



The Lacrimosa and Honled Pomegranate Seeds

GothicTempress

Complete

Twilight

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Summary

The leaking whispers of secret desires beckon the gods of antiquities to Bella's awakening. Edward embraces the myth of Hades and Persephone, and together, strangers engage in a thrill-seeking erotic fantasy of risk and discovery. More than stocks are exchanged on the busy trading floor of the Chicago Board of Trade...kink, big moves and a whole lot of risky business!

The Lacrimosa and Honied Pomegranate Seeds

CONTEST ENTRY FOR

~~~ THE PUBLIC LOVIN FANFICTION CONTEST ~~~

Hosted by: GossipLips , JandMsMommy & MissJanuary

You can find PublicLovinFFC on this website, PublicLovinFanfictionContest dot blogspot dot com, or check my profile for details.

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I offer special thanks to **RandomCran** and **Elliedgasmwsoon** for Beta'ing, and to **RoseArcadia** for pre-reading this short story. I also want to thank my pervilicious readers and dear friends in this fandom who continue to be encouraging and supportive of stories that might make lesser women blush and run away in denial of their own fantasies or deeper desires. Thank you for allowing me to creatively explore and share mine in this nurturing environment. Thank you, goddesses, for that extraordinary gift.

~~~o0o~~~

The true man wants two things: danger and play. For that reason he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything. - Nietzsche

~~~o0o~~~

The leaking whispers of  
secrets against my desires  
flow down my cheeks.  
I weep with tears  
of longing, my

lacrimosa

girt round

with emotions;

the tear vial

barely able to fortify

the contents of my secret

desires, the result from the

flooding of my naive yet barbarous

sea. Many know by seeing. I want to know by feeling.

The evidence worn by my hesitation in my haven't strayed or explored.

I desire to relinquish all control, to be free of burdens of being a mother to my mother;

the responsible one, the one to provide and worry and deny the experience of being care

free because she was stingy with that gift. I desire no responsibilities other than to feel, to placate

desires and enjoy the harmony of submission, the chords of balanced tenor by the domination of another,

the interweaving of unknown desires into a melody that becomes my plea to Eros. I desire the conductivity and

charge, my erotic, fluid melody of tears and honey to be what makes me his willing slave, to beg for his veil wings

and undeniable, erotic masculinity to sweep me away from my boundaries and breach what's yet to be

claimed; to rip my veil and gorge on my honey. I want to be a woman in control of

her sexuality

by relinquishing my control over it to another. Just as Persephone tastes the pomegranate

seeds at Hades' offering, I too wish to imbibe the seeds, the seduction of my appetite

culled by the whims of another, the death in the underworld that comes after pleasure is reached. I desire little deaths under skilled ministrations, the seeds split and sown. The interdiction of my inhibitions must be absolute, like the tears within this bottle, free from my being yet kept, controlled and ready to burst and pour forth at his bidding. I wish to spill forth over his fingers and his mouth, feeding the passion agitated, awakened, and buzzing within the hive of my womb, the hive that's dripping, wanting and ready. I plead to Aphrodite that my honey will be as sweet to my lover as it is pure. Ambrosia to taste. Ambrosia to take. Lift this bottle top and drink your fill, Anteros, but only for a love reciprocated and true and clear as the glass of this lacrimosa. Peer inside and see your reflection in how wet I am. Risk thyself and know me.

---

The auditorium of one hundred students read the words formed within the shape of a lacrimosa tear bottle as it was projected on the screen of the auditorium. Some

students chuckled while others blushed and slid on their seats as they crossed their legs. The varied reactions amused Bella as she deliberately, yet surreptitiously surveyed the occupants of the room. She wasn't expecting the teacher to use her work as an example in the Human Sexuality lecture, and she was glad that her lacrimosa vial pendant hung low on her chest, conveniently obscured by the sweater she was wearing. While this was an anonymous presentation of an example, she was certain that some of the students would see her pendant and know who'd written it.

As of this moment, with her desires splayed openly on the screen, they all knew enough without knowing her name. She was thankful that she chose to sit in the last row and wore her hair down this morning. She bent her neck, allowing the veil of her hair to obscure her blushing cheeks. Her pride was growing wider with the knowledge that her submission was singled out.

