



After the shot, Bella's POV.

It had been three weeks since New Year's Day. Thankfully, we were back in Dallas. Jasper had not one but two appointments that morning. The first was in the hyperbaric chamber and then with his therapist. He found them both exhausting, so after I dropped him off to take a nap. I needed to do a bit of shopping.

We were mostly living out of his hotel. My bed was too small for him to be comfortable. I refused to leave him alone for any amount of time. Honestly, I knew his wounds weren't that bad, but I was still scared to lose him. It was hard to be apart. But in my heart, I knew that he needed me just as much.

Running to the store, I picked up more of his medication and the supplies I needed to pack his wounds. While I waited for his prescription, I selected snacks and things to keep us entertained that evening. We were spending a lot of time in bed watching Netflix or reading. I was getting a ton of editing done.

Then I got to the small art supply section. I hadn't seen him draw since he was shot. Running my fingers over one of the leather journals, it only took a second to decide I would get him a gift.

To go with his new art book, I also picked out some better quality colored pencils, a box to put them in, and a sharpener. Finally, I got some smudging sticks and a gummy eraser. His mother had gotten him some nicer markers at Christmas, but I wasn't sure if he had these.

When I got to the hotel door, I realized I had forgotten my keycard. I knocked on it twice, having to adjust the bags in my arms awkwardly so that I wouldn't drop them. It took him a few minutes to shuffle out of bed, opening it just a crack to see who it was on the other side. He expected me to come in.

"Oh, darlin," he mumbled, opening it the rest of the way. Jasper was only in his sleep pants, his arm in a sling. With the other, he quickly reached for some bags. I allowed him to take the lightest. "I'm sorry. Here, let me help you."

"It's okay. I got it," I promised. "I'm sorry that I woke you."

"No. It's okay. I've been asleep for like three hours now. I need to get my ass up," he practically slurred, ambling towards the table. He could barely lift his feet, he was so exhausted. I pouted a little. Placing the bags on top, he leaned against it. "Is there more in the car?"

"No. This is it," I answered as I shut the door behind us, locking it. I went to stand beside him. When my hands were free, I ran them gently down his back. I kissed his shoulder. "Why don't we change your packing? And then I've got you something to eat and a treat."

He groaned softly. "Could we-"

"Jasper," I interrupted, my voice firm. We did this almost every time. He hated it with a fiery passion and tried to put it off for as long as possible. At first, I allowed it. But when I realized what was happening, I started putting my foot down.

"Fine," he answered with a sigh, taking the sling from around his neck before tossing it onto the table with a dull plastic thud. Jasper sat down in a chair, pouting like a child as he did. With his hands in his lap, his eyes stared forward.

First, I got the stapled bag with his pain pills. I took one of them out and brought it to him. It was large, oval-shaped, and white. He despised them and how dizzy they made him feel. Taking it from me with a frown, he popped it into his mouth once I handed him the bottle of water. His Adam's apple bobbed with the action, the tablet challenging to get down.

I lined up all the supplies while he sat in silence. He began ripping off the old bandaging, stuffing it into one of the empty bags right away so that he wouldn't have to look at the blood and gore left on them. He kept his eyes straight ahead, his mouth a tight, angry frown.

After washing my hands, I started to clean his wounds. Biting my lip, I considered asking him a question, but I kept it to myself. He glanced up, scrunching up his face as he examined me.

“What?” Jasper questioned gently.

I thought about just shaking my head and ignoring him, but I was too curious. “How many times have you been shot?” I asked, wiping away some excess antiseptic on his pec. It was an odd brown-red color, drying quickly. It stained everything.

“Several,” he said blandly.

“Is this your first time while in the FBI?” I inquired next, going to get the gauze.

With his eyes still ahead, Jasper slowly shook his head. “No.” He snorted softly before smiling for a second. “I was once when I first started. Within two months, but it was just a graze with a small-caliber. Idiot dropped his gun and tried to reach for it. And it went off. He had surrendered, too.” He lifted his pants leg to show me the tiny red scar. No hair grew around the little patch. “He kept apologizing, saying he didn’t mean to.”

Since he was willing to tell me about that, I went further. “What about the other times?”

“Do you really want to know about that?” He asked in return. I nodded. “I’ll tell you one day, I promise. I’m not sure that I’m ready yet. This is still too fresh. It makes them all hurt.”

“Okay. I’m sorry,” I blurted out. “No rush. I was just curious.”

“No.” He shook his head, reaching for me with his right arm. He ran his hand down to my wrist. “Normally, it would be fine. It’s just-” he stopped himself and sighed. His fist dropped back down into his lap. “I really dislike that you have to take care of me.”

