



Chapter Twenty-Six: In a Message

Sunday night, we stayed up to midnight even though the trial was starting in the morning. Neither of us would be able to sleep. Jasper set his laptop in front of us, his arm around my shoulder as I rested my head against him. We just stared silently at the screen.

The page for the pre-orders was ticking down to the time when we could buy it. I shared it on my Isabella Swan sites and media, getting my fans of the original novel excited. It probably wasn't that many, but it gave me a little hope. Caroline was amongst them, cheering me on as loudly as she could. She had told everyone at her church. And Justin informed every person who worked for him. He put it in his weekly newsletter. Literally thousands of people. The idea made me flush.

With every second, my heart pumped harder. The counter flipped to the last five. The moment it was live, Jasper leaned forward and picked the option to buy one. It auto-filled his credit card and our address since it was through Amazon. In under a minute, he purchased a hardcover copy of my novel.

My hands went up to my mouth to keep from crying. The whole thing was making me very emotional. He pressed a kiss to my temple. "Congratulations, Ms. Swan."

"I wonder if you were the very first one."

“Goddamn, I hope so.”

I giggled softly. A moment later, my best friend and Tanya texted me seconds apart. They both said the same thing. “I just bought your book!” Jasper’s phone dinged, too. I looked over to see the same message from his parents.

Rose sent one to mine. “We bought two. Can you sign both? I’ll put one on eBay when you’re famous.” When I showed Jasper, he laughed.

“That’s a solid retirement plan,” he joked. Sighing, he pushed his face into my hair. “I’m so glad this is happening tonight. It’ll give me something nice to think about all day. I wish I could read during, but it’ll be televised, and that would look bad for the FBI.”

“You can read my notes over my shoulder,” I offered as I closed his laptop and put it to the side. It was getting late, and we needed to at least try to rest. I wasn’t certain how that would work out.

“I wonder what those will look like,” he mused as he turned off the lamp beside us. We both slid under the covers. The weather was pleasant with the air conditioner, the window over the bed open to help get some circulation.

“It’ll look like gibberish, I’m sure. If you can read it.” I snuggled into his chest, placing my cheek on it. I closed my eyes tightly. “How am I supposed to relax before something like this?” I questioned after a moment of silence.

Rolling over to his side, his arms wrapped around me. His fingers played with my hair. Humming, Jasper then rocked me ever so gently. It was lovely. I didn’t know the tune, but it didn’t matter. He cuddled me to sleep within five minutes.

When I woke up in the morning, he was quietly doing push-ups. He did a hundred every day, along with sit-ups, jumping jacks, and squats if he didn’t go to the gym. It was amazing how quickly he could do it. Most of the time, he did it while I was asleep, and I didn’t even notice. Covered in perspiration, it dripped down his bare chest.

I slowly rolled to my side to watch him. Moving onto his back, he began to do crunches with his eyes closed. Jasper alternated each knee, almost bringing it to his nose. He was concentrating so hard. Every single muscle was tight. He was incredibly hot.

“Sir, can I lick the sweat off your stomach?” I wantonly asked.

Stopping, his feet dropped to the floor. Trying to catch his breath, he looked at me in surprise. Jasper moistened his lip before he swallowed heavily, his eyes moving over my body. “Well, come here, little girl.”

Hurrying off the bed, I sank onto the ground in front of him. Right away, I dragged my tongue over his bare skin just above his belly button. Moaning, his fingers curled into my hair. I moved upwards until it slid over his nipple.

It was so salty, the mix from exercising and stress. Gliding back down, I kissed along his workout shorts. His erection was already pushing up at them. I was only wearing my camisole, panties, and socks. My shirt was baggy, and my breasts were escaping. Jasper pinched my nipple gently.

“Does it taste good, slut?”

“Yes, sir,” I breathed. I had never woken up and done a spontaneous scene like this with him before. It was so exciting.

“Show me what that tongue can do,” he said in a deep voice, laying back comfortably as he massaged the top of my scalp.

Gripping the band of his shorts, I carefully pulled them down as I continued to lick his slick skin. His thighs were damp, too. I dragged it over one to the other before wrapping my hand around his erection. Before I could do anything, he yanked on my hair.