"This is the only submission to be awarded a perfect score in the five years I've taught this class. It was provocative, yet an honest plea of a sexual being on the cusp of what she or he hopes to become: an adventure of discovery of their own sexuality. We're aware of the myths surrounding Hades, god of death and the underworld. Persephone eats the pomegranate seeds he tricks her with, and yet she desires every kind of death he offers her when he steals her away to the underworld. She probably discovers that Le Petite Mort is way better than the harping of her mother, Demeter, who is so upset at the loss of her daughter that she sends the earth into its first winter with her conniption fit. Mommy Dearest has issues with her daughter becoming a woman and letting go. And yet the author of this composition mentions a mother who is opposite of what the myth presents. Who doesn't resent their mother at one point or another?"

Many of the women in the auditorium chuckled in admission before the professor carried on with her analysis of the poem.

"The author of the piece asks to relinquish control over to another more experienced lover, to enjoy the harmony found between domination and submission, to taste the seeds and to offer her own, begging him to take a risk. She forms her thoughts into the symbolic shape of a tear catcher, something that can be traced back to the antiquities, where the Greeks would include vessels filled with tears in their tombs. Let's discuss this submission. Please raise your hand if you identify ..."

Bella leaned further and opened her notebook, pretending to take notes, drifting away from the professor's words as she tried to calm her escalating breaths. She rarely received praise and she felt on the verge of tears. She unconsciously reached up to touch her chest, where the pendant rested. She slipped it beneath the collar of her shirt before anyone might put two and two together, yet apprehension pulled at

her consciousness and the tingling skin at the back of her neck told her she was already too late.

Her eyes strayed across the auditorium and met the gaze of the one student who she hoped would be looking.

He *was*.

Distance meant nothing as the upturn of her smile slowly drew the corners of his own lips towards the ceiling with the invisible pull of intrigue and acknowledgment.

She looked down and brought her hair forward to shield her blush from view, her thoughts racing.

Bella knew that she desperately wanted to separate from her lonely, mentally over-taxing and unfulfilled past, to transform into a new person, a new woman who knew herself. It was her deepest desire, and one she felt was reflected in the Persephone myth of antiquity. It's why she wrote what she did. She wanted the intersection of her burgeoning sexuality and the eroticism that simmered beneath her bubbling mind to unveil itself, and yet she doubted the validity of her desires.

Pomegranate seeds were delicious, yet her reality was far from it.

The doubt that festered about the erotic potential of her future pierced her vagary like a bitter thorn.

Shaking herself out of her depressing thoughts, she glanced up once more to find that his smile had grown broader, the dimmed lights doing nothing to diminish the white gleam of his teeth. His expression proffered a rebuttal, a beckoning, taunting her with an admission of his own that he could not understand.

*Yet.*

She glanced down at her empty notebook and smiled knowingly to herself behind her curtain of hair, hope present once again.

She would go through with her unorthodox plan after all.

She had to at least *try*.

Edward Cullen's eyes widened as he finished the poem displayed by the projector on the large screen at the front of the auditorium, his gaze turning towards the young woman who'd captured his attention months before. He first spotted her months earlier, running into a trading pit in the Chicago Board of Trade's Grain Room. Her long brown hair flowed behind her as she jumped down the risers in the center of the chaos, pushing her way through the screaming traders, forcing her way towards the broker wearing the purple trading coat in the center of the mayhem. She held her ticket in front of the trader's puce, sweating face as she tried to get him to fill the order before the closing bell.

He remembered her smile when the order was filled successfully just as the market closed, the way her chest rose and fell with the exertion of navigating her way through the crowd of testosterone, shouting and pushing. He remembered how vibrant and fresh she looked, and how comfortable and composed she seemed by her surroundings, for one so young. He remembered the unique looking pendant she wore around her neck, the way it sat enticingly between the shapely contour of her breasts.

He wondered, at the time, what that pendant symbolized, and why she wore it. He wondered why she always tried to keep it hidden.

He'd watched her for months; admiring her from afar with his curiosity peaked.

She fascinated him.

