



Episode-One:

“Explain to me why I'd want to do this, Zafrina?” I asked into the phone in annoyance as I tried to edit some visuals on the computer. This was the third time she had called me in a week about this goddamn Vaudevillian thing. I was sick of hearing about it. I had made my decision.

“You want to be big time or not?” She asked back quickly.

“How is being in a magazine big time exactly? Aren't they dying?” I asked sarcastically.

“This is different. This is *the* magazine. This is the one that directors read. This is the one that the producers or movie studio's read. This is snobby shit that matters. You need to be in it. This Disney thing needs to be thrown out there. You are quality. We need to be promoting you that way.”

“Don't you think I am promoting myself enough already on my own? I happen to like controlling what I put out there of myself.” She knew this, she didn't like it. She didn't care. That was not part of her job.

“You still get to be in control. You're getting your way on the photographer. They've finally

agreed, and the photographer has already been arranged. He'll be there on the fourteenth of October. And they're staying at your house," Zafrina replied back firmly. "I want you to appear as open and welcoming as possible."

I took a long swig of my beer before answering her, "that sounds terrible."

"It makes you seem more trustworthy to the Disney folks if you're an open book. Eddie, you said you'd do it if you got to pick the photographer. You did. Now you have to go through with it. Stop being a pain in my ass. It'll be fine."

I tapped the bottom of my beer bottle on my desk. "What if this dude is a fucking weirdo?"

"Then you'll have something in common," she answered, making me click my tongue in annoyance. "If he is then I'll personally drive him to a hotel for you. Just be nice. Get it over with, and you'll have more work than you'll know what to do with it. Be charming. I know you can be," she scolded me properly.

"A week is so long though," I whined like a child.

"No, it's not. Alright... Look... You're not getting out of this now. It's done. Anyway, I'm going to send over three scripts I want you to read, I think they're good possibilities, and I have got a couple of offers from Blue Box that I want you to look at. No scripts yet. They involve some motion capture stuff."

I rubbed my fingers over my forehead, a headache starting to form in the back of my skull.

"Alright, sounds good. Send them my way, and I'll look at them," I sighed, already feeling exhausted. I wasn't sleeping well. "October fourteenth. What time?" I brought the calendar up on my computer. It was a Sunday. My day off. *Great.*

"The flight should arrive around six pm," Zafrina replied before quickly adding, "check your emails."

I typed in the information she had just given me. "Yes, ma'am. I've got to get back to work. Have a good evening," I tried to keep the sourness out of my tone. She ignored it and wished me a good night.

I tried to push it out of my head until the day of. Luckily, I was always busy. It made that easier.

The night before the fourteenth, I did not sleep at all, no matter how much I tried. I smoked to try to relax, but my anxiety ate at me as I thought of a stranger in my own home. At least I finished work on two videos and started on a third. I was annoyingly productive when I didn't sleep. It made it a harder habit to break.

As time got closer to when the photographer was supposed to arrive, I moved into my living room so that I could listen for his arrival. I looked at zero of the information I had been sent about it, wanting to avoid the anxiety it would fill me with. I had a script to read for some animated thing that I would rather throw my attention at. Even if I wasn't sure if I was feeling it. Though I might have just disliked it because I was in a bad mood.

My phone vibrated, distracting me from my reading.

"I am so bloody bored. What are you doing?" Jasper asked in text.

"Waiting for this wanker to show up. Should be here at any moment. Then I'm going to order dinner," I typed back. *"It's making me anxious."*

"Why?"

"I don't like people in my house that I don't know."

"It'll be fine," he tried to reassure me. *"Why don't you do one of your video things?"*

He was referring to my diary. He was one of the few people who knew about it. Sasha and Tanya did as well, and probably my other sisters did, too. But they didn't care about it. Jasper knew it generally made me feel better to talk my feelings out. He was probably one of the only people I trusted to be almost completely open with. I had been making a lot of journal entries lately. Being alone in America had been rough for me.

"Yeah," I replied back. *"Probably not a terrible idea."*

I tossed the script to the side and brought up my smartphone, turning on the front-facing camera. I grimaced a little bit and pushed my hair back away from my forehead. I needed to shave. And probably brush my teeth. I showered the night before, but I hadn't done anything all

day.

