



Fanfiction by CaraNo

Disclaimer: I own nothing Twilighy.

Beta'd by Lisa (HollettLA.) Subward's thoughts are sometimes rushed, and he doesn't like semicolons. When Lisa says it's time to put a semicolon, Subward will often scrunch his nose and say nuh-uh. Then he'll turn his cheek the other way and eat a cookie.

BDSM-rated. Edward/Bella and their Master Whitlock

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Three bodies ~ Two hearts ~ One desire

Chapter 1

EPOV

"My boy sees something he likes, doesn't he?"

Rhetorical question.

But yes, I see something I like. Or love.

My cock is hard and leaking.

Master and I are at another play party, and in the middle of the room, another Dom has his sub shackled to the cross. He's flogging her milky thighs. She's the most exquisite creature I've ever seen, I'm sure of it.

I love coming to play parties and Master knows it. He takes very good care of me and always dotes on me if I've behaved well. Play parties are a reward. A big one. And as I kneel next to Master's seat, I see everything around me, all while he drags his fingers through my hair. I love it all and I need it. Always.

Which is why a weekend relationship would never work for me. I need permanent, so when Jasper Whitlock asked me to come live with him, I accepted right away, and now I'm his sub 24/7.

I met him when I was eighteen; he's the one who trained me.

He's the perfect Dom for me. Experienced, bisexual like me, very caring but still strict.

The second I entered his playroom for the first time, we clicked. So, when he said that my training was over, I knew that I would never find a Master like him. And I didn't. But I met him again, a year later when I was nineteen. It was at a play party here in Chicago.

I was there with Master Peter, but we hadn't really connected. Lucky for me, Master Jasper noticed this, and he didn't have a collared sub at the time, so he asked me flat out if I was happy.

I wasn't. Especially not if I could have Master Jasper.

Two months later, Master took me in.

That was three years ago.

So, it's no surprise that Master notices the way I'm gawking at the beautiful girl in the middle of the room, because he knows me so well.

I moan quietly as Master moves my hand to his erection. He's so damn hard, and I curse the black dress pants he's wearing.

"I like her, too," Master murmurs huskily. "She's magnificent."

I swallow hard, wishing I could touch myself. But I'm not allowed, so I keep still, watching the beautiful girl as I revel in the feeling of Master's hard cock under my hand.

The scene lasts what feels like forever, and by the time it's over, my boxers are sticky with pre-cum.

I hate clothes. Never wear clothes at home. They're just in the way. Really.

A couple of hours later, Master's talking to his friends, mingling, talking work and such, and I find myself thinking about the pretty girl, because lawyer-talk isn't for me.

"Come on, boy," Master says. "I see someone I must meet, and then we'll go home."

I stay quiet, of course, and just follow Master with my head bowed.

"Felix, just the man I wanted to see," Master says.

"Jasper, how are you?"

"Very well. My boy and I enjoyed your scene earlier. Your pet is nothing short of exquisite."

My breathing hitches and I so want to look up.

Are they talking about the gorgeous girl?

"That she is," the man—Felix—chuckles. "Isabella, meet Jasper Whitlock. Jasper, this is my Isabella."

Oh God, I want to see her!

I fight the urge to stomp my foot like a petulant child.

But I'm good. I keep my chin dropped to my chest.

"Pleasure to meet you, Isabella," I hear Master murmur.

Next I hear her light, soft, wind-chime-like voice. "Thank you, Sir. It's a pleasure to meet you, too."

I purse my lips to stop from groaning as her voice goes straight to my cock.

"Edward," Master says. "This is Felix Laurent and his Isabella."

My head snaps up so fast, and... Oh, my God...

Christ, she's too beautiful for words.

Her dark hair is now in a ponytail, leaving her neck exposed, and her body is so fucking perfect. And Jesus, her face. I'm gawking again and I can feel my cheeks flush, but I can't find it in me to care.

Master cares, though, and he clears his throat, reminding me that my behavior is not appreciated.

Mortified beyond belief, I lower my head again and mumble my apology.

"Sorry, Master."

I curse myself over and over, and I don't care that I will get punished by Master for gawking at another Dom's property. I curse myself for my lack of control and for embarrassing Master. That's the last thing I want.

I only want him to be proud of me.

Thanks to my inner war, I miss Master's conversation with Felix, so when Master tells me it was time to go, I'm taken by surprise. And again I curse myself, this time for not paying attention.

Then we head home.

My dreams are full of a pretty girl named Isabella.

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Two months later...

"Edward, I'm off to work!"

I quickly shut off the water and wipe off the suds before hurrying out of the kitchen, not stopping until I reach Master in the foyer. I don't like that he works so much. It's only four days a week because he owns his own law firm and can set his own rules, but during those four days, I barely see him. He leaves at six in the morning and doesn't return until midnight.

I hate it.

This is how it is Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

As if this isn't enough, he has to work today, too. It's Friday, which is usually our day of reconnecting after a long week, but today he's in court and won't be home until dinner at six.

"Come here, my sweet boy," he chuckles.

He obviously notices my somber mood, but in my defense, it has been days without him, and I need him. I need closeness and touch.

As soon as he has his arms around me, I feel myself react.

He's only an inch taller than I am and we are equally built, but he still comes off as the protector. He is, of course. Strong, confident, sure of everything. Perfect.

I moan and bury my face in the crook of his neck when he wraps his fingers around my semi-hard cock.

Safe to say, I can't wait for tonight.

"Don't worry, pet—we'll have fun soon," Master says, releasing my cock to cradle my face. "Tonight I have a surprise for you."

His words don't even register.

I lick my lips and watch his mouth, and as soon as he kisses me, things are good again. Even if it's nothing but a soft kiss, I can live on it. At least until he gets back home.

Too soon he backs away, leaving me hard and desperate. But when his eyes go from soft to firm, I lower my gaze, remembering my place.

"Inspection pose at six PM."

I frown in confusion, but I don't question him.

"Yes, Master."

He leaves and I go back to my chores, but every few minutes, my mind wanders to what Master said.

Inspection pose.

He only has me in that pose when I'm in the playroom or when he's bringing someone with him home.

Could that be it?

It must be!

That has my cock throbbing in anticipation.

I wonder who he's bringing.

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In case Master comes home early, I'm in the foyer ten minutes before I need to be, kneeling with my legs spread, hands clasped behind my lower back. And when I hear his car pull in, I tilt my head back.

I smile internally because he *is* a few minutes early, and I hope he will appreciate that I'm here early, too.

The rustling of keys has me buzzing, and the soft click of the door has my cock aching. Fuck, I'm so hard and nothing has happened yet. But it doesn't surprise me. It's always like this.

I hope, of course, that Master is bringing someone home to play with us.

A soft gasp alerts me to the fact that there is a visitor and that his visitor is female. That thought thrills me to no end. During my years with Master, we've only played with women a few times, and I have to admit I miss it a little. In all honesty, I've always been more attracted to men, and only one girl has driven me to the brink of insanity. In other words, I can live with Master forever and be satisfied because I love him as my Dom, but I still enjoy a few women at times.

As for that girl I mentioned. Well, she's the dark-haired beauty who I've never even touched.

My cock leaks as I hear Master approach slowly; he has my immediate attention.

"Such a good little boy," he murmurs huskily and brushes his fingers over my cheek. "You're early. Very good. I'm pleased." I shiver. "Stand up and meet our guest."

I obey quickly and scramble to my feet before allowing myself to look at the guest.

My jaw drops. Only momentarily but I know Master noticed.

His chuckle is proof of that.

It's Bella.

Only Bella.

Not her Master.

Oh, God.

Are we going to play with her?

Please!

"Hi, Edward," she says softly, quietly, blushing.

Her voice...

All of a sudden I'm very aware of that I'm naked, they are not, and I'm rock hard.

My cheeks burn as I stutter a reply. "Hello, Bel—I mean, I-Isabella."

I want to smack myself on the forehead for coming off as so incredibly stupid.

In my dreams I have called her Bella.

My sweet little Bella.

She must think I'm challenged or something.

"How's dinner coming along, pet?" Master asks.

My eyes move to him, and I flush crimson all over again, knowing that I have again misbehaved. I haven't given him the attention he deserves, and it makes me feel guilty.

"It's ready, Master. I just need to set the table, but I didn't know how many I was making for and I didn't know if you wanted to eat in the kitchen or in the dining room..." I trail off, realizing I was rambling.

"It's all right." He smiles. "It's just the three of us—you can set the table in the kitchen."

With a nod he dismisses me, and I haul ass before I embarrass myself any further.

Ten minutes later, Master and Bel—Isabella...enter the kitchen, and he takes his seat at the head as usual. I gesture for Isabella to sit down before I take the seat across from her.

"You made my favorite," Master says, squeezing my shoulder in appreciation before he helps himself to the salmon. "By the way, Isabella. You may speak freely in my house—except for in the playroom and my bedroom, of course—as long as you remain respectful."

"Yes, Sir," Bella replies.

As Master's sub I'm always allowed to speak freely in most rooms of the house, but when he has guests over, I'm to remain quiet and keep my head bowed. In other words, I'm not here unless he asks me a question.

"This is delicious, Edward," Master's praises. "You've outdone yourself."

I smile widely to myself and nod once in thanks before filling my own plate with food.

"So, Isabella," Master says. "Tell me about yourself."

I listen.

"Oh, um...not much to tell," she chuckles nervously. "I'm twenty years old and I from Washington State, but I moved here for school."

She's probably Master Felix's weekend sub then, if she has school.

School was never for me. I knew that way before I even graduated high school.

"You're in college, then? What are you studying?" Master asks.

"Uh...well, actually, I uh...dropped out?"

It came out as a question, and I'm confused as to why she seems so uncertain and apprehensive. I don't like that because Master's house is safe. No one judges anyone here. You're loved and pleased here.

"School's not for you?" he guesses casually.

I smile and shovel some food into my mouth. This is him making Bella feel better. He never judges.

"That's like my Edward. School wasn't for him either. It's not for everyone, kitten."

The rest of the dinner passes, and I'm glad to notice that Isabella relaxes after Master's words of comfort.

I pay close attention, obviously, and I learn that Isabella has been Master Felix's sub for a year now, but she wants more, hence dropping out of school. Now she's looking for a new Dom, one who's able to take her in

full-time. Apparently, Felix only wants a limited relationship, and so far they have met at his house every weekend.

Once dinner's over, Master and Isabella leave to talk in his study, and I clear the table, hoping, wishing, that we will play soon. I mean, I'm not sure that we will play, but I hope for it.

Master has certain days that we always spend in the playroom. Saturdays and Sundays are those days, but that doesn't mean nothing will happen tonight because he loves to play outside the playroom, too. Tonight, for instance. Fridays are often about reconnecting after his work week, and we're usually in his bedroom then. The thought of Master, me, and Bella in his bed has my cock throbbing.

Get it together, Edward...

I can't help it. I can't say I feel neglected because I certainly don't, but I do crave more closeness. It's just impossible with Master's work, and I know he has to work, of course.

"Edward?"

A bit startled, I spin around and see Master in the doorway to the kitchen.

"Show Isabella to the guest room next to your room."

She's going to spend the night!

"Oh, and if she has questions, answer them," he adds before he leaving again.

Isabella smiles timidly as she appears in the doorway, and I give the kitchen a quick once-over, satisfied with my tidying.

I gesture for her to follow me, and I will my dick to calm the fuck down, but it's futile.

She smells so good.

Like blueberries.

I love blueberries.

I lead her across the foyer and up the stairs, all while hoping she will ask me something. Anything so I can hear her voice again. Jesus, I'm really losing my mind here. But luck is on my side and before we reach her room, I hear her angelic voice.

"Can I ask you something, Edward?"

"Of course." I try not to sound too excited.

"Um, I was wondering if you could, uh...maybe describe a week? Like how a week for you is, I mean."

Reaching the door to Isabella's room, I open my mouth to speak but close it again because I don't know what to say. Actually, I don't know why she's asking. But as Master's command filters through, I decide to tell her a little, and if she wants more, she can ask.

"From Monday to Thursday I get up at five every morning to prepare Master's breakfast," I say softly, opening the door for her. "Then I go back to bed for a few hours after he's left because he demands that I sleep at least eight hours a night. When I wake up again, I do my chores before I have my free time." Isabella passes me to enter her room, and I stay in the doorway. "And bedtime is at eleven PM during the week, which means I don't see him a lot when he works, only when he wakes up, and then on weekends, bedtime is around midnight because—" I clear my throat, hoping my voice isn't too husky "—because we usually don't get up until late on weekends, and we tend to spend late hours in Master's playroom."

I can see she's deep in thought, and she turns her back to me slowly, placing her bag on the bed. Then I see her drop her chin, like she's looking down, maybe to open her bag, but she doesn't. She just stands there for a while.

I'm totally ogling her.

She's got the most perfect little bubble ass I've ever seen. I just wanna bite it.

"And what about free time?" she asks, still not facing me.

Before I go nuts thinking about her behavior, I decide it's not my business to know why she seems...hesitant. Or maybe shy?

"Master and I sit down once every month," I explain. "We go over the month to come, and I just let him know if there's anything I wish to do."

She nods slowly, and then I hear Master approach.

"Edward, I want you on your back in the middle of my bed. Now."

I shiver violently, and with a nod, I obey and head straight for his bedroom.

We're going to play!

Chapter 2

EPOV

I don't know how long I've been here. In the middle of Master's bed. But it feels like hours. Surely it hasn't been more than ten to fifteen minutes, but the thought of playing with Bella is almost too much to handle. Christ, will Master let me fuck her? Kiss her? Taste her pussy? Oh God, I want to kiss her so badly!

It has been a year, at *least*, since I buried my cock inside a pussy, which...huh, *yeah*, so maybe Master won't let me fuck her, after all. The two women he brought home last time were off-limits, except for oral sex, and though I love that too, I really want to *fuck* Bella. And my God, she's tiny. She must be so tight. Granted, to Master and me, many are small. He's close to 6'3" and muscular with broad shoulders, and I'm 6'2", muscular but a bit lankier. Bella can't be more than 5'2". And so supple and petite.

I inhale shakily as I hear the opening of a door.

Two sets of feet, I think. I'm not sure. I hear Master because he wears shoes, but I hear something else, too. Maybe Bella's barefoot? Maybe she's naked already.

God...

I want to look but I don't. Instead I keep my eyes trained on the ceiling.

I swallow hard.

"Isabella is going to play with us tonight, Edward," Master tells me.

His voice tells me he's standing at the foot of the bed.

My heart's pounding.

"I want to see if we're compatible, and I figured my bedroom was the perfect place for us to get to know each other a little better."

Again I swallow, this time for the evident desire in his voice, and I wonder if he's watching us. Me and Bella. I mean, Isabella. Christ. She's here, right? Is she naked?

"First I'd love to see my beautiful pets together." Master's voice is all sex, sex, sex. "Edward, you are not allowed to touch Isabella's pussy, and Isabella, you are not allowed to touch Edward's cock. Understood? You may answer."

"Yes, Master," I rasp.

She's here.

"Yes, Sir," Isabella breathes.

"Good. Now, we will use the safe words we usually use, Edward—green, yellow, red—and, Isabella, you told me that you used that system with Felix as well. Only our bodies tonight—no toys—and I want all direct questions answered without hesitation. But most importantly, because this is for us to get to know each other, I want you to answer honestly. If I ask for your opinion, I want it. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Master."

"Yes, Sir."

"Perfect. We will go easy tonight. We have tomorrow, too, and we will spend a few hours in the playroom. But more on that tomorrow."

Yes!

"For now...Isabella, join Edward on the bed. No touching yet."

Oh, God.

I feel the bed shift, alerting me to her presence, and my cock throbs, lifting itself off my abdomen.

Her labored breathing matches mine. I keep watching the ceiling, waiting for my command. Or Isabella's.

Or both.

It's quiet for a second or two but then I hear Master shuffling around, and I understand that he's moving his chair closer to the bed. It makes me wonder why he didn't just ask me. I would be happy to help him.

I hear him unzip his pants. I bite back a groan. Will he touch himself? Fuck, I love watching him. He knows that, too.

The tension is palpable.

Shivers run through me.

I picture Master sitting in his black velvet chair, right there, at the foot of the bed—two bodies at his mercy.

"Isabella, would you like me to tell you a little about my Edward?"

His voice is full of promises.

"Yes, Sir. Please."

She's close. So close to me.

Master hums, and I just know. He knows me, but I know him, too. And right now I know that he's stroking himself slowly. Lazily.

"Much like you described yourself, my sweet Isabella, Edward needs affection. He's craves closeness and touch."

My breathing hitches as I hear Isabella's whimper. Does that mean she likes it? She described herself as affectionate to Master? God, I hope so! I really do, because Master's words are very true. I do need closeness. Hugs, snuggling, and kisses. I love that. So, if Isabella's the same...oh, the possibilities.

"Another thing Edward loves is sucking cock."

I flush.

"Oh," Isabella moans quietly.

"Mmm, yes, Edward is very good at pleasing me with his mouth. It's one of his favorite things to do. Isn't it, my boy?"

"Yes, Master," I croak, unable to mask my desire.

I will never deny that. I love oral sex, both giving and receiving, which is just another thing that makes Master perfect for me, because we both love oral sex. Admittedly, he enjoys anal sex more than I do, at least when it comes to him taking me. But then again, there's nothing more satisfying than seeing my Master pleased to extremes, regardless of how he receives that pleasure.

"Now, Edward. Would you like me to tell you a little about Isabella?"

Fuck, yes!

"Please, Master," I groan quietly.

Master moans.

Isabella and I both inhale sharply.

"Mm, we're in for a treat, pet," Master murmurs huskily. "She's a naughty little girl. Her clit is pierced." I moan loudly. "Exactly—I knew you'd love

that. And she's so wet. I can see you, kitten. You're wet for us, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir," she whimpers.

I'm losing my mind. I need...something...anything. I fist the covers, forcing myself to stay put.

Fuck, she's pierced? God...

I want to kiss it. Suck on it. Drag my cock over it. Maybe watch Master come over her pussy, covering her...

Fuck, Edward, get a grip!

"Another thing about Isabella: she fantasizes about having two men at the same time, fucking her hard, leaving her breathless and greedy for more."

I bite my lip. A quiet whimper slips out.

I squeeze my eyes shut.

"She also loves playing out in public," Master grunts. I imagine him stroking his cock harder. "Wouldn't that be fun, pet? Would you like her to suck you off in a movie theater...or maybe at the park?"

"Yes, Master," I breathe out. My ears heat up.

I can hardly take it. My cock is painfully hard, and as I listen to Isabella's shallow breathing next to me, alerting me to the fact that she is as affected as I am, it's close to impossible to stay still. I need touch, I need a fucking command. I need to kiss her, feel her, get to know her body. Taste her.

"Me too, sweet boy," Master moans. "Maybe one day soon."

I'm too excited to even begin to understand the meaning of that.

One day soon?

"One last thing about Isabella for tonight." Master pauses. "Edward, what is your favorite in the playroom?"

"Your cross, Master," I whimper. *Or the bondage chair.*

"Same goes for Isabella. I showed it to her after dinner."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

I'm sure I have never been so turned on before.

The thought of the three of us in Master's playroom...

I'm desperate and leaking. Aching for friction.

"I think we're done talking for tonight, subs."

I hold my breath.

"Edward, Isabella, I want you to kiss each other. Get to know each other. Let your hands roam, be vocal, but remember what I said earlier. Isabella, you stay away from Edward's cock, and Edward, you stay away from Isabella's pussy. Understood?"

"Yes, Master." I rush the words out, eager to feel the pretty girl I have dreamed about.

"Yes, Sir." I smile as I hear Isabella's eagerness, too.

"Good. Now, let me watch you. Go on."

I pull myself up, supporting myself on my elbow, and I watch as Isabella does the same. Fuck, I see her. Naked, mirroring my position. She's so beautiful. My memory of her from the play party has not done her justice. Of course, I wasn't very close to her then. I only watched her from afar.

This, on the other hand...there are no words. Her breasts are round, soft-looking, perfect in size—a bit more than a handful. Then her curves. She's on the small side but still luscious and soft—curvy. I don't know how it's even possible, but apparently she can be both petite and curvy.

My hungry eyes take it all in. They travel over her exquisite body. Long legs, creamy smooth. At least I think so. They look smooth. They're shiny in the dim light from lotion. Then up, up, holy fuck, her pussy. Bare and glistening; I lick my lips. I want to taste, and I don't hold back the moan as I see her piercing. A ring. Only a small one but enough to pull on, fingers or teeth. It's silver. I force myself to continue.

Slender waist, shapely hips...my fingers twitch, aching to touch. And I realize that I *am* allowed to touch. So, my hand reaches out, but I stop and my eyes search out hers and I realize I haven't looked her in the eye. Not this closely. God, she's stunning. I can't say it enough. Her eyes, big, dark, and round. Cheeks flushed. She can probably see my blush if I can see hers. Fuck, whatever. Oh, her mouth! How did I miss it? Pouty lips, I want to kiss.

I blush harder when I see where her eyes are trained.

On my very erect cock.

She bites her lip, eyes roaming over me, much like I take her in with my own eyes, but now I have to touch her. I just have to. I have waited long enough and Master told me I was allowed. So, I touch. My hand reaches out again and I place it tentatively on her hip, her naked hip. Her skin is so smooth. Soft. I marvel at the sight and my fingers press slightly, wanting to feel more. I bite my lip. I'm going insane. Then I feel her and I shiver. Her hand is on my chest, her eyes lock with mine.

I lick my lips again.

She does the same and we gravitate toward each other, closer and closer. I hear Master's heavy breathing. I think he enjoys us.

Finally I press my lips against her lips. Soft, soft and plump. More, a bit more. I scoot closer, only a little, but enough for my hand to reach more and for my mouth to gain more. Perhaps even more. Yes, I want more, so I kiss her even harder, groaning as she parts her lips for me. Her tongue darts out and I waste no time. I open up for her and meet her with my tongue. She's heaven. Soft and delicious.

"So good," I mumble against her lips. "You taste so sweet."

Master told us to be vocal and I'm glad, because I feel like I would've exploded if I had to keep quiet.

My hand wants more, too. Slowly but firmly, my hand moves up her body, tracing her smooth skin. Her stomach, her belly button, her ribcage, up, up, I cup her breast and it's perfect. So soft and perfect. Except for her nipple. It's hard and I want to suckle it.

"Mmm, I love your lips." She hums. I love her lips, too, so I deepen the kiss further, pushing my tongue into her mouth. I gasp in her mouth as her hand goes from my chest to my ass.

It feels so good, her nails. Pressing like I did on her hip earlier.

Maybe she wants more of me, too. Like I want more of her, I mean.

She breaks the kiss, only to move her lips to my jaw, my cheek; I feel her tongue, her open-mouthed kisses. Fuck, I moan. She kisses my neck, I kiss her shoulder. I bite down, only slightly but my teeth itch for the softness. Then I suck. I tongue her, suck her, kiss and nibble. I push her down on her back; I'm on a mission. Down, I kiss her neck, her collarbone. She's flawless. She smells good. Blueberries. Fresh and sweet. I think it's body butter.

I lick the valley between her breasts. I feel her fingers in my hair. I hope she is as affectionate as I am. It would be lovely to bundle up with blankets and popcorn and cake and watch a movie with her. Maybe Master will let us do that tomorrow before she goes home. Fuck, not now. Her leaving is the last thing I want to focus on. Instead I focus on her luscious breasts. My hand is all over one, nipple hard between my fingers, and my mouth finds her other breast. I groan. I suck her nipple into my mouth. I swirl my tongue around it. I love it.

"Oh, Edward," she whimpers. "Feels so...so, so good."

I want more and closer, but I know if I move another inch, my cock will touch her thigh, and I'm in no mood for chastisement tonight—only pleasure. I do as I'm told. I kiss and feel, Isabella does the same. She grabs my hand, the hand that had been fondling her breast, my left hand, and my chest flutters with warmth as she places a soft kiss on my leather cuff. I hear Master's moan, and I assume he is watching her intently. As am I as I suck and lavish her breast with kisses and passion. I love that cuff; it's my collar, so to speak. A black leather cuff with Master's mark on it. There's a small platinum plate attached to it. Simple and exquisite. There, on the plate in an elegant font: "Property of Master Whitlock."

I'm proud to wear it. It's the only thing I wear at home. I never take it off, and to see Isabella kiss the small plate covering the cuff matters to both me and Master. It's clear he sees the significance, too.

My kisses on her flawless skin are long, drawn-out, and sensual. My lips never leave her skin, I kiss her all over. Not just her breasts, I want more. Down. I kiss her soft belly. Toned but soft. She's a woman. It's been so long. I worship her. My tongue dips into her belly button. Please, just a little bit more, I kiss her hip, and I moan because I can smell her arousal.

