



## Jasper's Point of View of Edward's phone call.

I stared out the window, my chin on my knuckles. The pine tree scenery passed by us in the brown-green blur that defined all East Texas driving. We were going well over seventy. Sam always liked to drive fast. Usually, I would complain, but it never helped anyway. I was too much in my own thoughts.

All I could think about was that night. I was going to see Bella again. I was over-the-moon excited, to the point that it made me anxious. The day couldn't end fast enough. The radio was playing quietly in the background. I wanted to turn it off, but my partner was listening to it, and it would have been considered rude to do so.

"Where's your head, Doc?" Sam asked, glancing over for just a second before his eyes flicked back to the road. "You haven't said a thing in two hours. You're normally quiet, but I'm starting to wonder if you don't like me anymore."

I laughed at his little joke before shaking my head. "Oh. Sorry. Just thinking about something."

He nodded slowly. "Ah. Something. That's spectacularly vague."

"Yes, it is," I agreed with a smirk as I put my arm down to rest in my lap.

Sam sniffed for a moment before pursing his lips. "I'm going to use my world-class detective skills to say that you're thinking about someone, not something."

I actually scoffed. "And why do you say that?"

Shrugging, he peeked at me again. "So, I'm not wrong."

I laughed again at his attitude. "I didn't say that. I just want to know your logic."

"Just a wild guess." Grinning, he annoyingly knew that he was right. "So, what's her name?"

Rolling my eyes, I blew out a long breath. I laughed just once without mirth, looking out the window again before I glanced back. He wasn't going to stop until I told him. "Bella."

"Oh, that's a very sexy name," he teased right away. "How long have you been seeing her?"

"We've been hanging out for a few months now."

"So, it's serious."

Quickly, I shook my head. "No. We're not dating."

"Ah. I see. But you want her, and she's not interested. Bummer."

"No," I scoffed again, covering my eyes for just a second. "No, it's not like that. I do... I mean, I'd love to date her, but," I paused, shaking my head. "I'm not here enough. I couldn't do that to her. We have a mutual friend, that's how we met, and Bella has told her that she deserves more than two nights a month. And she's right. She deserves a man who is here to give her the love and attention that she needs. She's just-

We stopped at a red light. We were getting closer to the office, only a five or so minutes drive remaining. "Just what?"

I looked at my lap, down at my hand. "Everything. Everything that I could want in a woman. I've never even considered what the whole package entails before, but she's it. She's smart and caring, and we have so many things in common."

"Like what?" He questioned.

Swallowing, I considered all the things that replayed about her in my mind. "Well, for one, she's a writer. And you know how much I love to read. She was actually my favorite author before we even met."

"Wow," he declared loudly as he nodded his head. "So, you're in love with this girl." Sam was joking, trying to get a rise out of me. He said it blandly, almost as if he was unimpressed.

I cleared my throat roughly. "I am," I admitted. "I didn't- didn't mean to. But... we ran into someone the other day that she had a crush on before we met. And it just slapped me right in the fucking face. Even worse is that he's openly interested in her and asking me if he's got a chance with her. And this arrogant bastard is a hotshot surgeon. So, yeah. He does."

"Why not tell her how you're feeling?"

"Well darlin," I began sarcastically, "I realize that you are one fine ass woman and that you have a chance to fuck the pretty future millionaire boy-toy that you've been wanting, but would you mind staying loyal to me even though we won't sleep in the same bed for more than a few days a year?"

"Damn," he laughed a little, raising an eyebrow in my direction. "I figured you were a bit more confident than that."

"It's not a lack of confidence. I know that she wants me too."

Sam nodded again. "Okay, so you're just stupid."

"Maybe," I muttered quietly before shaking my head. "No. I won't do that to her. I won't tie her down. It's hard enough to be a cop's girl when you're in the same state. I know that your wife hates it."

He rolled his eyes. "Yet she loves the paychecks."

"Well, she should receive some sort of compensation for dealing with this," I defended her. "I'm just so scared of ruining what we have right now. It's perfect. Every moment with her feels so easy. And when we're apart, it's harder to... think. My mind is always on her, and when I'm going to be with her again. And she's always so eager to see me, too. To make me happy."

"You're definitely stupid," he muttered to himself. "That shit is so rare, you gotta go after it. I mean, what's going to happen when she decides to fuck the surgeon?"

The idea made something twist in my gut. “I just hope that she doesn’t forget about me and that motherfucker doesn’t-” I stopped myself and shook my head once again to get the bitterness out. “We’re just friends, so she can do whatever she wants with whoever and I don’t have a right to get upset.”

“You should just tell her. Let her decide what she wants. All you can do is lay it out there and hope for the best.”

“No, no, no...” I mumbled. “She would say yes, and she’ll be alone ninety percent of the time. I couldn’t be that kind of selfish.”

He sighed heavily as we pulled into the parking lot of the Bureau. Waiting to kill the car, he turned to look at me. “Man, that’s shit. I don’t know what to tell you. When will you see her again?”

