



## Episode Forty-one:

I woke up on the morning of my birthday with my beloved nude by my side. We had made love before dawn, and she had lost her nightgown and panties amongst the covers. Bella looked so beautiful and comfortable. Her arms were underneath her head with her wildly curly hair spilling all over her face and back. Before I got out of bed, I leaned down and kissed several of her tattoos slowly. She hummed softly but didn't wake up.

Going to the bathroom, I brought my phone with me to check my messages. I had sent dozens of pictures to my family and friends the day before to show off my first American Thanksgiving experience.

I even shot a video with Bella in my lap as we ate our shared plate of desserts. She giggled as she told everyone, 'Happy Thanksgiving from Brooklyn!' cheerfully before taking a bite of pumpkin pie. It got a little whipped cream on her lips. It ended with me kissing it off of her sweet mouth. Her head tilted back with a smile as her eyes fluttered shut. We both looked so content.

I also put that one up on Twitter. It had gotten thousands of likes and retweets. I titled it, 'Starting my birthday off early with the prettiest photographer in the world, and she's feeding me some pie!'

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY!' was repeated in all caps several times in my group chat with my sisters. My brothers-in-law, aunts and uncles, and a few cousins had also sent me texts or messages online. I had spoken to my Nana a little the evening before on the way to the hotel in the car.

Jasper sent me a photo of a drawing he made that was elaborate and colorful, done in markers. The picture said 'happy birthday, darling' in elegant lettering. It had every cartoon or

video character I had done around it. It made my heart flutter with joy. It was so beautiful, and it had to take him days.

“That’s stunning. I hope I’m actually getting it. I need it in my office.”

“You are. It’s already in the mail,” he answered within a few seconds. “Happy Birthday.”

After I washed my hands, I called him since he was awake, and my girl wasn’t. “Thank you.” I smiled when he picked up.

“Having a good day so far?” He questioned in a lively tone.

“It hasn’t started yet,” I chuckled at his enthusiasm. He had more energy than me. “I just woke up, and Bella’s still out like a light. She worked so hard yesterday and deserves a little extra rest.”

“What do you have planned?” He eagerly asked next. “In New York City, you could do literally anything. It sounds like so much fun. I can’t wait to visit someday.”

I laughed. We could do anything, that was true. But that wasn’t what was going to happen. “And what I’m going to do is Bella, after we go to the sex shop. At her suggestion, mind you.”

Jasper chuckled softly before clicking his tongue. “Well, good for you. I mean, that seems like the perfect way to spend any day. I’m even more jealous now.”

Sighing, I smiled to myself. “It really is. I miss you, though. I wish I could spend some time with you, too.”

“Oh, kinky,” he said dryly. “A birthday threesome? It might be awkward, but I’m down.”

I barked out a loud laugh, shaking my head as I flushed. I was grateful that I was alone. It turned me on a little, but I wouldn’t tell him that. If they were half as fun as some of my dreams, I would have been all for it. “Oh, well, you know... I think that’s something Bella might be down for, too. Apparently, she was wild in uni,” I said to deflect. “Oh!” I remembered something I hadn’t told him yet, getting distracted. “She’s pansexual, by the way. She confirmed it yesterday.”

There was a long moment of silence. Jasper swallowed before clearing his throat roughly. “Really?”

“I’m just going to assume you know what that is because I googled it to be sure when she wasn’t looking.”

“I do,” he blurted out. “She doesn’t care about gender, basically. I wonder if she’s ever dated anyone trans,” he mumbled to himself.

Shrugging, I shook my head. There were so many things I didn’t know about my sweet little girlfriend yet. It delighted me to learn them all. “Mm, I don’t know. Maybe one day we’ll discuss it. Not today, though. I also discovered that Bella used to fuck her best friend. A lot apparently. And she is a knockout, too.” I blew out a breath.

Jasper snickered again, then hummed. “Got a picture?”

“I’ll send you some later. I’ve told you about her. To be honest, I feel a little guilty,” I confessed, turning away from my reflection in the mirror.

“Man, they’re the ones who had sex, don’t feel guilty about thinking-”

“No,” I chuckled, interrupting him. “I feel bad because Alice... She’s still in love with Bella and has been for fucking years. Years. Since they were teenagers. And she’s honestly a great person, and I know that Bella cares about her, too. Loves her. She told me they dated when they were kids, but she was miserable because Alice isn’t affectionate enough.”

“That’s not a problem you have,” he replied in an almost monotone voice.

“No,” I agreed quickly. “And Alice broke up with her. Now, I wonder if Bella would have dated her if she asked again after Aiden died.”

He grunted. “Does it matter?”

The question lingered for a moment. He had a point. “I guess not, no. If Bella wanted her, she could have gone after her. She’s aggressive when she wants to be. Honestly, the only thing missing from their relationship is sex.”

“I understand how she feels,” he grumbled as if it annoyed him. It confused me.

“What?”

“Our relationship when we were living together. It was everything but fucking.”

Snorting quietly, I shook my head again. “You never cuddled with me. Apparently, they snuggle. They hug and kiss a lot, too. It’s adorable.”

“Well, big boy, I didn’t know you wanted them,” he barked back sarcastically, making me laugh in shock at his tone and pitch. “Come here, darling.” He made several smooching noises.

“You’re a dumbass.” I grinned a little. My cheeks were on fire, thinking about holding him. We enjoyed wrestling around, but that’s not something we had ever done. I wouldn’t have hated it. “I miss you loads.”

