



## Tied Down

As soon as we got back to the room, Jasper removed my coat and scarf for me. “Take off your dress and gloves.”

I did as I was told, offering the clothing to him. He put them on the dresser, walking over to the laptop to start some music.

“Go get the strawberries and wine that you so thoughtfully got for us yesterday,” he instructed, not looking at me as he removed his own jacket. “I’m ready for a little something sweet.”

When I went to the fridge, I realized that there were two more bottles of expensive champagne inside that hadn’t been there before. I smiled to myself. He had prepared for the evening as well. I wondered when he put them in there and where he had hidden them because he hadn’t brought them into the room with him earlier in the night.

I brought the bowl of cut strawberries and the can of cream to the table before bringing the wine and flutes. Mine was just a twist top because I didn’t want to buy a bottle opener. He took off his suit jacket but stayed in his vest and tie. He looked so good. Jasper poured us each a glass before sitting. He yanked me into his lap with a plop, making me giggle.

“You look cute in the boots,” he began teasingly, his fingers going over my thigh highs. “I’d like to see you in some taller ones, though. To your knees. Higher heels. Maybe a leather corset.” Jasper started to kiss down my shoulder. I leaned my head back to give him better access. “Or maybe latex. Something practically painted on.”

“Just show me what you want, and I’ll try my best to get it for you, sir,” I promised. He nodded, kissing down to my breasts. His fingers danced over the bare parts of my thighs.

“I know that you will, sweet girl.” His tongue dragged over the curve just below my collarbone. He lifted his head and licked his lips, smacking them together almost playfully. “You are literally sweet. You taste like powdered sugar again.” He ran his tongue over his bottom lip.

“Um,” I laughed, “it’s actually honey dust. Edible body powder. It’s vanilla cupcake.”

Jasper laughed, pressing his face to my shoulder for a minute to hide his smile. “You are full of surprises tonight,” he remarked, kissing it several times. He was obviously pleased. Amazon was a wonderful thing.

“I wanted the evening to be extra special for you,” I confessed, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

“Oh, it will be, darlin,” he purred, spreading my legs with one of his hands and rested it on the inside of my thigh. His nose dragged over my jaw to my cheek, pressing a little kiss to it before he reached for one of the glasses. “Here. Drink with me.” I did so quickly in one go, making him smirk and shake his head a little. “Okay, maybe not that fast. We’re in no rush. How drunk are you already?”

“Mm,” I hummed and smiled at him innocently. I pinched my fingers together and wrinkled my nose. “A little, sir.”

“A little or a lot?” He teased, kissing my neck. “That’s your sixth.”

“Not too little, not too much. Perfectly drunk,” I replied with a giggle as his tongue moved over my skin slowly. A shiver ran up my spine.

He chuckled at my response. “Well, if that’s the case, you don’t need anymore. I know what I want to do with you right now. Get up on the table.”

The table was long and rectangular. It was obviously made from real wood and was very heavy. It didn’t even shift a little when I sat on the edge after I moved things to the side. Jasper stood and pushed me back onto it, then dragged me by the hair so that I was completely on the tabletop, only my boot covered feet hanging off. While still holding my curls, he came in for a fearsome kiss.

Jasper finished his first flute of wine very quickly then poured himself another, smiling at my appearance. Taking a little sip, he dragged his finger over my lips then down my stomach as he walked to where his dessert was waiting for him.

Unexpectedly, he picked up the can of whipped cream and shook it violently, so that he could squirt some into his mouth. I pursed my lips to keep my giggling, openly watching him. He raised an eyebrow at me playfully. If he punished me for it, I didn't care. I wanted him to.

Instead, Jasper brought it up to my mouth and offered me to some. I giggled, licking the extra off my lips. He leaned down, kissing them as he ran his fingers through my hair. His smile was brilliant.

He took a strawberry from the bowl and offered me a taste before finishing it. Licking his lips, he took another sip of champagne.

"Lay flat," he commanded smoothly. I straightened myself up, spreading my arms above my head in an effort to make myself as smooth as possible. For a moment, his fingers mischievously moved over my ticklish stomach. Jasper smiled to himself, finishing his second glass. He wanted to catch up with me.

