

Just Another Notch On Your Belt (Friends, Sexcapades, And Love Affairs Side Story, Patreon Exclusive)

By Laura S. Fox

“What would you like to drink, sir?”

Edward was used to being treated politely everywhere he went. “I’m not looking for a drink. What I want is information.” He pushed the neatly folded bill across the bar.

The bartender hesitated. “Are you an undercover cop or something?”

Edward shook his head and offered a measured smile. “No, nothing of the kind. Would you be so kind to point to me the resident stud of this fine establishment?”

“Resident stud?” The bartender weighed him with a pointed look and flashed a smile.

He was cute, but not what Edward was looking for tonight. Tonight, he wanted a hard fuck, someone to play with. If the guy was good, maybe they could fool around another time, as well. Only if.

“You know, Prince Charming, the guy who gets all the action. Don’t tell me there’s more than one around here. According to my experience, such men are pretty territorial.”

The bartender’s lips stretched into a broad grin. “You’re lucky. There he is.” He pointed toward the stairs leading to the upper deck, where another bar could be found. “But you better hurry. I think he already got his eyes on someone.”

Edward followed the bartender’s stretched arm. As in any other club, the lighting was terrible, but no one could miss the handsome man standing at the top of the stairs. While it was hard to see his face, his body made quite the statement. Edward felt familiar white heat pooling in his lower belly. The least he would get from this was a good fuck, and he was all right with it.

“What’s his name?” he asked.

“Adrian. And the word goes that he’s awesome in the sack. Not that much outside of it.”

So, a handsome asshole who liked to fuck. That was just swell.

“Thank you for your assistance,” he said to the bartender.

“The best of luck, man,” the bartender cheered.

From 'sir' to 'man'. It didn't take long for bartenders to get cozy with their customers. Edward combed his fingers through his hair, hoping for a less stuck-up look. To ensure the success of his operation, he needed to look approachable enough.

Especially since it seemed that, indeed, Adrian had his attention trained on someone. Edward hurried to reach the stairs.

He had noticed the object of Adrian's undivided scrutiny and could tell that the chances were that he was at a disadvantage. If the resident stud preferred the jock look, Edward was as far from that as he could be.

He brushed against Adrian on purpose.

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Edward felt dissatisfied. He had honed his ability to weather disappointments a long time ago, and yet, the way Adrian had dismissed him on the stairs while having eyes only for that youngster irked him to no end.

He had lost some of his composure, as well, and it wasn't like him to do that. He would just have to move to the next club and find a local Prince Charming who wasn't already taken.

He clasped the edge of the sink. Another thing that was out of character for him was to be impressed by someone's looks. He had dated models and small-time celebrities. But Adrian exuded something else. It was maybe his cocksure attitude or the way he had told Edward off.

The problem was Edward had a hard time pushing him away from his thoughts. In the club lights, he had looked dark and dangerous.

Edward chuckled to himself. There was nothing dark and dangerous about this Adrian. He was definitely a looker, in a league of his own, tall and muscular, with a handsome face, on top of it all. He had the appeal of a Latino lover, and Edward suspected that Adrian had some Italian blood in his ancestry if he were to take his facial features into consideration.

He also had the confidence of someone who always got his way.

It had struck a nerve, and Edward felt rightfully annoyed with it. Tonight, he wanted nothing but a cold, hard fuck. Such thoughts suggested that his interest went beyond what Adrian had in his trousers.

He turned on the water and let it run. It was a way for him to focus his thoughts.

Someone stumbled through the door, taking him by surprise. Edward frowned as he noticed who interrupted his soul-searching session.

Adrian was all over the jock, kissing him and pushing him into the wall. There was something animalistic about how he moved. He did so with purpose, and Edward pitied the poor young man who would be at the end of Adrian's focused attention tonight.

But only for a moment. He took in the scene with unhidden fascination. Eventually, Adrian pushed the jock to his knees and whipped out his cock.

