When you need a shoulder to cry on

by McLennonLuv

Summary

The Beatles in an hotel room waiting for a fan meeting. Paul starts feeling sick and the situation turns out all wrong.

McLennon/McHarrison

Notes

This is my first fiction so I'm a little nervous about publishing it.
(I don't own the Beatles)
I want to thank "thewritingberry/Llamonfire" for helping me by giving some great tips!
Thank you dear!
It will be a Multi chaptered story and I don't know where it will end yet.
Hope you like it!
February 1964, in a hotel room during an world tour

Ringo was sitting comfortably in a big armchair enjoying an article in the newspaper written about them. It was a nice room this time. Two large bedrooms connecting to this big sitting room and the room had a nice lightning. Not so dark as some other hotel rooms they’ve been in.

They were waiting for Brian to come and get them to go downstairs to meet some lucky fans who won a meeting with the Beatles.

Although... actually it was just him waiting there and... ah...there was another Beatle... Paul was lying on a sofa on his back with his eyes closed. Ringo slowly put down his newspaper and glanced over to Paul.

The normally most excited one of the four of them, with his never ending happy smile and giggling about the jokes of the other three, didn’t look so excited to him at the moment.

Paul shifted a little and let out a little moan and Ringo noticed that he was rubbing his stomach very softly with one of his hands.

“Hey Paulie.... you alright mate?...” Ringo asked.

No answer....“Hmmm”. Ringo thought. This wasn’t good. Paul always answered them. No matter how tired the lad was...unless.... Ringo knew how upset Paul could get if he had a stomach ache and especially when he felt nausea. He also knew how much he really hated to throw up. So Ringo got up from his comfortable position and slowly walked over to Paul to see what was wrong with him.

Getting closer to him, he noticed the very pale face and little drops of sweat on his forehead. “Oh dear...” Ringo thought again. “Not good at all”.

He looked around the room. Where the hell were the other two? Especially John. He was always the only one to give Paul the comfort he needed when he felt sick. Nope... no Lennon in sight.

Ringo knelt down next to Paul and very gently put his hand on Paul’s forehead while he softly asked again “Hey Paulie...what’s the matter? You alright...?”.

This time Paul slowly opened his eyes and looked at Ringo with watery eyes and softly answered “Hey Rings....” he sighted “....I don’t know....no...don’t feel so good actually....”.

“What’s wrong then? ”Ringo asked “Your stomach hurts?”

“...Yeah...don’t know why...I felt good when I woke up this morning....started after breakfast I think...” Paul sighted again and closed his eyes while he put his other hand on his stomach too and asked more like a whisper “ ...Where’s...John...?”

“I’ll go looking for him. You just lay down okay? Be right back...” Ringo assured the sick one sweetly as he softly stroked his hand through Paul’s sweaty, slightly wet hair... Paul nodded keeping his eyes closed.

Meanwhile in the next room John and George were having a big argument. John just found out something he didn’t like. No, not at all.

“What do you mean, you want to share rooms with Paul?! I always share rooms with him!!” John shouted at George.

“I think it’s my turn now!! You’ve shared rooms with him almost the whole tour and now I want to!!” George shouted back.

“But...WHY?!! For fuck sake?!!” John shouted again.

“Because.....well.....”

“Well....WHAT??!!” George sighed.. Why did John always have to shout so loud while he tried to explain something John didn’t like.

“Because John.....I like Paul too....very much....maybe even more than you do” John’s eyes grew wide. His mouth opened slightly. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“Excuse me?! What did you just say?”
“I said...I like Paul too. Maybe even more than you do....” George said again drily.
“Oh no you don’t!!!!!!” John really felt like he was going to lose his mind. “I love him!! You don’t!”
“Oh yes I do” George said. “And I’m sick of always being the one watching you get all cuddly with
Paul and me standing on the side line. I want my share of him right now. As soon as possible. I can’t
stand watching his cute face and perfect body and listening to his sweet giggles without being able to
hug him when I want to anymore. Or hold him when he’s all cuddly or when he’s ill and tired and so
damn cute. So yes John, I DO!!!!” George shouted while he felt his eyes watering.

Why did he have to put up a fight with John? He thought John always was a little scary when
someone pushed his buttons. And hell yeah. He pushed the biggest one anyone could find on John,
named Paul McCartney.

John started pacing around the room clearly not knowing how to handle this situation. Why?! Oh
Why did George have to fall for the charms of his lovely Paulie, His Macca?!
“No no no no!” John mumbled. “No George!! Why George?!” He shouted again when he stopped
pacing around. “And....how long...?” John asked him.

George looked at John and noticed that he looked terrible. He had never seen the big undefeatable
John Lennon looking so scared and upset. “Damn...” George thought. “Maybe this wasn’t a good
timing to start about this” Thinking about having to face hysterical enthusiastic fans in a few
moments.

“Sorry John..” George said “I just can’t keep it to myself any longer. I adore Paul for years now.
Ever since I got to know him better on school. Back then I was about to tell Paul, but then you came
along and I couldn’t get so close to him anymore....I do love him very much.....and every time I see
you with him, it makes me want him more and more. Instead of feeling like I’m losing him more and
more....”

All the while George was talking, John just listened and stared at George. A small tear slowly rolled
down from John’s eye and he didn’t bother to wipe it away. He just let it roll down his cheek and
finally it dropped in the collar of his shirt. They were all dressed up in new smashing looking suits
which Brian picked out for them to wear to the meeting. The tear felt cold on his skin. Just like his
inner feeling.

How could he be able to handle this situation? He didn’t want to lose his Macca. Not now...not ever.
He needed him madly and loved the latter with all his little heart could give. He had lost so many
loved ones in his life. His mum, Stu...damn...not Paul....please... Another tear found his way down
John’s cheek.

George looked at John. He didn’t know it would hit John this hard. He never seen him like this. Not
with his guard down like this. He knew that he only dared to do this when he was alone with Paul.
Paul had told him. They sometimes got a moment to talk together like the old days. But it was always
for a very short moment. Only when John went to the loo or something like that. John never let his
Paulie alone for too long. Speaking about Paul...where was he anyway? Normally he would have
heard him giggle or laugh about something. He was always such a nice lad to be around. Always
cheerful and sweet. And normally Paul would come looking for the others if they stayed away too
long. Paul liked them to be together and know everybody was all right. Especially when there was a
show or interview coming up. Paul knew John and George weren’t a big fan of these things besides
Ringo and himself. Paul and Ringo liked the show part and the attention.

His thoughts got interrupted by the door suddenly opening. It wasn’t Paul (thankfully seeing the
situation he and John were in right now), but Ringo stuck his head around the door and said “ Hey
guys...so sorry to interrupt you two” Ringo looked from George to John and back to George again.
Noticing he interrupted the argument he heard walking towards the room. “And yes...”he said
looking at the shocked faces of both his band mates “I heard enough to know what you two were
arguing about....sorry about that too...”

“Fuck...” John sighted while he quickly wiped his cheek dry. He didn’t like to show his vulnerable
site. Not to Ringo and certainly not to that damn George “What a mess...” He mumbled.
“Hey Rings!” George said happily. He was glad to see Ringo. He was always such a stable rock in
the group. You could always count on him. “What’s wrong?” He asked when he saw the worried
look on Ringo’s face.
“Uhm...it’s Paul...” Ringo said carefully. “Not feeling so good I’m afraid...”
“WHAT????!!!” John and George shouted at the same time. “What’s wrong with him?” they asked.
“Tummy ache...” Ringo stated.
“Oh no...poor Paulie...” George said.
“AND YOU LEFT HIM ALL ALONE?!!!” John shouted at Ringo. Poor Ringo hang his head
down a little and mumbled “Sorry John, but he asked for you...so I promised him to go and get
you...”
“Oh...” John said while he felt a proud smile creep up his lips “he asked for ME?” John smirked at
George.
“Yes...” Ringo sighed “...now please go to him...he really feels bad I think...”
He felt sad for George after what he just heard John and him fighting about. He always had a
suspicion about it, but never realised George’s feelings for Paul were this deep. Poor George’s eyes
looked troubled, but just when Ringo was about to talk to George about it, he suddenly saw John
and George strangely stare at each other.
And then he heard John say “Oh no you don’t!!” and the two of them started running. They hit each
other in the doorway and after a little struggle John got out first and started running again.
But George didn’t give up so easily this time John got out first and started running again.
Ringo looked at the situation happening in front of his eyes and with a deep sigh he followed the
other two. Hoping they would be a little careful with sick Paul.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Poor Paulie begins to get really sick....

Chapter Notes

I want to thank A_dreamers_love and MayStein on Wattpad, LordOfLove on AO3 and Sertaneja, Sapphire1919 and Patfour on LJ for their lovely comments on my first chapter

Meanwhile Paul was lying on the sofa feeling worse every minute. Where was John? He really needed him. So badly... to hold him, rub his aching tummy and saying sweet comforting words while running his hands softly through his hair. Just laying his head on John’s shoulder and hug him.... He softly moaned when he felt another painful stitch in his stomach. Maybe it was something he ate this morning? He kept his eyes firmly closed and hoped the feeling would go away. Then he heard a lot’s of noise coming from outside the room and suddenly the door flew open and he heard two pair of feet run into the room and suddenly it was quiet again. Paul couldn’t get up to take a look at what was going on so he hoped it would just be John being silly with George to try to cheer him up. “John...?” He asked weakly.

John looked at George and couldn’t wipe the smirk of his face. But George wasn’t looking at him. He saw a worried look on his face. A worried look towards somewhere else in the room. John followed George’s stare and found that he was staring at the sofa. And there he was...sweet Paulie lying on the sofa, but...not looking so good at all.... John and George started to walk slowly toward their sick Paul not minding each other, for now. They both kneeled down next to the sofa and John started to run his hand through Paul’s slightly sweaty hair and stroked a wet strand of hair away from his brow. “Hey Macca...” John said “ Not feeling so good Rings told me... What’s wrong with you?” John asked sweetly. Paul pointed at his stomach and winced a little. “ Ow no....you poor darling...” John said and reached with his other hand to Paul’s tummy, but then he noticed that George was already softly rubbing Paul’s aching tummy. This pissed John of and he pushed George hands away, lying his own hand on Paul’s stomach instead “What the...?” George asked surprised glancing a bit angry towards John. John being John just stick out his tongue to him and looked away towards Paul again trying to find out in how bad of a shape Paul was in. Again George didn’t want to give up so easily. Not after pouring his heart out to John about how he felt. No way. John now knew that he wanted Paul too and that he didn’t want to be a stupid puppet anymore feeling hurt every time looking at John with Paul. So now George took John’s hand and pulled it away to replace it by his own hands again. “Hey Paulie, I’m here too. What can we do to make you feel better...?” George asked sweetly. John looked at George with his mouth hanging slightly open. “What in the name is he doing?!” John thought.

Paul didn’t seem to notice and shifted uncomfortably while trying to lay down in a way he wouldn’t
feel his stomach churning so badly, but he just couldn’t seem to find the right position.

John then pushed George so he lost his balance and fell on his side. This really made George angry so he stood up and glanced angrily down at John. John didn’t seem to bother and kept on looking at Paul and trying to comfort the poor latter. But this just wasn’t fair to George and he kicked John against his side so he too lost his balance and fell.

“Damn it...!!!” John murmured while getting back up. He looked up and saw George smirking triumphantly down on him. This triggered John’s angry nerves. How dare him looking down on him like that?! Not quiet George! So John stood up to and pushed George. And after regaining his balance George pushed John back.

Ringo stood leaning in the doorway and shook his head while he saw the whole scene happening in front of him. He didn’t know what to do. He only hoped they wouldn’t bother the in meanwhile paler and sicker looking Paul too much.

He noticed that Paul was trying to find a comfortable position and was now trying to sit up a little. Oh my...he looked really bad. He noticed a little tear escaping from one of Paul’s eyes whilst keeping them closed. He heard Paul let out a little burp and looking even worse after that. This couldn’t be good. But stupid John and stupid George were too busy arguing without any words.

Then he saw Paul getting to stand up and burping again. Did he also just retch a little? “Hmm...not good...” Ringo thought to himself.

John and George were so busy arguing that they didn’t notice that Paul was standing up next to them in the meanwhile. Suddenly George felt John stop pushing and saw him looking a bit surprised to his left. George looked at what John was looking at and was surprised too to see Paul suddenly standing next to them....looking.....hmmm....not so good....

George then saw Paul’s hand grabbing John’s arm and looking scared and teary eyed at John. “Damn...why didn’t he look at him like that?” George thought jealously.

“.Uhm...Johnny....” Paul said while squeezing John’s arm “...I think I need to...” He got interrupted by a nasty belch again and Paul covered his mouth with his hand. John looked questioning at Paul. Seeing the panic in his eyes. He then realised what Paul was trying to say. But just when he wanted to help Paul to the bathroom, George suddenly asked “Aw Paulie...do you want a hug?” and tried to pull Paul towards himself to give him the biggest hug he had ever felt.

“...What...??....” Paul asked a little confused by George interrupting him and John. Paul slowly let his hand down again. It seemed the upcoming vomit stayed down. “Thank God” Paul thought to himself. George really chose the worst moment of all to interrupt him, because he still felt he really should run to the loo...and soon! So Paul looked nervously at George. “...Sorry....what did you just say George?” Paul asked shakily.

“Oh...just come here!” George said and smiled at Paul still thinking a big hug was all Paul needed right now, but when George wanted to pull Paul in his big bear hug, John pulled on Paul’s other arm, pulling him back to himself. ”Piss off...” John said softly to George “can’t you see we’re busy?” John asked annoyed now too.

“You piss off!” George said back and tried to pull Paul towards him again.

Ringo watched Paul being pulled from left to right getting greener and paler in the process. Probably getting more nausea every second. He also saw Paul retching a little again and again. Then he saw Paul’s eyes open widely and looking very panicked. He saw Paul desperately trying to get away from the pulling (probably to run towards the bathroom) and trying to put his hand over his mouth, but couldn’t because his arms were being pulled at from both sides.

“....Guys....uhm....lads!...please....stop....pulling....me...!” Another belch escaped from Pauls throat and now Paul tasted the nasty sour mess in his mouth, but quickly swallowed it back down. He felt the vomit come back up immediately “.....Let...go... please....I think I.... have to....
“thro......ummmg......”
Just when Ringo had enough of it and wanted to come to the rescue and help poor Paul it was too late. Paul belched loudly this time and retched hard and started to throw up.
George and John were shocked by surprise and then they saw what happened. Paul’s puke was literally dripping of John’s suit and Paul wasn’t to clean himself either because he had thrown up on himself too when he tried to avoid to hit John and George. But his attempt was no use and John already had gotten hit too.
Ringo felt so sorry he didn’t act faster, but it all happened so fast. Damn..

They stood there for a few minutes not knowing what to do now. Then the four of them jumped a little when they heard an angry voice coming from the doorway yelling “Damn you McCartney!!!!!”
Chapter three

Chapter Notes

I want to thank the readers for reading my fic. And I want to thank Sophia and moistPatato on AO3 and sertaneja on LJ for their nice comments :-) 
Hope you'll enjoy this next chapter ;-)

Chapter three

Brian had just walked in feeling a bit stressed about the upcoming fan meeting. The fans were getting annoyed and now even angry from the waiting, so he had to get his boy’s down as soon as possible. Before they would start to break down the hotel downstairs. He had walked in right at the moment to see Paul throw up all over John and himself when he quickly put his head down trying to avoid to hit his mates. So now he hit himself too when he retched again and the vomit splashed on his own clean suit and shiny shoes.

Brian totally missed what went on before this accident happened. So now seeing only this, Brian’s nerves really couldn’t handle this right now. Why didn’t Paul just go to the bathroom in time? There really was no time for this and he just… flipped… Probably the stress of trying to run the business around the Beatles all the time, eight days a week, started to break the normally always patient and kind manager up.

And before they knew Brian had walked towards them and smashed his hand very hard on the back of poor Paul’s head shouting “Damn it McCartney!!” a second time.

“Ouch…!!” Paul winced “What the hell was that for?!?” He asked confused with a little cracked voice from the vomiting while staring with disbelief through watery eyes toward Brian. He never saw Brian acting like this. “I...I...couldn’t help it...” Paul whimpered.

“What do you mean you couldn’t help it Paul?!” Brian asked angrily. “Why couldn’t you just hold in your mess and run to the toilet like every other grown up person? Look at your and John’s suit!! All messed up and I didn’t bring other suits. You idiot!! Damn!!” Brian shouted at Paul.

John meanwhile had been looking down in horror at himself to see what a mess he was. He had looked up again when he heard the argument between Paul and Brian and just in time to see Brian hit his Paulie. This really made him angry. Especially when he looked at Paul and noticed the poor boy’s bottom lip started trembling and saw the hurt in his eyes.

He hated it when someone hurt his Paul!

And with the anger he still felt inside after the argument with George just before, John just lost it. John pushed Brian with a very angry look in his eyes and shouted “Hands of Paul you idiot!! Can’t you see he’s feeling terrible?! Why did you have to hit him so hard?!” And then he threw himself on Brian making them both fall on the ground.
Ringo and George watched a little shocked at John attacking Brian and for a moment felt like doing the same, but then they heard a small sob coming from Paul and they looked at him now.

“But...but....” Paul stuttered between small sobs, still trying to explain Brian that this really wasn’t entirely his fault, but feeling too miserable and upset now to get the words out right.

He started rubbing the back of his now very sore head. Brian really had hit him very hard.

“Why did he hit me?!” Paul asked Ringo “Did you see what happened…?”

“Yes Paul, I saw it” Ringo said soothingly.

Ringo felt sorry he hadn’t act sooner to help Paul out and now tried to comfort him.

Seeing a hug wasn’t really an option the way Paul’s front site was covered in vomit, he softly rubbed Paul’s arm.

But Paul wasn’t having any of that. He was angry at Ringo now too for not helping him out knowing now he just stood there and did nothing.

“Then why didn’t you help me?!” He yelled at Ringo with red watery eyes while he yanked his arm away from him.

Paul looked at the floor and saw John lying on the floor on top of a pleading Brian begging John to get off of him.

Then Paul turned to George and yelled “If you two would have listened to me when I asked you to let me go!! Then this wouldn’t ha....” Paul got interrupted by a nasty belch again and covered his mouth with his shaking hand.

His stomach didn’t seem to agree with Paul getting all wound up like this...

Ringo noticed Paul’s belch and didn’t think twice this time.

He pulled Paul with him towards the bathroom. Just in time he had Paul on his knees in front of the toilet and after nodding sweetly to Paul to just let it go, Paul started to throw up again heavily.

Paul was shuddering and a tear slowly ran down his face.

He hated to throw up, it started to hurt badly now too and where was John? Paul thought while hanging with his head in the toilet puking his insides out. He felt Ringo softly rubbing his back.

Then George came in the bathroom too. He had pulled John off Brian and dragged him in the bathroom with him. Knowing Paul needed John very badly now. He would get his share of Paul later. Now he wanted to do what was best for Paul....and that was John.

John nodded thankfully to George with a little smile and George nodded and smiled back. Thankful their guards where down...for now...for Paul.

John ran over to Paul and took Ringo’s position. He kneeled down next to Paul and started to rub Paul’s back whilst softly saying “Sweet Macca, your Johnny’s here now. Let it all out. All the nasty stuff. Then you will feel better. I promise...”

Paul looked up from the toilet at John slowly with red tear stained eyes and tried to smile a little seeing his John next to him...finally. “Oh John...please...(burp)...make it...(retch)...st....” Paul turned his face back towards the toilet and he vomited again.

“Oh hush... hush...my poor sweet thing....” John said while rubbing Paul back with one hand and the other now rubbing Paul’s stomach. John knew like the other two how much Paul was scared of throwing up and how upset it made him. So he hated to see his Paul like this.

After a few more heaves Paul finally stopped throwing up and let himself fall aside against John. His head resting on John’s shoulder. He felt exhausted...and still terrible.

After flushing the toilet, John held Paul and rocked him back and forth while Paul broke and cried in his protective arms. John gave Ringo and George a sad look.

They all felt so sorry for Paul hearing his muffled sobs because he was holding on to John for dear life with his face pressed against John’s chest, like he was afraid John would leave again. John just held him closer and kissed him on top of his head.

“He can’t go to the fan meeting....no way...” John said softly to Ringo and George. The other two nodded in agreement.
Chapter four

Chapter Summary

What about the fanmeeting....?

Chapter Notes

Thanks to sertaneja and patfour on LJ and Sofia on AO3 for their comments :-)

Brian stood up after being knocked down hard on the floor by a raging John and rubbed his head. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the little bits of vomit off of his suit which John left there while struggling with him. He threw the now dirty handkerchief in the waste bin and looked up. He looked around and saw that his four boys weren’t in the room anymore. Then he heard soft sobs and John saying something. It seemed like it came from the bathroom. “Hopefully they are freshening up” Brian thought to himself and walked towards his boys.

When he looked into the bathroom he met George and Ringo first standing closest to the door. He nodded at them, but only got two angry looks in return. Then when he walked in further into the bathroom he saw John sitting on the floor holding a very upset Paul in his arms and kissing him on his head and cheek while whispering soothingly to him. “Oh dear” Brian thought to himself and feeling sorry immediately for hitting Paul on the head so hard and now understood why John was so angry at him. He didn’t know Paul was feeling this bad. “s...sor...sorry Paul....” He tried to say, but didn’t come much further, because John looked up and glanced so angry at him, he nearly stumbled backwards. “WHAT?!” John said and felt Paul starting to tremble after he heard Brian’s voice so he hold Paul even closer (if that was possible). “Get away from him! Don’t touch him! You....Monster!!!” “But...but John....please....” Brian tried. “Shut your gob!!” John shouted and looked at his upset Paul in his arms again and kissed him on his tear stained cheek. “It’ll be alright Macca....Johnny’s here...” John whispered in Pauls ear making Paul shaking a little less but grasp on to him even harder. This made John’s heart make a little happy jump. Macca was really his….forever....

“Uhm...John...” Brian said carefully. “...uhm...we really should get down in about 15 minutes or so...so please clean yourselves up and make yourselves ready.....uhm.... we really can’t let the fans down.” John slowly looked up at the others. “Brian....we will get us cleaned up and ready” he said. Brian smiled happily at John. “But....” “ Oh dear, there’s a but....”Brian thought to himself. John continued “....George, Ringo and me will go down and meet the fans, but I’m putting Paul to bed after I washed him and myself up so he can sleep. He is too sick and tired to go. George and
Ringo can go ahead so the fans will calm down a little. I stay with Paul till he’s asleep deep enough so I know he will be alright and I can leave him for a little while. No but’s and no other options!!”

“But there are a lot’s of fans wanting to see Paul too!” Brian whined. “I saw them downstairs with Paul’s name on their shirts and stuff.” He tried.
“No” John deadpanned. “Not an option I said. Now leave us and let me get Paul and myself cleaned up and then I will come down later.”

John kissed Paul on his head before helping him to stand up on his wobbly legs while Paul’s back was still turned towards the others. “You alright?” John sweetly asked. Paul nodded and wiped the tears from his face with his shaking hand while the other hand never let go of John. John wrapped his arms around Paul and held him close to his chest. Paul rested his oh so tired head on John’s shoulder and let out a deep shaky sigh. John looked over Paul’s shoulder to the others. “Ringo and George, could you please go and get us some clean clothes. Just my casual jeans and shirt. And for Paul his Jogging trousers and a clean shirt for him too? Oh.. and some clean boxers…” “Of course!” Ringo agreed.

George only nodded and slowly started to walk over toward John and Paul. John raised his eyebrow and glanced intently towards George while he came closer. George tried to ignore John’s stare and when he stood next to them he sweetly ran his hand through Paul’s wet hair from the sweating while softly saying “Hey Paul…” Paul turned his head and looked at George with his tired red tearstained eyes. “So sorry for what happened…” George continued still trying to ignore the angry glare he received by John “…Can I do anything for you?…” he sweetly said. “..’s Okay….” Paul softly said “…and no thanks…John will help…’kay?…” and Paul closed his eyes again leaning into John’s hug.

John grinned evilly at George and gave him a small push. “Bye George…” John smirked “…now go with Ringo if you want to be at help…”
George felt his eyes sting from upcoming tears, but before he could do anything he felt Ringo pull at his sleeve telling him to come with him. George stormed out of the bathroom pushing Brian aside while passing him by. Ringo quickly followed George to make sure he was alright and get what John asked for.

John set Paul down on the edge of the bathtub and turned on the shower. He took off his own dirty suit first and when he was in his underwear he started to carefully undress Paul. Paul softly yawned and looked at John with his droopy big brown puppy eyes and John's heart melted again. Oh, how he loved him.

When John had Paul stripped into his underwear too and sat him back on the edge, he suddenly looked to his right and saw Brian still standing there. Watching them. “Can you please leave us alone?” John asked. “Now” he said. Brian’s cheeks turned a bit red and then he mumbled something and it seemed like he turned to leave the bathroom. But then he came back in and said “No John..” “Why not Brian?” John asked annoyed “Not a good moment to stare at us while we are getting naked you naughty boy” John deadpanned. Paul softly giggled at John’s dry statement and seeing
Brian’s cheeks flush a little more.

“Because...” Brian sighted a little embarrassed by Lennon’s once again sharp comment “..I want to apologise to Paul first for my bad behaviour and for hitting him so hard. I really shouldn’t have done that...so I’m sorry Paul” he said and sat down next to Paul on the edge of the bath tub seeing Paul rub the back of his head again with a pained expression on his pale face.

“..’s okay..” Paul said and smiled at Brian “..but thanks for your apology..”

“Thank you Paul” Brian said feeling relieved. He really hated that he had picked Paul to let his build up frustrations lose on. Him being the nicest one of the four boys most of the times. Always helping Brian to make sure everyone was ready on time and always friendly and cheerful. “That means a lot to me” Brian continued.

Brian laid his hand on Paul’s forehead and a worried look appeared on his face.

“Paul, it seems like you’re building up a fever there…” Brian said “…Maybe I should call a doctor to take a look at you”, He lowered his hand again and watched the cute Beatle with concern. He really didn’t look so good.

Paul looked back at Brian with a little shock in his eyes. He hated doctors and stuff...

“That really won’t be necessary Brian…” Paul explained “…Probably just something I ate… Must be out of my system by now…Nothing left inside…” he said while patting softly on his stomach and gave Brian a small smile.

“Hmm…okay…” Brian said while he thought about it a little moment “…if you’re sure about it. But promise me that if you get worse please you tell me so I can let a doctor take a look at you.”

“Sure…” Paul nodded “…I will…promise…”

Brian gave Paul a pat on the back and stood up.

“John?” Brian asked “We’re okay now too?”

John looked at Paul and Paul nodded his head and smiled at John to let him know it was okay. Instead of answering Brian, John picked up the messed up suits from the floor and pushed the heap of clothes into Brian’s arms.

Brian looked a little surprised at the heap of clothes now in his arms and then back up to John who still hadn’t given him answer.

“Okay” John said “but don’t ever do that again” John warned pointing his finger at Brian.

“Of course not” Brian said “there surely must be a reason for what happened, but it doesn’t matter anymore. I’ll leave you two alone now.”

Brian started walking away, but turned his head around and looked over his shoulder to Paul. “Oh.. and Paul…” he then said.

“Yes Brian?” Paul asked as he looked up to him.

“It’s alright if you want to stay up in the room and go to sleep, okay? You do look very tired” Brian said and smiled at him.

Paul yawned widely and smiled back at Brian “…think I’ll do just that then. Ta..” Paul said.

Brian nodded in agreement and left the bathroom.
George and Ringo entered the bedroom John and Paul shared.
George kicked angrily against John’s suitcase and cursed “Fucking Lennon!!” followed by another kick against the suitcase.
“Wow wow Geo!” Ringo said while he walked over to George and laid his hand on his tensed shoulder “Could you please talk to me for a moment….I really want to know the truth….about you, John and Paul I mean…”
George sighed and looked Ringo in the eyes. Ringo could see the hurt in George’s normally so relaxed eyes.
“Let’s sit down for a moment.” Ringo said while he sat on Paul’s bed and patted on the space next to him.

George stared at Ringo for a moment thinking things over and then sat down next to his mate.
Ringo gave him a little smile and patted George on his back. He could feel how tensed he was.
George sighed again “…where do I start…” he sadly spoke.
“At the beginning.” Ringo smiled.
George stared at Ringo for another moment and looked down at his own hands while he fumbled with his sleeve.

“Well Rings…” George started “A few years ago I met Paul on the bus and from the first moment I laid eyes on him I was swept of me feet… He was just so gorgeous and friendly….” He said while a little sweet smile appeared on his lips just thinking about Paul “..Never thought I would think of a bloke that way..”
“We became close friends and even more like brothers” George continued “we hang out a lot together you know….” He looked up towards Ringo for a moment and Ringo nodded to encourage him to continue.

George looked back towards his hands and Ringo could see his face grew a bit angry.
“But then…there was John Lennon…..” George said a bit angrily “Witty funny Lennon and he too fell for Paul right away…just like I did….But unlike me, he did try to steel Paul’s heart right there and then…from that moment on….”

George was quiet for a moment and Ringo squeezed George shoulder to support him.
“I knew I had to do something myself too before it would be too late…..” George started to talk again
feeling his mate’s support “…Then there was a moment when just me and Paul were going to play some guitar together in a nice grassy field close to our homes and I couldn’t stop looking at him. The sun was going down and his skin looked like silk and the shimmering in his eyes was so beautiful. He was playing on his guitar and the wind was playing with his dark locks now with a tint of red because of the sundown…. I… I just couldn’t breathe anymore… Right there and then I wanted to kiss him on his lovely plump lips and tell him how I felt about him…it really was the perfect moment…”

George stopped talking and stared more intently toward his hands which now turned into fists Ringo noticed.

“Then what happened Geo?” Ringo asked “Did Paul turn you down? Please tell me!”

“Paul noticed me staring at him and stopped playing his guitar. He stared back at me questionably, but said nothing…” George said while still looking down “…I moved my head slowly closer towards him and he didn’t back away…instead he moved his head closer to me too and he even closed his eyes. Right when I almost touched his lips with mine…” George stopped talking and Ringo saw George closing his eyes and noticed his knuckles turn white.

“Then what happened?” Ringo asked almost jumping off the bed from excitement.

“…Then John happened…” George grumped “…I felt myself being pushed aside and I fell on my site while I heard him chitter ‘Heeeeeere’s Johnny!!!’ and when I tried to sit back up, John was already sitting in between Paul and me.”

Ringo rubbed George’s back and felt sorry for the latter.

“I heard Paul’s lovely chuckle while John tickled him and asked him why he wasn’t invited to the party too.” George continued “That’s when I had enough of it and I just walked away…” he sighed “and they didn’t even noticed me leaving…”

“Jeez Geo…” Ringo said “…that’s pretty heavy… Did you talk to Paul about this later?”

George looked up now towards Ringo with teary eyes.

“I tried to…” George said “…but John never let me alone with Paul for too long from that moment on….So the game was over for me…”

“And now you want to be back in the game?” Ringo asked.

