

# Imperfect Pictures:

By Jeska Wood

## Excerpt from Episode 22:

### **Scene: Edward and Bella spend a sleepy morning together.**

We woke up on Halloween morning around ten with no alarms. I woke up in Edward's arms, his nude body pressed against mine completely. It was just cool enough that we weren't too sweaty to do so. His morning erection ground into my bare ass as we spooned and I wiggled up against it happily. He reacted instantly in his sleep, pulling my hips towards him more firmly. Just being this close to him made me *crazy horny*. What was he doing to me? I didn't mind at all.

I let my hand gently explore the top of his that rested on my stomach, my fingertips tracing his knuckles, slowly swirling my hips so that my plush ass brushed against him. I knew he was asleep, but his erection certainly wasn't. It reacted happily with each touch. His hand pressed against my stomach, his fingers gently curling in against my skin. His breath was so warm against my shoulder. After a few moments, his hand slowly slipped down past my belly button until it reached the hair between my legs. Edward gently scratched his nails through it, earning a little gasp as I pressed back against him harder.

He hummed quietly, and I rolled my ass against him a little harder, earning a deep intake of breath through his nose. Edward pressed his lips against my shoulder, his hand sliding further down until he reached the apex of my thighs. With a single finger on my clit, he leisurely began to pleasure me. It was my turn to hum, closing my eyes as I enjoyed his attention. Slowly and steadily, he touched me tenderly until I was squirming against him.

His erection slipped between my thighs as I rocked against him. His free hand went to my breast, playing with it lightly. I'm not sure Edward had even opened his eyes yet.

I wiggled against him until he pressed right at my entrance, teasing me pleasantly as he continued to finger me. I wanted to push him deeper inside, but I didn't want him to stop to get a condom. So I tortured us both as I let him just barely press inside of me. I called out his name quietly, wanting him to grab my hips and just thrust into me wildly when I came for the first time.

Instead, he pulled away, earning a groan.

“Condom,” he breathed, fumbling behind him.

“I need to get some birth control,” I complained, looking back at him as I pushed my hair away from my face. He quickly returned to where he was, his sticky condom wrapped hard-on brushing against my back.

“Give me the ass back,” Edward mumbled sleepily as he grabbed my hips so he could readjust me against him as we laid on our sides. I giggled, wiggling my bottom until I was to where I wanted him. He slipped inside easily, already very wet from his fingers earlier. I wrapped his arm around my waist tightly, bouncing back against him slowly as we rocked quietly in time with each other.

Edward dragged his hand down again between my legs, returning to his slow torture as his other hand rested back on my breast. Our movements were slow and sweet, every moment better than the last. I bit into my lip deeply, leaning my head back until it was pressed against him.

“That’s it,” he cooed softly in his velvety voice as I tightened. He gasped as he came, ducking his face against my shoulder. Neither of one of us had earth-shattering orgasms. Instead, these were gentle with enticing whispers of more demanding ones. I needed more of them. I needed more of him.

“Make me cum again,” I asked him as he buried his face in my neck from behind, kissing it lightly.

“How?” Edward asked, sleep still in his voice.

“I don’t care. I just need to feel you.”

We lazily fucked until noon, a quiet and ceaseless build-up that lasted for hours. We then napped for an hour before finally getting up to shower.