Oh. Not bad at all. Edward wanted to observe with detached interest as if a mating ritual was displayed in front of his eyes.

Yet, nothing was detached in how his eyes took in what was happening. He wouldn't have that. He washed his hands while still stealing glances at the couple going at it like they were alone in there.

With steady hands, he turned off the tap and reached for some paper towels. Then he realized that he would have to go past them if he wanted to walk out of the bathroom.

Maybe he could just stay and watch. The jock had nice, plump lips. He compensated with enthusiasm what he didn't possess, obviously, in terms of expertise.

Edward pursed his lips. The feeling of annoyance from earlier came back with a vengeance. He cleared his throat once, then a second time.

Dark eyes set on him in an instant. "What the fuck, dude?" Adrian looked mighty pissed, and it gave Edward a strange sensation of satisfaction. "Can't you see we're busy?"

Edward could see that very well. He fought against the imperious need to check Adrian's cock again. But he wouldn't give that arrogant, uncouth man the satisfaction. He continued to dry his hands. "This is the restroom. Not a brothel."

"Is this your first visit here? This bathroom is for fucking, F.Y.I. Does this look like the opera hall to you or something?"

Oh, so it wasn't lost on Adrian that Edward didn't quite fit in. Truth be told, he didn't know what prompted him to search for a bed partner in places so remote from his usual hunting grounds. Maybe he was bored.

Maybe. Or maybe he had had too many shares of disappointment from people who were, supposedly, part of his world.

This side of the universe offered appealing prospects.

The jock mumbled something about wanting to get away, and Adrian tried to no avail to convince him otherwise. The young man was out of there as if chased by wolves. Most probably, his courage had lasted only that far.

They were soon alone, staring at each other, and ready to fight. Edward could feel new blood pumping in his veins.

“So, are you going to make up for that or what?” Adrian’s rough voice broke the silence.

Edward doubted he had met someone like Adrian before. Even Brown, the notorious asshole who dabbled in a BDSM lifestyle, was not quite as fascinating as this guy, with his raw masculinity and bawdy attitude.

He knew, even without looking, that Adrian hadn’t bothered to put his cock away after having it licked and sucked just moments ago by that young jock.

It took all his strength of will not to look. Edward stared at Adrian, schooling his features into an unreadable expression. “For what exactly?”

“For letting my dick hanging.”

Oh, he was invited to look. Edward let nothing show as he offered Adrian’s cock, now almost soft, a cursory look. “If I were you, I would put that away. It’s nothing to write home about, really.”

Adrian seemed to heed the recommendation. With sure moves, he gave his cock a small squeeze and pushed it back into his jeans.

Edward noticed the sizeable bulge. Even soft and under the fabric, that thing looked impressive.

He needed to stop thinking with the lower part of his body.

“Good. It’s good to know that you can take a suggestion.” It was a feat to keep his voice measured and calm without giving away how affected he had been by that sight.

The handsome devil smirked at him. “Nah. I just asked my dick if it could get up from someone like you. I don’t have to translate the answer, right?”

Edward recoiled internally. He had figured as much. Adrian didn’t have to be a prick about it and say it in so many words. He felt petty as he let it all out. “Oh. Everybody around here tells me you’re more charming than Prince Charming, and all I see is a dick.” To hide his hurt, he pretended to be busy discarding the used paper towels.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?”

The irritated voice appeared to indicate that its owner was at least annoyed with him.

He could just walk away and let it slide. But Edward held it against Adrian for being so blunt in his admittance that he couldn’t get it up for a man like him. He decided to give back just as hard as he had been hit in his self-esteem. “I’ve been told you’re the best lover around here. All I see

is a half-decent looking guy using cheap tactics to get men on their knees to service him sexually. I'm sorry, Adrian, but you seem a prick and a crook to me."