"I need to feel you, Edward," Isabella whimpers, and before I can react, she positions herself on the bed so that we face each other's...er...lower

bodies. Um, she's right there. Her face. Her lips, soft lips, are on my hip, hands on my belly and thighs. But all I can focus on...

She's so fucking close to my cock.

Just as I am so close to her glistening pussy.

"You want more, don't you, sweet boy?" Master grunts.

He knows me too well.

"Yes, Master," I mumble, attaching my mouth to Isabella's thigh. She's soft and perfect there, too. My tongue licks, my mouth sucks, my teeth nip.

"Would you like to see your Master fuck Isabella's sweet pussy?"

I'm only human. My first instinct is to shout out no. Not because I want Isabella for myself but because my cock is desperate for wet and tight. I haven't been granted a release in several days, and for a man of twenty-two, that's a fucking accomplishment. But then as the image appears in my head, I can't get it out. I want to see Master push his cock inside Isabella. I want to see him pleasure her, I want to see her please him.

"Yes, Master," I groan as Isabella sucks hard on my hipbone. Her tongue swirls, it tingles. I need friction.

"And you want Isabella to suck your cock, Edward?"

"Yes. Please, Master," I beg.

"And you, sweet Isabella. Would you like to suck my boy's thick cock? It's delicious, I can vouch for that."

His words are torture. Sweet agony, teasing me, and I hope with everything I am that he won't make us wait long for pleasure. Had it not

been for Master rewarding Isabella with his cock, I would've loved to eat her pussy. It glistens with arousal, her piercing is teasing me.

"Yesss, Sir." It comes out as a hiss, and I think it's because I bit her on the inside of the thigh. I smile against her skin. Lick, lick, lick, I soothe the sting, and I feel her smile against my stomach.

We make each other smile already. I hope she will be my friend.

I don't have any friends outside the BDSM community, nor do I want any. I much rather spend time with people who know me and share my desires. And now that I have met Isabella, I hope I can have her in my life. But more on that later. Tonight is about physical pleasure.

"Edward, stand next to the bed. Isabella, I want you on all fours, facing Edward," Master commands.

I give Isabella's thigh one last kiss and then I scramble off the bed, eager to see Isabella in position. She is so pretty and sexy and sensual. Her dark hair is long, shiny and silky; I regret not running my fingers through it. Hopefully I can do it now when she is going to suck my cock.

Seeing as Master hasn't told me otherwise, I touch her again. I'm mesmerized—her face is angelic. My fingers, the pads of my fingers, they move of their own accord, slowly over her skin. My thumb brushes over her bottom lip, I remember kissing it. Oh, and her tongue darts out. I gasp because I didn't know she was watching me. Perhaps that's stupid of me, not to notice that.

Then she sucks my thumb into her mouth, tongue swirling around, cheeks hollowing, and my God, if this is a preview, I can't wait to replace it with my cock.

Her dark eyes meet mine; I flush, unable to help myself. Her gaze is penetrating and it makes my stomach clench in anticipation. *No, don't stop.* She stopped and my thumb was out of her mouth.

But it doesn't matter because in my periphery I see Master rolling on a condom. We're about to start and soon I will feel those soft lips around my painful erection, which she is currently watching with wide eyes. She watches it a lot and I hope I don't disappoint. I know I'm on the large side, just as Master is.

I bite my lip as Isabella licks hers.

I think Master is right; she *is* a naughty girl.

Like a seductress.

I love naughty girls.

"What color are we, pets?" Master asks, approaching the bed.

"Green, Master."

Very green!

"Green, Sir."

"Good. Are you ready for my cock, sweet girl?" He kneels behind Isabella. It's a glorious sight. "Fuck, you're so wet, kitten."

Isabella moans loudly. I think Master is touching her pussy. "Yes, Sir. Please, I'm so ready."

"Perfect."

I suck in a breath as I watch Master slam his cock inside Isabella's pussy.

"Fuck!" she cries out.

"Oh, you're tight, kitten," Master grits out through clenched teeth. "Your pussy is perfect...tight, so slick."

My eyes are so wide. I can hardly breathe. I can't take my eyes off of the two of them. Master fucks her hard. Fingers digging into her soft flesh. They both moan, I moan too. My heart is pounding, my breathing is shallow.

"Now, Isabella. Be a good girl and suck my boy's cock. He needs it."

I gulp. My eyes dart down. Isabella licks her lips and I could come just by watching her. But I won't just watch. I will also feel. Oh God, she's leaning in. Closer and closer, until she's right there, and she wraps her lips around the head of my cock. Suckling and licking the tip.

Shivers run through me.

"Isabella," I breathe.

Her tongue swirls around me, making me wet, and then it's like she's on a mission. She sucks me in, deep and fast, so deep I feel her throat. *Fuck!* Hot and wet and hard. She can suck cock, this little girl. Holy shit. I moan loudly, Isabella hums around me. My hands, fingers, are in her silky hair.

"So good," I whimper, eyes rolling back. "So, so good, Isabella...oh, God."

"Isabella, place your hands on Edward's hips," Master commands quietly.

I notice that he's not thrusting hard into her, and I immediately understand that by placing her hands on me, Master can fuck her properly again without making her choke on my cock more than necessary.

"You can grip me tighter, Isabella," I whisper, urging her to hold on, because my Master loves it rough.

She takes my advice and I moan quietly as I feel her nails digging into my hips. Then she sucks my cock into her mouth again, humming and slurping around me. At the same time, Master starts fucking her pussy harder and I feel his every thrust through Isabella.

She gags on me a few times, and I grow harder when Master tells me how wet she get because of it. Apparently Isabella loves it rough, too. I can't believe our luck, my luck. She's lovely and divine and sucking my cock perfectly. God, so perfectly. She hollows out her cheeks, holy fuck, deeper and harder, how can she do this? I'm so deep, it's so wet and hot. Deep throating me, no more gagging. She learns Master's ways quickly.

"What color are you, Isabella?" Master groans.

Isabella releases me for a second. "Very green, Sir." Then she sucks me in again, making Master smirk at her eagerness.

I can already feel the orgasm building deep within me.

I caress her face, absurdly addicted to her softness. My fingers are there, everywhere, feeling her hollowed cheeks, her wet lips as they are wrapped around my steel-hard cock.

"Oh fuck!" I cry, feeling her teeth grazing my length. "Master...*ungh*... Master, I'm close."

It's coming fast, I need to wait.

Oh, God...

She's too good. Too good, so good.

"Not yet, boy," Master warns.

My body tenses. Hands balled into fists, no longer touching her face. It will only make things harder for me. I need to hold off. I squeeze my eyes

shut. But my cock needs it so badly. My hips buck, effectively burying my cock deeper in her mouth, and before I can apologize, Isabella moans loudly around me, silently telling me likes it. Fuck. Fuck. Not yet. Not yet. I need to hold off.

"*Master,*" I plead. "I... *ahhhh*, fuck! I need to come, Master!"

"Not yet."

Isabella digs her nails into my flesh then, to the point where it hurts, and my eyes open in a flash. I understand she's doing it to help me. The sting helps but only a little. I'm still so close.

God, your mouth, Isabella!

"Hmm, Isabella's close too, aren't you?" Master smacks her ass.

"Yes!" she gasps after releasing my cock. "I'm so close, Sir. Please may I come?"

"Not." Thrust. "Quite." Thrust. "Yet."

Her face is angelic and my cock leaks.

I watch her fight her climax.

My turn to fight off the climax—yet again—this time as she suckles the head of my cock.

"I think she wants my cum, Master," I whisper, never taking my eyes off her. "She seems to like it."

Isabella whimpers and nods, eyes locked with mine.

So precious.

"Fuck, Edward!" Master grunts. My eyes search him out. He's there. Right there. "I'm coming, kitten. Fuck, your sweet pussy...*fuck!*"

Bella and I both whimper.

"Come, Isabella!" he growls through his orgasm.

It all happens so fast and I want to cry, I'm so close. Isabella releases my cock once more and her orgasm takes over. Her face is out of this world, so gorgeous and perfect. I'd like to take a picture and keep it under my pillow. In a silent scream, she climaxes so hard.

"Christ, kitten," Master pants, stilling his movements.

I'm extremely happy to see my Master in such bliss. His orgasm must've been a really good one.

"Are you okay, Isabella?" he murmurs softly as he drops soft kisses on her spine.

It's a beautiful sight and my own pleasure is secondary.

"Perfect, Sir." Isabella breathes heavily. "So, so perfect."

I knew she would love Master's cock.

I smile.

"May I bring Edward pleasure now?" she whispers, making me flush.

"You definitely may, my sweet girl." Master grins lazily. "Edward, fuck her pretty little mouth. You're free to come."

Thank you!

Bella beams at me, and it does strange things to me. I feel it in my belly and chest.

Licking her lips once more, she tells me she's ready, and fuck, so am I. So, I don't waste time. I thread my fingers through her hair and thrust my cock into her mouth.

"Do you want my sweet boy's cum in your mouth, kitten?"

She nods furiously, her mouth stuffed with cock.

"Fuck," I moan. "Oh, Isabella..."

She sucks me hard, I thrust deeply.

She really loves this!

I'm close again. It won't be long.

Nope, not long at all. She's too good. Multitasking, she's all over. She cups my balls, tugging on them. Her tongue is swirling on the upstroke, her teeth are grazing as I push myself down her throat. She swallows around me and I'm gone.

"I'm...I'm coming," I warn her breathlessly.

She responds by swallowing around my cock over and over, and the constricting of her throat makes her impossibly tight around me. I come hard in several streams, leaving me panting and gasping. I swear I see stars, it's heavenly and amazing.

"Holy..." I'm panting. Panting. Panting. I'm done. Spent and drained.

"It was good, wasn't it, boy?" Master smirks.

I nod with wide eyes, still catching my breath.

As Isabella releases my cock, I can't stop shivering. She even licks me clean. *Goddammit, girl.* My knees nearly buckle, so before I embarrass myself by collapsing, I sit down on the edge of the bed. Just to be safe.

"I think we will all sleep very well tonight," Master chuckles, unfortunately covering himself up by pulling on a pair of boxers. "Now..." He sighs; I know that our night is over. It's actually okay because I'm very tired now. "Isabella, you're free to go to bed." He offers her a hand to help her out of the bed, and he kisses her knuckles. "Thank you so much for tonight, kitten. You pleased me immensely. Did you enjoy our night? Speak freely."

"Thank you, Sir," Isabella whispers, blushing at his compliment. "And yes, I enjoyed it very much. More than words can describe, really."

I bite my lip, wanting to say something to her. She brought me incredible pleasure and I wish to thank her.

"I'm glad. Sleep well, sweet girl."

"Good night, Sir."

Standing up, I watch her leave the room quietly before she closes the door.

I sigh. My shoulders slump.

We have tomorrow also. No reason to sulk, Edward!

I know.

"My, my, my. You sure are smitten, aren't you?" Master laughs.

I flush and look down at my feet.

"Tell me, boy. Did you enjoy tonight?"

"Very much, Master," I reply quietly. "Thank you for bringing her home with you tonight. She's really, really pretty."

"That she is. That she is."

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"Would you like to play with her more often? Answer honestly—I want your take on this."

I take a breath.

I want to look up but I don't.

"Yes, Master. Very much so."

He's quiet. I know he's studying me and he doesn't need to see my face for that. He knows, anyway.

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"Good—I'm glad." He chuckles once. "Look at me, pet."

I obey.

Master's smirking. "You pleased me tonight. Like you always do, and I have already spoken to Isabella about this: If you want to, you're welcome to ask her to your bed tonight—to sleep. As long as you wear underwear."

My eyes widen and I...I...can't really believe what I'm hearing.

Master will let me sleep next to Bella?

I can wear boxers for that!

But... "May I ask a question, Master?"

"Go ahead."

"Is she okay with that? I mean, um...did she say yes?"

"I told her that I would allow you to ask her. If she says yes, then you're free to sleep next to her. Just wear boxers. In other words: you're not allowed to touch her pussy. I've given her the rules, too. And you better keep your cock to yourself."

I chew on my lip. I look at the door.

I really want her next to me, especially if she's as affectionate as I am.

"By the way, I will take care of breakfast tomorrow, Edward. I want both of you in the kitchen at nine AM. Now, go. Tell her about breakfast."

He's still smirking.

I nod and take a deep breath and I'm suddenly nervous.

What if she says no?

"Go, Edward!" Master laughs.

Which only makes me blush, because he thinks this is funny. He knows me too well sometimes, I swear. But I obey, and with a big, big thank you, I leave for Isabella's room.

I hope she isn't asleep yet.

I knock once...and twice.

Only a second passes before she rips the door open.

"Edward," she whispers, smiling widely.

God, I hope that means she wants the same.

"Um." I clear my throat. "Master told me I c-could ask you, uh...if you want to sleep with m-me?" I exhale shakily and shuffle my feet. "I mean, you don't have to if you d-don't want to," I add quickly.

Fuck, I'm lame.

"Of course I do," she says softly.

She wants to!

"Oh, um, okay." I smile so wide my cheeks hurt. "Uh, y-your bed or mine?"

"Yours." She blushes.

That's when I notice that she's wearing a tank top and panties. They're really pretty, the panties. White lace. Fuck. See-through. I can almost see her pussy. And her tank top, also white. Cotton. Tight, I can see her nipples. I swallow hard.

"Okay," I exhale, ogling. "Shall we?"

She nods and exits her room, and two seconds later, I open the door to my own room. Jesus Christ, she will sleep in my bed with me. I can't believe my luck as I usher her inside. It isn't often I sleep with others. Well, never, really. Master invites me to his bed sometimes, but not often. He likes to sleep alone, and I'm quite, uh...clingy. At times I have cursed myself for being so, but Master has told me many times how perfect I am for him, and he wouldn't change a single thing about me.

"Um, w-where do you want me?" Isabella asks nervously.

I'm glad I'm not the only one who is nervous.

I take a deep breath, internally thanking Master for only giving me a twin bed. No matter where she is, she will be very close. We will be touching.

"Doesn't matter—you choose," I tell her quietly. "Um, I'm just gonna go to the bathroom before..."

"Okay."

Okay. I nod to myself and head to the bathroom.

I love that I have my own bathroom in my room. I even have my own bathtub, and two or even three people fit. As I splash water on my face, I can't help but wonder what it would be like to take baths with Master and Bella. God, I really do want to play with her again. Hopefully Master will invite her again, and hopefully Isabella will find a Dom who's agreeable. And that is sort of hypocritical of me seeing as Master isn't usually one to share. He rarely shares me, anyway, which I'm very okay with. I love that he's possessive. But I still hope for Bella's Dom to be a sharer, and Master definitely seemed to enjoy Isabella, too.

After washing my face, brushing my teeth, and putting on a pair of white boxers, I head back to the bedroom. No, I don't really like wearing them. Understatement, I hate them. But for her it's all worth it. At least they're loose fitting.

"I like your room," Bella comments, sitting on my bed Indian-style.

"Thank you," I reply, looking around. I like my room, too. Square-shaped, white ceiling, arched windows, dark grey walls, with one black-painted wall where I have my entertainment center. Movies, my flat screen, my books and a few pictures. My flat screen is perfectly positioned so I can watch a movie while I'm in bed. "Master is very generous," I say, because he really is. He's given me everything. It's no secret that he loves to spoil me when I've been good.

"Do you play?" She points to the guitar in the corner right next to my desk.

"Only a little," I confess. "I still practice."

Walking closer to the bed, I ask her if she's tired, and it's with a blush she nods. I tell my cock to calm the fuck down but it's not easy, especially once we're both under the covers. She's on my left, lying on her back.

"Is it okay if I turn out the light?" I whisper.

The thought of sleeping with the light on isn't very appealing. I want us both enveloped in darkness, and hopefully she will scoot closer. Hopefully she will let me kiss and touch her again. Master only told me to stay away from her pretty pussy.

"Yes," she breathes.

I turn out the light above the bed.

Immediately, the tension crackles.

She must feel it. Surely it can't be just me. Can it?

"Isabella?" I whisper, turning onto my side to face her. Even though I can't see her in the darkness.

"Yeah?" she whispers back. I hear her mirroring my position.

"Ehm." *Just ask her, you moron! Right.* "Can..." I suck in a breath. "Can I k-kiss you?"

"Yes." It's a whimper.

And I'm right there in a flash. Our upper bodies collide and my lips are firmly attached to hers, tongue seeking entrance, which she grants right away. Fuck, I'm kissing her again, I can't believe it.

My thumb brushes over her clothed nipple.

Her hand is cupping my neck.

We kiss passionately and deeply. Seconds and minutes, we just kiss and feel as much as we're allowed, and I love it. I love how close we are, holding on to each other. And then we slow down. Pecking and noses touching—I love that, too. No rush, we just like to be close to each other, and I have a feeling she's just like me. Affectionate and craving closeness.

I make a mental note to ask for her number tomorrow. Maybe we can go to the movies together, or have coffee or meet up in a larger group. And maybe we can go to munches together. I like those, but Master is often busy with work, though he encourages me to go so that I can spend time with my friends. Who knows, but I definitely want Isabella in my life.

"You taste so sweet," I mumble against her lips. Well, there's mint also. From her toothpaste, but still...there's something sweet.

"So do you," she giggles quietly, nibbling on my bottom lip. "I love kissing you."

I sigh in nothing but pure contentment. "Ditto."

That night, Isabella falls asleep in my arms.

It's heaven.

Even if I'm wearing boxers!

Chapter 3

Ephesians 5:24

"Now as the church submits to Christ, so also wives should submit to their husbands in everything."



EPOV

"Isabella?" I whisper.

I'm not sure if she's awake or not but I think she is. She's smiling a little bit. Like she's trying not to, and maybe I shouldn't have groped her like the idiot I am but it's so hard. Especially since I woke up with my hand covering her breast. It's so soft, so soft. I can't bring myself to actually remove my hand either. And I love spooning. Although, I had to move my lower body away from her, which wasn't fun. Not at all. However, I obey Master and he told me to keep my cock to myself.

I think she's awake, there's twitching, she's so lovely.

"I think you're awake," I whisper, dropping a soft kiss on her shoulder.

I have a question for her—I-I can hardly wait.

"I know you're awake," I say quietly, smiling against her shoulder. I know she is. I'm sure of it now. I can see a dimple; it's pretty, and very *there* when she tries to withhold her smile. "It's breakfast soon," I continue. My tongue darts out, just the tip. She tastes so good. "We should shower before."

I wish we could shower together, but I don't think it's a good idea. It would only tempt me to touch, and I want to so badly.

"Okay," she whispers. I smile. "I'm awake."

I knew it!

"Good morning," I chuckle in my morning voice.

I stifle a groan and move away from her as she stretches. Her tank top has ridden up during the night and I can see the underside of her breast, which I have fought not to touch since I woke up twenty minutes ago. I mean, Master said nothing about her breasts, but I assume he told her what to wear. So, I don't touch her under the tank top. I wish I could, though.

"Hmmm, good morning, Edward." She hums, stretching her tight body next to me. I want to touch and kiss. Instead I watch her. Everything and everywhere. Her arms above her head, I watch her smooth skin. And she's smiling, it's gorgeous.

Then I remember.

"Can I ask you something?" I ask shyly.

She nods, still smiling.

"Um, are you religious?"

Her smile falters and she's confused.

But then she understands, I think, because she giggles.

"You must have been pretty close to see that tattoo," she teases.

I flush, she's caught me. Stupid, stupid me.

"Sorry," I mumble, rolling over on my stomach to bury my face in my pillow. She's not mad, I know, but I'm mortified because it's true. To see her tiny tattoo, you have to look so damn close. That's why I'm not surprised I missed it yesterday. But this morning, I couldn't keep myself from...ogling. Every inch of visible skin, I watched.

Closely.

So yeah, I saw the tiny tattoo on her leg, where the knee bends. In tiny, tiny letters...*Ephesians 5:24*, and I don't understand it, hence my question. Stupid question that gave me away.

"Aww, you're so cute," she laughs. "Don't feel bad. I was only teasing you."

I shiver, because she's closer. Her hand is in my hair and I hum automatically; it feels so good, so good, and her breast presses against my side, her chin is resting between my shoulder blades. I love having her so close. So good, feels so good.

"I did it to upset my mom," she says softly, her lips on my skin. "She's always been very independent, and the tattoo's message was clear."

Which is...?

Slowly, I roll onto my back again. I smile when she snuggles closer. Her chin now rests on my chest, I love it, her face is so close.

"And what's the message?" I ask, watching my fingers as they play with a strand of her hair.

Now she's amused.

And I suddenly understand. "You're not going to tell me—are you, Miss Bella?" My lips curve into a grin.

Her eyes soften, I want to kiss her. Her lips, her nose.

"You called me Bella again," she murmurs.

Crap! Why am I such an idiot?

"Sorry. Isabella," I correct. Again I blush, I hate it.

"No, don't." She shakes her head. She smiles. "I love it. I want you to call me Bella. No one's ever called me that. My parents call me Isabella or Izzy." She scrunches her nose a little.

Okay, so I smile. Widely.

"Bella." I lean forward to brush my lips against hers. "Bella...Bella..."

She smiles into the kiss.

I do, too.

.o.O.o.

"Good morning, my boy," Master greets, smiling kindly as *Bella* and I enter the kitchen. "And good morning to you too, kitten."

"Good morning, Sir," Bella says, all cute and perfect.

Bella. Bella. Bella. She's *Bella* now.

I say nothing. As far as I'm concerned, Bella is a guest and I'm not allowed to speak until Master says so, or asks a direct question.

We take our seats at the table where Master has set up a big breakfast for us, and I try not to scowl because Bella is dressed again. I don't wear anything, because I never do, but she's wearing boy shorts and a tank top.

That's just redundant if you ask me.

I want to see her boobs. All the time. Can't help it.

"I want you both to speak freely right now." Master pours coffee for himself. He doesn't offer me any because I don't like coffee, and after Bella declines, I wonder if maybe she doesn't like it either. "As long as you remain respectful." It was unnecessary to add that. I'm always respectful, and I think Bella is too. "Now—" Master grins "—we have quite the day to look forward to."

Yes, we're going to play!

"After breakfast I want you both to rest separately for an hour, because I will push you hard today," he says seriously. I nod in understanding, though I'm bummed about resting separately. "I want to see how Isabella is in a playroom with us." I munch on my bagel. "I'd say three or four hours together should give us a clue."

I flush at the thought.

Three or four hours!

My cock throbs an itty bit against my thigh.

"And if all goes as I anticipate and hope, we will have dinner together where we have much to discuss."

I don't understand that. What is there to discuss?

"But more on that later."

As we eat breakfast in comfortable silence, I can't help but to sulk a little.

After dinner, Bella will go home. Home. Away from me and Master. I won't have her in my bed tonight to kiss and cuddle. That just sucks. Because now that I have felt her, I want more. So much more, and...just damn. I want her. God, I hope Master will let me have more today. Maybe I will finally get to push my cock inside of her? At the very least, I hope I get to taste her pretty pussy. And again my cock stirs. *Jesus*, what this girl does to me. Not that I would change anything. I just wish I could have more. I know I will mope and be grumpy as hell after she leaves. I will be sad. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if I cried like a girl.

I'm not a crier, *really*, but I like Bella very much.

I wear my heart on my sleeve.

It's a curse, I swear.

Time to stop this sad song, Edward!

I sigh and force myself to eat my breakfast.

Then when it's over, Master tells us to go to our separate rooms, and once I'm there, I bury my face in the pillow Bella used last night. It smells like her. Fresh and sweet.

Luckily I fall asleep.

.o.O.o.

If there's anything that can make me feel better, it's being in Master's playroom.

Bella and I kneel in the middle of the large room. I love it here. It's bright and spacious, full of toys for pain and pleasure. And the bed, God, the bed. It's really big. Big enough for three or four people, and high. Four-poster. Oh, and I love Master's *Red Wall*. It's actually not a wall, per se. It just looks like it, but if you push on a red square, it will open and reveal Master's toys. He has everything.

My thoughts vanish when I hear Master approach, but I don't look up.

My breathing picks up.

"Oh, my sweet boy," Master chuckles. "You're already leaking."

I swallow hard.

"Isabella, stand."

I hear nothing but understand that she obeys, because Master tells her what a good girl she is. And I'm impressed because *really*, she made no sound! She must be truly graceful.

"I want you to stand in front of Edward," he tells her. God, I see as her feet and legs... She's here. Right in front of me. "Good girl. Edward, look straight ahead."

I do and almost choke on a breath.

Right in front of me. Well, almost. I'm facing her soft belly, but... Fuck, her pussy is right there.

