



## The Adolphus

I spent literally all day Friday preparing for Saturday evening. I got my hair done, bought a new dress, lingerie, and even shoes. When I got home from my spa day and shopping, I covered most of my body with hair removal cream and then made sure I got everywhere else as well as I could with a razor. I even painted my nails a light shiny purple. That evening, I put on a hair and face mask, scrubbing my feet and hands while I wore a blackhead nose strip.

Saturday morning, I showered and went over my skin with a razor again just to make sure I was as smooth as I could be. I used a sheet mask as I laid on the couch, listening to music as I tried to relax. I could hear Tanya giggling in her room as I went to shower and wanted to pretend that they weren't fooling around feet away from me.

Taking the time to style my hair, I braided it down my back in a thick rope that went to one side. The makeup I decided on was light, my flavored cherry lip gloss only slightly tinted pink. The dress was a wrap, tying at my hips and going to my knees. It was a deep vibrant purple color. It matched the satin panties and bra underneath.

Just before four, I came out of the bathroom. I was going to leave a little early to pick up some supplies from the pharmacy before. I decided to take an Uber, unsure if I would be able to drive afterward. I didn't want to worry about it. Edward came out of Tanya's darkened bedroom. He was only in his sleep pants, his messy hair slicked back.

"You look nice," he said pleasantly as he headed towards the restroom. "What are you doing tonight?"

"Date," I repeated the lie. It was sad to realize just how little he listened. Not that he had any reason to care.

"Oh," he nodded and smiled awkwardly. "Right. Have a good time." The door closed, and the lock clicked loudly behind him.

In a huge purse, I packed extra clothes and a bottle of water. I wasn't sure what else to bring with me. I had toys that I enjoyed, but I wasn't sure what he had and what he wanted to use.

"Hey," Tanya grinned from the doorway of her bedroom before I left, wearing a big fluffy pink robe. Her hair was up in a wild bun. Her neck was covered in hickeys. Edward was a biter apparently, and she was always dotted with them. She didn't care, she just hid them with makeup. He was laid out on the bed, covered in a blanket. I could see the leg of his sleep pants hanging off the chair in the corner of her room. They were going to take advantage of me being out of the apartment. They usually went to his.

"Hey. I'm heading out. I'll be late, probably."

"I hope so," she giggled, poking me in the side. "Edward was right. You look fantastic!"

"Thanks." I blushed.

"Good luck."

"Yeah," I laughed weakly. "I'll need it."

There was a pharmacy right down the street from my house. At the very least, I was going to come with condoms and lube. Toys were extras, these were not. I also picked up some Plan B. I didn't know if I would even use it, but I decided I would rather have it and not need it than the other way around.

The hotel he was staying at was the Adolphus. It was a nicer one, though a little stuffier. His room was several floors up in a corner. He sent me the room number once he had checked in that morning, confirming our time.

I stood at the plain boring brown door for a few moments, gazing at the silver numbers. I couldn't hear anything, not even other guests on the floor. Swallowing my fear, I knocked confidently. The same thrill from the days before shot down my spine.

Jasper opened the door only seconds later, and it was hard not to gasp. He was tall, perhaps a foot taller than me, with honey blonde hair and icy blue eyes. His skin was soft glowing white, his cheeks sharp. He was strikingly beautiful. He allowed me a quick look before my eyes shot down to the ground. He was wearing a white button-down shirt tucked into dark blue jeans with a soft brown leather belt, barefoot.

"Isabella, please come in," he said in a rich southern accent. He was a Texas native. I had grown up in Phoenix with my mother before moving to Washington to live with my dad and then came to Dallas for school. I wasn't sure why I wasn't expecting it. It was so deep.

He stood back, allowing me to pass. Shutting the door, he locked it behind us. It clicked slowly, clunking as it turned. It was a thrilling sound. Excitement danced in the pit of my stomach. I had no idea what was about to happen.

"Just a few minutes early. Very nice. I like that," Jasper said encouragingly as he took my purse and jacket, placing them on the dresser by the television. He folded the coat up neatly, putting the bag on top carefully.

