



## **Episode Thirty-eight:**

I woke up once again with Bella wide awake and leaning over me. She kissed my forehead several times.

“Hey there, sweet man. Your alarm went off.”

Naked in her tiny bed, the blankets were draped over my hip. She dragged her fingers over my thighs, moving them over my erection.

“Mmmm...” I just hummed and reached for her, but she slipped from my grip. “Come back.”

“I have to finish getting the stuff ready.”

Quickly, I rushed through a shower in her minuscule bathroom. I had to duck to reach the water, and the bathroom was frigid.

When it was getting closer to time to leave, Bella went to wake up Alice as well. I peeked in to watch her. Her alarm clock was going off, but she was still snoring loudly.

My girlfriend crawled on top of her, straddling her ass. Alice was lying flat on her stomach, her face smashed into the pillow. She leaned down and whispered something in her ear, playing with her hair some as she did.

“No,” she moaned.

“It's time to go.”

Alice waved her hand behind her. “Lay on me.” Adjusting, she did so. I smirked a little to myself. “Yes. Don't move.”

Bouncing on her, Bella made her groan. “I need you to carry things.”

“It's too early.”

My girlfriend wasn't amused by her bullshit. “You can go back to sleep at Demetri's. Just like every year. You know how this works, Al.”

“I'm comfortable now.”

She just got rougher, pushing her knee into her. I realized that she wrestled around with her friends, just like I did. Sitting up, she popped her best friend right on the ass cheek with a loud clap.

“That's what I'm talking about,” she responded playfully. In answer, Bella began to whack her repeatedly. She just laughed before pushing her over, pinning her down with her cheek on her breast. “There. Stop moving. So fucking bony.”

“You know, if I need to give you two a few moments, I can,” I declared with a tiny laugh.

Bella turned her head to look at the door. When she did, her roommate roughly grabbed her chest. “Honk, honk.” Her eyes got wide in surprise, and she pinched back, making her friend yelp in shock. Then they started to slap at each other. “Ow! Bitch!”

My cock twitched in my pants as I watched. I bit my lip, unable to take my eyes off of them.

Pinching her leg, she hurried off the bed. “Then get up!” Alice swiftly reached for her and slapped her butt awkwardly. Bella wiggled her hips as she sauntered away. Annoyed, her friend grabbed the pillow behind her head and threw it at her. She whipped around, and they flipped off at each other off childishly. “You have drool on your face,” she snapped, chunking the cushion back at her head.

She came stomping out, half-annoyed and half-amused. I had to bite the inside of my lip to keep the dirty comments in my head. "You two are fun. You have an interesting relationship."

"Good thing you came along. We had a marriage pact at forty-five," she mused as she went back to her bedroom.

I chuckled then hummed. "I'm not sure either of you would be too unhappy about that."

Turning, Bella looked at me with the fullest, most innocent eyes. "Oh, no. AI is the love of my life. We'd have beautiful, weird blond hair tanned babies with one blue eye and one brown. She's a natural blond, you know. Our children would be strange but cute."

"I don't think that's how that works," I joked, my voice getting higher as I tried not to giggle. I hummed again loudly. "I'm fairly certain someone is missing something essential to the process. Something important."

Her expression unexpectedly turned hot, her eyes flitting over my face as her hand moved across my half-hard erection that was still into the idea of the two girls slapping and rolling around in bed.

"Like what?"

It went from half to fully erect into about two seconds. "If you would like, I can show you later."

She began to kiss my chin. "Oh, really?"

"Mm, yes. I'm even willing to dedicate my entire day tomorrow to showing you if you're interested."

Batting her eyelashes, she made her eyes wider. "Ohhhh... I think I might know what we're doing wrong now." Bella nodded her head. "See, I told her we needed that strap-on."

Dead. She would kill me.

I laughed despite myself, my face flushing. All I wanted to do was make lesbian and threesome jokes. But I was better than that. "I'm not going to be a pervert. I'm not going to be goaded into it. I'm not."

She looked dejected for just a moment, pouting out her bottom lip. "Damn. Why not? I'm trying so hard."

My heart sped up. "You shouldn't encourage these thoughts and behaviors."

“You’re already going to spend all day thinking about it now,” Bella purred as she smiled. Her mismatched eyes were mischievous. “Why shouldn’t I encourage it?”

I was not going to get myself in trouble. “And, what exactly do you think I’m going to be thinking about? Because I have no earthly idea what you’re talking about. I am a good boy.”