She's so wet.

"You want to lick her pretty little pussy, don't you, Edward?"

Yes. I really do. Please, please let me.

"You may answer."

"Yes, Master. *Please.*" I lick my lips.

"Then do so," he says. "Show her how good you are with your mouth, but no hands, boy. I'm going to set up our first scene."

I can barely believe my luck!

"Oh, and be vocal, pets. I want to hear you."

Bella steps closer, and I'm...right there, not able to wait. At all. No. I just can't wait. So, I lean in and place a soft kiss over her piercing, and I smile when I hear her quiet whimper. She wants this, I do too. So very much, and I'm greedy. More and more, I kiss harder and love her taste and scent. It's absolutely intoxicating and before I realize what I'm doing, I devour her sweet kitty. I lick, suck, lap, and kiss. From her hole to her clit, and she's so wet. So wet for me...for us. Then, deeper. Oh goodness, I enter her with my tongue, and she's tight. Seriously. Holy shit, she's tight. I think it's because she's so little and short.

My tongue delves deeper.

"Don't come, kitten."

Shit.

I didn't know she was close.

Does that mean I should slow down?

But I don't want to!

"Please, Sir," she whimpers. Legs shaking. "I'm so, so close."

Uh-oh.

Yet I can't stop. Even though I should—like she helped me last night by pinching my thighs when I was close.

"No. And don't slow down, Edward. I need to see how long my sweet girl can last."

Thank you, Master!

I continue feasting on her delicious pussy and finally allow myself to tend to her pierced clit. Between my teeth and lips, I suck on her ring, she's so wet. I moan at the taste. Quite loudly. Her wetness trickles just a little. I have it on my chin, my nose. I want more and more. So much pleasure and I wish to continue forever. Every part of her, I want to pleasure.

"I love your pussy," I hear myself mumble as I lick and lap. "So fucking good, Isabella."

"Oh *God*, Edward," she moans. "I need...*ungh*..." She bucks her hips. "Sir! Please, Sir!"

I groan against her soaked flesh.

My cock throbs.

Minutes later, Master finally grants Bella release, and I'm conflicted. I want to continue for hours or forever, but...then she climaxes. In my mouth, and I'm no longer conflicted. Because...*God*, the feeling of her wetness coating my tongue has got to be one of the most erotic things I've ever experienced. So, I lick it all up, and suck. I suck on her flesh, craving more.

"You can stop now, my boy," Master tells me.

No!

With a whimper, I back away. My chin quivers, 'cause I really don't want to stop. I breathe so heavily, something I didn't notice before. But it's Bella's fault. Her pussy is very distracting.

"No pouting," he chastises lightly. "It's not a good look on you."

Fine. I sulk internally instead.

"Come here, Isabella." And she's out of my view.

I lower my gaze again, wondering where Master will position her. It can't be on the bed because that's in front of me, and behind me there's the Red Wall. So...maybe behind me to the left or right? Hopefully to my left because that's where Master has his two bondage chairs, and though I would very much love to see Bella shackled to the cross, I'd much rather be able to participate myself. If she's on the cross and Master flogs her or...well, the possibilities are many...anyway, there won't be much for me to do.

"What color are we, sweet girl?" I hear Master murmur.

I listen, I don't breathe. He must have her *somewhere*.

"*Green, Sir.*" It's a moan. A *moan*.

"Mmm, so wet. Edward was right. Absolutely delicious."

I whimper again, I can't help it. I want to see, to touch, to take, to fuck.

Then I hear chains.

My breathing hitches.

It's the swing!

I swallow hard and look at my cock. Leaking and throbbing, needy and achy for hot and tight. *Wet.*

"Edward. Come here."

I scramble to my feet as fast as humanly possible. I'm still not breathing. I hurry over to Master and Bella. God, I was right. She's in the sex swing that Master has attached to the ceiling. She's lovely and gorgeous and at his mercy. Bella. Master. I want them so. They're walking contradictions, yet so unbelievably appealing to me. He's my rock, my strength, my comfort. He owns my body, my submission is his. Then, Bella...sweet and sexy and soft and beautiful and supple and perfect. I *like* her. So very much.

"Doesn't she look gorgeous?" Master asks me, and then he motions for me to come closer, which I do. "Speak freely until I say otherwise, and I demand honesty."

I swallow, my eyes devour her. "She's perfect," I whisper.

"I agree." He gently grabs me, and I let him lead me so that I stand in between Bella's legs. "You're both incredibly perfect." I flush at the compliment, Master is also perfect. Then I moan. He's behind me, kissing my neck, hands roaming my sides, teasing. "Would you like to fuck her, Edward?" He wraps his fingers around my cock. I nod furiously, unable to speak. "Use your voice, pet."

"Y-yes, Master," I rasp. Bella's eyes meet mine. Beautiful. *You're lovely*. "I want to." Master tugs on my balls. "I want to fuck her so bad."

Bella mewls. "*Please*."

I chew on my lip.

"What do you say, Isabella?" Master asks her. I groan as he rolls a cock ring over my erection. "Do you want my sweet boy to fuck your pretty little pussy?"

"Yes, Sir," she pleads.

"Good," he replies simply before backing away from me. "Remember earlier...what we talked about, Isabella?" He's back, now rolling a condom on me, and I moan loudly as he strokes me. "About photography?"

My eyes seek out Bella's in a flash. I hope. I hope this means what I think it means, because I know Master loves to take pictures. I love it too, and Master has many albums filled with photos in black and white. From play parties mostly, but also a few from this room. Of me, of him, of others who have visited on weekends.

"Yes," she breathes. "I remember, Sir."

"Excellent." Master straps me in, preparing me, and I'm partly in disbelief. I've never used this swing before, because Master rarely brings women home, and now... Now I'm allowed to fuck Bella? "Any questions?"

"No, Sir."

"N-no, Master." I exhale shakily. I'm not nervous or apprehensive, and I do know how everything works, but I'm...all over the place in my head. That's the best I can come up with.



"Fuck her, Edward. Take her. Fill her pussy."

With another shaky breath, I take a last step and *oh*...my cock is there, lined up, waiting for me to push in. Eyes, I search hers out, I need to see her. She nods for me, only once, only slightly, but I understand. She's ready, I'm ready, I want it, she wants it. Holy shit, this is happening, and I hold my breath as I push in one inch, fuck, tight, tight, tight. I push in more and deeper. Then the rest, I can't wait, so I fill her. Hips meeting hips, and I still. It's warm and tight and so hot, I curse the rubber, but it's still too good for words.

Once I'm able to shift without blowing my load, I move slowly. Correction: I move *her*. Instead of thrusting, I use the swing and I move her on me. First slowly, then I need more. God, I'm so greedy. But I can't help it. Now that I'm inside of her, I don't think I ever want to stop.

I hear Master as he takes photos of us—I cannot wait to see them. Usually we look at them in his bedroom. They're just for us, the two of us, but I hope Bella will get to see them. Master is a very good photographer.

"Edward," she whimpers, letting her head fall back. "Fuck, so good...
Ungh...so thick..."

I slam her down on me, the chains rattle.

"Oh, Edward!"

My breaths are choppy and irregular, I can't stop staring. Her body. Jesus. Perfection. Her tits bounce slightly every time I hit her deepest spot, and her skin is flushed, showing desire and wants.

"Fuck," I pant, staring at perfection. "You feel so good, Isabella." I look down and gasp at the sight of my cock pounding into her slick pussy. "So wet, glistening," I mumble incoherently. "God...so wet...all over my cock..."

She clamps down on me, making me grunt as I both thrust and push her down.

Can she really be close again?

Master and I must be really good, then.

"Are you close, kitten?"

"Yes, Sir," she confesses in a moan. It makes me incredibly proud to bring her so much pleasure. I hope she knows she does the same to me, and my orgasm approaches too. But I'm glad I have the cock ring, otherwise I would be begging for a release now. And I want this to continue.

Which it does.

Because for the next three and a half hours, Master uses our bodies to bring us pleasure. I fuck her. Master fucks her. Master fucks her while I fuck him and the other way around. We're all over the place, practicing restraint and getting to know limits. I nearly disobey Master when he flogs Bella, because the sight is so erotic that I almost come. Luckily I manage to hold off, and I'm glad because I don't really like Master's cat-o-nine. That stings like hell and he uses it for punishment.

There are breaks, too, and even those are full of pleasure, but that's Master. He's very creative and resourceful. During one break, he has us all in the massive bed, and we ate fruit off of each other. That's delicious.

One of my favorites is when I get to use Master's camera. I'm not as good as he is, not even close, but the photos of him fucking Bella in one of his bondage chairs turn out very well.

But my absolute favorite is when the three of us use the bed.

Bella's so turned on with me in front of her and Master behind her. The way she clings to me, kisses me all over, moans and cries out... I remember it was a big fantasy of hers and now it's finally come true.

In the end, I'm blissfully sated by three orgasms, and I almost fall asleep in the bathtub with Bella after Master has cared for us.

Still, there's something bothering me. In the back of my mind, and now as I'm ready to head downstairs for dinner, I know what it is.

Bella's leaving.

.o.O.o.

"You look tired, sweet boy," Master murmurs, motioning for me to come to him. "Are you tired?"

He told me and Bella earlier that we're to speak freely during dinner, because Master has something to talk to us about. I have no idea what it can be, but I have no reason to question him. If he tells me to speak freely, then I will.

To answer his question, I nod because it's the truth. I'm fucking exhausted and it wouldn't take more than a few seconds for me to fall asleep.

I yawn and hum when Master wraps his arms around me.

"Dinner will be ready in ten minutes." He rubs my back, which feels incredibly good. "Is Isabella still in her room?"

"I think so," I mumble, trying not to think about her departure. Not that I succeed. "May I help you, Master?" I need something to do. Master enjoys cooking, and he often takes care of dinners during the weekend, but it leaves me without anything to do.

"Nope," he chuckles. "Just take a seat and relax a little. There's soda in the fridge for you."

"Okay, thanks..." I head for the fridge.

I want to help. Sitting down while Master does everything doesn't feel very good. But he's right. I'm dead on my feet. Hopefully the Mountain Dew will kick in before I embarrass myself by falling asleep.

"I really wore you out today, didn't I?"

"Understatement." I pull off a sleepy grin. "But it was everything I could've wished for and more."

"I'm glad, Edward. And I feel the same." He smiles at me before looking over my shoulder, still smiling. "Good evening, Isabella."

My stomach clenches, she's here. Feels like butterflies.

"Good evening, Sir. Edward," she replies softly.

I force myself to smile. She's beautiful in her silky tank top and shorts, and the dark blue color makes me want to kiss every inch of her flawless skin, but I won't get to do that because she's leaving after dinner. One dinner is all we have left and then she will go upstairs and get dressed before she leaves. I sigh.

"Grab a drink in the fridge, sweet girl," Master offers. "Dinner will be ready any minute."

.o.O.o.

The dinner, no matter how miserable it was, passes too quickly, and shortly after, Master and Bella go to his study to talk about...who knows what, and...then, I say goodbye to her with a fake smile and a brief hug. That's all I get. A brief hug.

If they noticed my somber mood during dinner, they didn't let on. In fact, they were both very...*chatty*. Granted, I talked too, because Master

wanted to know everything about our weekend. Every little thought we were supposed to share with him, and I did so dutifully.

But as the clock kept ticking, my heart sank further and further.

Yes, we exchanged numbers, Bella and I, but it still doesn't feel like it's enough.

I want to kiss her again, sleep next to her and cuddle with her and touch her and...yeah. Pretty much everything.

I want closeness.

The three of us were just so good together, but now she's gone to find herself a new Dom. So, I know that the chance of ever feeling her body against mine again is slim to none.

Which sucks.

"Edward?"

I focus on the soapy water and the plates as I reply. "Yes, Master?" Focus on the plates. Focus on the suds. Focus on the sponge.

One quick glance at the clock tells me Bella's been gone for half an hour.

Feels like a lifetime already.

"What would you say if Isabella moved in with us? Permanently."

I mean, who knows when I will get to see her again—

Wait.

What?!

Chapter 4

EPOV

Damn, I can't believe this day is finally here.

I can barely stand still as I wait.

It's been so long. Too fucking long.

And I really mean that.

It's been two long months since I saw Bella. Two months since Master asked me if I would agree to have her live with us in Master's brownstone.

Permanently!

Such a stupid question, really. Of course I fucking want her.

I had been so happy when Master had assured me that he wasn't kidding that I nearly cried. However, he also told me that it would be a while before we could see her again, because Bella was going home to Washington for two months first. Yes. That sucked! But it couldn't be helped. Apparently, her parents weren't happy about the fact that she had dropped out of school before summer, so when this semester had rolled around and she hadn't her "found purpose in life"—her parents' words—they demanded that she come home for a while. Two months, in fact. And I don't know what they thought they were going to accomplish, because I've spoken to Bella many, many times over the phone, and I already know what she wants in life.

It sure as hell doesn't involve working for her dad's advertising firm. That's where she's spent these past two months. Interning for him. She's also been dragged around on social functions with her mom. Her mom has been especially upset about Bella leaving school.

Renee is adamant about working, refusing to have people think she needs men to survive, or in this case, Bella's father. Even if they're disgustingly rich, Renee is very independent. The thought of being a housewife sickens her. However, they refused to approve of Bella's choices when it comes to work. In other words, her parents have tried to change Bella's mind. Not that it worked. 'Cause she's so coming back here to me!

But I know where she's coming from, though. My family is the same. Dad's the mighty surgeon and Mom's all over the charity functions and benefits. It's all old money. *Boring.*

Not my life. That's not what I want. Fuck no.

It's not what Bella wants either, but she's a sneaky girl and has humored her parents over these two months, while waiting for her twenty-first birthday. And she's returning to Chicago today with her trust fund. Such a sneaky girl. But I understand her. It was money left from her grandmother, and she wants to use it for her dream.

I blush just thinking about it.

'Cause she wants to open a sex shop with her friend! She may not have enjoyed school, but apparently she's some kind of math genius, and she will handle the financial aspects of their company.

She will still be Master's 24/7 sub—like I am—but with Master's work hours at his law firm, there's still plenty of free time during the day. And I will definitely visit the shop often. Hell, I will probably hang out with her once our chores are done, and now that there will be two of us, our chores won't take much time.

We've made many plans, Bella and I.

We even have a munch tomorrow that we're attending together.

I'm gonna introduce her to a few of my friends.

"But for that she has to be here," I mumble to myself, checking the screen for arrivals.

Her plane has landed!

She's almost here.

The anticipation is all but killing me. I have so much on my mind. Tonight being one thing. Master's coming home early tonight and we're gonna have dinner together, because he wants go over the new rules. Yes, we're all starting fresh with new rules, new hours, new chores. Everything. Plus, there's gonna be some celebrating, too! Master wants to give Bella a warm welcome, and I can't wait to be a part of it. Oh, and it's gonna be even better now, 'cause Bella's been tested and gone through all that shit you normally go through when you find a new Dom. Which means no more condoms!

Well, we use condoms when we have anal sex, but that's different. For us, that's about being safe *and* hygienic.

Fuck, I shouldn't think about that now.

Walking around with an erect cock at O'Hare is probably frowned upon.

But it's so easy to let the mind wander...

All the positions...

Going down on her...

Having her writhing under me or Master...

Watching the two of them together...

Sleeping in the same bed...

Kissing her soft lips...

"Edward?"

"Shit," I squeak out as my head snaps up.

And there she is.

Be calm, heart.

"Bella," I croak. Fuck. Too husky. I clear my throat. "You're here."

She smiles and looks down.

Like me, she blushes.

Take her luggage, you numbnut!

I nearly smack myself on the forehead.

"Let me take your bag." I close the distance between us. And I realize that I've barely greeted her. "You're here." I repeat that like an idiot. But I better go with honesty. "I've missed you," I admit softly, and she finally looks up. Damn, she's so pretty. Her eyes are incredibly gorgeous.

"I've missed you, too," she whispers.

She missed me?

She missed me!

I swallow as my eyes flicker to her pink lips.

Would it be too forward of me to kiss her?

I did ask Master if I could, after all, and he told that I was very much allowed.

I flush at the thought of what else he told me I could do.

"Um, I-let's go," I stammer, averting my eyes. Fuck, I can feel my cock waking up again, and that's really not a good idea. Not here, not when it's...her. I truly I cannot control myself around this girl. God, I'm so fucking lame.

With an inner eye roll at how geeky I am, I grab her bag before leading the way to the car.

Without a kiss.

Damn, I should've *hugged* her!

That would've been totally appropriate.

I sigh.

"How was your flight?" I ask, looking down at her. She's very short. And pretty...and tight—Fuck! But I blame Master. He's denied me a release for a week now.

He said that it would be more fun this way...for this weekend.

"It was good," Bella responds quietly. "As expected, really. I always say it's a good flight if I make it out alive."

We chuckle and judging by the sound of us, I'd say we're both equally nervous. I wonder what she's nervous about. Is it about me? Or Master? I would completely understand if it's about this weekend. It's the weekend her training starts, and that's certainly something to be nervous about. I sure remember my own training. Then again, I was very green. Bella's been a sub for a while. Master's not her first.

"Mr. Cullen, Ms. Swan," Mr. Newton greets us as we reach Master's town car.

I grin at Bella when her eyes widen. I'm sure she's not a stranger to fancy stuff, but I suppose she wasn't expecting this. But that's Master. He goes all out.

"Mr. Whitlock shouldn't have," Bella whispers as she gets in the car. "We could've taken a cab, Edward."

I just shrug, even though she can't see me, before I hand her luggage over to Mr. Newton.

After getting in the car, I close the door, and I definitely don't take my seat across from Bella. I slide in right beside her.

I squirm a little and try to get comfortable, but that's just because I'm wearing clothes. I still don't like them, much less jeans. When I go out, usually...to the grocery store, for instance, or when I meet up with friends...I always wear cargo pants or sweatpants. They're much softer than jeans. Don't ask me why I picked jeans today. And they're not becoming any more comfortable when I look down at Bella's bare legs. A skirt. She's wearing a black skirt that ends right above her knees.

I swallow and avert my eyes. Unfortunately, my eyes meet hers, and...yeah, I'm caught. She knows very well where I just looked. Fuck. Here comes the fucking blush. I'm cursed, I swear.

"Um..." I don't know what to say. But I can't look away from her, either. Then I wonder, 'cause her eyes darken and she bites down on that pouty bottom lip of her...is she as turned on as I am?

"Edward?" she breathes out.

I clear my throat. "Yes?" And my eyes are still on her mouth.

Fuck, I need to kiss her.

She licks her lips. I do the same.

"Um, are you allowed to kiss me?"

Yes. Yes, yes, a million times yes.

Thank God!

I attack.

Quite literally.

As soon as our mouths collide, she parts her lips and I push my tongue into her mouth, it's heaven all over again, yummiier than candy. Fuck. She still tastes amazing, and I can't help but moan when she slides her tongue with mine. Of course, I have no control. Ironic, I know, because Master always praises me for having so much control over myself, but I guess that doesn't apply when it comes to Bella. 'Cause I'm all over her. One hand cups her neck, one hand finds her slim waist, and I'm leaning over her. There's just no stopping me.

"Oh, fuck," I groan into her mouth. Master's words echo in my head, and I know I won't be able to keep my mouth shut. I want to do what he allowed me to, and...well, the divider between us and the driver is up, so...maybe I can do it here...and not at home. "Bella," I moan when she tugs on my hair. I exhale sharply and cup her boob in my hand. Perfection. I squeeze it a little, earning me a whimper from her. "Can... Can I..." Shit, I can barely think straight. My eyes nearly roll back when she starts sucking on my neck. I keep squeezing her breast, feeling her hardened nipple between my fingers. "Master told me I could..." Oh God, she hitches her leg over me. My hand leaves her breast, going straight for her ass. Under her skirt. I whimper when I feel nothing but skin. Oh, there. A thong. That's it. A fucking thong. Soft, so soft.

"What, Edward...*ungh*...tell me," she gasps as I nip at her jaw.

My cock is ready to burst through my jeans. Even more so when my fingers trace the barely-there fabric of her thong until I reach—

"Goodness, Bella...you're so wet..."

On the outside of her thong, I feel the wet patch... Driving me *fucking* insane.

So...it's *really* time to ask.

"Bella," I pant, resting my forehead against hers. "Can..." I swallow. "Can I lick your pussy?"

Her pupils dilate further.

"Yes," she breathes out. "*Please*, Edward."

She said yes!

Kissing her again, more frantically this time, I move off the seat to kneel on the floor between her parted legs. My mouth waters and I break the kiss as my hands slide up her smooth thighs.

"Oh." I exhale sharply when her skirt is all bunched up around her waist. She's so fucking stunning. Sitting with her legs spread...her pale skin against the dark leather...and that fucking thong...

Keeping my eyes locked with hers, I start kissing my way up her thigh. I love her flushed cheeks, lust-filled eyes so heavy, the tip of her pink tongue darting out to wet her lip... My own darts out to taste her skin, and I smile 'cause I can taste her body butter. It's still the same, still delicious and blueberry and driving me crazy—maybe she will let me go with her when she goes to the spa. It's not something I enjoy, truly, but it's a necessary evil 'cause I hate excess hair. And I have a feeling it will be more enjoyable if Bella and I go together.

"Bella," I moan, reaching her miniscule underwear. A part of me is surprised because she's definitely wetter now. "Is all this for me?" I nuzzle her pussy. Can't wait to suck on her clit, and oh, her piercing!

"Yes," she mewls, squirming to get closer. "Oh, please, Edward...I need...I need..."

Jesus, I can barely believe that she's this turned on by *me*.

Maybe she likes me as much as I like her.

Could be.

I lick my lips as I hook my fingers under her thong, barely resisting the urge to rip off the offending fabric. I swallow hard again, nodding for her to lift up her ass. She does, and I slide down her underwear, leaving her completely exposed to me. To me, my fingers, and my mouth. And the second I see her bare pussy, I groan embarrassingly loud. But I can't help it. She's just too sexy for her own good.

With one last look in her gorgeous eyes, I lean in and lick the length of her pussy.

"Oh, fuck!" she moans.

I almost feel giddy by her reaction.

Then I'm lost.

I feast on her delicious pussy like I'm a crazed animal. My tongue swirls around her clit before I suck it into my mouth, letting my teeth tug slightly on her piercing. My fingers, three of them, push into her. She doesn't like just one or two, and Master has already called her a greedy cock-slut a few times. He also said it was a good thing she had ended up with us

since we have big cocks for her. Yes, I had looked like a tomato when he had said that.

But still... "I can't wait 'til it's my cock, Bella," I moan before sucking on her slick lips. If there's arousal, I'm there to suck or lick it up.

I can tell that she's getting closer and closer. I'm so glad that Master has taught me to please both men and women, and I know the instant I've found her sweet spot as I curl my fingers upward inside of her. She gasps and moans, all while tensing her muscles around me. Knowing that she's close, I redouble my efforts and suck her clit into my mouth. I suckle it, keeping my lips wrapped around it firmly, knowing how she likes it hard, and my tongue flicks her piercing at the same time. Damn, I feel like a god when she climaxes in my mouth. A few drops of arousal trickle down, I lap, lap, lap.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," she chants breathlessly.

I guess this means the fun is over for now.

With a soft sigh, I give her clit one last kiss, but she's so sensitive so I know it wasn't very nice for her. Then I help her get her clothes in order before I join her on the seat again. Oh, I definitely grimace when I sit down. My cock is throbbing, and...ugh, I'm wearing clothes. That just sucks.

"Jesus Christ, Edward," she whispers, shivering violently as she looks up at me. I smile, proud that I made her come so hard. "I hope I can reciprocate?"

Me too, but... "Master said I'm not allowed to come until tonight. This was just for you." I dip down and kiss her softly, smiling into the kiss, she smiles too. Fuck, that she's tasting herself on me isn't exactly helping my erection to go down. "I love licking your pussy," I mumble against her

lips. My fingers trace her cheeks; she's still so soft and almost fragile to me. "You'll find out soon that Master and I love oral sex," I add with a blush.

The memory of her lips wrapped around my cock makes me swallow hard yet again, and I really need distance before I erupt without a single touch. So, I slow down the kiss, ending it with a peck on her forehead.

She hums and snuggles closer to me, and it makes my heart soar. She really likes closeness and cuddling just like I do. And right now, when she's relaxed after her orgasm, she's almost like a purring kitten.

"Do you like it more than penetration?" she asks curiously, tilting her head up to face me better. "Oral sex, I mean."

I flush.