Edward was just a small fish in the big pond of high rollers and risk takers who thrived off the chaos of the markets to make their fortunes. The risk of gain and loss was what fed his passions and what made him pursue his career choice. He flourished on the pandemonium and unknowns. After ten years of marriage and a loss of almost all of their savings, his wife could no longer handle the stress that came with the ride of the upticks and downturns that the market made. She no longer could tolerate their fate attached to the bulls and bears, or accept his love of riding those speculative waves of fortune simply for the thrill of it.

Two years after their separation, he just felt grateful his newfound success in the markets came after the faithless bitch had taken her meager share and ran. He never expected that his recent financial achievement would make the bitterness of his divorce taste so sweet. Even so, there was no denying that while his bank account reflected his professional triumph, his personal life suffered.

However, he was willing to bet there would be something sweeter ... Bella Swan, the young woman that held his fascination. She was the one who secretly compelled

him to take the psychology course on human sexuality despite his not needing that particular credit to acquire his MBA. Edward assumed the risk, making the impetuous decision to enroll in the class after overhearing Bella complain to a trading assistant about her courses for the next semester at DePaul University.

Bella seemed unaware of the attention he paid to her whenever she came into his trading pit to deliver her orders. But now he had her full attention as they held eye contact. After the display of her poem, he knew that distance would change.

He would do everything in his power to get to know his beautiful, shy blusher despite their age difference. He figured she couldn't be more than twenty-three. Now that he knew the secret meaning of her pedant, he believed he had an important clue as to how she ticked - and just like gambling on the ticks of the market - he was about to invest in a new relationship, no matter how volatile it could become. He'd previously hesitated in getting to know her because he assumed the wider the swing in age, the greater the risk of volatility and loss.

Now that he knew her desires and she'd made eye contact with him in such a charmingly bashful way, he was willing to go for broke, the ebbs and flows be damned.

The strike price was *now*.

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Bella stared at her ceiling when sleep evaded her. The adrenaline that spiked after her poem was displayed for the class never seeped from her system, the high of her wordless exchange with Edward never abating. She blushed again in the darkness of her silent room, the city lights and sounds the only visitors permeating the darkness.

She turned to look at the small package that sat on her bedside table. She purchased the tiny box after seeing Edward for the first time. She noticed the gorgeous new trader on one of her runs into the Corn Pit to deliver a client's order, and the moment his green eyes met hers, she *knew*.

Her friend Alice worked as a trader's assistant for a broker close to where the green eyed god stood, and she told Bella everything she knew:

***From New York City.***

***Divorced.***

***Flirt.***

***Cocky as hell.***

***Fearlessly aggressive in the Pit.***

***Unafraid of making some of the bigger trades despite the risk spread.***

Bella's right cheek met her pillow as she thought about what was in the box, and what she was about to do with its contents. Despite never having ever spoken to Edward, she knew enough about him to allow her attraction to mobilize her decision. Their silent exchange in class emboldened her, despite her nerves.

She hoped she was right about him. She hoped he'd be ready and willing.

Bees were everywhere in her dreams after she drifted into sleep, buzzing and busy and sweeping from bloom to bloom, sinking into sweetened spaces as they sifted through the pollen, their veil wings bending the light of the blazing sun as they buzzed in happiness within the golden haze of the labyrinth comb of her mind. Their wings fluttered through the temples and shrines of Aphrodite and Persephone was there to welcome them as they stayed productive and steadfast.

Honey dripping, the sweetness filling the air around Bella as she dreamt, the divine nectar of the gods that her secret lover knew was waiting for him, beckoning him as it saturated the air around them ... her honey, he couldn't wait to taste ... she *hoped*.

---

She left her purse on the desk next to where her supervisor sat on the perimeter of the trading floor. She walked past the line of phone clerks writing furiously on the tickets she'd be delivering to the various brokers before opening bell. Her nervous energy pushed her faster towards the restroom, her hand subconsciously touching the small bulge in the pocket of her trading coat.

*I want to be a woman in control of her sexuality by relinquishing my control over it to another.*

Bella closed her stall door and pulled out the black panties. She brought them up her slender legs, slipping the silicon bullet attachment inside her tight entrance as she adjusted it into place.

She blushed when she thought about the brazen risk she was about to take, and that risk alone made her wetter than she'd ever been.