“Hell yeah!” George said with hope in his voice now “I’ve waited long enough… I tried to get over Paul, but there’s just no getting over him….you know what I mean?”

“He is special yes…” Ringo smiled “…even I cannot deny that…”

This made George smile again. Ringo was happy to see George’s smile back.

“You do know that you’re not really handling it the right way….don’t ya?” Ringo asked after moment of silence while looking seriously into George’s eyes.

“Sorry?” George asked a little surprised “What do you mean Ritchie?”

“Well…” Ringo said “…you missed a few moments already…You really have to try harder if you want Paul to notice your feelings for him…”

“What did I miss Rings? Please tell me!” George asked sitting up straight now with full attention.

“First…” Ringo started “…why didn’t you support Paul and took him towards the bathroom after he threw up the first time?” Ringo said while looking intently into George’s eyes “…John was too busy molesting Brian and you had the chance to take care of him….but you didn’t…”

George didn’t know what to say and only nodded to Ringo to make him continue.

“Second…” Ringo continued “…why did you take John with you into the bathroom? You could have been the one to sit next to Paul and hold him when he finished being sick. Even could have taken him into the shower to clean him up…. But… you didn’t.” Ringo said while he raised his left eyebrow.

George thought Ringo’s words over and then slammed his hands against his face.
“Fuck!” George shouted against his hands making it sound a bit muffled. “I… I just couldn’t Rings…” he softly said while lowering his hands and looking back to Ringo.

“Why not?” Ringo asked him curiously. Sometimes he just didn’t quite understand George… “Because…” George sighed and his face turned a bit red “…because I can’t handle it when someone is sick and throwing up…. Makes me nausea and sometimes I even start to throw up too….” He said while he shrugged his shoulder “So maybe I’m not good enough for Paul…. I know how upset he gets when he’s nauseas and I could never do what you and John did for him…”

“I understand now…” Ringo said while still thinking about what George had told him “But we are facing a little problem now then…”

“Why Rings?” George asked a little confused.

“Well… because by the looks of it…” Ringo explained “…Our Paulie isn’t going to get well so soon…. He might throw up some more… His stomach seems really upset… Wonder why by the way….”

“Could be a stomach flu or maybe something he ate?” George suggested.

“Could be…” Ringo said thinking about that “…hope Brian will call a doctor to take a look at Paul. The poor latter is feeling really miserable….”

“Yeah…” George agreed “Poor Paul… never seen him this sick and upset before…”

“Speaking about Paul…” Ringo said while he stood up from the bed “…let’s get his and John’s clean clothes and bring it to them. Don’t want to leave them alone too long now won’t we?” Ringo smiled.

George shook his head and stood up too.

“Thank you Ritchie…” George smiled.

“No prob!” Ringo said while he walked over to John’s suitcase “You go get Paul’s clothes and I’ll get John’s okay?” he winked at George.

“Sure!” George answered while walking towards Paul’s suitcase and kneeled down next to it. When he opened the suitcase he was welcomed by the lovely scent of Paul.

Paul always had this sweet scent around him. He smelled like home in springtime and you almost never caught him smelling badly. Seeing Paul was always clean on himself, always fresh and just… Paulish…. George smiled and took one of Paul’s sweaters and held it against his face to inhale his scent deeply.

Ringo chuckled when he saw it and George blushed when he noticed that Ringo had seen him doing this.

Ringo could see how much George really cared for Paul. He thought for a moment to himself about what George just told him. Now knowing the situation and seeing the love in George eyes made him decide that maybe he could help him a little trying to get Paul’s attention.

At least helping letting Paul notice how George feels about him and maybe help George to use those little special moments alone with Paul that were so few when he himself didn’t see them…

But only just a little help… Otherwise he would feel bad towards John, but just a little push here and there wouldn’t hurt anyone…

George now also took out Paul’s trainings trousers and a clean boxers and closed the suitcase again. He stood up and looked at Ringo who was now searching for the last piece of John’s clothing.

When Ringo had gathered the clothes John asked for he stood up too.

He walked over towards the door, but before walking out he turned around to George.

“I’ll help ya…. a little…. with Paul I mean…. ” Ringo whispered and then abruptly turned back around again and started to walk away.

George felt a big smile appear on his face and quickly followed Ringo.

Together they walked back toward the bathroom.
Chapter six

Chapter Summary

George and Ringo head back to the bathroom.

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for your nice comments, CottonCandy90990 on Wattpad, sertaneja on LJ and Sofia on AO3!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When George and Ringo walked back into the living space of their big hotel suite, they saw Brian talking to Mal Evans at the door. Brian handed him over the bundle of clothes he had in his arms and they heard Brian ask Mal something about taking it to a cleaning service as soon as possible. They didn’t really understand or care what it was about, but it looked like it was about the dirty suits of John and Paul. Brian and Mal were totally oblivious of Ringo and George entering the room, so George shrugged his shoulders to Ringo.

“Suspected to be dragged downstairs right at the moment he would lay eyes on us…” Ringo chuckled seeing their manager a bit stressed out with a red face and all.

“Guess not..” George answered while he stared at the closed bathroom door. He could hear the water running so that must mean that Paul was already in the shower.... George face turned a bit red while he imagined Paul all naked and wet behind that one door.

Ringo looked at George and smiled when he saw the blush on his face. But within seconds he saw George’s face grow into a worried expression.

“Whassup?” Ringo asked.

“Where’s John?” George asked a little worriedly while he quickly looked around the room “Don’t tell me he is in the shower together with Paul…” he sighed a bit sad.

“Well…” Ringo slowly began trying to find the right way to say what he was thinking without hurting George too much “…I think he is Geo. Seeing they were both covered in vomit and it’s the fastest way to clean themselves up on time... Know what I mean…?”

“Now…. that really sucks….?” George mumbled.

“Ow….come on Geo…” Ringo smiled at him and squeezed his shoulder “…Just two mates taking a needed shower….What could be wrong with that?” he said and gave George a wink.

“Okay…” George agreed “…Guess I’m overreacting…”

Ringo nodded at George and opened the bathroom door….but what he found there….hmm….could he have been more wrong...

Just a few minutes before, while George and Ringo were away, John was taking care of Paul like he said he would.

Soon after John had relieved both Paul and him from all the clothes, he helped Paul step in the bathtub and stepped in too. Standing behind Paul, he wrapped his arms around Paul’s waist and started to hum a little tune in his ear while softly rubbing Paul’s aching tummy with his hands. Because of the soap he was forming little soapy circles.
The fresh soapy smell and soothing feeling made Paul lay his head back on John’s shoulder, closing his tired eyes and relax a little.

Ringo wasn’t sure if it was wise to let George come in and see this, so he abruptly stopped walking in, making George bump into him from behind.
“What the…?!” George mumbled and tried to look over Ringo’s shoulder. This wasn’t very difficult, seeing Ringo was shorter then him and his mouth dropped open when he saw what was going on. It was already too late and there was no way back now, so Ringo continued walking in hoping George wouldn’t feel too bad about it.

“Hey John…” Ringo said softly while walking in not wanting to disturb the other two too much seeing Paul finally relaxing a little keeping his eyes closed, leaning against John. Ringo took Paul’s clothes from George and walked over to the sink. “Here are the clean clothes. I’ll just put them over here okay?” Ringo said while they laid down the clean clothes on the cabinet next to the sink. He looked at how adorable the two of them looked in the shower. John winked at him and smiled lovingly while he held Paul a little tighter, making the tired sick bass player relax a little more.

Then John noticed George’s jealous stare and he stared back at George. While he kept on staring meanly at George, John slowly let one of his hands slowly and tempting slide down Paul’s side until it rested on Paul’s hip. Dangerously close to Paul’s crotch. George had followed John’s hand like he was hypnotised and now swallowed hard to see John’s hand so close to Paul’s private part. John snorted and splashed some soapy water towards George face, jolting him out of his trance. George looked back up irritated to John while wiping his face dry with his sleeve and now saw John wave his finger warningly at him while shaking his head.

John then pointed the finger towards Paul and mouthed “mine”. George felt like there was steam coming from his ears and he wanted to punch John into his arrogant face so badly now. He balled his fists, but just as he was about to attack John, Ringo stopped him and pushed George out of the bathroom.

“See you downstairs later then..” Ringo said looking back over his shoulder “..Take your time and make sure he’s okay” he said whilst nodding his head towards Paul who still had his eyes closed and didn’t have a clue about what that just happened between John and George. Maybe for the better Ringo thought to himself.

John nodded and Ringo closed the bathroom door behind him.

“Ah! There you two are!!” Brian said when he noticed his two boys this time “Let’s go downstairs! Pronto pronto!”
They followed Brian down the hallway towards the elevator. Ringo looked at George walking next to him and felt sorry for his mate. He had his head hang down and looked so lost…

“Hey Geo…” Ringo softly said. George looked up at Ringo with sad eyes like he was about to cry.

“Please don’t feel too bad about what you just saw, ‘kay..?” Ringo softly said making sure Brian wouldn’t hear him “…Don’t forget that Paul still doesn’t have a clue about your feelings for him and that he is very sick and tired at the moment…. And John…well….he’s acting like an ass….But that’s just John…and probably also because maybe he is a little afraid that you will steel Paul away from him….”
They had reached the elevator and Brian had pushed the button already to call the elevator so quickly the doors opened. Ringo sweetly rubbed George’s back before they followed Brian into the elevator.

Brian raised his eyebrows seeing this little moment between the two boys.
“Don’t worry too much boys….” Brian said “…Paul will be okay in no time… He assured me that he would be just fine. Just an upset stomach” he explained and smiled at them. 
“You really sure ‘bout that Brian?” Ringo asked worriedly
“Haven’t you called a doctor yet?” George asked a bit angry. 
“That wasn’t necessary Paul insured me…so…No…” Brian stated “He promised me that he would tell me if he would get worse. Then I will call a doctor. Maybe he is right and was it something he ate. And with all the stress and lack of sleep…It could be….”
Ringo and George exchanged glances. They still weren’t quite sure about it.
“Now cheer up please!” Brian said while the elevator stopped “Smile for the fans! John will come down soon and help. I will explain the situation to the fans. You give them such a great time that they won’t even mind Paul not being able to come!”
“Like that’s possible…” George mumbled.
“Always want to see the four Beatles….” Ringo mumbled back “…and I cannot disagree with them on that one…”

Brian turned around and faced his two Beatles.
“Please…” he begged “…Could you at least try?”
Ringo and George both shrugged their shoulder.
“Sure…whatever Brian…” George said sarcastically.
“Great!” Brian smiled “I knew I could count on you!” and turned around and walked towards the noise coming from the room that was reserved for the fan meeting.
“Not gonna work….” Ringo whispered in George ear.
“Nope…” George said and shook his head.
Then they followed Brian into the chaos and screaming girls. George silently wished Paul had puked on him so he was there with him now in the shower.
It was such a strange feeling. First watching their two bandmates relax in the shower and now they were already hearing the screams. They sighted. Nodded at each other one more time and put on their fake smiles and then walked into the room….Into the chaos.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that this chapter also had so little of Paul in it, but I will make it up to you in the next one... Ow yeah...hehe...
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Pssst...don't tell anyone...but... John does have a soft spot... called Paul....

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the late update, but time hasn't really been on my site these days.
Hope you'll like this chapter and that it was worth the waiting though.

I want to thank everybody for the kudos! That's so nice!
A big thank you also to rockon1973, Rachel, moistPotato, LapinPetite and
DoctorLennon007 on AO3, CottonCandy90990
on Wattpad and sertaneja on LJ for the comments :-) 

I'm dedicating this chapter to the lovely rockon1973 for being so enthusiastic about this
fic of mine. I hope I make it up to you for all the waiting now ;-) 

Upstairs Paul almost fell asleep in the shower feeling all relaxed to be with John finally and oh so
tired. John felt Paul almost fall down and quickly held him up.
“Hey Macca....don’t fall asleep here....Let me take you to the bed first” John softly said and kissed
him on the cheek. Paul smelled all Paulie again, clean, sweet and fresh. He always smelled so nice.
Another thing John loved about him.

John turned off the shower and looked at Paul. He looked so sweet all sleepy and wet. He held out
his arm and helped Paul step out of the bath tub and started to dry him off slowly. Not wanting to
wake him up too much.
Paul yawned and looked at John. “...thank you...” He said softly.
“Thank me?” John softly said. “for what?”
“For taking care of ....” he yawned wider “...me....I love you...” Paul whispered.
“Love you more” John whispered and kissed Paul’s nose.
Paul giggled softly at this. Too tired to argue with John on that this time.
Normally they would go on and on about who loved who more, while stealing kisses from each
other. More and more deeply kisses would follow and it surely would end up kissing passionately
and mostly a lot’s more of sweet loving would be made. But not this time. Paul really just needed to
go to sleep right now.
John understood this without Paul having to say a word and continued to dry Paul off.

After he totally dried Paul off, John put on a bathrobe himself so he could help Paul getting dressed,
noticing Paul was struggling hard trying to put on his boxers. Which seemed a difficult job because
of his wobbly legs and slightly shaking hands.
“Here...” John said “let me help you with that” and he kneeled down in front of Paul.
“Ta...” Paul said smiling thankfully at John.
Paul rested his hands on John’s shoulders and leaned on him while John held his black boxers down
and open so Paul could step into it. Carefully he stepped into with his left foot followed by his right one so John could now pull it up over his legs.

Slowly John pulled it up and when Paul was covered he kept his thumbs resting in the waistband of the boxers. Slowly he moved his head forward and planted a little kiss on Paul’s aching tummy. He heard Paul sigh softly from the kiss. John planted more kisses on Paul’s belly, feeling him shudder a little still holding on to his shoulders, squeezing them a little.

John looked up to look at Paul’s face and saw that he had his eyes closed and his head held down. John kept longingly gazing at Paul’s sweet face. His beautiful eyelashes, cute round and slightly flushed cheeks and his delicious plump lips.

Then he saw Paul’s eyelids flutter and then slowly his beautiful hazel eyes were revealed looking back at him and he saw a sweet little smile appear on Paul’s lips.

“...Hi....” John said more like a whisper.

“...Hi....” Paul whispered back to him.

John smiled at him and then he looked back at Paul’s belly and started to plant soft kisses on it again.

He let his thumbs slowly free from the waistband and moved his hands around Paul’s waist and let them rest on Paul’s lower back while he kept kissing his belly. He heard Paul’s breathing become a little faster and heavier so he felt safe to continue giving his sweet loving to his Macca.

Slowly he moved his hands down and put them around Paul’s beautiful firm butt. He squeezed it softly and pulled Paul closer to his face. He softly licked with his tongue in Paul’s belly button and felt Paul put his hands in his hair. He heard Paul let out a soft moan.

This made John chuckle against Paul’s belly. “Paul McHorny...” John thought to himself “..how does he always seem to be ready for making love, even while being sick as a dog..?”

John’s chuckle tickled Paul and he giggled softly.

“....Oh...don’t stop Johnny...” Paul pleaded.

Paul looked down at John still kneeled down in front of him kissing his aching tummy and suddenly both John and him heard Paul’s stomach make a roaring sound.

This made John stop the kissing and he looked up a little worried at Paul.

“You okay love...?” he asked.

“...’S okay....” Paul answered while he put his left hand under John’s chin and softly caressed John’s cheek with his thumb.

“...Come here...” he said softly while he carefully started to make John stand up again by pulling him up softly with his hand still under John’s chin.

John understood what Paul wanted and slowly stood back up so he was face to face with him again. Paul leaned forward and softly put his forehead against John’s.

“...Hi....” Paul said first this time.

“...Hi....” John answered.

“Love you...” Paul whispered and kissed John’s lips softly.

“Love you more....” John said again and gave Paul a kiss back.

“....Impossible....” Paul whispered not wanting to give up this time.

“...But very true....” John answered and started to kiss Paul more deeply. He sucked on Paul’s soft and plump bottom lip and then he licked Paul’s lips to try to get Paul to open his mouth so he could kiss him deeper.

Paul answered the kiss while and ran his hands through John’s auburn hair and pulled softly at it making John’s head tilled sideward. He opened his mouth to let John’s tongue in and the kiss became deeper and deeper.

John loved to taste his Paulie and couldn’t resist him anymore and almost forgot how sick Paul actually was.
John felt Paul starting to tremble a little, so while they kept on kissing he slowly opened his bathrobe and wrapped it around Paul and pulled him close against himself. Now John’s naked body was pressed against Paul’s almost fully naked body besides his boxers and this way he could warm his Macca up a little again, feeling he had already become a bit cold by now.

John then heard Paul moan louder and he abruptly broke the kiss and looked worriedly at Paul suddenly remembering Paul’s sickness again.

“Everything okay Macca...?” he asked looking at Paul’s flushed face not knowing it was lust or the fever.

“Ooow Johnny... stop worrying so much...I’m okay...really....” Paul said trying to convince John.

“Oh you naughty boy...” John smiled “...always in the mood aren’t ya? Even when you’re so sick...” John smiled.

“.For you Johnny love...” Paul smiled back “...always...” he continued when suddenly he felt his body starting to shake harder, probably from the fever and exhaustion, and he almost fell down when his legs suddenly gave away. John caught him just in time again like earlier in the shower.

“Oh oh...there you almost fell down again...” John said while he held Paul up with his arms wrapped around Paul’s waist “...let’s settle down a little okay Macca...?”

“Damn...” Paul sighed “...I feel like an old grandpa...” Paul whined.

“Oh, but a very clean one” John joked with his granny voice while lifting his eyebrows up and down, pulling on a crazy face that made Paul giggle unstoppable.

John was happy to see Paul laughing again and a big smile appeared on his face.

“You’re a hot looking grandpa to me ” John said with his grannie voice and winked. Paul started to laugh louder at Johnny’s craziness.

John suddenly looked around him searching for something.

“What ya looking for...?” Paul chuckled.

“Just a sec...” John said ”Ah! There it is!” John smiled happily and reached over to the pile of clean clothes.

He took his clean deep blue coloured boxers from the pile and put it on his head.

Then started doing a silly looking dance making Paul laugh so loud on his wobbly legs, he almost lost his balance.

“Oh John...” Paul laughed “stop making... hahaha... me laugh... hahaha....hurts me tummy...”

Then Paul looked a little troubled while he just couldn’t stop laughing about John’s silliness.

“What’s up Paulie?” John asked still with his granny voice noticing Paul’s troubled look “Your tummy acting nasty again? The naughty boy” John said pointing his finger to Paul’s belly and started to tickle him.

Paul giggled and tried to free himself from John’s tickling.

John just loved to see and hear Paul finally laugh and giggle again, so he didn’t stop and continued his tickling, making Paul laugh and giggle more and more.

Suddenly Paul grabbed at his own crotch with both of his hands looking a little uncomfortable.

“No no no!!” Paul squeaked “stop Johnny... please....oh gosh....please....hahahaha...stop...I really...hahaha....have to....haha...use the loo... NOW! Hahaha.... before I piss myself...” Paul stuttered between his laughter.

“Ohno...” John said drily “...sorry Macca...go ahead...” John said and stepped aside to let Paul pass him by to be able to stand in front of the loo and relieve himself.

John slowly pulled his boxers back off from his head as he watched Paul starting to pee.

He checked if he would be alright to stand up by himself.

John noticed Paul was leaning with one hand against the wall so he would be stable enough and now knew Paul would be okay by himself.

So while Paul was peeing, John took of the bathrobe and dried himself off a little better.
Then he stepped into his boxers and cursed a little.

“Wassup Johny…?” Paul asked glancing over his shoulder to John, but quickly turned his focus back on what he was doing.

“My boxers is wet…Ugh…” John complained while pulling it up and feeling the cold wet fabric, from putting it over his wet hair just before, against his crotch and bum.

“Oh you silly git…” Paul chuckled.

“Not funny Macca….” John grumped while he struggled his legs into his jeans. This not going so easily because he didn’t give himself the time to dry himself off better so he could help Paul again when he would be finished. And now it was a damn tough job to put his damped legs and bum in the tight jeans.

“All the things I do to see you smile…” John complained while he put on his blue shirt next. That was the moment when Paul was finished and after he flushed the toilet, Paul turned back around to John.

“Better?” John asked him while he straitened his shirt.

“Yeah…” Paul smiled relieved “…thank you for going through all the trouble to make me smile…” he chuckled referring to John’s wet boxers.

“No thanks love…” John smiled back “…I just love to see your smile…” He said and gave Paul a kiss on his lips.

John then grabbed Paul’s jogging trousers and helped Paul into it and put on his white shirt. Now Paul was ready for bed.

John put his arm around Paul’s waist to support him a little and walked him to the bed. He sat him down on the site of the bed.

“Just a second…” John said and went back to the bathroom to comb his hair quickly so he would be good to go.

When he was ready, he picked up his shoes and went back to Paul. He and also took the waste bin with him to place it near the bed. Just in case.

Walking back into the bedroom, John saw Paul had fallen on his side and already fallen asleep. He let his shoes fall on the floor and set the waste bin on the night stand.

John looked at him with a loving smile and then carefully helped his sleeping lover lying more comfortable in the bed.

Just when he pulled up the blanketed over Paul, kissed him on his forehead and wanted to get up and leave, he suddenly felt Paul’s hand on his arm.

His eyes were still closed. Too tired to open them. “…please…don’t leave me alone….” Paul whispered.

“Damn…” John thought. How could he leave now?

So he laid down on the bed next to Paul and hummed a little song again while softly stroking his hand through Paul’s wet hair.

Paul then moved and laid himself on John’s chest, wrapped his arm around him and snuggled his face against John’s warm neck.

After a little while John felt Paul’s grip soften and he watched his sleeping lover for a while. Paul had his mouth slightly open and looked like he was deep asleep by now.

John wrapped his arms around Paul’s sleeping form and held him closer to his chest.

“Fuck downstairs…” John thought to himself and decided to stay with Paul.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Brian has to think of something to do about the angry fans...

Chapter Notes

Thanks again for the kudos! And thanks to rockon1973, Sastiellmpala67, Doctor Lennon 007 and MaccaandGeorgie on AO3 and sertaneja on LJ for the great comments! You make me feel like it's worth to continue my fic :-)

Downstairs things got out of hand. The fans were not amused to see John and Paul missing and when Brian told them John would come down later, but Paul was too sick to come, they went insane!
They had won a meeting with the FOUR Beatles. Not three. And certainly not two!!

Mal then walked into the room. Brian had asked him to go upstairs to see why John wasn’t there yet. Brian, Ringo and George looked up hopefully towards the door when it opened and were disappointed immediately when they saw Mal walking in without John.
Brian walked over to Mal and George and Ringo couldn’t hear it because of the screaming and yelling of the angry fans, but they could guess what Brian was asking Mal.
They saw Mal shaking his head sadly and Brian’s face grew dim.

Brian couldn’t believe what Mal just told him. John had refused to come downstairs and leave Paul alone. So how on earth could he explain to the fans that John wasn’t coming either….
He was thinking to himself while he walked over to Ringo and George. He had a plan, but he had to ask the other two Beatles first.
“Uhm…Ringo and George listen…” He began. “I have a plan…”
Ringo and George looked desperately at him so he thought it was okay to continue.
“The plan is this…. We take the fans upstairs to the room and then they can take a look at Paul for a little while. I thinks he’s sleeping anyway. So he won’t even know.” Brian talked fast so they couldn’t interrupt him.

“What?!!” Ringo and George said at the same time after hearing Brian’s ridiculous plan.
“Are you mad?! You can’t be serious?!” George said.
“And what about John? He would never allow that!” Ringo then said.
“Oh please you two….” Brian pleaded “…It is our only hope to clean up this mess. Look at them!” he said while looking at the very pissed off fans about to attack and tear the place down.

Ringo and George looked at each other for a while. Communicating with each other without saying a word. Then they looked at the fans too and back to each other again. And nodded.
“Uhm..okay…. ” Ringo began softly. “ But they must be quiet as a mouse.”
“Really?!” Brian asked hopefully.
“Yeah…really…” George said drily and still a bit angry. He really didn’t like it but felt like there was
no other option at the moment. “Don’t want me self to get killed by them”.
“Don’t know how John will react though” Ringo said.
“We’ll just have to take that risk.” Brian said a little nervous.
Ringo and George sighed. They hoped it wouldn’t harm their sick Paul. But they really felt like they
had no choice.

The angry fans went crazy of happiness now when Brian told his plan and after a lot’s of warnings
they finally went quiet and the group slowly walked towards the elevators.
Up to the room where John and Paul were, totally unaware of this unexpected strange visit.

Meanwhile John felt happy and relaxed. Lying on the soft bed with his sweet sleeping Macca in his
arms. He could stay like this forever. Just the two of them.
While thinking about this he suddenly heard a soft knock on the door.
“Yes,?” John said softly. Carefully not to wake Paul up.
Paul shifted a little and put his leg around John’s leg and snuggled his face closer against John’s
neck. John smiled happily and stroked Pauls back.
The door went open very slowly. George and Ringo came in.
John smiled and nodded at them. This must mean the meeting was over and they all could relax now.
But...they didn’t look happy...a bit of a weird look in their eyes John noticed and he frowned at
them.
“What’s up?” John asked.
“Uhm...” George said “maybe you should get of the bed and let Paul lie down by himself.” He
continued thinking about the fans about to walk in on the love couple and that could turn out all
wrong.
“Oh yeah?” John asked a little annoyed “and why should I do that, George? Jealous again are you?
Making me get of the bed so you can take my place? Oh no you won’t!” he stated.
“Damn it John..” George complained “ and No...that’s not the reason why...”
“Okay. You’re acting even weirder then” John said “I couldn’t think of any other reason for you to
ask me that stupid question.... you weirdo”
“What was that?” George asked angrily. “What did you just call me?”
“Sssshh...guys...please...” Ringo interrupted. “Keep it down will ya? Don’t wake Paul up please.
It’s bad enough what Brian wants us to do...crazy plan”
“Excuse me?!” John asked now looking curiously. “What was that about Brian? What plan?”

Then Brian walked in, closed the door behind him softly and looked over at the couple on the bed.
“Good! Paul is asleep” Brian thought to himself.
“Hey John...how is he?” Brian asked softly.
“Finally a little relaxed now and sleeping like a log” John said softly smiling at him.
John thought something wasn’t right. He could feel it.
“Good. Good.” Brian said softly. “Now John...please don’t freak out for Paul’s sake, but we have a
little situation”
“Great. I knew it!” John said sarcastically. “What are you trying to say Brian?” he asked suspicious.

“Well.. I was right when I said that the fans really wanted to see Paul too and they were so angry
when they heard Paul wasn’t coming...And....where the hell were you John? They were going out of
their minds. The situation almost turned out completely wrong!” Brian hissed angrily.

John looked over at George and Ringo and the two other Beatles nodded in agreement.
“So now...” Brian continued feeling very scared of how John would react.
Off course he realized it was a crazy, stupid and maybe dangerous plan, but what choice did he have
as a manager of The Beatles...
He didn’t want them to get a bad name and being insulted in the newspapers because of letting the
winning fans down. Maybe making them lose their popularity. 
And besides that, they had to leave town very soon and they had a very busy schedule. So he couldn’t postpone the fan meeting. He felt sweat forming on his back.

“So...now what?...” John asked looking not amused.
Brian swallowed hard “Well, I promised that they could see Paul after all, but they have to be very quiet and only take a quick look” Brian said fast so John didn’t have time to freak out and interrupt him.
John’s eyes grew bigger and bigger. Then his expression went to very, very not amused.
“So sorry though John....but it was the only solution I could think of...” Brian said “You boys please make the best out of it... I’ll go outside now and give the fans the last instructions. Then I’ll take them inside.”
Brian opened the door and for a few seconds they could hear some screams before the door closed again.

“So John...George started again “understand now why you have to get off the bed? Damn.. why don’t you ever listen?.. he sighed. “Don’t want the fans to see you two all cuddled up like that now do you?! Think about the consequences!”
“I hate the stupid idea very much and I’m not leaving this bed!” John said angrily “I don’t want to leave Paul having to face those crazy fans all alone!” he stated and stayed right where he was and let Paul continue to sleep calmly on his chest. He slept so deep, he didn’t seem to notice the whole argument and didn’t have a clue what was going to happen. Thankfully.
So John just did like he had promised Paul. And that was not to leave him.

“Jeez John!!” George yelled at John “Stop being so fucking stubborn and thick headed!! You have to come of the bed! The fans cannot see you and Paul like this!”
“Shush!” John hissed back while he looked at Paul if he was still asleep. Thankfully he was. “You’re gonna wake Paul up with your big mouth…”
George walked over to the bed and started to pull at John’s arm while hissing “Get off you git!!”
“Lemego...!!” John hissed back trying to pull back his arm without success. George may look skinny, but if it was needed, he was as strong as a horse.
George pulled harder and harder making John slowly slip away from underneath the still sleeping form of Paul.
Ringo watched the scene in front of them, not really knowing what to do.
“Piss off Harrison!!” John hissed while he tried to pull himself back by crabbing the sheets.
“Gerroff...” George murmured while he kept on pulling at John’s arm. John’s upper body was dangerously near the edge of the bed by now and Paul was still half lying on top of John, moving along with John’s sliding body.
Then suddenly when George gave one last hard pull and John quickly grabbed onto George’s shirt while half falling of the bed.
The weight of John hanging on his shirt made George lose his balance and he fell down together with John.

The result was a very comic sight and Ringo slammed his hands over his mouth trying not to be too loud while he got caught in a laughing fit.
John’s upper body was hanging down the bed now with his head on the ground while his lower body was still on the bed.
George had fallen down and had landed with his belly on top of John’s face.
Paul, surprisingly still fast asleep, had shoved up with John and was now lying with his face down against John’s crotch.
“Nwhtsnosobah” John said being muffled by Georges belly against his face and pushed George off of him.
“What?” George asked John while he sat up.
“I said” John sighed annoyed “Now, that’s not so bad…” referring to Paul’s face against his crotch “…and much less suspicious for the fans this way too, Harrison…” he deadpanned.
“Always so funny aren’t we Lennon?” George said annoyed while he stood back up.
George helped Ringo to put Paul back on the bed properly and covered him with the sheets. John had come back on his feet too and watched Paul sleeping as if nothing ever happened.

Then for while it was very quiet in the bedroom. Besides the nervous giggles and mumbling coming from the hallway.
Brian walked back in again to see if his boys were ready. He was happy to see Paul alone in the bed and the other boys standing beside the bed.
John let out a deep sigh while he stared at Paul. He then looked at Brian and stared angrily at him.
“I still don’t agree with your plan…..” John stated “….but only this one time I’ll go with your stupid plan. But only if it doesn’t hurt Paul.... otherwise...”John said softly and with his finger he made a cutting his throat gesture towards Brian while looking very angry at him.
“..Okay...thank you John....” Brian said a bit nervous “ I’ll let them come in now...”.
And with that Brian slowly opened the door. He put his finger to his lips towards the fans and said “sssssh....”
John took this moment to quickly jump back on the bed again and sat himself next to Paul with his back against the headboard.
Like Paul felt that John was next to him again, Paul wrapped his arm around John’s waist and curled up against John’s side.
John smirked at George and Ringo who were looking disapprovingly towards him.
“What?!…He did it…” he stated drily pointing at Paul while pulling his most innocent face and bashing his eyelashes to them.
George looked pissed off and Ringo just shook his head while the door opened slowly.
John felt Paul starting to stir so he looked at him to see Paul was still curled up against his side. He noticed that Paul suddenly scrunched his face up and he heard him moan softly while he put his arm around his stomach in his sleep like he was in pain.