"Um, it depends. I don't really love anal sex when I'm the bottom," I admit. "But I still love submitting to him, so it's conflicting, you know?" She nods in understanding, and for some reason I breathe out in relief. "But, um...I enjoyed it when Master fucked me and you..." I trail off, feeling my cheeks flame.

She smirks a little. "You mean when we were in Mr. Whitlock's playroom and I was under you on the bed while he took you from behind?" Thankfully, she's blushing, too, but how she can still form a coherent sentence, I don't know. So, all I do is nod. I did enjoy that. Fuck, the feeling of him reaching my prostate...and I had Bella on her back, looking up at me as I was on my fours. She had also been caressing my cock at the time, coating it in her juices. Fuck. I squeeze my eyes shut, feeling my cock leak in my boxers. "I loved that, too," she breathes out. I bite the inside of my cheek to stop the moan. "Your face was so sexy when you came all over me."

Oh, God!

"Bella, please stop," I whimper.

"Sorry," she whispers against my neck. I tilt my head, nuzzling her jaw, she hitches a leg over my lap. I fucking love how she can't get close enough. We're really the same, she and I. "I've just missed all of this so much."

The feeling is so mutual.

Since Bella left us two months ago, scening with Master hasn't quite been the same. I think we both realized that we need Bella for us to match perfectly. We both love to fuck, but it's being the bottom we can live without. Though, Master says he loves feeling my cock inside of him. But, he loves being inside me even more. So, when Bella's with us... Yeah, we really match in every department, because Master had every right to call Bella a cock-slut. We only had one weekend, but she sure showed us her hunger. It was like she couldn't get enough. She loves it both anally and vaginally, not to mention orally, of course, but...yep, it was like Christmas for me and Master.

The three of us are gonna be so hot and perfect together.

"Edward?"

"Hmm?" I hum and lazily kiss her jaw, letting my lips trail along her skin. Her hands are in my hair, I shiver. And I have one hand sliding up and down her thigh, 'cause I can't get enough. When I reach her ass, I give it a little squeeze, she drops an open-mouthed kiss on my neck.

"What is your favorite thing to do with Mr. Whitlock?"

I groan internally.

Here she goes again!

"Are you *trying* to kill me?" I whine.

"I'm sorry," she giggles, not meaning a word. "But I want to know."

Dipping down, I slide my lips and nose along her throat. She swallows hard, and my mouth latches on. I feel like I always need to have a taste.

"I love giving him oral sex," I admit, once again blushing. I should just get used to it. But I can't help it. Dirty talk isn't my forte.

"Fuck," she breathes out. "I can't wait to watch you again."

She *is* trying to kill me. I'm sure of it now.

"You liked watching me suck his cock?" I ask, actually wondering.

"God, yes," she whimpers. "And when you fucked him..."

Dear Lord, she's horny again.

Thankfully, we've arrived back home, which automatically distracts me, because I have so much to do now. And as Master ordered me to, I'm going to make sure Bella gets comfortable in the kitchen. I already know that she enjoys cooking, but I'm going to show her around and such.

"We're home," I say softly, loving that it's Bella's home now, too.

She beams up at me, and my chest flutters in a weird way.

.o.O.o.

After sending Bella to her room with her luggage—because Master has left her a letter there—I go to my own room with only one thing to do.

To get rid of my clothes!

"Finally," I mutter, throwing my jeans in my laundry basket. My t-shirt and hoodie follow, then my socks, lastly my boxers.

This is *much* better.

The only thing I'm wearing is my leather cuff—my collar, so to speak.

I'm curious...what will Master give Bella? Also a cuff? Or something around her neck?

Well, whatever he chooses, I'm sure it will be lovely on her.

.o.O.o.

Lettuce, tomatoes, olive oil, and feta cheese for the salad. I bring out the ingredients from the fridge. Then I get the spices I will need, followed by tying my apron around my waist. There's no way I want a knife anywhere near my dick.

Master has an apron for Bella, too, but a bigger one—one that will unfortunately cover her boobs. But it's just for when we cook, though, so I suppose it's okay. I wonder if she'll be naked now, or if she's a guest for tonight. Her training doesn't start until tomorrow, so maybe she'll join me in a camisole and boy shorts like she did last time. Who knows?

"Edward?"

I smile instinctively at the sound of her voice and look over my shoulder...

Oh.

"You're...y-you're naked," I say dumbly. But, oh my God. She's naked.

"Mr. Whitlock left it up to me," she replies, blushing. "But I might as well start, right?"

Yes. Start. Please. Starting is good. Starting is awesome.

God, that body.

"Yeah..."

She walks toward me, and I suddenly don't have my body facing the counter. Nope, I'm fully facing her, as my dick is starting to. Holy shit, how am I ever going to use this kitchen when she's around? I will cut myself, get burned, or use wrong ingredients.

"Anything I can do to help?" she asks, now standing right before me. She looks up at me, smiling coyly, though she's anything but coy. "Looks like it's getting hard for you." She reaches up on her tiptoes to kiss my jaw.

I think I'm dying.

"You have no idea," I mumble. Behind me, I let the knife go. Then I snake both arms around her waist, pulling her closer. My hands palm her ass, my mouth finds hers.

You're supposed to cook dinner, Edward!

"I only have so much restraint around you, Bella," I say between heavy breaths. I also notice that one of my hands has magically appeared on her breast. Damn. But can you blame me? They're so round and soft and perfect and... Fuck. "And I don't like Master's chastisement."

I shudder just *thinking* of his cat-o-nine tails.

With that thought, I gently push her away.

"Sorry." She ducks her head. "I can't help myself around you."

I groan at her admission and pull her close to me again. With my forehead against hers, I murmur, "I know the feeling, my sweet. Believe me, I do." I kiss her softly, just a few times because I need it. Then I take one step back. "But unless you want us to spend the first night in your new home

strapped to Master's bench, then we better get started on dinner." Her lovely cheeks flush, and I reach up to stroke my thumb over the soft skin. "Trust me, there's nothing erotic about his bench when he's doling out punishments."

I would know.

She chuckles, and just like everything else about her, the sound is soft.

"Sounds like you speak from experience," she teases.

I flush.

There's no way I'm getting into that, so I clear my throat and return to my chores. Right now it's time to make the salad. "Um, we're having lamb chops—"

"Edward?"

"And rice with—"

"Edward!" she laughs.

"Seasoning with rosemary, garlic—what the fuck?" I yelp.

The girl pinched my ass!

Seriously!

I try to glare at her, but she's smiling so widely that I find it impossible to be mad at her.

"Fine," I huff. "Master has a thing for denying orgasms, which you will find out all about." I give her a pointed look. But then my confidence is all gone again, I avert my eyes. "And I may or may not have defied him a few times to get off in the shower."

"A few times?" She so doesn't believe me.

Which she shouldn't.

I mean, over the years...

"A few times or twenty," I mutter, now focusing solely on the vegetables.

Thankfully, Bella stops teasing me. She just gives me a soft kiss, and then she asks what she can do to help. Soon, I find out that we work very well together in the kitchen. Well, apart from one thing. The apron she's wearing does very little to help with my perpetual problem. Her nipples show every now and then when she reaches to grab something and so on. It's so very distracting, and I want to suck on them. I also want to fuck her tits so badly that it hurts my cock.

So, by the time we're both kneeling in the foyer, waiting for Master to come home, I'm hard and leaking.

Legs spread.

Hands behind our backs.

Eyes on the ceiling.

Heavy breathing.

"He's here," she breathes out when we hear Master's car.

I love my life!

Chapter 5

EPOV

I know Master's watching us, but he's completely silent. He's also out of my sight.

My eyes are focused on the ceiling.

I hope Bella's are, too.

Shivers rip through me when I hear Master taking off his jacket.

After living with him for so long, I know what comes next. The way his arms move as he pushes up the sleeves of his button-down shirt...I have it all memorized. Each movement, each sound. I know what to expect, yet it's always new. In some way.

To my right, I can hear Bella's breathing. It's as heavy as mine.

Full of anticipation.

Master hums, I see him in my periphery.

I swallow.

"What a lovely sight to come home to," he says huskily, squatting down in front of me. "I'm so lucky to have two pets to play with now."

Oh, God.

He swipes a finger over the slit of my hard cock. It makes me shudder, I have to bite down on my lip to keep quiet.

"You're leaking, sweet boy," he coos.

Ungh.

Before I know it, he's gone.

"My sexy little kitten, how good it is to see you again," he says softly, and I assume he's with Bella now. "Open your mouth, sweet girl."

My pulse quickens.

My breathing speeds up.

"Suck."

I almost whimper.

Since I didn't hear him unzip his pants, I can only guess that he slipped his finger into her mouth. The finger he slid across my erection.

Master is such a tease!

"Edward tastes good, doesn't he?"

Bella's tasting me, she's tasting my pre-cum on Master's finger.

"You may answer, kitten."

"So good, Sir," she breathes out.

I flush, my chest heaves once.

"Such a good girl," he murmurs, and I want to see them! "You pleased me so much by showing your exquisite body on the first night. Thank you."

Yes, thank you. Truly. No matter how difficult it has been to cook with her naked, it's been so very, very worth it.

"And look at that, Isabella. You're pretty little pussy is glistening."

It's not just Bella. They're *both* out to kill me.

He chuckles and it's a thick sound, full of desire. "I must ask. Did Edward eat your pussy earlier?"

This time I can't contain the whimper.

It's soft and quiet, yet full of need.

"Be quiet, boy."

Fuck.

Then he uses his soft voice again. "Answer, Isabella."

"Yes, he did," she replies breathily. "In the car, Sir."

At this, Master laughs. "I can't say that I'm surprised. He's missed you so much. As have I. And I definitely understand his eagerness."

Soon, he tells us to stand.

Again, I'm amazed by how graceful Bella is, because I never hear her move.

"Look at me, sweet boy," he commands quietly, standing before me, and I obey. His eyes are dark but still soft, and I need, I need, I need. The three of us. So badly. I haven't had an orgasm in a *week*. And with Master's commands, his body, his perfection, his words...along with *everything* that is Bella...I'm ready to keel over.

When he kisses me, I know that I show just how needy I am as I return the kiss with force. My lips part and our tongues meet; more, more, more, please more, I want more. I want a release, I want his hands on me, I want *her*...

The sound of Bella's heavy breathing turns me on further.

Like I needed that.

By the time Master breaks our kiss, I'm panting.

And my eyes follow him as he dips down to kiss Bella.

My hands ball into fists as he reaches up to cup both her tits, and I'm so achy and throbbing for them, it's physically painful. They kiss passionately, just like he kissed me—dinner is the last thing on my mind. All I want is for us to continue this in Master's playroom. Or his bedroom. I'm not picky.

Bella's moan triggers my own.

But that's when Master pulls away.

"Let's eat dinner, shall we?" He smirks at us, he has so much restraint that I'm in awe of him. Granted, he's had my mouth on him a few times this week, but he barely even shows how turned on he is. I know he is, of course, but he masks it so very well.

.o.O.o.

Once we're all seated around the kitchen table, Master tells us to start eating. He compliments the food, like he always does, and soon we eat in comfortable silence. But only for a little while, because then he tells us to be "Edward and Isabella." As in, not his pets. He wants us to go through the new schedule, and I admit that I'm eager.

Over the phone, we've already gone through our limits, and it's amazing how well we match, Bella and me. We share limits and I'm so glad that we have a Master who is not into much edgeplay. Suspension and depravation is one thing, but we don't like things that make permanent marks on our bodies, nor do we enjoy all that much pain.

After handing Bella and me two sheets of paper, he instructs us to read through them. The first one is our new schedule. Nothing out of the

ordinary. A few things have changed, but not much. Thursday is now a free day, which is welcome. Although, now that there are two of us, the chores won't really take much time at all. Maybe a few hours a day, that's it. The rest is time we can use however we wish. Well, somewhat. Master can of course call us at any moment with commands, and we will always live under his rules. Otherwise, we wouldn't really be 24/7 subs.

Master's also changed bedtime for us. Now we're allowed to be up until one in the morning, and we can sleep 'til nine.

I like that.

And I conclude that this means Master will take care of his own breakfast.

The next piece of paper is more of a clarification. Mostly for Bella's sake, I suppose, since I already know how Master likes it. With me by her side, I doubt it will take long for her to learn the routines.

"We're making changes at the office," Master informs us. "Now that my father is close to retiring, the firm will be solely mine. Granted, I will work a lot, but with my position, I can afford to let my employees take some weight off my shoulders." He smirks and I'm relieved. If I want all of Bella, which I do, Master has to be here. "So, starting this week, I will be at the office starting at seven AM, and I will be home around nine PM instead of after eleven, as it was before. On Fridays, I will be home around five." I'm so pleased to hear this. It means we will see him every day even if it's not much. "I will call the house phone only once, to alert you that I'm leaving the office." I understand. I know how long it takes for him to drive home, which means Bella and I won't have to wait in the foyer forever. "And if I have a court date to prepare for, I will simply let you know. You know all this, Edward." I nod. "I expect you to fill Isabella in." Again, I nod. Because of course I will. "Excellent. Now, shall we go on with my new rules?"

My cock stirs against my thigh.

Rules. Which means... Oh, I hope Master will let me be close to Bella during the day.

"Yes, Master," I reply quietly, flushing slightly at the thoughts swirling around in my head. Christ, I may only be twenty-two, but I'm acting like a pubescent teen, and it's all Bella's fault.

"Now that there are three of us," Master continues, "I will need time to learn your bodies. Yes, Edward, even yours." He chuckles. "Isabella's presence affects you quite strongly, and I have a feeling that you will need to work harder on your restraint." I scowl internally, hating that he's right. A part of me wants to be mad at Bella, but it's not her fault that she's so mouthwatering and appealing to me. "So...from now on—until I say otherwise—you will be able to speak freely at all times, as long as you remain respectful. Voice your thoughts, talk to me, ask me questions. Anything. I need to know in order to be the best Master. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir," Bella replies.

"Yes, Master."

"Very well," he says with a firm nod. "The only exception I can think of is when we're in the playroom. But things can change, and I will simply tell you what to do."

As he falls silent for a while, I return to my dinner.

We did really well with the lamb.

And eating it while staring at Bella's boobs is just spectacular.

I like that she's seated across from me, that's for sure.

With Master home, I feel more at ease because I can stare for as long as he lets me. She belongs to him, and she can't tell me what to do. Only Master can.

"I guess I should let you know what I will allow you to do when I'm at work," Master chuckles, and I look up to see him watching me in amusement. Damn, I had not been subtle. I duck my head, pretending to focus on my food. Not that he buys it. "I know how much you're both drawn to each other, and I have no intention of keeping you apart. So..."

Now I look up at him.

Hoping.

Wishing.

I swallow the food in my mouth.

Cuddling, kissing, and hugging better be allowed! Please!

He smiles, it's a wicked smile. "There's really only one thing I forbid."

Only *one* thing?

Bella and I exchange a quick look before facing Master again.

"Climaxing," Master says simply. My eyes widen. "You may spend your nights together in the same bed, you may shower together, you may kiss, you may fuck each other. As often as you want, really. Orally, vaginally, anally. Every surface in the house—the playroom and my bedroom notwithstanding. Inside the house, outside. Doesn't matter. But you're not allowed to come."

I drop my jaw.

Bella drops her fork.

You could hear a pin drop.

Master looks awfully happy with himself.

I'm not sure if I'm happy.

He knows I won't be able to restrain myself.

I lick my lips, lowering my eyes to the table as unbidden images flash before my eyes. All the places I could take her. We could be cuddling on the couch, I could lie behind her and just...slip inside...

Bent over the couch...

Against the wall in the shower...

On the kitchen counter...

In the bed...

In the gym...

In the library...

All the *positions*...

Doesn't take a genius to figure out that I'm hard again.

"...But you're not allowed to come..."

"...But you're not allowed to come..."

"...But you're not allowed to come..."

Oh, I'm so screwed.

"Any questions?" Master asks.

I'm conflicted. Torn in between wants and shoulds.

"No, Master," I mumble before sipping my soda.

"No, Sir," Bella replies softly.

I wonder if she's as conflicted as I am.

And I hope she will let me fuck her often, because I know I won't be able to *not* fuck her. But since I know how insatiable and naughty Bella is, I have a feeling that we will be weeping by the time Master comes home each day. Weeping with arousal...and tears of frustration, maybe. Christ, I can only imagine how she will rile me up, and how I will do the same to her.

"Good. Now the only thing left is you, Isabella," Master says. "You will be working, correct?" Bella nods. "Is the schedule okay? Do you need more hours, or...?"

"No, everything is very good, Sir." She smiles. "I will really only handle the administrative parts of the business, and my room works very well for that. A few hours a day is enough."

"Excellent." Master grins.

And then, finally, dinner is over.

Master tells us to shower and rest for a while.

Before we meet outside the playroom.

.o.O.o.

Master's words echo in my head as I suck on Bella's breasts.

"Let's make her feel welcome, Edward. Isabella...you're free to come."

We're all naked on the massive bed in Master's playroom.

Candles are lit everywhere.

"Let's make her feel welcome, Edward. Isabella...you're free to come."

Bella moans as Master eats her pussy. She's on her back, Master's between her silky smooth thighs, I'm on her right side...devouring, kissing, licking, nibbling.

"Let's make her feel welcome, Edward. Isabella...you're free to come."

We focus solely on Bella.

Four hands, two mouths, two sets of hungry eyes, two hard cocks.

One girl.

Mentioned girl can't move. Her hands are cuffed to the bed, and there's a spreader bar attached to her feet.

"Edward," Master whispers huskily, and I look down as he suckles on Bella's clit before speaking again. I swallow hard, my cock twitches against her thigh. "Fuck her tits, sweet boy. I think my pretty little girl will look good with your cum on her."

I whimper.

Bella cries out and her second orgasm shoots through her, making her body stiffen on the bed.

My cum on her...

My cock has already leaked on her thigh.

"Yes, Master," I breathe out, waiting a beat...just enough for Bella to return to reality. Then I sit up and straddle her chest. "Comfortable?" I

whisper softly, shakily, kneading both of her luscious tits in my hands. I just want to make sure I'm not too heavy on her.

"More," she pleads breathily. "Please..."

I moan and grip my cock, giving it a few hard strokes before guiding it between her breasts. *Oh, my God.* Pushing her tits together, I thrust slowly, taking my time to smear my pre-cum around a little to make it slicker. The slow pace is also because I don't want to embarrass myself by coming too soon. Hell, I don't even know if I'm allowed to come! For all I know, this is about Bella. Her first weekend here as Master's sub.

"Oh, fuck!" Bella moans, and she arches her back...as well as she can with my sitting on her. "I...I...oh, my..."

The bed shifts. Looking over my shoulder, I see Master leaving her pussy. It's only temporary. He's just removing the spreader bar, and I think it's because he's ready to fuck her. His cock is so hard. I lick my lips at the sight, and I flush as I face Bella again.

"*Bella,*" I moan, pushing her breasts together a bit harder. I pick up some speed, too, thrusting faster and deeper. "God, your tits feel good," I mumble incoherently. My head falls back, I shiver, I moan, I fuck. "So good...wet...so wet..."

I've never leaked this much before. It's almost embarrassing.

"Are you ready for my cock, sweet girl?" Master asks, and I feel his breath on my neck. Goose bumps. I shudder.

"Yesss!" Bella hisses. "*Please, Sir!*"

Master lifts her up slightly. Her ass is up, causing me to shift forward a little. It brings the tip of my cock to Bella's chin whenever I push.

Naughty. Fucking. Girl. She dips her chin to her chest, effectively placing

her mouth where my wet cock slides through. My breathing hitches when she flicks her tongue over the head.

"She's licking my—my cock, Master," I pant. "I..." I lick my lips, my abs tighten. "Oh, holy—" *Fuck*. "May I come, Master?"

"Not yet," Master grunts, quickly followed by Bella's scream. Her body jolts an inch or two up the bed, and judging by Master's moan, I'd say he's inside of her now.

I have to see, I have to. So, I look behind me, and I bite the inside of my cheek to stop the moan. Oh, God...he's...fucking her so hard. Sitting back on his heels, he has Bella elevated by resting her on his thighs. That way, he doesn't have to hold her up with his hands. Instead, he uses them on Bella's pretty pussy, all while delivering short and so hard thrusts.

"Eyes forward, Edward," Master demands gruffly.

Fine.

But it's really a win-win situation, 'cause as soon as I meet Bella's lustful gaze, I'm lost in pleasure all over again.

"What color, Isabella?" Master moans.

"Green, Sir!" she cries out. "Green...oh, *God*... Greeeen!"

Then it's my turn to cry out. "Fuck!" Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. Two fingers, slick fingers, slick from Bella's pussy...teasing, probing, pushing into my ass. Burning, pleasuring. I bite down on my lip, but I whimper anyway. There's no stopping it. The pleasure is too great. With my cock sliding through wet and tight...and Master's fingers rubbing against my prostate...

"Please," I rasp, *dying* to give in to my body's needs. I need, I need, I fucking need to come. "Master...I'm close...so close..."

"Come, boy!" he snarls. "Fuck, I'm coming, pets—"

My entire body reacts when he finally lets me come. My face scrunches together, my breathing falters, my muscles tense and throb. And with a final push, I start coming.

All over Bella's tits, neck, and face.

I watch, with my heart and breath stuck in my throat, as I pulse out thick streams of cum, and...how Bella licks her lips, moans, and wants, wants, she wants it all.

I think I died there for a minute!

.o.O.o.

I pace outside of Master's bedroom.

I'm so very nervous. Anticipation is bubbling up inside of me.

It's Sunday evening.

We've fucked all weekend long, and Bella and I now share my bedroom.

But nothing holds a candle to this night.

Bella won't call Master Whitlock "Sir" again. After tonight, he will be Master.

And right now, they're both in his bedroom for the collaring ceremony. Master wanted Isabella for himself, which I understand. It's a very special occasion, and it should belong only to them.

They've been in there for a couple hours, probably talking, having sex, and saying vows. I've done some chores and I've made cookies. I also called my friends and chatted a bit, 'cause we had to cancel on the munch yesterday since we were busy with Master.

Now I cannot wait much longer. I wanna see Bella's wrist.

Yesterday, Master showed me her collar. It looks exactly the same as my own leather cuff. Black, simple, two inches wide, with a platinum plate saying "Property of Master Whitlock." I love mine, I'm sure Bella will love hers, too. It's only when we're at play parties that I wear a collar around my neck. Shit, play parties. I can't wait! Master told us yesterday that we're going to a party next weekend, and we're going to scene! Gah, I'm fucking giddy. But I can't help it. After tonight, the three of us will begin our new life together. Chores, munches, so much sex and cuddling, parties, scenes...

"Calm the fuck down," I breathe out to myself.

"Edward?"

"Shit!" I gasp and spin around. "Master, you scared me." I laugh weakly, clutching my chest.

There, standing in the doorway, both of them, amused, so amused.

I flush.

"Sorry, sweet boy." Master snickers, and he's lying. He's not sorry at all! Turning to Bella, he dips down and kisses her softly on the lips. "Thank you for tonight, my beautiful little girl." Bella flushes scarlet, and I smile so fucking widely as I see the leather cuff on her wrist. It looks gorgeous on her. "I have some paperwork to tend to, so I'm just going to say goodnight now."

"Okay," Bella breathes out, smiling beautifully. "Um, goodnight...Master."

My heart flutters.

This is amazing.

I've never been this happy before, I'm sure of it.

"Good night, Isabella," Master returns with a wink.

This is it. Our new life is starting.

"Come on." I grab her hand. "Let's watch a movie, cuddle, and eat cookies."

Chapter 6

EPOV

As soon as Bella and I have finished our chores, we decide to watch a movie. While she heads upstairs to our bedroom—the room that used to be only mine—to get pillows and covers, I end up in the kitchen to make us some snacks. I love snacks. Snacks are the best. And when I spot the cookies and homemade lemonade Bella made yesterday, I do a small fist pump. Nobody saw me, so it's okay.

A plate of chocolate chip cookies and two big glasses full of lemonade and crushed ice later, I walk back to the living room.

I put on the movie and grab a cookie to nibble on.

She uses so much chocolate in her cookies. It's like we're meant to be.

Bless her!

When Bella comes back, my cheeks flush at the sight of her nakedness. It's only been two days since Master collared her, and there's no way I'm used to her being here with me yet. And so, so naked. All the time.

Unfortunately, I haven't fucked her more than twice since Sunday—without climaxing, of course—because Bella's been busy after chores with the friend she's opening a sex shop with. Angela, her name was. She and her husband have been involved in the BDSM community for a few years, but they switch. Sometimes, Angela is the sub, sometimes she's the Domme...and so on.

Bella told me yesterday that she wants me to meet them, and I can't wait. After all, she's meeting my friends tomorrow.