“Tonight.”

“What do you have planned?”

I automatically laughed and flushed some, looking out of the window for a brief moment. I quickly moistened my bottom lip. “Um, I’m not going to tell you that.”

“Ah,” he laughed as well. But it was slightly mean. “So, this girl that you’re in love with is willing to come over and fuck you whenever you’re in town, but you won’t date her. Yeah, you’re not that selfish. What a fucking tool.”

“Ugh, I know! I realize! Trust me. I am, just not so greedy and self-centered to make her my imaginary girlfriend because it makes me feel better.” I huffed, rubbing my forehead again. My skin was still flushed. The conversation was making my blood pressure increase. “I know that I should just let her go, but-”

“That must be some world-class fucking,” he smirked a little.

“Holy shit, the best. Seriously,” I blurted out stupidly. “I’m just so attracted to her. We feel like magnets when we’re together. And her body is just... ugh,” I groaned, missing her skin, taste, smell. I just wanted her in my arms again, my lips on hers.

“Is what? You got a picture?”

I pulled out my phone and brought up her normal Facebook. Swiftly, I found a photo of her all dressed up for Alice’s birthday a few months before. She was in the tight black skirt that she had worn to see me. Her top was sparkly gold sequins, a mere camisole. It was low-cut, and her bra shoved her lovely breasts up together so that her cleavage was perfect. Her

incredible lips were painted red. She was standing sideways beside Alice, her arm around our tiny friend. She was wearing heels and towering over her. Looking over her shoulder, she was laughing at something. I passed the phone to Sam.

“Well, would you look at that ass!” He remarked right away, his eyes getting wider. “Man, she’s a pretty one. Her tits are nice, too. And those are some serious dick-sucking lips.”

“Yes, they are,” I agreed with a smirk.

“So you like a thick girl?” I just shrugged. “We all pretend that we like skinny bitches until we get hungry, and they bring us salads,” he mumbled to himself. His wife wasn’t a thin woman, either. Whenever he went home, she fed him because that’s apparently how she showed love.

I laughed at his words. “Ain’t that the fucking truth? She’s cooked for me a few times, and everything is better than the last. She made the best meatloaf the last time we were together,” I said with a sigh in my voice as I thought about that evening in her apartment.

“I don’t like meatloaf,” he declared.

“I do. It’s one of my favorites. And it was by far one of the best that I’ve ever had. It would make you like it, I promise. Especially with the mashed potatoes. I rarely eat them because most places don’t do them right, but they were perfect. Thick and buttery with just enough little chunks to give it some bite,” I described to him in way too much detail.

“Okay, now you’re making me hungry.”

“Me too. Sorry,” I mumbled as we finally got out of the car. It was time to actually go to work.

After getting ready to meet Bella, I paced around my room. I was too anxious to slow down. It was less than fifteen minutes from six, and my heart was pounding heavily in my chest for reasons that I couldn’t fully explain. We were just going to do a scene. But this night felt different.

I cursed softly when my phone began to ring on the dresser. I figured it couldn’t be anything good. It was either work, or Bella canceling on me. Neither was desirable. Then I saw the name and grimaced.

“Hale,” I mumbled.

“Hey, man. It’s Edward. Do you have a second?”

I really wanted to tell him to fuck off. I didn't need him in my head before seeing Bella. But since I had been an asshole to him before for no reason, I decided to be polite. He had apologized if he made either of us uncomfortable in an email and was wondering if we could arrange a time to play when Bella was better prepared. I just told him that it wasn't really up to me.

"Uh, yeah. I have a few minutes. What do you need?"

"So, I was hoping to talk to you again about Bella. I was wondering what your opinion would be if she did decide to play with me?" He came at it from a different angle.

A little part of my soul died with his question. I didn't want to answer him. My opinion was that she was an angel and far too good for him. He had a model girlfriend already that he treated like an accessory. I didn't want her to become his toy. There was no way that I could tell him that.

I licked my lips just a little to moisten them, my mouth suddenly dry. "Well, as I said before, my opinion doesn't really matter. She's a grown woman with a mind of her own. If she wanted to play with you, it would be her choice and not mine."

"Well, she keeps saying that she'd have to talk to you first. And I don't think she would do it unless it was made completely clear by you that you don't care. But I think she wants to."

Leaning against the dresser, I found it hard to breathe. I roughly coughed, trying to pull in some oxygen. I wasn't going to let him rattle my cage. "If she asks, I will, but she should know that I'm not her owner, and she does not have to ask my permission for anything that she does when she's not with me," I snapped, my anger getting the better of me. "As I've said before, she is not my property, nor will I treat her as such. As much as I care about her, I will not dictate her life. I respect her too much for that."

I would never play with her or control her as he would. Edward would only use her because he could never care about her the way that I did.

"See, Bella? You don't have to talk to him now," he spoke in a very cheerful tone, but not to me. It took a moment to fully grasp what he said.

"Bella's there?"

