



In the car

I woke up lying on my side in only a naturally lit room. The curtains were open just a little, the light flowing in sheets over me. I was wearing Jasper's gray t-shirt, which was stretched tight over my breasts. The blanket was just barely covering my legs, my feet exposed to the cold of the air conditioner. Sitting up beside me was Jasper. I was facing him, my nose only a few inches from his thigh.

Slowly, I let my fingers slide onto his leg. His hair was thin and wispy, almost white blond. Leaning forward, I dragged my cheek over it sleepily as I snuggled into it. He chuckled softly as he petted my hair gently away from my face.

When I looked up, I realized that he was holding a small leather book in his hand and had a pen behind his ear. Perched on his nose was a pair of thin silver glasses. He was looking down at me, a slight smile on his pretty lips.

"And you wear glasses? Look, you can only get so hot," I mumbled drowsily, stretching a little to pop my back.

He chuckled again. "Only for reading and drawing."

“Even hotter somehow.” I bit my lip, smiling up at him. “Can I see what you’re working on?” I asked curiously. He blushed a little, nodding. I sat up beside him, in the crook of his arm.

Jasper was drawing me. My face in sleep, my hand curled by my mouth with my hair falling over my cheek. The page before it was covered in my lips, over and over again in different positions. I knew they were mine because of the little scar I had in the corner that I got when I fell and bit the bottom one as a kid. Some of them even had the freckles that dotted around my chin.

My heart started to beat a little faster. “Jasper,” I whispered. “You’re so talented.”

He flushed a little brighter, the color filling his cheeks and nose. “Thank you.”

“May I look?” I questioned, pointing to the other pages. Slowly, he licked his bottom lip and handed it to me. He almost seemed nervous to do so.

The small leather-bound book was maybe fifty pages, half already filled, front and back, with his pen and pencil drawings. I went to the front to start from the beginning. It was the picture he had taken of his belt on the rumpled sheets, but carefully hand-drawn. The next was of a woman in a wrap dress with the face left vague of features. Beside it was a detailed close-up study of my face, smiling and my eyes downcast, my hair in a braid over my shoulder. When I turned to the following one, my heart began to go even faster. It was me in the tight pencil skirt from behind, bent over. A still-life of the cookies in with tin took up two full sheets of the thick paper after. Then there was a cartoon of a woman sitting at a 1950's style vanity, powdering her face with sugar. I giggled softly, biting my lip.

The next couple was me in the mini dress, peering down shyly. The table in it was set perfectly with the meal that I made for him, the bottle of half-full lemonade set in the center. Then there was his current profile picture. He also recreated the image where he was holding me as I kissed him on the cheek in the nude. There was a close-up of him gripping my ass, too. I recognized my freckles.

The whole book was a lovely little picture diary of our time together. I drew him to me for a kiss.

“Am I creepy?” He asked worriedly when I pulled away.

“Not at all. Someone else’s creepy is another person’s romantic,” I smirked playfully, making him laugh lightly and look away from me. “I think it’s sweet. You’re so gifted. I love them so much. I kind of want to color them in, though,” I giggled. “You need to make some sketches on watercolor paper for me, and I’ll paint them for you.”

"I'd like that. I love how colorful your art is." He took the book from me and put it to the side with his pen before tugging me into a deep kiss. We sunk into the mattress, lying comfortably in each other's arms as we made out. Jasper twisted his legs into mine so that our feet were touching.

"What should we do today?" He wondered softly after a moment of silence.

"I want to cook for you still. I need to pick up some supplies, though," I replied thoughtfully.

"We can go to the grocery store," he offered right away as his fingers trailed up my back over his t-shirt that I was wearing.

"We can just order it and pick it up," I countered. "It'll be easier that way. We can just get it on the way to the apartment. What would you like me to cook for you?"

Jasper began to shake his head. "You know, you really don't have to—"

"I want to," I smiled, running my fingers over his jaw. His skin was rough, his five o'clock shadow coming in very light brown. "Anything you're craving?"

