



Episode forty-four:

I thought my smile would split my face in half. “Yeah?” She nodded in answer, her grin so bright. “I’ll prepare everything. I’ll make it perfect. I promise.”

“I can’t wait,” she replied before she stood up from the bed. Coolly, she arranged her camera and brought it back to me. “This one will be good to start with. I like it for indoor lighting. It doesn’t zoom, so if you’d like to do that, I can switch it to another. I also have another that’s better for close up detail. I have all my lens with me and filters if you want to experiment.”

“You are so casual.” I slowly took it from her. I was actually nervous. She didn’t seem bothered at all.

Bella smirked at me seductively. “I’m excited to be honest.”

“I don’t know where to start. I don’t know how I want you to pose,” I admitted, looking down at the device.

She shrugged. “The best pictures aren’t posed. Just take the camera and take a picture when you’re ready. When you see something you like or want more of, tell me,” she explained, turning to go over to the table covered with all our fun purchases. She searched for a moment before she found the shoebox. Bella didn’t look behind her as she took off her robe and tossed it carelessly onto a chair.

Everything about her was perfect. The corset made her waist narrow, her body a flawless hourglass. Her ass was just... "Damn."

She turned, shimmying so that it jiggled her breasts before glancing down at the tempting mounds. "If I looked down, I'd get my nose stuck."

It was too cute not to take a photo. She giggled, shocked. Her hand flew to her mouth, her cheeks full with her grin. She was even more adorable than she was sexy. I laughed and swiftly took another. She was glowing in it. "Okay, I like that one."

She said nothing as she unwrapped the box. I decided I wanted some from a different point of view. I sank down onto my knees, quickly taking more. It still wasn't the right angle, so I sat back and tried once more.

Bella noticed my displeasure with how it was going. She leaned down and flicked something on it so that the viewfinder popped up. "That will put the picture on the screen, and you can turn it so you can see it from other directions. And you can press the screen to take a picture as well."

Using her instructions, I placed it on the ground so that the shot went right up her legs. It was exactly what I wanted. She was a great teacher.

"Yes, that helps. Thank you," I said lightly.

Spinning around, she shook her ass again so that it wiggled almost in my face. She flirtatiously gazed over her shoulder at me. I snapped shots as swiftly as I could. These looked like something out of a fashion shoot.

"I love your bow tattoos," I mused as I touched them. Kissing each, I let my lips linger there on her delicate flesh. I no doubt needed a close-up of them and her ass. She looked so good, I wanted to take a bite out of her. When she felt my teeth against her skin, she eeked and giggled. I quickly took a photo of her smile. She was having fun, too.

"Shall I put the shoes on now?"

"Mm, yes, please."

I continued the entire time she put them on. She did it in such a way that it was unmistakably a show. With her ass in my face, she bent over to slip one on, and then she kicked her foot up to put on the other. When she straightened up, she glanced over her shoulder at me before walking over to the glass door.

"So, do I look silly?"

Not even close. My girl looked like a model.

“I think you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. Lean against the door,” I requested quietly. The frost was making a halo around her, and the colors of the city were perfect on her skin. The way she looked at me was so sensual, her thumb between her teeth. Her hips raised off of it, her breast pushed out towards me.

“Turn your head to the side.”

She did what she was told, and a streak of blue light fell over her red lips. Her blue eye reflected it, shining brightly. Her eyelashes fluttered against her cheeks, her expression sultry. I wanted her so badly. Everything about her was so luscious.

Cool and collected, Bella pushed off the door and turned on music for us to listen to.

She had liked my instructions earlier, so I continued. “Sit in the chair.”

With her eyes on mine, she sat down gracefully. As if she was about to have tea with me, she placed her hands on the arms and tucked her feet underneath like a princess. But she was more than that, I realized. Pecking her knuckles, I held her gaze still. “My queen.”

Laughing, her cheeks turned pink as she looked away from me for a moment. “What are you trying to do to my ego?” She said mockingly in my accent, mimicking my action from the Zucker’s kitchen with her hands.

“I worship you,” I told her honestly.

With her eyes on mine, she pushed the tip of her shoe into my chest and shoved me back gently. I grabbed it, kissing the very top of her ankle.

I rearranged her legs, knowing exactly how I wanted to take the next pictures. Spreading them, I hung the other over the arm. She knew precisely what I was doing, adjusting in her seat. Teasing me, her fingertips slid from the inside of her knee almost to her panties.

“Is this what you want?”

She really had no idea. “Yes.”

Kissing her thigh, I pushed them further until I could see that she was visibly slick. I took dozens of pictures, moving her around in different poses for more. She did everything I wanted eagerly.

“Go to the bed.” Her body swayed temptingly as she went to sit on the very edge of the mattress. She rested on her palms, her warm eyes inviting me over. Standing, I continued to take photos as I drew closer. Bella smirked as she pulled my shirt from my trousers. “Lay back.”

