



Chapter Sixty-

I was lounging comfortably on Jasper on the couch with a glass of wine when our boyfriend got home from his long day of interviews. We were both already dressed for our night out. Jasper looked great in a nice pair of black slacks and a dark forest green button-down shirt. He already had the sleeves rolled up his muscular arms. He had slicked back his golden honey hair and his face freshly shaved around his stupidly cute mustache. I was wearing the low cut red gauzy dress that Edward bought for me to show off in front of his sisters. It was pretty and long. The skirt was a layering of different length pieces with high splits in them so I could move, making it very flowy. Underneath I wore a strapless bustier that shoved my breasts high up my chest and satin and lace black of boy shorts. I knew I looked good, too.

Our boyfriend rushed through the door, slamming it behind him as he came in. He had a look of determination on his face.

I put my wine glass on the coffee table and stood with a smirk on my face. He wordlessly grabbed me up tightly into his arms, quickly trying to bring my mouth to his, but I leaned my head back with a wide smile.

“You don’t get to mess it up yet,” I said in a teasing whisper.

Edward actually growled and buried his face my neck, both of his hands going to ass as he roughly began to kiss my skin.

“Oh, god,” I moaned with a happy little laugh, my head falling back some more.

“I want to rip this off of you and fuck you both right here,” Edward said roughly against my skin, his hands bunching up the fabric of my dress as if he was gathering it to pull it up over my body.

I giggled evilly as I pulled away from him and went to go sit on Jasper’s lap, crossing my legs as I did. “You have to take us out first. Didn’t you already make our reservations?”

Jasper watched in quiet amusement, resting his chin on my shoulder as he wrapped an arm around my waist.

“But... How do you expect- I mean, that... you two are... I can’t-” Edward sputtered out in horny annoyance.

“Don’t you want to dance with me, darling?” Jasper purred. “Don’t you want to dance with us?” His hand slowly slid down my shoulder, over my arm, and to my hand. He wove his fingers with mine and brought my palm up to his lips to kiss. He nuzzled it gently, and I curled my fingers against his cheek.

Edward literally grabbed Jasper’s face, leaning over me, and smashed his lips to his. They kissed deeply for several seconds before he pulled himself away with a little bit of a pout.

“I’m going to go get ready. And probably go have a wank in the shower,” he mumbled to himself as he stomped off towards our bedroom. I couldn’t help but laugh loudly. Jasper snorted too, pushing his face into my shoulder to hide it.

“I ain’t going to be able to walk tomorrow,” I whispered to him with a little smirk.

“We could just go join him in the bedroom...” he said with a little smile, pushing my hair away from my cheek.

“And, stop teasing him? Nope. I want all that pent up energy. He gets what he wants too quickly most of the time. I want to see how long he can last.”

“Ooo,” he laughed. “Think you can handle it?”

“I can’t wait to find out. I doubt he can go the entire night without shoving his hand down one of our pants,” I told him jokingly.

His eyes got a little wide with the thought of it, making me laugh a little.

"I don't know if I can make it the whole night for that matter," he told me in a whisper, pushing some of the fabric of my dress off my crossed knees, allowing the split to go over my thigh.

"Well, feel free to drag him off somewhere to molest him if you get a chance," I teased him. "Make him as horny as possible."

"You're mean," he teased back as he kissed my ear.

"This is going to be so much fun," I smirked. I stood up slowly, stretching a little. "I'll be right back."

I walked to the bedroom and slowly peeked inside. He wasn't in there, but the bathroom door was open. I came in and shut the door behind me quietly. Edward leaned his head out of the bathroom, his shirt off. He smirked at me a little, almost a little bashful.

"You're the sexiest woman in the universe."

I smiled, sitting on the bed with my hands behind me to keep me held up. "You two make me feel that way."

"I want you," he breathed.

"I know," I smiled. "You can have us tonight."

"You're enjoying this too much," Edward smirked, his cheeks a little pink.

"Mm." I cocked my head to the side. "No, I think I'm enjoying this the exact right amount. Now... Take off your pants," I said in a breathy voice. "I want to watch you undress before you take a shower."

Wordlessly he unbuttoned his slacks and pushed them to the floor. He was wearing tight gray boxer briefs underneath. I could see his erection clearly straining at the soft fabric. Edward hooked his thumbs into the cloth and pushed them down to the ground in one graceful movement. Taking his hard-on into his hand, he walked closer to me while he stroked himself.

