

Imperfect Pictures

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Excerpt from Episode 38:

Scene: Edward and Bella stay in a luxury cabin in the middle of the Alaskan wilderness.

Edward came to stand behind me, running his hands over my shoulders and he brushed his nose against the back of my neck. He slowly unraveled my scarf and removed my hat, tossing them onto the couch. He removed my jacket and added it to the pile. He had a hungry look in his eyes.

“Is it what you hoping?”

“It's more than I expected,” I breathed out. “It's so much, Eddie.”

He kissed along my temple, and I ran my fingers over his rough jaw. He hadn't shaved in a week for me. In fact, he wasn't going to again until he had to for work. It was already over a half inch long, reddish brown with a few black hairs mixed in and was just starting to grow the tiniest bit softer.

“I wanted to give you something you'd never forget.” He ran his fingers over the front of my neck from behind, squeezing gently. I closed my eyes, resting my head back against his chest. Lightly he rubbed his thumb up the center to my jaw. He twisted my chin gently so that he brought my mouth up to his in a kiss, his other hand resting on my stomach.

I turned in his arms to face him, sliding his jacket off of his shoulder with my hands. He held me close to his body, his hands going down my back to my ass. He gripped it tightly as my arms went around his neck.

“Get some wine, and I'll get the water in the tub started,” he told me warmly, his erection pressing against my stomach even through all the thick layers of clothing between us. I couldn't believe how turned on he was by me. I wondered what gave me such power over him.

When I went to go towards the kitchen to get the wine that he requested he swatted my ass, making me giggle joyously.

The glass-encased room was almost entirely surrounded by trees except for a small clearing that I couldn't see more than five feet ahead of me because it was so dark outside. The room itself was simply filled, a large California king bed, a couple of bedside drawers, a round dining table with a couple of chairs, a dresser, and the hot tub to one far end. When I came in, Edward was already stripped down to his jeans and nothing else. The room was amazingly warm because of the pleasant smelling fire. I could barely hear it crackle as he played music loudly on his phone.

My heart was in my stomach, surrounded by a million butterfly as I looked at him. He was so beautiful, literally cloaked in stars. I didn't feel worthy.

"Hi there," he grinned at me. I felt so nervous for some reason I couldn't explain. He came to take the wine glasses and bottle from my hands. "You okay, my love?"

"I think I might be a little overwhelmed," I admitted to him in a tiny voice.

He placed the drinks on the table and came back to where I was standing, taking my waist in his hands.

"Is it a bad thing?"

"No," I whispered, looking up. The sky was rolling with green and blue lights. "We're literally at the top of the world, Edward. It's amazing."

"I wanted to show you how I feel when I am with you," he whispered sweetly. I would have called him out for being so cheesy, but he was so sincere. He was a try hard, but he was doing it because he loved me.

He loves me. He's doing this for me. Wow...

Edward knelt down in front of me, helping me to get my boots and socks off. He was cautious of my broken foot and toes, but it only mildly ached now. When he stood, he brought my bulky sweater and one of my long sleeved shirts up with him. Underneath was still a thermal shirt and a tank top which he tugged off until he finally got to my bra. It was a little strange to be standing in the middle of the forest semi-nude. I was wearing that hot pink bra he had picked out at Target months ago. He still loved it. He buried his face in my chest, covering it in warm kisses.

He lifted me by the ass and carried me to the bed where he gently laid me back. Edward worked my pants off with a grin, carefully tugging them off so not to hurt me. I was going to be so ready to get back to normal, so I could attack him in the way that I wanted to. Not being able to jump him was a real problem.

I watched, lifting up on my elbows as he went to check on the water. There was seemingly endless amounts of hot water, and it took three spouts twenty minutes to fill the tub up completely.

Pulling the hooks free, I tugged my bra off while he went to check. He watched me, his

eyes thirsty for more. Slowly he removed his own jeans, pulling them down to the floor with his briefs. I watched with a grin, taking in the glorious view.

When he came back to the bed, he pulled my panties down, kissing my stomach as he did. For the briefest moment, he kissed between my legs, making me moan in surprise. With a surprising amount of speed, he picked me up over his shoulder, making me squeal and giggle in happiness. He slapped my ass hard, my skin stinging pleasantly. I slapped his own ass forcefully to which I earned a funny little wiggle.

The tub had stairs going into it, and he held the guardrail with one hand and with his other arm securely around me. He let me down into the deep water gently, dunking entirely under afterward in front of me. My feet could barely touch the bottom. When he popped back up, he pushed his wet hair away from his eyes before pulling me close to him.

His hands were all over me as we kissed, slipping and sliding down my back and ass easily. I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist, his erection pressed against me. Without breaking our kiss, he used his hand to help slip himself inside of me.

I tilted my head back happily with my eyes closed as I bounced up and down on him, his hands on the small of my back to help me. When I opened my eyes slowly, I could see the Aurora Borealis and the millions of the stars that dotted the sky. There was almost no light pollution, and it was the clearest sky I had ever seen. Edward guided my hips, moaning at the sensation of me being so tight around him. The water sloshed around us, spilling over the edges with force.

We played in the hot water, touching, kissing, and fucking without ever reaching our climaxes. When it was finally starting to get cold, he helped me out of the bath. Edward also helped me dry off with a warm towel, careful not to miss a single spot. Without a word, he led me to one of the chairs at the table.

“Sit,” he commanded gently.

Edward knelt in front of me in the chair, spreading my legs apart with his hands on my knees. I giggled happily when he tugged my ass towards the very edge of the seat. I loved when he manipulated my body the way he wanted it. He propped both of my legs over his shoulders, both hands holding the outside of my thighs as he buried his face between my legs. I wound my fingers into his hair, holding the back of his head as he devoured me thoroughly.

My back arched, my head against the back of the chair and my knees high in the air. He could make my eyes roll into the back of my head with just his lips, but then he would add his teeth, his tongue, nose, or fingers and my body would begin to tremble. The way he would look up at me would make my stomach twist into knots. I could cry out as loudly as I wanted to in the private cabin, so I took full advantage of that. The louder I got, the more it encouraged him... which just made me even louder in return. My bare heels dug into his back as I came, my fingers tearing at his hair.

He kissed my mouth hard, his fingers still inside of me as he made me cum around them. His other hand fisted the back of my hair, holding our rough kiss as I practically screamed

around his mouth. With a quick lift, I was on the table, and he was between my legs. Edward was being aggressive and demanding. He fucked me at a perfect pace, my hands holding me up on the table. My breasts bounced the force of it, the cold air making my skin prickle pleasantly. When I looked up towards the sky again, I got lost in the sensation and the colors until it was too much to keep my eyes open. My mouth hung open, and no noises came out when he found the right spot.

I fell back against the table. Thankfully it was sturdy enough to handle the pounding. His fingers dug hard into my hips as he came, his thumbs probably leaving bruises. He panted with his face against my stomach. I held him, stroking his hair. I felt so pleasantly satisfied.

"You okay?" He asked softly, looking up at me worriedly. "Your foot doing okay?"

"Yeah, it's fine," I promised him with a smile. "The table is hard and cold, though."

Edward chuckled, standing up and helping me to my feet. I hopped to the bed on one foot, sitting on the edge. After we got cleaned up, we ordered dinner from the room service.