He was already getting too worked up about the situation. He tried to move past Adrian, but it looked like the other didn't care about letting him go. In one swift move, he blocked the exit and put one hand against Edward's chest.

Edward took a step back, not in fear but surprise. He waited for Adrian's next move with barely kept in trepidation. For his sanity's sake, he tried to look down on the other.

"You know my name. It looks like I'm at a disadvantage here," Adrian said. "How about you tell me yours?"

That was an invitation, but Edward felt he would be a fool to bite. "Why? So that you have something to forget by morning? Or should I say by five minutes later? I believe that's a more accurate description of the situation and your usual behavior."

Adrian's face was an open book. Edward observed with twisted satisfaction how his words appeared to hit too close to home.

"Well, I only forget the names of the guys I fuck. And you don't look like you're worth the trouble. So, your name."

The uncouth words rolled off Adrian's tongue like good, dirty promises.

"If you insist. It's Edward. Satisfied?" He hoped his voice didn't betray what he felt inside.

"Barely," Adrian said.

Edward remained frozen in place as Adrian moved toward him with predatory grace. There couldn't be many men capable of resisting this arrogant, handsome man.

"So, Edward," Adrian said slowly, "if you asked about me, that could only mean one thing."

"Oh, really? And what is that?" He risked a direct look into the fascinating dark eyes pinning him down.

"You want to get fucked," Adrian stated.

He hadn't felt butterflies in his stomach in a long time. He scowled, hoping that would be enough to send Adrian running. "By the likes of you? I sincerely believe I could do much better."

"Like better how?" Adrian continued to stare, a small, secretive smile curling his lips.

“You know. Better than a low class like you.” The moment the words left his mouth, Edward knew that he was only inviting trouble in. This man wasn’t the kind you poked with a stick.

“Your Highness, if you wanted high class, you’d be in a totally different place right now. Admit it. You want my cock.” Adrian’s tone was aggressive.

Could it be that he had found a chink in that impenetrable armor Adrian pretended to wear?

“In your dreams,” Edward replied, but his voice was betraying him now, no longer calm and collected.

He didn’t expect the kiss. He had hoped for it, but he hadn’t thought further than that. Adrian’s lips were rough on him. It revolted him how easy it would be for a man like that to put him in a collar and make him obey.

So, he did what he always did lately, out of self-preservation. He goaded Adrian into a challenge, a trap of sorts, but in the end, he was the one fucked hard against the wall.

And it was nothing like planned, as cold and hard he wanted him to think that was.

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He had left Adrian with a promise, and it was one made to himself, as well. Adrian appeared to be in the mood to play as much as he. That was good and something he could work with, but the feeling of dissatisfaction that had gripped him the moment he had left Adrian was surprising.

What could he want more? Was he deluding himself? Again?

“So, dear cousin, what’s the news?” Christian plopped on a nearby lounge chair and pushed his sunglasses up.

“The news?”

“You’ve been lost in thought ever since you came here. Aren’t you going to take a dip?” He gestured toward the pool.

“Not quite in the mood,” Edward replied.

“Of course. You’re busy thinking. Who’s on your mind?”

“Who? It must be a person?” Sometimes, Christian’s cutting wits could be annoying.

His young cousin laughed. “Pardon my French, Ed, but you look like you got a good shag last night.”

Shag? Who talked like that?

“And he must have been amazing if the look on your face is any indication,” Christian added.

Edward frowned. “What look?”

Christian turned toward him, placed his chin in his palm, dropped his eyelids, and parted his lips. For the sake of his performance, he let out a dreamy sigh.

Edward took a towel and slapped him playfully. “I don’t look like that!”

“You totally do!” Christian dodged the next attack by jumping to his feet and then in the pool. He resurfaced after a couple of moments and placed his elbows on the edge. “People think you’re all ice, and it’s so funny. But I know you, Ed. That’s totally not you. If only they saw you like this, they would change their mind.”

“I’m not some youngster,” Edward argued. “People have expectations of me.”

