



On the Couch

I was having the loveliest dream. I was in my room, and I was half on top of my very sexy FBI agent on my tiny bed. He was holding me tightly, our legs intertwined, as we dozed. One of his big hands rested on my hip, holding me in place against him. His other hand was resting on his chest, laying on his heart. But then my stomach began to vibrate.

“What the fuck?” I heard Jasper mumble grumpily. I rolled over slightly in confusion, looking down at my bare skin while my fingers automatically dragging over it. Then I realized it was his phone, ringing in his pocket. Sleepily, he brought it up to his ear, his other arm pulling me back towards him with his hand on my ass. “Hale.”

I looked at the clock that I had on my dresser. It was just after four in the afternoon. I should have started dinner hours before. Rubbing my eyes, I tried to get the sleep out of them, but it was so hard.

“There was another body found in Greene County, just south of Catskill,” a gruff voice said with no introduction whatsoever on the other side. It was so loud that I could hear every word. “It’s been there a while, though. Longer than the others, but it’s definitely him. It throws off our timeline. I’m going to need you-”

Patting my ass gently while he spoke, he was obviously already annoyed. I could feel it in his stiffening body. “With all due respect, sir, I’m on paid leave right now.”

"Well, have you cooled off?" The male voice questioned seriously.

Jasper made a face. "Yes, sir, but-

He interrupted him. "Then I need you up here as soon as possible. You can take a flight out tonight-

"Sir, I can't," he replied firmly. "I can't leave tonight."

There was a second of silence. "Why not?"

"For multiple reasons. But, foremost, I have plans tonight that I will not break. I can leave tomorrow morning and fly out after ten."

"Fine," the man grumbled. "What plans do you have?" He asked, curious and annoyed, wanting to know why he was told no. I had a feeling that it didn't happen that often.

"I'm not sure if that is any of your business, but I'm going to eat meatloaf and watch Netflix while I do laundry. I'll see you tomorrow," he said briskly before hanging up the phone. "Dammit," he rasped in irritation.

I sat up a little bit very quickly, looking at him in surprise. "Are you going to get in trouble?"

He made another face, his lips pursing in disbelief as he rolled his eyes hard. "Oh? What are they going to do? Fire me? Oh, *no*... a real fucking vacation," Jasper exclaimed as sardonically as possible. His hand on my ass patted me again comfortingly. "I couldn't even get five days off after knocking a guy's front tooth out. It's fine, darlin."

"You knocked his tooth out?!" I confirmed in shock, just blurting it out.

"He hit me first!" He pointed at his now yellowing eye. "I just made sure I hit him last."

"Jasper!" I rubbed my cheek, sitting up a little more. "What would you do if you did get fired?" I very seriously asked.

"They won't fire me. Seriously. And I could get a job in a hot second with the Dallas Police. Or the State police. The DA's office. Hell, I've gotten calls from the Texas Rangers before."

"Okay, Chuck Norris," I teased lightly.

He laughed a little, putting one of his arms behind his head. "That's even if I wanted to stay in Texas."

I bit my lip. "Where would you move?"

"Wherever I found the best job. But that isn't going to happen so you shouldn't worry about it. Where would you want to move to if you could go anywhere?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. I don't have any family anywhere. Both my parents are dead, and I wasn't close to my step-father. Alice is the only person I care about besides you. Tanya. I don't have any siblings."

He nodded his head, thinking about my answer. "My family is here. My mother and father. I have a sister. She's married, and I'm friends with my brother in law. I don't see them enough, but I've always felt like the odd one out. They love me, of course, and I love them. It's just uncomfortable. I'm not sure they even notice."

"When my mom died when I was a teen, it was so awkward when I went to live with my Dad. We loved each other, but we didn't know one another. I had only stayed with him a couple of weeks at a time a year before that, maybe. My parents divorced when I was a baby."

"Your father was the police chief in a town in Washington?" He inquired curiously. We had somewhat talked about it before but only in passing. Discussing my family made me unhappy, and I think he knew that. I nodded my head in response. "How old were you when you moved in with him?"

"Sixteen."

"Did you like Washington?" I shook my head. "Why?"

"It rained too much, and I missed the heat. I used to live in Phoenix. I like Dallas better, though. It's a good mix of both."

He bit his lip for a moment, considering his words. "How old were you when your father died? It wasn't that long ago, right?"

"He died right before my twenty-eighth birthday of cancer. Charlie was a big drinker. Liver and then it spread to his stomach. The last year was the worst. I spent most of it with him, just watching him waste away. He was in a coma the last month of his life," I overshared.

"That's around the time you wrote 'The Rabbit in the Snow,'" Jasper commented very softly. It really was his favorite book, and I was starting to feel like he knew more about it than

me. I nodded my head slowly. "The surgeon was the killer in the story. Do you blame doctors for your father's death?"

I glanced down at him. "My, that's a jump."

He shrugged, unmoved by sarcasm. "Am I wrong?"

"No," I admitted. "They did a lot of unnecessary surgeries that didn't help. He suffered a lot the last few months because-" I shrugged. "Do no harm is just a suggestion, I guess." I bit my lip once more, looking away from him.

