



## Epilogue-

### Knife-

“Once again, thank you for coming in to speak with us,” the special agent that I had spoken to three separate times before repeated as we both stood from the table. We shook hands. The sessions were getting shorter and shorter, but they wanted to make sure everything was done by the books on the King Case, and I couldn’t blame them. If they had questions, even if I wasn’t useful, I would answer them honestly. All I had was my meager research, and they already had all of it.

“Of course. I’m happy to help in any way that I can,” I replied sincerely, following her to the door.

It had been a month since King’s arrest, and they had linked several more missing girls to him after searching his hidden little cabin in the woods, including some of the names on my list. The home, by the way, was owned by the King family. Royce enjoyed talking. And no one was going to get him to stop, apparently, from what Jasper said. Sam was keeping him in the loop. He was glad that he didn’t have to be here for this part. His partner was having trouble sleeping.

He hadn't told anyone about Bree Tanner.

We stayed in Albany for about a week after the incident. Jasper convinced his family to leave after a couple of days with Rosalie's help. Though she didn't mind the vacation, she was ready to get home to her husband. Her brother wasn't hurting that badly, and their mother was going to drive them insane.

We flew home the day after the funeral of the Swat team member that died in the standoff. He was a senior officer and was one of the first inside the building. Jasper didn't know him personally, but it obviously caused him distress. He saw the murder happen and said that it replayed in his mind often. He took a pain pill and drank a martini before going to sleep for ten hours after the service. I had to wake him up to make sure that we got to the airport on time. But I didn't mind. I liked taking care of him. He was going to therapy to help with the trauma.

Jasper was standing in front of the FBI office, waiting for me. It was a pleasantly cool day in the low sixties. February was already looking spring-like in Dallas. He was wearing nice slacks and a light blue button-down with no tie, just a blazer over it. He was leaning against a retaining wall under a tree, sunglasses in place, with his FBI-badge pinned onto his lapel.

My heels clicked against the pavement as I strode towards him purposefully. When he heard them, he turned to look at me and smiled. Jasper straightened up and fixed his jacket before offering me his arm.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Swan."

"Dr. Hale," I returned sweetly, slipping my arm around his. "How was your time in the hyperbaric chamber today?"

He shrugged his right shoulder. "It's like taking the best nap in a weird metal coffin. It makes me feel like a vampire. Especially when I come out all refreshed."

I giggled at his joke, resting my temple against his shoulder as we walked. "Could be worse."

"It could be. But I only have three more appointments, and they say that I'll be all done."

I glanced up at him in surprise. "Next week?"

Nodding, Jasper smirked at me. "Next Friday should be my last. I am almost not holey."

Snorting, I shook my head. I had spent the month of January up close and personal with his new holes, and we were both glad that they were going away. Much to his horror, I acted as his nurse, and I was hard to scare in this mode. It didn't bother me, though. I helped my father

with far more disgusting things. Jasper might have liked pain, but he didn't like it when his little girl shoved cotton into his exit wound. The one under his arm was healing beautifully, but the one above his heart was bigger and going to take longer.

"So, it looks like we still might get to go on that Mexican vacation."

"If the FBI lets me," he mumbled before shaking his head. He might have been on a medical leave of absence until the first of March, but they still wanted to talk to him about the King Case. They had a lot of questions about me, understandably. There was so much paperwork to fill out, too. "I'm not going to plan any travel until the doctors release me, anyway. I don't want to jinx it. But I think that I would like to celebrate a little tonight."

"Oh? How?" I questioned as we walked up to his brand new shiny marine blue BMW. It was an M8 coupe, which I only knew because Justin kept talking about it. We had gone to dinner with his parents a few times, at Caroline's insistence. When Jasper started working again, he decided that he would get a used SUV. He wanted to treat himself. His father was equally excited about helping him with that.

Jasper unlocked the door and opened it for me but didn't allow me inside. He wrapped both of his arms around my waist. "I would like to do a scene."