"So, it is October fourteenth, and it is..." I looked at my watch. "Just after six thirty in the evening. And, I am waiting for this complete stranger to come into my home and... I fucking hate it. I already feel so uncomfortable around the media because I don't know how to handle myself completely, but to have them in my home? Fuck. I realize Zafrina wants me to seem as open and as welcoming as possible but *damn*. It's... I'm not entirely sure I can do it. God, I hope they're normal," I said into the camera. I grimaced again when I heard a car pull into my driveway. "And, here they are."

I walked over to the front door, leaning to look through the curtain covered front windows beside it. I could see an older man pulling a suitcase out of the boot of the car, but I could not see the person beside them.

"I wonder if it's the old guy," I mumbled at the phone.

And then the old man handed the luggage over to perhaps the tiniest woman I had ever seen. First, all I could see was her general form, short but heavily curved in *all* the right way. Her wild black curly hair fell all the way down past her shoulders to the center of her back. She was dressed very casually with a long sleeved v neck black tee shirt and tight blue jeans and a flannel shirt tied around her waist.

I realized I didn't know the name of the photographer. Didn't Zafrina say *he*? There was no gender mentioned at all on their website when I did research before. They just had their beautiful bright pictures for sale.

"It's not a man," I mumbled stupidly into the camera because that's all my brain was stuck on. She came more into view as she walked up the pathway. She was very lightly tanned. Perhaps mixed race in some way? I wasn't sure in what way. Her hair was in tight shiny ringlets that bounced around her lovely face when she walked. The feature I noticed first was her nose. It was very strong in the middle of her symmetrical face, just above her very plush light pink lips. "Oh, she's *gorgeous*. I think I might be in love," I said in a soft whisper to the screen before I realized something. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*... I haven't showered," I cursed as I turned off my phone and put it back in my pocket.

She brought the side of her thumb up to her lips, biting into it before she lifted her other hand to ring the bell. She looked so nervous. I opened the door before the dinging sound even began to happen, my heart in my throat already. The small woman looked up at me with huge surprised eyes, her lips parted slightly as she took a step back.

In the porchlight, I noticed that her eyes were different colors. Shockingly so. One was a pale, almost too pale, blue and the other was a solid dark chocolate brown. I had never seen anything like them before. My heart began to thump in my chest. Her hand delicately went up to her heart because I had surprised her accidentally. Her tiny fingers rested just above her breast, holding her own racing heart in place.

Great start. Let's just scare her.

"Hello! Hi! Come in!" I said too loudly, my face stretching in my nervous smile. She smiled at me as I took a step back so that she could come inside. She couldn't have been over five feet tall. At least one of my nieces was taller than her, even though she was very clearly shaped like a woman. She was very well endowed, and her full hips filled out her jeans in an entirely pleasing way.

"Hi. Um, I'm Bella. From Vaudevillian Magazine," she said from behind me. Her voice was tiny and a little frightened. I didn't want her to be. How scary was it for her to stay in a stranger's home alone? Especially a large man's? I had to try to not be a creep. Or, an asshole. My anxiety at having a stranger in my home melted away and was replaced with a new sort of nervousness.

"Yes! I've been expecting you. I'm so excited to meet you. I'm Edward. Of course, you know that," I blathered, my heart crawling up my throat again as I spoke to her. *I can do this.* I was good at talking to people. I had to control my voice. "You can call me Edward or Eddie, though. I don't mind either. Here, let me take that," I told her when I realized I was being rude for not taking her bags from her. My fingers moved across hers for just a moment, sending tingles up my arm. I didn't know what to do next, so my mouth just automatically took over. "I'll show you where you'll be staying real quick, and we can put this away. Then I was just going to order dinner if you're hungry."

"Great," she said quietly. "Yeah. I am. I could use a restroom, as well." Her accent was different from what I had been expecting. She had flown in from New York, but she sounded more southern. There was a slight twang to it.

