



## Episode Fifty-two

Bella fell asleep quickly, propped up on almost all the pillows. She was still fully dressed, her blue jeans cut up to her thigh. I watched her for a long time, stroking her hair. She moaned a combination of my name and her husband's. Whimpering whenever she shifted, her face showed the tension and the pain under the surface.

My throat ached, and my nose was tender from wiping so much. I took extra medicine after an hour to help myself knock out. My dreams weren't much better than when I was sick. When I woke up, I felt more exhausted than I did the night before.

I woke up a few minutes before her, picking up my phone to look at my messages. They were from everyone. Jasper had sent several, my sisters obviously talking to him.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!" It was from a couple of hours earlier. I felt guilty for his panic.

I took my mobile into the bathroom so as not to bother my sleeping girlfriend. I decided to just call him. It would be easier.

“Oh, fuck sakes. Are you okay?” He said right away when he answered. He sounded breathless.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just... stressed out,” I admitted, sniffing deeply. “Still a little sick.”

“You were attacked, though? I spoke to Irina a bit ago.”

“He tried to punch me, yeah. Bella...” I laughed and sighed. “Protected me because I’m a terrible fucking boyfriend.”

“No!” He declared right away. “Jesus Christ, I can tell how ill you are over the phone. This is not your fault,” he defended me. “Where are you right now?”

“Back at the hotel. Sorry I didn’t answer sooner. We were asleep.”

Jasper sighed softly. “Oh, good. You need your rest. Um...” He cleared his throat. “How’s your girl?”

I rubbed my hand over my forehead. “She’s in pain. God, I feel awful about it. She’s pretending to be fine, but...” I trailed off and took a deep breath. “I want to talk her into coming to LA so I can take care of her, but she’s already said no. She’s worried about money.”

“I can understand that.”

“She can’t work on a bad foot.”

“That’s up to her to decide,” he replied. I grunted softly in agreement. “What is she doing?”

“She’s asleep still.” I sat down on the toilet and put my face in one of my hands. “This has been this shittiest week of my life.”

“I’m sorry, darling,” he breathed. “I wish I knew what to do to make it better.”

“Find a cure for the common cold and help Bella deal with her anxiety, so she doesn’t break up with me, then figure out how to stop racism. That should do it.”

He inhaled deeply. “Break up?”

I licked my bottom lip. “I overheard her with her best friend. She’s too overwhelmed and wants to let me go because she thinks she’s broken. She said she was falling in love with me, but she wasn’t ready.”

“Oh, Tony. I’m sorry.”

“That was days ago, though. She’s acting like nothing is wrong. It was when I first got sick.”

He sighed. “Well, maybe she was just…” He didn’t know how to finish.

“She was in the middle of a panic attack.”

“Ah, yeah. That explains it. Don’t worry. She’s still there.”

“Unless she’s waiting until I leave to break up with me.”

“No. Don’t do that. Be confident. She wants you. You said it yourself, she said she was falling in love.”

“It would be better if she said it to my face while not on the edge of tears.”

I heard his mobile shift. “Just give it time. Stop rushing everything. It’ll be fine. Hey… I’m sorry, but I need to go back to work. Call me if you need me, okay?”

“Yeah. Thanks for listening.”

After going to the loo and washing up, I went back into the bedroom. Bella shifted a little and yawned, stretching her arms above her head. Her eyes slowly opened, and she smiled at me.

“Hi there, handsome.” She rubbed her face before reaching for her phone. “Oh, damn. It’s late already.” She pushed herself up on her hands before pursing her lips.

“What’s the matter?”

“I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Oh!” I hurried to her side, quickly scooping her up. Once I brought her inside, I set her to her feet. She stared at me. Then she pointed at the door. “What?”

“Leave.”

“Honey, I don’t mind-” I began laughing.

She shook her head. “No. This is one of my relationship rules. No spouses in the bathroom, and the door is always closed.”

I couldn't help myself. I snorted. "Seriously?"

"Yes," she pouted. I shook my head in disbelief. "I have a shy bladder. I couldn't pee with you in here even if you tried. Leave," she whined as she pointed at the door again.

"Okay, I'm sorry," I continued to snicker to myself. "You know as far as rules, I guess I can respect it," I added teasingly as I moved to the entrance. "I'll be right here when you finish."

"Go farther. That doesn't help."

I laughed as I closed the door. Flopping onto the mattress, I took a deep breath. "I'm on the bed. Is that far enough, or should I-"

"Shut up!"

After a few moments, she opened the door. "I have a problem."

"Should I leave the building?" I smirked.

