



## **Chapter Sixteen: In my Purse**

At six o'clock, Ms. Rachelle finally turned the camera off again. We had just finished discussing my relationship at length. We went over the 'when' and 'how' it started. And we covered our sexual practices in the most exceptional detail. It stressed poor Jasper out, but I thought it was funny. It was hard to keep my amused snickers in.

"Alright, Ms. Swan, I have more questions for you. Will you be able to come in again tomorrow? At the same time?" She asked as she wrote a note.

I nodded my head quickly. "Yes, ma'am. I can. May I ask how many more days do you think I'll have to come in? I have a business meeting planned for Saturday, and I want to make sure I can make it."

She smiled at my eagerness to be helpful. "We should finish up tomorrow, hopefully."

"Perfect," I answered as I stood from the table and picked up my purse. "Anything else besides that list I need to bring?"

"No, I don't think so. Thank you for being so open with us, Ms. Swan. I know we're asking some invasive questions, but you understand the nature of the case."

"No, it's fine," I promised. She opened the door for me. "Have a good night."

Jasper was waiting for me, leaning against the wall across from the entrance. He smiled when he saw me. "Perfect timing. I just got off. Do you want to go home to get freshened up first?"

"No, I'm starving," I mumbled, resting against him as I wrapped my arm around his. "We'll have dinner, have a couple of drinks, stop by the store for some wine and cake on the way home, and continue this celebration in private?"

"Perfect," he agreed. "But, I already got one and some champagne in the car." I looked over at him in surprise. "Delivery is so handy. It's a Japanese strawberry cream cake. I thought we could try something different."

"Oh, how fancy!" I grinned. "Thank you. So thoughtful."

He pulled his badge from his chest and put it in his pocket as we walked outside. "I wanted to get my beautiful girl something nicer than the paltry grocery store by the apartment offered. You deserve it." Jasper put his hand on my lower back. "By the way," he leaned in and whispered in my ear, "you're so sexy in this skirt."

Smiling, I bumped my hip into his. "I wore it one of the first times we were together," I replied with a smirk, glancing up at him. He looked down at me so warmly.

"I know. It's one of my favorites."

He put his guns in his briefcase, then came to open the door for me. Before allowing me inside, Jasper brought me into a gentle kiss. His fingers twisted in my curls as his hand slid down to my ass. He gave it a big squeeze.

"Get me drunk and use me tonight," I told him against his lips, still grinning.

"Mm, with pleasure, darlin."

The parking lot wasn't as busy as New Year's Eve. It was early on a Tuesday, though. There were only a few police cars and a handful of regular ones. Several of the officers greeted us as we walked in. They were smoking outside like before. The weather was much more pleasant. May was delightful. Especially at night. I loved it.

We sat at a table in a corner. A waitress hurried to us right away, giving us a menu. Jasper didn't look at it. He didn't have to. He came enough for lunch.

"I'll take a martini to start. What about you?" He asked with a smile, reaching for my hand. It felt so different from the first time we came. He was so relaxed.

“I’ll try the rum punch,” I answered, looking at the happy hour specials. “Can we have a basket of cheese fries?”

“Sure,” she replied before bounding away.

Jasper brought my knuckles up to kiss. He was smiling at me so proud. “So, we’ll have to do something huge to celebrate when you get published. We should start planning now. What would you like to do?”

“Oh!” I laughed, putting my chin on my knuckles as I gazed at him. “I don’t know. Something wildly naughty.”

He chuckled, nodding his head. “I think I can handle that.” My boyfriend winked, kissing my palm lightly. “Why don’t you write some scenes for inspiration, Isabella?” He asked, looking at me from underneath his eyelashes.

“I think I can handle that,” I repeated his words with a grin. I felt a hand on my back. Turning around automatically, I realized it was Sam. I smiled at him brightly. “Hi!”

“Hello, sugar. It’s always good to see you. We were wondering if we would see you out here again!” He teased me gently.

“It’s my fault. She’s wanted to,” Jasper told his friend. “I’ve been too tired to do anything, but we’re celebrating a little tonight.”

Leaning in, he gave a rueful grin. “Oh, what are we celebrating, hm?”

“My publisher wants to expand my contract to four books, and I’ll get my first advance this week. So, sit down, and I’ll buy you a drink. And some dinner, too.”

He put his hand on his chest. “Well, thank you! I don’t mind if I do,” he answered as he pulled up a chair beside me. Jasper rolled his eyes, not exactly pleased. “Don’t worry, I’ve already eaten. I’m just staying for a drink,” he promised with a chuckle. “I realize this was going to be a private party.”

“No, the real celebration will be later, and you won’t be invited to that,” he mumbled under his breath before smirking. The waitress brought his martini and my punch.

“Oh, you’re not that kinky?” He said dryly. My boyfriend kicked his shin. “Fuck,” he murmured in pain. Our confused waitress looked at him. “I’ll take another beer, honey,” Sam informed her, holding up his hand. She knew exactly the kind he wanted without even glancing at his bottle.