"What movie did you pick?" she asks, dumping the pillows and covers on the big corner couch. It's wide, plush, and so soft.

"*The Hangover*," I tell her, grinning, as we both take our seats in the corner of the sofa. We slip under the covers and exchange smiles and get comfortable with the pillows. She's so lovely to watch. "We have the sequel, too, if you wanna watch it later."

I know she's already seen both, we like the same movies, *The Hangover* being one of our favorites when we're talking comedy.

"Sounds great," she responds.

We snuggle closer and closer together as the movie starts. Our naked bodies are pressed tightly together, legs tangled, hands finding purchase, and contented sighs leaving our mouths. I smile and nuzzle her soft cheek, at which she turns and kisses me on the lips. I just can't seem to get enough of this girl.

My favorite is definitely falling asleep with my cock inside of her, which has occurred the two times I've had sex with her since Sunday. Granted, fucking without a release is extremely frustrating, but this is still so new for us that I'm solely focusing on the fact that I have someone to share my days with. That Bella is just as affectionate as I am makes me feel like I've won the lottery. So, right now I'm just reveling in her tender touches.

As we watch the movie, laughing a lot, our position on the couch doesn't change. We stay close, touching and kissing every now and then, and we go from tasting cookies to tasting each other. Slowly but surely, we rile each other up, but the added desperation only brings us impossibly closer to one another, and that's what we adore—the closeness.

With our eyes on the flat screen, my hand wanders south, down her chest, pausing to play a little with her boobs, then down again, across her soft stomach...

"Mmm..." She hums when I cup her pussy.

We're getting to know each other's bodies.

We like to touch.

"I love this part," I chuckle quietly, watching the guys on the screen as they get taken into custody for stealing a police cruiser. At the same time, my fingers are absentmindedly playing with Bella's pussy. Softly, aimlessly, fingering...

"It's so funny when they get Tasered," she giggles a bit breathily.

I hum and dip down to nuzzle her neck, and then place soft kisses. Open-mouthed ones. Tasting, tasting, I love her taste. I love her blueberry-flavored body butter. Another flavor I also love is the one of her pussy, so I drag two fingers from her entrance to her clit, then down again before I bring those fingers to my mouth. *Mmm*.

"Edward," she whimpers, squirming in my arms. "I'm trying to watch the movie."

I kiss the spot below her ear. We're so warm and cozy here with the covers drawn up to our chins.

"Who's stopping you?" I whisper in her ear. Nibble, nibble, lick. "Don't mind me." With that said, I dive under the covers completely, positioning myself between her legs. The scent of her arousal is heady, I can't help but moan as I breathe in. "Delicious little kitty," I mumble to myself, leaning in to kiss her clit. That little silver ring on her clit is my kryptonite. I love sucking on it.

"Fuck, Edward," she moans, but I pay her no mind. It's all about licking her sweet pussy, which I do eagerly. My tongue licks and enters her, my lips kiss and suck. I draw more and more juices from her. I'm so, so hard. I almost want to hump the couch.

I'm just all over the place, and when I want my tongue back on her clit, I slip two fingers inside of her instead. On my way up to said clit, I kiss and suck on her bare lips, I smile against her flesh as I hear the breathy moans coming from outside of my little bubble. I love making Bella moan. I love giving her pleasure. I love it all.

My mind registers that she's either paused the movie or pushed the mute button.

"Edward, Edward, you need to stop," she cries out. "I'm close!"

Fuck my life!

"But I want more," I whine. "Please, baby, just...practice your restraint or something."

She responds by pushing away the covers and glaring down at me.

"That's what I've been doing for the twenty minutes!" she hisses.

Twenty...oh, holy shit.

That's how long I've been doing this?

Huh. Well, it's her fault. And she *knows* I love oral sex.

"Well, I'm not done here," I mumble petulantly. Keeping my eyes locked with hers, I lower my mouth to her kitty again. Her flavor assaults me, I gotta close my eyes again and savor. "Mmmmm..."

"I can't take this," she cries. "Oh, God...fuck, fuck, fuck..."

I swirl my tongue around her clit then suck it into my mouth.

"Stop!" she gasps, tensing fiercely.

Dammit.

I obey, 'cause I don't want her to fail and go against Master's rules. Besides, we would both be punished. Not just Bella.

So, I crawl up her body, licking my lips and sucking off my fingers, and when I meet her mouth, I kiss her deeply. Her tasting herself is driving me insane, and I'm unable to stop. No stopping. Only more, more, more. My hard cock grazes her wetness, and that's it. I slide into her, filling her in one smooth stroke. Oh, God. I love being inside of her. So wet, tight, and hot. The dirty girl is definitely doing her Kegel exercises.

"Mmm, is this okay, my sweet?" I whisper shallowly as we continue to kiss passionately. I grind into her, stimulating her clit at the same time.

She just moans and digs her heels into my ass.

That's answer enough.

"God, I love fucking you," I moan, thrusting faster and harder. Our bodies slide together, I groan when I feel her hands on my ass. "I want more," I breathe out. "Fuck, inside...please..."

How she understands what I said is a bit beyond me, but she does. And we pick up more speed as she gathers wetness from her pussy before returning two fingers to my ass. Oh, yes, yes, yes, a million times yes. She pushes them in slowly, all while kissing my jaw, and I tense when she rubs against my prostate.

I whimper.

"You're so sexy, Edward," she whispers.

I fuck her harder.

"Oh God, Bella!" I moan loudly.

She's driving me insane!

"You want to come, don't you?" she asks breathlessly, and I nod frantically. "Where do you want to come? On my tits? In my pussy? My mouth?" *Yes!* Faster. Harder. I pound into her, clenching my ass when she adds pressure on my prostate. Some dislike the burn anal play brings—I love it. But preferably only with fingers.

"Feel free to come, Edward," she moans, and I moan, we moan. "But you better take Master's punishment like a man."

I choke on a breath, mid-thrust.

FUCK!

Everything stands still for several beats while I try to calm down.

I'm not allowed to come.

The thought almost brings tears to my eyes.

My chin wrinkles.

"Bella," I whimper, burying my face in the crook of her neck. I sink farther into her until I'm practically balls-deep. I'm aching for her, but not just my cock. Something is tugging at my heartstrings, too, and I believe it's all her. "I *want*." My eyes sting behind closed lids.

"I know, honey," she murmurs soothingly and threads her fingers through my hair. "I do too, but we can't."

I sigh heavily.

.o.O.o.

By the time Master arrives home—hours later—I'm still a bit sullen. But I'm a good boy, kneeling on the floor in the foyer next to Bella. My cock is hard after having that lovely girl tease me all day with her naked body, I hope with everything I am that Master will grant us a release after dinner.

We both sit back on our heels, knees spread, hands clasped behind our backs, and heads bowed—as opposed to the inspection pose where the head is tilted back and hands go behind our heads.

Our breathing quickens when the door opens.

One look on my body will tell Master what we've done today, Bella and I.

He can probably smell our arousal, as well as our sheer need.

Master chuckles darkly.

I flush all over.

He knows, I'm sure of it!

"I wonder what my pretty pets have been up to today," Master muses, like he isn't already aware. I hold my breath, hearing the soft sounds of his shoes on the floor. The rustling of fabric follows, I know he's removing his jacket. "Oh, look at that, Isabella. You're so *fucking* wet."

My chest heaves as I draw a shaky breath.

He chuckles again. "And Edward...you look like you're ready to throw in the towel."

That's because I am!

I swallow hard, spotting Master's feet in front of me.

Then, the sound of a zipper...

I shiver.

"Look up, boy."

I do, and the first thing I see is Master's cock. It's hard, so hard.

My mouth waters.

"Since Isabella swallowed me down yesterday, I think it's your turn today."

Yes!

"Isabella, I want you to watch us."

With one finger, he taps my jaw, and I open my mouth obediently, wanting, wanting, wanting. All of it. Him, her. I really do love oral sex, and though Bella's pussy is a thousand times more delicious than a cock, I still love pleasing Master.

"Make me come, pet," he commands quietly. I lean forward, wrapping my lips around the tip of him. Suckling, kissing, licking. I make him wet, I make him hum. I hum, too, because he loves the feel of that. *Mmmm*. I suck him in and hollow out my cheeks. My own cock is leaking, which Master sees. "Fuck, so good. Kitten, come over here and play with us." Yes, yes, yeeesss! I *love* it. Harder, I suck harder. My teeth graze his length, making him moan. Next to me, I can feel Bella. Ungh, the shivers are so violent. "Tell me, my pretty little sub: has Edward fucked you today?"

"Yes, Master."

"Where?"

I swirl my tongue around his head then take him down again. I can't go as deep as Bella can, but I can still bring Master lots and lots of pleasure.

"On the couch."

He groans and thrusts slowly. "Sounds like a lovely time... Now, lean down and suck his cock."

I moan around Master.

Soon, I feel Bella's soft and wet lips around my dick. It makes me whimper, 'cause she's totally teasing me. Suckling me, just the tip. She draws cum from me.

"Where are your thoughts, boy?" Master asks harshly, and I groan as he tugs on my hair. Fuck, I should be thinking of him, not Bella. "Suck me harder!" I do, I do my best. "Yes, that's it...fuck...yeah, good boy." He hits the back of my throat, his salty taste coating my tongue as he starts coming.

I swallow everything he gives me.

Once he slips out of my mouth, I'm panting. "Master...please...may I come?" My voice trembles.

Bella's still working her magic mouth on me, it's both heaven and hell. She's so amazing, so awesome. Such a dirty girl. A wicked mouth, a cock-slut. Master called her his little kitten-slut yesterday when she sucked and sucked, even after he'd come.

"Hmm, no. Isabella, you can stop now."

WHAT?

No!

She stops, and we exchange looks of despair.

Dammit, Master. Bella really wants to suck me off, and I really want to come!

"I'm hungry." Master's eyes gleam. "What's for dinner?"

.o.O.o.

"Are you almost done?" I mumble sleepily, resting my chin on Bella's shoulder blade. She's on her stomach, writing in her journal. I slip my arm around her, wanting her closer. "I wanna cuddle before we go to sleep."

Master offered to buy us a larger bed once Bella and I decided to live in the same room, but I said no right away, and she agreed. The twin bed is more than enough, 'cause we want closeness. It can't get too crowded for us. Her warm and soft little body against mine is one of the best feelings in the world.

"Almost," she murmurs distractedly, writing away. "Aren't you gonna do your homework?"

I scrunch my nose, lips attached to her skin.

Tonight at dinner, Master gave us an assignment. Before the play party on Friday, we have to write down three fantasies in the journals we keep. We don't write in them often—Master's not like that—but we do if he gives us homework.

"I'll do it tomorrow after the munch, I think," I respond quietly. I already know one fantasy that I'm gonna write down, and just thinking about it has my cock stirring against the mattress. "Bella," I complain. "Stop writing now. I want to be inside of you, please."

I know I'm so very clingy, but it's okay because Bella is the same. Most times.

"Is that so smart, though?" she asks softly, eyes still focused on her journal. Even as I straddle her thighs, she keeps writing. "It's not like we can come."

"I don't care," I mutter and drop wet kisses on her neck. My tongue darts out to taste, and mmm. *She's just so perfect!* "I just want to bury my cock inside that kitty right now." She shivers, causing me to smile into each kiss. She likes innocently dirty words like "kitty". As do I. "Don't you want that, too, my sweet? Don't you want that pretty kitty of yours coating my cock in wetness?"

"Fuck," she whispers. "Damn, okay."

I win!

Pushing her up tight bottom, I align my cock with her pussy then push in from behind.

"So good, so lovely," I breathe out harshly.

.o.O.o.

Around lunchtime the next day, Bella and I walk hand in hand toward the coffee shop where we usually have our casual munches. Sometimes we meet up at Club Bonds, a BDSM club here in Chicago, but we submissives often find that setting impossible to relax in. Especially if we're in a 24/7 relationship and we're always in the submissive mindset. This applies to both Bella and me, of course, so I'm glad we're meeting at Beans & Pages today. It's a quaint little place, not far from where we live—a coffee shop combined with a bookstore—and it's owned by one of my friends.

I'm sure my friends will love Bella. How could they not, right?

I mean...she's just so amazing. Sexy, gorgeous, beautiful, cute, hot...sweet, my sweet, tender, soft-spoken, genuine, caring, always nice and friendly...always goddamn horny. She's just awesome. Fire and wickedness wrapped up in innocence.

Her heart is big.

Yeah, they will adore her. Plus, I've told them so much about Bella, and they haven't even met her. It's like they already know her!

"What are you thinking about?" she asks, bursting my little bubble. She squeezes my hand, and I look down at her. "You're smiling."

I smile wider. "I'm thinking about you, actually," I admit, blushing a little.

She gives me a beaming smile in return, making my insides constrict. "All good, I hope?"

"Definitely," I say softly and dip down to kiss her.

About ten minutes later, we enter the coffee shop, a bell alerting Alice to our presence.

"I'll be right there!" she calls from the back.

I chuckle and usher Bella to the counter. "Alice is probably reading," I tell her. "She always is."

A few seconds later, Alice joins us with a big smile on her face. "Hi, Edward! Ooh, you must be Isabella." She walks around the counter and gives Bella a friendly hug. "Edward has told me so much about you. Nice to finally meet you."

"You, too." Bella's cheeks heat up.

"So, what can I get you two?" Alice returns to her spot behind the counter. "You're the first ones here today."

I figured as much. Riley is always late, unless Victoria is coming, too. Being his Mistress, Victoria is the only one who can make sure he's not late. Then we have Emmett and Rose—like Bella's friends, Angela and Ben, Rose and Emmett switch—and they're probably dropping off their kids with the grandparents right about now. Last but not least, Claire and Bree are pain sluts, and they do anything to rile up Garrett, their Master.

It's usually just Alice and me here for the first twenty minutes or so. Jacob, too, if he joins, though he's usually busy at work.

"Iced tea, thank you," Bella says.

"Um, I'll have a hot chocolate, please," I respond, 'cause that's always my choice. "With extra whipped cream." Doesn't matter if it's not all that cold out yet. I still go with chocolate, which reminds me... "And a chocolate cupcake, too."

Alice grins and rings up our order. "Predictable, Edward."

I shrug and smile as I pull out my wallet. Bella makes a move to bring out her own wallet, but I halt her. There's no way I can let a girl pay for her own drink.

It kinda makes me wish that I had my own funds and not Master's, but I shake away that thought. I hate school, and my parents' condition for me to gain access to my trust fund is that I marry. Plus, I have no idea what I want to do with my life, and it's easier to just not think about it.

Once Alice has given us our beverages and my cupcake, I gesture to the corner of the coffee shop, and Bella walks ahead of me.

"I'll be there soon, guys," Alice says.

"Okay." I nod.

The corner is the best. There are plush chairs and loveseats that Alice has pushed together for the munch, and I quickly pick out one of the chairs for Bella and me to sit in. It's smaller than a loveseat, but big enough for the two of us if we sit really close. That's a win for me!

"It's very beautiful here," Bella comments quietly as she sets her tea down on the coffee table. I agree. I love it here. It's quiet, rustic, and warm. "I love how the furniture is all different..."

Shrugging out of my jacket, I hang it on the back of the chair before I plop down in it. "I think so, too. Everything is mismatched, but works well in here."

"Exactly." She sits down next to me, wriggling her butt a little to get comfortable. Okay, so maybe the chair isn't all that big, but whatever. "Gee, Edward...couldn't you have picked one of those?" She points at one of the loveseats.

"No," I say stubbornly. "This is perfect." And it is. "Now, put your legs over mine," I suggest. "It'll be comfortable." She does as I say, and I use my right hand to gently massage her calves. Oh, and pretty much just to touch her. It helps that she's only wearing thin leggings. A lot better than jeans, or in my case: black chinos. *God, I hate clothes.*

"I just like being close," I mumble, nuzzling her cheek. *So soft.*

With a smile, she kisses me sweetly. "I like being close to you, too. Love it, rather."

I flush.

In an attempt to hide my traitorous blush, I duck my head and drop soft kisses on her neck. I also try to look down her dress. It's a simple cotton dress in dark blue, and though I adore the color on her, I want her naked.

"Mmm," I hum in contentment, 'cause she begins to scratch my scalp. I feel like a purring kitten, for fuck's sake, but I don't care. Maybe I look ridiculous, but it's soooo nice.

It almost makes me forget my cupcake.

Almost.

Still massaging her calf, I reach forward and take the cupcake with my free hand, holding it up for Bella. "Want a taste? It's delicious." Alice can bake almost as well as Bella, and I may or may not have had hundreds in my days.

"Just a small taste," she says, and I peer at her hungrily as she licks some frosting off the cake. "Mmm, that's good."

Frosting. On. Her. Lip.

I groan quietly, feeling my cock stirring in my pants—before I can stop myself, I lean forward and kiss her hard, passionately, devouringly. Tongues, lips, smacking, licking, so good. She fists my grey pullover, wanting me closer. That thought—that she wants me—makes me shiver and feel all warm.

"Oh, Edward," she sighs softly into the kiss. Blindly, I return the cupcake to the table, never stopping the kiss. And once I have both hands free, I cup her lovely face and deepen the kiss.

This is how my friends find us.

All of them.

"Wow, don't *eat* her, Cullen." I hear Emmett laugh, followed by snickers, giggles, and laughs from the others. Rose, Alice, Bree, Claire, Riley, and even Jacob. "At least not until after we've met the girl."

I'm so red in the face.

Dammit.

Thankfully, Bella is blushing, too.

"Um..." I clear my throat and rub the back of my neck. "I didn't hear you come in."

Shouldn't I have heard the bell? Or the talking?

"I bet you didn't!" Claire giggles. "Now, introduce us!"

Right.

I do. I introduce Bella to my friends. To Emmett, a twenty-seven-year-old high school teacher. To Rose, a twenty-six-year-old paralegal. To Claire, a twenty-three-year-old law student. To Bree, a twenty-one-year-old concert pianist. To Riley, a twenty-nine year old, who, like me, doesn't have a job or an education. He lives with Victoria, just like I live with Master.

Lastly, Jacob, a thirty-four-year-old car mechanic.

"And this is Isabella," I finish. I'm not saying Bella, 'cause that's my name for her. Only mine. "She's Master Whitlock's new sub."

"It's nice to finally meet you, Isabella," Rose says warmly, sitting down next to Emmett on a loveseat.

"Very," Riley agrees. "Nice to put a face to *all* the stories."

God, they're embarrassing me!

I haven't talked about Bella that much, have I?

"Shut up," I mutter and reach for my hot chocolate.

In my defense, those two months I had between Bella's first weekend with us and now...yeah, those months were awful. I missed her so much, and talking to her on the phone only made me want, want, want so much more.

I'm so lame.

"Edward has told me a lot about you, too," Bella says, smiling. An umpteenth shiver runs through me as she plays with the fine hairs on the back of my neck. In response, I return to rubbing her legs.

"Lies," Jacob says with a grin. "They're all lies, Isabella. Don't listen to what he says."

I laugh quietly. The truth is that I *have* told Bella a lot about my friends, and I've filled her in about the relationships that surround me...*us*, now. I've told her about Garrett, Claire, and Bree, and their fetishes which involve a lot of pain and edgeplay—breath play, blood play...you name it. I've also told her about Rose and Emmett, who in one second are loving parents to their twin girls, only to flip the next second and turn into Dom/Domme/sub. I've told her about Jacob and Alice. They're engaged to be married, but every weekend, Alice is kneeling for Jacob in their playroom. And I've told her about Victoria and Riley, and their love for caning, humiliation, and asphyxiation.

Happiness washes over me as I sit here with my closest friends—sans Master, of course—and instead of joining in on the casual talk, I just sit back and listen.

"Baby?" Bella whispers in my ear. The term of endearment makes me smile. "Are any of them coming on Friday?"

I give her a small nod. "Victoria, Riley, Emmett, and Rose will be there," I reply softly, only for her to hear. "Jacob and Alice have wedding stuff to do, and Garrett is taking Claire and Bree to San Francisco."

Hopefully, Garrett and Victoria will be at the next munch, and I have a feeling they're gonna intimidate Bella as much as they intimidated me in the beginning. They're extremely nice, both of them, but I was pretty freaked out when Master introduced me to them. They just come off that way. What they do between the sheets, so to speak, doesn't really make people more comfortable around them, either. But I know Bella will warm up to them eventually.

"Have you scened with any of them?" she whispers next.

I flush and shake my head furiously. "God, no," I cough. It'd be weird. We're all too close of friends for that. Besides, most of them are into stuff I'd get nightmares from. Rose and Emmett are probably the only ones who share my limits. Jacob and Alice come close, but they're into figging and trampling—stuff that makes me cringe. Heels belong on the ground and ginger root does not belong in my ass!

"Have you scened with any of your friends?" I murmur in her ear. Aside from Angela and Ben, she's told me about Felix—her old Dom—Heidi, Chelsea, and Alec.

"Only Heidi—not counting Felix, of course," she answers. "She's Felix's new weekend sub."

I nod in acknowledgement.

"What are you two whispering about over there?"

My head snaps up at the sound of Rose's voice, and I'm met with a smirk.

"Nothing," I insist, though my reddening cheeks give me away.

"Sure," she chuckles.

Bella giggles into the crook of my neck.

It's a good day. A *very* good day.

Then something hits me when Bella holds me so close.

Could I be falling in love with her?

Chapter 7

EPOV

Bella and I are surprised when Master tells us that he's taken Friday off from work, so we bust our asses on Thursday to complete all our chores early. That way, we don't have to do anything on Friday. Well, I do, because I still haven't done my homework, but when Bella and I go to bed on Thursday night, I find that, instead of doing my assignment, it's more important to fuck Bella and then fall asleep inside of her. *Much* more important. So, that's why I go to the living room with my journal and reading-glasses after breakfast on Friday.

Time to write, time to be a good boy.

Master is sitting comfortably in his chair, watching the news and reading the paper at the same time, and Bella is sitting in the corner of the corner couch—*our* corner, I must say—with her laptop. She's going through the numbers for the sex shop, which opens in a few weeks. And she's all cuddled up with cushions and covers, so I eagerly make my way to her. Very few things top cuddling, after all.

"May I sit with you, Bella?" I ask softly, not wanting to disturb Master. While he's dressed for comfort—black pajama bottoms and a white t-shirt—I can tell that he's not "here" at the moment. His own black-rimmed reading glasses are the first sign. His briefcase, a bunch of papers on the coffee table, and two Blackberries are a few other signs. Plus, he's waiting for the next update on the stock market, which will come right after the news. And that's a hobby of his, so it's best to leave him be.

"Of course," Bella murmurs, lifting the covers for me. I smile and get comfortable, humming in contentment when her body heat reaches me. She chuckles. "Finally doing your homework, huh?"

I sneak a quick glance at Master while a blush spreads over my cheeks, and though he doesn't look in my direction, I swear I can see a small smirk on his lips. Dammit, he knows I haven't done my homework yet. I was hoping I could play it off as just wanting to read my journal for a little bit, but I guess that's out. I mean, I could've easily hid out in my bedroom to do this, but being alone *sucks*.

"Shut your pie hole," I mumble petulantly, and though I'm a little annoyed with her for outing me, my body still gravitates toward her. "It's not like I'm late," I add in my defense. 'Cause Master just said that the assignment should be finished before the play party, and that's not for several hours.

"I'm just teasing you," she says with a small grin.

I huff and glare at her.

She kisses my cheek.

I melt and push up my glasses.

And then I do my homework.

Three fantasies...hmm...what to write, what to write...

Well, I know the first one.

Master, here is my first fantasy.

Isabella and I are students, and You are our teacher.

"Bella," I whisper, and she hums in acknowledgement. "Do I need to elaborate more than this, you think?"

She looks down at my journal, a sexy smile spreading on her lips. "I think he wants to know a bit more, yeah."

I scrunch my nose, tap my pen to my bottom lip, and think about what else to add.

Bella kisses me on the forehead, I hum and snuggle even closer to her, resting my head on her shoulder.

It would be really hot to watch You punish Isabella, and then You can tell me to help You. Like, if You bend her over the desk in Your study and fuck her in the ass, I can be behind You and touch You, kiss You, and maybe lick You. Or I can be in front of Isabella and fuck her kitty.

I flush, thinking about all this. And Bella totally notices, 'cause my cock is touching her thigh, it's getting harder and thicker by the second.

I would also like it very much if I could fuck Your ass while Isabella sucks on Your cock and touches us both, since she's down there.

You could give us short assignments, like in school—a pop quiz! And if we answer correctly, I hope we can come.

"Is this better?" I rasp, and then clear my throat.

She reads the lines, her cheeks reddening, and her breathing becoming a little shallow.