*At the whims of a stranger.*

*Surrounded by the exciting, kinetic energy of the trading floor.*

*No obligations, obstructions or control.*

*The seduction of my appetite culled by the whims of another.*

She quivered around the soft protrusion pushing against her inner wall as she left the restroom. She placed one foot in front of the other, hoping that the remote function of her device worked within the advertised range of twenty-five feet. By her calculations, that would place her well within that distance for the majority her day.

Her thoughts stopped suddenly along with her movement.

Before her, resting on top of her purse, was a beautiful pomegranate, its lush red skin standing in stark contrast against the black leather of her purse.

It was an unexpected invitation that surpassed her wildest dreams. She placed her hands on her cheeks as her blushed skin warmed with the excitement over the meaning of his gift.

Grabbing her stack of orders from her supervisor, she looked at the large clock looming over the cavernous room. With only a few minutes left before the opening bell, it was time to make her deliveries.

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The projected weather reports for the next three months had been released soon after the opening, and the pits were more crowded than usual due to the rush of prospectors wanting to capitalize on the futures of the grain crops. The runners stayed on the outskirts of the pits as the pushing and flurry of activity surged downward towards the brokers that stood in the middle of the large pits, their orders held high as the traders jockeyed for position to buy or sell at the best price. Tensions were high and the screams were deafening as millions of dollars were made or lost in seconds.

Bella watched Edward move up the risers after the opening trading subsided. Just as she walked around the perimeter of the trading pit and stepped down the first

step to descend into it, a new low was reached on the ticker boards and the bustle of prospectors ready to make fast money surged towards the middle where the turbulent activity continued.

This activity gave Bella the opportunity to slip behind Edward unnoticed, her small frame overpowered and obscured by the flaying trading coats, larger bodies and arms. He stood shouting and jumping in the air as he made trades with brokers farther down, yet he wasn't too occupied to feel her small hand enter the pocket of his slacks, or the feel of her petite frame being pressed into his back, the swell of her breasts tantalizing his mid-back, her lacrimosa pendant pushing against his spine through his dress shirt and trading coat.

She tried to withdraw her hand from his pocket but his left palm pushed in to keep hers hostage, the movements in the small space activating the remote control now in his grasp. He gasped when he felt her forehead push firmly against his back in reaction, the buzzing sensation vibrating through the front of her skirt as he felt the pulsations ripple where the junction of her legs met his upper thigh, her moans resonating through his chest.

She pulled her hand out quickly and stepped back as he tried to turn towards her within the mayhem, his chin hitting his chest as he pulled the remote control out of his pocket to see what he was holding.

By the time his brain registered the shock at what she'd just given him, she'd made it to the top riser of the pit, and was well beyond his grasp as she ran towards her trading desk.

Despite the chaos surrounding him and the frantic movements of the hundreds of screaming brokers around him, nothing could match the chaos in his mind.

It was impossible for him to imagine a more erotic gift than the one she'd just given him. Within the cacophony of the hotheads disrupting his unexpected state of arousal, among the thousands of pushing bodies and god-like egos, he held the power to undo her in his hand ... to control her responses, the where and when, all with just the pad of his fingertip.

His grin turned feral with a high he never experienced before in his life. *Never*. His eyes danced wildly with the possibilities and the realization that Bella Swan was a betting woman with balls of steel and one hell of a penchant for kink.

All his hopes of a productive day multiplying his millions were forgotten, and it didn't bother him one bit. The only thing truly bothering him now was how hard he'd

become, and how much harder he'd be when he watched her fall apart without ever touching her skin.

He tried to adjust himself discretely as he stepped up the large risers to the top level of the trading pit, where he stood in wait.

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"Cullen! What the fuck are you standing back there for? Merrill Lynch just unloaded a shit-ton of corn options for a song and you didn't get a single lot?! Get your head in the game! Weren't you the one that told me last week that you had your eye on that blue Maserati you saw on Top Gear?! How the fuck do you expect to get one if you stand back and let these opportunities go?"

Edward chuckled good naturedly and shook his head in response, his muted gaiety barely contained. If his friend and business partner Emmett McCarty only knew the truth of the matter. Edward continued to move his head side to side in wonderment. No one would believe this shit. *No one*. And there was no amount of money that would keep his attention away from her.

