crawled off the couch and came towards me. "I thought that I was supposed to be taking care of you today, sir," I said cheekily. He took my hands and pulled me towards him before wrapping them around his neck, making me giggle once more as his fingers went to my butt.

"Oh, I plan on taking care of you all day, actually," he explained with his lips on my ear. "Ah, I do know a rule. You will sit on my lap whenever you can."

First, Edward sat at the table and brought me into his lap. In front of us, there was coffee, croissants that I think that he had delivered, along with some cut-up fruit. Carefully, he brought a piece of melon to my lips.

"After breakfast, I'm going to take pictures of you in this outside, and then I'm going to have you model a couple of different things for me. Then I want to take a shower with you."

"Yes, sir," I replied as I kissed his cheek. He smiled, leaning into my lips.

"I loved everything that you picked out," he praised my clothing choices. "You did so much better with your shopping than I expected you to," my boyfriend admitted. "I figured you wouldn't go as crazy as I actually wanted you to."

I shrugged a little. "Well, sir," I kept saying it purposefully, "I found a couple of cheaper places that I liked. Like this one was around six dollars, which is why I got one almost exactly like it but in red. With the different top," I explained, playing with the collar of his t-shirt. "I kind of went nuts. Just for you. I still didn't spend that much, though."

Edward grinned. "We're going back to the cheap store and getting you more. I could easily rip this off of you." As if to make a point, he dragged his fingers over the back of my panties.

"I hope so."

After breakfast, he led me outside. My camera bag was on the island in the kitchen, waiting to be used. He grabbed the lens that he wanted and had me sit on the chaise on my knees.

The clouds were beautiful outside. He had me pose in several ways before changing the lens. He had been practicing and wanted to experiment more. After a time, he pulled some joints and a lighter out of his pocket before handing it to me. "I'm going to be back in a few minutes. Relax for a little while. Would you like some more coffee?"

"Yes, sir," I answered with a smile. He swiftly came in for a sweet kiss. After a quick trip to the table, he returned with a fresh mug made just the way that I liked.

I sat back on the chaise with my coffee and smoke, relaxing in the sunshine. My bare toes enjoyed the light breeze. There were light gusts, making my hair blow around me. Edward didn't return until about fifteen minutes later. He quickly took pictures of me as I lounged.

"I have what I want you to wear next out on the bed."

It was a long-sleeved black bodysuit style teddy. The back was very low cut, but the front had a halter top. It didn't show anything off, even if the soft cotton was form-fitting. It was actually quite comfortable, and I might wear it later with blue jeans. To go with it, he had picked my pearl necklace, knee-high black socks, and a pair of silver-framed heart-shaped sunglasses that I got for Sydney. He had also selected a black lipstick to go with it.

"You're into goth chicks, aren't you?" I teased when I came back out. He chuckled a little and swatted my ass.

"Yeah, a little," he admitted. "You look incredible, though. Go sit on the wall."

He spent an hour having me pose in a hundred different ways around the backyard. He easily took two thousand pictures. The wind was getting stronger, pushing my hair everywhere. It was making for amazing photos. Then, suddenly, a downpour came out of nowhere.

Edward was thankfully fast, ducking under the cover that shielded part of his patio from the sun. My camera didn't get wet. But I did. We both laughed, hurrying under the awning.

"You know what? Go out into the rain," he told me, nearly having to shout to be heard over the torrent.

There was no lightning, so I pranced out into it. "Oh, it's so warm!" I giggled, holding my arms out above my head. Edward continued to take pictures under the protection. I pushed my hair out of my eyes, it was already soaked. Awkwardly, I pulled off my moist socks and threw them at him. Then he had me play with the necklace between my teeth, holding his gaze. It was apparent by his expression that he liked it.

After a few minutes and probably hundreds of pictures, he rushed inside to put my camera onto the table. Before he came out into the rain with me, he took off his shirt and threw it into the living room floor. Edward brought me into his arms, kissing me deeply when he caught up. He picked me up, my legs wrapping around his waist automatically.

He took me to the loveseat, the rain coming down slower, more gently. "Take it off," he instructed. I didn't even have to rearrange my position straddling his waist. In one single move, I was nude and soaking wet. Edward hurried to remove himself from his jeans. I called out softly as soon as he pressed inside of me.

“Fuck,” he whispered. His strong hands went to my hips, moving me exactly how he wanted. Droplets of water were running down his chest, his hair was slicked back away from his forehead. “I can’t wait to put some of those pictures up and show you off. I’m going to show everyone how sexy you are.”