He didn't have to think about it. "Comfort food."

Nodding my head, I took his glasses off and put them on my nose before rolling over on my side to pick up my phone from the nightstand. I didn't have any messages or missed calls. Jasper rolled over with me, putting his arm around my waist. I brought up the grocery app that I regularly used.

"Let's see. Chicken, beef, pork?" I wiggled against him as I thought about all the options.

He hummed quietly for a moment. "Beef."

Biting my lip, I began to list the best options I could think up. "Mmm... steak, roast, hamburgers, beef stew, chili, meatloaf—"

"Meatloaf?" He said against my shoulder, kissing it lightly afterward. "I love meatloaf."

"Me too. I do mine with a mix of beef and pork actually, with lots of mushrooms. And a honey tomato gravy. It's different," I explained. "It was my grandma's recipe, and I just improved it."

His hand on my waist slid to my stomach and squeezed it gently. "Sounds good to me. I love trying new things."

“So, you need mashed potatoes, obviously, with meatloaf. There is just no other way.” I felt him smile against my skin. “Salad. Mmm... What kind of vegetables?” I thought out loud. “Green beans, corn, peas, glazed carrots...?”

“Green beans?”

I nodded in response, leaning back to kiss his cheek. I brought my hand to his, and he wove his fingers with mine. “What do you want for dessert?”

“You’re cooking so much already.” I glanced behind me, making a face. Jasper just shrugged. “We could just pick up a cake or something.”

“Gonna eat it off of me?” I asked seductively, giving my hips a good swirl against him. Wiggling his eyebrows, Jasper nodded as he smirked. “Okay, that works for me.” He chuckled quietly in response. “Do you want to play tonight?”

For a moment, he couldn’t meet my eyes. Instead, he leaned forward to kiss my shoulder again. Then Jasper licked his lips slowly before shaking his head. “No. Is that okay?”

“Of course.” I squeezed his hand comfortingly.

He leaned his face against my shoulder blade before he began to speak. “It’s just been a wild week and-”

I laughed lightly. “You don’t have to explain. It’s okay.” I wasn’t surprised. I couldn’t imagine how tired he was. This was his first vacation in ages, and it had been dramatic as hell already.

“I just don’t want you to think that I’m turning you down or anything. I’m just not sure that I’m up to it,” he began to elaborate quickly. The thought never crossed my mind, especially since his erection was half-hard against my ass and he kept kissing me.

“Would you like me to give you some alone time?” I offered gently.

“Please, god, no,” he mumbled instantly. His long fingers dragged from my stomach to my hip, squeezing it absently. “I don’t want to be alone. I just don’t think I can do it tonight. Do you need a break from me?”

I pushed him onto his back, straddling his waist. His glasses slid down my nose, perching at the end. “I already agreed to be your teddy bear for the week, and I take that job very seriously.”

"Oh, do you?" He smirked, taking my hands so that we were palm to palm. I wiggled my ass, making him groan softly as his hips bucked up towards me. He stiffened a little more between my thighs.

I nodded my head, batting my eyes at him innocently. "It's my duty as your submissive to fulfill whatever needs you may have, in whatever way you may need me to," I replied very coolly. "Whether it's sex or food. Snuggles. Or just Netflix and chilling on my sofa."

He pursed his lips, nodding a little bit before he said, "oh, you really do wanna bang on that couch."

"Yes! Yes, I do," I laughed. "I never have. But we can actually just relax and cuddle."

He chuckled. "Why don't we see where things go naturally?"

I looked down at his fully hard erection that was trying desperately to pop its way free from his boxers. Swirling my hips again, Jasper bit his bottom lip before his eyes rolled back into his head.

"I can already see where this morning is going naturally," I teased. He chuckled again, bringing one of my hands to his mouth to kiss. He spread them from my knuckles to my palm before kissing my fingertips. Then Jasper began to suck on one of them very gently. I rocked against him involuntarily. He laughed softly once more at my reaction, pressing my palm to his cheek. My fingers cupped his jaw as I smiled down at him.

