



The Canvas

The next three weeks passed slowly, and Jasper and I didn't get to talk nearly as much as we had in the past. He was so busy. He was also extremely anxious and always tired. I wasn't sure how much more he could take. He only got a couple of days off in that period of time. There was always more to do.

There were two more murders while he was in New York state. I decided to keep up with the story on my own. As much as I could, anyway. I researched all past articles and put alerts on my phone. The news didn't care until they realized that there were, at a minimum, eight victims in total that could be connected to the same killer. Once they did, the local papers up there began to call him 'The Tracker' because one official said it was like he was 'tracking down' these particular kinds of victims. Jasper hated it. He said it was the glorification of a murderer. Wrestlers got fun names, not monsters who raped girls, he complained.

I made it my mission to try to entertain him with anything other than death. I sent him my paintings, memes, even the rough drafts of the stories that I was working on. He liked those the most. It was getting to the point that I was just sending him whatever random thing I had, even things I wrote just for myself.

I longingly looked at his profile picture one evening. I had already sent him a bunch of dumb things in a row. My morning had spent doing some self-care in the hopes he would message me again, but as the evening went on, my dreams were dashed. He had barely replied all day. His new avatar was the extreme close up of my lipstick prints on his cheek. He had changed it not a day after he had taken it. It was late, after midnight, so I figured he was already in bed. It was later there, so I didn't expect much. I just pined for him, pathetically.

"Are you still awake?" The text flashed in my hands.

"Yup," I answered right away. Sitting up quickly, I smiled to myself. I wanted to give him my full attention.

"Would it be okay if I called? I'm too tired to text."

"Of course!" I replied, and my phone began to sing to me. I smiled wider as I answered. We had never spoken on the phone before. "Did you know that I was thinking about you?"

"Were you?" He wondered in a quiet voice. I could tell that he was exhausted.

"Yes, I was. I was just thinking about how much I missed you," I breathed out honestly. Swallowing, I tried to lighten my tone even more. "How are you doing?"

"I am..." He began slowly, drawing out the words. "I don't want to think about it. How are you?"

I bit my lip. I hated his answer so much. "I'm fine. I'm all alone tonight. Tanya's at her boyfriend's right now. So, I'm a little lonely," I admitted. "I wish you were here to keep me company."

"All I could do is cuddle," he warned. "I'm just too wound up to go to sleep."

"I'd be okay with that. You know that I love to snuggle. Wanna use me as your teddy bear?" I asked playfully.

Jasper chuckled a little. "Mm, god, yes."

"Then in the morning, I could serve you a nice breakfast. Something not microwaved," I added.

"Afternoon. I want to sleep until at least noon," he replied almost jokingly, his attitude brightening a little.

“Brunch then. I would love to serve you a meal again,” I countered smoothly. “Anytime you’d like.”

“Just like you did before, Isabella?” He spoke in a sexy voice, dropping it a few octaves so that it was a little deeper.

“Yes, sir,” I answered back as seductively as I could. “I love serving you.”

He hummed quietly, chuckling a little again. “You know what I’d like to do? Take a few days off, kidnap you, rent a cabin by a lake, and just...” He trailed off then sighed. “God, there are so many possibilities. So many things I could do to you with that amount of time and privacy.”

“What would you like to do?”

Jasper didn't even have to think about it for a minute. "I want to play with rope. I've enjoyed it in the past, and I know it says on your checklist that you like it, too. I've been fantasizing about it a lot lately."

"I'm just not that experienced," I admitted to him thoughtfully. "Are you tying me up inside or outside?" I asked eagerly.

"Mm, both," Jasper answered instantly. I giggled happily, making him laugh very softly. "Tie you to a tree. Maybe after making you get your own switch."

"Oh, god! My poor rear. You're going to let me destroy my own ass, aren't you?" I asked lightheartedly. He laughed a little louder this time.

"Will your eyes be too big for your stomach, so to speak?" He asked, teasingly.

"You don't know how many times that I've, quote-unquote, suffered from that problem," I returned dryly.

"Quote-unquote." He chuckled to himself.

"So, would you want to do a whole weekend where I submit to you?"

I could almost hear him swallow on the other side of the phone. "Yes, that would be amazing."

"I'll cook whatever you want, dress exactly how you want, let you fuck me as much and however you want," I made my voice as sweet as possible. "Anything you want, sir."

“I know you will because you’re my sweet little slut. I want a whole weekend alone with you so badly. I would spend hours worshipping-” He stopped abruptly. I really wanted to know what he wanted to worship. “Damn,” he whispered.

“What?”

“My boss is calling.”