Slipping his hand between us, he let the rhythm of our movements bring me over the edge on his fingers. Mine were in my hair, moaning loudly as I barely kept myself up. I felt as if my spine was just going to melt away. His other hand went to the back of my neck, holding me in place while he finished.

The rain slowed until it was coming down in big fat lazy drops. The sun was starting to shine again, warming the air as it broke through the gray clouds.

“Wow. I think you just checked something off a bucket list that I didn’t know that I had, sir,” I mumbled into his ear. He chuckled before kissing my collarbone. I let my lips move over his temple. “That was like a fantasy.” He nodded in agreement.

“Ready for that shower now?” He questioned when he pulled back to look into my eyes. I smiled and swiftly agreed.

After, he picked out another ‘outfit’ for me to wear. This one was far more risqué than the black bodysuit. It was yellow satin crotchless panties and just some of my gold lipstick. And that was it.

“Straighten your hair,” he instructed me. “I’m going to get some things ready in the kitchen. Oh, and don’t put on any lotion or perfume, please.”

“Yes, sir,” I smiled, picking up the panties. “Anything else?”

“Nope,” he grinned. He was only in his boxer briefs. Quickly, he padded away to go do whatever he needed to.

When I came out, the table had been cleared, and on the island, I could also see several bottles lined up. When I went into the room, Edward stopped what he was doing and stared. He put his hand on the tabletop and leaned into it for a moment.

“Do you like it, sir?”

“I can’t believe that you’re mine. You are so stunning. I cannot wait to lick caramel off of you.”

Laughing, I looked away from him for a moment. It was hard not to bite my lip and mess up my makeup. "Am I about to become a sundae?"

"Yes, you are. Go lay down on the table," he requested cheerfully. I laughed again at his happy attitude.

The table didn't move when I hopped onto the edge. I sat on it, watching him getting ready. The bottles were in glasses of warm water to heat them up. There were also two kinds of whipped cream. One was white chocolate, and the other was extra creamy.

He picked up the camera and took my picture, sitting as I was. "Bring your hair over your shoulder. Perfect," he purred the word as I did as I was told. "Lay back."

We had another modeling session with me posing in different ways on the table. Finally, he had me lay completely flat. He put the camera down and picked up a bottle from the warm water. It was a light tan color. First, he tested it on his finger to make sure it wasn't too hot. He kissed my belly button before drawing a swirl in caramel around it.

"Oh, my god," I giggled at the sensation. It made things tingle, and my nipples immediately reacted.

Then he started to decorate my body with the sticky stuff. He didn't begin to lick it off. Instead, he went to go get the chocolate syrup next. He made sure to get my breasts, dotting and circling my nipple. Finally, he got the creamy white whipped cream. The cold was wildly different compared to the hot syrup. I whimpered, my legs pushing together.

"Stay still, love. I want to take a few pictures before I lick it all off," he said in a husky voice.

He was quick to start taking photos. But after a few moments, his phone made a noise.

"Oh, perfect," he mumbled to himself. "Hello, love," Edward spoke brightly into his cell phone. "Are you alone?"

"Yeah, I popped home for tea," he answered over the speaker. Edward promptly turned on Facetime, turning it towards me. "Holy fucking..." He drew out quietly, his eyes wide. "Yum." Then his cheeks turned a little red. "Oh, you bastard."

"We even talked about it yesterday," I began to laugh. "You know better."

"Oh, god. It might be worth it to see you like that. Fuck me. I want to lick every inch of you," he whimpered. "Tony!" He yelled, wanting to face him again. Edward did with an evil smirk. "Why are you doing this to me?"

“Don’t you want to see your girlfriend dressed up like pudding?” He sensually asked. “Do you want to watch me lick it off?”

“Yes,” he moaned.

“Then go get your computer,” Edward replied. I realized that his laptop was already on the island, as well. He had arranged the timing on purpose. “So, where should I lick first?” He questioned as he started up skype.

Jasper hummed for a moment. “I want you to know that one day, I am going to find a way to punish you for this.”

He set up the laptop on a stool with a perfect view of my sticky body. The whipped cream was starting to melt and drip down my sides. It looked extremely suggestive.

“Well, come and spank me then.”

Jasper groaned when I came into view on the screen. I smiled and wiggled my fingers at him. “You literally walked into it today.”

“I know,” he responded.

I moved my fingertip over one of the mounds of cream and sucked it off. He moaned again, sitting back in the shot. He was in the living room on his couch.