"Right. There is one in your room." I hurried her towards my spare bedroom. I had only been in it twice since I moved in. My maid came the day before to make sure it was prepared for Bella. "This is yours." I had to feel for the light before finding it. The view was better than I had realized, catching me off guard for just a second. When I turned back to look at her again, she was gazing in wonder at the space, her mouth opened in a surprised smile. Her eyes were so bright and beautiful, her thick eyelashes fluttering as she took it in. My hands were actually shaking. *Why are they trembling?*

What the hell is wrong with me? I've just met her.

I needed to get out of the room. I was actually starting to feel dizzy. "I'll give you some privacy so you can get freshened up. I'll be in the living room whenever you're ready," I tried to say normally, calmly.

"Thanks," Bella said in a sweet little voice, smiling back at me just slightly. My lips curled automatically in a grin to match hers.

I had begun to have a panic attack as soon as I shut the door. I pulled my phone out so that I could text Jasper again.

"Fuck, I think I just met the person I'm going to marry."

"You are such a dramatic bitch," he responded back. *"What the fuck are you on about?"*

"The photographer is here, and she is the hottest woman I have ever seen," I admitted to him, trying to take a deep breath through my nose. I wasn't good at talking to women I wasn't working with professionally. My ex used to complain about it all the time. She actually said I was a real sarcastic asshole half the time. Most of the time.

"I thought it was a guy."

"I thought so, too."

The message popped up quickly. *"Obvo not tho."*

I frowned at my phone. That wasn't helpful. *"Yes, obviously."*

"So, how hot are we talking about? Can I have pics, pls?" He asked in a bid to funny. *"I'm so lonely."*

"No, she's getting settled in, and I'm not a fucking creepy bastard. She's the tiniest little thing I've ever seen. I can't scare her," I informed him quickly, pulling my laptop on my lap when I got onto the couch. I needed to find out more about her. Obviously, my research from before had not been adequate.

I typed in her name and New York Photographer. The website was Swan Photography. I found a Facebook page that was private with her face, and the next search result was for her store where I had ordered prints for my family the month previously. I did like her photography, even if I hadn't wanted her in my home at first. I was certainly feeling differently about that now. I hated not knowing more about her before.

Fuck, why haven't I showered? I'm a fucking slob.

"Well, a good description at least, pls. I need to know what she looks like if you're so infatuated already. You're picky af. She must be hottt."

I thought about arguing, but he wasn't exactly wrong either. I was picky. *"I'd guess less than five feet. So, like I said, tiny af. So much curly black hair. It's long, too. All the way down her back. Light tan. Olive skinned? Is that the right word? Idk. I'm going to guess... mixed? Probably. I don't know how. Maybe Latino or Asian. She's mainly Caucasian though, I'd guess. Nice lips. But it's her eyes. Holy shit. One is legit blue, and one is brown, and they're perfect."*

"How are her tits?" He questioned next. I smirked a little bit to myself.

"Perfect. Huge. And so is her arse in the best way possible. Like damn. I have never wanted to grab one more in my entire life," I joked with him.

"I bet that's not the only thing you want to do that ass," Jasper replied.

"I'm not a creep."

"I don't fucking believe you. Send pictures, you twat," he responded, making me laugh. *"So lonely."*

"I'll try. She's been in the bathroom for a few minutes. Hopefully, I haven't scared her off with my freakishly big Frankenstein body," I typed.

"Frankenstein was the doctor."

"Fuck off, cunt."

He sent me several middle fingers. I heard the door close down the hall, so I quickly exited my search on the computer and brought up a food delivery page. I shoved my phone back in my pocket and tried to pretend that I was normal.

I watched as she came down the hall slowly, playing with her own fingers anxiously as she did. Bella had showered and changed into clean clothes after her flight. I couldn't blame her. I liked getting cleaned up after traveling, too. Her black hair was slicked back into a ponytail that hung over her shoulder. Her hair had already started to curl back around the edges where it was drying. Her new outfit was a short-sleeved black jersey cotton dress that went to right above her knees. It fit her nicely, hugging her hips and flaring out slightly around her thighs. And she was wearing knee socks, making my mind go to horrible places automatically. *Her in just those just for me.*

I swallowed back my nerves and perverse thoughts and smiled. "You didn't have to rush."

"No. It's fine. Thanks for being patient," she smiled back prettily, her eyes downcast a little as she spoke.

