



The Gavel

“You may speak freely,” Jasper reminded me once we got to the bar about fifteen minutes from the hotel. “Just be as polite as possible.”

“Yes, sir,” I smiled. I wouldn’t do anything to embarrass him, and he knew that.

“And you probably shouldn’t call me that inside,” he smirked and winked.

It was evident by the multitudes of cop cars, marked and unmarked, the name of the place, ‘The Gavel,’ and the dozen or so officers standing outside beside heaters smoking that it was a place almost exclusively for law enforcement. It was about a block from the police station and city jail.

“I’m going to be ordering your drinks for you tonight. If you have any real objections, please let me know. When was the last time that you’ve eaten?” He asked as he took my hand, walking with me towards the entrance.

“I had a croissant about four.”

He glanced over at me worriedly. “Is that all you’ve eaten today?”

I shook my head. “No, sir. I ordered room service for lunch. I had a salad and some soup. The croissant was a snack,” I explained. “I didn’t know if you wanted to eat. I also had one for breakfast. They were delicious. Thank you.”

“Good.” He nodded, squeezing my hand. “I didn’t get a chance to eat. They actually have decent food here. Once again, I’ll order for you. If you have any objections...”

“I won’t, sir,” I replied in a soft whisper. He smirked a little. “You know what I like.”

We came into viewing distance of the crowd of smoking officers. There was a wave of recognition as we approached.

“Hey, doc!” A couple of people called. Several others said cheerful hellos. They smiled when they saw him, genuinely. They liked him. I imagined that he had gotten to know some of them since he had been working the case for so long. He wasn’t usually in one spot for too long.

“Hey!” He called back as we headed to the door. “Y’all can freeze! I’m going to take my girl inside, and you can talk to me in there.”

They all kind of chuckled, waving to him or making jokes about us southerners in the cold.

As soon as we got inside, several more people greeted him. It wasn’t just officers either. There were men and women dressed in nice business clothes. They looked like lawyers. I couldn’t imagine how many people were working on the case.

He ushered me to a small table in the crowded space, pulling out the chair for me. A little waitress rushed over to us to give us a short paper menu. She looked exhausted and probably still had a long night ahead of her.

“We’ll take a dirty martini, extra olives, and a Malibu and pineapple, please,” he informed her, his eyes quickly going over his choices for food. “We’ll also take a basket of cheese fries, and we’ll both have cheeseburgers. Can you make hers with the stuff on the side, please?”

“Oh, yes, sir!” She swiftly wrote it down. Obviously, she wasn’t ready for him to order. I smiled to myself. He was a little pushy, but only because he knew what he wanted.

“Is that acceptable?” He asked when she left. I nodded, rolling my eyes a little. He knew that I loved burgers and fries.

“May I have a glass of water with the food, though?”

Jasper quickly nodded. “Of course. I’ll order it when she returns. That’s probably wise, anyway. Don’t want you to get a hangover tomorrow. We have plans.”

A tall skinny man with a deep tan came walking up behind Jasper. He was wearing a suit. Patting his shoulder, he surprised him a little. My boyfriend turned to look at who was getting his attention and smiled.

“Oh! Hey, Sam.”

“Jasper,” he greeted, but he was looking at me. “So, you must be the lovely lady that he keeps going on about. He hasn’t shut up about you in months.”

Sam offered me his hand, and I took it with a small smile before quickly shaking it. “I have no idea what he’s been telling you, but I promise that it’s all lies,” I quipped playfully.

He laughed warmly. “Well, he’s been saying nothing but incredible things.”

“Oh, then they’re definitely lies,” I deadpanned. Jasper smirked, and I grinned at him happily. It was my turn to wink at him. I would be polite, but I could still be feisty.

“Well, he’s been saying that you are a knock-out, and that’s true,” the other man complimented smoothly, making me instantly blush. “And the fact that you came up here is very sweet. I would love it if my wife came up here for a visit, but she says it’s too cold.”

“It is,” Jasper interjected with a laugh. “Especially compared to Texas. Sam’s out of Fort Worth,” he explained to me. “He’s my partner.”

“Only for a couple more weeks!” He complained then sighed. “I mean, I get it,” he pointed at me. “I’m just going to miss you, man.”

Jasper sighed mockingly and dramatically. “Like you won’t see me at the office.”

