

Imperfect Pictures

By Jeska Wood

Excerpt from Episode 21:

Scene: Edward and Bella are playing a game and decide to make a wager. Edward loses but Bella rewards him with what he wants anyway...

"Oi! That's not fair!" Edward pouted as he came over to where I was sitting in front of the computer. I exited out of the match and returned to the lobby, where it rewarded me with several things like experience and new outfits for my own character. I had gone up three levels in a single match.

"I did say both of us had to be alive at the end," I pointed out dryly.

He looked over the things I had won, checking out my stats and ignoring my sarcasm for a minute. Edward muttered, "but, you were talking about yourself."

I couldn't help but smirk to myself. "Yes. You were more interested in finding out about your possible kinky reward than thinking about the fine print."

"I..." he drew out and huffed, "Maybe, but I carried you for most of the game. I protected you."

"Hm. Yeah. True. But, I was never knocked out, and you had to be revived at the beginning," I said in a bemused tone. This was fun. I was mean. "And, I killed that person on my own with a crappy pistol."

Edward could see he was not going to win this with me and that he had truly lost. "But, I *deleted* so many people!"

"You sure did, baby. But, the most kills don't win the game, right? It's the last man standing, like you said," I reminded him. He had literally put years into the game, and I had put one hour. It wasn't fair, but I was having too much fun messing with him. He was clearly

flustered. Of course, he was the only reason I lasted three seconds.

"God, I really do wish I could give you a smack on the bum." Edward tugged on the back of my hair playfully, speaking through his teeth. I held his gaze with a smirk on my own confident face.

"Do you think I was joking when I made the offer?" I asked him as I spun in the chair fully to face him. My face was perilously close to the button of his blue jeans. I ran my nose over the zipper, smoothing my finger up the back of his thighs as I did. I still held his stare. His cheeks were pink, and his eyes so warm and green.

"Would you like it if I were rough with you?" He said in a low, honeyed tone. Edward ran his fingers over my jaw. He pressed his thumb against my lips, and I brought it into my mouth to gently suck on. His breathing hitched as my tongue ran over the pad. Tracing his thumb against my lips, he dragged it down my chin and over my throat until he held my neck in his hand. He squeezed gently. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I don't think you're capable of that," I told him quietly.

"I don't think that's true," he slid his thumb up the center of my throat. He squeezed a little. He could have done it so much harder. Edward brought it over my chin, just below my lips.

I bit his thumb to prove how indelicate I was. He hissed, grabbing my chin sharply while I grinned up at him. "I want to feel your hands on my skin long after I'm gone. I want to see your marks all over my body," I told him in a sensual voice.

Before I could realize what was happening, I was over his shoulder and dangling mere inches from his ass. I squealed and giggled with the pure joy of it. Edward slapped my ass, the skirt of my sundress bunched around my hips. I was wearing the lacy boy shorts he had picked out again after being freshly washed.

He leaned in and took a big bite into my pink lacy cheek. I half laughed, half gasped. I smacked his own ass, hard. Edward slapped harder this time, making his palm hit the fleshy part of my cheek. I moaned in pleasure against his back, my fingers bunched into his shirt as I held onto him.

"Is that what you would like, my darling?" He cooed.

"Harder," I begged. He hit the other cheek with more force. I gasped, "harder." Edward hit me again, making me cry out in pleasure. "Yes...*Please*."

He arranged me over his knees after he sat down on the couch that took up one wall in his office. Edward yanked my skirt over my back, exposing my ass completely. He massaged and squeezed each cheek more and more roughly before striking. He never hit the same place twice in a row, getting bolder with each spanking as I cried out and squirmed on top of him. I could feel his erection rub against me, straining against his jeans. His other hand smoothed over my back into my hair, pulling it back every so often with a tug.

"Your skin is turning red..." he drew out as he slid his fingers between my legs over my panties. I had soaked through them completely, and I squirmed against his touch. "Shall I stop?" Edward asked as he pulled his hand back, dragging the lace up to expose more of my cheek.

"No," I smiled as he leaned down to kiss my tender flesh. He pulled away and hit where he had kissed a moment before. I gasped, "mmm...yes!"

His hands were big and so strong. Adrenaline rushed through my body. I couldn't believe how good it felt. Slowly he brought my panties down, rolled to my thighs to expose my whole ass to him. He stroked it slowly, striking over and over again before finally moving his fingers between my thighs.

"You are so delicious," he purred as he slid a finger inside of me. "Fuck, I love how that feels."

He worked his finger as deeply as he could inside, curling and twisting as he pulled and pushed it back in. Edward added another, and I tightened around him as I cried out into the couch. I pressed my face against the cold leather, enjoying how it felt against my hot skin.

"I want you to play with yourself," he told me with a sharp tug of my hair. I quickly obliged, bring my hand underneath so I could play with my own clit. My skin was slippery and sensitive, and his curling fingers left me breathlessly begging into the cushion for more. My orgasm was so quick and intense that I jerked away on impulse.