*Her.*

There was nothing more blatant than the psychological arousal of the tangibly erotic gift she'd placed in his pocket, the little control that fanned the flames of his thrill seeking nature and sang of inhibition and a relinquishing of control over to him. He felt fortunate for his photographic memory as he thought back to the poem displayed in class the previous evening. Now that he had the time to think about what she wrote with the weight of her gift in his palm, he grew even more aroused with the thought that it had been composed with him in mind in the first place - that she'd wanted and fantasized about him from the start.

Just as Emmett jumped back into the thick of the activity at the bottom of the pit, Edward caught a glimpse of Bella across the floor. He had no idea how many feet the remote control worked, so he would press it every few seconds as she moved around the trading pits, her long hair flowing behind her, her sensual curves swaying beneath her blue and yellow runner's coat.

Past the Soybean Meal Pit.

Around the Bean Pit.

Past the crude, drooling traders taking a break at the top of the Gold Pit as they

trailed her movements with their covetous eyes.

*If you only knew, mother fuckers. Mine!*

Halfway past the Wheat Pit ...

She paused suddenly and threw her head back a moment, her mouth slightly gaping as if she was taking a long breath, her cheeks flushing and smile widening as she received the secret jolts of pleasure against her.

*The interdiction of my inhibitions must be absolute, like the tears within this bottle, free from my being yet kept, controlled and ready to burst and pour forth at his bidding.*

Edward's eyes widened when the memory of her words dissolved in his mind. The visual implications of the power she'd just given him made him gasp as he watched her reactions to his stimulus, the burning promises of Eros given veiled wings and taking flight against the deliciously hidden parts of her.

Bella resumed walking when he turned the vibrations off, using the pause to quickly deliver her order to the broker in the Wheat Options Pit. The fact that she had no idea when the next ripples of pleasure would come made her even more excited, and she wasn't sure how long before the moisture seeped from beneath the silicone plug. Being this wet was making it even harder to concentrate on her deliveries.

"Swan!"

She'd grown so accustomed to the chaos that she was able to decipher her supervisor's voice over the screams of the hundreds around her. She went running towards where he was waiting for her.

"Take this to Grimace. It's a big one, so rush with it!"

She grabbed the piece of paper and ran as fast as she could towards the Corn Pit, bounding over the initial step and forcing her way into the mass of screamers and pushers. Bella chuckled as she thought about the broker's nickname as she held the ticket in front of the large man wearing the purple trading coat. Just as he snatched it from her hand and started filling the order, she felt the vibrations come on with such force that she was rooted to the spot she stood, no matter how dangerous it was to stand there as traders pushed over her to get a piece of the trade taking place.

Bella didn't panic. Overcome by thrown arms, pushing bodies and the thrill of the dangerous situation she found herself in, she bit her bottom lip to try from crying out as her face turned skyward and vibrations began throwing her into an orgasm unlike she'd ever had before. Her arms and legs were shaking as her womb and walls around the silicone mold began pulsing in overwhelming sensations, her screams of pleasure blending into the chaos around her as she fought to remain standing as the crowd around her grew.

Strong arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her violently backward from underneath and away from the mound of bodies jockeying to get closer to the power-players as she continued to scream through the reverberations of her release. Her moans and shaking were now muffled by the muscled body and chest holding her.

The frenzy of trading was so overwhelming that the couple was swept up in the sea of bodies, bringing Bella even closer into contact with Edward's form. He moaned loudly into her hair as her lower back made contact with the rock hard bulge in his slacks. His right hand snaked down the side of her skirt and around to the inside of her thigh, the trail of her release seeping down her soft skin just short of her knee.

He moaned louder into the back of her neck as he trailed the pad of his fingers through the viscous trail of pleasure upward, to where buzzing met his drenched palm. His voice was laced with the desperation of a starving man.

"This honey ... I'm going to lick every last drop and make it happen again and again, until you have nothing left. Are you ready to be swept away and devoured, Persephone? Are you ready for your little deaths? Are you ready for the choice you've made?"

