Summary


Notes

This is a spank!fic. It has a great deal of PWP. This is not really a BDSM story. Edward and Jasper are seniors in high school, both 18, so they don't have a lot of experience. They naturally fall into a sort of D/s dynamic, and this is a story of how they work through this discovery. This needs warnings for spanking, toys of all sorts, rimming, barebacking, offensive language, unsafe sex, cross-dressing, Edward and Jasper both being assholes, a lot of ridiculous Twilight references, and I don't even remember what else. Maybe snowballing?

This started anonymously on the Twi-kink meme. Here was the prompt: Kink: “Jasper discovers that Edward likes to be spanked. Domsper-ish/smut/ maybe even a little dark. All human is preferred.”

The full fic was originally posted between June and October 2010. There are probably a lot of typos in this, because I lost the clean copy in the great hard drive crash of 2011.

Somewhere along the way, fandom decided the word “cum” was wrong. Sorry. This fic is full of cum.
Enjoy.
(Jasper POV)

I hated Edward Cullen.

I hated him with a passion.

I hated the way he smiled that obnoxious crooked half smile. I hated the way the other guys at school tried to get their hair to stay up the way his so casually did. I hated the way all the girls at Forks High soaked their panties every time he walked by. I hated hearing my sister swoon about him ever since the first day he showed up in Forks. I hated the way he was so aloof and basically a dick to everyone, but somehow he had everyone eating out of the palm of his hand. I hated that I was no longer big man on campus.

All perfectly logical reasons as to why, after lunch, I had him pinned to the floor in the hallway in front of Mr. Banner's classroom, punching him in the ribs as he struggled against me. He had gotten a few good blows in before I had him trapped. But, now I had my hand on his jaw, holding his head down, about ready to use my other to get him square in his precious face.

“You like that don't you,” I sneered. “You like it when I put you in your place.”

“Hale! Cullen!” I heard the vice principal's voice calling down the hallway, and the clicking of his wingtips on the tile as he approached.

“What is the meaning of this?! You're both seniors! I expect you to act like adults! What is it going to take to get the two of you to stop fighting?! Every week I'm pulling the two of you apart!” His face was red and angry, so I immediately broke in with as soothing a voice as possible.

"We were just horsing around,” I pleaded.

"Yeah,” Cullen's immediate agreement shocked me. "Just messing around.”

"We're good,” I nodded. “Really, it won't happen again.”

I stood up and reached out my hand to grab Cullen's. He hesitated, but played along and let me pull him up.

“See?” I said to the principle. “It's all good. Right, Eddie?” Without really thinking about it, I gave Cullen a quick slap on the ass, as if we had just been wrestling for sport, and not because I actually wanted to bash his perfect face into the lockers.

The vice principal and I both looked to Cullen for a response, but it was not what I had expected.

At all.

Cullen's reaction was unmistakable. His body tensed and his face turned a rosy color, but it was his expression that was the most revealing.

He was aroused.

My mouth gaped open a little, and I barely heard what the vice principal said to us. It was something
about us not letting it happen again. If we want to roughhouse, we should do it off school property, and blah blah blah. I tried to nod in the right places, but I kept glancing over in Cullen's direction.

His shoulders were slumped down, and it was obvious that he was trying to conceal his groin. I sneaked a glance, and I did not miss the unmistakable bulge that was impossible to hide in his ridiculous skinny jeans that basically clung to his body.

I tried to catch his eye, to let him know that I knew, but he kept his eyes trained away from me. I knew he could feel my eyes on him, though, because his blush continued to deepen.

I was absolutely worthless for the rest of the day. My mind kept turning over the strange chain of events that had taken place. I wasn't sure why I cared, but I was starting to become obsessed with the idea of Cullen getting off on our altercation. Was it the fighting itself? Sure, occasionally I might have gotten a little excited when in the middle of one of our countless fights, but I was a teenage guy and it was due to all the adrenaline. I had certainly never been straining against my jeans the way Cullen had been. But, if he had been hard when I had him pinned down, surely I would have noticed it, right?

No, it was when I gave him the slightly harder than friendly pat on his ass that he reacted so strangely.

Then, I finally realized it.

Edward Cullen liked to be spanked.

Oh, this was too good to pass up.

I thought about all the ways that I could use this to exploit my nemesis. Make t-shirts that said, “I Spanked Edward Cullen,” or, better yet, try to slowly drive him insane by giving him a pat on the ass every time I saw him.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat in study hall.

Was the thought of spanking Edward Cullen getting me hard? I let my mind drift a little, away from thoughts of Cullen, and my hard on resided. Then, I heard the door creak open and my head turned. Into the room walking my rival himself, carrying a note for the study hall teacher. I studied him surreptitiously as he walked to the front of the room. I watched as the muscles in his rear end tensed as relaxed with each step. I thought about what it would be like to see it unclothed, to be able to put my hands on it, to give it a rough slap while Cullen writhed beneath me.

Yep, my boner had returned with full force.

After school got out, I waited around in the hallway where his locker was. My eyes were honed in on him as he pulled books out of his locker and shoved them into his bag. It was when he started toward the door that I made my move.

"Cullen," I called.

He kept his head down and kept walking.

"Edward," I called again, trying his first name.

He was visibly startled but picked up the pace. I jogged after him. He was fast, but I was faster. I caught up to him just as he reached his car - a stupid, shiny Volvo.
Before he could reach the door handle, I used my weight to press his body up against the car, trapped against mine. I could hear his heart racing.

"Hale," he hissed. "What the fuck do you want?"

"I want to know what happened today."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"N-n-no, I don't." For the first time, his demeanor cracked.

"Yes, you do. Look, I'm not going to tell anyone. I'm not going to hurt you." I lowered my voice and leaned in a little, my lips almost brushing his ear. "I just want to see if I can make you blush like that again."

Edward's mouth formed a perfect "o," but he didn't say anything.

"Your parents home?" I asked him.

He shook his head.

"I'm coming over."

He swallowed hard and nodded.

He waited for me to return to my truck, and again for me to pull up behind him, so I could follow. I knew where he lived, everyone in Forks knew where the Cullens lived, but the drive was hard to find from the road. When we reached our destination, I parked my truck behind his and got out slowly, as he did the same.

He didn't say a word, but he did glance over his shoulder, seemingly to see if I was there. I silently followed him into his house. Once we were inside the elaborate foyer, he turned to me awkwardly.

"Um, can I get you anything? A drink?"

"How polite, Cullen," I sneered. "You don't need to pretend. We're not friends. I came here for one thing, and one thing only."

I stepped up to him and grabbed the waistband of his jeans. I unbuttoned the fly slowly, nuzzling into the crook of his neck, greedily drinking in his scent. Then, I yanked the stupid skinny jeans and his briefs down in a rough motion, then spun him around.

I took a second to take in his lithe body before speaking.

"Bend over for me," I ordered.

I glanced up and his eyes widened, but he still said nothing. Instead, he shuffled over to the stairs, his jeans at his knees. I was about to scold him for not following my orders immediately, when I realized he was simply using the stairs for balance. He bent forward, resting his elbows on the stairs, pointing his perfect, firm, rosy cheeks up in the air.

"Fuck, you look so hot." I couldn't help the words escaping my mouth.

I approached slowly. Then I put my left hand gently on his left cheek. I ghosted my hand over the
smooth skin, and then across the other cheek. His skin was so creamy and soft. It was all I could do not to lean down and take a bite.

Instead, I struck.

Right in the center of his left cheek.

I left a beautiful rosy marking right in the center.

He gasped.

I pulled my hand further back and struck again, a little lower this time.

"Fuck," I heard him whisper.

"You like that don't you?" I repeated my words from earlier that day. This time, Cullen responded.

"Oh, yeah," he moaned.

I struck again, this time closer to the crack of his sculpted buttocks.

He whimpered, and his body shifted as I saw his right arm move.

"Are you touching yourself, Edward?" I asked roughly, trying out his first name again.

"Need- need-" he started.

"What do you need?"

"Need to come."

I grabbed his arm to stop his movements.

"No, Edward," I said, feeling more comfortable using his given name. "You don't get to touch yourself. I'm going to make you come just from doing this."

I spanked him again, this time on his bare right cheek, leaving a nice, bright red mark to match the other side.

"How many strikes do you think it will take?" I asked in a whisper.

Cull- no, Edward, made a soft whining noise.

"Four?" I asked roughly as I continued my assault on his right side.

"Five?" I asked again, this time nearing his hand crack, my hand close to hitting his scrotum.

He groaned.

I stopped counting after that, but it wasn't much longer, barely into the double digits, before his whole body was trembling on the staircase.

"Oh!" he cried with another strike that glanced his ball sack. "Jasper- Jasper-" He was panting my first name now. I couldn't remember ever hearing him call me “Jasper.” It was only then that I realized how painfully aroused I was. I paused to free my cock from where it was struggling against my Levi's. I gripped it with my right hand and started tugging. Edward whimpered, so I bent forward and rubbed my hardness against his crack.
“Good god,” he hissed.

“See what you're doing to me? See how hot you are, bent over and willing for me? Next time I'm going to spread those cheeks apart and fuck you until you're sore inside and out.”

He groaned, and I thought I heard the word “please” escape his lips.

One more slap was all it took.

“Fuck, Jasper!” his voice reverberated through the hallway as he shuddered under me, shooting his seed out onto the Cullen's stairs.

Watching him give in to the orgasm was the most erotic thing I had ever seen. His whole body seemed to climax, tensing and releasing everywhere. I imagined, then, what it would feel like to have my cock inside that tight ass as he came, clamping around me, so I could feel his pulsing body.

"Ugh," I cried. A few more pulls and I was coming all over the rosy, raw, fleshy curves of Edward's pert ass.

“Goddamn, Edward,” I whispered, as I bent forward a little to brace myself on his body.

He started standing up stiffly, obviously sore.

“Wait,” I commanded.

He froze.

“Bathroom?” I asked.

“First door on the right,” he responded, jerking his head in the direction of a hallway to the right of the stairs.

I went to the bathroom and dug around in the linen closet. I found a washcloth, which I ran under warm water, and a bottle of lotion with aloe vera.

Edward hadn't moved from his position when I got back. I wondered if he was actually afraid of me or if this was just part of the game. All I knew was that if I wanted to do this again, and I did want to do this again, I couldn't fuck it up by being my usual huge dickwad self.

I first wiped my cum off of his back, then handed him the cloth so he could clean off his dick, as well as the staircase. While he was bent over the stairs. I squeezed some of the lotion into my hand. I took a good long look at his figure. His ass looked spectacular, bright red from the spanking and so tender to the touch. His skin had to be burning, so I put my hands on him gently.

He hissed when the lotion touched his skin.

“Shh...” I said soothingly. “The aloe in this will help.”

I rubbed very gently, massaging his skin lightly to ease the redness. I got lost in the action of touching him so intimately, but soon, his hisses were replaced with contented sighs.

Once I moved my hands away, Edward finally stood. His arms were red from where they had been bracing his body, and I almost made a move to grab them and massage away the discomfort there, too.

What was happening to me?
Edward bent forward tenderly to pull up his briefs. It took him longer to get his jeans up, and he winced a little as the denim brushed against his ass. Finally, it was just us staring at each other in stony silence. Neither of us having a clue what to say.

“Why did you--” Edward started, then cleared his throat. “Afterward, with the lotion?”

Shit. The one thing he could have asked me that would throw me off guard.

The words came out without my really thinking them over. “I take care of what's mine. Your ass is mine now, Cullen.” I ended the statement with a growl, and Edward once again responded with a flush.

“I still don't like you,” he stated, but his eye twinkled as he spoke.

“I still don't like you, either,” I agreed. I refused to believe that all the hatred I had poured into our rivalry was due to something as asinine as unresolved sexual tension.

His lips quirked up in the crooked smile I hated.

Only, this time, I noted, it wasn't quite so bad.

END SCENE
(Jasper POV)

I dreamed of Edward Cullen's ass all week.

Every morning, I woke up panting and sweating and hard, and I knew I had been dreaming about him bent over the stairs. Ready and waiting for me.

I started paying more attention to him at school than usual. I was borderline obsessed.

The fucker still annoyed the shit out of me. He was cocky, arrogant, and had fucking girls crawling all over him. He seemed to be avoiding me like the plague. Of course, it didn't help that the dumbass vice principal was always breathing down my neck.

Edward was in some of my classes, though, so he couldn't completely avoid me. He refused to make eye contact with me, but that wasn't unusual. What was unusual, and it may have been my over-active imagination, but I think he purposely did shit to get a rise out of me. He sucked up to our Spanish teacher even more than usual. He let girls he usually didn't give the time of day to sit on his lap. I swear, once he even purposely dropped a pencil on his way up to Mr. Berty's desk during A.P. English and bent over right in my line of vision to pick it up.

But, when I would start to get angry enough to lash out at him for being such a prick and a tease, I thought about his perfect ass, sticking up in the air, all red and swollen for me, and I stopped dead in my tracks.

On the one hand, I owned him. I could exploit him over this. I could tell his secret to everyone, without revealing how I knew, and the girls and the posse and the teachers eating out of his hand would all just vanish. He'd be the kinky freak that no one knew how to act around, and so they would shun him instead. And, I could easily play off how I knew about it, if he tried to drag me down with him.

On the other hand, I really, really wanted to do it again. I wanted to spank him until he was begging for it, and then I wanted to fuck him so hard he'd be screaming my name to deities and demons alike. What was even worse, though, was that I sort of felt inexplicably protective of him. I had gotten his secret out of him, but he was so willing and trusting of me that afternoon, having absolutely no reason to be; I just couldn't bring myself to use this against him, even if it never happened again.

I was turning into a fucking girl, and I didn't like it.

I needed to take out my aggression.

By Friday afternoon, I had had enough. I found him right before last period and slammed him face first up against his locker.

“What the--?” he started, until he turned slightly and saw it was me. “What do you want?” His voice was cool.

“I want you, you little whore,” I whispered low enough that no one else could hear.

Edward tensed in my grasp.
"I want to bend you over, and make your perky little ass sing for me again," I continued.

This time, he blushed.

I was starting to become addicted to that blush.

"You want that don't you?"

He nodded.

"Say it," I insisted, pushing his body against the locker. "Out loud."

"I want it," he whispered, his voice shaky.

"Want what?" I insisted.

"I want that," he hissed. He regained a bit of his cockiness and finished, "I want you to bend me over and spank me so hard I won't be able to sit down the next day."

Damn, I now had a problem growing in my jeans. He smirked at me, as if sensing my discomfort.

Two could play this game.

"Good," I said calmly. "Because then I'm gonna fuck you."

His jaw dropped a little.

I released him from my grasp. It was a good thing, too, because the vice principal had just turned the corner and was coming toward us.

"Meet me after school," I said in my normal voice. "So we can work on the... project."

Edward swallowed and nodded. Then, his mask was back on.

"Is Hale giving you a hard time, Mr. Cullen?" The meddling asshole was standing in front of us now.

"No," Edward said slyly. "I think it was actually the other way around."

I couldn't help but let out a snort as Edward coolly walked around the vice principal and toward his last class of the day.

I shrugged at the suit. "Well, I don't want to be late for Physics."

Cullen was waiting for me after school, leaning against his Volvo like he was a fucking model. It took everything that was in me to not just bend him over the hood of that ridiculous machine.

Instead, I drove again to his house in my truck, and then once again silently followed him inside.

We made it to the living room this time, not speaking a word between us. I told myself that the reason I wanted Edward bent over the couch was because it put his ass at a better height, and not because I felt bad last time seeing how much his arms hurt from being on the stairs. I mean, clearly the guy got off on a little pain, but I wanted to be in control of that pain.

I all but shoved him toward the leather couch, but he positioned himself willingly, bending forward with his forearms bracing himself on the back. I nearly tore his jeans, skinny as usual, from his body,
but this time there was no underwear getting in the way.

I raised my hand to begin, but then I hesitated. I couldn't just jump right into this. I needed provocation.

“Tell me something, Edward. What have you done to deserve this spanking?”

He let out a moan that went right to my dick.

I didn't let him answer.

“Did you stick this sweet ass of yours in my face on purpose in English class yesterday?”

“Um...”

“Answer me, you little slut,” I demanded.

“Yes,” he whispered.

“And did you let Jessica Stanley rub her tits all over you when you knew I was watching?”

“Yes,” he repeated.

“Why did you do that, Edward?” I spat.

“I wanted to make you jealous,” he said hoarsely.

I was taken aback by his honesty, but nothing startled me more than his next statement.

“Punish me, Jasper. Please?”

Fuck. Me.

Without another word I let my hand fly against his left cheek.

It was too hard, and I knew it. I should have started out with lighter spanking to get his sensitive cheeks ready, but there was something so satisfying about seeing the red mark of my hand splayed across his mound of flesh. Luckily, if Edward's reaction was any indication, he didn't mind at all.

In fact, he let out a long, low, guttural, “Oh, yeah.”

I leaned forward until my lips were next to his ear. “That's for making me get a hard on in English class,” I whispered.

I let another hard slap fly to his opposite cheek.

“That's for making me watch you act like the whore you are.”

He sighed.


I rattled the words and the accompanying slaps off in quick succession, and by the end of the sentence, he was damn near shouting, “Yes! Yes! Jasper, yes!”

I rubbed my hand across his cheeks in a soft motion. He shivered beneath me, and I could see his
right arm start to twitch. I leaned forward and reached around to squeeze his cock. I was unsurprised to find my hand wrapped around his hard as steel rod.

“Didn't you learn last time?” I said with a squeeze. “I control when you come, and you are going to come when I'm inside you.”

“Oh,” he panted.

I spread his cheeks open the best I could with one hand and let a slap fly to the middle of his ass, right along his crack.

“You want that, Edward? You want me to fuck this pretty ass of yours?”

“Yes, please, Jasper,” he was practically panting now.

I was sort of shocked at how willing he was. I knew he had been with girls, and if rumor was any indication, he was a damn good lay. But, here he was, practically begging me for it. There's no way I would have done it otherwise.

I wondered if he realized how much I got off on this power trip.

What made it even better was that I knew that Edward was a lot like me in other avenues of life. He was brash and confident and completely in control. The fact that I could dominate him, that he let me dominate him, contributed to the rush.

It didn't hurt that he had a killer body.

I ghosted my hand over his buttocks one more time, admiring the sight.

Then, I spread his reddened cheeks apart with my hands. He hissed at the movement. I'm sure his flesh was absolutely burning. I trailed my finger down his crack slowly. He shivered.

“First things first,” I purred. “Now, don't get me wrong, I'm gonna fuck you hard, but I'm not gonna fuck you dry. We need lube.”

“Bedroom, bedside table,” Edward breathed. “Upstairs, second door on the left.”

He was trusting me to go into his bedroom and retrieve it.

“Don't move a muscle,” I hissed, my voice returning to its authoritative tone. “Try not to even blink.”

Then, I gave his ass another slap just for good measure.

His moan was stifled as he tried to follow my order not to move.

I climbed the stairs quickly and found the door to his room. I hesitated before pushing it open. For some reason, I felt like this was uncharted territory. Edward had already shared so much with me physically, now he was trusting me by revealing his personal space with me. I doubt that many, if any, of his harem had passed through this threshold.

Why was he letting me do this?

My stomach turned.

It wasn't possible that he had feelings for me, was it? Because that would be fucked up.
I pushed open the door angrily and stalked toward the bed underneath the window. I pulled open the
drawer of his bedside table roughly, finding a bottle of lube and a large, half-empty box of condoms.
Somehow, seeing that box made me feel better.

I finally took a second to look around the room. The first thing that assaulted my eyes was a huge
wall, covered in shelving, that looked like it contained half a record store and a good portion of a
library. I resisted the urge to paw through his collection and instead turned around to look at the other
walls. Images of bikini-clad women sprawled across muscle cars and rolling in the sand dominated
the remaining walls.

A wave of relief I didn't quite understand washed over me.

But, the confusion returned. This man was obviously at least in part heterosexual. Why on earth was
he letting me use his body this way? Why did he seem so eager for me to fuck him? What was his
game?

What remained of my erection had diminished almost completely. I wanted to fuck Edward, badly,
but I couldn't do it without some answers.

I took the lube and a couple condoms with me, closing his bedroom door softly behind me. I took the
stairs slowly.

Even with my head full of doubt, my body reacted once again to seeing Edward, in the exact
position I had left him, bent over the couch, the mark of my hands could be seen from the base of the
staircase.

He'd better not be toying with me.

“Good,” I said to him, signifying my return to him. “Glad to see you can follow instructions.”

He didn't respond, but stayed frozen.

“Hey,” I said softly. “You can relax for a second. I- I need to ask you something, and I want you to
answer me honestly.”

He turned his head to look over his shoulder at me, fear unmistakable in his eyes.

“Okay,” he said slowly.

I swallowed before letting it out in an angry rush.

“Why, Edward? Why are you letting me do this? We hate each other.”

Edward snorted, but he didn't deny my last claim. Instead, he looked me straight in the eye and
answered immediately.

“Don't you ever get tired of being in control? Or get tired of manipulating people? Don't you ever
just want to let go and surrender all that power to someone else for a while?”

I thought about it carefully. I tried to imagine Edward telling me to bend over, or spanking my ass
until it was raw and rosy. I couldn't.

“No,” I answered. “I honestly don't.”

“Well, then,” Edward chuckled. “I think that's why this works. I get to surrender to the most
dominant person I know, and you get to control the most dominant person you know.”
I was nodding, hearing the truth in his words, except for one thing.

“You're only the second most dominant person I know, Edward.”

I slapped his ass one more time for good measure.

“And, don't you forget it.”

“Fuck,” Edward groaned, effectively ending our little heart to heart, or whatever it was, and turned his head away from me. It still didn't explain why he wanted me to drill his ass, but he seemed in complete control of his faculties, so I didn't dwell on it.

“Now, spread your legs wider for me, you kinky slut,” I demanded.

Right on cue, Edward complied. It made me feel even more powerful to know that he enjoyed this, enjoyed answering my demands.

I took a moment to admire the handiwork I had done on Edward's buttocks, before I focused on the prize. His beautiful puckered entrance was waiting for me.

I had a feeling that this was Edward's first time being penetrated, but it didn't feel like it was my place to ask. Instead, I dripped a few drops of lube right above his hole. I watched as the drops rolled down the beautiful slope of his crack. Once the drops reached their destination, I reached out a finger to trace it. Then, I pushed it it through the tight opening.

“Jasper,” his voice was a reverent pant.

He was so fucking tight and tense, I had a fleeting doubt that I would fit.

“You're tighter than I thought a whore like you would be. I should get you a plug, and when you put it in to get yourself ready for me, you'll remember that you're my little bitch.”

I removed my finger and coated it, along with a second finger, with lube.

“Relax,” I whispered so softly, I almost doubted he heard. Then, I pressed both fingers in.

Edward groaned.

I began to pump them in and out of his hole, trying to loosen and stretch him in the process. I could feel his body starting to give in to the motions.

“You like that? You like being my bitch?” I taunted.

He nodded.

I took my free hand and let one fly against his ass cheek.

“Tell me,” I ordered.

“I like being your little bitch,” he said much too meekly for my liking.

“That's all? You like it?” I added another hard slap to the same side. “Tell me.”

“I fucking love it, all right? I love bending over for you. I love it when you spank me. Jesus, you make me so fucking hard. I want you to have your way with me, Jasper.”
The neediness dripping out of his hoarse voice was almost startling. I could have made him beg for it, but his voice was already so pleading, it had me hard and ready right then.

I stepped in closer to Edward, my two fingers still buried in him, and I slapped my dick against his ass.

“You feel that? You feel how hard I am? That’s what you’re doing to me bent over like this. Your ass is mine.” I dick-slapped him one more time and repeated, “Mine.”

I withdrew my fingers and tore open a condom wrapper, rolling the rubber over my swollen cock. With one more coating of lube, I was ready.

I grabbed his ass roughly and spread open his cheeks, nearly salivating at the hole that awaited me.

“I’m going to go slow, so you can feel every inch of me, okay?”

I gave him one last chance to back out, but he just nodded eagerly like the good little whore he was.

I slowly pushed into him, pushing the head of my cock past his tight ring. I paused and waited a moment, tracing my fingers across his beautiful fleshy mounds to distract some of his nerves.

When I felt him shiver, I finished my slow entry, until I was buried to the hilt in his heat.

“God damn, Edward. Just-- goddamn.”

I felt him shift his weight a little, getting used to the intrusion of my, dare I say, rather impressive cock.

“Okay?” I asked. I had never let another man stick his love muscle in me, but I had a dildo I'd played around with after I realized my preference for men. Though, I would never entrust another man with something so sensitive, I was curious, and truth be told, playing with the dildo made me a better fuck. I still remember what it felt like the first time, feeling stretched in that peculiar way. I didn't want to hurt him, because now that I had my taste of Edward Cullen, I didn't think I could give it up. I knew what to do to make him feel good.

But, I didn't want to go too easy on him.

I didn't wait for a spoken answer, but I read the cues of his body. As soon as he relaxed, I pulled nearly all the way out of his tight channel, then pushed back in, still erring on the side of caution.

I repeated the motion, picking up the pace a little each time. I needed Edward to get used to the feeling, so I could fuck him hard and fast, just like I wanted. Just like he wanted, too, he just didn't know it yet. I continued to distract him by caressing his lower back and reddened derriere with my fingertips, and I felt him relax even more into the feeling of my cock inside him.

He felt so good around my dick. He was so tight, I couldn't get over it. I was nearly getting high off knowing that I was the only one who had ever been inside Edward this way. This part of his body was mine and mine alone. If he wanted to continue whoring himself out to the sluts of Forks High, that was his business, but this, this perfect ass was mine.

I let out a growl.

He whimpered in response.

Enough pussyfooting around, it was time for me to really claim him.
I slowed my moments and, staying buried deep inside him, walked Edward forward a little so his body was half draped over the couch. It changed the angle of penetration a little, and I knew I would be able to get in even deeper.

Once we were better positioned, I spoke in a low voice, “We're done playing around now, you little whore. I'm going to fuck you now.”

Edward moaned so loud, I could feel it reverberate through my body.

I leaned over Edward until my lips were close to his ear.

“I want to hear how good I'm making you feel, Edward. I want to hear every moan and pant and scream. Got it?”

I let two quick slaps fly against the side of his left cheek.

“Yes, Jasper! Yes!” Edward cried out.

“Good, boy,” I murmured.

I straightened. I grabbed his hips with my hands, then pulled out of Edward completely. I gave him a second to feel the loss, then lined myself up to his beautiful hole and slammed into him hard.

“Oh, God!” Edward screeched.

“The name's Jasper, you slut, but I'll allow the comparison.”

I pulled out almost all the way again and thrust back in.

I reveled in the sensation and lost myself, pounding in and out of Edward's perfect ass at a fast and steady pace like a piston. He responded exactly as I wanted; he was so vocal it spurred me on even more. To reward my noisy little slut, I shifted my angle again, knowing that I would be hitting his prostate with more pressure.

“Oh! Right there! Oh, fuck me, Jasper! Fuck me, Jas--”

The way he screaming out my name was quickly becoming my favorite sound in the world, second only to the noise of my hand striking his flesh.

I was well on my way to coming undone, but I wanted to feel Edward come while I was inside him, and I wanted him to come hard.

I kept up my frantic pace but let my right hand release my grip on his hips. I used my hand to pepper his right cheek with a few less than gentle slaps. I gripped the buttock in my hand and gave it a squeeze.

The scream that came out of Edward's lips was animalistic and primal.

His whole body was starting to shudder.

I leaned forward again, and brought my right hand around to wrap my fingers around the base of his steel hard dick like a cock ring, slowing his blood flow to the organ.

“Have you forgotten, bitch? I decide when you come.”

“Yes, Jasper,” he panted, the exasperation in his voice was delicious.
I tightened my grip around his cock and demanded, “You want to come?”

“Yes, please, yes.”

“Beg for it, Edward. Beg me.”

I was slamming into him now, almost brutally fast.

“Please, Jasper, please. I'll do anything you want. Anything. Just let me come,” his voice was hoarse and dripping with need.

“Anything, Edward?”

“Anything.”

Fuck. A world of possibilities open to my imagination.

“I'm holding you to that,” I hissed as I realized my hand.

I took my right hand up and let one last hard smack fly toward Edward’s rear.

“Come, Edward. Come now.”

On cue, he tensed and I pushed forward, feeling an exquisite clenching around my cock, while Edward shouted my name. His body continued to shiver and shudder as he pulsed through his climax. I almost came because of the pressure clamping down around me, but I didn't want to shoot my load into a latex sheath. I slowly pulled myself out of the tight warmth and rolled off the condom.

Edward knew well enough to stay still as I grabbed onto my throbbing appendage and gave it a few quick strokes. I looked down at the work I had done to Edward, and the sight was glorious. He was panting and exhausted, his whole body limp with release. The ivory color of his skin was gone, as his entire complexion was flush with exhaustion.

Seeing his fleshy, red, well-spanked ass was the exact vision I needed to bring myself over the precipice. My whole body tensed in anticipation; my nerve endings were tingling. Edward wiggled his ass back and forth slightly as if sensing my rapidly approaching release.

I cried out a string of nonsense as I came, hard, spraying my spunk all over his rosy cheeks.

As I came down from my orgasm, my legs wobbled, and I needed Edward's body to stabilize me. I leaned forward, willing my heart to stop beating so wildly.

Once I regained my balance, he turned, and we made eye contact. The eyes I was looking into were burning with satisfaction mixed with a little bit of pain.

My protective side took over, and I knew it was my job to get rid of that pain. I needed to soothe him before I came down from my little power trip and remembered what a huge douchebag he was.

Still panting slightly, I grabbed his wrist and pulled him into the bathroom by the stairs.

He followed me willingly and wordlessly.

I eventually decided to sit down on the edge of the tub. There was a wide enough ledge for it to be comfortable for my tall frame. I motioned to Edward to come toward me.

He looked at me curiously until I reached out and grabbed his hand, pulling him forward so he could
fold himself over me. Finally, he understood, and moments later, I had Edward spread out across my lap, his ass sitting up proudly. I used the same lotion I had last time, absently thinking that I needed to get something better than aloe.... I reverently rubbed it into his battered flesh, trying to ease the pain as gently as I could.

The intimacy of the moment didn't frighten me as much as it maybe should have. But, Edward didn't make it uncomfortable. I was taking care of him because in some weird twist of fate, his ass and his body had become mine. Edward seemed to sense that this was a necessary step. I needed to show him that I wasn't just using him, and I appreciated his trust even if I didn't like him as a person. We had fallen so easily into this dynamic, but there was no sense in trying to make it something it wasn't.

Once I was done, Edward stood and walked out of the room.

I followed silently and watched him as he pickup his jeans where I discarded them.

“You might want to wear something looser. That fabric might irritate you.”

“Yeah,” Edward replied, studying me curiously. “You're right. Thanks.”

I shrugged.

He raised his arm and rubbed the back of his neck, his other hand holding his jeans in front of his junk. My feet felt locked on the ground. It was as if wielding all that power over him had totally exhausted me.

“You waiting for a fucking prize or something?” Edward sneered at me, effectively ending the scene.

I shook my head and glared at the sexy bastard. I pulled my keys out and turned toward the door.

I paused before pulling it open, then looked over my shoulder.

“I'll see you later, Cullen,” I said with a snarl. Then, I raised my voice to its more authoritative tone, “I wasn't kidding around when I said I was getting you a plug.”

He swallowed.

I winked.

And, I walked out of the Cullen house without looking back.

END SCENE
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This chapter is not a PSA for responsible behavior. Just saying.

(Jasper POV)

Edward Cullen was a prick.

It was his fault I was sitting in detention right now.

He knew how to get my goat, but I didn’t know if getting Newton to provoke me into a shouting match in the library was just his usual asshole behavior, or if he was acting out so as not to raise suspicion. Or, maybe, he was asking to be punished. Regardless, he was going to get punished for it the next time I got my hands on him. I had plans for Edward, and sitting bored out of my mind in detention was not helping my over-active imagination.

If I thought about it, though, it wasn’t all that out of the ordinary for him to use Newton as a lackey. On the other hand, he could have done something even worse and gotten me suspended. I was always walking that tightrope, and Edward knew it.

Either way, I was surprised to see his Volvo still in the parking lot when I got out of detention. I looked around but failed to spot him or his annoying bronze mop and skinny jean-clad ass. I shrugged and continued toward my truck at the back of the parking lot. Just as I passed his car its lights started blinking and it gave a loud beep.

I spun around.

The cocky fucker was standing three cars away.

“Looking for me, Hale?”

“What are you still doing here, Cullen?”

He shrugged. “Had to stay to help Mr. Banner get some slides together for a Bio lab.”

I quirked my eyebrow at him. That seemed like too much sucking up, even for Cullen.

“So, you weren’t waiting for me?”

“Of course not.” He sounded like the Edward Cullen who hated my guts, but his expression held no malice.

I smirked at him.

“Well, my detention put me behind on some errands, so...” I waved my keys.

His face fell almost imperceptibly.
“Oh!” I said suddenly, pretending that I had just remembered. “Before I go, I have something I need to give you.”

He looked as if he were about to question me, but he didn't say anything.

“It's in my truck.”

I started walking toward my shitty S-10 without asking him to follow me. I felt victorious when I heard his footsteps behind me.

I took my time unlocking my truck, still not looking back at him. I rummaged behind the truck, even though the bag was right on top. I tried to ignore the fluttering in my stomach before bringing it out and turning around.

I couldn't read Edward's expression, but he definitely looked curious.

“Here,” I said as I shoved the brown paper bag into his hand with little fanfare.

His eyes grew wide then darted back and forth, getting a good read of the parking lot. When he realized that we were alone, I swear the corners of his lips turned upward.

He opened the bag and peered into it.

“Shit,” he whispered almost inaudibly.

He didn't pull it out of the bag, but I could tell he was turning it over in his hand, wondering how it would possibly fit inside him.

I had splurged a little on the purchase, going for a stainless steel plug. It was a little on the smallish side, but I wasn't sure what Edward's limits would be. He was going to pay for getting me in detention, and I was going to up the ante of our little game, if that's what it was. While I was buying the plug, I had wandered into the bondage section of the store, and my mind was racing with possibilities.

The store had all sorts of toys. I wasn't fully comfortable with some of the things I saw, and some I couldn't imagine serving a sexual purpose. There were floggers and riding crop and paddles, all of which I planned on using on Edward immanently. I was a little wary of the whips and canes and the bondage restraints. Edward was a master at staying still, I didn't know if bondage was really necessary. Unless, of course, he liked to be tied up. I was a little curious at things like nipple clamps and ball stretchers, which didn't seem necessary at all, but I really was new to all of this.

Unfortunately, I figured it was too much to ask Edward to come to the store with me.

I decided that I had to tread carefully with Edward. He had been so open about his willingness to explore his sexuality, and he was damn near close to begging for it right now in the parking lot, but I still wasn't fully convinced that this wasn't some elaborate trap designed to humiliate me in some way. Though, I'm not sure why he would offer up his ass to me in order to do so. I wasn't particularly open about my being gay, but I never lied and claimed to fuck girls. In fact, I frequently expressed my opinion loudly about how skanky I thought the girls at Forks High were. Everyone assumed I found tail elsewhere.

It was true. I did. I just liked my tail to come with a dick.

Preferably Edward Cullen's dick.
“If you wear that for me tomorrow, I have a surprise for you,” I told him evenly.

I had made another purchase at the store in the hopes that Edward would be game.

He swallowed. Either with arousal or nerves, I couldn't tell.

“Not that you deserve a surprise after getting me in detention,” I continued.

“That's exactly why I deserve it,” Cullen's cockiness had returned.

So, he did do it on purpose.

He was looking up at me with a smirk that went straight to my dick. I wanted to rip his jeans off and bend him over right there, but I knew that's exactly what he wanted.

“Tomorrow,” I said firmly.

Then, I leaned forward and left my lips hovering by his ear. “I want you to go home and think about what you did. And, what I'm going to do to you tomorrow if you're a good boy and wear your plug.”

I stepped back from him then, and not waiting for an answer crossed the parking lot to my truck.

He made it a point to make eye contact with me at school the next day. In the morning, it seemed like he was just checking to make sure I knew he was there. As if a day had gone by since he had moved here where I didn't notice him - keeping your enemies closer, and all that. But, after lunch, the looks began to grow more seductive. As if his eyes were just permanently glazed over with lust.

I followed him home yet again after school; though, I no longer needed the directions.

We barely made it inside the door before I was scrambling at his belt and tearing at the buttons of his shirt. He took over for me, undoing the buttons, while I worked on getting his jeans shoved down his legs enough that he could step out of them.

“I want you on your knees, like the whore you are,” I said as I reached out and grabbed his wrist.

I lead him to the couch that had been the scene of our last encounter. This time, I brought him around to the front and he knelt on the edge of the seat, resting his forearms on the back of the couch.

“Perfect,” I murmured, taking in the sight of his willing body.

“Now,” I raised my voice. “Let's see if you were good today.”

I approached him from behind, and there it was. Right in the middle of his slightly-parted ass cheeks was a piece of stainless steel he had inserted into his anus at some point earlier that day.

God damn if that wasn't the most erotic thing I had ever seen.

“How long have you been wearing it?” My voice wavered, but I was too turned on to care.

“Since after gym class,” he said matter-of-factly, turning his head over his shoulder to look at me.

Fuck. That explained the change in the looks he had been giving me. It also meant he'd had it in his ass for the past four hours. I ignored the fact that I actually knew Edward's schedule by heart and focused on what was right in front of me.

“Did you like it?” I demanded of him.
He nodded.

“Not good enough,” I said, as I let a slap fly to his left cheek. “I want a real answer. Did you like it?”

“Yes, yes I liked it.” He squirmed on the couch, practically begging for another spank.

I didn’t deny him and smacked his right cheek.

“Tell me why you liked it.”

He whimpered a little before speaking. By now, I knew that whimper was one of impatience and not of pain.

“I liked feeling so- so full,” he began. “I liked that I was keeping a secret from everyone. Everyone but you.”

Good god, he was going to be the death of me.

I brought both my hands down roughly on his ass, giving it a hard squeeze once they reached their destination.

He hissed at the sensation.

“I’m glad, Edward. I’m glad you know your ass is mine.”

I leaned forward and whispered into his ear, “I think you’ve earned your surprise. Wait here. Don’t move.”

He stiffened at the sensation.

“I’m glad, Edward. I’m glad you know your ass is mine.”

I leaned forward and whispered into his ear, “I think you’ve earned your surprise. Wait here. Don’t move.”

He stiffened slightly as his body froze into position.

I strolled casually out of the room, slowly even, but once I was sure Edward couldn’t see me from his vantage point, I picked up the pace. I got to my truck and hurriedly grabbed a nondescript paper bag just like the one I gave Edward out of the front seat.

When I returned, he was still frozen in position.

I briefly wondered how long I could make him wait with his ass up in the air for me. I filed that away for later. Instead, I stopped in front of him and lifted the bag level with his eyes.

“Do you want to know what’s in the bag?”

He nodded.

“You want to know what I got for your surprise you little whore?” I taunted again.

“Please.”

Shit. Even the way he said “please” was sexy.

I reached my hand into the bag and slowly pulled out a black leather paddle. Edward’s eyes widened.

“Surprised?” I asked.

He opened and closed his mouth a few times, but no words came out. Instead, he nodded again. I watched his Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed.

“A good surprise?”
“Yes,” his voice was hoarse and thick with desire.

I began to walk around the couch to stand behind him, speaking as I walked: “And you deserve it, too, don’t you? You’ve been bad Edward, getting me in detention yesterday was a very bad thing to do. Wasn’t it?”

“Yes,” he responded. “Yes, I’ve been very bad.”

I suppressed a groan, instead giving his perfect ass two quick strikes with my bare hand. The pink splotches on his cheeks from earlier darkened slightly.

“How many spanks with the paddle do you think you deserve? Five? Ten?”

He sensed it was a rhetorical question and answered only by wiggling his ass back and forth in anticipation.

I angled myself to the left, so I could use my right arm to swing the paddle.

Without giving him any warning, I brought the paddle back and then let it slap across his pink-tinged ass cheeks. I wasn't exactly sure how much force to put into the swing, so I erred on the side of caution.

“Oh, fuck!” He wailed.

Well, that was a good reaction.

I didn't say a word in response, but brought the paddle back and struck him again in the same place across his ass.

He moaned.

“That's two,” I kept my voice low and controlled.


My hard on was getting remarkably uncomfortable, and my heart was starting to beat frantically. I took a quiet, deep breath. There was no need to let Edward know that I was starting to shake from the power high.

“You like this, you little slut? You want more?”

He gasped and nodded.

I like a third stroke hit across his cheeks with a “thwack.”

“More?”

Apparently rendered incoherent, Edward's bronze head was nodding vigorously.

I used more force on the next one.

“Four.”

“Five.”

“Six.”
I pulled the paddle away and admired my work. The pale skin of his round cheeks looked almost white next to the bright red splotches, so dark in the center they were almost turning purple.

I couldn't take it any longer.

“I need to fuck you,” I was growling. “Now.”

Edward was panting, but managed to speak, “Lub-lube's in the bathroom. Under the counter.”

I made no attempt at a calm retreat and hurried into the now familiar bathroom near the stairs. I opened the cabinet under the sink, and sure enough, the lube and the box of condoms from Edward's bedroom had been placed neatly beside a stack of folded hand towels.

I couldn't knock him for planning ahead. I wondered if his mother, or housekeeper, or whoever the fuck tended to the Cullen house knew they were there.

I grabbed a condom and the lube and rushed back to Edward.

I hadn't given him the order to stay still, but there he was, in the same position he was in when I left him.

“Very good,” I murmured as I took him in. His body was spectacular. His muscles were sinewy but not bulky. As I walked around to his rear, I could see his balls hanging down between his legs, his dick obviously hard.

I caressed his ass cheeks gently, barely grazing over the raw skin, but enough that Edward could feel it. By the looks of the marks left behind, I was sure that his skin was on fire and highly sensitive, so I tried to be deliberate in my movements.

I stopped my fingers when I reached the steel plug. I pulled it out slowly, which received another hiss from Edward.

I put some lube on my fingers and ran them around his rim, then coated the inside of his perfectly stretched entrance, readying it for my own steel-hard cock. I took a moment to admire the site before me, partly to tease Edward a little in anticipation, but also to calm myself down so I didn't slam into Edward with reckless abandon the way I wanted to. Whatever this was that we were doing, I knew that its continued exploration depended on the way I treated Edward. I rolled the condom down onto my erection, suppressing the small sigh of pleasure that threatened to come out. If I was this aroused already, I needed to calm myself down. I added a coating of lube, then settled a hand on the small of Edward’s back to stabilize myself, and to let him know I was ready. I pushed into his waiting hole slowly but with force.

“How does that feel? I asked after a few moments.

“B- b- better than the plug,” he sputtered out.

“How much better?” I asked as I pulled out and pressed in again, faster this time.

“S- so much better,” he moaned out.

“I wanna hear, Edward. I wanna hear how good this feels.”

I pumped in and out of him in a steady rhythm, but not fast enough to bring him, or me, to completion.
He was squirming and panting and moaning underneath like a bitch.

“Mmm... you're a good little whore, aren't you?”

I started moving faster. He was so deliciously tight, the sensation was maddening. I briefly remembered that I was trying to get him off, as well, so I changed my angle.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” He screeched.

It felt so good that I was starting to lose my control. I couldn't have slowed down my hips if I tried.

I reached forward and grabbed a fistful of his hair, tugging gently so his back made a sexy, curving arch.

“Oh fuck!” Edward cried out.

“You like that, you dirty boy? You like it when I pull your hair?” I demanded.

“Fuck, yes! Oh, god Jasper!”

“Say it,” I insisted with a smack to his throbbing, bright red ass cheek.

“Pull- pull my hair! Har- harder!” he stammered out.

I grabbed a bigger fistful of his hair and gave it a hard tug, then slapped his perfect ass once more for good measure.

He gave a scream so high-pitched, I was suddenly very glad the Cullens lived out in the middle of the woods. Then again, the sound was likely to attract woodland creatures, not to mention almost make me completely lose it.

“Touch yourself, Edward,” I growled into his ear. “I want you to come.”

His weight shifted as he moved his arm down to grab his cock. He only stroked himself only twice before a second scream pierced through the room and his body tensed. I felt his channel throbbing around me.

My heart was struggling to beat out of my chest, but I reined in my self-control and let Edward ride out his orgasm while I continued to pump into him.

He returned his hand to the back of the couch. His arms and legs were shaking, and I knew he was about ready to collapse in exhaustion. Yet, he stayed in the same position, holding himself up, just for me.

I slowed my hips.

“Since you been such a good little slut, I'll let you choose where I come.”

“Anywhere?” He asked. He was clearly tired, but the tone in his voice had a twinge of the dominating personality I saw at school every day.

“Anywhere.”

“I want to feel you come inside me.”

“Edward do you mean-?”
“Lose the condom.” He was panting for breath. “Lube up. And come inside me. I’ve never fucking a girl without a rubber.”

Rationally, I knew I probably shouldn’t go bareback. I always wore condoms, got tested regularly, and I knew I was clean. I was pretty sure my dick was the only thing to ever push through his ass, and I didn’t doubt that he was careful with girls. Plus, I would have heard if there was any sort of STD scare going through Forks High. It was still a sensitive area and I knew there were health concerns, but Edward surely knew that. The thought of being able to feel him directly against my cock was my undoing. I rationalized that he was probably right - it would feel just as good on the receiving end.

But, what if he was doing this because he thought I was going to give him something? He was a whore for pain, but could he be like one of those sick fucks who tries to get HIV on purpose? I couldn't figure out his motivations, but I could at least nip that possibility in the bud.

“I’m clean, Edward.” My voice softened a little. I was an asshole, but I wasn’t reckless and Edward needed to know he could trust me. He nodded at my statement as if he already knew. “But, are you sure about this?”

