



Episode Ninety-Nine:

After a quick shower, we laid down for a nap. I didn't sleep, though. I couldn't. I laid beside Edward as he comfortably snoozed. He slept so little, I didn't mind being his teddy bear while he got some well-earned rest. But it gave my brain time to wander. And as always, anxiety crept into my thoughts.

Did he really enjoy himself? Did I do okay? Was I actually going to be able to keep going? Was I going to be able to keep up with him and to give him what he wanted? He obviously needed to explore more of his sexuality. I hoped that I was the right person to help him with that.

My love looked so beautiful, relaxed, and comfortable in his peaceful slumber. There were no lines on his face from stress and a little smile pulling at the corner of his mouth crookedly. He laid on his back, his arm around me so that he was holding me in the crook. With his other hand, he pulled my thigh over his hip so that I was half lying on him. Edward wanted to be touching me in every single way that he could. I had never seen him fall asleep so quickly during the day. I had obviously worn him out.

The day so far had been very intense, and I had a feeling that it wasn't even close to being over.

A couple of hours later, he finally woke back up. Edward slowly looked over at me with a smile heavy with sleep. He blinked several times, pressing his face in my hair as he tried to focus and shake off the fog. He breathed my scent in, his grip on me tightening so that I was pressed against him harder.

“This has been the best day,” he mumbled into my hair, brushing his fingers through it gently as he leaned forward to spread kisses onto my cheek. The moment he spoke, my anxiety disappeared again.

I nodded, smiling a bit as I looked up at him. “I agree. We’ve fucked three times already, and it’s not even six yet.” He laughed, then yawned loudly. “Do you still want me to dance for you? Or are you too tired?”

“If you can...” He smirked a little wicked.

I brought my leg that was over his hip up into the air and stretched it so that it was above my head. I held it there, running my hand down my calf at an aching slow pace. “Oh, honey. I’m fine. I’m not the one who got pounded in the ass the first time today,” I teased back more confidently than I actually felt.

Edward chuckled, turning pink as he glanced away from me timidly. He swallowed, licking his lips before wrinkling his nose. “Can I be honest with you?”

“I would certainly hope so,” I joked as I put my leg down. “Especially with what we’ve done today.”

“I suppose you’re right.” He snorted then shook his head briskly. His hand on my back slid down to my ass and gave it a tight squeeze before he looked down at me again. “That went way better than I expected.”

“You mean it went from zero to fucking sixty in two seconds?” I cheekily asked. “You said to start slow! That wasn’t, Edward. In fact, that was the opposite of slow.”

His face turned into the pillow for a moment, closing his eyes as his blush deepened and spread to his nose. “I know,” he said before shaking his head again. “But as soon as I realized how much I was going to like it, I needed it.” He paused nervously, his grip on my ass getting tighter again. “Did you enjoy it?”

I looked up at him in disbelief. “I came twice! I soaked the-”

“I know, but-”

Sitting up so that I could look at him, I tilted my head to the side in confusion. "But what?" I laughed. He looked away in embarrassment. I could see it in the way that he held his lips, his eyes downcast.

Edward shook his head. "I don't know... I mean, it was a lot of work for you and-"

I couldn't help but look at him as if he was stupid. "What?"

He sucked in a breath through his nose and looked away from me again. "I feel... selfish. I'm already thinking about when we can do it again, and I know it's all about me and my pleasure. And I've already asked you to dance for me tonight. It seems like I'm getting so much today. I'm the spoiled one. How many other women would indulge me like this?"

My fingers scratched over his scrap gently, pulling his face towards me again. "Last night, you rented out an entire museum to have a special date with me. One of the biggest in the country, if not the world. Just for me. Honey, this, these crazy wonderful things that we're doing together, is not selfish. This is what I want to do, too. I want to try every single toy in there on you. And me. And Jasper."

He smiled slowly. "I know. You keep saying it, and I'm trying to believe it. I've been worried about hurting you when I do that to you. I'm a little less so now. Though your cock is much smaller than mine or our darling boyfriend's. It's not really comparable, size-wise." Edward's smile was rueful.

I delicately snorted, biting my lip for a moment. "I wonder how long that one was."

