



Episode Three-

After the incredible snack that Bella provided for us, we started playing video games again. We were too full to do anything else. She made a feast, and we destroyed it. Everyone was a little tipsy and relaxed, having a good time.

Tony sat on the floor in front of the couch so that Bella could have a comfortable spot beside me. She was so close that I could smell her perfume. Her legs rested over his shoulders, her knees right by his ears. Giggling and smiling, she chatted away with everyone. The girls especially liked her, I could tell.

“Oh, by the way! I just love the picture of yours that Tony sent to us when we moved into our new place! It’s so beautiful! Everyone compliments it when they come over.” Lucy brightly praised.

“Thank you,” she grinned before turning her attention to her boyfriend. Frowning, Bella leaned forward and popped him on the back of the head like a naughty puppy. He twisted around to look at her in shock.

“What did I do?”

“Ask for the stupid code when you get things from the shop. You don’t have to pay full price, idiot,” she snapped, though she wasn’t actually that annoyed with him. “I’m not going to tell you again.”

He tried to play innocent, but he wasn’t that good at it. “I forgot! And it was late, and you were asleep.”

“It can’t be both,” she called him out. They both made a funny face and just stared.

Huffing, he turned around to focus on the game that he was trying to play. He had been winning until she smacked him. "You underprice them, anyway."

She scoffed. "Okay. Well, if you want to be in charge of how much I sell my shit for, please go right ahead."

He shook his head a little, rolling his eyes. "First off, don't call it shit. Because it's not. It's art. You are an artist. You have put hundreds, if not thousands, of hours into practicing your art. You have a degree from a top American school in said art. You should be regularly showcasing your work in galleries and selling them for a price that reflects your skills. And I would be more than happy to arrange that for you. I realize you lack the confidence in your work now, but I have no doubt that one day you will be in the museums you so love to visit."

Her eyes got a little wider as her lips parted, taking in a slow, shaking breath. Tony was just speaking off the cuff, telling her how he felt. Nothing but love reflected in her expression. She quickly wrapped her arms around him from behind and kissed his hair. He smiled to himself, only turning his head to the side a little to kiss her bare knee. She laid her head on top of his as she watched him go from last to second in a surprising comeback.

Though he had been good to Tanya, he wasn't like this with her. He was gentle, kind, and encouraging. It was part of what made me fall in love with him in the first place.

Lucy began to play-act as if she was about to burst into tears. "Aw, Tony! When did you become such a sweetheart?"

"Oi, I've always been. You're just all assholes," he joked.

He leaned back to look at Bella, his head between her knees on the cushions as he gazed up at her. "You know, I kind of like the idea that it's just for me." When he stuck his tongue out in answer, it made her softly laugh. "I think you're extremely sweet, though. Alice thinks so too. And Demetri. So, I know it's not just for me," she concluded as she began to pet him. Obviously enjoying it, his eyes rolled into the back of his head as his lashes fluttered.

"You look really happy," Peter offered with a smile.

He looked over at him with a proud and almost cocky smirk. "Well, let's see. I am madly in love with an incredibly smart, talented, sexy woman. Who is going to make very fat. My career has already gone way beyond what my dreams were. I live in sunny, beautiful, California, in a gorgeous home that overlooks the mountains. Away from my crazy mother. Yeah. I think this is what happiness is," he said before his head fell back so that he could look at her again lovingly. "And in a few weeks, I'll be able to wake up every morning with you. I don't think it could actually get any better than that."

"I don't think that's true. Then what else would we have to look forward to? We're just getting started," she countered wisely. This was where Bella showed how much more mature she was. He had so many romantic ideas, but she seemed to be far more realistic. Tony needed someone to ground him, though.

"Mm, I know a few things that might make it better. But-

She covered his mouth, interrupting him. "Shhh. We will not speak of these things in front of your friends. Or, your family, for that matter."

This didn't stop him, and he just kept mumbling behind her tiny fingers. "When you agree to be my lovely little bride, and we have-

"Shh..." She hissed as she began to flush. But Bella was smiling just a little.

"Good lord, Anthony. If she doesn't want to have your babies, I will," Lucy said with a laugh. Her fiancé didn't like that, smacking her leg. She wasn't bothered though and just giggled at him. "Well, then you talk to me that way. You don't want babies, anyway."

Lee tilted his head to the side, looking at our friend as Tony threw his controller to Felix, so he could take his spot in the match. "How do you know he was talking about babies?"

"I kind of figured he was talking about threesomes but, I mean... That's just me," Bella deadpanned, looking as bored as she could be. Tony was usually a prude in front of people, and unsurprisingly, his cheeks began to fill with color. Instead of saying anything, he brought her leg up to his mouth and began to bite her. It just made her giggle again. "Between a baby and a threesome, one of those things is a lot more likely to happen. Stop, it tickles," she whimpered at the end.