“Yes. Fucking bare. I want it.”

I wanted to question his motivations out loud, but the idea of not feeling a barrier between his tight channel and my cock was too much. My brain was completely uninterested in Edward's reasons, and I pushed all my reservations out of my mind. I let my dick do the thinking for me, and it wanted the condom off now.

I rolled the latex off with a heavy exhale, then I coated my dick with lube.

“Last chance,” I offered.

“Please.”

I plunged my unadorned cock into his ass.

“Oh my fucking god” were the first words out of my mouth.

I began to pull out slowly and thrust back in, feeling each exquisite inch of Edward's tight cavity rubbing against my dick.

It was indescribable.

“Edward, my god, you- fuck- feel so- shit- so fucking good.” A ridiculous string of words came out of my mouth.

My legs started to tremble.

Suddenly, I had an idea why Edward wanted this. I had seen him completely exposed, vulnerable and begging. Even though he wanted me to be in control, he needed to see that I was vulnerable in all of this, too. He needed to see me come undone. It was a little conniving, but it made me feel less like Edward was putting on some kind of act. Anyway, it felt too fucking good for me to really care.

I picked up the pace a little. Edward's legs were shaking and as good as it felt, I had been hard as a fucking rock somewhere around the second slap with the paddle. The warmth was pooling down in my groin and I felt my balls tighten, I knew I was nearing the brink.
My left hand was free, so I let a final slap fly against Edward's left cheek.

His body tensed just as I began to come. I blacked out for a second, seeing nothing but a flash of bright stars as I felt my release pouring out of me, my nerves buzzing through my entire body.

“Goddamn, motherfucking shit, Edward!”

I returned to Earth what felt like an age later, blinking, trying to remember that I was still in the Cullen's living room. I wanted to collapse on Edward's back.

But, then I remembered I needed to maintain some semblance of control.

I was in charge.

I could show my own vulnerability, but I couldn't lose control of the situation.

I pulled out reluctantly, and took some deep breaths.

“Stay here,” I ordered. His arms shook at my words, so I added gently “relax.” My voice was steady, but my legs felt like jelly as I made my way slowly to the bathroom.

When I got back, Edward had collapsed on the couch, partially draped over the arm, his ass sticking up all red and well-used. Despite having just emptied a huge load into his ass, my dick twitched.

“You have no idea how hot you look with my cum running down your leg.”

He smirked at me but said nothing.

I cleaned him gently with a warm, damp washcloth I had brought. I used it to clean the trail of my spunk off his leg, then passed it to him. I'm sure the couch was covered in semen and sweat. Then, I pressed a second warm cloth to Edward's rosy-patched ass, before I gently massaged the area with some lavender oil I found in the bathroom. His body relaxed into my ministrations. Stretched out on the couch, he looked like he was about to fall asleep as I stepped back.

He looked up at me dreamily, but then, as if realizing it was me shook his head to wake up to a more alert state.

I smirked down at him.

“So,” I said slyly. “That's a yes to the paddle?”

“Get the fuck out of my house, Hale,” he responded, but there was no malice in his voice.

END SCENE
Edward didn't come to school the next day.

I was never fully awake when school started, so I didn't notice until I realized he wasn't in Spanish third period. I couldn't remember a day when Edward was not in attendance. Even on the first so-called “Senior Skip Day,” he showed up. It was probably because we both had detention that whole week and would have gotten suspended otherwise, but still, his absence was unnerving.

I was so preoccupied, I ditched school at lunch.

I climbed into my truck and without really knowing where I was headed. I soon found myself turning onto the Cullen's long, hidden drive.

His obnoxious Volvo was sitting in the driveway, so I parked behind it. That likely meant he was home. I started to get out of the truck before I stopped to think about what I was doing. Cullen had every right not to come to school for whatever reason. He didn't owe me an explanation. I wasn't his keeper but for a couple hours a week when we gave into these unexplainable urges.

I almost restarted the truck and turned around, but I couldn't shake the feeling. I really wanted to make sure he was okay. I got out of the truck slowly, trying to make up and excuse for my presence.

When I reached the door, I still had no clue what to say to him if he opened the door. I swallowed my pride and decided to wing it.

I took a deep breath and rang the doorbell.

I turned my back to the door and stood on the front step, turning around to look out at the quiet woods with my arms crossed. I tried not to regret my decision not to turn around, but there was nothing I could do about it now. The worst that could happen was that he'd tell me to get the hell off his parents' property. Or, he could refuse to the door.

I felt a rush of air behind me.

There goes the refusal to open the door.

I turned and found in the doorway a very tired-looking, disheveled Edward wearing nothing but a pair of flannel pajama pants hanging low on his hips.

He looked delicious.

“Hale?” He was squinting at me and his voice was thick with sleep.

“Hi,” I said lamely.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

“I don't know- I just- You weren't at school...” I trailed off lamely.

“You were worried about me?” He sneered, making the expression that reminded me of Cullen the
asshole from school, and not Edward the kinky boy with the spank fetish.

“No!” I answered too quickly. “I just wanted to make sure I didn't hurt you yesterday. I paddled you pretty hard.”

“Oh.” His cheeks flushed. “Well, I'm a little sore, but it's nothing I can't handle.”

“So...?”

This wasn't going well. I was starting to regret my decision.

“Look, I woke up in the middle of the night with a migraine, all right. I puked my guts out. I took some Excedrin, and I've been trying to hide in the dark all morning.” He had stepped further back into the house, probably to avoid the sunlight. “You happy, now?” He added bitterly.

I didn't see what his problem was.

“That sucks,” I offered with a shrug. “My mom gets really bad migraines.”

“Well, if there's nothing else.” Edward grabbed hold of the door was beginning to close it.

I'm not sure what made me even think it, but I didn't drive out all this way just to have a door slammed in my face. Something about his reaction wasn't sitting well with me.

“Wait!” I put my foot in the door. Edward stopped at my commanding tone, and conflict spread across his features.

“My mom,” I started. “Nothing worked for her migraines, so she went to see an holistic healer, you know, alternative medicine and shit. She recommended that my mom, well, that she masturbate when she felt one coming on and it that would make it go away.”

“Seriously? Masturbate away a migraine? You're making that up.”

“I think I was 12 at the time, so it made me really uncomfortable to hear someone say that to my mom. Traumatizing almost, I remember it very clearly.”

“Well, it doesn't matter anyway. I already have the damn headache, Einstein.” His voice was dripping in sarcasm.

“Maybe we can redirect the pain.”

His eyes widened, then quickly squinted back with a grimace.

“I can't believe I'm considering this,” he muttered.

“No paddle. Just hands.” I offered.

He stood back in the shadow of the door. I held my breath and watched him. His eyes were closed and he was taking shallow breaths. I was trying to imagine what was going on in his head.

“Come on,” I prodded gently. “For not showing up at school today?”

He groaned and when my eyes drifted down, I saw his pajama pants begin to tent a little. He nodded finally, then opened the front door wide enough for me to enter the house. I started shrugging out of my jacket as walked toward the living room.
“We can’t in the living room,” his voice was hoarse.

“Why not?”

“My eyes are still sensitive to the light. With all the windows, it's just too bright,” there was a pain in his voice that I didn't like. I wanted to take it away. It was my job to cause him pain. The right kind of pain.

“Okay, where then?”

“Well, my bedroom is dark,” he offered.

I was really wary of doing this in Edward's bedroom. Something about the intimacy of being in his room, the room where he slept and changed clothes and wanked off to bikini models. It seemed so... intimate. Who knows how many girls he’d had in that bed.

“Isn't there somewhere else?” I tried not to let my discomfort show, but it was obvious.

“Look, Hale, you barge into my house in the middle of the day, suggesting that you can spank away my migraine. And now, you're complaining about the setting? Well, tough shit. Do you get migraines? I feel like there's something trying to dig out of my brain through my eye sockets, and the longer I stand down here, the more I think I'm going to vomit. My room's the only one with heavy enough curtains other than the downstairs bathroom. And the bathroom, well, just not there.”

He was obviously in a lot of discomfort, and I couldn't deny him. Anyway, the bedroom did sound more comfortable. Plus, I understood what he meant about the bathroom. The rather intimate moment we shared there after I had fucked him the first time sort of made me think of that bathroom a place for afterward.

“That's fine,” I said surprisingly gently.

His feet were heavy as he trudged up the stairs, I followed him slowly, taking in the glorious way his butt clenched as he lifted his body up each step. I knew he could feel my eyes on him, and even though his slowness was in part due to the pain he was in, the way he gently moved his hips back and forth as he walked was definitely not entirely unintentional.

As soon as we entered the room, I stiffened my shoulders and got ready, pushing my sympathy out of my mind and focusing only on getting us off.

“Get on the bed. Face down.”

His defiance and reluctance from downstairs seemed to have melted away and he quietly laid down right on the center of the bed. He turned his head and rested his check on a pillow, bringing his arms up to wrap around it.

“I wish I had a camera,” I muttered, as I shrugged out of my jacket.

Edward tensed.

“I wouldn't do it without asking you first, Edward.”

He raised his head and nodded.

I crawled onto the bed. I was fighting the strong urge to lick up Edward's back, starting at the two dimples in his lower back all the up to his the back of his neck, ending with a bite to earlobe. Instead,
I brought my hands to his waist and curled my fingers under the waist band of his pajama pants.

“These need to go.”

He used his hands for balance and raised his hips wordlessly, allowing me to remove the offending garment. Once I tossed aside the pants, I turned to really take in the sight.

His skin looked a little rough from the previous day's activities, still red and starting to fade into purplish bruises. It was beautiful. I held my tongue from saying it out loud, though. I wasn't sure Edward would appreciate his well-paddled ass being called beautiful.

Instead, I placed my hands on the muscle and gave both sides a squeeze. Edward tensed at the sensation, but didn't make a sound.

“You never miss school, Edward. Even though you have an excuse, it was still a naughty thing to do, wasn't it?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have a doctor's note?”

“No.”

“I might have let that slide, but as it is, you're in trouble.”

Edward groaned into his pillow.

“I'm going to punish you the way your teachers never would. 'Cause they don't know what a cockslut you are.”

I shifted to straddle Edward's thighs. His naked body was hard underneath me. I had to shift to hide my arousal. There was something so hot about me being fully clothed and him without a stitch of clothing on underneath me.

I pressed a hand to Edward's left cheek, to silently tell him where to expect me to go. Then, I raised my hand.

The first slap was fairly gentle.

Edward hummed in approval.

The second slap was a little harder.

That got a low, throaty, “Oh.”

“Let me hear you, you naughty boy,” I taunted. “I'm going to do this until you're moaning like a bitch in heat.”

I let a third slap smack against the biggest bruise on his right cheek.

“Oh, fuck!”

“Still too coherent,” I said with a shake of my head, even though I know he couldn't see it.

I let another hard slap go, aiming for the more sensitive area between his cheeks.
Edward's breathing started to pick up, but it wasn't enough. I wanted to see him come undone.

I began to alternate slaps between his right and left cheeks.

He began to moan louder and louder each time my hand connected to his flesh. My dick was starting to get uncomfortably confined as I watched his skin respond and his body start to tremble.

“Nine,” I said hoarsely as my right connected with his cheek.

“Ungh...” was the sound that came out of his mouth.

He squirmed underneath me.

“You okay?”

“Need more room,” Edward panted. “So hard.”

Well, it looked like the mission to get Edward's mind off his headache was at least somewhat accomplished. The way he responded still amazed me. After less than ten spanks he was ready to blow his load.

“Do you want me to make you come, Edward?”

“Yes, god yes!” He was starting to rut against the mattress.

I slapped his battered right cheek once more.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Please, yes!”

“Say it!” I ordered with another hard slap across both beautiful pink cheeks.

“Fuck me, Jasper. I want you to fuck me.”

“That's better,” I murmured. I could hear the need dripping out of his voice, replacing any breathlessness that was there before. If there was any doubt in my mind that I shouldn't be doing this now, Edward put those reservations out of my head.

He wanted this. He wanted me.

I felt a weird, overwhelming need to show him how much I appreciated his giving himself to me like this.

“Do you want to ride me?” I blurted out, before I really even thought about what I was saying.

Edward looked over his shoulder at me with a stunned look on his face.

“Y- yes,” he sputtered. “If that's what you want.”

“I do. I want you to sit on my cock, so I can get deep inside you.”

He swallowed hard, and then looked at me for guidance.

I climbed off his body and climbed off the bed. Edward propped himself up on his elbows in order to turn and see what I was doing. I unceremoniously chucked my jeans and long-sleeved t-shirt. As I slipped off my y-fronts, I glanced up and noticed that Edward was staring at me with a hooded gaze.
I was standing against a backdrop of his bikini models, yet, he was staring at me like I was something to eat. I wondered if he could be a closet case. Whatever he was, at that moment, it didn't matter. His hungry look only encouraged me more. I approached the bed and crawled toward the headboard. I propped myself up on the remaining pillows.

“Get up,” I commanded to the still prone Edward, who had watched my every move.

Edward raised immediately to his hands and knees.

“Get on my lap. Facing me.”

I was winging it, but I couldn't let Edward see that.

Part of my motivation was to ease the curiosity of my horny teenage mind. I had never taken a really good look at Edward's dick. I had gripped it a time or two, but he always had his back to me. Now, for some reason, I wanted to see it.

Of course, just like the rest of him, it was fucking perfect.

It was long and thick, straight and uncut, and it was at full attention. As Edward straddled my lap, a knee on either side of my hips, he brushed it right up against my own dick.

I managed to suppress a groan.

I hated that Edward fucking Cullen made me feel this way. My physical response to him was ridiculous. I liked the way it felt, like my nerves were being brought to life, but I wish it had been someone else, anyone else, to awaken this in me.

My resentment vanished as he rubbed his cock up against mine again. The last time was likely accidental on his part, but this time it wasn’t.

“You're eager, aren't you, you cock tease?”

Edward's expression was unreadable. Being face to face was something new. I think we were both a little uncomfortable with it, but I couldn't backtrack now.

“If you're in such a hurry, you can prepare yourself,” I said sternly.

Edward's eyes widened as I handed him the lube I brought with me.

"Where did this-?"

I didn't feel the need to tell him that I had shoved the spare bottle I kept in my truck into my jacket before knocking on his front door. Instead, I reached behind him and gave a flat-handed smack to his left ass cheek.

“Don't question me.”

He looked down and nodded, resuming his meek position as he fingered the bottle.

“Do you know what to do?”

He nodded again, and I could see him take a deep breath. He had obviously never explored his asshole on his own before. Another check in the straight column.

He squirted the lube onto his left forefinger and I watched as his hand disappeared behind his back.
He squirmed a little, but eventually he shifted again, and I knew he had added another finger. I idly started stroking myself, as I watched his body twitch and writhe above me. Once Edward seemed to have a rhythm going, I grabbed his arm to stop him.

“Look at me,” I ordered.

His eyes met mine.

“Are you ready?”

He steadied his gaze and nodded.

I handed him a foil packet.

He again looked surprised that I had managed to bring condoms into the bed without his notice, but he took it from my hand.

“Put it on me.”

He fumbled a little, which confused me, until I realized that this would be the first time he touched my dick. Maybe any dick other than his own. Interesting.

His body was beginning to flush in what I assumed was embarrassment. It was actually a little endearing. A thought which disgusted me. I was turning into a fucking sap over what was little more than a willing piece of ass.

Even so, I was starting to get addicted to this ass, so I ordered him to look at me.

“Are you ready?”

His eyes were clear as he nodded.

I reached around and slapped his ass with both my hands, each gripping a cheek, and spreading them a little. In a quick movement, I lined him up and pulled him down so I was buried deep inside him. He was so fucking tight. Even though I had been inside him less than 24 hours before, it was just as exquisite.

He winced a little and adjusted his position a little to get used to the intrusion. Eventually he stopped squirming, and seemed to be waiting instruction.

“Put your hands on the headboard.”

He did as I said. Gripping the frame on either side of my head. This was the other reason I wanted him to face me. He needed the leverage.

“Now, ride me, slut.”

I reached around and gave his right cheek a hard slap, as if I were spurring on a horse.

Edward groaned, and then raised his hips slowly until I was almost all the way out of him. He lowered back down just as slowly. I let him experiment as he repeated this motion a few times, picking up speed, until he found a pace he liked.

“That’s it. Ride me, Edward. Ride my cock,” I said firmly.

I grabbed his hips and helped him as he hammered down on my cock. Every time I squeezed his raw
cheeks he’d moan a little deeper, a touch of the fresh pain in the sound. That noise just about did me in. Every time his hips came down, and the burning flesh of his ass slapped against my thighs, he tightened around me a little. I didn't know if he was even aware he was doing it, but it felt incredible.

There wasn't any danger of me coming to quickly. I may have been 18, but I knew how to delay gratification. Nevertheless, I couldn't dare shoot my load before Edward.

“Touch yourself,” I ordered to him.

Almost immediately, Edward's hand was gripping his cock, as if all along he had been waiting for the order.

“Make yourself come, you horny boy.”

Edward's head rolled back a little, and as soon as the words were out of my mouth, I felt him shudder as the warmth of his spunk splattered on my torso. His whole body was clenching and shivering as I pounded up into him.

My intention had been to have him jerk me off, or at least to come all over his now thoroughly spanked ass, but the feel of his trembling weight and the way he was pulsing around me was too much. I bent my knees until my feet were flat on the bed then tightened my grip on Edward to hold him steady.

I thrust up hard and fast for a minute, until I lost it, arching up and coming with so much force, I think my heart stopped momentarily.

“Fucking hell,” I muttered as I came down from my high, my legs splaying out.

Edward was panting on my lap, his head hanging down, and as I came back to a state of coherency, I realized how intimate our position was.

Edward looked up, and seeming to realize it, too, he quickly scrambled off me. He sat down beside me, against the headboard with his legs stretched out, but far enough away that we weren't touching.

I glanced over at him.

“You okay? Sore?” I didn't think I had spanked him all that hard, but it felt a little weird just to get up and leave.

“Nah, it's all right.”

He handed me a tissue from his bedside table, and I wiped his load of my torso. Then, I pulled off the condom and raised an eyebrow at Edward. He gestured to a waste basket near his desk.

As I got up to toss the tissue and rubber away I retrieved a bottle of arnica gel I stashed in my jacket pocket.

“I, um, I bought you this. It's supposed to feel better than aloe. I can-”

“Thanks,” Edward cut me off and took the bottle from my hand.

He began to read the label of the bottle and eventually nodded at me with an expression that bordered on gratitude.

“Roll over,” I demanded.
He looked for a second as if he would refuse

“You can't reach well enough.”

He flattened out once again, not speaking a word.

I rubbed the gel into his skin, massaging the muscle as I did. I hadn't spanked him all that hard, and probably wouldn't have offered, but he was definitely still sore from the day before, regardless of what he told me. I figured that the whole process embarrassed Edward in some way. But, I figured if it were me, I'd be pissed off if someone could help with the residual pain and didn't.

After I finished, I put the bottle on his table and he sat back up.

“How's the headache?” I asked as I retrieved my clothes.

Edward shrugged. “Still there. But, I was sufficiently distracted during,” he finished with a weak smirk.

I didn't respond as I pulled on my jeans and shirt. Once I was fully dressed, I was snapped back to reality, and there just wasn't anything else to say.

“Well, I guess I'll go, then.”

Edward had scooted down so he was laying on the bed, with an arm over his eyes.

“You mind closing my door on your way out?”

“Whatever, Cullen,” I said as I headed for his bedroom door.

I stepped through the threshold and closed the door as quietly as I could. I rolled my eyes at myself as I stalked down the hallway.

Two weeks ago, I would have slammed that door as loud as I could.

END SCENE
Chapter 5

(Jasper POV)

The asshole was ignoring me.

It had been a week since I had gone to his house the day he skipped school. I didn't see him that weekend, but that was fairly normal. At school on Monday he didn't seem to be overtly ignoring me, and we had an English test on Tuesday that had me preoccupied. But by Wednesday, I was sure he was purposefully ignoring me.

I knew his game by now.

And he just wasn't playing it.

If he had wanted to, he would have been subtly trying to get my attention. He would have been toying with the lackeys and hangers on that surrounded him. He would have at least made eye contact with me.

He would have been acting like the ass in need of punishment I knew he was.

Instead, he seemed listless.

I wasn't the only one who noticed that he wasn't acting like himself.

Some bitch-ass little freshmen were sitting at my usual lunch table, but instead of yelling at them to move to another fucking table, which I usually would have done, I relocated. By pure coincidence, my new table put me sitting next to Cullen's table. His back was to me, and had he been able to see me, I had a feeling he would have changed seats.

I was partly ignoring the chatter going on at my own table, like I usually did, and partly keeping an eye on Cullen, but suddenly a booming voice brought my full attention to his table.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Eddie?” Emmett fucking McCarty clapped him on the back and took the chair beside him. Thank god for my curiosity's sake that the oaf's voice carried. “You've been moping all week.”

“I'm not moping,” I heard Edward hiss.

“I'm not moping,” I heard Edward hiss.

I tried to surreptitiously lean forward to hear better.

“You are, too! You've been brooding since I saw you on Sunday.”

“I'm not brooding, either,” Edward raised his voice.

“It's not your parents again, is it?” The lummox tried to lower his voice to a whisper, but it still carried far enough to reach my ears.

Something was going on with Cullen's parents? Wow, I really didn't know anything about this kid, other than that he had a perfect, tight, round ass that tinged pink at my slightest touch. My jeans began to tighten at the thought. I tried to shake the vision of my handprint splayed across his cheeks out of my head and continued my eavesdropping.
"It's not that. It's nothing. Really." His voice was quickly escalating to his typical jackass tone.

"Well, if you ever want to talk about it, bro," McCarty clearly wasn't taking the hit through his thick skull.

"I hope you enjoy disappointment," Edward muttered.

McCarty just laughed and slapped Edward on the back, changing the topic of conversation to some stupid car race.

It was in part the narcissism talking, but I had a feeling that Edward's mood had something to do with me.

I almost picked a fight with him just to get a reaction out of him. Okay, so maybe it always would have been an excuse to put my hands on him. But, he was even good at dodging out of potential fights. His posse was starting to ignore me, too.

I even tried to set him up for it. I convinced Alice Brandon that Edward's friend Eric got caught sniffing glue in art class. I knew it would reach Edward's ears. And, he knew it would have been me that started it. I started all kinds of shit around Forks High for my own personal amusement, but somehow, Edward was usually the only person who figured out my game. High school students were so gullible.

I once convinced my entire class that Tyler Crowley had crabs. It turns out, that one was true.

However, on Wednesday I saw the rumor reach Edward's ears by way of Jessica Stanley's big mouth. He just rolled his eyes, and I was the one who dodged out of his line of vision.

Thursday, I saw some mouth-breathing brunette hanging off his arm. Cullen looked annoyed at her, but he never shook her off. I didn't know her, other than that she was the new girl who had moved to Forks a few months prior. She was in our A.P. English class, but she was so quiet, I never bothered to form an opinion of her. What was her name? Elizabeth? Isabella? Isolde? It didn't fucking matter. All I knew was that I didn't like her clutching Edward's arm like she owned him.

I couldn't remember if I had ever seen them together before, and I tried to comb through my memory. Apparently, I did a lot of Cullen-watching, but I couldn't dredge up seeing them together. Nevertheless, when I passed the brunette in the hallway later that day, I nearly snarled at her.

I was a little startled at how possessive I was feeling. It was actually a little pathetic. But, it didn't stop me from wanting to get up in the girl's face and tell her that I could give Edward something that she could never give him. For whatever reason, Edward needed to put his ass up for the taking, and I didn't want him offering it to anyone else.

It's not as if the new girl could even swing a paddle.

I tried to control the surge of jealousy anyway. It really was pathetic. Edward could do whatever he wanted. I had no right to be damn near close to pissing on him to mark my territory.

That night I dreamed about Edward fucking the brunette. In my dream, I was sitting in the corner of Edward's bedroom, and he was sitting on the edge of his bed, the stupid slut was on his lap, riding his cock. Her back was to me, thankfully, but Edward could see me. Not only could he see me, he was watching me. Staring at me. His expression unreadable.

In my dream I did nothing but stare back, watching those eyes while my hand was furiously stroking my cock. The second Edward twisted his mouth up into his crooked smirk, I came all over my hand.
I woke up in a cold sweat, hard as a rock and thoroughly pissed off.

Not only was I jerking off to disgusting hetero sex, I was jerking off to Edward Cullen doing nothing but stare at me. Even if it was only a dream.

I stalked through the halls of Forks High the next morning. It seemed like everyone knew to stay out of my wake. Even the teachers. When I didn't have any Spanish homework to turn in, Senora Goff just told me not to worry about it and bring it in on Monday. That was pretty much unheard of from Senora Goff. She was usually a hardass and had given me more than a handful of detentions over the years.

So, I was practically stomping down the hall toward my locker after Spanish when I felt a pair of green eyes on me. My own eyes snapped to them immediately. Both of us froze. It was like a scene in a movie where everything fades into the back ground and the characters are moving in slow motion, until he ducked into Mr. Banner's room.

I almost left school for the day, I was so pissed off. But, I had gotten in trouble for ditching the week before, I couldn't afford it. Everyone continued to give me a wide berth, however.

When I opened my locker after Physics, a folded piece of notebook paper fell out. I looked around to see if anyone was watching me before I opened it to find Edward's tight, neat script looking up at me.

*After school. The usual place.*

-E

I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. Was he changing the terms on me? Did he think he could order me around? Did he not want to do this anymore?

My hand started shaking a little.

What the fuck was wrong with me? The problem wasn't that I actually wanted to see him. I could acknowledge that. The problem was that if he put an end to our little arrangement, I wouldn't know what to do. In the past couple weeks, what Edward and I had been doing together was becoming increasingly important to me. Possessiveness aside, I found myself looking forward to going over to Edward's house.

It was partly because of the power I was able to wield over him, I was fairly certain of that, and now that I had a taste of it, I didn't think I could go back. Something had been awakened inside me the first time my hand met Edward's fleshy ass, and I couldn't go back.

It was also because he was fucking hot, and straight or not, being able to get him off was satisfying to my ego.

I was antsy for the rest of the day, but I didn't really have a choice but to wait. Throwing spit wads into Lauren Mallory's hair during last period was at least as entertaining as any of the ways I could kill time in Forks. Especially since the diner got rid of Ms. Paacman.

I didn't see Edward's Volvo in the parking lot after school, so I figured that he had already left. I took my time getting over to the Cullen residence, and I sat idling in my truck for a good five minutes before I got out and made my way to the front door.

I was dragging my feet as I traversed their front walk. Despite my eagerness to find out what the hell Edward's problem had been the last week, I didn't actually want to know.
Eventually, I had nowhere else to go, so I rang the doorbell.

No answer.

I knocked loudly on the door.

No answer.

The stupid Volvo was in the driveway, so I knew Edward was home. I started running through the evidence that this could be a trap of some sort. I still had the note as proof though, even if the fucker ambushed me with some type of humiliation.

I tried the knob, and the door swung open.

The first thing I noticed was the pulsing music that was coming from upstairs.

I rolled my eyes at Edward's choice of music, but trotted up the stairs to find the source. His door was ajar when I reached it, so I took a deep breath and stepped across the threshold.

His room was a mess, I somehow knew this was atypical after the two times I had been in it before. In fact, it looked like Edward hadn't left his room in days. There were dirty plates on his desk and clothes all over the place. It looked like a typical teenager's room, I supposed, but somehow for Edward, it didn't fit.

Well, I guess he hadn't been slutting around with the Forks High whore brigade in his bedroom the past few days.

Edward was lying on the bed, fully clothed and not at all in the position I would have preferred him in. He didn't look up when I entered, though it was obvious he was aware of my presence. I sighed and picked my way carefully across the mess to sit in his desk chair, turning it so it faced the bed.

“You really shouldn't leave your front door unlocked like that.”

“Who knows what kind of depraved weirdo could come and find me in my room,” he responded dryly.

“This really wasn't even a challenge. I didn't even need my crowbar.”

Edward snorted but didn't respond to my banter.

After an awkward moment of silence, I finally gave in.

“What's wrong,” I said with another heavy sigh.

“Nothing,” Edward said haughtily.

Did he always act like a petulant teenager? I didn't know how to deal with Edward when he was like this.

“No, really,” I responded, my voice gentler.

He opened his mouth to speak, but paused. For moment it looked like he was going to tell me to get the fuck out of his house and never come back, but then his expression softened.

“I've just been thinking about this. What we do here.”
I stifled a groan. I knew this was too good to be true. Even though I knew something like this was coming, I still didn't believe it. Edward really didn't strike me as the type of guy who would be ashamed of himself for having a fetish. It's not as if being spanked was that uncommon.

Mostly, though, I knew I had gotten myself addicted to having so much control. There was a slim possibility that I was also a little addicted to Edward Cullen. When we were in the walls of this house, anyway.

“What about it?”

“Is there something wrong with me? With us?”

“What? Just because we get off on a little spanking? A little power play?”

“Power play,” Edward turned the words over.

“You like being controlled, but you only seem to like being controlled by me.”

He rolled his eyes at the last bit, but didn't object.

“You like being spanked,” I said as nonchalantly as I could. “It's not as if you're the first person to get off on having your ass paddled. You should see the shit they have at The Triple-X.”

“The sex store?”

I nodded.

Edward looked thoughtful for a moment, then continued: “Rationally, I know that. But what I don't understand is why. Why do I like it? Is it really just this need to give up control? Why am I just finding this out? Why you?”

“What brought all this on?” I asked, dodging his questions that I honestly had no answer to.

“I don't really want to get into it,” he said with a shake of his head.

It wasn't my place to pry into the psyche of Edward Cullen. Though lurking in the back of my mind, I had tried to think about these questions as little as possible for myself. All I really knew was that I couldn't deal with the idea of never feeling my hand on the burning skin of his rosy ass cheeks again, so I had to say something.

“Look, I can't tell you why you like it. I'm not a shrink. But I do know that I'm just finding this out, too. I know I'm an asshole and I think you're a prick pretty much most of the time, but something happens between us that I just don't want to give up. Over-thinking it isn't going to make that go away.”

Edward snorted at the last bit, but finally met my eyes.

He stared at me for what felt like an hour, the way he had stared at me in my dream. I was starting to get uncomfortable, but I felt transfixed.

Finally, he spoke, “I- I think- well, no, I ne- need you to punish me, Jasper.”

“Are you sure?”

“Spank me. Right now.”
Talk about an instant hard on.

“Do you want the paddle again?”

“Please,” his voice was hoarse.

I didn't know what I would have done if he said 'no.'

“I'll be right back.”

I hurried down the stairs and out to my truck, which was becoming my storage locker for sex supplies. I realized when I was about halfway down the stairs that I hadn't given Edward any type of instructions or orders. Usually I told him to stay put. Was he going to wait for me in his bedroom? Were we going to do this in his bedroom again?

I needed to stop thinking so much with my dick and regain my control of the situation.

Luckily, Edward didn't seem to mind this time.

He was on his hands and knees at the edge of his bed when I returned. His jeans were bunched around his ankles, and somehow that made it more erotic. He couldn't even wait to finishing taking his pants off before he got into position.

“Good,” I murmured, as I ran my hand across his waiting ass.

I maneuvered myself into position, turning to the side for leverage. I lined the paddle up across the center of his perfect, round cheeks. I pressed it again his skin, fully healed from last week's activities. Edward must not bruise easily despite his pale skin.

A small sigh escaped him.

“I don't like being ignored, Edward,” I said sternly.

Before he could respond, I brought the paddle back and let it fly across his cheeks.

A low throaty “oh” escaped his lips.

“If any of this makes you uncomfortable, you need to tell me.”

I let another smack of the paddle sing against his ass.

“Because I'm starting to get addicted to this sweet ass of yours.”

I could hardly resist the urge to lean over and sink my teeth into his ripening cheeks, but I managed to contain myself and let the paddle splay against the spreading rosiness.

“I don't want to you to run away from this,” I said with another quick smack.

“And, I don't like seeing little mousy brunettes hanging all over you like they own you.”

Before I could let the paddle swing forward, he turned his head his eyes bore back into mine. It was getting unnerving, the way he looked at me. Our locked gaze was so intense, I almost dropped the paddle. He looked as if he were trying to work something out in his mind, trying to make a decision. I could have just forced him to turn away with a quick tap of the paddle, but instead, I paused, waiting for him to give me an indication that he was ready to go on. That he chose this. He needed to choose this.
His expression solidified, then.

“I need this, Jasper. Spank me. Hard.”

I put more force into the next thwack of the paddle.

Edward squirmed and let a low, throaty curse.

“You're my little whore,” I tried to keep my voice steady.

Edward whimpered.

“Say it,” I said, as I brought the paddle to rest against his ass.

“I'm your little whore,” he said immediately.

I brought the paddle back and let it release lower than before, with a hard smack.

“Fuck, I'm your naughty little whore,” Edward moaned again.

He was so fucking hot like this, I couldn't take it. I heard of a girl once who could make herself come just by thinking about it, and I was pretty sure I was damn near close. My dick was straining and hard as a fucking rock. It was all I could do to stay in control.

Edward was absolutely panting, and I was certain I could get him off with a few more slaps of the paddle, but that wasn't how I wanted this to end.

The next spank with the paddle was hard and fast, and the resounding “smack” was muffled by Edward's loud wail.

I needed to come. And I needed to come fast.

I tossed the paddled aside carelessly and unbuckled my belt, shoving my jeans down to my knees.

I couldn't fuck him. As he red as his ass was, I'm sure it would hurt him, but also because there was no way I would be able to wait for pesky things like condoms and preparation.

Instead, I grabbed the lube and squirted it onto the top of his ass crack, he stiffened as the cool liquid began to run down between his raw, fleshy cheeks. I gave them a gentle, reassuring squeeze, and he seemed to relax. Then, I leaned forward and slowly rubbed my dick between them. Edward shuddered as I teased his hole with the head of my cock.

“Jasp- Jasper,” he gasped.

The way he said my name with such desperation was almost enough to make me lose it. I wasn't going to make it much longer.

I leaned forward, then reached around to grab his cock. It was hard and throbbing, and from this angle, I could only imagine how perfectly swollen it looked. For a split second, I realized that this would be the first time I would actually be the one to get him off.

I removed my hand for a second, and Edward made a noise that sounded like a screech of agony. But, I quickly spread some lube on my fingers and returned it to firmly grasp his cock.

I stroked him quickly, and continued to rub my own dick between his ass cheeks.
In mere seconds, Edward was shouting and shivering. The feel of his cock pulsing in my hand as he came was hot as fucking hell, and I would have chastised myself for not doing it sooner, but I couldn't think straight.

Ignoring the cum that was all over my hand, I brought my hands up to roughly grab Edward's hips. I kept him still, and tried to hold him upright as I fucked myself against him. As soon as I looked down, and saw my cock moving between those perfect well-spanked cheeks, I couldn't hold it back any longer.

Like a tidal wave crashing down on me, I came. White spunk painted Edward's ass in a splatter as a deep, resonating groan came out from deep within my chest.

“Oh my god,” Edward whispered, as his body seemed to shake along with my orgasm. “I can't, I can't.”

“Relax, Edward,” I managed to get out between my panting breaths.

He collapsed onto the bed and I quickly followed beside him. Control be damned. I had never come that hard in my entire life.

We didn't speak a word to each other as we lay there panting. I was trying to take deep breaths to get my heart rate back to normal. Once I felt sufficiently in control, I sat up slowly.

I looked over at Edward. His eyes were closed and his breathing was steady. I was pretty sure he was asleep or at least on the brink of sleep. I combed my eyes over his body, stopping to look at his ass. It looked used and abused and fucking gorgeous.

However, I couldn't just leave him there. He was going to be sore tomorrow, and even more so if I didn't do anything about it. I really wasn't sure why I was so concerned about it. It was more than my wanting Edward to continue letting me spank him and fuck him. It was more like I would feel like an asshole if I didn't do something for the soreness.

I really was turning into a sap.

I stood, pulled my jeans up and rebuckled my belt. I made my way over to Edward's bedside table, finding the gel I had given him. I grabbed a kleenex to wipe my cooling spunk off his ass, then carefully climbed back on the bed between his legs.

As soon as I squirted the gel onto his ass, Edward's head shot up.

“What are you-”

“Oh, just deal with it. Your ass is going to be sore enough tomorrow....”

Choosing not to argue, he put his head back down and let his body relax.

I used the gel to massage it into his well-spent ass.

At first I heard a few winces coming from Edward, but eventually his breathing evened.

I was getting lost in the motions of the massage, and I let my hands drift up Edward's back. I could feel a lot of tension in his muscles, which couldn't possibly be healthy for an 18 year old. So, I squirted on more gel and continued with my ministrations. Eventually, when I got up to his shoulders, he began to moan appreciatively.
I trailed my fingertips back down to his ass and gave it a final squeeze.

“Where’d you learn to do that?” his voice broke the quiet mood.

“Wouldn't you like to know,” I teased, as I got up from the bed.

“You're not going to tell me?”

“Nope,” I leaned causally in his doorway as he stared back at me with a frustrated expression.

“That's privileged information.”

Edward rolled his eyes.

“And, clean up your fucking room,” I said with a final smirk.

“Fuck you,” Edward said, matching my expression.

His pillow hit my back as I left the room.

END SCENE
(Edward POV)

There was no greater feeling than giving in. Surrendering. Losing my identity, my sense of self, and all the responsibilities, the pressure, the nagging, the expectations, and all the irritating voices that thought they knew what was best for me.

The second that sting began to spread across my skin, I gave in.

It was glorious.

I would do anything – almost literally – anything for Jasper to put his hands on my body the way he did. He was the only person in my 18 years who made me feel... alive.

It was like plunging off a cliff somehow. Including all the bad parts you'd associate with it. The nervous anticipation, the impact of hitting the water, plunging under its cold depths, feeling the sting of your lungs burning as the moment where you had to surface came near.

It was all worth it, for those couple incendiary seconds of air rushing past you, the free fall, the feeling of weightlessness.

That's what every smack, slap and paddle was – a free fall.

It was exhilarating.

I *needed* it.

There was no other way to tell if I was still actually me and not the person I was expected to be. (*and not some intellectually gifted monkey that was going to develop a unified theory of the universe, or discover a vaccine for AIDS, or whatever the hell else I was supposed to do.*)

Jasper understood the situation completely, but at the same time he understood nothing about me.

He didn't know why I needed it, just that he needed to do it just as much. For him it started out as sexual gratification, maybe that's all it still was, to some extent. But, more and more I realized that this was just a part of who he was.

For me though, it was that and something more. It was the only time I could shut my brain off.

I tried so hard to be “normal.” The kids at Forks had no idea about the prep school I came from. To them, I was just the cool kid who got straight As that the teachers were kind of afraid of. I wasn't overly nice to anyone, but I was never disrespectful to anyone either. I could honestly say that it wasn't all an act. The face I put on at school was a facade, in a way, but it was more like being my own alter ego.

The thing about Jasper is that his facade wasn't an act. The more I saw him outside of school, the more I realized he was the most authentic person I knew.

It wasn't pretense. He was actually an asshole.

And he knew it.
And he didn't give a shit.

Until you got in far enough in to where he showed vulnerability.

That first time he provided aftercare, though I doubt he'd use that word for it, it had startled me. Even more than my own innate trust I had put in him not to hurt me or mock me or use me.

That was the first time I realized that I didn't hate him.

It still embarrassed me when he touched me that way. Even though it was some ritual that he needed to assuage his guilt, though he would never own up to that either, it felt intimate. Even though I understood that it was some weird way for Jasper to tell me he wasn't just using me, it did feel good to have caring hands on me. He could give a damn good massage, and if I thought it would offend him, I would have told him he should been a masseuse.

I was emotionally stunted, for sure. My upbringing forced me to be deficient in that area. Just because I had a higher IQ than most adults didn't mean I wanted to be treated like one. (just because I was intellectually advanced didn't mean I didn't need to be hugged and have my bumps and bruises kissed away.) I had thought I hated Jasper for the way he was able to get under my skin. He took an immediate dislike to me, and he let me know it. At the time, I thought I hated him because he was brash, rude and manipulative, and yet the drones at Forks High seemed to respect him for it. As time wore on, I realized I actually hated him because he was remarkably clever, strong-willed and had this strange almost intuitive sense of right and wrong.

He never picked on the unpopular kids. He never made fun of the nerdy types. He even would sit with the handful of Special Ed students at lunch some days, giving the teacher's aide a reprieve. He smiled more when he was around them, and it made me wonder if there was someone in his life they reminded him of.

He intrigued me and irritated me all at the same time, because I couldn't quite figure him out. Even worse, I knew I was never going to get all my questions answered.

I shut off the engine and hopped out of the car. Hearing Jasper's truck rumbling up the drive behind me effectively shut off my musings. It was time for me to surrender and obey.

We didn't speak as we entered the house. I wasn't sure if we'd go into my room, as we had the last two times he was here, or back in the living room. Jasper, of course, kept me on my toes by doing neither. Instead, he asked me for a glass of water.

I hated when he surprised me.

“Oh, okay,” I answered.

He followed me into the kitchen, and I could feel his eyes trained on my ass as I grabbed a glass from the cabinet.

“Ice?”

“Please.”

I filled the glass with ice and then opened the fridge. We had a filtered pitcher that was always on the top shelf, but I bent down as if searching for it. As I pretended to rummage, I heard Jasper exhale heavily.

Taunting the boy was too easy.
Even though I was pretty sure I was going to let him fuck me later, I still liked having that effect on him. Jasper had obviously fucked men before me, and I guess I could see why people would find him attractive, but it still nice to know I affected him for reasons other than my psychological need to be spanked.

I handed him the glass of water, and I watched as he tossed it back. The way his Adam's apple bobbed when he swallowed was curiously arousing to me. I didn't normally find men attractive, but Jasper Hale had some “je ne sais quoi” about him.

He set the glass down on the island and looked around the kitchen like a general surveying a battlefield.

Eventually his eyes landed on me and instantly my heart began to race. Just being around Jasper made me tense now. At first, I blamed my body for betraying me, but more and more, I was beginning to think that it was actually my mind that was betraying my body.

He began to walk around the island toward me, so I braced myself for whatever he was going to do. I assumed he would pull my jeans down the way he always did. He reached his hand out for my waistband, but in a quick movement, I instead found my arms being held behind my back with one of his large hands, as Jasper stood behind me. I had no idea he could move with such agility, and I was startled at how quickly he managed to trap me. He pressed his whole body against me, pushing me forward into the island. I felt his hard on digging into my ass, and I couldn't help but groan.

I pitied my old self, for a second, the Edward Cullen who wasted his time fucking girls, the whole time really wanting to be the one to get fucked. The one to surrender the way I was doing to Jasper.

I wondered if he wanted me to put up a fight, but before I could test it, in another sudden motion, he grabbed my wrists and place my hands on the edge of the island. He rubbed his dick against me one more time before stepping back.

“Stay there,” he ordered.

His confidence was infuriating, but at the same time, when he took on that tone of voice, I automatically got hard. My body once again ignoring my better judgment.

However, nobody could stay still better than me.

My parents rushed me to a psychiatrist when I was nine years old, afraid that I was a catatonic schizophrenic. The truth was, I was just annoyed and didn't want to talk to them. I stayed still for the sole purpose of freaking them out. Even the psychiatrist was confused by my action, instead of being worried at my success at manipulation, he seemed impressed, telling me that nine year olds weren't supposed to be so patient and controlled. Of course, I wasn't most nine year olds.

When I told that to the psychiatrist, he just laughed and ruffled my hair like I was a prize show dog. Fucking asshat.

I heard Jasper's truck door slam outside, and I wondered if he was bringing back the paddle. The power that paddle had over me was startling. As much as I liked the feel and the sound of Jasper's hand on my ass, the paddle was so satisfying. The sting was harder. The feeling more intense. And the way Jasper wielded it I'm sure would have been like watching a man absorbed in a dance.

I heard the front door open, and I felt his presence in the kitchen. I didn't move my eyes to confirm it, however.
“You're very good at staying still, Edward,” he said, mimicking my own earlier thought.

I hated that I felt a surge of pride at the compliment.

“It's almost a shame you're so good at it. I can't punish you for it.”

I groaned.

“And, even though I think I'd like to see you tied up, you certainly don't need it to keep you in place.”

My dick grew at the thought.

My skin must have also flushed, because Jasper was aware of my reaction.

“You'd like to be tied up, Edward?”

“Yes,” I was panting.

“Hmm...” he mused, as if he was actually pondering tying me up in the kitchen. “I think I'd like to try something else today instead.”

My heart began to race and I could feel my temperature rising. I'm sure the flush of my skin deepened.

He was behind me, close but not touching. Then, he leaned forward and his warm breath tickled my right ear.

“Close your eyes,” he whispered.

I clamped my eyes shut immediately.

I heard a rustling of fabric and then felt soft material on my face. He was blindfolding me.

This was new.

An involuntary groan slipped out of my mouth, and little Edward grew, well, not so little.

"Open your eyes, now," he ordered, after he had finished tying the fabric snugly at the back of my head.

The material was dark. I couldn't see through it. I waited for my eyes to adjust a little, but I still couldn't see any light. I heard Jasper's footsteps moving around, but I wasn't yet adapted enough to know where he was or how far he was from me.

He must have waved a hand in front of my face or flashed me his dick or something, because I heard him murmur “good.”

“Let me know if you don't like it,” he ordered.

I nodded.

There was no chance of me not liking this. He could have just made me stand there for an hour, and I would have happily obeyed. I was all in, whether Jasper knew it or not.

“That's not the only surprise, Edward.”
I could feel him behind me, and then his hands were at my waist. He unbuckled my belt and shoved my skinny jeans down. I wasn't wearing any underwear, and I heard Jasper chuckle at the discovery. His fingertips ghosted down my cock, lightly touching the sensitive flesh, but never making any move to encourage my arousal. It was infuriating and tantalizing at the same time.