“No, just your tongue.”

Holding himself for me, I teased him as much as I could with it. The taste was so good. Salty, musky, Jasper. I wanted it all. He lazily stroked, his knuckles dragging against my tongue. It made me moan with desire.

He pulled me back roughly by my curls, dragging me up towards his mouth. He didn't kiss me, though. Slowly, he licked from my jaw to my ear. Then he flipped our positions so that my back was on the yoga mat I had bought him so he wouldn't be exercising on the carpet.

“I'm going to fuck your mouth, then we need to take a shower.”

Shifting so he was hovering over me, he pushed at my lips within a second. I opened my mouth happily for him. At first, he only slipped the tip in. “You will swallow it all.” Then he advanced until he was at the back of my throat. “Take all of my cock, Isabella.”

I closed my eyes and relaxed as much as I could. When I did, he rocked. Once again, his fingers wrapped around my locks.

“You're so good with your mouth,” he moaned. “Suck hard. I want to cum quickly.”

Relentlessly, he fucked my mouth until he was shaking. I could feel the tension in his body a moment before he came. Jasper pulled out just as he did, holding my hair so it went across my face and down my chin. It dripped onto my neck and breasts.

“Perfect,” he mumbled, smearing his fingers over my lips. I sucked at his fingertips for a second. I could taste him on them.

“Go get the water started,” he ordered as he twisted off of me to the side.

“Yes, sir.” I hopped to my feet eagerly.

When he came into the bathroom, he had the vibrator wand. I smiled to myself. First, he helped me get into the tub before following behind. Then he passed me the toy.

“Turn it on its lowest setting, and don’t take it off of your clit,” he commanded.

So, with the wand in place, he washed my hair. When he finished with the shampoo, he said, “Turn it up once.” I did as he wished, moaning softly. He continued to add my conditioner before beginning to clean my body. “Again.”

I was getting closer, trembling with the vibration. Jasper was going on as if I wasn’t doing anything abnormal. He washed his own hair, too. When he finished, he turned it up for me three times. I groaned in surprise, throwing my head back. I lightened the pressure I used, but he wouldn’t allow that. He took over completely, pushing it hard against my clit until I came. He didn’t move it after.

Pinching my nipple with his other hand, he bit the side of my breast roughly. Viciously, he sucked the spot until it was purple, and I came again. He kept me from slipping to the bottom of the tub. His strong arms wrapped around me, kissing me gently as his fingers grabbed my ass.

Pulling away, I rested my head on his chest. He let me come down slowly.

“Will you pick out my clothing for today, sir?” I asked when we got out. My alarm was going off in the other room. We had two hours before we had to be at the courthouse. He stood behind me, looking at our shared reflection in the mirror.

“I would love to, darlin,” he smiled before leaning in to kiss my neck. “Do your hair straight and light makeup.”

I grinned happily. “Yes, sir.” I would do anything he asked.

On the bed when I came out was the black pencil skirt and button-down I wore to one of our first meetings. Beside it was a pair of simple white cotton panties and a matching bra. My comfortable flats were in front of them on the floor. Jasper was already in his trousers and was fixing his tie.

Unabashedly, he watched me get dressed. It made me feel so sexy. His desire was glowing in his beautiful blue eyes. He was wearing the tie I had gotten him for Christmas that matched them. When I finished, he walked over to me and lifted my chin. "I would like to take you to a nice breakfast to thank you for your submission. We have time. There is a place close to the courthouse."

"Thank you, sir," I breathed. "It was my pleasure to serve you."

He laid his forehead against mine, closing his eyes tightly. "The scene's over," he said a little sadly. I pouted, too. "That was wonderful. Thank you for distracting me."

"You're welcome." I grinned as I took his hand. The night before, I had arranged my purse with the things I was bringing with me, so I was ready to go.

The entrance we slipped into at the courthouse was a private way meant for cops and criminals as they arrived for trial. There was a whole host of people outside the front, trying to get a peek of what was about to happen. Reporters, angry family members, and weird fan girls with signs declaring their love for the killer.

