



At a table in a hotel-

I was more prepared this time for Jasper's text a week later. I had bought a couple of new sets of lingerie just for him and a new short dress. It was a skin-tight black long sleeve mini-dress that cut off several inches above my knees. I decided I would wear thigh highs this time to see what he thought about them. He had liked the knee socks.

I was in the middle of cooking lunch when I got the message. I was in the mood for a real meal, so I was preparing Italian. Chicken parmesan, fettuccine alfredo, garlic bread, and salad. I was going all out, but I was planning on eating it for dinner and lunch the next day too.

"I'll be in Dallas in a couple of hours. Are you available tonight?"

"I am. Do you know if your room will have a microwave?" I typed back with a smile.

"Why, yes it will, Isabella," he replied.

"Good." I sent several winks.

He sent a smile emoji. "I'll see you at six?"

"Absolutely."

I made Jasper's meal perfectly before I even considered making my own. For dessert, I packed a strawberry shortcake, all the parts separate so not to get mushy. Cake, whipped cream, strawberries syrup, and fresh strawberries to go on top. I even packed a plate this time. It was just from the dollar store, so I didn't care if I never saw it again.

I had a ton of time to get ready. Doing my hair straight, I also put on full makeup. I liked how he had reacted to my red lipstick, so I wore it again.

Edward was about to knock on the door when I opened it to leave. He took a step back, surprised. He was still in his green scrubs, his hospital ID pinned onto his shirt.

"Well, hello there," he said cheekily, smirking at me right away. "Date tonight?"

"Um, yeah," I replied quickly, shuffling past him.

"He's a lucky man," he commented. I stopped, turning to look at him slowly. He was smirking a little bit still, his hands in his pockets as his eyes went over the dress. It was probably too tight, too short, and it showed off way more of my cleavage than I usually did.

"Why do you say that?" I couldn't stop myself from asking.

He laughed and blushed a little, looking away from me. "May I be vulgar for a moment?" I nodded my head a little. "Between the red lips and those tits? Well, I don't know what you two have planned tonight, but all he's going to be able to think about is getting you alone. And if he does, like I said, lucky guy."

"Oh!" I softly gasped out in surprise, not sure what to say.

"See? Vulgar. I apologize. I just know what I would be thinking about if you were my girl." He put his hand on his heart and smiled almost bashfully. I slowly blinked, stunned into silence.

"No! Don't apologize, I said you could. I'm just shocked."

"Why?"

Several reasons actually, but I went with, "I thought I wasn't your type."

"Well, I do like tall blondes, obviously." He waved his hand towards the apartment. I laughed a little. "But a sexy woman is a sexy woman."

Edward was calling me sexy, and I thought my world would suddenly catch fire if he ever did. It didn't. I expected to feel more. Something, anything. Embarrassment, delight. But I didn't want to look good for him. The only opinion I really cared about was Jasper's.

I laughed again, smiling to myself. I nodded my head. "Thank you, Edward. That's very nice of you to say, even if it was vulgar."

"Why is the door open?" I heard Tanya say just before it swung open wide. She jumped when she saw us. "Oh! Hey, honey! Meow, Bella!"

"Thanks," I giggled.

"I was actually just complimenting her myself," he informed her with his crooked smirk.

"If you were going for sex kitten, you nailed it," she teased before walking over to me. She actually put her hands on my breasts. "WHOA! Look at your boobs! Girl! Even I want to motorboat them."

I threw my head back in laughter at her playfulness. Tanya had always been handsy, and it was usually funny. I didn't mind.

Edward's face turned bright red. "Oh, my god. I'm going inside before I get in trouble," he mumbled.

"I think he agrees," Tanya giggled wickedly, pulling me into a hug.

"I think so too," I whispered confidently. She began to laugh harder. "Have a good evening!"

"You too!" She sang.

I arrived right on time. Jasper opened the door with a smile that grew when he took in my appearance. When I walked past him, he put his hand on my ass and gave it a little squeeze.

"Did you bring me dinner again, Isabella?" He asked when he came to walk in front of me, the bag in my hands. I nodded my head, smiling. "Mm, good. I'm hungry tonight. I'd like you to serve me. Will you prepare my meal for me?" I nodded again, smiling far too brightly. He chuckled.

I hurried to the table, pulling out the plate with all the Tupperware. First, I put away the whipped cream and strawberries to stay cold before arranging a full meal for him. While heating it up in the microwave, I poured some of the sparkling lemonade I had brought as an

afterthought. He watched the whole time from his spot after putting on some music, standing in the middle of the hotel room. When it was done, I arranged it in front of the chair on the table.

He came to sit, taking a little sip of his drink before he glanced up at me. "Come sit on my lap." When I did, he pushed my dress up so that my ass was exposed. Picking up the fork with his other hand, he took a little bit of the chicken and hummed in pleasure. He then offered me a bite. "While we're at the table, you may vocalize as you need. Do you understand?" I nodded while chewing. I still wasn't going to talk with food in my mouth. It was rude.