Jasper grabbed my ass then, and murmured words of satisfaction. Even though our last encounter was less than a week ago, the bruising had faded. I ate plenty of vitamin C and zinc because it was supposed to help with healing the damaged blood vessels. I don't know if it helped, because I was generally very healthy. Regardless, Jasper seemed pleased.

I felt something cool and hard touch my ass then. It was smooth and definitely didn't feel like leather. He dragged it across my skin slowly. It felt more like... wood. Yes, as he brought it back to lightly press against my skin, I knew it was a wooden paddle this time, with more surface area than the leather paddle. It would cover more of my ass in the delicious sting.

I tilted my head in question. I wasn't sure what I was asking, exactly, but Jasper seemed to know.

“Yes. I made it myself.”

For some reason, knowing that made it even better. I could imagine Jasper at a work bench sawing and sanding, getting sawdust in his golden waves, getting hard as he thought about what he was going to do with the paddle once he finished.

He rubbed it over my ass again, and spoke softly, “Not a splinter to be found.”

I nodded in approval. It was almost like getting a gift, knowing that he made it for me. I inwardly chastised myself again for caring so much about getting Jasper's approval. He was the one person whose approval shouldn't matter to me.

His strong, commanding voice once again snapped me to attention.

“What have you done to deserve this, Edward?”

A noise escaped me that sounded an awful lot like a whimper. In the past couple days, I hadn't done as much as I could have to provoke Jasper. I got the blindfold as a reward for being willing to obey, for allowing him to use this part of myself, and maybe for not getting him into trouble at school, but at the same time, he wouldn't spank me as hard if he thought I didn't deserve it.

Again, the weird sense of right and wrong he had actually made a lot of sense.

“You told Angela Weber to flirt with me during Spanish class, didn't you?”

Sometimes, I underestimated how observant Jasper was. I had almost forgotten about that. Really, I was mostly trying to avoid answering the inevitable question about Bella that Angela was sure to ask me. Jasper was jealous of Bella, which I found to be really flattering. But, he had no reason to be. The girl couldn't deal with the fact that she was a one-off. Pissing Jasper off in the process of getting Angela off my back was just a bonus.

Regardless, I nodded to Jasper's question.

“You stopped wearing underwear under those stupid skinny jeans, so I've had to see the outline of your cock all day at school.”

I nodded to that one, too. I noticed that I had gotten more leers than usual at school the past couple days, but I really was only interested in making sure Jasper noticed.
He leaned forward again, the buttons of his shirt were digging into my back. His hand squeezed my cock, and I jumped.

“It's a nice cock, Edward, but it shows to everyone what a slut you are.”

I shivered involuntarily as Jasper pulled back. I loved it when Jasper called me slut. Though the term was never used for men, I really was kind of was a slut. Ironically, I had pretty much stopped since Jasper started spanking me.

“You pulled the fire alarm on Monday and tried to convince everyone that I did it. If I hadn't have had an alibi, I would have gotten in a lot of trouble for that.”

Admittedly, it was not my best work.

“Why do you do it, Edward? It's because you like this, don't you?” His calloused hand came down against the side of my ass.

“Yessss,” I hissed. I more than liked it. I loved it. I needed it.

Jasper hummed softly in approval.

It was different, having my eyes shrouded in darkness. I could never see what Jasper was doing to my ass, but without having my eyes open, I paid more attention to my other senses. By the time Jasper was good and worked up, I was noticing all the little sounds and smells in the kitchen.

Jasper wore cologne that I had never really taken notice of before. It was musky and manly and it smelled intoxicating when mixed with Jasper's own natural scent.

I knew he was moving into position by the way the scent came closer.

I felt the rush of air right before the paddle made contact with my skin.

And, there it was, the fall into the abyss. The sting. The surge. The pure pleasure of escape.

“Fuuuuuck,” I groaned eloquently.

I heard it the second time, a whistling noise right before the cool air, and then, “smack!” The sweet pain began to bloom.

He was being gentle. He always was on the first few spanks, especially when he was trying something new.

The wooden paddle was different from the leather one. It covered more area, and the sting was sharper somehow. If the leather felt forbidden somehow, the wood felt more primal. After two fairly gentle strokes, I was close to blowing my load.

Jasper seemed to sense this and gave me a quick reprieve, grabbing my ass with his free hand.

“You've been asking for this, haven't you Edward? You want me to spank you like the bad boy you are, don't you?”

I could only nod and moan.

He took a breath and then struck. Harder than before.

Oh yes.
Oh fuck.

I was starting to get painfully hard.

My ass was starting to feel numb as I lost count of the thwacks of the paddle. My eyes were starting to tear involuntarily with the incredible, blossoming pain. It was fucking perfect.

“Ten,” Jasper grunted.

“Jazz-” I screeched.

I wanted him.

I wanted him to stretch me and fill me and pound me into oblivion. I wanted to forget where I was and who I was and why I came back to this godforsaken little town. I wanted to feel his hard body press up against me and make me feel small, tamed and protected.

I wanted him inside me. I wanted him to take me.

“I'm going to fuck you now, Edward. Would you like that?”

I nodded eagerly, not trusting my ability to speak. Then, I spread my legs eagerly, earning the title of slut.

“Next time, you should wear your plug,” Jasper mused thoughtfully as his hands settled on my ass cheeks, spreading them slightly.

Just thinking of the cool piece of metal. Sneaking it and lube into the bathroom after gym class. Trying to stifle my moans as it filled me was almost enough to get me relaxed and ready.

“Oh, yes,” I groaned as I shifted for the intrusion of his fingers.

When he brushed against my prostate, I almost thought I was going to come. I have no idea how he did it, to have me on the brink already. At the same time, I didn't think I really wanted to know. So, I forced my mind to shut up.

I gave in and let go.

It was all too much. The delicious smell of Jasper's sweat overwhelming the smell of his cologne... the sound of his heavy balls slapping against mine.... the feel his fingertips digging into my hips as he thrust relentlessly into me.

It was all amplified behind the blindfold.

My arm twitched involuntarily. Of course, Jasper noticed.

“I'm not gonna touch you, Edward. You're going to have to come just from me fucking you.”

And then he shifted his weight and he moved us to that position that had him pounding against my prostate with reckless abandon.

I was panting and moaning so loudly I was drowning out Jasper's own heavy breaths, but I was oh so close. My body was heating and my balls were tightening, and I could feel it, building and building. Rising to the surface, just waiting for that one thing that would send me spiraling down.

“Come,” he ordered.
That was all I needed. It was as if his voice was connected directly to my cock.

I erupted.

I let go. My come spilling onto the kitchen floor as the world shattered around me. My whole body was trembling and Jasper gripped me tighter, keeping me upright.

He continued to drill into me, frantically, and I could barely take the influx of sensation. With the blindfold, I was in overload. I was trembling and vulnerable and soaring so high, I almost missed the pulse of Jasper's cock in my ass.

“Fuck, Edward. Fuck!” he exclaimed. It was the first time he had ever called out my name. I surged at the compliment, and kept myself up upright to support him through his climax.

He leaned forward and rested his forehead against my back for a moment but quickly straightened.

He pulled out of me slowly, and I couldn't help but whimper at the loss. It was as if I was back to being Edward once we were no longer connected.

I felt Jasper's hands at the back of my head.

“Keep your eyes closed. It will take a minute to adjust to the light.”

I did as he said, even though I didn't need the instruction. Soon, I felt the flourescents of the kitchen hitting my eyelids. After a moment, I squinted. Then blinked to adjust. I was almost surprised that the kitchen looked the same way it had before.

Jasper must have noticed my death grip on the counter.

"Can you walk?"

I nodded, although I wasn't all together sure. As soon as I tried to straighten up my legs started to feel like jelly.

Jasper steadied me. How did he recover so well? I wondered how good his stamina was. Even knowing what I knew, I had a feeling that Jasper Hale's sexual prowess would surprise me.

“I have to piss,” I muttered as I tried to take a step.

My legs shook and Jasper steadied me once again. I should have felt ridiculous, but Jasper didn't do anything to perpetuate that feeling. So, we walked to the bathroom, Jasper holding me up. After the first few steps, I was starting to come down from my post orgasmic high and I could have made it on my own. But it was nice to have Jasper's arm around my waist, holding me against him.

When we got to the bathroom, Jasper quirked at eyebrow at me.

I nodded.

I probably could have made him hold my dick for me, he seemed that concerned, but I didn't want to push it.

“Wait here when you're done,” he ordered.

I heard his feet as they bounded up the stairs.

After I finished pissing and washed my hands, I looked around for a place to wait. I couldn't sit
down with my ass so raw, so I just leaned forward on the counter.

Jasper entered moments later, carrying the salve he had given me and a pair of my sweatpants. I tried not to smirk at the caring gesture. I kept my head down so he wouldn't see me smile.

I stay where I was as Jasper began the ritual of massaging the soothing gel into my ass. I didn't need a mirror to know that my entire ass was bright pink. It would stay that way for a long time after Jasper finished, but the initial sting was gone.

Once Jasper was satisfied, he gave my ass a gentle pat. If I hadn't known any better, I'd have sworn the gesture was affectionate. I didn't think Jasper was capable of showing affection, however. I briefly wondered if his parents were as big of assholes as mine.

“Lift your right foot.” Jasper's command brought me out of my musing.

I obeyed and felt the cool cotton pooled at my ankle.

“The left,” he ordered.

I lifted my foot and then reached my hand down to help Jasper bring my pants up over my ass.

“Okay?” His voice was at a whisper.

I nodded, and then Jasper's demeanor tensed almost imperceptibly as he returned my nod.

I walked with him to the front door.

He put his hand on the knob before turning around to address me with a sly smile.

“You better wear underwear tomorrow under those skinny ass jeans, or else I'm going to have to fuck you in the lunchroom.”

“Wait until you see me in leather,” I retorted.

He shook his head at me and headed down the driveway.

But, I did see him adjust himself before he got into his truck.

END SCENE
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Um... no animals were harmed in the making of this chapter.

(Jasper POV)

“I want you to suck my dick.”

Edward’s eyes widened for a moment, and then he scowled at me from the doorway.

“Good morning, to you too, jackass.”

However, he did swing the door open for me to come in. I was a little worried he wouldn't be home or would tell me he had other plans. Today was a staff inservice day, so we didn't have classes. I considered the notion that Edward would be hanging out with some of his goons at the La Push beach like all the other drones at Forks High, but something told me that he only tolerated their company in small doses.

He was too clever for them.

I shrugged as I walked into the house, Edward followed me into the living room, where I stopped to lean against the back of the Cullen's couch.

“I wanted to enjoy my day off with a blow job,” I said.

I mostly just wanted to see if he would agree to it.

He looked at me for a moment and then took a step closer. By the look in his eyes, I knew that he was ready and willing to drop down on his knees right then and suck me off. That was all the confirmation I needed.

Edward surprised me, though, by reaching his hand out and grabbing my belt buckle.

“I've never...” he started, though his voice didn't hold any fear.

“I know,” I cut him off as I grabbed his wrist.

I had no intention of getting a blow job from him without giving him some instruction first.

“I can show you how it's done. In fact, I can give you the best blow job you've ever had in your life.”

I was confident about this. Girls had no clue what they were doing with a cock and balls. Not to mention, I was becoming a quick study at Edward Cullen's reactions to stimulation. By the expression on his face, I could tell he believed me, and he fucking wanted it.

I continued, “If you'll do something for me.”
I had to leave it open as a choice. Yes, I was bartering with sexual pleasure, but if he didn't agree willingly, it wouldn't work.

“What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to come with me to The Triple-X.”

Edward’s eyes widened for a moment, then he blinked.

“There are other things I want to try, Edward. Other things I can spank you with. Other things I can do to your ass that will make you feel good.” I tried to look as casually as possible. Inwardly, though, my heart was picking up the pace.

“You want to go shopping with me,” Edward offered the statement as a question.

“Yes.”

“For,” he swallowed. “Sex toys.”

“Yes.”

He gave me another one of his customary digging into my soul through my eyes looks.

“Okay,” he said calmly.

I nodded, not betraying my surprise at how easy it was.

Of course, the truth of the matter is that it would have been hard for not to suck his dick even if he hadn't agreed. Ever since I saw it, bobbing up and down as he rode my cock over a week ago, I wanted to taste it. I wanted to feel it in the back of my throat. I wanted to make him come and feel his load fill my mouth.

I would never bottom during sex, but I did like sucking cock. I was good at it, too.

It was time to show Edward my skills.

I spun him around so that he took my place with his back against the couch. Then, I unbuttoned his jeans. I pulled them down slowly, letting my fingertips graze his thighs when I could, trying to make it seem unintentional. I left them bunched at his knees, then traced back up his thighs, eventually ending by gripping his ass in my hands.

I bypassed his cock for the time being, and started by pursing my lips and blowing cold air on each of his balls. As soon as he shivered, I opened my mouth and pulled his left nut into my mouth. Edward’s breath hitched. I sucked on it gently until Edward reached for my hair. Then, I released it and put the other in my mouth. His grip tightened in my waves.

“Did I say you could pull my hair?” I scolded, releasing him from my mouth.

Edward looked at me wide-eyed and shook his head, immediately retracting his hand as if afraid I wouldn't continue. I sat back on my heels.

“It's okay, but you shouldn't have done it without asking,” I scolded. The truth of the matter was that I liked having my hair pulled, but it seemed to cross a line. Not to mention, Edward didn't know I liked it.

As I leaned back, I was able to get a better look at the prize.
He was uncut and his dick was perfect. I had never sucked an uncircumcised dick before, but I watched a lot of porn.

I started with just my tongue. I ignored his length entirely instead lapping at his equally perfect balls. Then, I traced up his shaft slowly, barely allowing my tongue to make contact. I applied more pressure as I teased the head of his cock that was just pressing out of his foreskin. As soon as I heard a beautiful whining noise escape him, I put my lips around the head of his dick, then with the help of my tongue I glided his foreskin back and forth over his glans.

By the way he reacted, I silently cursed both my parents and the doctor who removed my foreskin.

Edwards hips thrust forward involuntarily, and I let his wet cock slide between my lips. He was moaning like a whore. I peered up at him through my lashes and nearly moaned myself. He looked fucking hot. The way the morning sunlight was bathing his pale skin, he looked like he belonged in a fucking Renaissance painting. Well, aside from the fact that he was shoving his cock down my throat.

It was likely that Michelangelo was gay, but I doubted Pope Julius II would have appreciated this on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Eventually I put my hands on Edward's hips to stop him.

“Sorry,” he began.

I shook my head in response. If I hadn't wanted him to fuck my mouth, I wouldn't have let him.

Instead, I relaxed my throat and took his length even deeper into my mouth. When he hit the back of my throat, I swallowed.

Edward let out a loud wail. “Oh, fuck”

His grip in my hair tightened, which drew my attention to my own throbbing cock. There wasn't anything I could do about it now, and I had plans for Edward to return the favor later anyway.

I used my free hands to pull gently on his balls. I used the fingers on my other hand to tease his asshole. All the while, I was bobbing my head, taking Edward's prick deep and retracting my mouth slowly until he was a whimpering mess.

I picked up the pace then brought his cock back into my throat, swallowing once more.

This time he tensed

“I- I- I-” he chanted.

I pushed his hips forward and at glance up at him. I tried to give him a look of approval. He either read my expression or he just couldn't take any more, because right afterward his eyes rolled back in his head and his cum spilled down my throat. I held him deep in my throat until he began to spasm and I needed to breathe. As I released him he removed his hands from my hair and slumped back.


I licked my lips and sat back.

“Say it,” I ordered.

“That was the best fucking blow job I've ever had in my life.” He grinned down at me lazily, “I don't
even think it's fair to call what I've had done to me before this 'blow jobs."

I stood up in order to hide the smile from my face. I knew I was fucking good at it, I didn't know why hearing the praise out of Edward's mouth made me so pleased.

I let him back for a moment until I could see him slowly returning and the Edward Cullen facade appeared back on his features.

“Now, your end of the bargain.”

He nodded, then followed me to the front door, stopping at the front closet to grab his coat.

It was awkward at first as we left the house and got into my truck. We were going to go out in public together. We weren't full-on sneering at each other the way we did at school, but it wasn't the same type of setting where I could order him on his knees so he could squirm around like a whore for me.

It wasn't as if we were friends or anything.

However, now that he was trapped in my truck, I could ask him the question I was dying to know the answer to.

“Feel free to tell me to fuck off, if you'd like, but I have to ask you...”

“What is it, Hale?” I could sense him rolling his eyes. Even though mine were set straight forward.

“Are you gay?”

I turned my head quickly to look at Edward before returning my eyes to the road. He didn't look upset, rather, he looked thoughtful, as if he really hadn't considered it before. Despite the fact that over the past month, his asshole had been drilled harder than a Texas oil field on more than one occasion.

“I'm pretty sure it's safe to say I'm bi.”

“So, you still fuck girls,” I said with shrug...

“Well, I only have once since we...” he trailed off.

Then, it clicked.

“The brunette.”

“Yeah. It was after that first time you,” he swallowed. “You fucked me. I thought maybe- but I- it just- it wasn't, you know. So, I haven't done it since then.”

I had never heard him be so ineloquent. My heart started racing at what he just revealed.

I was so dense.

Normally, I would have been sneaking out at night, using my fake ID to get into the one gay friendly bar in Port Angeles, or hanging out the only diner in Forks, waiting for the busboy to get off work. He was always willing and was a real decent fuck.

What I hadn't realized until that moment was that I hadn't even tried to touch anyone else since I started spanking Edward.
I was like a fucking addict. Once I had my taste of the good stuff, I couldn't go back to the cheap imitation.

Edward looked at me curiously, as if he heard the revelation I just had in my head.

“You know I'm gay, right?” I blurted out.

“Yes.”

“Well, I haven't been with anyone else since... just so you know. Makes it simpler that way.”

I kept my eyes on the road, but I took a quick peak out of the corner of my eye. Edward's eyes looked surprised, but his mouth was forming into a crooked smile.

We settled into a silence that wasn't all together uncomfortable, and soon enough, we were at the Triple-X off the interstate.

I had been here often, even before I had been in the market for paddles and butt plugs. The internet had all kinds of porn, but sometimes I just wanted make the pages of a glossy magazine sticky. Though, coming on a guy’s face in a picture wasn't nearly as satisfying at the real thing.

Edward didn't look uncomfortable so much as he looked curious. His eyes seemed to take in everything as we entered the store, showing our ids to the seedy-looking dude, James or some shit, who was always there behind the register.

Edward followed me as I went past the racks of magazines and movies, passed the wall of dildos, and up the three stairs to the “back room,” which catered to patrons with more specific tastes. I stopped once we reached a display of toys for anal play. Edward's eyes widened at the anal beads, and I made a mental note. I knew he was starting to get a little uncomfortable based on the way he tensed at a giant double-headed dildo, so I didn't say anything. I just watched the changes in his expression.

“I'll be right back,” I said, once I was sure he wouldn't freak out.

“Oh-” Edward started.

“I'm just going to the can. I'll be back in a minute.”

I used the surprisingly clean bathroom and then went back to find Edward. He was standing looking at some dominatrix shit. His eyes seemed particularly fixed upon the riding crops, whips and floggers. The wanton expression on his face was damn near enough to make me bend him over and fuck him right there.

I came up behind him, so he could feel my breath against the back of his neck. Then, I rubbed my hardening dick against his ass.

“Can you imagine how that flogger would feel? All those strips of leather, slapping across your sore ass.”

He groaned and leaned back into me ever so slightly.

A second later he seemed to realize where he was and what he was doing, and he darted around me to go look at videos I knew he wasn't actually interested in.

Once he was out of the back room, a salesgirl approached him. She was looking him up and down
like he was a fucking model. Well, I guess he probably could have been one.

“Can I help you find anything?” she asked as she put a hand on his arm.

I almost swooped down to put the girl in her place, but the discomfort on Edward's face stopped me. I wanted to see how he was going to handle himself.

“You don't sell live animals here, do you?”

Huh?

The girl looked just as confused as I felt.

“You mean like at a pet store?”

“Well, a pet store would work, but I'm really fucking sick of getting the stink eye every time I buy a gerbil without buying food or a cage for it.”

“A gerbil?” The sales girl was still confused.

“Yes, a gerbil. They're a small mammal, a member of the order Rodentia, family Muridae.”

“I know what a-” she shook her head. “Why do you want one from here?”

“To shove it up my ass,” he deadpanned.

The girl's jaw dropped, and I had to bite the inside of my cheek.

“The feeling is really exquisite. I've tried feather dusters, but it just doesn't compare. You should really experiment sometime.” He leered at her, silently indicating that he would be present for these experiments.

He sounded so earnest, for a heartbeat, even I had almost believed him. I raised an eyebrow at him in amusement, and he turned and winked at me. The sales girl, however, looked like she didn't know whether to be horrified, to be flattered, to laugh, or to call security.

I couldn't take any more and burst out laughing as I walked over to Edward. I threw my arm casually over his shoulder.

“Guinea pigs are even better.”

Edward started laughing then, too.

The sales girl looked at me, then back at Edward and rolled her eyes, stalking away.

We both laughed at our brief moment of camaraderie, and then I left Edward to his own devices as I comparison shopped for tools to slap against his perfect ass cheeks.

In the end I bought a riding crop and a flogger. As I was heading for the register, Edward handed me a pair of padded handcuffs.

I quirked an eyebrow at him.

He shrugged.

I shrugged back and added the handcuffs to my purchases. The cashier didn't say a word to us as he
rung me up. Two teenage boys buying BDSM gear was probably the most normal thing he had seen all day.

I drove back to Edward's house.

We sat in silence for a moment before Edward asked if my radio worked.

“Doesn't get the best reception, but yeah.”

“You've never replaced it?”

“Don't mess with the truck!”

He turned it on and his hand was on the tuner when he realized that it was already set.

“Oh.”

“You have a problem with NPR?”

“No, that's the station I was going to put it on.”

I didn't expect to have anything in common with the boy. Our silence was more companionable on the way home, as we listened to Talk of the Nation.

When we got back to the house I ordered Edward upstairs to his bedroom. Edward seemed a little surprised, but he didn't hesitate. I let him enter his bedroom before me.

“Strip,” I said from the doorway.

Edward looked at me coyly. As much as I got off on telling Edward what to do, I liked it when he was cocky.

Right before I put him in his place.

He kept his eyes on me as he slowly removed his button down and trademark skinny jeans. He had taken up wearing underwear again, and he took his time shimmying out of them, revealing his beautiful cock to me.

“On the bed and on your knees, you fucking tease,” I demanded.

“You know I've never done this before,” the defiance in his voice was reminiscent of the tone he used at school. I was fairly certain he was only trying to hide his fear.

“It will be good because you want it to be good.”

He looked thoughtful for a moment, then nodded. I wasn't sure he was going to buy my reasoning, but I knew that some part of him wanted to make me feel good. He wasn't just doing this because he liked being ordered around. I'm sure the competitive part of him, the Cullen I knew from school, wanted to be better than me at sucking dick.

Fat chance.

He got on the edge of the bed so his mouth would be level with my dick while I stood before him.

I unzipped my jeans and whipped it out as I walked toward him. I swear the corners of his mouth turned up as he stared at my cock.
He looked at it for a moment, then put his tongue out tentatively and licked up the underside. He seemed satisfied with himself and then began to swirl his tongue around, coating it as best he could with his saliva.

He focused his licking back on the head, and when he put his lips around it, I couldn't hold in a moan.


His eyes glowed and then his lips were moving down, taking in as much as he could. He didn't go far, but I never expected him to. His mouth was hot and wet, and what he couldn't accomplish in depth, he made up for by using his tongue to lick my glans every time he brought his lips back.

It wasn't the best blow job I'd ever had, but I didn't expect it to be. Deep-throating could come later. What I really wanted was for Edward to enjoy it.

From the position we were in, I couldn't reach his ass, until I remembered my new purchase. I pulled back, all the way out of Edward's mouth, and he looked insulted.

I smiled at him in reassurance and retrieved the crop from the spot on the floor where I threw the bag down. I walked back to Edward as I slapped the folded leather against my opposite hand.

“Now, let's try this again,” I said as I reached him.

He looked up at me with wide eyes, and then studied my prick for a second before touching his tongue against my ball sack.

“That feels good, Edward.”

I let him lick around them for a moment, exploring me with his tongue. After a minute, I grabbed his hair and pulled his head back so he could look up at me.

“Do you want to feel good, too?” I asked.

Edward nodded against my loose grip.

“Then get my dick back in your mouth,” I said firmly, and I flicked my wrist and let the crop slap against the side of his right cheek.

Edward's whole body flushed pink, and then his eager mouth was back around my cock. Sucking with renewed vigor.

Once he began, I struck harder with the crop, this time catching it right in the middle of his fleshy mound, making a gorgeous thwapping sound against his skin.

I was taking a slight risk that he wouldn't accidentally bite down around my dick at the sensation of pain. Instead, I was rewarded with a deep, throaty moan.

He moaned around my dick and the vibrations shot through my whole body. I used the crop a few more times, and was rewarded each time with the humming sensation on my dick. I wasn’t trying to test Edward's stamina, so I let go and allowed myself to feel the sensation. The thought of getting Edward to put his mouth around my cock was arousing enough to speed me toward release.

“You want to try swallowing my cum Edward? I won't make you if you don't want to.”

His eyes were set with a determined expression, and he didn't even fully release me from his mouth.
as he nodded.

“Faster, faster,” I urged, and smacked him with the riding crop to emphasize my point.

He sucked hard and fast on my cock, and I used my free hand to fondle my balls.

“Last chance, Edward,” I offered.

He responded by taking me deeper than he had before. The sudden change in heat was enough to make me come. I tried not to force myself deeper as I shot my load into his eager mouth, but for a few seconds I completely lost control. I caught a glimpse of his lips around my prick and I couldn't help but thrust forward deeper while I emptied into his throat.

He didn't let a drop escape his lips as he swallowed.

He looked up at me expectantly.

“You've been such a good slut, I'm going to let you touch yourself while I whip you. Would you like that?”

Edward groaned, and I looked down at his cock. It was swollen and needy, even after sucking me off. I wondered if he ever got that hard tasting pussy.

“Turn around, and move to the side of the bed.”

I wanted him there so I could see him in the mirror hanging from his door. I angled myself so I would be able to watch him fisting his cock.

I had been focusing on his right side before, so I gave his left flank the bulk of my attention now. As I hit him with the riding crop, his whole body lurched forward. With the first couple strokes he seemed to just absorb the pain. It wasn't until I gave his hanging balls a tap that he shifted his weight to his left hand and grabbed his dick.

His eyes were closed.

In the mirror, I watched his cock slide through his hand, his thumb working over the head. I felt like a voyeur and was hard again in seconds, but for some reason, I didn't want to seek release. It only took three more hits to left side before he was shouting and grunting, painting his bed sheets in cum.

As I rubbed his ass afterward, admiring the pattern of trapezoidal red marks I had put there, I couldn't hide my arousal.

“You can fuck me, if you want.” Despite his flippant words, it was obvious in Edward's voice that he would not at all be opposed.

“Not today, Edward,” I said sternly. “Let this be a lesson in delayed gratification.”

He looked at me with a curious expression, and then did the strangest thing.

He burst out laughing.

END SCENE
Chapter 8

(Jasper POV)

He was wearing his plug.

We had finally exchanged phone numbers the last time we got together, in case Edward's parents were around if I wanted to show up in the morning again. I wasn't entirely sure Edward's parents even lived in the house until Edward muttered something about me missing the “good doctor” by a half hour.

I had texted him that morning and told him to wear the plug today.

I didn't tell him when to put it in, but I think he understood that I'd be keeping a close eye on him.

I was planning on waiting until after school to actually confirm that he had followed my instructions, but the way he looked at me from across the lunch room, made something inside of me snap.

When his eyes met mine the second time, I jerked my head toward the exit. I shot out of my chair and headed toward the door, ignoring Alice's question of where I was going. I paced in the hallway for a minute while Edward made whatever excuse he needed to get out of the cafeteria. I wondered why he bothered. It's not like he owed any of these people anything.

As soon as he appeared, I headed toward the boys room on the other side of the building. With everyone at lunch, it was most likely going to be empty. I didn't even need to ask or order him, he just followed me obediently without a word.

I pushed the door to the bathroom open violently, it was almost as if I were possessed with the idea of seeing Edward's beautiful ass stretched around the metal plug.

“Put your hands on the sink,” I ordered, as soon as I heard the door open.

A few seconds later he stood facing the mirror, gripping the sides of the sink in anticipation. I stood behind him and pressed my body against his, rubbing my hard cock against his ass.

He moaned softly.

“Delayed gratification,” I whispered in his ear.

He swallowed and nodded.

I reached around an unbuckled his infuriating belt, then I unzipped his jeans and pulled them along with his briefs down to his knees. From my position, his ass was at my eye level, and there it was – the piece of metal that was spreading his hole just for me.

“How long?” I whispered.

“How long?” I asked, not phrasing the question the way I wanted. I knew Edward knew the risks of extended usage, but I still needed to hear confirmation.
“Of course,” he assented.

“What will you do during gym class?” I blurted out. It was the only question that popped into my head.

“I can get out of gym,” he said haughtily, as I doubted his ability to be conniving.

Instead, I leaned back and took in the sight once more. It looked perfect, nestled between his cheeks.

Without really thinking about what I was doing, I bent down and pressed my lips against his left cheek. I sucked his flesh into my mouth, pulling it through my teeth, leaving a deep purple hickey right on his ass. Edward shuddered.

“Mine,” I whispered against it.

I stood up, tugging the jeans up with me. As I zipped them, I leaned forward to whisper in Edward's ear.

“You'll be rewarded for this.”

He swallowed so hard I could hear it.

I smacked my hand against his pert ass, then turned and walked out of the bathroom.

We left school at about the same time that afternoon, so I arrived at the Cullen house right after Edward. He stood beside his Volvo waiting for me.

I exited my truck with the paddle in my hand, slapping it against my opposite palm. I wanted to get a reaction out of Edward, and he didn't disappoint. As I stalked toward him, his body flushed, and I wanted to tear his clothes off to see the pink tinge all over his body.

I didn't say a word to him as I let him lead toward the front door and unlock it. As soon as we were in the foyer, I gave my orders.

“Upstairs.”

He cocked an eyebrow, probably at the repetitiveness of locations, but he followed my instructions wordlessly and began to climb the stairs.

He hesitated as we entered his room, and I could almost see him debating about whether or not to strip off his clothes or wait for me to undress him.

“Get naked,” I ordered, and he almost looked grateful as he unzipped his jeans. I watched in quiet awe as more skin began to appear before my field of vision. His lithe body really was appealing to me, even if the kinky little freak wasn't hiding behind the exterior. I wondered why I had never thought about him as attractive before all this started.

He began to get on the bed.

“Off the bed, Edward. That's not your decision to make,” he froze and hung his head.

“You will be punished for that. Now, get over to the desk, the way you were standing in the bathroom at school.”

With his head still down, he walked slowly over to his desk and leaned forward to grip the edge of it with his hands. In this position, his ass was at the perfect height and was sticking out at just the right
angle. My dick jumped in response.

“You need to learn how to listen, Edward,” I said coolly, hiding my interest. “I know you're an eager little whore, but you need to wait for instructions.”

He nodded his head and pushed his ass back further.

I chuckled at his enthusiasm and decided not to make him wait any longer. Without a word, I struck his right cheek with the paddle and then his left in succession.

His skin bloomed in that familiar pink tinge, and Edward cried out as if in relief.

“You know you need to be punished, don't you?”

“Yes,” Edward hissed the “s.”

“And, I get to decide how that's done,” as I spoke I rested the paddle on Edward's cheeks. “Say it.”

“You decide. You punish me, Jasper.”

The way he said my name made me snap. I kept a quick pace, paddling Edward's ass, at first alternating cheeks and covering his flesh in a delicious shade of deep pink. Edward was a whimpering mess after a dozen hard and fast spanks.

“You've taken this so well. I'm going to reward you. I'm going to tap the plug with the paddle.”

I had slapped the paddle across Edward's entire ass multiple times, but I had never focused the paddle on the plug itself.

I could see Edward tense at the idea, so I gave a minute to get himself ready.

I looked at the shiny piece of metal between his cheeks. I didn't want to hit it very hard, but I wanted to send a jolt through his body, from the tips of his toes to the ends of his poofy bronze hair. I wanted to watch him shiver.

Softly, I brought the paddle down on the plug, pushing it into his body and allowing it to vibrate....

“Dear gah- fuck-” Edward shouted.

I tapped the plug again, and Edward's arms began to shake.

His breath hitched in his throat, and I could tell he was biting the inside of his cheek. I had never seen him this close to losing control without permission.

“I could make you come like this, couldn't I?”

“Yes, yes, please. Jasper, please.” he was panting.

“Not this time, Edward. I don't want you to come. Not like this.”

I tapped the plug one more time for good measure.

The lovely stream of expletives that came out of his mouth afterward were not helping my cock from screaming to get out of my too loose jeans and into something tighter. His arms were shaking and there were tears in the corners of his eyes, not from pain, but from holding back his orgasm. I decided to give him a break.
“Are you ready for something else to replace the plug?”

“Yes, oh fuck yes.”

“Get up by the head of the bed.”

He crawled forward on his hands and knees. I was mesmerized for a moment as I watched his ass flex while he moved.

“Stay on your knees and put your hands on the headboard.”

He obeyed immediately.

I wondered if he had any idea what I was planning. Either way, he was the one who chose the handcuffs.

I approached the bed, with the handcuffs jangling from my index finger. Edward stole a glance from the corner of his eye and smiled.

“Can't have you going anywhere, now can we?” I said slyly.

Edward shook his head, but the glee in his eyes was unmistakable. I felt a surge of pride. In all my months of keeping an eye on Cullen, I'd never seen that spark until this game began.

I laced the handcuffs behind the headboard so Edward could grip the slats. It really was designed perfectly for what we were about to do.

I got behind Edward and slowly dragged my fingernails down his back, stopping at his raw cheeks. I pulled the plug out slowly as Edward exhaled loudly. For second, I enjoyed the view of Edward's stretched hole, surrounded on all sides by bright pink flesh. Then I grabbed Edward's stashed lube and coated two fingers with the liquid before sliding them into the waiting hole. It was all I could do not to bend down and taste. I made a mental note to buy flavored lube and I coated my sheathed cock and positioned myself under him, spreading his knees so mine fit between them.

“Sit down,” I ordered.

Without any hesitation, he sank down on my hard cock.

Even after having been stretched, his ass was so tight around me, I nearly groaned. He squirmed a little, presumably getting used to my size, which was well bigger than the plug. I let him wiggle, because it felt damn good.

“Now,” I slapped the side of his hip. “Fuck yourself on me.”

Edward gasped, then raised his hips, releasing me almost completely, before sinking back down.

I stayed still while Edward set a rhythm. I didn't speak, I wanted him to get lost in the act. He started to pick up speed and the cuffs began to hit against the headboard. Keeping time to the motion of Edward's hips.

I leaned back on my elbows as Edward pummeled himself, his raw, red cheeks swallowing my cock. I didn't touch him or raise my hips to meet his, I wanted Edward to get off all on his own.

Without touching himself either.
He was trapped by the handcuffs. He couldn't go anywhere but up and down. Yet, Edward was so wanton as he rode me, moaning and cursing as he found the angle that felt best inside his body. I almost felt like a voyeur as I watched him take his pleasure.

I was brought out of my trance by the distant sound of metal on metal.

I put my hands on Edward's hips to still him and froze.

“What was that noise?”

“Shit,” his body started to tremble. I immediately pulled my cock out of him and scrambled for the key to the handcuffs. “That was the garage door. She's not supposed to be home until next week.”

I had never asked Edward much about his parents. Where by much I meant anything, all I knew was that I was able to spend hours here after school, spanking and fucking without any interruption or even any sign that Edward didn't live in the house by himself.

“Cover story?” I asked quickly as I opened the cuffs so he could release his wrists.

“No, just hide the paddle.”

He rubbed his wrists a little as he reached for his discarded clothes on shaky legs.

I shoved the paddle under Edward's bed, then lunged for my jeans.

“Edward!” I heard a woman's voice call as Edward and I scrambled to get dressed. “Edward!” the voice called again, louder this time. She had reached the stairs.

I was just buckling my belt when the footsteps reached the door. I plopped down on Edward's desk chair just as the door swung open.

I noticed that in the hustle I hadn't put on my briefs. They didn't look extremely out of place on Edward's floor though, so I just hoped she wouldn't notice.

I raised my eyes to the woman standing in the doorway. She was so obviously Edward's mother as their resemblance was immediate. She had the same auburn hair and green eyes, and there was something in her posture that reminded me of Edward Cullen – King of Forks High.

She put a hand up near her breast as if in surprise.

“Edwa- Oh!” She looked right at me. “So, that's your truck outside.”

“Yes, ma'am.” I remained seated, fairly certain that if I got any closer to her, she could smell Edward on me. The room reeked of sex as it was. “I'm Jasper Hale.”

“Jasper Hale?” she responded with a questioning tone and turned to Edward with a raised eyebrow. Edward's face had turned to stone and he nodded.

“I must say, I'm a little surprised to see you here. Unless your vice principal has been horribly misinformed for the past two years.”

“We reached a truce,” Edward stated in a firm voice.

She stared Edward down the way only a mother could, telling him that she knew he wasn't telling the full truth and that she would be trying to pry it out of him later. She looked him up and down
disapprovingly, and then her eyes began to dart. At first, it looked like she was evaluating the state of cleanliness of his room, and I idly wondered if she had seen it the week before. Eventually, her probing eyes noticed the handcuffs on Edward's headboard. Her eyes followed to Edward's wrists and then widened.

To her credit, she seemed just to take in the information and accept it. I didn't know if she was just as good as masking a persona as Edward, or if she really didn't give a shit that her son had been handcuffed to his bed by another boy that, until walking into this room minutes prior, she had only heard about in the context of Edward's disciplinary problems at school from our over-involved vice principal.

She turned her silent evaluation back to me, her expression still entirely stoic.

“You'll stay for dinner?” She directed at me.

“You act as if eating dinner together is something we do,” Edward said coldly.

“Oh, Edward,” his mother said, as if it were a complete statement.

Edward glared back at her.

“I want to show you what I brought back from Buenas Aires.”

With that, she turned around and walked out of the room.

I was stunned speechless.

Edward slumped down onto the bed, defeated.

I cleared my throat. “She's-”

“I know.” Luckily Edward interrupted me, because I didn't have a way to finish the statement.

I wasn't exactly sure what to do. Edward obviously wasn't rushing to spend time with his mother, and she didn't seem as if she was going to interfere, whether she read the situation correctly or not. Unless she was calling the police or something.

“I should go,” I said reluctantly, the idea of squad cars stuck in my head.

Edward's eyes were searching mine wildly.

“Don't you want to finish?”

“But your mother,” I started.

“She'll be fine by herself,” he countered.

“What if she-”

“Even if she knew everything we did together, she wouldn't do anything about it. If I weren't 18, she'd take me in for a psychiatric evaluation, but she wouldn't do anything to you.”

I didn't think Edward was kidding about her taking him to a psychiatrist.

“She'll still hear us though,” I pointed out.
Edward only hesitated slightly before looking at me with defiance that I'm pretty sure was directed toward his mother and not to me.

“Maybe I should gag you,” I suggested before he could speak.

Edward reacted at the idea of being gagged. I could almost see his cock surging against the denim and the gleam returned to his eyes. I ordered him to restrip as I looked around for something to use, since it had never occurred to me to get a ballgag. I loved the noises Edward made when I was spanking him and fucking him, so there really was no need. Except in a situation like this.

My eyes fell to my briefs on the floor.

Those would do.

I picked them up as I stalked toward the bed.

“Get on your hands and knees at the edge of the bed.”

He went to the far side of the bed, so he could keep his eyes on me. I approached him and wadded my briefs up in front of his face.

His eyes almost lit up with glee as he realized what I was doing. Even as I shoved the wad of cotton into his mouth, his eyes seemed to sparkle. I could have sworn I caught him inhaling deeply, as if trying to breathe in my scent.

“I'm going to fuck you hard and fast,” I hissed in his ear. “And you're gonna take it.”

He nodded eagerly.

After a quick recoating of lube, I positioned myself behind him, then slammed inside. His reaction was muffled by my underwear filling him mouth.

I pulled all the way out and thrust in hard again. I stayed buried inside him as I put a hand on his back and pushed him down so the upper part of his body was on the bed with his ass sticking up in the air.

I pulled out slowly one more time, then slapped both my hands against each cheek, holding them there, gripping is flesh and spreading them apart.

Finally, I drove my cock home. I kept my hands on his ass, my fingers digging in as I held them apart, trying to get as deep into Edward as I could. As promised, I set an almost brutally fast pace.

His groans were muffled, but Edward was still pretty loud especially when he moaned low and throaty, but I didn't really care. So long as he was enjoying it, nothing else mattered.

I felt his body start to tremble, and his muffled moans grew higher and higher pitched, like a dog whining in a cage at the pound. I was sprinting toward a finish myself, so I gave the order.

“Come, Edward. Come hard.”

Immediately his ass clenched around him, and I let myself get swept along in the wake of his orgasm. I came, grunting through gritted teeth as we pulsed together.

I stayed inside him for as long as I could, before my cock finally began to soften.

I reached around to pull the gag out of Edward's mouth, and noticed the tears in his eye from the
intensity of the orgasm. Then, I peeled off the abused condom and tossed it in the trash, while Edward lay panting on the bed, his ass still up in the air.

“Edward!” I said sharply to make sure he was awake.

“Can't move,” he breathed, his voice thick with exhaustion.

Even I couldn't be mad at him for wanting to sleep. He looked so thoroughly fucked.

I gave him a minute, before I went for the rapidly emptying bottle of soothing gel. The paddle had made his ass almost a uniform pink color, but I could see the purplish color of bruises starting to form. I had been fairly rough, so I tried to massage the muscle as best I could in addition to applying the salve.

I rubbed some of the gel into Edward's wrists where the handcuffs had rubbed against him. Even though they were padded, Edward had been tugging against them pretty roughly.

“Get dressed when you can get up,” I said wryly.

Edward grunted in response, but slowly began to get up and search for his clothes.

While he was occupied, I finally took a chance to browse through Edward's collection of books and music. It was just as impressive in variety as it was in number. There was a lot of classical music, which didn't surprise me, but his book collection rivaled a library. He had an array of non-fiction, as well as foreign literature. He even had Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* in the original French. I somehow didn't doubt that Edward had actually read it.

“I'm ready,” Edward announced with a quiet sigh, pulling me away from the insight into Edward's preferences.....

He walked with me downstairs.

“I hope you know, I'm planning on using you as a human shield in case she has a gun,” I hissed.

“She asked the girl I lost my virginity to how long I lasted. I don't think she's going to shoot you.”

“That's just creepy.”

“Welcome to the dysfunction,” he muttered.

Edward's mother descend on as soon as we hit the bottom of the stairs.

“Are you staying for dinner?”

“I can't. I have to help my sister work on her car this evening,” I blurted out. It was kind of true. Though, Rosalie was completely capable of working on her car herself.

“Well, you'll need energy then,” she pushed.

I began to formulate another excuse when I stopped myself. I was Jasper Hale, I didn't take shit from anyone, including the mother of the boy I had just handcuffed to the bed and fucked.

“I do appreciate the offer, ma'am, but I don't want to stay. Frankly, I'm not sure I can handle your phony attempts to make small talk or the way you talk down to your son without throwing your Waterford crystal against the wall to piss you off.”
She drew her lips into a straight line, but made no attempt at a retort. In fact, I think her eyes sparkled the way Edward's sometimes did.

Edward, on the other hand, threw back his head and laughed.

“Intuitive fucker, isn't he?” he directed toward her. For some reason, it didn't seem at all weird to hear Edward speak to his mother that way.

She was about to respond when Edward cut her off.

“I'm going to walk Jasper out.”

I was a little shocked, but I didn't object. He let me lead as we headed toward the front door. One were a safe distance from the house, I spoke.

“You can come with me. If you want to get away from her. I don't know what we'll do, but if you want an excuse to leave.”

“Thanks, but it's better if I deal with her tonight. She'll be out of here in a few days anyway. She never stays long.”

“You're sure?”

“Yeah,” he said with a sigh. He brought his right arm up to rub the back of his neck. “She's still my mom, you know?”

I did know, so I nodded.

“All right, well, I'll see you at school tomorrow,” I offered.

“Yeah,” he said softly.

And for a brief moment, his face looked like that of a scared little boy.

END SCENE
Edward talked to me at school the next day.

He was in full Cullen mode as he strutted down the hallway. He was flanked by two slut brigade members, Jessica Stanley's acrylic nails digging into his arm in desperation. The sight no longer made me angry. I didn't like their hands all over Edward at all, but the fact that my cock had been in his ass the evening before made me feel better. My territory had been marked, and Edward knew it, even if the sluts didn't.

Eventually, Edward looked down the hall and met my gaze. He dismissed his escorts and strode up to me, leaning casually against the locker beside mine.

“Hale,” he said with a hard nod.

“What do you want, Cullen?” I folded my arms across my chest and got into a defensive posture, mostly so no one would find it weird to see the two of us having a conversation that didn't involve black eyes.

“You know the project we've been working on?” He asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah. What about it?”

“My mother is going to be around until Sunday, so we should probably hold off on meeting until she leaves.”

Today was Wednesday, I could deal with that. We only met a couple times a week as it was, and exhibitionism really wasn't one of my kinks.

“So, Monday then,” I stated.

“Monday,” Edward agreed.

He hesitated, as if he was going to ask me something, but he stopped himself and blushed.

“What is it?”

“Nothing.”

“Right,” I said, even though it obviously wasn't nothing. I leaned in a little closer and said in a low but firm voice, “Well, until Monday, don't do anything I wouldn't do.”

The unsure expression on Edward's face faded, and his lips quivered up in a smirk.

I didn't know what that meant, and I'm pretty sure I didn't want to. I had a feeling that I would be seeing more girls hanging off Edward's arms for the next week, though.