"What would happen if I pinned you to the bed and fucked you?" He asked quietly.

"I'd cum ridiculously hard, and then I'd find a fun and inventive way to punish you for it later."

"Would I enjoy my punishment?" Edward questioned with a little smirk. I returned it and shook my head *no*. "I don't think that's true."

"It'll be worth it the wait."

"I have no doubt."

I stood up and walked towards him, taking his erection in my hand as I looked up into his eyes. "I want you to wine and dine us properly tonight. We rarely go out, and I want to dance with both of my sweet sexy men."

"Mm," he hummed. "I should take you out more." Edward's head lolled to one side. "I need to show you off more. You're too gorgeous to not be shared with the world."

"When I move in we should try to do a real date night once a week or something. We can take turns planning things," I told him, still gently stroking him.

"Oh, Bella, yes..." he mumbled. I twisted my hand up once before releasing him. He whined in quietly complaint. "No, come back."

"The next time you cum I want it to be inside of me," I said in a seductive voice. I pulled away from him with a smirk as I started towards the bedroom door. "Or, Jasper."

Edward quickly caught me, both hands on my forearms as he pulled his nude body flush against mine. I could feel his erection brush against the gauzy fabric of my dress. He buried his face in my neck from behind, ravaging it pleasantly with kisses.

"I love you." I smiled to myself as I pulled away from him.

"I love you, too," he said with a soft happy sigh. He swatted my ass as I left the room, making me laugh.

"You are wicked," Jasper smirked at me when I plopped down on the couch beside him.

"Yup," I grinned.

I held Edward's arm as we walked to the car we were taking for the night. He had even arranged for a driver. Jasper walked beside me, his hand resting on the small of my back lightly. He opened the door for me, smiling at me as he did. I could feel both of their eyes on my chest as I slid down into the seat.

"I can see why he wanted you to wear this," Jasper whispered to me when he sat down beside me. He brought my hand up to his lips and kissed my knuckles lightly. "You look so beautiful."

“Thank you.” I blushed a little, biting my bottom lip and glancing out the window to hide it.

“Your cheeks match your dress,” I heard Edward softly tease as his hand reached behind Jasper to brush his fingers across my neck. I turned and kissed them, leaning my cheek against his hand. He dragged his knuckles along my jaw and behind my ear.

“So darling, what do you have planned for tonight, hm?” Jasper asked Edward, his hand going to his knee and slowly moving up his thigh.

“I reserved a private room at one of the nicest restaurants in Sydney. It’s French-Asian fusion,” he breathed softly, his eyes on Jasper’s. “You know, one of those elegant multi-course little plates, sort of things.”

“Sounds fancy.” He was looking up at him warmly, a small smile on his face. “Is that all you have planned for us?”

“Absolutely not,” he whispered, his eyes glancing up to make sure the curtain was closed behind the driver before leaning down to give him a quick kiss.

“Where are we going dancing?” Jasper was obviously enjoying being in the middle, pressed between us. He still held my hand, and his other massaged Edward’s thigh through his pressed black slacks.

“Um...” Our shared boyfriend’s tongue dipped over the corner of his mouth, and he obviously wanted to kiss him again. He swallowed, a little flustered by the hot look in Jasper’s eyes. “Purgatory”

“Oh, that’s fun. I’ve been there before.” He looked over at me. “It’s a very nice gay club. It’s one of the best clubs in the city, period.”

“Mm, I can’t wait to take you both back to New York. It was so fun when we went around your birthday.” I glanced over at Edward. “We can take him on the ferry.”

“Oh, yes.” He smiled at me. “And we can go back to Brooklyn when it’s not fucking freezing outside. Go see the bridge.”

I laughed, “mm, then you have like a three-week window you want to shoot for. I want to take you both to Coney Island, too. It’s one of my favorite places to take pictures. Maybe we can go to the Mermaid Parade.”

“Mermaid parade?” Jasper chuckled. “Is it exactly what it sounds like?”

“Pretty much.” I smiled. “The Boardwalk is right off Mermaid Avenue and Surf. It’s in

June usually, so, I might be in New York around that time anyway. If I end up doing that cooking camp with Alice still. I don't know if I will."

"We can still try to go if you want. Then off to Dublin for a couple of weeks," Edward smiled, looking forward to our trip. "That thing I was telling you about. The non-profit," he said to Jasper.

"I remember."

"I imagine you probably know more about me than I know about you," I told Jasper honestly. Though Edward had spoken about him, I think it made him sad so he avoided it.

