

# Imperfect Pictures

## By Jeska Wood

### Excerpt from Episode 14

Scene: Edward and Bella have just started dating that morning and are about to spend their first evening together as a couple.

For the first time in a very long time, I thought about how I would look to a man in the nude. How would he like my panties? My nightgown? I wasn't sure what Edward thought about those things. Did he care at all? He was always so well dressed when he was out. Not so much at home. He had an opinion on what he thought was sexy at Target, but I wasn't ready to give that pair the full justice they deserved. I also didn't know what he was expecting from me. Or what I was expecting from him that night.

I changed into a new pair of panties from the store. They were a comfortable pair of boy shorts. They were cotton, and Halloween themed, not unlike the ones I had been wearing earlier in the day. These were orange and had a jack-o-lantern on the rear because I was an adult and the little things like that gave me joy. The nightgown I had gotten was dark blue satin and went just to my fingertips. It was cut very low in a v with the edges embroidered in tiny white flowers.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth. Then I rubbed on lotion to my arms and legs and put on perfume behind my ears and knees. Places that had not seen attention in years. I fluffed up my hair and put on my bubblegum flavored chapstick. It felt oddly familiar, the act but not the place.

Edward was waiting for me in his bedroom by his bed as he rearranged it. He had changed into sleep pants and had removed his shirt. I could tell he was a little anxious. When he saw me, he relaxed a little, a small smile on his sweet face.

"I never imagine today would end like this. Not in a million years. Not if I thought I had a

million tries. And yet, here you are.”

“I didn't know it was a possibility,” I told him honestly.

“I'm so nervous.” He looked embarrassed to admit it. “Earlier was incredible and I don't want to... *assume*. I don't want to scare you. Or rush you. We can do whatever you want. If you just want to cuddle. Or, talk. Or, sleep. Or, *whatever*.”

“It was incredible. Don't worry about scaring me. I promise to let you know. I'm pretty vocal,” I assured him as I touched his cheek. “And, is it rushing? Wasn't that just the longest blind date ever?” I asked him jokingly. He smirked and pretended to think really hard about it.

“Was that our first date? That whole week? No, I'd say it was more like seven ***separate*** dates. I mean, we slept in between. We weren't together the whole time,” he pointed out. He was enjoying this particular conversation.

“Eight, if you count Sunday night. If you're going by that logic.”

“Oh, you're right. Eight. Or, is it nine now? If you count today? I wonder what the average amount of dates before a couple has sex is,” Edward said to himself. He was actually thinking about the answer to that one.

I came to stand on my tip toes and smoothed my fingers over his very strong arms. “We can look it up in the morning.” I kissed the spot where his tattoo was on his pec. It had begun to heal very nicely. I could barely reach it. He rubbed his hands over my shoulders until he brought them down to my fingers. We stood, holding hands, in the candlelit darkness of his bedroom while the storm raged outside.

He brought his mouth down to mine and kissed me deeply, holding my face in his big warm hands. They were so soft, and he was so tender with his every single touch. His palms were cradling my cheeks, and I held onto his wrists as I melted into him. I could have kissed him there forever.

Gently he lifted me onto the bed by the hips, and he quickly crawled on top of me so that he hovered a foot above me. I took this chance to touch his cheeks, temples, and forehead without having to stretch. I let my fingers move through his thick dark auburn hair. He clearly enjoyed it. His eyes were so hopeful and eager. And, *happy*. Edward was genuinely elated. It made me feel *adored*.

“I like the way you look at me,” I admitted to him, drawing his face closer to mine to kiss his mouth softly. I kissed the top and then the bottom, bringing them into my mouth to lightly suck on his soft, perfect lips. I tugged on the bottom one gently with my teeth when I pulled away. He shuddered and gasped as I happily played.

“Well, that's the look of a man utterly enchanted,” he tried to say with a bit of charm, but it came out breathy and labored.

“Try hard,” I whispered into his ear with a smile while gently tugging down his sleep

pants. He was wearing boxer briefs this time. I was a little disappointed that he wasn't commando.

"Get used to it." He kissed my mouth aggressively, moving down to my neck to nip at my skin. One of his hands explored my outer thigh while I wrapped my legs around him. "I going to worship you." He kissed my new tattoo lightly, pushing the strap of the gown away. He kissed around the butterfly before moving to kiss right where my heart was beating hard in my chest.

Edward pulled off my nightgown and tossed it to the end of the bed. I pulled him down to me so that our bare bodies were touching, kissing him once again. We were both only in just our underwear by that point. He was completely hard and kept brushing it between my very sensitive thighs. We kissed for so long I was breathless, and my face was tender from his stubble aggressively rubbing against it as we made out like teenagers. He drew out every kiss and touch, trying to give me as much pleasure as possible.

