



## **Chapter Thirteen: In the Snow**

And that's how our first week went by in Albany. After the chaos of the first couple of days, it calmed down completely, and we quickly fell into a routine. Every night, I had dinner waiting for Jasper when he got home. Sometimes Sam joined us. They got their first day off on Sunday a week after I arrived. He was understandably exhausted and needed a break.

We spent most of the day in bed, either napping or having sex. Though he relaxed and drew for a couple of hours while I lay beside him on my stomach and worked on my computer. The picture was of me from behind, one of my feet in the air. Jasper added an insane amount of detail to my toes.

It didn't take me long to figure out by the way the boys spoke that we would be there for a while. There was too much information that needed to be combed through slowly. There were thousands of pieces of evidence, dozens of crime scenes, and hundreds of witnesses to deal with. They had to go over everything they ever handled for the case. They weren't just going by the book. These men and women were correcting typos and editing as they went. Their work would be of a higher standard.

I didn't mind, though. Our shabby apartment was becoming my tiny piece of heaven. I was wrapped in our happiness.

When the phone rang in the darkness, I whined loudly and covered my face with the blankets because it was so cold. Jasper squeezed me closer to him, not waking up. I pushed

him gently with my elbow and startled him. He sat up quickly, taking half of the covers with him. I snatched some of them back.

“Fuck, it’s freezing,” he moaned, rubbing his palms into his eyes. Then he realized his phone was ringing. He brought it up to his ear. “Hale.”

“Hey!” Sam loudly said on the other side. “We’re getting a snow day.”

“What?” he asked, confused by his words. They weren’t in a Texan’s vocabulary.

“They shut everything down for the day. I mean, everything. That storm went a different way than they expected and dumped a shit ton of snow in the middle of the night. Go look outside.”

Jasper was slow-moving, so I got out of bed and slipped on my robe before padding to the door. When I opened it, I gasped in happy surprise. It was a winter wonderland. The parking lot was piled with massive mounds of snow that used to be cars. And it covered the road in a fine layer, but it was still coming down at a steady rate. The sun was just starting to come up, the sky barely glowing a faint muted purple. It looked like one of those globes from a gift shop.

Coming to stand behind me, his hand rested on the small of my back. “Wow. Would you look at that? How pretty,” he stated in a tiny voice, his accent coming out thick.

“I can’t wait to go play in it,” I told him in a giggle.

“Thanks for letting me know,” he informed his friend, remembering he was still on the phone.

“Sure thing. I’m going back to bed. See you later,” he mumbled before ending the call. Jasper put it in his pocket without looking away from the scene.

I stared at the glistening white fluff in awe. “I’ve never seen anything like it before. It’s so beautiful.”

His fingers moved over my shoulder. “Yes, it is,” he agreed before pecking my cheek. “Now, get your ass inside and shut the door before you let all the bought air out. You’re barefoot, little girl.”

Giggling, I closed the door before turning so I could hug him. “I’m so excited!” I hopped in place, kissing his lips several times.

“There’s a park about a quarter of a mile away if you want to walk to it after some breakfast,” he grinned at my attitude.

“Yes!” I beamed. “I’ll go start it now!”

“No. I’ll get it,” he offered, stopping me from pulling away from him. “Why don’t you start some music or something?”

“Okay.” I melted into him a little, pressing my face into his chest so I could breathe him in.

I put a playlist on his laptop and started the coffee before slipping on some long johns I got at the thrift store because it was so chilly compared to the previous week. They were bright red and had buttons for the butt flap. They were kind of dorky, and I knew I looked silly in them, but they were very comfortable.

Jasper chuckled from the kitchen, watching me as I put on my second pair of socks. “What?” I asked over my shoulder.

“Your ass is barely contained in that thing when you bend over, and it’s just...” he chuckled more. “Mmm-mm-mmm... Those poor buttons have their work cut out for them.”

I snorted then wiggled my butt at him for good measure. Fleece-lined leggings went on next as well as a long-sleeved shirt. I would put on more layers before we left. I knew I was too thin-skinned for the icy weather. By the time I finished, Jasper was plating two bacon sandwiches for us with tomato and avocado.

“That looks great!” I praised. He pulled me down onto his lap with a plop.

“I have mastered the art of microwaved bacon,” he stated with a grin, sitting his chin on my shoulder. “It’s one of the few things I know how to cook.”

After enjoying a leisurely meal, we finished getting dressed and went outside together. We decided to try to go to the grocery store for supplies first. Thankfully, they were open but were understandably busy. We weren’t in a rush, though. He picked out a pack of beer and two big bottles of wine, as well as some whiskey.