“You mean, the family,” Christian said the last word in a comical, cavernous tone.

Edward allowed himself a smile, but then he schooled his face into a neutral demeanor. “Not only the family.”

Christian moved his legs lazily in the water, splashing from time to time. “Seriously, though, you’ve been a bit too gloomy lately. And now, well, you look... happy.”

“Happy?” Edward was rightfully disconcerted by Christian’s choice of words.

“Yeah. So tell me who he is.”

“I don’t know who he is,” Edward argued.

“O. M. G.! Did you fuck a stranger? Like in an alley or something? Without seeing his face?”

“I think you should have parental guard put on your phone, Christian,” Edward said sternly. “What kind of sites are you visiting? I hope it’s nothing inappropriate for your age.”

“Hello, I’m of legal age now, I can watch whatever I want. But you’re not getting out of this by putting the spotlights on me. Who’s this guy that got you daydreaming like this?”

Edward knew he would only fight a losing battle with Christian. And he was the only one he could confide in without the fear of being judged.

“Well, his name is Adrian.”

“Hmm, sexy. How does he look like?”

Edward could give a sketch artist a complete description and then identify Adrian from a lineup of a thousand wannabes. But, to save at least a bit of face in front of Christian, he shrugged. “You know, gym rat body. Good looking.”

Eyes dark like sin. Impatient hands and lips. And the arrogance of youth, on top of it all.

“Right. How was his cock?”

Edward sighed. “I’m not going to give you an answer, Christian. There are lines I do not cross, not even with you.” He wagged a finger at his cousin to show how serious he was about it.

Christian giggled. “So, are you going to meet him again or what?”

“No,” Edward said quickly.

*I shouldn’t.*

*I want to.*

*He won’t call.*

Christian climbed out of the pool and began drying himself. “I’m off. But we’ll meet later, anyway, and you have to tell me everything about Adrian.”

“Don’t hold your breath. It was just a random hookup.”

“Did you give him your number?” Christian asked, hovering in an unnerving manner.

“You’re in my sun. Yes, I did. But he won’t call.”

“Why?” Christian asked the most annoying questions sometimes.

“Because he’s not the kind to call back. Weren’t you rushing somewhere?”

Christian smiled. “This conversation is far from over.”

Edward shook his head. He grabbed a book and tried to focus on reading. Christian was young and impetuous, but Edward didn’t believe in guys like Adrian calling the next day.

And then, just like that, his phone began to ring.

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Sex with Adrian was like nothing he had imagined. Edward liked to think of himself as someone logical, with his head on his shoulders, but in this case, it all felt like a whirlwind dragging him to unknown destinations.



They fit sexually. That was a good explanation. With each teasing and little game they played, it was more and more obvious. Sexual compatibility was not a thing to take lightly. Many divorces spanned from it or, better said, lack thereof, regardless of how willing to admit or not those involved were.

They walked a thin line, all the same. Adrian was courageous and took extra steps each time they saw each other, daring to guess what Edward thought and wanted.

And he was good at it, so good that Edward was starting to believe that his heart was, indeed, at stake. He stood and walked toward the bed. Adrian slept like a log after sex. He was smiling, probably caught up in a pleasant dream.

Edward touched his cheek gently. “Will I be just another notch on your belt?” he asked in a whisper.

Adrian didn’t move or wake up.

It had been so much fun while it had lasted. Edward could admit that. But Adrian seemed capable of going to great lengths only to prove he was right.

No, that wasn’t it. He was deluding himself, but what else was he to do? If he gave in, he would put himself in a difficult position. Difficult?

Try impossible.

One of these days, he would have to call it quits. As long as Adrian thought of everything as just a game, they could postpone the inevitable moment.

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*I love you.*

Three little words and he was dragged back to reality. What had he thought would happen? Adrian wore his heart on his sleeve. When they talked about games, he thought of them playfully, like something meant to be explored, not a contest with real stakes.