"Bella, I want to thank you for being such a good friend to me," he began suddenly. "Talking to you these past few months have been some of the-" he stopped and sighed, pushing his mouth to my palm to kiss it again. He let it linger there for a long moment. "Thank you for caring for me. And thank you for your submission. You're the best sub that I've ever had."

"Jasper," I gasped softly. "You're the best." I quickly leaned forward for a kiss.

He pulled me tightly to him, putting his hands on my shoulder blades. "Are you really going to let me have you for the next two days?"

I nodded my head briskly, kissing him again. He pulled off the shirt that I was wearing, throwing it to the floor. "Is there anything you need to do?"

He shook his head. "I'm ignoring my family for right now. I can't handle my mama's response to a black eye or my father's to a fight. I should do some laundry, though, but-" Jasper shrugged.

"You can do it at the apartment," I offered. "I'll wash them for you."

"I didn't know you were into that kind of scene," he teased.

I giggled as I settled against his bare chest. His hands smoothed over my shoulders down to my ass. "I'm only into the domestic stuff for you. You spoil me so good. I want to make sure you're as happy as possible all the time so that you're feeling generous."

"Oh, so it's all for selfish reasons."

"Yup."

He laughed, making me giggle again softly. "How do I spoil you?"

"Besides all these lovely dinners and drinks you've been plying me with? Or all the orgasms?" He chuckled quietly. It was a charming sound, warm, and happy. "We don't get a lot of time, so every minute with you feels... extraordinary. And you make me feel special. I don't know." I shook my head in embarrassing, blushing a little.

"You are. You're very special," Jasper whispered, kissing my lips softly as one of his hands gripped my ass.

"You just like my butt," I countered gently.

"No! I like your tits too," he smirked before pulling me up to kiss my chest swiftly. Spreading them all over me roughly with his prickly face, he made me dissolve into laughter as I became ticklish. He rolled us over, taking my hands, and pushing them over my head. "And your exquisitely thick thighs." He spread my legs using his knees. "Your gorgeous face. Your sweet lips," he whispered as he pecked at them. "Your stunning wit. Your kind heart." Leaning down, he kissed my chest, where it pounded heavily for him. "Your generous soul." He began to kiss down my stomach. Jasper started to remove my panties, sliding them down my hips. "Your delicious pussy."

I laughed loudly despite myself, and he chuckled softly before pressing a kiss there. Then another, another, and another. My fingers tangled with his curls, my legs spreading wider for him.

We didn't get out of bed for another two hours. We showered together after I ordered the groceries. He bought us some coffee on the way to the store with some muffins. It was a perfect fall morning, just before noon.

When we picked up the food, he tried to give me cash for the groceries after we put them in the car. Jasper didn't like the fact that I had already paid for it with my card on the app. He thought he would take care of the tab once we got there.

"No," I said, shaking my head quickly as I put on my seat belt.

"Yes," he replied evenly.

I laughed at his bluntness. "No! You've bought everything else."

Jasper shook his head at my answer, displeased with it. "You're making this for me, and it's my job to take care of you. Buying your meals is a part of that."

"Oh, it's your job," I laughed again. He was being so serious.

"It is," he responded sternly before shoving the neatly folded cash down the front of my shirt into my bra at a stop sign before we left the parking lot.

"You had to make that as dirty as possible," I giggled, pulling the money out and putting it in his jean's pocket as he was driving. He sort of growled and shifted in his seat. He was torn between liking my hand in his pants and pissed that I was arguing with him. His annoyance was winning out, though.

"Little girl, you better get that back out and put it where it was," he threatened in a dangerously low tone.

My brain went, *'hehe yayyyy, this will be fun!'*

"Or what?" I countered with a big shit-eating grin that I could not control. I sounded like a child, and I couldn't have cared less.

"Just because we ain't playing tonight doesn't mean that I won't take you over my knee," he answered steadily with his eyes on the road as he went towards my apartment.