“Hey Macca….!” John asked concerned and stroked his hand through Paul’s damped hair “…you okay love…?”

Paul moaned a little louder now and he moved about a little restless while still clutching his stomach.

“Come lie with me sweetie….” John soothingly whispered while he lifted up his own body to pull the sheets away underneath himself so he could lie underneath the sheets with Paul.

This way Paul could lie on John’s stomach so John could warm him and comfort him a little better. In his sleep Paul did so and laid himself on top of John’s stomach and enjoyed the warmth he felt immediately.

John saw Paul settle down and lying calm and much more at ease on his stomach. John smiled relieved and then looked up when he heard footsteps coming into the bedroom.

One by one the curious fans came in. It where fifteen girls and five boys and they kept very quiet. Just like they promised.

John already felt a little more okay with the situation when he saw the fans trying really hard to be quiet and saw the fan girls sweetly smiling at him.

When they were all inside, Brian softly closed the door again. He didn’t want any other fan to walk by and notice the situation and starting to scream.

The fans were suddenly very shy. They couldn’t see Paul’s face though because he was lying with his back towards them.

But even though they couldn’t, especially the girl fans, thought it looked so sweet how he was lying all wrapped up around John, that at first they didn’t really mind not seeing Paul McCartney’s face.

After a few moments of awkward silence they looked at John questionably.

John understood the problem and so he gestured the fans to come closer and get to the other side of the bed to take a look at Paul’s face.

Slowly the fans walked closer to the other side of the bed and one by one the girls held their hands on their mouth trying not to scream out loud at the sight of a sleeping Paul McCartney. He looked so adorable! They felt so lucky!

John started to like these fans. They seemed nice and friendly.

Ringo, George and Brian couldn’t believe it where the same fans from downstairs.
They behaved so nicely now. Must be the McCartney charm they thought to themselves.

“Uhm...Hi John....” One of the girls said softly breaking the silence.
“Hi there” John answered and winked at her. She giggled softly into her hands.
“Uhm.....Would you mind to sign our stuff too like Ringo and George did downstairs?” one of the other girls asked.
The other fans nodded and looked at John with pleading eyes.
“Sure love...” John smiled at the girl and held out his hand to take the objects from the fans to sign.
He didn’t move too much, cause he didn’t want to wake Paul.
One by one the fans handed him the things they wanted John to sign and all the girls swooned to stand so close to a sleeping Paul McCartney.
The boys didn’t show many interest in the sleeping Beatle, but looked more annoyed that he was still asleep and in their eyes not even bothering to wake up and give them some attention.

“..Uhm..” then one of the girl started softly “...we really would love to see Pauls beautiful hazel eyes...just for a sec....” she tried carefully. She looked at the other fans and they all nodded in agreement and then they all looked pleadingly at John.
John looked at them for a few seconds and then down at Paul, still sound asleep on his stomach.
Then he looked up at the other two Beatles.
Ringo shrugged his shoulders. He didn’t know what to think of the request either.
George had his head hang down and stared worriedly at the floor. He really hated this John could see. Like John himself, he didn’t like anyone break in on their privacy like this. And this time it was the worst way ever.
“Please...” the fans then begged softly together.
John looked at Brian and he nodded at John to assure him it should be okay.

“.Hmmm...” John said “.No. I don’t want to wake him up...sorry... He really is very sick ..so no...I think this is crazy enough already. Now please leave us.” John said protecting his sick Paul.
He knew that if he would wake Paul up, his stomach probably would start bothering him again heavily. Just like the other times when Paul felt nauseous.

“John!” Brian stated ”I don’t see your problem. Just wake Paul up. Just for a moment to open his eyes and at least say hello. That should not harm him. Now will it? He can sleep all he needs after that! He is a Beatle and being there for his fans is part of the job. No matter what! Sick or not!” Brian said getting more and more annoyed by Lennon’s cockney behaviour every minute. Damn it, he thought, Paul is a grown up man for fucks sake. Not a baby! And he was the manager and they had to listen to him. He also didn’t want to look like a stupid weak manager in front of these fans.

John’s eyes spat fire while he stared angrily at their manager, but realised he had lost the fight. He sighted deeply looking sadly down at Paul. Feeling so sorry already to wake him up knowing what the consequences could be.

“...Okay....I’ll try....” John said softly with everything inside him screaming not to do this...
The fans smiled widely.
John softly patted Paul’s cheek “Hey sleepy head....open your eyes.....” John whispered softly while rubbing Paul’s back and then shaking him softly at his shoulder.
Paul started to move a little and mumbled something and went back to sleep again.
John tried again “Come on Paul....wake up for a moment.... then you can go to sleep again.....Maaaccaaa....” John said while shaking Paul a little harder, feeling like the worst boyfriend ever.
The girls felt like they were melting right there and then. Seeing John trying to wake Paul.
They were nervously moving around feeling so excited to see Paul awake in a few moments now.
Suddenly Paul’s eyelashes fluttered and very slowly his eyes went open...just a little.
“Hi Paul..” The fans said softly trying not to scream or giggle too much. John was watching them
very closely. Not liking this one bit.

Paul looked through is very tired heavy eyes and saw blurry silhouettes looking at him. He blinked and rubbed his eyes with one hand and took a better look. “What the...?” he thought. Where was he and who were that? He lifted his head from his comfortable position on John’s warm body trying to see a little better what was going on. Then he felt a familiar hand softly rubbing his back and he relaxed a little again.

“Hi Paul...” One of the fans said.
“Nice to see you...” Another one said.
“How are you feeling...?” a third one asked.
“Ssssssh....” John hushed to the fans with his finger against his lips.
“It’s okay Macca...just go back to sleep now....” John then whispered in Paul’s ear and continued to stroke his back.

Paul yawned widely and took another look around him. He saw a group curious and unfamiliar faces staring at him. “What was this?” he thought and turned his head to look behind him. He saw John looking worriedly at him. “Johnny...?” he yawned again while he rubbed his tired still aching head with his left hand, making his hair look even more messy then it already was from his sleep “what’s happening..? Who are these people staring at me..?” he asked.

“Uhm...” John said “those are your biggest fans taking a look at you” he answered drily.

“Excuse me..??!!” Paul said with wide eyes “...but what the hell for..??!!”
“Brian’s freaking stupid plan” John stated.
“But...but....” Paul started to panic a little and looked at the staring faces again.

“Hi Paulie!!!” the girls screamed softly. Being careful not to break their promise and getting kicked out of the room.
“PauLIE??!!” Paul said a little angry. Why did these stupid fans call him that. He was Paul McCartney damn it and only the persons close to him were allowed to call him by his nickname!

“I don’t want this!!!” Paul yelled “I’m sick for fucks sake! Not some damn freak show!!!” he sat up and he pulled the blanket over his head, trying to hide his sick, and his not like normally good looking, pale face away from the curious fans.

John could feel Paul starting to shake and heard a little sob escape Paul’s throat.

“Please... Leave me ALONE!!!!!” Paul yelled from underneath the blanket.

John felt sad for Paul and carefully put his left hand on Paul’s right knee under the blanket and softly stroked it soothingly. He looked around to see if the fans didn’t noticed it when he suddenly felt a death stare fall upon him.

Paul felt like he was about to freak out. What was he?! Suddenly some attraction or something?!

He got interrupted when suddenly one of the fans yanked at the blanket and revealed the now vulnerable looking Paul McCartney again.

Paul quickly wiped it away with his sleeve feeling even more uneasy and exposed now.
This even made the fans go crazy even more and some of them started to scream “awwww!!!!” And then one of the girls passed out on the floor. An crying Paul McCartney was way too cute for her to handle.

“You two queer?” the silent boys suddenly asked.

“Course not!!” John and Paul yelled at the same time both looking a bit shocked towards the boy.

“If you’re such a big fan Brian claimed you to be….“ John started, irritated staring angry at the strange boy “….you would know that I’m fucking Cyn and Paul is fucking Jane!!” John continued “Oh, and every other girl Mr McCharmly over here can’t keep his hands off!!” He added. Hoping it would change the strange boy’s mind and not finding out their big secret of Paul and him being lovers. No, not because they were queer. Only for each other.

“Like you can’t keep your hand of him then...?!” the boy then asked with a mean smirk on his face, still staring strangely.

“What?!” Paul asked confused.

The fan then nodded his head to some point on the bed and John suddenly noticed he still had his hand on Paul’s trembling knee.

“Hell no!!” John yelled and pushed Paul a little too hard back off from himself so Paul fell forward towards the end of the bed face first and ended up lying dangerously close to the in meanwhile insane fans.

Paul tried to get back up as fast his sick weak body could make him, but the fans already started pulling at every piece of McCartney they could get a hold on. Paul ending up being torn at like some piece of meat thrown in a lion’s pit.

“STOP THIS!! Please John!!! Please George!! Please Ringo!!!” Paul yelled desperately getting more and more upset and scared.

John now really started to get worried about Paul. This wasn’t so smart of him. Throwing Paul in the lion pit like that. He really didn’t want him to get so upset and scared like this. Especially not while still being very sick! And now the crazed fans were tearing poor Paul from side to side.

“Nice one Lennon!!” George yelled at John and started to run together with Ringo towards Paul to help him.

“BRIAN!!!!” John yelled “Do something damn it!!” And started to pull at Paul with his arms around Paul’s waist to get him further backwards on the bed again, away from the chaos.

Brian was deeply in shock and felled like he was nailed to the ground. This was all happening so fast. What could he do?! He really hadn’t expected this and therefore he hadn’t thought of arranging some bodyguards to protect his boys.

For a few seconds he watched the three other Beatles try to rescue Paul from the grasping hands of the crazed fans. He then got back to his senses and ran to the bed to and started to help freeing poor Paul.

After slapping the fans off the in meanwhile exhausted and now heavily panting Paul, the boys finally got Paul lose from the mad fans hands.

Brian tried to calm down the fans and warned them that they would be send out of the room if they didn’t behave like they promised.

John meanwhile helped Paul sit back down on the bed with his back resting against the headboard.

“So sorry ‘bout that Paulie…” John said “…you okay...?!”

Paul just looked back at him with big scared eyes while he was trying to catch his breath.

So then John sat himself protectively in front of Paul with his back towards him while keeping an eye on the screaming fans wanting more of McCartney. He could hear Paul’s racked breathing and then followed by small sobs behind him.

“NO DAMN IT!!! “Paul suddenly yelled with a shaking voice “I’M NOT OKAY!!”

This startled John and he looked over his shoulder towards Paul and saw he really didn’t look good.
They all watched Paul’s face turn within seconds from angry and scared into very, very pale…. George walked over to Paul looking at him very concerned “…Paul….?”
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

George gets a little help from his friend and...nobody expected this.....or.... did they....?

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the kudos! And thanks to rockon1973 on AO3, sertaneja and patfour on LJ and CottonCandy90990 and Nikkannibal on wattpad for your great comments!!! :-)

Paul suddenly stopped breathing and his eyes rolled back in his head while he slowly became limp. George was just in time at Paul’s side to catch him in his arms and preventing him from falling off the bed.

George sat down on the bed with a fainted Paul in his arms. He looked at Paul’s very pale face and then looked up a little panicked towards John and Ringo.

“Macca?!!!” John called distressed and moved closer towards George still holding Paul tight in his arms.

The fans were screaming in panic after seeing Paul faint. Brian meanwhile was still very busy warming the fans and trying to calm them down. He slowly seemed to succeed and after a while the fans where becoming quiet again.

Ringo was kind of familiar with these fainting things and so he wasn’t worried as much as the other two Beatles. He had experienced it so many times in his life himself. Being in and out of the hospital so many times. So he watched the pale bassist closely and slowly grabbed the waste bin from the nightstand where John left it.

Ringo knew what could happen when Paul would regain consciousness and already felt sorry for the latter knowing there probably wasn’t much left inside him. Making it more nasty and painful.

John was patting Paul softly in his face to try to make him come back to them.

“Macca…Macca…wake up….please….” John softly said with a broken voice “…you’re scaring me…”

George and John suddenly heard Paul starting to breathe again and saw Paul slowly opening his eyes.

“Thank god!” John smiled stroking Paul’s sticky bangs away and bend forward to kiss Paul’s forehead.

This was Ringo’s cue and he stepped a little closer.

“Uhm…Georgie….” Ringo said watching George hugging Paul close “…you’d better get a little away from Paul now…” he said with a little concern in his eyes while he sat down on the bed next to John in front of George and Paul. Ringo remembered George telling him how he couldn’t handle someone being sick. Now he was trying to hint George to better take some distance so both John and Paul wouldn’t find out about George’s little problem.

George looked dumbfounded and a little hurt at Ringo.
“But…?” he started, but before he could continue, he felt Paul’s body starting to shake. 
Ringo pulled Paul out of George’s embrace by his arms to bring him up into a sitting position and held the waste bin in front of Paul. 
“Wha ya doing then??” John asked being surprised now too. 
Ringo ignored them both now and kept his full attention on Paul who was looking a little panicked to the waste bin and then looked up into Ringo’s eyes. 
Paul shook his head and looked with begging eyes towards Ringo while he started to retch a little. 
Ringo sweetly smiled at Paul and rubbed his back while whispering “sorry” to him.

Paul’s body started to protest and he suddenly felt a painful stain in his stomach again and he then felt it churning. He winched and clenched his stomach with both hands and started shaking harder. 
Paul felt something nasty coming up again so he quickly sat straighter up and started to retch clutching his hands over his mouth. 
In no time Ringo held the waste bin up for Paul so he could vomit in it. Paul shuddered all over while he retched again and again, clenching his painful stomach with both of his shaking hands. He felt terrible...

George jumped from the bed and stood with his back against the wall blocking the sound with his fingers in his ears. Now he understood what Ringo was trying to warn him for.

John at first was too shocked to react immediately, but when he saw Paul vomiting in the waste bin held up by Ringo he just flipped.

“GET THE HELL OUT!!!!!!” He shouted angrily. “AND YOU TOO BRIAN!! LOOK WHAT YOU DID! DAMN IT!!” He was so angry now. And so worried about Paul. But first things first he thought. And that was getting rid of everybody that shouldn’t be there. That was everybody except for him and his three friends. 
For the first time George was happy with the protective site of John and also started to yell to the fans to get the hell out while he and John pushed them out of the room one by one and dragging the still fainted girl out of the room by her arms. 

John stormed over to Brian after the fans were gone. 
“Eppy!” He yelled at him “A word with you! NOW!” and with that said John dragged Brian with him by his arm to the next room to have a serious talk.

“You done..?” Ringo asked Paul. 
“...Think so...” Paul sighed shakily. 
“Okay ..then I’ll take care of this now...” Ringo said while he softly ruffled Pauls hair and went to take care of the now dirty waste bin. 
In the bathroom Ringo took a washcloth and wetted it and also filled a glass with water. 
With the wet washcloth and glass of water he walked back into the bedroom.

Not totally to his surprise he noticed that George once again was oblivious to the big opportunity John just gave him by leaving Paul all alone while yelling at Brian in the next room. 
George was standing in the doorway watching John argue with Brian in the other room. John was really not amused and Brian had big trouble to calm the angry John Lennon down.

Ringo tapped on George’s shoulder and George looked over his shoulder a little startled to Ringo. 
“Come Geo…” Ringo whispered and handed him the wet washcloth and glass of water. 
George raised his brushy eyebrows….he didn’t quit understand why Ringo just gave him the stuff.

Ringo chuckled and nodded his head towards Paul who was still sitting on the bed looking a bit lost and was staring into nothing. Ringo winked at George and gave him a little push towards the bed encouraging him “Go on….”
George slowly walked towards the bed and swallowed nervously. He hadn’t still quite figured out what to do with the wet washcloth, but he was sure Ringo had a good reason for it. Ringo leaned against the wall and watched George walking over to Paul. George softly sat down on the bed next to Paul and slowly moved in front of him. He saw Paul’s tired staring eyes. He had dark lines formed around them now and his eyes were reddish from being so upset and the heavy vomiting. Now he also finally understood why Ringo gave him the wet washcloth. The red eyes weren’t the only trace of the vomiting left on Paul’s pale face. There was a little bit of vomit stuck in the corners of Paul’s mouth and on his chin. He put the glass of water down on the nightstand and looked lovingly at Paul.

“Hey Paul…” George sweetly whispered and caressed Paul’s cheek with the back of his hand carefully not to startle him. Paul slowly came back from his daydreaming and his tired hazel eyes now stared into George’s eyes. “Hey sweetie…” George said while he started to clean Paul’s mouth with the washcloth. He felt a little nervous about what he just called Paul, but Paul didn’t seem to mind and let out a little sigh. “Let me clean that beautiful face of yours…” George continued while he removed the last bits from Paul’s face. George laid the washcloth on the nightstand and took the glass of water. Paul meanwhile didn’t move a muscle, but tired and quietly followed every move of George with his big doe eyes. George held out the glass of water to Paul. Paul tried to take the glass from George but his hands were shaking too much. “Here Paulie..” George said soothingly “let me help you with that”. He softly cupped Paul’s chin and brought the glass to Paul’s lips to let him drink a little. Paul pushed the glass back after a few sips.

“Enough already?” George asked him while he kept Paul’s chin resting in his hand and softly stroked his cheek with his thumb. “I’m... afraid I won’t be able to hold it in...” Paul answered sadly with a croaked voice while he stared into George’s caring eyes while he pouted a little. Just like John, George loved Paul’s pout and felt himself melted all over. “You really should try to drink a little more…” George tried while he kept on stroking Paul’s cheek. Paul slowly shook his tired head “Maybe later…. Thanks though Georgie…” he softly said.

Paul closed his eyes while he let George continuing stroking his cheek. It felt so comfortably and soothing that he really didn’t want George to stop and felt a deep need to go sleeping welling up in his body. George sat the glass back on the nightstand and looked a little worried at Paul. “You okay…?” he asked while drying Paul’s wet lips now softly with his thumb. Paul shrugged his shoulder and hang down his head while letting out a shaky sigh. His heavy eyes still closed. George lifted Paul’s head back up and slowly he moved his head a little closer to Paul’s. Ringo felt like this was a good moment to leave George really alone with Paul and softly hummed “Close your eyes and I’ll kiss you…” while he disappeared into the bathroom to clean the waste bin. George felt a smile form on his trembling lips from the nerves and understood Ringo’s hint perfectly. Very slowly he moved his head closer to Paul’s and till he was almost touching Paul’s plump lips with his own. He swallowed his nerves away and carefully he connected his lips to Paul’s and softly kissed him. Paul’s eyes shot open immediately and broke the kiss.
“…Wha….?” Paul started surprised. He didn’t see that one coming, but he wasn’t disgusted at all. George’s lips actually felt nice.
Before Paul knew, he felt George’s lips connected again with his and….he actually liked it.
George moved his lips against Paul’s plump lips and he now felt that Paul wasn’t holding back and he felt Paul’s lips starting to move back.
George felt safe enough now to go a little further and licked Paul’s delicious lips to gain entrance.
After a little moment he felt Paul’s lips slowly open and George entered Paul’s mouth with his tongue and started to explore the inside Paul’s mouth.

Ringo slowly stuck his head around the bathroom door and grinned like an idiot seeing the scene on the bed. He felt so happy for George.
Carefully not to make a sound he moved around the door and softly closed it. He rested his back against the door so he could secretly watch the scene and meanwhile keep an eye on John in the next room.

George placed one hand behind Paul’s head and softly grabbed Paul’s hair to tilt his head so he could deepen the kiss. Paul obeyed and tilted his head so George had full access now.
When he softly pulled at Paul’s hair, he heard a soft moan escape from Paul’s throat.
George smiled into the kiss, cause he couldn’t believe this was really happening.

After a few moments, suddenly Paul broke the kiss and they both were trying to catch their breath.
“Georgie…I….” Paul stuttered, but before he could say anything, he felt a painful stitch in his stomach. He winced and grabbed his stomach with his hands.
“Paulie…?” George asked worriedly “…you’re okay…? Do you have to get sick again…?”
Paul shook his head with a pained expression on his pale face and hang down his head while a soft moan left his lips.
George rubbed Paul’s shoulder soothingly not knowing how to help him.
Paul let out a small sob and George saw tears starting to roll down Paul’s cheek.
“Awww….sweetie…” George sweetly said and wiped the tears away from Paul’s cheeks.
Paul looked up at George with tears still falling from his eyes and more sobs followed.
George felt his heart drop and held his arms open for Paul to hug him.

Instead of feeling Paul fall into his open arms, George saw John running over to the bed.
John jumped on it next to Paul and pulled Paul into a big hug.
Paul immediately threw himself against John and started to cry.
“Hush hush…” John soothingly whispered while rocking his upset lover back and forth in his protecting arms “…..so sorry for leaving you alone like that….your Johnny’s back now….?”
While holding Paul close against him John studied George’s features. He looked different somehow.
His cheeks were slightly flushed and his lips looked like he just snogged someone.
John raised his eyebrow, but George didn’t notice John’s stare at all. He only had eyes for Paul.
Paul slowly looked up at George for a moment while he cried in John’s arms. He felt so strange. His stomach hurt like hell and…he…he kissed George…and he….he liked it…..!!
George smiled sweetly at him and Paul felt a few butterflies in his painful belly.
This really shocked him and he quickly hid his face against John’s strong shoulder feeling bad towards John for what just happened. He cried even harder while grabbing John’s shirt.
“Awww Macca…” John soothed him “….why are you so upset my love…?”
“Jo…Joh…Johnny….” Paul hiccupped between his sobs “…I…I…wanna…f…feel…be…better…”
“Ssshh…” John whispered “…I know baby….I know…..”

George looked up to see Ringo smile widely at him with a thumbs up followed by a wink. He still could feel the butterflies in his stomach. He kissed Paul!! And….HE KISSED BACK!!!
George felt that he probably looked a bit dumb with this big smile on his face, cause now he
suddenly noticed that John stared at him like he lost his mind or something….
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Brian calls the doctor to check on Paul

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the new kudos I received! And thanks to rockon1973, MaccaandGeorgie, Sylvia Martin on AO3, sertaneja and patfour on LJ and anakinbridger 541, BellaMcCartney, coolioswag, Nikkannibal, i_love_beatlez, and bellescutie on Wattpad for leaving such great comments!!!

I'm so sorry for updating so late!! I really had a writers block and had no time to write at all...
I'm still not so happy with the next chapter myself...
But I didn't want to keep you waiting for much longer, so here it goes....
Hope you'll enjoy it though and won't be too dissapointed....

Ringo watched his three mates on the bed and he could feel the tension build up every second. The only sound in the room was Paul crying loud in John’s arms. Only a bit muffled because Paul had his face pressed against John’s chest.
He saw the staring between John and George. It was like two lions glaring at each other about to attack.
Thankfully Paul was wounding himself up way too much and suddenly he started coughing out loud.
His face turned all red while he tried to regain his breath.
This made John and George forget about who would kill who first and their attention went to Paul immediately.

“Paul!...PAUL!!....” John yelled at the almost choking bassist in his arms “…settle down love!! C’mon.... easy now....” He said while Paul slowly calmed down a little and he held Paul’s face in his hands. He looked at him very worriedly.
George rubbed Paul’s heaving back with his hand trying to sooth him.
“Here....” Ringo said suddenly “…try to drink something.”
Ringo sat himself on the bed next to John and helped Paul to drink from the glass. He cupped Paul’s chin and held the glass against his plump lips.
Paul willingly drank the whole glass empty while Ringo looked lovingly at him. He couldn’t help to admit that he understood why George and John fell for Paul. He really is an adorable latter.
After Paul had drank it all, Ringo removed the glass from Paul’s lips and ruffled his hair sweetly.
“Good boy...” Ringo smiled at him “…wouldn’t want you to get dehydrated now would we?”
Paul nodded and smiled back at Ringo thankfully.
“You okay macca..?” John asked while drying Paul’s wet lips now softly with his thumb and then gave a little soft kiss on Paul’s beautiful plump lips. Paul shrugged his shoulders and looked down to his hands.

“Uhm….boys…..” They suddenly heard Brian say and they saw him walking into the room over to the bed. John immediately looked angry in Brian’s direction. “What the fuck do you want?!?” John asked him.

“Watch your mouth Lennon” Brian warned him “I think you gave me enough dirt for today! And I came here for Paul. So if you boys don’t mind….I would like to talk to him alone for a moment…” “You okay with that Macca?” John asked Paul hoping he could stay with him. “Sure….” Paul softly answered while still looking down at his hands while fumbling with his sleeve. He still couldn’t look John and George in the eye after what happened.

The other three left the bedroom and Brian sat down on the bed in front of Paul. “Paul?” Brian asked seeing the bassist staring down while fumbling with his bracelet now. Paul slowly lifted his head up and looked at Brian. Brian had never seen Paul look so upset before. “Oh my…” Brian worriedly asked “…what’s wrong with you my dear boy?” Brian stroke Paul’s arm soothingly. Paul started to cry again softly and hid his face in his hands. “Nothing…” Paul sobbed muffled by his own hands. “Now Paul….” Brian said “…you know very well that that’s not true. Why won’t you tell me what’s the matter?”

Paul abruptly moved his body and jumped off the bed. But because he was feeling so lightheaded from the fever and his empty stomach, standing up so fast made his head spin and he immediately fell onto the ground with a loud thud when his legs gave away. “Oh dear!” Brian called and quickly ran over to Paul and helped him to sit up.

The other three came running in immediately after hearing the bang and now saw Brian sitting on the floor with Paul softly sobbing with his face hidden in his hands. George beat John this time and sat down behind Paul and pulled him against him in his arms. Paul cried softly in his arms now and George held him as close as he could. John cursed under his breath, but before he could do something, Ringo stopped him. “Why the hell is Paul on the floor?!?” John yelled and didn’t let him stop by Ringo and pushed him away. He ran over to George and Paul and roughly pulled Paul out of George’s embrace and pulled him up by one of his wrists. Paul winced and cried out in pain being pulled at his arm so rough and John really hurt his wrist like this. But John’s anger had taken him over and he didn’t even notice that he was hurting Paul now. “Don’t you hurt him!!” George yelled while he quickly stood back up and before he knew what he was doing, he punched John hard in the face with his fist making John stumble backwards and fall on the ground. Dragging Paul back on the ground with him.

“Johnny!!” Paul yelled with his hoarse voice while he helped John to sit up. John sat back up while rubbing his cheek. There was a little blood escaping from the corner of his mouth.

Paul cupped John’s face with his hand and wiped the blood away. George could see the red marks on Paul’s wrist from John’s firm grip just before. John really had been rough on him. “You’re so gonna get it now Harrison!!!!” John yelled slapping Paul’s hands away and he began to stand up. Paul was shocked to be rejected by John like this and with teary eyes watched John standing back up and starting to walk over to George. Ready to punch him back.
“No!” Paul yelled as hard as his hoarse voice let him “NO!! Please stop it!! I…I can’t take this anymore…please….” Paul begged them and both George and John stared at Paul now.
Paul didn’t look at them but said more like a whisper while he stared at the ground “…please…don’t fight….”
John and George gazed angrily at each other, but stopped fighting for Paul’s sake.
“Ringo…?” Paul now looked at Ringo “…could you help me stand up please…?”
Ringo immediately walked over to Paul and helped him up and now they watched Paul stumble back to the bed.

When Paul was settled again, John sat down in front of Paul and stared at him. He noticed Paul’s lips were a little swollen. Strange…. Paul’s eyes were all puffy from the crying. But…these doe eyes hadn’t looked at John’s for a moment after his return from Brian.
He saw Paul rubbing his wrist with a pained expression on his face. John now saw what he had done and took Paul’s hand in his and kissed the red wrist.
“Sorry sweetie…” John said and soothingly stroked Paul’s wrist, but Paul still didn’t look at him.
John cupped Paul’s chin and lifted Paul’s head up a little, but even now Paul kept his eyes concentrated downward.
“Why won’t you look at me Macca…?” John asked with a broken voice.
“I…I…” Paul whispered “…msosorry….” He mumbled in a way John couldn’t make up what Paul just said.
“What was that love..?” John asked him and felt a strange feeling in his guts. Paul never acted like this…
“…Please….?” Paul whispered “…could you all leave me alone for a moment…?….’m so tired….”
John looked hurt, but left the bed to stand with Ringo and George. He didn’t really know how to handle the situation with Paul acting so strangely.

Paul looked at Brian.
“But…. wait…what was it you wanted to talk to me about Brian…?” Paul asked tiredly almost unable to keep his eyes open anymore.
Brian walked over to the bed and sat down on it again.
“Well…” Brian started “…I wanted to tell you that I called a doctor to come and take a look at you.”
Paul looked a little shocked now but let Brian continue.
“He asked me your symptoms and I told him what I knew. So he said he wanted to examine you and he will be over any minute now.” Brian explained.
Paul swallowed a little nervous. He really didn’t like doctors. “…’kay…” he whispered.

A little while later the door opened and Mal came in with a man carrying a briefcase.
“Is the patient in here?” the man asked and they knew for sure now that it was the doctor.
Brian quickly left the bed and shook the doctor’s hand before walking the man over to Paul.
“Well good evening Mr. McCartney I presume?” the doctor said while he looked at Paul. Paul nodded his head a little nervously and shook the doctor’s hand.
“My name is Dr. Brown and your manager called me to come and take a look at you.”
The doctor took his statoscope out of his briefcase and hang it around his neck before unbuttoning Paul’s pyjama shirt.
He then listened to Paul’s breathing on his chest and back.
While the doctor examined Paul the others watched what was happening.
“Hmm…” the doctor started after a few different examinations while he looked into his eyes with a little flashlight pulling Paul’s eyelids down “Tell me Mr. McCartney….do you have trouble breathing?”
“A little…” Paul softly answered.
“And besides the throwing up, do you also suffer from diarrhea?” the doctor asked calmly.
Paul shook his head “No sir…” he answered.
The doctor stared at Paul for another moment and stood back up from the bed.
“Can I please talk to you for a moment Mr. Epstein?” the doctor asked Brian.
“Sure…” Brian nodded and walked out of the bedroom with the doctor.
The Beatles looked a little worried at the doctor and Brian leaving.

“Well…what’s wrong with him?” Brian asked nervously.
“Hmm…” the doctor started still thinking the symptoms through “…It’s not a stomach flu….”
“Ah good…” Brian said “…so the others won’t get infected too?”
“That’s right…” the doctor answered “…Mr. McCartney is not contagious…”
“Okay…that’s good to hear, but what’s wrong with him then Doctor?” Brian asked a little concerned.