“Well, it doesn’t bother me at all,” I told him honestly, carefully putting the packing into place. He grimaced slightly. Next, I put the new gauze on. He took over, holding it so that I could get the tape.

Jasper smirked a little. “I know. It’s because you’re so great at it. You always know exactly what to do.”

I quickly pressed a kiss to his cheek.

When I finished, I went to go wash my hands once again after throwing all the trash away. He hadn’t moved from the chair, so I sat down in his lap. He put his uninjured arm around me, gingerly raising the other to push my hair out of my eyes.

“Thank you,” he finally said, leaning his face against mine.

“Of course,” I replied, turning to kiss his cheek once again. This one was lingering, though. “My big strong hero.”

Jasper scoffed. “Hardly.” He tried to look away from me.

I sharply took his chin. “No. You will not act like that just because I woke you up from your nap.”

“I’m sorry,” he remarked quickly, averting his eyes even as I held his face.

Carefully brushing my fingers through his wild blond curls, I pressed my lips to his forehead. “It’s okay. I know that it’s more than that, but I won’t let you make up lies because you’re depressed right now. You’re my hero. It’s a fact whether you like it or not.”

His arm tightened around me, and Jasper buried his face in my neck. Lightly, he pecked it. “Mm, you’re my angel.”

“So, are you ready to eat, handsome?” I questioned, tilting my head to the side a bit to give him better access. He shook his head just a little. “Would you like your gift then? I got you something to do tonight.”

Pulling back, Jasper put his chin on my shoulder. “Oh? What’s that?”

I reached forward and took the bag with all the supplies in it and placed it in my lap for him to examine. Carefully, he sorted through it. His teeth began to dig into his bottom lip, his breathing picking up.

“Is it okay?” I asked worriedly.

“Yeah!” He promptly responded. “It’s great, darlin.” Taking the book out, he opened it up to feel the paper against his fingertips. “Thank you. This is awesome. It’s very thoughtful.”

“Would you draw me a picture tonight?” I began to kiss his ear lightly, letting my lips linger against it. I wanted to give him a project, something to focus on, and I knew he would do whatever I asked him to.

Jasper hummed for a moment, smiling just a little. “What shall I draw you?”

“Anything you want.”

“And what if I want to sketch you in the nude?” He offered seductively.

I pulled my hair away from my neck for him. “If that’s what you want.”

Slowly, he began to undo the buttons of my red flannel shirt. Underneath, I was wearing a tank top. He pushed his hand inside, his nose going over the back of my ear. “It might take hours to do it in the detail that I’d want to.”

“Well, you better have me stretch out in a comfortable position then,” I smirked at him. Jasper chuckled softly. “I don’t mind,” I swore. “I’ll do whatever you want.” Especially if it made him smile again.

“Get undressed for me,” he demanded in a low tone, pulling at my tank top so that it came out of my jeans.

I stood up and threw off my flannel first, tossing it into his lap. Then I kicked off my sneakers. Leaning forward, he popped the button on my pants for me. Wiggling them down my thighs, I pushed them all the way to the floor. When I bent down to remove my socks, Jasper stopped me.

“No. Leave those on. And your panties. Take off your shirt, though.”

Removing my tank top, I put it on top of the other one in his lap. “What about the bra?”

His eyes raked slowly over my body. Sitting around and doing nothing but stress eating ‘helped’ me gain all but ten pounds of my weight loss back. He was happy about that, especially since it went straight to my chest and thighs.

“Take it off.”

Popping the hooks, I added it to the growing pile.

We hadn’t done anything since the day he was injured. He had been in too much pain, and I was too afraid of hurting him. But I longed for him, and I wanted him to take control, even in just a little way. Neither of us was ready for a scene, but this was different.

“How do you want me?”

Jasper picked up the journal and opened it up so that it was lying flat on the tabletop. He pointed to the couch. It was a gray microfiber with large buttons, the back high. “Get a blanket from the bed,” he instructed. “And some pillows.”

Tossing them onto the sofa, I pulled the soft white down comforter off to drag along with me. Playfully, I wrapped it around me like a hood and cape, going over to flop onto the cushions. "Like this?"

"Get comfortable." He genuinely smiled at my attitude. Going to his luggage, he pulled out his other tin of art supplies. He kept them in the one I gave to him with cookies. Putting it on the table, he walked to the couch. "Lay back and put your feet up."

I did as I was told. He adjusted my arms a little, moving the blanket so that it was opened over my stomach and legs but covered my breasts. He rested one of my feet on top of my calf, bending my leg at an angle.