"I imagine so since he's seen pretty much all the raw footage I've ever shot," Edward said with a smirk. Jasper looked at him with narrowed eyes. "What? I'm sorry. Was she not supposed to know that's how you've been so effectively flirting with her? Pretending like you don't know things about her. I see what you're doing."

I laughed.

"Oh, don't tell all my secrets," Jasper smirked. "Acting as if I did research on purpose. I look at all his raw footage anyway. You just happen to be in a lot of it, which is always delightful to watch. You really are a natural in front of the camera, dove."

I clicked my tongue and rolled my eyes, shaking my head.

"How did you want to be an actress?" Edward asked me with a teasing smirk.

"I didn't want to be an actress. I wanted somebody, anybody, to pay attention to me. I just didn't realize it at the time," I replied. "I was just willing to do anything to get it."

"Do you not enjoy being in the videos?" Jasper asked me seriously.

"No, I love it," I smiled reassuringly. "I just don't like *me*."

"You're ridiculous," Edward sighed.

"I mean, I don't like watching myself. I don't think most people do. I'm pretty sure you two are some of the exceptions to the rule," I told them, brushing my hair over my shoulder. "I'm trying to work on the liking myself part."

"So, how do you expect to go on doing this and not watching yourself at all?" Jasper asked.

“Mm...” I hummed. “I just show up, flirt with my boyfriend, and have a good time while looking cute. If he wants to film it and do something with it, that’s up to him. And I suppose you, too. Once you join us in LA. Now, if you’d like to give me some directions on how I can improve, I can take it.”

“Actually I think you play off of each other perfectly. He needs a straight man, so to speak.” He brushed his fingers under my chin, winking at me.

“I’m still not totally not convinced you just want me into them to get laid,” I said to Edward with a little smirk.

He laughed loudly, “sure. *Hm*, love... just in February, the videos I posted that we filmed together made me over one hundred thousand so-” He stopped when both Jasper and I turned sharply to look at him.

“Edward, really?”

“I imagine it will be more this month. February is a short month,” he said, his chin up in the air. “You haven’t filmed many this month though since you’ve been ill, so next month might not be as much. I honestly can’t imagine how much it’s going to be once you get settled into Los Angeles.”

“How does that compare to your other videos?” I asked him next.

“Well, it’s not exactly apples to apples,” he began as I gave him a serious look. I knew he knew more than he was saying. Edward sighed. “On average around thirty thousand more for the same number of similar.”

“Oh, Jesus. I haven’t looked at my money in like a month,” I whispered.

“How about this? Don’t,” he offered. “You could just let my accountant handle it. We are moving in together. He can take care of everything, and we could invest some of it for you.”

“Mm, romantic date talk,” I smirked.

“I’m sorry, I know I’m not particularly good at this,” he replied, brushing his fingers over my shoulders. “We can talk about it later. I just know how much anxiety it gives you.”

“I know.” I reached over and touched his leg. “Okay. But, I want our money separate. Even when we get married. I don’t want anything that I didn’t have a hand in. And, I actually want to do real work, even if I joke.”

“Wait, really?” He said in surprise.

"Yeah, why not? I mean, as long as I have access to it whenever I want and the information. I don't know anything about investments, but I know you do. I don't want to do anything risky. I care more about having money in case anything happens to us, or you."

"I've already taken care of that," he answered quickly, excited that I agreed so readily.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

Edward was silent, and Jasper looked between us. He was quietly invested in our conversation, letting it happen around him.

"I have insurances, of course. I'm responsible. If anything happens to me, I've made sure that you... actually, both of you, will be very well taken care of for the rest of your lives."

"Tony, seriously?" Jasper asked in shock.

"Hers is a bit more recent than yours, but yeah." He smiled bashfully.

Jasper was obviously touched. "When?"

"Before I moved."

He tugged Edward down for a kiss, brushing his fingers along his jaw. He kissed him several times, a big smile on his face as he did.

"How did you two not figure it out? Seriously." I shook my head.

"It's because he had a huge fucking stick up his ass until you," Jasper smiled. I laughed at his expression. "It's true."

"So I've been told." I reached over and took Edward's hand from across Jasper's lap. "That is sweet. Thank you. But if you die before me, I'm seriously finding a cliff to jump off, just to let you know. Unless I somehow make it until like ninety-nine and I just somehow magically outlive you. Thank God your family seems so long-lived."