"Let me look at you," he said in a soft little sigh, coming to walk behind me. I didn't move, my hands to my sides with my chin up in the air. "Alice is often posting pictures with you in them, but I must say that they don't do you justice. You're lovely."

It was hard not to automatically say thank you. I think he knew that too, testing me.

He touched the tip of my braid, flicking it. It was difficult not to jerk, but I stayed still and held my breath. Leaning in close, his nose skimmed my earlobe gently. His breath made my skin tingle pleasantly.

"So, Isabella, I'd like to go over some things before I get started with you tonight. First of all, we are in a hotel. Obviously, we have people all around us. Families, even. People who don't want to hear us fucking aggressively. In general, I find it very rude to be loud if you can help it. You'll find that I'm very much about manners. You will be polite. You will be as silent as possible. You will not speak unless told to directly. If I need to gag you, I will. But I would prefer not to because I would like to have your mouth free for me to use whenever I please. If you make any sounds, I will punish you. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Very good. But there is something I need you to know." He leaned in close behind me so that he could whisper in my ear, "I love them. I love the noises. So, it will be my mission to make you scream." I bit my lip, trying to hide my smile. He brought my braid over my shoulder before his hands went down my arms at an aching slow pace. "Are you excited?"

I nodded again.

“Even if I have to punish you?”

I nodded once more a little more vigorously, pushing my lips together. I certainly hoped he made me scream. His nose went over my ear as he breathed in my scent. A shiver went through me, and I knew he felt it because he chuckled.

His hands moved from my arms to my sides. He pulled me tight against him, as Edward had been standing with Tanya the other night. “Do you see the computer on the dresser?” He questioned. I nodded my head, his hand moving to my stomach. “I like to play music to drown out the noises. I don’t want you to pay attention to the song though, so I put it on repeat. There is a playlist that I like already up. I’d like for you to pick.”

This was a simple task, I figured. I went to his open laptop, the long music list ready for me. There were at least two hundred songs on it. Leaning over a little so that he could have a nice view of my ass, I smirked to myself as I looked over my choices. It was harder than expected though, because I actually liked most of them. Finally, I selected a slower, darker one that I found very sexy. It had a spot on my personal smutty writing playlist.

I stood straight and walked towards him, waiting for his next set of instructions. Lifting my eyes so that they met his gaze, he leaned forward slowly and whispered, “don’t move.”

With his fingers under my chin, he leaned in further. Just a moment before his mouth would have touched mine, Jasper stopped and smiled. I wanted to close the distance, and he knew it. He pecked my still lips several times before moving over my cheek to my forehead. His hand slid from my chin, so I dropped my eyes back to the ground right away.

His nimble hands pulled at the strings at my side that held the wrap dress around me. He tugged them with two fingers slowly, drawing them away from my body to undo the bow. Then they went to the other side, doing the same thing. I felt like I was being unwrapped like a present, his eyes going over my body hungrily.

“Mm, not what I expected,” he mumbled to himself as he pulled the sleeves off of my arms from behind. I was almost worried, but then he continued. “I would have thought you would have worn black or red. Lace. Leather even. I know you like it from your stories. But this is why I wanted you to wear whatever you wished. I like being surprised.” His hand moved over the curve of my breast from behind, just grazing it. I resisted the urge to step back into him.

Jasper came in front of me, holding my chin up again so I would look into his eyes. “Ah, I almost forgot. Your sweetness almost distracted me. The other thing you need to know for tonight is that I don’t want you to hold back at all. I want you to orgasm as much and as aggressively as you can. Do I make myself clear? Speak.”

"Yes, sir," I breathed as his thumb went over my bottom lip.

"What are your safewords? Say them out loud."

"Red and yellow, sir."

"Very good. Do you have anything else to say before I use your mouth for the rest of the evening?" He asked as he pushed it to the center of my lips.

"No, sir," I replied seductively just so my lips and tongue could move against him. He smiled, sliding his thumb into my mouth fully.

