



Six Flags Over Texas

Jasper still didn't tell me what we were doing in the morning. He just told me to wear comfortable clothes and walking shoes because we would be outside for most of the day. We had a nice, slow breakfast at a place that he had reserved. It was a bit fancier, and it was jam-packed for the holidays.

It didn't dawn on me what we were doing until we actually pulled into the Six Flags Over Texas driveway. I began to laugh, looking over at him. "Really?"

“Yeah? Is that okay? They’re doing a thing in the park for Christmas, and I used to love to go as a kid, but I haven’t in years. This is pretty date-like, right? This is an acceptable vanilla activity?” He was obviously worried.

I laughed at his wording. “Of course, it is. I haven’t been in years either. It’s a little expensive.”

“Nah,” he replied as he came up to the window, pulling up something on his phone for the parking. Jasper sprung for the closest spots. “I did the membership thing. It was only a few bucks a month, even with the food package. So, we can go for cheap, and I can cancel whenever if you don’t like it.”

“So, we can have more future vanilla dates?” I asked as I took his hand. He squeezed it, nodding a little as he glanced over hopefully. “Sounds fun. It’s kind of unexpected, though. I must admit. You’re usually pretty serious.”

Jasper nodded again. “Well, who doesn’t love a good coaster?”

“I guess that I shouldn’t really be surprised. I think that you like a little danger.”

He laughed, finally unbuckling his seatbelt. “Yeah, exactly. Just a little when I can control it.”

“Me too,” I agreed.

The park was open from noon to nine for Christmas eve. There was a special light parade thirty minutes before closing. It was surprisingly not busy. I guess everyone else had their own plans. It was a little cloudy and windy too, the temperatures in the lower forties. He looked at the fast passes for a moment once we came to the front gate.

“We don’t need those yet. Maybe if it gets busy later,” I said, just not wanting him to spend any more money. I didn’t mind waiting a few minutes in line.

“Probably right,” he agreed as we made our way towards our first ride. There was no one in line for the La Vibora, a bobsled coaster. We walked right on.

There were no belts in the sled. It was a long single bench seat. Jasper stepped down first and helped me get in. He sat against the back, pulling me snug against his chest with his arms around my waist. He put his chin on my shoulder after we got settled, kissing my cheek as I relaxed back against him.

“This is going to be a good day,” I mused as we started up the first hill.

“Yes, it is,” he replied just as we began to fall.

I screamed. I couldn't help it. He laughed, holding onto me tightly as the wind rushed through my hair. Every curve pushed me more into him. My heart was pounding as the cold air stung my cheeks. We were both laughing when we got to the end. Jasper kissed me again.

Sitting up a little, I realized that there was no one in line for the ride. “Um, since there isn't anyone waiting, can we just go again?” I asked one of the young female attendants.

“Sure!” She returned brightly. “Happy Holidays!”

“You too!” Jasper called as I relaxed back in his arms, my head tucked under his chin. I smiled at the girl contentedly.

I didn't scream the second time, I just laughed as I tried to keep my eyes open.

“Okay. What's next?” I questioned with a big smile as we got off. “Let's see. What's over here?”

“The Texas Giant?” He thought out loud, pointing to the left. “I think?”

“Sounds good,” I replied, taking his hand as we walked, almost entirely alone, through the chilly park. I couldn't believe how slow it was. “I wonder if they still have the roller coaster that's in the dark.”

“Runaway Mountain. Yes, they do,” he smiled. “I like that one, too. And there a couple of new things that I haven't gotten to ride before.”

I giggled softly. “I see that you did your research.”

“I did,” he chuckled. “I wanted something nice to think about while I couldn't sleep at night. This has given me something to look forward to for a week.”

“I've been doing some research too,” I admitted to him. “Mine is less fun but more interesting.”

“Oh?”

I nodded, looking away from him. “I've been looking for other murders that might be connected to the New York Tracker case,” I replied, glancing over at him. “It's been rather horribly inspiring for the cop story.”

“Ah! How is that going?” He said excitedly, unfazed by my other comments. “I still can’t wait to read it.”

“Soon,” I promised with a laugh. “It’s not ready for you yet,” I lied. It was the first time that I ever had, and it was the only acceptable reason to.

He sighed dramatically. “It doesn’t have to be perfect!” Jasper whined. “It’s been so long since I’ve been able to read anything new from you. I’ve resorted to reading everything over again.”

“Everything?” I laughed.

“I’ve gone through all of your Isabella Swan stories already this month. Well, I read The Rabbit in the Snow twice when I screwed up. I hadn’t realized that you left your sweet message until then, and I knew that-” he stopped and smiled at me awkwardly. “I am a fuck up.”