Jasper ate a bite of the noodles before giving me one, then the salad. After giving me some of the garlic bread, I pressed a quick kiss to his cheek. I couldn't help it. I was enjoying what we were doing so much. I loved being fed.

Slowly, he turned to look at me. "I didn't tell you to do that."

"I'm sorry, sir. I just wanted to thank you for the pleasure that you're giving me."

Looking away, he smirked a little bit. Jasper took another sip of the lemonade, trying to hide the smile before he cleared his throat. "I see. Hm, I like that. I think I'd like you to thank me like that after every bite."

"Yes, sir," I grinned.

He gave me another forkful of salad. After I finished chewing, I kissed him once on the jaw. My bright red lipstick left a lovely mark on his skin, right beside the one from before. By the time I had worn away all of it, there were probably fifteen prints on his face. None of them overlapped.

After a few more bites, I decided I was done with the food and began to kiss his neck while he continued to eat. I slid my hand over the other side, sucking at a spot just below his ear. His erection was rock hard against my thighs. His other hand rubbed up and down my spine.

Putting his fork on the cleared plate, he pulled my face away from him gently. "Thank you for making me dinner, Isabella."

"You're welcome, sir. Would you like dessert now?" I stroked his cheek gently, smiling up at him.

"Yes, I would. Stand up." I did, and he pushed the plate out of the way, shoving me down onto my stomach with my ass still totally exposed. Jasper yanked the dress up to my waist, making me gasp quietly. His fingers dragged over the center of my panties. They were white and lacy, matching the thigh-highs I was wearing.

I bit my lip hard when his tongue moved over the lace but then I remembered that I could vocalize at the table as I needed to. The next pass, I didn't hold back and let out a soft moan to test the waters. He didn't stop. I moaned a little louder, and he hummed in pleasure against me. The way his tongue moved over me made my toes curl. My shoes clattered to the floor, and my fingers gripped the edge of the table.

When he added his fingers, I moaned louder. "Oh, fuck!"

"Shhh, be a quiet girl at the table, and you can moan all you want," he said before going back to what he was doing. I whimpered, rocking against him. When I began to cum, my hand went behind me to grab his hair. Both of my legs lifted off the floor, my face pressed against the wooden tabletop. He made me cum twice more before he stood from his chair. Placing one hand on the table to balance himself, his fingers began to aggressively rub my clit. "Thank you for dessert, Isabella. It was delicious."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," I chanted softly with my face pressed hard into the wood still. "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

"Such a sweet, grateful little slut." He spanked between my legs, making me jump. Jasper tugged my panties down my thighs, yanking them roughly. His condom covered erection pressed inside of me a second later, and I sighed in pleasure. "Oh. Fuck," he whispered quietly, his hands tight around my hips.

"Jasper," I moaned his name. His fingers tightened, his pace faster. "Oh, Jasper, please, please, please..."

"Please what, slut? What do you want?"

"Spank me, please," I begged, the first thing that came to mind.

His hand connected with my bare skin. Sharp, stinging. Over and over again, harder and harder. The plate thunked to the floor, the fork going after it. The plastic clinked against it quietly.

"Cum again," he growled, his fingers knotting into my hair and pulled my head back. "I know you want to." My body was already giving in what he wanted, my eyes rolling into the back of my head. "Yes," he groaned loudly, his nails dragging down my back after he let go.

He pulled out of me, and I whimpered again, wanting more. "Don't worry, darlin. I'm not done with you. It's just time to take off this lovely dress." I stood up and threw it off over my head, chucking it to the side. He chuckled, his hands smoothing over my stomach as he pulled himself tight against me. "Bra, too." It was discarded dramatically.

Jasper turned me around, pulling me into a rough kiss. With both of his hands on the back of my thighs, he lifted me onto the table. I was just on the very edge, dangling off.

“Take off my shirt.” My fingers scrambled to the buttons, hurrying to free them. When I got to the bottom one, I pushed my hands up his stomach until I was inching his sleeves off of his shoulders. I automatically leaned forward to kiss one of his scars, one just above his heart. It was long and thin as if he was sliced with a knife. His fingers went to my hair, holding me there.

He adjusted my hips slightly, pushing inside of me. My legs wrapped around him tightly, pulling him closer. One of his hands slid up my back, gripping the back of my neck hard.

“I’ve been thinking about this for days,” he grunted softly. “It’s better than I could have imagined. Bella,” Jasper breathed my name. I crumbled around him, my body shaking violently as my head fell back. When he brought me into a deep kiss, he came inside of me.

We were both panting, holding each onto each other as we tried to calm down.

“I think that’ll be the end of the scene,” he said against my mouth when he pulled away, resting his forehead against mine. “If that’s okay?” I kind of giggled and nodded. “Dinner was excellent, by the way. It’s the best thing I’ve eaten in ages. Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome,” I said with a big grin and a kiss. “There really is dessert in there if you want some.”

