

Imperfect Pictures

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Excerpt from Episode 42

Scene: After spending a month apart, Edward and Bella reunite in New Orleans.

When I woke up in the morning, it was storming outside, the rain falling pleasantly on the glass window panes. I kissed Edward awake just after nine, unable to stand it a minute longer. I had no idea what time he got in, but I missed him too much.

"I want to move in with you," I told him as soon he opened his eyes.

"What?" He said sleepily, rubbing his face in confusion.

"I want to move in with you, Eddie. If this month goes well," I told him softly, my fingers trembling.

"Yeah?" He smiled slowly as he took in what I said in.

"Yeah." I licked my lips as I considered what I wanted to say. He watched with an arm underneath his head, my hair falling over my shoulder and spilling onto his chest as I hovered over him. "I had all this work, and all I can think about is all the things I want to do with you. Ideas I have for you. And I was thinking about it and realized that I don't really work that much," I laughed nervously. "Once or twice a week? Maybe. I mean, I do work more than that, but the active part of it is only a few hours. I have time to do both. But... I can promise you that sometimes I will not put your career before mine though."

Edward's smile was so wide. "No, no. Of course not. You focus on yours, and I'll be over the moon just to live in the same state as you." He rubbed his hand over my cheek. "What made you decide...?"

I looked away for a second to consider my answer. "There is so much magazine work in Los Angeles. It just makes sense for my career. New York has a lot of photography work, but if I want to continue to work in magazines, it's just a good idea. This is where the people I want to take pictures are going to be." I grinned down at him and traced his jaw. He kissed at my fingers. "Maybe I can do a gallery. Try to do a show," I thought out loud. "And my money is so amazing right now, anyway. My store is doing *great*. I've got so much saved up right now, so if anything happens between us, I'm not going to be stranded anywhere. This way, Alice can

finally rent out her room again. Just everything about it makes sense."

"I'm so glad you feel this way." He smiled adoringly up at me, brushing my hair behind my ear. "I promise if anything ever happened between us, I would do right by you and I would do my best to make sure you were in no way stranded or in a bad way. I swear to you. Not that we have to worry about that." He brushed his thumb over my lip. "You seem so... relaxed right now. Upbeat even. Not that you aren't normally," he said quickly. "It's just usually when you talk about money things..." he trailed off. I knew what he meant.

"To be honest, they increased my anxiety medication, and it's been working really great. I started it about two weeks ago now, and I feel just worlds better already. It makes me feel a little hyper, though," I admitted with a giggle.

"I see that," he chuckled. "It's cute. You're so perky."

"So, the beginning of April?" I asked him, running my hand down his smooth chest. He had just a little coppery hair trailing down from his belly button. I rubbed my fingers through it, letting my nails scrape gently along his skin.

"Yes." Edward grinned as I began to kiss down his chest lightly. "Yes. Whenever you want, Bells."

"Perfect." I smiled before leaning down to kiss his belly button. "I was going to suggest going to the zoo today and maybe walking around the French Quarter, but it may be too stormy for that," I told him as I continued to kiss downwards.

"What shall we do instead?" He pulled me on top of him, his hands on my sides. I straddled his waist, my nightgown raising around my hips as I did. He had been working out again, and he was extremely fit, his abs very defined once more.

"Well..." I kissed his pecs lightly, looking up at him innocently. "There is the Mardi Gras Museum. Or, an art museum. There is also an aquarium. That's all indoors. The aquarium and the zoo have a paddle boat ride between them on the Mississippi, so I thought we could do that together though."

"And the parade is on Saturday," he said as he watched me hungrily, his tongue tracing over his teeth as his fingers moved up my arms lightly.

"Saturday at seven, so we'd probably want to actually be there around six. We can walk there from the hotel." I continued to explain as I kissed down his sternum. I let my tongue drag down an inch or so. "So, we can do something earlier in the day, but we should get up earlier if we want to do that Saturday."

"Mm, we'll have to check the weather," he mused distractedly as I kissed further and further down. I tugged his underwear down. His head leaned back, Edward had his lip between his teeth as his eyes slowly shut.