“Mr. McCartney is suffering from a gastritis I’m afraid…” the doctor explained “…and it looks like he’s got a little form of pneumonia on him, but that’s not too bad, because it only just started and it’s probably more from the irritation he has because of all the vomiting ”
“Can you give him some medicine to cure him?” Brian asked a little worried.
“I can give Mr. McCartney some medication for his lunges and to ease down the nausea, but there are no medicine for the gastritis. He will heal from it by itself.” The Doctor answered.
“How long will that take Doctor?” Brian asked feeling sorry for Paul.
“Could be a few days if he’s lucky, but it could also take a few weeks…” The doctor explained.
“What will happen in between? Will he feel okay? What can we do to help him?” Brian asked worriedly.

“Well…” The doctor answered “He must eat and drink enough, but no alcohol or greasy food. This will be a little difficult, because he probably will throw it back up most of the times…. But…you really have to make him at least drink.”
“Oh dear….the poor boy…” Brian sighed “…he is really upset when he has to throw up Doctor…. ”
“Sorry Mr. Epstein…” The doctor said “…but otherwise we have to take him to the hospital to give him his fluids through an infusion, but that’s up to him and you.”
“I would like to try first…” Brian said after thinking it through “…if he agrees of course…”
“Very well sir.” The doctor smiled “But if it doesn’t work out, here’s my card. Give me a call and he will be taken into the hospital, right?”
Brian nodded and took the card from the doctor. He got an prescription for the medication and then the doctor started to leave.

“Wait…” Brian called.
“Yes?” the doctor asked turning back to Brian.
“Uhm….I don’t know if I should ask this…” Brian started feeling a little uneasy “…but can he do interviews and maybe some performances?”
The doctor raised his eyebrows and looked at Brian questionably.
“Only if Mr. McCartney feels up to it, I think it shouldn’t be a problem…but only if it’s not too intense. He should be able to do most of the normal things. He will suffer from cramps from time to time and feel nauseous, but if he can handle it, he should be okay.” The doctor answered.
“Good good…” Brian smiled and held out his hand to the doctor “…thank you for stopping by on such short notice”
“Goodnight Mr. Epstein” the doctor nodded and left the hotel room.

Brian walked back to the boys and explained them what the doctor had told him.
He had a good talk with Paul about his condition and the situation for a while. Together with the other Beatles, Paul and Brian made a deal that Paul would tell him how he felt day by day and see what he was capable to do and what not.
Brian left the boys alone with this new information and went to his bed.
“You okay Macca…?” John asked Paul while sitting next to him on the bed. Paul sighed and shook his head “no....not really....” he said and yawned widely while he started to lie down again. John laid himself back down on the bed next to Paul. He put a cushion behind him against the headboard of the bed and lay down on it with his shoulders so he was laying up little. “Come ‘ere macca...” John said while he held his arms open. Paul laid down again on John’s warm chest and in his comfortable arms. John felt Paul’s arm and leg wrap around his body and hold him tight like he was afraid John would leave him. “…so....tired....” Paul whispered and closed his eyes. To John’s surprise Paul drifted off to sleep very soon and felt his grip on him getting looser. “Must be exhausted.. poor macca..” John said as he pulled the sheets up again and wrapped his arms around Paul’s sleeping form. He would talk to Paul later, but let him sleep now. He was happy that Paul wanted to lay down with him like this.

John was glad he fell asleep so fast again and gave George and Ringo a little smile. “It’s okay guys” he said. “You couldn’t know all of this would happen. Come sit with us on the bed and turn on the telly, but keep the sound down, off course. Let’s just relax now...just the four of us..” He smiled at the other two Beatles and could see that the whole situation had been hard on them too. He would let the fight with George rest for now too, but he would keep an extra eye on him from now on. Something inside of him told him that George had something to do with Paul’s strange behaviour, but he wasn’t sure in what way yet.

George and Ringo relieved themselves from the uncomfortable suits and were now wearing their comfy pyjama’s. Ringo walked over to the telly and turned it on. He turned de knob to look if there was something interesting on the telly. After he found something to watch, Ringo crawled on the bed next to John’s right side and sat up with his back against the headboard of the bed. George first went to take some soda’s from the refrigerator and set them down on the nightstand. Then he crawled on the bed too and laid himself down on the left of John next to where Paul was lying. Paul was half lying over John’s body with his left leg and left arm wrapped around John now deeply asleep now. So now the four Beatles were lying together on the hotel bed trying to relax finally.

“What a crazy day it was” John said suddenly. “Yeah....” George agreed. “This cannot happen again” Ringo stated. “Absofuckinlutely not!” John said. “Don’t know how this whole crazy situation could happen..” George sighed. John started to yawn and thinking about how damn uncomfortable his bloody jeans and shirt were on his tired body by now, but took it for granted. For Paul. Letting the poor dead tired latter get his oh so deserved and much needed sleep.

Little later George and Ringo were watching some crazy show on the telly where people were making a fool of themselves by pulling off crazy stunts mostly hurting themselves while doing so. Pretty funny though. George then looked over to John and Paul. He saw that John had fallen asleep too and looked happy while holding Paul close to him. George sighed.
“What’s up...?” Ringo asked him.
“Just thinking...” George said.
“’’About what?’’ Ringo asked.
“Oh just....” George said softly as he leaned over Paul carefully not to wake him and stroked his cheek and planted a soft kiss on it. Then he laid down on his right side behind Paul wrapping his left arm around Pauls sleeping form carefully not to wake John up and getting angry with him again about doing so.

He deeply inhaled Pauls lovely sweet scent. Oh, how he loved that sweet boy too. Just like John. He was so glad to have Paul in his life.

“Someday...“ George whispered “...when he needs a shoulder to cry on.... I hope it will be mine...” “I hope so too for you Georgie....” Ringo smiled at him “...how was the kiss...?” he whispered as softly as he could.

George face lightened up immediately “…better than I ever imagined...” He smiled back and snuggled closer against Paul and soon he fell asleep too with his beloved Paul in his arms.

Ringo looked at his three band mates all cuddled up and smiled. They looked adorable he thought. He was thinking about all that happened this day and really wasn’t as sleepy as the rest of them... no... it was something different.

He heard his stomach roar a little and suddenly he knew why he couldn’t sleep. He was hungry! They hadn’t been able to eat a proper meal because of all the chaos and it just didn’t work for him to go sleeping with an empty stomach.

He swayed his short legs over the edge of the bed and reached for the phone to call the room service. Thinking about his mates probably having the same problem as him in a while, he ordered some sandwiches for himself, George and John.

For Paul he ordered some dry toast, because that was the best thing to eat with an upset stomach instead of fat sandwiches. Like the doctor also ordered. No greasy or heavy food.

After he made the call he laid back on the bed again and took the newspapers he hadn’t been able to finish to read that day and started to read it.

After a little while Ringo heard a soft knock on the door and someone softly calling “room service” from the other site of the door in the living of the hotel room.

He jumped out of the bed to answer the door and finally eat something. After giving the boy a nice tip he took the plate with the ordered foot and went back to the bedroom.

He put the plate on the nightstand next to him and began to eat one of the sandwiches.

It felt like heaven in his empty stomach.

While he was enjoying his sandwich, he some stirring in the sheets coming from his mates stir and then he heard his name.

“...Rings...?” It was Paul’s hoarse voice.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Paul is starting to feel a little hungry….but…..not only for food….Oh dear… troubles ahead!

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the new kudos! And thanks to rockon1973 on AO3, CottonCandy90990 on Wattpad, sertaneja and patfour on LJ for your great comments! You inspired and encouraged me to continue posting my fic.

Sorry but this chapter is kinda long.....

Ringo looked at his left and saw that Paul had half opened his eyes and squinted a little because of the bright lamplight next to Ringo.

“Hi Paul” Ringo said “Are you okay lad?”

“..Yeah...think so...” Paul answered now rubbing his eyes with his hand.
He then saw Paul trying to lift himself up a little, but having some troubles with it because of his still a bit tired body, but mostly because he was held tightly by firm arms.
Paul huffed a little and looked down over his shoulder to see why couldn’t move. He saw two arms around his back holding him tight and one arm around his waist from which the hand was on his tummy giving it a nice soothing warmth.... “Wait a minute..” Paul thought and stared a little confused at it “..three arms...?” he thought. He was still a little numbed from his deep sleep.

Ringo saw Paul’s confused look and chuckled “What’s up Paulie?” he asked him.

“..uh...dunno...” Paul answered still looking and counting the arms around him “...how?...”
Ringo started laughing at the silly look on Paul’s face. He looked so funny with his hair all messed up, eyebrows raised up and his mouth slightly open mumbling and counting to three a few times.

“Hahahaha... oh Paul...don’t be daft...hahahaha!” Ringo laughed.

“...Wha...?” Paul asked looking confused at Ringo now.

“It’s John holding you together with George. Hahaha! That look on your face is priceless, hahahaha!”

Paul looked behind him and saw that the hand on his belly belonged to George who was lying snuggled up against his back. “…oh....” Paul said and Ringo saw his cheeks flush a little.

“That’s sweet..” Paul said looking at George now with a little smile on his face.

Paul suddenly remembered the kiss he shared with George which made his face colour a bit deeper red. He stared lovingly at George while remembering how nice the kiss was. George really was a good kisser. Different from John’s kisses. John was more dominant, full of passion and sometimes a little rough, but George was more careful and had kissed him like Paul was some treasure to him….so lovingly and...

“Ahum!” Ringo cleared his throat after watching Paul staring for a little too long then he normally would look at George. Ringo thought this was a good sign and decided to try to get some
Paul flushed even redder (if that was even possible) and he looked like a little kid who had just stolen some candy and being caught by its parents. “Oh..” he said a little uncomfortable.

Ringo snickered and pretended to continue to read his newspaper. He didn’t want to be too eager or pushy. He wanted Paul to ask for his attention first.

When Ringo ‘s eyes secretly looked sideways without moving his head, he could see Paul looking at him. Ringo knew that Paul now probably felt like Ringo didn’t want to pay attention to him and if one thing could bother Paul McCartney sometimes… it was getting no attention.

He could already hear a little lost sigh escape from Paul now.

“…Ringo…?” he then heard Paul ask. Just like he expected and now Ringo lowered his newspaper and looked over to Paul who was staring a little confused at him with his big doe eyes.

“Yes Paul?” Ringo answered trying to sound a little annoyed, but having a difficult job to prevent himself from smiling.

“….oh….sorry….never mind then….)” Paul said a little disappointed by Ringo’s annoyed tone in his voice.

“No Paul…” Ringo said “You have my attention know….so say what’s on your heart…”

Paul stared at Ringo for a few moments and then looked down at his hands
“Doyathinggeorgiilikesme…” he mumbled still looking downwards.

“Uhm…” Ringo said wondering if he heard it right “What was that you were saying?”

“Oh…nevermind….” Paul softly said “…was a stupid question anyway…”

Ringo cursed himself for a moment. He was almost sure he heard Paul ask if George liked him, but he couldn’t say for sure and he didn’t want to force Paul into something he wasn’t ready for yet.

He would wait for another opportunity, because seeing Paul did kinda ask him, he was sure that he would come back on it when he would be more ready and curious.

He saw Paul gazing in the distance now and suddenly heard Paul’s stomach making little roaring sounds.

This woke Paul from his daydreaming and he looked down at his belly with George’s hand still on it and sighed a little.

“You okay Paul?” Ringo asked looking a little concerned at him “Is your stomach bothering you again?”

“…I’m okay....” Paul answered “…doesn’t hurt at the moment...just a little empty down there I guess…”

“I have some food brought up to the room” Ringo said and pointed at the plate “wanna try to eat something?”

Paul looked a little nervous at the food and bit his under lip.

“…Uhm…dunno if I should….” Paul said “...I’m afraid I will get sick again Rings...”

“I ordered some dry toast too. Think you should be able to keep that in” Ringo said while he reached over to the plate and took a dry toast and held it out to Paul.

Paul stared at the toast in Ringo’s hand and he could now smell it too. He felt his stomach roar again, but not in a nauseous way. It felt more like hunger.

“.Hmm...'kay...” Paul sighed “...I’ll try...Bit hungry actually...” and he took the toast from Ringo.

He carefully took a small bite and started to chew it a little while before swallowing it down.

Ringo looked carefully how Paul would take it. Ready to catch the waste bin which he placed next to the bed after he cleaned it earlier.

Paul soon felt that he could hold it in and started to eat more eagerly now letting his hungry feeling taking over.

Suddenly Paul felt George stir behind him and heard him snuffle.

information out of Paul about his feelings towards George.

“....Wha?!...” Paul jumped a little by Ringo’s voice.

“What do you mean Wha..?” Ringo chuckled “I didn’t say anything.”
“Hey!” George said while he sat up quickly “I smell food!”
Paul and Ringo chuckled at George’s action. He always seemed to be wanting food.
George looked surprised at Ringo and Paul and then he saw Paul chewing and noticed the half eaten toast in Paul’s hand.
“Aw Paulie...” he whined “...please can I have thah…?”
Paul stopped chewing and looked amused with crumbs sticking on the corners of his mouth at George’s pleading eyes.
Pual held the piece of toast up and away from George while he shook his head, clearly not wanting always hungry George to steal it from him.
“Paaauuul...” George now warned him “...I’ll tickle ya as long as I need to let you give me that toast...” he said with a warning gaze. He knew how ticklish Paul is. He would never stand a chance.
Paul still had his mouth full and looked a little panicked and shook his head a little harder holding the piece of toast even higher. It wasn’t very easy seeing the fact he was still held by John’s arms who was still sleeping and it seemed like the more he moved, the tighter John held him.

Suddenly George attacked Paul and gripped him with his hands on both sides of Paul’s waist and started to tickle him.
Paul yelped and burst out laughing while trying to wrestle himself free.
But whilst doing so the chewed pieces of toast flew out of his mouth right onto John’s still sleeping face and he accidently kicked John in his side while squeaking “...Hahahaha!!!
G..George..hahaha...s...stop!!...hahaha!..”

John jolted awake immediately sitting straight up and looked around him with big shocked eyes.
He touched his face with his hand and looked disgusted at the mess on it after he wiped off the warm wet stuff from his face. “Ugh!” he said and looked up to see Paul staring at him with big watery eyes and his hand over his mouth. But he didn’t look sick...he looked very amused and it looked like he was trying to hold back his laughter. “PAAAUUUL..?!!!” John asked him not very amused.
Paul started giggling again “S..s...hahhaha...sorry Johnny....hahaha!” he stammered between his laughter “I..hahaha...didn’t mean to...hahahaha!”

Ringo and George were laughing along with Paul now. It was just a crazy sight. John’s now angry face covered in Paul’s chewed breadcrumbs.

“PAUL!! That’s disgusting!” He suddenly yelled at Paul “Stop puking and spitting your food out on me! UGH!!!” and gave him a big push so Paul fell backwards.
This to the amusement of George, because John pushed Paul right into his arms.
He quickly held the still giggling Paul close to him by wrapping his arms around Paul’s waist.
John jumped of the bed and went straight to the bathroom to wash his face while mumbling something about the other three being a bunch of ass hols.

John slammed the bathroom door close behind him and walked towards the sink. He washed his face and took a towel to dry off his face. He held the towel to his face and sighed in it.
He slowly lowered the towel and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He had bags forming under his eyes and he looked tired.
He threw the towel in the sink and turned to stand in front of the toilet to free himself from his full bladder. Because of the whole thing with Paul earlier he didn’t had the change to use the loo for quite some time now, so he was happy to go.
He scratched his belly and looked down on himself and noticed he was still wearing the uncomfortable clothes.
So when he was finished, he took the jeans and shirt off, threw them on the floor and decided to take a nice warm shower to freshen up. He felt all sticky from having Paul sleeping and sweating from the fever on top of him.

While John was in the bathroom taking his shower, Paul was still lying against George and had started to eat a second toast.
George was eating his third sandwich already. The first one was gone in seconds. He was so hungry. He enjoyed the feeling of Paul against him and hoped it would last a little longer. To his surprise Paul made no attempt to go after John, but instead of that, after finishing his second toast, he curled himself up against George chest. George’s smile was so wide, he almost gave light in the dark and he looked very happy towards Ringo.

Ringo smiled back and winked at him and nodded his head towards Paul while pointing at the corner of his own mouth. George first didn’t understand what Ringo tried to say, but when he looked at Paul’s face, he saw bread crumbs sticking on Paul’s lips and the corners of his mouth. Ringo winked at him and then stood up and told them that he was going to get something to drink and left the bedroom to give George a little privacy.

George took Paul’s face in his hands and looked at him. To his surprise Paul didn’t shy away now like he did earlier this evening, but he was staring at him with an dreamy look in his big hazel eyes. “You got crumbs there…” George smiled at him and wiped the crumbs away.

Paul didn’t move away and kept on staring at George.

While listening to the water running in the bathroom, Paul was fighting a big battle inside of him. He stared at George’s lips and thought about that great kiss again and wanted more…but….wait a minute!! Go away you bad thought!! You’re with John!! But…but…look at George!!! He is so….

NO NO NO!! Don’t you dare!! You can’t do that to John!!!

I know I know!!! But…just one more taste of George’s lips couldn’t hurt…right??....

Suddenly Paul leaped forward and pressed his lips against George’s. He just couldn’t resist anymore. George willingly and passionately kissed Paul back and their tongues happily greeted each other again.

George slowly pressed Paul down onto his back against the matrass while keeping on kissing him passionately.

When Paul was lying down, George laid himself on top of Paul and moved himself so he was lying between Paul’s legs and felt their crotches touching each other. This sent electric shocks through the both of them and they both let out a little moan.

It had been quite a while ago now that Paul had laid a bird or John because of the busy schedule and not feeling so well, so his body reacted even quicker than normally.

George felt the bulge grow in Paul’s pants and smiled into the kiss. He slowly moved his hand downwards and cupped Paul’s bulge.

Paul moaned out louder now and when he looked Paul in the eyes, he could see that they were filled with lust.

George bent down again and kissed Paul while rubbing his hands over Paul’s crotch, making the bassist moan into his mouth.

Suddenly the water stopped running in the bathroom meaning that John finished his shower. George quickly moved himself off of Paul and sat back up. Paul still lay on the bed panting and trying to regain his breath. He suddenly realised what just happened and he sat straight up immediately with a shocked look on his face. At that moment, Ringo walked back into the bedroom after also hearing the water stop running so knowing that he could get back on the bed again. Hoping George had been able to talk to Paul finally about the kiss.

He looked a bit shocked when he saw the state Paul was in. Paul’s face was flushed red, his lips were swollen and….that wasn’t the only thing that was swollen he quickly noticed. “Shit!” Ringo cursed and looked a little panicked at George now and saw that George’s lips were
also not free from traces of what just happened.
Ringo felt responsible for this terrible situation. He shouldn’t have left the room! Damn!
He just never thought that THIS would happen, so now he wanted to do what he could to safe the
situation, but really didn’t know what to do.
Before he could think about something, he felt himself being pushed aside and fell on the bed.
He looked up a bit shocked and he and George saw Paul running away as fast as he could cursing on
his way.
Then they heard the door of the hotel suit slammed close, meaning that Paul in his still sick state had
run away in the middle of the night in his pyjama’s to god knows where.
Ringo jumped up and ran after Paul to go and find him in the big hotel as fast as he could.
“Paul?! PAAAUUL!!” was the last thing George heard before the sound slowly faded away.
George thought about going after Ringo, but he already saw the door knob of the bathroom turn.
He swallowed hard thinking about what could happen next after John would find out Paul was gone.

The bathroom door opened and John came walking out of it.
George noticed that he was only wearing his boxers now and his hair was still dripping a little.
“Where’s Paul?” John asked when he saw him missing “Is he okay?!”
“He just left with Ringo..” George answered trying not to show his nerves.
“What the fuck for?!?” John asked confused.
George shrugged his shoulders “Dunno…” he lied.
John stared suspiciously at George for a moment now and noticed his again swollen lips.
George saw John staring and nervously stood up from the bed to walk to the living of the hotel…
away from John.
But when he walked passed John, he suddenly felt himself being pushed against the wall.
John had grabbed him by his collar and looked angrily at George while pushing him against the wall.
“What are you hiding from me Harrison?!!” John yelled at him “I KNOW something is going on!!”
“What do ya mean?!!” George yelled back trying to free himself.
“You fucking look like you just snogged someone and I don’t see any bloody bird around here!!”
John yelled.

George stopped his movements and glared meanly into John’s eyes now.
“Who says it was a bird…?” he smirked evilly.
“WHAT??!?” John shouted out loud “Don’t tell me what I think you’re saying!!”
“He’s a great kisser…” George said nonchalantly.
“NO! You’re lying! He wouldn’t do that to me!!” John said a little desperately now while he slowly
loosened his grip.
“Then you thought wrong!” George said while he straitened his shirt.
“But…but…..” John said while George saw tears forming in John’s eyes.
“Guess the fight's not over yet then….?” George smiled “…I’m not going to give up so easily if you
thought so. I’m gonna fight for Paul as much as I have to….Especially now I know Paul has feelings
for me too…..” He said while he started to walk out of the bedroom.
“THAT’S BULLSHIT!!!” John yelled while a tear escaped from his eyes “He doesn’t feel a
SINGLE thing for YOU!!”
George stopped and turned around towards John “…Ow yes he does….And I know that for sure
now….he just ‘pointed’…” George motioned the ‘in between’ gesture with his fingers “…that out to
me very clearly….” George smirked and turned back and continued to walk towards the door “…So
better watch your back Lennon…”
George walked out of the bedroom feeling a little nervous now after what he just told John and he
hoped to get out of there fast.

“HARRISON!!!!” he then heard John yell and he felt a firm hand on his shoulder spinning him
around.
Now he was face to face to a very VERY angry John Lennon and George swallowed hard. He had never seen John so angry…
“IF YOU EVEN HAD THE SLIGHTEST IDEA IN THAT STUPID BRAIN OF YOURS THAT I WOULD LET YOU SEDUCE AND STEAL MY MACCA AWAY... John spat in George’s face “....YOU THOUGHT WRONG!!!”
“IT’S NOT UP TO YOU JOHN! TO DECIDE WHO PAUL MUST LOVE!!” George spat back
“APPARENTLY HE DOES HAVE FEELINGS FOR ME!!”
“NO HE DOESN’T!!!” John yelled “HE LOVES ME!!! ONLY ME!!!”
“That’s because you’re always on his skin!” George said a little softer now “He never had the chance to find out he has feelings for me too!”
“FUCKING BULLSHIT!!!” John yelled and grabbed George by his collar and threw him on the floor.

Right when John was about to jump on top of George to beat the shit out of him, the door flew open. George and John both looked up and expected to see Ringo with Paul at the door.
But Ringo was alone and he looked very pale and very panicked.
“Where’s Paul?!” George asked worriedly while he stood back up.
John was panting and watched his both mates with clenched fists.
“I…I don’t know!” Ringo cried out in panic “I looked everywhere…but he’s gone!!”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

What to do now...?

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for the new Kudos and rockon1973, MaccaandGeorgie on AO3, Leah9712 and angel-lennon on Wattpad and sertaneja, imabeatlemaniac and yashg on LJ for their awesome comments and support :-) That means so much to me.

George and John looked over at Ringo with wide shocked eyes. George because he didn't understand how Paul could get lost this fast and John because he didn't understand how Paul could get lost in the first place.

“What the fuck do you mean Paul is GONE?!” John yelled at Ringo now after a few moments of awkward silence in the hotel suite “Why isn’t he in bed where he’s supposed to be?!!!”

“I tried my best to find him! Damn it John!!” Ringo said with a broken voice and tears started forming into his bright blue eyes. He was so worried about Paul. John stormed over to Ringo and grabbed him by his collar so their noses almost touched.

“You can’t find a very sick man in the hotel a few moments after he ran off?” John sneered at him.

“It’s not my fault he ran off!” Ringo whined “If only George and you would leave him alone for a moment!! He’s like your bloody pet!! He has a mind of his own ya know? Not some bloody handbag to carry around and show off with!! NOW LET ME GO!!”

“WHAT?!” John yelled “FOR YOUR INFORMATION! MACCA IS MY BOYFRIEND AND HARRISON IS THE TROUBLE STARTER BY TRYING TO STEAL HIM AWAY FROM ME!!!!” he spat in Ringo’s face making the smaller man cringe.

“Georgie’s not stealing anything or anyone away from you John...” Ringo sighed feeling a bit choked up by now cause John was still holding his collar tight “...probably Paul has feelings for Georgie too...”

“NO HE DOESN’T!!!” John yelled and squeezed Ringo’s collar a little tighter “AND WHY DID HE RUN OFF??! WHAT DID YOU TWO DO TO UPSET HIM SO BADLY?!?”

“Let him go John!” George busted in and pulled John away by his shoulder so John finally let go of poor Ringo. Ringo fell on his knees and hid his face in his hands while a little sob escaped from his throat.

“I...I’m...so...worried about P...Paul...” he softly cried.

George ran over to Ringo and knelt down in front of him and pulled him into his arms.

“Hush hush Rings...” George soothed him while Ringo broke in his arms “...we will find Paul....it’s not your fault....you did your best....I know you did....” He said while he glared angrily towards John while he stroked the upset drummer’s back.

John sat down on the armrest of the couch and stared totally confused at the scene in front of him. What the fuck happened while he was in the shower he thought.
After Ringo calmed down a little, he let go of George and he nodded thankfully to George for his sweet support.

George smiled at him as to say it’s okay.

John was still watching them with an intense glare.

“Fucking idiots…can’t leave Macca alone with them for a sec…see what happens…damn it….” John muttered under his breath angrily.

“What was that John?!” George asked with a cold stare “Say it out loud if you have something to say!!”

“I SAID THAT I CAN’T LEAVE MACCA ALONE WITH YOU TWO IDIOTS CAUSE SEE WHAT HAPPENS!!” John repeated.

“IDIOTS?!” George yelled back while he stood back up.

Ringo dried his eyes and stood back up too. He had a bad feeling about this in his guts. Where the hell could Paul be? Was he alright? Did he pass out somewhere and now lay there all alone? Did someone found him and kidnap him? Was he being sick again somewhere in the hotel feeling scared and miserable?

Another sob escaped Ringo’s throat as he watched George and John glaring at each other.

“YES! Do I have to spell it out for you?!” John sneered “I..D…I..O…”

John didn’t come further cause George’s fist again landed in his face making him stumble backward.

John touched his staining cheek. The same side George had hit before and he could taste the blood starting to flow in his mouth again.

George smirked while he rubbed his fist and was ready to give John another punch.

John looked at the blood on his hand now and this really pissed him off. So he punched George back right in his stomach blowing the air out of him.

George clutched his stomach in pain and bent forward muttering a “fuck” under his breath.

After regaining his breath he stormed forward and ran with his head into John’s stomach while giving him a big push.

John huffed and they fell on the ground together and started to wrestle.

There was no Paul around this time to stop them by pleading with his angelic voice and big doe eyes so Ringo was trying to pull them apart now.

This was a hard job and Ringo just didn’t manage to tear them apart.

He ran over into Paul and John’s bedroom to the bed and picket up the cleaned waste bin he had used for Paul earlier and now ran into the bathroom.

In the bathroom he started to fill the waste bin with cold water. He cursed softly why the hell it took so long to fill the waste bin while he heard John and George punching and hitting each other like two fighting dogs.

After what seems an eternity to him the waste bin was full and Ringo dragged it over to the pile of wrestling Beatles on the floor.

When he stood next to them he emptied the waste bin on top of them, making the cold water splash all over them.

His plan worked cause his two mates yelped in shock and now sat next to each other on the floor with big shocked eyes glaring at Ringo.

“Good…” Ringo said while he sat the waste bin next to him on the ground “…would you two please stop this nonsense! This isn’t going to solve anything or even more important…bring Paul back!”

George stared at Ringo while he tried to wipe his face dry with his sleeve, but seeing the sleeve was soaking wet too it only made it worse. George sighed annoyed.

John was glaring downward and cursed to see and feel his boxers were all wet again like earlier that day in the bathroom while trying to make Paul laugh.

Paul…John felt a nauseous feeling in his stomach… he suddenly missed his Macca terribly. Where could he be? And what made him run away?
“Why don’t George and I get out of our pyjama’s…” Ringo said seeing John was only wearing his boxers “…and we all change into some clothes and go look for Paul?"
“Why put our normal clothes on then?” George asked “…we are staying in the hotel aren’t we? I don’t mind to go search for Paulie in my pj’s…” he said.
“I don’t know…” Ringo said thoughtfully “…Paul is gone for quite some time now because of you two being too busy smashing each other’s heads in….so I don’t know where he is by now….maybe he did run out of the hotel…”
“In his pyjama’s…?” John said while he looked at Ringo like he lost his mind or something. “…Paul wouldn’t be that stupid now would he…?”
“Why not?” Ringo answered “The poor latter was really upset so maybe he did…..”
“Shit!” George said realising Ringo might be right and stood up quickly to go and get changed. Ringo followed George into their bedroom to get changed too.

John stood up and walked into his and Paul’s bedroom, he took some clothes from his suitcase and a dry boxer. He then disappeared into the bathroom again, slamming the door close behind him.

George came back from the other bedroom quickly not long after Ringo.
He saw Ringo putting on his boots before staring at the coats on the hat stand of the hotel suite.
“What are you staring at Rings?” George asked curiously while he followed Ringo’s example and started to put on his boots too.
“I hope I’m wrong about Paul gone out of the hotel…” he said pointing at the hat stand “…cause his coat is still here…”
George nodded and looked worried when he heard Ringo sigh out loud.
“Whassup?” George asked worriedly while he zipped his boots up.
“His boots are gone though….…” Ringo said concerned “…I hope he didn’t leave the hotel without his coat! It’s freezing outside!”
It was an easy conclusion for them to make that it were Paul’s Beatle boots that were missing for another reason besides there were now three pair of boots on the floor. Paul was the only one who always set them neatly on the floor next to each other. Unlike the other three who always throw them away carelessly.
They now envied Paul a little for his tidiness, cause they always had to search in the pile which boot belonged to who.
George didn’t know what to say anymore and looked horrified at his mate after his conclusion that Paul might be outside in the cold without his coat.
“DAMN IT LENNON!!” George yelled towards the bathroom “HURRY UP WILL YA!!!”
“Yeah yeah!!” John called while he came storming out of the bathroom and grabbed his boots when he saw Ringo and George with their boots on.
When he was ready, John stood back up and was just in time to catch his coat which Ringo threw at him.
“Better take them with us.” Ringo said while he threw George’s coat towards George and then grabbed his own and Paul’s coat.
“Okay let’s go already!” George said impatiently by now.

They ran out of the hotel suite down the long hallway while calling out Paul’s name. Not caring about making noise. Brian had told them the floor was all theirs anyway.
After being sure Paul wasn’t on their floor they stopped for a moment.
“Wait….” George said “…what if Paul is in Brian’s room?”
“Hmm…” Ringo was thinking out loud “…that’s the only place I didn’t look yet….”
“WHAAAAAA!” John yelled a little frustrated by this statement “So maybe Paul is safe and sound all this time at Eppy’s and I had an heart attack for nothing?!? You stupid ass!!?”
Ringo swallowed hard and looked hurt at John now. He was only trying to do his best and all he got was all this shit from everybody. He was getting sick of it, but he really wanted to know Paul was safe first. So he swallowed hard one more time and kept himself calm. He would talk to the other
two later if Paul was safe and with them again.

