

Half-moon Scars (Bonus Request)

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Half-moon Scars (Bonus Request)

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Summary

During the first training session to get ready for the newborn battle, Bella is completely in awe of Jasper and enormously curious about his past. When she finally gets his story, she sees him in a new light and feels new things that he indulges.

Notes

So this request came after the first five but it piqued my interest and I got an idea for it. Hope you enjoy it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

She watched him the whole time. Well, most of the time. She did keep an eye on Edward and Alice, and Jacob. Tried to talk to him, talk him out of joining this fight. But mostly, her eyes were on Jasper as he adopted this military instructor type personality and walked everyone else through what they had to remember in order to survive the incoming newborn army.

When enough had been taught and acted out for the day, the wolves left first. The Jeep pulled away with Carlisle, Esme, Rosalie and Emmett. She didn't see where Edward and Alice were at the moment, so Bella waited on the hood of the Volvo. She saw Jasper approaching, kicking the mud from his shoes; brushing dirt off. She hopped of the car and beseeched him.

"Jasper... Are you sure, there's nothing I can do to help?"

Jasper was stoic but reassuring. "Your presence alone, your scent will distract the newborns. Their hunting instinct will take over, drive them crazy."

She was relieved. "Good. I'm glad." But her curiosity was getting the better of her and she had to ask him. "Hey. How do you know so much about this?"

He answered her wryly. "I didn't have quite the same upbringing as my adopted siblings." He started to move away but Bella eagerly followed him, her face still beseeching him for some elaboration. He stopped and saw her inquiring expression. Maybe he was taking pity on her. He rolled up his sleeve and twisted his arm to her view. At first, she could tell what he was showing her. Maybe it was the overcast sky or her inferior human eyesight. But then she noticed the raised skin, puckered punctures. Hundreds of jagged white, half-moon shaped scars.

She gasped. "Those bites are like mine."

"Battle scars," he said darkly. "All the training the Confederate Army gave me... .. was useless against the newborns. Still, I never lost a fight."

"This has happened during the civil war?"

He nodded and started walking. She hurried to keep pace with him.

"I was the youngest major in the Texas cavalry. All without having seen any real battle."

"Until..." she prompted.

"Until I met a certain immortal," he said. "Maria. I was riding back to Galveston... .. after evacuating a column of women and children. When I saw her... I immediately offered her my aid..."

He stopped walking abruptly. Bella could see the painful memory washing over him. She found a fallen log and sat down, waiting for him to be ready continue. But he was silent and a statue.

“Maria was creating an army?”

“They were very common in the South. Cost of brutal battles for territory,” he answered matter-of-factly. “Maria won them all. She was smart, careful. And she had me. I was the second in command. My abilities to control emotions served her well. I trained her newborns. An endless occupation since she never let them live beyond their first year. It was my job to dispose of them. I could feel everything they felt.”

It was difficult for Bella to imagine Jasper the way he was describing himself.

She could see the despair on his face. She reached up, tentatively, and touched his cold hand on the arm with the sleeve rolled up. She expected him to flinch away. He always kept his distance. But he didn't. His palm turned towards her fingers like a sunflower towards the sun.

“I thought what Maria and I had was love. But I was her puppet. She pulled the strings. I didn't know there was another way...”

‘Until he found Alice,’ she thought to herself. Her fingers tightened around his hand. “I didn't know you back then, but I do know that you're not what Maria made you anymore. You're not a monster and these scars don't make you one any more than mine does.”

He gave her a surprised but appreciative grin. “So wise. And controversial.”

She stood up, using her grip on his hand to pull herself up. “I know what Edward thinks. About being a vampire and what it does to your soul. I just don't believe that. There's no way any of you are damned. I mean – you guys are too good.”

Bella felt a swell of appreciation and something up inside her. And by the expression on Jasper's face, she knew those feelings were coming from him. He was projecting to her. But there was some emotion she couldn't identify that she knew without a doubt was hers. Something like admiration or compassion.

“It's nice of you to say that, darlin',” he told her.

“I'm not saying it to be nice. I don't do that,” she said emphatically. “I mean – look at how far you've come. Your family is putting their lives on the line to protect me...”