"Are you up to it?" We hadn't played since New Year's. We had made love, quietly and carefully, since returning to Dallas a few times, but I had become the queen of blow jobs. I didn't want him to hurt himself, especially while fucking me. And if any man deserved one nightly, it was him. I had done it in every possible way that I could in the hotel room that he was currently living out of.

"I think so," he smirked, looking down at me. "Are you?"

I laughed. "Um, yes, sir. I'm always ready to serve you. I thought you knew that already."

He chuckled, running his nose over my cheek before lightly kissing it. Jasper brought his lips to my ear. "I was actually thinking that we should switch tonight."

I opened my mouth and closed it several times. I glanced back towards the dull gray FBI building before looking him in the eyes. "I can't hurt you."

"You won't."

I laughed again more awkwardly. "I think that's how it works, and that's what you want me to do, but I don't want to permanently harm you on accident."

“That’s what safewords are for,” he promised as he leaned in for a kiss. Jasper held my chin in place, pressing his lips to mine. “Please, Mistress. Let me worship you,” he cooed in my ear. “You’ve been so good to me. Let me pleasure you. It doesn’t have to be about pain at all tonight. I swear that I won’t give you a reason to punish me.”

“Out or in?” I asked in a whisper, my skin instantly heating bright red.

“Anything you wish, Mistress,” he breathed before he began to kiss my ear. He ran his tongue over the top of my earlobe before nibbling gently. One of his big hands sank down to my ass to squeeze it.

“What I wish will get you fired if we keep going like this in the parking lot,” I teased before slipping inside. He chuckled as he shut the door.

Jasper didn’t start the car once he was sitting. He took my hand and brought it up to his lips. “Do you want to? It is up to you.”

I took a deep breath.

“Take me by the apartment, so I can get ready. Pick me up around six. We’ll go to dinner first. I want you to dress very well. I think that I’d like to go somewhere nice for dinner. We are celebrating,” I stated firmly.

“Yes, ma’am,” he grinned, kissing my knuckles again. “Any rules that I should know?”

“If you are required to speak, you can do so in public. Otherwise, you will be quiet. Of course, I expect you to be a gentleman at all times. I will order for you, though if you have any objections-”

“I won’t,” he promised, finally bringing the car to life.

The FBI building wasn’t too far from my apartment. He parked beside my now rarely used rusted red truck. We had been together for nearly a month solid, and he was always driving. His car was much nicer, though, but it scared me a little. I didn’t want to wreck it. Jasper had every insurance that he possibly could on it, and he offered to let me, but I kept declining.

He got out and walked me to the front door, pressing me against it. I might have control over the evening, but not yet.

“I look forward to whatever you have in store for me, Mistress,” he said just before he kissed me relentlessly.

At six, I was dressed in his favorite tight black long-sleeved mini-dress. It was fitting just right again. My hair was straight, and my makeup intense. I did a smokey eye in red, with Tanya's help, and scarlet lips. Edward playfully whistled when he saw me as I went to open the door.

"Shut up," I replied dryly, making him chuckle.

"Mm, yes, ma'am," he replied with a snuffle, smirking as his eyes went back to the television. Tanya and Edward were going out for the evening, and she was taking her sweet time getting ready. She had helped me an hour before and was still working on her own hair.

Jasper was dressed impeccably in one of the newly tailored three-piece black suits that I had helped him pick out. It was slim and very tight-fitting. He was wearing the blue tie that I had gotten him for Christmas. He often did, especially when going out with me. My lock never left my neck.

I grabbed my purse and jacket, which he helped me put on before we left. I might have been nervous, but I was going to do it anyway. Lifting my hand, I wiggled my fingers. "Give me your keys."

He pulled them from his pocket and gave them to me after unlocking the door. Jasper opened the driver's side for me before coming to his seat. I had to adjust everything since he was so much taller than me. As carefully as I could, I drove to the nicer restaurant that I had made reservations for earlier in the day.