John stormed over to Brian’s room and raised his fist to bang the door.

“STOP!” George called while he ran over to stop next to John and grabbed John’s wrist. “WHAT THE HELL FOR?!” John yelled annoyed “We want to know if Paul’s in there right? Or do you have some magical x-ray eyes to see through this wooden door?”

George rolled his eyes and shook his head. “Course I can’t…” George sighed “…but I don’t think it’s wise to burst into Brian’s room like this and making him all freaked out about this with I don’t wanna know what consequences…” George said a little softer now. He could have sworn he heard some movement inside of Brian’s room and he shushed the other two with his finger to his lips.

Ringo had walked over in the meanwhile too and now they stood there like three lost puppies outside Brian’s door.

John nodded at George and both of them held their ear against the door to listen.

Ringo grinned to see them suddenly work together again like it used to do.

“What do you mean Jane?” They heard Brian say a bit muffled because of the door “What do you mean Paul and John are gay and Paul is dying…?”

George and John raised their eyebrows in surprise. It seemed like Brian was on the phone with Jane. “No no love… Hush now… Paul isn’t dying…” they heard Brian say “And as far as I know he is as straight as a man can be…”

George’s and John’s eyebrows went even higher cause did they just heard it right? Did Brian just mumble ‘unfortunately’?!

“Did he just…” George asked John while pressing his ear closer against the door.

“I hope not…” John answered looking a bit angry. Not another predator please he thought to himself. He knew for sure now that Brian could never found out about Paul being bisexual. Paul was still fucking Jane and other birds besides him. But John didn’t care. They both still liked a bird from time to time and John also had Cynthia. They were only queer for each other. And Jane and Cynthia were good cover ups. Making the world outside think they were the perfect straight men they thought they were.

“Paul is suffering from an gastritis….” They heard Brian explain “…no no…he’s not dying from it. Yes…he is okay at the moment…he’s sound asleep now in their suite and the boys are taking good care of him…”

George and John exchanged a quilted look. If Brian only knew….

And now they knew that Paul wasn’t with Brian either they realised at the same time.

“Fuck!” John muttered under his breath.

“What?!” Ringo asked worriedly.

“Paul’s not with Eppy…” George sadly said.

“Let’s go then!” Ringo said and ran over to the elevator and pushed the button to call it.

“What if Paul took the stairs and passed out on the way?” George asked while John and he ran over to the elevator too.

“You could be right….” Ringo said and they glared at each other. None of them volunteered right away to use the stairs. Their suite was on the upper floor and that was the 10th floor.

Knowing John wouldn’t even consider for one second to do something that looked like sport and he really didn’t want to be in such a small space alone with him, George volunteered to use the stairs.

The doors opened and John and Ringo stepped inside.

“In the elevator there was an awkward silence. John was staring at his reflection in the big mirrored walls of the elevator and checking out his new bruises on his face.

He licked his finger and tried to rub the dried up blood away from the corner of his mouth.
Ringo handed over a handkerchief and John gladly took it. He wetted it with a bit of spit and now succeeded to clean his mouth.

He handed over the now dirty handkerchief back to Ringo but Ringo waved it off and shook his head.

“Keep it” Ringo stated.
John shrugged his shoulders and stuffed it into the pocket of his trousers.

Then the elevator stopped and they stepped out of it.

Of course George wasn’t down yet so John said he would go have a look around in the lobby and hotel bar while Ringo would wait for George in case he had found Paul on his way over.

John walked into the hotel bar, but besides a very bored looking bartender there was no one around.

The bartender smiled when he saw John walking his way.

“Well hello sir!” He said happily “How may I help you?”

John nodded at him while his eyes kept on scanning the room.

“Wait a minute…” the bartender asked surprised “…aren’t you…”

“Yes yeah…..” John replied a bit bored “…say….have you seen my mate around here between now and about fifteen minutes ago?”

“You mean if there was one of you guys here?” the bartender asked still excited to see the one and only John Lennon standing on the other side of the bar. His girlfriend would freak out when he would tell her!

“Yes……” John asked while he took a napkin from the bar and a pen that he also found there “…what’s her name…?”

“Jenny…” the boy answered still a bit in shock “…and I’m Edward…”

John looked up and without saying a thing he grabbed another napkin and signed it too with Edward’s name on it.

“Wha….what happened to your face…?” Edward asked carefully seeing the bruises on John’s face.
John didn’t react to this and handed the pen together with the signed napkins over and stared intensely into Edward’s eyes making the boy all nervous.

“Well?” John stated still staring.

“…uh..uhm..well what mr Lennon…?” Edward asked nervously and swallowed down the big lump in his throat.

“You didn’t answer my question.” John stated still staring.

“…uh..uhm… no sir…” Edward answered when he remembered what John Lennon had asked him “…not seen another Beatle around here…..”

“Ta…” John answered and he abruptly turned around and walked out of the bar.

“Thanks so much for the autographs!!” Edward yelled after John while he saw one of his big idols walk away. When John had disappeared he stared dumbfounded at the two napkins and smiled while running his fingers over them.

John walked back to the lobby to find Ringo still waiting there for George.

“What’s taking so long?” John sneered.

Right at that moment George came walking down the stairs all out of breath and his face red and sweaty.

“No Paul?” Ringo asked getting really worried now.

George shook his head sadly.

“We could check out the rest of this floor first. John already checked at the hotel bar.” Ringo suggested.

Before one of them could say something, they were interrupted by an angry shouting voice.

“WHAT KIND OF HOTEL IS THIS!! THIS IS OUTRAGED!!” They heard the voice yell and the three of them looked to the direction it came from. They saw a man at the reception waving with his arms in frustration.

“I’m really sorry sir…” they heard the receptionist say “…I can’t help you sir…I don’t know where
you left it”

“RIGHT HERE!!” The angry man yelled while pointing at his suitcase behind him “AND NOW IT’S GONE! AND YOU’RE THE ONLY PERSON AROUND HERE!!! SO TELL ME WHERE IT IS OR WHO TOOK IT!!”

“I really don’t know where your coat is sir…” the receptionist answered nervously “…and I haven’t seen anyone take it while you went to the bathroom. I was here the whole time working out your reservation and…”

This was all the boys needed to hear…. They looked at each other while they could hear the man yelling on the background.

“Lads….are you thinking what I’m thinking?” George asked the other two with a worried look on his face.

“Could it be….?” Ringo asked.

“Let’s go quick!!” John called while he ran toward the exit putting on his coat on the way over there.

The other two quickly put on their coats too and ran after John and now they were standing outside the hotel in the freezing cold un the middle of the night.

They looked around and then looked at each other worriedly.

Where the hell could Paul be…?
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

As the writer of this story, I of course know where Paul is...
Let me take you back to the moment Ringo walked in…

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the Kudos and to MaccaandGeorgie, rockon1973 on AO3, leah1972, Cottoncandy9090, fioriblu and nij2401 on Wattpad and sertaneja on LJ for leaving those great comments!!

Sorry, but this chapter is a bit short...

Paul sat on the bed and saw the shocked look on the drummer’s face and when Paul looked down, he noticed the state he was in was definitely showing.
John could walk out of the bathroom any moment now and he….he just panicked.
Quickly he jumped off the bed and as fast as he could move is tired body, Paul pushed Ringo aside and ran out of the bedroom.
In the living he rested for a moment leaning on the lounge chair and he felt his heart almost beating out of his chest.
He looked around in panic and his eyes fell on the door.
Paul quickly put on his Beatles boots and while he zipped them up, he heard Ringo call his name.
As fast as he could, Paul opened the door of their suite and slammed it close behind him.
He looked left and right and noticed the elevator was on their floor so he ran over and pushed the button. The doors opened and he ran inside and pushed the ‘first floor’ button.
Paul could hear Ringo’s voice again after the doors had closed and he leaned with his back against the mirrored wall of the elevator, watching the numbers go from ten to one.
He was thankful the elevator went down without stopping and he was alone.
The elevator bell gave a little ping and the doors opened. Paul walked out of the elevator breathing normally again and he looked around the lobby.
He saw a sign pointing towards the hotel bar, but he didn’t want to be found that fast. Knowing his mates would go and look for him there.
Outside he could see the rain falling down now and the wind blowing through the falling raindrops.
Paul cursed himself for forgetting to take is coat with him. Now what?!
He really couldn’t face John or George now…he felt so stupid! And his emotions were one big mess.
How could he fall in love with both of his mates?! Why?! Paul felt like breaking down and cry and he felt a big lump form in his throat.
Just when his eyes threatened to spill over, Paul saw a man standing at the reception.
It looked like a businessman seeing his fancy coat and suit.
The man took off his coat while he talked to the receptionist and dropped it over his suitcase. He then nodded at the receptionist and Paul saw the man walking over the restroom....leaving his coat behind
on his suitcase.
Slowly Paul walked over towards the suitcase when he saw the receptionist turning his back towards him to look for a room key.
Paul didn’t think twice and grabbed the man’s coat and then ran outside.
He was greeted by the cold wind and rain so he quickly put on the coat and ran as fast as he could away.

After running for a few minutes Paul stopped running and tried to regain his breath. He was soaking wet from the pouring rain and he was sweating from the fever and the running.
His stomach churned and Paul winced. He really didn’t feel so good. Paul bent forward and waited for the vomit to come, but nothing happened.
He straightened his back again and was relieved the nauseous feeling slowly subsided.
Paul rubbed his aching head and started to look around him and suddenly he felt lost. He really didn’t have a clue where he ran off to and now he was here. All alone, soaked to the bone, feeling sick and miserable and not knowing where he was or where the hotel could be.
His bottom lip started to tremble and the tears started to fall from his tired eyes. The rain mixed with the salty tears on his cheeks.
Paul suddenly heard some music for a moment and then it was gone again. It seemed to come from around the next corner.
He walked around the corner and saw a strange looking pub or something. It was good enough for him. Anything better then standing outside in the rain, so he walked over to the door.
With his hand on the doorknob he swallowed hard and then opened the door.
When he walked in, the bad smell and dirty looking place filled his nostrils and eyes. Paul almost gagged by the awful stench, but grabbed himself together. He couldn’t go back now.
The dirty looking men and slutty looking women turned their gaze towards him and Paul started to feel very nervous.
He suddenly realised what he probably looked like. A young man wearing his pyjama’s, a long black coat, boots and soaked to the bone. Great…

Paul slowly walked over to the bar and sat down on one of the bar stools.
The bartender was an older looking woman in probably her forties, but trying to look younger. She looked tough and had bleached blond hair. Her red lipstick showing on her tiny lips.
She bend forward and gave Paul a close view of her cleavage. Not really a pretty sight to his young eyes so Paul kept his focus on her piercing green eyes that were checking him out.
“So what’s a pretty boy like you doing here?” she asked him while she cleaned one of the glassed with a dishcloth. “You’re quit a looker” she said while she gave him a big wink.
Paul didn’t answer her cause he was trying hard to ignore the stares from everybody and the drops of rain, or sweat he couldn’t really tell, rolling down his aching body underneath his clothes. He started to shiver a little.
“What can I get you pretty boy?” the woman asked when she didn’t get an answer from this good looking stranger on the other side of her bar.
“Something strong ma’am please” Paul now answered her.
The woman raised her eyebrows after hearing the boy answer her in such a polite way. She really wasn’t used to that.
“Polite too eh?” she asked Paul while she filled a glass with some scotch. She placed the glass in front of Paul and held out her hand “Name’s Elisabeth, but call me Sally”
Paul shook her hand “Paul” he only said and then placed the glass against his lips and drank the whole content of the glass in one big gulp and placed the now empty glass back on the bar.
He could feel the fluid burn from his throat down to his aching stomach.
At first he winced from the pain he felt in his stomach, but then he felt the little numbing effect.

Paul shoved the glass towards Sally and nodded his head to let her know the glass could get a refill.
Sally smiled and refilled the glass and placed it back in front of Paul. Again Paul swallowed the whole lot in one big gulp and shoved the empty glass back to Sally. “Well well…” Sally said looking a little more curious to this Paul figure “…trying to drink some troubles away aren’t you pretty boy?” she smiled at him while she placed the refilled glass back in font of Paul. Paul looked at Sally with his big doe eyes and nodded his head. He was starting to feel light in his head after two more glasses and after even more drinks the room was starting to move around him. Paul didn’t mind and enjoyed the numbing dizzy feeling. It made him feel at ease and he didn’t feel any pain now. So he drank one more, and one more.  
“What kind of troubles could be bothering you pretty?” Sally asked him after a while “Can’t be something criminal” she laughed.  
“Owbeliefme…..” Paul slurred pretty drunk by now “…I’m thebiggusterminulevah!” “You the biggest criminal ever?” Sally laughed. She had a lot’s experience with drunken people to understand what they were slurring with their double tongue. “Yeahh…a criminalofluv…..” Paul slurred an looked (well he tried) to look with his drunken droopy eyes into Sally’s green eyes. “Ow yes…a criminal of love…” Sally smiled “THAT I do believe pretty” “Now what did you do?” Sally asked “Break some hearts?” she guested. Paul looked at her dumbfounded. How could she know?! “I’m an expert in guessing these days” Sally winked at him. “Fellinluvvithme…товriendssss…” Paul slurred “…annow…I dunnow whahtodo…” “Ow dear” Sally smiled “Which one of the lucky ladies is the prettiest?” Paul looked a little stupid at her with his mouth hang open a little. Of course….the world hated queers…. So they automatically expected his friends he fell in love with to be women. That he did remember even in his drunken state. “Dunnoww…..” Paul slurred and pushed his empty glass towards Sally. Sally looked at the drunken good looking boy and doubted if she should give him another refill, but Paul stared at her impatiently and she of course didn’t know how sick he actually was, so she refilled the glass and gave it back to Paul. Suddenly Paul felt someone leaning against him and when he tried to look to his right to see who it was, he was greeted by a redhead young lady. “J…Jane…?” Paul slurred in surprise and felt feathers in his stomach. God, he really missed her he now realised. “I can be Jane of you want me too pretty boy” the lady answered him and Paul felt her hand on his knee “..In fact…I can be anyone you like gorgeous…” she said while she moved her hand towards Paul’s inner thigh and moved it seductively and slowly towards his crotch. Paul swallowed hard and felt stars form in front of his eyes when she cupped his crotch into her delicate hand. “Ow god…” Paul moaned and was really seeing stars now. The stars were the last thing he saw before everything want black. “Shit!” the lady called and looked a little panicked to Sally. “Ow don’t worry Monica” Sally smiled at her “He was about to pass out any minute before you came along. Not your fault”. “Now that’s a pity” Monica said while she pouted. She had been looking forward to some hot steamy sex with this perfect looking stranger. These days it were only stinky disgusting man she had to share the bed with. Monica shrugged her shoulders and started to walk around again. Leaving the pretty boy passed out lying forward with his left cheek on the sticky bar sleeping off his drunkeness.
“Where the hell could he be?!” Ringo cried out in frustration after walking around in the pouring rain for a while now.
“Dunno….” George sighed and silently wished that Paul would be okay and that they would find him soon to take him safely back to the hotel with them.
“Bloody hell!” John suddenly yelled after a few moments of silence “If he doesn’t show his pretty face soon now, I’m gonna murder him!”
“You what?!” Ringo asked in surprise.
John of course didn’t mean what he said, but he was sick of it. It was cold, they were soaking wet, the neighbourhood sucked, it was long past bed time, Paul was still lost and Paul….Paul had kissed George!! How dare he!! The bad atmosphere was making John think about everything and instead of feeling sad, he now felt anger starting to taking over and he would love to punch Paul in his pretty face so badly now! Even though he loved him dearly. Paul had gone too far this time.
“Ow shut it!” John now yelled back and stopped walking “If mister Pretty feels like leaving us alone like this all worried and all, he can shove his arrogance up his arse!! I’m going back to the hotel!”

George and Ringo looked at each other. They didn’t believe a word John just said. They knew him too well to know he was worried sick and wanted nothing more than Paul back safe and sound.
Speaking of sound. They heard the sound of music for a moment and then it was gone.
They nodded at each other and ran around the corner to where they thought the sound came from. There they saw a crappy looking pub and ran over to it.
Even if Paul wasn’t there, they could use a drink and some warmth.
John opened the door and walked in. The other two followed and the three of them scrunched up their noses when the bad stench reached their nostrils.
“Well hello there….” A pretty red headed woman smiled at them while seductively walking over to them “…What can I do for you?” she asked while she observed the three young men who had walked in from the pouring rain.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

So close to finding Paul....

Chapter Notes

Thanks to the lovely readers for reading! And thanks to notjustablipintime on AO3, sertaneja on LJ and Sophisticated-Writer and the lovely leah9712 on Wattpad for the amazing comments.
You encourage me to keep on posting and so it means a lot to me!

Chapter 15

“Well hello there pretty lady” John smiled at the redheaded woman wearing a way too short skirt and her petit shirt showing a little way too much cleavage.
Monica giggled a little shy. She was kinda blown away by the young man’s beauty. He had a tough look on him with his aquiline shaped nose, but his lips looked very kissable she quickly noticed.
His auburn hair was dripping from the heavy rainfall and sticking to the sides of his beautiful face while his brown almond shaped eyes watched her intently.
When she looked him deeply back into these eyes, Monica could tell that this young man had known the tough side of life and that you shouldn’t mess with him.
She was suddenly drawn back from her deep thoughts by the beautiful white teeth he was showing while he held out his hand to her and with his manly voice said “John”.
Monica shook his hand and felt the firm grip he had.
“Monica” she shyly said being impressed by the looks of this young man.

“Ahum…” Monica heard and she now looked into the most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen. The man was shorter and wasn’t as good looking as John, but he had this cute thing about him.
“Ow…I’m so sorry…” Monica smiled and held out her hand to him and introduced herself to him.
“Name is Richard, but you can call me Ringo” Ringo smiled at her.
“Ringo?” Monica chuckled “Never heard that name before. How did you get it?” she asked surprised.
Ringo now proudly showed his rings on his fingers and winked at her.
Monica laughed at this sweet Ringo before looking towards the third man who hadn’t said one word yet.
This man was like a mystery to her. He had this full brown hair hiding his beautiful slim face. His eyebrows were brushy and his dark eyes were looking down to the floor.
“And you are?” Monica asked the mysterious quiet man and was a little disappointed that even now he didn’t look at her or say anything.

John nudged George with his elbow into his ribs.
“Ouch…don’t do thah!” George sniped at John giving him an angry glance.
So…he did have a voice….and a nice voice it was Monica thought.
“Now Georgie, don’t be rude and introduce yourself to the lady” John chuckled at the sudden moodiness of the lead guitarist.

George now looked at Monica and uninterested mumbled “George”. He didn’t even bother to shake her hand and now started to look around in this dreadful place. He couldn’t imagine that Paul would be in this godforsaken place.

He wanted to get out of there as fast as they could to go look for their beloved bassist. God…how he missed him and how badly he wanted to hold him close and breath in Paul’s sent so deeply that it would make him all dizzy.

That’s what Paul did to him. He had to admit to himself that he was becoming addicted to the cute bassist and wanted nothing more than have him all to himself. Especially after being this close with him. It definitely tasted like wanting more and more.

Monica’s voice interrupted his lovely memories of the last intense moment he had with Paul this evening.

“Now how can I help you beautiful men?” she smiled widely and rubbed her hands together. She couldn’t believe her luck! This was going to be a great night. It made her blush slightly by only the thought of it and she licked her lips seductively towards John.

John walked over to Monica and slid his hands around the petit woman’s waist and whispered something in her ear.

George and Ringo couldn’t hear what he said, but seeing Monica took John’s hand and dragged him with her said enough.

John nodded his head at his mates to make them follow.

Ringo immediately followed, but George didn’t feel like it and stayed where he was like he was nailed to the ground.

Now he stood there all alone in this creepy place and he saw a lot of eyes staring at them in a scary way.

Then an ugly woman started to slowly walk towards him. She looked slutty and worn out and George already could smell her awful perfume from this distance.

George got a little freaked out by her and quickly ran after his mates.

He bumped into another slutty looking woman and after a little struggle he pushed her aside to search for his two mates and Monica.

When George found them in the back of the pub or whatever this place was, Monica was sitting on John’s lap and giggling while stroking John’s wet hair.

George couldn’t believe what he saw. How could John be so relaxed while Paul was still missing?! He now noticed that she had her legs draped over Ringo’s lap who was sitting next to John on the dirty looking couch.

She was rubbing the drummer’s legs with his foot and Ringo had a big smile on his face. George clenched his fists angrily. So Ringo didn’t care either?!

“Well look who came to join us!” John smiled when he noticed George standing next to the table.

“I don’t wanna join ya!” George sneered with a disgusted look on his face “That’s not why we came here for!!!”

“Oh come on Georgie!” John said while he tickled Monica at her sides making the girl giggle “We can have a little fun and then we’ll continue our search!”

“NO!!” George yelled and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“What kind of search?” Monica asked curiously.

“Our mate ran off and now we’re trying to find him….” Ringo explained while he stroke Monica’s delicate legs “Have you seen him around here maybe?” he asked.

“Does he look like you guys?” Monica asked while she checked them out. They did look kinda familiar…

“Yes, but not as good looking as me” John said while he wiggled his eyebrows.
Monica thought for a moment. A young man looking like them, but not as good looking….hmmm…. why did they look so familiar? Suddenly she remembered the drunken gorgeous man she found at the bar.

He did look like them, same haircut, same accent. They were probably talking about him!

But….she didn’t want to tell them she knew their friend was passed out at the bar right at this moment…. She had made big plans with that drop dead gorgeous man at the bar! She would wait for him to sober up a little and then she would show him the way to the moon and back and Monica was pretty sure that he would do the same to her…. She already felt turned on only by the thoughts of it and licked her lips.

No….she wasn’t going to tell them…. “Oh yes!” Monica smiled “I saw him I think! Does he have dark hair and big doe eyes?”

John and Ringo stood up so fast in their excitement that Monica almost dropped onto the ground wasn’t it for John’s firm grip on her arm to keep her on her feet. “YOU DID??!!” The three of them yelled excited.

Monica nodded her head while she still thought of a plan to make them leave…..without her man.

“But he’s out now” Monica said with a serious look on her face. She smiled to herself, because she wasn’t even lying cause he was definitely out, meaning passed out at the bar, but that was another detail.

“Damn!” George yelled frustrated and headed to the exit and gestured his mates to follow him “COME ON!!! We al ready lost precious time!”

John and Ringo ran after him and now they were standing outside the nasty place in the pouring rain again. Not knowing they just had been so close to their lost bassist.

“Let’s go this way!” Ringo said while he started to walk down the empty wet streets.

They were walking for a while now and the rain almost stopped. Only small raindrops fell on their heads now.

Suddenly George stopped walking and abruptly stood still.

“Shit!” he yelled while he searched with his hands through his pockets.

“Whassup George?” Ringo asked when he saw the panicked look on George’s face.

“Somebody nicked me wallet!!” George angrily yelled “And I know exactly who did it! I’m going back!” he said while he turned on his heels and ran back to the little hell on earth.

Ringo and George watched George ran back and looked at each other.

John shrugged his shoulders and slowly started to walk after George who already had disappeared around the corner.

“Gotta take a piss anyway so why not…” John mumbled to Ringo.

After a while they were back at the club and John pushed the door open to enter.

They walked back into the dreadful place and when they came in, they saw George yelling at one of the slutty women while pulling out his wallet out of the woman’s cleavage and now waving it in front of her face.

Ringo quickly ran over to him to help seeing a few big tough guys starting to standing up.

John looked for a toilet sign which was a little difficult because of the darkness in the dirty place. He squinted his eyes and finally found one. The restroom apparently was to be found behind the bar.

While he walked over to the bar he saw Monica there sitting on a barstool stroking a man’s hair next to her who laid passed out with his head on the bar.

John chuckled at the sight of this poor drunk. He couldn’t see the man’s face cause he was lying with the back of his head turned towards John. How stupid could you be to let it come this far in this nasty place he thought to himself.

He felt a shiver going down his spine and walked a little faster towards the toilet before he would piss his pants.

Monica was absentmindedly running her fingers through Paul’s thick soft dark hair while she chatted
with Sally.

Her heart jumped when she suddenly saw John disappear into the restroom.

“Can I have that please Sally?” Monica asked while she pointed at the dishcloth lying behind Sally.

Sally raised her eyebrows while she grabbed the dishcloth and handed it over to Monica.

“What do you need it for?” Sally asked curiously.

“Please Sal…Don’t ask….” Monica smiled while she took it from Sally and draped it over Paul’s head.

“What…” Sally started, but before she could ask further, Monica jumped of her barstool and Sally watched her stopping a young man who just walked out of the restroom.

Sally raised an eyebrow when she noticed how good looking this young man was and how he kinda looked like Paul who was still lying passed out with his head on the bar, but now covered underneath her dirty dishcloth.

For a moment she thought about removing the dirty thing from the poor boys head, but didn’t and watched what Monica was up to.

When John came back from the restroom he bumped into Monica who stood there waiting for him.

“Well hello there!” John smiled at her.

“Hi…uhm…you’re back…?” Monica asked him. John noticed she looked a little nervous compared to the first time they met.

“Hmhm…” John hummed while he looked at her closely. Why was she acting so strange he wondered.

John had gone through so much in his life that he could sense if something was wrong or if someone was acting weird.

He looked over Monica’s head to check the place out and figure out what could be wrong.

John saw George and Ringo standing at the door talking while waiting for him. He was relieved to see that they were alright and not in some big fight. Everything seemed calm. He saw all kinds of men and women, but they all looked scruffy and dirty. Nothing special to see there.

Then his eyes fell on the drunk at the bar still lying passed out with his face on the bar. There was a dishcloth now covering his face. John raised his eyebrows and wondered why the hell the man’s face was underneath a dirty dishcloth.

Monica followed John’s gaze and saw what he was looking at. She quickly moved in front of him trying to steal his attention back.

John tried to focus on the man at the bar, but because of his poor sight without his glasses on and the darkness of this place he had some trouble focusing.

Monica slid her arms around John’s waist and kissed his neck trying to distract him and it worked for a moment.

But John was too curious about this strange sight at the bar.

John took Monica’s wrists and freed himself from her firm grip.

“Why is that man’s head underneath that thing?” John asked while he nodded his head towards the bar.

Monica looked over her shoulder and then back at John who was still gazing at the bar.

“Oh…he does that a lot. Always wanting to hide his drunken head… nothing special” Monica lied.

“Pretty fucked up he is then…” John chuckled.

Monica started to lose her nerves when she saw John walking over to the bar and stood next to the man. What if John found out it was his friend they were looking for. He would know she lied and she would lose her man she planned on spending the night with. And what would John do to her?!

Oh dear… She shuddered at the thought of an angry John.

But instead of John founding out, she saw John waving at Sally and slowly Monica walked a little closer to hear what he was going to say.

“Hello miss!” John smiled at Sally “Can I have two beers please?”
“Sure honey” Sally smiled back and tapped two beers. She then placed them in front of John. John shoved one glass towards the drunk man next to him, and clinked his own glass against it. He drank his whole glass empty in a few gulps and placed his now empty glass back on the bar. John sympathetically slapped the man’s back while he laughed out loud “Cheers mate!” and walked away towards George and Ringo.

John looked over his shoulder one more time to glance for a moment at the strange man and Monica who had a strange smile on her face now. John shrugged his shoulders to this and wanted to leave this strange place as fast as they could. He finally understood what George meant earlier. There was no way that Paul would even think about staying too long in a place like this. “Let’s go lads!” John said when he reached them “Don’t wanna end up like that bloke at the bar… Especially not here!”

Monica smiled happy and evilly at the same time while she watched them disappear through the door into the rain. Her plan had worked… They were gone….without their gorgeous friend. She walked over to him and removed the dishcloth. She was amazed all over by the good looks of him and bend over and placed a kiss on his cheek.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Now what...?

Chapter Notes

Thanks everyone for reading and leaving kudos and comments!!

“What a dump!” Ringo said while he looked over his shoulder one more time before George, John and he walked around the corner.
“You can say that again! Ugh!” George said and nodded his head in total agreement with Ringo. He shuddered by only the thoughts of the place.
Ringo looked over at John walking next to him. He was awfully quiet. Normally John would have been cursing or yelling or whatever…but now he was way too quiet.
“You okay John?” Ringo asked the quiet rhythm guitarist, but even now John didn’t react or say anything. He just kept on walking and Ringo noticed the look on John’s face. It was the same look he had when he was working on something in his mind. Like writing a song with Paul….Paul….where oh where could their beloved bass player be?
“John?” Ringo tried again, but again no reply.

Ringo looked at George who was walking on his other side and they both shrugged their shoulders. George then pointed towards a little night shop a few meters ahead of them.
“If you lads don’t mind, I’m gonna grab meself a sandwich over there. Kinda hungry…” he said and started to walk over to the shop.
Ringo followed him and pulled John with him by his arm cause he hadn’t heard a word George just said.
Again John surprised him when he followed Ringo like a lost puppy without any protest.
“John?” Ringo tried one more time getting worried about his strange behaviour. Again…nothing.

A little later George came back from the shop chewing on his sandwich and handed a plastic back to Ringo.
“Thought you two might be hungry or thirsty too” George said while Ringo looked into the plastic bag.
“Ah! Thanks Geo!” Ringo smiled while he slammed Paul’s coat over his shoulder and took a bottle of soda out of the bag. He opened it to welcome the cold fluid down his throat.
George looked up to the sky and felt the rain starting to fall harder again.
“What are we gonna do now?” he asked with a mouthful and he looked over to John.
Normally John was always their leader full of plans and normally they followed him, but like Ringo he was getting a little worried about the way John was acting.
“JOHN?!” George yelled and finally John snapped out of his thoughts and he looked George into the eye with an amused look and then out of nothing John started to laugh.
Ringo and George shared a confused look and then stared wide eyed to their band leader like he lost his mind.
“Hahahaha!” John laughed “Did you two see that loser at the bar in that shithole?”

“Uh….” George said while he thought about who John was talking about, but he didn’t have a clue.

“Nope…” Ringo said with raised eyebrows.

“That idiot!” John laughed “I cannot believe it! You know, he was wearing a fancy coat. Quite expensive if you ask me. And his booths were shiny and all. I think he was some businessman or something… and then you end up like that?!” hahaha!”

“Uh..yeah…” Ringo said still not understanding what could be so funny “…what about him?”

“He was drunk as hell and I think his wife kicked him out of bed or something. Hahahaha!” John kept on laughing.

“Yeah…so…?” George asked and took another bite from his sandwich “What’s so funny about that?”

“Yeah John…” Ringo said a little annoyed now “…what’s so funny and why do you think he was kicked out of bed?”