“Of course we are,” he said, looking down at her. “That's what family does.”

Bella flushed, looking down.

Jasper reached forward, tilting her chin up. “Make no mistake, Bella. You are family.”

“Not yet,” she whispered. “Not if Edward gets his way.”

Jasper stepped closer. “He may love you, but he doesn't give you all you need because of his own self-repression.” He took another step closer, and it increased this warm feeling in her that she could only describe as intense lust. It came from everywhere. From her, from him, it didn't matter. It was rising the closer he was to her and then his face was looming closer.

His lips were a mere breath away. She could feel his nearness more than she could see him. It wasn't the ghost of affection as she was used to. His cold lips brushed against hers and she let out a longing sigh from deep within her that had been repressed before.

Jasper let out a groan and reared back, but still remained close to her. Her hand was still in his so he pulled it around his waist. He whispered, "Hold on."

She hardly had a second or two to wrap both arms around him as he caged her in, and they were blurring away. Somewhere. It all just looked like trees to her. In just a moment, they were somewhere else, and he had her nestled in a clearing of trees and moss. She could hear water running somewhere nearby.

"Darling," he growled, diving in to kiss her properly. As proper as she'd been kissed in... ever. She felt it all twofold and knew he could too. The passion, the lust, the relief of giving in.

She should have felt guilt in the betrayal. But everything else overrode that. Everything he was feeling as he touched her hit her like a tornado and she pushed everything in her back to him.

His cold touch felt like satin ice as he pulled at her jacket. It was the first thing on the ground. She felt the chill of the air wash over her as her thermal top went down with it. She didn't know what was going on with her. Why she was giving into her feelings like this. Where her feelings were coming from. But she didn't care.

Jasper's expression turned dark and intense. And for a second, she flashed to the kind of man he described himself as before. But his eyes were still golden, not black. No part of her was afraid. She didn't bother to flinch when his face dived for her neck. Because she knew he wasn't going to bite her. He was kissing her, caressing the skin of her neck with his lips, tongue and teeth.

She had never felt like this before and part of her knew she would never feel like this again. So she threw herself into it. She let her eyes close and let the sensations run over her.

"Can you stand still for me, darling?" he asked, with a dark undertone.

She nodded as he pulled his lips away from her neck and stared at her with a hunger she'd never seen someone hold for her before. He moved with unseeable speed. He undid her jeans and pulled them down. Then he had her laid out on the soft moss and loomed over her like a predator. He had his shirt off in under a millisecond, and she saw more crescent shaped scars littering his chest. Attesting to his strength and resilience. It made him beautiful to her.

In another millisecond, he was completely bare. She saw more scars on his pale legs, but her gaze was more drawn to the long bock stranding out from his pelvis.

"Jas..." she gasped.

He crouched over her with a growl and pushed her legs up. She had limited mobility with her jeans still encasing her calves. But it gave him enough room to move her panties aside

and rub his cock along her folds. She was already aroused and wet enough for him. But the most intimate touch she'd ever received had her melting into a pile of nerves.

"That's right, darling," he hissed. "Feel it all." He reached forward with his free hand and pressed his thumb to her lips, teasing them apart.

"You're going to love this, darling," he swore. He moved at human speed as he removed her clothes. Her jeans, bra, and then started pulling on her panties. For a brief moment, she felt shame and tried to stop from revealing that part of her. But he wasn't interested in waiting for her to give wholly in and tossed her panties away once he had them off.

She felt goosebumps rise out of her skin as he lied over her body and pressed his lips to hers again. And this time, she was able to throw herself into it. Meet his tongue with hers as he moved at a speed she could work with.

She was surprised that she didn't feel frozen. Outside, nude and close with a vampire that's touch was ice. But his touch and lips also kept her blood pumping through her body like a series of speeding trains. She hardly noticed when he had his cock aimed at her virginal entrance. He didn't second guess their position. He just went in for the lustful kill.

In one fell swoop, he was inside her, buried to the hilt, with a growl that reminded her of when she'd seen vampires fight. Bella winced at the sting of being stretched inside for the first time. He took it easy on her, moving slow and measured. Pulling out and pushing all the way in.

