



## **Chapter Twelve:** **An Aisle filled with glitter**

Life was quiet for a few days.

We worked on unpacking and decorating our new house together, shopping to buy decor almost daily. Jasper would have preferred to skip that, but if he was going to be my bodyguard, he had to go wherever my random whims took me. Home improvement stores, craft shops, or Target. He never looked more like a hardass agent than in an aisle filled with glitter.

Watching his eyes roll back into his head at the overwhelming girly scent of Bath & Body Works as I bought soap, candles, and air fresheners for every room of the townhouse was delightfully fun in a mean way. Maybe I was easily entertained. He said nothing, but his nose kept wrinkling in mild disgust. After a while, I started asking his opinion on fragrances I knew he wouldn't like, just to see his reaction.

"What about this one?" I questioned as I held a candle up. It was a high-powered honeysuckle, and I could barely bring it a foot from my face before my eyes watered from its strength.

He took a deep breath to steel himself, saying nothing as he leaned down to put his nose in it. Jasper instantly pulled away, taking a couple of steps back as his face turned to the side. His hands automatically went up. "Jesus Christ, no."

Laughing so hard I wheezed, I placed it down before I doubled over. When he swatted my ass, I snorted. The noises were really unflattering.

"I ain't sniffing another damn thing," he grumbled as he leaned in so no one else could hear us. It wasn't a very busy store, and it was slow because of the holiday. Everybody had other things to do on New Year's Eve. He pinched my rear hard. "Laughing at me. Rude girl."

"You can spank me for it when we get home," I offered with a wicked grin.

He raised his eyebrows. "And give you exactly what you want?" Jasper stepped behind me and put his arms around my waist. Resting his chin on my shoulder, he pecked my temple. "Um... I was actually going to ask if you'd like to do a scene tonight, Goddess."

We had been playing nonstop, and most of our evenings had been filled with role-playing, new toys, and positions. We were constantly switching back and forth. But I figured we wouldn't do anything for the next few days. It was the first anniversary of the shooting, and I didn't know if he could be in that mindset. I was planning on focusing on making life as comfortable for him as possible.

"What do you want to do?" I questioned softly, looking around to see if there was anyone close by. There were only two other women, and they were in different corners. Neither was paying attention to us.

"I want you to be in charge. I need to not think, and I want to enjoy the moment with you. This is an important day for us. We're starting the new year together as partners."

We declined invitations from his family and our friends to go out and party. Alice was disappointed but understood. All I intended for the night was making dinner. It would be comfort food, one of his favorites. The following day we would spend some time with his parents, enjoying the weird traditional meal Texans decided was good luck.

"We were last year, too, but it is different," I admitted as my teeth worried my lip. "Are you certain?"

His face dropped a little. "If you don't want-

I brought my hand up. "No. I want to. I always do. But that's not what I said. I asked if you were sure. There are a lot of triggers to worry about in the next few days. If you're not

emotionally in the right spot, it may be best if we just cuddled and went to sleep. Our celebration doesn't have to be sexual."

He shook his head. "I don't know if I'll be able to rest, anyway. We might as well have some fun. You're right about the triggers, but I think it would help. You're so good at distracting me, and that's what I'll need."

"I don't want to hurt you tonight."

Sighing, he pressed his lips to my temple. "If you're in control, we can do whatever you want. Truly."

"I know you enjoy it, though." He could take so much more pain than I could, and I considered myself tough. He liked it when I pushed his limits, but I was the only one who was allowed.

His head swayed from side to side with a little smirk. "I enjoy ice cream too. But that doesn't mean I have to eat it every time I have dessert. If my Goddess is in the mood for vanilla, that's fine. Or you can use me as a foot prop while you watch a movie. I don't care."

"You know, you keep bringing up me using you as furniture. I didn't realize you were into that," I dryly stated.

He smirked. "Um, yeah? I love it when you sit on me. My lap, my face... Let me be your chair."

