



Episode Forty-six

It took a few minutes to get out of the theater, Demetri locking up behind us. There was a large group, all of us mismatched perfectly. It reminded me of going out with my friends in Sydney. Maybe a little quieter and less drunk. Most of my girl's companions were older, though, and probably at least somewhat more mature.

"Tacos!" Alice shouted when we turned the corner after walking a few blocks. "Ooo. I love these."

"Oo," Bella hummed in agreement. We were holding hands as we ambled down the empty sidewalk to the club that wasn't too far away. She glanced up at me. "Hungry? I only had a slice for lunch."

"I had some pizza, too," I smiled. Great minds think alike, but everyone was eating pie in New York City. "Yeah. You know I love them."

"Have Bells order it for you," Emmett said over everyone's head. "They always do it better when she does."

"Why?" I asked in a laugh.

“She orders in Spanish, and she looks Mexican, so they try harder,” Alice answered for her. Bella looked at her and scrunched up her nose. “Plus, she’s hot, so they flirt with her with extra food.”

She threw her head back in laughter before playfully twisting her braid around her finger. Then she cocked it to the side. “Hola! Extra queso, por favor,” she teased in a high-pitched voice. Then she looked down at her chest. “It only works when they can see down my shirt, though.”

“Girl, you bad,” Emmett laughed, swatting her shoulder. “No, but can you order for me? It always comes out right when you do it.”

Even in the darkness, I could see her eyes roll. “Yeah. What do you want?”

“Cheese-crust ed bean burrito with extra cheese.” His wife made a disgusted face. “What?”

Bella ignored them, walking ahead of the crew and taking control of the situation. It was obvious she was an alpha and didn’t mind being the boss. She looked perfect for the role in her tight outfit. It made her ass look so good.

“Hola, Mami!” A young Latino man said as he hung out of the truck window when she approached. “Dope suit. Hambrienta?”

Grinning, she put her hands in her pockets. “Gracias. Yeah. Mmm...” She tilted her head to the side. “Un carne asada y a Jarritos, por favor. Puedes...” she paused. Bella was thinking hard about something. Finally, she shrugged. “Cheese-crust a burrito?”

“Yeah, Mami,” he smiled at her. “Meat or Frijoles?”

“Frijoles, extra queso, por favor.”

He winked at her, pointing his tongs at her. “Un minuto. Let me get that started.”

Her brother-in-law looked so deflated. “I could have done that,” Emmett complained. I chuckled.

Demetri pushed up to the front to study the menu. “But you didn’t. Chicken or beef?” He questioned Bella. She just shrugged. “You’re not helping. Tell me what I want.”

My girl leaned back into me, tilting her head to look at my face. “What do you want, honey?”

I grinned at the opening. “A kiss,” I answered, leaning down to peck her lips lightly. She smiled, holding onto the back of my neck with her gloved hand. “And I’d like two of the pork with the pineapple and a Jarritos, too.”

Her mouth formed a little ‘o’. “Can I have a bite?”

“Of course,” I cooed as I stole another kiss.

Music was playing as we waited for our food. The girls playfully danced and sang along with it. Bella took Alice’s hands, and they twisted and spun around each other. They were both very hyped up from their performances. It was an old Britney Spears song, and my girl was definitely leading.

“Damn, and I’m all out of ones,” Emmett quipped dryly as he crossed his arms over his chest.

They didn’t even slow down. “Bitch, you can’t afford this,” Alice sassed as her head fell back so she could look at the starless sky.

“They’re so mean to you,” I laughed. It made him chuckle warmly. “You like it, don’t you?”

Shaking his head, he smirked. “Obviously,” he sighed, rolling his eyes.

The place was packed with people. The music was so loud. I had never been to a gay club before. They were playing ‘It’s raining men,’ as we came in, the version by one of the Spice Girls. All of my sisters adored them. Demetri turned around and began dramatically lip-sync to it as he hung off his husband. “I’m buying the first round! Shots for everyone!”

He came back with Jack for everybody. We all slammed it down. My girl didn’t even grimace. I loved whiskey, but it still made my eyes water. “I’ll get the next round!” Bella said with a big smile. “More JD or something else?”

“Tequila!” Alice shouted at her, putting her arms up. She had a huge, shit-eating grin on her face.

“No!” she responded instantly in the driest tone. “Fireball?”

Rosalie got very excited. I could see what she was like in uni. “Yes!”

I bought the next round. And then Rose wanted more Fireball. Everyone just kept purchasing more. It didn’t take long for it to get to me. I couldn’t understand how my girl was still

standing, but she didn't seem bothered at all. I was so much bigger than her and could handle my liquor pretty well.

Demetri grabbed my girlfriend's arm. "I want another dance!"

I was nursing a beer, and she had half a drink. There were a few left on the table from people dancing. "I'll watch these. I'll get the next one," I winked at her. She smiled and kissed me on the cheek. I could smell the cinnamon lingering on her lips.

Riley was sitting across from me, watching our partners go. He was probably the quietest and most reserved of the group. "I'm so glad he has someone to dance with tonight. I hate it."

Softly, I chuckled. "I love it. I can't wait," I admitted. Then I felt something on my shoulder. A guy was behind me. "Um, yeah, mate?"

He smiled, looking my face over. "Hi, I'm Tom. Can I buy you a drink?"

I automatically laughed nervously. "Uh, no. Thank you. I'm with my girlfriend tonight."

He walked away without saying anything. Riley raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "The gay hookup culture is so toxic and rude. I'm glad I'm done with it. At least say something before you tuck your tail and run away."

"I wonder if it's the same in Australia," I mused, taking a big gulp. "None of my close friends are gay there, so I don't know. I've met a lot more since coming to America."