"I'd like to go to the big cemetery to take pictures if that's okay." I began to massage him

as I chatted like it was nothing, kissing along his hip slowly. "It would be fun to take pictures in the rain there, but I don't want to get struck by lightning."

He chuckled, his grin making his cheeks full. "I love that you think I can hear anything you say with my dick in your hand."

"I didn't realize that handjobs affect hearing," I teased him with a happy giggle in my voice. "How about blowjobs?" I asked before I leaned down to take him into my mouth. Edward moaned softly, resting his hand on the back of my head gently.

"What? Did you say something?" He joked breathlessly. I pulled my face away and laughed, laying my cheek on his bony hip. "Oh, no. Don't stop," he complained with a little laugh of his own.

"I'm sorry. Did you say something?" I teased him.

"Please," he whined playfully, pouting out his bottom lip some.

"Please, what?" I wrapped my fingers around him again, massaging him slowly as I looked up at him as seductively as I could.

"Please don't stop," he said a little more seriously, his eyes focusing on my mouth as I brought my lip between my teeth.

"Tell me what you want," I told him firmly, holding his gaze as I continued to jerk him off at a slow, steady pace. He was wiggling in place a little, his hips moving in time with my hand. His breathing was starting to catch in his throat.

"*Fuck*," he said under his breath, his head tilting back slowly against the pillow. "I want you to suck on me." I leaned down so I could nibble on his hip, sucking on the spot tenderly. He let out a short little laugh, making me smile against his skin. "Fuck. You're such a tease. Please suck on my cock, Bella."

I smiled evilly before taking him into my mouth. I playfully bobbed my head up and down on him, enjoying the sensation of him going down my throat. I practically gagged on him as he hit the back, but I didn't even slow down. Edward thrust his hips up involuntarily. With one hand holding him tightly, I sucked upwards and teased his head with my tongue with little light circles around the tip. He sucked in a deep breath and moaned quietly, his fingers gripping my hair tighter.

"I'm going to cum," he warned in a groan. I didn't slow down, swallowing him down as he did. "Holy fuck," he whimpered breathlessly. His back arched a little, his hips moving in time with my mouth until he spilled into it completely.

"Did you miss me?" I asked cheerfully when I pulled away. There was definitely cum on my face. I didn't care.

"Every second of every day." He tugged me upwards, kissing my mouth forcefully.

Edward rolled me over until he was hovering over me, tasting himself on my lips. "What a wonderful way to wake up. Thank you," he said happily as he kissed down my chin.

"You're so polite." I grinned at him, almost feeling euphoric.

"Not too polite," he said as he tugged off my panties quickly with both hands, making me giggle as he did. Edward rested on his knees in front of me, tossing the panties over his shoulder as he did. I laughed, just giddy to be around him again. "Tell me what you want." He was trying to be more commanding but just still seemed too pleased with himself.

"I want you to fuck me with your fingers." I rested on my elbows so I could look at him. There was no stuttering for me. I knew what I wanted. I spread my legs slightly, inviting him to come in.

He slid his hand between my legs as I spread them slightly to give him better access. While still on my elbows, I held his gaze. "Mm, *harder*."

Edward pushed his fingers inside forcefully, curling them. I moaned, falling back against the pillows. "Touch yourself," his voice was deep and quiet.

I pulled my nightgown up a little and slid my hand over my stomach to my clit. I watched him as he fucked me, my fingers in my own hair. Rubbing in a tight little circle around the sensitive nerves, I drew my leg up so we could both have better access. His pace grew faster, harder, in time with my own fondling. I cried out at the force of my own climax, pushing my feet hard into the mattress as I bucked away from his hands.

He laid beside me, sliding his arm underneath my neck so he could snuggle me completely. With the softest of touches, he brushed his fingers over my lips. Edward was smiling slightly, blissfully content. Thunder cracked outside loudly, making the building around us shake.

"Oh, my. Maybe we should stay in today."

I kissed his fingers. "I'll check the weather. Maybe we can go out tonight."

"Sounds perfect." He held my chin and kissed me soundly.