"Yes," she breathes out. "God, I can't work anymore." With that, she slaps the laptop shut. Then she reaches over me to put it on the coffee table, which brings her boobs to my face, so I kinda burrow my face between them and go, "Mmmmmmm..." And my tongue tastes. It's that blueberry body butter that does it!

"Can I watch you write?" She snuggles down under the covers again, we're sorta head to head, her hand on my chest.

"Sure," I mumble as she hitches her leg over mine. "Oh!" Her knee just touched my balls.

"Sorry," she giggles, not meaning it.

"You liar, you," I mutter and adjust my glasses.

Now I gotta think about fantasy number two...

Master, here is my second fantasy.

"You're so mean," I whisper as she teases me. Her hand is now on my belly, and while that can be innocent, I suppose, this certainly is not. Dammit, I don't even remember the last time I was allowed to come, so the littlest touch is maddening!

"I'm sorry." She pouts at me. "I just can't help myself around you."

I kiss her nose. "It's okay, my sweet."

Since Isabella entered our lives, I've fantasized a lot about being with her in public. I would love it very much if we were at the movies, for instance, and You order me to go down on her right then and there. See, I really love licking her, so that is definitely a fantasy of mine. Or she could sit on my cock throughout the movie, completely still, and then when the credits are rolling, You give us a certain amount of time to come, regardless of the other people getting up to leave.

"Oh God, Edward," Bella whimpers.

I grin, for once not feeling my cheeks heat up.

"Fantasy number three," I sigh to myself and chew on my pen.

Actually, there is one thing, but...it's usually definitely not my thing. It's just that a small part of me craves it now that Bella is with us. There's

something about her that causes weird feelings to stir up in me—feelings that usually define Master. Or rather, traits and needs. But I have to admit that it's at least something I wish to *try*.

Master, here is my third fantasy

For once, I would like to try dominating Isabella. With You, of course, because I know for certain I don't really have it in me. But perhaps we could try something light? Something that isn't harsh or too intense?

You and I have tried Daddy kink before, and maybe this could work. I could be more silent, in the background, yet dominate Isabella when I take her. We could plan the scene, so I know what to do. And I also think Isabella would love to have two Daddies for an evening.

"Fuck yes, I would," Bella hisses, burying her face in the crook of my neck. "Edward, you're driving me insane." God, I can feel that! Because she just trapped my left thigh between hers, and she's wet.

"Bella, you're being a slut again," I chastise softly. But I feel a little bad for her. Both Master and Bella are experts at teasing me, so I know the feeling. "Would you like some cock?"

She nods shyly. "Yes, please."

I smile and put away my journal, I'm done anyway. Then I take off my glasses before I pull the covers over our heads.

"We gotta be quiet," I whisper, reaching down to stroke my cock. There's no doubt in my mind that Master already knows what we're doing, but he's busy, after all. If he wants to join, that's cool, but it's not often he can work from home, so I think he'll leave us be.

"Please," she whimpers as I drag my erection between her pussy lips. My goodness, she's soaked. Pulling her closer to me, I finally guide my cock

inside of her. A low groan escapes me, and even though we're both lying on our sides—not the best position for deep penetration—it still feels like heaven.

"Oh, baby," I exhale and crash my mouth to hers. It's like this every time I'm inside her. I get needier than neediest. Hitching her leg over my hip, I palm her ass and drive into her forcefully.

I know I'm falling in love with this girl.

Maybe I've already fallen.

"More, Edward," she begs. "I—I can't get enough of you."

I whimper and thrust forward, hitting deep, I can't get enough, either.

"Oh, my sweet," I mumble breathlessly into our kiss. I tangle my tongue with hers, I kiss her as deeply as I fuck her.

When I hear Master clearing his throat, my breathing stutters, my heart starts to pound, I'm scared shitless that he's going to tell us to stop.

Here, under the covers, I can only make out a few things, but I do see how Bella squeezes her eyes shut. It's like I can read her mind, she doesn't want Master to stop us, either. She can't help it. She just needs cock on regular basis. Cuddling and cocks.

"Remove the covers, pets," Master commands softly.

Okay, that's not so bad. That's hot—if he wants to watch...or maybe join.

Panting, Bella and I both push away the covers, but we don't stop. In fact, we go rougher, and Bella ends up on top of me. Grabbing her by the hips, I slam her down on my hard cock at the same time as I push my hips into her. Our skin makes slapping noises, so fucking sexy.

I suppose we go as hard and fast as we can in case Master plans to stop us.

Peering up at her, as she's so lost in our pleasure, my heart squeezes.

Goodness, I love her. I love her so much, so much.

A whimper slips through my lips and Master straddles my legs, settling behind Bella, I can't stop staring at her. It's like all of a sudden she's the center of my universe—a realization that both unsettles me and leaves me with a sense of completion.

When Master gently pushes Bella down on me, so I'm chest-to-chest with her, I welcome the embrace she gives me as I hear the tearing of foil and the opening of a bottle of lube.

She keeps whimpering, I know she wants to move as much as I do. But all I can do is whisper sweet nothings to her.

"I'm here, Bella." I kiss her gorgeous face and softly caress her face with my fingers. "My beautiful little angel." I peck her lips, she shudders against me and kisses me back harder. "Do you want more?" I'm curious, because her pussy is soaking me at this point. "I think you do, and it's okay," I murmur softly and push some hair away from her face. "Master has told you it's okay to be a slut."

She nods, then moans, and I think Master's preparing her with his fingers.

That makes my own ass clench.

I do love fingers.

"What color are we, pets?"

"Green, Master," Bella moans like a porn-star.

So sexy, so sexy, so sexy!

I nod furiously. "Green, Master."

"Good little subbies." The desire in Master's voice makes me flush. "I think we could all use a nice, long release before the party tonight."

"Oh yes, please," I exhale in a rush. Inside my Bella, my cock throbs and tightens. Bella squeezes me a bit harder, she also wants this so bad. My eyes nearly well up because I want it so much.

When Master slowly pushes his cock inside Bella's ass, we both feel him. Her pussy grows tighter, yet slicker, around my erection, it's delicious torture. Bliss, she's in bliss, I can see it in her expression. Her forehead to mine, she's in sex heaven. So am I.

"You like feeling so stretched, don't you?" I whisper and kiss her nose.

She nods and buries her face in the crook of my neck. "I can't help it."

"Shhh, it's okay, my sweet." I kiss her damp skin and nod when Master tells me to move with him.

Together, we fuck her slowly.

I grind upward, deeper into her, in measured thrusts.

Master, gripping her hips, gives her long and deep pushes into her tightest little hole.

Bella cries out in ecstasy. She claws at me, kisses me so hard all over, wherever she can reach.

I groan lustfully when Master reaches down and cups my balls; at the same time, a trickle of arousal from Bella's pussy slicks up my cock. My orgasm approaches steadily, a feeling I'm used to around Bella now.

"You're free to come whenever you want, my lovely pets," Master murmurs huskily. "But, Isabella darlin', you might want to hold off a little longer."

Very true. When it comes to vaginal sex, it's considered gentlemanly to let the girl climax before the man. But it's different with anal sex. Master needs to come first, 'cause once Bella has, it won't be nice for her to have him moving inside of her. It will feel like an unwelcome intrusion as soon as your lust fades.

"I want to come in you, Bella," I whimper, I bite down on her shoulder. The natural flavor of her combined with that body butter is almost my undoing when I taste it on my tongue. "Oh, God!" I shake and quiver, my abs contract, my thighs throb. Thrusting upward more forcefully, I let myself go completely and use her as my fuck-toy. I cry out, so many days of denial, it's like I'm about to physically explode. Like tiny springs inside me, I coil and uncoil, my body convulsing.

I kind of black out for a minute, my eyes rolling back behind closed lids, I drown in pleasure. I can hear my own voice, Bella's too—we're thanking him for our orgasms in breathless chants. My cock pulses with each stream of cum. Like crashing waves, it all comes down on me, through me—it's everywhere. Shudders rip through me, too, as a result of my body's heat and the comfortably cool air in the house.

When I come to, Bella is panting heavily against my heaving chest and Master's slumped over her back, his own breathing labored and choppy.

We're slick with arousal and sweat, a scent I can almost taste. It's exquisite.

But then something happens...

With tenderness in his touch, Master holds up Bella and embraces her. I'm still inside her, but I slip out with a small movement of her hips. Master kisses her shoulders, he keeps her back to his chest, arms encircling her little waist. A small crease appears on Bella's forehead, as if she's confused about where she is, but she's still deep into...I wouldn't say subspace in this case; I just think she's recovering from her orgasm. And Master goes on with his kisses, up her neck, her throat, her jaw...then his eyes meet mine.

I feel like I'm in a daze, my brain all sluggish.

Keeping our gaze locked, Master cups her jaw and then claims her mouth in a kiss she can barely keep up with.

Something constricts in me, and I chew on my lip, wanting badly to look away. My chin wrinkles, I don't know what's happening to me.

As he breaks the kiss, I take a deep breath and swallow against the tightness.

Bella drops back to my chest, and I snake my arms around her protectively, burying my face in her hair. Breathe in. Breathe out. Her scent...so calming.

"You did so well, subs." Master pulls the covers over me and Bella, then squats down next to us and brushes some hair from my forehead. "Is there anything you want to talk about, boy?" he asks softly.

My brows knit together, and I don't know. Is there something I want to talk about? Maybe...

The corners of his eyes crinkle a little when he smiles. "Perhaps later, then." There's something in his gaze that confuzzles me. It's like he's privy to a secret. "Rest for a bit, okay? I want you refreshed for the party

later." I offer a small nod. "Good boy. Cuddle up with Isabella and I'll get you some sodas and cookies."

My eyes light up at that, but first things first: "I can go, Master—"

"No." He gently pushes me back down and smirks a little. "Sometimes you need to let me do things for you, too." That's a load of crock. He does things for us all the time. "You know what I mean, Edward," he chuckles. "Let me wait on you two for just a moment, all right? All in part of the aftercare—you should know that by now." He winks.

"I s'pose," I mumble.

With Master out of the room, I return my attention to my Bella. I kiss and nuzzle and cuddle, smiling against her skin when she reciprocates with little squeezes and cute hums.

"You're so precious to me, Edward," she whispers between kisses to my shoulder and neck. "So perfect." The tips of her tongue darts out in little laps. "Irresistible. Kind." My ears heat up, my cheeks too, and I hold her a little tighter. "Will you kiss me, baby?" Lifting her head, she gazes down on me, and she looks slightly troubled. That worries me. "I-I need it to be—to be you," she stammers.

Confused, I reach up and cover her mouth with mine, I kiss her deeply, passionately, lovingly...because I love this girl. Friggin' adore her with all my heart.

"You're my sweet," I murmur into the kiss.

She sighs contentedly and relaxes against me once more, whispering under her breath—something about "heart's all taken."

Silly little sweetheart. I think she's already asleep, mumbling nonsense.

Anyway, I'm more than happy to join her in the land of dreams.

.o.O.o.

Hours later, Bella and I find ourselves socializing with the other subs and slaves at Master Afton's play party. We're gathered in the grand kitchen, munching on delicacies, and I have Bella on my lap. I like that so much. And we're sitting at a big kitchen table, so we have a bunch of friends with us. Rose is a Mistress today, so Emmett is with us at the table. Riley's also here, and several others I'm not very close with but still know enough.

Most of us are dressed in next to nothing: I'm in black silk boxers, Bella's in matching panties and a pushup bra—that's the reason my free had is currently groping her cleavage—Emmett's in latex boxers, Riley's completely naked aside from a cock-and-ball cage, a couple girls are in loincloths, one woman is wearing a slave dress...I think there are nine submissives, different states of undress, and our Masters and Mistresses are in the great room, eating, drinking some wine, and catching up.

Every party is different; this is Master Afton's style. Get the subs together, make them relax, and then...then our owners will rip us out of our comfort zones.

"Did you try the mini pizzas?" Bella shifts on my lap and holds one up for me—it's got perfectly melted cheese on, mushrooms, marinara, and fresh oregano.

"I've already had five," I confess and duck my head. They're so damn yummy, but I figure some of the others might wanna try them, too.

"And you want one more," she sings with a knowing smile. She teasingly waves the palm-sized piece of heaven in front of me. "One more. For me, love." She grins.

I become all mushy at the term of endearment, so I obediently open my mouth and let her feed me. I get pizza and boob groping—*can't get better than that!* Plus, she's squirming all over my junk.

"So, are you two physically attached at the hip now?" Emmett asks...somewhere. There's laughter in his voice. And a bunch of the others crack up. "I'm serious! This is the second time I see Isabella, and the second time she's got an Edward attached to her."

"Well—" Bella smirks and faces him "—who wouldn't wanna be fused to perfection?"

"*Bella,*" I mumble, flushing scarlet. I'm hardly perfect. But does she really think so?

While the others joke around and eat some more, mood joyous, I keep a little to myself instead. I listen to the others, but I'm content to take the backseat. I prefer it. And...content is a poor choice of word. With Bella on my lap, her fingers playing idly with the arm I have around her waist, I feel beyond happy. Carefree. Light.

Gently sweeping her hair over her shoulder, I drop butterfly kisses along her neck, my fingers trace the softness, the smoothness, she's so perfectly perfect. Nuzzling her neckline, I spot tiny little hairs that rise when I stroke and caress. To me, it's much more interesting than talking about sports, the next big blockbusters, favorite restaurants in the city, and...whatever.

Below her ear, slightly behind it, she's got a small heart-shaped birthmark, I kiss it, smiling.

Some time later, movement catches in my periphery, and I look up toward the doorway to see Master there. Casually leaning against the doorframe. Arms crossed. A pensive expression. Dark red button-down,

black dress pants...and the leash Bella and I were attached to when we arrived.

He smirks and holds it up, a silent command.

In response, it feels like the play collar around my neck tightens.

"Bella," I whisper as my body flushes with arousal. "It's time to play."

Chapter 8

EPOV

I bite down on my lip and scrunch my face together, pleasure assaulting me from every direction, yet I'm not allowed to meet it. I'm not allowed to move, I'm not allowed to touch.

While Bella's the one who's literally bound—she's bent over a spanking bench in the middle of Master Afton's massive dungeon in the basement, hands and legs tied—I'm the one who feels restrained. Restrained by command.

Couches line the walls, every set of eyes focused on the middle of the hardwood floor...where I find myself with Master and Bella. Between them, more accurately. Because Bella is in front of me, my cock buried deep inside her tight ass, and Master's behind me, *spanking* me.

My cheeks are on fire—all of them. My ass from his hand, my face from a permanent blush.

"Look at you, my little boy slut," Master chuckles huskily. "You only get harder and harder each time I spank you."

I can't help it, I can't help it!

A soft whimper slips through my lips.

Time has lost its meaning, but if I were to venture a guess, I'd say we've been at it for half an hour now, and Master's game tonight is to reduce us to puddles of mush.

He's hitting it at all angles, he's humiliating us to the point where we want to weep. Emotions turn raw, *I* turn raw. I also morph into a needy mess that's not above whining and begging.

Sometimes Bella and I crave to be brought down to our knees in every way, and that doesn't only include actual kneeling. It involves humiliation, being condescending, and revealing all our desires—such things we might not be ready to discuss yet.

Master evidently picked tonight for that.

And I know that later tonight, our bond will have strengthened, because that's what Master does after such an intense and emotional scene.

"And my little Isabella..." He walks to her side and squats down before her, they're face-to-face. "Such a needy little baby." He uses his cooing voice and cups her cheek. "Always desperate to be filled." To humiliate her further, he stands up and addresses the other guests, and his smile is secretive, cocky, and smirky. "Don't let yourself be fooled by my Isabella's beauty." Swiftly removing the gag from her mouth, he fists her hair and pulls her head back, making sure the people along the western wall get a good look at her face.

I want a good look, too, but...I'll wait for later, I s'pose.

"Fair, perfect skin." He caresses her face, still speaking to the small crowd. "So soft and lush. Eyes you can get lost in..." Oh goodness, yes. I agree with that! "Exquisite tits and a flawless pussy..." I groan under my breath, wishing Master would stop teasing us. "And she's a total sweetheart. Giving, tender, and loyal. Passionate...and she's..." The smirkyness is back in full force, "...a fucking cock-slut."

Bella whimpers pitifully, and I'd feel sorry for her if it weren't for the fact that she tenses every muscle in her body, betraying the lust and neediness. Her ass grows snugger and torturously sexy, I just wanna push, push, push, push!

"Edward!" Master snaps his fingers. "Check if she's wet."

Swallowing hard, I bring a shaky hand to her pussy's hole and—

"Oh," I breathe out. "Bella, you're soaked!"

I don't know why I'm so surprised, but my God, she's almost *dripping*. I wish to lick, lick, lick that up.

A low murmur from the other guests snaps me into attention again, and I flush scarlet for my outburst.

"I'm sorry, Master," I whisper, knowing I hadn't been given permission to speak. "I am so sorry." I look down, not that that's helping, all I see is my throbbing dick, slick with lube, in my love's tight ass.

"And you see, my friends?" Master laughs, all provocative. "Edward's no better. They're both obsessed. He can't help himself—any time of the day...his greedy cock will thicken and grow—"

Bella mewls and squirms, and I hear chuckles from every Dom in the basement.

"Oh, I know, kitten." He dips down and kisses the top of her head. "You love it when Edward's cock grows, don't you? You may answer."

"Yes, Master," she moans wantonly. "I—" She stops abruptly.

"No, no. Go on," Master coaxes.

Bella tries to lower her head, but he doesn't let her, he keeps holding her hair in a firm grip.

I imagine she's blushing so, so much.

"I l-like it when it's s-soft, too." She squeaks in embarrassment, she didn't want to confess that, I think.

It's true, though. When we sleep at night, she often sucks on me even when I'm soft. She says it's delicious, but she can't help that! It's not her fault! And I love it when she does it. It's all warm and wet and snuggly. Plus, it means I can play with her hair as she rests her head on my belly.

"As you can see, my little kitten can't get enough cock." That's the last thing Master says to the people around us for a while. "And, Edward..." He comes to stand next to me, he grips my balls in a tight squeeze. I cry out and then bite the inside of my cheek. "You have a date soon with the new stockade I've purchased—because who said you could speak earlier?"

Rhetorical question.

I sulk internally.

Though, my mood brightens quickly when Master continues our scene. For what feels like a couple amazing hours, he plays us like we're his instruments. It's really not that long, but the pleasure is just everywhere, and my brain works to absorb every little thing, I don't want to miss anything. And it leaves me exhausted in the best ways.

He fucks Bella's mouth and lets me fuck her ass.

In a small break, he fastens nipple clamps to us, though Bella's are more elaborate. Because there's a small chain that goes between her boobs and the ring in her clit.

Then we're both on our knees, taking turns to suck his cock and balls and finger his ass.

I moan and take him down my throat, tasting his salty pre-cum combined with Bella's kitty juices. Unfortunately, my dick only tastes like rubber from the condom I wore before.

Well, that is until Master orders Bella to glide her pussy over my cock for a bit, and then...

Bella rides my face next while Master flogs her back.

He puts a vibrating cock ring on me, too, and denies me when I'm begging through sobs for my second orgasm.

He denies Bella as well, after he's fucked her needy pussy some.

By the end of our scene, we've each come once and Master's come twice.

We smile widely, though, because the lusty stares the other guests give us prove that our scene was worthy of watching, and that means Master's satisfied. Which he tells us over and over while we take our seats again, Master in a plush chair, and Bella and me kneeling by his feet.

.o.O.o.

Since Bella and I are eager to get inside Master's town car, it's no surprise that she and I end up there first while Master's still saying his goodbyes.

Mr. Newton holds the door open, having just arrived as per Master's instructions, but we shake our heads, content to just wait outside for a bit. It's getting very chilly in Chicago, but after our night, we are so flushed and hot and could use some fresh air.

We're even naked! Well, not really. We've got underwear, shoes, and two big blankets covering us. See, Master offered us our clothes, but Bella and I think it's unnecessary. We're just gonna strip once we get home, anyway.

"Tonight was amazing, wasn't it?" Bella hums as I welcome her inside my blanket. I lean back against the car and kiss the top of her head, she drops her forehead to my collarbone.

"It was perfect." I sigh in contentment, then gasp. "Oh!" I shudder because Bella licks my nipples, which makes the chill in the air reach me. "Oh, I like that. Please go on." It feels beyond good since my nipples are still sore from the clamps. "Can I lick yours, too, my sweet?"

"Yes, please," she whispers, and I dive. She moans, I don't lick—I totally suck on them instead. They're irresistible and delicious. "Oh, Edward." She whines near my ear when I pull her closer so she can feel my hardening cock.

But then Master's here, and he chuckles at us and tells us to get in the car.

Ah, well. Bella and I can always continue this in our bed later.

"Isabella, I want you next to me," Master says. "Edward, you can sit across from us."

Oh...um, all right...

Feeling a little hurt, I scoot farthest in, sitting with my back to the raised partition between us and Mr. Newton.

And Master sits with Bella...

I try not to let it get to me, I try to hide my eyes, I bite down on my quivering lip and look out the tinted window.

Suddenly, it all feels so wrong. After our scene, I'm more desperate for touch than ever before. That's what Master does. He usually holds us close because such a scene leaves us raw and in need of comfort. That's how he strengthens our bond. If there's ever a crack in our foundation, a scene with humiliation fixes it because of his intense aftercare where he cuddles with us, whispers sweet stuff, and tells us how satisfied he is.

But...

Does...does Master not like it when I touch Bella? Have I done something wrong? Will there be no comfort this time only because Bella has joined our relationship?

Who is it you want comfort from?

Bella! Master! Both. Definitely both. Well...

I need Master's words and reassurance, but I need Bella's body wrapped around mine. I crave Master's promises and Bella's sweet kisses. I need Master's order and command and Bella's heart.

It's like that.

"You look a little tense, kitten," Master murmurs, and I tilt my head in their direction to see that he's right.

My Bella looks uncomfortable and stiff in her blanket. When we pass a streetlight, it also looks like her eyes are welling up.

I ball my hands into fists under my own blanket, forcing myself to stay still, I remind myself that I trust Master to take care of the girl I've fallen so hard for. But why isn't he doing anything? Why doesn't he ask what's wrong or...or cuddle with her or tell her she's precious?

Swallowing my emotions, I face the window again and try, I try so hard to not butt in and take care of Bella. I just don't understand Master right now. It's so clear that she needs hugs and comfort, too.

Our perfect evening isn't supposed to end like this.

I remember one time—another scene where Master humiliated me—and he built me up afterward, it was almost indescribable. He'd filled the tub in

his ensuite bath, and I was in his arms and he put me back together, leaving me feeling refreshed, more confident, and cleansed.

Now he leaves me exposed and doubting myself. And worse than that, I doubt *Master*. Or his methods.

By the time we arrive back home, I'm a mess inside. My stomach is in knots and anger has settled deep within. If Master's not gonna take care of us, I must speak up. Because this isn't right. But what unsettles me the most is his blatant ignoring of Bella. I feel protective and suddenly fiercely possessive—feelings I'm not very familiar with.

It's only been the past few days, but there's something about Bella that sets me off. Like an alarm bell.

If she's not green, *I'm* not green.

But is it so weird? After two months of falling for her, I obviously want her smiling. No shadows, no sadness, no weight on her shoulders.

I also realize there's a part of Bella I want all for myself, just as there's a part of me I want to share only with her.

My stomach churns as we walk inside the brownstone that's been my home for so long now.

I'm wound so tight, every muscle straining.

"Well, it's getting late, subbies." Master hangs up his jacket, whereas Bella and I just kick off our shoes and let our blankets drop.

We're already gravitating toward each other, but Master stops us.

With a grin, he intercepts and gathers my love in his arms. "And I was thinking you could spend the night with me in my bed. Come on." He swats Bella's ass and starts to guide her toward the staircase.

Meanwhile, my eyes grow wide, and despair and anguish I've never known bubble to the surface.

It's not until Bella looks back at me with panic in her eyes that I react.

"N-no!" I stammer.

With a confused expression, Master turns back to me, already halfway up the stairs with Bella.

"Did you just tell me no, Edward?" He arches a brow. "If I want to sleep with *Bella*, I will."

No! That's *my* name for her!

The panic in Bella's eyes reflects the same panic I feel.

I walk after them, unable to take this anymore. I-I just can't—it's too much.

"Red!" I cry out, stomping up the stairs. "R-red." It's a cracked whimper this time and I pull Bella to me, squeezing her hard, she squeezes back.

For a second, shame washes over me because of how I've acted, but then I shake my head—no, I'm not wrong here.

