

Imperfect Pictures

By: Jeska Wood

Excerpt from Episode 27

Scene: Edward and Bella haven't been together in a few weeks. He surprises her by flying to NYC to see her.

We took a taxi to his hotel room, a nice one in the middle of Manhattan twenty stories up. When we arrived, there was champagne on ice waiting for us in a silver bucket. The room was a full suite with a living room, bedroom, two bathrooms, and a balcony that overlooked the city. There were roses all over the place in vases in a variety of shades. Pink, yellow, red, white, peach... I wasn't sure if they were his doing or the hotels. The effect was stunning either way.

I couldn't help but take pictures of everything. It was the nicest room I had ever been in before. Edward watched me with a smile, his hands in his jacket pockets. He was still a little bashful and more than a little tired.

"I want to take pictures of you on the balcony," I told him with an eager kiss.

Edward was happy to oblige me. It was windy so high up, and it made his scarf struggle against the wind in a perfect twirl. The pictures of his face as he looked towards the Manhattan skyline with the fabric flowing away from him were perfect. The blue lights behind him, the shadows on his pale white face, the red of his thin scarf. I couldn't wait to edit them. It was going to be my favorite of him, I knew it without having to look.

"Is this good?" He asked, not realizing I had already taken pictures. When he turned towards me, I took another. Edward pursed his lips and scrunched up his nose shyly, looking down to his feet. We were both suddenly nervous.

"Yes, but I might be biased," I said honestly from the doorway. "Now come back inside before you freeze." I held my hand out towards him.

He rushed back in, closing the door with a dull thud. His nose was red from the short

time spent in the chill. Edward definitely was not used to the cold weather, and it showed. We would need to get him some better winter wear.

I put down my camera and took his cold face in my warm bare hands. He let out a little breath of relief at the heat.

"I can't tell you how happy it makes me that you're here. It feels so surreal. I feel like I dreamed you up. You're too wonderful," I told him softly.

"Do you know how hard it was not to follow you onto that plane?" He asked me very seriously, shaking his head. "It was the hardest thing I've ever done, and I hated every day I wasn't with you. I was just gutted without you, love. You make absolutely every day better."

I brought his face down to mine so I could kiss him. Our coats went to the floor as he held me tightly, chest to chest with me on my tiptoes still.

We were wearing too many clothes to undress quickly. It was a slow process, peeling off the layers. When I was down to my tank top again, Edward went to his knees so he could help me remove my boots. I stepped out of my pants, my thick fluffy socks going just past my knees. He picked me up easily, my legs going around his waist as he sat me on the round dining table. His hand explored my bare hip, pushing towards my ass before sliding all the way past my knee down to my calf and ankle. I tugged his sweater and undershirt over his head.

He had gotten noticeably more muscular since the last time I had seen him. Edward did have abs before, but there was a faint six pack starting to emerge. I unabashedly touched him like Peggy Carter did in the first Captain America movie.

"Fuck, some of these are new."

"I have been working out like a madman. I've never been so sore in my life. So, don't get used to it," he said, obviously embarrassed at my admiration.

"Sure, understandable. But I want you to know that I am going to be needing some pictures of my own." I smoothed my hands over his abs. "Because, *damn*."

"What are you trying to do to my ego?"

"Nothing. It's just that... You have the V now, though. The sexy V," I smoothed my hands over his hips. "The *hey look down here, there is something great* arrow." I unbuttoned his blue jeans. He was straining against them already, but me fluffing up his pride didn't hurt. I happily played with the band of his underwear that peaked out above his trousers.

"Oh, is it great?" Edward said in a little proud voice, a tiny bit more high pitched than he probably wanted it to be. He cleared his throat.

I slowly unzipped his jeans. "Well," I started teasingly. "I think it's pretty amazing." I slid my hand over his cock through his black cotton underwear. "You're certainly the biggest man I've ever been with," I said truthfully. "In every way. Height, personality..." I squeezed him gently.

He removed his jeans and then his boxer briefs for me, blushing from my compliments. I instantly took him into my hand, enjoying the warm, smooth skin against my palm as I carefully rubbed him.

He closed his eyes and gasped, "I- uh... wow..." Edward muttered. Moaning, he relished in my affections. "You're the best lover I've ever had," he blurted out as I lightly kissed his peck, continuing to massage him. "I can't... can't stop thinking about you like *this*. Everything you do is so good. The- The way you touch me makes me- uh," he stuttered and strained to get his words out.

"Have you been touching yourself like this while thinking about me?" I asked in a purr.

"Yes," he breathed out. I twisted my hand up and down slowly, holding his gaze. "You know that I have," he said in a tiny voice. Though we had flirted, we hadn't had phone sex yet. I think he might have been a little too shy for that.

"Tell me what you like to think about," I said more like a command than a question. The smile that stretched across my face couldn't be helped. I was far too excited to hide it.