Bella nodded as the commotion around them grew when another large order was delivered and the market hit a new high. The screaming around them was deafening, but nothing could match the sound that Bella made as the pad of his middle finger slipped beneath the juncture of the panties, where he began swirling around her swollen clit as the vibrations of the tiny machine continued.

Her body's reaction to her second orgasm was so violent that her legs collapsed beneath her, his finger pushing further into the small space shared by the silicone insert.

He removed his hand from beneath the vibrations and soaking heat, turning off the device quickly and placing one arm beneath her knees and supporting her back

with the other as he curled her into his chest, quickly hauling her quivering body up the levels of the pit until they were out of the hysteria and able to move more quickly. The sea of runners in the isles parted for them as he made his way to where he knew she kept her belongings. The pomegranate was still sitting right where he left it that morning.

Alice and Bella's supervisor came running up the aisle after them.

"Is she OK?! I saw her go down into the Corn Pit but I never saw her come back out!"

Edward nodded at Alice and then looked at the tall man he knew to be Bella's supervisor.

"She collapsed. I'll take her to the medic station and then grab her a juice or something to raise her blood sugar."

Bella's supervisor nodded, concern written across his face as he tried to decide if that was best. The Markets were trading at record volumes and leaving his station could cost him his job. He decided Edward had the best idea.

"After they have a look at her, please see she gets home safely. Her purse is there, and if you need money for a cab, I can cover you. She can have a long weekend to recover."

There was no way Edward would be able to make it to the elevator bank at the other end of the trading floor to the medic station, let alone to street level to get a cab. He had other plans, and recovering would certainly be what she'd be doing.

He could feel Bella's small breaths as she tried to suppress the chuckles that threatened to escape. Instead, she began to cough to mask her reactions, her eyes remaining closed despite her desire to see Edward's attempts at containing his own composure.

Alice unzipped Bella's purse and threw the pomegranate inside it, closing the straps and linking them on Edward's free wrist as she turned to run back to her station before she got in trouble or missed any orders herself.

Edward spun on his heel and kicked the door to the stairwell open, taking three steps at a time till he reached the freight elevator. As they waited for the doors to open, they moaned as their mouths met for the first time, a searing kiss that burned them both as their lips and tongues mingled with the heat they were generating

between them.

He thought her lips tasted like springtime, fresh blossomed earth and green with want, opening and sliding against his ravenous tongue as he pulled her closer to his chest, the energy within him surging, feeding her frantic movements to be as near to him as possible.

He sighed in relief when the elevator door opened to the abandoned area of the floor his company used to store old documents. Their kisses grew more desperate and Edward couldn't take any more. He kicked the first door they came to, and it flew open with such force that it hit and collapsed the tower of boxes balanced behind it. His lips never left hers as he stepped inside and lowered her feet to the ground using one hand while he closed and locked the door with the other.

"You have no idea what a pleasant surprise that little stunt was, Persephone ..."

Edward's kisses became more insistent as they navigated their way around the labyrinth of boxes stacked neck high, his hand throwing her purse to the floor as he peeled her blue and yellow coat from her body, her shirt following quickly after.

"... But nothing is going to compare to the real thing."

She groaned in response as he trailed his teeth against her exposed collarbone. He suddenly lifted his head to look into her eyes for affirmation, a sense of hesitation causing him to cease. She'd written about a ripped veil and he didn't think he'd have the control to be gentle during her first time. Her voice cracked beneath the intensity of his gaze as she answered his unspoken plea.

"Take *all* of me, Edward. I ..."

Her words faltered on her lips as he lifted the lacrimosa pendant in his right hand. She cupped her hands over his and tugged on it violently, the black cord snapping and releasing the pendant into his quivering palm. She leaned into his line of sight, leveling his passion filled eyes with her own.

"... I want all of *you*. I want your seeds flowing out of me, running down my thighs. I don't need this vessel when ..."

Bella grabbed the pendant from his hand and threw it to the floor, the thud of it bouncing on the carpet audibly over their pounding hearts.

"... I want to be *your* vessel. Fill *me*! Take it all!"

He growled when his lips claimed hers, his movements erratic as he shrugged off his own trading coat. She began ripping away his buttons as she frantically tried getting him out of his dress shirt and undo his tie. The sound of his circular fasteners bouncing off of the cardboard boxes around the couple joined the sound of the ripping of the zipper along her skirt's seam as he tore it from her hips. She could do nothing but groan wantonly into his open mouth.

