

# Imperfect Pictures

By: Jeska Wood

## Excerpt from Episode 31

**Scene: It's Edward's birthday and they've gone to the adult toy store to get supplies for their evening. Bella has also promised him some pictures...**

I walked over to the dresser that had my camera bag resting on top. I changed the lens and brought it over to Edward. "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 explained to him. "I have all my lens with me and filters if you want to experiment."

"You are so casual." He took it from me. The camera looked so much smaller in his hands.

"I'm excited, to be honest," I told him with a little smile.

"I don't know where to start. I don't know how I want you to pose."

"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," I replied as I walked over to the table with all our toys and pulled out the boxes with the shoes. I then removed the robe and threw it over the chair.

"Damn," he murmured.

"If I looked down I'd get my nose stuck." I wiggled my torso in my corset with a silly grin.

He chuckled and took a quick picture. I laughed in surprise, covering my mouth with my hand automatically. Edward took another picture and grinned. "Okay, I like that one," he said, looking at the result.

As I removed all the packaging from the shoes, he came to stand a few feet in front of me. He slowly went to his knees and took a picture of me from that angle. Even upon his knees, he was still taller than me by maybe an inch or so. He sat back completely and took another.

I leaned down and flicked a lever on the camera. "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."

He angled the camera up towards me from nearly the floor. Focusing the picture, Edward took an eye leading shot of my striped red and white leggings.

"Yes, that helps. Thank you."

I turned around and wiggled the green bows on the back of thigh highs. When I looked back to see his reaction, he took my picture quickly three times in a row.

"I love your bow tattoos." He ran a gentle finger over the tiny black bow I had on each of my thighs just below my ass. They were only about the size of a quarter. He leaned in and kissed one of them. He took a rather close up picture of my ass. He leaned in and then took a little nibble out of the other thigh, making me squeak in surprise. He took another picture of me laughing.

"Shall I put the shoes on now?" I asked him.

"Mm, yes, please."

He took a picture as I leaned down and another as I bent my leg back to put on my heels with my foot in the air, my hair hanging over my shoulder.

"So, do I look silly?" I asked as I walked toward the glass balcony door. The lights were beautiful, and frost was starting to form around the glass edges.

"I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." He continued to watch me from his spot kneeling on the floor. "Lean against the door," he directed me.

I pressed against the ice cold glass and inhaled a deep breath. I brought my thumb up to my mouth, just the tip brushing against my teeth before I realized what I was doing. I arched my back against the door, my skin rebelling against the cold. Edward took pictures in quick succession.

"Turn your head to the side."

I turned my head to one side, glancing back at with only with my eyes. One of my hands rested against the glass and the other on my stomach. I felt a little shy, and my cheeks were a bit warm. The way he was watching me was *fire*.

I couldn't stand against the glass for long, so I went to the table to turn on the playlist on my phone. I had made a music list just for this night of all my favorite sexy songs. An indie song started the playlist off.

"Sit in the chair," he said, still on his knees. I pulled out the wooden chair and sat in it

with my ankles crossed delicately to one side and my hands on the arms. He took one of my hands and brought my knuckles up to his mouth to lightly kiss. "My queen."

I scoffed and laughed despite myself. "What are you trying to do to my ego?" I asked him in his accent, teasing him. I made a popping sound with my lips.

"I worship you." He was so intense and sincere.

I brought my heel up and pressed it into his shoulder gently, pushing him back a little. He grabbed my ankle, kissing the top of my foot. I brought my hand up to my mouth to hide my grin, biting at the corner of my pinkie.

Carefully he brought my leg up so that I was sitting with it over the arm. I adjusted in the seat, letting my legs spread a little. I slid my hand over my leg that hung over the chair, brushing it against the inside of my thigh.

"Is this what you want?" I asked him.

"Yes." He leaned in, kissing my inner thigh before pressing my legs further apart. Edward took several pictures, adjusting my body how he wanted it. He was gentle but firm in his touch. Everywhere he touched tingled as he slid his warm fingers firmly over my body. He was so serious as he took my picture.

"Go to the bed," he finally said when he was satisfied.

Edward took pictures of my back as I carefully crossed the carpeted distance. I drew my hair over my shoulder, feeling a little self-conscious about what he saw and if he liked it. I sat on the edge of the bed and leaned back on my hands. He finally stood back up from his knees and walked closer to me. He took pictures from above me, looking down at me from his full height. I reached out and tugged his button-down shirt free from his pants.

"Lay back," he told me.

I fanned my hair out around me as I laid out on top of the comforter. He took several pictures before he knelt over me, his legs straddling my own. Edward brought my arms above my head, letting his hand smooth over my stomach before he got up once again. I could see his erection straining against his tight jeans.