Softly, I giggled as I leaned into him, my back to his chest. His arms coiled around me. "Oh, that is true. Okay. If that's what you want. But you better safe word if-

"Darlin, I won't have to, but I know. I trust you. You'll take care of me and keep me safe," he cooed the words. It was so seductive.

We stopped at the grocery store on the way home to get what I needed for dinner. After putting everything away, I gazed at my husband. "Would you like to start the scene now, or do you want to wait until after we eat?"

"Whatever you wish, Goddess."

I rested against the counter with my palms on the marble. It was pleasantly cool on my skin. My nails tapped on it as I thought about what I wanted to do. It was about four in the afternoon. "Go get cleaned up. Put on blue jeans and a t-shirt. You're going to help me cook. I was planning on making parmesan chicken with spaghetti, salad, and garlic bread. Oh, and dessert. I want a pleasant meal before I use you."

He smiled a little. "Yes, ma'am."

As I waited for him, I got things ready. I would test his desire for me to be in control, even if it wasn't sexual, for as long as possible.

When he came back down, I could smell the mint of our toothpaste and the fresh cologne he spritzed on. Facing him, I brushed my fingers over his cheek. "What are our safe words?"

"Red and Yellow."

I brought my thumb over his lip. "And we use them for whatever reason we feel necessary. If at any moment it becomes too much, you use them. And you may speak freely the entire night." I held his chin and forced him to look into my eyes. "I love you."

"I love you, too," he breathed. He quickly leaned forward to capture my lips. "I'm ready to serve you."

Smiling, I went back to where I was working on the island. "Go start some music, and then I want you to make some banana pudding."

His expression was so cute as he pulled out his phone to put on one of his favorite playlists. He was delighted, his cheeks a little pink. "Yes, ma'am," he said in an amused tone. When he was done, he picked up the box and read the instructions.

I knew exactly what to do off the top of my head because I had made it so many times. "Two cups of cold milk. There's a metal bowl in the freezer. You use the mixer for two minutes," I explained as I opened a can of tomatoes. "Then slice the bananas and layer them with whipped cream and vanilla wafers."

"You're going to make me a better cook than my mama," he mumbled under his breath as he went to the fridge.

I snorted. "It's not all that hard."

The sauce needed to simmer the longest, so I started some oil and butter in a large pot. Onions went into it first to brown before I worked on chopping the garlic. I would need a lot for it, the bread, and salad dressing. It made the room smell so delicious.

Jasper was just finishing our dessert when my knife slipped and sliced through the tip of my finger. I gasped in surprise, even if it was so sharp that it didn't hurt instantly. "Ow, dammit," I whimpered automatically as I dropped it onto the counter.

Right away, my husband went into action. He took my hand, holding it up in the air as he walked me over to the sink to rinse it off. "It's not deep, so I don't think you need stitches. Keep it up," he ordered, going to where I had put all medicines. He got a cleanser, a cream, and a band-aid. I grinned as I watched him go. Jasper was ready to take charge at a moment's notice if he needed to. "Here, let me see."

He sanitized my finger, making sure there was nothing in it and dry before dabbing the ointment on my wound then bandaged it. When he was done, he brought it up to his lips to kiss.

"Thank you," I breathed, smiling at him. Giving him a deep kiss, I would reward him for his nurturing later in the evening. "Finish up the pudding and make us some drinks. I'd like wine."

He went back to his bowl. "Red or white?"

"Red would go well with our meal."

Instantly, he slipped back into his role. It was seamless. He brought me two bottles to choose from. I tapped the one I wanted with my nail. When he served me a glass, I grabbed his ass hard enough to make him squeak. It was a raw, unexpected noise. It made me wickedly giggle.

"Your nails are sharp," he pouted at my teasing. "You don't let them get this long normally."

I glanced down at my hands, the band-aid on the ring finger of my left hand. "I've been busy, and I haven't been chewing on them." I poured some wine from the bottle into the pot. It hissed right away, sending steam into the air. "I've been taking my frustration out in other ways lately." Quietly, I laughed as I looked over at him. "I've never had this much sex before. I think we've fucked every day since our anniversary."