Jasper decided to change the subject a little. "I hope I really do get to read this next cop story that you're writing. It's going to be so good. I want you to know that I've bought a proper copy of your wonderful book. It's only one of four that I currently own. And I bought one for my mother, and she loved it, too."

I laughed a little in surprise. "You bought it for your mom?"

He nodded and smiled. "For her birthday." He pulled me towards him, leaning up the rest of the way to kiss my blushing cheeks. "She adores it so much that she bought every one of your other books. Under Isabella Swan. She's where I get my love of reading from."

"Really?" He nodded again, kissing my ear.

His big hand slid over my throat, gently squeezing it. Jasper's breath flowed over my neck pleasantly. "I mean it when I say that you're going to sell a billion books. I should get you to sign my copy." I laughed loudly at his words, but he continued. "It'll be worth something someday."

I shook my head just a little, his hand holding my chin in place. "You'd have the only signed copy in existence."

"Well, I know what you're doing as soon as we get back to the hotel tonight," he said with a smile, pulling me towards his lips for a kiss. "If you still wanna stay the night."

"I do."

He kissed me for several moments, gentle and sweet. "Damn. I was really looking forward to having more time with you," Jasper mumbled, his other hand gripping my ass tighter.

"I feel bad that we haven't played."

“Don’t be. Sometimes real life gets in the way. I’ve still enjoyed the time we've spent together. More than you’ll know. I feel more human than I have in a while.”

Pushing myself up all the way again out of his grip, I moved my hair out of my eyes. “Here. Let me put your clothes in the dryer. I need to start the food. It’s going to be kind of late. I shouldn’t have fallen asleep. I’m sorry.”

“I’m not in a rush. We have all night,” he replied as he sat up, too. “I can do that. You don’t have to do the clothes.”

“I don’t mind,” I answered as I stood. Then I started towards my dresser, but he grabbed my arm.

“Please, don’t change.”

I laughed a little. “Do you really like it that much?”

“Yeah,” Jasper admitted with a smirk. “I really want to draw you like this.” I scoffed. “What? I do. I was kind of hoping you’d let me take a picture so that I don’t have to do it from memory.”

I realized he was being serious. Thinking about it for a moment, I smiled to myself. “Okay, but once I get dinner started. It takes forever in the oven.”

“Thank you.”

“Mm,” I hummed as I walked towards the kitchen. He got up to follow. “Gonna draw more pictures of my ass?”

“For sure. But I actually have another pose in mind. My sexy little model,” he teased, pressing a kiss to my cheek and going to the laundry closet. “Go start dinner.”

I started pulling out all the supplies that I needed for the meatloaf. He put Tanya's clothes on the table, starting his own. Jasper skillfully folded them, watching me as I chopped onions and mushrooms. They sizzled in a saute pan while I began to destroy some french bread, shredding it into little pieces. There were already two different kinds of meat in a big bowl with seasoning and a single egg on top. I had also put panko crumbs in it.

“What can I do to help?” He asked when he was done.

I stirred the cooking onions, caramelizing them until they were a deep brown. Then I added the mushrooms. “Oh, I got it.”

"I'm not terrible in the kitchen, you know."

"When was the last time you were in one that wasn't a crime scene?" I questioned, glancing over my shoulder.

He barked out a little laugh before putting his hands on his hips. "You know, you didn't have to call me out that hard, darlin," he teased, making me giggle. "You could have just said, 'I don't believe you. You're definitely lying'. It would have been nicer."

"I don't know if you're definitely lying," I clarified sarcastically as I put the cooked vegetables into the big mixing bowl. "I mean, you're lying, but to what degree?"

He began to chuckle, walking up behind me while I had my hands in the messy mixture, combining it with my fingers. Beside me on the counter was the cookie jar filled with all of the wooden spoons that I used for cooking. He selected one with a thick handle and a broad flat spoon on the end. Jasper twirled it between his fingers.

"I'm sure that I'm good at something in the kitchen," he spoke in my ear, running the spoon over the back of my thigh.

"Mm, probably making a mess."

The spoon connected with my cheek. My hands stilled, leaning against the counter as I closed my eyes for a moment. "Keep working, Isabella," Jasper commanded in a playful voice as he traced the edge of the little shorts.

Biting my lip, I kept stirring until it all came together. He struck me again, making me rock in place. I giggled. "Okay. Hand me that baking dish on the counter behind us," I instructed him, trying to hide my smirk.

Jasper leaned over and put it beside us. I pointed to the cooking spray, then the ceramic casserole dish. He understood what I wanted, spraying it for me. I formed the meat mixture into a loaf in the oversized pan. There was a bowl of prepared tomato sauce waiting to be used beside it.

"Pour that over," I told him next, going to the sink to wash my hands. He did what I ordered carefully. When my hands were clean, I got another spoon to spread it evenly before putting it in the oven. I started the timer on my phone, going back to the sink to wash the spoon.

"So, I was thinking about it, Isabella. I don't think I'd like to wait to punish you for your attitude in the car earlier. I don't know when I'm going to be back in town, and I don't want it to linger."

Grinning to myself before trying to look more serious, I replied, "if that's what you wish, sir."

