



In my room-

I slept in Jasper's shirt and my panties. He was snuggled up behind me, just in his boxers. His long legs were twisted into mine, his warm hands on my thighs. It felt so good to wake up like this. It happened so rarely. I enjoyed his heat, his softness. Every part of him was pressed against me. I snuggled into him as deeply as I could. He shifted a little, running his fingers over my hips to my stomach.

"Is there any way that I could persuade you to stay every night so I can wake up like this for the next three days?" He mumbled sleepily before stretching behind me, making all of his muscles pop.

"Mm, I'd love to. I like being your teddy bear," I hummed softly.

"You don't have anything to do this week?" He questioned in surprise.

I looked over my shoulder at him. "I'm a writer. I work when inspiration strikes. And sometimes I *really* need it to strike me," I suggestively said as I wiggled my ass against him. He swatted me a couple of times playfully.

“Am I going to be in your next book, Ms. Swan?” Jasper asked in curiosity. I giggled evilly in response. “Oh, I see,” he drew out amusingly.

“Don't worry! I've given you a different name. Super hot Dr. James who works for the police. I mean, there are some differences, but yeah, I'm totally writing a story with you in it,” I continued to giggle.

“Oh, so you're penning a sordid tale about a sexy FBI agent who fucks like a machine and-” I began to laugh harder. “You're wounding my pride, Isabella,” he deadpanned as his arm tightened around my waist.

“They haven't fucked yet. He's just met the writer, I mean, the reporter in it,” I explained.

“Are they?” He asked against my ear, kissing the back of it lightly. Gently pulling my hair away from my neck, he dragged his nose over it tenderly. Goosebumps began to form on my skin.

I bit my lip, leaning my head to the side as I closed my eyes. “For sure. But not yet, though. I'm actually trying to build a plotline into their boning.”

It was his turn to bark out a laugh before he caught himself. He tried to make his voice more serious after clearing his throat. “Tell me about this plot. Maybe I can help you with it.”

I wiggled against him, his morning erection pressing against my thighs. “My own personal FBI consultant. That's so handy.”

“Yeah, but it'll cost you, though. I'm a busy man, Isabella,” he said in an earnest tone. It just made me smile.

Rolling over to look at him, I pretended to pout for a moment. “Well, I'm poor. So, I don't know how much cash I can offer you,” I began as innocently as possible as I batted my eyelashes at him. “What I can offer you is multiple home-cooked meals, fresh at my apartment this week,” I suggested seductively. “Use of my body in any way you please. And-”

“That's enough,” he stopped me before pulling me into a kiss. I smile again against his mouth.

“Good, because that was pretty much it anyway.” He chuckled, kissing me again and then again, more deeply. When we pulled apart, I rested my head on his pec. “I need to go to my apartment before your friend comes by.”

“Okay. Whenever you want to go, I'll drive you,” he offered, smiling sweetly as he brushed my hair behind my ear. “It'll be nice to see where you live.”

"It's a mess," I smirked up at him. "I wasn't expecting guests."

"I don't care. I spend an annoying amount of time at garbage dumps," he replied. "As long as it doesn't smell like that, it should be fine."

I snorted. "It should smell like country apples. That's the kind of candles that I have right now."

"I can handle that."

When I got out of bed finally to use the restroom, I got my purse as well. I took the Plan B out of the package and popped the pill with a glass of water. We hadn't used a condom all night, and I didn't care one bit. He watched me from the bed, his fist pressed against his temple as he laid on his side. I drank another sip, eyeing him in return.

"He has to wear a condom no matter what," I pointed at Jasper with the hand that was holding the glass.

"That was never in doubt," he evenly stated. "I don't know what I'll allow him to do other than watching us."

"Just going to make him sit in a corner while we fuck?" I questioned. That wouldn't be terrible and the easiest for me. I could cheerfully show off for him.

Jasper pursed his lips for a moment. "Most likely. I haven't decided yet, honestly. I'm not totally against the idea of him spanking you or you sucking him off, maybe, but I don't think fucking will be in the cards tonight. I'm not sure what I'm ready for. I've never played with another man before," he admitted.

"Me either. I've played when there were two female subs, one male Dom."