“This late?” I asked in surprise.

“That means they found another body. Fuck. I have to go,” he concluded quickly, suddenly very awake. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow, Bella.”

Anxiety and dread instantly filled me. “Be safe,” I answered in a whisper.

“Always, darlin,” he promised before the call ended.

I worried about him all night. Something in the pit of my stomach swirled. A bad vibe, maybe. There was just a feeling that nagged at me. I fell asleep in the early hours of the day, restless and uncomfortable.

When I woke up at noon, I had a message from Jasper. I couldn’t help but smile, my distressing anxiety melting away. Maybe that meant they caught the killer. The text was from around eight in the morning. “I’ll be in Dallas this afternoon. Are you free tonight?”

“Yes!” I exclaimed out loud excitedly, doing a little dance in bed. “Yes, sir.”

“The Canvas Hotel, at 5 pm. Room 774.”

“Yes, sir,” I repeated.

I was surprised that he was in town, but I wasn’t going to question my good fortune. I didn’t have groceries in the house, and I didn’t feel like I had the time to make him anything good to eat and get ready in time. Five was earlier in the day than usual, and it was almost one already.

My lingerie was black and lacy this time, a bralette and boyshorts. I decided to wear my purple wrap dress again, the one that I had worn the first time we met. I bought a special, very creamy lipstick in a dark shade of purple just for the occasion. Maybe I could give him a new profile picture.

Tanya was getting ready to leave too. She and Edward were going on a date somewhere nicer. She was wearing sequins, her hair piled up on her head. My roommate looked like a million bucks, and she knew it.

"I love that lipstick with that dress," she commented as soon as I came out of my bedroom. She was switching her purses around for the evening to match her pretty gold dress while sitting on the couch.

"Thank you! Where are you going?" I asked conversationally.

"Hospital party!" She replied cheerfully. "Some charity thing."

"Fancy," I teased as I went for the door. I didn't have time to linger. "Have fun!"

I was practically dancing in my own head. I was so excited. The hotel was so cool, with lots of bright colors and very modern. I knocked on his door in a rhythm. My joy was bubbling over.

Instantly, my happy mood deflated. Jasper was dressed in his button-down and jeans, but his posture was different. I quickly stole a glance at his face then couldn't look away. Not only was the exhaustion clearly showing in his eyes, but he also had a giant purple bruise across his cheek.

"Isabella, come in," he said, ignoring the fact that I was gawking at him. I hesitantly walked in. He took my coat and purse while still behind me, putting them to the side. Quietly, he stepped in front of me. Each was slow, almost labored. "So, what shall we do tonight, hm? What shall I do with you?"

I shook my head. "What happened?"

"Isabella-" He started firmly, but I stopped him. This wasn't going to happen.

"No. What happened?" He didn't look happy with me, ready to take me over his knee in an unpleasant way. "Red!" I shook my head again. "Red!" I repeated, and I saw the recognition in his eyes. His shoulders dropped. I walked to him cautiously before taking his face in my hands. "What happened last night? What the hell happened to your face?" I demanded, running my fingers just underneath the wound. There was a little cut on his nose as well. It was tiny and angry red.

Jasper couldn't meet my eyes still. "I just... I lost it. This dumbass beat cop made a simple mistake and-" He stopped, closing his eyes tightly. "I tore into him, and he did not appreciate it, apparently," he laughed humorlessly.

“Obviously,” I responded in a quiet and flat tone.

“I’ve been put on paid leave for five days. I didn’t take the first swing, but let’s just say that he looks worse than me,” he mumbled in his thick accent. “Apparently, *they* think I need time to cool down.”

“I think they’re probably right, whoever they are,” I replied gently like I was scared of startling him. “God, Jasper. You can’t keep doing this to yourself. You’re doing too much. You’re literally getting yourself beaten up now,” I whimpered.

“Maybe I need a little pain.”

My head snapped up as my anger flared. “Not like this! If you want pain, give me your belt, and I’ll give it to you. But this is insanity. You’re barely sleeping. Your mental health has got to be shot to shit. I know that you love your job and traveling-”

“I know,” he moaned, taking in a deep breath. “I know. I feel so damn isolated,” Jasper admitted in a quiet sigh. “The only other people I talk to are cops. My world feels so bleak right now. You have been the only thing that has given me hope lately.”

“Tell me what you need,” I begged as I clung onto his shirt, looking up at him.

Jasper looked up at the ceiling, then shook his head as he swallowed back his emotions heavily. “I don’t know. I feel like I need to shut off my brain.”