Edward and I both knew he wouldn't be taking any of them to bed.

I slammed my locker shut and turned in the direction of my next class, when I felt his hand grip my
“You won't...” he trailed off and for the second time I saw his entire facade crumble before me and he was a frightened boy once again.

“No,” I answered simply. “Of course not.”

At this point, I knew I needed more than a casual fuck. My addiction to Edward ran too deep.

He nodded solemnly, almost gratefully.

“I'll be watching you,” I added.

This time he full on grinned like the cat who caught the canary. I rolled my eyes and headed to class.

Monday wasn't all that far away, but Edward did try to provoke me the rest of that week.

On Thursday, he definitely wasn't wearing underwear, and he definitely knew he was going to be punished for it. No less than three times during English class, he walked by my desk, and found some excuse to stop and turn, damn near shoving his perfect cock into my face. Separated from me only by a thin layer of denim.

I pretended not to notice.

He knew I did.

On Friday, he came to school wearing leather pants.

Most people couldn't pull of leather and not look ridiculous, but of course, Edward looked effortless. His taunting me with the idea of him in leather hadn't been misguided. He was just wearing a thin, plain t-shirt with them, and if I squinted, he gave off a strong Jim Morrison vibe. If Jim Morrison had shorter hair.

And, frankly, I'm pretty sure Edward had a better ass. It looked perfect – high and round, firm and absolutely grabable encased in that pair of boot-cut leather pants. They hugged his long legs making him look even taller. I could barely look at him without having to fight arousal.

I briefly wondered if his mother was actually at home, or if he was just trying to kill me.

I overheard McCarty making fun of him in the hall, but Edward just put up his hand telling him to stop.

“How do I look?” he asked. He glanced up and spotted me staring at him.

A gaggle of sophomore girls walked by him and Edward called out, “Girls!”

They all stopped immediately and began to blush and giggle.

“How do I look?” he asked.

The girls all blushed even deeper and giggled even louder, until one finally recovered some sense of rationality.

“You look so hot,” the bold girl gushed.

Then then she rushed back into the safety of the gaggle and they took off down the hall.
“See?” Edward said to Emmett with an infuriating shrug of nonchalance.

Though, I wasn't simply flattering myself to think I was the true target of his demonstration.

I was getting antsy by the time school rolled around on Monday.

Once again, right before Physics class, a note fluttered to my feet as I opened my locker. I wondered how long Cullen had been in possession of my locker combination. He could have just sent me a text, but I think he liked showing off his conniving side.

*I hope you don't mind, but there's something I want to try.*

-E

Part of me wanted to refuse his request, because this went against the way we did things. However, there were other things I wanted to try with Edward, and knowing he was also interested in exploring other possibilities was a good thing.

I tried to hide my eagerness as I left school at the end of the day. I was well beyond giving a shit if anyone saw me fraternizing with Edward anymore. They would without doubt draw the wrong conclusions anyway. On his knees and at my mercy was the last place you would think to find Edward fucking Cullen. But, it disturbed me to think how much I missed what Edward and I did after just six days.

It made me feel better that Edward seemed just as energized as I.

As soon as we stepped through the threshold of the Cullen house, my hands were on his ass. He made a move to unbuckle his belt and I slapped his hand away.

“Mine,” I growled.

“Yours,” he moaned back.

“You've been torturing me all week, Edward,” I hissed as I shoved his pants down to his knees.

I didn't hesitate and struck his right cheek with the palm of my hand. The sound of flesh on flesh reverberated through the foyer.


I stopped. Usually Edward wasn't so bold. Yet, I didn't think he was trying to take control of the situation, so I stopped. He turned around to face me and stared at his feet.

“I bought something yesterday.” Had it not been Edward Cullen standing before me, I would have thought he sounded shy.

“Oh, really?”

“It's upstairs,” he said in a way that was more like a question, asking me if it was all right to change location.

I was ready to fuck his brains out right there on the stairs, but curiosity got the better of me so I gritted my teeth and nodded. He smiled and then pulled up his jeans slightly so he could climb the stairs. I followed him wordlessly up each step and then into his room, but I stopped in the doorway.

If he wanted to show some initiative in the situation that was fine, but I wasn't about to be caught off
guard. Instead, I enjoyed the view of Edward in his skinny ass jeans, bending over and rummaging in his closet. He pulled something out, turned and came toward me, then presented it to me like he was a loyal subject and I his king.

He had bought a cane.

I looked down at it and turned it over in my hands. I had a feeling this was some sort of self-imposed punishment that came as a direct result of his mother's reappearance, but I didn't say anything. Edward's emotional problems weren't really my business, so long as the need to be spanked was still one of the things that he enjoyed to get off.

I knew canes could be used for sexual gratification, but I had never seriously considered using it on Edward. I studied the piece of equipment. It was made of rattan and pretty lightweight. It was obviously a step above the paddle and crop.

“You sure you want to do this? Because I have to honest, Edward. I'm not sure I know how to use this.”

“I saw it in a porn,” he admitted. “It looked like the guy on the receiving end really, uh, enjoyed it.”

“Yeah, but they also use this kind of thing to punish people in Southeast Asia,” I said with a smirk.

“You're not going to beat me with it, you're just going to spank me with it.”

I quirked an eyebrow at him, then cleared my throat.

“Well, you were acting like whore all like week.”

He eyes widened with what could only be described as glee.

“On your knees.”

Eager was hardly sufficient to describe the way Edward wriggled out of his jeans and positioned himself on the bed. His skin was soft and pale, and seemed to almost sparkle as the sunlight bounced in the room. I wondered if he used some kind of lotion shit my sister was always getting all over everything.

I stalked toward him and ran my hand across his ass. His skin was as soft as it looked and it felt like it had been a lot longer than a week since I had my hands on his flesh.

“I'm going to start with my hands,” I said, waiting for Edward to respond.

He nodded eagerly. If I hadn't been so anxious myself, I would have teased him a little. As it was, there was nothing that would stop me from putting my hand to his gorgeous ass.

I struck his right cheek first with my hand to warm him up.

“Goddamn, I missed this,” Edward groaned.

“Me too, slut,” I said, slapping a little harder against his left side.

“Yes,” Edward hissed and wiggled back and forth.

I struck again one more, hitting each cheek in succession. His pale complexion turned that familiar pink under my hand.
I needed more.

So, I picked up the cane.

“Are you ready for this, Edward?”

“More,” his voice broke as he nodded.

I knew enough not to swing it like a bat, figuring that a wrist motion would be enough. I let the cane go slowly and hit him square across his ass.

He let out what I could only describe as a howl, but it was definitely a pleasurable howl.

“Fuck,” he muttered.

I knew he couldn't take a lot of this. The red stripe across his cheeks created by the cane was a deeper red than the paddles ever left.

I aimed too low on the next stroke and knew it immediately as the rattan rod struck the place where his ass met his thighs.

He let out a scream that was indistinguishable as pleasure or pain.

“Shit, are you okay Edward?”

“Please,” was his response.

I brought the cane back again and let another strike hit his ass. This time it was higher, striking near the original stripe. I thought I was striking with less force, but the mark was red and began to spread immediately.

He howled.

“You want more, don't you?” My voice was tight.

He nodded, but the fact that he wouldn't speak was concerning.

I hesitated, and he turned to face me. His green eyes were wide and earnest. I fully didn't understand his expression, but I could see need over-shadowing the tears in the corner of his eyes from the pain. I wondered briefly just how awful the week spent with his mother was, for him to need this type of release.

I finally nodded and he turned back, seeming to brace himself for the next hit.

I wanted to give him what he needed, so I took a deep breath and struck again, changing my stroke, hitting right across both cheeks higher than before.

This time the noise coming out of his mouth couldn't be confused for pleasure at all.

Shit.

I threw the cane down and looked at him in horror.

He was damn near crying.

And bleeding.
“Edward?” I offered gently.

“Don't,” he whispered.

I reached a hand out to put on his ass. I needed to show him that my intention wasn't to hurt him more than he wanted or more than he asked for.

“Don't!” he said louder as my fingers brushed his flesh.

“Edward, I didn't mean to hurt you that much. I just didn't know how much force to put behind it or the angle of the stroke. I knew I shouldn't have tried this,” I was raving a little, but I had to let him know I didn't intend for this to happen.

“Just go,” he said. I couldn't tell if he was angry or ashamed.

“But you're practically bleed-”

“I'll take care of it,” he cut me off curtly.

“It's my-” I tried to explain.

"Go!” he ordered.

I knew I should have stayed, but he had transformed into Cullen the asshole from school and the only way I knew how to deal with Cullen from school was to hit him in the face. I had already hurt him enough.

My mouth was dry as I walked, dazed, out of the Cullen house and to my truck. I hardly even paid attention to the road on my drive home.

My family generally tended to leave me alone, but even Peter seemed to notice I was upset. My little brother always seemed to be aware of how I was feeling, almost like I projected it onto him or something. I spent a couple hours with him that evening. He let me brood in silence for awhile until I felt bad for ignoring him. I offered to play checkers with him, and he legitimately kicked my ass a few times. Sometimes I let him win, but this time, I was just too preoccupied.

Usually being around the kid made me feel better, but after my mom had put him to bed, any residual feeling of ease dissipated.

I felt like shit.

I couldn't sleep that night. I tossed and turned and berated myself for not staying. It might have ended up in a fist fight, but I made him cry. I never wanted to make him cry. Even when I was kicking his ass at school, I didn't actually want him to take it personally. What was just as bad was the feeling that I failed. I didn't provide him release, and I didn't feel any better either.

I needed to make it up to him.

I tried calling him, but it was futile. He had the power not to answer the phone. Finding him at school was my best bet. He had proven to be very good at dodging me, but as graduation approached, I was getting a little more reckless in my need to attend classes.

I finally cornered him after lunch. He hadn't been in the cafeteria, but he was standing by his locker as everyone began filing out. I stalked toward him.

I put my hand on his shoulder and turned him so he could see me.
“Don't touch me, Hale” he hissed.

“I need you to listen to me,“

“You don't get to tell me what to do.” His voice was getting louder. I could see the heat in his cheeks rise a little, because even if he wanted to deny it now, he got off on me telling him what to do.

“Come on,” I insisted. “You know I didn't mean to hurt you.”

“Like Hell, you did,” he was practically shouting now.

Like a fly to honey, the vice principal rounded the corner and was headed our way.

I pulled out my ace.

I apologized.

Please, Edward. Please. I'm really sorry. You have no idea how sorry,” my voice cracked and I had to bite my lip. I was that close to breaking down and it scared the shit out of me.

His eyes widened, looking at my expression for signs of insecurity. The thing was, I really was sorry. I didn't like him as a person when we were at school, and inside these walls I still wouldn't hesitate to punch him in the face. But, when he offered himself to me, when we left Forks High and it was just the two of us, he was mine. It wasn't just about getting off and controlling Edward, I actually cared about what happened to him. I cared about the bastard.

“We need a safe word or something,” I offered.

He considered me for a moment but said nothing, the anger draining slightly from his face.

I decided to just go for it. “Look, I don't want to hurt you. I mean, I do want to hurt you, but only when you want me too.

His mouth twitched.

The vice principal had gotten distracted by an argument between two chicks who were probably fighting over something shiny. Regardless, it stopped his pursuit of us.

Edward noticed it, too. “Not here,” he whispered.

“I don't want to wait until after school,” I said firmly.

He jerked his head, indicating that I should follow him, and I couldn't stop myself from going along. He glanced over his shoulder at the commotion at the end of the hall and sauntered out of the building. I squared my shoulders and followed.

I thought he'd head to the parking lot, but he turned left instead, toward the woods that loomed next to the school. There was a path the cross country team used for terrain practice, but after we were out of sight of the school, Edward turned off it toward a small clearing.

He stopped and kept his back to me. I watched his shoulders rise and fall for a solid minute before he turned. His eyes were closed, but there was still agony was written all over his face.

“I didn't make you leave because you hurt me,” he finally said.

I wasn't expecting that.
“Huh?”

“I made you leave because I started feeling something I didn't like.”

I crossed my arms over my chest, still not sure where he was going with this. I said nothing and waited for him to continue.

“I failed. I couldn't take it. I couldn't take any more of the cane. At first I thought I felt so awful because I was ashamed that you won, that you brought a challenge I couldn't handle. But, that wasn't it. It's not just a game. I was worried...” he trailed off as he brought his hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose. “I was worried about disappointing you. I was worried about failing you, and that scared the shit out of me.”

My mouth hung open for a second.

“You have this- this power over me, Jasper. I like it. I- I think I need that just as much as I need the spanking. I thought I just needed this as a release, but I don't know any more what the fuck it means.”

I rubbed my hand across my face and tried to take in what he was saying. He was concerned about failing me, as if I'd be disappointed if he couldn't take it. My thoughts turned immediately to his mother. Where was Freud when you needed him? Was he seeking approval from me that he obviously didn't have from his mother?

“Edward,” I began. “You couldn't possibly fail me. I don't want you to feel pressured by any of this. I like spanking you. I like handcuffing to your bed and fucking you. I like the way you react. I like that you like it. You said that this was a release for you, and that's what it is for me, too. I want to push you, but not so much that I'm taking advantage of you or hurting you more than you want. You feel like you failed me, but really, I'm the one who failed you. I should have trusted my gut and not used the cane.”

“You're not taking advantage of me. I'm the one who asked for it. I just couldn't take it.”

“Edward, I wasn't disappointed. I was worried about hurting you. The way you react is the way you react. If you don't like something, you have to tell me. Otherwise it's just, well, assault.”

“Jasper,” Edward said sadly. “Why are you being so reasonable?”

“What, do you want me to scold you instead?”

Edward groaned a little. “You really do see me as an equal, don't you?”

“We are equals.” I needed to make him understand. “You don't hold that contempt in your eye for me the way most people do. You trusted me that first time for some reason I don't understand. You have to trust me enough to tell me when you're not comfortable.”

“I know,” Edward said simply. “I do trust you. So long as I trust my gut and don't think about why.”

I snorted.

“How much do you trust me?” I asked in my most authoritative voice.

He shuddered visibly.

“Completely,” he whispered.
I stalked toward him and spun him around, pressing the front of my body against his back. I walked him slowly forward until he was at arm's length from an old Sitka spruce tree.

“Put your hands on the tree,” I whispered.

He did immediately.

I pulled his pants down. He wasn't wearing skinny jeans today, and as soon as I saw his ass, I knew why.

It looked abused.

There were four welts across his ass, and as I looked closer, I realized that they each looked kind of u-shaped as if the pain was doubled by the initial contact and when I pulled the cane back. If I hadn't known that it hurt him so much, it would have been erotic.

I put my hands on his ass gently, but Edward didn't even wince.

“Does it hurt, Edward?”

“Not in a bad way,” he said. I could hear the pleading in his voice.

I wondered just how much pain Edward could actually endure and still get off. I had a feeling he'd be willing to try the cane again. I didn't know if I would, but knowing that he still obviously needed some kind of punishing touch from me put me at ease.

I patted his ass firmly and he groaned.

I gave him another soft, playful slap, not even hard enough to tease the unmarred areas of his flesh to pink.

He hummed in approval.

“Spread your legs, Edward,” I ordered.

I really wanted to fuck him, to reclaim his ass, but I didn't have any lube with me. Though my truck was just in the parking lot we weren't all that far from, at that moment, it seemed like a marathon. I would never, ever fuck with just saliva or whatever, so I decided I'd make it up to his ass a different way.

“I screwed up, Edward. Not you. I'm going to make it up to you.”

I got down on my knees so I was face to face with his perfect ass. I put my hands up to grab his gorgeous cheeks once more and spread them open, keeping my eye on the prize. I knew a lot of people wouldn't rim, but the idea never bothered me. Even though it was something I had never done it before, I watched enough porn and knew enough about Edward's erogenous zones to feel confident about what I was doing.

I traced my tongue around the back of his hanging balls first, though the angle was a little uncomfortable. Then, I shifted and licked up, pressing my tongue against the spot behind his nuts.

Edward moaned just the way I anticipated.

I inhaled deeply as I drew my tongue up even further. Rationally, I knew that part of my attraction to Edward was just body chemistry, and damn, did he smell good. The musk coming off his flushed body alone was enough to make me hard.
I brought my tongue up to his hole and pressed it flat against it.

“Jasper!!” he gasped. “What are you- oh- oh-”

My tongue tracing a wet circle around his rim shut him up immediately.

I trailed my tongue in a circle in the other direction, resulting in an even louder moan. His balls were tightening and even though I couldn't see it, I knew he was getting hard.

I continued tracing another circle before putting my lips around the opening. I sucked and licked and basically Frenched his opening while he squirm and panted above me.

“Jasper, Jazz-” he spoke my name in a reverent chant.

I immediately pulled my tongue back and he whimpered.

“I'm going to make you come,” I whispered against him.

Then, I plunged it into his waiting hole.

“Fuck!” he screamed.

I briefly wondered if anyone at the school could hear us. Regardless, he was close and I didn't give a shit if anyone found me on my knees taking care of what was mine.

I quickly sucked on a finger and added it to the rhythm of my tongue, plunging it into him so it could work against his prostate.

His whole body began to shake furiously as he balanced against the tree.

“Come, Edward.” I ordered as I grabbed his left cheek with my free hand. “Come,” I repeated.

He tensed, and with a long, loud string of obscenities, including both “motherfucker” and “son of a whore” he sprayed a huge load all over the tree.

I didn't even have to touch his dick, and he was still at my mercy.

I sat back on my heels and watched him tremble, until I reached my hand up to steady his hips.

Eventually he turned around, his eyes blissful and glazed over.

“I never thought that could-” he started. “That was fucking amazing.”

“I know,” I said smugly.

Edward reached his hand out to me. I hesitated for a second, but he rolled his eyes. So, I grabbed it and he helped me up. His eyes immediately were trained on my junk. I was fucking straining against my jeans. I could still taste Edward's musk on my lips and seeing him flushed and spent was not helping a damn thing.

“Let me,” he began before blushing.

“You want to rim me?” I asked, beyond shocked.

“No,” his blush deepened. “I want to- to suck you off.”

God, he looked adorable.
Who was I to refuse?

I let him turn me around so I was against the tree. I'm sure I was leaning against his drying jizz, but somehow it didn't bother me.

His hand faltered a second before he reached for my belt.

“Blow me, slut.” I ordered.

His confidence returned with my order. He unbuckled me and shoved my jeans and boxers down, freeing my painful erection.

He licked up my cock, and his hot breath was teasing me into incoherency. Once I was slicked up with his sweet saliva, he wrapped his lips around me and slid them down excruciatingly slowly. He took me deeper than he had the time before, and I couldn't help but wonder if he had been practicing.

“That feels good,” I said encouragingly.

He pulled almost all the way back, before taking me down again, this time licking as he went. He continued in a rhythm.

“Faster,” I ordered as I gripped his messy hair in my hands.

He obeyed immediately. Taking me even deeper the faster he moved.

“Touch my balls,” I ordered, trying to hide my panting.

He reached a free hand up and grabbed my ball sack, tugging gently.

“I'm going to come, Edward.” He nodded. “I want to come on your face.”

His eyes widened as he looked up at me, but he released me from his lips immediately.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

“You'd like that, wouldn't you?”

“Yes.”

I tugged on his hair. “Is that all?”

“I want to feel your hot come all over my face, Jasper,” he said.

My hand flew to my cock almost involuntarily. I gave it a few quick strokes before I tensed. I released with a shout and watched my hot spunk spray all over Edward's waiting face. I missed his eyes but managed to paint a nice stripe across his cheeks and mouth.

It dripped down his lips and onto his chin. I reached up to wipe a stray drop off his nose, then sucked the finger into my mouth.

“Shit,” Edward said with his eyes trained on my lips, watching me taste myself.

Then, his tongue darted out from between his lips, and he licked my cum off them. I wasn't sure if he was even aware of what he was doing, but it was damn near the most erotic thing I had ever seen in my entire life..
Realizing that he wouldn't be able to reach all of it, Edward brought his shirt up to wipe the rest of his face clean. Even though the shirt was white, it still left a wet spot on the cotton.

I bit back a moan of approval.

“We still have time to make it back to A.P. English,” I said casually instead, knowing full-well there was no way Edward would sit through class with my drying load on his shirt.

Edward snorted. “Most literature is about sex anyway.”

“So you count this as research?” I asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Have you ever read D.H. Lawrence?”

“God, you are a nerd, aren't you?” I teased.

He studied my face for a second as if making sure I was joking, before he replied, “Takes one to know one, asslicker.”

“Yeah, well, see if I ever do it again for you, cocksucker,” I added the very accurate epithet for good measure.

Then, I spun on my heel and heading for the parking lot, Edward sputtering behind me.

END SCENE
(Jasper POV)

Edward was acting weird.

Ever since our conversation in the woods, he had been acting like less of an asshole, even at school. He still tried to taunt me by preening around like a fucking peacock. That wasn't unusual.

What was unusual was that he paid less attention to his posse and the girls who crawled all over him. I wondered how he had been fending them off. The way they still paraded around him made me assume they thought they had a chance, despite the fact that whatever the reason he told them for his disinterest, he was blatantly ignoring them. His lap dog Emmett, well, more like a St. Bernard, wasn't even glued to his side. In fact, he seemed glued a lot more to my idiot sister's side. Of course, she would have terrible taste in men.

Wednesday, Edward sat with Mr. Banner at lunch and they proceeded to talk with each other the entire time as if they were old friends and not teacher and student.

Even weirder, in English class that afternoon, Edward stuck up for me.

We were having a discussion about some stupid, supposedly feminist book about this woman who leaves her family. I was arguing with the stupid, mousy brunette that yes, even though it sucked that society forced the woman into a life she didn't want, abandoning her family didn't redeem her character.

The girl opened her mouth to retort, probably something along the lines of my lack of vagina prevented me from understanding negative social stereotypes, when Edward broke in, “I agree with, Hale.” Everyone in the room turned to look at Edward, even Mr. Berty looked surprised to see him participating in discussion. I’m sure part of the shock was in his agreement with me. He ignored their gawking and continued, “If running away from your responsibilities, even if they are put on you by someone else, is supposed to be something women should strive for, then it doesn't give this particular brand of ‘feminism’ very positive connotation. And, just because we are white males doesn’t mean our opinions aren't valid or that we don’t understand social pressure.”

There was an awkward silence in the room before Mr. Berty cleared his throat and thanked us both for our opinion.

I didn't think he was up to anything, but I couldn't be sure. So, in an effort to curb his strange behavior, I had made a purchase at the XXX and put it in his locker on Thursday. He wasn't the only one who had access to locker combinations. Mrs. Cope was way too easy to sweet talk.

It was risky putting it in his locker, but since Edward seemed to be alone a lot more often, I figured it was worth the risk. I wasn't sure anyone else would know what it was if they found it anyway.

In a small manila envelope, I had enclose a black, silicone, cock ring. Though it was obviously adjustable, I guessed on the size, since Edward's dick was comparable to mine. I didn't offer any instructions, other than a note to tell him baby powder might help, but I hoped that he would have fun playing with it on his own. At some point, I would order him to wear it. Maybe I'd even order
him to wear both it and the plug.

Edward's odd behavior seemed contagious, like his shift in attitude affected everyone else, forcing them to adjust like satellites to an orbit.

The worst part for me was that the vice principal was starting to follow my every move even more closely than usual because I wasn't getting into fights.

I couldn't fucking win.

After lunch on Friday, the wing-tipped asshole followed me out of the cafeteria and toward the men's room. I had had it, so I spun around and said loudly,

“If you follow me in here, I'm calling the fucking school board, and I'm going to tell them you ask me to piss on your cock.”

“Watch your language, Mr. Hale,” he said before spinning around and walking away.

He didn't even have the nerve to stand up to an 18-year-old, the douche-nozzle. Ew, I wondered if he really was into being pissed on.

Needless to say, I was pissed off all afternoon, until right before sixth period, I heard a voice calling out my name,

“Jasper, wait up!”

It was Edward, and he was jogging toward me.

Could this day get any more bizarre?

“You never call me Jasper at school,” I said, not hiding my irritation at the unexpected encounter.

“Maybe I want to up the stakes a little.” His voice was cocky.

I raised an eyebrow.

“I'm ditching sixth period,” he said. Then, he lowered his voice, “It's a very bad thing to do.”

My breath hitched, and I turned my head toward him slowly, disbelief obvious on my face.

“I was so distracted by the present you got me, that I forgot to put on underwear this morning,” he added coyly.

My eyes immediately went down to his crotch. Yes, there was definitely only a layer of denim between us, and he was definitely wearing his cock ring. I thought his jeans looked more snug than usual that morning. I silently cursed myself for letting the damn vice principal keep me preoccupied all morning.

While I was busy trying to think of ways to get the damn administrator off my back, his cock had been hanging there, swollen in his jeans for hours.

I groaned. Did he want to do this here?

I forced my gaze up. His own eyes were so wide and wanton, it was all the answer I needed for confirmation.
“Follow me,” I ordered.

He was on my heels as I stalked down the hallway and skidded around the corner. I walked passed the sets of doors that went to the girls and boys locker rooms and continued, stopping in front of the door at the very end of the hall – the janitor's closet. It was tucked away in a corner near the gymnasium, but it was a different side of the gym than the locker rooms, so hardly anyone went this way.

I tried the doorknob and it opened, which was good. I wasn't sure I wanted Edward to know I had a key to the janitor's closet. Although I trusted Edward with some things, the story of how I happened to have a copy of the school's master key was one for another day.

I pushed the door open and squinted in the dim light streaming in through the partial window.

There wasn't a lot of room to maneuver in the small room, but it was at least arranged in a neat way, and there was enough space for the janitor to keep a folding chair to sit in when he took breaks.

I turned around to see Edward standing in the doorway, his confidence from before clearly wavering.

“Someone's going to hear us,” he stated casually, trying to cover up his fear.

“No one comes down this hallway except the janitor, and he wouldn't say anything even if he did catch us.”

Edward nodded. I wondered if he had dirt on the janitor, too.

“Just in case, we'll go behind here,” I indicated with a finger. There was a free standing shelf in the closet, dividing it into two distinct areas, separating the storage area away from the sink. It was where the floor polisher was usually stored, along with a small army of brooms that I'm sure hadn't been used since the Reagan administration.

I stepped aside for Edward to walk around me, then I followed close behind him, until I was pressing him against the wall with my body. I made sure to press my bulge right up against him ass, forcing a moan out of him like I knew it would.

I reached my arms around and unbuttoned Edward's skinny black jeans. Then I pulled them down grabbed his ass roughly. He scooted his feet away from the wall enough so that he was leaning on his forearms while I took a good look at his sweet ass.

The welts from the cane were starting to fade, and I was certain I could spank him again without hurting him.

“Turn around,” I ordered.

He turned immediately, and there it was. Edward's perfect fucking cock and balls, being squeezed at the base by a think ring of silicone. He was slightly engorged more than usual, aided by the ring. It was hard for me not to just get down on my knees and swallow around it.

Instead, I got demanding. “I'm taking this off, Edward. You're going to have to control yourself on your own.”

I carefully slipped the ring off and slid it into my pocket. I knew he would enjoy the slow build up to orgasm, but where was the fun in that? I was still not finished punishing him for not telling me the caning was too much
“What are you going to say if it hurts too much?” I demanded.

“Wolf,” Edward said. We decided on a word on the phone that night after our encounter in the woods. He had claimed it was the first word he saw when he opened up the dictionary, but I think he was probably trying to make a ‘boy who cried wolf’ joke.

I took a step back and smacked my hand against his left cheek.

“Damn fucking right, you will,” I growled.


I looked down to see his pink flesh trembling.

“If you'd given me a little warning, I could have sneaked the riding crop into school down my pants,” I muttered.

“Fuck,” Edward breathed. Apparently I had spoken loud enough for him to hear.

I was about to smack my hand across his ass another time when my eyes caught a glimpse of some discarded sporting equipment sitting on the shelf to my right. Sitting between a deflated basketball and some badminton birdies was a ping pong paddle.

I grinned in the dim room and picked up the paddle. Edward hadn't turned his head to see what was taking me so long. Instead, he seemed to be trying to slow his choppy breathing.

Taking advantage of his inattentiveness, I let the paddle swing across the place where his ass met his upper thighs. It made a sweet “thwapping” sound as the rubber hit his bare flesh.

Edward moaned.

“What-?” he started.

“Table tennis, anyone?” I snickered.

Edward groaned at my bad joke and pushed his ass out, silently asking me for more. Since he seemed to not be showing any signs of hesitancy, even after the caning debacle earlier in the week, I didn't hold back much.

I aimed for places on his ass that I usually didn't pay so much attention to, grazing his inner thighs with the paddle, and allowing the rush of air to caress his hanging balls.

The noise Edward made was muffled, and I could see him biting down on his forearm. I grabbed a fistful of his hair and tugged his head back.

“You're such a bad boy, Edward,” I said between slaps. “You can't stay quiet. Anyone walking by could hear you begging for me to punish you.”

“I can- I can- be quiet,” he panted.

“No you can't,” I hissed. “I don't want you to be.”

I pulled the paddle back and was about to let another thwack strike across Edward's tight, round ass, when we heard the unmistakable jingle of keys.
“Shit,” I whispered harshly.

Edward straightened up like a deer in the headlights.

“What do we-?”

I cut him off and spun him, pushing him into the corner where the shelf met the wall. He scrambled to pull up his jeans while I pushed on his shoulders, until I was sure he couldn’t squeeze back any further. As the keys began to turn in the lock, I pressed my own body against him, trying to flatten myself out as much as possible. In the process, I bumped my knee against an ill-placed toolbox that was sticking out on a low shelf.

I buried my face in the crook of Edward’s neck to keep from shouting out. His hand came up to twist in my shirt, pulling me even harder against him. I wasn’t sure I could get much closer without being inside him.

The door swung open and the small room grew bright as the lights from the hallway came streaming in. I turned my head to peer through the shelves. The janitor was muttering to himself, a muffled stream of epithets about “ungrateful fucking brats” and “cashing in vacation days.” I was worried that he was going to sit down and put his feet up. Who knew how long his “breaks” usually lasted, but by the grace of something more powerful than me, he didn’t seem to be dawdling.

I turned my focus on trying not to move a muscle. Edward and I were pretty well blocked by the shelf, but if the janitor needed a broom or to return the floor polisher, we’d be caught.

I was so flush against him, I could feel his heart beating in this chest. Mine was racing too, and I had to clamp my hand over my mouth so my breathing wouldn’t be heard. As the janitor began to rustle around on the shelf about the sink, I could feel Edward trembling, I pressed even harder against him then took my left hand and gently rubbed his arm. He calmed down imperceptibly just as the janitor picked up a bottle of cleaner off the back shelf without even glancing to his left.

The door closed.

We were safe.

I started to step back, when Edward rested his head on my shoulder.

“That was fucking close,” he whispered.

“Yeah...”

“What would you have done if we got caught?”

“I was either going to punch you in the face or tell the janitor if he stayed any longer he’d have to pay for the peep show.”

Edward laughed and lifted his head to look at me.

We were so close. His erection, which had yet to subside, even in the moment of fear, was still digging into me. My dick began to harden in response. Edward really was kinky, I was starting to put two and two together that he was a bit of an exhibitionist.

I pressed my hips forward slightly and our eyes met.

I had never noticed before how shockingly green his eyes were. Maybe it was that the sun had
finally decided to make an appearance and was streaming through the tiny half window, but there they were, digging into my soul as always, in bright sparkling green.

It was then that I realized through all of this that I had never kissed him. I had fucked him into oblivion. I had had my lips around his cock and my tongue in his ass. I had spanked him and paddled him and taken a riding crop to his willing body, but I had never once pressed my lips to his.

But his lips were right there. Full and soft and slightly parted, as if he was waiting for me make the first move.

I closed my eyes.

“Do you want this?” I whispered.

I could only ever give him what he wanted.

“I think so,” he whispered back.

I leaned in slowly, like a boy who was nervous about his first kiss, which, I suppose I kind of was. My first kiss with Edward anyway.

I pressed my lips to his softly. The first thing I noticed was that he tasted delicious. He was the type of guy who used Chapstick, and there was a residual minty flavor on them that was only slightly masking his own sweet taste.

I took his bottom lip between mine and sucked slightly. It was soft and pliable and warm. I couldn't remember the last time I actually kissed someone. Did lips always feel this good?

Then he parted them slightly and my whole body reacted.

*More! More! More!*

I was on fire, burning with need. My dick always responded to Edward, but this was completely different from every time before.

His tongue entered my mouth and I pushed against it. They teased each other pushing and pulling, giving and taking. His lips were hot and searing against mine, and I just could not get enough. My hands drifted up on their own accord and plunged into his coppery mess. I tugged a little, eliciting a moan that vibrated against my mouth, only to be stifled by my probing tongue.

His hands were clawing at my back, urging me on.

I dominated him sexually, but at this we were equals. He kissed back with equal fervor and for a moment, I just let that fire consume me.

Why had I not done this before?

His tongue continued to lap at my own. Inside my mouth, inside his mouth – they danced. Our lips still moved in perfect tandem. When he would go right, I would go left. Our noses never knocking, our teeth never mashing. He brought a hand up to run it through my hair as I brought my hands down, pulling him ever closer to me.

I was completely and utterly lost under his spell.

It was only when I noticed my lips were starting to go numb, that I realized we were both gasping in need of oxygen. I pulled away.
“Shit,” I panted, completely out of breath.

Edward had leaned his head back against the wall, his eyes were closed and he looked absolutely blissful.

“Mmm hmm,” he murmured.

I needed to do something, to regain control of the situation, but my mind was frozen. I just kissed Edward fucking Cullen and it was the best kiss I'd ever had. In fact, I'm pretty sure it was the best kiss I was ever going to have in my entire life. My whole body was humming.

I couldn't think of anything I could do to fix it.

Luckily, Edward seemed to know the right thing to say.

“I need you to fuck me.”

That, I could do.

I spun him around, so he was facing the back wall of the room. He put his forearms on the wall once again, as if knowing his hands would tire if he didn't have more support. I grabbed his hips and pulled them back toward me, forcing Edward to shuffle his feet back from the wall.

“We need to find something to use for lube,” I was too worked up now to really be concerned with what that substance was.

“Check my pocket,” Edward said slyly.

I reached my hand around and shoved my hand into his front pocket. My fingertips immediately hitting a container of lube.

“Aren't you presumptuous,” I murmured into his ear as I took ownership of the bottle. “Remind me to punish you for that later.”

Edward was so worked up from wearing the cock ring, it was infectious. I probably should have made him wait, but between almost getting hot and the mind-numbing kiss, I wasn't thinking straight.

Instead, I did what I did best.

I reached around for his button fly one more time. In the hustle he had not re-buttoned, so I yanked the pants down.

“I want your legs wide for me,” I whispered.

I got down on my knees and reached for Edward's shoe. I undid the laces quickly and he stepped out of it, putting his socked foot back down. I rose, leaving his jeans still wrapped around his right ankle in a pile on the floor.

I grabbed his ass and spread his cheeks open. I had gone fairly easy on him with the spanking, so he barely hissed when I man-handled his flesh.

I lubed up my fingers and prepared Edward's hole, slicking and stretching with my right hand while slapping and kneading the flesh of his ass with my left. I was going for the maximum amount of sensation possible, so he was completely worked up.

Once I knew he could take my cock, I rolled on the condom I always stashed in my wallet and gave
it a few tugs before lining it up, ready for entry. I reached my hand under Edward's shirt, earning a confused grunt. I ignored him and scraped my fingernails lightly down his back while entering him excruciatingly slowly.

I gave him the usual time to adjust. I could tell by his breathing when he was ready for me to continue, but Edward was going to have to get used to disappointment. He wanted me to ride him hard, the way he tried to snap his hips back made that clear, but I wasn't about to let him seek his release quickly.

“The faster you get worked up, the longer I'm going to make you wait before you can come.”

Edward whimpered loudly, but stilled his hips.

Instead of drilling into him fast and hard, I continued my slow pace. I loved the feeling of Edward's heat around me. When I went slow, I could feel every centimeter of his flesh rubbing against my dick. If I hadn't been worried about the janitor coming back or the time constraints, I could have fucked Edward slowly like this for hours.

He seemed to be enjoying it and hating it all at the same time. I was holding his hips still in my hands and he kept trying to jerk them back, but every time I was buried deep inside him he let out a low throaty gasp.

“Have I tortured you enough?” I asked.

Edward was too incoherent to respond.

“Come when you want, Edward,” I ordered, with a slap to the side of his right hip. Then, I picked up my pace and started fucking him the way he wanted. My fingernails were digging into his ass, which he seemed to enjoy.

He began to convulse almost immediately, and was with a wracked sob that he came. I continued to pump into him faster and faster, until he began to straighten up, clenching his ass in the process. It felt so overwhelmingly good, I let go. I leaned forward and pressed my lips against Edward's shoulder, muffling my own cry as I stiffened, shuddered and released inside him.

The janitor's closet started spinning, and I grew a little weak in the knees from standing in once place, thrusting for so long. I let my weight sag on Edward for a moment.

I was about to stand up straight, when Edward turned his head to look over his shoulder at me. Our faces were inches away once more, and he looked positively shy. Did he want me to kiss him again?

I leaned my lips forward, bypassing his lips and planting a firm, wet kiss on his neck.

“Mmm...” he murmured softly, his eyes closed.

The bell signifying the end of seventh period rang and I quickly straightened. Whatever we had started, the moment was gone.

We left the closet separately. He went first, strolling casually down the hallway. I took a minute to fix my hair and relax. It wouldn't do to strut down the hallway looking positively fucked. At this point, I honestly didn't give a shit if anyone knew I was fucking Edward, but Edward still had a reputation to maintain. Plus, it made life a lot less complicated to keep it secret.

As I rounded the corner, my eyes were immediately trained on Edward, who was calmly walking to his locker as if nothing happened. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the ambush coming.
“You're my partner in Econ! Where were you?” Alice Brandon demanded loud enough for the whole hall to hear. She was in Edward's face, forcing him to stop.

I bit back a laugh.

Though his back was to me, I could envision Edward rolling his eyes.

“Alice, Keynesian economics has been used to justify our nation's spending since the 1930s. It's been shoved down your throat since you got your first allowance. You really just have to use common sense. If you have any,” he muttered the last bit, but it was still obviously loud enough for Alice to hear.

“Sorry I don't read the Wall Street Journal every morning like you do. Do you have to be such a dick?”

“Fuck off, Alice. You're killing my buzz.” Edward said.

Well fuck me. He wanted to bask in the afterglow.

Alice stood sputtering for a moment and Edward took her hesitancy as a chance to brush quickly around her, his long strides carrying him quickly down the hallway and around the corner to the science wing.

He could still be such a bastard.

Alice stalked toward me, and I couldn't wipe the smile off my face in time.

“What do you think is so funny?” she demanded.

“Just picturing you and Cullen in boxing gloves,” I said dryly. It would have been comical. Edward had at least a foot on Alice.

“He was supposed to help me with our Econ project! I hate when teachers pick our partners.”

I snorted. Edward was the smartest kid in school, everyone wanted to be his partner. Alice was just too damn stubborn.

“He did have a point, Alice. You know the material.”

Her jaw dropped.

“Did you just side with Edward Cullen? Your nemesis?”

Shit. I did just side with Edward. Just like he had defended me in English class.

I gritted my jaw and looked down at Alice, but I really had no defense for myself or believable explanation. So, I just shrugged and trained my focus on getting to my locker and getting the fuck out of there. I had just kissed Edward Cullen.

That's when I knew, it wasn't just a game anymore.

END SCENE
Chapter 11

(Jasper POV)

I had kissed Edward fucking Cullen.

My toes had damn near curled, the kiss was that good.

What the fuck?

I drove aimlessly around Forks after I left school in a daze. I didn't want to get back home too early, since I was ditching the last two class periods of the day. Luckily, there were only a few more weeks of school left. Even the teachers had sort of stopped giving a shit about covering new material. If they didn't feel obligated to teach, I wasn't about to feel like my presence was required. So long as I could avoid being suspended, take my finals and walk across that stage in June, a few missed classes didn't matter.

Unfortunately, driving aimlessly around Forks took all of about 15 minutes and I didn't want to waste the gas it took to go down to La Push beach, so lo and behold, I found myself stopping at the diner. It was either there or McDonald's, and I hated the way that damn red-headed clown's eyes followed me around the room. Not to mention, the Hamburglar was clearly in the closet. I mean, come on, he frolicked and wore a cape. He wasn't fooling anyone.

I walked in and past the “Please, Wait to be Seated” sign, heading back into my usual booth in the corner. It wasn't long before Cora was standing at the edge of the table with a pot of coffee.

“Haven't see you for awhile.” She checked her watch in an exaggerated fashion. “You're early. Last I knew school got out after 3.”

I hated living in a small town.

“Last I knew, you weren't my fucking keeper,” I retorted. It really wasn't any of her damn business whether I was at school or not.

“Riley's not here today,” she informed me. “And anyway, not that you care, but he's seeing someone.”

“I'm not here for Riley,” I replied immediately. I hadn't been in to 'see' Riley since I uncovered Edward Cullen's little spank fetish. Riley and I 'bonded' on the sole basis of being the only two attractive gay men of a certain age in the zip code. I didn't even know his last name. Of course, I didn't tell Cora all that, let her think I was an asshole who left Riley hanging. Instead, I added, “I'm here for shitty coffee and a dish of berry cobbler.”

She raised an eyebrow, but shrugged and left me alone with my inexplicable inner turmoil.

I never thought a kiss would shake me so much. I wasn't really a fan of kissing, as lips served so many better purposes, but this obviously wasn't just a kiss. I wouldn't feel this freaked out about just a kiss. So, I forced myself to think about it.

What was I really doing with Edward?
I liked spanking him. I could say that with 100% certainty. It was hot, and it made me hard just thinking about it. He obviously got off on it, too. It was a tacit agreement. It worked. It was easy. He acted out at school to get punished, and I would punish him. He told me it was a release for him, a physical and mental escape from whatever insane expectations that were put on him by the people around him.

But, he also told me that day in the woods that he didn't want to disappoint me, that he was afraid of disappointing me. All that told me was that Edward took it more seriously than I thought. He started lumping me in the group of people who he thought he could disappoint, but it still seemed like I was different to him when he mentioned the power I had over him. But, it was a sexual power, wasn't it? That didn't mean he wanted to kiss me. That didn't mean he liked me.

Would it be so bad if Edward liked me?

All the things I couldn't control in my life, I internalized and harnessed when I got off on controlling Edward. It was satisfying, really satisfying, being able to control Edward's body, his orgasms and to give him something no one else could give him. I didn't have any control over whether or not he liked me, so it didn't really matter.

None of this fucking meant I wanted to kiss him. None of this fucking meant I should want to kiss him.

I ate the berry cobbler, warmed, with a scoop of ice cream and disengaged my stream of consciousness from Edward. Instead, I focused on what was more important. In a few weeks I would be graduating from high school. I would work all summer, as always, and then move to Seattle in the fall. I got a scholarship to the University of Washington, but I was still a little hesitant to leave my mom alone with Peter, especially with Rosalie going to Alaska. The commute was too far for me to stay at home, but the idea of leaving didn't sit well with me. Ma would have help from her nurse friends, but Peter depended on me for all the older brother stuff he wasn't going to get from anyone else.

I bet Edward was going to Harvard or some shit and already had his closet full of sweaters to tie around his shoulders.

The cobbler hit the spot, but I didn't feel any better.

I went home. I was a little early than I was on days when I didn't go to the Cullen's, but it wasn't early enough for my mother to notice. I walked in the front door and bolted upstairs.

I turned on some loud, angry, teenage music that I normally didn't listen to and tried to relax and tune everything out. I dozed in an out of consciousness for awhile.

“Jasper!” I heard her shrill voice through my headphones.

“What, ma?” I shouted back, pulling off the earpieces.

“Get your lazy ass down here!”

What the fuck? This went against the relationship my mother and I had established ten years ago. I was ignored until she needed my help with Peter. I was shipped off to stay with my ass of a father when she didn't want to deal with me. Otherwise, I was left alone and that's the way I liked it.

I walked slowly downstairs, stopping short in the doorway to the kitchen. My mother was sitting with a calculator and what I knew was a pile of bills. She glanced up at me briefly in acknowledgment before turning back to the paper she was scribbling furiously on.
“I need a thousand dollars,” she said nonchalantly.

“What?!” I nearly shouted at her.

“Do you think I like having to ask my son for money?” she raised her voice back.

“What do you get fucking alimony and child support for?”

“Jasper!” she hissed at my language, as if she actually had any power over me. I wasn't 8 years-old anymore, she couldn't wash my mouth out with soap. Besides, I had built up an immunity to that shit. In fact, I was partial to Zest.

“You're still on my account, aren't you? Why even bother asking?” My voice was still raised.

“Now that you're 18, you have to sign off on transfers at the bank,” she said matter-of-factly.

That confirmed it. She would have just taken it. Thank you, First National Bank of Forks.

I stormed upstairs and found my checkbook. I hadn't worked weekends and summers at Newton's Sporting Goods, driving a shitty truck and saving every penny to give my mother money. Peter's doctor visits had gotten a lot less frequent. Though, the cost of his school in Port Angeles was ridiculous. I always thought he would have been okay in the Forks public school system.

“Here,” I said angrily, scribbling out the information and slamming the check down on the table.

She nodded.

She didn't even thank me.

I didn't fucking need this. I had to get out of here, to forget about all the bullshit. I was out the door and halfway to my truck before I realized that I needed a destination.

I dialed Edward's number.

“I'm coming over,” I said, before he even finished his greeting.

“Okay,”

“Get your ass fucking ready, Cullen.”

I could practically hear him swallow when I called him 'Cullen.'

"What did I do?” he asked slyly.

Shit. I couldn't take my bitch of a mother out on Edward. Despite the fact that he didn't tell me anything about it, I knew something happened with his mother that was enough for him to go buy a cane. I didn't want to make that mistake again. I had more self-control than that.