There was only a narrow path they could navigate safely before reaching the wall of widows overlooking the atrium lobby ten stories below. He realized, as he backed her towards the direction of where a desk could be, that there was no space for them to lay down. The broken blinds only dropped half-way down the windows, and rows of boxes kept him from pushing her into a place where they could be more private. He hesitated to assess the situation.

"Don't over think this, Hades. Where's the thrill seeker who got me off in a room of thousands of people?"

Edward shook his head in disbelief at the tempting nymph before him, shocked by her lack of inhibitions for someone with no sexual experience. The thrill of her insinuation and the risks she was willing to take turned him on even more, and the surge in adrenaline enabled him to topple three heavy boxes into the rows behind them, making enough space for him to place her on top of the remaining ones level with his thighs. She had just enough room to lie back and obscure their upper bodies from anyone able to see them from across or below, but there would be no doubt about what they were doing, should anyone look over or up.

None of that mattered in the burning, passionate haze they found themselves in. Both were too overcome with desire to care who saw what they were doing or the risk involved. All they were thinking about was getting closer.

He unlatched her bra and she leaned back, his tongue descending down her throat and over her nipples. His grin pressed into her voluptuous breasts as his hands moved quickly to rip the black panties and device from her body.

Edward moaned when he looked down at the silicone device lying on the floor. It was glistening in the sunlight streaming in from the light filled windows of the atrium, the remnants from her releases taunting him into action.

*I wish to spill forth over his fingers and his mouth, feeding the passion agitated, awakened, and buzzing within the hive of my womb, the hive that's dripping, wanting and ready. I plead to Aphrodite that my honey will be as sweet to my lover as it is pure. Ambrosia to taste. Ambrosia to take.*

His lips and tongue left her breasts and trailed over her quivering stomach, dipping into her belly button and then moving lower, his tongue meeting the bare lips as her legs widened as far as the boxes allowed. Her bent leg obscured his face from the offices on the other side of the atrium, and as her fingers weaved their way into his hair, he felt confident that no one would be able to recognize any of his identifying features. In truth, he was more worried about *her*. Men in this situation would be labeled as a hero. She would be judged far more harshly.

He would protect her at all costs, because he knew he wanted something more than just this moment or experience. As he tasted her honey and felt her responses as he began to push in with his tongue, fingers and teeth, he knew he'd never have his fill.

*Lift this bottle top and drink your fill, Anteros, but only for a love reciprocated and true and clear as the glass of this Lacrimosa. Peer inside and see your reflection in how wet I am.*

He understood clearly, as he laved away the remnants of her earlier excitement with the hopes of inspiring a new release. He wanted the reflection of his sudden, deeper desires to be what he saw if he stopped long enough to look into her eyes.

Before this erotic experience, Edward would be the first to deny the existence of a soul mate...yet he somehow knew that she was what he'd always needed. She made him feel more alive than he'd ever felt.

Seeds had already taken root in his heart, and more than one vessel was filling with honied promises of Eros, yet nothing compared to the honey that coated his tongue and lips as she screamed with her release, his fingers held captive as contractions of pleasure ripped through her already trembling body.

Edward winced as she pulled at his hair and he allowed her to drag his drenched face towards her opened mouth, her pants of passion pushing against his chest as her hand slipped between them and grabbed his considerable length. He was harder than he'd ever been, and while he never went bareback with casual lovers, he knew he was clean and so was she.

He was willing to take yet another risk. He would give her what she wanted ... what he needed, now that he'd had a taste.

Bella sighed and then moaned when his hands reached around her small hips and angled them downward till the apex of her thighs pushed down against the hardest part of him, her growing passion vining from her mind downward towards her

thrumming heart, rooting through her rib cage and branching into her limbs and upwards again, causing her muscles to quiver and spike into the haze of passion that was fueling them on.

He slid slowly into her, her unbelievable tightness almost too much to keep him from lasting more than a few seconds. She's been so wet already that her small gasp was the only indication of her discomfort, and he paused movement to allow her to adjust to his size.

