



Christmas at the Canvas Hotel

We made our way back to his room at the Canvas Hotel later that night. Jasper and I stayed at his parents' all day before dropping his grandmother off at her home. It wasn't out of the way. She lived in a nice retirement apartment for able-bodied seniors about ten miles from his parents. He carried all of her stuff inside and kissed her goodnight. She might have teased him, but it was evident that he was also her favorite.

He took our stuff inside, sighing when the door closed behind us. Placing all the items on the table, he shrugged off his coat. Jasper's shoulders went slack as he let out a big breath. He leaned his head from one side to the other to pop his neck.

"My, what a day," he said a bit sarcastically as he turned around to look at me, his long black wool coat hanging over his arm.

"It was fun," I replied, taking off my jacket. He took it from my grip and laid it over his. "Your family loves you. They're funny, too."

"They're insane," he mumbled as he walked to the closet to hang them up.

"Oh, for sure," I laughed as well. "But, I like them."

I could see him smile just a little, his cheeks lifting. "I think that they like you, too," Jasper puckishly remarked.

When he finished, he turned to look at me for a long silent moment. It was a big day for him, and I could see it in the tiredness in his eyes. I closed the distance between us to kiss his lips gently.

“Thank you for inviting me.” I knew what it meant to him. He made me feel special because, to him, I was. He had never brought another girl home and certainly never confessed his feelings, loudly, in front of his family. It meant more to me than he knew.

“Thank you for coming, darlin. I’m sorry that they’re so intense,” he stopped, shaking his head as he blew out a long breath. “They mean well.”

I giggled, playing the buttons of his shirt. I undid the top two. “They do. I promise that it’s fine.” I smoothed my hands down his chest, looking up into his intense blue eyes. “So, tomorrow, do you want to just spend the day relaxing? We could go to my place, and I can cook for you,” I offered.

“I’d love that,” Jasper agreed instantly, his hands resting on my hips. “Sounds like exactly what I need.”

“Perfect.” Leaning up on my tiptoes, I kissed his lips lightly again. “I’m going to get changed for bed. Would you mind unzipping me?”

When I turned around, he wordlessly did so as he had done two weeks before when I had worn the same dress. With his lips on the back of my neck, his fingers inched down slowly. This time, I savored his attention. I closed my eyes, pulling my hair away from my neck for him.

I grabbed my bag and went into the bathroom afterward. Taking my time, I changed into a red lace bustier and matching boyshorts. I brushed my teeth and hair, putting on dabs of perfume behind my ears, between my breasts, and on the back of my knees. Finishing with chapstick, I put on my silky blue robe. I gazed at myself in the mirror, trying to make myself look and feel confident. Like I had done so many times before in the day, my fingers traced over the lock necklace.

Jasper was lying on the bed, sitting up against the headboard in his sleep pants and a gray t-shirt. His ankles were crossed, and he was still wearing his white socks. He had his reading glasses on and had the binder opened on his lap. They were on the very end of his nose, his eyes glued to the page. He was smiling to himself.

“I hope you know that I want your honest opinion on it,” I told him to get his attention.

He smirked a bit, glancing up. He really didn't seem to notice anything about what I was wearing. Jasper had seen my silk robe a few times before, and he was used to it. If he only knew what was waiting for him underneath.

"I promise that I'll give you one." I looked at him in disbelief at his words. We both knew that he was biased. "I'll have you know that I've already used one of the red pens," he defended himself quickly.

"Oh?" I said innocently, playing with the ends of my belt. "And what corrections do you have for me?"

"There was a double period on page five," he chuckled, closing the binder to give me his full attention. His eyes went over my bare legs. My robe was rather short, giving him a lot to look at.

"Ah. Damn typos," I teased, clicking my tongue as I shook my head. Slowly, I pulled it off and put it on the dresser. I leaned against it as I tried to be casual. "So, would you like to keep reading, or are you ready to get on your knees for me?"