He sighed heavily. “I do, too. This is the first birthday of yours that we haven’t spent together in over a decade.”

“I know. It’s weird.”

“It’s okay, though! You’re about to have a fabulous day with your future bride,” Jasper joked more vigorously, his voice bright. “Your first birthday with her.”

“Yes. You’re right. One of many. But the next one, you will be with us, too. I promise. Even if we have to go to you.” I would figure out a way to make it happen.

The idea of Bella coming to Australia with me to meet not only him but my family popped into my head. I wanted it so badly, but it scared me because it was too soon to even propose it. She had just agreed to travel with me for several occasions, and I didn’t know how much I could push it.

“Well, I’ll go ahead and take the day off then,” he quipped.

“Yeah, you do that.” I glanced at the clock. My stomach was talking to me, and it was getting later in the morning. “Hm... I think it’s about time to wake Isabella up. I’m starving. Have a good day, lovey.” I sarcastically blew him a kiss.

“Alright, darling. Have fun and misbehave for me.”

He didn’t have to tell me twice.

Crawling into bed, I kissed up the back of Bella’s bare thighs and over her ass. She giggled quietly, reaching behind her to scratch her nails through my hair. Moving up her spine, she squeaked softly when my half erection poked her in between the cheeks.

“Good morning, birthday boy,” she murmured sleepily. “How are you?”

“Hungry,” I growled in her ear.

She arched her back some, rubbing against me purposefully. Bella wiggled her ass before glancing over her shoulder for a moment. “What would you like to eat?”

“Room service?” I began to suck on the nape of her neck.

Nodding her head, she sighed at my touch. Bella turned her face to the side and kissed my jaw. I adjusted a little so that she could roll over underneath me. "Champagne and weed while we wait?" She asked with an impish smile, running her fingers over my lips. I nodded too. "I think there was orange juice in the minibar."

I pecked at her fingertips. "Perfect."

I got the menu as she put on a silk robe. Bella made us each a flute, bringing mine before crawling back into bed with her own. Curling at my side, she was obviously very relaxed and happy. It seemed to rub off on me, making me feel cozy, too.

"Everything sounds good," she murmured, caressing her nails over my stomach lightly. "I don't know what I want." There was an easy way to inspire her. I reached over and grabbed the bag of vape pens to let her pick. She giggled, taking one. I had only taken that one hit and hadn't needed them. It surprised me. I usually slept for shite when I traveled.

I took smaller drags, but it still made me cough. By the time we were walking to the adult toy store, my brain was buzzing loudly, but I couldn't focus on that. It was cold as fuck, and it felt as if I was being stabbed through my clothes. Bella tried to reassure me I only needed better attire, but I wasn't sure that I believed her. I would go the following day while she was preparing for the show to get said warmer clothing. It was worth a shot.

Once we were in the shop, I was happy just not to be in the cold anymore. I took one of the little baskets with a big grin, swinging it around playfully to make her giggle.

She took my hand, leaning against me as we walked to the racks. "I've never known what to get. Vibrator wise." She began to look through the corsets before glancing up at me. "What's your favorite color?"

I shrugged. It depended on the day of the week. "Blue. Or red. Purple." I started to scan through the underwear selection, too. I brought something up that looked like a torture device. "Wow. That looks painful."

She sexily smirked. "It's not supposed to be on long."

"Yes, true."

"Do you see something you like?" She asked from underneath her eyelashes, her lips ever so slightly parted. She was the most sensual woman that I had ever seen. I swallowed heavily as heat crawled up my neck to my ears.

"I'm feeling very shy suddenly."

Biting her lip for a moment, she lowered her voice. "I want you to pick something for me. Anything. Really. I just want to see. Costumes, kinky, weird. Basic as fuck. I don't care."

"I don't know where to start."

Bella grinned. "Look around. We have all day. It doesn't have to be any of this. It can be stockings or shoes. A collar. A funny hat, perhaps?"

I laughed a bit at her attempt to make me more comfortable. "No. No hats, I think."

Holding my hand, she led me over to a different part of the store with all the hosiery. She tapped her lip for a moment before taking a pair of thigh highs with a tiny bow on the back and put it into the basket. Then she glanced at me expectantly.

My girlfriend wanted me to pick something sexy out for her and didn't care what. I had the money to buy whatever she or I desired. Frankly, I was acting like an idiot. I got some simple white ones with thick lace at the top. She giggled quietly, smiling at my choice.

"I like the red and white striped for Christmas," she said with a bit of a chuckle in her voice. Without a thought, I seized it. Laughing louder, she put her hand up. "Wait! You don't have to grab everything I point out."

"No, I like them, too," I assured her.

She shook her head and rolled her eyes. "Then, at least get the right size!"

I hadn't even looked at that. I was a bigger moron than I realized. "Oh, right. Sorry." I laughed nervously and got the correct size. I leaned in so that I could whisper in her ear. "I might like taking pictures of you in these." I enjoyed snapping photos of her in anything, but nothing but a pair of those would be the best.

Her skin got pinker as she peeked up at me. "We should look for stuff to match. Maybe silky green, like the bow. It's very Christmassy."

"Yes, I like that idea."

She pointed to the circular racks again. I put my hand on the small of her back as she moved in that direction. My confidence was building, or maybe my horniness, and I was ready to search more seriously.

Annoyingly, my phone began to ring, and I knew right away who it was without having to look. Dread immediately filled my body.