He twisted around so that he could look at her, his smile massive and playful. "I was actually talking about getting engaged. Getting Married. Having a family. You know, those sorts of things. I wasn't actually being a pervert, love."

She leaned forward to cover his lips again to keep him from speaking. "Shh... Don't rush. It's too soon. Be a pervert instead."

"When will it not be too soon?"

She pursed her full lips, tilting her head to the side as she considered the answer carefully. "At least a year."

That would kill him. He knew that it was too soon to ask her, and he was going to at least wait until after she moved in and got more comfortable. But a year was a long time, especially to an impatient man like him.

“A whole year? From now or from when we started dating?” He tried to act as if he wasn’t too bothered, but I could tell.

“I’ll go with dating.”

That was a little better, in his mind, at least. I doubted he could wait that long.

He nodded his head, pulling out his mobile to jokingly save the date. “I’m going to hold you to that. October fourteenth, outlandish proposal,” he mumbled to himself as he typed.

Bella looked so unimpressed. “First off, nothing outlandish for the love of God. Second, we didn’t start dating the fourteenth. We started dating the twenty-second.”

He didn’t say anything. They both smiled, making funny faces and leaning their heads to one side until finally, she made him break. He cleared his throat quickly. “I know, but that’s when I fell in love with you.”

“Aw!!” Kelly, Melly, and Lu all did it in unison like an American high school movie. Tony brought his hand up and gave them the bird without breaking his gaze with his girlfriend.

She rolled her eyes and shook her head. “You are so full of shit. It was not ‘love at first sight.’ You’re so damn dramatic.” Well, she was right about one thing.

“You don’t believe me. But I’ve got the receipts, baby.”

I decided to help him along some. I couldn’t imagine any girl wouldn’t be impressed with it. “Oh... You know, I remember that night. I’ve still got the texts. Wait a sec,” I mumbled as I pulled out my phone. I gave a quick search, finding what I was looking for. “Ah, here it is. ‘I think I just met the person I’m going to marry.’ Then I called him a dramatic bitch because obviously, we agree. Asked what the fuck he was on about. ‘The photographer is here, and she’s the hottest woman I’ve ever seen.’”

She gasped a little, laughing as her face turned a bright scarlet. Tony’s matched. “No,” she giggled as she took my phone. As Bella read, she began to laugh harder. She glanced over at me with a wicked expression. “How are my tits?” She wiggled her amazing rack at me. “Do they live up to the hype?”

“Yeah, they’re a bit of alright,” I replied in a funny voice. She grinned up at me as she laid her head on my arm. She was surprisingly comfortable with me. But I was glad, though. I

knew that we were both going to be in his life for the rest of ours, so it would make things much easier if we got along. And I enjoyed our closeness, I had to admit.

“You creep. Showing my tits to your best friend,” she pretended to be offended when she saw the picture that he took the very first evening that they were together. Bella looked great in it, especially for traveling all day and being exhausted.

Tony tried and failed to look innocent again. “It was my contact picture for the first week. Now it’s the gold lipstick one.”

“Your contacts, indeed. It is a good picture.”

She bit her lip as she continued to look, obviously enjoying this little insight that I had given her. Lingered on a picture of herself from Halloween, she smirked. She was standing outside by some decorations, looking over her shoulder at him with an impish grin that was perfect for her costume.

“None of them do your eyes justice,” I told her honestly. She just shook her head and gave the phone back to me. Or tried to. Tony ripped it from my grip before I could put it in my pocket. He was the only one that I would allow to take my mobile like that, even if it was dangerous.

“So, here is my question, Jasper. How much has he shown you? I mean, I tell Alice everything, so it’s only fair that he has you to talk to,” she continued to fuck with him, enjoying his mild discomfort at being teased in front of his friends. He had brought something up that she didn’t want to, so she was going to get him back, and Bella was doing a fantastic job at it.

“Oh, he’s always been very respectful,” I went along with her.

She tilted her head to the side just slightly. “Of me and my tits? And ‘that ass.’” She looked over at me slowly. “Has he shown you the book yet?”

“Oh, no-no, no,” Tony began to panic.

He loved that goddamn book more than anything else in his entire house. He kept it in the safe with his ‘valuables.’

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, dove,” I joked loudly. Tony looked horrified that I was about to get him in trouble, so I decided to behave. “I’ve been informed of its existence, but I have not been allowed to see its contents.”

“Aw, that’s a shame. I look great in it,” she proceeded. He was displeased at being mocked in front of everyone, but it was playful, and they both knew it. I loved that Bella enjoyed

giving him a hard time, too. “Well, you’ve obviously shown him some interesting ones. Alice has seen your nudes, too. Seems fair.”

