



Chapter twenty one-

"Oi! That's not fair!" Edward pouted as he came over to where I was sitting in front of the computer. I exited out of the match and returned to the lobby, where it rewarded me with several things like experience and new outfits for my own character. I had gone up three levels in a single match.

"I did say both of us had to be alive at the end," I pointed out dryly.

He looked over the things I had won, checking out my stats and ignoring my sarcasm for a minute. Edward muttered, "but, you were talking about yourself."

I couldn't help but smirk to myself. "Yes. You were more interested in finding out about your possible kinky reward than thinking about the fine print."

"I..." he drew out and huffed, "Maybe, but I carried you for most of the game. I protected you."

"Hm. Yeah. True. But, I was never knocked out, and you had to be revived at the

beginning," I said in a bemused tone. This was fun. I was mean. "And, I killed that person on my own with a crappy pistol."

Edward could see he was not going to win this with me and that he had truly lost. "But, I *deleted* so many people!"

"You sure did, baby. But, the most kills don't win the game, right? It's the last man standing, like you said," I reminded him. He had literally put years into the game, and I had put one hour. It wasn't fair, but I was having too much fun messing with him. He was clearly flustered. Of course, he was the only reason I lasted three seconds.

"God, I really do wish I could give you a smack on the bum." Edward tugged on the back of my hair playfully, speaking through his teeth. I held his gaze with a smirk on my own confident face.

"Do you think I was joking when I made the offer?" I asked him as I spun in the chair fully to face him. My face was perilously close to the button of his blue jeans. I ran my nose over the zipper, smoothing my finger up the back of his thighs as I did. I still held his stare. His cheeks were pink, and his eyes so warm and green.

"Would you like it if I were rough with you?" He said in a low, honeyed tone. Edward ran his fingers over my jaw. He pressed his thumb against my lips, and I brought it into my mouth to gently suck on. His breathing hitched as my tongue ran over the pad. Tracing his thumb against my lips, he dragged it down my chin and over my throat until he held my neck in his hand. He squeezed gently. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I don't think you're capable of that," I told him quietly.

"I don't think that's true," he slid his thumb up the center of my throat. He squeezed a little. He could have done it so much harder. Edward brought it over my chin, just below my lips.

I bit his thumb to prove how indelicate I was. He hissed, grabbing my chin sharply while I grinned up at him. "I want to feel your hands on my skin long after I'm gone. I want to see your marks all over my body," I told him in a sensual voice.

Before I could realize what was happening, I was over his shoulder and dangling mere inches from his ass. I squealed and giggled with the pure joy of it. Edward slapped my ass, the skirt of my sundress bunched around my hips. I was wearing the lacy boy shorts he had picked out again after being freshly washed.

He leaned in and took a big bite into my pink lacy cheek. I half laughed, half gasped. I smacked his own ass, hard. Edward slapped harder this time, making his palm hit the fleshy part of my cheek. I moaned in pleasure against his back, my fingers bunched into his shirt as I held onto him.

"Is that what you would like, my darling?" He cooed.

"Harder," I begged. He hit the other cheek with more force. I gasped, "harder." Edward

hit me again, making me cry out in pleasure. "Yes...*Please*."

He arranged me over his knees after he sat down on the couch that took up one wall in his office. Edward yanked my skirt over my back, exposing my ass completely. He massaged and squeezed each cheek more and more roughly before striking. He never hit the same place twice in a row, getting bolder with each spanking as I cried out and squirmed on top of him. I could feel his erection rub against me, straining against his jeans. His other hand smoothed over my back into my hair, pulling it back every so often with a tug.

"Your skin is turning red..." he drew out as he slid his fingers between my legs over my panties. I had soaked through them completely, and I squirmed against his touch. "Shall I stop?" Edward asked as he pulled his hand back, dragging the lace up to expose more of my cheek.