“Oh? What is it?” He asked, pecking at my jaw. I began to laugh very softly at his ticklish touches, my head falling back as he spread kisses over my skin slowly. “You were pretty delicious, so I don’t know how you’re going to top that. Sorry.”

“It’s strawberry shortcake with homemade angel food cake, strawberry syrup, fresh strawberries, and whipped cream.” My fingers went to his hair, holding him to me. I tilted my head to the side, wanting more. He gave it to me happily.

“Oh? No powdered sugar?” I giggled again, making him smile against me. “That sounds exquisite. Can I eat it off of you?”

“What if I want to eat it off of you?” I suggested back blithely.

“Is there enough for two?” He asked against my ear. I nodded. “Want to share?” I nodded again, smiling.

He went to the fridge and got the containers after cleaning up. In the bag, there were a couple of spoons. I took the tub of whipped cream from him. After opening it up, I offered him a

taste from one of the utensils. Jasper brought it to his lips, holding my gaze. He placed the cake and syrup on the bed, opening the strawberries. He offered me one to take a bite out of. I held his hand, guiding it to my lips.

"Go lay down," he commanded gently as he took the cream. I crawled onto the bed, giving him a good view the entire time. After stretching out with a Cheshire grin, he chuckled as he crawled over me. Jasper took the fruit in one hand and slowly moved it over my lips before kissing them. Then it ran down my neck. Finally, with the cold strawberry held in between his teeth, he teased my nipples before eating it.

He straddled my waist, picking up a slice of cake and took a bite. He offered me one. Humming in pleasure, he ate a spoonful of the cream. Then he brought it to my lips. I sat up a little to lick it off, making his smile grow.

Scooping up a big spoonful, he very playfully plopped some of the cold white substance right down the center of my chest. It slid suggestively down my stomach before he shoved me back. I giggled as he began to lick it off of me. Jasper made funny noises of delight the entire time he did, obviously enjoying himself.

"Like it?" I teased.

"Mm, yes," he chuckled, swiping his finger in the cream before dragging it over my nipples. Then he reached behind him for the syrup. Popping it open, he dipped the spoon into it before taking a taste. "Yum."

"Tasty?"

Instead of answering, he wiggled his eyebrows before dripping some of the very cold syrup onto my breasts.

"Oh!" I gasped in surprise, leaning my head back. "You're going to make a mess," I giggled breathlessly.

"I fucking hope so. I love making messes," he practically purred before starting to aggressively lick it off. "Goddamn, this is good."

After eating it all off my stomach, he spread my legs open. He held my gaze as he dotted my thighs above the stockings. I spread my legs as wide as they could be with my knees bent. He put the syrup away somewhere safe before licking it off my skin purposefully slow. When he was done, he started to reach for a strawberry, but I stopped him. I sat up and pushed him onto his back.

"My turn," I smiled. I offered him a bite of cake before taking a nibble for myself. Scooping up the white cream with my finger, I dragged it from the center of his chest to his belly button. He leaned his head back, smiling as he closed his eyes while I kissed it away. Getting more on my finger, I dragged it over his growing erection. I licked it off playfully, making sure it was perfectly clean. Then I got a fresh strawberry, bringing it to his lips. He ate it slowly, holding my gaze again. His bright blue eyes were so intense. He made me feel like I was on fire.

"Mm, I think that cake is becoming one of my favorite forms of aftercare too, Isabella," he teased, sitting up swiftly to kiss me. His hands were firm against my skin as he held my lower back.

By the time we were done, there was syrup all over the sheets, blankets, and I was sticky from head to toe. Pink dotted my tights. All of the cake had been eaten, as well as all the trimmings. Jasper called the front desk for bed linens while I started the water in the shower. He came to stand behind me, his blond curls wild. He was sticky, too, and my lipstick was still all over his face.

"You did that on purpose," he teased as he leaned forward to look at his skin in the mirror.

"Damn right, I sure did," I replied back. His hand connected with my ass, making me giggle again. I was in a fantastic mood.

"I had lipstick on my dick for three days after the last time. I want you to know that," he said very seriously. "I scrubbed, too. A lot."

"Oh, no!" I laughed. "Here. I've got some wipes that'll get it off."

I pranced off to my purse to go get my makeup remover. When I came back, he was taking a picture with his phone of the lipstick prints. I smiled to myself.

"Come here. I want a picture." He held his hand out to me.

I flushed bright red. "I'm a mess!"

"That's why I want it!" He laughed cheerfully. I rolled my eyes but came in close to him. He wrapped one of his big arms around me so you couldn't see anything naughty in the picture. "Give me a kiss on the cheek," he commanded smoothly. I turned to face him and slowly gave him what he wanted, his other hand going to my ass. He took several photos in the process. "Perfect," he chuckled afterward.

He put his phone down and brought me into a kiss. Jasper actually smiled against my mouth, then sighed as if all the stress left his body all at once. His arms curled around my waist, crushing me into his hard, sticky chest.

Jasper was right. It was perfect. The whole night had been.