“It’s not the same,” Sam whined then took a swig of his beer. “So, are you staying for the countdown?”

He quickly shook his head. “Nah. We’re just stopping in for a quick bite and to say hi. We’ve got better places to be.” The waitress brought our drinks. “Thanks. Honey, get her a glass of water too, please,” my boyfriend said to her briskly before turning his attention back to his partner. “I took Bella to a four-star restaurant last night, so I thought that I’d bring her here tonight.” He rolled his eyes at himself. It just made me giggle.

“Hey, those cheese fries are better than anything at any four-star restaurant that I’ve ever had.”

“And how many have you eaten at precisely?” His friend made a face at Jasper’s question. “That’s what I thought. This place was delicious, though. It was real Italian. You should try it if you get a chance.”

The waitress brought the large basket of cheese fries. They were crinkle-cut with a cheddar cheese sauce. It came with ketchup, ranch, and barbecue sauce to dip them in. My stomach genuinely growled. His partner tried to reach for one, but Jasper snatched his wrist midair.

“No. You don’t get to touch my food, especially before my girlfriend does.”

I giggled, picking up a fry and dipping it in the ranch. “Sweetheart, we’re going to need some napkins.”

“Right. I’ll ask when she comes back to the table,” he smirked, eating one himself. “Anyone else here?” He asked Sam.

“Half the station is here. The hot DA is, too.” He wiggled his eyebrows.

I playfully gasped. “Don’t you have a wife in Fort Worth?”

“Yeah, but I ain’t blind or dead,” he spoke in a thick southern accent. I snorted, shaking my head. “I don’t mean any harm by it. It’s just fun to look. She’s barely even real.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

Jasper shook his head. “He means that this woman looks like a model turned actress that would play a lawyer on a cheesy television show,” he clarified, rolling his eyes again. “She’s honestly... boring. That’s probably terrible to say about a person,” he whispered. “She’s fine, but I could barely keep my eyes open that one time that I talked to her here,” he explained. I tilted my head slowly in question. “A few months ago. We had a few drinks and chatted. That’s it.”

“She’s always here,” Sam added. “I don’t know how someone so pretty could be dull.” He looked over at Jasper, shaking his head before shrugging. “Maybe you just needed to pick a different subject.”

I laughed to myself, pursing my lips together. There were so many things that I could say. Instead, I ate some more french fries. He didn’t need a different subject. He needed another flavor. The pretty DA was too vanilla for my sexy FBI guy’s tastes.

The waitress returned with my water, and two uniformed officers came up to say hi. Sam went off to mingle. The burgers had the same wonderful cheese sauce on them. The food was

delicious, and I was enjoying it. It was fun to see Jasper so happy and talkative with people that he considered friends.

He ordered me four Malibu and rums over two hours.

We barely got left alone, so many people came to greet us. When we finally got a private moment, he beckoned me to come closer. He kissed my lips fiercely for a second and then brought his to my ear. "Go to the bathroom, freshen up, and take some pictures for me. Send them to my phone."

Of course, the bathroom was busy on New Years, but there were far fewer women than men there. I washed my hands first before fixing my lipstick. When a stall came free, I rushed inside.

I actually took off my dress, carefully putting it on the hook. Underneath, I was wearing the same red lace bustier from before with a different pair of panties. These were red but crotchless.

Taking several pictures, I touched myself as I did. First, I teased my nipples to make them hard before pulling down the cups. Putting my foot upon the paper dispenser, I showed him exactly what was under the dress. At any point in the night, he could simply bend me over and fuck me. I wanted him to have total access to me.

I sent them all to him before redressing. He wasn't alone when I arrived back at the table. There was a fresh drink waiting for me. Without breaking his conversation with an older man in a wrinkled brown business suit, he took my hand and brought me to him so that I was sitting in his lap.

"Jerry, this is my girlfriend, Isabella," he introduced me to him politely, but it was very stiff. I realized that he was hoping that I would make him disappear. "This is my superior, Dr. Jerry Marcus."

I shook his hand politely, not saying anything. His eyes went over my legs that were crossed at my knees to my breasts. They didn't go any higher. The man was old enough to be my grandfather.

"Ah, so you're the reason that he's quitting," he said dully, taking a sip from his tumbler.