"No," I smiled as he leaned down to kiss my tender flesh. He pulled away and hit where he had kissed a moment before. I gasped, "mmm...yes!"

His hands were big and so strong. Adrenaline rushed through my body. I couldn't believe how good it felt. Slowly he brought my panties down, rolled to my thighs to expose my whole ass to him. He stroked it slowly, striking over and over again before finally moving his fingers between my thighs.

"You are so delicious," he purred as he slid a finger inside of me. "Fuck, I love how that feels."

He worked his finger as deeply as he could inside, curling and twisting as he pulled and pushed it back in. Edward added another, and I tightened around him as I cried out into the couch. I pressed my face against the cold leather, enjoying how it felt against my hot skin.

"I want you to play with yourself," he told me with a sharp tug of my hair. I quickly obliged, bring my hand underneath so I could play with my own clit. My skin was slippery and sensitive, and his curling fingers left me breathlessly begging into the cushion for more. My orgasm was so quick and intense that I jerked away on impulse.

I unbuttoned his jeans and freed his erection easily from his boxers when I got to my knees beside him on the couch. Without hesitation, I took him completely into my mouth. He gasped in surprise and rolled his head back against sofa cushions as one of his hands continued to rest on the small of my back.

"Oh, God," Edward hissed as I ran my teeth gently over his head.

Slowly he began to run his fingers over my bottom, squeezing and kneading it before sliding back between my legs. He found my clit and began to smooth tight little circles around it. Soon I was bucking against him, moaning around his cock as I continued to work him with my mouth.

I was shaking when I came again, enjoying it so much that it dripped down my thighs and all over his hand. Suddenly I found myself upright and being kissed by him forcefully. I was dizzy and hung onto his neck with both hands as I kissed him in return. He adjusted me so that I

was straddling his waist. Our kiss was never broken.

I reached between us and took him into my hand so I could continue to pleasure him as he bit into my shoulder. Edward was getting louder with his moans and growls, his fingers getting tighter in my hair and on my ass.

First, I rubbed him against my wet lips, letting his head become slick with *me*. It covered him and my hands as I pleased us both with the tip. I rubbed it against my clit over and over again before dipping it back down to tease us both further. Quivering, my nails dug into his shoulder as I tried to keep myself upright with the coming of my next orgasm. And then he took over, taking himself into his hand and furiously masturbating against my clit. The force was surprising and perfect, making me have to use my other hand to keep myself upright. I buried my face in his neck, kissing and biting through my cries of pleasure.

I threw my head back and called out his name loudly. It was *perfect*. Everything he was doing to me was amazing. My body belonged to him completely. He controlled me, and I gave into him happily. His cum was hot and sticky on my dripping thighs and lower stomach. It turned me on more than I could have ever imagined and I collapsed against him with my own fierce kiss.

“Goddamn,” he moaned between kisses. His sticky hand was running over my thigh and going back to squeeze my ass once again. “You turn me on more than any woman I’ve ever met. I want to make you cum again. I love it so much. I want to bury my face between your legs and see how many more times I can get you off with my mouth,” he said against my neck with his fingers knotted into my long black curly hair. I was too aroused to do anything other than moan.

Edward swiftly laid me back down on the couch with his full body on top of me, kissing my lips furiously. It was a comforting weight, and when his fingers twisted with mine above my head, my hips pushed up towards him. He had so much energy. His mouth was relentlessly sweet and demanding. He pulled away and a second later was between my legs.

I wanted to thank whatever woman came before me that taught him to love this divine art. Edward sucked and tugged, licked, bit, and kissed. I felt worshiped as he moaned into my skin. There was no resistance to the two fingers he shoved into me. I would have been happy to let him do it forever.

He did not stop at one or two orgasms but worked me until I was a writhing mess with tears running down my eyes. My toes curled, and my nails dug into the couch. Finally, my fifth or sixth was too powerful, and my body tore itself away from his mouth. I almost fell off the couch.