"Suck," he instructed, and I began to instantly. Rolling my tongue over the tip, he pulled it my from mouth with a pop. "Damn, your lips are going to look so pretty around my cock. Not yet, though." Jasper wrapped my braid around his fist as he came to stand behind me once again, twisting until he held it all in his palm at the base of my neck. He tugged roughly. A huffing breath pushed through my nose.

Pulling my hair again, he yanked my head back to look at him. His other hand encircled my throat tightly. He squeezed gently, getting pleasantly tighter and tighter. It pushed my breasts out, my ass pressed against his erection that strained at his jeans already.

"What a sweet and innocent little girl," he said against my cheek. "Looking at you, no one would be able to tell, could they? Even with your clothes off. But that's not what you are, is it? Coming to meet strangers to get fucked rough. To get what you really need. We both know what you are. You're an eager little slut." He pulled my hair again, tugging me towards his mouth. Jasper stopped less than an inch away from mine. His tongue curled against my top lip. I smiled just a little.

His rough hips ground against my panties. "Mm, it's going to feel so good smacking your ass." His other hand slipped down to my cheek, squeezing it tightly. I actually had to bite my lip to keep from letting a little gasp slip from my mouth. He chuckled again. "Oh yeah. I'm going to make you scream tonight."

I was going to try my damndest not to make a single noise, but I hoped he could. I wanted us both to win, but I was very stubborn.

"Go put your hands on the bed. Legs apart," he ordered. I knew exactly what position he wanted to see. The bed was turned down, the white sheets slick under my palms. My hair fell over my shoulder. "Arch your back." His hand connected with my ass for the first time. "Very nice." He hit it twice more, striking one side than the other. "I was right. It does feel good," he purred. Jasper stroked one of the places he had just spanked. Then he hit it three times quickly,

stinging the same spot until I felt where his hand was when it was gone. There was a difference from my bare skin to where my panties laid. The tingling was so pleasant.

He switched to the other side, striking quickly over and over again until finally, a small whimper fell from my lips. His fingers tightened around the spot that earned it. My thighs were twitching, my stomach tight. With every hit, the sting increased until it crawled up my spine. He worked on the other side, each slap harder than the last.

When Jasper took a step back, the cool air licked up my thighs. One of his fingers, hot from the spanking, trailed over the edging of my purple satin panties. My leg trembled from the contact.

The next hard, sharp blow surprised me, causing me to gasp again.

“I like watching your ass jiggle,” he chuckled almost to himself. “I could watch it literally all day. It’s so fucking nice.” He hit it again, humming as he did. “Stand up and turn around.”

Doing what I was told, my legs were shaking with electric shocks tickling my thighs. When I wobbled, he brought his hand out just in case I fell. Thankfully, I didn’t. Smiling to myself when I didn’t, I straightened my shoulders. He smirked a little bit.

“Take off my belt, Isabella.”

My hands went to his buckle, working it off as swiftly as I could. I drew the soft brown leather from the loops carefully. When I was done, I offered it to him. Jasper took it in his solid fist, holding it so that it was looped over. He brought it up to my lips. “Kiss it and thank it for the pleasure it’s about to give you.”

I let my lips press fully against the velvety leather, kissing it slowly but deeply. When he didn’t move away, I kissed it again and again. Slow and steady, my mouth moved to the tip. He dragged it over my cheek when he pulled it away.

“I like how grateful you are for my belt. Bend over again. Let me give it to you.”

It was amazing that I didn’t trip over my own feet as I spun around and put my hands back on the bed. The smile that spread over my lips was hard to control. His belt very lightly traced over my panties.

“Eager slut,” he cooed.

The cracking sound was delicious, slicing into my skin as he brought the belt over my ass and thighs. I pushed my lips hard together, taking it in silence. I wanted to cry out for more.

Harder. Faster. Then he put the belt on my back, standing behind me directly. Jasper's fingers traced the marks that he had created, humming to himself in pleasure again.

He roughly pressed his blue jean covered erection to my ass, his hands yanking me back towards it.