He held my throat in his hand as he kissed my forehead, nose, lips, eyelids, my ears. It was tender, his thumb rubbing loving little circles into my neck in pace with his kissing. When he finally kissed downwards, my chest automatically rose up to meet his lips.

"I left a mark." He kissed the side of my breast, glancing up at me as he did.

"Leave some more." I dragged my nails over his scalp and gingerly tugged at his hair.

"Where?" Edward asked hungrily.

I guided him to a spot on the opposite breast with my hand still in his hair. He bit hard enough to make me squeak in surprise and throw my head back. His hand was still on my throat, squeezing very lightly. I brought it to my mouth and began to suck and kiss his fingers while he created a matching bruise on my tender skin.

He kissed down my stomach, pulling down my panties and throwing them somewhere on the floor. Without hesitation, he began to kiss between my legs, spreading them wide to give him better access. First, he kissed, licked, and nipped at each thigh several times, dragging his now rather rough cheek against my flesh as he did. His hand slid down my calf then back up my knee, making me shiver in the best way possible.

Edward knew all the places to touch and all the places to kiss.

I cried out when he licked me, his tongue dragging across my clit slowly. My back arched as my legs twisted around his shoulders. He held my thighs apart with one hand, the other hand resting on my stomach. I cursed loudly when he pushed two of his fingers inside of me.

My first orgasm was slow and long. It dipped up and down and slowly back up again into another and then another, each becoming more desperate and louder than the last. I clawed at his back, calling out his name over and over again like a chant. I was tearing at the bed, bucking and twisting. He never even slowed down a little. He didn't need the encouragement to not stop.

I had to yank Edward by the hair to finally stop him after having at least four, maybe five,

orgasms. I lost count somewhere along the way. He kissed me eagerly, his face covered in my own cum. As he did, he crashed into me, his boxer brief covered erection pressed into my wetness. I gasped and bucked, squeezing my legs closed around him.

"I'll not last very long," he warned when I tugged down his boxers frantically. "I feel like if you touched me right, I'd explode."

"Isn't that the point?" I asked with a wicked smile as I kissed his ear, rubbing his erection gently as I did. I massaged him against my wet clit, gasping at the sensation against his skin. He hadn't expected it, closing his eyes and shaking a little with each slow pass. "You should get a condom," I finally whispered. He was so close already.

Edward came to rest on his calves while still sitting between my legs, pulling one of the condoms from the open box in the drawer. With a smirk, he placed it on my stomach all while rubbing his own cock. I spread my legs, dipping my fingers inside to tease us both. Edward pushed my hand out of the way so he could massage his head against my clit perfectly, making me twist and moan in pleasure. He drew out each stroke, letting it dip lower so that he only *just* went inside before pushing back up against my sensitive nerves. Finally, it was too much teasing for me, so I took the condom myself and opened it carefully.

"Fuck me," I said in a soft, sweet voice that didn't match the words that were coming out of my mouth. "Please." I rolled the condom over his head, and Edward pushed it the rest of the way down eagerly. He hovered over me, his large green eyes looking into mine briefly before kissing me deeply.

He slipped inside me with no resistance, but I had never felt so full. I spread my legs as wide as possible to allow him to go as deep as he could, lifting my hips up as I did. I wrapped one of my arms around his neck while the other hand grabbed at the sheets.

I gushed around him a little, dripping down to the blanket underneath. My entire body flushed with sweat as he pounded his pelvis into mine. "Oh..." I drew out as my back arched a half foot off the bed. Edward didn't slow his perfect rhythm. I could feel the pulsating thrumming of my extended orgasm deep in my stomach to my curling toes, dripping more and more with each push.

"*Fuck*," he said in a deep, low, guttural voice very close to my ear. His entire body was shaking when he finally gave in to his own climax.

He panted and rested his forehead on my chest as I held him to me. His face was squarely between my breast with his cheek pressed to my skin. We were both actually shaking from the effort. It took us a long time to recover. He dragged his nose over my collarbone after a few moments, lightly and delicately kissing my shoulder when he could move.

"God. *Damn*," he finally muttered.

I laughed a bit hysterically, bringing my hand up to my eyes to wipe away the sweat. "Yeah."

"I really like making you cum like that," he said, shyly into my chest. "Can I do that... like... *all* the time?"

"My legs are vibrating," I told him with a breathy laugh. "So, yes. Please. Literally fucking vibrating. What the *fuck*?"

He laughed happily as well, almost timidly, pressing his face into my skin to hide his smile. His cheeks were still red hot.