“No,” he growled as he rose up on his knees between my legs. He pulled me back towards him with his erection in his hand. He began to rub himself against my clit again, one of his hands scooping up the back of my neck to bring me up off the couch in the kiss. “One more,” he demanded against my mouth.

My body gave him exactly what he wanted after a few more moments of teasing. He came once more all over my thighs, legs, stomach, and dress. Edward collapsed on top me,

burying his face in my neck as he panted.

Ah, the benefits of dating a much younger man...

I was dizzy to the point of being blurry eyed. Every part of me tingled, and my legs could not move. My hands were balled up so hard that they hurt when I released them from their hold. My ass was stinging from the mild spanking, and my own cum mixed with his was dripping onto the dress that was bunched underneath me.

He had fucked me senseless without fucking me at all. It was, without a doubt, the best orgasms I had given to me by a man. *Ever*. When he kissed me again, I could taste us both on his lips.

Finally, the daze began to wear away, his face buried in my neck happily.

"I might have ruined your couch," I told him quietly.

"I doubt it but worth it." He smiled against my skin. "Remind me to just hide condoms all over the house so I can fuck you in every room."

"Yes, sir." I lazily high fived him. He chuckled, hugging me to his warm body. "Quick question, did you take a class or were you a lesbian in a past life? Because damn. I don't think a man has ever done those things to me."

"Oh. Um," Edward laughed a little shyly. "I uh... really? It's okay? I'm doing well?"

I looked at him, confused. "How many times did I cum?"

"I don't know, to be honest," he said in a small voice.

"Neither do I. I lost count," I told him softly. "That's the point." He smiled up at me sweetly. I kissed him again gently. We were both so gross from our fuckery.

We laid in silence for a few moments, warm in our embrace. Our legs were tangled together, and the position we had curled ourselves in was perfect.

But finally, I became cold.

"I'm really sticky," I whispered to Edward.

"Oh." He popped up as if he had suddenly realized what we were lying in. "Right. Why don't we take a bath?" He offered.

The bathtub in his bathroom was huge, holding both of us easily. The water came up to his shoulders when he leaned back completely. He was relaxed against the back, his arms over the rim of the tub. I sat on his lap at a slight angle. Laying my back against his chest, my foot rubbed against his ankle as we lounged in the soapy water. I felt so contented.

"So, I'm not working any Wednesday already, but I've decided to take Thursday off as well. I have to work on Friday, but I already arranged it, so I don't have to go in until after your flight," Edward said as he stroked my back lightly, letting the bubbles drip over my skin.

"I don't mind that you work," I looked over my shoulder at him. "I understand."

"But, I'm always working, and I want to spend the last two days with you before you leave. I'm already dreading it," he admitted. "So, I want to spend every possible second with you. I'll never get my fill, but I'm going to have to try."

"I am too," I confessed as well. "But, it might be a good thing. We're moving so fast, and we need to go back to our normal lives to see if we can make it work outside of this weird little bubble that we've created. We've been together two weeks solid now, we need time to process our feelings on our own."

"I don't think you have to leave for that," he complained.

I wasn't sure about that. "It's not for forever. You'll hopefully be able to stay for a few days at Thanksgiving."

"What about after that?" Edward asked, his voice worried.

"I think we need to get closer to Thanksgiving to figure that out. We don't exactly know your work schedule."

He sighed heavily, unhappy with my answer. "I suppose you're right. I'll be filming for a week in December, mid-month. I know that at least. I've got a small part I'm shooting for."

"What will you be filming?" I asked. This was the first I was hearing about it.

"It's a tech drama. I'm not sure it has a title yet. I'm not the lead, obviously. I'm the bad guy's number one henchmen," he said a bit sarcastically. "Most of that shooting will be several fight scenes. I've got some training for it next month in November. I've never done anything like it before."

"That sounds like fun, though," I tried to be encouraging, "Who is the lead?"