"Same," he muttered softly.

I leaned against the dresser. "Is he a Dom or a sub?"

"Dom. Frankly, he's kind of extreme for my tastes. He likes blood and truly enjoys inflicting pain. He channels it properly, at least. I mean, to each their own. In real life, he's a nice enough guy. Kind of a douche, but not a bad person. We don't hang out a lot," he confessed. "We were closer when we were in school. It's been years since I've seen him."

"Well, if it works out, maybe we can expand our circle a little bit. It might be nice to have some more friends who are into it too. Alice is interested in playing with us as well," I finally told him. "I've played with her before, and it was fun."

"Alice wasn't my long term type, but-" He shrugged his shoulders. "I had a good time with her, as well. Though the things I imagine you two doing is a lot dirtier," he revealed with a devious smirk.

I giggled, looking away from him as I blushed. "The best time that I had with Alice, I played with her and her Dom for an evening. He had us dress up in extremely slutty clothes with no underwear underneath. Then we went out to dinner and dancing. He kept lifting our skirts so that we would flash people. When we got back to his place, we basically fucked each other for his entertainment for hours," I recalled the memory, my face getting redder and redder.

He cocked his head to the side curiously. "When was this?"

"A few years ago. Twenty-one or two, right after we both figured out we were into it. The guy was into 'forced homosexuality,'" I explained, looking down at my glass of water as I swirled it around. "It wasn't really forced for either of us. We were both curious at the time."

"Do you enjoy being with women?"

It was my turn to shrug. "Only sexually and under the right circumstances. I wouldn't want to date a woman. Have you ever had any sexual experience with men? Outside of playing."

"No," he shook his head when he answered. "Men don't really do anything for me. As I've said, I like things soft," he stated as his eyes went over my body and settled on my face with a smile. "Would you like to get some breakfast before we go to your apartment? They serve it downstairs."

"That would be fantastic. Dinner was delicious."

We decided to skip showering until later in the afternoon, and we both got dressed. I changed into my spare maxi dress. It simply slipped over my head, and all I had to do was put on my shoes. I got to watch him get dressed since I was done in a hurry.

For the first time ever, he put on a t-shirt from his one large suitcase that he lived out of. It was faded gray and tight over his chest and arms. Instead of his sleek black business shoes, he put on a pair of thick tan workmen boots. Jasper put on his belt last before slipping his wallet in his back pocket. The entire time, I sat on the edge of the bed and just stared.

"What are you thinking, darlin?" He asked curiously as he brushed his hair with a thin little wooden comb, watching me. "I can't tell with that face."

"I wasn't thinking anything, just watching you and drooling basically," I quipped too honestly. He laughed, offering his hand to me so we could go eat.

I felt nervous about taking him to my apartment for the first time. I had, of course, imagined him in my room a million times. Those were all fantasies, though. Somehow having him come into my living space made him more real for me.

The television could be heard as I unlocked the door. Tanya was laying in her big pink fluffy robe, her hair wild on the top of her head in a clip. She was eating Cocomuffs while wearing an under-eye mask and a nose strip, and watching soap operas way too loudly. She began to turn it down as soon as the door opened.

"Bella!" She excitedly exclaimed and then she saw Jasper coming in behind me. She sat up, putting her bowl down so fast that it sloshed over the side and onto the table. She didn't notice or care, bouncing up onto her knees on the couch to get a better look at him. "Finally!"

"Oh, my god," I muttered under my breath.

"You must be Whit," she concluded eagerly. His eyes glanced over to me.

I laughed awkwardly. "Um, actually, his name is Jasper." I looked up at him. "I didn't know if it was okay to use your real name with your work and everything," I explained quickly, kind of lying. He knew better, of course. Nodding his head, he smirked to himself. He called me Marie, my naughty facebook handle, to his friend, so he understood.

"I'm a special agent, not a secret one," he teased with a pleasant smile, winking at me. "Dr. Jasper Hale." He shook her hand gently. "Whitlock is my middle name, actually. It's an old family name."

