



Episode Seventy-five-

It was late afternoon when I got into the house from the airport. Edward was still at work, he was recording for the day after an early breakfast meeting. For the first time in ages, the following day, we were going out around LA to film with Seth and Tyler. It felt like we were finally going to do something nice and normal for once. I needed it.

I put my suitcase into the closet to deal with later before collapsing into bed. Removing everything but my panties, I turned away from the sunshine flowing from the opened curtains. Closing my eyes tightly so I could quickly fall into a deep sleep, I didn't even bother to cover up.

It was dark when I woke up again. Edward's warm, smooth hands slid over my arms. His lips were on my ear. "Hello, my love," he whispered, light and sweet. "I missed you," the words were almost like music, the way he said them. His fingertips brushed over my bare stomach, just skimming under my breast.

"I missed you, too." I rolled over in his arms and ran my fingers over his cheeks and jaw. "How was your day?"

"Boring. It was just commercial stuff. That's even what the meeting was about. Anyway,

how was your flight?"

"Boring," I reflected back at him softly. Sighing heavily, I pushed myself closer to him. "Thank you for this weekend."

"You don't have to keep thanking me, Bella," he whispered into my hair.

"Don't be stupid. Of course, I have to. You know that I will. How could I not?"

Edward smiled a little bit, pulling back to look at me. "I know. It's part of the reason that I love you," he told me quietly, laying his forehead against mine. "You are such a grateful person. It makes me realize all the good things that I have in my life."

"I can't believe you-" I began, but I didn't know how to continue. There were so many things I couldn't believe. My life had been such a whirlwind in the past few months. I just shook my head and swallowed heavily.

"I want to give you everything. You know that, right? I would give you the entire universe if I could," he responded, his hands going over my bare arms again. I wondered if Jasper had told him about our conversation. It wasn't a secret, of course. I wanted Edward to know all of those things as well.

"I know," I answered sincerely. "You're doing an outstanding job of it too, Edward. Truly."

He pulled me closer to him. My breasts smashed into against his button-down shirt, his hands resting on my back. "Tell me what you need right now."

"I need a shower," I began, moving my hands over his shoulders. "Then I want to put on a nice dress and lingerie, and I want you to take me out to dinner. And then afterward, I want you to bring me home and tear my clothes off." I rested my chin on his chest, watching his expression.

Edward smirked a little, his hands moving down to my ass to grip it tightly. "Literally or figuratively?"

I didn't hesitate. "Literally. You can buy me new ones."

He laughed, his face turning a little red. It was visible even in the darkness. "Shall I rip your panties off, too?"

"Yes. I'll wear some lacey ones. If you dig your fingers into the sides, one good tug and they're in shreds," I told him evenly.

Edward laughed again despite himself and gave me a sigh. "We could order dinner instead."

"Oh, not in the mood for panty ripping?" I teased.

"No. I want to skip to the panty ripping. Obviously," he said as he gripped my ass tightly again, his fingers digging into the fabric of my underwear.

"Take me out," I purred against his neck, kissing along his jaw. "Let me be beautiful for you. Get me drunk. Let me be yours tonight. I don't want to think about anything else for a little while."

"How can I say no to that?" He murmured, his hand skimmed over my thigh as he slid it down to my knee. He drew it up to his hip as he brought my lips into a kiss.

We showered together, but he left me to get ready on my own. First, I put on my makeup, picking a lovely shade of dark lipstick just for him. After blow drying my hair, I finally got dressed.

Edward was working in his office while he waited for me. As soon as he turned around to look at me, I knew that he liked the dress. His eyes got wide and dark, his expression hungry as he looked over the short navy blue lace cocktail dress that hugged my body tightly. I had gotten it just to wear for him. I wore his favorite birthday heels.

"Wow," he breathed out. "I'm not sure I have the words. Turn around. Let me see all of you."

I slowly spun to show him my ass. That's really what he wanted to see. I looked over my shoulder at him as he sat in his computer chair. "Do you like it?"

"I want to fuck you on the desk right now," he replied bluntly. "Are you sure you want me to ruin that pretty dress because I am going to rip it from your body."

"It was literally five dollars at the thrift store by the apartment in Queens. But, if you like it that much, I can take it off," I offered as I came to stand in front of him.

"Mm, I do like it," he commented, his eyes moving over me again before biting his lip. "Take it off."

I unzipped it and let it drop to the floor. Walking out of his grip before he could have me, I giggled the whole way back to our bedroom.

The next vintage early 2000's dress was from the same thrift store. This one was also

lacy but black with a high neck collar and a frilly, if not too short, skirt. This time before I came out, I pulled up my hair away from my neck. The dress was backless, so I wasn't wearing a bra.