“Put it on my tab,” I told her quickly.

“It’s adorable how you think you’ll pay for a thing tonight,” my boyfriend told me as he took a sip of his drink. He licked his lips. “We’re celebrating you. I’m buying it.”

“Hell no, you’re not. I just made a shitload of money today. I want to.”

“Isabella-”

“Oh, no, you don’t,” I laughed, making him smirk. “You already bought the cake! And I bet it was way more expensive than this. I want to. Let me treat you.”

Sam raised his beer. “Yeah, man! Let her! She wants to.”

His friend looked at him with a slightly annoyed scowl, shaking his head as he rolled his eyes. “We’ll see.”

I picked up a small white cocktail napkin from the table, balled it up, and threw it at his face. “No. I don’t care if you don’t like it. I’m paying.”

“We’ll see,” he repeated wryly. He tossed it back at me.

“Stubborn,” I complained, rolling my eyes, too.

“Be careful. You might just earn a spanking, Doc,” his friend teased softly under his breath.

Slowly, I turned to stare at him. My expression was dead serious as I leaned in. “Look, Sam, I like you. I really do. But if you continue to give Jasper a hard time about all the incredible ways he gets me off, I will take you out behind this bar and beat you like a redheaded stepchild and then never feed you again. Do you understand me?” My voice was low and threatening, with each word calm and even.

His big black eyes got wider with shock. “Yes, ma’am. I apologize. I am very sorry. It will never happen again,” he replied right away, sitting back in his chair. I had truly shaken him.

“He will tell me if it does. I’m serious.”

“I understand.”

Jasper’s mouth hung open in surprise. “You complete piece of shit. Seriously, that’s all it takes? I could beat your ass at any time.”

“You won’t, though. And more importantly, she will stop feeding me,” he answered before shrugging. “That’s far worse.”

My man took a long drag of his drink. “You’re more spoiled than I am.”

“That ain’t true, and we both fucking know it,” he remarked, finishing his beer just in time for the waitress to bring another and some fries. Good, I wanted him pampered.

After we ate our meal, another couple came into the bar. I barely noticed, though. I was having too much flirting with Jasper and making fun of his friend. But Sam couldn’t keep his eyes off of them.

“What are you gawking at?” My man questioned. “You’re not subtle at all.”

“The hot DA has a new boyfriend,” he whispered, openly watching. “Oh, they’re coming this way,” he stammered as he quickly looked straight ahead.

“Hello, Ms. Rachelle. It’s nice to see you again,” Jasper said pleasantly.

She was dressed prettily in a tight mini dress and was leaning against a handsome man with long blonde hair that went to his shoulders. His was dirtier, darker. His jawline was strong, and he had an unusual shiny steel gray eye color. When he studied me, they moved across my entire body. It made me feel warm and slightly embarrassed.

“Dr. Hale! Special agent-” She paused, looking at Sam. “I’m sorry, I know your name. It’s just slipped my mind. I apologize, I work with so many people.”

He appeared slightly deflated, not that he would ever go after her or even had a chance if he did. But I was sure he spoke to her often. “Special Agent Samuel Uley, ma’am.”

“Right,” she laughed awkwardly, leaning her head against her boyfriend’s shoulder. “Um, this is Riley.”

“Nice to meet you,” my two male companions responded in unison. Jasper cleared his throat. “This is my partner, Bella,” he introduced me to the new gentleman in the baseball jersey.

“Yes, I’ve heard all about you,” he stated to me, nodding his head as he looked me over once more. He softened his smile before glancing at his girlfriend. “She was telling me about her day,” he explained, pressing a kiss to her forehead lovingly. “Such a gruesome case. I can’t even imagine.”

“Are you in law enforcement as well?” Sam asked, just trying to make conversation. I was glad I didn’t have to. It was awkward enough with everything we had discussed. I wondered how much she had told her man. It probably explained why he was looking at me funny. I was the kinky slut that found a killer. It would make for some exciting pillow talk, I had to admit.

There were worse things in the world to be, I suppose.

He nodded his head quickly. “I’m just a beat cop for now, but, uh, I’m working my way up the ladder,” he answered almost cockily. The DA looked up at him, her smile bright. “Anyway, we’ll let you enjoy your evening.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Ms. Swan,” she promised before they left. “We have so much more work to do. Oh... Dr. Hale, I’ll have some follow-up questions for you later this week.”

“I expected as much,” he replied with a slight grimace. He finished his martini, the empty glass clinking on the wooden table. I felt a little bad for him.

“Yeah, I should shove off, too. I’m wiped, and I wanted to talk to the missus before I knock out,” Sam declared as he stretched his arms over his head to pop his back. “Thanks for the drink, sweetheart.”

“Sure,” I acknowledged before leaning forward to look him in the eye. I lowered my voice once again. “Just... remember what I said.”