"Oh!" Tanya giggled, charmed by the very fact that he was so attractive. That's all she really needed. I adored my friend, but she could be very vain. I couldn't really blame her though because I thought he was beautiful too. "So, what are you two up to today?" She asked in a childish voice, purposefully being nosey.

"We're going to have sex. Lots of it," I declared dryly, deciding to be sassy, as I crossed my arms over my chest. His eyes got wide in shock at my startling honesty. Tanya threw her head back in laughter, holding her robe closed so she wouldn't flash Jasper. She was definitely nude underneath.

She clicked her tongue as if I was just silly. "Uh, obviously. But besides that?"

"Ummm..." I trailed off as I went towards my bedroom. "Ummm..." I pulled him along with me. He just sort of smirked and rolled his eyes a little, shaking his head.

"Should I leave?" She playfully asked.

"No, stay," I answered just as mischievously, my voice too high pitched. "Do you know how often I hear you and Dr. Bitey go at it like rabbits?" She cackled wickedly. Tanya wasn't sorry at all, and I couldn't blame her for that either. I just didn't want to hear it. "See, one day, you're going to get on my nerves so much that I'm going to throw ice water on you two."

"Challenge accepted, bitch!" She grinned.

"No! No challenge! Go fuck at his apartment!" I began to say seriously, but I dissolved into giggles towards 'his apartment.'

"Ugh, I would, but he has shit going on tonight," she complained, pouting a little bit. She flopped back on the couch, then reached for her cereal bowl.

"How was your fancy thing?" I questioned as I leaned against the door jamb after pulling him completely into my room. Jasper walked to my wall of mini paintings and began to examine them.

"Kind of boring, terrible food," she said, scrunching up her nose. "He's hot!" She mouthed to me since he couldn't see. I nodded, smiling. She fanned herself, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. I giggled, nodding again. "Have fun!" She winked.

"Don't worry, I was planning on it," I replied, wiggling my eyebrows.

"Isabella!" He chided me as soon as I closed the door, pushing me against it.

"What?" I innocently inquired.

Jasper had a funny expression on his face. He was trying his best to be serious, but I could tell that he was slightly amused. "I just met the woman, and you tell her that we're going to have sex?"

"Like she doesn't know," I giggled, running my hands over his stomach to his chest. "I was joking anyway."

"No, you weren't," he countered a little more severely as he shook his head.

“No, I wasn’t,” I giggled again, leaning up to kiss him. He pulled away before I could, making me pout. I stuck out my bottom lip, gripping the bottom of his shirt as I flirtatiously batted my eyelashes at him.

He ran his tongue over his teeth, his fluid blue eyes taking in my defiant face. “Tell me why I shouldn’t take you over my knee right now? You know how I feel about manners, Isabella. And that was very rude.”

“Do it. I dare you,” I responded confidently.

One minute I was standing and the next I was being hauled over his shoulder to my bed. I gasped in surprise. “Jasper! You’re going to hurt your back!”

He ignored me, sitting on my tiny twin bed and arranging me over his lap. Flinging my dress entirely over my head, he wrapped his other arm around me tightly. His first strike was not gentle, sound against my thighs. He spread hits all over both cheeks, making me sting pleasantly. I couldn’t help but moan very softly, biting my bottom lip as I squirmed.

“I think you’re enjoying this too much, Isabella. You’re not supposed to enjoy your punishment.”

Ha, that’s what he thinks.

Then something else struck me. It was hard, popping against my skin twice in a row. I hissed at the bite. When he began to drag the bristles over my exposed skin, I realized it was my wooden hairbrush that usually sat on my bedside table.

Each pass got meaner, probably leaving little round marks. Then he would drag the stiff bristles over the back of my knees, making me shake with the contrast. He traced the edge of the brush between my legs before he pulled my panties down just a little to expose my ass to him.

Jasper snatched the dress from over my head, holding the fabric of the skirt in his fist in the center of my back so that my ass was still exposed to the air. “Now, are you going to be a good girl?”

I nodded my head.

Nope, I surely was not.

The brush connected my cheek hard. “You’re a terrible liar, Isabella.” I giggled quietly, unable to help myself. He tossed the fabric back over, spanking me several times quickly in a row while his other arm tightened around me as my legs automatically struggled.