Lies. Lies. So many lies.

Slowly, she moved her hands over my chest as she lifted up. “Please,” she breathed. “You’re going to be thinking about me, and my cute little bestie all confused in bed with all the fun toys we could possibly play with.”

My brain just stopped working. I had to kiss her, grabbing Bella’s cheeks and pulling her towards me. “Wicked, wicked woman. That is... just. I’m- I’m at a loss for words. Why do you do this to me? How?”

She looked so sinful, seductively running her hand over my hard-on. “Because it’s fun. And it’s because all the blood is in your cock instead of your brain.”

Bella had opened herself up by making the jokes. The curiosity was eating at me, but I didn’t know how to begin. “Wouldn’t it upset you if I thought that?”

Giggling, she rolled her eyes a little. “Obviously not.”

“Do you... think about her... and you...” I could barely get the words out. She lifted on her toes again to lightly kiss my lips.

“Sometimes. Is that okay?”

“Oh, oh... Yeah, um... Yes, of course. I’m just surprised. I didn’t- I mean, that you think about things like that. I mean, obviously, you do have those kinds of thoughts, but I never... um... Just Alice? Or other ladies as well?” I stuttered out stupidly. For some reason, I just couldn’t spit them out. She thought it was funny and was enjoying screwing with me.

“I think about you, too,” she quipped vaguely. “Sometimes, even with her.” Slowly, she ran her tongue over her bottom lip. “So, are you asking me if I like to think about fucking other women?”

Even my ears were on fire. “I... I’m not sure how to answer. I want to say yes, but I also don’t want to get into trouble.”

“You're so sweet and innocent,” she stated with a little laugh, tilting her head to the side. “Why would you get in trouble?”

“Dude, she's so gay,” her best friend yelled from another part of the apartment.

Bella closed her eyes, cringing a little. “Thanks, sweetie. That's helpful,” she shouted in return.

A sleepy and cranky Alice came shuffling into the doorway. Her cheeks were slightly pink from embarrassment. “Just trying to speed this along. I mean, if he's not cool with that, he's going to have a long few days ahead of him.”

“Oh... it's not- No. Um, I actually... kind of- I thought, I've kind of already figured it out? From things that we've talked about. Things she's said before. The tattoos. All the rainbows. And, the charity thing Saturday. It's more than fine. I was going to ask, but I didn't know the right way to do so. I'm sorry, I'm so awkward. I figured you were bi, probably. I shouldn't assume anything, though,” I rambled stupidly. Both women watched me sharply.

“Pan, but close enough,” she replied. My girl turned to give her a look. “What? You don't care who knows.”

Huffing, she shook her head a little to herself. Bella pushed past her to go to the kitchen. “I'm never having sex with you again,” she mumbled dryly.

“Damn, I just outed you on a holiday. There needs to be some family drama. So sensitive,” she teased weakly before giving me a mildly panicked look. She hurried to follow her to the kitchen. “I thought he fucking knew already, and y'all were being flirty. Damn. Not my fault. Talk to your man. It's too early in the morning for this shit.”

“Family drama makes it sound like we're literally incestuous. We're not even legally sisters.”

Her friend turned to look at me. “In college, we used to-”

Bella turned and raised her fist in the air as if she was about to give it to her in the face. “Don't even think about it.”

“You don't know what story I'm about to tell. It could be a good one.”

“It doesn't matter which one.” They stared at each other for a long time before finally, she booped her roommate in the nose.

Bella was about to pick up one of the big laundry baskets filled with food. It was huge, though. I quickly took it for her. "Now, I want to know," I mumbled to myself.

Since her friend was obviously not actually mad, she kept joking. "I've got some pictures to show you later." She laughed wickedly, ignoring the death glare she was receiving.

"One of these days, I'm going to knock you to the moon. To the fucking moon, Alice," she threatened in a thickened New York-style accent that was pretty good. It made me smirk.

"I'll tell Mama," Alice replied in a thick country twang. It was a lot like Bella's.

"She'd understand. I've definitely seen her pop you one, too." She picked up another box with one hand and pulled out her phone with the other. "I'm ordering the car now."

It took a few minutes, but one arrived. The driver helped us shove things into the trunk and the front seat before we started the long drive over into Brooklyn. Less than five minutes in, her best friend was already out like a light. Alice's head was lolled against Bella's arm with her mouth hanging open.

My girlfriend was silent as she held my hand, her eyes forward.