“Please don’t make me too late,” he begged. Edward laughed evilly. “Tony, you wicked-” he stopped. “Oh, god. The way it’s just dripping down her tits made my mouth water. You are so sexy, dove.”

“I think that he might have overdone it. I wish you could come and help him. I’d call you ‘sir,’ too.”

Jasper unzipped his trousers. “Start at the bottom and work your way to the top,” he ordered.

He was an hour late to work, not that he really cared. It was worth it.

After, Edward carried me to the bathroom. We rinsed off in the shower, getting all the sticky off of both of us. It was relaxing. This time, he helped rub me down with lotion.

It was getting later on in the evening, and he looked me over for a long moment as if he was deciding something. His eyes went over me slowly. "Go put on one of the nightgowns on now. Whatever you feel most comfortable in."

"Yes, sir," I smirked a little.

I went to the bathroom and brushed my teeth before I added some lightly tinted flavored chapstick. When I had finished, he was sitting outside, sipping a glass of wine. He had the bottle and an empty glass if I wanted one. Edward grinned to himself when he saw me, patting his lap.

"So, what kinky things are we doing now?" I asked in a flirty voice as I plopped down on him. Drawing my legs up, I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"We can do whatever I like?"

"Yes. Isn't that what we've been doing all day?" I inquired with a laugh.

"Even if it's not kinky."

"Even if it's not kinky," I repeated with a roll of my eyes.

"I want to talk about your writing now." I turned to look at him in surprise. "You said whatever I like. This is what I'd like to do."

"It's a good thing that you didn't start the day off with this," I murmured as I tried to stand, but he kept me in place, plunking me back down.

"Nope. You're staying right here."

I looked away, pouting a little, and sighed as I rolled my eyes again. "What is there to talk about?"

"Seriously? They're awesome! All of them. I've read them all and-"

"All of them?" I blurted out in shock. "How fast of a reader are you?"

It was his turn to rolled his eyes. "They are just... seriously. I cried so hard at work that Tasha had to fix my makeup. Nothing that I've read in years has made me weep like that. I realize that I'm a bit of a bitch, but-" Edward paused. "Love, if any of them were scripts, I would want to be in them. Maybe one day, I can make them into movies and-"

"Stop," I laughed. "No."

“Why not? Don’t you like your own stories? I see so much of you in them. I see your wit and humor. And I can’t believe that you did these when you were so young.”

“I was your age.”

“Not to sound cocky, but love, I know that I am more the exception to the rule. I think that if you had found a single art form and followed through-”

I laughed bitterly, trying to get up again, as I started to get actually angry. “I did! Edward, I did pick one. I chose photography. I realize that I’m not as successful as you-”

“It’s not about that.”

“I could never be an actress or a screenwriter or-”

“You were amazing the other day. And it was so much fun to act with you! We could do that together. We could be in the movies that we adapt together from your works. And mine. I know that you don’t know how to write scripts, but I do. And I’m fucking good at it. God, with some of them, I can see the scenes in my mind like a film already. They are so damn good, and I loved reading all of them.”

I couldn’t look at him, my cheeks were red-hot. “I don’t know if I can believe you.”

“Why?” He tried to turn my face towards him. I couldn’t move. “Look at me.”

Turning to face him again, shaking my head. “Please don’t add any more work to your plate right now because of me. We already have so many things in the air. Can’t we just work on this one thing for a bit first?”

He quickly nodded. “Of course. Not right now, but in the future. That is how you get places here, though. Thinking ahead. Not just to the next project but the one after and the one after that.”

“Yes, but you have like fifty projects lined up right now. And we’re going to go through the sponsorship deals soon. That’s more work. More time.”

He sighed, closing his eyes. “I know. But, like the sponsors, that is the stuff that we’ll be able to do together.”

“I don’t know if I could do this with you.”

“Why?”

I didn't have a good answer that made sense. Looking down at my lap, I fidgeted with the hem of the nightgown. "I realize that you think the world of me, and I love it. It makes me feel so good, but I also can't trust it. When you compliment me about these things, I'm not sure if you're just telling me because you think that it'll make me happy-"

"Yeah, because you're really fucking thrilled right now," Edward responded as he rolled his eyes once more. Someone's eyes were going to get stuck in that position if we didn't stop. He took a big gulp of his wine, shaking his head. "If I never brought it up again, it would make you happier. But it's everything you do. You don't like it when I compliment anything."

"No."

"Tell me one thing that you believe me about when I praise you," he demanded. "Just one."

"My food. My looks. My organizational skills," I swiftly stated, my expression sour.