Of them two, Edward knew he was the only one to know the truth. He was guilty of not telling Adrian everything, but what would be the point?

Of all the disappointments in his life, he doubted he would be able to get over this one. Just imagining Adrian being tempted by Mr. Charles Hastings, from the height of his ivory tower, made him sick to the stomach.

What would happen?

*The same thing as always.*

He didn't need a little voice to tell him that. It was as real as rain and just as unpredictable. Would Adrian's fierce eyes become foggy, with each temptation thrown on the table, like candies? Would his smile turn into a grimace, leaving room for a different kind of satisfaction, an ugly desire?

No, that was something he couldn't allow. As things were, Adrian had been the best thing that had ever happened to him. And he intended to keep it that way.

"You're spacing again," Christian pointed out. "Are you thinking about him?"

"By him, you mean --" Edward started.

Christian giggled. "Adrian, who else? Right, you haven't told me lately how things are between you two. Do you still have the hottest sex?"

Edward closed his eyes and feigned suffering. "I've never told you details about my sex life. And we're in a restaurant. Do I really have to remind you?"

"There's something going on, and you really, really have to tell me," Christian insisted.

Edward was about to offer his cousin an explanation that wouldn't touch hurtful topics by a mile when he noticed someone coming their way, with the maître d' on his heels. Adrian was walking purposefully, and his eyes threw daggers.

He couldn't allow himself to falter now. It was better for all those involved if they just let the time pass and forget all about each other.

He stood up and gestured for an empty chair at their table with a wooden hand.

The maître d' was aghast with Adrian's behavior. "Mr. Hastings, is this gentleman with you?"

"Yes. Apologies for not letting you know in advance. It simply slipped my mind." His voice sounded unnaturally calm. It was the complete opposite of the storm inside his heart.

The maître d' bowed. "I will send another menu to your table right away."

"Thank you, Mr. Garmont. Adrian, please have a seat."

They stared at each other as the maître d' scurried away. Edward noticed Adrian's eyes darting to his left, evaluating Christian. The little troublemaker was staring at them both, and he was already smiling.

He would have to nip this in the bud, whatever it was. And tell his heart to stop beating so wildly while at it.

“Well,” Edward started, once the maître d’ was out of earshot, “to what occasion do I owe the pleasure?”

“We still have things to talk about.” Adrian said and looked down as if he could barely keep in his emotions.

Edward had an inkling of what those emotions meant. Now, of all moments in their relationship, he couldn’t allow his mask to slip. “You could have called,” he said.

“And you could have turned down my calls.”

The people around were throwing furtive glances in their direction.

“All right. This is not the time, nor the place --” Edward started.

Adrian turned toward Christian. “How about you go powder your nose or something, sugar?”

“Sugar?” Christian broke into a laugh. “Who’s this, Ed?”

“None of your business, plaything,” Adrian hissed.

Under any other circumstances, Edward would have found this display of jealousy at least a bit amusing. The thing was, Adrian didn’t act. He didn’t play, despite what he had said along the way. His jealousy was real, and it made things all the more complicated and hard to bear.

“Plaything?” Christian grinned, smelling, most probably, blood in the water.

“Yeah,” Adrian said. “Edward, I had no idea you like your lovers this young. Barely legal,” he added while staring down Christian. “You could have told me this is how you roll.”

Edward frowned. He couldn’t allow Adrian to insult Christian like that. Or him. “Keep your voice down, Adrian. This is my cousin --”

“Is this Adrian? O.M.G.” Christian grabbed Adrian’s arm hastily. “He is so frigging sexy!”

Like he didn’t know already. It hurt just to look at him.

“Christian, do I have to reprimand you, too?” Edward said in a low voice.

Christian examined them and nodded like an old sage reaching a wise conclusion. “You two have matching dark circles.”

He didn’t have to look to know Adrian was staring at him. And yes, as annoying as Christian was, he was correct.