I needed to keep talking, keep moving, so she couldn't see what she was doing to me. I had literally only met her minutes before, and I was being a fucking idiot. I got off the couch and brought my computer over to the bar. *I need to pretend to be normal.*

"I was going to order take out. What would you like?"

Her hand subconsciously went up to her heart again, her eyes a little wide. "Oh. I don't know. I don't know what my options are."

I laughed nervously. I couldn't help it. "It's LA. So pretty much anything you want." *I will get you whatever you want, baby.*

"Why don't you pick a style?" Bella told me as she came to stand beside me. I could smell the fresh hot shower scent wafting off of her beautifully. "I'm not picky."

"Asian?" I answered automatically. That was always my first choice. It was my favorite. My mouth was taking over again, thankfully. My brain had been distracted from my dirty thoughts.

She bit her lip a little, smiling, "sure."

I went to the right screen. My hands were shaking a little. *What the hell is wrong with me?* She wasn't doing anything or had even said that much to me.

"Chinese?"

"Sounds great," her voice was so soft and sweet. I really enjoyed her accent. I wanted to ask her all about it. I wanted to ask her a million questions. I wanted to spend the rest of the night getting to know all about her.

I showed her the screen. "These are the top ones. Why don't you pick one?" She was so close, and she was leaning over slightly. I could see down her dress to the tops of her very round and lovely breasts. I had to quickly glance away, pulling her a stool out so she could sit beside me. It didn't help, though, and I could still see down her dress. I could only keep my eyes directly pointed at the screen, pretending to read. I couldn't focus on a single word.

Bella selected my favorite place. "I was hoping you'd pick that one. I order there a lot. It's so good. Do you want to get a lot of stuff and just share? So we can have a little bit of everything," I offered her. I always ordered a shit ton anyway, this way I would seem less like a pig.

I loved the way her lips pursed a little when she thought. She looked so kissable.

Sometimes, I really hated my douchebag brain.

"Oh, sure. Sounds great."

I picked all my favorites before passing the menu over to her. It was all the things I would usually just get for myself.

"Okay, what would you like to get?"

Her eyes flitted over everything, but she didn't add anything else to the order. "Duck sauce, if they have it. Um, Do you have soy sauce?"

"I sure do." I didn't like the cheap shit they put in take out, so I always kept some in the cabinet. I

went to fetch it for her so she could see if she liked it as well. "Do you want to order yourself a drink or a dessert?" I hoped she wasn't just not getting anything because she was nervous.

"Don't you think that's enough food?" Bella was quick to answer, adding a drink to the order. I realized I had forgotten my favorite dessert, but I really felt like a piggy.

"I guess," I pouted a little bit stupidly. She giggled at my expression, making me smile. It was a lovely sound. I wanted to hear it again.

"Don't let that stop you, though. I doubt I can eat as much as you can." She was probably right about that. But she was also right about the other thing. And I was right to think I was a pig. For multiple reasons.

"No, you're right. It is a lot of food. I tend to go overboard with things I like," I told her honestly as I ordered a drink for now and one for later to have with my leftovers in the middle of the night.

"If you want to split the check I have cash." She actually patted her hip before she realized she had changed out of her trousers and didn't have her money on her. She made moves as if she was going to go get it from her bedroom.

"No, I got this." There was no way I was going to be anything other than a gentleman the entire time she was around. I wanted to impress her. I didn't know how else to do it.

"Thank you," she answered me quietly.

"No problem. In fact, while you're a guest in my home, food is on me," I promised her before even realizing what my mouth was doing. She didn't seem to like this, though. She shook her head, her hair falling off her shoulder as she did. I wanted to brush the water droplets off her exposed shoulder but didn't.

"That's not necessary," Bella replied quickly.

"No, no. You're here because of me, and I was raised to be a gracious host," I told her warmly. That was kind of a lie. My mother hated guests. Well, she hated people in general. My grandparents had always been very gracious, though, and they would have approved of this sort of thing, I figured.

"You don't have to pay for all of my food to be a gracious host," she pursed her pretty lips a little bit, looking away from me in almost embarrassment. I didn't know what to do or say. I shut my laptop, trying to think. My mouth took charge and led the way.