She rolled her eyes as she leaned against the door frame. She was holding her foot back behind her in the air. "Maybe. I can't get my pants off over my cast. Do you have any scissors? I realized last night but forgot about it until just now."

I sat up. "Oh, no. I don't. Hm, I wonder where I could get a pair."

"The pharmacy," she suggested. "They're going to know our names before this is over."

I got off the mattress. "That's alright, though." I came to scoop her up, moving her back to the bed. "I'll run to fetch those. Do we need anything else?"

She made a little face. "I feel gross, and I need a shower. I need something to cover my cast so I can do that."

Gently pushing her hair out her eyes, I gave her a reassuring smile. "I think I can figure something out." She smiled, leaning forward to kiss my lips lightly. I laid my forehead against hers. "Okay, anything else you can think of? Is there anything else we need for the day?"

"What do you want to do today?"

"Mm..." I hummed. "We can just watch Netflix and eat all day. The doctor said to keep your foot up, anyway."

She pouted her bottom lip a little. "Okay. Sounds good."

I pecked her nose tenderly. "I'll get us some treats while I'm there."

She watched as I got dressed, a small smile on her face. After I made sure she was arranged completely, I hurried to the elevator. I didn't want to be away from her for any longer than I needed to be. I was feeling a little better than I was the day before. Or at least my body did. My mind was in shambles.

On the ride down, I typed a message in my sister's group chat that stated we were all fine. Everyone would be okay, at least. We would talk about it with them once I got back home in a few days.

I put the thought off in the back of my mind. I wasn't entirely sure I could leave, especially with her in the state she was.

It rang as I got onto the street. It was so loud that I had to yell into the phone. "Hello?"

"Eddie!" Zafrina shouted. "I saw the news. Are you alright? Why didn't you call me?" She demanded.

"What?" I said slowly, confused.

"Were you attacked yesterday afternoon?"

I hadn't even thought about speaking to her. "Yeah. Shit. Sorry. A lot has been going on. I'm fine, though."

"What a fucking nightmare. Is your girlfriend doing okay?"

I was going to have to answer that question a million times, and it felt like I was lying every single time. "Yeah, she's fine. I'm getting things for her right now."

"Alright, so I want you to know that I've already got in contact with your lawyers. They're going to keep an eye on it for you. I think it's best we have no comment and try to bury this as much as possible. I don't want this to overshadow your Disney contract. We aren't victims, we're money makers."

Swallowing, I nodded. "Whatever you think is best."

"And what a way to ruin a vacation," she mumbled apologetically. "You work so hard! I'm so sorry. Let me know what I can do or if you need anything."

“Thanks. You’re the best,” I sincerely stated. “I don’t know where I would be without you.”

“In Sydney, hustling. I’ll talk to you later.”

I picked up a ton of snacks and some breakfast while at the store. Going up and down every aisle, I grabbed too many things, but I couldn’t help myself.

When I returned, Bella was talking on the phone. “No, Rose. I’m fine. Thank you, though. The break isn’t that bad. You’ve done so much worse. God, that time when that chick stomped your foot with cleats on in soccer.” She cringed, then looked over at me and smiled. “No, I don’t need anything. My sweet man is already spoiling me. I’ve got to go. I’m about to take a shower.” She laughed. “Well, I hope it’s with him.” She playfully wiggled her eyebrows at me. “Bye.”

I had several pastries for her to pick from along with orange juice and milk. I took them to her with her pain medication. It was going to take some jostling to get her trousers off.

After she finished eating, she pulled off her shirt and bra, tossing them to the side. I kneeled beside the bed, carefully as possible following the cut seam up to her hip. She bit her lip, sucking in her stomach to watch me. Her cheeks were flushed, her nipples slightly hard.

I was going to hell for wanting her. She was in incredible pain and on heavy drugs.

It was a struggle to get the top. Finally, I had to grab it and finish it off with my bare hands. It ripped loudly away from her body. She wiggled them down her other leg with her panties. Picking up a couple of rubbish bags, she thought for a moment. “We should double layer because I don’t want it to get wet.”

“Sounds good,” I agreed as I took it from her.

It was incredibly difficult not to stare directly at her vagina in my position. She kept playing with my hair as I worked, making my desire to lean forward and taste her even stronger. When I got done, she tugged on my shirt as I stood. I removed it and tossed it to the side. She leaned forward and kissed my stomach lovingly.

“Let me go get things ready.”

The shower was big and had a moveable wooden chair that was perfect for her condition. I made sure all her soaps were in easy reach as the water warmed. Then I stripped out of my trousers with my boxers.