“Oh, that’s how we’re staying warm,” I teased.

“Only partly,” he chuckled. “It’s not all for today.”

“Aw, why not?” I whined playfully.

“You can get a hangover, I cannot. I will probably have work tomorrow. As it is, I still owe you for drinking so much when we were apart.”

I pouted slyly as we waited in line to check out. "Obviously, I was just having some issues being away from you, too. Plus, your brother-in-law is a terrible influence," I responded before smiling innocently. "I had a lot of fun with your sister, though. She's cool. Alice likes her, too. They went to lunch a couple of days ago. I think we're all going to become friends."

"Wow," he answered, perplexed and distracted, which was exactly what I wanted to happen. Men were surprisingly easy, sometimes. "I hope she says nothing-

Laughing, I looked away from him. "Sweetie, she knows." I peeked back. "We talked all about it. She was worried about me. It was sweet. She thought I was too cute and innocent to like it rough," I spoke the last sentence in a baby voice as I wiggled my shoulders. "She didn't want you popping your kink up on me, which I actually really appreciate. Because can you imagine being surprised?" I grimaced and made my eyes wide. "She probably thought I was virginal. Ha."

Jasper pinched his nose, groaning softly. "Why have my girlfriend and sister talked about our sex lives?"

"I didn't tell her what we do! She asked me questions about BDSM in general, and I answered them for her. I think she was worried you were going to just tie me up and beat me at random, which... I WISH," I continued to tease him. His cheeks were slightly pink. "Alice won't say anything about you to her, I promise. She's not that much of a pervert. But they've been talking about the lifestyle. And I told her about my books. She's going to read one of my romantic ones."

He made a face. "I can't imagine her being remotely interested in that. The scene or anything."

"Oh, she's interested. Not into it, but Rose is curious why I enjoy it. But she doesn't judge me for it. She may have judged you a little before we talked about it," I giggled, leaning into him. He was standing behind me, his chest pressed to my back. "But I think it was more because she was worried about you. She was concerned it was keeping you from enjoying a normal life."

"No, I was keeping myself from enjoying it," he muttered. "I used it to hide from my emotions, so perhaps she was right to be." Jasper put his arms around my waist. "Is she less so now?"

Nodding, I scratched my nails over his hands. "You only needed to find the right woman so you can have the best of both worlds. That's all."

He pushed his lips against my ear, grinning as he did. "Yup."

After we carried everything home, we made our way back out so we could go to the park. It was still early in the morning, barely before ten. There were already a ton of kids there with their parents, but it was a massive space with vast stretches of untouched snow.

I scooped up a big handful. It was light and fluffy, packing easily into a ball. When I threw it at a tree, it broke up and fell like confetti to the ground. It made me giggle. "I want to make a snowman," I told my boyfriend, tugging on his hand to pull him in a particular direction. He let me take him wherever I wanted. I was like a pushy, over-giddy, toddler.

Jasper helped me create one as large as him. There was plenty of snow for it. It didn't take as much time as I expected. It quickly rolled into huge balls. I just needed him to help me lift it into place.

After we finished, I scooped another handful and formed it into a ball. When he was least expecting it, I tossed it lightly at the back of his black beanie-covered head. He turned around in shock, his eyes wide. "Excuse me!" I giggled again and got more snow. "Oh, really?"

"Yeah, really," I answered with a big grin. I threw it at him again, this time tagging his chest.

"Oo, I will get you for that," he jokingly declared, filling his hands with the white stuff. He tossed two little balls at me. One missed, but the other got my shoulder. It shot the tiny ice crystals all over my face and stuck to my eyelashes.

We began chasing each other, throwing snowballs at each other. Neither of us had a terrible aim, and we kept hitting each other, covering us in wet fluff. Jasper tried to grab for me when he got close enough, but I slipped away and fell backward. He wanted to help me up, but I pulled him down on top of me. We were both laughing, slowly melting into a kiss as our cold noses touched. Pulling back, he hovered over me as we lay in the snow. It came down around us in fat clumps. His smile was brighter than the sun that was hidden behind the thick gray clouds.

"I don't think I've ever been happier than I am right now," I blurted out, suddenly overwhelmed. I brushed a little of the ice off his cheek. "This has been the best week of my life."

"Really? Even with the shit that I pulled when you first got here?" He questioned, panting softly. His lips were slightly parted, and his breath was creating long trails of steam.