Knife was a bougie steakhouse, which was perfect. I knew that he would like anything on the menu there, but I had something special planned. I took his hand as we walked beside each other silently into the restaurant.

When we arrived at the stand, I spoke first. "Hello. We have a reservation for two. Dr. Hale." He squeezed my hand, glancing over at me. I winked in his direction.

"Yes, ma'am! I'll get your table ready. You had a steak reserved, did you still want that?" She asked curiously, looking at the computer screen.

"Yes! Thank you!"

Pulling my chair out for me, Jasper sat beside me. I instantly took his hand once more, sitting back as I looked over the menu. "As you've certainly realized, I've already decided what we're going to be eating tonight. I don't think that you'll have any reason to be displeased."

It was hard for him not to respond. I could see it in the way his mouth moved, keeping the words in before he just smiled a little. He nodded, his eyes down on the menu as well.

“Hi! Good evening! What can I get you to drink?” The handsome young waiter inquired pleasantly.

“We’ll have a dirty martini, extra olives, two glasses of water, and a bottle of that sweet Riesling, please.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, writing it down. “I see that you have the one-hundred-day dry-aged rib-eye reserved. Would you like me to get that started? It takes a few minutes to cook.”

I nodded. “That’s fine. He’ll have it medium-rare with the pomme purée and wild mushrooms, bordelaise sauce on the side, I think.” Jasper nodded, smiling. “I’ll have the filet, also medium-rare, with avocado fries and the macaroni and cheese. Béarnaise on the side, please.”

“I’ll get that started for you and bring your drinks right away.”

I handed him my menu, taking Jasper’s as well. When the server was gone, I took his hand again.

“May I say something?” He whispered. I waved my hand for him to continue. “Ma’am,” he started respectfully, “this place is very expensive.”

“It is! Because we’re celebrating,” I said a bit sarcastically. He hadn’t let me pay for anything in a month because I was taking care of him. Jasper was afraid that he was keeping me from working, but that certainly wasn’t the case. I was well on my way through the second draft of the cop story. It still didn’t have a name, though.

“May I pay?” He questioned. I tilted my head to the side. “Please?”

I laughed, shaking my head. “No.”

He sighed heavily, shifting in his chair a little.

“Aw. Does it make you uncomfortable when a woman pays for you?” I asked playfully, putting my chin on my knuckles with a smirk. He rolled his eyes hard. “We will go into the bathroom right now, and I will take off your belt and use it on you if you roll your eyes at me again.”

Jasper turned bright red, sitting back in his seat a bit.

The waiter brought our drinks. I slid the martini over to my boyfriend. He poured me a big glass of wine before he went. Under the table, I rubbed the tip of my boot against Jasper's calf.

I took a long sip. "When you're finished, go to the restroom. You got your pictures, I want my own."

He swallowed his drink in two big gulps. I laughed a little to myself when he got up, hiding it behind my glass. Before he left, he pressed a kiss to my cheek. "Thank you for the martini, ma'am," he sighed in my ear.

He sent a picture of him stroking himself, fully hard for me. "Is this what you want, Mistress?" The message attached asked.

"Actually, I think that I'd like a video of you playing with yourself until you almost cum. Almost."

"Yes, ma'am."

The bathroom looked like it was an individual room, and he was alone, standing in front of the mirror as he smoothly caressed himself in the video. He was obviously enjoying himself.

A few minutes later, he returned to me, a little pink still in his cheeks. I had already ordered him another martini, and he took a long sip after he sat. I brought my hand to his lap, lazily stroking his thigh. His erection returned though I never touched it. I came painstakingly close.

When the steak was sat down in front of him, his eyes got bigger. It was a beautiful meal. But he didn't move. I waited until the server left again before I said anything.

"Go ahead, but I want a bite," I smirked.

He hurriedly cut several chunks with his knife. Jasper took one first and hummed quietly before offering me the next. I took it slowly from the tines with my teeth.

