

Imperfect Pictures

By Jeska Wood

Excerpt from Episode 39

Scene: After attending a Hollywood party, Edward and Bella spend the rest of New Years celebrating in their own way.

The countdown began, everyone shouting the numbers around us. Edward held my gaze intently, his hand coming to rest on my shoulder. We clinked glasses gently, and I took a little sip of my drink while He finished his in one quick go. Sliding his hand up my neck, Edward brought me into a deep kiss. The champagne was still sweet on his lips. I softly brushed my tongue over the top one. He quickly caught it and massaged it with his own. He could make me weak in the knees and make the whole world disappear with one very passionate kiss. His eyes were so intense when he pulled away.

“I love you,” I breathed against his mouth, kissing him again. Just a little peck this time.

“I love you, too,” he said as if it was a promise.

We slipped out of the club not long after. There were still tons of paparazzi outside, the flashing going crazy. I could see the gold lipstick on his lips as they did, making me smile in mild embarrassment. He chatted politely with them as we waited for our driver for the night, greeting them like old friends.

“Good kiss?” One of them asked him. I reached up and wiped a little lipstick off the corner of his mouth.

“The best,” Edward grinned, not looking the least bit bashful.

“Who are you?” One of them asked me.

“She's on his channel,” someone said from behind. There were so many people that I couldn't tell where the voice was coming from. It made me want to hide my face in his chest.

“This is my girlfriend, Bella Swan. She's a photographer too, guys. So, be nice to her.” Edward squeezed my waist comfortingly.

"Any New Year's resolutions?" A guy with a big video camera attached to his chest asked in a shout.

"Not really. I think my life is going okay doing what I'm doing right now," Eddie answered them, pleased with himself. "Probably just to make more dumb shit videos and continue improving on my voice acting. What about you?" He asked me, running his finger over my cheek. He was a little drunk. I leaned into his touch slightly.

"Just to get back to working out again. I've had the holidays off, and I need to get back to it. I miss it, so I don't know if it counts," I joked. "I actually like exercising."

"You look great," a female voice said, somewhere. There were so many cameras flashing in my face I couldn't see anyone.

"Thanks." I pressed my face a little into Edward finally because of my embarrassment. He slid his hand up my back, happy to hold me to him.

"Where is your dress from?"

I laughed. How many times had I given fake red carpet interviews in the shower? It felt a little unreal. "Macy's. I'm not sure of the name, sorry."

"Happy New Year's, everyone," he told them politely after I gave my answer. The car pulled up, and Edward opened the door for me before the driver could. When he got in, he closed the curtains separating us from the front.

He was so quick to pull me towards him, his grip tight and almost demanding. I tugged his bowtie loose, undoing the top button of his shirt. Laying my hand on his chest, I could feel his heart beating against my fingertips.

"You have my lipstick all over your mouth," I informed him with a small smile, whispering the words softly.

"And I'm about to get even more." He pressed his lips against mine. It felt like a dramatic Hollywood type kiss like you would see in Casablanca.

I slid my fingers into his hair and gripped it tightly. When I pulled it, he hissed in surprise and pleasure, my lips going to play all over his neck. I bit into his throat, scrapping my teeth roughly against his skin. I left a mark for sure. He had both of his hands on the back of the seat to keep himself up, he was turned towards me so completely. I worked the spot with my mouth as I slid one hand under his suit jacket.

Our night might have been classy, but that's not how I wanted to end the evening.

"Tonight," I began to whisper in his ear as I ran my finger over his bottom lip, "I'm going to sit on your face, and you're going to make me cum so many times." I kissed his earlobe, a shiver coming over his entire body. I slid my hand down his chest and over his erection for just

the briefest second.

"I wish I could taste you right now," he whispered back, his hand slipping between my legs. I spread them a little, giving him better access. Edward slid his finger underneath my panties, where I was already slightly slick from kissing. He bit his bottom lip as I kissed his neck again, his finger massaging my clit gently. I had to stay completely silent, but it was so hard, a smile of pleasure stretching over my cheeks.

When he pulled his hand away, his fingers were moist. He brought them to his lips, but I placed my hand on his own, bringing his fingers to my lips. I slowly dragged my tongue over the pad before taking them into my mouth to gently suck. His mouth was slightly agape as I drew them almost to the back of my throat, holding his gaze as I did.

"*Fuck.*" Edward grabbed my face roughly, kissing me so hard that he pressed me fully onto the seat. I slid down onto the leather, him on top of me as he hungrily tasted my mouth.

We barely got the front door closed behind us before he pushed me up against the foyer wall. He hitched my dress up over my hip, grabbing my knee as I wrapped it around his waist. His mouth was dominating, his full weight pressing pleasantly against me.

I pushed him off me gently with a playful smile, taking his hand and leading him over to the couch. Edward unzipped my dress from behind, forcing it to the floor in a puddle at my feet. His hands went roughly to my breasts, his mouth on the back of my neck. He lavished in the attention for several moments before I turned so I could unbutton his shirt. My hands were eager to feel his bare skin.

His hands slid down the back of my panties to grip my ass roughly. "I've been wanting to do this all night long."

"Do you like my ass?" I teased him, wiggling my hips a little.

"I would say that it was my favorite part of you, but I don't think I have a least favorite because I love them all so much," he said with mild amusement, his voice a delicious purr.

I'm going to do terribly wonderful things to this man.

I bit my lip as I knelt down to undo his straining trousers. As soon as he was free, I brought him into my mouth, sucking him down my throat harder than he obviously expected. He gasped and moaned before Edward rested his hand on the back of my head, gently massaging his fingers into my hair as he relaxed into the sensation. As he got too close, he gripped my hair tightly, tugging me up to his mouth for a kiss. I loved it.

He laid down on his big couch so that his legs were bent at the knee over the edge. I kissed his mouth and chin before straddling his face. He was so forceful with how he liked to position me. I gently rolled my hips with his stride. I reached behind me to slide my fingers into his hair gently, resting my own head back as I did.

I got louder and louder, my thighs shaking with the effort of staying upright. He was so

good at *this*.

I wrapped my hand around his erection, massaging it's full length until he was moaning. He groaned and growled with pleasure between my legs against my heated wet skin. When I took him into my mouth, he gasped before attacking me more vigorously somehow. I sucked and teased as he licked and nibbled. Every time I would moan around him, he would jerk in my mouth. His hands roughly slid over my thighs and ass, occasionally gripping the flesh hard.

He came very quickly in my mouth, dripping in a long creamy ribbon along his stomach when I finally pulled him away from my lips. I leaned down, licking him clean in slow drags. He was practically vibrating underneath me, his stomach tight with effort.

He forced his fingers inside of me, two at once. "Edward," I moaned against his abs as my forehead pressed against his stomach. My own orgasm was so intense that I cursed loudly, actual tears dripping from my eyes. His strong hands held me in place, nursing me through the pleasure with his caressing lips.

I fell to the side, closing my legs tightly and giggling when I couldn't take it anymore. "Stop, I'm getting ticklish now."

"Sorry," he said joyfully, rolling to his side to look at me. We were face to face in opposite directions, both panting and frazzled looking. He looked as sticky as I felt.

"We both have cum on our foreheads," I told him with a snicker. His face flushed, turning into the couch for a second to hide his embarrassed but happy laughter. He pulled me in for a quick kiss, his hand on the back of my head. "Feel better?" I teased him.

Edward dragged his nose against mine, a grin on his lips. "Yes." He brushed my hair over my ear with a happy little sigh. "Happy New Year, my love."