I nodded quickly. "You've been strong for so long. It's okay to break, and it's okay to need a release. You've been through hell. I wish I had just come up with you when you did. So you didn't have to go through that in the first place."

“No. I needed to understand how much you’ve been doing for me. And it showed me I needed to appreciate it, and you fully. I feel as if I’m taking advantage of you, though.”

Laughing, I lifted to kiss him again. “Take advantage of me. I love it.”

He huffed, trying not to look too amused. “Every time I attempt to be sincere, you have to be naughty.” To make a point, I smashed a whole cold scoopful of snow against his cheek. His eyes got huge, and he finally laughed, too. “Oh, you will get it when we get home, young lady.”

“Yay,” I snickered, getting him from the other side.

He gathered a large armful and dumped it over my face. I screamed, then giggled. I shoved him back and shook it off onto him. We played and wrestled in the snow until we were both almost frozen. Even then, it was hard to drag ourselves away.

Jasper grabbed my elbow as we walked, his lips close to my ear. “I hope you had fun because you will pay for your attitude.”

“Oh, really?” I remarked sarcastically, glancing back at him with a raised eyebrow.

His hand moved down to my rear, grabbing it as much as he could through the many layers. “I’m gonna smack your ass for every snowball you hit me with.”

“Did you keep a tally?”

“Mmhmm,” he hummed. “Nineteen.”

“Aw, that’s it?” I smirked.

“That’s just for the snowballs, Isabella. How many do you think you deserve for the drinking? And for your attitude lately? Hm?”

He allowed me to go first on the stairs. Our apartment was on the second floor. They had been de-iced, but he was still worried about me slipping and falling. His hand was on the small of my back.

Once more, I glanced over my shoulder at him as I smirked some. I batted my eyelashes innocently. “That’s up to you, sir.”

He pulled his keys from his pocket, but he didn’t open the door. Instead, he pushed me against it. Kissing me deeply, Jasper put his leather-gloved hand under my chin. “When we get inside, you will strip down to your long Johns as quickly as possible. Do you understand?” I

nodded my head as his thumb moved over my bottom lip. "You've been a very bad girl recently, and I've been letting it slide, but I think I need to remind you exactly who's in charge."

I started stripping as soon as the door locked behind us. Jasper kicked off his heavy boots and pushed them off into the corner. His long coat dripped with snow as he hung it over the wooden chair. He hurried to switch the heater on full blast before turning a playlist on.

"I've been thinking about you in that goddamn thing all morning," he informed me, almost mumbling it to himself. "I don't know why. You're fully dressed. Honestly, it couldn't be more innocent. Fuck, that's probably why."

I took off both pairs of socks as well as my leggings and jeans. I put all of them in the bathtub because they were soaking wet. Left in nothing but the red thermal long Johns, I came to stand in front of the bed with my hands behind my back. I hadn't put a bra on, and my nipples were rock hard from the combination of my arousal and the cold. I definitely wanted him to notice, too.

He was still wearing his long-sleeved t-shirt and blue jeans, his feet bare. Jasper came to stand in front of me. He looked me over slowly, his lip between his teeth. His hand surprisingly slapped across my cheek, making me gasp. It was so much harder because we were both cold.

"Hurt, doesn't it?" He teased in a low voice. Nodding, I wouldn't give him a verbal answer. He struck me again. "Speak. I asked you a question, slut."

"Yes, sir."

"That's for getting me in the face," he informed me, before reaching down and tweaking one of my nipples roughly through the fabric. "Put your hands on the mattress, and you better keep fucking quiet. I don't want my colleagues to hear us."

"You might want to have the gag handy," I sassed. He smacked me harder against the cheek. When I giggled, he gently grabbed me by the neck. "Harder," I whispered. He gave me what I wanted, making my eyes roll into the back of my head.

"Are you going to get yourself in even more trouble?" His lips just an inch away from my own. I could taste him on my tongue.

"Yes." He squeezed again, tighter than before. "Yes, sir."

"I thought you didn't enjoy choking." He pecked at my bottom lip, flexing his fingers around my throat. His hands were so big it could wrap easily around it.

“I trust you.”

And that’s all I needed to say. I entrusted him to do whatever he wanted because my body was his. I knew I was safe. I was the most precious thing in his life, and I was still his Goddess while on my knees.

“I know you do, darlin,” he whispered in my ear as he grinned. “Now, put your hands on the fucking mattress.”

Turning slowly with a big smile, I put my palms flat on top of the messy bed. Jasper moved his hand up my spine, pushing my frazzled hair away from my neck. It still had ice in it, and I could feel it on my cheek. He slid back down and gave me a quick pop. It was light, just teasing me.