"That's perfect," he concluded when he finished arranging me how he wanted me, sprawling out across the couch. Running his fingers up my thigh, he moved them over my bare belly for just a second. "You are so beautiful."

"Thank you," I answered as I blushed. It was so hard not to argue, but I wouldn't spoil this for him with that. He hated it when I disagreed with him.

He leaned over for a moment to kiss me, one arm holding himself up while he automatically held the other to his chest. It hurt whenever he moved it, tugging at the wounds. I tried my very best not to shift from the position that he put me in, just tilting my head back for his sweet mouth.

Sitting down at the table, he quickly began the light outline in pencil. It was amazing to watch him work with so much concentration. Obviously, he was enjoying himself, too. His eyes traced every inch of my body repeatedly.

"Draw me like one of your French girls," I teased in a hushed voice, making him stop. Laughing, he looked away from me for a second.

"Need to get you one of those big-ass tacky necklaces," he mumbled, sharpening his pencil.

"No. I need a collar."

Jasper stopped again, the pencil resting in his right hand on the table. His eyes got a little wider. He liked that idea a lot. "Hm..." he murmured as his cheeks flushed.

"Have you drawn me in one already?" I questioned with a smirk. He didn't answer. "I want to see it. Is that all I'm wearing?" He still didn't speak, his face getting redder. His grin pushed to the left side of his mouth, his eyes on the paper. "Jasper!"

“You’re assuming there is just one,” he interjected. I hadn’t looked at the art book he had kept only for me, but I knew he had finished filling its pages. And that it was sitting in the safe with his guns, my books, and usually his wallet. He considered these the most important things in his life, not in that order.

I giggled. “What kind of collar?”

“Different styles,” he said as he continued to draw.

“If you were to buy me one, what would you have me wear?” I pressed.

He ran his tongue over his teeth for a moment, his eyes moving over my legs. Finally, he smiled. “There are a few I like that I’ve put on my list of things I’ll buy when I get a place.”

“Oh! A few?” I excitedly declared. “Tell me about them. Which is your favorite?”

“I think I’d have to see them all on you first before I decide,” he replied, taking another pencil out of the tin. “There is one that is bejeweled with an O-ring that I think I’d enjoy at least drawing you in. I mean, with you as a live model and not from my imagination.”

“Order it, and we can do that soon,” I offered.

“You’ll let me sketch you naked repeatedly?” He teased with a smirk. I just nodded. “You’re too good to me.”

I scoffed softly. “You know I enjoy this, too. I may be quiet, but I am an exhibitionist. I enjoy showing off for the right person.”

“Am I?” He asked, his eyes on mine. “Am I the right one?” I winked at him, making him chuckle.

“Tell me about the others,” I giggled.

“Mm... there’s a thick red leather one, it has an O-ring, too. A black one that looks like a belt. And something studded. It’s thin. They’re all going to look incredibly sexy on you.”

“Do they come with a leash?”

“One, but that’s not really what I want them for. You’re not a bitch, and I’ll not lead you around like a dog,” Jasper earnestly stated.

“What do you want them for?” I urged softly, biting my bottom lip as I felt my cheeks heat. He was turning me on so much.

“The ones with the rings I’d like to use for clamps. On your nipples and between your legs. Connect them with a chain.” My mouth hung open in a horny grin. “I want to fuck you from behind while you’re on your hands and knees, but only after I give you a good spanking and spend some time with the riding crop.”

“Can you use the flogger, too?” I hopefully asked.

He looked up at me. “Do you want me to?” I nodded slowly. Jasper adjusted in his seat, a little aroused, too. “I definitely will.”

“You’ll need to gag me if you do that. There is no way I could be quiet for even a second.”

“I know,” he smirked.

Biting my lip, I considered my next question. “If I’m wearing your collar, will that make you my Master?”

He tilted his head to the side as he considered what he wanted to say. His tongue darted out for a moment to lick his bottom lip. “I’ve never really thought of myself as that,” he replied quietly. He absently went to scratch his wound, just the edge of the gauze and tape. His voice was getting higher as the pain pill kicked in fully. “No one has ever called me ‘master.’ I’ve almost always been ‘sir.’”

“Is that something you want to try?”

Jasper pursed his lips for a moment. “I don’t know. I don’t really want to be your ‘Master.’”

“Wanna be my Daddy?” I asked in a childish voice, surprising him.

Laughing loudly, he sat back in the chair. “Someone has called me that,” he admitted. Jasper looked away, his cheeks pink before he cleared his throat. “Alice, actually.”