Stretching out, I rested on my knees over her so I could capture her expression. She allowed me to change her position in whatever way I pleased again. I touched her stomach, feeling the rough material under my fingers.

“You are perfection.”

Resting her black heel on my shoulder, it gave me the perfect shot of her leg. Going back to the end of the bed, I grabbed her by the ankle and yanked her towards me. She went to her knees on the floor in front of me. With a wicked little giggle, she peered up at me hungrily. Bella undid my trousers, but I knew the night would go faster once they were off, and I was still having too much fun. Grabbing her jaw, I made her look up at me before taking a photo. She pecked at it, holding my gaze.

I was getting too tempted and needed to pull back.

Going across the room, I looked through her kit. “Which one is the one with the zoom?”

“The two longer ones at the very end of the bag. Get the shorter of the two.”

After the exchange, I went to the chair she had sat in before. “Take off the corset. Slowly.”

I didn’t like strip clubs, but this show was something else. And so much hotter. Without her eyes leaving mine, she freed each hook one at a time after she stood up. She let it drop to the floor, her hands smoothing over her stomach and breasts afterward.

“Turn around. Shake your hair loose,” I directed. She did so, knowing exactly what I meant. “Perfect. Look back at me.” Bella peered over her shoulder, her lips parted slightly with desire. “Now your panties.” Hooking her thumbs into them, she pushed them down her thighs before throwing them aside. My girlfriend then turned and came towards me. I knew if I touched her, I would lose my cool, and I wasn’t done yet. I needed just a little more. “Lean against the glass again.”

She did everything I asked so smoothly. Resting against the door, her head rolled back for a moment as her fingers moved between her legs. I could see her wet fingertips sliding over her skin. She was so turned on and was just as ready for this as I was.

I put the camera away. “Come here.”

Bella did quickly, and I pulled her to me so I could lavish her breasts with attention. She played with my hair, tugging on it gently. It reminded me of how she did when I tasted her. I realized I needed to eat her like this. Carefully with my hand on the back of her ankle, I put her foot on the arm. It opened her up to me completely.

With only her heels and stockings, it was the sexiest thing I had ever seen. I slid my fingers over her bare skin. "You're always so wet for me."

I would never get enough of her flavor. She was the most delicious woman in the world. Whimpering, she held on to my hair just like I wanted her to. Bella shook with my touch, calling out as I brought her over the edge for the first time for the night. First, but not last. When I finally stopped, I looked up at her with a proud grin. She was slightly flushed, but her face was totally relaxed.

She put her leg down before picking up her camera and walking smoothly over to her bag once again. I didn't know how she could be so calm after. Changing her lens, she didn't look back at me. "Unbutton your shirt."

I grasped then what she was doing. It was only fair she got to snap her pictures, too. Bella said she wanted some as well the day before.

Watching her, I undid each one slowly. She had given me a show. Hopefully, she would like mine too.

Her head tilted to the side slightly. "Stand up and take off your pants."

My jeans caught on my big feet, and I almost fell over while pulling them off. I felt my face turn red as I hurried to free myself from them. She was still taking my photo, though, but I really couldn't understand why. I was so awkward and uncomfortable in my own skin that I wasn't sure what she could like so much.

"Turn around," she ordered in a firm voice. I did, my cheeks flaming hotter. "Take them off now."

After I did so, I mindlessly touched myself. It was so hard that I was aching, and the pressure was exactly what I needed. All I wanted to do was pump furiously, but I would finish in a matter of moments if I did.

Bella put her camera down before striding confidently over to the table so she could look at our purchases. Arranging them, she pulled things from the bag. Finally, I came up behind her so I could lightly kiss her neck and shoulders.

"Hm, what shall I use on you first?"

She said nothing, a naughty smile on her face.

I let my fingertips move down her shoulder before I reached for the handcuffs. Bella allowed me to bind her, her grin turning into a small smirk on her pretty lips. I held her waist so that my erection dug into her ass, tasting her soft skin from behind. Next, I picked up the blindfold.

I took her to the bed and had her climb onto it so that she was sitting on her calves.

There she waited, bound and helpless while nude with a giant smile on her perfect scarlet lips. They were parted slightly as she panted, her chest heaving. She was having as much fun as I was.

Quickly, I grabbed her face and kissed her delicious mouth. Before, I didn't want to mess up her makeup, but it was exactly what I needed. I could feel the red smearing between us and spreading across my skin. When I pulled away from her, it was smudged slightly around the edges. It just made her sexier.

Gazing at her, I knew I needed to put a ball gag in her exquisite mouth before the end of the night and see if I could make her scream around it with the aid of as many as toys as I could. I wanted to see how many I could get her off with before she couldn't take anymore.

The answer was three, which was more than I was expecting. We still had two more to try.

It was, without a doubt, the most incredible birthday ever. The things she allowed me to do to her were like something out of a porno. It was the greatest gift I have ever been given. Taking those pictures were...