This time, I didn't need to be asked to do a slow turn for him. When I stopped to see his expression, he was smiling at me with his hands in his pockets while standing in the middle of his workspace.

"May I ask a question?" Edward inquired, his eyes flicking up and down my body as he took a few steps towards me in the middle of the room. His tongue flicked over his bottom lip.

"Of course."

He made a little sound in his throat, his hungry eyes settling on mine. "How rough can I be?"

"As rough as you want," I offered readily.

"See... You say that," he said with a little sigh. He didn't believe me. He was always so scared of hurting me. He should have known by then that I wasn't a delicate girl.

"We can have a safe word if it makes you feel better," I replied as I held his dark gaze. Edward licked his lips again and slowly considered my words. "You wouldn't do anything to harm me anyway. You've never even been close to it."

"I'm so much stronger than you. What if I hurt you?"

"So you'll leave a bruise? I don't see you accidentally choking me out tonight," I said, rolling my eyes. "I'm not that fragile. You know that. You'll break the bed before you break me."

"Oh, god," he laughed nervously. His cheeks flushed as he took in a deep breath. "Are you sure we can't skip dinner?"

"Nope," I grinned playfully as I closed the distance between us. Edward put his hands on my hips, sliding them down to my ass before moving them against my exposed back. I could feel his erection against my stomach.

"This powerplay thing we do is weird sometimes, but I'm always turned on, so I guess it works," he joked with a charming little smile. "I'm not sure who is supposed to be in control tonight. But I feel like it's supposed to be one of us."

"You can always be in control. You just have to decide to take it if you want it," I flirted, running my fingers over his chest delicately. "And I always want you to be in control."

I saw something break in him a moment before Edward grabbed me up by the hips and practically threw me on top of his recording table. My arms tangled around his neck as his mouth smothered mine. His lips were minty from brushing his teeth, delicious and overpoweringly sweet. I could actually feel the lipstick smearing against our skin. His fingers pushed up my skirt, shoving it over my hips.

When he pulled away from me, his hands went roughly to my knees and yanked my legs apart before burying himself between my legs. With no hesitation, he began to lick and kiss me through the fabric of my lacy panties.

"Oh, god! Fuck! *Eddie*," I moaned, my head hanging off the edge of the recording table, my legs high over his shoulders. I had imagined doing this with him so many times on this table in his office, but as always it was so much better than the reality.

I came quickly, and when I did, Edward pulled away with a smile on his face. With his hand on the back of my neck, he pulled me up for another kiss.

"I want them to be soaking before I tear them from your body," he whispered in my ear. I shuddered against him. "Now, go fix your lipsticks so I can take you to dinner. I'm hungry."

"Fuck," I muttered to myself. He looked entirely too pleased with himself as I came to stand on my feet again. When I walked away, he smacked my ass. I laughed, "okay, we can order food."

Edward was smirking to himself, my pretty dark lipstick smeared across his chin. "Oh. *No*. We're going somewhere nice, I think. Have a quiet, slow meal. Lots of wine. I want you to sit there the whole time and think about how wet your panties are for me. But, I want you to know that they're not nearly as wet as they're going to be by the end of the night."

I felt a little dazed by his words as I stumbled my way back to our bathroom once again to fix my face.

Damn, what a sexy man.

I was so in a daze that I didn't realize we didn't even discuss a restaurant. He just drove. I didn't mind, though. Edward had terrific tastes. Apparently, he decided on a Greek place. I did say I wanted him to take control. It was nice, actually.

We ordered a bottle of wine which I drank most of. He kept refilling my glass for me without having to be asked until I was warm and tipsy. His hand rested high on my thigh the entire time we were there, sometimes mindlessly massaging my skin. No one could see it but me.

Edward had his arms wrapped around me as we waited for the valet. A guy with a camera came up to us quickly, smiling. He took a couple of pictures.

"Hi, Eddie. How are you tonight?" The paparazzi asked.

"Fantastic," he said pleasantly despite being rather stiff behind me. He wasn't in the mood to be Eddie, the actor, but he was going to pretend like it anyway.

"Hi, Bella. Loving your videos. You're getting quite the following with your cooking stuff," he said to me next. I was surprised that he even knew my name.

I looked over at Edward, unsure of what I wanted to do or say. Suddenly, I felt embarrassed. He noticed and took over for me.

"Isn't she doing amazing? Next month she'll be launching her own channel under the Cullen Network on YouTube." I glanced over at my boyfriend. He winked at me, giving me a little smile. "Lots of exciting things are happening."