Then, I remembered my promise to him in the janitor's closet.

“I know your game.”

“My game?”

“Lube in your pocket. Putting on your cock ring at lunch. Forgetting to wear underwear. Ring a bell?”
“Oh,” he said softly. “That.”

“Yeah, that.” I said sternly. “Who calls the shots, Edward?”

“You do,” he responded softly.

My dick twitched.

I pulled into the Cullen's drive and had barely cut off the ignition before I started digging behind my seat for the brown paper bag I knew was back there. I still had a toy to try, and this felt like the perfect opportunity to try it.

The front door to the Cullen house swung open before I could even knock. He was standing there in nothing but a pair of low-slung jeans with the waistband of some designer brand of underwear visible. His hair was wet as if he had just showered.

Fuck, he was beautiful.

“Parents home?” I asked.

It was later in the day than I was usually over here.

“Does it matter?”

“Not to me, you damn harlot.”

Edward laughed before answering, “Nah, the Doc won't be back until late.”

If Edward saw the bag in my hand, he didn't mention it. Instead, he stood calmly waiting for my order. This was more like it.

“Take your pants off and bend over the couch,” I said, pointing toward the living room. The couch was the best height for what I was planning on doing to those perfect cheeks.

He stayed standing right where he was and unbuttoned his pants. They dropped to the floor with a soft thud. He stood before me in deep emerald green briefs looking like a fucking David Beckham Armani underwear model wannabe.

He was trying to kill me.

“Those, too.”

He hooked his thumbs under the waistband and slowly slid the briefs down his legs, bending over instead of letting them drop, his eyes never leaving mine. He stepped out of the clothes pile and walked slowly into the living room with his head held high. He looked graceful and powerful as his bare feet padded silently on the wood floor and his ass squeezed and flexed. Until he bent over the couch.

Then, he was mine.

I walked toward him slowly, taking the toy out of the bag. Once I reached my destination, I tossed the bag aside and brushed the leather strips across Edward's perfect ass.

“You feel this, Edward?”

He nodded.
“This is a flogger. These pieces of leather are going to slap across your ass until you scream. You want that, don't you?”

He nodded harder.

“I won't go too hard, since you've already been paddled today.”

Edward’s whole body flushed at the mention of our earlier encounter. I wondered again what he thought of the kiss.

I inspected Edward's ass for a moment. It didn't look any worse for the wear. I had spanked him lightly earlier almost as if in preparation for what I was about to do now. I had no doubt that Edward was ready for something rougher. The way he pushed his ass back against the Ping-Pong paddle in the closet earlier that day told me he wanted more.

I used my left hand to slap against his left cheek.

His resulting moan was positively needy.

So, I positioned myself and brought my right hand back with a bend to my wrist before releasing the flogger. The leather splayed across his right cheek. The tendrils flicked out, having more velocity, the tips flicked with more force against his hip.

Edward jumped a little.

I hesitated.

But, Edward reassured me.

“More. Fuck, Jasper. Nothing else has felt so-”

I cut him off with another flick of my wrist to his opposite cheek.

“Motherfucker,” he cried out almost reverently.

It looked like Edward Cullen had found his new favorite toy.

I reached around to grab hold of his cock and was pleasantly, well, not surprised. He was already hard.

“You like being flogged, don't you?”

He nodded.

“Then I won't disappoint you.”

I slapped the flogger against the back of his thighs and was rewarded with a guttural groan.

I lost myself in the motions for a few more strokes. It was cathartic, watching the leather tails splay against his skin. I was turned on, like always, watching Edward's ass flush pink as he yielded to my touch. I had practiced with the flogger on my arm, so I had an idea of how it would feel. I felt comfortable with it, not like I had with the cane, and the slapping sound of the leather striking his cheeks was satisfying.

Whatever I was getting out of it, I was sure that Edward was getting whatever he needed, too. By the sound of his moans, I could tell he wanted something more already.
I stopped.

“Turn around.”

He straightened and turned around wordlessly, though his expression was confused.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the black, silicone ring, still burning a hole in my pocket. I held it up so he could see.

“I'm putting this on you now. Come whenever you want, but I won't take it off until you do.”

Edward whimpered.

I hid a grin.

I needed him to be softer for me to put the ring on, so I told him to wait while I retrieved some lube. He directed me to the bathroom, where I retrieved a bottle.

I got down on my knees in front of him, teasing him a little with my warm breath. Once I slicked him up, I put one ball through the ring and then the other, before sliding his dick through, until it was secured at the base. I fistied his dick and pumped him a few times, watching it grow. I took back my earlier thought. Fuck underwear, Edward was definitely meant to be a cock ring model.

I stood and ordered Edward back into position.

This time, I slapped the flogger right across his left cheek, the whips of leather catching his balls.

Edward groaned something that sounded a lot like my name.

I continued with a few more strokes, peppering his entire back side with the spreading redness brought about by the flogger.

It wasn't long before Edward was practically screeching.

I could tell that if Edward had had his way, he would have climaxed a long time ago. The cock ring was inhibiting his release, but his ass had had enough. As it was, his Saturday was definitely going to be spent in lounge wear.

“Touch yourself, Edward.” I ordered.

His hand was on his cock before I finished the sentence.

I didn't want to fuck him, but I did want to tease him. While he was jerking himself off, still leaning on the couch, I grabbed the lube again and dribbled it down his crack. I unzipped my jeans, pulling them and my boxers down my thighs. Then, I slid my dick between his spent fleshy cheeks, making him squirm. I ran my hard cock up against and across his entrance, spreading the lube as I went.

He was straining against the ring. His breath was coming out in gasping sobs, and I knew he was on the brink, at that point where the pain that had become pleasure was in danger of becoming pain once again.

I put a little more of the slick liquid on my right hand and rubbed it over my first two fingers. Without warning, I pushed my first finger into Edward and circled it around. He squeaked in response, and I took that as a good sign. I pushed in a second finger and began to pump them both into him, rubbing against his prostate, hoping it would send him over the edge.
It did.

He let out a carnal scream as he came, painting the back of the leather sofa in cum.

He was still shuddering in his own pleasure when I grabbed onto his waist and starting rubbing against him in earnest. I fucked myself against him as he throbbed almost rhythmically underneath me. It didn't take me long before I let go and was coming across his arched back. I stepped back and watched as my thick white cum rolled down over the red splotches on Edward’s rear.

“Stay there,” I ordered. Though by the looks of it, Edward was not moving any time soon.

He was still folded over the couch when I returned from his room.

I cleaned off his back, as well as the back of the couch before carefully removing the cock ring. Then, I rubbed the arnica gel into his ass, working down his legs where the flogger had struck. I was gentle. His skin was hot to the touch, but I wanted to make sure his muscles relaxed. Eventually, Edward began to sag in relief.

I helped him step into a pair of sweat pants and then steadied him as he walked around to sit on the couch. Once he was settled, I made a move to retrieve the flogger.

“You don't have to go, you know?” Edward broke the silence, looking downright timid. He was looking up at me through his eyelashes like fucking Bambi.

“Don't you have some Proust to translate or something?”

“I'm over Proust, I'm reading Coetzee now.” He answered seriously. “But you're right, the English translations of Proust are horrid.”

I had no idea what he was talking about, but I was actually kind of flattered he wasn't talking down to me. What the hell? I wasn't one of his minions.

“Well, I can't help you there,” I said honestly.

Edward shook his head as if in apology, then spoke again seriously. “Look, you came over here for a reason. You were reacting to something, and it wasn't just me.”

I hesitated.

“I know you were in control this time, but when it's my ass on the line, your head needs to be in the right place.”

Of course, he was right. Using someone's body as a release when it was mutual was one thing, it was another entirely when one of those people could get physically hurt.

“You met mine. You can at least tell me about yours,” he insisted.

“I'm not really up for having a heart to heart,” I said roughly. “And, how'd you know it was my mother?”

“You seriously need to ask?”

I stood quietly for a second, weighing my options. I never, ever talked to anyone about this stuff, but I supposed I could trust Edward. My mother wasn't nearly as bad as his. She was like a Stepford wife whose mental filter had short-circuited. Mine just didn't give a shit about me.
I slid into the chair next to the couch gracelessly before speaking.

“She asked me for money earlier. Not to borrow, now that I think about it, just to have.”

“What for?”

“Oh, she claimed it was for my younger brother, which it probably is. He has 'special needs',' I air quoted the phrase my mother always used. ‘But, she gets what should be more than enough to take care of him from my dad. This isn't the first time she's asked me for money.”

“That's a lot of responsibility to put on you. You shouldn't be expected to be a third parent.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I mean, I don't mind helping my brother, but she's so irresponsible with money, I don't know what the fuck else she's spending money on.”

“And she probably gets pissed off when you ask about it,” Edward suggested.

“Exactly,” I agreed. She kept her checkbook under lock and key.

Edward looked thoughtfully at me for a moment before he spoke, “Adults don't always act the way we expect adults to act.”

“You sound like a fortune cookie,” I retorted.

“I used to watch reruns of Kung Fu: The Legend Continues when my parents thought I was reading,” Edward smirked back at me.

I snorted. Somehow, I couldn't picture Edward watching television.

“Well,” I pushed myself off the chair. “I should get going. Thanks for, you know, listening.”

“Anytime, Jasper. Really.” Edward said as he gingerly stood from the couch and walked me to the door.

I walked slowly back to my truck, still sort of dumbfounded by the serious conversation I just had with Edward.

Really, what the fuck was that?

When did Edward Cullen become my confidant?

END SCENE
Sometimes, I wondered if Jasper was a sociopath.

I even went so far as to compare what I knew of Jasper to the DSM checklist on antisocial personality disorder.

My results were inconclusive.

First, he did fail to conform to social norms, but it wasn't with regard to things that broke the law. He even obeyed speed limits with irritating precision. Second, he did get into a lot of fights. Though, most of those fights had been with me, and I very likely provoked him. Third, he didn't seem to have a whole lot of empathy or remorse, but then, this absence of feeling was mostly directed toward people he thought didn't deserve it – and he was probably always justified.

Not to mention, he wasn't intentionally deceitful, impulsive, reckless or irresponsible. He was actually very rational and almost terrifyingly honest. I had trusted him almost compulsively that first day, and I didn't trust anyone.

Okay, so, he probably wasn't a sociopath.

Maybe he just didn't like people.

I mean, even the people at school who he was “friends” with stayed away from him a lot of the time. He certainly had a reputation for being an asshole, and I think even some of the teachers were afraid one day he'd snap like a disgruntled postal worker. He really seemed to hold to the policy that respect had to be earned, and I wondered if anyone truly met that standard.

I thought maybe I came close.

Either way, there was no denying that Jasper Hale was an unusual person. In fact, he was downright fascinating to me, and I spent way too much time thinking about him.

My body craved his touch. I couldn't deny it anymore. It wasn't just the spanking. I liked when he touched me afterward, when he helped dress me because I was too sore. I had touched many girls and had let them touch me. I had slept with girls trying to curl themselves around me after we had sex. Though it always felt good, I didn't crave it the way I did with him.

It wasn't because he was a guy. It was because he was Jasper.

He had absolutely no agenda. If he touched me, if he fucked me, it was because he wanted to touch me and there was absolutely no other reason than that. He was all at once the simplest and most complex human being I had ever met.

He was easy to manipulate in some ways, and fun to mess with, but he always knew I was doing it and would dole out punishment accordingly.

I liked pushing him, seeing what it took for him to reach his breaking point.

He was physically attracted to me. That was obvious, though I disliked using that to my advantage. It
felt too easy. The day I wore leather pants to school, Jasper looked like he was going to bust a nut in his jeans. When he saw me standing in my green Armani briefs earlier that evening, he looked at me like I was something to eat.

It was extremely disconcerting.

Even though I did it on purpose.

It was worth it, though. The flogger felt incredible.

I liked the paddle and the crop, and I thought I could even enjoy the cane if we attempted it again after some practice. My favorite, though, was always Jasper's bare hands.

Until the flogger.

It had everything. It burned just so when the strips hit my skin, and the way the tendrils of leather unfurled milliseconds later, stinging my skin in nine separate places was pure eroticism. I couldn't even hold a thought in my head as it struck me. It was like I was taken to a different plane of reality. Afterward, I barely registered when Jasper began his aftercare routine. I knew it was rare for men to have multiple orgasms, but I continued to pulse long after I stopped ejaculating.

I only wished I could have seen Jasper wield the toy. I was going to have to find a way to make that happen in front of a mirror. I imagined the flogger looking like an extension of his body, his dirty blond hair darkened with sweat from the exertion and his face frozen in concentration.

Even from my submissive position, it made me feel powerful, that I could do that to him. That I could make him focus so intently to the point where there was nothing in the room but him, his tool of choice and my body, which he had mastered like a piano virtuoso playing a Steinway.

The ringing of the house phone broke me out of my daydream.

Somehow, I knew it was my mother.

“Cullen residence,” I answered the phone dryly.

“Edward, dear.” The lilt in her voice told me she was at least two glasses of wine in. My mother wasn't really a lush, but at gallery events she indulged. She claimed she was more honest when she was tipsy, and subsequently sold more art when she was honest.

When I suggested that she just be honest from the outset so she would sell art and not wake up with a nasty headache and a bitchy mood, she just laughed and told me that wasn't how it was done.

“What do you want?” I said loudly. I could hear the background chatter around her.

“Next Saturday, I need you to play at the gallery.”

“How much?”

“Excuse me?”

“How much are you paying me?”

I knew she wasn't planning on paying me, but I decided to play her game for a moment and pretend I wasn't aware of exactly what she was doing. She was the queen of passive aggressive behavior. She practically made it an art form. At this point, I wasn't sure she was capable of interacting with people without having some ulterior motive. The gallery she ran was successful, there's no reason why she
couldn't hire a professional pianist. She just wanted to use me to make connections and then would try to insist it would help me in the long run.

“Edward, this isn't a business deal.”

“It's rather presumptuous of you to assume I don't have plans.”

“Well, I'm sure he'll understand if you have to cancel this once.”

“What are you implying, mother?”

I knew exactly what she was implying, but I wanted to hear her say it out loud.

“You know very well I'm referring to your little experiment in homo-eroticism,” she said it loud enough for anyone around her to hear it.

My mother didn't actually care if I was gay, or bisexual, or in love with a blow-up doll. In fact, she probably would be happy if I were gay. She fancied me a young Oscar Wilde and was always trying to get me to publish my writing, even though it was pretty obvious to all of us that I was going to go into the sciences. I was running genetic experiments in the very lo-tech Biology lab at Forks High for fuck's sake.

If she knew everything that Jasper and I did together, I wasn't sure she'd be as enthusiastic.

However, I had never admitted to “experimenting in homo-eroticism.” Not to mention, I wasn't entirely thrilled with her referring to Jasper as an experiment.

“You can pay me half of what you'd pay a pianist from the Philharmonic. Don't drink too much. Oh, and tell Marcus to get the piano tuned.”

I hung up the phone and hoped my mother would have enough to drink such that she wouldn't remember this phone call. She really wasn't the best at holding her liquor. At the Seattle General Hospital Ball last year, she revealed rather loudly to some of my father's colleagues that Carlisle not only got off on having his toes sucked, but that he was always more randy when she was wearing open-toed shoes.

It wasn't clear that he had forgiven her.

He did chuckle, though, when he opened the subscription to Foot Fetish Daily I bought him for his birthday in February.

I had a horrible suspicion he used it.

I slept restlessly that night. My ass was a little sore from the flogger, but my muscles weren't as stiff as they could have been, thanks to Jasper's care. I finally fell asleep sometime around four in the morning.

Needless to say, I was a little disgruntled when I was awakened by a heavy knocking on my bedroom door.

My mood didn't improve when Carlisle appeared in the doorway.

“We're hitting the links this morning, son.”

Carlisle had decided to try some male bonding by taking me out to play golf. My mother had clearly put him up to it, obviously disturbed by my “defiant” language on the phone. Perhaps she hadn't had
as much to drink as I thought. Or, maybe this time he was an additional victim of her low tolerance-induced drunk-dialing.

Both of us hated playing golf. I'm not sure why we let her tell us what to do.

We drove all the way to Port Angeles. There was a public golf course in Forks, but my father preferred to play at the Country Club. Port Angeles was one of the three city hospitals between which Carlisle divided his time as a surgeon, so he had contacts and connections there. I think he felt obligated to put in an appearance every so often.

The car ride was spent discussing the likelihood of the claim that a set of "autism genes" had been isolated. We were both highly skeptical of the study and debated the other contributing factors to a diagnosis of autism.

Our camaraderie went downhill once we hit the golf course.

We had grown beyond the point where Carlisle would ask me about school. He knew that I was bored with the classes at Forks High, and I don't think he ever truly understood the reason why I wanted to return to public school. I had already long questioned my motives, as well, but my dick was certainly happy with my decision. Even more so lately.

For the most part, I tried to tune him out, pretending to concentrate on my pathetic golf game, but sometimes his words brought me to attention.

“You know, you're mother and I won't be disappointed if you don't decide on Dartmouth.”

Not this again. I had already 'applied' to colleges, though based on my abilities it was just a formality. They needed my application on file in case they were ever investigated for admissions fraud. I pretty much had my pick of any them and when I told them all I needed time to decide, not one of the schools rescinded their offer.

“Good. I'm not going to Dartmouth,” I stated as matter-of-factly as possible. I knew it would fall on deaf ears.

“I know you feel like you need to assert your independence and not follow in our footsteps. They have an excellent genetics laboratory. I know it's not necessarily Top Five...”

I tuned him out as he continued to passive aggressively attempt to sway me toward considering Dartmouth. It was too big of a blow to his ego for him to believe that I wasn't seriously considering his alma mater, so I finally just nodded in the right places. There was no way I was going to Dartmouth.

I was so frustrated by the time we got to the next hole that I completely missed my shot and then proceeded to slam the head of my driver into the ground. Luckily, my father thought it was the golf game that was causing my frustration and not his bullshit.

“I'm not sure why my people created such an infuriating game,” he chuckled, trying to calm me down.

“You're not Scottish,” I pointed out, before I realized my mistake. At least I didn't point out that the origins of the game were somewhat dubious. My father always tried to hide his upbringing. He was born to a working-class family in Manchester, but tried to cover it up, particularly with his accent. To really get him riled, sometimes my mother would call him a “chav.”

A marriage counselor would have a field day with Carlisle and Esme Cullen. The most intriguing
part of their whole marriage was that somehow, it worked. They were friends, both majoring in psychology, a second major for both, at Dartmouth. I'm fairly certain I was the result of a passing fancy to raise a child in the same manner as John Stuart Mill. However, I defied them by being smarter than either of them at a very young age.

I know they both resented me.

The rest of our golf game went downhill after my little tantrum with the club. We only played the front nine before heading back. Carlisle had a double scotch in the club house after we finished despite the fact that it wasn't yet noon.

I drove us home.

Thank god for NPR.

Sunday, I went to Newton's Sporting Goods for a new driver. It wasn't because I knew Jasper was working.

Nope, not at all.

I was standing in front of a wall of golf clubs when I felt his presence approaching.

"Can I help you, Cullen?" His voice was low and authoritative as he came up behind me, stopping to stand closer to me than was socially acceptable for a store clerk and a customer.

I shivered. He had power over me, even here in a setting where I was supposed to be the one who was always right.

"I need a new wood," I replied, emphasizing the word 'wood.'

He raised an eyebrow.

"Of course you play golf," he muttered.

"I pretend to like it because my dad hates it," I blurted out without thinking.

"That's ridiculous."

"I know," I agreed. "However, if you think about it, most of what we do as human beings is ridiculous."

"Like trying to hit a ball with a club into a hole 500 feet away."

Jasper turned away from me before I could make a retort. For a second, I was put off by his rudeness, especially because I hadn't done anything to provoke him. Then, I realized he was sorting through the display of golf clubs, looking for drivers for me to look at. It was weird to see Jasper doing his job, following protocol that someone else had established for him.

His voice was very professional when he turned back to me.

"This is what we have in stock, but you're probably going to have to do a special order. We don't carry a lot of left-handed clubs."

"You've noticed that I'm left-handed?"

"Well, I think you're probably more ambidextrous than left-handed, because you switch hands when
you get yourself off, but you write and eat with your left hand.

I couldn't help the blush that hit my cheeks. Jasper was a lot more observant than I gave him credit for. I suppose all the time he spent being anti-social was used doing something. Apparently watching me was included in that something. I hated myself the second I straightened a little at the thought.

I took a few practice swings with the club he handed me. I really didn't know much about golf clubs, but even I could tell that Jasper was right. If I wanted a new driver, I'd probably have to order one. My own clubs were made of titanium.

“What time to do you get off?” I asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Whenever I want,” he responded coyly.

It was a juvenile exchange, but it was the first time I genuinely smiled since talking to my mother on the phone Friday night.

“Do you want to come over?” I had to word it carefully. Jasper would obviously say 'no' if he didn't want to, but he would be hesitant to say 'yes' if it wasn't his idea.

“It's too soon to do anything again. I'd hurt you.”

“I'm sure you could find a different way to punish me.”

“What have you done to deserve punishment, Edward?”

“Made you hard while you were at work.” I quickly glanced around just to make sure no one was looking. Then, I stepped in closer and reached my hand out to grab a handful of Jasper. The only time I had really touched him before was when I gave him head.

The feel of his dick underneath my hand didn't feel as weird as I expected. He wasn't fully hard, but as I gave it a squeeze, I was rewarded by a tightening in his khakis. My body reacted in turn, but the approach of another customer interrupted the moment. I let go of Jasper's crotch and raised an eyebrow at him.

He nodded.

A few hours later, Jasper stood on the doorstep of my parents' house.

His arms were folded across his chest, and he looked positively commanding.

My dick twitched.

“Upstairs,” he ordered before even crossing the threshold.

I spun and began my ascent. I heard him close the door and follow me. I slowed my pace a little, exaggerating my movements. I could practically feel the burning gaze of his eyes on my ass.

I paused at the top of the stairs, as he hadn't specified that we would be going into my room. I wasn't sure if he knew what any of the other rooms of the upstairs were, but then, presuming things about Jasper had led me to only varying degrees of success.

“Bedroom,” he ordered from behind me.

Before I took a step his hand connected with my ass in a mild slap. It made the lingering soreness from Friday's activities flare up. I didn't know what Jasper had in store for me, but I was not at all
opposed to him doing that again.

I walked into the bedroom and stopped once again, waiting. The handcuffs were still on my headboard. Yes, it was a youthful act of defiance, and even though my mother so rarely went into my room, I still wanted her to see them. I wanted her to know that despite her best efforts to mold me, her son wasn't the person she thought he was. Not to mention, I also wouldn't be opposed to Jasper ordering me into them again either.

I stood standing patiently at the foot of the bed, while Jasper combed his eyes through the room. I was almost certain he was deliberately being methodical, waiting for me to fidget in anticipation. I could play this game, too, though, and Jasper knew it.

Finally, he spoke.

“Take your clothes off.”

His voice was cold and commanding, but I turned to watch him as he watched me, and I could see the lust burning in his eyes. I whipped my polo shirt off my head first, watching in my peripheral vision as Jasper eye-fucked me. I considered doing a strip tease to remove the rest of my clothes, but my anticipation won out over my desire to tease, and I quickly removed my socks, pants and boxers. I felt absolutely no shame standing naked in front of Jasper while he remained fully clothed.

He stepped closer to me as if to inspect me and then very gently swept his hand across my ass.

“Are you sore?” he asked.

“A little,” I answered honestly.

He nodded, seemingly pleased that I answered him truthfully. After he had opened up to me about his mother, I didn't want to disrupt the balance by lying to him.

“Get on the bed. Hands and knees,” he finally ordered. “You should be comfortable for this.”

I immediately hopped onto the bed. Since he didn't say exactly where, I just stopped right in the middle. Now that I had the order, I was practically shaking in anticipation. What kind of torture did Jasper have in store for me that I needed to be comfortable for it?

I felt his weight press down on the bed behind me a moment later.

Then, nothing happened.

I almost turned my head to look over my shoulder, when I finally felt it. Jasper's calloused fingertips were lightly tracing down my back. As soon as he reached the top of my ass, they changed direction and began climbing up. He stroked back down my back again slowly, this time his fingernails grazed my skin. I lost count of how many times he repeated the motion, but I was a shivering wreck when he finally descended further.

This time it was only one fingertip trailing down my back. It traveled down my spine, then further down the crack of my ass. Once it reached my hole it stopped. I wanted to push my hips back, or do something, anything so that Jasper would stop with the slow torture.

I don't think I moved, but he seemed to guess at my impatience.

“Ah, ah,” he scolded. “Just let go, Edward.”
I didn't appreciate the condescending tone in his voice, but then I felt his finger rubbing circles against my hole and I decided I should probably do what he said.

He didn't do anything but rub the puckered skin, but it was enough sensation for me to focus on.

I whimpered as soon as I felt the finger leave, but it was quickly replaced by the cool sensation of lubricant. It warmed up as Jasper continued rubbing circles. Sometimes he would switch directions, but he didn't attempt to penetrate me.

Maybe he was waiting for me to crack again.

I wanted both to cave in and stand up to him all at the same time. I sighed in frustration.

Apparently, that was enough.

The tip of the finger that had been teasing me finally began to breach me. It entered only what felt like a mere inch before Jasper pulled it back out. The finger returned shortly thereafter, though, this time with more lube coating it. It began a new circuit, teasing my hole and then pushing in a fraction before being pulled out to start all over. The finger eventually began to push in deeper each time. Once again, I lost count. It was well past the twenties before I finally felt Jasper's entire finger inside me.

I hadn't realized before how good a finger could feel until it was finally sheathed inside me. When he began to pull the finger out, I think I cried out “no” before I could stop myself. I could practically feel Jasper grinning behind me. He didn't remove the slick digit entirely, though. Instead, he pumped it in and out slowly. Every third in-stroke he would circle the finger around a little, stretching me slightly. It was like his finger was dancing a waltz with my asshole.

One, two, twirl. One, two, twirl.

The beat played steadily in my head, but it was a slow waltz. I turned my attention to how it felt.

I'm pretty sure I could have had my wisdom teeth taken out without even noticing, that's how much my nerves had been set on fire by Jasper's single finger. When he circled his finger around, he not only brushed against the sensitive walls of my cavity, but he ever so lightly was able to brush against my prostate.

I started bucking my hips back against his finger, trying to get him to apply more pressure, but he only used his free hand to hold me in place. I was fighting against him so hard, I knew there was going to be a bruise on my hip the next day.

My whimpering turned into flat-out whines until a second lubed finger finally entered me along with the first. The added girth doubled the sensation I was feeling, and for a few minutes revealed in the extra attention my prostate was getting. That is, until I realized he was doing nothing to stretch me. He was just rhythmically pushing his finger into me and pulling them out at a pace decidedly Largo.

Now, every time I tried to buck my hips back he would simply stop moving his fingers. Despite the fact that I wasn't really exerting much effort, I was panting as if I had been running wind sprints.

I was close to screaming in frustration when he finally began to scissor his fingers slightly as he pushed them in.

I sighed heavily in relief. He wouldn't be stretching me if he didn't plan on fucking me.

Right?
Then, suddenly, he pulled out his fingers and his weight disappeared from the bed. I was about ready to curse Jasper with every name in the book, when I heard an unbuckling and an unzipping as Jasper's belt and pants clattered to the floor.

I couldn't figure out his game.

Then his weight returned to the bed and a hard, naked chest was curved over my back.

Jasper had never been this naked with me before. He stayed clothed or he kept skin to skin contact to a minimum. Now his firm body was pressed against mine, and I wanted to memorize every square inch. For awhile, he maintained the close touch, rubbing his dick against the crack of my ass to the same hypnotically slow rhythm. Any other time it would have felt blissfully good, but not now. Right now, I needed his dick inside me and I needed to come.

With Jasper's hands no longer gripping my hips, I was free to buck back against him. My efforts, of course, were futile, but I swear I could feel Jasper smirk against my shoulder. Beads of sweat were starting to form on the back of my neck, and I again could swear I felt Jasper nudge his nose into the crook of my neck and deeply inhale before he straightened up to his knees.

The sound a foil package tearing was possibly the sweetest sound in the world. The snap of the bottle cap was a close second.

But finally, finally, the tip of his cock was pressing against my hole.

He entered me so slowly I wanted to scream.

I could feel the wide head push through. It was always the part that hurt the most. Even after careful preparation with his fingers, Jasper's cock always stretched me open further. I tried to relax as best as I could, but I was so tense with anticipation, I didn't make it easy for Jasper. I groaned when I realized that I was the one prolonging the torture this time.

Mind over matter. I forced my body to relax.

"So tight," Jasper murmured as he was finally able to push in.

His cock seemed to go on forever.

Finally, he was so fully buried inside me, his balls touched mine. As soon as they made contact, he began his retreat. Just as slowly as he filled me, he pulled back out. He repeated the motion at a lazy pace, but I knew he was doing it deliberately. Every time he was fully sheathed inside me, I counted. Then I felt him pull out, pause for a brief moment, and push back in.

By the time I reached seventeen, I couldn't take it anymore.

This was agonizing.


"Please what?" he said.

"Fuck me. Fuck me, hard," I hardly recognized my own voice. It was dripping with desperation.

"I am fucking you hard," Jasper said with emphasis as he gripped onto my ass cheeks and pressed even deeper inside me.

It was that motion that made me realize how on the edge I was. I didn't need Jasper to speed up. I
needed his permission to release.

He did pick up the pace a little, and I realized how wrong my request was.

"Oh, oh, oh..." I found myself chanting.

There were tears starting to well in my eyes. I needed to come. I was so fucking close. Usually, if I was aroused enough, it would take very little to make me come. The first time Jasper spanked me, it only took the force of his hand reverberating through my body. This was excruciating. Ten times worse than the cock ring.

With the ring, it was physically difficult for me to come.

With this, it took all my mental control NOT to come.

Every nerve in my body wanted to enjoy the ride, and it was like they all sent signals to my cock. My traitorous, willful body wanted release, and I couldn't hold it back.

I let out a sob as my whole body began to shake from the effort.

“Go ahead, Edward,” he said with a slap to the side of my ass. “I think I've proven my point.”

Though he simultaneously pushed in a little farther, the sting of his hand was the push I needed. As soon as his hand made contact with my skin I fell. The waves washed over me and there was nothing but a blinding white light exploding in pleasure.

I came.

Hard.

I had no idea how long it lasted, but my body seemed to pulse uncontrollably. The tears started spilling from my eyes involuntarily. I'm pretty sure I was babbling incoherently.

Jasper's voice appeared in my blissful haze.

“I'm going to fuck you now, just like you wanted,” he growled.

Then, his hips snapped as he slammed his dick into me. Over and over he filled me. His grip on my hips was firm as he kept up a brutal pace. It was almost too much. My body was overstimulated. The tears began to stream down my face from the overwhelming physical sensation. My whole body was shaking.

Just when I thought I couldn't stand it for a second longer, I felt him come. His dick pulsed deep inside me as he filled the condom.

His forehead came forward and pressed into my upper back, our sweat mixing together. He was panting heavily, and I wondered just how torturous his ministrations had been for him. Once his breath began to steady, he pushed his torso off me. I tried not to miss the contact. He pulled out of my slowly, tracing circles on my back with his fingertips for a few moments.

I wiped my tears as best as I could while I felt his body shift.

He peeled of the condom and tossed it effortlessly into the bin by my desk. Then he fell back onto the mattress beside where I had just collapsed onto my stomach.

We didn't say a word to each other, we just lay side by side, enjoying the calm after the storm.
“Well, your mother was right,” Carlisle's voice cut through the air like a dagger.

I turned my head to see him standing in the doorway.

Dammit.

Jasper groaned and muttered something that sounded like “worse than mine,” then sat up slowly. He seemed to ignore my father entirely as he slowly retrieved his clothes and got dressed. I didn't get dressed, but I did roll over and sit up, leaning back against my headboard.

“Are you going to introduce me to your... friend, Edward?”

“Jasper Hale,” Jasper broke in. “I know who you are.”

Carlisle looked like he didn't know whether to be flattered or irritated.

“I'm sorry we couldn't meet under less embarrassing circumstances.”

“I'm not embarrassed at all, sir. Though, about ten minutes ago I'm sure even you would have blushed at seeing my dick up your son’s ass.”

I couldn't help the laugh that escaped.

Carlisle hesitated, but I doubted that Jasper noticed his lapse or took it as surprise. My father covered for it well.

“Did your mother ever tell you about her experiment with lesbianism at uni?”

“Uh...”

“She tried it out for awhile, this was obviously before we started dating. She was involved with a group of feminists at the time, and she tried to take up with one of them. Of course, it was just a fad, but you know how stubborn your mother is. I suppose most girls feel the need to experiment around that age.”

I glanced over at Jasper to see how he was taking my father's flippant words. He was tensing, but clearly not in a good way. The more Carlisle rambled on, the more I could see Jasper silently fuming. Eventually, the dam burst.

“I have to get going,” he blurted out, eyes narrowing at my father. “I'll see you at school tomorrow, Edward.”

And then, he did something I never would have expected.

He stepped beside the bed where I was seated, leaned down, brought his hand behind my neck, and pulled my lips toward his. It was just like it was the last time. My whole body melted into his. My lips seeming to tell the rest of my body that it was crucial to my existence to memorize the taste, the feeling, the way my body wanted to mold his to mine. My hands went up into his curls.

His lips were a little rough and his light stubble burned slightly against my skin. I would be feeling the abrasion for the rest of the day like a souvenir. In that moment, I wanted to pull him down on top of me and drown him in his lips. His tongue flicked out and I took it into my mouth willingly. I pressed mine back against it and his lips parted in response. For a brief few moments, there was nothing else in the world, just me and Jasper and this weird, precarious balance we held.

I think I gasped when he pulled away.
He didn't even look at Carlisle as he turned and walked out the door.

“What an interesting young man,” my father murmured. “I wouldn't have taken you for a bottom.”

I rolled my eyes as I stood and grabbed a pair of shorts from my floor. Was it too much to ask to let me enjoy what had been an extremely satisfying orgasm in peace?

I brushed past my father, who looked like the cat that swallowed the canary, and went downstairs to get a glass of water. I heard Jasper's truck rumble to life in the driveway.

My mind drifted back to the way he had just completely disarmed me, teasing and torturing me as if he had some kind of absolute power over my body.

I guess he kind of did.

He was still in control. He still dominated me.

But, he kissed me again.

And, for the first time, he had fucked me without spanking me first.

END SCENE
(Jasper POV)

I was this close to gouging my eyes out.

The last thing I wanted to see in the world was McCarty's tongue shoved down my sister's throat, but that was the sight I was treated to when I arrived home from the Cullen house on Sunday.

They were going at it like the ship was going down.

I guess that meant that mom had taken Peter somewhere. I had no desire to be under the same roof as whatever was happening on the living room sofa, so I went out into the garage. I had taken over a corner of the garage and turned it into a workshop of sorts. My dad had built a workbench when he still lived with us, and over the years he had given me his old tools as he replaced them with new ones.

The paddle I made for Edward was the last thing I had put together. I needed a new project, anything to take my mind off everything that was going on.

Nothing came to mind, though, so I flipped on the jigsaw and began to cut a random pattern out of some of my scraps.

My mother had asked me about college again yesterday. I had already accepted the admittance into UW, but it was almost as if she just refused to believe that I was actually going. Like it should be an accomplishment in itself that I got a scholarship, but not something I should actually do. The truth of the matter is that she needed me, but couldn't bring herself to ask.

As much as I disliked her, it was really Peter who would suffer from my absence.

I tried to get lost in the motions, but no matter how intricate I tried to make the pattern in an effort to concentrate, it wasn't happening.

So, I shut off the saw and turned my mind to more pressing questions, like why the fuck had I kissed Edward again?

Truth be told, I knew exactly why I did it. I just didn't understand why I had a lapse in self-control. I didn't understand why I suddenly felt a need to prove anything to Edward's father. The way the basted went on and on about his wife's “experimenting” in college was just insulting. I wasn't entirely sure that Edward wasn't just experimenting with me, but I didn't like what he was implying.

The way Edward responded to the kiss was also disconcerting.

I plopped down in a lawn chair brooded until I heard my mother's car pull into the drive.

Even Peter couldn't help me out of my funk. I was starting to lose control over damn near everything in my life, and I didn't like it.

That's why I was annoyed when Edward sat down across from me at lunch on Wednesday.

“What the hell are you doing, Cullen?” I hissed.
“Afraid that people will see you're not such a jackass?” He was clearly teasing me and not being hostile.

I really wasn't up for bantering. I had sat by myself in the first place because I didn't want to talk to anyone or be around inane babbling. I couldn't figure out Edward's deal, he came to where I work and now this?

“What are you really doing here?” I asked suspiciously.

“Can't I just want to have lunch with you?”

“Maybe if you asked first. I'm not in the mood for company.” I hissed. I didn't really care where Edward chose to eat his shitty school lunch, but I could tell that he wasn't sitting with me for my company. I was obviously in a shitty mood, and he knew well enough to stay away from me. He wasn't acting like the Edward I knew, he was in full-on Cullen mode.

I didn't like it.

So, I ignored him. Of course, he didn't take the hint.

“You really have nothing to say to me? Nothing you want to talk about?”

My eyes narrowed, but I kept my mouth shut.


He had no idea that I was having an internal war about going to college. There's no way he could have known. It was probably an innocent question, but it struck a nerve. My fist came down hard on the table.

That's when I heard an “ooh” coming from the direction of McCarty's table – the table Edward had abandoned.

I gritted my teeth. “You better tell me right now what this is all about.”

He paused, and I thought for a second he was going to prod me further, but then his determined eyes softened and he spoke quietly.

“Emmett bet me that if I sat down, and provoked you, you'd hit me.”

I refrained from slamming my fist down on the table again, but I really fucking wanted to. I settled for clenching it tightly. “And you said, what? That we'd sit and discuss your fascination with French literature?”

“Coetzee isn't French,” he said reflexively.

“I don't want to be a part of whatever little high school game you're playing,” I said, trying to steady my breath. I didn't play high school games. I didn't gossip. I didn't make stupid bets. I sat by myself and away from my usual lunch table because I wanted to be alone. Edward just had to keep pushing.

“Come on, it's not as if you can't stand my presence for half an hour.”

At this point, I was fed up. I liked the games Edward would play with me at school, but this was different; it felt different, like I was a toy in a game he was playing without letting me know. This was Cullen pushing me, and I was going to push back.
I stood up so quickly, my chair toppled backward.

“Look! If you want me to fuck you, I'll fuck you! But I'm not playing this bullshit game,” I shouted down at him.

The whole cafeteria went silent as I stormed out, the double doors clanging loudly as I charged through.

Edward didn't follow me.

If he had, I definitely would have punched him, and I would have been out for blood.

I went out to my truck and flipped on the radio, fuming.

I knew I had made a mistake fucking him on Sunday. There was something in his eyes, though. Despite his banter at Newton's and his bold groping session in the middle of the store, there was something in his eyes that made him look lost. He needed something from me, and it wasn't a spanking. Not that time.

So, I tortured him. As slowly as I could bear, I teased him and tortured him until he was a complete wreck. The power I had over his body was gratifying. Plus, there was nothing like the feeling of a nice, slow fuck. Until I pounded him into the mattress, that is.

I no longer thought that Edward was doing this as an act of defiance, but I did get the feeling that he expected something else from me. His stunt at lunch proved that much. I just couldn't figure out what.

I stayed in school for the rest of the day. No one spoke a word to me, but I heard their whispers behind my back. From what I could gather, though, the rumors were mostly about Edward, wondering if he really did ask me to fuck him. The general hushed consensus seemed to be that I was just being an asshole. The perfect Edward Cullen was a ladies' man. I was just a “crazy faggot.” Crowley was lucky I had no desire to lower myself to his level. He was a narrow-minded imbecile who probably thought Taco Bell was a Mexican phone company/who would probably order sushi well-done/who probably thought Sherlock Holmes was a housing project. It wasn't worth the fight.

The only person who even looked at me was the damn mousy brunette, and she didn't look at me like I was a person, it was more like I was a slide she was looking at under a microscope. Eventually, I made eye contact with her. She stared back boldly for a moment, then shook her head in disbelief.

Of course, I knew what she was thinking.

She had reached the wrong conclusion.

A part of me was glad that Edward didn't take the brunt of the abuse. Even though I was pissed off as hell, I still felt strangely protective of him. He wasn't like me. He still cared what these idiots thought about him and I was glad he didn't have to face the wrath of “coming out” in some big dramatic way, or whatever. In our brief conversations, I had heard horror stories from Riley about people he knew.

Edward could have held his own, not to mention, he still had a string of girls who could defend his sexual prowess, but it just seemed like there were much more important things that he should be spending his time dealing with.

I figured that he would be avoiding me.
I also figured that he would find the girl with the biggest tits in school to go fuck out in the football field in order to prove his manhood.

I was not expecting him to be sitting in the bed of my truck when I left the building that afternoon, leaning back against the cab with his legs stretched out. His eyes were closed and he seemed to be enjoying one of the first sunny Spring days of the season.

“What the fuck do you want, Cullen?” I asked, after ruling out just getting in my truck and driving away. Theoretically, I could be slapped with a kidnapping charge for that. After my outburst, I was pretty sure the vice principal was going to put a shock collar on me or something.

“I'm sorry, Jasper. I didn't know you'd get so mad.”

“I'm not a fucking toy,” I spat.

“I know, it was stupid, I just-” His whole face blushed scarlet.

“What?”

“The way they were talking about you. It wasn't right.”

“The way who was talking about me?” I asked, genuinely confused.

“Your sister, Emmett, Jessica, Mike...” he trailed off as his eyes met mine. “You look like you're about to laugh.”

I hated that he could read me so well, but he was right.

“I don't give a shit what they say about me. I know who I am.”

“But they were talking about you like you were some kind of psychotic loner who weaves coasters out of drain hair.”

I couldn't help but laugh then.

Edward continued, “Even your sister didn't defend you. It wasn't right!”

He seemed to earnest, I sobered up immediately, working out what was only being implied in his words.

“So, you weren't just doing it to get punished,” I stated.

He shook his head.

“You were defending me? Even though you know I don't want or need you too?”

He nodded.

“You know you're going to get punished for it anyway, right?”

He nodded again, this time more enthusiastically.

The last time I had “punished” him he turned into a complete wreck – shaking and sobbing and getting whatever he needed out of me.

This time, though, I wasn't doing it for him. I was doing it for me.
“Your place?” I asked. I was absolutely not in the mood to deal with either of Edward's parents, so I had to make sure.

“I think they've met their parenting quota for the month,” he said dryly, understanding my question.

He hopped out of my truck and toward his Volvo, and we took our usual route to the Cullen house nestled in the woods.

I followed him inside, where he stopped in the foyer, presumably awaiting my instruction. At least he was still willing to follow our unspoken rules within these walls.

I didn't say a word to him before turning and walking into the living room. I sat down on the love seat, from that vantage point, I could see Edward in the entryway. He stood in the same position, but even from my distance, I could see the thought process on his face.

I let him think it over for a minute before speaking. “Come here, Edward.”

He walked casually into the living room, but his eyes betrayed him - he was excited. I couldn't help but wonder if he really had been trying to goad me into a spanking. Either way, he was going to get it, and I wasn't going to go easy on him.

He stopped a few feet away from me expectantly.

I cleared my throat.

“You want to act as juvenile and childish as everyone at school to fit in, well then I'll treat you like a child.”

His eyes widened, but not with distrust or refusal.

I gestured for him to come over to where I was seated. He complied and seconds later stood before me.

“Pull your pants down.”

He unbuckled his belt and pushed the black, damn near skin-tight jeans down. He had to wiggle a little to get them off, and I was glad he was facing me. He began to lift his foot to take them off fully when I stopped him.

“I didn't say to take them off.”

He froze and set his foot back down. When he looked back up at me, his face was a shade darker. Despite his embarrassment, he was obviously aroused. There was something undeniably hot about Edward Cullen standing in front of me with his pants around his ankles, in white briefs, the pouch bulging right at my eye level.

“Push your briefs down, too.”

He responded immediately, doing nothing to tease me. He knew I was legitimately pissed off at his trying to goad me at lunch.

“There's fine,” I stated firmly once he had pushed them to his knees.

“Now, bend over my knee,” I gestured to my lap.

“Fuck,” he muttered, and by the blush crawling across his face once more, I had a feeling this wasn't
the first time the idea had crossed his mind.

He looked at me for a moment in what I thought was defiance, but then I realized he was just calculating the most comfortable position.

A few moments later, he was draped over my lap. His ass was sticking up and out so I was at the perfect angle to swat it with my right hand.

“You were bad, Edward,” I said.

He nodded.

I brought my hand back and swatted him right across both cheeks.

Edward groaned as the pink tinge began to spread. As much as I enjoyed my other tools, I missed the sting in my hand that came as I connected it with Edward's bare flesh.

“I know you think you know better than me.”

I let another slap fly.

“But I'm not one of your lackeys. You can't control me.”

My hand connected to the center of his left cheek.

“I'm in control here, Edward.”

I mimicked the previous slap.

“Say it.”

“You're in control, Jasper,” he breathed immediately.

This time his right cheek received my firm stroke.

“That's right.”

I was about to repeat the motion when I realized that he had slipped from his original position. His ass was lower and there was the unmistakable feeling of his hard dick grinding against my leg.

“If you come on my leg, I'll stop spanking you,” I said coolly.

He stopped humping me immediately.

“You're going to stay still and take it.”

He hung his head and took a deep breath before nodding.

I had teased his flesh long enough. It was time to make him beg.

I brought my hand back once again, making him wait in anticipation. He was staying perfectly still, just as I had ordered. I took a sharp intake of breath.

He flinched.

That's when I let my hand go, stinging sweetly across Edward's already pink cheek.
Then, I became relentless.