"Five inches," he replied instantly in a quiet voice. I didn't even really remember reading the box. Edward had been too keen to put it on me and had ripped it open like a six-year-old on their birthday.

"I wonder long Jasper is," I mused as I brought my thumb to my mouth. The memory of him inside of me made me a little warm, and I wondered if the blush showed on my cheeks.

"Just under seven," Edward answered promptly. I looked over at him in surprise. He didn't look at me as he flushed. He rolled his eyes at himself and sighed. "I asked, and he measured. I wonder if I can handle it."

"And did you measure for him, Tony darling?" I smirked slyly. He turned redder, making me cackle wickedly. Even his ears were pink. "Oh, and how long are you exactly?"

He bit into his lip deeply. "Seven and two-thirds."

“And two-thirds,” I giggled at his choice of words. He chuckled as well, squeezing me tighter as he hid his face in my hair. His hand slid up to rest on my hip. “So, you’re bigger, and I’ve easily taken you. It’s all a matter of patience and lube. Don’t worry.”

“I’m glad that I got like ten different kinds,” Edward replied, squeezing my waist. “God, that was so good, Bella.”

I ran my fingers over his jaw to make him look at me for a moment. “The thing is when he fucks you... It’s going to be so much better. No matter what toy I use. No matter what I do to you. He can feel things that I can’t, work on you in ways that I can’t. There is going to be nothing compared to his skin, his warmth. The feeling of when he cums inside of you.”

Shifting slightly, I could see him swallow as his eyes drooped a little with arousal. His hand tried to discreetly adjust his growing erection that was only an inch or so from my thigh. He took in a ragged breath. “I wonder what that feels like...” He adjusted again, glancing at me. “What is it like to have someone have an orgasm inside of you? I know what it feels like when you do, but that’s different, you know.”

There was no good way to describe it. I could say it was warm and fulfilling, or describe the pulsing connection. But the words wouldn’t do it justice. “It’s like pure satisfaction.”

Edward slowly licked his bottom lip then shook his head. “I should have let him fuck me in Sydney,” he finally mumbled. I giggled softly. Sighing, he shook his head again as he looked away. “I was too scared. I’m always frightened.”

It was my turn to shake my head. “Edward, don’t worry about that. He understood. He’d never force you. You weren’t ready, and that’s okay.”

“I was stupid for being worried.”

Lifting so that I could look at him, I frowned at his words. “No, you weren’t. Stop trying to hurry yourself along. We’ll do everything you want to, I promise. You know that you don’t need to cram it all into one day, or a week, or month...”

“I know that but-”

I put my hand on his lips. “It’s okay to slow down. We need to spread this stuff out into a lifetime.”

“You’re one to talk,” he mumbled against them. I moved them away.

Rubbing my hand over the back of my neck, I slowly shook my head again as I swallowed back some of my anxiety from earlier that was trying to creep it’s way back in. “I

know," I admitted. "I just don't want to hurt you. I'm already worried about how sore you are right now."

"I'm not sore... there," he replied a little sheepishly. "My back is a little stiff, though."

I got up from the bed straight away and went to the bathroom to fetch one of my lotions for him. I decided the massage would come sooner rather than later. He more than deserved it. "Take off your shirt and roll over for me."

Edward looked surprised and maybe embarrassed. "Oh, love. You don't have to do that."

Sighing, I rolled my eyes. "Oh, noooo," I wailed dramatically, "I have to rub down my super sexy boyfriend with nice smelling stuff while sitting on his chiseled back. How terrible for- Just take off your damn shirt and roll over," I finished, tossing the little pink bottle into the middle of the bed so that I could take off his hoodie again. It would just get in the way. He smirked, doing as I asked silently.

Straddling his thighs, I first leaned down to kiss his soft white skin between his shoulder blades. There were dozens of tiny pinkish and red freckles, more on his shoulders. I then put a huge blob of the cold cream in my palm, rubbing it in my fingers to warm it before I began to give him a deep massage. Starting at the base of his spine, my hands easily moved up his long toned body.

"Damn," he moaned into the mattress. I had never done this for him, and he obviously enjoyed it. He would certainly be receiving more of them. "You can do it harder," Edward said, not moving his face from where it was shoved into the bed.