"Then why can't you believe me? How is it different? Shouldn't my opinion in this field matter even more since, you know, it's what I do?"

I scratched the back of my neck. "You want to play with me all day, but I'm passable as an extra, and writing was only my hobby. I chose my art, and I love my pictures. And I adore making videos with you because I don't have to pretend to be something that I'm not, and I get to do things that I enjoy with the man that I love. But I can't live up to these expectations!"

"Honey, these are not some far-out wild aspirations that I have. I'm saying that I see the work that is in front of me, and there are at least a half dozen scripts for movies. You've already lived up to them and far exceeded them. These are films that I would want to act in. I would kill to be Remy," he mentioned a specific main character that I wrote a couple of stories about. "If I hadn't known that you wrote it, I would have assumed that it was written by a man. You capture some aspects of masculinity that are honestly really hard to put into words. Jasper likes them too, but he knows better than to bring it up to you."

"Why are you acting like I'm just terrible about this all the time? You know, I wouldn't mind talking about it, if we could just talk about the stories. But I don't want to turn them into work. You do. Not everyone's hobbies have to be more than that."

"Okay. I get it. I get it," he repeated. "I'm sorry. I don't know how to not be like this. It's just how my mind is. Would you be mad if I wrote one of them into a script?" He questioned.

I shrugged. "I can't stop you."

“Um, yes, you can. It’s your work. If you don’t want me to use your now copyrighted work-”

“You had it copyrighted?”

“Yup, sure did. Zafrina did it for you. Don’t worry, she didn’t read anything. So, if you don’t want me to, I can’t. I literally need your permission. I could put it in writing and give it to our manager if you like.”

“Edward,” I laughed out his name before sighing. I finally shook my head and shrugged. “You’re going to write it whether I say yes or no, and you’ll work on me until I give you the answer that you want. So, write it if you want. I can’t stop you.” He frowned at my answer. “What? I’m sorry. Are you not getting your way the way that you wanted it?”

He groaned, shaking his head. “I don’t know what to do. You look like you’re literally ready to fight me. Like uppercut to the nose, rumble. Because I think that you’re a talented writer, and I want to work with you.”

“I’d never hit you.”

“You’ve totally popped me before when you annoyed,” he chuckled. “Remember?”

“I’d never hit you in the face. Though, I might be the one to spank you.” He wiggled his eyebrows at me playfully, making me quietly giggle. “So, are you already finished writing it?”

“No,” he laughed softly. “Just in my head. I’ve got a little done. I’ve not gotten a lot of time to work on it, and you know how I like to write.” His hand trailed up and down my back. “I want to be Remy,” he repeated.

“Remy is everything that I wanted to be,” I said in a whisper.

“I know. It’s everything that you think you’re not but are. Strong, smart, brave. By the way, if you pick up women half as well as he does in the story.” I laughed and looked away from him. “I wish I were as charming.”

“Mm, you’re far more so, especially since you’re real.” I played with his hair.

“I can make him real for you. We can make this a movie together.”

I pushed my lips together. “I will support you in whatever you decide to do. But what if something of mine is your first major flop? How would you feel?”

He thought about it for a moment. "Let me write it and maybe shop it around. I can get other people's opinions. I don't think it could be a flop. But I think that I'd want to do something indie anyway. Low budget, focused on the actors. Let the words speak for themselves. There are several lines that I just love that are perfect for a trailer."

Once again, I shook my head. "Okay. I'd like to point out that you've only sold one script so far, and that was for an animated kids' movie. This is totally different. I have faith in you, I do, but--"

"I hate how I've made you feel just bringing this up," he mumbled, frowning as he played with the edges of my nightgown. "I wish you believed me when I say that I love them."

"I do believe you, but I don't think that means that they're good just because you do. You are biased because you're in love with me."

He growled softly, pressing a kiss to my neck. "You are so frustrating and complicated, sometimes."

"You knew that when we started dating." He nodded his head. "Am I worth it?" I questioned softly.

His arms tightened me. "Oh, love. Of course, you are. You're not even that bad... you just lack self-esteem. We'll work on it." I scoffed a little. "You'll see. By this time next year, there will be a world of difference. Jasper and I will help you. We'll show you how talented you are, and we'll make sure that you feel safe so that you can work on all of your art in any way that you wish."

I nodded a little. "You'd be a perfect Remy if you had dark hair. You'd be very handsome with black hair," I mused, biting my lip for a moment. "Too bad that your southern accent is so terrible."

His face scrunched up in amusement before he began to tickle my sides, making me squeal and laugh for real.