When I was whirled back to my feet, he held my waist to keep me from falling over. My head swam, dizzy from my 'punishment.'

"Now, are you going to be a good girl tonight or will I have to discipline you in front of our guest?"

I bit my lip. "I'll be good," I breathlessly answered.

"Yes, you will," he murmured before he pulled me to him for a kiss, holding my chin for a moment. His hand went down from my waist, pushing the dress up so he could slide his fingers to my ass as we made out there. Slowly, I crawled into his lap so that my knees were on either side of his hips. His fist held my dress knotted behind my back, my stinging skin exposed to the cool air as he continued to knead it with the other.

"Would you like to take a shower with me?" I asked when I finally pulled away. Laying my head on his shoulder, Jasper let my skirt fall so that he could squeeze my waist tightly.

"I'd love to."

I stuck my head out to see if Tanya was still around, but she had gone to her room. I tugged him along to my bathroom. Jasper seemed almost too big for the space, even without me in it to crowd it. He had to duck under the showerhead.

"I hope we didn't actually bother your roommate," he said quietly. There was a slight smirk on his lips, but he was faintly blushing. He enjoyed the idea of her listening.

"She probably didn't hear a thing," I confessed as I squeezed a big blob of pink shampoo onto my palm.

"Are you sure about that?"

"Did you hear how loud the television was? She can't hear for shit," I smirked myself. "Besides, it's only fair."

He softly chuckled. "Is she and her boyfriend that bad?"

"Well," I drew out before tilting my head back and forth for a moment. "Yes and no. It's mainly just awkward."

Jasper made a face like he didn't believe me. "I don't see you as someone who is uncomfortable with sex."

"No," I laughed. I turned so he couldn't see my expression, working the soap into my hair. "It's mainly that I had a mild crush on her boyfriend for a little while, and it's embarrassing for me."

"Why is that embarrassing?"

I shook my head almost to myself, considering all the ways that it was. "Other than I'm a grown woman lusting over her friend's boyfriend? Or the fact that the only reason that I am attracted to him is that he's pretty and kind of a domineering asshole?"

"Everyone has those kinds of crushes, darlin'," he replied softly, his fingers moving my back. "We can't control those kinds of feelings."

"It's kind of funny. It took him telling me that I looked sexy the other day to realize that..." I shrugged, not sure how to finish my awkward thoughts. "I don't know. I guess that he doesn't do it for me anymore."

"Why did he call you sexy?" He questioned as his voice got a little deeper. I turned to look at him again. "I mean, I'm sure that your roommate didn't like that."

"Oh," I laughed lightly, "actually, she grabbed my boobs and called me a sex kitten. This was the night that I served you dinner."

"Ah," he chuckled and nodded. "Well, I understand then. You were sublime that particular evening."

"Is that what you would like me to wear tonight?" I asked in a silky voice.

Jasper bit his lip for a moment, letting it slip from between his teeth as his eyes moved over my bare breasts. "Would you wear it for me again?"

"I'll wear whatever you like. I'll let you pick." He smiled at my words, pulling towards him for a kiss.

I opened my closet and pulled open my underwear drawer when we got back to my room. I really would wear whatever he decided. If I could make the night better for him in any way, I would.

"Oh, and you can look at all my toys, and we can bring whatever you want. It's not a ton, so I could bring them all, but it might be kind of weird to carry around a sack of sex toys. Though, it wouldn't be the first time that I've done it," I mumbled to myself, shrugging before I began to use my towel to dry my hair. He chuckled a little bit to himself.

He pulled out a silken black and silver corset. It was shoved into the corner, and it had been a few years since I had worn it last. "This one." Jasper passed it to me. "So many good choices for panties," he murmured.

"I've got some satiny black ones that go with it."

"Yeah. I like satin," he said with a smile. I quickly pulled out the high waisted panties, showing them to him before slipping them on. I turned to show him my ass, putting my hand on it as I looked over my shoulder. Jasper ran his fingers over the other cheek, gripping it tightly.

"Perfect. Would you like me to help you with the corset?" He asked helpfully. I slowly nodded. Putting it in place, he tightened the strings in the back. Pulling them as tightly as possible, it pushed my breasts high up my chest. "Now go fix your hair and makeup before you put on your dress. I wanna watch you like this for a little while."