I let my mind wander while getting dressed after. It felt as if I was floating on air.

When she came out of the bathroom after cleaning up, Bella was wearing one of my shirts, and it went to her shins. Her wild curls rested on the top of her head, piled up in a haphazard bun. Her skin was clean, and her lips pink and slightly swollen from being kissed so much.

Startlingly, her eyes got huge. "I just realized I haven't given you your gift yet."

"That wasn't it?" I jokingly asked. I knew she had a present, but nothing would beat naked photos.

She giggled softly, rolling her pretty eyes. "No. Of course not."

Scampering to her suitcase, Bella retrieved a bag. She hurried back over to me, a grin on her eager face. She plopped it onto my lap heavily before leaning in to kiss me.

“Thank you,” I breathed against her lips. She grinned as she leaned into me, her temple resting against my shoulder. She looked so small, almost young, this way.

“Happy birthday, honey.” My girl looked up at me, her mismatched eyes glowing. “Are you having a good day so far?”

“The best, obviously,” I answered right away. I couldn’t wait a moment longer before opening the gift. It was heavy on my thighs, and I had no idea what my girlfriend would get me. The very first thing on the top was little snack cakes. “Oh, I remember you talking about these,” I chuckled. It wasn’t what I was expecting.

“For a video, of course,” she said with a nod of her head, playing with the ends of the long sleeves of the shirt she was wearing. Her fingers were barely peeking out, most of it pushed up to her elbows. Bella had pulled her legs into it, and her toes were hardly showing.

“Oh, nice! Maybe this can be our dessert?” I offered.

She looked at me in surprise. “Do you want to make a video tonight?”

“I think that’s a pretty awesome backdrop for a video, don’t you? I mean, if you want to,” I added the last part quickly. I wanted to create one to remember the night by, and it seemed like a perfect excuse.

Grinning, she inclined in and pressed her lips to my cheek. “Of course. Sounds fun.”

I continued to take things out. She had it packed. “Let’s see what else is in here. Oo, wine. Yes. Very nice. We should put these in the fridge for later.”

“They should pair very well with our Drake’s,” Bella joked slyly, wrinkling her nose.

“Maybe we’ll order some milk to have with them,” I replied, knowing how much she loved it with sweets.

The next was an old-fashioned shaving kit. It had soap, a brush, cup, aftercare lotion, aftershave, and a heavy silver razor with several replacement blades.

“That’s more a gift for me,” she cooed as she kissed my cheek again while her little fingers danced across my jaw lightly. “I love how smooth your skin is.”

“Oi, very fancy,” I replied before I pulled out an object that was very well wrapped. “Let’s see what we’ve got here. It’s something all bundled up.” It took a few moments to unearth. “Oh, it’s a Plexie clock! How fun. I’ve not seen this one before.” I had most of the toys for him. People were always sending me pictures of them, too.

She looked so proud of herself. “That’s because it was handmade by someone local. I found it at a comic book shop not too far from here. They had all kinds of good stuff. There is one more thing in there,” she finished before pointing to the gift.

Carefully, I put it down to the side and pulled out the item that was at the very bottom. It was heavy as hell and felt as if it was made from metal. When I unwrapped it, I discovered it was a large Plexie statue. It was at least eight inches tall and was a perfect replica of my character in its standard armor. It was all scuffed up as if it was battle-worn. There were even little bullet holes.

“Yo, it’s so detailed!”

“You can pose it,” she explained as she moved the statue’s metal arm up and down. Its front panel popped open just like in the game. He was basically a sarcastic mule. “I know how much you like your shelf, so I thought I’d get you something for it that is one of a kind.”

I loved it so much and would cherish it for the rest of my life. It was so cool to receive something that was custom. I kind of wanted to cry, but I held it in. She couldn’t know how special she had made my entire day.

I kissed her to show my gratitude because I didn’t have adequate words to do so. “Thank you. I was expecting more lingerie.”

Bella impishly grinned. “Oh, you’ll get to see those soon enough. But it’s like an advent calendar. You get a new one every day,” she teased against my mouth.

“That sure as hell beats lollies.”

Then my girlfriend sang like an angel with a devilish grin on her face. “On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me a pair of crotchless panties and a teddy. On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me a bra-sized thirty-two triple D!”

Honestly, Jasper was just going to love her, too. She was quick, though. He would have trouble keeping up with her.

“You are so weird, and I adore you,” I chuckled as I promptly hugged her to me. “I love everything you got me. It’s been the best birthday. I’ve never been so happy,” I confessed. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, handsome,” she answered. “Now, are you ready for dinner? I am starving.”

“Me too,” I agreed, hopping up to arrange my gifts neatly, so they were safely off the bed. As I did, I passed my girl the weed and my phone. “Get hungrier, I’ll fetch us a drink. Pick out some options for us.”