Carefully, he laid the strawberries cut side down from my chest to my stomach and a few on my thighs. Giving the can another good shake, he snaked a line of whipped cream all around them, mindful not to get any on my lingerie.

"You look delicious," he mused as he swirled his finger through some of it. Offering it to me, I sucked it clean. He leaned down to take one of the strawberries right above my belly button before slowly licking off the cream.

Almost delicately, he ate them one by one. He hummed at the flavor, occasionally stopping to take a sip of his drink and change his angle over me or to offer me a taste. Usually off his finger or from between his teeth. Jasper took his time, savoring every bite. He cleaned me completely with his tongue, purposeful and slow.

"Stand up."

I hopped onto my feet eagerly, only feeling slightly sticky from being used as his plate. He turned me around and put my hands on the table, bending me over some in the process. His fingers dragged slowly down my back before Jasper kissed the base of my neck.

"You're not the only one that got something special for tonight," he slyly stated as he squeezed my ass cheek tightly. Then he spanked it gently, just enough to make it shake a little.

He walked over to the dresser and picked up the brown paper bag. Jasper pulled out a small leather flogger, feeling the weight of it in his palm before running the tails over his other hand. It was matte black and simple.

First, he dragged it over my bare thighs before striking me. It was soft and experimental. I didn't move, taking in a deep breath as I closed my eyes. Each hit got harder as he became more confident. Tantalizingly slow, he slid the tails down my back before letting it nip at my thighs. Jasper did it over and over again.

"Do you like this, Isabella?"

"Yes, sir," I breathed. I was honestly starting to feel high. There was no pain in what he was doing to me.

"It's eleven-thirty. I'd like to tie you to the bed now," he spoke evenly before lashing me again across the cheek. "Take off your bra for me."

I reached behind me and undid the hooks before he helped me push it off my shoulders. The red fabric fell onto the table before I straightened up to my full height. His hands moved over my stomach and my hips, his nose on the back of my neck. "I think that it's time for the boots to go, sadly."

Very soon, I would be investing in a few new pairs of boots for sure.

I bent over to untie them, and he gripped my hips, pressing himself against my ass as I did. I had to bite my lip to keep from giggling. It took a moment to pull off my shoes, and he kept me balanced as I did. The entire time his erection dug into me.

"It's so tempting to fuck you like this."

When I came back up, I made sure to wiggle against him. Chuckling, he swatted my ass playfully. Leading me to the bed, he helped me get into the center. Jasper unbuttoned his sleeves and rolled them up to his forearms, looking me over before going to get the rope and scissors. I couldn't hide my smile.

He took my wrist and kissed it, sucking at the pulse point. Carefully, he wrapped the rope around it, not too tightly. Unsurprisingly, Jasper was good at knots. Stretching my arm out, he connected it to the bed, cutting the rope to do the other side. Each one was tight, and I could barely wiggle my shoulders.

His fingers traced over my bare arms, lightly spreading kisses over my chest but not my breasts. Sitting upon his knees beside me on the mattress, he rolled my thigh high down over

my feet. When the fresh air hit my skin, I shivered. Goosebumps spread all over my arms and legs. Finally, he tied my legs to the end of the bed.

Jasper retrieved his new toy from the table. He twirled the handle in his fingers, smirking to himself as he looked at his handiwork. The tails went over his palm over and over again, moving through his long fingers.

“Damn, you look so pretty spread out like that for me,” he practically purred as dragged the soft leather over my breasts. I pushed my chest out towards him, wanting more. The first strike was gentle, the second unexpectedly going to my thighs. My body automatically jumped in surprise, my legs drawing up some.

There was no part of my body that he didn’t mark. From my arms to the bottoms of my feet. Some places he was more gentle than others, just tickling me while others were vicious. I was going to be covered in thin bruises.

It began to get louder around us in the hotel. The bar had a party going, and it was about two minutes until midnight, according to someone on a microphone. Jasper kicked off his shoes finally and crawled over my body. Sensually, his fingers moved over me as his eyes held my gaze.