"Please, don't say that." He squeezed my hand. "All I want is for you to have a long and happy life."

"Well, then maybe you should consider not jumping out of any more planes," I said sarcastically.

"I'll take that under consideration." He brought my knuckles up to his lips and kissed

them lightly. I dragged my nails over his beard, earning a hum of pleasure. "I'll only do it if they offer me a quarter of a million to do it again." My eyes got wide. "I told you it was the most I've ever made for one video."

"Your life is worth so much more than that." I shook my head.

"I was safe," he laughed until I saw the serious look I gave him. "Okay, I'm sorry. I know you hated it, my love. I won't do it again if it'll make you happy. I think five times is probably enough. I imagine we'll find more interesting adventures together." He winked at us.

The restaurant was gorgeous and modern, the pretty hostess leading us off right away to a private room somewhere at the very back of the place. I held Edward's hand, Jasper was on the other side of him. He pulled my chair out for me when I sat. I was really enjoying being around two gentlemen.

There was no menu to look at. Everything was being handcrafted for us by a chef, a special drink to go along with each plate of the meal. The waitress poured us each a glass of wine before leaving us alone in the white brightly lit room.

"This is by far the most ostentatious place I have ever been," I smirked over my glass.

"Well, you said it yourself that I never take you out. Obviously, I'm trying to make up for it a little bit." He clinked glasses with me, smiling at me charmingly. "I promise you, this is only the beginning."

Seven courses were served over an hour and a half, each more delicious than the last. Everything was so different from anything I had ever eaten before. Sushi with buttery lobster, grilled shrimp on a bed of pickled watermelon radish, duck in red wine sauce on a generous serving of creamy black rice risotto, very rare aged Wagyu beef with truffles and mushrooms with baby corn, matcha panna cotta, and finally perfect black sesame macarons were all served on tiny plates for each of us.

"Sure beats Maccas," Jasper smirked as he took a little bite of his macaron, smiling at me from over it before. "Though, it is more fun to feed them to you," he said in a soft whisper. I bit my lip, smiling to myself as a little flush filled my cheeks.

"I can make us some when you come to L.A.," I promised him.

"I want some more of your chocolate chip cookies," Edward said with a little smile over his costly glass of whiskey. He was obviously a slightly warm from his drinks, his grin a little lazy and relaxed and his eyes sparkling. "They are the best thing I've ever put in my mouth."

"Are you sure about that?" Jasper asked in a low flirty tone, and I knew in a second that

Edward liked it as well because he blushed. I laughed, unable to help myself. Jasper took my hand and brought it up to his lips to lightly kiss my knuckles, his big blue eyes looking at me warmly. "I think I know at least one thing more delicious than I've tasted."

"You should try my cookies before you say that," I teased.

"I have no doubt they'll be very tasty, but I don't think anything else could compare."

I actually scoffed, looking away but I was blushing too. It was Edward's turn to laugh.

"Oh, stop. You're easy to flirt with, too. And we both know I'm easy," I laughed as well, throwing my napkin in his general direction. He caught it easily, smiling at me as he did. He leaned over and pressed a lingering kiss to my cheek. I sighed happily, leaning my head against his. "I'm having so much fun."

"Good. Me too," he whispered, pressing a swift kiss to my neck before standing. Edward helped me stand from my chair. I took Jasper's offered arm.

"I'm almost as tall as you," I teased as I walked beside him. He was still at least three inches taller even with my five-inch heels.

"It's only because of your hair," Jasper joked back. "How are you walking in those?"

"When I was in high school, we had a uniform, and the only thing that could be different was your shoes. So, I wore four-inch platform Mary Janes for two solid years."

"She was a Catholic school girl," Edward whispered to Jasper. They exchanged a look and a smirk, making me roll my eyes.

"Cheerleader, school girl, ballerina... Seriously shocking you haven't asked me to dress up for you yet," I said as I slipped into the car.

"I didn't even think of ballerina as an option," he said when he got in, a little bit of wonder in his eyes. I laughed quietly, covering my face with one of my hands. Edward was sitting in the middle. "I'd love to watch you dance again."

"I bet you would," I teased.

"No, I mean, yeah. That, too. But actually, dance like at the show. I wish I could have seen you dance when you were younger in person. Alice has sent me some videos, and you are just... *brehtaking*, Bella."

"You would have been a child, and you wouldn't have cared if you did see me dance."

