



Episode Forty-three:

Glancing around the shop, I leaned down to whisper in her ear. “Those shoes are perfect. How can you walk in them?”

Bella looked up at me, her eyebrows raised as she smirked. “Practice.” She paused for a moment, looking me over. “I intended not to wear those for very long, either.”

Best. Birthday. Ever.

As we walked back to the clothing, I had to keep myself from grabbing her ass. She wouldn't have minded, but I didn't need to get us kicked out of the fun shop before we made our purchases.

Searching through the corsets again, she went for the most Christmas-like colors first. She skimmed through the reds and whites before coming to a selection of green. I stood behind her, looking too. Then one caught my eye. It was deep emerald and had silver details sewn into the thick fabric. The buttons were little paste diamonds. It reminded me of her engagement ring.

“I like this one. Do they have your size?” I questioned softly, biting my lip. One day, I wanted to see her in this and my ring with maybe the heels and nothing else.

“Mmhmm.” She grabbed the correct one from the rack. It had matching panties attached too. “I love these colors.” Smiling, she trailed her fingers over the silver looping. “The green reminds me of your eyes.”

Quickly, I leaned down to steal a quick kiss. It was innocent and sweet, just a peek. She brought her hand up and pulled me down for another one, brushing her nose against mine when she drew away.

She tugged away and flicked her little finger towards a display with different Santa themed items. “Are you sure you don’t want a hat?” Her smile was impish and playful.

“Perhaps a bow,” I joked. If she was going to be my present, she needed it. We made our way towards another wall. This one had a selection of BDSM type toys. There were probably twenty different styles of collars. Bella took one from the hook that was a deep satiny red. “Or, that.”

The idea made me flush a color to match. She put it with the shoes and corset as she gazed into my eyes. I couldn’t look away. “I know you enjoyed spanking me. Are you into BDSM?”

That was a good question. I liked certain ideas though I hadn’t done many of them. I more than enjoyed spanking her. That evening had become one of my favorite fantasies to think about when I was alone.

“I’m not really experienced.”

Gazing at me knowingly, she smirked. “That’s not what I asked.” Bella looked away from me and glanced at the other toys. “Have you tried anything else?”

“Tying up and blindfolding. I realize it’s not really hardcore,” I barely breathed out. It felt as if the words got caught in my throat.

“Not everything about BDSM is hardcore. It’s not like I’d expect you to have hogtied and hung someone in a gimp suit from the ceiling while hitting them with a cane and calling them dirty names.”

I wasn’t sure if she was just throwing random phrases together to create a situation or if she was remembering an event. “That is so specific it’s concerning,” I jested, hoping it wasn’t real.

She smirked again at my expression, shaking her head so that her hair fell around her face. “I’ve never hung anyone from the ceiling or even seen a gimp suit in person. I’ve definitely done some hitting and name-calling, though,” she explained as she reached for one of the toys.

It was a riding crop. She twirled it in her fingers for a moment before tightening her grip around it. Then she popped her palm with it twice while looking me straight in the eyes.

My brain went 'OoOooOoo, Yes, Mistress' right away. I grabbed it from her hand and went to add it to our loot, but she stopped me with a laugh.

"Ah. No. Not that one. It has a rubber end. You don't start with that," she said as she retrieved a better one. She really was more experienced than me because I had no idea there was even a difference. Then Bella picked up a pink one with a star that looked like a wand. "I'm the BDSM fairy, and I'm here to fuck you up right," she teased in a sexy voice, wiggling her eyebrows and tapping the star onto her palm again.

I laughed too loudly. "Kinky Godmother," I quipped.

Wiggling her shoulders, she timed her taps to her words. "Bip-di bop-pi-di bondage, baby."

I realized then that Bella would be the perfect teacher for me. She was as patient as she was funny. And she was enjoying herself too.

There were several beginner's BDSM kits. I picked out the most expensive one, figuring that would be the best quality. It wouldn't do if the handcuffs broke the first time I tried to cuff her to a chair.

Then I turned to see the shelf with lube on them. I had forgotten to pack any. I wasn't sure exactly what we would do, but having that just in case was never a terrible idea. She picked up a tube, bringing it close to her eyes. It was bright yellow and looked like chapstick.

"What's that?"

"It's supposed to make your nipples tingly in a fun way."

I reached over and took it from her, making her giggle. "Do you even like pineapple flavors?"

"Yes," I smiled innocently.

Beside them were some warming massage lotions and oils. I loved the idea of dripping it all over her body and rubbing her from head to toe. I grabbed two of those too. She bit her lip as she watched, and I realized she liked it as well.

When we got to the dildos and vibrators, I felt her stiffen up beside me, and her face was flushed. It was kind of cute to see her almost nervous about something. She hummed, walking to a box and pointing at it.

“I’ve heard good things about this kind.” I instantly put it in with the rest of the haul. “Seriously, stop just grabbing,” she laughed, amused as her blush brightened.

I smiled wickedly. “Why not? It’s my birthday, and I can buy whatever I want,” I stated like a bratty child.