One slap after the other, I hit him right square in the middle of that perfect ass. I counted in my head, starting from six and didn't pause until I reached twenty. My hand was starting to grow numb and Edward was shaking and panting heavily.

“I'm sorry, Jasper. I'm sorry,” he babbled.

He stopped my hand.

“What are you sorry for?”

His voice was hoarse. “I'm sorry for trying to pull you into my stupid bet with Emmett. It wasn't fair of me to treat you like some kind of pawn.”

“You're going to keep apologizing with your mouth full of my cock,” I responded.

He turned to look over his shoulder at me, but I wasn't bluffing.

“Get on your knees.”

He scrambled off me, wincing a little as he knelt down to the floor. I spread my legs apart so he could get between them. He scooted forward until he was settled between my feet. He looked at me tentatively.

I stared down at him until he squirmed.

“Getting my dick out might be a good idea.”

He blushed.

“You were pretty eager to put your hands on it Sunday.”

That got him. His hands shot forward and he reached for my belt buckle. He pulled the leather free from the metal, then went to work on my fly. He could tell that by the way I was sitting he was never going to be able to get at a good angle, but I wanted to see how he reacted.

This was uncharted territory.

“You're going to have to take them off,” Edward said with a whisper.

I nodded once in agreement, then sent a challenging look down to Edward.

After a long moment of our deadlocked gaze, Edward seemed to understand my intentions. He reached forward and took a firm grasp onto the waistband of my jeans. I lifted my hips and helped him pull them and my boxers off me. I sat my bare ass back down on the couch and waited for Edward to continue.

He took a deep breath and then his left hand was on the base of my dick.

“I'm not going to make you do this if you don't want to, Edward,” I said, before he went any further.

Instead of answering verbally, he leaned forward and licked around the head of my cock.

“Cockslut,” I muttered.
Edward grinned before moving his tongue to lick me again, while his right hand came up to cup my balls. He continued licking my prick and taking the head into his mouth while his fingers were practically massaging my balls. I wondered if it was something he did to himself when he jerked off. Regardless, it felt fucking good.

After a couple minutes of his licking routine, he took another deep breath and took me into his mouth. His left hand was wrapped around the base of my dick, but this time he brought his lips all the way down to meet it. His mouth was hot around me, and I was impressed at how much he was able to take. I leaned back a little to relax.

“That feels good, Edward. Have you been practicing?”

He didn't remove me from his mouth to respond, so I looked down. His face was in my lap and he was shaking his back and forth, making my dick feel every bit of his hot mouth. I bit back a groan.

Then, he began to bob his head. He pulled his cheeks in and started sucking hard as he moved up and down my shaft. Occasionally, I felt his teeth grazing my skin, but it wasn't enough to hurt, and his active tongue more than made up for it. It felt fucking good, and I decided there was no sense in punishing myself any longer.

“Look at me,” I demanded.

Edward had to pull my dick almost all the way out of his mouth so he could look up.

I scooted forward on the sofa, making Edward back up before I put my hand around the hand he was using to grip the base of my cock.

“Open your mouth.”

He did what I asked, but looked confused.

“I want to watch you swallow to cum,” I said, before making his hand stroke me faster and faster.

I tensed right before it happened, then aimed right for Edward’s mouth. His hand gripped my tighter as I began to pulse. It occurred to me that I had never come before he did. I looked down again. His eyes widened, and I swear his pupils dilated a fraction as he watched me. But, then all thought left me as I watched my jizz squirt onto his tongue, down his throat and splattering onto his lips.

I let go with my hand and sank back while Edward finished pumping me.

I relaxed for a minute and took a few deep breaths before sitting back up straight.

Edward's expression was unreadable. Instead of trying to decipher it, I ran my finger through the cum that was dripping down his chin, then brought the finger to my lips. A surge of power shot through me as I watched Edward watch me take my finger and suck it into my mouth, tasting myself.

“Fuck...” he whispered.

His hand went almost involuntarily down to his crotch.

I was off the couch in a second, pushing Edward onto his back, pushing away his clothes and spreading his legs open so they were splayed against the Cullen's likely authentic Oriental rug. He hissed when his ass rubbed against the rug, but I silenced any pain by taking his cock deep into my mouth.
“Holy shit!” he shouted.

I used the saliva in my mouth to take his dick even deeper as I relaxed my throat. I swallowed around it, causing Edward to screech my name.

I pulled my lips off him then, and proceeded to lick him from base to tip.

I could tell he was really fucking close.

“Do you like it when I deep throat you, Edward?”

He opened his mouth as if to speak, but no words came out.

I brought a finger to my mouth and sucked on it, quickly coating it in saliva, while Edward still lay panting heavily on the floor. Then, without warning I took him back deep into my mouth while simultaneously pressing my wet finger inside him.

In less than a minute he was coming down my throat with a screech.

I held him place with my mouth and my finger while his legs and arms flailed around me. When he finally calmed down, I released him and sat back on my heels, looking down at Edward as he lay relaxed on the floor.

“Get on your hands and knees and wait for me.”

I stood and pulled on my boxers before heading upstairs to Edward's room.

I grabbed the bottle of gel off his table and then went to his dresser for a pair of sweatpants. There was no fucking way he could get back into those black jeans without a shoehorn.

When I returned, he was in exactly the same place I had left him, but balanced on his hands and knees instead of flopped on his back. He looked ready to be fucked, aside from the bright pink patch of skin across his ass cheeks, and that was my first priority.

His skin was bright red and he winced a little as I applied the gel. The spanking I gave him was hard, but the combination of sitting on his heels and rubbing against the carpet probably made it worse.

“You could have stopped me if it hurt too much.”

“It didn’t,” he said with a sigh, as I rubbed the cool gel into his skin.

Once I was done, I helped him into the sweatpants. He sat on the floor, leaning against the couch. I was about to stand up when he spoke.

“Why’d you kiss me in front of my father?”

I knew that question was going to come eventually. I tried to steady my voice.

“I'm gay, Edward. I'm not a science experiment. It was the best way I could get your father to see me as a human being and not a lab rat. I was strongly considering planting one on him.”

Edward couldn't fight off a laugh.

“Was it hard when you came out?”

He wasn't pussy-footing around. This time it was my turn to laugh.
“What?”

“I am who I am, Edward. Straight boys don't have to announce to the world that they like pussy. I don't lie about it, but I not going to fucking tell everybody.”

Edward looked like he was about to scold me, but he then he stopped and just nodded.

“I can understand that. Some people deserve to know who you are and others don't.”

“Exactly,” I said, though I wasn't sure if Edward had been referring to me or to himself.

We lapsed into silence for a minute. It wasn't uncomfortable, but I did take the opportunity to pull my jeans back on. I was about to tell him I needed to get back, when I suddenly remembered my question for him.

“What was the bet for?” I asked, breaking the silence.

“What?” Edward seemed to be in some state between blissfully dazed and deep in thought.

“With McCarty,” I prompted.

“Oh, that the loser had to go to prom in a dress.”

I snorted. It was a juvenile bet.

“How'd you decide the winner?”

“Well, you didn't hit me, but you did upend a chair and offer to fuck me up the ass, so we decided that I have to come to prom in a dress but can change into a tux once everyone sees me.”

“Cross-dressing, now?”

“I'll look damn good in sequins.”

“Whatever you say, Edward.”

I stood up and started to head toward the door.

“Want to go dress shopping with me?” he called, with a raised eyebrow.

I stiffened and turned. “What, because I'm gay?”

“No!” he said quickly, scrambling to stand. “You're the only person I can trust to tell me if my ass looks fat.”

I gave Edward the once over with my eyes.

Then I huffed in my best stylist imitation, “you should probably stay away from big prints.”

Edward threw back his head and laughed.

“I'll keep that in mind.”

“See that you do. Later, Edward.”

END SCENE
(Jasper POV)

Apparently, Edward was serious about dress-shopping.

He called me Thursday night and asked me if I wanted to go to a costume shop with him that he heard catered to drag queens.

“You're only going to be wearing it for a few minutes, so why does it matter?” I asked.

“I want something garish,” he replied, as if that explained it.

“Do you even look at all the sluts who throw themselves at you? They dress pretty garish,” I threw the word back at him.

Edward gave a low chuckle before responding. I wasn't entirely certain if he was laughing at what I said or at me.

“What makes them so disgusting is the amount of skin they show.”

“Says the man whose bedroom is covered in bikini models,” I cut him off.

“You know my dad bought most of those for me, when my mother was threatening to divorce him in some sort of self-righteous opposition to patriarchy.”

That sounded exactly like something that awful woman would do.

“How'd that work out?” I snorted.

“She remembered that my dad's a successful surgeon who comes from old money. I can take them down if they bother you.”

“I don't care if you use them to get off.”

“I used to, Jasper, I'm not going to lie.”

He hesitated.

“Used to? You don't jerk off anymore?” I teased.

“No,” his voice was suddenly timid. “Now I jerk off thinking about you bending me over your knee.”

“Like I did yesterday?” my voice cracked.

“Just like you did yesterday,” Edward responded in a low, growling voice.

My hand was palming my cock through my jeans before I realized it.

I cleared my throat, “Well, that still doesn't explain why you have a fascination with becoming a drag queen.”
“I just want to find clothes that are geared toward men that will cover me in the right places. No one wants to see my pale ass.”

Except me, of course, and well, probably everyone else at Forks High. Including the teachers.

“Oh come on, even fucking McCarty the meathead would sneak a long peek at your naked ass,” I replied.

“Yeah, I think he'd much rather be trying to get a peek at your sister.”

“Careful there. She's a bitch, but she's still my sister,” I said sharply. It didn't really piss me off, but it was kind of a reflex. “Anyway, I have to go, I'll think about it, okay?”

He gave a quick acknowledgment before I hung up the phone.

Thank god Peter asked me for a game of checkers soon after, I really didn't want to have a hard on thinking about Edward jerking off.

I didn't see him much at school on Friday. Teachers had finally decided to start assigning final projects and papers, so I was stuck doing a whole bunch of fucking busy work. I was hoping Edward forgot about his little invitation, but there he was waiting for me at my locker at the end of the day, seemingly oblivious to the inordinate amount of stares we were receiving.

“I forgot, I have this stupid gallery thing to go in Seattle on Saturday.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“For my mother. It's bullshit.”

“Of course,” I replied, wondering why he didn't just say no to the cow.

“Can you go Sunday?”

I wanted to blow him off, I wasn't sure what made me even consider going in the first place. It was probably the idea of Edward in a state of undress, taking clothes on and off. However, if this Sunday was going to be a repeat of last Sunday, I didn't relish the thought of seeing McCarty and Rosalie suck face all afternoon.

“Fine. But, I drive.”

He just nodded. He didn't even have the nerve to look pleasantly surprised. In fact, his eyes looked kind of dull.

“Hey, Cullen, you feeling all right?”

“Yeah,” he said with a heavy sigh. “I'm just tired. Not looking forward to being my mother's bitch tomorrow.”

I grabbed a fistful of the front of his shirt, then leaned in until my lips were at his ear.

“That's right. Because you're my bitch.”

“Jasper,” he whispered reverently.

“Sunday,” I said clearing my throat and releasing him.
He swallowed and nodded at me before I turned and headed out toward my truck.

I still wasn't sure why I agreed to accompany Edward on this ridiculous journey until I looked up the store he mentioned on the internet. It was in the very close vicinity of the Triple-X, and I was absolutely certain that Edward knew it.

Since I didn't have to work on Sunday, I showed up at the Cullen's house mid-morning. I was slightly more enthusiastic about the excursion when I knew by the end of the day I'd own a new tool with which to spank Edward senseless.

Edward wasn't particularly chatty as we drove, but with the radio on, the drive went quickly.

Soon, we were standing in front of J. Edna's Apparel and Accoutrement. The bell jingled as we walked in. For a second, I thought the store was deserted, when I was suddenly staring right in the face of a very masculine looking Cher, circa 1985. Turning back time wouldn't have been enough to get her out of my memory for the rest of my life.

'She' looked us both up and down approvingly.

"Well, aren't you boys just adorable." She didn't even bother masking her voice.

"Aren't you just a cliché," I quipped back.

Cher just shook her head and gave us a coy smile. "Can I help you with anything?"

I didn't like the way she was leering at Edward, so I cleared my throat loudly.

"He's looking for a prom dress, and I'm looking not to sue you for sexual harassment."

She ignored me and grabbed Edward by the elbow, steering him toward a rack of fur and sequins.

"He's still in the closet, isn't he? Honey, how on earth did you convince him to take you to prom?"

I rolled my eyes and followed them.

"I haven't been 'in the closet' since I sucked my first cock, and he's not my fucking prom date. He's doing this for a bet."

We had reached the rack of clothes. Cher stopped and grabbed my arm, pulling me over to stand next to Edward.

"So you boys aren't-?"

"Fucking?" I finished.

Edward grinned at her, "Oh, we're definitely fucking. But he's right, I am doing this for a bet."

She looked back and forth at us, then leaned in to whisper something in Edward's ear. Whatever it was, it caused his face to blush a deep scarlet. It made me think of seeing that blush elsewhere on his body, so I barely took notice when Cher left us alone after shoving a piece of pink cloth lined with bright pink fake fur.

"Going to try that on?" I smirked.

"With my hair, I can't wear pink."
I had never really noticed before, but his hair was kind of reddish.

“What do you think of this one?” he asked as he held up a short black dress.

“You know I don't know a damn thing about dresses,” I frowned at him. “I thought you wanted gaudy.”

“I've never worn a dress before, I thought I'd try on a few to see what's most comfortable.

I shook my head at him as he combed the rack for dresses. Once he had about five in his hands, he headed for the dressing room at the back of the store. When he saw my hesitance, he shifted the dresses to drape over his right arm then grabbed my hand, pulling me with him.

I couldn't help but notice how warm and soft his hand was, even though it was attached to an obnoxious, drag queen wannabe.

He stepped behind the curtain of the dressing room and gave me a wink. I rolled my eyes and stood with arms folded, leaning against the wall. The store was full of all kinds of costumes and wigs, not just designed for cross-dressing, but it was easily the most bizarre place I'd ever been. And, I had been to Disney Land when I was a kid.

“Jasper,” Edward's voice came through the curtain.

“Too embarrassed to show me?” I snickered.

“No, I need your help with the zipper.”

“Seriously?”

“Just get in here,” he said, and I could almost see his eyes rolling.

“Fine,” I said as I ducked under the curtain.

Standing in front of me was Edward Cullen, in a long-sleeved, knee-length, animal print dress. A rush of laughter came out of my mouth as Edward just shook his head. He spun around, and I immediately saw why he needed my help. I managed to get control of my laughing enough to pull the zipper that started at the top of his ass and went all the way up his back.

He turned back around to face me.

“Now,” he said with a grin, ignoring my laughter. “What do you really think?”

I looked Edward up and down. I obviously wasn't into men dressed up as women, but he honestly didn't look completely terrible.

“Turn around,” I ordered.

Edward turned around slowly in a circle.

“You're going to have to shave your legs.”

Edward snorted.

“Your ass looks good,” I said honestly. Actually his ass looked really fucking good, the spandex in the dress was tugged tightly across it.
“My ass always looks good,” Edward said in a low voice.

I looked up to meet his eyes. The way he was looking at me could only be described as teasing.

I ignored him and instead said, “There is a problem with this dress though.”

“What’s that?”

I looked down pointedly at the bulge that was fairly prominent given the tightness of the dress and the way Edward was standing.

“You're going to have to do something about that.”

“There's something you could about it,” he smirked.

My own cock jumped to life, but before I could do anything about it, Edward had spun around.

“Mind unzipping me?” his voice was now causal. “I think maybe something to show off my shoulders.”

He was asking to be punished.

I sat down in the chair in the corner of the dressing room and watched as Edward wiggled out of one dress and into another. He continued to taunt me as I helped him get in and out of dresses. He would push his ass back against my hand when I went to zip him up. He would preen and spin around, asking me for my opinion. Really none of the dresses he tried on looked that bad on him. I'm fairly certain he could have worn a garbage bag and I'd still want to bend him over, spank him and fuck him 'til he begged.

He was wearing a long strapless dress covered in black sequins when I heard footsteps approach.

“You boys not getting into any trouble in there, are you?”

Edward surprised me by yanking the curtain to the side.

“Maybe you could help me. What do you think?”

Cher stood with her arms crossed and her weight balanced on her back foot, looking Edward up and down with an appraising eye. She made a twirling motion with her finger and Edward complied.

“You need tits to fill that top, honey,” was her only response.

“I'm not going that far,” Edward laughed.

“You need tits to fill that top, honey,” was her only response.

“I'm not going that far,” Edward laughed.

“Come with me,” she said without any humor. Then she pointed to me from my perch on the stool. “You too, sugar. You look like you're this close to whipping it out, and I can't have you jerking off on my merchandise.”

“What!?” I began to sputter, but she had already turned and was heading back out onto the floor. Edward followed, still wearing the black dress, but looked over his shoulder at me with a shrug.

Fucking drag queens.

I followed anyway, not really wanting to have Edward and Cher talking about me behind my back. Cher took one more probing look at Edward and then her eyes began to comb through the mass of lame and glitter before reaching into the rack and pulling out a dress. It was a dark green color,
almost teal, and covered in thousands of shiny sequins. It was long, but I couldn't tell much else.

“Go put this on. I'll go get you some heels,” Cher said before spinning around and heading toward the front of the store.

Edward looked like he was about to protest the heels, but before he could say anything, Cher stopped and turned back around and spoke, “I have a vest in the same material. Blondie could wear it so you match.”

“I'm not going with him!” I practically shouted. “I'm not going at all!”

Cher just shrugged and went back on her way. Edward didn't say anything as he headed back to the dressing room. I didn't have much of a choice but to follow him.

I unzipped the black dress and as it dropped to the floor, I tried not stare at Edward standing in nothing but a pair of red briefs. All too soon, green sequins were adding another layer between me and the prize.

“You could come with me, you know.” His voice interrupted my ogling. I looked up to see him staring down at me.

“What are you saying, Edward?”

“Come to prom with me.”

I think my mouth gaped open, and it took me a solid minute before I was able to speak.

“Give me one good reason,” I said steadily.

“You always say you don't care what anyone at school thinks about you. Why not go out with a statement.”

“Well, maybe I want to make a statement. Maybe they're not worth it.”

“I'll let you do anything you want to me,” Edward said quickly changing tactics.

“I already do anything I want to you.”

Edward was about to retort when his eyes turned to the mirror. He turned his body from side to side, not speaking a word, as if checking himself out needed his complete focus.

“This is perfect.”

Honestly, it was the best dress he tried on. It hung off one shoulder, so his complete lack of tits didn't get in the way. It was long, but there was a slit in it that went all the way up his leg, making it look ridiculously slutty. As he spun around, I couldn't help but notice that it was tight enough across his ass to show off his two, perfect, round cheeks.

“What do you think?” he finally asked, after he finished preening.

“It looks scratchy,” I said, but Edward could see that my eyes were trained on his ass, so he just gave me a satisfied smirk.

At that moment, the curtain was whisked open by Cher, who looked at Edward approvingly.

“You're going to have to wear a g-string, honey. I can see the line of your tighties from here.”
Edward blushed again, but Cher ignored his reaction, shoving a pair of black shoes at him.

“I don't think I can walk in high heels,” Edward declared reluctantly.

“They'll make that tight ass of yours even higher,” Cher demanded. “Just practice with them first.”

I tried not to groan when Cher mentioned Edward's ass. As it turned out, she was right. Edward put on the shoes and stood wobbling in front of the mirror. He turned with his back to me and shook his hips back and forth.

“So, is she right?” he asked calmly.

I swallowed hard, willing my cock to calm down.

“I guess,” I said as casually as possible.

I wasn't fooling anyone.

Cher and Edward both just laughed at me.

I stood.

“So this means we're done here?” I didn't wait for Edward's answer as I brushed past him to get out of the dressing room. “I'll wait in the truck.”

Edward came out of the store over five minutes later with two shopping bags. He set them behind the seat carefully, then climb in. He leaned his head back on the headrest and sighed.

I had been planning on giving him a hard time for taking so long, but he looked exhausted.

“I was going to stop at the Triple-X, but if you're tired, I can just take you home.”

He sat up straighter and said hurriedly. “No, no, I'm fine. Just didn't sleep much. Let's go.”

I didn't fully buy Edward's explanation, but he seemed eager. Like a switch had been flipped on.

The same guy was sitting behind the counter as last time when he asked to see our Ids. I wondered if he ever left the damn store. I headed right for the back room, and Edward was right at my heels. The shock had obviously warn off for me, and our minds were pretty much trained on the same thing.

I stopped in front of the display of whips and floggers. As much as I liked, and Edward seemed to like, the flogger I had first bought, there were other options available. My eyes first fell on one made not of leather strips but of a set of chains. That was just too much, even for me.

Then, I found it.

It was a leather flogger, but the strands were braided together, making them heavier and stiffer. I pulled it off the wall and nudged Edward's shoulder. His eyes widened when he saw it, and I knew that I wouldn't be able to wait another day before I used it.

Usually, I liked to browse longer, but after about a minute longer of looking around, Edward said somewhat breathlessly, “I'm ready to go whenever you are.”

We again didn't talk much in the car, but the silence was more comfortable. It was anticipatory. I was thinking about the way Edward had been teasing me in the store. I glanced over at him a few times, but his head was turned, looking out the window. I couldn't help but notice, though, that his fingers
were drumming impatiently on his thigh.

Finally, I pulled into the Cullen's long drive way.

We both jumped out of the truck, grabbing our purchases. Edward fumbled with the key for a minute, before I took his bags from him.

“I'll take the bags,” I said just as he got the door open. “Bedroom. Hands and knees on the edge of the bed.”

Edward shot up the stairs.

I follow up more slowly. I had already gotten my fill of watching Edward undress today. I wanted to give him time to have completed my orders by the time I arrived.

Sure enough, he was waiting on the bed, his perfect ass at just the right level. I set the bags down carefully and took my time taking out the new flogger. As I approached Edward slowly, I knew he could feel me behind him by the way he tensed.

I put the leather braids against his ass.

“You know why you're being punished, Edward?”

He nodded.

“You're a tease, Edward,” I said. “You're an exhibitionist.”

He nodded again.

I paused for a few seconds before bringing the flogger back quickly and slapping down across Edward's ass.

I didn't do it very hard, but the “smacking” noise was incredibly satisfying. My dick, certainly had taken notice.

“I saw the way you were undressing, Edward. You were putting on a show. Are you going to deny it?”

He shook his head, and I let the flogger connect with his right cheek.

“Yes,” he hissed.

The ends of the tails didn't curl out. They were far too thick. Instead they slapped out, splaying across Edward's pink flesh.

“The way you rubbed your hands across your chest. It was unnecessary, wasn't it?”

Edward nodded vigorously.

This time his left cheek was rewarded.

I paused again, looking at the expanse of Edward's toned back. I remembered a video I saw and decided to see if I could push Edward a little.

“I'm going to try something new, Edward. Is that okay?”
“Anything, Jasper,” he moaned.

I moved the flogger higher up his body, positioning it right at his shoulder blade.

“A little extra punishment today, I think. For looking so damn slutty.”

Edward groaned.

I slapped the flogger against his right shoulder fairly lightly.

Edward hissed but didn't cry out.

I gave his left the same treatment.

I thought he hissed again, until I realized he was actually letting out a slow “yes.”

“You like that, Edward?”

I brought one more hard thwack right across his ass. Edward jumped in surprise. Now that I had more targets, I could keep him on his toes. I tried it out, placing a heavy stroke against his left shoulder, then a quick one against his left ass cheek.

Edward was close to howling.

I paused for a second, giving him time to anticipate where I would go next, before letting another slap fly against the same spot on his left side. The sweet smacking sound was drowned out by his response.

"Wolf.” he panted. “Wolf.”

I dropped my hand immediately, letting the flogger hit the floor.

“I'm going to puke,” Edward announced and tried to push himself to a standing position, stumbling.

I grabbed him by the waist and practically dragged him next door to the bathroom. Where he proceeded to do exactly as he warned, making it to the porcelain just in time.

I averted my eyes, but figured he probably wanted privacy, so I backed up toward the door.

He noticed my movement and called out a hoarse, “Jasper.”

“I'm not leaving,” I said immediately. “Let me get you a glass of water.”

“Something fizzy,” he groaned, before another round of retching began.

I rolled my eyes a little at his demand, but trudged down the stairs to the Cullen's kitchen. I took my time getting both a glass of water, and pulling a bottle of Sprite from the fridge. It seemed like such a Cullen-like thing to have on hand. I bet it, too, was something else Edward indulged in just to irritate the doctor and his wife.

Edward was on the floor of the bathroom, leaning against the wall across from the toilet when I returned.

“All right?”

“Yeah, I think I'm done now. Must have been something I ate last night.”
“You seemed a little off even on Friday,” I mused.

Edward turned to look at me sharply, but didn't say anything. I realized that it might weird him out that I noticed something like that, so I handed him the water.

“To rinse out your mouth.”

He nodded.

Once he was done, I helped him stand up.

“I want to brush my teeth,” he said.

“Fine,” I agreed. “Stay here, I'll be right back.”

I went back into the bedroom to retrieve the gel. So long as Edward could stand, I could at least soothe the beating his ass and back had taken.

“Can you stay up for a few minutes?” I asked him, as he spit toothpaste into the basin.

He nodded, and so I began the treatment, being as gentle as I possibly could. He whimpered a few times in approval.

“You probably should have used it sooner,” I mused, referring to the safe word.

He turned his head around and glared for a second before he realized that I was just analyzing the situation and not trying to put him down.

“Yeah,” he finally agreed. “I was starting to feel worse in the car on the way home.”

“I'm not trying to break you, you know.”

“I know.”

Once I was finished, I helped Edward back into his room. He was clutching the bottle of Sprite like it was a life raft, taking small sips of it while I pulled back his covers. He climbed into the bed and looked at me gratefully.

“Thank you, Jasper. I mean that.”

“It's no problem, Edward. Really.”

I stood awkwardly at the side of his bed for a minute before Edward surprised me once again.

“You didn't get off,” he said with an almost horrified expression.

It struck me that given all of Edward's tendencies, he considered it a failure that I didn't get off.

“I just watched you puke, forgive me if it made my cock soft.”

”And here I was hoping you had a vomit fetish,” Edward said dryly.

“Smart ass,” I muttered.

“Can't you humor me? I'm sick,” Edward was damn near close to pouting. “I'd do the same for you.”

“You'd do what exactly.”
“Let you watch me,” he said softly.

I looked down at him, before answering slowly.

“You want to watch me jerk off.”

He nodded.

He just looked so pathetic and feeble, lying in bed with his hair matted to his forehead. I knew I shouldn't give in to his demands, but at the same time, I kind of understood his weird need to see me satisfied.

So, I unzipped my jeans and pulled out my cock.

I gave it a few pulls, as I walked toward the head of the bed. Once I reached the table I grabbed the lube and squirted out a few drops, slicking my dick with it. I took a step to the side and looked out Edward’s window into the dense woods.

“Dendrophilia?” he asked.

“This is the only direction I can look without being assaulted by silicone and airbrushing.”

“Why don't you just think about what you would be doing to me right now if I weren't sick?”

That made my hand pick up speed.

“Think about how I'd still be on my hands and knees. Covered in red splotches from the flogger. We're going to use that one again, by the way. I'd be waiting for you to pour the lube down my ass crack.”

His voice was throaty and needy. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye, wondering if I'd see any movement under his sheets.

“Then you'd grab my ass and spread it apart, rubbing your finger against my asshole. You'd push your finger in, stretching me, getting me ready for your big, hard dick.”

I was pumping frantically at this point. I didn't really want Edward to see what his words were doing to me, but by the strain in his voice, I knew he was beyond aroused thinking about it, too.

“I want to see it, Jasper,” he croaked out. “I want to watch the cum spray out of your dick.”

I turned and took a step toward him, not losing a beat of my stroking.

“I want your cum in my mouth.”

That made my hand pause for a moment.

“I'll keep it down, I swear. I just want to taste you.”

I stepped in closer as Edward scooted to a seated position, his mouth was open. Waiting for me to shoot my load into his mouth.

“Please,” he whispered.

For some reason, it was hearing that damn “please” that set me off. My traitorous hand grew even more furious, and ten seconds later, my balls were tightening and I was pulsing, aiming my cum right
into Edward's eager mouth.

I felt heavy with exertion as I came down. I grabbed a tissue and wiped the spunk that didn't make it into Edward's mouth from my hand. I tucked myself back into my jeans before looking back down at Edward.

He had a weird smile on his face.

“Well,” I began. “That was-”

“Hot,” Edward finished for me.

I searched his face for insincerity.

“I don't think I've ever mentioned this before, but you have a very nice cock.”

“Nice?” I questioned.

“I-don't have another word for it,” Edward wavered a little, which I attributed to the fact that he was probably running a fever. “I like it, okay,” he finished softly.

Our eyes met and neither of us spoke. Edward's shy expression soon turned bolder, and he reached a clammy hand out to grab my wrist, pulling me closer to him.

“Okay, don't go with me, just show up,” he said like an offering.

“Are you still on about prom?”

“I'll save you a dance,” he pleaded releasing my wrist from his grip.

“You're pushing it, Edward.” I turned to leave.

“At least go to make fun of McCarty for getting a hard on while checking out my legs,” he called out.

“The slit in that dress is obscene,” I turned back and retorted.

“I know,” he said suggestively.

His eyes were still wide and practically begging, and I'm not sure if it was pity or if I was catching whatever bug Edward had.

“Okay, fine. I'll make an appearance.”

END SCENE
Chapter 15

(Jasper POV)

What the fuck was wrong with me?

Never in my life did I think I would find myself standing in Edward Cullen's bedroom waiting to help him slip into a green sequin dress before prom. He answered the door in a towel before leading me up to his bedroom. When he asked me if I could check to make sure he got all the hair off his legs while shaving, I almost left.

That's when I caught a glimpse at the tiny piece of shiny red fabric sitting on the bed.

“A thong, Edward?”

“It's a gaff, if you must know,” Edward said haughtily.

“A gaff?”

“It's to keep my dick back.”

“You're going to be wearing that under your dress?” I was trying not to laugh, but Edward seemed to be taking the dress-wearing seriously.

“Weren't you listening to Cher?”

“I never listen to Cher or Barbra or Bette. Those are big fucking stereotypes,” I retorted.

“You know what I meant, and what's wrong with Barbra? Surely there are straight men who like Barbra Streisand.”

“Let it never be said that you are 100% heterosexual.”

“Now who's using stereotypes,” Edward bit back. “Okay fine, I mostly just like the arrangements when she worked with David Blumberg.”

“That's really not helping your case,” I snorted. “You missed a big patch behind your knee, and don't fucking ask, I'm not doing it for you.”

Edward rolled his eyes at me, but left to go back to the bathroom to take care of the patch of hair. When he came back into the room, he was stark naked.

The fucking tease.

“So what does your date think about this?” I asked casually, pretending not to notice that his not entirely flaccid cock was at eye level with me.

“I'm Edward fucking Cullen, I don't need a date for prom.”

Somehow when he said it, it didn't sound nearly as conceited as it should have.

“Even after you change into the tux?” I asked gesturing to the garment bag hanging over his door.
He nodded dismissively, as if it was a stupid question.

“So you're just going to strut into prom in that dress?”

“It's not like everyone doesn't know about the bet anyway, but of course I have an entrance planned.”

“Please tell me you hired midgets. Or a bear on a unicycle,” I implored.

“Damn. I should have asked you for ideas,” Edward mused, as he slipped into the dress.

I picked myself up from the bed and walked around him.

“Wait, what about the gaff?” I asked, noticing that it was still sitting on the bed.

“I don't want to put it on when I could be easily,” he swallowed, “aroused.”

“Slut,” I said, slapping Edward's ass as I finished zipping up his dress.

He cleared his throat, but I still noticed the flush on his cheeks when I used the word. “I have something, I thought maybe you'd want to try,” he said slowly.

“Always presumptuous, aren't you?”

“I think you'll like it,” he said confidently. Then he strutted to his closet, moving his hips back and forth the way a woman would. On the one hand, he looked absolutely absurd. There was very little that was feminine about Edward Cullen. On the other hand, he really did look extraordinarily slutty. Every time he put his right foot forward, his long, toned leg would peek through the slit. I wondered how all the homophobic jocks at Forks High would react.

I couldn't dwell on it any further, because Edward had returned and was shoving a brown paper bag into my hands. I opened it and peeked in. I tried to keep my jaw from dropping open. Instead, I calmly reached my hand in and pulled out a string of black beads, each successively larger up to the ring. I swallowed hard.

“You want me to put these in your ass?”

He nodded.

“The last time you bought a toy, it didn't turn out so well,” I said sternly.

Edward had the decency to blush.

“These can't hurt.”

“You want to play with them now, don't you, Edward?”

He swallowed hard, but didn't answer.

I shoved the beads into my pocket and shook my head at his expression of obvious disappointment.

“Patience,” I said firmly, before lightening my tone. “Don't you still have to do your hair and makeup anyway?”

Edward flipped me off.
“The bet was to wear a dress, not to dress up like a girl.”

“Cher will be so disappointed in you.”

Edward blushed at my mention of Cher this time.

“You're embarrassed that she'd be disappointed?”

“When she was ringing me up last weekend, she told me that I had the potential to make a great queen,” he answered as his blush deepened.

“Is there anything you're not good at,” I asked, throwing my hands up in the air. “So, we're done here?”

“Yeah,” he said shortly, obviously annoyed at something I had said.

“Whatver,” I responded, and headed for Edward’s bedroom door.

“Jasper,” he called after me.

I slowed down but didn't stop. He could follow me if he wanted to talk to me.

“Thank you,” he offered, making me stop in my tracks at the top of the stairs. “I needed your taunting in order to find the balls to do this.”

“You would have done it anyway, and I thought you were trying to hide your balls, not find them.”

“Fuck off,” he said lightly.

“Gladly,” I retorted suggestively.

“I'll see you at the Country Club.”

“Those are seven words I bet you never thought you'd say to me,” I muttered as I headed downstairs and out of the Cullen's house.

Apparently Forks didn't have a glamorous enough location to hold a stupid fucking high school prom, so it was being held at the Country Club in Port Angeles. The school was providing transportation to those who wanted it, in the form of two stretch limousines paid for by my dumbass employers. Their son was a senior, and notorious for drinking too much and making an ass of himself at parties, so they were probably just trying to be responsible. Of course, they were actually just enabling the students of Forks High to sneak in water bottles full of vodka.

When I found out that I'd have to drive all the way to Port Angeles to make my “appearance” at prom, I seriously considered blowing it off until I realized that even though I wasn't sure why I agreed to do it, it was like a verbal contract to Edward. He trusted me enough to let me flog his ass. Hell, he even bought me anal beads to use on him. I couldn't lose his trust on something like a broken agreement.

Anyway, there was a gay bar in Port Angeles I used to go to. They'd at least let me sip some whiskey while I fended off advances from middle-aged men looking to recapture their youth. I knew I was a good-looking guy, but it was kind of nice to be hot enough for me to reject them and them not feel resentful about it, like they never expected me to say yes, anyway.

That was power.
It wasn't quite like wielding a paddle against Edward's ass, but it felt damn good.

I went back home before heading to Port Angeles. Rosalie was probably running around like a banshee trying to make sure her hair was perfect. Peter needed to be shielded from such idiotic girlish displays, so I took him into my room to play some Xbox. We stayed in my room until we heard the deep voice of McCarty come and go.

I said good-bye to Peter, promising to let him finish our game tomorrow before getting in my truck and making the boring drive to Port Angeles.

I parked as far away as I could from the limousines and walked into the Country Club. I had never been there before, but it looked exactly like I expected. Pastel walls, golf shit everywhere. At the end of the hall in front of a set of double doors, there were two PTA mothers sitting at a table taking tickets.

“Where's your ticket?”

I just snorted and kept walking.

“Young man!” one of them called.

“I'm clearly not staying,” I said, gesturing to my clothes. I didn't wait for their response as I walked into the “ballroom.” I had no idea what the “theme” was supposed to be, but whatever it was involved tacky balloons and an obscene amount of white Christmas lights.

I was barely in the door when I felt an acrylic-nailed hand on my arm.

“Jasper Hale! What are you doing here?” Alice Brandon's shrill voice assaulted my ears.

“I just want to see Cullen make an ass of himself,” I snorted. “I'm going down to Electric Avenue for a drink after this.”

She looked at me curiously for a second before responding, “Oh, did I tell you? My mom found my fake ID. She cut it into pieces right in front of me.”

“You probably don't need it, at least not at bars. I've never even had to use mine.”

“Really?”

“It helps if you've sucked off the bartender.”

Alice just shook her head at me.

“Well, it's good to see you here, Jasper,” she said, before flitting away like a fucking hummingbird.

I surveyed the room, looking for a place I could plant myself and be out of the way. There were a few tables with chairs along one side of the room. Girl's heels had already been discarded and left by the chairs. I never understood why girls would wear uncomfortable shoes, only to take them off at first opportunity. The DJ was set up in the back of the room, and the barefoot sluts were already obnoxiously grinding on each other on the dance floor. There were a few guys attempting to dance, but they were mostly just egging on the girls. It was pathetic in every sense of the word.

I headed for the less well-lit side of the room opposite the tables and leaned against the wall.

“What are you doing here?” It wasn't the voice I was expecting.
“I wanted to confirm for myself that this was lame. Why aren't you with the meathead?”

“Emmett's not a meathead!” Rosalie insisted. “You missed our entrance, but if you want to ogle my boyfriend, you can wait for his second entrance.”

“Not that you care, but that dumb ox isn't my type,” I retorted immediately. “I don't do bears.”

Wait, did she say second entrance?

It was at that moment that the craptacular music came to a halt. A bright light shined on the double doors, and the first few chords of Stayin' Alive came through the sound system.

The doors swung open, and there he was. Edward Cullen, in sparkling green sequins, stood poised on the arm of McCarty, who was wearing a matching green vest under his jacket.

The whole room erupted in laughter, and Edward just grinned coyly, eating it up. They strutted through the doorway. Edward had is hand laced through Emmett's elbow while they slowly paraded to the dance floor. Then Emmett made a big show of grabbing Edward's hand and lifting their joined arms so Edward twirl underneath it. Edward was walking surprisingly well in the heels as he strutted around, swinging his hips back and forth.

Of course, the dress made his ass look incredible, and I obviously wasn't the only one who thought so. Rosalie left me without saying a word to go rescue Emmett. The slut brigade was starting to close in on them, and Rosalie was heading in claws out. I seriously doubted that any of them were looking at Emmett. Despite the fact that Edward was in a dress, they were drooling all over him. Something about Edward Cullen seemed to make other people's perversions surface.

He wasn't playing them like usual, though. He was craning his neck in order to sweep his eyes around the room. It was dark where I was standing, but eventually he spotted me. His face lit up in that damn crooked grin. There were girls trying to pull him further onto the floor, but he shook his head, brushing them off like flies. That didn't seem to deter them, but Edward trained his eyes on mine and started toward me.

At first, everyone's eyes were still on Edward, but eventually they realized his destination. He walked right up to me, and I could hear the murmur start immediately.

“Dance with me?” he asked coyly.

“Sorry, I only dance with men,” I smirked.

He reached out his black gloved hand. I eyed it for a moment and said quietly, “I could pull this glove off, lift your skirt up and spank you with it.”

“Jasper,” he hissed.

The whole room was staring at us and the chatter was starting to die down. I could see people inching forward, not-so-subtly trying to eavesdrop on our conversation.

Edward wanted to make a scene. Well, I could make a scene. I was Jasper Hale. I got into fights. I talked back to teachers. I offered to fuck Edward Cullen in the lunch room. So, I did the only thing I could think of that would shock everyone, including Edward.

I laughed.

He looked absolutely ridiculous. He wasn't wearing a wig or make up. He didn't look a damn thing
like a woman. He didn't have tits or hips. Other than the heels, he wasn't even trying to walk like a woman. He was just a guy in a dress.

“You make a terrible drag queen.”

Edward looked at me curiously for a second, then realizing the absurdity of the situation gave me a wry smile. I grabbed his hand and pulled him close to me, putting my hand on the small of his back, and dipped him roughly.

The room went quiet.

“You wish, Cullen,” I said as I loosened my grip on him. I held him with my left hand and let my right slide down his back, feeling his firm back muscles under the tight dress. When I reached his ass, I stopped. Edward's eyes hadn't left mine and I stared right back, trying to read his expression of amusement and arousal with a touch of fear. He inhaled softly, and for some reason that tiny intake of breath made my blood boil. I lifted my hand and slapped it down on his ass, leaving it there to give his cheek a squeeze.

I heard a gasp from somewhere in the room.

“Fresh,” Edward said incredulously.

The look on his face was priceless. I couldn't help it, I burst out laughing again. This time, Edward's smirk wavered and he was laughing with me.

You could almost feel the tension in the room dissolve, and people started talking among themselves, probably about Edward and me.

Suddenly, I felt a presence approaching, and fucking McCarty clapped his hand down on my shoulder, making me remove my hand from where it slid up on Edward's hip during the fit of laughter.

“I didn't know you could pull the rod out of your ass,” Emmett's voice boomed in my ear.

“Edward's the one in the dress,” I bit back as I removed his hand from my shoulder. “Maybe you should be asking him about what goes up his ass.”

Edward's eyes widened as he blushed, but Emmett the unobservant oaf was oblivious.

“Now, if you'll excuse me, I have more important things to do,” I said icily.

I mouthed the word “bathroom” to Edward.

He maneuvered his was around McCarty's bulk and hissed back, “Downstairs. Ten minutes.”

I left the room immediately, ignoring the stares of my slack-jawed classmates.

I pushed through the double doors of the ballroom and gave a pointed glare to the two PTA moms. I found the door marked stairs and went down them. The bathrooms were near the bottom of the stairs, marked with a sign that read, “The Nineteenth Hole.”

Could this place get any more lame?

I had time to spare, so I took a piss and washed my hands.

A few minutes of pacing later and the door of the bathroom swung open. Edward stepped across the
threshold barefoot. He was still in his gown, but he had a garment bag slung over his shoulder.

“Take that ridiculous thing off,” I said firmly.

“Will you help with the zipper?” He asked, turning around.

I took a step toward him and gave his right cheek a quick slap.

“Fuck,” he whimpered as if in pain.

I unzipped the dress and let it fall to the floor.

“What's wrong, Edward?” I patronized. I knew exactly what was wrong.

I brought my hand against his ass again.

“Tell me.”

“Let me take the gaff off, please,” he was practically whining.

“Why?”

“I'm hard. It hurts. Please.”

The way he said “please” was always my undoing.

“Take it off,” I said.

I'd never seen him move so fast. In a second, his hard dick was springing free.

“Now, bend over the sink.”

He complied immediately, gripping the sides of the basin and bending at the waist. He pushed his ass out like he was damn near presenting it to me. I took a step forward and rubbed my hand over his smooth skin. Without saying a word, I reached into my pocket and pulled out lube and the string of silicone beads. I popped the cap and coated the first two beads liberally.

“Are you sure you want to do this, Edward? Your friends are all upstairs, waiting for you.”

“I want this, Jasper,” he said softly.

Instead of responding verbally, I traced my wet finger around his hole before pushing the first bead in slowly. He didn't react much, other than shuffling his feet slightly, so I pushed the second one in as well.

“Oh,” he huffed.

I needed more of a reaction, so I applied more lube to the silicone string before pushing the third bead in slowly with my finger. It was damn near mesmerizing the way his muscles opened as I pushed in the bead and then closed around the string.

This time, Edward's “oh,” was guttural.

I took that as a signal to continue, and pushed the fourth bead in while using my left hand to give his left cheek a rough smack.

“Oh my- fuck-” he sputtered.
He was starting to come undone. It was brilliant.

I gave his cheek another slap as I pushed the next bead in. Then, I grabbed hold of the ring and moved it back and forth, making the string of beads inside him vibrate. This time, I could practically feel Edward's heart start to race.

Instead of inserting the last bead, I decided to tease him a little and tugged on the ring, making Edward moan like a whore as his ass clenched around each successive bead as I pulled them out.

“You like that, Edward?”

“Fuck yes,” he was starting to lose his breath.

“You have no idea how hot you look with this string of beads coming out of your ass.”

His response was incoherent, but sounded like a sob. His arms were shaking.

He was exactly where I wanted him.

“You want to come, don't you, Edward?”

He nodded his head vigorously.

I began to insert the beads back in, slowly but steadily, while I reached around and grabbed his cock. As soon as my hand touched him, he hissed in pleasure.

“Don't stop,” he breathed.

I stroked him quickly as I finished pressing the beads into him. I could tell by his reaction that he was really fucking close. I wiggled the beads back and forth again as I picked up the pace on his dick. It was a matter of seconds before I felt him tense, trying to hold back.


I pulled the beads straight out right as Edward came.

“Fuck!” he shouted, so loudly that I wondered if the shitty hip hop that was pounding upstairs had been loud enough to drown it out.

Edward always seemed to orgasm with his entire body, but this lasted longer than any time before. His cum shot out of his dick in thick, white ropes and afterward he just kept pulsing. Eventually, he collapsed forward onto the sink, panting like he had just run a marathon.

“Jasper,” he gasped finally. “Shit, Jasper...”

“Cat got your tongue, Edward?” I taunted.

“Have you ever?” he ignored my condescending tone and managed to get his question partially out.

“No,” I said sternly.

“Every one of those beads brushed against my- fuck,” he still struggled to catch his breath.

I leaned forward and pressed my hard-on against his ass while speaking into his ear in a low voice, “I’d rather be the beads than the ass.”
“Do it,” Edward hissed.

“You want more, you ass slut?” I teased.

“Fill me.”

Fucking hell. He was trying to kill me.

That's when I remembered the problem.

“I don't have a condom with me,” I muttered. The box on Edward's table from where I snagged the lube had been empty. “I have some in my truck.”