"Red, red, red..." Tears fill my eyes, I frantically search Bella's face for traces of distress, and while I find many, they seem to vanish the longer I hold her, the more I kiss her. "I'm here, my sweet." She shudders and cries silently and clings to me. "Shhh, Bella—I'm here, I'm here. Shhh, my little baby..." My fingers trace her perfect cheeks, her spine, her shoulders, her jaw, her butt, her boobs, everything I can reach. "I won't let you go, Bella—my sweet love." I kiss away her tears, I don't like them one bit.

"I love you," she mumbles tearfully against my neck, my heart totally skips a beat. "I'm sorry—I can't help it. I love you so much, Edward."

"Oh, goodness." I swallow hard and hug her even harder. "I love you, too. So, so much."

When I hear Master clearing his throat, I shoot him a glare and shield Bella's body with mine.

But to my bewilderment, Master's gaze is the opposite of steely and there's almost a smile on his lips.

I scowl.

"Meet me in the living room when you're ready—both of you," he says softly and turns to walk down again. "We have a lot to discuss, and I owe you an explanation."

.o.O.o.

When Bella and I sit down in our corner of the big couch, Master has put a plate of cookies and two glasses of Bella's lemonade on the table.

I am too mad and anxious to even *think* about it. I mean, my eyes betray me for a second or two because it looks so scrumptious, but *no*. Not the time for that.

With Bella seated between my legs, I pull an afghan over us and snake my arms around her soft stomach. I kiss her head, only relaxing when she seems to. Admittedly, I'm not entirely comfortable shouldering the role of a protector, but it comes naturally with Bella.

When your heart and mind struggle, which one do you usually obey? Not that my mind goes against my heart here, really, but it still acknowledges that I'm not everything Bella needs for us both to be happy.

Regardless, she's become my number one.

"First of all..." Master clears his throat. "I wish I could tell you to ignore my...*harsh*...actions today, but it's not that simple." He leans forward on his knees, seated in his leather chair on the other side of the table, and turns his attention to me. "You've been my sub for years now, Edward. I know how you function." I concede with a nod. That's usually how it is. "Do you believe me then when I say that I saw a big change in you when Isabella came into our lives?"

I nod again, of course he must've noticed.

"And I saw how quickly you took to Edward, sweetheart," he murmurs with a gentle smile at my girl. "You're both amazing together, and..." He blows out a breath, rubbing his hands on his thighs, perhaps he's gathering his thoughts. "I didn't mean to rush things—this was your first time saying I love you, am I correct?" We nod shyly, I bask in the warmth of Bella's love. "I thought so." He smiles. "Like I said, I didn't want to rush you, but while your feelings for each other have changed and grown into something deeper, your limits have changed, too. That's why I did this tonight—because I can't be the best Dom for you if I don't know what works anymore."

That makes sense...

"Were you *trying* to make me safeword?" I ask hesitantly, not really liking if that's true. I hate saying red and it doesn't happen often at all. I think throughout my entire relationship with Master, I've safeworded maybe a dozen times, and most of them were during my training.

He nods with a dip of his chin. "I had faith in your feelings for Isabella. In other words, I knew you were going to put your foot down if I made her uncomfortable."

I make a face and nuzzle Bella's hair a bit, needing her scent in my lungs.

"I wanted to safeword, too," Bella croaks in a whisper. "But I was torn. I didn't want to ruin anything. You've been together for so long, and..." She trails off.

I kiss her hair in silent comfort and support.

"I accept that under these circumstances," Master says simply, like he knew already. "You both know I demand honesty at all times, but I knew you needed some time to figure all this out, too. So, of course I understand, kitten."

"Why tonight?" I whisper.

I'm not sure how I feel right now, my mind is a mess. My stomach is still knotted—there's worry and uncertainty.

"Because public scenes affect you more," he explains patiently. I take comfort in the softness in his voice, because I need that right now. I need stuff to be right—to make sense. "I added humiliation for the same reason." He pauses. "Would you have stopped me if this was a regular scene, an ordinary day, and I had wanted Isabella to myself?"

Um...

Earlier, there was that kiss, Master kissed her so tenderly, and I didn't like it at all. I felt jealous and hurt and...I don't know. I just didn't like that. Yet, I didn't stop him. I didn't safeword.

I wallowed in my own misery instead.

"I brought out your emotions tonight at Afton's place," he goes on. "I knew what you both would need afterward—togetherness. More than usual," he emphasizes. "I wanted this to happen swiftly so we could move on. This kind of scene and the fact that we were in public sped things along."

As much as I'd like to deny that, I can't.

He's right.

"And now it's out in the open." Master smiles again, it looks like he's happy for us, and that matters a lot. "I have my facts confirmed—my two subbies are in love." He winks, causing me to flush. Judging by the way Bella squirms closer to me and pulls the afghan higher up tells me she's blushing, too. "It's a great thing. You put each other first—" My stomach clenches, Bella stiffens, and Master notices our expressions. "What's wrong?"

Bella answers, nervousness lacing her voice. "How c-can we be good subs if we don't put y-you first?"

I give a hesitant nod, that was my question too.

If we're going to be completely honest with each other, it's clear that we can't continue as we have been. Something has to change. And I haven't spoken to Bella about this one little bit! This is all so new, I don't know what she wants and such. I barely know what *I* want.

"Well..." Master clears his throat again, and for the first time in...ever...he actually looks a little apprehensive. "We'll have to talk, of course—come to a new understanding...if that's what you want."

Bella and I fall into an uneasy silence.

Chapter 9

EPOV

When our pizza arrives, I get dressed real quick in a robe and pay the delivery guy, and then I rush into the living room where my love is waiting with sodas, crushed ice, and napkins.

I drop the robe, loathing it.

Up in our bedroom, I can hear my cell phone ringing, but I ignore it, because I know it's my parents.

As always, we settle close to each other in the corner, and Bella pushes play on the movie—*Step Brothers*—while I open the big pizza box and place it on our laps.

"Mmm, this is yummy." Bella hums appreciatively around a mouthful of pizza. "Oh! By the way, I called Master Afton this morning, and he gave me the recipe for those mini pizzas you like so much."

I melt. "Can you m-make them tomorrow, maybe?" I ask, very hopeful and excited. And in love. She just blows my mind when she does such sweet things for me.

Like yesterday, for instance, she was kind enough to let me pick a few dirty magazines that Angela and she will sell in their shop.

"Of course." She smiles and pops a kiss on my cheek.

Sighing in total bliss, I snuggle down and watch the movie and eat pizza with Bella. Such a contrast to how we've already spent this day, I don't like going to a day spa *at all*, but it's necessary evil, 'cause we hate too much body hair. But now we're all waxed and shaved and soft and smooth. And when we came home, we even gave each other enemas,

because we wanna do some intimate anal stuff. We always make sure we're clean, but sometimes we go that extra mile.

I stop after only two slices of pizza, because I don't want to be too full, and Bella stops for the same reason after a slice and a half. And then we're back to snuggling and copping feels.

While we feel a little guilty at our gluttony, it's still heavenly to have this time with Bella where we can talk, be selfish, and just love on each other. It's how it's been for three days now, and we have another two before Master returns from visiting his parents in Florida.

He left to give us space, and it's something Bella and I have no shame in admitting that we need. No rules, no supervision, no commands. For just a little bit, we do as we please.

Master told us bluntly that he obviously still wants an arrangement with us, but he was clear when he said that everything was put on hold while he was gone.

And so Bella and I have spent these days making love, talking about what we want, airing out our feelings, and—and coming so many times! Goodness, last night, I even came in my sleep. Luckily, Bella already had my dick in her mouth, so it was all good. The little baby slut had been sucking me off, and she was all giggly when I woke up to her guzzling down my release.

I got back at her, though, when I ate her out until she begged me to stop.

"Why do I get the feeling you're not paying attention to the movie?" Bella teases me.

She can totally feel my thickening dick on her thigh since I'm in her arms, resting my head on her boobs.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I mumble, flushing in embarrassment. I just can't help myself around this girl. I get hard lots.

"Well, since you seem to be in the mood..." She trails off and glides down my body.

I suck in a breath. "I'm always in the mood when it's you."

"Same here," she whispers. Reaching over to the table, she pauses the movie, but it freezes in a way that makes us giggle, 'cause one character gets a weird and funny face, so Bella lets it roll and then pauses when there's a blurry nothing on the screen. Then she motions for me to lean back and get comfortable.

I do, and she settles between my legs.

"You're so soft here now," she murmurs and caresses the skin under my balls. "And here." She grins, ducks down, and kisses my hole.

I snicker happily, and a bit breathily. "Such an anal slut."

"So are you," she shoots back, giggling.

I shrug, knowing it's true. While Master's been gone, I've even fucked Bella's ass without a condom. I mean, we're clean and tested, so it was something we wanted to do. A place I've claimed as mine. It is very precious to me—

"Ooooh," I moan suddenly, my cock engulfed by her mouth. "Mmm, so good, Bella..."

She starts to finger me farther down again, so I part my legs for her. "So perfect." She hums.

"Yesss." I hiss in pleasure.

Bella quickly lubes up her fingers and starts playing with my ass, and I can't help but buck into her.

I even whine. "More, baby. *Please.*" And boy, do I get more when she actually puts her tongue there! "Ah, ah, ah!" I throw my head back, crying out, I don't know what to do with my hands so I place them on her head. God, I can't believe this! She jacks my cock, and I have my hips lifted kinda, and that way she can—she can... "Fuck!" I push into her mouth, feeling her tongue inside me. I shudder, shudder, moan.

"You like this, baby?"

I nod frantically. "Yes!"

She licks and sucks at my hole, occasionally putting her fingers there instead and curling to tease my prostate, but then her warm and wet and soft tongue is back—fucking me gently. Oh, this is totally worth getting an enema for! I'm super sensitive—

"Close!" I whimper.

"How do you want to come, Edward?" she asks, being all squirmy and horny and seductive. "Tell me. Anything you want."

God, too many choices!

I whimper again, trying to make up my mind, and I finally settle for fucking her from behind.

"All fours!" I say, scrambling into position, I'm so fucking desperate. I can't wait. I can't wait at all. And once she's on all fours in front of me, I drag my soaked cock along her slit before I ram it into her pussy.

"Edward!" she cries out.

We fuck like rabbits for several minutes, I'm like a jackhammer as I push and pull back and forth and rub her clit and tug on her piercing. My fingers dig into the soft flesh of her hips, and she's crying out some more and begging and pleading.

"Come, my sweet," I pant heavily. "I need you t-to come."

She doesn't answer verbally, but when I feel a distinct tightening of her kitty, I know she's coming. There's a choked gasp, and she trembles. And then I'm coming—mmm, I'm coming so hard, so hard, deep inside, I coat her with spurts of my cum.

In the middle of my climax, I pull out my dick and stroke it roughly, smearing my arousal along her slit, from pussy to ass, I groan and push in just the head, cum trickling all over, it's so slippery.

"Oh my God, oh my God," she chants breathlessly, and we collapse in a heap.

Pulling a blanket over our bodies, I snuggle close to my love and breathe in the heady scent of our climaxes. I hum and kiss her on the lips. "I love you." I kiss, kiss, kiss some more.

"Oh, I love you, too—hey!" She lets out a squeal when I cup her soaked pussy, but I had to do it. "I'm all sensitive, Edward."

"I know." I flush and suck a finger into my mouth, tasting us. "Mmm, I'm sorry."

"No, you're not." She laughs, looking all cute and freshly fucked here under the blanket. "You love the taste too much to be sorry." She gigglesnorts.

My cheeks continue to burn, but it's not like I can deny the truth, I even return to her pussy for some more and suck on my fingers again. Bella's

juices are the best, they can make me hard in an instant and all dizzy with desire, but my own and Master's aren't bad, either.

"Kiss me," I whisper, and then close my mouth over hers. She moans, 'cause she loves tasting us, too. "Mmmm..." I squeeze her ass and rub my softened dick over her pussy, it gets all sticky. "We need to clean this couch before Master comes home," I chuckle.

"Probably best," she agrees and kisses down, down, down. This girl, I swear... She's gonna use me as her pacifier again, I just know it. "I could use a nap."

And so we fall asleep, and she's got me in her mouth. But I wake up a little while later, hard, so I shift us—pull her up to rest on top of me, and that way, I can slip inside her. That's the best.

.o.O.o.

A few hours later, I'm watching as Bella reheats some pizza for us and throws together a small salad.

We've just showered, and it turned so naughty, it was amazing. 'Cause it was my turn to play with her ass, use my tongue and fingers, and I loved it. I also loved how I made her scream and almost faint.

Now she's got this cute smile playing on her lips that I just adore.

"Are you going to get that?" she asks.

My brows knit together.

She cocks her head, and that's when I hear it. My cell phone again—up in our room.

I grimace and walk over to her, stealing a cucumber slice. "I don't wanna."

"Your parents?" she guesses.

Gathering her close to me, I kiss her fingertips. "How did you know?" I think I'm stealthy when I let my free hand fall down, the back of it brushing over her pussy and her clit ring. Okay, so maybe I pressed a little.

She giggles. "You've told me about them, and I figured with the ringtone you've given them..."

"Oh yeah." I grin goofily, hearing the faint notes of the *Jaws* theme song. Then I sigh, knowing my girl wants me to spill the beans. Even more, that is. "We're not very close, as you know. But sometimes they call me and want me to come over for dinner." I make another face. "It's always the same. Dad wants me to go to college, says it's not too late for me to become a doctor, but since I'm twenty-two, time is running out—I gotta get started, he says. And Mom's bugging me about girls."

Bella hums and drops a kiss to my chest. "And they don't know you're living with a man who's twelve years older than you..." I shake my head no, she knows this already. "They think you live with a couple friends."

Yep. "I love my parents, but I don't like them."

"I know the feeling." She smiles ruefully, thinking about her own uppity parents. Bella and I really have the same kind of parents. Rich, snooty, judgmental, and cold. "But I don't understand why you don't do what I did."

I snicker, already knowing she's referring to her trust fund. She stuck around and was all sweet smiles, and then when she turned twenty-one, she took her money and left.

But I can't really do that, 'cause my parents won't give me my money early unless I get married. Bella's money comes from her grandmother,

not her parents. My money...I mean, it's my parents' money. They set the rules, and they told me the money is mine when I turn thirty—or earlier in case I get married, like I said.

You could totally marry Bella!

Goodness, no. Not for the sake of money. Never. I do want to marry her, have her carry my name, but I would never take advantage of her just so I can fill up my bank account.

"I can so read your mind now!" Bella laughs and pokes my stomach, my abs clench. "Your eyes are all wide and you're blushing."

"No!" I say stubbornly and avert my eyes.

She just giggles and walks over to check the pizza in the oven. I suggested the microwave earlier, but she said it's more delicious in a real oven.

"I would say yes, you know?" she says softly, no trace of humor.

I gulp and look down at my feet, my belly's all tingly and weird, I blush harder, she can't be *serious!*

Can she?

I sneak a small peek at her, then chew on my lip and look away once more. "I don't want you to marry me only so I can get money," I whisper, still inspecting my feet. "That's not right. I m-mean...one day, I hope you will, y-you know...for other reasons..." I swallow hard, a nervous mess.

"Oh, Edward." Her voice is whisper-soft, too. She stops in front of me and snakes her arms around my middle, coaxing me into looking her in the eye. "Would I really do that? After everything we've talked about these

past couple days... I only suggested it because you've *finally* confessed what it is you want to do with your life."

I bury my face in her hair, feeling vulnerable for some weird reason. Maybe because some would probably think it's silly. Bella didn't, but she's...she's Bella. So accepting. The rest of the world usually isn't.

"Having that money would help, that's all. That's why I brought it up. But—" she cups my cheek, and I meet her gaze, she's a little blurry—"I just want you to know that I wouldn't marry you solely for that reason. Okay? I'm so in love with you, and..." There's a small smirk. "I have already offered to help you, but you said no."

Duh. There's no way I'm touching her money.

"Anyway..." She sighs softly. "I see my future with you, all right? No, we wouldn't be talking about marriage already if...you know. But I do see it—I've dreamed about, signing stuff with Isabella Cullen instead of Swan—" She flushes.

Meanwhile, I feel all buttery and warm and I kiss her pink cheeks, loving her so much.

"I see it, too." I hug her to me. "I just want us to get married for the right reasons."

"We would." She stands up on her tiptoes and kisses my neck. "But, regardless, I've put it on the table. If you ask, I will say yes because I love you and because I want your dreams to come true. And if you ask, I will trust you to ask because you love me and see a future with me."

I nod, kinda wanting to make love to her right now. But my stomach growls and the pizza smells so good. "So, it's okay if-if I ask s-sooner?" I just throw the words out, stuttering, I need confirmation.

"Very okay." She grins.

"Okay," I mumble and smile shyly at the floor. Giving her hand a squeeze, I whisper, "I love you."

And she loves me, too. She says so, and she shows it.

.o.O.o.

That night when we settle in bed, Bella looks at me like I'm something to eat just because I'm wearing my glasses, but if she wants to do work, I need them. Nothing I can do about it.

"Um, we can always do this tomorrow instead," I suggest, 'cause I wanna be inside her. It's better than writing lists, anyway.

"Nope." She smirks and shakes her head, and she's got her laptop on her lap. With the covers in the way as well, I can only see her upper body, it's such a shame. "We said we were gonna hammer out the details tonight."

"Maybe I was talking about another kind of hammering," I mutter and adjust my glasses. "But be a party pooper. By all means."

"Grumpy," she chuckles and opens up a new Word document. I shrug, playing with a strand of her hair, it's not my fault I'm horny for her all the time. "Can you be serious now?" Her voice is both gentle and serious. Soft yet firm. "We will abuse our freedom. We *need* rules, love."

"I know." I feel chastened and I give her a pout so she'll forgive me. "I am sorry. Let's do this." I tap her laptop with my finger. "Should we start with what we want to keep between you and me?"

When we first started talking, there were a few things that came to mind immediately—things I associate with love, not a BDSM relationship. And while I care so much about Master—I have this intense need to please him

and make him happy—I'm not in love with him. My body and mind need him. That's a good way of putting it, and Bella feels the same. Then we have our hearts...

"Kissing on the lips," I mumble and Bella types it. It had been my suggestion...okay, more like a plea, but my love luckily agreed. And perhaps we would have thought twice about it if Master was an affectionate man, but he only is to some extent. He's passionate, so very giving, and he's the best Dom for us, but saying that he's a cuddler and a kisser would be a lie. Which was one of the main reasons Master was—without my knowledge—looking for a second sub before Bella joined us. Because when we saw her at that play party months ago, I could only think about how gorgeous she was and that I wanted her; meanwhile, Master saw perfection for *me*. And himself, obviously, but mostly because me since Bella and I match so well.

He knew I was gonna go nuts for her.

"How many date nights and free days did we decide on?" she asks softly.

"Two weekdays each week and one Friday or Saturday a month," I recall. Weekdays are when Master is busiest anyway, and that's why we chose them. Bella and I aren't so strictly bound to a schedule, so we have no issues going out on a weekday instead. Or simply hang out at home, whatever. As long as I get two days where I'm Bella's boyfriend, I'll be happy. And the one Friday or Saturday a month is only in case we want to go out with friends or something. Going to a bar on a Tuesday isn't as appealing, even if Bella and I don't really drink alcohol. "And Master's not allowed to share a bed with only one of us," I add softly, not liking the reminder of the night when I safeworded. I know he was only coaxing me into speaking my mind, and the thing is, he hasn't scened with us privately even once—not counting the night he collared Bella and played with her alone. But that was different. That was special. But still, I want it

in writing. If we're to spend the night in Master's room, we should both be there.

"Got it." She nods. "There was nothing else, was there?"

No...I don't think so. Our needs haven't changed, we're so staying put. Like Bella said, we will abuse our freedom. We're too greedy. We need rules and structure. And it's not like we're changing anything else when it comes to sex. Master can do whatever he wants with us except for kissing on the lips, which I think he will be fine with anyway.

When we're his subs, his rules will apply. Simple as that. But it's comforting to know that there's one thing I can share with Bella that's only ours. Also, when Bella and I have our days "off," we will get to do what we want.

"You know what I think we should do?" she ponders, tapping her chin, she's so friggin' adorable, I gotta kiss her. I kiss her cheek. She smiles. "I think we should suggest body worship to Master." I tilt my head, curious, and she goes on, looking like she's excited about her idea. "Like, say we'll have Wednesdays and Thursdays to ourselves..." I nod, listening. "So, before we take off our cuffs on Wednesday morning, we should take an hour or so to show him how much we appreciate him—thank him for taking such care of us. You know?" That actually sounds like an amazing idea. Master certainly deserves it. "We'll pleasure him when he wakes up, help him in the shower, make him breakfast, and send him off with an awesome lunch—"

"But we pack his lunch every day," I interrupt gently.

She nods. "I know, but that day, it could be extra nice. We could look for recipes and make an extra effort and stuff. And dessert!"

"Cookies." I nod. "Your chocolate chip cookies with extra chocolate..." I trail off, my eyes glazing over.

"Edward!" She laughs and playfully slaps my chest. "That's *your* favorite. Not Master's."

"All right, all right," I grumble and rub my chest. "Fine. Your idea is great. And when we put on our cuffs on Thursday night?"

She gets back on track, after I derailed us with cookies. "We worship him again. Pleasuring, taking care, showing our appreciation, maybe an extra yummy dinner..." She shrugs, smiling. "After all, not all Doms would be so accommodating."

"Very true." I definitely agree with that. "We're lucky." Then I think of his schedule...since I've been with him for so long, I know how it works in the lawyer world. "When he's got court dates planned—like, the bigger cases, he usually works very late hours, and we could always accommodate *him*. As in, we'll pick days to be off when he's the busiest and stuff and isn't home, anyway, but we can still make sure he eats properly." I grimace. "I know he sometimes forgets dinner when he's extra busy."

"Oooh, I like that! Great. Make sure Master eats better..." She types away some more. "Pick days when Master's the busiest..."

A comfortable silence blankets us for a while, and we're both lost in our thoughts, though we constantly remind the other about our closeness. A touch here, a caress there, I kiss her skin, she massages my neck and scalp, I nuzzle her boobs and smell that blueberry body butter...

So...maybe I should just take the bull by the horns and call up my parents tomorrow. And tell them I can come to dinner and bring my girlfriend. Get introductions out of the way and such... Because I already know she's my future. In my dreams, I see us living here with Master, kneeling before

him, obeying him...yet, there will be love between me and Bella, hopefully rings and a shared last name...

It's overwhelming to think about how badly I want this to work. Partly for selfish reasons since it'd be the best thing for us two—me and my Bella. But also because I can see us all, the three of us, so happy together. Then again, maybe I'm fooling myself. I hope I'm not. I hope Master will want us permanently, like we want him.

"Do you think Master's lonely?" Bella asks softly after a while.

I purse my lips, keeping my eyes on the strand of her silky hair I'm playing with between my fingers, and I don't have to think about that for long. "No," I say honestly, I also keep my voice quiet. "To some, it might seem like it, but..." No. I know Master very well. "He's a very private person, likes things simple, and he's not very social. If you want to see him at his best, you do it either in the playroom or in a courtroom. He's passionate about his job, and he's confessed to me that he prefers fiction to real life." I pause, remembering tidbits of stories he's shared over the years. "If he has time off, he'll close himself into his library and disappear in a book. He loves to travel on his own, 'cause he says his travel companions never want to see what he wants to see. He plays golf because he enjoys the silence and the peace of the game..."

Bella hums, I think she's thinking about that, about what I said, for a moment.

And then she asks, "What about love? Past relationships? Future relationships? Settling down...having kids...I don't know. There's a lot to think about though, isn't there?"

"For us or for him?" I murmur, tracing a slightly lighter streak in her hair with my finger, it's almost golden brown instead of chestnut.

"Both, I guess, but mainly him." She lets out quiet breath. "We all deserve to be as happy as you and I are."

True, but if we worry about years from now, we'll miss out on savoring what we have now. "I don't know the future, but I do know how Master feels about certain things...like what's happened in the past." Bella nods for me to continue. "Before me, he had relationships with both men and women—and both BDSM and vanilla. And his vanilla ones have ended because, one: he can't stop being a Dom, that's who he is, and, two: because he says he feels restricted easily." When Master told me this, he used the word *trapped*. "I also know that he likes kids, but only at a distance." I chuckle at that memory, and Master and I are *not* alike there. His brother, who lives in Dallas, has two children, and Master likes spoiling them, sending them gifts, and hugging them at Christmas. But when they need their diapers changed or they won't stop screaming, he hightails it out of there. "He's uncle material." I snicker.

"And what about you?" She smiles curiously and caresses my cheek. "Are you uncle material or daddy material?"