I laughed defiantly then pushed the money into his pocket even deeper with two fingers, wiggling them to make a point. I saw his jaw flex.

"I swear that I will spank your ass twice for every dollar," Jasper vowed ominously.

"Make it three, and we have a deal," I declared playfully, leaning over while he was at a stoplight to nibble on his ear for a moment. My fingers danced over the inside of his knee.

"Four and I'll teach you a fucking lesson." I could hear his knuckles creaking around the steering wheel as the light turned green. Sliding one of my hands over his thigh, I found him hard and waiting for me.

I pretended to do the math. "Are we rounding up the change? It was thirty-two something. So, let's just round that up to thirty-three. Times four. Do you think your hand can handle it?"

His mouth was a little tight, his fluid blue eyes on the pavement ahead of him. I was getting to Jasper, and I was enjoying it way too much. "Do you really think I'm just going to use my hand?"

"I hope not," I purred.

He menacingly chuckled. "Not even your ass can handle that, Isabella. Get the money and save yourself."

I pouted for a moment. Pulling it back out, he smiled a little bit to himself in victory. I placed the twenty and the five back in my bra before putting the ten in his pant's pocket. Then I leaned over to kiss his cheek.

Jasper nodded his head slowly in understanding. "Do you think you can handle forty? Are you sure that you don't want to switch that out for the five, at least, if you're going to be brave?" I shook my head in response, kissing his neck again slowly. I was smiling. "Isabella, do not make me hurt you tonight," he said in a whisper that was all business.

"Ugh, fine."

Sighing to myself, I reached into his pocket. "Good girl," he murmured.

"I just want to buy you dinner," I pouted again, sticking out my bottom lip. "I want to take care of you."

"It's enough that you're cooking it."

"No, it's not," I whined.

We pulled up to my apartment, and he killed the engine. Jasper took my chin in his hand, looking deeply into my eyes. His thumb dragged over my bottom lip. "You will let me take care of you."

"You do. But you have to let me take care of you, too."

"You already give me too much." I shook my head at his words. "You don't get to decide that, Isabella. I do. And you upset me when you argue with me like this."

"Why?"

"You've already said you were poor-"

I laughed. "I was joking."

"No, you weren't," he quietly asserted. I looked at him sharply. "Look, I know how much you make in a year and-"

"How do you know that?" I asked before looking away. "Nevermind, that's stupid. You work for the FBI. You did a background check on me, didn't you?"

"Yes," he stated slowly. I would have done one on him if I could, so I wasn't mad.

"I'm not *that* poor!" I argued. "I'm doing pretty well for a self-published author. I'm not uncomfortable. I have a nice apartment in a nice area, and I have a decent amount in savings and-"

Jasper quickly shook his head, his cheeks a little red with frustration. "Bella, I make close to six times what-"

"Wow! Really? I didn't think cops-" I interrupted in surprise, saying it way too loudly.

He rolled his eyes, interjecting again. "Darlin, I'm a doctor who does nothing but travel. Trust me. I get paid. Plus, I don't have a house or a car to spend it on. So, you will let me take care of you."

"I don't want a sugar daddy," I laughed almost a little angrily. He sighed and rolled his eyes again.

"I'm not trying to pay your bills unless you need help, which you don't. I know that. But you should know the offer is there if you need it," he said very quickly, smirking at me. "Why are you so feisty today?"

"Today?" I smiled at his attitude, scooting closer to him as I put my arms around his neck. "You like it when I'm stubborn."

Jasper grumbled quietly as I began to kiss his ear. "Not like this. It makes me feel guilty. I'm already keeping you from working," he muttered, his fingers going up my back.

"You know, I work all the time too. I just do it from my bed. Don't worry about it," I assured him, speaking against his cheek. "Besides, I'm working on my hot cop story in my head as we speak."

“Well... in that case... Why don't you tell me about it inside?” He nodded his head towards my apartment. “We should get this food in.”