Jasper let out a low hiss. "Fuck!" The cursing startled Bella. But something about his tone made her even more aroused. Like he was losing control. For her. Because of her.

"You feel perfect, darling, you're doing so well." His words ran into the next ones, like he was speaking to himself more than her. But his eyes and lips were attached to her, even as he spoke, sometimes too fast or too low for her to hear. "...doing so well, darling... such a good girl... feel so good... feel it all..."

She was beginning to grow a little restless herself. His slow, measured pace was starting to feel too inhibited. She wanted more. She tried to project that want to him, too shy to audibly ask for it. Too shy to beg.

He seemed to pick up on it though, with his gift. He pulled his cock from her pliant body and turned her over. Her knees dug into the moist ground beneath her. She couldn't see what he was doing but felt his cock slip into her from behind soon enough.

He grunted, losing himself in her. "That's it, darling... feel it all... come on, rock back onto me..."

She obeyed. She had to. Even the dominance in his tone seeped out onto her through his gift. There wasn't an ounce of her that wanted to get away or not do as he said. It was like he was the Major from the War, compelling her to follow orders.

So as best as her inexperienced self could, she rocked back onto his hard cock, so it embedded deep within her repeatedly. He encased her hips with his strong hands and helped pull her back onto his cock harder. The head of his shaft hit her deepest places with a veracity she'd never experienced before.

She had no idea how long she was on her knees for him. No idea how long he was rocking within her with a series of grunts and growls. How long wave after wave – orgasms – of pleasure washed over. It was endless.

But he pulled out of her abruptly one minute and maneuvered her around with ease. He had her straddling him as he now lied on the dewy moss, holding her over his cock pointing straight up like an erect arrow.

With a deep vibration in his voice, he said, "Ride me, darling."

Her long hair tumbled down her back as she tentatively poised herself against the head of his cock and let gravity and Jasper's grip help her pussy sink down on him. He openly groaned, the pleasure displayed on his face – hers probably matched.

"That's it, darling, ride me like that," he said as he took his hands away to let her have some control. She knew it was a little bit of a show. That he had complete and total control of her and this whole situation. But she swallowed her nerves and focused on her pleasure as she rode his cock languidly.

"... doing so well... let me hear you..."

She didn't know how to be vocal and loquacious. She'd never done any of this before. But she tried to be bold. His name was the one solid word she could get out amongst the series of moans and mewls her body let out. "Jasper..."

He let out a growl again and gripped her hips and took over her movements. He had her bouncing on his cock hard and another tidal wave of pleasure hit her.

"Jasper!" she cried out. Her whole body seized up and she could feel herself squeezing him inside her. Her mouth dropped open to let out all the held back sounds her body wanted to let out as her pleasure overwhelmed her.

As she was still cumming, Jasper wrapped his arms around while somehow simultaneously wrapping her legs around him and he had them up and blurring away, somewhere closer to the running water. He had her up against a rock, holding her tight, and giving her his cock.

She knew he could probably go faster if he lost control of himself. But he didn't. He moved so fast she couldn't keep up; she could only hold on. But he didn't hurt her. She doubted that he ever could.

He was hissing in her ear, lewd things that she caught only a few words of. "...gonna cum for you... in you... darling..."

“Jasper!” she keened as he slammed his hips flush with her and came with a torrent of surprisingly warm cum that flooded her whole being.

Bella was panting hard in the aftermath of their actions, and he wasn’t. But his body was still vibrating. He was still staring at her with hunger as he slowly pulled his cock from her body.

A glance down showed Bella that he was still hard. Glistening with both of their fluids and throbbing for more. She felt sore, but a bigger part of her was thrumming for more too.

“Let me know when you’re ready for another ride, darling,” he said lowly, eyes roaming her body he still held against the rocks alongside the running water.

Bella smiled up at him. No matter what happened later, she was ready for what happened next.

End Notes

Hope you guys liked it. It was sitting on my computer for like a week. Requests are still closed and I won't be doing this again until December.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!