“I’ve never sent you a nude,” he returned quickly.

“No, but I’ve certainly taken them.”

He stopped, thinking about it hard for a long second. And then it dawned on him. He laughed awkwardly. “Oh, in New York. Tell everyone our business, yeah?” She just smirked at him in a challenging way. “I see how it is. Trying to embarrass me. Very nice.”

She looked at him seductively, pushing his shoulder with the tip of her toe. “You like it when I’m a little mean.” Tony grabbed her leg and leaned down to kiss the very top of her sock-covered foot. Her breathing picked up just a bit, her bottom lip going between her teeth.

They were both so hot. Their expressions screamed sex. I thought about what it would be like to watch him kiss further up her bare legs. It made me want them both.

Stupidly, I leaned over, so I could whisper in Bella’s ear. “Whenever you’re feeling really mean, I’d love to see those pictures.” I would take any photos either one of them wanted to give me. I couldn’t imagine how she got some nudes of him.

Giggling a bit evilly, she took my hand again so that she could give it a light squeeze. I realized then that not only were Bella and I going to get along, but we were going to friends as well.

“Oh no, what did he say?” Tony demanded.

I decided to see if I could goad him into another wrestling match. He was already peeved, and it wouldn’t take much to push him over the edge, I imagined.

“I was offering her pictures of a real man.”

Getting the reaction that I wanted, he began to reach for me, but Bella quickly threw her hands up.

“Wait, wait. I need to get up. You two can be stupid in a minute,” she squeaked before she hopped off the couch to rush to the loo.

He frowned some. “I was hoping that she felt better, but I’m guessing not,” he mumbled under his breath.

“Hey, I want to go sit on the beach,” Lucy interjected after a moment, looking at her partner with a grin. Their match was wrapping up. “I don’t know why we’re inside when you literally have that,” she continued as she motioned towards the sand.

Tony scoffed a little. “Yeah...” He looked towards the bathroom, trailing off anxiously. “Yeah, we can go out for sure. I just want to check on her real quick.” Everyone got up to go, but I waited behind. “Love...” He called through the bathroom door. She had hurried into the guest one. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah,” she called meekly, the water running.

“We’re going to the beach.”

“Oh, okay,” Bella called back. “Um, I think I need to lie down for a few minutes.”

He frowned again, leaning his head against the door. “Do you need anything?”

“No! I’m fine!” She promised though it was a lie, and we both knew it.

Sighing, he walked towards me in the living room. “She’s more stubborn than you.”

“Aw, poor darling,” I teased gently as I rubbed his shoulder. “She’ll be fine in a day or two. Don’t worry. Go outside, and I’ll join you in a moment. I have to run to the loo myself.”

After going quickly, I saw that their bedroom door was opened just a crack. Bella was lying on her side, her body curled up in the fetal position with her arms around her belly. She was trembling.

“Oi, dove. You alright?” I asked, pushing the door open some.

She shook her head. “My stomach.”

I went to the side of the bed, almost automatically drawn to her. I wanted to take care of her, though I couldn’t explain why. Just hours before I intended to loathe her for taking the man that I loved away from me. She wasn’t really and obviously made him very happy. I knew that if I cared for him, that I would want whatever gave him joy. And that was Bella.

Feeling for a fever, I touched my palm to her soft skin. She was a sticky moist with perspiration, but she felt normal otherwise. “You don’t have a fever. Poor thing, you’re covered in sweat. Can I get you something?” Tony had offered, and I didn’t know what I could do to help, but I would at least try.

“No, I took something. It’ll be fine. It’ll pass,” she murmured.

We were quiet for a moment. "I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable earlier. I was just joking," I blurted out suddenly as I thought about how I flirted with her over the photos. Tony knew how I was, but she didn't. I knew that I was loud and aggressive, and I probably said a lot of things that I shouldn't have.

"No, it's fine. I brought it up. I thought it was funny. I think we have a similar sense of humor," she said with a slight smirk.

"Sometimes, I have a hard time not taking it too far. Please let me know if I do," I admitted. This was never a conversation that I ever had with Vicky. She hated my guts, and the feeling was mutual. I didn't want that with Bella, though.

There was a noise, distracting us both. Tony was trotting along with an armful of drinks for everyone who was lounging out in the sand. We could see him through the big window. He was laughing, his smile bright. His ass looked so good when he ran, too.

"Oh," she squeaked.

"What?" I questioned. She was looking up at me as if she saw right through me and knew all of my secrets.

"I'm not the only one you think is a snack," Bella answered a bit sassily.

Damn, she did know them. I had never been called out so quickly before. I thought I was pretty good at hiding my attraction to men, especially around my friends.