“Cause…hahahaha!” John chuckled “…Cause… and that’s the funny thing…. he was wearing his p…….”

Again John surprised his two mates when he suddenly froze and the colour in face totally disappeared and his eyes grew wide.

In John’s mind the pieces of the puzzle started to come together. The strange drunk man sleeping on the bar, the fancy coat which looked a little too big for his posture, the shiny boots, the pyjama’s, the dark hair and then there was the strange behaviour of that Monica girl trying to keep John away from that man…. even putting a dish cloth over his face! …… Now he knew why she was acting so weird! “FUCK!!” John called out while he placed his hands on his head in blind panic and pulled at his mop top.

“What?!” Ringo and George asked a little startled at John’s sudden outburst.

“FUCK FUCK FUCK!!” John yelled “That BITCH!!” and he turned on his heels and started to run back to where they came from while the rain started falling down harder.

Ringo and George ran after John not even asking for an explanation. John looked like he was onto something and they both hoped it had something to do with finding Paul.

After a quick ran they arrived at the terrible club again.

“Jeez John! Not again please!!” George whined, but John slammed the door open and ran inside.

Ringo and George ran after him and saw John running straight towards the bar.

John pushed everything and everyone that was in his way aside and ignored the curses that flew around his head. He only had one goal and that was the strange man at the bar.

When he almost reached the bar he stopped his running and like a hunting lion he now slowly made his way over to the bar.

There he saw Monica. She was again seated next to the drunk man and running her filthy fingers of her one hand through the dark locks of the man while her other hand was stroking his inner thigh. The man was still knocked out with his face on the bar, but Monica’s face was buried in the drunk man’s neck and she was kissing and licking it.

John’s stomach turned at the repulsive sight in front of him. It felt like she was abusing the man.

John now clearly noticed the man that had the same dark locks, same shiny boots and same pyjama trousers as…as…

He walked a little closer to the other side of the man to see his face and then he saw the pale face…

“PAUL?!” John called out with a mix of emotions and felt tears burning in his eyes.

How could he have missed this?! He had even stood next to him and gave him another beer for Christ sake!

“John?!” Monica yelped after she almost fell off her bar stool from the scare John gave her.

“YOU!” John gritted between his teeth “You better get your filthy hands and mouth away from him you slut!!”
“But…but….” Monica stuttered at first, but quickly regained herself and stepped in front of Paul. “NO! He’s MINE!!” she yelled. John walked over to Monica and grabbed her by her shoulders and with his nose almost touching hers he angrily said “You’d better run for your life if you can little girl….” John pushed her aside and Monica fell on the ground. When Monica looked up, she saw the two other handsome men standing watching her angrily too with their arms crossed. She realised she had lost her man for the night and slowly stood up and started to walk away. Soon she disappeared into the crowd. John quickly turned his attention to Paul again and saw the pale face. “Paul….Paul….” he softly said while he softly slapped Paul’s pale cold cheek “wake up please…” “How long has he been out like this?” Ringo asked the woman behind the bar. “He’s been asleep for about an hour now honey” Sally answered the man with the most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen. “An hour??!!” Ringo said kinda shocked. “Yeah…but what’s the fuzz about?” Sally asked surprised. It wasn’t the first time a drunk man was sleeping off his drunkenness on her bar. “He’s sick damn it!” George now yelled and walked over to John who was still trying to wake Paul up. “So sorry luv…” Sally said a little ashamed now “…I didn’t know….” “You couldn’t have known” Ringo answered and then paid the bill and was shocked by the amounts of alcohol that Paul had taken. “Come on Geo…” John said towards George now standing next to him “…Let’s take him outside first” “Okay” George nodded while John pulled Paul straight up by his shoulders. Paul’s head hang down with his chin on his chest now. He really looked bad. “Damn Paul….” John softly said while he slammed one of Paul’s limp arms around his shoulders. George did the same with Paul’s other arm. Ringo pulled the bar stool away so Paul was now hanging between George and John who started to walk towards the exit. Ringo opened the door for them and then they stepped outside. Finally they were with the four of them again. “What now Rings?” John asked Ringo cause he knew that Ringo probably knew what would be the best thing to do now. “We have to get the alcohol out of his system as soon as possible!” Ringo answered while he remembered the doctor’s warning about the alcohol. “Hospital then?” John asked worriedly and glanced over to the unconscious bassist between him and George. “That’s an option yeah…” Ringo said while he was thinking deeply while the rain splashed down on the four of them “…but we can do something ourselves first and see what happens then.” “And what’s that?” John asked concerned. “Make him spit it out.” Ringo stated. “What?!” George asked a little panicked “How?!”. Ringo and John both showed two fingers to George and George felt his own stomach churn by the thoughts of it. “Uh…uh…..” George stuttered a little more panicked “…I…I will go look for a phone booth in the meanwhile…just in case…” he said and looked Ringo deeply into his eyes hoping he would get the hint. “Good plan Geo!” Ringo said perfectly understanding why George wanted to get away from what
was about to happen.
George smiled thankfully at Ringo and walked around the corner, leaving Ringo behind and John who was holding up Paul on his own now.

John raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. Instead of that, he moved his both arms around Paul’s torso from behind and held Paul up with his arms in Paul’s armpits.
He slowly bent over so Paul was bent over too together with him and nodded at Ringo.
Ringo and John stared at each other for a moment, both really not enjoying this at all.
After swallowing hard, Ringo moved a little closer and squeezed Paul’s jaw to open it.
Paul’s jaw opened and Ringo stuck his two fingers down Paul’s throat.
They heard Paul gag, but nothing happened.
John raised his eyebrow and held Paul a little tighter while watching Ringo sticking his fingers down Paul’s throat again, but a little deeper this time.
Paul gagged again and this time John felt Paul’s back stretch a little and out came the first contains of his stomach.
Immediately Paul’s eyes shot open in blind panic and John could feel Paul starting to wrestle free from John’s firm grip.
“No Paul!” John said while he held Paul tight “You have to spit it out son!”
“Lemmego!!!” Paul screamed and looked with big panicked eyes towards Ringo who took his chin in his hand and saw Ringo’s fingers move towards his mouth.
Paul stubbornly clenched his jaws together and shook his head trying to free his chin from Ringo’s firm grip.
“Damn it Paul!” John yelled and held Paul’s head between his hands now from behind clamping Paul with his arms.
Ringo took Paul’s nose between his fingers to squeeze it shut.
And he got the result he wanted, cause soon Paul gasped for air opening his mouth.
“Sorry lad…” Ringo said while he stuck his fingers down Paul’s throat again.
This time Paul started to throw up heavily and heaved again and again. The mostly alcohol containing mess splashing onto the ground.
John hugged Paul from behind feeling sorry for him and trying to soothe him a little.
Ringo stroke Paul’s wet hair while he felt sorry too.
After what seemed an eternity Paul stopped throwing up and was totally out of breath.
Ringo took his hand kerchief from his pocket and wiped Paul’s face clean.
John pulled Paul back up and Paul leaned against John while resting the back of his head on John’s shoulder.

George’s head appeared around the corner and he shared a look with Ringo and Ringo mouthed “it’s okay” to George. He knew how badly George could stand someone being sick.
They both jumped a little when they suddenly heard John yell and looked his way immediately.
“DAMN IT PAUL!!!” John yelled while he turned Paul around and grabbed him by his collar.
He forcefully slammed Paul with his back against the wall on the other side of the alley way.
“OUCH!” Paul yelled when his head hit the wall pretty hard by John’s force “WHAT THE FUCK JOHN?!”
“ME?!” John yelled “ME?! WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU MCCARTNEY?!!”
John was really angry at Paul when he used his back name.
“WRONG WITH ME?!” Paul yelled back “WRONG WITH ME?! I’M NOT THE ONE SHOVING BLOODY FINGERS DOWN SOMEONES THROAT!”
“FOR YOUR INFORMATION !!!” John yelled “NEITHER WAS I!!! BUT HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND JAMES PAUL MCCARTNEY?!” John yelled with his face so close to Paul’s face that their noses touched. John felt a little nauseous by the bad breath coming from Paul’s mouth, but he had to get through to Paul.
“I LOST MY MIND?!” Paul spat into John’s face making the rhythm guitarist flinch a little, but
John didn’t move back.

“YES YOU!!” John yelled while he held Paul’s collar a little tighter and stared him deeply into his still a bit drunken eyes “WHAT WERE YOU THINKING LEAVING LIKE THAT AND DRINKING SO MUCH WHILE YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN’T?!”

Paul suddenly stopped yelling and looked into John’s eyes before hanging his head down a little and turning his gaze towards the ground.

“So….” John said “….it’s true….?” He asked “It is….ISN’T IT?!”

“What is…?” Paul asked with a croaked voice still staring at the ground.

“LOOK AT ME!” John yelled while he grabbed Paul’s chin with one hand and yanked his head back up.

Paul looked at John with big scary eyes, but still didn’t say anything.

“How was it?” John asked angrily and hurt at the same time.

Paul’s bottom lip started to tremble and tears started to roll down his face, but he still stayed silent.

“HOW WAS IT?!” John spat into Paul’s face “ANSWER ME DAMN IT!!”

“Good….” Paul answered now so softly that John wasn’t sure if he heard it right.

“What was that?!” John yelled out of frustration grabbing Paul’s collar even tighter.

“It was good….” Paul sniffed “…I’m so sor…” he started, but got interrupted by John.

“You’re what?!” John yelled

“I’m sorry Johnny!!!” Paul yelled back.

“Sorry for what Paul?!” John yelled while he grabbed Paul’s collar so tight that he started to choke the bassist a little, but Paul didn’t move and stared scared into John’s angry eyes.

“Are you sorry for sticking your tongue down Harrison’s throat eh?!” John’s face turned red from being so upset and angry at the same time “You are sooo sorry that you even got a hard on McCartney?!!” he spat into Paul’s face.

Paul’s eyes grew big. So John knew about that?! But how?! That was one of the reasons he had run away. There was no way that John had seen it!

“It felt that good eh?!!” John yelled “You are a fucking whore McCartney!! And you know what?!”

“…what Johnny?….pl…” Paul cried and a sob escaped his throat.

“Shut your filthy mouth!!! I’ve had enough of it!” John yelled “We’re over!! done!! I can’t even stand the looks of you right now! And you stink!! ugh! you’re making me sick!!”

And with that John gave Paul one more push against the wall before releasing him and storming off.

Paul reached for John’s arm, but John was too fast.

“Please Johnny!! come back!” Paul yelled after him and fell on his knees “I….I love you…” he whispered while he slammed his hands over his face and started to cry.

George ran over to Paul and dragged him back on his feet and pulled him into a big hug.

Paul broke in George’s arms and George just held him while stroking his back with one hand while he stroke his fingers through Paul’s hair with the other.

It hurt him to see Paul so upset, but when he looked up at Ringo, they were thinking the same.

His chances to get Paul all to himself had just grown ninety percent.

But John was angry and upset and probably wasn’t thinking straight and George knew it couldn’t be this easy, but he would definitely use this big opportunity in his advance.

After Paul’s sobs subsided a little George took Paul’s tearstained face into his hands.

“Come sweetie…. George lovingly said “…let’s get us out of this bloody rain and get you into bed”

He planted a sweet kiss on Paul’s trembling lips and slammed his arm around Paul’s waist to support him.

Paul rested his head on George’s shoulder while they started to walk back to the hotel.

Ringo smiled sweetly at Paul and George and put Paul’s own coat around Paul’s trembling body.
He walked next to them back to the hotel while keeping an careful eye on Paul who was leaning heavily on George and still crying softly.
George, Ringo and Paul reached the hotel after a slow walk because of Paul feeling a bit too weak to walk faster. They were soaked to the bone now and George felt Paul shiver uncontrollably. They were glad that because of the heavy rain there were no fans or paparazzi standing outside the hotel.
Ringo opened the door and when they walked in, they were greeted by the nice warmth in the lobby.
They walked over to the elevators and George pushed the button to call it. He then wrapped his arms a little tighter around Paul’s shivering body.
Paul happily welcomed this by leaning closer against George’s body, but not for very long cause Ringo tapped his shoulder.
“Sorry to bother you two, but Paul, could you take off the other coat please?” Ringo asked while he took Paul’s own coat from his shoulders revealing the other coat he was talking about.
“S…sure…” Paul nodded while his teeth clattered from feeling so cold and Ringo helped him out of the strangers coat.
“Sorry ‘bout that mate, but we should return the coat to its rightful owner don’t ya think?” Ringo explained while he quickly put Paul’s own coat back around his shoulders.
Paul nodded and watched Ringo walking over to the reception with the other coat.
“Hold the elevator…” He said over his shoulder “…be right back!”
George watched Ringo walking away too when the elevator bell sounded and the doors opened. He took Paul with him inside the elevator and held his finger on the “doors open” button.
Paul leaned with his back against the mirrored wall and stared at his feet.
John’s words kept on ringing in his ears and hurt so badly. He wiped the tears escaping his eyes away with his sleeve and snifflled softly.
George heard it and looked towards Paul to see him standing there so lost, cold and upset.
He held his free arm up and beckoned Paul to come over “Come ’ere sweetie…."
Paul moved over to George and wrapped his arms around George’s waist and rested his head on George’s shoulder.
“There now….” George sweetly said and kissed the top of Paul’s head “…little better now?”
Paul nodded his head and closed his eyes.
Ringo ran over to the elevator after making the receptionist very happy with finding the coat back and getting the spare room key, cause John had already taken one.
When he was in the elevator, he pushed the button to their floor and the doors closed.
His heart melted a little at the sweet sight in front of him.
Paul had his eyes closed and his head rested on George shoulder. George had his arms wrapped around Paul and his cheek rested on Paul’s wet mop top.

George really sincerely cared for Paul he could see and it made him smile to see Paul in George’s arms like this.

The elevator reached their floor and they walked over to the suite.

When they walked in, it was awfully quiet and John wasn’t to be seen. He probably was in his and Paul’s bedroom.

Paul let go of George and slowly walked towards his and John’s room.

George and Ringo looked at Paul and then at each other.

“Hope John’s asleep and leaves him alone…” George whispered worriedly seeing Paul walking over to the bedroom.

Ringo nodded with big concerning eyes. If John would notice Paul, he wasn’t sure what could happen, but it couldn’t lead to anything good knowing how John could be when he was angry at someone. And man… he was so angry at Paul….

Paul was standing in front of the closed bedroom door and was hesitating about walking in. He really didn’t know how John would react and he was a little afraid for more yelling and curses from his lover. Or should he say…ex-lover…?

Paul swallowed hard and then slowly turned the door knob and opened the door carefully.

It was very dark inside and his eyes had to adjust to the darkness a little while he walked over to his suitcase trying not to make a sound. He had left the door open to let the light from the living fall in so he could see where he was going and now he could see John’s form on the bed.

It looked like John was already asleep so he felt safe to walk over to his suitcase standing on the floor against the wall.

Paul kneeled in front of his suitcase and tried to carefully zip it open without too much noise, but it felt like the zipper made much more sound then it did normally because of the quietness in the room.

Paul almost got a heart attack when he suddenly heard the, unfortunately, now familiar yelling again.

“What the fuck are you doing here??!” John yelled while he jumped out of the bed and stormed over to Paul “Are you deaf or just that stupid?!! I said I didn’t want to see you cause I can’t even stand the looks of you right now!!

“But Johnny…” Paul tried “…It’s my room too and my stuff is in here…”

“No problem McCartney!” John sneered while he grabbed Paul’s arm and roughly pulled him back up to his feet. He then grabbed Paul’s shoulders firmly and started to push him backwards towards the door.

“Johnny… PLEASE!!” Paul sobbed “DON’T SENT ME AWAY! I Lo….”

“Get outuuuuuuuuuut!!!!!” John yelled into Paul’s face making the bassist flinch before he gave Paul one more big push so he fell backwards on the floor outside the room.

Paul looked with big shocked eyes toward the angry Rhythm guitarist and tears started to roll down his pale cheeks and his bottom lip trembled like crazy.

Before he could get back up to his feet, he was hit by his own suitcase flying out of the bedroom.

The suitcase flew open and his belongings fell all over the floor around him.

“Problem solved!!” John yelled before slamming the door shut so hard it shook in its hinges.

George ran over to Paul who was now curled up on the floor crying.

“Jeez…” George said while he knelt next to Paul and pulled him into his arms trying to comfort him “So sorry Paul…. That was harsh…. Hush now…. please stop crying sweetie…. You will be alright… I promise you….”

“What in the world happened??!” Ringo asked when he ran out of the bathroom after hearing the yelling and big bang. He saw Paul’s belongings all over the floor including his suitcase. Ringo knew enough and felt that John really had gone too far this time.
He ran over to John’s room and walked inside. Once inside he found John on the bed lying on his belly and his face hidden into his pillow. Did he hear him crying?

“John?” Ringo asked while he walked over to the bed and flicked on the lamp on the nightstand.

“Go AWAY!!” John yelled a bit muffled by the pillow against his face.

“John…please….” Ringo said while he walked a little closer “…I know you don’t want this…. I know you still love Paul…so…”

John abruptly sat up in his bed and Ringo could see he had been crying.

“I don’t love that whore!” John said “I HATE HIM!!! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!!”

“You don’t hate him…” Ringo said while he walked back towards the door “…I know you don’t… but you’re gonna lose him if you keep on acting like this towards him…”

“FINE BY ME!!” John yelled and let himself fall back on the bed again hid his face back into the pillow.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you when it’s too late….” Ringo said over his shoulder before leaving the bedroom and closing the door behind him.

Ringo walked over to where George and Paul were sitting on the floor and knelled down next to them.

“You okay Paul?” he asked.

Paul looked up from George’s shoulder with red tearstained eyes.

“He…he hates me Rings..” Paul choked out and buried his face in George’s chest again and sobbed uncontrollably.

“…sshhh….hush now…..” George tried to soothe Paul and kissed the top of his head.

“John doesn’t hate you Paul…” Ringo softly said feeling a lump in his throat. He really hated to see one of his mates so upset. They were like brothers to him.

“…Yes he does…” Paul sobbed a bit muffled against George’s chest “…you heard him….he said he ha….hates me….he….he doesn’t love me anymore…..”

“…Sure he does….” Ringo said while he stroked Paul’s back soothingly “…he is just upset and tired. He will turn around. Maybe not today and it might take a while…. But no…he doesn’t hate you Paul.”

Paul lifted his head from George’s chest and looked at Ringo for a moment while thinking about what Ringo just said.

“Hope you’re right…” Paul sniffled while he dried his face with his sleeve and started to stand up. When Paul was back on his feet he rubbed his forehead feeling a bit dizzy for a moment. George and Ringo stood back up too and helped Paul to gather his belongings and put them back into his suitcase.

When they were ready Paul took his pyjamas and gave his two mates a weak smile “Thanks lads… Let’s go get some sleep now… I’m knackered…” he yawned widely.

“No prob mate…” Ringo smiled back.

“Wanna sleep in my bed?…” George finally spoke up after swallowing his nerves down to ask Paul this question “…Plenty of room in it for the two of us…” he sweetly smiled at Paul.

Paul looked down to the pyjamas in his hands and thought about it before looking back up to George.

“..That’s very sweet of you Geo…” Paul smiled, but his smile quickly disappeared and took place for a more serious look “…But no thanks…. I… I better sleep on the couch…. I…. John…” he stuttered, but couldn’t seem to find the right words “…Hope you understand….”

George looked a bit disappointed, but he understood why Paul said no…. Maybe later he thought. “And I rather be alone now…” Paul sighed while he turned around and walked over to the couch. Paul sat down on the couch and started to take off his wet clothes to change into his dry pyjamas.

George and Ringo watched Paul getting undressed for a moment before leaving him alone and getting rid of their own wet clothes too and get into bed as soon as possible.
After Ringo had changed into his pyjamas he brought a spare blanket he found in one of the closets to Paul and then went to bed too. Brian would probably wake them up early in the morning so they hurried themselves into their beds.

They all were deeply asleep for a few hours now, but one of the Beatles started to shift a little uneasy.

Paul moaned softly and felt sweat form on his back and forehead. He slowly opened one eye, but quickly squeezed it close again. He moaned again when he felt a painful stitch in his stomach and heard it roaring. He felt hot and cold at the same time and a dizziness made his head spin. “...Ouch...ouch...” he whined and clutched his aching stomach with his hands.

He half opened his eyes and tried to sit up.

“...Oh no...” Paul whined softly while he felt himself getting dizzier and started to feel very nauseous again. Apparently his stomach was still upset after all the amounts of alcohol he had taken and he felt his stomach churning painfully and retched a little.

“...Oh...mmmm....no....pl...please...” Paul squeaked while he jumped of the couch with his hand clutched over his mouth and ran into the bathroom, closed the door so hopefully they wouldn’t hear him getting sick.

Paul ran to the toilet and just in time kneeled in front of it.

He clutched the sides of the toilet while throwing up, because he tried to be quiet and it bloody hurt to throw up again. There was not much left inside and his body felt so sore. Why didn’t it stop?! He thought to himself while he hang with his head in the toilet. After a few more dry heaves it seemed to stop and he flushed the toilet. Paul just sat there on his knees and rested his tired head with his right cheek on the toilet seat.

John woke up a little later cause his bladder wouldn’t leave him sleep peacefully. He tried to ignore it for a while, but it was no use.

He sighed heavily and dragged himself out of bed and towards the bathroom.

John was a little surprised when he noticed the lights were still on inside and cursed at his mates for leaving the annoying bright light on.

He opened the door and squinted his now hurt eyes and cursed again.

John stumbled with half closed eyes into the bathroom and now saw that the toilet was already taken. Paul was half lying on the floor with his cheek on the toilet seat and had fallen asleep like that. John winced a little at the sight and felt a little sorry for the sick bassist.

No matter how angry and fed up he was at him, he couldn’t leave Paul like this….and…he needed to use the toilet, he quickly thought to himself.

So John walked over to Paul’s sleeping form and carefully lifted Paul in his arms from the floor and walked him bridal style towards the living room.

Paul’s head rolled against John’s neck and John could feel Paul’s forehead burning from the fever against his neck.

John carefully laid Paul on the couch and laid a blanket over him. He then walked away to the loo and when he was finished he laid back in his bed.

“Why Paul….why....” John whispered to himself while he looked to the empty space in the bed next to him. He stretched his arm and stroke the space where Paul had slept the night before with his hand.

“Why damn it…WHY?!” John murmured angrily and slammed his fist on the empty space.
The next morning Brian was startled awake from his deep sleep by a hard knock on his door.

“Brian?!” He heard “Open up please! You really have to take a look at this!”

He recognized the voice of the road manager Mal Evans and quickly put on his robe and ran towards the door.

When he opened it he saw Mal standing in front of him holding up a newspaper.

“What the...?! Brian mumbled while his eyes scanned the newspaper. So this was what Jane was talking about earlier on the phone.

“Paul McCartney dying?! John Lennon and Paul McCartney queers?!” was printed in thick big letters with a big article underneath. He also noticed pictures of his boys and then he saw it. A picture of that strange boy who had asked John and Paul if they were queer.

He took the newspaper from Mal and read the article underneath it and read the words of the boy complaining about the disturbing situation he found John and Paul in and how rudely he and the other fans were kicked out of the room. Also complaining about what a big disappointment the won meeting with The Beatles was and Paul looking deadly sick to him.

“Damn it!” Brian cursed and nodded Mal to come into his hotel room.

They walked over to the table and Brian laid the newspaper on it.

“Brian! What is all this about?!?” Mal yelled at Brian who was again reading the article with big panicked eyes. “What the hell happened yesterday while I was away?!”

“Please sit down...” Brian said looking up from the newspaper “...this might take a while” he sighed.

Mal sat down with Brian at the table and Brian told him the whole story. Mal only just listened and was a little shocked at what Brian told him.

When Brian was finished, Mal had thought up a plan immediately and told Brian to call Jane, Cynthia, Maureen and Patty and let them fly over as soon as possible with Brian’s private jet. They could help to recover the image of John and Paul. Showing them with their women in public might help to show they were straight and definitely not queer.

He also advised Brian to arrange an emergency press conference at a hotel nearby the airport to answer the questions that probably were burning in everybody’s minds. They would meet the ladies there at the other hotel.

He also thought it would be wise that if it was possible to give the twelve fans a second chance to meet the boys properly.

Brian nodded and started to call the Beatles ladies. He was glad that all four women understood the situation and wanted to help out. The phone call to Jane was a the most difficult one. She had to cancel a shoot for this and she wanted to know what the hell was going on between her man and John for being called a bunch of queers. And she was still not convinced about Paul’s health not being that bad. This was also the main reason for her to come over. She really wanted to see for herself how Paul was doing and feeling.

After that he quickly got himself dressed and picked up the phone to call the other suite and instruct the boys to come over to his room for breakfast and a urgent meeting.

George woke up by an annoying sound. He pulled his pillow over his head trying to block out the
annoying sound.

It kept on going and going, but suddenly it stopped.....
"..Ello?...." George heard Ringo's sleepy voice say.

George slowly removed the pillow from his head and looked through one half opened eye towards
the other bed to see Ringo resting on an elbow with the telephone against his ear.
"...huh...hmm...yeah....sure Bri.... We will....." he heard Ringo mumble and then watched Ringo
hang up the phone.

"...Whoooaaah...." George yawned widely "....was tha about?..." George asked sleepily.

Ringo sat up in his bed and glanced over to George with his tired eyes from way too little sleep.
"Was Brian...." Ringo said followed by a big yawn "...something 'bout an emergency meeting at his
room with breakfast.... something wrong in the pa...."
"Did you say brekky?!" George cut him off who suddenly was wide awake.
"Yes..." Ringo chuckled seeing George jump out of his bed and running towards the bathroom. He
would explain the rest he was trying to tell later and listened to the shower running while he closed
his eyes for a little more sleep while George was taking his shower.

It was a really short nap, cause George was so fast that Ringo wondered if he even had used some
soap.
"C'mon Rings!" George said happily while drying his hair "Get into the shower! I'll go wake up Paul
in the meanwhile..." he said while he threw the towel on the floor and put on some fresh clothes.
"Hmmh..." Ringo mumbled and laid back down on his bed and pulled the blanket closer around him.
"Rings!" George said with a confused look on his face seeing his mate closing his eyes now.
"Hmm...know what..." Ringo mumbled already half asleep again "...you go wake up Paul first and
get him ready for breakfast.... You get some alone time with him that way and I can take a nice
kip...'kay?...and I'll wake John later...." and with a last yawn Ringo had fallen asleep again.
"Gosh...you're brilliant!" George smiled and quickly fixed his clothes and hair and happily left the
bedroom.

George walked over to the couch to find Paul still deeply asleep. George kneeled down next to the
couch to watch Paul sleep for a moment.

He looked so beautiful... his long eyelashes, his angelic face and those beautiful full lips which were
parted a little.

George could hear the soft breathing and see Paul's chest move up and down in a peaceful way.
He felt kinda bad to wake him up cause he hadn't seen Paul this relaxed in a while now.

George stroke Paul's bangs away from his eyes and felt his hair was still a bit wet.
He frowned and laid his hand on Paul's sweaty forehead. George could feel the fever still burning
there and he sighed.

George sweetly stroke his fingers through Paul's messy hair while he kept on watching Paul's face
lovingly.

Paul's lips kept on drawing his attention and George had his eyes rested on them for a while now.
Like a magnet he was drawn to these full lips and he slowly bent forward.

He sweetly brushed his lips against Paul's before moving back again to stare at his sweet face again.
Then George couldn't resist anymore and bent forward again to press his lips against Paul's.

Paul slowly opened his eyes by the feeling of these sweet lips against his own to find that they
belonged to George.

George noticed Paul staring at him and quickly broke the kiss while his face turned into a deep red
colour.

Ashamed of what he had done and a little afraid of Paul's reaction he stared at the ground.
"...Oh...hi Paulie...I...uh....sorry....I...I..." George stuttered.

After an awkward moment of silence, George slowly looked back up to Paul to face him. He was
greeted by the sweetest smile he had ever gotten from Paul.
"Hi..." Paul sweetly whispered at him.
George grinned like a happy kid who just got the biggest treat at Halloween. Speaking about treats... he suddenly remembered the breakfast at Brian's room and his stomach roared a bit.
Paul sat up and rubbed his head sleepily. He winced at the heavy banging inside it and still felt a bit dizzy. For a moment he wondered how he had gotten back to the couch. He couldn't remember.
"You okay Paulie?..." George asked concerned when he saw Paul's pained expression.
"..Yeah...yeah...I'm okay...." Paul weakly smiled "...Just a bit of an hangover I'm afraid...."
"You know what helps the best to cure that?" George said while he patted Paul's knees.
"What's that?" Paul asked curiously.
"A nice warm shower and after that a nice brekky with toast, scrambled eggs, baked beans and some crunchy bacon!" George said while he stood back up.
Paul stared at George and first he smiled at the thought of a nice warm shower, but the food thing made his face turn green in an instant. He slammed his hand over his mouth while he tried to swallow away the nauseous feeling.
George saw what happened and panicked for a little moment, but was glad to see Paul getting himself back together and didn't get sick on his watch.
George pulled Paul onto his feet and ruffled his creasy hair "Into the shower now with ya!" he winked.
Paul suddenly scrunched up his nose in disgust and George raised his eyebrows in surprise.
"What's up?" George asked.
"I smell like garbage...ugh..." Paul said with a disgusted look on his face
"...Uhm...yeah...you do..." George grinned.
He received a slap on the back of his head from Paul after that.
"Ouch!" George laughed "At least I'm honest!"
Paul huffed, but couldn't suppress a small grin while he grabbed some clean underwear and clothes from his suitcase and disappeared into the bathroom.

While Paul was in the shower, George turned on the television sat down on the couch to watch some telly.
He had a hard time to concentrate on what was on, cause in his mind he pictured Paul taking his shower...all wet and naked and...
Suddenly his breathing stopped for a moment. On the television a news flash caught his full attention.
"Now people, we still don't have any more information yet on the Beatles case about John Lennon and Paul McCartney" the reporter sounded through the speakers of the television "Is Paul McCartney really deadly ill and is the famous couple Lennon and McCartney really together in an illegal way?"
The rest of the words didn't reach George's ears cause he was so shocked about what he just heard.
What the hell happened and where did this come from?
The reporter had switched to another subject by now and George was just staring at the screen with his mouth hanging open a little.
While some boring show followed after the news, George’s mind was running like crazy. What would happen now? Will they get kicked out of the country? Will Paul and John get arrested? Was this why Brian wanted to speak to them so suddenly?
George was startled awake from his deep thoughts by two arms around his neck from behind and the scent he loved so much filled his nostrils.
"A penny for your thoughts..." a voice sweet as honey whispered in his right ear.
George turned his head to the side to find a freshly showered and nicely dressed Paul behind him hanging over the backrest of the couch.
"Oh...uh...nothing really..." George lied cause he didn't want to shock Paul with what he just saw.
Paul removed his arms and stood back up again to glance at George for a moment. He didn't really
believe George, but decided to let it rest for now.