"It is what I wish," he answered a bit sarcastically, dragging the spoon over the back of my thighs again. "Put your hands on the counter."

Smirking, I put both of my palms on the countertop with my legs shoulder-width apart. "Like this?" I looked back, wiggling my ass a little bit. I liked being playful like this.

The spoon struck me hard on the fleshiest part of my cheek before dragging towards the center. "You know, this attitude problem of yours is going to get you in so much trouble, little girl." Then he hit me again. And again. Again. Again. I moaned softly, my back arching. "How many should I give you? Hm? I don't like it when you argue with me."

"Yes, you do."

Again. Again. Again. "Not about this, Isabella." Again. "You will not argue with me about money. Nor will you put yourself down around me again." Again. Again. Again. "You will not refer to yourself as stupid or a slut again." Again. "The only one who is allowed you to call you one is me. Because you are *my* slut." Again. Again.

"Oh, fuck," I whimpered, throwing my head back.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes." Again. Again. "Yes, sir."

"I want to make sure you don't forget." He lifted the leg of the shorts over my cheek, pulling my panties up with it. The spoon connected with my bare skin, making me call out. "Who do you belong to?"

"You."

Again. "That's right." Again. "Are you going to argue with me again?"

"Yes," I laughed. He snorted, putting his hand on my back as he started to hit me harder and faster. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," I laughed harder as he continued.

"I don't think you're learning your lesson. Do I need to get my belt out?" He threatened.

"Yes, sir," I giggled happily. But then the front door opened. I instantly stood up and turned so that my back was pressed against Jasper's chest to hide my red-spotted thighs. He tossed the spoon into the sink, pulling me close. His erection stabbed me in the ass.

Tanya came rushing in. "Oh, my god! You even folded them!"

"Jasper did that, actually," I replied almost breathlessly.

"Thank you!" She beamed at him. "You're a good one. Quiet, hot, and you fold clothes," she continued to talk to herself as she took her laundry with her into her bedroom.

I laughed a little bit to myself, looking up at him. "We have about an hour to kill. Do you want to watch some television?"

"Sounds good," he murmured, his hand going to my ass to give it a good squeeze. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as I moaned softly.

I took his hand and led him to the couch on wobbly legs. The remote was on the table, so I got it before I sat beside him. When I turned it on, I handed it to Jasper before reaching for the blanket on the back of the sofa to cover my legs.

He brought me in close, moving the quilt so that it was covering both of us. One of his arms wrapped around my back while he quickly went scrolling through the menu. Selecting some mindless movie before placing the remote on the table once more, I realized instantly what he had planned.

His hand slid into the back of my shorts and began to knead my tender ass roughly. I was practically squirming underneath him, trying desperately to look like I was watching television whenever Tanya came hurrying through the room as she got ready for Edward. Then his fingers slipped between my legs from behind. I could see him smirk to himself when he felt the wetness there.

"Okay, I'm going to get out of your hair now. Thank you for the laundry. Have a good night!" She called, hurrying out the door.

As soon as she was, I straddled his waist and attacked his mouth. Both of his hands went aggressively to my ass, sliding underneath my panties to grab me tightly. My hands went to his neck, holding his mouth to mine.

With one hand in my hair, he pulled back so that he could use his teeth to lift my shirt. Holding my head at an angle so that my chest was sticking out towards him, he brought my breast to his mouth. Then his hand on my ass went between my legs, curling inside of me.

When I couldn't take it anymore, I pulled away to kiss his lips again. He moaned against my mouth at my aggressiveness, his hand dragging down my back.

And then the front door swung open, scaring the hell out of me. Jasper grabbed me, pulling me to his chest in surprise.

"Oh, shit! Sorry! Sorry! I forgot something!" Tanya said in a rush. She shielded her eyes playfully as she ran to her bedroom. She couldn't see anything, my shirt had already fallen back down into place, but it didn't help my blushing. I hid my face in his neck, unable to move because of his grip on me. I could feel him begin to shake with quiet laughter.

"Okay, for real bye this time," she grinned, waving playfully. She wiggled her eyebrows at me when Jasper couldn't see.

"Get out and stay out!" I pointed at the door, trying not to laugh.

"Have fun!"

When she closed the door, he pulled off my shirt. I giggled, "Jasper!"

"I am fucking you on this couch whether she comes back or not," he laughed in return. "At this point, she should know better. So if she comes back, she's either a real ditz or wants to watch."

"I hope you brought condoms," I answered as I stood up and pulled off my shorts and panties at the same time.

He smirked a little bit, pulling a couple of silver squares out of the pocket of his blue jeans. "I kind of figured this is where it would go naturally," he remarked impishly, pulling me back down onto his lap. He was still fully dressed while I was nude.

Somehow, I didn't burn the meatloaf.

It was close to eleven when we got back to his hotel room with his clean clothes. I gathered what few things that I had left there and put them into a bag to take with me in the morning before he left. We were going to get up at six, get ready, have breakfast, and then he was going to drop me off before he went to the airport.

As I watched him pack his freshly washed suits and shirts into his worn black luggage, I already missed him.