"I suppose it's possible, but I have the ability to do so and enjoy doing it. I pay for my friends," I quoted a line from one of my favorite stupid songs. It had been stuck in my head for three days.

"And, do you take it as a compliment?" Bella said rather flirtatiously, smiling at me as she used my bad song line back at me. She did it to the beat, too. I couldn't help but smile back and nod at her happily. I already liked her tastes in music.

She bit her lip as she considered my words. Bella looked so bashful. "I want to argue, but my bank account says to shut up and say thank you."

"No, it's cool! You're very welcome!" I said too loudly again. I needed to chill the fuck out. "So, I was going to sit outside and smoke while we waited for the food. Would you care to join me?" I tried to act cool, but I was failing incredibly. I stretched, trying to get some of the nervous energy out. She seemed very calm in comparison. She looked off towards the pool. It was why I bought the house in the first place. Bella was so beautiful and thoughtful. I caught myself smiling stupidly.

"Sounds good." Her eyes moved over me for just a second before looking outside again.

Normally, I didn't smoke before sundown, but on Sundays, it was my day off, so I usually spent it somewhat high in hopes of unwinding. I had picked out a nice bud, and they rolled it into joints for me with filters at the store. I kept them in a scent-proof silver case that I had gotten for myself when I first started smoking because I thought it was cool. I was not in any way cool. I led the way to the pool, pulling the box from my short's pocket. She was watching me from her seat, her lips ever so slightly parted and her eyes curious.

I wanted to rub my finger over her bottom lip and see what her tongue felt like. *Fucking chill.* I quickly brought the joint to my mouth and lit it.

"Would you like some?" I took a long draw of smoke into my lungs, hoping it would calm me. It was legal in California, so I didn't feel so bad offering. I had been prudish growing up, so this was quite a difference. She didn't seem bothered, just curiously watching.

"No, thank you," Bella smiled sweetly, tilting her face ever so slightly down bashfully again. It was fucking adorable. I swallowed back, realizing I might have fucked up already. *Cool. Let's*

just do drugs five minutes after meeting her. Good idea.

"I'm sorry. I should have asked you first if it bothered you." I hurried to put it out, but she actually reached forward to stop me.

"No. It doesn't bother me. I smoke at home sometimes. I just don't want to be unprofessional right now. This is the biggest thing I've ever done so I don't want to screw it up."

Right, this was work. She wasn't here for me. This was a professional thing. *Fuck.*

"You're not working until tomorrow. But, I understand. Let me know if you change your mind." I took another hit, feeling embarrassed as the words just came out. I looked out at the sunset so that I didn't have to meet her pretty and inquisitive eyes.

"How's the weed here?" She didn't seem bothered. Bella actually seemed genuinely interested.

"Strong. I just started smoking this year though so I'm not sure how it compares to other places.

I've been using it for my anxiety and insomnia. My doctor recommended it," I decided to be honest with her.

She tilted her head to the side, watching me. Her hair was visibly getting curlier as I watched her, drying in the dying sunlight. "Does it help?"

Well, that very much depended. "The sleeplessness it helps for sure. I am not sure about anxiety. It helps at the moment, but you can't be stoned all the time either. I don't usually smoke this early, but Sundays are my off day. The weed does help when I can't get my brain to shut off, though." Maybe I didn't need to be *that* honest with her. I decided to change the subject. "So, how was your flight?" Her eyes were so intently focused on me. It made me feel butterflies swirling in the pit of my stomach.

"Uneventful, luckily. Your home is gorgeous," she replied back pleasantly.

I was really proud of my place. It was the first home I had ever bought, and I had paid for it in cash up front. It was all mine no matter what happened in the future. "Thank you. I just moved in a little over six months ago. I don't really have enough things to fill it yet. I only had a small apartment before in Sydney, and I was sharing it with a roommate. My best mate, Jasper," I wasn't sure why I told her all that, but she seemed interested.

Bella seemed to shyly look away again. "Well, I can't judge you for it. I own very little, and I share an apartment with my best friend, too. I sleep in the living room, and she has the bedroom."

That wasn't the answer I had expected. "Oh."

