



## The Joule

In the car on the way to Jasper, I realized that I hadn't given him my scenes. So much had been going on, and I had gotten distracted. Quickly, I sent them to his email just as I pulled up to the Joule. This hotel was even posher than the last. The halls were white granite and lined with an actual collection of fine art. Taking every step carefully, I needed the time to steady myself.

With my head held high and my shoulders back, I knocked on his suite door. My heart thundered once again in my chest but for a different reason.

As soon as Jasper opened it, I was in his arms and he lifted me up in the air. His mouth was on mine, kissing me wildly. He brought us stumbling back inside, shutting the door so hard that the whole wall rattled. Jasper slammed me against it, his arms under my ass so that I was lifted at least a foot in the air.

"I'm going to rip out his spine for touching you," he growled against my mouth before kissing me again.

I quickly shook my head. "Don't. He was just trying to get a reaction," I murmured, my hands going to his collar so that I could hold onto him. We kissed again and again.

"And I'll fucking give him one," he swore before smashing his mouth to mine.

My fingers slid up the back of his neck into his hair. "I would never play without you," I said against his lips. "I'm yours."

He shook his head, his beautiful blue eyes looking into mine. "I've not collared you, Isabella. You don't belong to me. Is that what you want?" He asked as he began to kiss my neck lightly. Slowly, he let me slid down the door to my feet.

"It doesn't matter if you put one on me or not, I'm yours. I'm only your slut." My head fell back against the wood. He hummed against my throat, his teeth moving over it as his hand slid over the other side.

"Do I own your body?" He inquired against my ear.

I nodded, my breathing picking up. "You own every part of me," I promised, holding him in place as he began to suckle on my earlobe. He dragged his nose over my cheek before he began to kiss my lips again.

He pulled back to look at me, a pretty smirk on his lips. "Do I?"

"Yes, sir."

He pushed open my coat, one of his big hands going to my neck again to make me look into his eyes. "Where did he touch you?"

Taking his hand, I put it on my stomach and used it to erase the memory of Edward's. I moved it over my ribs until it went down to my back. He took over, sliding it down to grab me tightly.

"No one gets to touch this ass but me. It belongs to me."

"Yes, sir."

He pushed my coat off the rest of the way until it fell to the floor with my bag. "All of this is mine." Jasper moved his hand over my stomach again and up to my breasts. "These are mine." He slid his gentle fingers up my chest to my neck, moving his thumb over my lips. "These are mine, and this is mine." He pushed his thumb into my mouth over my tongue before dragging it over my chin. "And if he touches you without either of our permission again, I will rip his dick off and feed it to him for fucking breakfast."

I giggled, I couldn't help myself. Biting my lip for a moment, I brought my fingers to his collar. "Kiss me," I begged. "Please." I didn't want to think about anything else but his mouth.

Once again, his arms went under my ass and lifted me into the air. My hands went to his neck, kissing him as deeply as I could. My shoes slipped from my feet and knocked loudly onto the hardwood floor.

"Mine. My sub. My sweet girl," he said between kisses. Pushing me against the door, we made out for so long that I lost track of time and probably reality.

Finally, he put me down to my feet again after kicking my shoes out of the way. Jasper wrapped his fist around my braid, pulling my head back so that I would look in his beautiful blue eyes. I lifted my fingers up to his lips, and he lightly kissed them.

"I brought a riding crop for you to use if you'd like to, and I sent you the scenes you wanted, sir," I finally breathed.

He rested his forehead against mine, smiling. "I saw that. My exquisite little overachiever. Three. My, you do have fantasies about me, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I smiled as his teasing. "So many."

Bringing my braid over my shoulder, Jasper began to play with the end. "How did you even get that many done so quickly?"

I bit my lip. "I wrote them in one night. Honestly, I couldn't stop."

Jasper chuckled softly. "Right after I asked for them?" I nodded, making him smile again in return. "You are such a good girl." He leaned forward and kissed my lips lightly. "Hand me the riding crop."

Smiling, I bent over and quickly pulled it out of my purse. He took it from my grip, feeling the weight in his palm before he very carefully ran the tip over my lips. "Go put your hands on the end of the bed," he instructed evenly, but I could see his excitement too.

I did as I was told, and he walked to his laptop to start a song very quietly. He put his phone underneath me, directly in front of my eyes, on the mattress. On the screen was one of the stories that I had written. "Read out loud to me, Isabella."

"Yes, sir," I breathed, blushing. I probably hadn't read something out loud in years, let alone the porn that I had personally written for the beautiful man staring at my ass. A thrill ran down my spine that I was positive that he saw.

Closing my eyes for just a second to calm myself, I opened my mouth, but then I realized it was the scene where I was in control. My voice caught in my throat. The riding crop struck me once gently. "What are you waiting for? Read."

"Um, this is the scene where I-" I stuttered, and he hit me once more. I wasn't sure if he had even enough time to skim them over.

He leaned over so that his lips were close to my ear. "Where you have me on my knees for you, Isabella? Worshiping you? Is that what you want me to do? Submit to you?"