I couldn’t do that, but I could distract him. Pulling him towards me, I kissed his lips deeply. He moaned in surprise against my mouth, putting both of his arms around my waist. My fingers went to his soft curls, tugging them roughly.

Surprisingly, he picked me up and put me on the dresser. My fingers hurried to his shirt, rushing to take it off for him. He had a couple of bruises on his chest, all about the size of a fist. They were purplish-blue and black. “Oh, honey,” I mumbled, leaning forward to lightly kiss them.

“I’ve gotten worse.”

“And I’d want to kiss those better too,” I answered.

He pulled open my dress, pushing it off my arms quickly. Jasper’s big hands went to my thighs, squeezing them as we kissed desperately. My legs wrapped around him, drawing him closer.

“So soft,” he breathed against my cheek, his hands moving against my stomach. “Your skin is so soft.”

Jasper worked off my bra, throwing it to the floor before picking me up once again. I squealed in surprise, making him laugh. He sort of stumbled to the bed, putting me down roughly in the middle.

“Take off your pants,” I commanded, sitting up to watch him. He did so quickly and like always, he wasn’t wearing underwear. His erection sprung in front of him proudly.

I yanked him onto the bed, shoving him onto his back so that I could kiss him again. Because I could, I loved every inch of his chest. Jasper moaned and squirmed underneath me in pleasure. When my hand went to his erection, his fingers slid to my ass. Turning to an angle, I gave him better access as I kissed down his stomach.

He hissed when my lips went around him, his back arching up towards me a little. His thick fingers kneaded one of my cheeks roughly before spanking it gently. I moaned around him, wiggling my ass in his direction.

“Fuck yes,” Jasper groaned when I bobbed my head down, his hand striking me again. His hits got harder and harder as he got more comfortable and more sure of himself, confidently that I wouldn’t jolt and accidentally bite. His fingers knotted in my hair, sitting up a little bit to watch my work. “I love fucking your mouth.”

Pulling my panties down, he began to rub between my legs. I moaned around him loudly, rocking against his hand.

“Shh, Isabella…”

“I can be as loud as I fucking want,” I asserted when I pulled away for just a second. I wasn’t Isabella. He was fucking Bella at that moment whether he liked it or not. Jasper spanked me several times, a couple of which were right between the legs. With each strike, I moaned louder and louder.

“Fuck,” he gasped as he jerked me back roughly. “You’re going to make me cum.” Bringing me into a long, torrid kiss, he pushed me onto my back. As Jasper pulled off my panties, he kissed down my stomach swiftly. “I need to get you off first.”

When he spoke about worship, this is what he meant. Jasper made me orgasm first… second, third, fourth, and fifth before I finally tugged him away from my shaking thighs by the hair. He slid right into me when he settled between my legs. His eyes got a little wide with pleasure, leaning forward to kiss me again.

Gazing into mine for a long moment, he rocked inside of me before unhurriedly kissing my lips again. Drawing my hands over my head, his fingers twisted almost painfully tight with mine. I called out his name over and over again, losing myself.

"Oh!" He gasped against my neck, giving in to his own pleasure, finally. I felt him pulsing inside of me, warm and satisfying. Laying his forehead on mine, we both calmed our breathing.

Then his bright blue eyes snapped open. "Shit! I didn't use a condom! I am so sorry!" He pulled out quickly, going to his knees. I reached for him to stop his panic.

"Oops." I sort of shrugged. "Well, accidents happen. I'm clean, and I know that you are as well. I actually already have some Plan B. I got it the first time we met, just in case. It's in my purse," I explained, pointing at the purple bag across the room that matched my dress. He pulled back and sort of raised an eyebrow at me. "What?"

"My, what a prepared little slut," he teased. I giggled, shoving him back so I could straddle his waist. He smirked at me, his hands sliding up my thighs to my ass.

"I should get birth control. I like feeling you inside of me," I sighed, smiling down at him. His smirk grew a little. "You know, I like making messes, too."

"I know you do," he replied smoothly. "I have to admit, it felt amazing. I knew I should have stopped but couldn't."

"I didn't even think about it, and I didn't care. I still don't. In fact, I want you to do it again," I challenged defiantly with a toss of my hair. Jasper kind of rolled his eyes before he pushed it out of my face. Then he pulled me down for a deep kiss.

"Would you like to have dinner and a drink first downstairs?" He asked softly against my lips. "I don't think I messed up your pretty dress much."

"No, it's fine. I brought more clothes anyway."

"Did you bring pajamas?" He questioned, looking up at me from underneath this thick light brown lashes.

"No. You said I could borrow your shirt," I insisted innocently, making him genuinely smile.