



## In Pain

A day later, Jasper sent a text to me that read, "I apologize if I hurt your feelings. Thank you for telling me. I will be cognizant of them going forward."

I simply replied with, "thank you." I didn't know what else to say.

I watched him through his Facebook, not that he added much to it. His profile picture was still of the photo of my lipstick prints on his cheek. In that time, there were two more bodies found. One was not far from Rochester, New York, the other almost exactly halfway between there and Albany. One body had been there for at least a year, the other new. I assumed if anything else, he was too busy for my silly little girl drama. I felt all the dumber for it.

We didn't say anything else to one another until he sent me a text nine days later. "I'm going to be in town for the evening. Would you be interested in doing a scene?"

Staring at my phone, I swirled my breakfast cereal in my bowl with my spoon. It was just before noon. Tanya was boiling eggs for the salads she was making for herself and Edward. He was off all by his lonesome in the living room, watching television. She made it her mission to make sure he didn't make me uncomfortable again and had banished him.

“What’s the matter?” She asked, leaning against the counter. She was holding a whole carrot in her hand, waving it around. Then she took a nibbled off the end. “You look mad at your phone.”

I shook my head absently. “Oh, I just don’t know what I’m going to do.”

“About what?”

Sighing heavily, I answered. “Jasper’s in town.”

Tanya knew I was unhappy about something, but we hadn't spoken about it. She still nodded knowingly. I think my tone said enough, though.

“Did you get in a fight?”

Stirring my breakfast again, I dribbled a spoonful of milk back into the bowl. “I told him that I have feelings for him, and he doesn’t return them. So, no. We didn’t. I just made a fool out of myself.”

She scoffed loudly. “What? No way! He was all over you-”

I laughed angrily. “He just wants sex! I knew that! I knew that from the very beginning. I’m an idiot for letting myself feel anything. He made it clear from the start what we were, and I made it uncomfortable.”

Tanya shook her head. “Okay, I don’t think-”

“What do you know?” I seriously asked. “You don’t know anything about our relationship!”

My roommate looked hurt for a moment but sighed, rubbing the back of her neck. She nodded again. “Well, Edward says he spoke about you all the time when he was still talking to him. Saying you were perfect for him and-”

I stood up and put my half-eaten cereal in the sink. “Our kinks line up perfectly. That’s it.”

“It’s got to be more than that,” she called to my back as I walked out of the kitchen.

“No, apparently it doesn't,” I grumbled, going back to my room. Edward's eyes watched me the entire time, but he didn't say anything.

I hated myself for missing him. I just wanted things to go back to the way they were. Even if we never had sex again, I missed my friend. It felt like there was a hole in my heart. And I had made the wound myself. I blamed myself entirely. I wouldn't punish him.

"Yes, sir."

My phone flashed instantly. "The Omni, room 689. 6."

For the first time, I wasn't in the least bit excited. My feet dragged like lead while getting ready. I didn't feel like putting on makeup, merely putting my hair up in a ponytail. I put on the simple black pencil skirt and white button-down that I had worn before. I also decided on flats. My feet weren't going to hurt for this.

"Going to court, Bella?" Edward teased lightly when I came out of my room.

I stopped shoving the clothes that I was bringing into my big purse to stare at him. I was packing pajamas, but I knew somehow that was wishful thinking. He kind of smirked at me, his eyes going over my body slowly. I just gawked at him for an angry minute. He thought he was amusing. I could tell that he loved getting me so easily riled.

"You're embarrassingly unimpressive," I quipped dryly before I started marching towards the door. His girlfriend was sitting beside him, her face clearly amused by my burn. She pursed her lips together, but kind of lost it when he looked at her.

"Wow," Tanya laughed. "You opened your mouth!" She teased him. "You know that she's mad!" He frowned, shaking his head. She turned her attention back to me. "Are you sure you're the submissive? You're a savage," she said puckishly.

"I'm a switch, actually," I retorted before shutting the front door behind me.

The Omni was a big, impressively, colorful building. It was a landmark in Dallas, just off the interstate. As I steeled myself for what was about to come, I felt the dread slip from my body only to be replaced with a hollowness. With my eyes down, I knocked. A minute passed before he opened it.

Jasper said nothing. Music was already playing in the room. He took my coat and purse silently. With my eyes down, I kept my expression as neutral as I could. As he walked around me, my heart didn't thump excitedly. Nothing happened.

"No speaking. No cumming."

That wasn't going to be a problem, I realized.