“I would have thought you were stunning,” he replied evenly. “Because you are an angel and even being a stupid teenager I would have seen how absolutely gorgeous you are. But as I’ve told you before, any fool with eyes can see how beautiful you are.”

I took his face in my hands and kissed him firmly for just a second, leaving a perfect black imprint on his lips. He grinned like he won a little victory.

I sat back in my seat, pulling my compact from my little purse to adjust my lipstick again. “Don’t think you’ll get anything else out of me that easily.”

“Well, a boy can dream,” he whispered in my ear before pressing a kiss on my shoulder.

“This seems oddly familiar,” I told him as I reapplied the black to my lips. “Just a little bit like that first time we went to the club together. Though I was trying to gracefully figure out how to Uber my way back to your place because I was having a little panic attack.”

“No,” Edward said with a laugh. “You seemed so quiet. Poor darling. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Oh, excuse me very handsome celebrity I am being paid a large sum of money to take pictures of,” I began very sarcastically, *“I’m freaking out right now because obviously, I am falling madly in love with you even though I’m leaving in a day. Would you mind taking me back to your place despite being required to attend this party by contract? I’d like to go back to my guest room and sulk about how hot you are and how much I want to climb you like a tree but won’t because I’m stupid, masturbate, and then go to sleep.”* I laughed. “I loved dancing with you that night, even if you were trying to get me drunk.”

“I was trying to get *me* drunk,” he told me with a laugh. “I was trying to get the courage up to ask you to dance with me. Were you really falling in love with me?”

I leaned over to Jasper. “On this trip so far we have discussed when and how many children we are going to have and when he’s going to propose.” I clicked my tongue. “Of course I was. I didn’t realize it at the time. I just figured out I had feelings for you when *Tabby* gave you her number.”

Edward turned to Jasper, “this slag came up to me at the after party of that charity show that I did, and I stupidly flirted with her. Bella was pissed. I thought I had fucked it all up. I think that’s the only time I’ve seen her actually angry at me. And not *money mad*.”

“Oh, wow, you even have a term for it,” I snorted. “I wasn’t angry at you. I was angry at me for liking you.”

“He thought about telling you that night,” Jasper commented offhandedly. “He debated on going into your room, waking you up, and confessing his feelings for you. Like the dramatic bitch that he is. Talked about it for days actually.”

I giggled, leaning my head against Edward's shoulder as I wove my fingers with his. "It's probably a good thing he didn't. I would have dragged him into bed, and we would have never made it to the jump." Edward groaned at my answer, making me giggle more. "*Mm, Eddie, why are you in my room at three in the morning? Oh, you like me? Great. Shut up and take off your pants, please. Actually, I would have thought I was dreaming.*"

“I wouldn’t have crawled into your bed in the middle of your night like some pervert.” He held his chin up in the air.

“Aw,” I pouted playfully, running the toe of my shoe over his shin. “But, I like perverts.”

“Well, that’s good news for me.” Jasper winked at me playfully, making me laugh again.

Purgatory was a large multiple story building, the music flowing out of the club. Since it was a Friday evening, there were people everywhere. We decided to go get a drink first. We wedged ourselves at one corner of the busy bar, waiting for our turn. I smiled when I realized that they were holding hands, Jasper's hand on my small of my back since I was practically pressed to his hip.

“What do you need, sexy?” The bartender called to me, smiling at me brightly. He was dressed very well, the uniforms seemed to be slick black slacks and a black shirt with a red tie.

“I need three shots of Jack, two Guinness, and do you have any hard cider?”

“A few kinds.”

“Get me a bottle of whatever is the best selling,” I called to him over the music.

“Coming up, gorgeous,” he said before rushing off to fulfill our order after Edward gave his credit card to start a tab.

A rather tall thin pretty blond woman put her hand on my back to get my attention. “Is it okay if I scoot in here?” She asked, pointed to the corner of the bar. She had a very thick Australian accent.

“Sure.” I squeezed in a little tighter to Jasper, not that he minded. His back was pressed against Edward’s chest, still holding hands under the bar.

“Cheers,” she smiled, pushing in close. “You look fantastic!” She yelled over the music.

"Oh! Thank you! So do you! Your outfit is gorgeous," I complimented her. She was wearing high waisted green trousers and a long sleeved white shirt tied just below her breasts so that her flat stomach was exposed.

"Thanks! Are you American?" She asked me curiously, I nodded. "On holiday?" I nodded again.