“Fuck it. Fuck me,” Edward's voice was stronger this time. “We've done it before, I haven't been with anyone else since then.”

“Neither have I.”

I hesitated only for a few seconds. My dick was telling me to give in, and if I knew anything, it was best to give in when the opportunity was there. Plus, I was so hard it was starting to hurt. As I unbuckled my belt, Edward made a noise that sounded victorious. I wondered if we could add “cross-dressing” to his list of kinks, the horny bastard.

I shoved my jeans and briefs down just far enough, then coated my cock. I slapped my hands down on Edward's ass and spread his cheeks without a word. Then I pressed the head of my cock against his hole.

“You want this, Edward? My cock's a lot bigger than those beads.”

“Yes,” his reaction was damn near instantaneous.

I didn't need any more encouragement. I pushed the head of my dick into his hole, already stretched by the anal beads.

His groan as I entered pulled a growl out of me in response. I had forgotten how fucking amazing it felt to feel nothing but Edward's hot walls surrounding my bare cock.

I went in slow, waiting for Edward to relax. Given the strength of his orgasm, he was so relaxed he probably wouldn't have noticed if I just slammed right in, but I still didn't want to hurt him.

Once I was fully buried inside him I stopped, waiting for Edward to push his ass back against me.

I didn't want to take it slow. I was too far gone, so I definitely didn't take my time. I pulled out smoothly, but plunged back in with force. I fucked Edward hard, in and out, my balls slapping against his.

“Goddammit, Edward,” I grunted, digging my fingers into his hips.

I looked down at his ass, taking every inch of my cock, and it was almost too much.

“So. Fucking. Hot.” I said through gritted teeth.

That's when he did it. I don't know if he did it on purpose, but he clenched around me and I couldn't hold back any longer.

I shot my load deep into Edward's ass. I was fairly certain my heart stopped momentarily.
I exhaled heavily as I came down, my dick still sensitive as hell inside him. I slid my fingertips down Edward's back to relax him as I pulled out. My hair was damp with sweat, so I grabbed a wad of paper towels from the basket and dampened them with cool water from the second sink, both to wipe off my dick and to cool off my face.

Once I was cleaned up, I looked over at Edward.

He was still leaning over the sink, looking like he was about ready to pass out. He was completely naked, the only thing adorning his body was the stream of my cum, dripping out his ass and down the inside of his thigh.

It was too much.

I got down on my knees behind him and gripped his thighs. Edward tensed for a second in surprise, but quickly relaxed when I whispered his name.

I darted my tongue out and licked the inside of his leg, lapping at my cum. I followed the wet trail all the way up his thigh until I reached his well-used hole.

“Jasper. Jasper. Jasper,” he chanted. I was almost positive it was involuntary, which made me grin, right before I swiped my tongue across the opening.

I ran it around the rim, tasting my bitter spunk on his salty skin.

As I sat back on my heels, I heard Edward sigh.

I stood quickly.

“Get dressed, Edward. You might get back in time to be name fucking Prom King.”

“You don't have to leave. Prom's a rite of passage.”

“Hey, I showed up didn’t I?”

“Yeah,” he chuckled. “And everyone in that room thought you were going to deck me.”

“Do they seriously not know I'm gay?” I asked quickly.

Edward pulled his tux out of the garment bag before answering.

“No, they seriously don't think you can be civil to me.”

“Well, they're partially right,” I said.

“You are kind of a bastard,” Edward agreed with a smile.

I shrugged. It was true. I didn't put up with bullshit. If people thought I was a dick because of it, so be it.

Edward finished donning his tux and was checking himself out in the mirror before he spoke again.

“They have no idea who I am,” he said, his voice hollow.

“Isn't that what you wanted?” I asked, not really knowing why I said it, other than that it felt true.

Edward just smiled in response before clearing his throat, “Well, how do I look?”
“You know you look hot.”

He just grinned smugly at me in response.

I left the bathroom first, agreeing to take Edward’s dress and shoes off his hands. I managed to make it out of the building without anyone noticing me except the two chauffeurs who were standing outside the building smoking. I didn’t want another fucking run in with someone like McCarty. I climbed into my truck and made the drive to the edge of town where Electric Avenue was located.

I could hear the music pumping even from the parking lot. If the bitches at Forks High really wanted to dance obscenely, they should hang out here for a pointer or two.

I walked in without being carded, and headed right for the end of the bar. The bartender was different from the one I knew, but he looked me up and down like I was a fucking piece of meat, not hesitating at my request for whiskey.

A few guys hit on me, and I happily turned them down. I preferred to sit alone with my whiskey.

I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket and opened it to read the text message.

It was from Edward.

I could see the eye-roll that accompanied the text.

You were right. Fucking prom king.

END SCENE
In nine days, I was going to be a high school graduate.

Rosalie was pestering my mom about having a graduation party, and I was avoiding both of them like the plague. My mom said she would only have a party if it was for both of us and if I agreed. Of course, I wanted no part of any of it.

I tried to avoid the discussion by pretending to be studying for final exams, but in all honesty, my classes weren't that hard. I had a research paper to finish about censorship laws for Government class and a project for Econ, but otherwise I wasn't really worried.

I'd probably cave in eventually, once Rosalie started bribing me.

Really, my main objection was that Peter didn't like being around a lot of strangers. Not to mention, they would always talk down to him like he was mentally retarded. His test scores might have been on the low end of the 'normal' spectrum, but people were so quick to judge.

Maybe my mom would let me take him out of the house during the party after I said 'hello' to all the relatives I only saw once a year at Christmas. I didn't understand why she even wanted to invite them in the first place.

I was sitting in the library Thursday, finishing up some research for my paper, when Edward flopped down into the chair beside me.

The librarian gave us a weird look. Of course, she had a lazy eye, so I couldn't be entirely sure it wasn't just her normal expression.

Ever since prom, people had been looking at me a lot more and whispering behind my back. I tried to ignore it, but it was really starting to piss me off. Seeing Edward and me goofing had thrust their feeble minds into tailspins.

I didn't know what it was, but either witnessing me laugh or seeing me grab Edward's ass had regretfully made me seem more approachable.

The day before, Jessica Stanley, albeit somewhat nervously, approached me in the hallway and asked, “Is it true that you and Edward have been secretly dating since he transferred here?”

“Is it true that you got breast implants for your 16th birthday?” I retorted back.

Her eyes got really wide and her mouth dropped open before she turned and walked away.

The only person who didn't seem rattled by what happened at prom was Edward. He still called me 'Hale' at school, but he didn't shy away from talking to me or taunting me.

If anyone gave him a hard time, I didn't notice.

It was kind of irritating.

“Good morning,” he said cheerfully.
“You don't usually get to school this early.”

“I had to move my control group before the sun rose,” he said with a shrug.

“What?”

“Oh, just a project I have running in the biology lab.”

Suddenly it made sense why he and Mr. Banner had been so chummy.

He didn't say anything else immediately, so I went back to reading the article sitting on the table. I tried to concentrate on it, but I could feel his eyes on me.

“Did you want something?”

“Well, my mother is coming back into town tomorrow. She'll probably stay through graduation, though I have no idea why.”

“Only child graduating from high school?”

Edward snorted.

“They're still pissed off that I transferred here.”

“Their little boy about to leave home then?” I questioned in a high, mocking voice.

Edward rolled his eyes at me. “It's not like I haven't lived away from home before. I went to fucking boarding school.”

“Maybe they just wants to torture you while they still can. I mean, I assume you're going away to college.”

Edward gave me a curious look before breaking out in his crooked smile.

“Torture,” he nodded. “Yeah, torture sounds about right. To mock my decisions and to try to convince me to go to Dartmouth.”

Dartmouth? Sometimes I forgot how smart Edward really was.

“You mean you haven't decided on a college yet, either?”

“No, I mean, I'm not going to Dartmouth,” he said emphatically, the bitterness in his voice was palpable. “But, I'm doing this research thing in England over the summer, so I told my top schools I wanted to see how it went before I made my decision.” He paused, “Wait, I thought you were going to UW?”

“How did you-?” I started to ask until I realized Edward probably saw it in some bullshit publication on the top 10% of the graduating class. I remember telling Rosalie she could fill it out for me. She was the only one in the family who supported me going away to college. According to my mom and my asshole absentee father, business college in Port Angeles was more than adequate for their son. Rosalie usually walked the line between being on my side and being on mom's, but on this she was completely with me. Especially after she found out that mom had been asking me for money.

Edward must have seen me silently fuming, because he reached out his hand and put it over mine. My whole body tensed at his touch.
“Jesus, you're jumpy,” he muttered. “You need to come over tonight.”

His gesture was supposed to be comforting, but I didn't want to be comforted by Edward. I pulled my hand out from under his and turned the page I had been reading. Truth be told, I was ready then and there to make Edward's ass blush rosy under my hand, but it wasn't Edward's call to make.

“Maybe if I get this research done today,” I said with a casual shrug.

He opened his mouth to respond, but then closed it.

“I'll let you know,” I added.

That seemed to appease him a little. He nodded before muttering something about letting me get back to work. When I looked back up from the article, he was gone.

I actually did get all the information I needed before the bell rang, but I decided to let Edward wait awhile before I let him know.

I could still hear the tittering of gossip behind my back in the hallway, but I didn't dignify it with any reaction. I managed to make it all the way to lunch before someone else mustered the nerve to approach me.

This time it was Lauren Mallory.

“Are you gay?”

She didn't beat around the bush.

“I wouldn't fuck you even if you did have a dick,” I replied as I walked away quickly from her toward the cafeteria.

I could hear her sputtering behind me.

I wanted to sit by myself at lunch, but I knew they'd sic someone else on me, so I went to sit at my usual table. I slammed my tray down loudly before sitting down. It was enough warning that no one attempted conversation with me, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

Almost a week had gone by since prom, were people that starved for something to talk about? I did my best to ignore it, and instead thought about the letter I'd gotten from UW yesterday. I was supposed to schedule a day to visit the campus sometime this summer with my parent or legal guardian, and I knew that wasn't going to go over well with my mom.

By the end of lunch, I was officially stressed out.

I didn't see Edward at his locker when school got out, so I tried Mr. Banner's room. Sure enough, Edward was hunched over a microscope, a pen in his left hand, scribbling something into a notebook.

“I actually do have something I want to try this afternoon,” I called to him.

His head shot up. I had actually startled him.

“Oh,” he said brightly. “I'm just finishing up here.”

I told him I'd wait for him in the parking lot and went to put my books away.
After the cane, I was a little hesitant to try new tools. I knew I could use a flogger, and I was pretty sure I could use a crop, but anything that could really hurt Edward I figured I should practice with first. This time, though, I didn't have much choice. The bastard was going to be gone for the summer doing some research bullshit, and I might not get another chance to use it.

What was I going to do without those perky ass cheeks around to turn pink under my hand?

In a horrific moment, I realized just how much I needed that control and that trust.

There was nothing I could do about it, though. Just like I couldn't make Peter any less dependent or my mom any less stubborn.

I could at least make my new tool memorable for him.

I pulled into the Cullen's driveway behind Edward like usual, but this time I gestured for him to come back to my truck.

“You can say 'no' now if you want,” I called to him as he approached.

“Say no to what?”

“This,” I said.

The tawse was a thick strap of leather with one end cut in half, making two strips. It was used as a corporal punishment device, but it had more give than the cane. It was a lot flatter and wider than the strips of the flogger. They didn't have anything like it at the Triple-X, but I watched a video online of a pretty twink being spanked with one and had to buy it for myself.

Edward's eyes widened when he saw it.

“May I?” he asked almost shyly.

I nodded and handed it over to him. He took it and seemed to weigh it in his hands before passing it back to me.

“Are you okay with it?” I asked.

He swallowed hard, his eyes still trained on the tawse.

“Yes,” he replied reverently.

“Then get inside the house, Edward,” I said firmly.

He responded immediately and hurried toward the front door, unlocking it and entering without even looking to see if I was following.

A surge of power rushed through me.

When I stepped into the foyer, Edward already had a hand on the banister of the staircase. It almost looked as if he had stopped himself mid-step.

“Strip here,” I ordered.

I didn't want to kill his eagerness, but I needed his obedience even more.

He was wearing douchey sandals that he just slipped out of, then he peeled off his too tight vintage t-
shirt and skinny jeans. He was wearing a pair of briefs with cartoon monkeys all over them, holding on tight to his junk. It was probably the most un-Eduard-like thing I had ever seen on his body, and I had seen him in a green sequined dress.

I couldn't help but snort when I saw them.

Edward smiled in response, but he didn't say anything or bring his head all the way up. After he slid them down his still-mostly-hairless legs and added them to the pile of clothes, he stood with his eyes down at the ground, waiting for further instruction.

I thought about being in this house with his mother and father for a week and a half, and I realized that Edward's invitation to come over today wasn't him trying to call the shots, it was sheer desperation. He needed me to take him completely out of his head.

Another feeling of power came over me.

“Upstairs,” I said firmly.

Edward took the steps slowly. I knew he was doing it to put himself on display, but that didn't matter. I watched his naked ass flex with every step. It didn't matter how many times I saw it, it was always asking to be spanked.

He stopped as soon as he reached the top of the stairs and waited, but he didn't fool me. He was bouncing on the balls of his feet in anticipation.

“Bathroom,” I ordered.

Edward's lips quirked up in a smile, but again, he didn't comment or look up. Instead he turned and headed toward the bathroom.

The last time I had been in the obscenely over-sized bathroom, I noticed that there was a full length mirror on the closet door. It was across from the toilet, which was just weird. I didn't care how much it 'opened the room' or whatever, I didn't want to watch Edward and his reflection vomiting.

I did, however, think of something I wanted to watch in the mirror.

He stood stark naked in the middle of the room, quietly waiting for my instructions. Just seeing him there, looking equally vulnerable and eager, made my cock come to attention.

“Stand in front of the mirror. Put your hands on it, arms extended – for balance.”

He walked over and put his hands on the mirror carefully, as if making sure it was stable enough to handle his weight against it. Then he took a step back, pushing his ass out in the process like he was offering it to me.

Without any warning, I cracked the strap in a whipping motion, letting it catch on the counter. Edward jumped at the sound.

I chuckled.

“You're in trouble, Edward.”

I looked into the mirror and watched as his eyes met mine in the reflection. I slapped the tawse against the palm of my hand, and his gaze drifted down.
“It's your fault Lauren Mallory and her cheap hair extensions accosted me in the hall today.”

His eyes were still on the tawse as I walked slowly toward him, but his mouth twitched into a smirk.

I brought the leather strap back and released it with a steady flick of my wrist.

The smirk vanished as the leather slapped across his ass.

“Oh,” he moaned, his eyes closing.

“It's your fault the librarian was glaring at me this morning. She thinks I'm corrupting the perfect Edward Cullen.”

I erased his renewed smile once more with a snap of my wrist, this time a little harder.

“Fuck,” he gasped this time.

“I am corrupting you though, aren't I, Edward?” I taunted.


“Only because you asked so nicely.”

I slapped the tawse against him once more, watching the split in the leather make two blooming marks on his right cheek.

Being able to see his face and watch his reaction as I struck his ass was incredible.

He would keep his eyes open for as long as he could, straining to watch the strap as I pulled it back and released it. As soon as it connected with his flesh, his eyes squeezed shut while he absorbed the pain. If I hadn't been able to see his cock growing and straining with every hit, I would have thought he was suffering. After the initial sting wore off, his face would relax and his expression turned damn near blissful.

Since he could see my actions in the mirror, I didn't need to count or speak or give him any other warning.

I let go of everything else and focused all my attention on bringing Edward right up to the brink. I ignored my own throbbing cock. Even though I had to wait between each stroke for the initial pain to wear off and for Edward to relax.

When I hit double digits, I knew his ass must have been burning, but I needed to be inside his tight hole.

I tossed the leather strap onto the floor and unbuttoned my fly, finally giving my hard on some room.

“If it hurts too much, use your word,” I ordered.

Edward nodded, but he looked so wanton as he watched my cock spring free from the denim, I knew it would take a lot for him to tell me to stop.

“Pain whore,” I scolded him.

He tried to glare at me for a second, but his mouth was turned up at the corners. He really couldn't object when he was this close to blowing his load after receiving a healthy dose of punishment now outlawed in schools.
I quickly grabbed the lube I knew was in the medicine cabinet and pulled out the condom I shoved in my pocket earlier. As much as I liked fucking Edward bare, I didn't want to make a habit of it.

I stretched him gently with my fingers, careful not to pry his ass cheeks open too roughly. He winced a little, but he made no move to stop me. By the time I had three fingers inside him, he was already starting to moan in appreciation.

I ripped open the foil package and rolled on the latex. After a coating of lube, I was sliding into Edward's ass. I went slowly at first, until Edward started pushing his hips back. If his ass did hurt, he wasn't showing any signs of it. So, I grabbed his hips to still them and started fucking him with a steady rhythm. In a matter of minutes, he was moaning with abandon.

“Fuck me, fuck me,” he chanted, squeezing his eyes shut, letting his head relax back.

I tightened my grip on his hip, making his eyes snap open.

“Watch yourself in the mirror, Edward,” I ordered.

He whimpered as his arms shook, but he complied.

“Watch while you cum from nothing but my dick in your ass.”

He hadn't been standing for very long, but his arms had been holding him upright against the force of my strokes. With one more thrust of my hips, he exploded. I could see in the mirror that he was staring down at the reflection of his cock, but as soon as his load began to shoot out and hit the glass, his eyes rolled up as he groaned and cursed with his orgasm. His whole body began to shake, and I had to grab his waist to hold him up.

His arms were trembling violently now, and I knew his elbows were about to buckle.

I had two options. I could let him fall and me with him, or I could press him up against the glass. I wrapped my left arm around his waist and brought my right hand up to cover his. I laced my fingers through his as I took a step closer, sliding his hand so he could brace himself on his forearm. He mimicked the motion with his left and then turned his head, pressing the left side of his face against the mirror.

We were so close, I could feel the heat radiating off the burning skin of his ass cheeks.

Once I was certain he was stable, I concentrated on fucking him in earnest.

His eyes were closed and his face was almost serene, marred only by the string of expletives coming out of his mouth. I looked down and watched my dick slide in and out of his reddened ass, and I didn't want to hold on anymore.

I tightened my griped on his hand to give him some warning.

I threw my head back and shot my load hard.

It was a marvel of modern technology that the condom didn't break.

It took me damn near a minute before I was composed enough to pull slowly out of Edward. He still looked shaky, so I helped him over to the sink.

“Lean on the counter, you don't have to stand much longer,” I told him.

“My- my legs are fine,” he managed to get out.
I didn’t completely believe him, so when I began to rub the soothing gel into his raw skin, I also moved my hands down, giving the muscles in his thighs some relief.

He was practically humming when I stopped. When he straightened up and turned toward me, he looked completely and utterly relaxed.

“What is it with us and bathrooms?” he mused.

“I always sensed you had a tile fetish,” I countered.

Edward snorted, “What can I say? There’s just something about good grout work.”

“Well, I’ll give you some alone time then.”

“Jasper-” he started.

“I have to get home anyway. I want to get this paper done tonight.”

I didn’t add that I also wanted to beat my mom home in case any more mail from UW had arrived. Fortunately for me, I did, and there wasn’t.

Edward met me again in the library on Friday morning, except this time he winced when he flopped down into the chair.

“Shit,” I said in response. “I was too rough.”

“It feels good, Jasper,” he said softly, forgetting to call me ‘Hale.’ “I like carrying around a reminder the next day.”

“Is she back yet?” I asked.

“She called and told me she was taking me to Port Angeles to dinner tonight. Want to join me?” His tone was light, but I knew he wasn’t joking.

“I have to watch my brother tonight,” I replied.

“She’s taking me to the new supposedly French restaurant in the tourist district. I’ll just refuse to speak English. Her French isn’t nearly as good as she thinks it is.”

It was such an Edward thing to do, I couldn’t help it and burst out laughing.

I heard a noise from across the room and looked up sharply.

Alice Brandon was staring at us with her mouth hanging open a little.

That’s when I realized – she knew.

I wasn’t sure how much she knew, but I didn’t care to find out. I managed to avoid her all day, until she cornered me outside of my Physics class when the dismissal bell rang and sunk her claws into my arm.

I tried to shake her off, but the damn pixie's fingernails dug in deeper. I managed to steer her in the direction of my locker, but there was no getting out of her grip. Even when I got to my locker, she didn't let go.
“You really weren't kidding that day in the cafeteria, were you?” she asked in a whisper.

I was going to ignore her, but she was close to drawing blood.

“I don't lie. It's not my fault people can't handle the truth,” I said coolly.

“The girls all just assumed he was visiting Tanya or had some college girl in Seattle,” she mused, not really talking to me at all.

“Whatever,” I muttered.

At that moment, Edward turned the corner. His eyes fell on me and Alice. For a second, he tensed, but then I looked down at Alice and she was shaking her head at him, as if in some silent acknowledgment that she would keep quiet. He shrugged back at her, but I could tell he was relieved. He asked me to go to prom with him, but I doubted he actually wanted people to know I was fucking him.

That's when I realized what people thought; why it was my name and not Edward's that I heard being whispered behind my back all week.

They all thought he was playing me.

They thought Edward was teasing me. That he was trying to flirt with me to goad me, so that I would admit to being attracted to him, humiliating myself in the process. He wouldn't discourage that kind of thinking, because of course no one would suspect that golden boy Edward Cullen really did take it up the ass. I mean, we were supposed to be enemies. Hell, we were enemies until a couple months ago.

Surely Edward knew that all of this was going on. He had eyes and ears in this school. He didn't have to rely on his own observations the way I did.

He was at his locker pulling books out and putting them in his bag. His shoulders were hunched a little, as if he knew exactly that this confrontation was about to happen. The fact that he wasn't going to put up a fight almost made me stop, but I needed to know for sure what was going on in his head.

A rush of adrenaline coursed through me, and I managed to finally loosen Alice from my arm before stalking over to Edward.

I put my hand down hard on his shoulder and turned him around, pushing his back roughly against the lockers. I kept a wide stance and slammed my hand against the metal doors beside his head, leaving it there, effectively trapping him. His eyes were wide and his face flushed. I knew then that if I looked down, I would see his jeans getting tighter.

That should have been enough confirmation, but for some reason, I needed to hear it.

“I know your game, Cullen,” I sneered.

“What are you talking about, Hale?”

He looked genuinely confused.

“Ask yourself, then. Why aren't they talking about you? Why aren't they coming up to you asking if you're a fag? Why do they still cling to your every word?”

The confusion on his face drained away along with the flush that appeared when I slammed him
against the lockers. His eyes were huge and pleading, and he was shaking his head back and forth slightly as he searched for words.

“I didn't do anything,” he whispered. Then he added his words from prom night, “They don't know me.”

“So what do you want me to do about it?”

I could feel their eyes on me. It was the last Friday before we were finally fucking done with high school and classes had just let out for the day. The sun was shining and it was unseasonably warm. Yet, here these drones were, watching, waiting for something to happen between Edward and me.

I searched his eyes again, but there was no hint of insincerity. I could see Edward was at his breaking point - the point where he just wanted to surrender and give into me. He didn't want to be Edward Cullen anymore.

He leaned his head back against the lockers in exasperation, and his head turned slightly to the left, leaving a huge expanse of his neck and collarbone exposed. That was all the invitation I needed.

I sunk my teeth into the crook of his neck.

I didn't bite down hard, quickly replacing my teeth with the suction of my lips.

Whatever the reaction in the hallway was, it was drowned out by Edward's low groaning “Jasper.”

I pulled his skin between my teeth. Edward was so pale, it was going to leave a mark, and I fucking wanted it there. I inhaled deeply smelling the fading scent of aftershave and the stronger smell of Edward's own musk.

I pulled away and looked up.

Edward's expression was unreadable.

When it was obvious he wasn't going to hit me in retaliation, I put my hand back on his shoulder, this time giving it a squeeze.

“Good luck with the she-devil tonight,” I said as I started to turn away from him.

He responded with a string of French. The only word I could make out was 'merci.'

I had no idea the rest of what he said, but my dick obviously liked it. I stopped short in surprise at my reaction. I'm sure no one else noticed me falter, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw a glint of confidence return to Edward's posture.

I shoved my way past the gawking onlookers.

Let Edward deal with them.

END SCENE
(Jasper POV)

Things were surprisingly not as awkward with Edward as I thought they would be.

I called him later on Friday, mostly to make sure he didn't get into any shit from the fucking homophobic jocks. I wasn't sure what the drones of Forks High thought they saw happen between Edward and me, but I knew it had the potential to throw their narrow-minded brains into a tizzy.

“What happened after I left?” I asked, offering no other greeting.

“You could have stayed to find out,” he countered.

“They're your lackeys, not mine. I don't owe them anything.”

There was silence on the line.

“Edward?”

“Yeah, I guess you're right,” he said softly.

“So what did they do? Did anyone give you any trouble? Because there are only three days of school left. They can't suspend me now.”

“Thanks, Jasper, but no one really gave me any trouble. They just stood there with their mouths hanging open.”

I snorted. “That doesn't surprise me. What did you do?”

“I said, ‘What? He's a good fuck,’ and then I walked out of there with my head held high.”

My mouth dropped open for a second before I started laughing.

“I hope you don't mind I said that,” Edward said.

“Damn right I'm a good fuck. So, how was dinner?”

“We're still at the restaurant; I just stepped outside to take your call. Thank you, by the way, listening to her shitty French was starting to get on my nerves.”

“Does she know you're speaking in English right now?”

I didn't know why I asked. My dick just really seemed to like the sound of Edward's voice speaking in French. Had I taken French instead of Spanish, maybe I would have uncovered my attraction to Edward a long time ago. Of course, I probably would have rebelled against that knowledge and still tried to kick his ass anyway.

“Mais non, elle ne sait pas. Je suis très coquin.”

“Shit,” I whispered.

“Tu adores ça. Tu aimes quand je te parle français.”
“Uh huh,” I muttered having absolutely no idea what Edward said.

Luckily, I was saved by Edward's freak of a mother.

“Dammit, the waiter's refilling her glass. I need to get back in there.”

“She's worse when she's drunk?”

“You have no idea,” he groaned.

“I promised Peter I'd play Xbox with him, anyway. Later, Edward."

He muttered something else I didn't understand in French and my cock perked up once again. I was going to have to get that shit under control or else Edward was going to take advantage of it somehow. Not that he hadn't already.

I basically asked him to speak in French, though, so it was my fault my dick was hard while I was stuck playing video games with my little brother.

It was going to be a long night.

When I returned to school on Monday, all the girls in school, save the handful who had never fallen victim to Edward's charms, went out of their way to ignore me. Even more than usual, they completely pretended I didn't exist. They looked right through me.

It was fucking great.

Did they think they were punishing me? Did they think I cared that none of them were getting laid by Edward anymore? If only the slut brigade knew what it was exactly that kept Edward's attention. It would shatter their small town sensibilities.

Dumbass McCarty, however, didn't get the memo to leave me alone. Apparently he wasn't outraged that I had managed to do the unthinkable and get Edward's attention for longer than a week. It wasn't even noon before he accosted me.

“So, Jasper,” I heard his voice booming down the hallway before I saw the oaf approaching. “You and Cullen, huh?”

“What do you mean, me and Cullen?” I sneered. It was too early in the morning to deal with this. I didn't care if my sister liked him. I had no fucking obligation to be pleasant to the ox.

“Are you, like, boyfriends or something?”

I was about to answer him with my fist, when I saw Edward heading toward us. He had obviously heard McCarty and was looking at me curiously to see how I would respond. I unclenched my fist and smirked.

“What? You mean you didn't get the commitment ceremony announcement?” I asked dryly.

“Yeah, we were going to elope to Vermont, but Jasper insisted on having a ceremony in front of all our family and friends,” Edward smirked.

For a good ten seconds, McCarty believed us.

“Fuck you guys,” he laughed as the truth dawned on him. “But seriously, how long has this been
going on?"

This time Edward beat me to it.

"Since I stopped fucking your mom," he said matter-of-factly.

McCarty just clapped Edward on the back and laughed. I would never understand straight boys. If he had said that about my mom, I would have decked him.

"I need to get to Econ," I said. I couldn't help but glare at the meaty hand on Edward's shoulder as I turned away toward class.

Other than the meathead, no one else seemed to know how to act around Edward.

The best part was that he didn't seem to care.

He still walked around like he owned the place, but he seemed lighter without having the weight of all his posse around him. He was acting more like he had been before our confrontation in the cafeteria, more like the Edward I knew and less like Cullen the Asshat.

At lunch he sat down by himself and opened a book.

After I ate and helped Alice study for tomorrow's government final, I went over to him and sat down. I heard a hushed “woo” rise up in the cafeteria. Apparently Edward heard it too, because he greeted me without looking up.

“You almost gave your lunch table an aneurysm when you didn't sit with them,” I offered.

Edward finally looked up and rolled his eyes.

“I couldn't listen to them. They were talking about finals and graduation as if high school really matters, as if they're being taught difficult material that hasn't been dumbed down by a complete lack of rigor in institutionalized education.”

I stared at him without speaking for a moment.

“Just how smart are you?” I asked softly, not expecting him to answer.

“I should probably be in med school right now,” he replied honestly.

I nodded, not really surprised.

“So, why aren't you?”

“I didn't want to invite Doogie Howser comparisons.”

“Somehow, I can picture you writing in your computer journal at the end of every day with some moral lesson you learned while changing catheters and bedpans all day.”

The corners of his lips turned up, but he answered haughtily, “Doctors don't change bedpans.”

I groaned, “Yeah, I know.”

Edward snorted and tilted his head at me in question.

“My mom's an RN. She works at the nursing home by the hospital. One of her favorite punishments
for getting detention was volunteering me.”

Any of his residual hostility from before melted off his face as he threw back his head and laughed. Of course, it drew the eyes of everyone in the cafeteria on us. I held my middle finger up in the air in silent defiance.

Edward and I weren't a fucking sideshow act.

“So, you're planning on going to med school, then?” I prompted him.

He was still trying to recover from his laughing fit, but at least he answered my question, “I used to want to, but I'm more interested in synthetic biology. I'm working on genetic research right now.”

“That's what you've been doing in Banner's room?”

“Yeah, I'd like to be doing more DNA sequencing, but there's not much I can do without a STEM.”

I must have looked confused because he waved his hand and added, “It's a type of microscope.”

I nodded silently.

“I got a grant to do some research. That's why I'm going to England this summer.”

“Yeah,” I replied dryly. “It was either that or sell over-priced hiking boots to tourists for me. I think the choice was obvious.”

Edward opened his mouth to respond, but the bell ringing cut him off.

I watched Edward closely in the classes I had with him for the rest of the day. When we were reviewing for our Spanish final, he scribbled in his notebook along with everyone else. When I got up to use el baño, I took a closer look at what he was writing. It definitely wasn't Spanish. It was graph paper, covered in numbers that I assumed were some kind of data.

The next day, he finished our two hour Calculus final in 20 minutes flat.

I overheard the teacher say as Edward turned it in, “You know you need to show your work.”

“I did,” Edward replied. How he managed to not sound patronizing was beyond me.

There was no doubt in my mind he could have taught the class himself.

I had spent so much time hating the kid and making sure he wasn't plotting against me, that I never really noticed before how good he was at blending in, well, in certain ways. He had been the center of the Forks High social scene for two years, and I had no doubt that not one of those peons had any idea just how different from them Edward was. I bet they thought he was going to England on vacation.

Truth be told, for the first time, I was envious of Edward Cullen.

I mean, it wasn't like I wanted to be a genius and deal with all those expectations.

Even if I was as smart as Edward, I couldn't just pick up and leave for a summer. My mom would throw a fit at the idea of me being on my own for that long. She was under the impression that I needed adult supervision because of my “behavioral problems.” In her fucked up mind, even my dad who completely ignored me was better than me being left to my own devices. Despite the fact that I got good grades, kept a job and even fucking gave her money when she needed it, she still thought I was a “troublemaker.”
On the one hand, I was eighteen now and free to do what I wanted.

On the other hand, without me, Peter didn't stand a chance at ever being his own person, and I would never sacrifice my kid brother.

I still didn't know what I was going to do about UW in the fall. I forced myself to concentrate on my finals and getting through dealing with all the visiting relatives first.

Finally, it arrived - the last day of school.

The way they scheduled classes, I only had two finals in the morning. After lunch I had to sit through some economics presentations. Then, because the only thing left was study hall, I just had to clean out my locker and wait for that last bell to ring. Other than graduation practice Friday morning and the ceremony on Sunday, I would never have to set foot in Forks High ever again.

I was shoving old papers into my backpack as I emptied my locker when Edward came up to me. I hadn't seen him all day except in passing. I knew he had a class during my study hall, so he should have been taking an exam.

Knowing Edward, he had probably finished and aced it in fifteen minutes.

He didn't say anything at first and just leaned against the lockers beside mine and watched me.

“Can I help you?” I asked finally, when it became obvious he wasn't going anywhere.

“I have a surprise for you,” he said in a low voice.

“Oh yeah?” I asked calmly, though my dick was coming to life with interest.

He grabbed my hand and stepped in closer to me. I had no idea what he was doing until he put my hand on his ass. Then, he moved it to rest between his cheeks, and I felt it.

Stainless steel.

“My mother had to go to Seattle today, so I have the house to myself.”

“What?” I gasped in fake shock. “You aren't going to celebrate out at La Push beach with everyone else?”

“I've had my fun,” Edward replied with a shrug. “I'd rather have fun with your dick and my ass.”

Was he trying to get me to fuck him in the hallway?

“I think you're forgetting something, Edward,” I replied calmly.

“What's that?”

“It's smooth and wooden and turns your ass bright red.”

Edward had the decency to blush, but he didn't look around to see if anyone heard me.

“So...” he prompted.

“So, I'll see you after school.”

He smiled in relief and sagged against the lockers for a second.
“You should probably go clean out your locker, too. I'm not waiting for you to get it signed off.”

Edward had stiffened at my authoritative tone, but the smirk was back on his face.

“Doesn't Mrs. Cope do the final locker check?” he asked.

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Then don't worry. I can dazzle my way to the top of the list,” he said with a wink, before heading down the hall to his locker.

I hated it when he got the last word. It was only the thought of the paddle in my truck that stopped me from shouting something after him.

Once my locker was cleaned out, I tracked down Mrs. Cope so she could check me off the list. Edward wasn't the only one who had the secretary in his good graces.

I went back to the study hall classroom and waited out the last torturous minutes of my high school career. As soon as the bell rang, I was out of my seat and making a beeline for the exit. Everyone else seemed to be lingering behind, hugging and saying goodbyes as if they were never going to see each other again, so I was a little surprised when I saw Edward reach the door ahead of me.

He paused as if waiting for me, and once I reached the doors, we strode out of Forks High together silently. We were the only two people in the parking lot as we walked to our cars.

It seemed fitting.

Maybe it was because it was the last day of school, but it felt different this time as I drove out to the Cullens house. It was like I was still trying to wrap my head around the fact that high school was finally fucking over, that I couldn't concentrate on all the little ways Edward had taunted me during the week.

I pulled into the driveway and parked my truck like always, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

Edward waited for me as I rummaged in my truck for the wooden paddle that I promised him earlier. He smiled when he saw it in my hand, but he still didn't speak as we headed into the house.

“Upstairs, Edward. In your bedroom,” I ordered as soon as I crossed the familiar threshold.

He took the stairs carefully because of the plug that was still between his cheeks. It must have been rubbing against him in a good way, because I heard a tiny moan escape him as he reached the second floor.

He waited for me in the middle of the room. As soon as my eyes zeroed in on the handcuffs that were still attached to his headboard, I knew what I wanted to do.

“Take your shirt off,” I ordered as I set the paddle down on the corner of the bed.

He compliantly pulled the black t-shirt over his head.

His breath hitched as I took a step toward him, and he hissed as I reached for his belt buckle.

I wondered if he had any idea how crazy the sounds he made drove me.

I undid his belt and unbuttoned his jeans, before slowing pulling the zipper down. I dropped down to
my knees as I peeled the denim down his thighs. He was already bulging against a pair of purple briefs.

I tilted my head up at him.

"Purple?"

He rolled his eyes at my insinuation, as I pulled them down over his cock, letting the elastic sit behind his ball sack.

“Technically, they're laven-”

I cut him off by taking his dick in my mouth.

“Wha- fuck!” he stammered.

I took him deep and then pulled back, laving my tongue around his dick, teasing his foreskin. His hands came to my hair as I plunged back down. I slapped them away and I continued to suck him.

“Sor- sorry,” Edward panted.

He was needy and willing and right where I wanted him.

I pulled my mouth off him abruptly, and when I looked up there was almost a wild expression in his eyes that I didn't understand. It didn't help that I still couldn't shake the weird feeling in my gut.

Trying to ignore it, I finished removing the rest of Edward's clothes without a word and stood up.

“Get on the bed. Up by the headboard.”

His cock still bobbed at full attention as he scrambled onto the bed.

“Eager much?” I teased.

He stopped fidgeting at my words and sat kneeling, waiting for my next move. I walked around the bed slowly. He didn't turn toward me when I reached him. Instead he sat staring straight ahead at the padded cuffs in front of him, and I swear I saw his tongue dart out of his mouth to lick his lips.

“Hands on the headboard.”

His hands were gripping the slats before I got the sentence out, so I cuffed him quickly, after making sure the key was still on his bedside table. It's not as if the cuffs would be that hard to remove if it came down to it, but I had a feeling that the Cullen's garage wasn't stocked with the necessary tools.

Once he was attached to the bed, I walked back to retrieve the paddle. I picked it up and strutted back over to him, but the words about his punishment I was about to spout off died in my throat.

He was the hottest thing I'd ever seen, handcuffed and wanton, kneeling on his bed with a plug in his ass waiting to be paddled.

And, I couldn't do it.

I lowered my arm and let the paddle hit the floor with a thud.

“What's wrong?”
“I don't hate you, Edward. Not anymore.”

“What are you saying Jasper? You've been doing this, all of this, because you hate me?” he was straining against the bond.

“No!” I said quickly. “No, it's not like that. But, I never really liked the person you were at school, and I needed to think you deserved the punishment in some way. Otherwise, I'm just- I don't know- a pervert who's using you.”

“You're not a pervert, Jasper,” he responded immediately. “And you're not using me. I want this. I want you to cuff me and spank me and fuck me. I- I thought you knew that.”

He was looking over his shoulder at me with his eyes wide and almost desperate.

I did know that he enjoyed himself, that he damn near got off on taunting me alone, but it still didn't feel right without some kind of provocation.

I took a deep breath while Edward's stare continued to pierce me.

“Do you remember the first time we did this and you asked me why I took care of you afterward? With the lotion? Well, I wanted to protect you. Every time I said your ass was mine, I meant it. I love the way your ass turns pink under my hand and the way you ask for it and the way you completely give in and become undone. But- but you're not your ass. You're you.” I took a deep breath, “Is this the kind of thing that someone would do to someone they kind of li- like?”

Edward's eyes narrowed, deep in thought.

While he was thinking, I leaned over to remove his wrists from the cuffs. Once he was free, instead of covering up or kicking me out, he sat back on his heels and looked up at me.

“I'll call you sir,” he said finally. “Or master if you prefer.”

“What?” I said.

“Maybe that would help. It sounds like this is a conceptualization problem, so maybe we need to change the stakes a little. If you are my master, and I agree to serve you, then you can punish me as you see fit because you set whatever rules you want.”

Is this what we were doing? Was I going to be one of those guys with a playroom in his house? With chains and cages and iron candelabras on the walls? Okay, I probably watched too many bad pornos, but that just wasn't me. I liked spanking Edward and I liked ordering him around a little, but I didn't want him to serve me. I just wanted him to give up his body to me, so I could bring us both the pleasure we, maybe perversely, wanted.

I shook my head. “No, I couldn't. Well, maybe sometimes, but I'm not- not that guy. I'm not going to start wearing leather and ordering you to lick my boot or chain you to the wall. Why is this so complicated?”

“Because people are complicated, Jasper, you know this as well as anybody.” He bit his lip as if in concentration. “Okay, so not a dungeon master, then. A teacher, maybe? You could be a teacher and I could be your student who constantly gets himself into trouble.”

I quirked an eyebrow.

“A drill sergeant?”
I snickered.

“My boss?”

And then, he began to crawl toward me on his hands and knees and he looked real fucking seductive.

“I wasn't paying attention during History class and the teacher told me to come see you... Vice Principal Hale.”

I don't know what it was, but hearing Edward call me “vice principal” made my dick leap to attention.

I cleared my throat.

“It sounds like you could use a little discipline.”

“Yes, sir,” Edward said with a nod.

“Go over there and bend over the desk.”

Edward swallowed, pretending to look reluctant, but I could see his eyes sparkling in amusement.

He walked stiffly over to the desk and then leaned forward, putting his hands on the edge and pushing his ass out.

“Like this, sir?” He asked.

“If you listened to your teacher half as well as you listened to me, you wouldn't be in this predicament,” I said sternly. “Now, how many strokes do you think you deserve?”

“It was three last time, sir,” Edward said meekly.

“Three?” I scoffed. “Well, clearly that was enough for you to learn your lesson.”

I paused and licked my lips. It was shockingly easy to get into this role. I wondered if it was because I spent so much time in the douchebag vice principal's office the last two years.

My dick started to soften at the thought.

I gripped the paddle tighter and focused on the pale canvas of Edward's ass.

“I think you can handle at least ten.”

I loosened my hold on the paddle, getting it balanced in my hand. I watched as a shiver ran through Edward's body. I brought the paddle back to strike, but I changed my mind, bring it down not to spank but to tap the plug between Edward's cheeks.

“Fuck,” Edward moaned, jumping at the unexpected sensation.

“Watch your language, boy,” I said firmly. “That doesn't count as one of your ten.”

Without giving him time to respond, I swung the paddle back down across his ass. It wasn't a hard hit, but the sound of wood on flesh was satisfying.

“That's one.”
Edward's breath was heavy, but I could tell that the sting had faded when his body relaxed. That was my cue to strike again.

I hit him in the same place, right across both cheeks, hitting his plug squarely in the process.

“Jasper,” Edward hissed.

“That's Vice Principal Hale, to you,” I countered. “Now count them for me.”

This time I struck lower, making the pink spread to the tops of Edward's thighs.

“Three,” he screeched.

He continued counting with each hit with the paddle. When he reached five, my hesitancy from earlier had disappeared completely. Whatever I was doing, whatever we were doing, it felt right.

His shouts were so loud that his voice was hoarse when he reached eight.

“Two more, Edward.”

I fired off the last two in rapid succession, not letting the sting fade. He counted them off with a little difficulty, but there was triumph in his voice when he shouted, “Ten- shit.”

I took a look at my handy work as I tossed the paddle aside. His ass was red and perfect. Through the course of the spanking, he had inched forward and his hips were now flush with the desk.

He was just asking to be fucked.

I grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his head back so I could see his face.

“I'm going to fuck you now, Edward,” I hissed into his ear.

“Yes,” he hissed.

I shoved him forward, bending him at the waist.

“Stay,” I ordered, not that he had any intention of moving.

I retrieved the lube and a condom and returned to Edward's waiting form. I put my hand on his ass and gave it a rough squeeze before reaching for his plug. I gave a twist and he moaned from deep in his throat.

I couldn't tease him anymore, I had to be inside him.

I pulled it out smoothly and tossed it toward the bed. I spread lube on my fingers and pushed two fingers into him. I didn't need to stretch him much more, which was good because I was getting impatient. When he started rocking back on my fingers, I stopped.

He whimpered, but stopped when he heard me unzipping my fly.

I couldn't be bothered to do anything more than push my boxers down below my ass.

I rolled on the condom and lubed my dick then pressed into his tight heat.

We both groaned simultaneously at the contact, and I just let myself feel his walls around me for a minute.
Then, he wiggled his hips and I snapped.

I pulled all the way out and plunged back in, grabbing his ass cheeks and holding them apart. I nudged his feet apart so I could get even deeper. Then I lost myself in the rhythm.

It was only when I heard a painful hiss that I focused back on Edward and looked down.

His dick had to have been uncomfortable, rubbing against the glass top of his desk.

I pulled out of him roughly, then spun him around. I reached behind him and swept my arm across the top of his desk, clearing off the papers and pens in one motion. The stapler fell to the floor in a clatter, but I didn't care. It was Edward's shit and he barely seemed to notice.

I pressed him down onto the desk. When his back hit the desk, I lifted his legs up on my shoulders then bent forward to take his left nipple between my teeth. He screeched at the sensation, and was already babbling a stream of obscenities as I straightened and shoved my dick back into him.

I pounded into Edward.

The room filled with our grunts and moans. When I could feel myself getting close, I looked down and saw Edward biting his lip so hard, he looked damn near close to drawing blood.

“Do you want to come, Edward?”

I didn't let him answer. Instead, I grabbed his swollen cock in my hand and gave it a stroke. That was all it took, and he was shooting ropes of white cum all over his chest.

I lost it.

Edward was quivering and shaking and looked so fucking ecstatic, I didn't want to hold back.

I came so hard I saw fucking stars.

Even though my legs felt like fucking jelly, I somehow managed to set Edward's feet down and regain my composure.

Edward's eyes had closed as he lay back on his desk, looking completely sated.

My orders seemed useless, because I was pretty sure he wouldn't be able to move even if I wanted him to.

Even so, I said, “Stay there.”

When I returned from the bathroom, Edward was still in the same position per my orders, but his eyes opened when he heard me return and he seemed more coherent.

“Clean yourself off,” I shoved the damp washcloth at him.

While he wiped off his chest, I brought his knees up so he was exposing his ass to me again. He looked hesitant for a second, until he felt me start to rub the cool gel onto his raw skin. It was kind of an awkward position, but I didn't really need to see to be able to do it. I knew where I had paddled Edward.

When I was finished, I helped him lower his feet to the ground and stand up. He walked a little stiffly over to his dresser and pulled out a pair of boxers. After he pull them up and over his ass carefully, he sat down on the bed.
He seemed more nonchalant than usual, so I couldn't help but stare.