"Sometimes twice or three times a day," he added as he sucked the whipped cream from his thumb. His eyes were gazing into mine, swirling with desire.

Curling my finger, I beckoned him closer. "Let me have a taste."

He scooped some onto his fingers and brought it to me. Rolling my tongue over the tips, I sucked them into my mouth. Jasper took his bottom lip between his teeth as he watched. He wanted so badly to push them further down my throat. I pulled away with a pop.

"Go prepare the bedroom and line up all the toys for pleasure on the dresser. When you get done, you can fix the salad."

“Yes, Goddess,” he breathed as his cheeks turned slightly pink again. His pretty blue eyes focused on my lips for a moment. Carefully, he smudged away a tiny dab of cream that was in the corner of my mouth then sucked it off the pad of this thumb.

Cooking actually took a couple of hours, but not all of it was hard work. I kept Jasper busy, though. When it was time to eat, I sat on his lap.

“I want you to feed me,” I informed him as I got more comfortable, putting my napkin on my lap. This wasn’t the neatest meal to begin with.

“With pleasure, ma’am.”

He cut it into tiny pieces, so he wouldn’t drop huge chunks of chicken on the way to my mouth. Holding his hand under the fork, he slowly brought it to my lips. Every once in a while, I would give him a bite too. After I did, he would press a kiss to my cheek to thank me.

When we were almost done, he wrapped his arms around my waist while I chewed. “This was one of the first meals you ever made for me. It’s still one of my favorites, too. So good,” he hummed. He had a few glasses of wine because I kept pouring them for him. After a while, I wasn’t even certain if he noticed. Jasper was especially relaxed. I could feel it in his muscles, all the tension melting away.

I leaned back against him as I offered him a bite of garlic bread. “I’ll have to teach you how to make it for me.”

He laughed. “If you want burned poultry and gummy noodles. Sure.”

“You are an intelligent man, a doctor, and an artist. You can follow a recipe,” I teased.

“Let’s start with easier stuff before we jump into a homemade Italian feast. You had to tell me how to fix boxed nanner puddin,” he continued in a thick southern drawl.

Shaking my head, I snorted softly. “So, I don’t think I’m ready for dessert yet.” I rubbed my fingers over his jaw to get a speck of sauce off. We were a bit of a mess. “I think I’d like to take a bath. Start the water.”

I put the dishes away before making my way slowly to our bedroom. I wanted to give him the time he needed to prepare. Music was already playing in the background. The sound of the tub filling made it hard to hear.

“I want bubbles,” I added as I leaned against the doorframe. “The vanilla.” I pulled my shirt off and threw it into the hamper. My bra was next. I peered down at my hands. “You’re

right. My nails are long.” I picked a color from the small collection I had. It was a quick-drying one, so it was less likely to mess up. I also got the clippers, the soap, and scrubs I wanted him to use. I passed him the paint bottle. It looked so tiny in his enormous hand. He gazed in it in almost confusion. I wasn’t sure he had ever held one before.

Pulling off my jeans with my underwear, I drew my hair up into a ponytail so it wouldn’t get wet. I stepped into the hot water, hissing in pleasure. He took my palm and helped me to sit without falling.

“I don’t know where to start,” he admitted as he continued to hold it.

Humming, I rested my arms on the rim. “Wash me first, then use the scrub on my feet before doing my nails. I want to be pampered and totally relaxed before I use you. It’s going to be a long night.”

Jasper poured a bunch of my shower gel onto the puff, lathering it until it was overflowing with suds. He rubbed it delicately over my back and arms, being as gentle and non-perverted as he could be. He wasn’t allowed to touch my breasts yet, and he knew it.

What I loved the most was what he did to my feet. He took so much time, rubbing the sugar scrub into my heels and massaging it with his strong thumbs in between my toes. It made me melt into the water with my head barely resting on the edge.