"Oh, that's delicious," I purred, humming at the flavor. "I see why you need to reserve it. Would you like to try some of mine?" He nodded, and I offered him one of the avocado fries first. After he took it, he kissed my cheek again.

We fed each other slowly, finishing the bottle of wine. Jasper kissed me after every bite that I gave him, each one becoming more lingering. I only had the one large glass since I was driving, I didn't want to wreck his beautiful new car. He was obviously a little warm and maybe tipsy, but definitely very relaxed.

I could actually see the immense displeasure in his eyes as I paid. I ignored it.

When we got to the parking lot, I pushed him against the door before he could open it for me. Jasper moaned in surprise when I gripped him through his pants. I massaged until he was rock hard, my hand hidden from view underneath his coat.

“Mine,” I smirked as I squeezed, making him gasp and rock against my palm. He nodded vigorously in agreement.

I held his arm proudly as we walked back to the hotel room. We were alone in the elevator, so I played with him some more. I had kept him hard the entire drive, stroking him at every red light. My fingers smoothed over him, holding his hot gaze the whole time.

“On your knees, Dr. Hale,” I instructed as the door was shut behind us.

Jasper did so instantly. I walked behind him and took his jacket, putting it over a chair with my own. Circling behind him, I ran my fingers over his shoulders. “How are you feeling? Speak.”

“Great, Mistress,” he promised right away.

“Does it hurt?” My fingers traced over his left shoulder blade.

“No, ma’am.”

“You will tell me right away if it starts to. I have some of your medication in my purse if you need it.” I began to stroke his hair lovingly. “If you don’t and I find out later, you will not like your punishment.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

I strolled to the dresser where he had our growing collection of toys ready for me to use. Including his handcuffs. I picked up my riding crop first. “I can’t tell you how much it turns me on when you call me that. My sweet, strong hero, submitting to me completely. Especially when you look so hot.”

I traced the tip of the leather over his arm, up to his neck, then to his cheek as I walked around him. Moving it slowly across his lips, I looked him over with my head tilted to the side.

“Open,” I ordered before I put crop between his teeth.

I walked behind him so that he couldn’t see me and took off my dress. Underneath, I was wearing something special that I had put to the side for when he was feeling better. It was a

black leather corset that zipped up in the front. It matched my knee-high boots rather well, my thigh-highs held in place by a satin garter belt.

Going to the dresser and picking up the flogger, I stepped in front of him once more. Jasper's eyes got huge again. I heard his teeth snap shut around the shaft after his jaw went slack for a moment.

Running the tails through my fingers, I let him look me over openly. His hands twisted into fists at his side. I bit my lip as I smiled to myself.

"Did you just realize that this is what I had under my dress all night long?" I brushed the flogger over his shoulder as I walked behind him again. He slowly nodded. I let it hit his ass with a little pop, surprising him. It wasn't hard, though. I did it again. "It was so tempting to follow you into that bathroom to let you taste me before dinner."

I stuck the flogger in my garter belt before taking the riding crop from his teeth.

"Kiss my boots," I demanded. He leaned down instantly and pressed his lips on top of each. As he did, I traced the riding crop over his ass. "You should know that I am more than your Mistress. I am a Goddess, and you will treat me as such."

Going over to the table, I sat down in one of the chairs that faced him with my legs crossed at the knees. I twisted the rod between my fingers after putting the flogger on the tabletop. I had fun plans for both of them. Both were gentle enough to tease him with, without pain.

"Crawl to me."

This was my test to see how far I could really push him. If he could do it without hurting, I wouldn't have to worry about the many ideas that I had. I watched his face, trying to see if he flinched. He didn't. But he was too much of a man for that. Jasper also barely put any weight on his arm, though. So, no handcuffs, nor would I have him on his hands and knees for very long.

"Sit back," I commanded. I pushed his right shoulder gently with the toe of my boot. "Are you ready to worship me?"

Jasper smiled, his beautiful warm blue eyes on mine. "Yes, Goddess."