Panic filled me. What if she was-

"Yes, she's right here, and I must say, I am very jealous of you tonight. Her ass looks fucking unbelievable in this tight little skirt she has on. I have half a mind to carry her off like an

animal into the woods. I think I'd like to tie her to a tree and fuck her senseless. So, what do you think, Bella? Should I? Would you like that?"

She still hadn't said anything. I wasn't totally sure that he just wasn't fucking with me for some reason. Then she blurted out loudly, "no." There was a pause, and her voice became just a little more distant. "I think I was telling you that I needed to talk to Jasper to buy myself some time to find a way to politely say no." My heart could have exploded. She didn't want him. "No. I don't want to play with you. You don't have permission to touch me, and how dare you corner me like this and-" The good feelings went away as the brightest red-hot anger that I have ever felt before touched my soul. He put his hands on her when she didn't want him to do so. I was going to fucking kill him. "Jasper, honey, I'm probably going to be a little late. I need to tell this fool off," she concluded emphatically, unafraid of him despite their size difference.

I began to look for my socks so that I could put on my heavy boots. So I could curb stomp his ass. "Do I need to hurt him?"

"No," Bella clarified quickly. "He's just an arrogant asshole who needs to learn that just because he wants something doesn't mean he gets it. You have to earn the right to touch me because I am fucking worth it. You do not get to feel me up because you're bored, and your girlfriend isn't here to entertain you. I am not an easy itch scratcher. You only want me because it would be convenient for you, not because you're actually attracted to me or even care about me in the slightest. So, you, sir, can kindly fuck right off."

The words were like a punch in the face. I knew that she was directing them towards that fucker, Edward, but they could have easily been said to me as well. I didn't deserve her either.

"Bella, give me a little more credit than that. Look, I sincerely-"

"No," she growled viciously in return.

"You know, for an eager slut-" He began, but I wasn't going to allow that for even a second.

"Hey, motherfucker! You don't get to call her that. I can because I have her permission. You do not. You will speak to her respectfully, or I will render you fucking speechless. Do I make myself clear?" I shouted into the receiver, surely loud enough for everyone in the hotel to hear. I didn't give a damn.

"Yes," he answered so softly that I barely heard him. "I apologize. I'm sorry. I obviously misread the situation."

That was plainly an understatement. Still, until that moment, I wasn't totally sure if Bella was interested in him or not. But that was something that I would need to think about later.

"I'll be there as soon as possible, sir," Bella told me calmly before I heard the door slam shut loudly.

There was just a second of silence.

"You dumb, worthless piece of shit! Who the fuck do you think you are? You touched her? You fucking touched her without her goddamn permission? What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"I'm sorry!" He yelled back at me. "I- I... I thought. She was into, you know? She likes pushy guys. You said-"

"Fuck you! Unless she said, 'please touch me,' you keep your hands to yourself. If you ever lay a finger on her again, I'll cut off your tiny dick, and I will shove it down your throat before I rip your head from your shoulders with my bare fucking hands. And trust me when I say, they would never find all of your body."

"No, no, no, no, no," he repeated. Edward was truly scared. He needed to be. "I wasn't going to force myself on her!"

"You were! You were in the middle of forcing yourself on her! The only thing keeping me from going over there and taking you to the police station right now is the fact that I know that I'd never get you there alive," I threatened as darkly as possible in a growl. I had no idea if I had anything that I could actually arrest him for until I spoke to Bella about the situation. Still, I was undoubtedly going to frighten the shit out of him if I could. "I have lost a lot of sleep over the bodies that I've put into the ground, but yours wouldn't be one of them."

"I will apologize to her right now. She's still in the hall. I'm sorry. Look, sorry," he mumbled before hanging on me.

I roared in anger. I didn't know what to do. A couple of minutes later, my phone buzzed in my hands. It was a text from Bella. "I'm probably going to be fifteen minutes late. I'm sorry. I'll be there as soon as possible."

"Are you okay?" That was the only thing that I cared about. As long as she was alright, I would deal with him later.

"I'll be fine. I'll see you soon."

When my cell phone vibrated again, I almost expected it to be Edward. But it was an email from Bella, linking me to not one but three stories that she had written for me to read. I

quickly brought them up, my eyes skimming over the details. None were all that long, just a few pages each.

My breath caught when I began to skim through a story where she was in charge and how she would make me worship her on my knees. I would do so gladly, I realized. I knew that she was a switch, but it wasn't something that we had ever talked about before. It made me instantly and surprisingly aroused.

Plopping down at the foot of the bed, I read it all the way through more carefully than the others. I realized how much I wanted that, to worship her all night. I wouldn't call her Mistress, but it would be all about her pleasure.

Bella didn't want Edward, she was already loyal to me. She wanted me so badly that she wished to explore all of her fantasies with me. She had a crush on him for years, and now given a chance, she literally sneered in his face.

There was ten times the amount of nervous energy in my body than there was before. I knew the phone call wasn't going to be good, but I was certainly glad that it happened.