"Matt Damon. I get to film with him four of the days. Oscar Isaac is the bad guy boss that I work for. Jodie Foster is in it, too. I have a scene with her too where I kill her. But it's quick. I just basically shoot her in the head after a witty one-liner." I could tell by the way he was talking that he was feeling nervous. He was trying to act like it was no big deal.

"That seems so exciting," I told him softly, tilting my head back for a second so I could press my lips to his cheek. "So many good actors."

"I never expected to be a real actor. I just wanted to do voices," he said a little quietly. I looked behind me, concerned.

"You don't have to do things you don't like, Eddie."

He leaned his head back against the rim. "I don't *dislike* it. I don't know. It's complicated. I feel like a fraud. And, I hate feeling like meat. And, I hate being with the press. With a few exceptions." He smoothed his hand over my shoulder, bubbles slipping down my chest.

I shook my head. "You're not a fraud. You worked very hard, and you are a very talented entertainer."

Edward lifted his head up so he could look at me. He kissed my cheek, pressing his face into it for a moment before resting his chin on my shoulder. "You make me feel so confident. I think you could encourage me to do anything. I need you to be around all the time to just be my personal cheerleader."

"It's just because you're all euphoric from the new romance chemicals in your brain," I teased him.

"Are you not?" He asked, almost nervously.

"I didn't say that I wasn't, I just know what it is," I pointed out to him. "I understand, though. What it's like to have someone be unconditionally supportive and encouraging. Alice is my cheerleader to use your word. I hope I can continue to be yours."

"I think I'm going to like her," he told me sweetly as he kissed my ear lightly before whispering, "And, I adore you."

I brought his hand up to lightly kiss his knuckles before wrapping his arm around my stomach.

That Tuesday Edward had to go record voice-overs for ads. He couldn't even tell me who for because of his contract, other than it was a snack food and it was a series of commercials.

Since I was going to be alone all day, I decided to go to a museum. That morning Edward had to be up very early, for him anyway, around eight in the morning. I made him a quick breakfast of toast, fruit, bacon, and coffee which he ate in a foggy daze, yawning as he looked forward towards the pool blankly. He stood with me while I waited for my Uber before driving off to work.

The Getty was a massive white impressive set of buildings. I took a slow stroll through the art museum portion, taking hundreds of pictures in just a couple of hours. I sat across from the Van Gogh, a beautiful painting of purple irises, for twenty minutes to just memorize it. I had tried to do the same whenever I went to see the Starry Night at the MoMA, but it was always surrounded by tourists. It was a tranquil Tuesday morning in October. It was very peaceful.

I took myself to a nice quiet lunch where I had a garbage salad. Garbage as far as for me healthwise, not as far as taste. I made it myself at a salad bar with chunks of turkey, ham, and real bacon plus cheddar, feta, and Parmesan cheese. It had a nice mix of carrots,

tomatoes, and salad as well, but since I covered it in french dressing and croutons, it was less than worthless. I loved it. I had a nice unsweetened tea with lemon and a bunch of butter crackers with it. I also treated myself to a cream tart with cherries in syrup on top.

Edward would be getting in around six in the evening, hopefully, so I decided to run to the store to pick us out dinner and something to bring to the party the following day. I had trouble deciding what to make, and I got too much stuff. I wanted to try all the new gadgets in his kitchen, though.

I decided to make steak fajitas for dinner, so I put some skirt steak in marinade. Then I put dried beans in the electric pressure cooker to make hummus for the party. Next, I started the pita dough then set it to the side to proof. I prepped my vegetables for dinner; onions, bell peppers, and mushrooms as well of all the raw vegetables for the hummus. I made a quick salsa, guacamole, and seasoned sour cream for our fajitas, too. When the beans were done, I finally made the hummus then put it away for the next day. His fridge was filled with dips.

I was making rice crispy treats for the party when Edward finally came home a couple of hours later than he wanted to. It was almost eight in the evening. The last batch of pita was in the oven, making the whole house smell like fresh yeasty bread.