George stood up from the couch and smiled at Paul. He looked so gorgeous and damn...he smelt so
good!

"I promised Ringo to wake him up when you would be finished in the bathroom" he said while he
walked over to his and Ringo's bedroom "Be right back!"

"'Kay.." Paul answered while he run his fingers through his wet hair to adjust it a little more.

George opened the bedroom door and picked up his pillow.

"Wakey wakey!!" George yelled while he threw the pillow towards Ringo and hit his head.

"Wha wha?!!" Ringo yelped while he sat straight up in his bed.

"Time to get up, sleepy head!" George laughed "Me and Paulie are heading over to Brian's brekky.
See you and John later 'kay?"

"Oh...yeah sure..." Ringo yawned and stepped out of his bed “...how’s Paul feeling?”

“Don’t know for sure...” George answered with a worried look on his face “...he is still feverish and
when I mentioned food he turned green immediately...”

“Hmm…” Ringo said while he picked some clean clothes and underwear from his suitcase “...you
should try to let him eat and drink something though... Maybe when John’s not around him yet he is
a little more relaxed and can try to grab a bite....”

“Guess so...” George nodded in agreement “…I’ll go and take Paulie with me then and try to make
him eat and drink something”.

“Good luck” Ringo smiled and disappeared into the bathroom.

George walked back into the living room to find Paul waiting for him.

“C’mon Paulie…” George said while he took Paul’s hand in his “…let’s go over to Bri. The other
two will come as soon as they’re ready”

Paul nodded and followed George down the hallway towards Brian’s room with his hand in
George’s.

George knocked on the door and the door opened so fast that he almost hid Mal in his face with his
fist.

“Oh!” George said a little startled “That was fast!”

Paul giggled in his hand after what just happened and George loved to hear Paul giggle again like he
normally did. It had been a while he thought.

“Come in, come in” Mal said while he beckoned the boys over “Brian will be back in a few, but
please come in and eat some breakfast while you wait for him and the other two”.

George and Paul followed Mal into the room to find a table filled with a nice breakfast.

They smelled the fresh bread, fresh coffee, fresh orange juice and scrambled eggs.

George rubbed his hands together in delight and sat himself down on one of the chairs and stuffed a
piece of bread in his mouth.

With his mouth full he looked up to see Paul stand next to the table with a pale face. He was
obviously not feeling too great and Paul slowly walked away from the table a little.

George quickly reached out and grabbed Paul’s arm “Ey Paulie...you okay?”

Paul covered his mouth with his hand and shook his head a little panicked.

George stood up and took Paul with him towards the hallway.

“Paul...?” George softly said while he cupped Paul’s pale face in his warm hands “…you really
have to eat something... Otherwise you’ll only feel worse...”

“I don’t wanna...” Paul sighed while he lowered his hand and stared worriedly into George’s
concerning eyes “…I’m so tired of throwing up all the time.... If I don’t eat or drink... there’s
nothing that wants to get out...”

“No no...” George said stroking Paul’s cheeks with his thumps “…the doctor instructed that you
have to eat and drink or else you might get hospitalised. We don’t want that… I would miss you too
much...” he smiled sweetly.

Paul stared at George and swallowed hard. He did have a point. To get into a hospital sounded
terrible.
“…o..okay…” Paul softly agreed “…I’ll try…”
“Good boy!” George smiled and pinched Paul’s chubby cheeks.
“Oi!” Paul winced and rubbed his cheeks before following George and sat next to him at the table.
George placed some toast with scrambled egg and bacon on it on Paul’s plate and poured some fresh orange juice into a glass for the both of them.

Paul took a tiny bite from the toast and chewed slowly on it for a while before swallowing it down. He took the glass and took a big sip from the orange juice when he felt a tap on his shoulder.
Paul looked next to him and almost spit out the orange juice over the table when he saw George’s face.
George had an orange peel covering his teeth and was pulling a funny face at him while pulling at his ears.
Paul got caught in a fit of giggles and George laughed along with him feeling happy to make him laugh again. George had missed the sound of Paul’s sweet laugh.
George suddenly stopped laughing and stared at Paul with a hurt look on his face.
Paul looked back in surprise for this sudden mood change of George.
“Awyoolaffingabowmeface?” George mumbled as good as he could with the orange peel covering his front teeth.
“Wha..?” Paul giggled behind his hand.
“Awyoolaffinabowmeface?” George mumbled again and tried his best to look upset.
“Wha..? Oh?! No…No!” Paul quickly reacted to George’s little act “Of course not!” he said with a serious face, but then chuckled again behind his fist.
“Yoowsee! Efewyboddy lafsabowmeface” George said while he still tried to look upset.
“.Of course not!…..You have a lovely face…” Paul sweetly said and planted a kiss on George’s cheek, but seeing George blush now while he still looked so funny with the orange peel covering his teeth, Paul burst out laughing again.
George took the orange peel out of his mouth and stared at Paul with an serious look on his face and trying not to laugh along with Paul.
“Your gonna pay for that ya know Paulie?” George smirked “It’s not nice to make fun of people’s looks you know…”
Paul stopped laughing and raised his eyebrows. George wasn’t serious…..was he….he thought. George suddenly leaped forward to Paul and started to tickle him at his sides, making the bassist squirm and laugh out loud while begging for mercy.

“Well well...” A sudden sneer sounded from behind “…aren’t we a merry couple?” John's sarcastic voice said.
John and Ringo had arrived and sat down at the table now too. John sat down on the stool as far away as possible from Paul and didn’t even bother to look at him or George.
Paul’s smile immediately disappeared from his face and he looked sadly down to his plate.
George laid his hand on Paul’s leg and stroked it soothingly under the table and watched Paul take another bite from his toast.
There was an uneasy quietness and atmosphere during the rest of the breakfast. Mal had sat down at the table too and wondered what the hell was wrong with the normally cheerful and happy foursome. He hoped that Brian would return soon.
The five of them jumped a little when they suddenly heard Brian’s voice call from the hallway.
Brian had just arrived back after getting himself some other newspapers to see if they showed the same news…and they did…all front page news.
“GREAT!” He called “Everybody’s here!” Brian walked over to the table and threw the newspapers on the table for his boys to see “We need to talk…”
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Brian wants to talk...

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the kudos and comments!!

“We need to talk” Ringed in Paul’s ears while he scanned the newspapers with his eyes. His eyes grew big when he read the words on them and his mouth fell open in shock. George and Ringo both grabbed one from the table and started to read the article. John on the other hand didn’t look up and kept on drawing a funny face on his toast with strawberry jam.

Paul glanced at the newspaper in George’s hands and read it together with him. Seeing the words there made him feel scared inside.
Would John and he get prosecuted and end up in jail?
Was…was he really dying and nobody had told him..?
Paul felt awful about this all and slowly glanced over to John.
John was now babbling in some strange form of German to his toast while he made a little Hitler moustache on it with some chocolate paste.
Paul raised his eyebrows in surprise that John didn’t pay any attention to what was going on at all and didn’t seem to give a shit.

“JOHN!!” Brian suddenly yelled while he angrily slammed his flat hand on John’s toast.
“Eppy?!!” John yelped and pouted when he saw what Brian had done “You smashed Friedrich?! WHY?! What has he ever done to you?!”
Brian rolled his eyes and removed his now sticky hand “Ugh…”
“Awww….poor Friedrich!!” John said while he stared at his now smashed toast.
“LENNON!!!” Brian yelled again wiping his hand clean on a napkin “Stop this right now and pay some attention this instant!!”
“Okay okay…” John said with his hands held up in the air “…Jeez Eppy….Someone pulled your knickers or something?…”
Brian’s face turned red and he was about to explode, but Mal quickly stood up and squeezed Brian’s shoulder to calm him.
“Can anyone explain to us what this is about…Paul…John…?” Mal asked knowing already what Brian had told him, but he wanted some answers from the boys themselves know.

John glanced at Paul for a moment and they stared strangely at each other for a moment before John looked up at Mal.
“Maybe Paul is queer…” John stated drily “…but I’m definitely not…. In case you forgot…I have a wife and kid….Paul doesn’t and now you mention this, he does have something feminine on him doesn’t he?”
“What?!” Paul yelped “I do not!”
“Yes you do” John said not even looking at Paul.
“No I don’t!” Paul said again.
“Yes you do” John repeated.
“No I don’t!” Paul said a little more confused.
“Ow yes you do!” John said again and now slowly turned his glance towards Paul “…queer…” he sneered.

“Johnny?!” Paul asked a little upset while he stared with teary eyes back to John.
“I TOLD YOU TO STOP ‘JOHNNY’ ME!!!” John yelled pointing his finger to Paul while he stood up so fast that his chair fell backward on the floor.
Paul cringed on his chair and hugged himself timidly with his arms around himself and he was about to cry. He really didn’t feel like fighting with John again and John kinda scared him the way he was acting lately.

“STOP YELLING AT HIM!!” George suddenly yelled while he stood up too and pointed back at John surprising everybody with this. They had never seen the ‘quiet’ Beatle like this.
“STAY OUT OF THIS HARRISON!” John yelled at George now.
“NO I WON’T!!” George yelled back “I CAN’T STAND THE WAY YOU TREAT PAUL ANYMORE! I WON’T HAVE IT ANY LONGER!!”
John lowered his finger and glanced angrily at George for a moment before lowering his eyes on Paul.
“Can’t speak for yourself McCartney?” John sneered at him “…you bloody poof…”
“I said stop it!!” George yelled at John again and laid his hand on Paul’s slightly trembling shoulder.
“Or else?!” John challenged George with a mean smirk on his face.

Ringo, Mal and Brian had watched the whole thing with terror. Ringo of course knew what was going on, but Mal and Brian had no clue.
“Boys!” Brian said “Please stop this! I really don’t know what is going on here, but please…let’s all sit down and explain it to me.”
George and John sat back down again and Brian joined them at the table now and took the free seat next to John.
“Like I told you Eppy…” John started immediately “…I’m not queer. But I can’t speak for Paul. And one more thing… I’m definitely not together with Paul! Ugh!”
“Right…” Brian said and nodded to John. He now looked over to Paul to find the bassist looking down and biting on his finger like he always did when he was nervous, upset or thinking deeply “Paul?” Brian asked.

Paul looked up at Brian with teary eyes and stared at his manager for a moment.
“I…I don’t know Bri….” Paul softly said “…I…I don’t know what the fuzz is all about…”
“Okay…” Brian said after some deep thoughts. He really didn’t know what to think of this whole situation, but he couldn’t force his boys and John was right. John had Cynthia and little Julian. And besides that, he lost count on how many women he had seen his boys taken with them in their rooms or backstage. Even though they all had their wives at home. “…I believe you two…But one thing is for sure. We need to fix this problem”
“.Uh…Brian?…” Paul then softly asked.
“Yes Paul?” Brian answered while he looked Paul in his upset and scared eyes.
“…Am…am I….really dying?..” Paul asked with his voice more like a whisper.
“What?! Oh no!” Brian immediately reacted “Of course not my dear boy! This crazy fan told the press about your sickness and they blew the story up big time!”
Paul wiped his escaping tears away and weakly smiled at Brian “Thanks Bri…Good to hear…”
George rubbed Paul’s back soothingly while they now listened to what Brian and Mal had to say.

Brian told the boys about the plan and Brian was happy they listened carefully to him for once. They
seemed to understand that this was serious.

“So…” John started after Brian was finished “…you’re telling me that my wife will be there and she
knows about these stupid articles and the whole situation?”

“Yes John and so do Jane, Maureen and Patty” Brian answered.

“Fucking great!” John sighted “Just what I was waiting for…cor!” he slammed his hand against his
forehead.

“John please!” Brian said “Do you think I liked to ring them out of their beds and let them rush over
here? Because I don’t, but it’s the only way to get this crazy queer story out of people’s heads. So
please cooperate will you?!”

John gave Brian an angry stare and huffed.

“Now finish your breakfast and get ready to go” Brian said and left the room again.

Not much was said and Mal had left the room too to help Brian out to get everything ready.

“Oh no!!!” Brian’s voice suddenly sounded about fifteen minutes later loudly in the room “We’re
leaving!! Let’s go! Chop chop!!”

Brian rushed into the room and told the hotel staff to take the last suitcases and bags downstairs and
under a lot’s of protest of John, started to escort them out of the room.

A little later they were seated in a taxi cab and Brian stuck his head inside the car.

John had chosen to sit in the front seat next to the driver, so the other three were sitting on the back
couch of the taxi. Paul in the middle of Ringo and George.

“Here is something to eat and drink on the way there” Brian said while he handed over a few bottles
of water and two brown paper bags with some cookies and sandwiches.

Brian removed his head again and slammed the door close. He tapped on the roof of the taxi to let
the driver know he could leave and ran over to his own taxi where Mal was waiting in for him and
they left too.

The taxi driver drove rather fast in order of Brian. They were a little late on schedule so now they
had to move fast.

Paul felt himself become a little carsick because of all the swinging and bouncing of the car.
Because of his still upset stomach, he had some more trouble with the car ride than usual. Paul tried
intensely to keep his focus on the horizon outside the window, hoping he wouldn’t get sick.

George ripped open the paper bag and started to eat some of the sandwiches he found in it.
Paul scrunched up his nose in disgust by the smell of the food coming out of the bag.

John and Ringo had started to eat some cookies so in no time the taxi was filled with the smell of
food and if your stomach is upset, that isn’t a nice thing.

Paul started to look a little paler and greener.

“You’re not gonna eat some?” George asked Paul with his mouth still full.

“Nah…” Paul sighed and while he took the bag from George and took the sandwiches out.
He handed them over to George, but keeping the paper bag to himself in case he had to use it for
something rather unpleasant.

“Geo…” Paul asked a little later while he kept staring to the horizon “…could you please open the
window a little?..I could…” Paul burped “…really use some fresh air please…”

George shrugged his shoulders and did what Paul asked him to do.

“Fucking hell!!” John immediately shouted from the front seat “Is that really necessary?! I’m freezing
my balls off!! It’s freezing outside for fuck sake!”

George didn’t want to argue with John right now and it indeed was way too cold so he closed the
window again.

Soon after losing the smell of fresh air, Paul had a panicked look in his eyes and before they knew he
opened the paper bag and started to throw up his breakfast into it.

After the first two heaves Paul looked up to see the driver looking at him through the reflexion in the
rear-view mirror “Are you all right Mr. McCartney? Want me to pull over sir?”
“No...that won’t be....necessary...” Paul still coloured pale and greenish answered looking back into the drivers eyes. He really didn’t want to stop, because the sooner they would be there, the better “...I’m fi...hmg...Oh God...” he murmured when another wave of nausea caught him and he retched again in the bag.
“Ow... poor lad...” Ringo said softly and rubbed Paul’s back while he retched and heaved in the bag. Paul squinted his eyes close because of the terrible feeling.
“Ugh...there goes my appetite...” George deadpanned and looked up towards Ringo on the other side of Paul.
Ringo raised one eyebrow at George and shook his head. He nodded his head towards Paul to hint George to help Paul instead of acting so disgusted by him.

George looked sideward to see Paul throwing up in the bag, but he couldn’t help feeling a little nauseous by the looks and sounds of it. He saw Paul’s back tense up with every heave and really wanted to do something to soothe him and touched Paul’s lower back with one hand feeling the retches of Paul very clearly now, but he just couldn’t do this. He pulled back his hand again and looked a little confused towards Ringo again and mouthed “I can’t...” to him and turned his head towards the window and covered his ears to block out the sound.
Ringo shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to Paul now trying to soothe him by stroking his back.

After Paul stopped throwing up he stared blankly forward into the distance and his eyes looked a little red from the puking.
“Better now...?” Ringo carefully asked him, but Paul didn’t give any response and kept on staring in the distance while he was breathing heavily.
Paul glanced over at John, but the rhythm guitarist totally ignored him and was staring out of the window. It hurt him to find John not caring for him. Especially now when he felt so sick.
“Paulie...?” Ringo tried again to get Paul’s attention and now Paul slowly sat back and looked at Ringo.
“Better now...?” Ringo asked him again.
Paul shifted a little uneasy and nodded.
“Here...” Ringo softly said while opening a bottle of water“...wanna rinse your mouth?”
Paul nodded took the bottle to rinse his mouth and swallowed it down.
“Don’t you wanna drink some more...?” Ringo asked a little concerned.
Paul shook his head “...No...I rather not...” he sighed giving the bottle back to Ringo.
“Come try to sleep a little then” George said while he pulled Paul towards him.
Paul let himself lie against George and rested his head on George’s shoulder while he kept the paper bag on his lap just in case.
“How...long...?” Paul winced “....before we’re there?..”
“About half an hour sir” the driver answered from the front seat.
Paul sighed deeply and closed his eyes and hoped he would doze off a little, but felt that it would be in vain. So he just kept on lying against George, hoping they would arrive at the hotel soon.

After what seemed an eternity to Paul, they finally arrived at the other hotel for the press conference and second fan meeting.
The taxi stopped and they could see all the press and fans waiting for them.
They all got out of the taxi and they started to walk next to each other towards the entrance.
John was walking as far away as possible from Paul while they walked over still ignoring him.
Paul felt awful, but was waving to the fans and press while he tried to give them a few of the beloved McCartney smiles.

George could see Paul’s smile was fake, but the press and fans seemed to fall for it.
The screaming of the fans and the flashing of the photographers didn’t really help with Paul’s
dizziness. He looked sideward to George and saw him looking at him. He saw the concern in George’s eyes and nodded to him with a weak smile to assure him that he was okay. George pulled up one eyebrow to show Paul that he didn’t buy it, but then started waving again together with Paul until they walked through the entrance.

Paul was very happy to be inside and out of the cold, but not much rest was there to be found. There were photographers everywhere around the big hall taking pictures too. He looked around to see if he could find out where the toilets where. He really wanted to get away from the craziness for a moment and fresh himself up a little. His head was spinning from all the noise and flashing of the cameras and Paul felt like fainting for a moment. “George..” he asked while he still looked around the crowded hall. “Yeah Paul?” George asked and saw Paul’s little panicked expression on his face. “Do you know where the toi...”Paul started to ask, but suddenly he felt someone run against him and felt himself hold tight in a big hug. “Oh poor baby...!!” He heard a familiar female voice say “...are you okay...?”
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Will Brian's plan work?

Chapter Notes

Warning. There's some slash in this chapter....

Paul felt two hands on both sides of his face and he was covered with kisses. A little startled George stepped away from Paul and saw Jane was now wrapped around Paul. Jane….he totally forgot about Jane. Of course he knew that their women would be here too, but seeing Jane cuddling Paul like that….it just hurt him see this and he wondered what would happen next. Why now when he finally had a chance with Paul, was she spoiling it for him. George felt like pulling Jane off of Paul, but before he was able to do such a thing he felt two arms wrapped around his waist from behind. “Hi Georgie!!” Pattie’s happy voice sounded “Isn’t this great?! That we can meet so suddenly!” George turned around in Pattie’s arms “Hi Pattie…” he smiled at her, but didn’t feel as happy as he would like to feel to see his girlfriend. Paul probably had stolen his heart a little too much… Pattie lowered her arms and took George by the hand “Come Georgie! Tell me everything!” she cheered while she dragged George with her over to Ringo and Maureen. George looked one more time over his shoulder towards Paul and Jane and saw that the paparazzi was already forming a circle around Paul and Jane trying not to miss one moment of this. George sighed and followed Pattie over to Ringo and Maureen with his hand in hers.

Jane had ran to Paul as soon as she saw him walk inside. She immediately saw in how bad a shape Paul was in and just wanted to hold him. “…Oh my poor darling...” She said while holding Paul’s face in her hands “…you look so pale...I’m so worried about you!!” She looked deeply in Paul’s eyes and saw how red and puffy they looked and she missed the shine in his normally bright hazel eyes. She stroked his cheeks with her thumbs. “…What have they done to you...?” She asked him sadly at the sight of her lover looking so sick. Paul raised his hands and lay them on top of Jane’s against his face and squeezed them softly. “…Don’t worry love…” Paul said softly “…I’m fine...” He kissed her softly on her lips “but babe...can you tell me where the toi...” Paul tried again but was stopped by Jane’s finger on his lips. “Ssshh….” Jane shushed him and put her hands behind Paul’s neck and pulled him a little closer so her mouth was next to his ear. “This nonsense about you and John is ruining my career Paul…” She hissed in Paul’s ear “So shut up and kiss me...” and with this said Jane pressed her lips against Paul’s and started to passionately kiss him in front of the press.

Paul at first flinched a little by the sudden kiss, but he was still a man with feelings. Feelings for his sexy redheaded girl and maybe it was for the better too he thought while he felt her lips move against...
his.
He slowly wrapped his arms around Jane and pulled her closer against his body. He did miss her kisses after all.
Jane put her hands behind Paul’s neck and stroked the sweaty hair on the back of his head and kissed each other more intensely now. Forgetting everything and everyone around them.

Brian looked very happy at the kissing couple and noticed his plan started to work. The press seemed to go crazy and a lot’s of pictures were taken of the kissing lovebirds and he heard them mumbling about Paul obviously not being gay and not looking deadly ill at all. He looked perfectly well and very straight to them.

In the meanwhile Cynthia finally had found John at the bar and she could see that he had been drinking pretty much already.
“John Lennon!” She said with her hands at her sides “What the hell do you think you’re doing?!”
John turned around slowly after gulping another beer down his throat and stared at her. “Drinking.”
He drily stated.
“I can see THAT you idiot!” Cynthia sneered at John “But WHY for God sake? You have an press conference any minute now and a lot of explanation to do young man!” she said while she grabbed John’s wrist and yanked him with her. John almost stumbled over his own two feed and quickly grabbed a glass of wine from a waiter’s tray as they walked him by.
Cynthia noticed and slapped her hand against the back of John’s head.
“Ouch!” John yelped and rubbed the back of his head “What was that good for, damn it!”

“What the hell is all this about John Lennon??” she yelled at him when they reached a corner in the room “You and Paul accused of being gay?! How could THAT happen?!”
“Damn it Cyn!” John hissed noticing some people of the press turning towards them because of Cynthia’s yelling and starting to take pictures “Keep your bloody voice down...!” he said while putting on a big fake smile and gave her a kiss on her cheek. The press turned back to Paul again and John sighed relieved. He really hated the press.
“So?” Cynthia asked again keeping her voice down this time.
“So what?” John smirked and drank the whole glass of wine empty in a few big gulps.
“You know perfectly well what I mean!” Cynthia now even more irritated hissed.
“Ow that?” John slurred a little and bent forward so his mouth was next to Cynthia’s “Don’t tell anybody…but…Paul….Paul is queer….” He whispered and Cynthia could smell the alcohol on his breath very well now. She raised her eyebrows and sighed deeply. She knew that it was no use to get real answers from John when he was like this.

Paul in the meanwhile had lost himself completely in the kiss, but suddenly Jane broke the kiss and looked deeply into Paul’s eyes. She then looked around her and noticed the press had formed a circle around her and Paul.
Jane looked back at Paul and noticed the sweat forming on his forehead and neck and that he still looked pale.
“Paul, can we talk for a moment in private?” Jane asked and Paul nodded in agreement.
Jane took Paul’s hand in hers and dragged him with her towards the restrooms.

Cynthia was watching the love birds who were leaving very fast now. She didn’t really understand what was going on, but then she saw Brian walking over to her and John.
“Hi Brian” Cynthia said while John took this opportunity to walk away from his wife to get himself another drink.
“Hi Cynthia” Brian said and handed her over a glass of wine “So glad you ladies could make it” Brian said now with a little smile but still his expression was a bit stressed.
“Yeah...” Cynthia said and gave Brian a serious stare “...It’s no problem Brian. Glad I could help out and it’s nice to see them again...But what is all the fuss about anyway? The rumour about John and
Paul being gay...and Paul dying?”
“Uhm... It’s quite a long story” Brian answered feeling even more stressed now and explained Cynthia the situation in the most short way as possible “…Now one of these fans spread these ugly rumours.”

“Hmmm...I see...” Cynthia softly said while thinking about what Brian just told her “You know what Brian. I’ll go keep an eye on John and make sure he doesn’t cost another scene okay?”
“Oh that would be great.” Brian smiled at her “thank you so much Cynthia” Cynthia nodded and started to walk over to her husband who was chatting with Ringo and Maureen now. George and Patty were now talking to each other a little further up in the room.

Paul and Jane reached the restroom and Paul now took Jane with him into the men’s room. At first Jane didn’t want to follow him into there, but finally decided to follow him. When they were inside, Paul turned around to face Jane. Jane laid her hand on Paul’s chest and slowly pushed him backwards against the sink. “Now Paul...” Jane said seriously “…do tell me what this queer thing is all about. Cause...last time we made love...you didn’t seem queer to me at all....” She sensually whispered while her hands slid down Paul’s chest and stopped at his crotch. Paul swallowed hard while Jane cupped his crotch and gave it a little squeeze. Jane bent forward and sucked on Paul’s neck knowing it was his weak spot while she started to stroke Paul’s slowly growing bulge. “That’s my boy...” Jane whispered in Paul’s ear when she felt Paul’s arousal grow in her hand. While she kept on stroking Paul she looked at him and smiled. Paul stared back at her with now lustful eyes, but then he saw Jane’s smile disappear and a stern look appeared on her face while she removed her hand. Paul whimpered at the loss of her delicate touch.

Jane stepped back a little and crossed her arms while she observed her famous and now clearly aroused boyfriend.
“You got me into a lot of trouble Paul.” Jane complained “I got all kinds of questions and people made fun of me for dating a queer man! Damn it Paul! I have a career too you know! So I hope you have a good explanation for all of this!” Paul stared at Jane with his mouth agape. He covered his erection with his hands while he tried to think of an answer. But he couldn’t find one really. He was too aroused now to think clearly and his eyes wandered down from Jane face towards her breasts. “Paul!” Jane snapped at him and Paul’s eyes shot back up to Jane’s fierce eyes. “I’m sorry Jane...” Paul said while he slowly walked over to Jane “…Some fan blew the whole situation up. John was only trying to comfort me after being sick. This fan took it all wrong. It’s nonsense baby…” Paul wrapped his arms around Jane’s slim waist “…you know I only want you...” Jane pushed Paul away and stared at him for a moment with one raised eyebrow and pursed lips. “Please Jane...” Paul begged her while he grabbed her and pressed his body against hers “…I want you so badly right now...” he breathed in her ear while he pressed his erection against Jane’s body. Paul felt confused inside. He hoped that if he would have sex with Jane again that he would forget about John and George and his troubles would be solved. And it had been a while for him having sex so his body yearned for it by now. Jane again pushed Paul away and pointed her finger at him warningly. “So you want to do me in HERE?!” Jane hissed angrily “In this filthy public restroom?! Seriously Paul?!!” Jane’s anger only turned Paul on even more so he grabbed Jane’s waist and pushed her against the sink. “Yes...you drive me crazy baby...” Paul hoarsely answered her “Want you...right here...right now...”
he husky said while he caressed Jane’s sensitive spot between her legs making her slowly melt in his hands.
“No…Paul….don’t….ah…” Jane tried one more time and tried to push Paul away “Not…here…”
Paul didn’t back away this time and sucked on Jane’s neck while he kept on stroking her between her thighs.
Jane finally gave in and now a little impatiently unzipped Paul’s fly and then slid her hand in Paul’s boxers and stroke his length.
Both not caring about the world around them anymore and the chance of getting caught in the act,
Paul lifted Jane’s skirt up and removed Jane’s knickers before lifting her up on the sink.
They kissed passionately while Jane wrapped her legs around Paul’s slim waist and felt him enter her.
While Paul started thrusting in and out of Jane, they both didn’t notice that the main door of the men’s restroom was slowly opening…
Paul and Jane were too busy with each other so they didn’t notice the main door slowly opened and that a man slowly walking in stopped and stared at them for a moment. After hesitating a little, the man decided to ignore them because of his almost bursting bladder and walked over to one of the stalls.

While the man was relieving himself, he listened to the moans on the other side of the door and sighed. He felt a little confused at first, but then another feeling hit him. A mixed feeling that he couldn’t really explain to himself.

While he heard the couple hitting their climaxes, he flushed the toilet and zipped himself back up before opening the door and slowly walking over to the washbasins.

While Paul kept moving slowly in and out of Jane to ride his orgasm off, he suddenly saw a reflection in the mirror of someone walking behind him and Jane and now the person was a few washbasins away from them washing his hands.

Paul stopped immediately and turned his head towards this person and was a little shocked when he saw who it was.

“JOHN?!” Paul yelped “Wha…what are you doing here?”

“Taking a piss and now washing my hands” John drily stated and raised an eyebrow “Like most people do in a PUBLIC restroom!” he then said while he raised his voice in annoyance.

“I…I….ow dear…” Paul said while he stared with big eyes towards John who was now leaning against the sink watching them.

“Jeez John! Could you leave us alone?!” Jane yelled frustrated at John while she squeezed her legs a little tighter around Paul so he couldn’t get away from her.

“Nope…” John smirked and didn’t move a muscle and kept on staring at them.

“Johnny?…Why do you keep ignoring me the whole time…?” Paul suddenly asked still staring back at John.

Jane’s eyes grew wide in surprise. How could Paul forget about her right now she angrily thought. What was this with this John Lennon guy that always make Paul forget about her presence? Especially now! It really pissed Jane off. She then felt Paul struggle a little to get away from her, but she didn’t let it happen. No…not this time…

“Have…have you been drinking?” Paul asked John now seeing the glassy look in John’s eyes.

“Seriously Paul?!” John sneered “SERIOUSLY?!”

“What?!” Paul asked confused by John’s reaction and not being able to get away from Jane.

“Are you SERIOUSLY talking to ME while you are still inside of HER?!” he sneered while he walked a little closer to the couple.

“Paaauuuul….” Jane warned Paul now holding onto his shirt with her hands and pushing him even closer with her legs “…don’t you dare!”

But Paul didn’t even hear her and pushed Jane’s arms and legs away to pull himself out of her and quickly zipped himself back up before turning to John.

To Jane’s confusion Paul didn’t even bother to look at her even once since he had noticed John.
“Johnny please tell me why you are ignoring me!” Paul begged while he walked closer to John and reached out his hand and touched John’s arm. He could smell the alcohol clearly now.
“Your have been drinking….” Paul sighed worriedly. He knew how John could be when he had been drinking and mostly it wasn’t a good thing.
“Look who’s talking….” John hissed while he stared at Paul with fuming eyes and he had his hands balled to fists. His knuckles where white from the squeezing “…or did you already forgot the scene in the alleyway…and you sleeping while hugging the toilet…?”
“So it was you who took me back to the couch!” Paul said now realising it was John who had taken care of him that dreadful night. So John still cared for him!