She giggled when I picked her up. “I love this part of it.”

I sat her down on the seat then quickly stole a kiss before passing her the showerhead so she could wet her hair. It was so hard to keep it innocent. Her tempting tits kept rubbing against me.

“This is the perfect height,” she cooed as she fluttered her eyelashes. I realized then she was doing it on purpose. Bella smirked wickedly as her hands moved up my abdomen. Her pink tongue darted out at the corner of her mouth.

“We probably shouldn't play around right now.”

She frowned. “Boo,” she pouted.

My girl was a silly one. I loved it, though. “How can you be in any mood?”

“I took strong painkillers? And, I've not been fucked in a week.” She began to kiss my stomach as her fingers curled against my sides. “I've missed you.”

“Is it that good?” I joked.

She held my gaze, kissing my stomach. “The best.”

I needed to distract myself, or I would fuck her mouth just like she wanted. Fetching the shampoo, I began to wash her hair. She obviously loved it, too. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as I massaged her scalp. When we were like this, it made me forget everything. She wanted me as much as I desired her, and all was right with the world for just a few seconds.

Especially when she took the time to wash every inch of my lower body three times in an effort to rub on me as much as possible. Her impish smile was so delightful. Her pout when it was over was even cuter. I adored it because I felt the same way.

Once she was dried off, I took her to bed. With the towel wrapped around my hip, I kneeled down again with the scissors to remove the sacks from her leg. If I thought she was tempting before, the struggle became real with her still all warm, wet, and fresh from the shower. It was like waving a loaf of freshly baked bread in front of my nose. There was no doubt how much of a pig I was.

She slipped on a sexy little satin nightgown, not bothering to put on any panties. Bella snuggled into bed, hugging one of the pillows. One of her ass cheeks was slightly exposed as she got comfortable. “What do you want to watch first?”

“Whatever you want, love.”

We laid for hours on the mattress, snacking on everything I got while we smoked and watched mindless entertainment. Neither of us picked anything serious. I knew we couldn't handle anything but dumb shit. We watched at least three standup specials.

Both of us ignored our phones, except for Alice. Once she got off work, she decided to come to check on her best friend.

When I answered the door, she seemed a lot calmer than she was the day before. "Hey! How are you feeling?" I whispered.

"Fine," she waved me off with a small smile. "Sorry that I bailed."

"Nah. Don't worry about it," I promised.

Bella was wrapped in a robe when we came in. She held up the oil pen she was sucking on most of the day. I think it was helping with her pain more than the pill was. It was making her relax, at least. "So, what should we order for dinner?" She greeted her.

"I don't care. What are you in the mood for?"

She looked at me, and I shrugged my shoulders. I would be okay with whatever she wanted, as long as it made her happy. She was the one in distress. "Korean?"

Alice took it, kicking her shoes off as she flopped down beside her on the mattress. "Yum."

I laid on the other side of her. "You already know I like it." I kissed her ear.

After we ordered, the girls snuggled close together with her best friend scooting in to be her little spoon. Bella rested her hand on her stomach and her chin on her shoulder as they watched television. I smiled to myself.

"Do you normally watch TV like this?" I asked as I laid behind her. Her ass was resting against my crotch pleasantly. They both looked over her shoulders at me. "It's cute."

Her best friend giggled. "You just think it's hot."

"No, no, no... All innocent," I promised.

"Fucking liar," she laughed then wiggled against Bella.

Playfully, she kissed her cheek and wiggled her eyebrows at me. "Too bad I have a broken foot," she teased, fucking with me. At least I wasn't the only pervert in the room.

We joked all night. They would flirt with me and each other, being cute and innocent the entire time.

When Alice peeled herself away, I could tell she didn't want to leave. "I need to head home. It's getting late."

"Take the leftovers with you," Bella ordered, pointing to the boxes that couldn't fit in the fridge.

"Okay. Love you," she cooed before kissing her forehead. "I'll talk to you tomorrow. This was fun."

"Yeah, it was," she agreed. "Love you, too. Goodnight!"

"I'll walk you out," I said as I stood, picking up her jacket. I helped her slip it on.

"Thanks," Alice breathed. She paused at the doorway. My girl couldn't see us from there. "Does it bother you?"

"What?" I questioned in surprise. It took a moment to realize what she was talking about. "The cuddling? No. Not at all. I really do think it's sweet."

She quickly hugged me. "Thanks. And thank you for dinner."

I watched as she made her way down the hall. I really liked her and was glad she was her friend. At least I knew Bella would always have someone there for her.