"You are perfection," he said from behind the camera.

I once again brought my foot up to push on his chest. He took pictures with it resting there. When he was done, he tugged me to the edge of the bed, making me giggle. I slid to the floor in front of him on my knees, looking up at him wickedly. Slowly, I undid his jeans, but that's as far as he would let me go. Edward took me by the chin and took a picture of my face looking up to him. I lightly kissed his hand, sliding my hands up his waist.

Edward pulled away, leaving me on my knees on the floor while walking over to my camera bag.

"Which one is the one with the zoom?" He asked as he glanced over his shoulder.

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

He found it and quickly changed the lens. He turned around, playing with the zoom for a moment before he figured out where he needed it. Then Edward went to go sit in the wooden chair.

"Take off the corset. Slowly." His voice was so smooth and firm. He knew exactly what he wanted.

*Oh, I like this so much.*

Edward looked so obscene with the Manhattan lights behind him and his top three buttons undone of his nice white long sleeved shirt from behind my camera. His expression was so consuming, hungry to see every part of me. I felt so warm.

The hooks were along the front. I undid each gradually, holding his gaze as I did. He leaned forward, biting his lip as he took several pictures of the process. When it dropped to the floor, I let my fingers trace over the lines that had marked my skin from the tight green garment.

"Turn around," he told me firmly, feeling more comfortable and in control of the situation. "Shake your hair loose." I did as he asked, swung all of my hair gently so that it would fall down my back. "Perfect. Look back at me."

I glanced back, basking in his instructions.

"Now your panties," he commanded. I let the fabric carefully roll down my ass then down to the floor. Stepping out of them, I kicked them to the side. I turned forward again before walking towards him again. "Lean against the glass again."

My skin was fire against the icy door. Goosebumps instantly formed, and my nipples became all that much harder for it. I slid one of my hands between my legs, closing my eyes when it brushed against my clit briefly. He took pictures of the moment, watching me intently through the lens.

Edward turned the camera off and placed it on the table among the bags and things. "Come here."

I closed the distance between us, and he took my waist in his hands as he lightly kissed along my chest. I stroked his hair, working my fingers through his silky soft, auburn strands. He brought his hand slowly down the outside of my thigh, down my calf, and all the way to my ankle. Taking it in his hand, Edward brought it my leg up so that my foot was on the arm of the chair. I stood in front of him with my legs opened wide for him.

"You're always so wet for me," he said in a deep warm voice. His hand moved along the inside of my thigh before he brought his lips to kiss the spots he had just traced. I watched with

my lip between my teeth as he gazed up at me hotly. When he kissed right between my legs, I gasped in pleasure, my fingers digging into his hair.

Edward held my quivering body up with his hands on the back on my thighs as he buried his tongue within me.

"Fuck yes," I moaned out my pleasure as my head lolled to one side. He worked me slowly, bringing me to a slow orgasm.

He pulled away, looking too happy with himself with my cum on his chin.

I picked up the camera and went to change the lens again. He watched me curiously.

"Unbutton your shirt," I instructed him.

Edward grinned a little shyly, but he did what I asked, taking his time with each button. Sitting back in the chair shirtless, he watched me as I took pictures of him in the nude except for my stockings.

"Stand up and take off your pants," I told him quietly.

He wasn't nearly as graceful as he wanted to be, tugging them off with his feet and kicking his jeans to the side. Self consciously his arm hugged his waist. I wasn't going to have any of that.

"Turn around," I commanded. I snapped a picture of his fine ass in his tight black briefs. "Take them off now."

Every part of him was delicious. But damn, *that ass*.

He massaged his stiff erection for a brief moment, leaning on the glass with his other hand. It was a second of relief against the strain, and it showed on his face. Edward was just as aroused as I was.

I put the camera away. Walking to the table between us and began to remove things from the bags, I neatly lined them up for him. He watched for a moment before coming stand behind me, his erection pressed into my back as he kissed my shoulder.

"Hm, what shall I use on you first?" He whispered to me seductively as he brushed his fingers down my arm. First, he picked up the leather bound wrist cuffs in one hand and took my wrist in the other. He pulled my arms tight behind my back, linking my wrists together. Edward pushed his face into my neck, kissing and sucking at the nape aggressively as he held onto my hips.

He took the blindfold into his hand, then led me to the bed. I sat on my heels with my hands still behind my back. I closed my eyes with a little smile as he slid the fabric over my eyes.