He warmed his hands on my ass and thighs, smacking them repeatedly. Each was more forceful than the last. Pressing my lips together, my eyes shut as I savored the attention. I wanted it to go on as long as possible. Then Jasper unbuttoned the back of my long underwear, chuckling to himself as he did.

“I love it so much,” he murmured. He gripped my bottom tightly through my panties. I was only wearing boring white cotton panties. They were probably his favorite if he was honest. Smoothing his fingers underneath the fabric along the curve of my thigh, he traced my cheek. “I’m going to make your cute ass just as red to match.”

When he hit me this time, it made me rock in place. I swallowed back my moan. It was so hard to. When Jasper pulled his belt from the loops, the sound made me wetter. My hands were shaking with anticipation. He brought it to my lips to kiss. “Thank it for the pleasure it’s about to give you, Isabella.”

I kissed the leather several times before moving down to peck his hand. I let my lips linger against his soft skin. His fingers smoothed through my hair as I did. He looked so pleased, his grin small and gentle. I pecked at his knuckles, smiling as I did. This was so much better now that we were a couple. There was no fear, but the exhilaration of being with him was always the same. I needed more of him, and I would do anything for his pleasure.

“You can be so sweet,” he mused as he walked behind me. He dragged his belt down my back before it connected with my thighs. “Too bad you’re such a naughty slut who likes to get herself in trouble.”

Every time he struck me, it felt as if I was getting closer to something indescribable. My fingers curled into the blankets as my toes dug into the carpet to keep in place. “Fuck,” I moaned after the fifteenth. The bite was lovely against my warm skin.

“Shh...” He moved the loop between my thighs. Jasper repeatedly tapped it against my clit. It made me shake, my muscles flexing. “Be a good girl for me.”

Wiggling against his belt, I tried to relieve some of the overwhelming sensations. I was so close already. But he wouldn't allow that. He would decide when I got pleasure and only him. He pulled back and struck me several times. Finally, it was too much, and I called out loudly.

He clicked his tongue, tsking. “It seems I will have to gag you,” he said in mild disappointment, his voice almost bored. He laid the belt down in front of me. “Put your nose on that and don't move until I tell you.”

He walked to my suitcase, and instead of picking up the gag as I had expected him to, he got the scissors I brought. For a moment, he played with them in the palm of his hand. I could see him out of the corner of my eyes as I tried to watch. He gently dragged the cold metal blade over my back, just skimming the surface of the red fabric.

Then he snipped the side of my panties, pulling it away from my hip so as not to cut me when he did. Automatically, I looked back in surprise, my mouth hanging open. He did the other side and threw the scissors into my luggage with a gentle underhand toss. His fingers moved between my legs over the fabric that was barely still in place. Roughly, Jasper rubbed them against my clit until they were soaking wet. If he expected that to help me stay quiet, he was wrong.

I whimpered and whined, rocking against his touch. I was almost there, so close. And he knew the exact moment to stop.

Pulling my ruined panties from between my legs, he balled them up in his fist. Jasper knotted his fingers in my hair and shoved them into my mouth before he slapped my face. “I told you not to move, slut.”

Once again, I whimpered before putting my nose back. My bare ass was exposed to the weird mix of hot and cold air. Everything was tingling. He walked behind me, skimming his fingers over my tender cheek. “I don't think the belt will do it. You enjoy it far too much, and I want you to learn a lesson.”

Once again, he went to my suitcase. This time, he pulled out the paddle I had used on him. He traced it over my back and up my spine from behind, his fingers following along. He tapped it between the apex of my thighs. If he did it just a little longer or harder, I would have cum and he knew it. Jasper knew everything about my body because it was his.

Wrapping his hand in my hair, he stood beside me. Then he popped one of my cheeks.

“Fuck!” I mumbled through my destroyed panties.

“One, Isabella. Eighteen more.”

Tears were dripping from the corners of my eyes by the time he finished, my whole body violently shaking. My nose only moved off the belt when he struck me hard enough to make me rock forward, and it couldn't be helped. I didn't want too many of these and didn't need to earn more. He laid the paddle beside me on the bed before Jasper brought me up to my feet. With one hand gripping my ass as tightly as possible and the other in my hair, he bit down onto the side of my neck from behind.

My knees almost gave way, but his fist in my curls was holding me up. His body was the only thing giving me any support.

