



One-hundred-forty-seven

“You look so damn good in that suit,” Jasper cooed against Edward’s lips as they kissed each other goodbye. We were around the table, eating breakfast. As always, our boyfriend and I were slobs while he was perfect. He had another recording session with Disney, and he was filling out his blazer very well.

“Do you need the car today?” He offered, pulling out his keys. “I’ll take a taxi.”

“We were going to hang out at home and record,” I replied as I fixed myself another cup of coffee. “If we need anything, we can have it delivered or take an Uber. Thank you, though.”

Leaning over, he kissed my forehead with his hand on the back of my head. “We should look for a vehicle for both of you soon.”

I scrunched up my nose. “But I hate driving.”

He chuckled. “Well, maybe one for him so he can drive you around, princess,” Edward teased before going towards the door.

“Have a good day,” I called to him.

“I love you.”

"I love you, too," our boyfriend and I said at the same time. It made him beam.

Once he was gone, Jasper glanced over at me. "So, I need to work out if I'm going to eat this well." He patted his firm stomach. "Do you want to take a shower after that?" He offered.

"Do you mind if I join you in the gym? I have to up my cardio if I'm going to keep up with you."

"Oh, I'd love the company," he stated right away with a smile. "Why don't you get ready? I'll do the dishes. I just need to put on my shoes." He was only in basketball shorts. It made me so much more excited to work out. I hoped he would spend some time on the treadmill so I could watch. I was positive he wasn't wearing underwear.

Pulling on yoga pants and putting up my hair, I slipped on a pair of tennis shoes. He quickly joined me, running to the restroom before preparing himself.

First, I stretched my arms and my legs, popping my back and neck as I did. Jasper warmed up on the elliptical. That was better than jogging. I stopped to gawk at him for a moment because I was right about him being commando, and his shorts were thinking about sliding down his narrow hips.

"What?" He questioned with a smirk.

"Nothing," I muttered quickly, embarrassed at being caught. I rushed to the treadmill myself.

"In a little while, would you mind spotting me?" He asked as he upped the pace.

"Of course," I panted as I turned the speed up right away to hide my flush. "I mean, you just want a good excuse to look at my melons," I said the last word sarcastically.

He laughed loudly, his head going back. I loved making him do that. It was so pure and sweet. "Yeah, you're right. But I need a spotter either way."

How that man's muscles moved was... breathtaking. Everything was tight and solid. He switched from the back machine to the free weights while I took my turn on the elliptical. Then he started setting up the bench. He put three hundred pounds worth of weights on the bar.

"Let me know when you're ready," he said, wiping his face before swiping the towel at his sweaty body. It was glistening, his skin tanned from staying outside for so long. He was much darker than Edward. He was looking like a California surfer boy. I was very much into it.

I hopped down from the machine and cleaned off my hands before taking a long drink of water. He sat back, smiling at me. I leaned forward and kissed his forehead. He pulled me down for a longer one on the lips.

“This is an amazing view,” he mumbled, brushing his fingers over my thigh. “Whew, I’ve got to not be distracted.”

“Right. Please don’t hurt yourself. Let’s not have your cause of death be my titties.”

“Stop,” he snorted, scrubbing his hands over his eyes before shaking his head. He peeked up at me and took a deep breath. “Ready?”

I smirked. “Yup.”

He did five reps of ten each. He was showing off for me. I don’t think he would have pushed himself as hard if I wasn’t around. I kind of loved it. He wanted to impress me, and it was working. When he put it back in place, he let out a heavy breath.

“There we go.”

Honestly, I could have fucked him on the bench. Jasper sat up, his back to me. He leaned his head back and rolled his shoulders. Sweat dripped down his taut body.

“Would you like a massage in the shower?” I breathed hopefully, biting my bottom lip.

He glanced over his shoulder at me. “Aren’t you a sweetheart? I’d love one.”

After he wiped his face, I came around to him and offered my hand to help him up. As the water warmed up in the bath, I kissed his chest. He had dozens of tattoos covering his arms and shoulders. Some were small and colorful. A cartoon heart with a dagger or a sugar skull in blue and red. Others were larger and solid black. A compass and a clock on either shoulder. Over his heart was a large rose outline. I pecked the spot several times.

I used the bath gel to help smooth my hands over his back. Taking my time, I savored the closeness. I admit that I just wanted an excuse to touch him. He didn’t mind.