I shook my head quickly. “No, you’re not. You fixed your mistake, and that’s all that matters.”

“I shouldn’t have made it in the first place.”

“Stop,” I pleaded, turning to look at him on a bridge over a small pond filled with little white fish. I grabbed his blue jean jacket and pulled him to me. We kissed for a long moment. “Self-pity doesn’t look good on anyone. If I want to bring it up, I will, but you need to stop now. I’m serious. I mean, you’ve obviously learned your lesson or do I need to punish you? Would that make you feel better?” I offered teasingly. I just wanted him to relax and have fun. He didn’t need to think about those things.

He licked his bottom lip, blushing a little. “It might.”

“Maybe I’ll start keeping a tally of my own,” I said as I began to walk towards the entrance of the Texas Giant.

Jasper chuckled. “Mm, maybe you should.”

“Sure you’re not a switch?”

“No. I just like a little pain now and again. But I think it’s something that I’d like to try with you,” he admitted. “I don’t know. Maybe I am, but just with you. We’ll see.”

There was a long walk up the stairs to the roller coaster. There were only two people waiting in line ahead of us. “What kind of pain?” I asked quietly, even though they were far ahead of us.

The teenage couple went to the first car, so we went to the very last row. He didn't answer until we were moving.

"Slapping, hitting, pinching, spanking. Wrestling." He shrugged. "It's something that I rarely get to indulge in sexually unless I find the right sub."

"Wrestling is fun," I replied, looking over at him with a smirk. "So, we need to do a scene where I fight back a little?"

We started up the first hill. The click, click, click of the track was super loud. Jasper took my hand and brought it to his lips to kiss. "Yes, please. When you're ready."

I screamed almost the entire way. I couldn't help it. Jasper closed his eyes and held his chin back as he enjoyed the sensation of the wind on his face. He looked so happy.

We walked onto the next five rides, going on eight in less than two hours. It took longer to walk to the next coaster than waiting in the queues. We decided to take a break so that we could have a snack and a drink. We chose the hot cocoa that they were pushing at every vendor along with a funnel cake.

Sitting inside the warm building by the Bugs Bunny Boomtown, only a couple of families were scattered out at the tables. I dipped a piece of the cake into the drink, taking a little nibble before licking off some of the powdered sugar.

"Oh, that's a good idea," he mumbled. I giggled, taking another piece and giving it the same treatment. I offered Jasper the bite. "Mm, thank you," he hummed after he took it from my fingers. "So, I was thinking about that vacation in February."

"I'm sure that you have been," I said teasingly, rubbing his ankle with the tip of my foot.

He chuckled. "What do you think about Mexico? Do you have a passport?"

"I do."

"I'm thinking about renting a cabin on a beach. I don't think that I'll be able to do it at the beginning of February. Probably the last week. Would that be something you'd be able to do?"

"It depends on the cost," I admitted.

"No. I'm inviting you. You just need to show up. I'll pay for everything," he said quickly. "I need to get out of this country for a few days. I need to turn off my goddamn cell phone and be in the sunshine with you. All you have to do is make the time. Please?" He almost begged.

“I want to put something towards it,” I answered. He shook his head, making me sigh. “Can’t I at least pay for some of the meals or something?”

Jasper rolled his eyes. “Alright. You can pay for some of the food. I’ll pay for the flight and cabin, though. And the special dates that I plan, I’ll pay for. If I go all out, I don’t want to have to worry about you trying to pay.”

“Okay,” I replied, taking another piece of funnel cake. “But I want to do more than that,” I pouted. “But it sounds like fun.”

He took my chin and pulled me over the small table for a kiss. “Spend your money on getting tiny bathing suits.”

“You think that I’ll wear a little swimsuit?” I giggled sarcastically.

Sitting back in his chair, he took a sip of his drink. “I want to see you in a bikini,” Jasper said, almost seductively. I laughed loudly, looking away from him. I quickly shook my head. “Aw, why not?”

I poked my stomach. “Why do you think?”

“Because you lack the confidence to see how beautiful you are. It’ll be just us. So, get something tiny if you want to spend your cash because that’s what I really want.”

“If it’s just going to be us, I’d rather wear nothing at all,” I whispered before licking some powdered sugar from my fingers.

Jasper ran his tongue over his teeth as his eyes went over me. “I’d like that too, but I just have a vision of how sexy you’d be in some little thing just held in place with strings.” I laughed again loudly, my head falling back a little. “Red, like the crop top.”

“Even if I got a bikini, it wouldn’t be a string one. I promise you that.”

