**Dressing on Borrowed Time**

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"It's too late to back out now," Edward told her, "A deal's a deal."  
  
"But Edward! I know it seemed a good idea at the time, but we'd both had a few glasses of wine, and... and I just think you're going too far."  
  
Edward ignored Alejandra's pleading and shook his head slowly. "You were happy for me to give you... sorry lend you... the dress. But if you weren't willing to pay for it then you should have backed out then."  
  
Alejandra knew he wouldn't back down. He never did. Now she wished she'd never agreed to this deal in the first place. But the dress had looked so good on the mannequin, and she'd just had to have it. Beautiful clothes were her weakness, and Edward knew it. It had seemed just a tease when Edward had said he'd buy the dress for himself, and that perhaps she could borrow it from him.  
  
"I'll want it back later," he'd said with a wink, "And then what will you do?" She should have known from the look in his eyes that he meant every word.  
  
"Then I'll just have to prance about in my underwear for the rest of the night," Alejandra had replied.  
  
Edward smiled. "I'd like to see that."  
  
"I bet you would," she'd teased, reassuring herself that it was just play acting. "But what if I enjoyed it more than you did?"  
  
Now she felt very different, standing in the middle of Prague's main square. She admitted to herself that, even at the time, she had a feeling Edward would enforce the terms of the deal. But it was one thing to do it in the privacy of a hotel room and quite another in the middle of a public square surrounded by late night revellers.  
  
Alejandra took a deep breath and looked down at herself. The dress really was beautiful. The bright green satin matched her eyes. The plunging V neckline showed off her smooth, amber skin and the loose folds of fabric just barely covered her breasts. There was no bra that she could have worn beneath the dress and the tight, figure-hugging cut of the waist would have revealed every line of her underwear. So, she'd gone without underwear at all, just for one evening. It was not something she made a habit of, and certainly not with a dress this short. Somewhat unexpectedly, she'd felt turned on for the whole evening. She hadn't told Edward this yet, though.  
  
Edward stood a few feet away from her with his arms crossed impatiently.  
  
"You can have it back in one hour," he said.  
  
"One hour!" Alejandra almost shouted. Her eyes pleaded with Edward but he remained implacable.  
  
"An hour in your underwear; that's not so bad," he teased.  
  
"But Edward... this is all I'm wearing." Edward raised an eyebrow in amusement: so Alejandra had been without underwear all night? He wished he'd known that before.  
  
Alejandra's eyes pleaded: if he wasn't embarrassed on her behalf then surely he'd be embarrassed to be seen with a naked woman?  
  
Edward only smiled. "One hour," he repeated.  
  
Alejandra took another deep breath. "I will, but just for a minute... one minute, that's all?" It was as much a question, a hope, as a statement. Edward tilted his head to one side. Maybe he just wanted her to think she had to go through with this, and he'd stop her before she revealed anything.  
  
Edward held out his hand and looked expectantly at Alejandra. She took another deep breath and her chest shuddered as her body began to tremble.  
  
She reached down and put her hands on the hem of the dress and began to lift it, slowly.  
  
"See, Edward, I'm going to do it! Now, please tell me to stop!" her mind was screaming.  
  
She lifted the dress to her waist. Edward's eyes followed every inch of flesh as it was revealed.  
  
"Look, I've flashed my pussy, can we just go home and make love?" Alejandra wanted to say. Edward still smiled and stared, his eyes filled with lust.  
  
There was no sign he was going to stop her, and there was nothing to be gained from a slow reveal so. With a fast, smooth motion, she lifted her arms above her head, pulling the dress as she went. She pulled the tiny furls of delicate fabric off of her arms and stood, holding the small ball of cloth in one hand.  
  
Edward's eyes scanned her naked body up and down. She had perfect, bronzed, shapely legs. He had always loved the gentle curve of her hips, the dip into her narrow waist, and the smooth, soft skin of her breasts. His smile widened and his arm remained outstretched. When he had made Alejandra promise to give him the dress he had imagined her walking alongside him in some of her tantalising lace underwear, but to have her standing there, naked, was not something that had entered into his wildest dreams.  
  
Alejandra took a step forwards and placed the dress into Edward's hand. He took it from her. Alejandra glared at him and crossed her arms over her chest.  
  
"Satisfied?" she asked him.  
  
Edward said nothing but the smile remained.  
  
"Okay, you've won. Here I am, completely naked," she continued and flapped her arms to highlight her nude body, as if it needed any more attention drawing to it.  
  
Edward still said nothing.  
  
"Oh, come on, give me my dress back!" she pleaded.  
  
"My dress, you mean," Edward said, "And don't worry, I will." Alejandra breathed a sigh of relief. "In one hour."  
  
"Ugh!" Alejandra stamped her foot in frustration.  
  
Edward took a step towards her. "Come," he said, "Let's walk for a while." He put his arm around Alejandra's waist. Her bare skin felt deliciously soft smooth on his hand and he slid his palm down onto her buttock in a conciliatory gesture and gave it a gentle squeeze.  
  
Alejandra looked around her: heads were turning in their direction, although everyone kept their distance. One or two cameras flashed. Getting out of the busy square would be a good idea, and perhaps the sooner she played along with Edward's game the sooner he'd grow tired of it.  
  
Edward led them down a side street, his arm around Alejandra's waist and his hand gently caressing her skin as they walked. The street was barely less crowded than the square and Alejandra noticed how everyone stared at her, but that they all looked away if she met their gaze.  
  
Edward noticed them too and the smile remained on his face.  
  
"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Alejandra asked him.  
  
"Absolutely," was the reply, "Aren't you?"  
  
Alejandra didn't need to think about it. "Of course not," she retorted, "I'm wandering around a foreign city in the nude."  
  
Edward half turned to look at her. "And you're sure you're not enjoying it? Not even a little?"  
  
Alejandra paused. If she were honest, it wasn't as bad as she would have thought. The air was cool on her skin, but not cold, and it was a pleasant sensation. She was embarrassed by the stares, but she could see admiration in their eyes, and lust too. More lust than anything else. She knew she had that effect on men and they couldn't even try to hide it as their steps faltered on the cobbles.  
  
And then there was the feeling of Edward's hand around her waist, pulling her towards him and reminding her that he was there, that she wasn't going to be left alone. Suddenly that thought preoccupied her and she stopped. Edward turned to face her.  
  
"You're not going to leave me here, are you?" she asked urgently.  
  
Edward put his other arm around her waist and held her.  
  
"Of course not, Alex," he reassured her. She believed him.  
  
On instinct, she leant forwards and pressed her lips to his. Edward reciprocated and, as they kissed, his hands ran down her back, onto her buttocks, where they squeezed and pressed her body into his. Alejandra felt her breath fading and her head spinning.  
  
Edward relaxed his hold and she slumped into his arms. She was tingling from the kiss and could feel every inch of fabric as his shirt rubbed against her skin. She felt the bulge growing within Edward's trousers, pressing and pulsing against her stomach. For a moment, she forgot that she was in the middle of a busy street.  
  
"What about now?" Edward whispered, "Perhaps you're enjoying it, just a bit?"  
  
"Hmmm," Alejandra purred, still doubtful, but more than a little lost in the moment.  
  
But Edward realised that he'd found another button that he could push. If Alejandra asked for her dress back now then he'd give it to her, but he had a feeling there would be some more exploring to do before that request came again.