She actually laughed, genuine and bright. "That makes it sound terrible. My bedroom is surprisingly huge and not just by New York standards. We have lovely hardwood floors. Our neighborhood is nice and quiet. Lots of families. And you can see the Empire State Building from my window."

She seemed happy about it. And to see the Empire State Building must have been something. I had been in New York before, and it was always breathtaking to see it lit up on the skyline, especially at night.

"Wow. Do you live in Manhattan?"

She laughed again, melodiously. "No. Not for the price I'm paying. I live on the edge of Sunnyside and Astoria. In Queens. It's not as unique a boast as it sounds, being able to a cool building in New York. It just makes me happy still." I didn't know any of those places besides Queens. I made a mental note to look them up later.

"Well, it sounds like something to boast about. New York is lovely. Maybe I'll live there one day. For the Summertime anyway," I mused, tapping out the ashes of my joint. It was already starting to make me feel a little better.

"Oh, not for the summer. It's too muggy, and there isn't enough air conditioning everywhere like the south. New York was made for Autumn. And spring isn't bad either. Honestly, I love snow, too. The snow is my favorite," she said, almost wistfully with a soft laugh in her beautiful voice. You could tell she really loved her home. Her smile so was friendly. It would stretch out over her straight white teeth for just a second before pursing a little as it curled around the edges.

"It rarely snows in Australia. It does happen from time to time, but it's nothing like I imagine it does in New York in the winter," I told her honestly, for once happy my mouth was carrying on a conversation without me. I had only seen snow when I went skiing in Germany with my family on holiday.

“Especially around the mountains. We always go to the Finger Lakes to see the snow in the mountains and forest. My roommate and I sometimes rent a cabin,” she grinned.

“Sounds peaceful.”

“It is. We like to go up to Maine or Vermont to take pictures sometimes, too. Just for a weekend usually. She likes to take pictures too, but as a hobby,” she explained to me pleasantly. She seemed very much to enjoy the subject.

I didn't know a thing Vermont was known for though. I actually still knew little about the US in general. “What is there to do in Vermont?”

“Um... you can... eat cheese and get lost in the woods. There is probably maple syrup,” she said funnily. I couldn't help but laugh. She smiled, pleased to have amused me.

“I like the cheese part.” I nodded, tapping my ashes out again.

Bella scrunched up her nose a little, smiling as she answered me. Her eyes were mesmerizing. “The woods part isn't too bad, either. It's beautiful. Especially right now. End of October is the peak leaves season. You should have seen it this morning on the way to the airport from my apartment, so much beautiful red foliage all along the interstate. I hadn't been that way in ages and had forgotten how beautiful it could be, especially at sunrise. And it was foggy, too. Such a perfect serene morning.”

I took another hit, my heart beating violently in my chest again for a reason I couldn't explain as I listened to her speak. It was almost as if she was reciting a beautiful poem. “The way you describe it makes me want to take a flight at sunrise in New York City.”

“If you're going to travel at sunrise in New York, may I suggest the ferry. You can watch the sunrise behind the Statue of Liberty. It's free, too,” she said conversationally. Bella smirked a little. “Well, almost free. It's the same as a bus or subway ride.”

I was exhausted just thinking about another sunrise. I was so tired already. I had to be honest with her about my sleep schedule. I was barely scraping by, sleep-wise. It had made me a grouchy asshole.

“That sounds nice. But... I think I'm going to have to warn you right now that I am not a morning person. At all. Like I said, I'm an insomniac. I try not to plan anything until the afternoon. You

know, I should probably send you my work schedule for the next week. What's your email?" I said as I began to ramble again nervously. I pulled out my phone for her. I was definitely going to internet stalk her that evening when I was alone, shamelessly.

"Uhhh... Bella Swan photography at Gmail," she looked over, biting her lip as she watched me. I swallowed hard.

I put my smoke down, trying not to seem like a creep. "We should have each other's cell phone number, just in case. Just in case your gate code doesn't work or whatever." I half expected her to tell me to piss off, but she took my cell without question and quickly typed in her number. When she handed it back to me, I sent her a message so she would have my number in return. She giggled a little softly when she saw the stupid emojis I quickly selected.

"I got it," Bella said in amusement.