"I know," I teased in a seductive purr, swirling my hips against his ass as my nails dragged against his neck for just a moment. He moaned again but for a different reason. "Are you tender?"

He turned his head to the side to talk to me finally. "I guess that might be the right term for it. It doesn't hurt, but I certainly know something has happened back there. I feel it when I move, and it just turns me on more," he admitted. I pressed hard between his shoulder blades with my fingers spread wide. It made him groan as they slid upwards towards his neck.

"I wish that I could watch Jasper's expression when you tell him about it," I mused jokingly.

"Oh," Edward breathed out softly. He turned his head a little more so that he could look at me. "What do you think he'll say?"

“Where are my pictures?” I said in a terrible Australian accent like his. He laughed a little. “I think that he’ll be relieved that he’s not the first to try it. Now that we know that you like it, it’s just a matter of practice now. After getting over that first hurdle, it’s all fun from there.”

He shifted again, putting his arms under his head for a pillow. “I want you to use a bigger one next time,” he hummed as I moved over his neck again. “I got a bunch of different sizes to slowly step it up. That wasn’t even the smallest.” He was almost proud of himself. I shook my head and rolled my eyes.

“Please don’t destroy your ass to prove a point. I realize that you’re stubborn and want everything to be exactly how you want it to be instantly, but this isn’t one of those things.”

“I’m not proving a point. I just think bigger would feel even better.” I giggled at his answer, making him sigh. He pressed his face into his crossed arms. “I know, I’m a hot mess.”

I slipped my hands down into his shorts to grab his cheeks, making him squeak in surprise. Edward chuckled, pushing his face back into the blanket. When I was done rubbing him down, I laid down on his back carefully so that I could kiss his neck.

“Put your full weight on me,” he asked suddenly. I did so, shifting my body so that I was laying on him entirely. He hummed, almost purring like a giant cat. “I feel like I could fall asleep with you like this.” I slid my hands along his arms, my face resting on the back of his neck.

We laid like that for a long time, but after a while, I heard his stomach growl.

“Would you like me to make one of those shepherd’s pies for dinner?” I asked into his ear.

“No cooking,” he mumbled into the sheets.

“It’s just heating it up.”

“Hm.” He hummed a little again, this time in thought. “What else do you have frozen?”

I smirked, knowing that he would rather have my food than delivery any day. “Lasagna.” I kissed his ear. “Macaroni and cheese.” I pecked his neck lightly. “A couple of kinds of burritos.” I pressed several along his shoulder. “Meatballs.”

“Meatballs?” He said in a curious little voice.

Nodding, my fingers dragged back down to his shoulders. “I have some homemade tomato sauce as well. Would you like pasta?” I kissed along the shell of his ear. “I can make garlic bread, too.”

“Could we do meatball subs instead? On garlic bread?” He turned his head to the side. “Please?”

“Of course. What do you want to do tomorrow? Want me to actually cook something, or do you want to go out?”

“So, I had a thought...” Edward trailed off for a moment. “I think that we both need to blow off some steam. Wanna make some dumb shit videos with me?”

“Always.”

I could see the smile tugging on his lips. “Wanna get drunk?”

“Always,” I repeated with a giggle.

“I bought a bunch of liquor for the try videos in Sydney. We could get the guys to come over. And we could film a bunch in a row, and then we can make a video where we rank our favorite drunk foods afterward.”

I laughed. “Oh, I see that I’ve inspired you in a naughty way.”

“Mm, how unusual.” I laughed again at his dryness and the deepness of his silky voice. “What do you think?”

Quickly, I nodded in answer. “Absolutely! Let’s do it. Why don’t I start dinner? You text the boys and see what they think.”

“You mean, ask what time they want to start day-drinking with us?”

“Exactly!” I said excitedly, making him chuckle.

I got off the bed with a hop. Edward stretched happily, humming as he lifted his arms and legs off the mattress almost a foot so that only his torso was on the bed. His back popped loudly.

“Oh, yeah,” he sighed in pleasure, falling back. “Tomorrow is going to be a good day, too.”