Edward was a bit of a mess, sweating a little already around the edges and licking his dry lips. "I think about tasting you and fucking you with my fingers," he swallowed hard, trying to get it out quickly. He was having trouble focusing while I continued to toy with him steadily. "It's my favorite," he whispered as his eyes drifted closed.

"Do you like how I taste?" I asked. When his eyes slowly opened, he watched as I ran my fingers over my clit underneath my panties with my other hand. His mouth hung open a little, taking in a deep, ragged breath. He was panting slowly, trying to control his breathing some.

"Yes, I- uh..." He had to shut his eyes, and I could feel his whole body shiver at my stroking and teasing. Edward put one hand on the table to balance himself and the other he used to pull me into a hot kiss. I played with both of us for a moment before I pulled away. I offered him my wet fingers and moaned when sucked them into his mouth.

He pushed one of his hands between my legs, stroking me over my panties.

"When I play with myself, I think about the way your fingers feel inside of me. And how good you are with your mouth." I licked seductively across his shoulder, ending in a nip as I looked up at his hungry expression. "How good your tongue feels against my clit."

"I've been thinking about.... how- That I... -I want you to-to... sit on my face and... and," Edward tried to say more boldly but was still stuttering with the effort. "Fuck," he groaned as I swirled my hand over his sensitive head. "You make it so hard to think."

"Do you want me to cum all over your face?" I asked innocently. I was having way too much fun controlling the situation.

"Yes," he said more aggressively as I tightened my grip around him.

I slid off the table, still holding onto his erection. I leaned the short distance between us and gave his head a quick lick before pulling him along behind me. He gasped in surprise, happy to be led to the bed in such a fun way. He sat at the edge of the bed for me, kissing my chest and pulling my tank top off. I lost my bra as well, leaving me only in my soaked panties.

Edward pushed his face into my breasts, kissing and nipping at the tender flesh underneath. All of the hickeys he had given me before were gone, sadly. His large hands were gripping at my ass, tugging my panties down to the floor. I shoved him back hard onto the big king-sized bed and kissed my way up his smooth, hard body. Making sure my breasts rubbed against his erection as I did, I licked along the lovely new V. I kissed every inch of his tight hips. I lavished his rock hard stomach with attention, licking and kissing his soft skin slowly.

He pulled me up quickly into a torrid kiss by the shoulders, intense and needy. His mouth was so demanding. When I finally had to pull away for air, he picked me up by the hips to help arrange me on my knees above him. He had taken back a little more control of the situation.

Forcing my thighs down onto him with his hands gripping hard onto my hips, his tongue massaging my clit with a soft growl in his throat instantly. I tried to slide my hand down to play with him as well, but he took me by both wrists and put them behind my back. It forced me down harder on his face than I would have done on my own.

Hours of touching and kissing and just being near him again had already put me very close to the edge. Within minutes I dissolved, my head flung back as my spine melted away. He did not stop or slow down but instead moaned in pleasure as he tongue explored me. He pushed it inside and traced my lips with his own, his hands around my wrists still holding me in place.

“Edward,” I used his name as a beg, leaning forward as all my muscles began to fail me. He was relentless and becoming more and more forceful as he played. I was trembling on top of him, giving him what he wanted over and over again. Each one just encouraged him further. My stomach muscles gave in as I curled in towards myself, only barely held up by his firm hands.

I fell forward completely, my forehead on his stomach, as he started to use his fingers. I rocked against him, gasping and crying into his skin. Tears pooled at the corner of my eyes as this new sensation was added.

I lost count of how many times he made me cum. When he finally pushed me onto my back, I was a trembling pile of all jelly muscles and no bones at all. His hands slid up my body as he pushed my arms above my head, bringing my lips to mine in a kiss. Now he was the one utterly in control, and I loved it.

Edward pushed inside me with no resistance whatsoever. I held onto his hair with both hands, fisting it while I arched off the bed. My mouth opened, but no sound came out. I clung to him, his flesh pounding into mine. Stars popped in my eyes as I writhed.

“Fuck, it feels good,” he moaned into my chest, pressing inside of me faster and faster. I wrapped my legs around him tighter, pushing in time with his thrust. I could feel him in the pit of my stomach. It made my toes curl in completely.

“Cum in me,” I begged him desperately. “Please. Edward, *please*...”

He bit my shoulder so hard that I cried out, his last few thrusts were rough as he forced another orgasm from my body. Edward finished with a roar, panting, and puffing as he pushed his face into my stomach afterward. It was still sticky from pleasuring me earlier. His breath rolled across my skin in hot waves.

“Did you miss me?” I asked in a silly voice after a few minutes. He laughed happily and kissed my belly button.

“Obviously I didn’t get my point across with last performance. Shall we take that from the top?” He teased me, kissing down my stomach. I pushed my legs together tightly.

“Nooo... Too much,” I drew out, now ticklish. He laughed, coming to lay eye level with me on the bed. “Oh, hi there. There you are.”

“Hi,” he grinned then stroked my cheek lightly.