“Your cousin? This is your cousin?” Adrian asked.

“Edward is my fifth cousin, once removed,” Christian explained.

Adrian turned toward Christian. “How do you know about me?”

Christian was short of bouncing up and down. “Are you kidding me? Ed told me all about you! And boy, you do live up to expectations. How was the test?”

“The test?” Adrian was rightfully intrigued.

Stopping Christian at this point would be difficult. Still, he could do it, but his tongue turned into wood in his mouth. Why not let Adrian know about what expectations he was supposed to live up to? Maybe it would be enough to send him running.

“Don’t tell me he didn’t introduce you to the family,” Christian said with aplomb.

“What is your cousin talking about?” Adrian asked Edward.

That was enough to make him forget about allowing Adrian to know about what his father had in mind when dealing with potential suitors. As selfish as that was, he still wanted that memory of Adrian intact.

“Christian Marshall The Third,” Edward said tersely.

“You didn’t, right?” Christian whispered, turning toward him. “But why?”

Edward worked his jaw.

“That’s what I would like to know, too,” Adrian said.

“You’re here to reproach me something.” The faster he sent Adrian on his way, the better. “Go ahead and do your best. But please, don’t make a scene. I’d like to come back here.”

Adrian drew one deep breath. “Are we doing this in front of your cousin?”

“When you walked in here, with murder in your eyes, you didn’t appear to care. Do your worst,” Edward said.

Under the cold façade he was struggling to keep, his heart continued to hammer in his chest.

“You still came.” Adrian’s voice was anxious and forlorn. “Even if you thought all was over between us, you still came and met me. Why?”

“It was a whim.”

*No, it was everything I hoped and dreaded at the same time.*

Christian intervened. "What are you guys talking about? It's over between you two? When did that happen?"

Edward stared Christian down, willing him to shut up.

"I don't buy it," Adrian said incisively.

"I'm sorry, but I have nothing else to sell," Edward replied.

"How did you two split up?" Christian asked.

Adrian's eyes set on him. "I told Edward that I loved him, and he left."

"Wow," Christian whispered. "So, you're a coward, after all, Ed?"

Did he really have to phrase it that way?

Yes, he was a coward.

"My thought exactly," Adrian added.

"You two know nothing about me," Edward said. "Now, if everything is clear --"

"Nothing's clear!"

Were they both shouting at him now? Edward felt as if he needed air to breathe. He could stand there, pretending he was unaffected by Adrian's decision to come after him, but on the inside, everything was shrinking, making him experience a strange sensation of collapsing into himself.

"I will not tolerate the two of you making a scene here," Edward said in a cold voice.

"Then you must tell me about this test Christian is talking about, and explain why you didn't think I should take it."

"I thought you were done playing."

"That's not it."

Christian intervened. "Ed brings home to mom and dad only the potentials."

"Potentials?" Adrian whispered. "For what?"

"For marriage, of course," Christian replied.

"Marriage?"

Damn Christian and his mouth. He should have taken Adrian out of there instead of allowing him to sit with them at the table and find out about how fucked up Edward's life truly was.

His father would tell him he was exaggerating. His mother would tell him that the right one had to come along, sooner or later.

The right one? That was a delusion.

“That’s it. I’m done with the two of you.” Edward threw his napkin on the table and stood up. “I’ll pretend to attend to certain needs in the hope that you, Adrian, won’t be here when I get back.”

He needed to breathe. Christian would yap his mouth, without a doubt. He wouldn’t do anything to stop it. After all, Adrian was entitled to some version of the truth. Christian didn’t know the nitty-gritty, but at least he could push Adrian away with information about a family with high standards and a penchant for buying people.

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Confronting Adrian hadn’t been the smartest idea, but at least they would be over for good now. He took place at the table and pretended to be fascinated with folding his napkin for a full minute.

“What on earth did you tell Adrian, Christian?”