Carefully as possible, he clipped my finger and toenails to a much shorter length before picking up the bottle. He read it or attempted to. He brought it close to his eyes since he didn’t have his reading glasses on. His lips pushed to one side.

It was hard not to giggle. “Give it a solid shake. Two coats. Take the excess off on the sides, so it doesn’t drip,” I instructed.

Smirking, he shook it. “I was never good at painting.”

“You’ll get plenty of practice,” I teased as I wiggled my toes at him.

Kneeling beside the tub, he took my foot and placed it on his knee. Delicately, he painted each one with tiny strokes. He was trying so hard not to make a mess. When he was done, he blew on them.

Electric sparks ran right between my legs.

“Put the chair in the middle of the room and take off everything but your boxers,” I said as I got out finally. The water was getting cooler, and all the bubbles were gone. I wrapped the towel around me tightly so I wouldn’t get cold as I went to the closet.

He was eager to get to this part. It was getting close to eleven and knew the real fun was about to begin. That was when I heard it. A familiar kind of explosion. It was a loud banging, like machine gunfire. Our neighbors were popping fireworks.

Immediately, Jasper went stiff. I had almost forgotten about them. Though the music muffled them, it wasn't enough. Another went off, and it took everything in him not to jump.

I instantly moved to my bedside table and grabbed my AirPods. "Sit down," I ordered. He had already stripped. I flew to the laptop and switched it, so the sound was playing on them instead. "Put these in now. They don't come out until I say so."

Placing one in each ear, he sat slowly like his body was heavy. His plush pink lips were pulled down. I brought my hand to his jaw to force him to look at me. "Do we need to stop?"

He shook his head quickly. "Distract me, Goddess. Please," he begged.

Kissing his mouth hard, I dropped my towel to the floor. "I want you to close your eyes and take deep breaths for me while I finish getting prepared. Meditate and focus on your breathing and heartbeat."

Hastily, I threw on a red lace teddy and sprayed on my perfume. Then I dimmed the lights. The fireworks continued outside, and I knew they wouldn't stop for an hour. At least they waited until later in the evening.

I gazed at the selection he got for pleasure. It was pretty much everything but the paddles and the heavier riding crops. First, I chose something with feathers on the end. I rubbed it against my palm to feel its softness.

Drawing it over his cheek, I leaned down to speak in his ear. "We're going to start with a little sensory play." I moved it over his lips and down his chin. "I'm going to ramp it up as slowly as possible."

Keeping an eye on the time, I teased him with the feathers, then a crop, and a soft leather flogger. I hadn't touched his cock or allowed him to open his eyes. He was aching with need, though. I put them away before coming to sit on his lap. It was five minutes till and someone had obviously spent a lot of money on fireworks around us. I was trying my best to ignore them.

I brought my hands to his neck as I pecked his lips softly, resting my forehead against his. "I want you to know that I am happier than I've ever been in my life. You bring me joy beyond what I knew was possible. You are literally my knight in shining armor. I am so proud to be yours, and though I didn't realize at the beginning of the month that I would end the year as

your wife, I am so grateful to be. Thank you for caring for me so thoroughly. And thank you for your submission, your love, and your never-ending confidence in me. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you like this."

So many explosions went off outside I felt them in my chest. That was Texas for you. They sure loved their fireworks. "Look at me," I implored. He opened his eyes. "I love you, Sir," I whispered before I kissed him deeply.

"I love you, too, Goddess," he breathed against my lips. His arms wrapped tightly around my back, pulling me close to him. It was so passionate and full of promise. When we pulled apart, he finally saw what I was wearing. It wasn't something he had seen me in before and was one of my purchases from when I went shopping with his sister. "Unf," he moaned the sound as his eyes moved over me. "I can't wait to see you in this while you wear my collar. I'm going to draw."

I put my finger over his lips to quiet him before pushing two past them like he wanted to do in the kitchen to me earlier in the evening. Automatically, he began to suck. "Shh, I've got better things for your mouth to do right now."