"Yes!" He shouted, practically tossing the binder to the nightstand before he started to crawl towards me on the bed. I laughed at his eagerness, his long arms pulling me towards him as he knelt on the end of the mattress. He kissed me, his hands moving to my back. They were everywhere very quickly, as were his lips.

"Oh, my," I giggled breathlessly, his teeth on my throat. I ran my fingers through his hair, tilting my head back as he moved to my shoulder.

Jasper pulled back suddenly and almost dramatically. "Are you sure? This isn't February. There is no rush. I mean it. I will wait until you're ready."

"I was joking about that," I said as I tugged at the hem of his shirt. He threw it off for me, his hands moving to my hips after. "I miss you. I need you."

"Oh, thank God," he moaned as he kissed down my chest. I laughed again, my fingers snaking into the curls at the back of my neck once more. Jasper began to kiss my breasts through my bra. "You're so sexy. Is this part of my Christmas presents because I love the wrapping paper."

"Well, it's not like I could give it to you in front of your parents," I joked, wiggling my hips at him.

Jasper laughed, grabbing my waist and throwing me down to the bed. He crawled over me instantly, kissing from my collarbones to my throat before starting back down again. He was straddling my legs, his hands on either side of my body.

“Actually, I have another gift for you,” I interjected lightly.

“Oh?” He mumbled, kissing around my belly button. Jasper didn’t bother looking up. He was just lightly pecking, his nose dragging along my stomach gently. “I’m pretty sure that it won’t top this.”

“How would you like to do a scene on New Year’s?” I asked very softly.

He instantly looked worried, his head shooting up. “Oh, darlin, I’d love to. But I can’t arrange to be off that quickly, and I’ll be-”

“I know. I thought that I could come up to New York for a few days. Even if we just get to sleep in the same bed for a little while, it’s all I want.”

“Really?” He grinned wildly. “I will have that New Year’s Eve night off and the next day. It’s just not enough time to fly home. Are you sure?”

I nodded, my hair rustling against the covers. “I already bought my tickets. Don’t worry, free cancellation,” I explained as I moved my hands down his arms. “Hopefully, you’ll catch that motherfucker before, and you can come home to me.”

Jasper laughed. “That is an awesome gift. Wait. You’re ready to do a scene? Really?”

“Not tonight,” I said seductively as I pushed his sleep pants down his hips just a bit. “But it’s exactly how I want to bring in the New Year. Being completely and totally yours. We can do whatever you want.”

His eyes got wide as he began to think about it, looking away from me to the side. A million ideas were running through his head, a thousand possibilities. I put my hand on his chin and got his attention again, leaning up to kiss it. I nipped it, letting my teeth drag over his skin.

“Do you want to go out?” He asked as I kissed up his jaw.

“Whatever you want,” I repeated. “I’m yours.”

“What day will you come in?” He questioned as I began to suck on his earlobe. He actually shuddered with my touch, but he was too excited to stop asking questions.

“Thirtieth.”

Jasper looked about five years younger, his happiness making him glow. It was just a little thing to fly up there and see him, but it was totally worth it. I hadn't had a vacation in years anyway.

"Should I book a hotel, or can I stay with you?"

Quickly shaking his head, he grinned. "I'll book you a nice one. I'll stay with you there. You don't want to stay in that shit hole," he mumbled the last part. "When will you fly back?"

I shrugged, sitting a little on my elbows underneath him. "I haven't bought my return flight yet. I thought that I'd talk to you first. I didn't want to impose for too long."

He laughed joyously. "You can stay as long as you want, darlin. If you don't mind me working, I just want to come home to you."

"I can write anywhere," I offered as I laid back against the bed. My hair fanned out around me. Innocently, I bit my lip, batting my eyelashes as my finger ran down his chest. "I'll stay for as long as you want."

Jasper laughed again happily. I had never seen him smile so big before. "What if I want to keep you until I get the transfer? I'm working until the fifteenth."

I shrugged again. "Two weeks ain't long. Have you bought your tickets home yet?" He shook his head. "We can fly home together. If you wanted to."

He thought about it for a moment, looking worried. "You are going to be so bored alone all day."