I unbuttoned his jeans and freed his erection easily from his boxers when I got to my knees beside him on the couch. Without hesitation, I took him completely into my mouth. He gasped in surprise and rolled his head back against sofa cushions as one of his hands continued to rest on the small of my back.

"Oh, God," Edward hissed as I ran my teeth gently over his head.

Slowly he began to run his fingers over my bottom, squeezing and kneading it before sliding back between my legs. He found my clit and began to smooth tight little circles around it. Soon I was bucking against him, moaning around his cock as I continued to work him with my mouth.

I was shaking when I came again, enjoying it so much that it dripped down my thighs and all over his hand. Suddenly I found myself upright and being kissed by him forcefully. I was dizzy and hung onto his neck with both hands as I kissed him in return. He adjusted me so that I was straddling his waist. Our kiss was never broken.

I reached between us and took him into my hand so I could continue to pleasure him as he bit into my shoulder. Edward was getting louder with his moans and growls, his fingers getting tighter in my hair and on my ass.

First, I rubbed him against my wet lips, letting his head become slick with *me*. It covered him and my hands as I pleased us both with the tip. I rubbed it against my clit over and over again before dipping it back down to tease us both further. Quivering, my nails dug into his

shoulder as I tried to keep myself upright with the coming of my next orgasm. And then he took over, taking himself into his hand and furiously masturbating against my clit. The force was surprising and perfect, making me have to use my other hand to keep myself upright. I buried my face in his neck, kissing and biting through my cries of pleasure.

I threw my head back and called out his name loudly. It was *perfect*. Everything he was doing to me was amazing. My body belonged to him completely. He controlled me, and I gave into him happily. His cum was hot and sticky on my dripping thighs and lower stomach. It turned me on more than I could have ever imagined and I collapsed against him with my own fierce kiss.

“Goddamn,” he moaned between kisses. His sticky hand was running over my thigh and going back to squeeze my ass once again. “You turn me on more than any woman I’ve ever met. I want to make you cum again. I love it so much. I want to bury my face between your legs and see how many more times I can get you off with my mouth,” he said against my neck with his fingers knotted into my long black curly hair. I was too aroused to do anything other than moan.

Edward swiftly laid me back down on the couch with his full body on top of me, kissing my lips furiously. It was a comforting weight, and when his fingers twisted with mine above my head, my hips pushed up towards him. He had so much energy. His mouth was relentlessly sweet and demanding. He pulled away and a second later was between my legs.

I wanted to thank whatever woman came before me that taught him to love this divine art. Edward sucked and tugged, licked, bit, and kissed. I felt worshiped as he moaned into my skin. There was no resistance to the two fingers he shoved into me. I would have been happy to let him do it forever.

He did not stop at one or two orgasms but worked me until I was a writhing mess with tears running down my eyes. My toes curled, and my nails dug into the couch. Finally, my fifth or sixth was too powerful, and my body tore itself away from his mouth. I almost fell off the couch.

“No,” he growled as he rose up on his knees between my legs. He pulled me back towards him with his erection in his hand. He began to rub himself against my clit again, one of his hands scooping up the back of my neck to bring me up off the couch in the kiss. “One more,” he demanded against my mouth.

My body gave him exactly what he wanted after a few more moments of teasing. He came once more all over my thighs, legs, stomach, and dress. Edward collapsed on top me, burying his face in my neck as he panted.

Ah, the benefits of dating a much younger man...

I was dizzy to the point of being blurry eyed. Every part of me tingled, and my legs could not move. My hands were balled up so hard that they hurt when I released them from their hold. My ass was stinging from the mild spanking, and my own cum mixed with his was dripping onto the dress that was bunched underneath me.

He had fucked me senseless without fucking me at all. It was, without a doubt, the best orgasms I had given to me by a man. *Ever*. When he kissed me again, I could taste us both on his lips.

Finally, the daze began to wear away, his face buried in my neck happily.

"I might have ruined your couch," I told him quietly.

"I doubt it but worth it." He smiled against my skin. "Remind me to just hide condoms all over the house so I can fuck you in every room."

"Yes, sir." I lazily high fived him. He chuckled, hugging me to his warm body. "Quick question, did you take a class or were you a lesbian in a past life? Because damn. I don't think a man has ever done those things to me."

"Oh. Um," Edward laughed a little shyly. "I uh... really? It's okay? I'm doing well?"

I looked at him, confused. "How many times did I cum?"

"I don't know, to be honest," he said in a small voice.

"Neither do I. I lost count," I told him softly. "That's the point." He smiled up at me sweetly. I kissed him again gently. We were both so gross from our fuckery.

We laid in silence for a few moments, warm in our embrace. Our legs were tangled together, and the position we had curled ourselves in was perfect.

But finally, I became cold.

"I'm really sticky," I whispered to Edward.

"Oh." He popped up as if he had suddenly realized what we were lying in. "Right. Why don't we take a bath?" He offered.