"You're already soaked." He took a step back and rubbed a hand between my legs. The wetness made it easy to slide back and forth. I shook against his fingers, my eyes closing as I panted softly. "You are so ready for it already. I love how wet you are. And I like how soft your panties are. I want to feel them."

I heard his jeans unzip, and a moment later, I felt his erection rubbing against the center of my wet underwear. Very gently and almost casually, he began to stroke himself against them. Rocking back on my heels a little, I had to tighten my grip on the bed to keep from moving.

"The belt won't fall," he directed firmly. "Will it?" He slapped my ass hard.

I shook my head slowly, my back stiffening as he played with himself. The urge to turn to look at him was strong. But soon I was too overwhelmed by the sensation of him brushing against me over and over again. My ass was still stinging from the belt. Gasping, he got faster and rougher until suddenly I was shaking.

"Am I going to get you off like this? Already?" I nodded. He picked up the belt with one hand, still jerking himself off with the other. "Good." Jasper became rougher, beating himself against me.

"Oh!" I whimpered in surprise as my legs locked, my orgasm rocking my body. As soon as it began, he pulled away and started to strike me over and over again with his soft belt. My elbows gave in, and I fell into the mattress. My eyes rolled into the back of my head.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Was that a sound, Isabella?" I nodded slowly, shaking from my come down. "And you were doing so well." He wiggled my sticky panties down my thighs, keeping them at my knees. "It's almost impressive how quiet you've been. Your pussy is literally dripping for me right now."

His zipper sounded again, and I realized he was putting himself away. I wanted to pout. I was ready for more, eager to feel him push inside of me. Instead, his belt connected sharply with my bare ass. It was much harder than before. He gave me two on either side, so rough that it made my eyes water.

"That's going to leave a mark," he said teasingly, leaning down to kiss the spot he was talking about. "Next time, there will be more, and they'll be harder," he warned.

Jasper pushed my panties down my legs the rest of the way, pulling them from around my ankles and laying them on the bed beside me so that I could see how wet they were. Grabbing my hair, he tugged me up against him again.

"Take off your bra." I did and quickly brought it in front of me in my fists. He took it and threw it behind us without looking. Both of his hands went to my now bare breasts, squeezing them in his warm, smooth fingers.

Turning me around, his hands went back to my chest right away. He pinched and pulled at my nipples, making sure they were as hard as they could be. My thighs pressed together involuntarily. "I wish I had some clamps. They'd look so nice."

When he pulled away, he went to his suitcase. On top were several plain black ties. Jasper picked one up, playing with it between his long fingers. "I'm going to blindfold you and tie you to the bed now," he said very casually.

Bringing the fabric behind my head, he kissed my mouth almost delicately. The knots were so tight, his lips soft and sweet. "On your knees."

I dropped to the floor instantly. There was a foot between us, but he closed the distance. "Touch me, Isabella."

My hands went to his thighs instantly, happy to feel him. I moved over his erection, trying to gauge how big he was. There was no way to be sure until I saw it with my own eyes, though. He seemed perfect. The button was still undone. He was taking off his own shirt, finally.

"Take it out. I know that's what you want. Kiss it and thank it for the pleasure it's about to give you," Jasper ordered breathlessly, obviously enjoying my affection.

I pushed the zipper down, and his erection came free in front of me. First, I found it with my hands, rubbing it to somewhat measure while I brought it to my lips. My kisses were tiny, and light at the beginning as I covered the tip. Then they became longer, slower, deeper. I moved down to the base, letting my tongue run over him.

He pulled me back by the braid and slapped my face roughly. "I didn't say you could do that yet, slut," he said evenly. "Open your mouth," he ordered. "Wider." He pushed the tip against my tongue in between my parted lips. It barely fit. Very slowly, he pushed until it hit the back of my throat. "That's how you get to taste my cock. Suck."

His hand wrapped around my hair and the tie at the same time, rocking his hips as he fucked my mouth. It was not gentle or slow, and I loved it. I sucked as hard as I could, letting him hit the back of my throat as much as I could. I actually whimpered again when he pulled out. Jasper slapped me once more, harder this time.