“I know,” I snickered. “I’m well aware of her kinks. I write stories for her all the time,” I reminded him playfully. “I really want to ask for your versions of your experiences with her, just to see how it compares.”

“Are you sure you’d want that? Do you want to know how I worked over your best friend?”

It was hard not to snort at how he worded it. “I already know in elaborate detail.”

He chewed on the end of his pencil. "I don't know if I could add anything to the story then. I imagine I'm more clinical in my descriptions. She's a decent storyteller."

"She can't tell me if you liked it or not."

Jasper leaned on his uninjured hand, his elbow on the table. "Well, it happened more than once, so I didn't dislike it, but she's not on that couch right now. What does that tell you?"

"That you don't wish to hurt my feelings by telling me that, yes, you enjoyed boning my best friend." He laughed again. "You can enjoy the sex but not be into a person romantically."

Sighing at my attitude, he rolled his eyes. I wouldn't give up. "Yes, it wasn't bad. It wasn't what I'd want regularly, but she is fun to spend time with. Actually, her personality is great, and I like hanging out with her nonsexually. But I'm not really attracted to her that way. She's pretty, sure. But she's not got what turns me on."

"Which is?"

He stood up from his chair, putting his pencil down on the tabletop. Jasper pushed the blanket away from my body, leaning down to run his fingers first over my lips and down my chin. They smoothed down the center of my chest. "Can I just say all of this?" He quipped as his palm traced my hip.

Pushing up on one hand, I tugged him to me with a kiss. His fingers curled over my cheek, squeezing my ass as it became more intense. Drawing back suddenly, he struck it with a pop.

I pulled his bottom lip between my teeth. "Harder," I breathed.

He pushed me onto my stomach roughly with his palm on my hip and began to hit me repeatedly, moving from one cheek to the other. I pressed my face into the pillow, moaning and giggling in pleasure. He chuckled, gripping one side tightly for a second. Kneeling over me, he leaned down to kiss between my shoulders.

"Your ass looks so good," Jasper whispered in my ear, his palm sliding down underneath the fabric of my panties.

I missed the attention desperately. His expert fingers began to play with me, moving inside me. I was already wet from all the flirting and spanking. Carefully, he pulled my underwear down my legs as he kneeled.

With me on my stomach, he began to eat me from behind. My arms were pinned underneath me, my fingers curling into the blanket that was still tucked beneath my body. He moaned against me, enjoying the taste. He continued to toy with me with his hand.

After making me cum twice, he began to kiss up my back until he pressed his face into my shoulder blades. "Wow. I'm so dizzy right now."

"Oh!" I quickly shifted so that I could roll over onto my back. Sitting up, I made room for him beside me. "Are you okay?" I asked as I pulled him onto the cushion.

His head leaned against it. "Yeah, just the pill and all the blood is in my cock now," he joked, pulling me into a kiss.

I giggled against his mouth, rubbing my fingers through his hair. "What would you like to do? What do you think you're up to?"

"Come here," he mumbled before he pulled me into his lap. Within a moment, he readjusted so that he was inside me, his arm around my waist. He just removed himself from his sleep pants.

My fingers rested on his shoulders gently, too afraid to move. "I don't want to hurt you."

"Put your hands on the back of the couch," he offered. I did so, stretching my arms out above my head to reach. He smiled when I had to adjust a bit, and my breasts swung in his face. "Yeah, just like that, darlin."

With his palm in the middle of my back, he held me to his chest as I rode him. His other hand rested lightly on my waist. Sliding it down my spine, he gripped my ass so hard that I called out in surprise. My head fell forward as I came once again.

"I love you," he gasped against my skin. "Fuck. Bella," Jasper moaned my name against my heart as he followed behind. "I love you," he repeated, resting his forehead against my breast.

Bringing him quickly into a kiss, I breathlessly showed him how much I adored him. "Are you okay?" Nodding, he smiled up at me. I pushed his damp hair out of his face. "I love you, too." His eyes sort of drifted closed as he laid his head against me. "Dizzy still?"

"Yeah. Fuck," he grumbled.

"Why don't we get cleaned up and I'll get you something to eat? That'll make you feel better." He nodded against my chest. "You're not in pain? Does anything hurt?"

“No,” he chuckled, bringing his hand up to my jaw. “Let’s get something to eat, though. You’re right. That’ll probably help. Why don’t we go down to the restaurant, huh? We should get out of this room for a little while.”

Putting both of my hands on his jaw, I gave him a slow and gentle kiss. “I’d love that.”