“Hm. So, you requested that I kiss you at midnight. But you didn’t specifically say where you’d like me to,” he began jokingly. It was apparent that he enjoyed having me at his mercy. “And there are so many wonderful options. I could kiss here.” His fingers traced over my nipple and then to the other. “Or here. Or perhaps I could kiss these lips instead.” They moved between my legs over the edge of my panties. I gasped softly.

I could hear the countdown starting. Jasper brought his hand to my jaw, rubbing his thumb over my cheek. His intense deep blue eyes peered into mine. The jesting was done for a moment. “Thank you so much for everything that you have done for me this year. Thank your submission and your kindness. And thank you for giving me a chance.”

The noise level tripled. His lips connected with mine, kissing me deeply and passionately as my eyes sank closed. “I swear to you that I’m going to make this the best year of your life,” he vowed when he pulled away. His eyes pleaded for me to believe him.

“I love you,” I breathed with a smile. He pressed a lingering kiss to my forehead, his fingers pushing my hair back.

“I love you, too, my sweet little girl.”

Jasper sat up on his knees as he straddled my thighs, smiling at me charmingly. Slowly he tugged off his tie, pulling it from his shirt and undoing the top button. “Well, now that we’ve

gotten the saccharine emotional talk out of the way, I'm going to blindfold you and break out the nipple clamps." I laughed, pushing my lips together. "You're so lucky that I'm not being strict tonight," he mocked as he brought the tie around my eyes.

"We both know that you're not dumb enough to get me purposefully drunk and expect me to keep my shit together, sir," I said sarcastically, earning a slap on the cheek. It was playful and soft. It just made me laugh some more.

"I was wondering what kind of sub you'd be sloshed," he mused, sliding off of me. "Cute and feisty. How unsurprisingly." He pinched my nipple sharply, making me jump.

"Am I not that normally?" I asked mischievously. "It's kind of my aesthetic, actually."

"You are, you're just... extra, right now," he chuckled. "Your aesthetic," he mumbled under his breath, and I could almost see him shaking his head at me.

I wiggled my hips in place. "Cute chubby secret slut who likes to mouth off to authority figures for fun."

Jasper laughed. "Wow, yeah. Sounds accurate." He nipped at my breast, sucking on my nipple until it was rock hard. I moaned, pushing my chest up to meet his touch.

And then he put the clamp on.

"Oh, fuck," I laughed a little in surprise. My thighs wanted so badly to squeeze shut, but I could barely move. Everything was so tight. He worked the other nipple with his fingers, pulling it hard. I cried out again, my toes pointing straight. I wrapped my fingers around the nylon ropes just so that I could have something to hold onto.

He added the second clamp. Gently, he flicked both with his fingers. I cried out softly.

"Am I going to need to gag you, Isabella?"

"Yes, sir," I giggled, smiling to myself.

"Are you going to even attempt to be quiet?"

I pushed my face into my arm to the side to hide my smile. I could barely reach. "I mean, I can attempt it, but it's not going to happen." The flogger connected with my breasts lightly. "Oh, fuck!" I repeated more loudly. "Harder, please. Please, sir."

Jasper obliged, alternating his strikes as he got harder and harder. He purposefully went for the clamps, going at them from different angles. Without warning, he hit between my legs,

and I could actually feel myself soaking my panties that I was still wearing. In contrast, he lightly dragged his tongue over one of the clamps.

“Are you ready to cum for me?”

“Yes, sir,” I said once more.

“You’ve been ready all night, haven’t you?” I nodded my head, grinning.

“Always, sir.” He struck me again, making me hum. “I’m always ready for you to make me cum.”

Something soft and smooth moved over my panties. I didn’t know exactly what it was until Jasper turned on the wand vibrator. He put it on the lowest setting, running it up and down. My first orgasm took about a minute to reach.

He turned it off. Gently, he lifted my leg some, and some rope began to move under my thigh. I realized that he was going to tie the massager in place against my clit. He turned it on to the second to the lowest setting. The thing had like ten, some of them making different pulsing patterns. When my legs jerked, it just rubbed it against me.