I blush and lean into her touch, kissing her palm. "Um, well...I-I hope to...I mean...one day, not now, I'd like to have children—maybe one or two. But, um, yeah..." I swallow nervously. "You know, w-way down the road."

Bella giggles, enjoying my flustering too much. "Way down the road sounds good to me." My eyes flash to hers, I know she can see the hope in them. "Yes—" she kisses me sweetly "—I want children, too. One or two. Not an arsenal. And..." She bites her lip, "...I'm not ready yet."

"Oh, me neither," I assure her in a jumbled rush. "I was thinking more, like...when I'm thirty or something? Thirty, thirty-two?" And since we're only in our *early* twenties, that'll give us almost ten years.

"I think that sounds great," she whispers. "And I'm glad we're bringing this up now—even though it's not on the horizon yet."

That's all Bella. I'm the procrastinator who thinks everything will just work out someday, somehow. Granted, I get worried lots, too. But not like Bella, she's the planner. She's so cute with her lists and graphs and stuff.

Though, I admit it *is* nice to have all this out in the open. It relaxes me.

"That's why I brought up Master," she goes on with a little sigh. "He has to be happy, you know? And...what if, in our happiness, we'll hold him back?"

"I do see your concern," I murmur thoughtfully, "but I really don't think it'll be an issue, my sweet—at least not in our immediate future. Maybe I would've thought differently if something bad had happened to him in the past, but it hasn't. He hasn't been cheated on, hasn't had his heart broken by someone he trusted, he isn't *afraid* of commitment for any reason—he just doesn't *like* it. Not all people want to share everything with somebody."

"All right. I get it." She hums a little. "But from now on, we have to make sure to be as attentive to his happiness as he is to ours."

"I agree." And I think it will be easier to focus on Master now that Bella and I are settled, blissful in our shared love. Because with our relationship solidified, Bella's and mine, there's only one desire left.

To stay together.

Chapter 10

EPOV

Master hums sleepily as Bella kisses her way up his chest, and when I gently part his legs, he groans quietly and spreads them unconsciously. He's slowly waking up for a morning of body worship.

His breakfast is on a tray next to the bed with today's paper and his reading glasses.

But that's for later.

While Bella rouses him with kisses on his chest, neck, cheeks, and her soft hands rubbing down his shoulders and arms, I bend down and suck his soft cock into my mouth.

Whenever Bella and I get ready to have our days off, he sleeps in the nude, knowing we'll wake him up with massages, breakfast, and sex.

It's our way of showing gratitude, he certainly deserves it. For being perfect for us, for agreeing to our terms, for wanting it too, for taking care of us.

At first, we worried a little that he only agreed for our sakes, but he has reassured us many times over the past few months. He's told us over and over that since Bella and I choose to take our free days when he's the busiest, he only feels comforted by the thought that we have each other. He doesn't have to feel guilty for working 'til midnight if Bella and I aren't on the clock, so to speak.

He's said, *"I strongly believe I have found perfection in having you two as my subs."*

But even though we're not Master's subs two days a week doesn't mean we don't see each other, the three of us. Bella and I still make sure he eats properly, we either cook for him and bring lunch to his office, or we call his assistant so she can get lunch for him.

By the time Master's fully awake and enjoying the attention, he's rock hard in my mouth, and he's snaking his hand between Bella's thighs. It makes me wonder if he'll let us run our show or if he's gonna take over. Sometimes he's real horny when he wakes up, that's when he plays us wickedly and only lets us get off on rare occasions. Other times he lays there and teases us with his fingers or mouth, and just lets us pleasure him.

Thinking about it, though, I bet he's gonna take it easy this morning. 'Cause what he had us do yesterday...*holy fuuuck!* He was definitely showing why he's a sinful Master, it was crazy hot and drove me *mad*.

It's due to those thoughts that I feel my cock thickening into a full erection.

When we get to the park, Master tells us to sit down on a bench and adds that he wants Bella in my lap.

It's cold as fuck, this morning there was even frost on the patch of grass outside Master's building. Now it's a little past dinnertime and it's still nearly freezing. It's getting pretty dark out, too.

Since we're here to do a scene, I suppose I can say I'm thankful we're not anywhere near a playground. Dirty and nasty is fucking awesome, but perving around kids is a whole other matter! Instead we're just surrounded by grass and trees, passing joggers, and the occasional dog walker.

"Look at you, kitten," Master chuckles and sits down next to me. "You're already squirming for a cock."

Tell me about it!

Aside from a shirt and her winter coat, Bella's wearing a plaid skirt, underneath she's got crotchless panties and leggings, they're clothes from her adult store. And now she wants something to stuff her up.

"Edward, when you're hard, unzip your jeans and let her sit on your cock," he directs, casually looking out at the green field ahead of us. I flush, it's not only from the cold, and my dick gets harder and harder. "Do you see those trees over there?"

Peering over Bella's shoulder, I follow his gaze to a gathering of trees and bushes and big rocks.

"Yes, Master," we answer quietly.

He nods and pulls out a paper. "You're going to get fucked in there." That said, he flips open the newspaper and begins to read.

I groan at the memories and suck harder on Master's cock. It's coated in saliva and pre-cum, soon I feel his hand on my head, guiding me.

When I look up, I see my Bella sitting on his face.

It's all so teasing. Just like yesterday.

The worst was probably when Bella discreetly slid down on my cock right there in that park. I was so fucking hard, but we couldn't really move. And Master was unaffected, just reading his damn paper.

To an outsider, it didn't look very weird. I was just a guy who had his girl on his lap, but...

After like twenty minutes of that torture, Master had ordered us to go over to that little mini-forest.

And once we got there...

A huge turn-on for me is to witness how Master can control Bella's body, bend it to his will, and simply own it. And now, not only am I witnessing it, but I feel it. I feel it whenever she comes.

I'm sorry for her since forced orgasms can be torturous—you don't want it, you don't want it, you don't want it...until you're suddenly on the verge again and you do want it, but...then when it all crashes down on you, a powerful climax, there's a discomfort, too. It's so very conflicting, so yeah, I feel sorry for her. But...I also can't help but submit to my desire for it—to see her so controlled. By Master.

She's lying on his coat, on her back, and I'm on top of her. Buried deep in her pussy. My jacket is somewhere behind me, my jeans are pulled down to just above my knees. That way, I don't have to feel the winter ground on my skin.

The vibrator on her clit keeps buzzing—which I feel with my dick so deep inside her—and her sounds vary from whimpers and moans to cries and pitiful sobs, all of them only slightly muffled behind the ball gag.

At times, my worry spikes, but Master seems to sense it, and whenever he asks what color she is, she quickly—without hesitation—squeezes the clicker in her hand once—one for green, two for yellow, and three or more for red.

My own sounds...I'm just moaning. We're not allowed to talk—not that Bella can with the gag—but we can't stay completely quiet, even if anyone could just take a closer look into the trees and find us. At this point, I

don't even care if they do. All I can focus on is my cock inside my love and Master's fingers stretching and preparing my ass.

Bunching up Bella's skirt some more, I look down between us. I'm a little disappointed about the clothes, I can't see much of her skin 'cause the crotchless leggings are in the way, but I'll survive, I suppose. At least I can see my cock as I fuck her pussy slowly. Too slowly. Master's in charge of my movements.

"Are you ready for Master's cock, boy?"

I'm pulled back to the present when Master tells me to stand up on the bed, I release his cock quickly to obey. Then he orders Bella to sink down on him, and he finishes by saying, "Put one foot on the other side of me, Edward. Give Isabella your cock."

Flushing with desire, I position myself over Master's body so my dick comes eye-level with Bella. At the same time as she sucks me in and begins to fuck herself on Master's cock, I feel their hands on my legs and thighs. One behind, one in front.

It was the same yesterday—I had Bella in front of me, Master behind me.

"Color, Edward?" Master grits out as he pushes his cock into my ass.

I pant and clench my jaw, then nod. "Green, Master." Oh, I'm more than green. But it's conflicting. I don't really prefer to bottom at all, but I still love pleasing Master; plus, being out in public brings a thrill that turns me on like nothing else.

"Good boy," he murmurs huskily. "You can remove Isabella's gag."

Uh-oh. Not sure that's a good thing. She actually asked for it, 'cause she can be so loud. But if he commands it... Giving my love a sympathetic look, I unstrap the ball gag and place it next to us on the ground.

She whimpers and bites down on her lip, she wants to scream.

Despite the cold, there's a light sheen of sweat on her forehead. It's all because of the forced orgasms.

I moan, feeling my cock sliding against Bella's tongue, she sucks me so hard! At the same time, I have Master kissing the backside of my thighs, his hands kneading my buttocks.

"Mmm, so fucking good," Master groans, 'cause Bella's slamming down on him harder. "Now you can both lick Isabella's juices off my cock."

Bella moves away from him and we dive for his cock, both of us laughing silently when we playfully nudge each other away to get more cock.

It makes Master chuckle.

But then he silences us by pushing Bella down on his cock and me to his balls. Humming and sucking and licking and kissing, we worship our Master until he comes on our faces.

We lick him clean.

We taste him when she and I kiss passionately.

And since it doesn't look like we're gonna come, I think back on the explosive orgasm Master gave me yesterday.

Guiding my every move, it's almost like Master's fucking both of us at the same time. When he pulls me with him, meaning my dick leaves Bella's pussy, he slams into my ass. And when he slowly pulls out, he pushes me forward, into my love's soaked kitty.

The dull burn in my ass mingles with the fiery buildup that rolls through me in forceful waves. The wind picks up, causing a shudder to rip down

my spine, and I can hear a couple joggers passing our fuck-filled bubble, but all I can focus on is the need to come.

Please, please, please, Master!

"Close, pet?"

"Yes, Master!" I cry out, probably too loud. "Please." I whimper pitifully.

"Isabella, do you want to come one more time?" There's a smirk in Master's voice.

Bella lip trembles, she looks so torn. She wants to say no, but... "Whatever pleases you, Master," she whispers.

I'm proud of her, not sure I would've handled the torture so well.

"Good answer, kitten." He picks up the pace, fucking me harder and faster, and it pushes me forward faster and harder, too. "Edward, come when you want to."

Thank you! Oh, thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

With a groan reverberating in my chest, I surrender to the climax I've been fighting. I sink deep into Bella's pussy and thrust jerkily as my cock coats her insides with my release.

Master comes, too, spilling into the condom, all while his fingers dig into my hips.

Of course, all these thoughts just make me hornier. It's a good thing I now have two days off with Bella, which totally means I'm gonna fuck her later!

Good thing my slutty sweetheart needs some cock.

She'll get it.

.o.O.o.

"Hi, Edward!" Alice greets me as I enter her quaint coffee shop. "Cold out, huh?"

"You can say that again." I shudder and tug off my beanie and gloves. With my guitar case and messenger bag in tow, I walk up to the counter and order a hot chocolate with extra whipped cream and marshmallows.

"Coming right up," she answers happily. "So, you've started your guitar lessons?"

I nod modestly, not really comfortable with the topic. Some people won't understand, they'll just think it's dumb.

Bella just beamed at me when I told her that I want to make an unpaid career out of visiting terminally ill kids at the hospital, playing and reading to them.

Just because I never connected with my dad through his job as a surgeon doesn't mean I didn't like some aspects when he dragged me with him to work when I was little. He did it to make me fall in love with medicine; I ended up liking it for other reasons.

When I was a kid, a cousin on my mom's side died because leukemia is a heartless bitch. And maybe that's why I want this.

Now I'm taking guitar lessons twice a week, and Bella just suggested a drama class where you can learn to talk in funny voices. I don't know, but I think the children might appreciate it.

It's something I won't ever make money from, but if I just get my inheritance, I don't have to worry about it. I'll be able to make sure Bella and I live comfortably for the rest of our lives, all while I get to make those children smile.

I know it will be an emotionally draining job, I get attached pretty easily, but I also know it will be worth it.

"How's married life?" I ask, putting her in the spotlight instead. But Alice and Jake recently returned from their honeymoon, so it's not like it isn't a valid question.

"Good!" She grins and adds whipped cream to my beverage. I can feel my mouth water at the sight. "By the way, I have some really gorgeous photos of you and Bella from the wedding."

I smile, flushing, hoping it's our turn soon. When Alice and Jake got married a month ago, I got my ass in gear and decided I was gonna ask Bella to marry me soon. It was only a week later I introduced Bella to the pretentious Edward Cullen Sr. and his *daarling* wife, Elizabeth, and it went very well since we lied our asses off. I mean, just like Bella wanted to escape her stuffy parents and just get her money, I'm doing the same now. And I'm not sure Mom and Dad would appreciate the fact that my girl owns a sex shop. Just like they can't know we live with a man almost ten years older than us and that we kneel for him.

They were charmed by Bella, though, and they gave me money to buy a ring, which I've done. Now I just gotta pop the question.

"Can you email them to us?" I ask, tilting my head.

"Of course!" When my marshmallows are topping the hot chocolate, she slides the cup to my side of the counter. "When's Bella coming?"

"Any minute now," I mumble, checking my watch. "We're gonna buy some Christmas presents." We don't like shopping very much, unless it's online, so we're going out now before it's even Thanksgiving. We wanna get Master something for his office. And something for the playroom, too. "I'll

just sit down over there." I nod at one of the corners—the only one that's not occupied by customers.

Grabbing my stuff, I walk over to a small table surrounded by three deep and cushy armchairs, and after setting down my beverage and getting rid of my jacket, I plop down with a contented sigh. Unlike yesterday when I was in jeans and a thick sweater, I'm wearing soft sweats and a hoodie today. Much, much comfier, in my opinion.

"Hi, Alice! Is Edward here yet?" I hear Bella ask behind me, and just as I turn around, she spots me too, and this big smile stretches across her lovely lips. My heart gives an extra thump. It's like it beats for her. "There you are!" She hurries over, looking all cute in her purple knitted beanie and mittens.

"I just got here," I say, smiling. "Do you wanna head out right away, or do I have time to finish my hot chocolate?" I'm pretty sure I can leave my guitar here while we go out. Alice doesn't close for another few hours, anyway.

"Oh, there's no rush." She shrugs out of her jacket, leaving her in a cute dress and leggings. And ankle boots. Actually, those leggings looks like the ones she wore yesterday at the park. "Can I sit on your lap?"

Silly question! "Get over here." I grin and tug her to me until she falls down on me. It makes her giggle, and I kiss her cheeks and nose. "Much better," I murmur when I have her straddling me. "Mmm, my sweet." I Eskimo her and gather her hands in mine, trying to get them warm. "Did you come from the shop or from home?"

"Home." She sighs softly. "Oh!" She suddenly reaches for her jacket. "I can't believe I almost forgot." In her open palm, she presents me with a used napkin.

How...sweet?

"Open it, silly," she giggles, so I do. I unfold the bundle of paper, spotting a few crumbs, and then...oh! "I was baking cookies for Master, but I made a batch for you, too. And I figured after your lesson, you might want one." She's ranting adorably, and I'm wondering if I can fall harder for her. "I went with oatmeal and lots of white chocolate chunks."

Goodness, marry me.

Without a word, I crash my mouth to hers, but I break away quickly to take a bite of the cookie, which is fucking delicious.

I moan and close my eyes.

"What'd you say?"

"Hmm?" I take another bite, I can't help but moan again.

It's so, so good.

"Edward." She gulps. I open my eyes and arch a brow in question. "You don't—you have no idea what you just said, do you?"

Frowning in confusion, I try to think back, but...I'm cookie-brained.

But as the flavors of white chocolate and oatmeal fade on my tongue, it hits me, my eyes widen.

I said that out loud. I basically told her to marry me.

Bella's face falls a little, which breaks my heart.

"Oh," I breathe out.

"It's okay," she says quickly, her tender smile contradicting the glistening in her eyes. "Now, eat." She tries to put my hand closer to my mouth, but I finally snap outta my haze.

"No!" I shake my head furiously. "God, I'm such an idiot." I'm fixing it now, I have to! Ill-timed or not! "I w-want to marry you," I stutter, a nervous mess.

She offers a small smile. "Edward, you don't have to—"

"No, listen to me," I plead. I put the cookie on the armrest for now. "I have a ring and everything, and I've been trying to figure out how t-to ask y-you. But you're so, so—so, I can't even find a word for how much I love you and how perfect you are, but I thought you deserved a fancy proposal," I rant, breathing kinda heavily. I'm still so nervous! My stomach's all knotted up. "I've been t-trying to come up with something, but—"

"*Edward.*" She puts a finger on my lips, shutting me up, and now her smile shows in her eyes, too. "There's a ring?" she murmurs. I nod dumbly, hoping she won't hate me for being such a klutz. I've ruined it now. "Were you really planning to ask me in the near future?"

"Nearest," I whisper.

Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump.

"Um..." She smiles nervously and wrings her hands. "Can't you ask now?"

I nod automatically—*anything she wants*—and then not-so-automatically, more deliberately and quickly. "Just one m-moment, please." With shaky fingers and my heart in my throat, I lean over the other armrest and dig through my messenger bag until I find the ring box. Since we share a room and always walk around naked, hiding spots haven't been the easiest to find.

She gasps. "You have it here?"

I nod for the umpteenth time and open the box, showing her the diamond ring in white gold. And since jewelry isn't very practical to wear in a playroom, I ordered one with diamonds embedded in the ring. That way, it won't get stuck or snag...*and I hope she likes it!*

"W-will you be my wife, Bella?" I ask softly.

"Oh, Edward. Yes." Her eyes well up more. "You know I will. Of course." As relief floods me, Bella throws her arms around my shoulders. I barely have enough time to slide the ring on to her finger. "And just so you know," she murmurs thickly against my neck, "I don't need a fancy proposal, as you put it." Backing away, she cups my cheeks and leans her forehead to mine. "I think this was perfect, and I love you so much."

Letting out a shuddering breath, I let her words settle as I crush her to me in a tight hug. *She said yes!* And suddenly this day went from good to fucking amazing!

"I love you," I mumble, claiming her mouth with mine. "You've made me so happy." Happy *everywhere*, I notice as she squirms over me. "Oh..." I let out a moan. "Bella," I whisper in a rush. "Bella, can I please be inside you?" Breaking away from the kiss, I subtly glance around, satisfied that no one's paying attention to us. And since this chair is so deep, the armrests are high enough to hide any, um, activity. Sliding my hands up her thighs, I look at her, pleading with my eyes—wait. Thighs. I look down. Fuck. Leggings. I clear my throat. "Um, never mind."

"Oh, have some faith," Bella laughs, then she grabs my hand and moves it up to her—*pussy!* It's another pair of those crotchless things.

"Shit," I exhale as she discreetly pulls out my cock from my sweats.

"We're gonna have to be quiet and still," I whisper, but I think I'm fine

with that. I really just wanna be inside her for a bit. My *fiancée*. "Oh, goodness, we're getting married, baby."

"Yes..." She drops her forehead to my shoulder as she slowly takes me inside her. Fuck yeah, this is heaven. "Yes, yes, yes, we are."

Perfection.

We sit silently in the fairly crowded coffee shop, just murmuring sweet stuff to each other. We kiss lots. While I'm buried deep inside her pussy.

Color?

Motherfucking green!

Epilogue

Master Whitlock

9 years later

"You should probably get up," Carlisle grumbles sleepily as he scoots closer to spoon me. He wraps his fingers around my cock—as if that'll motivate me to leave this bed. "You know it's only a matter of time before she uses her key."

No, she wouldn't. Isabella knows better. So does Edward. Because unlike Carlisle's subs, mine are obedient, respectful, and flawless. Then again, Carlisle doesn't want to play with perfection; I do.

"I think you're mistaking my subs for yours." I stretch out on the bed, hearing another one of Isabella's knocks on the front door. But it goes quiet after a moment. "Come on." I sit up and swing my legs over the side. "This includes you, too."

Today is Sunday, and as it has been for the past few months, we all eat breakfast together next door—where Edward and Isabella live. And since Carlisle is as bad as I am when it comes to eating properly, she fusses over him, too. She's done that ever since I met Carlisle four years ago.

With his job, he's not always in town; he's a pilot, but if he's in Chicago on a Sunday, Isabella wants him to join us, too.

"Are you sure she won't make her blueberry pancakes?" Carlisle asks and drags his naked body out of bed. I sigh in admiration, taking in all the tattoos on his back and arms. With a suit or in his uniform, he looks strict, so put-together, but naked...or when he's in his leathers, it's a whole other matter.

Carlisle Masen: charming pilot on the clock, a ruthless sadist behind closed doors. And now that we live together, I get to meet the pain sluts he takes on to train since we share our playroom. I think he's breaking in a new one tomorrow, a young man named Eric. He won't live here or anything; Carlisle just scenes with them, trains them, then helps them find suitable Doms when he's done.

Carlisle dislikes commitment more than I do, which is why we work so well together. He's my equal; we share many interests, and we have no desire to take things further than living together, but we clash in the bedroom. I admit that I definitely love him; we've exchanged the words and whatnot, but we don't have a normal relationship. We rarely have sex; if anything, he's a companion. A partner, a friend, the man I share a condo with in this high-rise building.

Lately, we also share a condom supply. Well, I've always used them when it comes to anal sex, but I've needed a bigger stash since Edward and Isabella started trying for a baby about a year ago. But that's only temporary; it will go back to normal soon.

"I doubt that," I yawn and reach for my lounge pants. The reason we moved out of my brownstone was because Edward and Bella announced a few months ago that they're expecting, so we had to change our living arrangements a little. But it was a positive thing, since Carlisle and I had by that point already expressed our wish to live together. So, I pulled some strings with an old client of mine, and he managed to secure two condos in this building—one for me, one for Edward and Isabella.

Now we're neighbors, but not much else has changed. We still scene together, they still have their chores, and they still have their two days off every week. Granted, that number of days off will obviously increase when the baby's born, but I have no doubts that we'll work it out.

After nearly ten years together—a bit more with Edward—we're very solid. And it's the only commitment I can't live without.

Regardless, since finding out she's pregnant, my lovely Isabella can't stand the smell of blueberry pancakes, so Carlisle will have to manage without.

He once joked and said she should make them anyway—to please him—and I just told him she's no masochist, and she's there to please me, not him. That said, Carlisle's very fond of Isabella and Edward, and it's mutual.

Once we're ready to go, we leave the condo for the one to our left, and I open the door to find my subs kneeling.

Always naked. Only now, there's a beautiful bump on Isabella's stomach that makes her even more gorgeous. And Edward more protective. For his sake, I don't go near her stomach when we scene because I want them both to be relaxed.

"Perhaps I prefer them unruly," Carlisle murmurs next to me, "but that is a spectacular sight."

I couldn't agree more, and I can't wait to scene with them today. We have hours in the playroom to look forward to. Then later tonight, I suppose we'll sit down and plan Isabella's thirtieth birthday which is coming up next week. I was thinking we could go on a trip together, perhaps to Europe.

"Good morning, pets," I say, always so pleased with them. "You may stand."

They obey but keep their gazes on the floor. Walking forward, I lift Edward's chin and smile at the happiness in his green eyes. Over the years, he's kept a generous amount of his innocence even though he's

matured a lot. Isabella's much the same, and I see it as my duty to make sure they never leave that innocence behind.

"Perfect," I murmur, a smirk forming when I see his blush. Then I walk over to Isabella, who is always horny. Well, so is Edward, but Isabella's something else. It takes a lot to keep two men satisfied. "Let me look at you, my kitten." Cupping her cheeks, I'm glad to see the same joy in her dark brown eyes. "Exquisite." And she flushes slightly. "Let's eat breakfast, shall we?" The smell of freshly cut fruit, bacon, muffins, and eggs has already registered with me, and I can feel my stomach tightening in hunger.

As usual these days, Edward always has Isabella on his lap when we eat breakfast together, one hand absently caressing her belly. When I give him permission, he also pushes his cock inside her, but I want them squirming today. It's rare that Carlisle doesn't have plans, so I'm taking advantage of that now. He's going to film us, which Edward and Isabella love.

"It's a damn shame you don't like the whip," Carlisle says with a devilish smile as we eat.

"You always say that, Sir," Isabella laughs.

Edward shakes his head in amusement before burying his face in Isabella's hair.

"I don't share." I smirk and nudge Carlisle with my elbow, my statement always making him sigh. While he most certainly respects our relationship, he doesn't understand the bond I have with my two subbies. He sees subs as challenges; he wants to help them find their way, but he doesn't get attached.

In my own opinion, hearts and bodies are different things, but they're connected. Edward and Isabella live for each other, though they're driven by their bodies.

They have a desire, and it matches my own—that the three of us stay together.

I saw this happening from the first time I brought Isabella to my home.

And I'm always right.

I'm their Master for a reason, and I make sure the color stays green.

The End