She rolled her eyes and shook her head. Leaning in, she whispered. “Though that is true, you’re just having fun picking out all the dirty things now. Look how much junk we have.”

I pick out a single thing that was only for her, and suddenly it was too much. No, I meant it when I told her I would buy her a bunch to try. “I fail to see a problem here. We said we’d test them out tonight and see what you like best. We can’t do that if we don’t have a wide selection. You need choices.”

Bella giggled as she looked away from me, her arms wrapped around her stomach nervously. “I was joking about that part.”

I leaned down to kiss her ear before whispering in return. “Well, I’m not.”

Looking up at me with her wide innocent eyes, I saw her arousal and surprise. It was delicious and made me feel more confident.

As I looked around, I caught one sales lady's attention. She hurried over, smiling brightly. “Hi. Can I help you with anything?”

Clearing my throat, I smiled in return. I could pretend to be an adult not made nervous by women’s sexual aids.

“Actually, yes. What are your best-selling toys for women’s pleasure? Top five.”

My girlfriend’s eyes got as big as saucers as even her ears turned neon. She slowly brought her hand up to her forehead, facepalming at my stupidity. The pink-haired girl didn’t notice, though, and smiled.

“Well, if you’re interested in this style, I would recommend this brand right here. It’s a little bit cheaper, and it also has a spot for regular batteries, and it’s USB rechargeable. It’s one of our top-selling,” she helpfully explained. I grabbed her selection.

“Are you just looking for this style?”

“No, looking for new, fun things to try.”

She walked over to a shelf. “So, these suction ones are really popular. They are... very fun, um,” she giggled. “All the girls at the shop have a favorite. This one is the best-selling overall.” I grabbed it, too, following her to the next section. “Also, the rabbits are always popular.”

Bella’s horror was hilarious in a way I couldn’t describe. She would let me do whatever I wanted, and I kept picking things out until the pink-haired woman took my basket behind the counter. I still brought more stuff in my hands.

“I’m going to look at the shoes again,” my girl grumbled when I went to pay, making me chuckle.

There was a display of candles that turned into massage oil after you burned them. They were even edible. I got one of each flavor.

“The cherry is delicious,” the lady commented to me.

“Oh, I like cherry,” I agreed, pulling out another just in case I really liked it.

“Okay, wow. Well, your total today is \$2335.98. I believe that is the most I have rung up. I mean, there is more expensive stuff in the store, but we rarely sell it,” she explained in a rush.

I laughed at her expression, some of my confidence coming down from the high of shopping. “Um, yeah. Might have overdone it. It’s my birthday, though.”

She beamed. “Happy birthday! Yolo, right?” I nodded, signing the receipt. “How old are you?”

“Twenty-five.”

“Nice! I’d tell you to have fun tonight, but that won’t be a problem as long as you don’t forget the batteries.”

We walked together hand in hand down the very crowded Manhattan streets. It was just as biting cold as before, but I tried to ignore it. “Um, we need to stop to get batteries,” I commented through my chattering teeth.

“Oh, there’s a Duane Reade right by the hotel. We’ll stop there. Is there anything else we need?”

Apparently, what we required was candy, chips, cookies, and booze. Bella also picked out a little bow choker from a Christmas display. I smiled to myself.

I felt my phone vibrating in my pocket as I unlocked the door with the keycard. It was one of my grandparents, but I wasn't sure which. Hurrying, I put the bags on the table before I pulled out my mobile. My grandmother was requesting some Facetime.

"Oh, it's my Gran," I informed my girlfriend.

She smiled and nodded. "I'm going to get freshened up," Bella replied as she went searching through our loot. She took out several things before turning to go to the bathroom.

Finally, I answered. I put on my biggest smile. "Hello there, you gorgeous woman!"

"There is my beautiful baby on his birthday!" She cooed happily when I came onto the screen. Her eyes were too close, and I could see up her nose. "Happy birthday to you," she sang, and I felt like my chest would burst. I put my hand on my heart, feeling the emotions stinging my nose. I missed my grandmother so much.

"Thank you so much!"

"Have you spoken to everyone today?"

Bella stood and watched, leaning against the bathroom door as I chatted happily.

"Mum called. The girls sent me lovely messages. And I talked to Nana last night, but you were the only one to sing me a happy birthday. They all tried, and I told them no. Only Grandma Jane can do it right, I told them all," I joked, making her laugh. When I looked up again, my girl was shutting the door behind her.

She leaned back in the frame. "Are you having a good birthday so far?"

"Yes. It's been great. Relaxing... except for talking to Mum."

"Poor babe," she teased. No one was a huge fan of my mother in my family. "What have you done?"

"Well," I chuckled awkwardly. "Um, I got up early and spoke to Jasper. He made me a lovely picture."

She nodded her head. "Such a talented boy. How is he?" I frowned, shaking my head. "I know you miss him, darling. It's okay."

“Today, especially,” I admitted. “I know he’s unhappy. Why won’t he let me help him?”

“Because men are stubborn and have to do it their own way. Anyway, tell me what else you’ve done? It should be mid-afternoon there if I planned it right. I didn’t want to bother you too early or late.”