“Oh, oh, oh,” I chanted, biting my lip deeply so not to cry out loudly.

The flogger connected with my breasts again. I pushed my face into my arm, my thighs already shaking from the vibrator. The tails nipped at the claps. Every movement of my body caused the massager to rub.

Then it hit between my legs once more. I came again hard and violently, truly screaming out for the first time as his sub. This spurred him on to do it over and over, harder each time. This extended my orgasm into another.

Another.

Another.

I was wantonly crying out and making a mess. The posters of the bed creaked from my jerking on them. He pulled away for a moment, leaving only the massager going. I whimpered, trying to hold my legs as still as possible.

Jasper knelt over me, kissing up my body. I could feel his bare skin against mine. His lips moved over my nipples, lovingly pecking them. He pulled on the chain that connected the clamps. The pressure of him being on top of me made the wand press harder into me.

I screamed once more.

“Shh...”

“I can’t. I can’t,” I whimpered. He adjusted my hips and pushed himself inside of me.

“Yes, you can.”

He was merciless, taking me with abandon. His fingers wrapped around my wrists, squeezing them as he pounded into me. Every time it rubbed the vibrator up and down. My heart couldn’t beat faster than it was. I had never been dizzy. The room was literally spinning.

“Oh, my god!” I probably shrieked in his face, actually crying rivers of tears. My entire body was violently convulsing. I had never had an orgasm like it.

“That’s it,” he moaned. Pulling out of me, I felt his cum as it splattered over my thighs, stomach, and panties.

Jasper thankfully turned off the wand. We both took a moment to catch our breath. He sat upon his knees, his fingers lovingly stroking my arms.

“You have never been more beautiful than you are right now.”

Leaning down, he kissed my nipples again. He pulled one of the clamps off with his teeth, and I jerked and whined. With tender attention, he sucked on it until only pleasure lingered there. When he was done, he picked up the end of the chain with his teeth and yanked the other clamp off.

“Are. You- Fuck!” I laughed and stuttered, jerking against the rope. He soothed it with his tongue. Even more liquid dripped down my thighs.

“Can you take anymore?”

“No!” I laughed.

“Too bad.” Jasper turned the vibrator on to one of the fun pulsing settings. “I want more.”

His flogger returned, going over my breasts as he continued to kneel between my thighs. Slowly he began to tease me with his fingers, pushing one and then the other inside of me. Within seconds of adding the second, he sped up. Whenever I made a noise, he would flick my tender breasts.

I left my body, earth, the universe, and went to a new plane where only nirvana existed. I was sure that I was making noise, but I couldn't hear anything. When I came back, my entire body went totally limp. Sweat covered me completely. Every part of me was wet and sticky. Thankfully, he turned it off for me.

Jasper cut the rope around my thigh first before freeing my ankles. My legs snapped shut. Next were my wrists. My arms just fell to the bed. Lightly, he kissed my cheek as he shifted down beside me.

"When I take this off, the scene is over. Do you understand?" He touched the fabric around my eyes.

"Yes, sir."

When he pulled the blindfold off, I couldn't move.

"Hi," he said warmly, smiling at me as he carefully stroked my arm. "Are you okay?"

"Where are we supposed to sleep? I ruined the bed!" I gasped instead of answering his question. He laughed happily.

"I'll order some more linens. Are you okay?" He repeated. "Are you hurting anywhere?"

I looked at him in disbelief for a long moment. "I can't feel my pussy." Jasper snorted. "We're going to need a bed for fucking and a bed for sleeping in your apartment," I continued. "Are you fucking kidding me? Why haven't we gotten a noise complaint?"

"Darlin, it is New Years. Everyone is either fucking loud or loudly fucking right now. And why do you think I want two bedrooms?" He seriously asked.

"We're going to have to waterproof the hell out of both beds. And we'll need a good gag, or your neighbors will fucking hate us."

"Oh, I have a nice amazon list going of all the toys that I'm buying once I get the new place. Little girl, your ass is in trouble," he promised. I giggled, finally rolling into his arms. "Now, would you like to take a bath and have another bottle of champagne? I also happen to have some chocolate cake waiting for us."