No one seemed to notice us as a series of white vans came in the connected parking garage. The journalists shouted it was King. The roar of voices got louder. I didn't turn back to look to see if they were right.

Protectively, Jasper led me with his hand on my back into the correct room. It was already starting to fill with people. Three lawyers were on the right side, one of them the DA who asked me questions. As we stepped in, we caught her attention.

"Dr. Hale!" She called pleasantly, smiling at him. The two other lawyers looked over, too. Both of them grinned. One was an older woman with curly brown hair, and the other was a young black man with dreads.

We walked to the front row. "Good morning," he replied politely, bowing his head.

"Good morning!" She smiled at him before looking at me. "Ms. Swan, it's so nice to meet you in person. I'm Jessica Stanley. I'm the lead in this case. You've met Ms. Rachele, and this is my other assistant, Tyler Crowley."

I shook her offered hand and then his. "I'm surprised to see you here," he admitted as he did.

"I'm here to support Jasper," I informed him.

"That's kind of you," Mrs. Stanley responded, then cleared her throat. "I should let you know, you're both going to hear your names during the opening statements. I know Dr. Hale understands that, but I figured I should warn you since you're here."

"Oh," I squeaked before nodding my head. "Okay. Thank you."

"We'll sit a few rows back to make room for the families," Jasper whispered to them. "Is there anything else you need from me right now?"

"Nope. We're good. We're ready to get the bastard," Jessica remarked with confidence. "This is airtight. Don't worry about a thing. You did fine work, Doc."

Taking my hand, we went to the fourth row at the end of the aisle. There were cameras all over the stark white space. Many people were crammed into the small area, most of them wearing badges of some sort. The whole place was buzzing with noise. I pulled out my brand-new notepad with my bag of pens and pencils. Quickly, I took notes about how the room looked.

Jasper got out his glasses and slipped them on, leaning over my shoulder to read my observations without saying anything. His nose scrunched up, and he inclined further in. Finally, he lifted it up off my lap to his eyes. I giggled softly, making him chuckle, too.

"You look sexy in those," I wrote neatly when he put it back down.

Rolling his eyes, he took a pen from my bag in another color and wrote, too. "I shouldn't have picked this outfit. It turns me on." His handwriting was so much neater than mine.

"But it's so modest!" I teased, scribbling right below his words.

"It's your body that makes it so obscene." When he finished, he wiggled his eyebrows at me. I giggled again. "This is terrible. We should stop," he murmured.

"Yes, sir," I breathed.

Holding my gazing, he put the cap back on the pen and placed it in the bag. I pushed my lips together to keep from laughing at his playfulness. We both knew what we were doing. It was what we were doing all morning. We were delaying the slap of reality for as long as possible.

About ten minutes after we sat down, the bailiff came out of a side door. Everyone became quiet. Through another set of doors, Royce Matthew King came strolling out, followed by a band of lawyers in fancy clothes and greasy black hair.

I had tried as hard as I could to look at as few pictures of the man as possible. He disgusted me in every way. It left me unprepared for his appearance. I expected him to be in an orange jumpsuit, shackled, and loudly clanking as he walked. Instead, he was in a beautifully tailored suit. His skin freshly shaved and smooth, and his hair was perfectly styled, too. He wasn't wearing any restraints of any kind. Slowly, his expressive eyes moved over the courtroom with an almost lazy grin on his lips. He appeared to be there for nothing more serious than a traffic violation. As if he could just pay a fine to get out of it in an hour.

If I wandered into the room, I would have never known there was a murderer amongst us. It made my skin crawl.

His eyes settled on me before his smile grew. I knew for certain he was looking at me. Never taking them off of me, he sat down in his chair. He fully turned to stare. It was so painfully direct. His lawyers didn't notice as they talked over him, walking around the table in preparation. Raking them over me, he tilted his head to the side before bringing them back up to mine. King licked his lips.

Jasper was stiff beside me, watching him. Hatred was rolling around his expression, his mouth twisting in place as he tried to control the emotion. But the murderer never even glanced in his direction to notice it. He was too focused on me.

Then he mouthed, "Hello, Bella."