"Great," I smiled. That went better than expected. "If you ever need to get into the house without me, by the way, I'll give you the passcode. It's a keyless entry."

"How fancy. Well, mine has TWO deadbolts and a chain." She put her pretty chin high up in the air, pretending to be snobby. Instead, she only came off as charming and adorable. I smiled widely. She was enchanting.

The doorbell rang, pulling me out of my daze. I jumped out of my chair to go fetch the food. It gave me a moment to breathe, my hammering heart making my chest ache. She came in after me, watching me from the doorway to the pool. She looked to be glowing angel dressed in all black with the backdrop of the fiery orange sunset against mountains.

Bella helped me take everything out of the bag cheerfully as I got us real plates to eat off of. She delicately used chopsticks while I could barely ham-fist a fork. Her hands were dainty and so small, her arms long and slender. I liked the way her fingers always seemed to go to her lips subconsciously.

I hadn't expected her to be so easy to talk to. My mouth was happily running away with her, but she didn't seem to mind in the least. She took in everything I said with such sweet curiosity. Bella was also incredibly witty, always quick with a full answer to my own questions. She seemed very smart, knowing things I hadn't expected her to know.

I tried to imagine her age, but I couldn't decide how old she was. I didn't think she was much out of college, but I wasn't sure. She was so delicate, all of her feature smooth. Her lips and cheeks

were plump, as were her breasts and ass, as I had told Jasper earlier in my stupid texts. I was actually having the hardest time not staring into her eyes, though. They were so enthralling.

My phone vibrated beside me. "*Pics or it didn't happen,*" Jasper sent me.

"*You're a dumbass,*" I replied to him. I sighed as I considered my options. I did want a picture of her. I also wanted him to tell me she was hot too, so I knew I wasn't acting like a fool for no reason.

I had just finished making my plate of food, so I decided to use it as an excuse to take a picture of her from across the top of the table. "Sorry," I muttered. "I'm one of those trash people who like to take pictures of their food."

She actually laughed, "you know I'm a photographer, right? I do it all the time. Like daily."

I chuckled, "I guess I forgot." I decided to take a chance. It would be better if she actually agreed to it. "Can I take a picture of you? I need one for my contacts. It's easier if there is a name and a face."

"Oh, sure." She sat up straighter, holding up her chin to the side and smiling ever so slightly with her mouth closed softly. Bella folded her arms on the table, posing for me briefly so I could snap a quick photograph of her. She had pulled her hair out of her headband at some point and started wearing it around her wrist as a bracelet. Her wild curls almost blended into the black background, except for where the lights reflected off the shiny strands.

"Thanks," I said quietly. "That's a good picture."

"Let me see," she asked curiously, leaning over to see what I had done. I showed her the image. "No, it's not bad. Those phones have such good cameras. I'm going to have to upgrade someday."

She must have been hungry because she ate a lot quickly. By the end of the meal, she also seemed to become more tired. Leaning her temple onto her hand, her eyes looked exhausted with faint hints of purple along the edges. I knew how she felt. When she straightened up, Bella said, "thank you so much for the lovely meal. I think I'm going to head to bed. I've been up for the past twenty-four hours."

"Me too," I admitted to her. Maybe we had some things in common. "I'll see you tomorrow," I

replied to her, already excited to be around her again.

I watched her as she left to go to bed from the kitchen, putting away the leftovers for later. Her ass looked so good as she walked, swishing as it went. She had deliciously thick thighs, too. Bella was well built. And she was definitely the sexiest woman I had ever shared a meal with.

I texted the picture to Jasper when I heard her bedroom door close behind her.

"I can see why you're in love. She could fuck me left, right, and sideways."

His answer made me laugh. "Ikr," I typed back. *"She's got a brain, too. She's funny af."*

"Does it matter when it comes to those tits? I'd sure like to take her on a bumpy ride in the jeep. God bless that shirt."

"It was a dress, actually. A short one. With black knee socks." I sent him a gif of a man biting his fist.

"What are you going to do?" He asked curiously

"Not a fucking clue. What can I do?"

"Idk... Ask for her bloody phone number?" Jasper said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. He wasn't great at relationships, but he could always get dates.

"Actually, I already have."

This goes with episode 2 of Imperfect Pictures.