His cousin shrugged. “Just that your parents would disown you if you got married.”

“Where did you hear that?”

“Hey, it’s your fault for not telling me anything. I had to come up with something.”

“So, you lied to Adrian.”

“Yeah, but for a good cause.” Christian winked. “Now you know he doesn’t want you for your money. Are you back together now?”

Edward shook his head. Christian was pulling the all-innocent act, making his big eyes bigger and moving his eyelashes slowly. In turn, Edward narrowed his eyes. “What did you two really talk about?”

Christian shrugged. “He just asked me about the test, and then he rushed after you.”

“Now, I mean, after that.”

“Oh, we didn’t talk,” Christian said quickly. “He left. That way.” He pointed at his right as if Edward didn’t know how people walked out of that restaurant.

“Really? He didn’t say a word to you, or you to him?”

“Nada. Zilch. I mean, it’s too bad because I so wanted to talk to him so more. He’s so handsome! I mean, Ed, even for you and your high standards, the guy’s a stud!”

“Well,” Edward said, willing to close the topic as fast as possible, “he might be, but for someone else, not me.”

Christian opened his mouth to argue, but then he closed it and smiled.

Edward frowned. What was his cousin hiding now? It didn’t matter. It was finally over between him and Adrian.

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“What a rollercoaster,” Edward murmured to himself as he let himself fall on the bed. “I’m beat.”

Adrian came on top of him and stared into his eyes. “It’s our wedding night. Don’t tell me you want to sleep.”

“I want to tell you that... but I won’t. Good thing you like being on top. I’ll just lie here and think of England.”

Adrian laughed. “You know, it feels like I’m only starting to get to know the real you.”

Edward nodded. He knew perfectly well what Adrian was talking about. The façade was gone; he didn’t have to keep it up for his husband. “Hmm, disappointed?” he asked in a playful tone.

“About what?” Adrian asked.

“About the real me.”

“The real you? Sweetheart, you didn’t fool me as much as you think you did. I mean, yeah, you have the cold fish act down to a tee... but come on, I realized quickly what you wanted, didn’t I?”

“I guess. I got myself a shrewd one.” Edward grinned. “Good thing I made you marry me so fast before you could realize I was playing you.”

“Ha, I laughed, what can I say? But you know, dear husband,” Adrian said thoughtfully, “your playing around helped a lot. It kept my interest up.”

“Ah, and will it wane now that you know me better?”

“No.” Adrian kissed him sweetly. “The real you, as you say, is my reward for fighting so much to get you.”

“Fighting, huh?”

“Hey, I stood up to your dad. That’s the modern day equivalent of slaying the dragon.”

“Ah, so you’re the knight, and I’m the damsel in distress?”

“Nah. You’re, actually, pretty damned amazing, Edward. And you’re wrong about thinking that you kept up with some act all the time.”

“Hmm, how am I wrong?”

Adrian nuzzled his neck gently. “You’ve always been honest during sex. Your body betrayed you, sorry to tell you. And I knew, the way you looked at me, you wanted me just as much as I wanted you.”

Edward said nothing for a moment. “You’ve always known me, then?” he asked quietly.

“Of course. Now let me get to know you some more. I’m sure there are kinks you haven’t told me about.”

“Adrian, we’re married now. The missionary position is all you get.”

“Put your legs on my shoulders, and I’ll live with that, too.”

Edward laughed. “Whatever you say, you make it sound kinkier than it is.”

“What can I say? It’s just one of my many perks.” Adrian kissed him again, long and hard, igniting his desire.

“My husband is so humble.” Edward teased as he caressed his partner’s hair. “I love you, Adrian. Thank you for loving me back.”

Adrian’s lips quirked into a naughty smile. “I’ll love you all night long. Let’s see how thankful you’ll still be in the morning.”

Edward appreciated the teasing, but he knew he would be just as thankful the next day and all the days that followed, and they would spend together.

THE END