Jasper stretched his powerful arms once we got out of the shower and sighed softly. “So, I’ll set up the camera equipment while you get things rolling in the kitchen?” He asked. I nodded, drying myself off. He took it from my hands and did my back for me. We gazed at our foggy reflection in the mirror. “How are you?”

“Happy.”

“Me too.” He kissed my shoulder. “I’m ready to do this with you.”

I let my hair dry naturally while I did my makeup. It didn’t take me long to finish. When he was satisfied with the equipment, he came to help me with the food. He was always so eager.

“So, you do the intro this time, and I’ll do it the next, hm?” He asked, writing something down on the clipboard.

“Sounds good.”

We stood in front of the island. Underneath, he held my hand for a moment before he began to countdown. “Okay, three, two, one…”

“Hi, and welcome back to the channel. My name is Bella, and I’m about to cook with the incredibly handsome Jasper. Today, Eddie is off doing some voice-overs, and whenever he does that, he ends up with a sore throat. And one of the best medicines is homemade chicken soup.”

He glanced over at me with a charming smile. “He does love his soup. I’m excited too because it smells incredible in here already,” he replied smoothly. “So, what kind are we having?”

“So, our man loves French onion, but I’ve made it for him a lot, so we’re doing a twist on it. We’re going to do a chicken, mushroom, and onion soup. It’s going to have loads of really condensed flavor, and the vegetables are especially good for your throat. It’s a very healthy meal until you add the garlic cheese toast.”

He soaked in every word. “Sounds great. Tell me what to do, Ms. Swan.”

Working with him in this way was so natural. He was more serious than Edward. It felt more like work when I was with him. That didn’t mean I wasn’t having fun. It was just more structured. He flirted differently while we were. It wasn’t as dirty. It was the way he touched me, gazed at me, spoke to me.

Once the soup was in the crock-pot to simmer until we were ready for it, we started on the quick Italian loaf that would bake in the oven while we filmed the dessert. It was a cinnamon apple cake with caramel drizzled over the top.

We made a gigantic bowl of it for the video and shared, only cutting up one of the two loaves I made. It was good enough to eat for two meals in a row, but I would add a salad to mine in the evening. He and I relaxed outside while we ate. After, I sat on his lap.

He was so quiet. His eyes were staring off into the distance, gazing at the city.

“Are you okay?”

“Hm?” He peeked at me and smiled. “Oh, yeah. Just thinking.”

“About?”

He shook his head. “Just the videos.” He took a sip of his beer as he patted my thigh with his other hand. “I’ve had a lot of fun, and I’m not ready for it to be over. I don’t suppose you’d like to make another one with me?”

“What kind?” I asked, expecting it to be dirty. Or maybe hoping.

“Do you want to play a game with me? I wanted to do some retro gaming. All you have to do is play and talk trash with me.”

“So... be me?” I looked over my shoulder at him. He winked.

“Exactly.”

“Sure. Set it up. We’ve got a few hours before the boss comes home. We should be good little employees and work hard for our money.” I nibbled on his ear. He leaned into it, curling his fingers under my jaw.

Jasper slid his palm over my stomach, pulling me tighter to his body. “Yes. Exactly. Better earn our keep.”

“By playing video games.”

He patted my tummy. “Yup.”

Moving the chairs close together, he set up the computer so we could record with Edward’s face cam. I wouldn’t know what he picked until we started. His hand rested on my spine as we leaned into the shot.

“Hi! Welcome! My name is Jasper Hale, and this gorgeous creature is the talented Ms. Isabella Swan, and today we’re doing a little retro gaming!”

I peeked over. “Okay, just to be clear, what is retro?”

“Anything from the PlayStation 3 or Xbox 360 or before.”

I laughed. "Oh, alright. Things I bought as an adult are retro now. That is awesome," I said sarcastically. I shook my head and sighed. "The first big gift I purchased for Aiden was a PS2 with a bunch of games and books. I was... Eighteen or Nineteen?"

"Aw! What games did you get him?"

I leaned into his hand that was still on my back. "Final Fantasy X and Kingdom Hearts. And I finished them both before him. I would stay up all night playing. I had two full one-hundred-twenty-five hour play-throughs on Final Fantasy. This was before the trophies they give you, but if they did, I would have had the platinum on both."