"I said no sound. Even if it's for my cock." He pulled me up by the hair and pushed until my legs hit the mattress. "Get on your knees on the bed."

When I did, without warning, he hit me with his belt again. Viciously, he struck me a dozen times. When he was done, he leaned down to kiss the spot several times in a row, almost lovingly. His lips felt cold in comparison to my red hot skin.

"Will you be quiet now?" I nodded my head. It wasn't a promise I could keep, and we both knew it.

Jasper left the bed, and when he returned, he shoved me onto my back before moving a second tie over my stomach. The silk tickled my breasts. His hands moved over my arms, pushing them upwards. Two separate ones held me to the headboard.

"Spread your legs."

His palm moved over my bare vagina for the first time. My hips bucked up, opening for him. His hand was so big that he covered me entirely. "Wider." His fingers traced over my wet and already tender lips. Sharply, he spanked between my legs. My ass jumped in surprise, making him chuckle. My head rolled to the side, pushing my lips together. He did it again.

"I can tell how hard you're trying to follow my orders. You want to scream, don't you?" I nodded my head again quickly. One of my nipples was pulled roughly. "This is just the beginning."

Then he leaned down to bite it. The hand between my legs pressed inside of me, my back arching up towards it. Slick, his fingers came back to draw hard circles around my clit. My toes dug into the mattress, my body rocking against him. I came violently, but he didn't stop. Instead, he moved back inside of me. His fingers twisting, curling, and teasing for a few moments as I rode out the orgasm. Pulling them out roughly, he spanked my clit three times in a row. I came again, this time even wetter. Tears flowed from my eyes as I tried not to cry out.

"Delicious," he purred, leaning down between my legs to begin to lick and kiss. When my thighs tried to automatically jerk away, his strong hands held me in place. His talented tongue brought me two more, soaking the bed underneath me.

When Jasper got off the bed again, he dragged something against the center of my chest. "This is a condom. I'm going to fuck you now, and you're going to cum on my cock just like you did on my tongue and fingers."

On his knees between my legs, he kissed the center of my chest before bringing the square to my lips. I kissed it automatically, knowing that's what he wanted me to do. He

chuckled at my eagerness. Only seconds later, he pressed inside of me. I was more than ready, but he was thick and perfect, making me feel full. Every part of me was sensitive.

He brought my ass off the bed, my legs around his hips. Every movement was sharp, pushing me to the brink. Both of his hands went back to my breasts, squeezing them tightly. Then he pinched my nipples at the same time almost painfully. I came harder than I had in years, shaking as my mouth opened in a silent scream.

“Holy shit, yes!” He growled, leaning down to bite my neck. His teeth sunk in deeply, his hips rocking faster into me. I came again. He called out against my skin, cumming while I seized around him.

He pulled away from me, the sound of something being thrown into the trashcan echoing around me. The music was continuing to play, seeming suddenly very loud. When he crawled onto the bed, he untied my hands. Jasper brought my wrists to his mouth to lightly kiss.

“When I remove your blindfold, the scene will be over, and I want you to speak and move freely so you can tell me what you need. Do you understand?” I nodded my head.

The blindfold was taken off of my eyes. He was laying on his side, smiling slightly. Jasper was sweaty and naked, beyond beautiful. The man was even more amazing with his clothes off. “How are you?”

I kind of giggled, the only response that was really able to come out of my mouth. Rolling my face to the side, I hid my eyes in the pillow as I tried to catch my breath.

“Oh, my god,” I laughed. He chuckled warmly, pushing my hair over my shoulder.

“Did you enjoy that?”

“Yes,” I simpered, wanting to hide my face again. “Did you?”

“Very much so. Did I hurt you?” He questioned gently.

“Not even close.”

“Good,” he smiled. Jasper ran his fingers over my jaw. Looking at him this close made me realize how beautiful he really was. His eyes were stunning, his lashes long. His sharp cheekbones and nose made him almost aristocratic-looking. His smile drew up to one side, his eyes moving over my face. His lips were perfect. “Tell me what you need right now, Isabella.”

“Kiss me,” I blurted out. I blushed as soon as I did. “I mean if you want to. You don’t have to.”