He chuckled, offering me a bite of our snack. “We’ll see about that, darlin.”

“You’ve already drawn me in one, haven’t you?” I asked in curiosity. He actually turned red, making me snort. “I want to see it!”

“You definitely shouldn’t see your book now.”

“Mine? Was it really just for drawings of me?” I asked in surprise. He didn’t answer, taking a sip of his cocoa. “Do you have other sketchbooks?”

“Yes.”

“I want to see those too.”

Jasper shook his head, tearing apart the funnel cake and took a bite. “One is filled with some pretty gruesome stuff. You probably don’t want to see it. I do have another one for random things that you might like.”

“What do you mean by gruesome?”

Thinking about it a moment, he wiped his hands with a napkin and swiped it at the table. “Things from my nightmares. Stuff from crime scenes that haunt me. Some memories from my time in the Middle East and Africa.”

“Well, you don’t have to show me if you don’t want to, but I’d still like to see it,” I replied, reaching for his hands.

“I don’t want that in your head.”

I shook it swiftly. “It won’t bother me. I want to know everything about you. Maybe I can help. We can deal with your nightmares together.”

He brought me towards him again for another kiss. This one was longer, sweeter. When he pulled away, he pressed one to my forehead and sighed.

“Ready for some more rides?” Jasper offered once the sweet was done, and we were almost finished with our drinks. I hurriedly downed mine and stretched as I stood. “Wanna head towards Runaway Mountain?”

“Sure,” I said cheerfully, taking his gloved hand.

When we left the building after throwing away our trash, he wrapped his long arm around my side and his thumb hooked into the belt loop of my jeans. I leaned into him. His fingers were so close to my ticklish waist and my ass. I wanted him to touch either spot. As if he heard my thoughts, he slipped his gloved hand just under the hem of my jacket and sweater.

“God, I love the feeling of your gloves on my bare skin,” I whimpered as we started to walk along the rope path to the indoor coaster before it led inside. “I really want you to spank me while wearing them one day.”

He squeezed my side. “I can arrange that. Whenever you want.”

When we got inside the tunnel, I pushed him against the wall. We were all alone, and I hadn't seen a single person the entire walk to the attraction. But the temperatures were actually getting a little colder as it had gotten windier. One of his hands pushed under my shirt to my spine while the other rested at my hip.

I pushed it down to my ass without breaking away.

He didn't need any more instructions. Jasper grabbed me with both hands in big aggressive fistfuls. Our kisses deepened as we tried to press as close together as possible.

"Spank me," I begged. I missed his hands so much. My mouth was back to his a second later.

Without any hesitation, he struck me once, twice, and then again. He grabbed the cheek he hit, kneading it roughly as he grabbed my hair with his other hand. We never broke our kiss. I held onto his jacket, moaning against his mouth.

After a few moments, we pulled apart.

"We need to stop before we get caught. I'm sure there are cameras in here," he breathed against my neck. I nodded, my heart pounding as my stomach twisted with desire.

"Maybe we can continue this later," I offered seductively as I began to walk towards the start of the line.

The two young teens who worked the controls up at the front looked so bored. It appeared as if there hadn't been any guests in a very long time.

For the next few hours, we walked onto almost every ride. We went on perhaps thirty, maybe forty. Sometimes, we just stayed on and rode it a few times in a row. We had a dinner of burgers and fries at Johnny Rockets after going on the Batman Coaster three times in a row.

We watched the light parade, him standing behind me with his arms around my waist to keep me warm. He rested his chin on the top of my head, and I could feel his smile in the way that he held his jaw.

When we got to the hotel, I collapsed onto the mattress. Still while fully dressed, my feet were hanging off the edge so as not to get it dirty. I was lying flat on my stomach, my arms under my head for a pillow.

"I am so tired," I moaned. "I haven't walked that much in ages."

He chuckled. "Here, let's get you changed and into bed."

“Are you trying to get into my pants?” I joked.

“Little girl, we’re both too sore for that,” he replied dryly. “Go into that bathroom and get your fine ass into some pajamas, so we can go to sleep. We have a long day ahead of us.”

Without moving, I kicked off my shoes and removed my jacket so that I was just in my shirt and jeans. Lifting up some, I pushed my pants off my thighs. Finally, I rolled over and yanked them off completely before throwing off my thick purple knit sweater. Tiredly, without moving my tank top, I pulled off my bra. Everything was tossed to the floor.

Then I flopped back so that I was face first in the bed.

“Well, alright then,” he laughed. “I’m going to go to the bathroom. I’ll be right back.”

I was asleep before he got into bed.