



Episode One-hundred-forty-five

Edward did end up tied to the bed for a couple of hours, fucked and used. Much to his pleasure. Jasper had me put on the strap-on so he could watch me take him until he came. And then he had his way with him. Afterward, he had our eager lover use every toy in the box after strapping me to the footboard while bent over. If this was what he was going to do while in control, I was all for it.

They somehow had the energy to take me from behind during—both of them. I was limp towards the end, allowing them to do whatever they wished.

I wasn't sure how I stayed upright in the shower. My legs were still shaking like a baby deer through half of it. Dazed, I leaned against the wall while they took turns washing their hair.

After we finished cleaning up, it was almost sunset. We had spent most of the last twenty-four hours sleeping or fucking. My energy was gone, and my stomach was growling loudly. We had skipped lunch because we were obviously too busy. Breakfast was just snacks. And we had done a lot since then.

“What do you want to do for dinner?” Edward asked as he slipped on a pair of long, comfortable shorts. They went to his knees and were baggy. They were some of his favorites.

"I'm starving." He stretched his arms above his head, rolling it from side to side. He had at least a dozen tiny hickies on his throat. Neither of us had been able to resist.

"I was thinking the same thing," I responded with a smile as I brushed my wet hair. "Want to use the grill? We have some nice-looking steaks in there." I went to put on my own shorts. Only in my sports bra, I moved around the room to finish getting ready. I hadn't picked out a top yet.

"Hey," Jasper called to me with a little smirk. He wiggled his eyebrows. I was rubbing lotion over my arms and shoulders. I peeked at him from over one of them. "Are you going to walk around in just that all night? Please say yes." He purposefully bit his lip and sucked in a breath. "Pretty please?"

I laughed at his dramatics. "If that's what you want. It's comfortable, anyway. Do you want steaks?" I pressed, turning to toss the cream back into my luggage.

"Of course. Sounds delicious." He came to stand behind me, his hands on my hips as he kissed the back of my neck several times. His thick fingers moved up my waist, digging into my skin. I leaned against him with a smile. Jasper dragged his nose over the back of my earlobe and inhaled deeply. "You always smell so nice."

"Thank you." I closed my eyes. His palm smoothed over my belly button, holding me tightly. "If I go topless, does that mean you will too?" I looked over my shoulder at him again. Edward grinned at me and our playfulness. He was combing his hair and watching us in the mirror.

Kissing my ear several times lightly, his other hand moved up my ribs. "Yes. If that's what you want." They slid over my breasts as his nose skimmed my throat. He pecked the nape a few times tenderly. I was so tired, but he made me ache with desire.

"We should stop before we start again. I don't have the strength for another round," I admitted sheepishly.

Edward laughed. "Neither do I."

We started setting up everything we needed together, listening to music while we did. We were just going to have a salad and grill some corn. It was simple and delicious. None of us wanted to do that much work. It was perfect for the evening.

Edward did the hard labor of preparing the grill. Since Jasper and I didn't have much else to do, he brought out the smokes again. He lit the joint and danced around to the beat, pulling me towards him. I took it from him, turning to shake my ass against him. We moved over to our boyfriend, still dancing as we passed it to him.

When I did, Jasper pulled me around so I was facing him again. He was more seriously dancing, putting one hand on my waist while holding the other. He dipped me down, moving me from side to side as he brought me up. My hair brushed the deck. Giggling, I let him twist my body whatever way he wanted. I loved being playful with him.

Wrapping my leg around his hip, he picked me up and twirled me in the air. "You are such an excellent dancer," I complimented. "If you had trained younger, you would be an amazing professional. You're the right shape for it. So muscular."

Our boyfriend chuckled to himself. "Oh, I just had a lovely roleplay idea. Sexy older dance instructor and the eager young student..." He smirked at Jasper as he wiggled his eyebrows again, making him laugh. "Oh, Ms. Swan, teach me how to move my hips just how you like."

"Ha!" He threw his head back and guffawed loudly. "Oh, my god. Yes, please," Jasper drew out playfully. "Make me stay after class until I get it right."

"How can either of you be in the mood? Aren't you worn out yet?" I asked with a smirk. To answer, the man I was dancing with kissed my neck before nipping at it forcefully. It made me gasp. Instantly, my body reacted. My nipples got hard, and my stomach clenched.

He drew me up in his muscular arms, mine pinned against his firm chest. "I could fuck both of you for days," he whispered seductively in my ear. Then he took my throat in his hand and kissed the other side deeply. My hands slid up to his shoulders slowly, just holding on. My eyes rolled into the back of my head. I realized I had only a single toe on the ground because he was holding me up completely.

"I can see her goosebumps from here," Edward practically purred, taking another hit as he watched from the grill. The fire was starting to go down. Soon it would be ready to cook on. "You're so beautiful together like that."

We needed to stop before we started fucking again outside. They had so much more energy than I had. I was really beginning to feel exhausted. I needed food and probably an enormous glass of water.