Sam looked at me, then his former partner before shaking dramatically. “I’ve dealt with mob bosses. And yet... She’s a little unnerving.”

“Yeah, isn’t it hot?” Jasper joked, making his friend laugh. “Yeah, you better be nice to me. I don’t mind siccing her on you. She’ll poison your dinner, and I’ll hide the body. We’re unstoppable together. Then she’ll write an amazing story about it and sell a million copies.”

Throwing his head back, he laughed loudly. He clapped him on the shoulder. “God, that is utterly terrifying. I will have nightmares tonight.” He came over and gave me a gentle kiss on the cheek. “Goodnight, sweetie. Congrats on your book deal. That’s really cool, and I’m proud of you. I want a signed copy.”

“I will be happy to sign whatever book of mine you pay full price for, preferably a pre-ordered one.”

“I will be the first to buy one.”

“No, you won’t,” Jasper told him firmly, looking at me as he did. We smiled at each.

Sam left us alone. The bar was almost empty. I realized the only other women in the place were the DA and the waitresses. I quickly finished my third rum punch as I got an idea. It made me warm and tipsy. Gently, I skimmed the tip of my shoe across his ankle.

“Want to do something a little dangerous?” I questioned softly so that only he could hear me.

“That depends on what it is,” he countered as he took my hand. His grin was wicked. I loved it.

“There is a shockingly low number of women here,” I dryly began.

He looked at me curiously, pursing his lips. “There aren’t many ladies here on the weekdays, no. Usually more of Friday and Saturdays.”

I bit my lip for a moment. “Follow me to the bathroom in a minute.” I laid some money on the table. “Make sure she gets that first.”

Hurrying to the restroom, it was empty just as I expected. It looked as if it hadn’t been touched all day, still clean from whenever it was done last. I washed my hands and put on more chapstick while I waited for him.

Two minutes later, the door opened. But it wasn’t Jasper. Instead, it was the lovely attorney. She stumbled in, appearing drunk. I almost laughed out loud, but I kept it inside. She briefly made eye contact before hurrying to one of three stalls. To waste time, I brushed my hair and added some lotion to my hands and arms. She was coming out as I spritzed on some perfume.

“Oh, that’s nice!”

“Thanks. Jasper got it for me for Valentine’s Day,” I explained. I showed her the bottle. It was some fancy brand Alice helped him pick out because she knew what scents I liked. It was weird to think of my boyfriend in the cosmetics store with our tiny friend.

She washed her hands thoroughly before leaving. Another minute later, Jasper slipped inside and locked the door behind him. He had a smirk on his face.

“This is a little more than dangerous, darlin.”

Wasting no time, I yanked down my panties and put them in my purse. He undid his belt to unbutton his trousers just as quickly. When his fingers touched the buckle, it made me so warm my cheeks flushed. He noticed, smirking as he pulled it out slowly and stalked towards me.

Swiftly, he spun me around so that I was facing the mirror. He cracked it across my ass twice hard enough to make me gasp.

“Pull your skirt up,” he ordered gruffly. I did so, yanking it up to my waist over my bottom. He hit me three more times, making me softly moan. “No, slut. You can’t get loud here.” He brought the belt up to my lips. Automatically, I kissed it. “Open your mouth.” Jasper slipped it between my teeth instead. “Don’t make a fucking sound, or I’ll paddle your ass until it’s purple when we get home.”

I whimpered right away. He freed himself before pushing inside of me from behind. His fingers wrapped around my neck, his eyes on mine in the mirror. He pulled out and rubbed himself against my clit, teasing me. “Is that what you want? Do you want me to hurt you?” I nodded, my grip tightening around the sink as I tried to keep my balance.

His other hand went to my breast, squeezing it through my shirt. Jasper pushed his lips against my cheek, forcing me to hold his gaze as he pounded into me. It was rough and powerful, the sensation overwhelming almost right away. His grasp tightened around my throat. I barely squeaked as I came. He grunted in my ear as he followed behind.

The whole encounter took less than ten minutes. It left my heart pounding.

Jasper took the belt from my panting mouth and put it in my purse, then washed his hands almost casually. He was so calm while I was still trying to catch my breath. “Leave your panties off,” he commanded as he fixed his appearance. Coming behind me, he pulled my skirt back down over my ass before lightly kissing my temple.

He left the bathroom as if nothing had happened at all.

It took a moment for my brain to focus enough to fix my shirt. A few seconds later, I followed him out. I almost hit our waitress in the face in the door. It startled both of us.

“Oh, my gosh! I’m so sorry!” She laughed nervously, putting her hand on her heart in surprise. “That was close! Have a good night!”

“You too!” I said, rushing to my boyfriend, who was standing at the table again. He was chuckling when I took his hand. “Okay, let’s go before I get in trouble,” I whispered, my face a bright scarlet.

Giving me a teasing look, he put his palm on the small of my back so he could lead me outside. “And here I thought that was what you were hoping for.”