"I would love to switch with you, if you were ever comfortable with it," I admitted as I flushed a furious shade of red. "I feel so confident when I'm with you like this. I can't imagine how it would feel the other way around, sir."

"I've never done it before," he informed almost lightly. "I've never found someone that I was relaxed enough around to even consider it. One day," he hit my thighs each twice, "I might make an exception for you." He dragged the crop between my legs. "I have to admit, I find it intriguing in a way that I never have before. My perfect submissive, dominating me. I've never even considered it before you."

"I would never do anything that you didn't enjoy as well," I answered in a tiny whisper.

"I know." The riding crop connected again and then once more. I drew in a quick breath. "That's why I think that I might actually appreciate the experience with you. I trust you completely, Isabella." The toy ran over the back of my knees. "Now, read, little girl. Just because I'm not beating your ass for talking tonight, it doesn't mean you don't have to follow my orders." I smiled as he spanked me again. The no-talking rule had undoubtedly gone out the window.

"I'm sorry, sir." I swallowed the heavy lump in my throat, trying to gather my thoughts. "I know this isn't exactly what you wanted me to write," I began, the crop hitting me again. "But if I were allowed to have an evening in control with you, I would want us to go out somewhere nice for dinner." Again, this time it moved down my thigh after. "To have a lovely drawn-out meal, so that every moment the anticipation would build. Every second out, I would make sure you were thinking about what I was going to do to you when we are alone. But even in public, you would serve me. Beyond being the perfect gentleman, I would have you feed me, slowly, so that I could savor every bite." The riding crop went over the other thigh and my ass before striking it twice more. "You would only be allowed to eat what I fed you. And you would thank me for the pleasure after every single bite." Again, harder and right between my legs. "After dinner, I would like to go for a walk with you at perhaps a park, under the stars. Depending on how secluded a spot we could find, I would have you show me how much you enjoyed our meal together."

"And how would I do that?" He asked, striking me again and again. His voice was warm and smooth.

I licked my lips to moisten them. "That depends on how private the spot is, sir," I answered. I hadn't written that part.

“How would you like me to? If everything was perfect.”

“I would have you eat me, just push my skirt up and force you onto your knees in front of me. But I would only let you use your lips at first. I would make you kiss every inch perfectly before I even let you use your tongue.” Again, again, again, he found a new spot to strike. I rocked in place, moaning as I closed my eyes. I wasn’t looking at the phone anymore, my fingers curling into the blanket underneath me.

“What would you have me do when we were alone?” He asked as he traced my spine. He drew my braid over my shoulder with the riding crop before moving it along my cheek.

“I would teach you the meaning of the word worship.” The end moved over the back of my ankles, sliding slowly over the seam of my thigh highs.

He swatted me harder than before, making me gasp. “How?”

“I would have you undress me slowly, kissing every newly exposed inch. Even if it took hours. You would start at my feet and work your way up, saving my pussy for very last.”

Jasper hummed, and his hand gripped my ass tightly. “And how would you have me worship my delicious pussy, Isabella?” He asked, his hand gripping me between my legs through the skirt to make sure I got his point. Even if we switched, it was his. “There are so many fun ways.”

Biting my lip, my thighs pressed together a little as I thought about it. “I want to sit on your face so that I can play with your cock all I want. But I won’t let you cum until I’m ready. And I won’t be for hours.”

“Will you let me?” He questioned in amusement.

I nodded, biting my lip deeper. I probably left marks. “But you would only be allowed to do so inside of me. Because my pussy might be yours, but your cum is always mine, sir.” The riding crop ran over my cheek then over my trembling mouth.

“Is that so?” I nodded my head confidently. “Open your mouth.” I did, and he brought the shaft between my teeth. “Don’t drop this.” I closed it quickly, holding the riding crop between my teeth. Jasper walked behind me and pushed my skirt up, exposing my ass to the air. He ran his fingers over my thighs tenderly, almost teasingly.

He knelt behind me and began to kiss between my legs, lightly spreading them over the fabric of my panties and my bare skin. I moaned softly, closing my eyes tighter. He moved

slowly, his mouth so firm. His breath flowed over my skin in lovely waves. Humming loudly at my taste, he pushed his tongue underneath my underwear.

“Unbutton your shirt.”

I hurriedly undid it, not even opening my eyes as I balanced on one hand and worked them open with the other. He stood up to help me remove it. Jasper kissed my neck from behind, his hands moving over my stomach while I still held the riding crop between my teeth. Slowly, he undid my skirt and pushed it down until it was on the floor in a puddle at my feet.

“On your hands and knees on the bed, Isabella.”

I crawled onto the mattress in front of him. Both of his hands went over my ass, giving it a good squeeze. He struck it several times with his bare hands.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

When I came to face him, he lifted my chin up and leaned down to peck at my lips before finally taking the crop back in his fist. Jasper kissed me again furiously once it was out of my mouth, holding my braid in his other hand. When he pulled away, he unbuttoned his jeans and removed his erection. “Show me how you worship.”