"Oh, we should do both of those then at some point," he mumbled almost to himself. "I mean, if you don't-" He cleared his throat. "Sometimes you mention Aiden, and... is it okay if I put that in the videos? When they make sense. I don't want to erase who you are. Tony always makes sure he doesn't, but he's worried about oversharing. He's not been brave enough to ask you."

I bit my lip. "Yeah. Of course. Thank you for asking first, though. This is the kind of thing he'd love to watch, actually. So, no... It's cool. Thank you for being so comfortable with me talking about him. Sometimes, I feel like Edward is- I don't know, mad at him."

"He is. He's pissed he didn't cherish the time he had with you, how he would have. He's annoyed he hurt you the last night you were together. So am I, but I didn't know the man to judge him. You cared about him, and that's what matters." He paused, clearing his throat again before shaking his head. "Ready to begin?"

I nodded. He pressed a button to start the game. I recognized the music right away. Laughing, I leaned back in the seat. I turned to gaze at him before saying the first line I knew by memory. "War. War never changes." I clapped my hands. "Yay, a game I'm good at so I won't look dumb. Thank you."

He laughed too. "Today, we're playing Fallout 3."

"The voice work in this is so hilariously uneven. Like amazing, super sexy Dad Liam Neeson and like five other people they cycle through that have two unique voices, tops."

"They spent all their money on Liam."

I giggled before glancing at him. "Right. Is it uncomfortable that I think my father has a sexy voice?" I asked jokingly. He wiggled his eyebrows, making me snicker.

A baby cried on the screen, signaling the beginning of the playable parts. "Ohhh, this is the hardest part of the game. I've got to make my face not look like a troll."

Two hours later, we were a good way into doing several missions as stupidly as possible. I was having so much fun. I was on my knees beside him, staring at the screen. He looked at his watch. "Okay. That's enough film to start with."

"Aw," I said playfully, moving around the game's first town, Megaton, to look for mole rats.

"Don't worry. If this goes well, we can do this whenever you want."

I leaned over and pressed a kiss to his cheek while still gazing at the screen. "You do the outro or me?"

"You can."

"Alright, y'all! That's all for us today. If you enjoyed, please do all the bells and whistles. Comment down below what retro games you're interested in us playing next and-" I paused as I continued to play. Something big came into view. I hadn't saved yet. It was running towards me. "OH, SHIT! Deathclaw! RUN! Fuck, fuck, fuck..."

Jasper cackled, cutting it off right there. "Perfect! Thank you!"

"I just died," I pouted. "At least I saved like ten minutes ago."

He was still laughing, leaning back in his computer chair. "God, that was fun. I haven't done anything like that in ages. You're a good gamer! I wasn't expecting that. I haven't seen you play this much."

"I don't much anymore. I'm not as good as you or Edward, though."

Waving me off, he rolled his eyes. "We're not, for one. We're okay. And don't compare us. That's not the point. You're so entertaining to watch. Your sarcasm gives me life."

Then he kissed me before I could argue with him. He pulled me onto his lap as it deepened, my fingers sliding into his thick blond curls. Suddenly, he picked me up and carried me to the couch. Laying me back, he moved over me without breaking our kiss.

"I've wanted you all damn day long," he mumbled as he pecked my throat. "In the gym. Fuck," he whispered against my collarbone, pulling my shirt down to expose my breasts some more. "I wanted you on that bench so bad, but I knew if we started, nothing would get done today." Jasper shoved his face into my chest, pushing them together.

"I did, too," I admitted breathlessly.

“Can I have you now?”

I pulled him down for a kiss with one hand in his hair, and the other went to his pants.

We were both completely nude, and I had come several times already by the time Edward walked in on us in the middle of fucking. Jasper was on top, pounding into me furiously. The only thing I could hear was my moans and his panting. I certainly didn't notice our phones or the door.

“Oh, hello. Ah, that explains it,” he muttered to himself in a funny tone. He turned to walk out. “Pardon me, I'll give you some privacy-”

“Get your ass back here,” Jasper snapped, looking over his shoulder.

Our boyfriend's grin was as wicked as it was delighted. “Well, if you don't mind me joining the fun...”

Giggling, I reached my hand out for him. “It's your turn.”

He removed his jacket and threw it onto the computer before coming to sit beside my head. “My turn for what, beautiful?” He leaned down to peck my lips while Jasper kissed at my neck.

“Whatever you want.”