Slowly, I pulled away. "I need to go get the steaks ready. I'll be right back. Dance with him for a minute." I pointed at our boyfriend.

"Oh, what an excellent idea, dove."

While in the kitchen, I watched them move together happily. They were dancing differently. It was closer, tighter. Slower. Edward was leading with his hand on his back. Both of

Jasper's were tightly wrapped around his hips. They were chest to chest, breathing in time together. He was gazing up at him with a jovial smile as they pecked each other's lips. I stared as I took a big sip from my glass, leaning against the counter.

They were in heaven. I had never seen two people more in love and euphoric.

After dinner, we decided to go back into the hot tub to relax. I was undoubtedly sore from all the fun from the past couple of days. Though it was quite early, I was worn completely out. Naked, I laid in bed while I waited for them to get ready to join me. It was difficult to keep my eyes open. I snoozed on my belly, my face shoved into the pillows.

Edward pecked up the back of my leg slowly, kissing my ass cheeks several times before licking up my spine. He was half-hard and rubbing against my butt. "One more time?" He inquired seductively in my ear.

"No," I pouted, not opening my eyes. "Get off of me, I'm tired."

Chuckling, he flopped beside me. He tugged me towards him so we could snuggle. I rested my head on his chest, never opening my eyes. Jasper pressed behind me. He kissed my shoulder, adjusting my hips so that my thighs were flush against him. He hummed softly. "Perfect. Sweet dreams, my dove."

I was out like a light, not that I had a choice. My body dropped into weightless darkness within a second.

When I woke up in the morning, I was alone in bed. I stretched, slowly stirring. Listening for noise, I knew they weren't in the room or moving around in the kitchen. I put on one of Jasper's shirts and walked through the small cabin to look outside. The boys were sitting at the end of the dock, smoking, and drinking coffee while laying out in the sunshine. They were both shirtless and only in their boxers with sunglasses.

My men were so beautiful.

Smiling to myself, I went to make myself a cup. It was pleasantly fragrant in the kitchen, perfuming the air. There was still plenty left. I hated that it was already Sunday and our short trip was almost over because I wanted more time like this. I loved it so much. It was the most relaxed and at peace I had felt in days. I didn't realize it was possible to be so disconnected from the rest of the world in such a good way.

Not wishing to interrupt their private time, I worked on breakfast. I was craving something with eggs, and I knew the boys enjoyed them. Everyone needed protein. I decided to throw together a frittata with the leftover steak and corn from the night before. Also, I sautéed some

onions, mushrooms, and zucchini to fill it out. With fresh heirloom tomatoes on top, it was colorful. I popped it into the oven to bake before checking on them from behind the glass door.

Jasper was on top of our man, and they were aggressively making out. Their underwear was down around their thighs, and Edward was jerking them off together in his huge hand.

“Oh, my...” I drew out softly. I sipped my coffee and leaned against the wall to watch. “Oh, my,” I repeated with a smirk, twisting my head to the side to see from a better angle. “Good morning, gentlemen.” I took another drink. “Get it, honey. Wow.” They were really going at it, both flushed and sweaty. Biting my lip, I grinned wildly. “The best part of waking up is watching your boyfriends fuck on a dock,” I sang to myself to the tune of the Folger’s jingle, then snorted like I was actually funny.

I opened the curtains a little more so I could watch from the kitchen area while I was cleaning up and cutting up some melon to go with breakfast. I was a pervert, and I had zero regrets.

Edward was so aggressive. He might not have known he was bisexual six months before, but he was enjoying the discovery to the fullest. Jasper was so loud when he came that I could hear him from outside.

“Oh, bravo, Eddie,” I said to myself, making another cup of coffee. I leaned against the island as I stirred my mug. “Excellent job.”

I was putting the frittata on the table and finishing up the toast when they came in. Edward instantly became sheepish. He was surprised to see me, and his cheeks flushed a bright neon pink as his eyelashes fluttered against his cheek. “Oh. Good morning, my love. Hello. I’m sorry. We didn’t mean to wake you.”

Giggling, I shook my head. “You didn’t.”

“God, it smells wonderful in here,” Jasper mumbled as he came to me and gave me a deep kiss on the lips. I could taste our boyfriend on them.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, leaning into him. “Enjoy yourself?” I asked in his ear.

“So fucking much.” He slapped my ass before washing his hands. I giggled again. “Did you like the show?” He winked. “Naughty little girl.”

“So fucking much,” I declared in his accent.

Edward chuckled. "Thank you for cooking. We were actually going to bring you breakfast in bed, but uh... well." He waved his hand in front of him.

"Aw..." I drew out. "Well, you can do that another time," I suggested. "I enjoyed every second." I flicked my fingers at him. "Now go wash your hands. Do you want some more coffee?"

He grinned widely. "Yes, please. Thank you."

We spent the rest of the morning just relaxing and enjoying the quiet together. It was my heaven.