“What?” he asked me, sounding almost accusatory.

“So, we're what? Friends now?” I offered.

“I think we're a little more than friends,” he said with a snort.

“Edward-” I started to say.

“Don't worry, I don't have commitment ceremony invitations picked out,” he waved his hand as if to brush away my concern.

“Damn. I'll have to cancel the reservations for the honeymoon suite.”

He grinned up at me.

“You could at least help me pick up the shit you knocked off my desk.”

“Not a chance, Edward,” I said with a smirk.

He just rolled his eyes at me and fell back onto his bed.

“I have to get going. I'll see you Friday?”

“Yeah,” Edward murmured. I could tell he'd be asleep in minutes.

As I drove home I thought about what had just transpired.

I had no idea if he would continue to have this need to be spanked, but through this little game we had come to some kind of symbiotic agreement.

He got off on having his ass paddled, and I got off on paddling it.

Plus, he wasn't really that bad. He was witty and inhumanly smart and his ass looked fucking fantastic with my handprint on it.

He was an asshole sometimes, but he was my asshole.

As much as I owned his ass, in some strange fucked up way, he kind of owned mine.

END SCENE
Chapter 18

(Edward POV)

Graduation day.

I had no idea why my parents insisted that I participate in the inane ritual of donning a robe and walking across the stage. They didn't even want me transfer to Forks to finish high school in the first place. On second thought, maybe this was their way of punishing me for my choice.

I wasn't completely irresponsible, I had it worked out with the Academy that my diploma would actually be from them and not Forks High. My “long distance learning” proposal had been agreed to because they were desperate to keep me as an alum. Forks couldn't really turn me away anyway, but they bent over backward for me so long as my standardized test scores were counted in their statistics.

Even so, my parents both thought I should have graduated early and been halfway done with my Bachelor's degree at Dartmouth by now.

They still thought I was fucking going to Dartmouth.

I was straightening my tie when my mother appeared in my bedroom doorway.

“You look handsome, darling,” she said before adding, “Your hair is getting too long.”

“Well, they'll make me cut it at boot camp.”

“Edward Anthony, don't joke about such things,” she scolded.

“You mean you haven't noticed how much I crave discipline?” I responded dryly.

I regretted the words as soon as they were out of my mouth, though I was fairly certain that my parents had absolutely no idea that my “decision to take on a gay lover” wasn't simply an act of rebellion. Luckily, with the combination of my skill at deception and their general obliviousness, they never noticed that sometimes I would walk stiffly, wear loose clothes and refuse to sit on hard furniture. It didn't hurt that I actually enjoyed the lingering pain of Jasper's touch.

My mother's eyes flickered between anger and detachment as she tried to determine whether or not I was criticizing her parenting skills.

“The more children can do for themselves the less help they need from other people,” she finally recited.

“You're seriously quoting Rousseau to me? You know the only person known to have been raised according to his method had a nervous breakdown at age 20.”

“And went on to write famous treatises and champion women's suffrage.”

“When I decide to write my first treatise, I'll let you know,” I said, grabbing my navy graduation robe from where it was draped over my desk chair and heading toward the door.

“Will we see you after the ceremony?”
“I think it's customary for parents to congratulate their children afterward,” I replied as I ushered her out of my room.

“Of course,” she responded.

I tried to feel... something, anything, as I drove to Forks High, but I really didn't have any strong inclinations either way. I didn't regret my decision to prolong high school or my largely successful attempt to play the popularity game. On the other hand, I was glad that I wouldn't have to suffer through the purgatory anymore, hiding who I was. I had refused to be considered for valedictorian on a technicality. I was almost positive that none of the students, save Jasper, had any idea that I more than just the popular kid who “got good grades.”

That was how I wanted it.

I never expected that I'd also find someone like Jasper at Forks High. For that alone, I was glad of my decision to return to Forks. He really didn't fully understand just how much I needed what we did together, how much I needed, well, to be spanked.

He did finally admit to kind of liking me though, which was more than I ever thought I would get out of him. I still wasn't entirely sure he was capable of having any sort of feelings toward another human being, but the fact that he needed to be reassured that he wasn't using me was kind of endearing.

Not that I'd ever tell him that.

I didn't see him immediately when I joined the group of graduating seniors putting on their robes. It was only after Mr. Berty began yelling at us to line up in alphabetical order the way we practiced that I finally saw him. He looked just as ridiculous in the blue graduation gown as he did in a polo shirt and khakis at Newton's. This wasn't his element because it put him at a disadvantage, and he knew it. Rosalie was standing beside him, whispering forcefully to him about something. All the while his eyes were closed, and he looked like he was taking deep breaths to calm down his irritation.

Given a rare chance to observe Jasper without his eyes catching mine and bearing down on me, I took him in. It was then that I noticed that instead of wearing dress shoes like everyone else, Jasper was wearing the same scuffed up boots he always wore.

I couldn't help but smile.

Mr. Berty ushered us into the auditorium so we could have a class picture taken in our caps and gowns before we began the procession into the gymnasium.

The ceremony itself was fantastically boring. The official valedictorian's speech was trite. I wouldn't have been surprised if she had gotten the majority of it from a book of inspirational quotes taken completely out of context. I could practically feel Jasper's eyes rolling behind me, and I swear I heard a soft snort and a distinct sound of an arm being smacked when Jessica said, “This is the first day of the rest of our lives.”

I tuned out the rest of her speech and was a little startled when I heard my name being announced to walk across the stage and receive my diploma.

When I returned to my seat, I heard Emmett say my name. I turned around and he leaned over the row in front him to reach out and bump my fist. I couldn't help but smile at Emmett's genuineness, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jasper roll his eyes. It took some self-control not to childishly stick my tongue out at him.
When his name was called, I watch as he walked stoically across the stage. He didn't look excited or even happy. In fact, he sneered when he had to shake the vice principal's hand. The overwhelming impression he gave off was one of confidence.

I wondered from where his confidence stemmed. I had some hints as to why he had such an adult, level head sometimes and a hot-headed temper at others, but he only revealed to me what he wanted me to see.

I still didn't really know why he was the way he was.

I watched him after graduation and I had part of my answer. Jasper's sister Rosalie was also graduating, and they were standing together when a man came up who had “neglectful bastard” written all over him. If he didn't look exactly like a paunchy, middle-aged version of Jasper, you would never have known he was their father. He didn't even hug his daughter, he merely shook both their hands disinterestedly. It wasn't until a woman walked over, holding the hand of a boy with thick glasses and both legs in braces, that Jasper's face lit up. I assumed the woman was his infamous negligent mother. She didn't hug Jasper or Rosalie either. Instead, she fussed over the boy's leg braces, and I heard Jasper say, “Peter's fine, Ma. Leave him alone.”

I realized that Jasper's face was lighting up because of his brother.

I still hadn't completely shook the idea that he had antisocial tendencies, but the way he put his arm around his brother's shoulders and started walking with him slowly down the hallway made me understand where his caring gestures were coming from. There was always affection in Jasper's voice when he mentioned his brother, but it was nice to see it first-hand. I couldn't hear their conversation, but I could tell that Jasper was listening intently and patiently to what his brother was saying.

I guessed that Peter had cerebral palsy.

He probably had spastic diplegia. No wonder it infuriated Jasper when his mother used the phrase “special needs.”

I couldn't guess Peter's age, but he was likely older than his appearance suggested. Cerebral palsy usually manifested itself very early on in an infant's life. It was no wonder Jasper had to grow up so fast.

The Hale siblings were obviously the children of a divorce. Based on what Jasper had told me about his mother, I could only guess that after the divorce she threw her energy into taking care of her youngest son and as a result neglected Jasper and likely his sister, too. I didn't really know Rosalie, but she seemed slightly more well-adjusted, albeit a big enough bitch that I tended to say away from her. Perhaps there was a mother-daughter bond, the parallel of which Jasper never go to enjoy with his father.

Suddenly Jasper Hale made a lot more sense.

We were different in innumerable ways.

I knew what my problem was. I was smarter than everyone else around me, a fucking child prodigy, but even so, I was a cliché. I wasn't hugged enough as a child. Instead, I was at the same time largely left to my own devices and given a huge burden of expectations with no praise or encouragement for them. I was supposed to get results, and I got silent looks of disappointment when I didn't. I was an only child and I never learned how to really deal with other people, especially those my own age. I was always an observer and a mimicker of what I perceived as normal behavior. This often
manifested itself as manipulation.

Jasper manipulated by sheer force of will.

We were both bastards.

Bastards in completely different ways and for completely different reasons.

But we needed each other, and for me at least, that need went beyond physical release.

Jasper kept me on my toes. I could never anticipate his next move. He wasn't completely rational. His decisions and choices weren't what I expected. He challenged me in a way that no one else had.

As if on cue, my parents emerged from the crowd.

My mother hugged me awkwardly and then my father stretched out his hand.

“Congratulations, son,” he offered with little, if any, sincerity.

“Thanks for playing,” I replied. “I'll see you at home?”

“I have to run into the hospital this afternoon, but your mother mentioned something about dinner.”

“Yes, dear,” my mother broke in. “I thought we would all go out. To celebrate.”

“Right,” I said.

We stood staring at each other in stony silence for a minute before my parents dismissed themselves wordlessly. I rolled my eyes as they parted.

It was noisy in the gym lobby. People were swarming around all the graduates, hugging and laughing. I saw mothers with tears streaming down their faces, and I suddenly felt out of place. I was so detached from their experiences, I could hardly take being around the outpouring of emotions.

I left the building and headed home.

I didn't announce my arrival to my parents, though I'm sure they heard me slam the front door and trudge up the stairs.

I put on some music and tried to read. My Portuguese wasn't nearly as good as my French, though, so O Crime do Padre Amaro was slow going.

Amélia had just fallen ill when I heard the doorbell ring.

Unfortunately, I also heard my mother answer it.

I shot to my feet when I heard Jasper's voice, though I couldn't make out the words.

What was Jasper doing here?

I was probably the only kid at Forks High who wasn't having a graduation party. My mother wanted to have one as an excuse to invite her uppity friends over to see the redecorating she had done since the last time she had a party. However, she regained her sanity and realized that her son's graduation from public high school wasn't really a black tie affair. I wasn't about to demand that she reconsider.

The week before at school, I heard Rosalie talking about a party which I'm sure was for Jasper as
well, but Jasper never mentioned anything about it. I highly doubted he would enjoy being the center
of attention at a party. I wondered what excuse he gave to leave.

I hurried out of my room and down the hall in time to hear Jasper say loudly, “Actually, it's a dildo.
I'm sure you're familiar with them.”

I burst out laughing as I hit the top of the stairs. I needed to keep Jasper around just so he could deal
with my parents.

I didn’t hear what my mother said in response, but I caught the end of Jasper's response.

“...of course, you'd have to remove whatever is stuck up there first.”

I reached the bottom step in time to see my mother's mouth open and no sound come out.

“I assume you're here to see me, not to talk to my mother about-”

“Double penetration dildos for women,” Jasper supplied for me.

He handed me the brown paper bag he had been holding as my mother cleared her throat. It was the
non-verbal filler she always used when she wasn't witty enough to respond the way she wanted to a
situation.

I couldn't help but put on a show for her.

“Double penetration dildos?” I asked casually. “Mother, I'm a bit scandalized you're asking Jasper
about that kind of thing.”

“Well, clearly the only reason you'd give me the time of day is because of my superb sexual
knowledge and skills,” Jasper said dryly, shooting a cutting glare at my mother.

“Of course,” I responded, staring blatantly at Jasper's crotch. “Well, since I clearly lack the anatomy
for that kind of double penetration, were you planning on shoving a dildo in my ass while you're
fucking me?”

My mother gasped. For all she pretended to be permissive, she actually had an extremely low
tolerance for what she considered the correct way to discuss sexuality. It was okay for me to tell her
that I had “a gay lover,” but it was not okay for me to even imply that there was anal sex occurring
between me and said gay lover. She remained blissfully ignorant of the concepts of top and bottom,
which of course meant that I had to push her.

“I guess you'll just have to find out,” Jasper smirked at me shamelessly. He then turned toward my
mother and said, “I wouldn't recommend coming upstairs for the next hour. Your son can be pretty
loud.”

He slapped my ass, encouraging me up the stairs. Thank god my mother couldn't see me blush.

I heard her give some sort of dismissal as we climbed the stairs, but she clearly didn't know what to
make of the latest encounter with Jasper.

“Dildos?” I asked as soon as we were safely in my room, the door closed.

“She asked what I got you for a graduation gift.”

I was completely taken aback.
“This is a graduation present?”

“Well, I doubted that your parents were going to get you anything.”

“Did yours?”

“My dad gave me a card. I haven't opened it yet.”

“Why aren't you at your graduation party?”

“Fucking McCarty. I was planning on getting Peter out of the house for a couple hours until he found out that McCarty is addicted to video games. I'm going to have to hose off my bed when I get back.”

“Emmett's not so bad.”

“He has the subtlety of Richard Simmons. Just open the damn present.”

I opened the brown bag while trying to bite back a laugh. I pulled out a box with a clear plastic window on the front, revealing its contents.

It was, in fact, a dildo.

It also didn't escape my notice that it was very close in size and shape to Jasper's dick. I turned it over in my hands, thinking about what it would feel like inside me. It really hadn't occurred to me to use a dildo before, but I wouldn't have Jasper around while I was overseas and I was going to miss the feeling of being fucked. I highly doubted it would feel as good as the real thing.

I looked up to meet Jasper's eyes. He was watching me with rapt attention, studying my reaction.

“I didn't get you anything,” I said, actually feeling a twinge of guilt that the idea hadn't even occurred to me.

“Well, there might be something you can do for me in exchange,” Jasper said coyly.

“Are you going to show me how to use it?” I was laying it on so thick, I was practically purring.

Jasper obviously knew what I was up to, and put an end to the flirting by deepening his voice. My cock reacted to his stern tone like Pavlov's dog.

"I was considering giving you a lesson on deep-throating."

My eyes widened. Jasper never said anything he didn't mean.

Thankfully, he continued, “But, then I decided that wouldn't really help me out when you're on the other side of the world.”

I wondered how Jasper really felt about my leaving. This was the first time he brought it up.

“Unless you're planning on finding someone else to punish you, you can't really spank yourself. I mean, I'll give you the flogger if you want to take it with you, but I thought you can at least fuck yourself on the dildo.”

While he was talking he moved over to my desk and flipped open my laptop.

“What are you-” I started to ask.
“You have a webcam, right?”

“Yeah,” I hesitated. I had no idea what he was up to. “What do you want with my webcam?”

“You have a program so you can record video with it, right?”

I nodded, for some reason my brain was putting this together very slowly.

“I want to make a video, so I can watch you get spanked. By me.”

That meant I would be able to watch Jasper dominate me whenever I wanted.

My rational side finally kicked in and I started thinking about all the potential problems. The first and foremost was that the video could be found by someone with unsavory intentions and plastered all over the internet. That kind of thing had the potential to follow you around. It could prevent you from getting hired or even admitted to graduate school. The second problem was that the idea of being on film made me a little self-conscious.

My worry finally got too intense and I spoke up. “Jasper, I don't know about this.”

“No one but you or I will ever see it,” he reassured. “You know I'll delete it if you ask. You planning on running for public office or something?”

“In seventeen years I'll be eligible for the presidency.”

“I, for one, would be more likely to vote for you if you let the sex tape leak.”

“I see you using it to blackmail me for a position in the cabinet.”

“For what? The Secretary of Spanking?”

I burst out laughing.

“Now get naked, Mr. President.”

I was still laughing as I stripped out of my clothes until I noticed that Jasper was positioning the camera. My heart started to race a little.

“Ready?” he asked, giving me one more chance to say no.

I swallowed hard and nodded.

He started the video.

“Get on the edge of the bed, Edward,” the cool tone in his voice had returned, and of course, my dick responded in turn.

I got on the edge of the bed, but couldn't help glancing at the webcam a few times.

“Keep your eyes forward, Edward. It's just you and me in the room.”

With the order, I knew I wouldn't try to sneak another look. I could hear Jasper moving around behind me, but I didn't know what he was doing until I felt the heavy strips of braided leather being dragged down my back.

I shivered involuntarily at the sensation, but didn't move.
“Are you ready, Edward?”

I nodded.

“Then let me do my job,” he said in a low growl.

I was already hard and he had barely even brushed the flogger against me.

How was I going to make it two whole months without this?

I felt a rush of motion behind me, then I felt Jasper's hard cock, still encased in denim, press up against my ass. He grabbed my left cheek roughly and when he released it, he followed the motion with a quick slap.

I groaned loudly, only remembering afterward that my mother was still in the house.

Oh well, let her fucking listen.

I groaned again when Jasper took a step back, but that loss of sensation was soon replaced by the snap of the flogger.

The heavy leather strips licked against my skin. Moments later the initial sting faded and was replaced by the spreading burn. That first stroke was always a plea, imploring me to surrender and take the leap. I listened to the wordless, urging voice and fell.

As soon as the burn began to soften, the second slap of leather braids connected with my ass. I didn't know how Jasper knew when to strike, but he always somehow managed to maintain my feeling of surrender.

Everything else disappeared as Jasper worked the flogger against my body. There was only the sensation and the soft notes of Debussy still playing in my room.

He murmured something about my shoulders before the heavy leather braids splayed out against my upper back, spreading the burn to another part of my body. He used each shoulder and each ass check as targets, and I would never know which one the sting would hit.

My cock was throbbing at this point. I wasn't sure if Jasper noticed or if I said something about it, but he began to pick up the pace with the flogger. He would barely wait for the flogger to hit before selecting another area, until the whole backside of my body was on fire.

And then it stopped.

I heard a heaving gasp, only afterward realizing that it was me who was sobbing.

“Are you okay, Edward?” concern filled Jasper's voice. “Was I going too fast?”

“So good,” I managed to squeak out, completely unable to articulate how incredible it felt to let go.

He didn't respond immediately, and I figured he was probably trying to gauge whether or not I was telling the truth. Didn't he see how hard I was? I bucked my hips in frustration, still keeping my eyes trained forward.

His low chuckle hit my ears in response, and I could feel his body curved behind mine but not touching it.

“Point taken. I'm going to fuck you now, Edward,” he growled.
The next thing I heard was a belt buckle being undone and a bottle cap being snapped open. Then, cool drops of liquid hit the top of my ass crack. That was quickly followed by Jasper's hard, heavy dick pressing against me, rubbing and spreading the lube farther down my crack.

A whimpering, needy noise came out of my mouth when the head of Jasper's cock brushed against my hole. I almost whimpered a second time when I felt Jasper step back, but a slick finger pushed into me, turning my needy noise into a groan.

Thank god he wasn't going to tease me.

I was already on the brink of coming. There was no way I'd be able to take it if Jasper suddenly decided to delay that gratification. I could feel myself being stretched by another finger. I relaxed automatically, telling my body that it would get better if I gave into the intrusion.

It got better when Jasper's fingertip brushed against my prostate.

That little jolt wasn't enough to make me shoot my load anymore, but I knew that it was only a matter of time before Jasper's cock would be pressing against it.

As if reading my thoughts, I felt the fingers leave and the sound of a foil packet being torn open.

Then, his dick started to push into me. I relaxed into the intrusion as he entered slowly but steadily until I felt Jasper's balls against me.

“So full,” I muttered, to myself or to Jasper, it didn't matter.

He started the retreat then, leaving me empty before pushing back in. He went slowly enough that I no longer felt like I would come at any moment. I wondered what it looked like, to see Jasper's dick disappear inside me and then, once sheathed, start to reappear.

I only knew what it felt like.

Every time he pulled out it felt like a loss and the re-entry was sensuous torture.

I don't know what caused it, but I felt the moment that Jasper's control snapped. It was my favorite part of all of this, when he dropped the pretense, let go and fucked me.

Knowing that he was giving up and giving in somehow made it that much better.

Thought escaped as he pounded into me, gripping my hips and reigniting the burn. I just held on as long as I could. He pounded against that spot inside me, and I was starting to see stars when I finally heard that sweet order spill from his lips.

“Come, Edward,” he panted. “Come for me.”

Finally being allowed to let go, I took a last gasping breath and finished the fall.

It was like hitting a fucking wall. That was how strongly I came.

There were more stars and then there was blackness.

I heard Jasper grunt my name, but I was too far gone to concern myself with Jasper's orgasm.

At some point, I must have collapsed, because I was lying flat on my stomach when consciousness began to seep back in.
I was still on fire, only now the fire spread from the outside in. He had used plenty of lube, but the stretching feeling that always accompanied being fucked was there, giving a nice comfortable ache that complimented the heat of my flushed skin.

A cool sensation began to soothe the burn, and I realized that Jasper was rubbing soothing gel into my back. I began to come back to reality and his surprisingly gentle hands. It was only then I realized that he was whistling Hail to the Chief.

I started laughing.

“So you are alive. I was starting to plan my escape into Canada.”

“Don't underestimate the tracking skills of the Mounties.”

“Duly noted,” he said as he sat down on the bed next to me.

I turned my head so that I could see him. We sat in silence for a minute before he wiped his hands off on his jeans.

“Well, I should get back home. I promised Peter.” There was restraint in his voice.

I nodded, too exhausted to respond. I would never keep Jasper from his brother, even if I thought I could.

“I guess, I'll see you around, then,” he said, almost awkwardly.

“I'm leaving Wednesday,” I replied softly. “But I'll be back in two months.”

Jasper's expression was impenetrable.

He nodded at me, then opened his mouth as if to speak but no words came out. Instead, he stood up and walked over to the computer, clicking a few things before pulling his flash drive out of the side.

“I'll email you the finished version when I edit in the porn groove,” he said with a smirk.

He didn't fool me completely, though. His eyes were still tight.

I couldn't think of a clever retort, so I just smirked back.

He gave me a final nod, and then disappeared out the door.

I couldn't help but notice how much emptier my room felt.

For the first time in my life, I was grateful that I had to go have dinner with my parents. It was going to take a handful of ibuprofen and a lot of gritting my teeth, but I needed the distraction.

I was busy the next day, having to return to the high school to clean up my experiment and pack the contents so they could be shipped to the lab in England.

I watched the video that night though, and was... pleasantly surprised. I never really thought gay porn would appeal to me, but we were really hot.

Jasper had so much control over the flogger, he looked a maestro conducting a symphony. His eyes were fixed on my ass in heavy concentration. The intensity of his gaze was so powerful, I almost had to look away.
I would never again doubt that he wouldn't intentionally hurt me.

I hardly paid attention to my own reactions. The way I whimpered and became completely unraveled was surreal. It was hard to believe that was me.

Ultimately, though, it was the sound of the cracking flogger that made my hand drift down to my dick. I focused on Jasper and the sound of leather thwacking against skin. I could still feel the lingering ache on my ass from his ministrations.

Needless to say, I came embarrassingly fast. I didn't watch the rest of the video where Jasper fucked me. I just wasn't ready to see it.

I decided then that while I was in England, I wasn't even going to try to fuck anyone else – girls or guys. Edward the player was a bit of a sociological experiment in the first place, but after knowing what I could have, I just couldn't stand the idea of being with anyone else. I wondered if Jasper would. Honestly, I didn't really care or even want to know, but I was almost positive he wouldn't. I was fairly certain that the chemistry between us didn't fucking happen every day.

I'm sure someone else in my place would try to claim that this was love. Most teenagers seemed to fall in love with someone new every other day. I didn't know if I was in love, I did know I'd never hear that word come out of Jasper's mouth. I also knew that I was incapable of all the things associated with being in any kind of conventional relationship. I wasn't interested in going out on dates or spending hours talking on the phone. I found romance trivial and kind of patronizing. I wasn't a cuddler.

One thing was certain. I did like Jasper a lot, even when he wasn't fucking me out of my mind, I actually enjoyed his company.

I had to leave, though. I couldn't keep running genetic experiments in the Biology lab at Forks High. It wasn't even an option to stay, and I wasn't sure if I'd ever be back in Forks for an extended period of time. I never thought the idea of leaving Forks would make me feel so empty, but my rational brain had never anticipated the power of Jasper Hale.

I was going to miss him.

I was going to miss the way he manhandled me, and the way he was able to rescue me from myself. I would miss the games we played during school hours and the way I would tease him. But even more than that, I would miss Jasper the person. I would miss his straightforwardness, his honesty and the way he instinctively took care of me.

I'm not sure why I asked him if he could take me to the airport. It was pretty obvious that my parents weren't going to do it, and though they could afford to have me take a cab or the bus, I just didn't feel like making the trip alone.

The fact that Jasper agreed was even more shocking.

My flight didn't leave until afternoon, which was good because it was a long drive from Forks to Seattle. I was ready to go when I heard Jasper's truck rumble up the driveway. I almost suggested that we take my car instead of his jalopy, but he was oddly sensitive about the hunk of metal. If he thought it could make it to Seattle, then I wasn't going to argue with him about it.

We passed a lot of the ride listening to talk radio, yelling at Dr. Laura and then at Rush Limbaugh.

I don't know why it surprised me, but I was still startled that Jasper was so knowledgeable about current affairs. He knew more about what was going on in the world than I did. It was almost
embarrassing.

He continued to surprise me when he pulled into short-term parking instead of just dropping me off at the terminal.

“You're coming inside?” I asked.

He shrugged, “You have a lot of bags. Plus, it's boring standing in line to check in.”

I grinned at him.

He liked me.

He rolled his eyes back.

I didn't push it by saying anything, instead heading toward the entrance. As we stood in line at the check in desk, I watched Jasper out of the corner of my eye. He was calmly taking in his surroundings, surveying the room. Seeing him being so Jasper-like made something inside of me break.

“I'll be back in August,” I broke our comfortable silence insistently.

Jasper studied me for a second before responding with a gentle, “I'll be here.”

It was Jasper's way of telling me he'd wait.

Eventually, the line started moving a lot quicker and before long my bags were checked and I had my boarding passes in hand.

Jasper couldn't go past the security checkpoint with me, so I was going to have to say good bye to him after I checked in.

There were people swarming around all over the place, and I didn't want this to be the last memory I had of Jasper to carry with me during my time abroad.

Fuck it.

I threw my arms around his neck like a girl might, then I pressed my lips to his like I was going into the desert and he was the last drink of water I'd get for days. For a second he froze in response to my bold action. I never, ever took control. We had only kissed twice before, once just to get back at my father, and I wasn't sure how he would react. But then he was kissing me back, and warmth tingled down my entire body as Jasper's arms curved around my body. His left hand pressed against the small of my back, pulling me even tighter against him. I lost myself in his lips and tongue, the heat of his body flush with mine. It was that same drowning sensation I got when he spanked me. The release. The dissolution. The escape.

The announcement that my flight was now boarding on the loudspeaker broke the spell.

I pried my lips off his and buried my face in his neck, inhaling in his scent. Imprinting it in my memory until I returned.

We broke apart. I'm sure there were people staring at us, but I took no notice. My sight was trained on the blond in front of me. His eyes were a storm I didn't, and might never, understand, but somehow it was exactly what I needed – forever a puzzle I would never solve.

He gave me a slap on the ass and a wink.
“See you later, asshole.”

END SCENE
Two months later.

Nothing ever changed inside Newton's.

I mean, Kobe Bryant ads got replaced with LeBron James ads and sleeping bag technology kept making bags with lighter materials.

But the idiotic clientele never stopped.

I spent the first half hour of my shift arguing with a woman about the difference between regulation men's and women's basketballs.

I came damn near close to snapping until I finally said, “Look, ma'am, you're just going to have to trust that I know more about balls than you do.”

She didn't notice my slip, but I couldn't wipe the smirk off my face as she paid for the equipment. I guess she either believed in my knowledge of balls or realized that she was going to be late to whatever summer camp shit she was trying to run.

After that, things slowed down. The heat wave we'd been having for the past few weeks meant that camping wasn't a top priority for tourists, and all the back to school shipments had already been unloaded.

I was dusting fucking shoe boxes when Mr. Newton called me up to the front of the store. He was talking on the phone, apologizing for leaving whoever was on the other line on hold, when he handed me a piece of paper that read: “Go home early. We don't need you today.”

I could have used the money, but the idea of staying in that store having nothing to do but clean for five straight hours was unappealing, so I clocked out and took off.

My phone started ringing as soon as I pulled into my driveway. For a second, I thought it was going to be work, suddenly overrun by a rabid Girl Scout troop looking for flashlights so they could pretend they were actually camping.

But it wasn't work. It was Edward.

What the hell? Did this mean he was back in the States?

“Hello, Jasper,” his voice was raspy.

“Hey,” I said slowly, still a little surprised by his call.

“I'm on a layover in JFK.”

“I thought you weren't coming back until next week.”

“We finished the project early and I was starting to get bored.”
“So you're coming back to Forks instead of hitchhiking through Europe or whatever it is you rich kids do when left to your own devices?”

“Once you've fucked one prostitute in Amsterdam, you've fucked 'em all.”

“Liar.”

“What makes you think I'm lying?”

“You'd never have to pay for sex.”

Edward snorted, “Good point.”

“Yeah, don't let it go to your head.”

“Look, my flight's about to board, so I'll be landing in six hours,” he said hesitantly.

“Just spit it out, Edward.”

“Come pick me up?” he asked.

“Well, normally I'd be at Newton's right now, but by some happy coincidence I got let out of work early and was able to take your call.”

“Imagine that,” Edward said thoughtfully.

I wondered what he had done. I had no doubt in my mind that Edward had the power to get Mr. Newton to let me go early.

“My parents are in Seattle right now, so I could take a cab over to their condo,” Edward said. I had learned over the course of the summer that the Cullens kept an apartment in the city. “But, I want to go home to Forks,” Edward finished, his voice almost sounding like a pout.

“It's a long ass drive, what's in it for me?” I asked.

“Like I really need to tell you. My ass? Your hands?” Edward responded immediately, the hesitation gone from his voice. I wondered if anyone was nearby to overhear him.

“All right, fine,” I said. “But only because I have other shit to do in the city.”

It wasn't entirely true, but I did have things I could do in the city before going to Sea-Tac. There were a few music shops and bookstores I knew about. I also just wanted to get a feel for the city.

As I drove, I tried not to be excited about seeing Edward again, but when he mentioned his ass and my hands, I couldn't help it. I had literally been dreaming about the feeling of his perfect round ass under my hand, turning pink with my touch.

We had kept in touch over the summer a little via e-mail. He would send me hilarious emails as he compared the people he was working with to the students of Forks High. Apparently the British version of Emmett worked in the lab where Edward was doing research, and one day I had gotten a message that just said, “I now understand the phrase 'Bull in a china shop.'”

It was weird. It was like we really were friends.

One day he sent me a link to upload a video. I had no idea what it was going to be, but I was not expecting to see naked Edward when I opened it. It wasn't just naked Edward; it was Edward jerking
off while fucking himself on the dildo I gave him. Needless to say, my hand worked over my own dick to that video more than once.

I ended up having to buy a webcam of my own. Edward was busy and I didn't have much privacy at home, but being able to watch Edward, live, getting on his knees and slapping his own ass with one hand while fistfing his cock with the other made for much better jerk off sessions.

I didn't know if he'd want to see me when he got back or just cut his losses. Even though he hadn't told me where he was going to college, I knew it wasn't going to be anywhere in Washington. Edward was too smart. He needed to be at some Ivy League school with a crew team and a fucking sweater tied around his shoulders.

Either way, I was looking forward to at least fucking him into oblivion a few times before he left.

I got to Seattle early and drove around for awhile, taking in the neighborhoods around UW's campus. I stopped at a couple bookstores before getting on I-5 and heading down to Sea-Tac.

I pulled into short-term parking and flipped open my phone. Edward's plane had just landed, or at least I surmised it from a text message that read, “Why does it take people so fucking long to get off a plane?” I headed toward baggage claim.

The passengers from his flight hadn't gotten off yet, so I started pacing around baggage claim. I must have looked suspicious or some shit, because a homeland security guard started eyeing me. I was about to go ask him what his fucking problem was when a pair of hands came up in front of my eyes and a familiar body pressed against my back.

“Really, Edward?” I scoffed. “You want to play peekaboo?”

He laughed as I spun around, but before I could say anything his arms were wrapped around me and his nose was digging into the crook of my neck.

He mumbled something that sounded a lot like “Tu me manquais.”

“What was that?” I asked.

“Learn French,” was his response.

It was then that I heard some asshole mutter “faggots.” I pulled away from Edward and turned around to see the offending bastard. To make matters worse, he was holding the hand of a boy who couldn't have been older than five.

“Look,” I said loudly, before leaning in close enough that his kid couldn't hear. “Where I stick my dick isn’t any of your business.”

His eyes widened, but he seemed to realize that I wasn't going to back down. Edward's hand clamped down on my arm and he started pulling me to the other side of the baggage carousel.

“Come on. I'm not posting bail,” he said.

“I would never hit first,” I insisted.

“My jaw begs to differ,” he retorted.

“You always provoked me.”

“Not physically,” he insisted.
I raised an eyebrow at him. I clearly remembered fights between us that started with Edward landing the first blow.

“Okay, not always physically,” he corrected. “I still don't see how this is different.”

“You're just a special case,” I smirked.

The luggage started to arrive then, effectively ending the argument, and our task turned to watching for Edward's small army of suitcases.

Eventually we had all of his shit and made it back to my truck. After I secured it all in the bed, I started heading for the driver's side.

“Jasper, wait,” Edward called to me.

“What is it?”

He licked his lips as he took three steps toward me, then reached out and grabbed the front of my shirt. He tugged me toward him and I let myself be pulled until he was pressing his lips to mine.

They were just like I remembered them, warm and pliable and insistent. I let him shove his tongue into my mouth while I turned our bodies until Edward was pressed up against my truck.

A growl came from his throat, making his lips vibrate.

His left hand was still fisted in my shirt, but his right hand started tugging at my hair. I couldn't help letting a small moan escape, but luckily the roar of a plane taking off drowned it out.

We ended the kiss when a car driving by honked at us. They had a peace sign bumper sticker, though, so I assumed it was a friendly honk.

“I needed that,” Edward whispered as I stepped back from him. I wasn't sure if he meant for me to hear.

I unlocked his door and walked around to the driver's side. As soon as we pulled out of the lot, Edward leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

“You mind if I take a nap?” he asked. “I slept like shit on the plane.”

“Go ahead,” I said. I wondered what he would have done if I said I minded. He looked dead on his feet, but I speculated that if asked him to try and stay awake, he probably would have.

I drove in silence for the next couple hours. Rush hour traffic kept me occupied, and I tried not to shout at all the shitty drivers so as not to wake Edward.

“You still going to UW?” Edward's voice startled me. I hadn't heard him stir awake. For a second I thought he was talking in his sleep, but when I glanced his way, his eyes were alert.

“Yeah, I think I've almost persuaded my mom to move to Seattle. There's a better school for 'special needs' students here.” It was a regular public high school, but one that had a top special education program. I assumed that they'd be smart enough to figure out that Peter didn't actually need special education. His development was a little stunted, but the only thing holding him back mentally was my mother's coddling.

“You know my dad could get her a job at the nursing home connected to the hospital.”
“I don't think I could ask you to do that.”

“My father loves throwing his name around. It wouldn't be any trouble.”

“Then I'd feel like I owe him.”

Edward put a hand up. “Say no more.”

We settled into silence for a while. I wanted to ask Edward what his plans were. I knew he had been debating between Johns Hopkins, Berkeley, MIT and Harvard. He literally could go anywhere he wanted, but apparently he had to be calculating about where he chose to get his undergrad degree. I didn't understand his explanation, but apparently getting a BS was purely a stepping stone in the education of Edward Cullen.

It frightened me sometimes how smart he was.

I tried not to let him know that though.

“So did you decide where you're going yet?”

Edward sighed heavily before answering.

“I'm going to Berkeley.”

“You sound thrilled,” I retorted.

“I am,” he said more brightly. “Really. Their program is both prestigious and the most amenable to the research I'm doing. I worked with a professor from there this summer.”

“So what's wrong?”

“I haven't told my parents yet.”

“Oh,” I said knowingly.

“Most parents would be ecstatic that their child isn't moving all the way across the country,” he muttered.

That's when it hit me.

He wasn't leaving the west coast.

Edward was pensive until we reached Forks. I wasn't going to prod him about it. How he dealt with his fucked up parents wasn't any of my business.

As we drove through the main street in Forks, Edward sat up and started looking out the window like a kid going to Disneyland for the first time.

“What?” I asked.

“It's stupid,” Edward started. “The whole concept of feeling at home somewhere is probably completely contrived, but believe it or not, I missed this place.”

I wondered if I would miss Forks after I left. Unlike Edward, I really hadn't ever left Forks other than to stay with my dad in Port Angeles. I couldn't imagine missing it, though.
“So, do you want to stop to see the new ‘Back to School’ display at the grocery store?” I teased.

“Nah, I think that's an experience better suited for after I get a good night's sleep. I don't want to miss anything.”

“You'd better not be falling asleep yet. I didn't pick your ass up from the airport for free.”

“I was actually hoping you'd put me to sleep,” Edward replied suggestively.

I hit the gas pedal a little harder and Edward laughed. About five minutes later I was turning onto the Cullen's long driveway. I wanted to order Edward to get out of the car, go up to his room and get naked, but then I remembered that we had to carry in all his luggage. As soon as I set the suitcases I was carrying down by the front door, I knew I couldn't wait any longer. Let Edward carry the damn things up to his room on his own time.

“Drop the bags and pull your pants down, Edward.”

The bags he was carrying hit the floor with a thud and his hands flew to the buttons on his fly. He shoved them down his thighs along with his briefs revealing his hardening dick to me.

But I didn't want his dick right now.

“Bend over the stairs,” I ordered.

He turned around surprisingly gracefully and took a few small steps to the stairs. Then he leaned forward and grabbed a stair, pushing his ass back on display.

Fuck if it wasn't perfect.

His skin was pale and smooth, his cheeks round and firm.

I needed it.

I rushed to stand behind him then got down on my knees and grabbed a piece of his fleshy ass with my teeth. Edward moaned as I bit down on his skin, sucking it hard through my teeth. I pulled away with a satisfying smacking sound. Then licked a stripe up the cheek, soothing away any pain I caused.

I grabbed both cheeks with my hands, making Edward hiss. Then I ran a second stripe with my tongue, this time up his crack, lingering on his hole, but not pushing it inside.

I needed release.

I stood quickly and grabbed his ass in both hands again.

“You want this, don't you, Edward?”

He nodded emphatically, “Yes, please.”

“Happy to oblige,” I said.

Then I let my right hand fly against his right cheek.

“Yes,” he cried out.

I hit his left cheek with my second strike.
“Oh fuck, I missed this,” he panted.

I responded with another slap to his left cheek, telling him what I couldn't say in words. That I missed this too.

I tried to wait between each spank, to let the sting from my hand fade before adding to it again, but it was hard to be patient.

By the sixth spank, Edward was chanting, “Missed this. Missed this so much.”

I let the next series of four blows land quickly, until I was positive that Edward's ass was burning with the red sting.

“Fuck,” he howled at the tenth blow.

“Want to fuck you,” I said in a low voice. I was already practically panting.

“Yes,” he hissed.

He pushed himself up to stand and turned around.

“I need you to fuck me, Jasper,” he had tears welling up in his eyes as he was trying to hold off his orgasm. He started to shake his head, “I can't- I can't...”

I had no idea what he was trying to say. I cut him off my mashing my lips onto his. He guard was completely down now and he looked fucking lost. I plundered his mouth with my tongue, pushing against his body, silently directing him to climb.

I pulled his pants back up enough that he could walk, but he fumbled with my belt buckle as we went up the stairs, trying to get me out of mine.

I kept my hands out of his way by keeping one in his tangled hair that he had let grow out while in England and the other at the base of his neck, directing his head, keeping his lips pressing frantically against mine.

He had successfully gotten my dick out by the time we reached the top of the stairs, and he stroked it tentatively as I guided him into his bedroom. For all his genius, sometimes I forgot how little experience he actually had touching another guy's junk.

I was so fucking turned on though, even his clumsy hand was the greatest feeling in the world.

I pushed him onto the bed, hard enough that he bounced a little, before I climbed on top of him and pressed my body against his. I clamped my teeth down on his neck, sucking at the crook. The next time he saw mommy and daddy dearest, I wanted him to look claimed.

“Jasper, yes,” he gasped as I moved my lips to his Adam's apple.

I let go and sat back, damn near ripping his jeans and shoes off his body.

“Shirt,” I ordered, as I hurried over to Edward's bedside table, ripping open the drawer and fishing out the lube and a condom.

He was naked when I returned, his shirt in a messy heap with the jeans.

“Knees up, feet on the bed.”
He complied immediately.

I wasted no time, stretching Edward and lubing him up with my fingers.

“Please,” he panted as I added a third finger.

That was all the encouragement I needed.

I freed my fingers and sheathed my cock, coating it in lube. Then, I put my hands on each of his knees and pushed on them, bringing them up near his chest, folding him so his asshole was in just the right spot.

I pushed into Edward slowly. He was tight as sin and really fucking hot. I pulled out a little before pushing back in, deeper this time, slowly filling Edward until he was used to my cock. I could always tell when he was ready to be fucked because he relaxed just so.

I pulled all the way out and pushed back in hard.

“Fuck,” Edward shouted. “More!”

Normally I would have chastised him for what sounded more like an order than a request, but it was what I wanted. I needed more.

I pounded in and out, fucking Edward into the mattress. I was unrelenting with my pace, two months of absence motivating each hard thrust.

I wasn't going to last long, but it didn't matter. Edward was biting down on his lip so hard, I wondered if he was going to leave marks.

“You're going to make me come, Edward,” I growled. “Do you want to come too?”

He nodded but didn't speak.

“Say it,” I ordered.

“Let me come, Jasper. I want to come. Please.” he cried out desperately.

“Okay,” I said.

I grabbed his cock in my hand. I had barely tightened my fist around him before he was erupting all over it. Spurts of cum were painting his chest.

Seeing Edward lose it was a ridiculous turn on, and it only took a few more rapid-fire thrusts before I was exploding. Bright spots of color flashed as I shot my wad into the condom, Edward's channel still throbbing around me.

Exhaustion hit me immediately, but I managed to pull out of Edward and flop down beside him instead of smothering him with my weight.

We lay panting, allowing our breathing to even and pulses to return to normal. I knew I should probably do something to alleviate the sting I left on Edward's ass, but I just couldn't move.

I'm pretty sure I dozed off for a few minutes, because Edward's voice startled my eyes open.

“If you tell me not to see anyone else, I won't.”
“What are you talking about, Edward?” I asked.

“When we go to school. I won’t fuck anyone else if you tell me not to,” he insisted, and the sincerity in his voice was unmistakable.

“I’m not going to tell you that. I’m not your keeper,” I said immediately. I wasn't in charge of Edward outside of what happened when we were actually alone.

“What would you say if I told you that I wasn't going to anyway.”

“I'd say that it's both a blessing and curse that you found a commanding sex god like me at such a young age. Look at you. A taste of my cock, and I've put you off both other cocks and pussy,” I looked over at him with a smirk.

Edward laughed but didn't deny it.

He grew silent again, which gave me a minute to think about it. I honestly didn't like the idea of anyone else touching Edward's ass or spanking him. I guess I wouldn't know if it would bother me until I knew it was happening. Edward could do whatever he wanted. I wondered if he was serious about not being with anyone else.

Again, he interrupted my train of thought.

“If you want to fuck anyone else, well, I can deal with it. It can't be that hard to find someone in Seattle who has your particular, uh, persuasion.”

I snorted immediately.

I had looked. I found all kinds of spanking websites and quickly learned that there were people with all kinds of fetishes who were willing to meet up with people they met on the internet. The thing was, I didn't want someone who would just submit to me and let me spank them. It wasn't just about any kind of power or control. It was about power and control over Edward. Edward was smarter than me, better looking, would be wildly more successful, but he needed me take all of that away, at least for awhile.

I looked over at Edward and saw worry creasing his forehead.

I didn't know if I was going to fuck anyone else. At the moment, the idea didn't appeal to me, but Edward was back in Forks for the next few weeks and his ass was mine for the taking. The real question was what would happen when we left for college. The reality was that we were both 18 and we would both probably end up fucking other people. That didn't mean I had to like it, but I wouldn't make a promise I wasn't sure I could keep.

“Blow jobs, maybe. Sex, maybe. But I couldn't do that with anyone else,” I admitted.

His lips started to quirk up in a smile, so I kept going.

“You're incomparable, you know. The odds of me finding someone who pisses me off as much as you do are pretty slim.”

He started laughing then, erasing the worry from before.

“That's for damn sure,” he agreed.

I sat up and stretched, leaning over to reach the arnica gel from where it still sat on Edward's table.
“Roll over,” I said softly. “You need this. It's been awhile.”

He complied without a word, and I started to massage the gel into his cheeks. The mark I had left earlier with my teeth was still there, standing purple and proud against an otherwise angry looking patch of skin.

He rested his head on his folded forearms for a moment before lifting his head a little to look back at me.

“We probably won't get to see each other very often,” he mused. “But I won't really be that far away. It's a quick plane trip and only half a day's drive.”

“I'm sure you'll miss your parents terribly and feel the need to visit them in Seattle frequently,” I offered.

Edward's lips curled back into a smirk, “They would hate that.”

“I know.”

“You know what they would hate even more?”

“You inviting me over to their apartment,” I finished. “Better yet. If I spank you in my dorm room, think of all the people who will hear you screaming my name.” In all likelihood, I would probably end up living with my mom and Peter assuming that all went well with the move, but that didn't make the idea any less hot. Edward really did have exhibitionist tendencies.

“So, I just have to think of the wait in between these visits as a necessary evil,” Edward mused, mostly to himself.

“Don't think about it that way,” I replied to him anyway. “Think of it more like a lesson.”

He looked at me thoughtfully for a second, before an honest grin spread across his face as he put two and two together.

“Delayed gratification.”

THE END

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!