He leaned in, pressing his lips to mine to shut me up. This kiss was slow, gentle, and deep. His big hand cupped my cheek, his thumb rubbing over my temple.

"If this is the kind of aftercare you need, I am more than happy to provide it for you," he said like velvet when he pulled away. Jasper pressed his lips against my forehead. "Would you like to join me in the shower? We should get cleaned up, and I should check to make sure I didn't do any damage." I nodded again, feeling timid all of a sudden.

He helped me stand, going into the large shower to turn on the water to warm it up first. Standing behind me, he smoothed his fingers over my back as his eyes examined my ass in the bathroom. I watched him in the mirror.

"Mm, I left a few bruises for sure. After we shower, I have something to rub on it to help," he murmured. He leaned in and kissed my shoulder, pulling my hair from its band. He combed it with his fingers. "It doesn't hurt?"

"No, it's incredible," I hummed, feeling as if I was high. His hand smoothed over my ass, gripping it so tightly that I moaned softly. I didn't have to be quiet.

"You did so well. I'm torn between happy with your performance and annoyed that I couldn't make you scream like I wanted," he mumbled with his lips against my shoulder, his eyes watching mine in the mirror.

"I wanted to," I smirked a little. He smiled in return. "But, I'm stubborn."

"I know."

In the bright light of the bathroom while in the shower, I got to look at his skin. He was touching me and didn't seem bothered when I did in return. There were dozens of scars dotting his flesh. Biting my lip, I traced one along his stomach.

"What happened?"

"I was in the army before I joined the FBI," he replied evenly. "It helped pay for school. I earned my education with my own blood."

Leaning down, I kissed each scar that I found. Moving over his arms, stomach, then his shoulders. He hummed quietly. Jasper obviously enjoyed the attention. "What rank did you reach?"

"Major," he answered as his hand moved up my back lightly.

I kissed a little one just below his ear. "Well, thank you for your continued service, Major." He chuckled. I shook my head, kissing it again. "I mean it. My dad was a cop. And though I don't think the system is perfect, I know it's more good than bad, and it's because of people like you who work so hard. Work days and days in a row with little sleep. Living out of hotels."

Jasper smirked a little bit. "Well, thank you, Ms. Swan. That's quite sweet. Are you sure it's not just because I've gotten you off half a dozen times, though?" I laughed, leaning my head into the water. His fingers pushed some of the soap from my hair. "Oh, I see. That's it then," he teased when I didn't answer.

"No, that just makes a giggling idiot," I joked as I pressed myself into him, letting my ass brush against him as I turned around. "This is better than those drugs I was selling." He slapped my ass playfully hard, making us both laugh.

Helping me to dry off after cleaning up, he had me put my hands on the bed again so that he could rub a salve over my ass and thighs. I realized then how much a mess I had made on the bed from being fucked.

"Oh, I'm sorry." I blushed heavily.

"Why? It's what I wanted. I was honestly expecting more. You were holding back, though." He shrugged a little bit, opening the tin.

I stood up to look at him in shock. "Excuse me? What part of that was holding back?"

He laughed at my reaction. "Not on purpose. I'm a stranger, you're nervous. I imagine whenever it's happened the most, it's with someone you're comfortable around." I shrugged, pouting a little. "I love how offended you are."

"I just want to do my best," I complained as I put my hands back on the bed. His smooth fingers gently began to massage my back, moving all the way down to my knees. It was so tender, the stinging returning with his new touch.

"You did beautifully, Isabella."

I had an all-over body shiver that he saw. He pressed his hips against my ass for a brief second. I would have let him fuck me again in a heartbeat.

Once I was dressed, I ordered a car to pick me up. Jasper walked with me down to the lobby like a gentleman. As the driver pulled up, he placed an innocent kiss to my cheek and opened the door.

"I had a wonderful time. Thank you."

"So did I," I said sincerely. I pressed a final kiss to his lips before slipping into the car. Closing it, the driver pulled away. As Jasper's fine form disappeared from view, I was almost sure I would never see him again.