For the first time that evening, he brought my mouth to his in a kiss. He had been so careful not to smudge my red lips for the pictures. Now he was hungry for them, savagely taking them. When he pulled away, I breathlessly fell back onto my ankles.

The cold air made everything feel electric around me. Every second he didn't touch me the tension built up in my stomach. When his fingers brushed along my shoulder blades, I jumped a little, but he kept me steady.

I felt the wand drag along my stomach before he put it on it's lowest setting. His chest pressed against my back as he traced the toy along my thighs. His other hand was sliding around my neck with gently squeezing fingers.

"I'm going to fuck you until scream, and then I'm going to put that ball gag in between those exquisite lips of yours."

He gave me no time to react, pressing the vibrator against my clit. I moaned, curling in towards the sensation. Edward turned it up once and then again. My thighs began to shake with the effort. Gently he pushed me forward until my cheek was pressed against the mattress.

Slowly, he moved the wand over my clit and lips before pressing it against my entrance. I could feel my cum dripping over my skin. Then I felt a new toy pressing inside me as he brought it back to my clit. I bucked back against it, pushing it further inside. The feeling was amazing. He worked it in and out slowly before finally turning it on.

The pace was slow at first, a gentle in and out, but then as the toy became slick, he fucked me faster with it. I came quickly with the extreme sensation. His pace increased, and he turned it up until I was crying out loudly into the blankets. When he finally pulled them away, the relief was only for a moment because he grabbed my thighs and forcefully pulled my legs apart. I was propped up with my face pressed deep into the mattress.

"Edward!" I gasped his name as he began to suck on my aching clit. Then he slid his tongue back and as deeply in me as possible, his hands on my thighs to hold me up. "Oh, god. Edward, please. *Fuck!*"

When he sat up on his knees behind me, he grabbed the links between the cuffs to force me backward. He pushed his erection inside of me, meeting no so resistance whatsoever.

"I love how you cum," he growled as he fucked me rougher than he had ever fucked me before. It was so *good*.

I dissolved into a screaming mess, the tears flowing from my tightly closed eyes. He was so big, and his rhythm perfect. The toys he used had made me so sensitive. He called out with his own pleasure, panting with the effort of it. We were both sweating despite the room being very chilly.

He unhooked my hands and pushed me onto my back. But instead of freeing my wrist, he pulled my arms up and tied me to the metal headboard. Edward kissed my lips again before lavishing attention to my breasts.

And then he left the bed again.

“Open your mouth,” he said in a firm voice, his fingers stroking my cheek.

I did what he asked and felt the tip of his erection against my lips. It was wet, and a bead of cum dripped from the tip. I licked at it hungrily, taking it into my mouth so I could suck on him. His hand rested softly on my cheek as he fucked my mouth. He grew impossibly harder, moaning with my affection. When it became too intense, he pulled away.

“You’re going to need this. You’re going to be *very* loud in a moment,” he whispered confidently in my ear as he tightened the ball gag into place.

He threw my legs apart wide and began to eat me again, this time with his fingers inside of me instantly and aggressively. I squirmed, twisting against my restraints. Edward knew my orgasms well enough already to know when they were coming and how to push me over the edge. He then replaced his fingers with the toy from before.

I moaned against the gag. His lips were suddenly against my ear, the toy still inside of me. “I want one more before I fuck you again.”

Then there was a new toy, a different one, on my clit. It began to suck and massage. I began to scream against the ball in my mouth as I gushed all over the blankets, my back wholly arched off the bed. If I had not been attached, I would have probably thrown myself to the floor.

He replaced the toy inside of me with his erection, the sucking toy still on my clit. While he fucked me, I had just one very long orgasm. Edward was able to last so much longer than I expected. I cried in relief when he pulled the toy away after he finished inside of me again.

Edward removed the gag first to kiss me and then lifted the blindfold away. He released my hands, and I curled into his body.

“I thought it was your birthday,” I said gleefully as I flopped on my back with an arm over my eyes.

He laughed happily, “*God*. Damn.”

“Do you like eating pussy that much?” I asked breathlessly. “Because you do it like it’s your job. You got a degree in it. Extra certifications. Studied in the jungle with monks or something.”

He continued to laugh shyly, pushing his face into the pillows. “Yeah. Yeah, I do.”

“All or just mine?” I teased.

“Mm, I’d say *all* but especially yours. Because, damn... You cum so easy for me. I could lick you for hours.” Edward looked so pleased with himself. He rubbed his hand over my ass hungrily.

“You better feed me before you try that again. Get me some liquids at the very least,” I joked jubilantly, stroking his hair.

“Yes! Absolutely. Good idea. I am hungry, now that you mention it.” He was still grinning ear to ear.