I had made a mistake in coming. I wasn't ready for it, but I wasn't going to back out either. I had agreed to come, and I was going to stubbornly stay and see whatever happened through. No matter what he did, I wasn't going to enjoy it. But I was still going to let him do it. I decided it was my real punishment for allowing myself to open up to someone.

"Go put your hands on the bed."

I walked slowly to it, doing what I was told. Staring at the patterns on the blanket, I was determined not to make a sound or react at all. If he loved them, he wasn't going to get a single one. If I wasn't going to enjoy it, neither was he.

"You will not call yourself stupid." He struck me. "You've been told before, and you will not do it again." He hit me three times in a row, and my thighs didn't flex. I kept my breathing as even as possible. "Dare me to take it out on your ass," he snarled, truly angry. "I'll give you exactly what you fucking want, little girl."

Every strike got harder and harder. I gave him nothing, my backbone made of steel. He drew out his belt after lifting my skirt up over my thighs. My nails dug into the fabric, only my knees giving as he took his annoyance out on my skin. Still, I kept my face the same, not even a gasp or whimper leaving my lips. I didn't open my mouth at all, my lips tight together.

He threw his belt down to the ground. "Strip!" Jasper ordered harshly.

I did so slowly and without any emotion on my face. Folding every piece, I neatly put them on the bed at the foot. When I was done, he yanked my ponytail back.

"On your fucking knees."

I dropped to the floor, my eyes on his feet. The emptiness filled my chest. He put a tie around my eyes, making the knot almost painfully tight. I heard his zipper going down and a soft groan as he took himself into his own hands. He brought his half-hard erection to my lips. I was unmoving as he jerked off against my cheek.

"Open."

My jaw went slack. I could feel him growing harder against my moist tongue. There was no desire to move or give him more. Jasper pulled on my hair, pushing himself between my lips.

"Suck, slut," he commanded. I did so with as little enthusiasm as a blow job could be given. By my usual standards, I would have been ashamed of my performance. But if he wanted me to work for him, he was going to spell out every order. I was not going to be in any way easy.

He growled, yanking me up and throwing me to the bed so that I fell onto my stomach. In a second, he was on top of me and pressing inside of me. His hands wrapped around my wrists tightly, pushing them into the mattress. He felt too heavy on top of me, his breath hot on my neck.

Jasper fucked me for a long time from behind. I could tell how I was affecting his typical prowess, but he was stubborn, just like I was. His hand wrapped around my throat from behind, pulling me back as he began to squeeze it.

“Fuck,” he whispered when he finally couldn’t take anymore. Holding my hip in his other hand, Jasper rammed himself into until he had nothing else to give. Slowly letting go of my neck, he pulled out. He rested his forehead against my shoulder while he caught his breath.

He shifted beside me and moved his hand down my back, tracing over the curve of my extremely sore ass. When he tried to rub between my legs, all I wanted him to do was stop. His fingers slid lightly over my clit for only a second before pulling away as if he sensed my thoughts. It was probably rolling off of me in waves.

I could hear him sigh, laying flat beside me for a moment.

“When I take the blindfold off, the scene’s over,” he said, putting his hand on the knot on the back of my head as I still laid on my stomach. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered quietly into the mattress.

As soon as it was gone, he was off the bed to throw the condom away. And it hurt.

I quickly rolled over and pulled the sheet around me. I waited for him to do or say something. Anything. Silently, he went to wash his hands. I felt my lips begin to quiver, watching his back. My heart finally started to pound.

I felt so disgusted with myself and what just happened. Anger flared in me. I stared at him, wanting to burn a hole in his back. He didn’t meet my eyes as he went to his luggage to get a pair of underwear.

“Really?” I asked in surprise.

“What?” He didn’t turn around to look at me. Jasper tried to say it casually, but the stress was written all over his normally beautiful features.

“You can’t be fucking serious,” I began.

He brought his hand up swiftly. “Watch your tone, Isabella.”

"Uh, you're talking to Bella right now. This is what we're going to do? You're just going to let it be awkward?" I demanded.

He sighed, looking through his bag for a pair of sleep pants. "I don't know what-"

I laughed mirthlessly, interrupting him. "Please. I just want my friend back. Can we please at least talk about this like adults? I'll order us dinner and-"

He still had his back turned to me, staring into his luggage as he searched for something else. Jasper was doing everything he could to not look at me. "I'm actually exhausted. I think I'd just like to go to-"

"Red!" I snapped. He finally turned around in surprise.