Slowly and lovingly, I kissed every inch of him. Losing myself, I simply enjoyed the feeling of his skin on mine. Every inch was perfect, warm, soft, and smooth. “Oh, yes. Use your tongue now,” he purred happily, enjoying every second. He took himself in his hand and lazily jerked off against it, running his head over it. It brushed over my lips, making my skin wet.

“That’s it, my sweet little slut,” he cooed as his head fell back against his shoulder. “Fuck, so good. Your mouth is so good,” he murmured quietly. “I want to fuck it now.” Jasper pushed himself into my mouth without any more warning. I hummed loudly, leaning forward to take more. Tracing my ass with the toy, he would smack my bare skin then yanked my hair with the other.

After a few pleasant minutes, he pulled out of my mouth with a pop. He tugged me back by my braid, my mouth wet and open from his pleasuring. Leaning down, he kissed my lips slowly.

When he pulled away, Jasper picked up his phone and switched it to something else before putting it in front of me. He began to get undressed, taking a condom out of his pocket. He brought it to my lips, and I kissed it with a smile. Getting behind me, he began to stroke between my legs.

“I’m ready for another story, Isabella,” he informed me. “Read.”

"Yes, sir," I gasped when he pushed inside of me. He didn't bother to take off my panties, simply sliding them to the side.

He had me read the other two stories in their entirety, not allowing me to cum until the very last word fell from my lips as I straddled his face. Jasper had already cum twice. When I was finally granted permission, my whole body shook all over with the force of it. I curled in, falling limp against his stomach while he held me in place with his tight fingers digging into my thighs.

Jasper pushed me onto my back, taking my phone from my trembling grip. "Scene's over," he whispered in my ear, kissing my jaw. He was smiling to himself, covered in sweat and my cum. I wasn't sure how his jaw was still working.

"We were doing a scene?" I joked breathlessly, making him laugh quietly.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's what we were doing," he chuckled.

I rolled into him. "You've never let me talk like that before. I mean, before the stories."

Running a hand over his mouth, Jasper stretched a little before bringing his arm around me. "Mm, it wasn't exactly our average night, though," he countered. "Seriously, do I need to hurt him?"

I quickly shook my head. "No. I don't think he meant any harm."

"But he touched you-"

"I should have just told him 'no' to start with," I interjected.

"You have the right to take time to think about it." He grumbled softly, "he didn't have your permission."

Looking away from him, I laid my head on his shoulder. "No, he didn't. But men like Edward hardly ever gets told no. He probably thought I'd melt, and he'd get a threesome with Tanya and me. And if it weren't for you, I might have. But I have more self-respect than that. Pushy asshole."

Jasper sighed. "I'm sorry. This is my fault."

Laughing, I rolled to my side to look at him again. "How do you figure that?"

"I invited that prick-"

I couldn't help but snort. "And I would have been totally cool if it had been literally anyone else but him. Seriously, we should play with Alice, just so that we're not traumatized forever."

He chuckled again quietly. "Maybe. Probably not soon, though. Traumatized is probably the right word for that. Come on, let's grab a shower."

When we got out, I changed into my red crop top and comfortable high-waisted cotton panties with a thick white band. He had put on a pair of dark gray boxer briefs, barely finishing drying off. Water still clung to his hair. Coming to stand behind me, he moved his warm hand over my stomach.

"So pretty," he murmured, kissing my cheek as he looked at us in the mirror. I smiled, running my hand over his cheek. "Do you want to order some dinner? I'm starving."

"Mm, sure."

Playfully, Jasper grabbed my ass. "Good, that means you don't have to put on pants."

"Do you think I would go out in this shirt?" I laughed.

"You would if I commanded you to do so. With a little skirt," he smirked to himself as he imagined it.

I giggled a little, wrapping my arms around his waist. "I might 'red' on that one."

"Why?" He laughed in return, shocked.

"Tummy," I said in a cute little voice, poking it. "This is too white to be seen by the general public."

"Aw!" He whined playfully, his lips going to my ear. "But it's so cute. And your tits look so good in this." I dissolved into giggles as he began to kiss my neck lightly to the point that it made me very ticklish. "Can I take that picture of you at least?" He pouted a little. "Just one."

Slowly I nodded, biting my bottom lip. "Yeah. Sure."

"Go get on your bed on your knees."

I smirked a little. "Mm, yes, sir." I wiggled my ass as I went towards it.

He chuckled. "If you do that, we're going to end up skipping dinner. Sit back on your heels." I did what he asked, brushing my fingers through my wet hair. He took several pictures quickly.

Laughing with embarrassment and nerves, I looked away from him. He steadily took more photos. "Oh, a picture? Just one?"

"Well," he sniffed mischievously. "You know, it's for references. You can't have too many." I laughed at his answer, making him grin. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. What would you like for dinner?" I asked as I held my hand out to him.

"Hmm..." He drew out, crawling onto the bed towards me. "I don't know, but I think I'd like some cake for dessert."