"Yes, sir," I smiled.

When we came out finally, Tanya was dressed in sweats and sitting in front of the television again. She was painting her nails with a clear coat of nail polish, and her feet were propped on the coffee table.

"Girl!" She shouted at me, touching her hand to her heart. "You look even better than last time! I seriously love you in that dress. What do you think, Jasper?" She was testing him to see his response. I opened my eyes wider at her, tilting my head slightly to the side.

"Yes, I certainly think Isabella makes the dress look stunning," he complimented so smoothly that I felt my cheeks heat instantly. My eyes darted to the floor bashfully, smiling to myself as I bit my lip to hide it.

Her eyes got as big as saucers, grinning. Jasper had passed with flying colors. "Yeah, she does! You're absolutely right!"

"Thank you," I replied to both of them, flushing tomato red at their sweet praise. They were both making my ego run wild. I kind of loved it.

Tanya winked at me. "Have fun tonight!"

"We will," I answered as we walked towards the door. "Oh." I turned to look at her dramatically. "Get the hell out of my apartment tomorrow." I pointed at her menacingly, wiggling my finger.

"Your apartment? Your apartment! I see how it is! Ugh! Fine!" She held her chin up too high in the air, her acting terrible. "But only because I'm working all day anyway and then I have

plans with Dr. Bitey," she clarified with a big smile before she snuggled onto the couch with her clear bottle. "Why?"

"Because I want to be the one to have sex on the couch for once," I proclaimed before slamming the door practically in her face. I could hear her laughter through it. In actuality, I just wanted to cook him dinner with some sort of privacy. Though fucking on the sofa would be fun.

"Ooo, your ass is gonna pay," he whispered behind me.

"I know!" I replied with a big grin, practically skipping to the rental car.

When we pulled up the hotel, Jasper looked over at me slowly. His fingers were tight around the steering wheel, his eyes forward. "Once we get out of this car, the scene starts, and you're not to speak except when told to. Unless you really want your ass beat. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I breathed softly.

"Give me a kiss before we do," he huskily asked in a tiny breath. I quickly leaned over, pressing my mouth to his. His fingers went to the back of my head, holding me in place. Mine gripped his shirt, not wanting to let go.

When we began to walk to our room, he very aggressively kept his hand on my ass. Jasper was doing it purposefully. No one would probably notice it but probably me, but I put all my focus on that part of my body. It still twinged a little from the brush.

It was about ten minutes till six when we got to the room.

"Get on your knees, hands behind your back," he ordered, pointing at a spot beside the bed.

I made a little face that Jasper didn't see. Being on your knees sucked, especially on hardwood floors. I glanced back at him and pointed at a pillow on the bed with a pout. I purposefully batted my eyelashes again. I had enjoyed the results the last time.

He melted a little, then sighed. "Fine. But only because you're being cute about it." I grinned widely as I quickly plopped the cushion on the floor. "You can take off your shoes, too," he added. I nodded, putting them out of the way. There was a cubby in the bedside table below the drawer, and it was perfect for this purpose. I also put his shiny shoes in there so we wouldn't trip over them. When I was all done, I sat on my knees with my hands held behind my back.

Taking off his work boots, he kicked them into the corner before pulling off his shirt so that he was only in his jeans. My eyes watched him hungrily.

“Eyes down, Isabella.” They instantly dropped to the floor. Jasper finished getting ready as I followed his feet as he paced around.

After maybe five minutes passed, he was just putting on some music for background noise when there was a knock. I held my shoulders back, my chin up with my eyes cast down as I watched as much as I could. I mainly could see his legs.

“Hey, man,” Jasper said when he opened it just a crack. “Come in.”

“Hey. How are you?” I heard a recognizable voice say in return. My head snapped up, my eyes growing wide as I took Jasper’s *friend* in. But he was more than just familiar.

“Fantastic. I’ve been spending some quiet time with my Marie. I should actually introduce you, her real name is-” Jasper began as he turned around but stopped when he saw my shocked expression.

“Edward?” I gasped.