"Here are those shots. Beers coming up in a sec!" The bartender pushed three shot glasses my way. I slid two in the boys' direction. I quickly threw mine back, enjoying the burn as it slid down my throat. I already had several drinks at dinner, so it wasn't going to take much to keep my mild buzz going.

"Can I buy your next shot?" The pretty blond asked me, leaning down to whisper in my ear. I felt a flush crawl up my neck.

"I'm actually here with a date. Thank you, though! That's very flattering," I smiled at her. "Otherwise, I would have said yes."

"Well, if your date turns out to be a bore, come find me. Your accent is super cute and so is your ass. Have a good night," she said with a flirty grin before turning back into the group.

I turned to look at the boys with wide eyes before laughing in surprise. "Y'all best behave. I've got good options apparently. She was an eight and I'm not usually into blonde... women."

Edward laughed, pushing his face into the back of Jasper's golden hair to hide it. He wrapped both of his arms around his waist. There were same-sex couples everywhere, and no one noticed them. No one cared about Edward here. I couldn't imagine that was something we would be able to do in LA.

We took our drinks into a corner, standing very close while we talked to one another. Once we were done, I decided to take charge and drag them into the middle of the dance floor, holding each of their hands.

I ended up pressed against them, there were so many people writhing around us. The music was so loud, the lights flashing vividly. Their hands slid easily over my body as I twisted and ground between them, taking turns with who I was facing. I loved to watch their quick touches. Jasper kept brushing his hand along Edward's ass who was obviously enjoying it. At one point Jasper hitched my thigh over his hip as my ass ground into Edward's crotch, his strong hand holding my leg by the bend of my knee. Edward's hands slid up my arms as they went over my head, my back against his chest.

Several drinks and three hours later we pulled ourselves out of the club. We could have stayed longer but Jasper did have to work in the morning. Our evening wasn't over by a long shot though. I was lucky enough to be pressed in between them on the ride home.

As soon as Edward got into the car, he made sure the curtains were closed and then kissed my lips so forcefully that I moaned loudly in surprise. When I pulled away, there was black all over his panting mouth. There was almost a wild look in his eyes. He grabbed me again, fisting my hair tightly in his hands as his mouth assaulted mine. It was so intense that the weight of his body slid me into Jasper.

One of Jasper's hands brushed over my knee, pushing my dress apart at the seam until my entire leg was exposed. Lightly he kissed the back of my shoulder, enjoying watching Edward and I furiously make out. He pressed his face against my chest, covering it desperate kisses as my fingers tangled into his now sun-dyed coppery hair. Jasper's hand slid up my stomach, cupping one of my breasts through my dress.

"Damn," I whispered as I felt Jasper's lips on my neck, Edward's fingers pulling my hair away to give him better access to it. His other hand slipped underneath my dress and up my thigh.

We barely made it in the door, Edward quickly unlocking it. He slammed me into the wall so hard that it rattled. If it hurt, I didn't notice. I was too busy kissing him, his big hand exploring my thigh as he hitched it over his hip.

"I've been thinking about those videos all day," he whispered hotly into my neck.

"Well, you should be thanking Jasper for that. I was just trying to send you semi-naughty pictures," I laughed breathlessly as he pulled down the strap of my dress with his teeth.

He reached over with one hand and pulled Jasper by the shirt to his mouth, kissing him just as furiously with me still pinned to the wall. I quickly began to work on the buttons of his shirt, pushing it off his shoulders. Jasper was already desperately trying to work on the button of his slack after pulling his leather belt off in one solid yank. Their lips never parted.

I eagerly kissed Edward's neck, helping Jasper with the button and zipper. Poor Edward almost didn't know what to do with himself when three hands were touching him all at once. His stomach tightened in surprise, and he pulled away, gasping.

"Fuck," he whimpered, his head falling back.

Then Jasper let go suddenly, tugging me away from Edward with a little smirk. "Come on, dove. Let's take this to the bedroom."

I smiled wickedly, deciding to lead the way without looking back. I let my dress drop to the floor, stepping out of it as I went.

I felt Edward's lips on my ear, "keep the heels on, love."

Then he popped off my bra with one hand, getting the hooks free with one swift movement of his fingers before literally throwing it away from my body. Both of his hands grabbed my breasts from behind. "How did he fuck you this morning?"

"On my hands and knees from behind," I panted, my head falling back against him.

He hummed in pleasure. "*Perfect*. I want to fuck you the exact same way, and then I'm going to fuck him like that, too."