“It's so red now. Such a pretty color on you,” he whispered seductively in my ear. He unbuttoned the front of the thermals. It was only enough to expose my breasts. Playfully, Jasper worked my nipples as he nibbled and kissed along my neck and jaw. I tilted my face towards him, my sore ass rubbing against his rough blue jean covered erection. His hand moved over my stomach, pressing flat just below my belly button.

Once again, he picked up his belt, but this time, he bound my wrists behind my back with it. He held my hands for only a moment as his cheek skimmed across mine so he could peck at the corner of my stuffed mouth. Roughly, he shoved me face-first into the blankets. His soft lips kissed and licked between my legs, teasing for only a minute. But it was enough. I felt it drip down my leg.

Jasper chuckled. “You're going to make a big mess.” His fingers found my clit and smoothed over it several times in a tight circle. I came again, dripping on his hand. “Oh, yes. Just like that.” He pushed them inside of me. Effortlessly, he gave me another.

He gripped both of my cheeks in his hands, squeezing them as firmly as he could. My exposed nipples brushed over the cool sheets, teasing me further. A moment later, he slipped inside. Unmoving, he held me in place against him as he got his balance. When he found it, Jasper spanked my sensitive skin as hard as he could as he pounded into me. His fist wrapped around my hair and yanked my head back. He had perfect timing.

The noises I made through my underwear were insane. I absolutely snorted, squeaked, and squealed as I just continued to fall apart. It was primal.

When he was about to finish, Jasper pulled out and came all over my thighs. It was hot and sticky, only adding to the mess. But he wasn't done with me. He played with my clit once again right away.

I screamed through the fabric, the sound more muffled by the blankets and sheets around my head. Forcing me to have two more, he only stopped when my legs practically walked off without my permission. They were doing wild things. I had no control over anything.

Jasper first released my wrists, massaging his hands up my arms and shoulders. Pulling me onto my knees, I leaned back against his chest with my head resting on his chest. Finally, unbuttoning my long Johns the rest of the way, he pulled them down to my waist. Gently, he nuzzled my cheek.

Palming my breasts, he kissed my jaw. He removed my cut panties from between my teeth and threw them to the side as he smirked. Holding my chin, he lightly pecked at my lips. His thumb moved over my panting mouth. His other hand slid down my bare stomach and between my legs. "I can't," I cried softly.

With his other, he held my cheek and brought my lips to his again. "Yes, you can. Give me another, Isabella, and then we'll go take a nice hot shower."

His tongue caressed mine, playing with my nipple as he fingered me. I was too sensitive, and I felt as if I was gushing everywhere. It soaked the thermal fabric bunched between my thighs.

Almost falling over, I grabbed his hand to make him slow down. Or tried to. He didn't. He just added his other, one moving against my clit and the other inside of me. "There it is. Good girl. Give it to me. Cum for me, darlin'."

"Oh, my God," I gasped, completely dissolving into the mattress. I pulled on the sheets so hard they popped off two of the corners.

Finally, he stopped and went to wash his hands. I couldn't move. I heard the water in the bathroom as he started the shower. Jasper came to the end of the bed and tugged my long Johns off the rest of the way. I didn't budge.

"Get up, little girl. It's time to clean up. And I want a blow job in the shower," he ordered, giving me a quick clap on my bare ass. When I turned my head to look at him, I realized he was already hard again and ready to go.

He ended up fucking me all day long. Playfully and on every surface of the apartment. It was the best he had felt in weeks, and neither one of us worried once about his shoulder or anything else. I didn't think about anything but his pleasure and my own.

The next morning was the first I hadn't woken up with him to make breakfast. I felt his fingers in my hair, but it was hard to open my eyes. I was literally sore all over. His soft lips traveled over my cheek to my ear.

“I’m headed to work, darlin.”

“Mmkay,” I breathed, groping for him. Taking my hand, he kissed it before putting it back under the blankets. He tucked me in better, adjusting the surrounding covers. “I’ll make us something nice tonight for dinner.” The evening before, we only had frozen pizza and beer. It was the laziest I had been, but we were too busy for me to make anything else. We cooked it between sessions, and it was the only time that he allowed me to wear anything other than my lock necklace for the rest of the day.

“Only if you’re able to walk,” he teased.

I genuinely thought about arguing, opening my mouth a little. “Yeah, we’ll see. Maybe we’ll order something tonight,” I mumbled, making my boyfriend chuckle warmly. “I love you. Have a good day.” My fingers traced over his smooth cheek. He had just shaved, and it was delicately soft.

Jasper rested his forehead against mine. “I always sincerely try.”