“It doesn’t matter when you call. I’ll talk to you anytime.”

“I know, darling,” she cooed. “So, what plans do you have?”

I laughed at her persistence. “This morning we had room service with lots of champagne, and we just got back from doing a little shopping. Today is a big shopping holiday in America.”

“They must have known it was your birthday,” she teased gently, making me laugh.

“They sure did,” I agreed. I kicked off my boots and threw off my jacket to get more comfortable. “We just went to a couple of stores though because it’s bloody cold. I’m going to go tomorrow when I have some free time to get some better winter wear. I packed terribly. Perhaps I’ll order it and have it shipped to the hotel.”

She nodded her head. “Packing was never something I’ve done well either. I always forget something.”

“Me too. Thank God I’ve got the money to indulge the way I do. Bella doesn’t particularly like it, but I enjoy spoiling her.”

My grandmother smiled brightly. “Bella is such a lovely name. Is she there with right now?”

“Yeah,” I grinned. “She’s getting ready for tonight.”

“Going out?”

“Yeah,” I lied, smirking a little. “You know me, a real party animal.”

She laughed. “So, you’ll eat too much and be in bed by nine?”

I acted as if it offended me. “Gran, I am a twenty-five-year-old man, and you shouldn’t call me out like that. Jeez, I know that I’m boring.” She snorted, shaking her head as she rolled her eyes. “You’re giving me too much credit.”

“This is why I never worried about you,” she continued to shake her head before she perked up. “Alistair! Darling! I’ve got Anthony on the telephone. Come say hello,” she encouraged.

“Oh, good! I thought it was about time to call him,” I heard him mumble as he came over. The mobile switched hands, and I was staring at my Grandpa. “Happy birthday!”

“Thanks, old man. How are you doing?”

“Good, good. So, what’s this I hear about a new girlfriend? Hm?”

I laughed at his interest. “Um, yeah. I met my dream girl.”

He rolled his eyes at my dramatics, but he was smiling. “Your dream girl, huh? Is she an American?”

I nodded. “She’s a sweet little southern bell, but she might smack me if she heard me say that,” I said in a fake country accent that was terrible. “She’s from Houston, Texas.”

“Oh, got yourself a cowgirl?” He joked, trying to do an accent too. His was worse.

“Actually, I know her guardian as a teenager owns a ranch. She’s told me how she rode with her best friends sometimes,” I explained in a chuckle. “But she’s not wearing cowboy hats and boots,” I smirked as I wrinkled my nose.

Bella came out of the bathroom, wrapped in a robe. I could see only the choker and stockings. Her gorgeous makeup was green and red, her lips calling to me.

“So, what does she look like?” He asked, pulling my attention away from her. I couldn’t help but grin.

“Well, she’s very petite. A tiny thing and right fit. Very fit,” I explained. That didn’t cover how stunning she was. “She’s got the longest, curliest, black hair that goes all the way to her bum. And her eyes are the most amazing thing. She’s got one blue eye and one brown. It’s bewitching,” I continued as she held my gaze. Bella looked away, blushing as she pulled the robe to her tighter.

“She does sound enchanting. I can’t wait to meet her. She getting ready for your hot date?” He asked playfully as he wiggled his eyebrows at me. I laughed and nodded.

“She is. She’s just got out the ladies, in fact.”

Slowly, my girl walked over to the bed and sat down beside me, so she could talk to my grandfather too. She held the robe so tightly in place her knuckles were white. She smiled widely, nervously. "Hi!"

His mouth opened in surprise, looking between us. "Would you look at that! Your eyes really are different colors. Your bird is quite the looker!" He smirked. "How are you doing, dollface?"

"Oi, old man. Don't flirt with my lady." I tried to copy his accent badly and laughed somewhere in the middle.

"When I have your grandmother? Never."

"I love you. I can't wait to see you again in February," I told him honestly, having a pang of longing for my family. It had been too long since we had been together.

"I love you too, darling boy. Is she coming?" He asked as he nodded his big head towards her. I instantly grimaced. I decided to play it off as a joke.

"Shh... I've not asked her yet," I said in a fake whisper. "I was going to ask her at Christmas. I was going to ply her with presents before I asked her to go visit the insane asylum with us."

Actually, I was going to confess my love to her first before I tested that by introducing her to my crone of a mother.

Grandpa pursed his lips for a moment, looking around. "Oops, oh, dear. Would you look at the time? I have nothing to do. Your aunts send their love. Have a good birthday!" And then he hung up.

That fucking trouble maker. This is where I got my attitude problems. I shook my head, my jaw to my chest for a second.

"You bastard," I laughed in annoyance. That cat was out of the bag, and there was no putting it back. I threw my mobile onto the table beside us. Taking a deep breath, I looked at Bella. "Okay. Well, then. Would you like to go with me to Australia?"

She didn't hesitate at all. "Yes, I would."

I chuckled happily. "Yeah?"

Finally loosening her grip on her robe, she nodded her head as she gazed up at me. Her smile was so pretty, curved ever slightly to one side. "I'd love to."