"Don't be afraid to ask anything you want to know about me. You've been nothing but open with me. I should have really talked about certain things sooner, and I'm sorry I'm so closed off. I just didn't even really think about it, because it's not that big of a deal for me. I was honestly starting to wonder if I was going to be attracted to anyone else at all before I met you," she blurted out.

"I was afraid to upset you or come off as insensitive. I didn't want to push something you weren't ready to talk about. I can understand these things can be hard to express. I would have a hard time telling anyone..." Thinking about my dreams with her and Jasper, I shook my head to get them out. I was embarrassed for just enjoying those. And they were just fantasies.

She finally glanced in my direction. "I could never accuse you of being insensitive about anything. I want to be with you, so you have to know all of me. I have to trust you when you say I won't scare you away."

"There is nothing that could," I promised. I wanted her and everything that came with it.

Bella smiled some at my answer, her eyes playful. "You're taking a huge leap of faith that I'm not a former or future serial killer."

I had a good rebuttal for her mocking. "I've been reading that most serial killers are men, so statically, I should be fine."

“Oh, you have been reading, have you? No wonder you haven't been sleeping,” she teased gently as she squeezed my hand. That wasn't why I couldn't get any rest, it was just something I did when I couldn't.

“I wanted to see what interested you about it.”

She got more comfortable again, putting her head on my shoulder as her friend had done to her. “Did you get anything out of it?”

More than I would ever want to know, honestly.

“Humans are bloody savages. I'm glad that I didn't live in the sixties or seventies. And why didn't anyone ever lock their damn front door?” I questioned, making her giggle. “It's interesting but scary. I don't think I could read all the books you do. I'm not sure I can have that in my brain.”

“It's not for everyone. It's sweet that you did that, though. You didn't have to.”

I shrugged my other shoulder. “I was doing it for research as well. Seth wants to do a series on crime. It's kind of the rage right now.”

“Oh, he'd enjoy that,” she said with a tiny smile.

“I think you would as well. I was going to ask if you'd like to do an episode with him. Just him, actually.”

She turned her head to the side to look at me. “Just him?”

“That's what we've been talking about. It would be a different kind of video. Mainly you two talking about it, and then we'd add the visuals in post-production. Expand the channel a little bit. Tyler will have his own shit, too.”

I couldn't understand her frown. “That's a lot of work for you. Are you going to have the time for all that?”

That was another thought that had been swirling around my head a lot. Zafrina had been bugging me to get help for the channel since I wasn't interested in a personal assistant. Seth and Tyler were doing more and more of the editing as I became busier.

“I'm going to hire some more people next year to start after I visit Sydney in February. A graphics person, a couple more audio-visual people. If it works out, maybe we can really

expand the channel. It's what I enjoy doing the most honestly. And I want to keep it going. Especially if you're there to help me.”

She seemed surprised. “What about movies and television?”

I sighed as I considered it. “I think with the help, I can do both. You were right about needing to hire people. I need to give up some of the reins and delegate. I can be more creative that way and focus on the final product more. I really am thinking about hiring a photographer for the channel, by the way.”

Quickly, Bella nodded her head, so her curls bounced a little. “I think that's a good idea.”

“Mm, you are my first choice, of course. But I understand if you don't want to. Your position in my growing media empire is there whenever you want it, though,” I flirted gently. I wanted to tread lightly after she got upset the evening before.

Bella brought her thumb up to her mouth for a moment to chew on it anxiously. She glanced at me, then straight ahead again. “Esther asked me if I was going to move to LA. I want to help you when I'm there, but I'm not ready for that.”

“I could move to New York,” I suggested right away, but she shook her head in answer.

“Not right now, you couldn't. Your life works better in LA.”

I could not have cared less about how my life worked. I could operate just fine in New York. If she could fly, so could I.

“Where does that leave us? Stealing time on the holidays? You're right. Not right now. But maybe next year?”

She bit her lip for a moment. “I can't tell you what to do, but I love your house.”

I looked away, swallowing. I loved my home, and I was so proud of it. But it was just a house. It wasn't my future, just a place to lay my head. “I do, too. I don't have to sell it, just get something here. But the LA house... It can be your home, too.”

The car stopped in front of a large brick townhouse with a bright red door. Bella squeezed my hand, giving me an awkward smile.

“Come on, Mary Alice,” she said sweetly, nudging her friend. “We're here. It's time to go inside so you can go to bed.”

**This episode goes with episode 29 of Imperfect Pictures**