"What do you think I do every day?" I asked curiously. "I've been alone for years. That won't be. And maybe I can go to New York City for a day. It's about three hours by train, so maybe if I had an early morning, I could go for the afternoon and come back that evening. Or maybe if you get a day off, we can go together. I can go out and explore."

"That would be great," he agreed instantly. "You're really willing to spend that long with me?"

I giggled, rolling my eyes. "Um, I don't know how to break this to you, but I'm kind of hoping to spend a lot longer than that with you."

Taking a deep breath, he nodded. Jasper was still smiling, his cheeks hot pink. "Yeah. Me too," he whispered before he began to kiss me. It was slow and gentle, his fingers on my jaw

as his thumb ran over my cheeks. "We aren't leaving this bed tomorrow," he promised solemnly against my mouth.

"You mean that you're not going to fuck me in the shower?" I asked as I pulled his pants and underwear down his hips all the way. His erection actually bounced off my stomach. "And bent over the table. On the floor. The dresser. Can we go to the loveseat, at least? I really want to ride you there."

"Oh, fuck. You make many splendid points," he breathed excitedly as his fingers moved over my ribs and over my hips to my thighs. "Goddamn, you look so good. You're going to wear this for me during a scene."

"Yes, sir," I moaned as he bit through the fabric of my bra. Jasper nipped at the underside of my breast, his hand going to the other side. He gently squeezed it.

He kissed to the center of my chest then looked up at me almost shyly, innocently. "I've been thinking about this moment for weeks, and now I don't know what to do. I'm actually nervous."

"Why?" I stroked his hair soothingly. "It's just me."

"I know. That's why. It's you. I used you before, and I don't want to do that ever again. I want you to feel adored and wanted. I did everything wrong-

"No," I laughed, pushing him down onto his back. "We wouldn't be here if you did." I straddled his waist. Taking his hands and putting them on my thighs, I pushed them back to my ass. "Now," I swirled my hips over his erection, the rough lace rubbing against him, "you've made some rather grand promises, Dr. Hale, and I hope that you intend to keep them." I leaned down and began to kiss his chest. "You said 'days.'" To make a point, I licked his nipple and very gently bit it.

This was all that was needed to jump-start his brain. He growled a bit, grabbing my hair and pulling my mouth to his. His other hand slipped down the back of my panties. We began to grind against each other, his hand on my ass moving me in a rhythm that he liked. I did, too.

When he pulled it out, he drew his palm back for a quick, hard strike to my ass. I moaned and smiled against his mouth, rocking against him. He chuckled a little, his fingers sliding up to my bra. Jasper quickly worked it off and over my arms.

"Fuck, we need condoms," he suddenly realized. I shook my head.

"The shot. Remember?"

“Are you sure?” He asked, making me laugh again. I nodded vigorously. “Okay, I’m sorry,” he laughed, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. When he opened them, he raised an eyebrow at me. “I hope that you’re ready for this,” he said a bit sarcastically, trying to get some of his own confidence back.

“I hope that you are,” I remarked sassily, making him smirk at my challenge.

Jasper roughly shoved me back, attacking my mouth. He crawled down my body again, spreading kisses as he went until he moved off the bed and onto the floor on his knees. I sat up on my elbows to look at him. Grabbing both of my calves, he yanked me towards the end of the mattress. I giggled at his rough treatment, but it turned into a moan as he began to kiss between my legs through the fabric of my panties.

“Shhh...” he teased, purposefully humming against me.

“You shhh... I’m going to get loud tonight,” I declared brazenly. I was going to be as naughty as possible to earn as many spankings as possible for New Year’s. He laughed against me for a moment before his tongue ran slowly over the bend of my thigh. “And I’m going to cum everywhere. Oh, god,” I whimpered as he gave the other side the same treatment.

“Yes, you are,” he promised seductively.

We made love until the sun literally came up. And we never made it to my apartment. Jasper didn’t let me put clothes on for two solid days. Though, we definitely made it to the sofa. A few times.