"What?"

"You fucking heard me! Red!" I got out of bed and began to hurriedly put on my clothes that were still folded at the end.

"Bella-" He started to reach for me, but I slapped his arm away hard. He had his chance to talk, and he lost it.

I put on my shoes, shaking my head as I buttoned my shirt. "I get that I made a mistake when I expressed my feelings, but this is not okay. I will not be treated like this. You know, I really thought you were more of a man than this. I thought you were more mature."

"Isabella," he growled my name.

"Red!" I shouted in his face, unfazed. "I don't deserve this. I don't. I have given you every part of myself openly and freely whenever you have the fucking time. Even when it hurts to be here. I deserve more than this. And you know what? I deserve more than two nights a fucking month! So, thank you for opening my eyes before I wasted any more of my time and energy on pining away on another guy who clearly just wanted an easy fuck."

He grabbed my arm when I went for the door, but I whirled around and slapped him as hard as I could across his cheek. It was enough to knock him back. "You don't have permission to touch me anymore!"

I didn't make it to my room before I began to sob. As soon as I shut the front door, I doubled over in pain. My purse fell from my arm.

Tanya literally leaped over the couch and ran to me instantly.

"Oh, no! What did that pig do?" She pulled my upper body onto her lap. Laying herself over my back, she hugged me with her whole body. "Did he hurt you?" I couldn't answer, I just cried as I shook my head.

"Edward, you like hurting people. Go fuck up this asshole," she said to her boyfriend after a few minutes. I didn't even know that he was there. I had kind of forgotten he even existed. My whole world was shattering around me, and I couldn't see through my tears.

"Um, he has a gun, and I'm into consensual pain," he replied evenly. "I do not consent to getting shot then arrested for assaulting a federal agent. And he's already threatened to rip off several parts of my body. Including both of my heads and my balls."

She clicked her tongue. "That's a valid point."

"I already slapped him," I whispered.

"Good," she cooed as she began to pet my hair.

"You don't know why," I sniffled. She just shrugged.

"Doesn't matter."

"Oh Tanya, I screwed up," I whispered before I began to cry again.

I don't know how long she let me get it all out. Time kind of lost meaning. As my tears slowed, my mind sort of blacked out. All of a sudden, I was being lifted and carried into my room. Slowly, I looked up at Edward. He was gazing straight ahead, concentrating on not falling as he got me to my bed. When he put me down in the middle, he pressed his fingers to my wrist and looked at his watch.

"I swear that I'm just checking your pulse," he mumbled. "Are you okay?"

"Not really," I whispered. "I'm not dying, though. I just want to."

"Did he actually hurt you?" He worriedly asked.

I shook my head, pushing my face into the pillow. "I hurt myself. It doesn't matter. It's over now."

Edward sighed heavily. "Okay, well, as a doctor, I'm going to go get you a glass of water. And I want you to drink it for me, alright? I'm a little worried that you're going into shock."

"Fine," I mumbled.

Just a few moments later, he returned from the kitchen with a glass of ice water with a straw. He waited for me to sit up before he handed it to me. Edward sat on the edge of the bed to make sure that I actually drank it. I did so slowly, unable to meet his eyes.

"Good girl," he murmured, making my cheeks flush. He tried to pick up my wrist to take my pulse again, but I pulled it away.

"Really, I'm fine. I'll get more water in a little bit. I'm going to just go to sleep."

"Okay," he said quietly as he stood. "But I'm going to check on you in a little while. Just so that I don't worry about you all night.

"That's unnecessary-"

He lifted his hand to stop me. "Yes, it is. If it makes you feel better, I'll have Tanya do it instead. I just want to make sure that you're alright."

"Okay," I finally relented. "Thank you."

When he left me alone there, I had nothing left in me to cry, and the emptiness returned. I wanted I wash the night off of me, but I couldn't find the strength to get out of bed. I was wrapped in Jasper's smell. A small part of me didn't want to scrub him away, the last remnants of our short time together. I wasn't going to have anything else after the bruises faded.

For some reason, all my mind could focus on was the fact that he didn't kiss me at all during the night and I wouldn't ever get another. I knew I would miss his lips more than anything else and the way they felt on my skin.

My hand hurt where I struck him. Drawing it to me, I held it to my aching heart. I hated myself because the last memory that I was going to have of him was giving him pain that I knew he didn't really deserve. I allowed it all to happen, and I was the only one to blame.

What hurt the most though, was that I just lost my best friend.