Sipping his drink, he shrugged. "Well, Hollywood is filled with them. New York, too."

"That's true," I agreed. "My manager is a lesbian. She's active in the community in LA."

"Nice!" He grinned. Then his eyes got wider as he peered over my shoulder. "Oh, incoming."

I turned and looked to see what he was talking about. Just behind me was a very handsome blond man with curls that hung over his forehead. His big blue eyes studied me like the other guy did. He resembled Jasper so much... without his stupid mustache. It stunned me.

"Hi there," he said in a deep voice. His accent was Midwestern American. "How are you?"

"Hey. Fantastic," I responded instantly.

He took a sip of his drink then grinned at me. "Are you here for the afterparty, too?" I nodded in answer. "Were you in it? You look familiar. Sometimes it's hard to tell with all the makeup and costume."

For some reason, I was a little dazed by him. My cheeks heated as I swallowed. "No, no. Um, I'm an actor, though."

Quickly, he nodded in understanding. "Awesome!" He praised me. "Have you been in something I've seen before?"

"Uh." I was stuttering a lot. I laughed and cleared my throat. "Well, maybe, but I'm mainly a voice actor."

He bit his bottom lip, just like Jasper did. His eyes raked over my body. "Mm, that makes sense. You have a very sexy voice. Can I get you another one of those?" He pointed at my bottle.

I realized instantly if I had been single, I would have said yes. I had no idea what to do with that information, but I shoved it to the back of my brain and blamed it on the liquor. "No, thank you. I'm actually with someone."

"Lucky guy," he smiled before pouting for just a second.

"I am," I replied. Bella was pushing through the pack towards me. I finished my beer in one go. "Thank you for the compliment, though. It's very flattering."

"You're welcome. Have a good night," he said before he winked at me. Then he turned to go back into the crowd. He filled out his Wranglers really well.

Riley leaned in again. "He might have been okay. He was hot."

I smirked nervously, glancing at him. "I think I just figured why some chicks enjoy going to bars. This is amazing for my ego," I mumbled in return. He chuckled. "Oh, my god. Buy me a beer and call me pretty!" He continued to snicker when they finally got to us. I innocently smiled at my girl. She didn't notice I was being stupid. If I was tipsy, she was already drunk.

"Your boy got hit on twice while you were away," Riley told her with laughter still in his voice. He was trying to cause trouble.

"You're just mad I'm getting hit on more than you," I sassed. His husband threw his head back and cackled meanly. He pouted at his reaction until he got a kiss on the cheek.

Bella leaned in, grinning at them. "I'm not surprised. He's sexy as fuck," she declared before winking at me. She finished her drink, throwing her head back to do so. Then she held her hand out to me. "Come dance with me."

She tugged me along to where her friends were dancing. A new song came on as we did. Bella instantly turned and ground against me. My hands automatically went to her hips, drawing her back into me hard. She pulled me into a quick kiss with her hand on the back of my neck, forceful and sweet with her liquor.

This was the kind of dancing I wanted to do with her at the club the night of the jump. If she had moved like this against me, I really might have dragged her off to the roof for a good fucking. Or at least that's what my alcohol-fueled mind imagined.

Alice was close to us, so she pulled her over so they could dance while Bella still twisted against me. They were very handsy with each other, neither shy. There was no way my girlfriend didn't notice my arousal. My threesome fantasies came in full force. Us and her best friend, or with mine...

And she was definitely encouraging them on purpose. I knew Alice didn't want me, and I would never endanger my relationship with the woman of my dreams. But it was fun to dance with them. When the song changed to a bouncier one, they each took one of my hands and jumped around as they giggled.

Rosalie hopped over to them. They were so cute together. They were laughing and so happy.

"This is amazing," Bella breathed with her head against my shoulder. Her eyelashes fluttered, her lips parted. I couldn't resist her mouth, and I didn't have to. I kissed her deeply, earning a soft moan as her fingers twisted in my hair. "Again," she sighed against them.

I honestly had no idea how my girl was still upright. My brain was swimming with our booze. The lights swirled around us, the music blending together. Kisses and sweat, dancing, and grinding. It was almost overwhelming. There was a reason I never did harder drugs than pot.

"Shit, I'm hammered!" Rosalie shouted at her sister and Bella. Alice nodded vigorously, making my girl giggle. "Let's get out of here! I'm hungry." She looked at her wristwatch. "Go get Demetri and see if they wanna get something."

Riley jumped at the chance to leave. He had been ready for ages.

The women led the pack, taking everyone to a quaint diner. We took up the largest booth meant for a big family. They were one, though. It was fun to observe all of their

interactions. And they were all so welcoming to me. We stayed for hours, snacking on the perfect hangover killers.

“Al.” Demetri took her hand as he leaned over the table after everyone said goodbye to her sister and husband. We were still faded, and Rose looked as if she was about to fall asleep at the booth. “Do you want to have a sleepover?”

“When?” she inquired, looking at her watch.

“Right now,” he laughed. “You can come to our place, and when we get up, we’ll order food.”

She pursed her lips. “That would save me a trip tomorrow. We left so much shit in your office.”

“Oh! Can you get my stuff too?” Bella asked. “I forgot about my flowers.”

“Yeah,” she responded and shrugged. “Yeah, okay. That sounds like a good idea. I’m ready to go whenever you are.”

“Great,” Riley mumbled, then yawned. “I’ll pay, and we’ll get out of here.”

We said goodbye to them, and it left us alone for the first time all day. She smiled at me, her eyes so warm. She sat down across from me after she got up to hug everyone. I took her hand because I needed to feel her skin.

“Shall we go back to the hotel?”

Peering down at our joined hands, a small smile crept over her sweet face. “Do you want to take that ferry ride I was telling you about? It’ll be sunrise soon.”

“I would love to.”