"What?" I blurted out. "I-? What? No! I..." I panicked, knowing that I had been fully caught. "Please, don't tell him," I begged, terrified though I tried to keep it out of my voice. "I shouldn't have said anything earlier. Please. I don't mean anything by it."

"I won't," she swore sweetly, reaching for me. "You should talk to him, though. He's very understanding. He'd be very supportive if you decided to come out."

"No, I couldn't do that. We've been friends for so long. I'm not going to ruin that." If I told him the truth, I would have to confess my feelings as well, and there was no way that I could do that.

Confused, she looked back at him. "What? I don't think that would happen." If she only knew the truth.

“What would I do? What would I say? I don't even know how he feels about someone being gay.” Yeah, sure he thought his girlfriend being into girls was hot, but that didn't mean he would be comfortable around me. “It's not exactly the easiest thing to-”

“I'm pan,” she interrupted me before I could rant. “Edward knows and is fine with it because there is nothing wrong with it. Almost all of my friends are gay, and he's amazing with them. He came to a charity show we did for LGBTQ youth, donated a shit ton of money, and went to a gay club with us afterward. You should trust him. He's a good man,” she reminded me as if I didn't know.

“I know he is,” I agreed. Looking down into her pretty eyes that were wildly different colors, I felt drawn in. Suddenly, I did something that I had never done before. “And... Me too. I mean... yeah, I'm pansexual too, actually.” Nervously chuckling, I adjusted in my spot. “That's really weird. I don't know if I've said it out loud before. Or if I've even talked to someone else who was as well. I'm still trying to figure out all of this. I thought perhaps I was gay for a time, but...” I rambled some before I caught myself. Swallowing hard, I looked into her eyes again. “What do you think he'd say?”

“That he will be your friend always.”

My emotions overwhelmed me. I didn't mean to come out to her, especially while ill, but here she was. Trying to comfort me as if we had been friends for decades. I wanted to hug her but resisted the urge.

“You don't even know me.”

“Mm, not yet. But I know how Eddie talks about you, and I know how he feels about you. And I know him,” she spoke in the kindest voice. Her fingers twisted with mine, holding my hand comfortingly in her own.

“Shouldn't it upset you that I have sexual feelings towards your boyfriend?” I inquired, sniffing a little.

Scoffing, she glanced over her shoulder back at the beach. “Um, have you seen his ass? Besides, it's not like we're the only ones who think he's hot.”

“Yeah, that's true,” I chuckled. “He's in such good shape right now. He was really doughy in the middle when I first...” fell in love with him, I almost said. I stopped myself, smirking. “I liked him before he started doing any of this shit on the internet.” When he was about eighty pounds overweight, unable to speak because of shyness, and too beaten down by depression to do anything but read books, watch movies, and play video games.

“I bet he was still cute as fuck all chubby,” she giggled for a moment, but then Bella frowned. Her eyes nervously glanced up at me. “I hope it doesn't bother you how lovey-dovey we are.”

I... I didn't know what to say. Or feel. She cared about hurting me, even though he was hers in every way. I had never seen a man more in love.

“No, dove. It's nice, he's so happy. I am a bit jealous, but I know nothing will ever happen there.”

“I don't know. He's always surprising me,” she joked.

“Me too, honestly. I don't know. I think I'd like to kiss him just once at the sheer curiosity at this point. I've thought about it so many times in my head,” I overshared stupidly. After I had admitted one thing, I just kept going. I shook my head at my shame. “I shouldn't tell you that. I'm sorry. I've probably drank too much. You're his girlfriend.”

“No, it's okay. I understand. Well, if you ever have a chance, go for it. I won't stop you,” she deadpanned. “Please take pictures.”

God, we were alike. He was fucking a hotter, big-titted, American me.

“I have your permission then? Good to know.”

Bella laughed to herself. “I mean, I'd like to be there for it. You could do some more of that wrestling thing you did earlier, but maybe with no shirts this time first...” She looked at Tony again, pouting out her pretty lips. “Aw, I turned myself on, and I feel too terrible to do anything about it.”

She was a funny little thing, even though she felt terrible. I couldn't help but chuckle. “Do you want me to get you anything?”

Quickly shaking her head, she looked back at me. “No, it's okay. You can go hang out with them. I'll be fine.”

Being with her like this was the most comfortable that I had truly been all day. “I quite like hanging out with you,” I admitted. “I do hope we'll be good friends.”

Her answering grin was so sweet. “Yeah, I think we will be.”

“I want you to know something,” I leaned down some as I lowered my voice. “He has adored you from the very first moment that he saw you, with all of his big heart. I don't believe in

love at first sight either, but Tony means it. And I can definitely see why.” Then I winked at her. Bella giggled, giving me precisely the reaction I wanted.