After a few moments, he was surprised that she began to claw at his back, lifting her hips to bring him in closer and faster. The sensation of her movements spurred him onward and soon the boxes beneath them were crunching and undulating as he pushed and she swayed.

The sound of muffled catcalls made him realize that more boundaries were being breached and claimed as he moved within her, her eyes dancing with excitement when she lifted her head slightly to peer out of the window.

There was a crowd of traders standing and pointing up, and a few of the office windows across from their position were filled with the curious.

Edward watched her reactions as she realized they had an audience, and he worried that she might regret their impulsive decision to engage intimately in such a public place.

His eyes widened in shock when instead of panicking, her muscles began tightening around his straining cock. He thought that a virgin might not have an orgasm her first time, but from the moment Bella Swan slipped that remote into his pocket, he knew she wasn't like any woman he knew before - she was made for *him*. He immediately followed her in release, and when he stilled his hips and leaned in to kiss her lips, the applause could be heard loudly through the thick paned glass.

Edward chuckled at the unbelievable situation they now found themselves in. He started devising ways of getting them off the floor and out of the building undetected. He laughed when he looked down at their ripped clothes strewn about the floor. He felt grateful that they had their bulky trading coats to cover their ruined clothing. No one would be the wiser.

Bella grabbed his neck with her sweaty hands and pulled his lips back to her own. When she reached between them and began stroking his length, his eyebrows rose into his forehead. He didn't quite understand her motivations yet, not that he was complaining - he was aware that some people not only got off in a place where they

could get caught, but others actually wanted others to see their sex acts.

*Mission accomplished, on all counts.*

But Edward wasn't about to have another round until they were safely out of the building and in the privacy of his own home, where he planned to keep her for as long as she would stay. He wanted to take his time. He wanted *all* of her, and then some.

It pained him to stop her when he realized the excitement in her eyes, but he gripped her wrist to still her. He then pulled her away from the boxes while insuring that his body obscured her face and hair as they shimmied into the small path leading to the locked door.

"It may be only a few minutes before word gets out and security counts the floors to discover where we are. The next time I have you, I want to take my time, Bella."

Once they were safely away from view from those across and below, she turned to flash him a smile as she bent down to pick up her clothes.

"I think I'm partial to my nickname coming from your lips."

Edward grinned in response, but he shook his head in disagreement, a serious look settling over his features as he spoke.

"I want more than the myth, more than any fantasy. I want more than just today."

The smile she responded with nearly blinded him with its happiness, and he knew that his honesty was appreciated, his sentiments reciprocated - his honied words coating her flourishing hope. Anteros, the god of love returned, had shown them generosity, and they both knew a valuable gift when they saw one.

Minutes later, they escaped unnoticed through the back stairwell while managing to elude onlookers and holding up their dangling garments.

As Bella climbed into the back of the cab and settled into Edward's lap, she turned into his chest and closed her eyes, her thoughts swirling as she relived the events of the day and what she hoped for their future. It was impossible for her to not smile at how the universe seemed to align in her favor, how her deepest desires had been answered. She smiled when he drew her head closer into his beating heart, and she decided to try to visualize a future filled with new adventures and sated appetites, of paramours gorging on honey and delighting in the juicy pomegranate arils of love.

She envisioned a lacrimosa girl round with happiness and fulfillment, no longer just a symbol, but instead a *reality*.

As she silently sent her new desires into the universe, Edward lifted her slightly and gently met her lips with his.

Eros listened and sealed the promise with a kiss.

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**End Notes:**

"Barberous sea" was taken from Horace, "The Odes."

I worked in the trading pits for many years and met my husband there. The Chicago Board of Trade building at 141 West Jackson has an observation deck if you're ever curious about what the Agriculture Trading Floor looks like during the frantic pace of trading hours. The best time to observe the craziness is at the opening or closing bells. You can check the official website for details and hours. The atrium is on the 12th floor. The images of this beautiful atrium (no longer open to the public) can be found online. A large banner depicting Ceres, the Goddess of Grain and the Harvest, is hung high above this atrium. A huge statue of her also stands proudly atop the Board of Trade building. I wonder what she'd think about witnessing the pomegranate seeds Edward's *harvested*...\*grins wickedly\*