"Oh, god," Edward moaned as he came through the door that connected the garage to the kitchen. "It smells so fucking good."

It made me feel proud of myself. I smiled happily. "Thank you. It's for Tyler's thing."

"What is it?" He asked as he removed his hoodie before plopping down on a stool at the bar. He looked just exhausted.

"Fresh pita bread. I made some garlic hummus to dip it in. I also got carrots, celery, radishes, cucumbers, and bell pepper, too. And, this is for the dessert table," I pointed at the pan. "Rice crispy treats. I made sure everything was vegan for his girlfriend."

"It sounds nice. Healthy, too. Besides the rice crispy treat." He picked a bit off the side of the bowl and put it in his mouth. "Oh, it's warm. I've not had it fresh like this before. It's good."

"It's a good lazy dessert. And it's better fresh. If you give me a second, I'll start dinner." I leaned in and gave him a soft, slow, kiss. He made my stomach stir with desire the way his hands drifted over my hips. I could taste marshmallow on his lips.

I really did just want to suck face with him all day. It was like being a teenager again.

"Do I need to do anything?" He asked with fluttering eyelashes as he pulled away. Edward was so *pretty*.

"Want to make us some cold drinks?" I offered, feeling hot. I wasn't going to make him work too hard after such a long day. He wanted to help, though.

Edward made me a glass of wine, and he got himself a bottle of beer before settling

back at the bar to watch me work.

“How was your day?” He asked sweetly, watching me as I started cooking the steak in a skillet. He had his chin resting on his palm.

I went to the refrigerator to start pulling all the stuff we needed out. “I saw a Van Gogh and Monet I've never seen in person before. It was nice.”

Edward gave me a little smile. “I'd ask which ones but I'm not sure I know more than a couple of painting, period. Starry night, of course. The sunflowers one. Monet did the water lilies and ponds with bridges, right?”

“Yeah,” I nodded. “I've seen some of his water lilies but he did a lot of them, I think. Starry night is back home. In Manhattan. Van Gogh did a couple with sunflowers. I think those are in the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam though. I want to go there and see my favorite by him there one day,” I explained to him.

“Which is that?” He asked curiously. “Which is your favorite?”

I knew he wasn't going to know which one it was. “It's a skeleton smoking a cigarette.”

Edward laughed in an unbelieving way as he pulled out his phone to look up the painting. “Oh, sure enough,” he continued to laugh. “It's almost cartoonish. I love it so much. I can see why you'd like it.”

I smiled at his reaction. “We have a big framed print of it in the hallway. We're nerds.”

“High art,” he praised.

“As in he was probably high when he painted, sure,” I teased.

Edward was so easy to talk to. We held a constant conversation as I finished our meal, and we ate at his dinner table afterward. He was always so interested in what I was talking about.

“Bella, I'm already so spoiled to your cooking,” he complained again after dinner while we sat by his pool. It was starting to get a little cooler since it was so close to November. He wrapped his arms around me, his face in my hair. He liked it so much. “How am I supposed to go back to take out now?”

“Good! Good! It's all part of the plan,” I replied devilishly.

He chuckled, “mm, make him too fat to get away?”

“Yessss,” I drew out, rubbing his nice hard stomach. “Exactly.”

“Yay, fat!” He said, playfully clapping once. “I look forward to my epic dad bod, darling,” Edward said sarcastically.

“Hm, how long do you think it'll take? Nine months? Talk about food babies,” I poked his stomach.

“Six. I'm an overachiever.” He rubbed his gut happily.

I giggled quietly, “I don't think it will be that quick. Maybe after six months of living together straight.”

Edward pressed his face into my hair again. “I like the sound of that.”

“Too soon.” I patted his knee.

“I know, I just like how it sounds,” he answered in a low honeyed tone before pulling me into a heated kiss.