"I didn't ask him to," I stated in surprise at his bluntness. "He decided before we even started dating. And he's not quitting, Jasper is getting a promotion," I reiterated, flushing a bit. I realized that I was a touch tipsy. He looked unimpressed with me, but I wasn't going to allow him to insult my boyfriend through me.

“Right.”

“Jerry, I decided to quit working with you because you’re a pompous son of a bitch that makes my life harder. I’ve met murderers that I like better,” he flatly explained, taking the final sip of his martini. He only had the one since he was driving. There was only a bit left in the glass. “Literally,” he sniffed, putting it down with a clink as he held his surprised gaze. “Darlin, it’s getting close to ten-thirty. We should go,” he finally added, running his hand from my neck, down my shoulder to my fingers. He helped me to my feet.

Once I stood from his lap, I quickly finished my drink so as not to waste it. It wasn’t hard. It was small and sweet. My boyfriend stood up behind me, and honestly, I wouldn’t have wanted to be at the end of his death stare. He could be terrifying. I had a feeling that Dr. Marcus hadn’t fully appreciated how intimidating a man he was until that moment. Jerry just studied killers, but Jasper was deadly. And it turned me on.

The man didn’t know what to say, blinking, and taking a step back. It was evident that he didn’t expect such a blunt and brutal response. He had been rude to me, though, and needed to be cut down.

“Ah, it seems that you’re the reason that he’s transferring,” I smirked a little, going to get my coat from the back of my chair. “Obviously, I’m willing to travel.”

When we walked out, half a dozen people blithely called to us to have a good night and a happy new year. Jasper had his hand on the small of my back, and when we turned away from the smoking crowd, it went down to my ass.

“If we weren’t surrounded by cops, I would spank you in this parking lot. I’m already half tempted to fuck you in the back seat as it is. I can’t believe that you’re wearing crotchless panties,” he murmured, his grip tightening. “And I can’t believe that he said that to you. That rude asshat.”

He pushed me against the car once we got there and kissed me furiously, both of his hands were on my jaw as he held me in place. I moaned against his mouth in surprise. I could taste the saltiness of the martini on his tongue for just a second before it was overwhelmed by the sweetness of my pineapple. His hand slipped to the back of my head, knotting roughly with my hair.

When he pulled away, he opened my door and swiftly went to the other side. He brought the car to life, turning up the heat so that it was on high and switching on the seat warmers for both of us.

“Unbutton your coat,” he ordered. I did so, and he quickly pushed it open over my chest and away from my thighs. The cold air made my body shiver, but the warmth was already

overtaking it. Jasper ran one of his big hands over the inside of my thigh, pushing my dress up as he did. He didn't stop until it was in my lap, exposing my panties. "Spread your legs." I do so as widely as the seat would allow. He instantly began to rub their, surprising me with the intensity. I closed my eyes, leaning my head back against the headrest as I tried not to moan loudly.

Then he spanked me there, between my legs at the apex of my thighs. Sharp, quick, three times in a row. I cried out in pleasure.

"You're going to wear these all night and soak them for me."

"Yes, sir," I whimpered.

"Such a dirty little slut, wearing these in public. I've never seen you in something so naughty before, and this is the night you chose to wear them?"

"I wanted you to be able to fuck me whenever you wished, sir," I answered, and he struck me again.

"It doesn't matter what you wear. I can fuck you whenever I want. You're mine. This pussy is mine." He struck me again. No one would be able to see us in the dark of the car. We were parked between two large SUVs that kept us from view.

"Yes, sir. It's yours."

"If I wanted to fuck you against the hood of this car, you'd let me," he stated as he began to play with my clit. "If I want to get you off right here, I will." I moaned at his words, my hips rocking forward. "You better stay quiet, or they'll know how much of a slut you are."

"I want them to know," I simpered. He quickly struck me again, three times in a row. I rocked against him.

Jasper leaned over to kiss me, playing with clit roughly as he did. It was savage. I couldn't stop moaning against his mouth.

Suddenly, he pulled away. "Shouldn't make a mess on your new coat, little girl." Then he sucked his two fingers clean.

"Oh fuck," I laughed and sighed, taking a deep breath. He chuckled wickedly. I was glad that I was able to speak right then. Just then someone walked behind the car. He pulled my coat back over my legs.

"Time to go, Isabella. We have better places to be."