"Sounds great! Can I get another picture?" He asked. Edward looked down at me, and I simply shrugged. Together we posed, his arm around me and mine around his waist as I leaned my head against his chest. "You look really great tonight, Bella," the photographer complimented me. I smiled and blushed, pushing my face into my boyfriend just as he took another picture. Just then, the car arrived. "You two have a good night."

"You, too!" Edward replied pleasantly as he opened the door for me. "It's cute when you're shy. It's so rare," he teased gently once he was inside.

"I didn't know what to say," I admitted.

"It'll get easier with practice."

"I'm going to need it once you become a megastar," I said seriously.

"Your faith in me is astounding," he said, glancing over at me at a red light.

"I don't need faith. I only need eyes to see what you're going to accomplish," I told him as my hand slipped down his thigh, squeezing it gently as he drove. "You are smart, talented, determined, and beyond charming. Add on top of that you're incredibly sexy..." I gripped him through his slacks, making him moan softly. "I can't tell you how much I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too," he breathed.

"Oh..." I drew out. "By the way, we don't have to use condoms tonight. The IUD is

effective right away."

"Well, that is wonderful information to have," Edward smirked, his eyes on the road. I saw his cheeks suck in a little as I tightened my grip on him. "Damn. Between your hand and your mouth, it's hard to concentrate."

"Is there something else you'd rather me do with my mouth?" I asked, smoothing the flat of my palm over him.

"I want you to suck on my cock," he said in a thick, husky voice. It was delicious and rough, dripping with desire.

"Yes, sir," I whispered, gripping him again. I could see the corners of his mouth as they twitched up into a smile.

As soon as we pulled into the garage, Edward brought me over to him in a deep and powerful kiss, his hand on the back of my neck while the other undid my buckle. Undoing his own, we turned to face each other completely in our seats. My hands hurried to his pants, unbuttoning them before yanking down the zipper.

Eagerly I brought him into my mouth, wanting only to give him pleasure. He moaned loudly, his hand resting on the back of my head as I bobbed up and down. His skin was so soft and warm in my mouth, my tongue easily sliding over him. He hit the back of my throat, again and again, his other hand sliding over my bare back.

Carefully, he undid the three buttons at the collar. He pulled me up for a kiss, his lips smashing to mine as he pulled the top of my dress down. Roughly, Edward pulled me over into his lap, his mouth instantly going to my breasts. My hips swiveled and swirled against him, his hard-on rubbing perfectly against the center of my already slick underwear.

With his teeth on my neck, I felt his fingers dig into the black lace of my cheap thin panties. His nails easily pierced through the fabric. Rips and tears sounded until it was fully clutched in his fingers. His hands pulled in opposite directions, shredding the lace away from my ass. He tugged the center away and a second later was inside of me.

"Edward!" I shrieked in pleasurable surprise, my fingers tangling in his hair.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned against my skin. "I want to feel you cum," he murmured as he pressed his hand between us and my thighs. I tightened around him, egging him on further. He played roughly, his teeth dragging over my bare shoulder. "Harder," he growled as his other hand gripped the back of my neck to force me down on him.

I was so aroused that my own cum dripped down my thighs and all over his hand and

pants. My orgasm only spurred him on further. He brought his fingers to my mouth, pushing them between my lips so that I could taste myself. I moaned around him, shaking with the effort of our fucking. We were making the whole car rock violent. The windows began to fog. Steam built up on them until I couldn't see out of it anymore.

Edward wrapped his fingers around my panties again and gave them a sharp yank that easily broke the thin band. Snapping against my skin, it ripped entirely away as he tugged it from my hips.

Our movements were wild and frantic, desperate to make up for the lost time. His fingers twisted into my ponytail, my hands clutching the collar of his blazer. I wanted him to fuck me until I forgot everything, including my name.

"Yes, yes, yes," he chanted in a low tone as his head lolled back against his seat. "Fuck, Bella," he moaned my name as I came around him again. "That's it." His fingers dug into my back as he joined me, both of us shaking.

"Wow," I whimpered as I leaned my forehead against his neck to catch my breath. His firm hands dragged up my sweaty back. Edward took my hair into his hand again, pulling me back gently.

"I'm not done with you," he whispered as he pressed kisses along my jaw. "Go to our room. Take off the dress but leave your shoes on." And then Edward opened the car door for me.

"Yes, sir," I smirked to myself. When I turned to look at him as I went through the door that connected the garage to the house, I could just make out him putting my shredded panties in his jacket pocket through the foggy glass. There was a small pleased smile on his face.