“Get away from me…!” John hissed in Paul’s ear and pushed him off of him so hard it made Paul almost lose his balance “You smell of HER!!!” John shouted pointing his finger at Jane “Didn’t take you long to get over what happened now did it? Fucking her like that….”
“Since when is it a problem to you that I fuck Jane?” Paul asked confused.
“That’s not the problem you idiot” John hissed angrily.
Johnny…I…I need to know…. Paul nervously stuttered “…why are you so angry at me?”
“You really don’t know that?!” John sneered “…use that small brain of yours for once instead of your dick!”
Paul stared at John for a moment and tried to find out what John meant… He suddenly saw George pop up in his mind. The way George looked at him and was so sweet to him and the way he kis…
“Well?!” John yelled making Paul startle awake from his deep thoughts and focus back on John again.
“Is it…is it about…?” Paul asked and looked over his shoulder for a moment seeing Jane adjusting her clothes while looking at him and John. He could see that she was trying to hear what John and he were saying.
“How could you do this to me?!...And you perfectly well know what and whom I’m talking about...John whispered and slowly hang his head down a little.
Paul walked closer to John again. He slowly laid his left hand on the side of John’s face.
“Johnny…?” Paul softly asked while he rubbed John’s cheek with his thumb.
John suddenly snapped his head back up and looked into Paul’s eyes with lots of hurt and anger.
He then grabbed Paul’s wrist and twisted his arm so hard it made Paul wince in pain. He would feel that at least for the rest of the week.
“Ouch…ouch!!!” Paul whined while he bend forward to ease the pain of John’s painful grip.
“I told you to…” John started while he grabbed Paul’s chin with his free hand to pull Paul’s face back up to his level and when he was face to face with him he shouted “GET AWAY FROM ME!!!!” and he pushed Paul back again making him fall on the ground this time.
John stalked over to Paul and grabbed Paul’s collar to drag him back up to his feed and then pushed him with his back against the wall.
“I don’t like sharing and I definitely don’t like cheaters….” John whispered with a very seriously look on his face while he held Paul by his collar “…so….I want you to choose right now….Is it gonna be me or…..”

Paul stared into John’s eyes while he felt the tears burning. He really didn’t know what to say or do.
George was so sweet and Paul had never known he could have these feelings for the younger lad, but he also didn’t want to lose John.
Apparently it took too long for John to get Paul’s answer cause Paul saw John’s eyes turn from angry to sad and then the look in his eyes turned unreadable for him.
“That says enough to me McCartney…” John said while he slowly let go of Paul’s collar “…It’s over…..”
“But…but….Johnny….” Paul tried and grabbed John’s arm.
John looked at Paul’s hand on his arm and swallowed hard. He didn’t want to do this, but he had his
pride and feelings too. If Paul wasn’t sure about his love for him…well…screw him!
He yanked his arm free from Paul’s grip and slowly looked back up into the big hazel eyes he used
to love so much.
“Don’t Johnny me! You fucking slut!” John then sneered at him and then he said the three words
that he knew they would make Paul back off and make it easier to get over him. “I hate you…..” he
hissed in Paul’s ear.
John turned around and with a loud slam of the door...he was gone.

Jane walked over to Paul and saw the pain in his eyes.
“Paul...are you okay?” she carefully asked him.
Paul didn’t answer her and kept staring at the door where John just disappeared while a few tears
escaped his eyes.
“Paul....what the hell was that about?” Jane asked her upset boyfriend. She really didn’t understand
what just had happened between him and John. She always thought the two man were very close.
Sometimes maybe a little too close…but.....no….that couldn’t be true....
“Paul?” Jane tried again while she watched Paul with big questioning eyes “Can you please tell me
what that was about?”
Paul slowly looked over to Jane and now she could see the hurt in his eyes.
Jane stared into the big hazel eyes and then she saw something happen in them. After Paul wiped his
tears away, the hurt disappeared and now Paul’s eyes slowly lost its shine. Like he went numb
inside.

John hated him….Paul had heard it himself now and the look in John’s eyes was so empty and full
disgust. The love he used to find there was gone…. He really had lost John for good now…. Paul
knew it was his own fault and now he had to deal with it.
“Don’t worry ‘bout it luv...” Paul weakly smiled at Jane and took her hand in his “...Let’s go back
to the others. The press conference will start any minute now....Don’t want Brian yelling at me..” he
said while he took Jane with him to the exit.
Jane stopped him and took Paul’s face in her hands.
“Paul?” she asked him while she stared deeply into his hazel eyes.
“Yes?” Paul answered Jane and stared back into her blue ones questionably.
“Before we go back I need to ask you something...” she seriously said “...and I want an honest
answer from you...”
“Okay...” Paul said and raised an eyebrow “…sure...”
“Who were you just thinking about when we had sex?” Jane asked bluntly.
“W..whah?” Paul asked surprised not expecting this one.
“You heard me.” Jane stated while she folded her arms in front of her chest.
Paul now took Jane’s face in his hands and looked at her before answering her.
“Well?” Jane asked impatiently.
“You... of course...” Paul smiled at her “…who else?”

Jane raised her eyebrow. She knew Paul was lying. She had felt it during the sex. Paul was had been
much rougher then he normally was and was only thinking of his own needs. He didn’t even look at
her while taking her and he seemed distracted or confused even maybe…. She even hadn’t really
enjoyed it.
Jane wondered what Paul was hiding from her, but before she could ask more the main door opened
again and a guest walked in.
“Let’s go then” Paul said while he took Jane by the hand with him over to the others.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Time to head back to the others...

George and Patty had joined Ringo, Maureen and Cynthia again to have a chat. While Patty kept on talking and talking enthusiastically, George looked up and scanned the room. He hadn’t seen Paul in a while now and apparently Jane and John were nowhere to be seen too.

“What’s up?” Ringo asked George noticing his mate looking a bit worried.

“Where’s Paul?” George asked while he kept on looking around for his beloved bassist.

“Dunno…” Ringo answered “…he left with Jane a while ago towards the restrooms.

“Did he have to get sick again?” George asked more worried now.

“Sorry Geo…” Ringo said and patted George’s tense shoulder “…I really don’t know. But at least Jane is with him. So don’t worry too much. He’ll be fine”

“I just wish he would be feeling better by now…” George sighed.

“Yeah…we all do…” Ringo smiled “…but you know what the doc said. It might take a while….”

“Poor Paul…” George pouted “…Why him…he is so upset when he’s having stomach troubles. I would love to see our happy and cheery Paulie back.”

“Me too Geo…” Ringo sighed “…me too….”

“JOHN!!” Cynthia suddenly yelled startling George and Ringo and they saw her storming over now to an angry looking John who was heading straight to the bar. They could see from the distance between them that Cynthia and John were having another argument.

Now they saw Brian walking towards the arguing couple and trying to calm the situation down. Little later Brian walked over with John and Cynthia behind him.

“Let’s go to the press room now boys.” Brian said when he reached the others “Where’s Paul?”

They all shrugged their shoulders. John knew the real answer, but he didn’t feel like talking. So he just shrugged his shoulders too.

“I will look for him later. First I’ll take you all there so you can already settle yourselves a little.” Brian stated “…Follow me please”

They had arrived in the press room and just when Brian wanted to go and look for Paul, the door opened and Mal walked in with Paul and Jane behind him.

“Are you okay Paul?” Brian asked worriedly seeing how weary the bassist looked.

Paul nodded and slowly looked over to John.

John was totally ignoring Paul and it hurt him. Paul bit his lower lip and stared back at the ground. Jane noticed Paul’s distress and wrapped her arms around Paul’s waist. She rested her head against his chest and could now hear his fast heartbeat. Jane wondered to herself what Paul was so upset about. Looking up to Paul’s eyes, there was another story. His normally bright shiny eyes looked dull and distant.

“Well…” Brian stated “…seeing we are complete now, I want you to listen carefully to me”

George raised an eyebrow when he looked at Paul little closer. Something was different about him, but he couldn’t put his finger on it.

Paul’s eyes suddenly shot his way and George jumped a little because of the sudden eye contact.

“You okay darling?” Patty asked George when she felt him jump a little.
“Oh…yes love…” George softly answered while Paul and him kept on gazing at each other. George noticed the normally sweet shiny hazel eyes looked dull and empty.

George gave Paul a sweet smile, but instead of getting one back, Paul turned his gaze away towards Brian.

Brian explained how important it was to convince the press that the rumours were totally wrong. They had to answer in a more seriously way then normally. And Paul had to convince them that he was getting better by the day and definitely wasn’t dying at all.

He wanted the ladies to stand behind their men to show the world that they were still happily together with their women.

“Now…take your places please so I can call them in…” Brian finished his words and waited for them to get ready for the conference.

Paul took the seat on the right and John immediately walked over to the seat on the other side of the table. Again… as far away as possible from Paul.

George sat himself next to Paul and looked over at him. Paul was staring in the distance while Jane was rubbing his shoulders soothingly.

George wondered what the hell had happened between Paul and John. He had never seen the famous song writing duo act like this before.

He looked over to Ringo who sat down next to him and saw Ringo looking from John to Paul and back again with raised eyebrows.

“What the hell is wrong with those two?” Ringo whispered at George.

George opened his mouth to answer, but immediately closed it again when he noticed the dead glare John was giving him.

Ringo saw George’s reaction and looked over to John too and saw the look John was giving George. John huffed and turned his head away again while the door opened and the press started to walk in and taking their seats. The flashing of the cameras was like a heavy thunderstorm.

When the press people were all seated, the questions were fired at them and the boys answered them in the best way they could.

After this, the fans who had made it to come over, got another chance to talk with their idols and take some pictures with them.

They all were smiling happily and also the strange fanboy who had cost all the trouble had a great time. He even apologised to them for the troubles he had cost. He had told the press that he was just angry about being sent away and disappointed about the first meeting and that he had lied to them out of anger.

Things were settled and solved and Brian kindly instructed everybody to leave the room and thanked them for their time.

“Well done boys!” Brian smiled happily while he walked back over to the table “I’m very proud of you! And of course thank you ladies for the help. I know you don’t like to be in the attention like this and answering these questions, but it really helped.”

“No thanks Brian” Maureen smiled back.

“Glad we could help” Patty nodded.

“Please let me take you all out for a nice lunch together to celebrate this success and to thank you” Brian then offered.

“Sounds lovely Brian” Cynthia smiled.

“When are we leaving?” George enthusiastically said while he jumped up from his seat.

Everybody laughed because of George’s enthusiasm…everybody besides John and Paul.

The two of them were very quiet and lost in their own thoughts.

“Sounds lovely Brian, but I really have to get back home, because I have a shoot tomorrow” Jane now spoke up while she stroke her hands through Paul’s hair.
Paul looked up at her and pouted. “Do you really have to go?” Paul sadly asked. He liked Jane to be around him now. This way he wouldn’t have to face these mixed feelings inside and could just concentrate on her and maybe try to forget about his feelings for John and George. “Yes baby…” Jane said looking seriously at Paul “I already let my manager reschedule my shoot because of this and he wouldn’t like me to postpone it again. I have a career too remember?” “Oh…ok…” Paul sighed a little disappointed. “No problem Jane” Brian ensured her “After the lunch I’ll let you girls fly back home with my jet. The next show for the boys is tomorrow, so we can leave a little later tonight.” “That’s settled then” George said while he impatiently looked at the others “Can we go now?” They all went into the taxi cabs Mal had called and went over to the restaurant.

Little later, they had arrived at the restaurant for a nice lunch. All of them were laughing and chatting while eating as much as they could. Especially George. He kept on walking over to the buffet to fill up his plate over and over again. Only one person was sitting quietly in the corner at the table not joining the others and was only staring at his still full plate.

Paul had been following Jane around like a lost puppy even to Jane’s annoyance and now Jane had left with Maureen to powder their noses. After some protest why he couldn’t come with her, Paul was left alone and was now absently minded playing with his food by shoving it from left to right on his plate. He didn't feel hungry at all. Brian noticed his quiet and a bit pale looking Beatle and walked over to Paul to try to make him at least eat something.

"Hey Paul" Brian said while he sat down next to him. Paul didn’t say anything back but only looked up from his plate with red and tired eyes towards Brian and nodded his head to greet him. "You really should try to eat something Paul..." Brian said while he looked at the full plate in front of Paul. Paul shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "Paul..." Brian sighed "...you really HAVE to eat something okay?" Paul scrunched up his nose and shook his head again. Brian looked worriedly at his stubborn Beatle. He noticed how pale Paul really looked and he saw little drops of sweat on his forehead. He put his hand against Paul's temple and felt he was still burning with fever. Brian observed his sick boy for a little while. "You are really not feeling well are you?" Brian sweetly asked while he rubbed Paul's shoulder. Paul shook his head sadly and stared with his big hazel eyes into Brian's worried ones. “Please…” Paul sighed “…could you just leave me alone….” Brian looked a little taken aback by this, but decided to let Paul be. He patted Paul’s back before standing up and walking back to his own seat again.

George had watched the awkward moment between Paul and Brian and felt a little more worried about him. Paul normally never sent anyone away like that. He watched Paul continuing shoving his food from left to right on his plate. Just when George stood up to go to Paul, he saw Jane and Maureen coming back and Jane plopped down on Paul’s lap.

“Hello Mr. grumpy” Jane smiled and pecked Paul’s lips before looking at the still fool plate in front of him “Is this still your first plate dear?” she asked worriedly. Paul looked up at her with his still empty eyes “No…” he simply lied and Jane didn’t even bother to ask further. “I have to leave now…” Jane said while she stroked her fingers through Paul’s thick dark locks.
“I don’t want you to go…” Paul pouted and wrapped his arms around her to hold her tight.
“Now now…” Jane chuckled “…that’s a first…”
Paul looked back up at Jane again “What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked a little confused.
“You know that I know about you sleeping around baby…” Jane answered blankly “…and I knew from the start that I couldn’t have you all to myself... Ow, and don’t get the illusion that I never cheated back on you James…”
“What?...But?...” Paul asked even more confused. Jane never used his first name. It sounded so distant all of a sudden.
“It was nice to have sex with you again, but….it wasn’t really my thing you know. In a public restroom. Not very classy….and I like classy” she told Paul blankly and now bend forward so her mouth was next to Paul’s ear. “It wasn’t so great either…. You could have stuffed it into an inflatable doll for my sake…” she softly said making Paul flinch a little and drop his fork “…cause I felt nothing….no love or passion at all….” She whispered and then sat back up again to watch him into his now shocked and confused eyes.

“….I don’t know if I want to see you again…” Jane now seriously said.
Paul’s eyes grew big and Jane could see them starting to burn with tears.
“Don’t give me that look Paul…” Jane said to him “…I bet that when I walk out of the door you’ve already forgotten about me… Cause you and me… I just don’t know if it will work anymore…..”
“But…Jane….” Paul choked out and a few tears escaped his eyes.
“Sssh…” Jane said while she laid her finger on Paul’s lips to shush him.
“I need some distant for a while…so…Goodbye Paul…” Jane said while she removed her finger and placed one more kiss on Paul’s now trembling lips.
Jane stood up and walked out of the door without looking back.
Soon she was followed by Maureen, Patty and Cynthia to catch their flight back home.

Paul hid his face in his hands and started to cry. He lost John and now he lost Jane too…. Didn’t anybody love him anymore?
Suddenly he felt two arms around him and he was pulled into a big hug.
“Hush now sweetie…..” George’s sweet voice sounded “…everything will be all right…..”and Paul felt George’s hand stroking his back.
“Nobody loves me…” Paul sobbed and threw himself against George’s chest while he broke in his arms.
George kissed the top of Paul’s head and then laid his cheek on top of Paul’s head while he rocked him back and forth in his arms.
“You’re wrong there Paulie…..” George softly said “…I do…”
Later that evening, they were on board of Brain’s private yet and flying to the next location. Brian and Mal were busy discussing the upcoming performance of tomorrow. John sat on his own and was sketching silly drawings in his notebook not wanting to talk to anybody. Paul was in another aisle sleeping with his head against the window. He had fallen asleep right at the beginning of the flight and hadn’t woken up since. George and Ringo were in another one across the one Paul was sleeping and playing a game of cards.

“What did you say to Paul when you comforted him earlier today at lunch?” Ringo asked while he laid down his next card. “That I love him…” George answered while he looked at the card Ringo had played and now glared to his own cards in his hands. “How did he react?” Ringo asked curiously while he waited for George’s next move. “He didn’t…” George mumbled “…don’t even know for sure if he heard me…” “Oh…” Ringo said and looked over to Paul sleeping in the aisle next to them “…that’s a pity…” “I win!” George smiled triumphantly and laid down his cards. “Huh…?” Ringo gasped surprised thinking he was talking about Paul, but then saw the cards between them “…ah…Damn!” “I’m not worried ‘bout it Rings…” George said while he looked Ringo in his eyes with a nice shine in them…. All it takes is a little more time…but I know for sure that Paul and I will be together soon” he smiled. “That would be great for you Geo” Ringo smiled back and started to shuffle the cards “But now I want a revenge!”

Little later the plane landed and George walked over to Paul to wake him up. “Paulie….” George said while he softly shook Paul’s shoulder. Paul slowly opened his eyes and glanced over to George. “Wake up sweetie…” George smiled at Paul “…we’re here…” Paul stretched his tired body while he let out a big yawn “Oooaaawkay…ta Georgie” he tiredly smiled back. They drove in two different taxi cabs towards the next hotel. John had decided to ride along with Mal and Brian and the other three were into the other one. Paul was on the back seat together with George and had his forehead resting against the window while gazing still half asleep at the view outside in this new town. George and Ringo were talking about all kinds of things and joking with the chauffeur.

After arriving at the hotel, Brian was checking them in. Paul was sitting in one of the lobby couches reading a newspaper he found there and George was checking out an jukebox standing in hall. Ringo was standing outside the hotel smoking a ciggie and was thinking about the whole situation between his mates. He wondered how long this whole thing would last and hoped that it would end
soon. Ringo didn’t even really care anymore about who Paul would chose, cause he just missed the happy days.
“Hi Rings.” Ringo suddenly heard and looked to his left to see John walking over to him.
“Hi John.” Ringo greeted him back and offered John a cigarette which John gladly took. Ringo then held up his lighter to lid John’s cigarette.
John inhaled deeply and held in the smoke for a moment before letting it escape through his nose and mouth.
“Care to share a room with me Rings?” John asked breaking the silence between them.
“Okay….sure John…” Ringo nodded “..But you don’t mind that George gets to share a room with Paul then?” he asked curiously.
John only shrugged his shoulders and didn’t really answer him.
“Oh…okay…” Ringo said a little surprised. He never expected this reaction from John, but looking into John’s eyes didn’t help to find the truth. John’s eyes were as unreadable as Paul’s were at the moment.
Ringo really didn’t know what to feel or think of the whole situation and didn’t want to interfere too much. Time will tell he thought to himself and followed John back inside.

When they walked back inside Brian handed over the keys to them seeing they were the two standing closest to him now.
While they waited for the elevator, Ringo handed his key over to George “I’m rooming with John” he explained whispering in George’s ear.
George smiled happily at him knowing what that meant. He FINALLY got to share a room with Paul!
The elevator stopped and Brian wished them a good night and instructed them to get a good night’s rest cause they had to perform the next day.

Paul bumped into John when John suddenly stopped walking. He turned around and glared at Paul who was staring a little lost at him.
“Where do you think you’re going?” John sneered at Paul.
“To our room…?” Paul answered a little confused.
John gave Paul a push backward “You’re room is over there. I’m with Rings.” He said and slammed the door closed in Paul’s face.
Paul let out a shaky sigh and with his head hung down he walked over to George who was waiting for him in front of the other room.

George turned the key and opened the door and walked in, but before Paul had the chance to follow him, Brian stopped him.
“Sorry Paul…” Brian said while Paul turned around to face him “…but I want to know if you feel up to perform tomorrow.”
“Yeah sure….!” Paul answered tiredly.
“That’s perfect Paul” Brian smiled at him “But please tell me if you feel worse tomorrow okay? Mal and I have made an backup set list on which you don’t have to sing too much lead. So don’t feel afraid to tell me okay?”
“Okay…I will….!” Paul weakly smiled “…Night Bri…”
“Goodnight Paul” Brian smiled back and left for his own room.

George had already walked inside to check out the room. To his pleasant surprise he found there was only one big double bed in the room instead of two single beds.
A big smile appeared on George’s face cause he couldn’t believe his luck.
George heard the door close and turned around to see Paul walking in and George pinched his own arm to make sure he wasn’t dreaming.

Paul saw this and raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. He stood next to George and now noticed
their sleeping situation too.
“If it’s a problem to you, we can ask Brian for another room?” George asked Paul seeing him blinking his eyes towards the bed.
“Huh?...Oh…no….” Paul softly answered him “…no problem to me if you’re okay with it too…” “Of course…” George happily smiled and watched Paul kneeling down next to his suitcase to take out his pyjamas.
“Gonna head straight to bed if you don’t mind…” Paul said while he stood back up and strolled over to the bathroom “…I’m so tired…” and closed the door behind him.

George was a little disappointed to see Paul suddenly acting so shy around him and wondered why. Cause they had seen each other in their underwear and even naked before in dressing rooms and hotels many times before.
He shrugged his shoulders and turned on the telly and only found some boring talk show. George then poured himself a drink from the minibar and laid down on the big bed with a magazine.

Little later Paul came back from the bathroom in his pyjamas and laid down on the other side of the bed and pulled the sheets over his body.
“Night George…” Paul mumbled and almost immediately fell asleep.
“Night Paulie…” George whispered and noticed Paul was already asleep. George stared a little worried at Paul, cause even though Paul had been trying to hide it for him, George had noticed Paul’s red puffy eyes. He knew Paul had been crying in the bathroom.

About an hour later George sighed deeply. He was bored to death. Normally when he shared rooms with Ringo, they would talk for hours and play some cards or something. The only sounds he now heard was the beep of the boring test card on the television and Paul’s soft breathing.
George turned off the telly and put on his pyjamas to before crawling into the bed underneath the sheets next to Paul.
He laid himself onto his side and watched Paul for a while who was sleeping and lying on his back.
It was then when George noticed the frown on Paul’s futures and the little drops of sweat on his forehead.
Paul tossed and turned a little and now lay on his side with his back now towards George and George heard a little moan escape Paul’s mouth.
George lifted himself up a little on his elbow so he could bent himself a little over Paul to look at his face. He saw Paul’s pained expression and this worried George.

“Paulie….I thought you were sleeping….” George softly asked while he sweetly wiped Paul’s bangs from his eyes “…what’s the matter luv?
"My stomach is killing me….” Paul winced and let out another moan.
“Aww…my poor Paulie…..” George sweetly said and kissed Paul’s cheek “…I know something my mum always did when I had a tummy ache when I was little…Always worked to let me drift off to sleep…..”
“Wha was tha…?” Paul moaned through another painful stain in his stomach.
“May I…?” George carefully asked Paul.
“..Please…do…..” Paul winced again.
George laid back down and spooned Paul from behind. He then laid his warm hand over Paul’s aching stomach and softly rubbed little circles on it. He could feel how restless Paul’s stomach was and how it was churning.
Soon he felt the warmth of his hand pass onto Paul’s stomach and felt it relax more and more.
“Better now…?” George sweetly whispered into Paul’s ear, but no answer came.
George looked over Paul’s shoulder and now saw he had fallen asleep with an peaceful look on his face.
George kissed Paul’s cheek with a smile and then cuddled against the sleeping bassist and soon he had fallen asleep too.
The next morning George woke up to find Paul still in his arms like they had fallen asleep. His hand was still on Paul’s stomach, but he now noticed that Paul had his legs entwined with his. George smiled and lifted himself up on his elbow to stare at Paul’s sleeping face. He looked so beautiful…..and now he was sleeping in his arms. A dream come true.

Little later Paul started to stir a little and slowly his eyes opened. “Morning beautiful….” George whispered and kissed Paul’s cheek. George’s face turned deep red after he realised what he just said and quickly moved away from Paul. Paul slowly turned onto his back and sleepily glared over to George to see his flushed face. “Morning Georgie…” Paul smiled at him and slowly sat up in the bed “…thank you for helping me back to sleep tonight…that’s sweet of you….” “No problem Paulie…” George smiled back relieved “…anytime at all…How’s your stomach now?” George asked worriedly. “At this moment it’s fine….” Paul smiled while he rubbed his stomach “…unfortunately that doesn’t mean it won’t hurt later on….I just wish it was over by now…” Paul sadly said. “I hope you’ll be better soon too” George smiled at him. “Thanks Geo…” Paul smiled back and stood up from the bed “…I’m going to hit the shower and get ready then” he said while he took his stuff with him into the bathroom.

George was looking out of the window of the hotel room watching the nice view outside. He could see the sun coming up and people moving around on the streets. The weather was much nicer here then the last city they were in.

George heard the bathroom door open and automatically he turned around to find Paul walking out in his shirt and beneath that only his boxers while drying his hair with a towel. George swallowed hard and stared at Paul while Paul’s lovely sweet scent reached his nostrils again. Paul suddenly noticed George staring at him and now stared back at him. He stared at George’s messy hair from the sleep and his brushy eyebrows. His slim face and body and noticed George pyjama shirt was hanging open a little showing his bare chest a little.

George saw Paul staring back and now felt safe to walk over to the sexy bassist. When he was in front of Paul he moved in front of him and softly pushed him with his back against the wall while they never broke the stare. They could feel each other’s breath tickling against each other’s lips and Paul licked his lips. George did the same and then he connected his lips with Paul’s and moved his lips against them. At first Paul didn’t react, but soon he felt Paul’s lips moving back. George moved his hands to the back of Paul’s head and played with his fingers with Paul’s wet hair. Paul cupped George’s face in his hands and opened his mouth to gain entrance for George. George didn’t think twice and now their tongues were stroking and playing with each other in a sweet way. They kept on kissing each other till they suddenly were interrupted by a knock on the door. They broke the kiss and stared at each other with flushed faces and swollen lips from the kissing. Another knock came on the door and George sighed deeply. This person better have an good excuse for interrupting them he thought while he went to open the door.
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Ringo wants to know...

Paul quickly disappeared into the bathroom again taking his suit with him to get dressed while George went to open the door.
“What the fuck do you wa….” George started to complain, but stopped when he saw it was Ringo standing there.
“Rrrrrooomservice!!” Ringo sang holding a tray with teacups and teapot on it together with some sugar and milk.
“Oh hi Rings!” George greeted him.
“Hi Georgie!” Ringo greeted him back and then a big grin appeared on his face. Ringo definitely noticed that there had been some snogging before he arrived.
“What?” George asked while he started to blush a little.
“Nothing…” Ringo grinned while he pushed himself past George to walk inside “Where’s Paul?”
“In the bathroom” George answered while he closed the door and followed Ringo.
“Hi Paul!” Ringo called to Paul on the other side of the bathroom door.
“Hi…” Paul’s voice sounded back from the other side.
“Where did you get that?” George asked surprised pointing at the tray in Ringo’s hands.
“Oh…room service was just about to knock on your door to bring you the tea so I offered to bring it” Ringo explained.
“We didn’t order tea…” George smiled at Ringo raising one eyebrow in surprise.
“Brian did…” Ringo smiled “…John and I got some too”.

Ringo put down the tray on the side table and turned towards George with a big grin still plastered on his face and chuckled.
“What?” George asked surprised “Is my hair looking funny? Do I have something on my face?”
“Have you two been kissing?” Ringo whispered enthusiastically to George.
“Ooow!! I see!!” George smirked “So THAT’s why you are here?!”
“Of course!” Ringo cheered softly so Paul wouldn’t hear it “I couldn’t stop meself any longer…I HAD to know how your night with Paul was! And…A DOUBLE BED too I see?!”
George face turned into a deeper shade of red now.
“And and and and and and?!!” Ringo impatiently jumped up and down in front of George.
“And…what?” George asked drily knowing exactly what his mate was on about.
“Damn it Georgie!” Ringo smiled “Did you two kiss??”
George nodded with a big smile and blushed a little.
“Only kissed?” Ringo asked curiously “…I mean…you two shared a bed ya know…hehe”
George gave Ringo a playful push “…John just broke up with him…I don’t want to rush things…”
“Uuhuh…” Ringo chuckled “…so… you JUST kissed him, but don’t want to rush things…” he said with raised eyebrows.
“What’s that supposed to mean?” George whispered confused.
“Well…uhm…” Ringo chuckled again while his eyes rested on George’s crotch now “…just wondering…”
George followed Ringo’s stare and noticed the clearly present bulge in his pants.
“Wondering what?” George asked with a red flushed face and quickly put his hands over his crotch.
“What would have happened if I hadn’t come over…” Ringo smiled making George blush even
Before George could react, the bathroom door slowly opened.

“Hi Rings” Paul said when he walked out of the bathroom fully dressed now. Paul poured himself a cup of tea and put some milk in it.

“How are you feeling today?” Ringo asked hoping Paul was feeling a little better today.

“Fine…fine…” Paul answered and walked over to the bed. He sat down on it and stared at his cup while he kept stirring his spoon in it nervously.

“Trying to stir a hole into it mate?” Ringo chuckled at the sight of his nervous friend.

“Wha?” Paul asked surprised till he noticed what he was doing and immediately stopped and looked back down to his cup “…m sorry….just a little nervous for tonight’s show…”

George walked over to the bed and sat himself down on the bed next to Paul and laid his hand over Paul’s forehead to check his fever. It wasn’t as hot as yesterday, but still a bit warmer then normally. Paul slowly looked up at George’s hand on his temple.

“And now the truth Paul….” George asked him seriously “…How are you really feeling? You still feel a tat warm”.

“I feel mostly tired Geo…” Paul answered while he looked George in the eye now “…and a little nauseous actually….”

“Do you think you are able to perform tonight?” Ringo asked while examining Paul’s pale face.

Paul looked at Ringo now “…I…I think so…” he said with some hesitation in his voice.

“But please be honest if you change your mind.” George said worriedly.

“Of course…” Paul promised.

“I’m going to take a shower now okay?” George said and stood back up “Then we can go to have some brekkie”

Paul watched George disappear into the bathroom and now stared back up at Ringo.

“How’s John…?” Paul softly asked him.

“Moody and cleaning out the mini bar…” Ringo answered drily.

“Cleaning out the mini bar?” Paul asked with raised eyebrows.

“I don’t think it ever has been so empty before…” Ringo chuckled.

But Paul didn’t think it was funny at all and had an strange feeling in the pit of his stomach. John only drank when he was upset or angry about something and when he was drunk, he could be very distant and sometimes even a bit violent.

Paul had experienced it in the restroom yesterday. His wrist and arm were still a bit sore.

He pulled his sleeve up a little and noticed a bruise had formed on his wrist. Just when he was quickly pulling his sleeve back down, Ringo stopped him and held Paul’s hand while shove the sleeve back up and observed Paul’s bruise.

“Did John do this?” Ringo asked seriously and sat himself down on the bed next to Paul.

Paul just stared down to his wrist and kept quiet.

“Paul?” Ringo asked trying to get an answer.

Paul then slowly nodded his head and looked up to meet Ringo’s eyes.

“It doesn’t matter Ritchie…” Paul sighed sadly while he freed his hand from Ringo’s and pulled his sleeve back down.

“He shouldn’t hurt you like this Paul” Ringo stated.

“I kinda deserved it and he had been drinking…” Paul tried to explain and let out a small sob.

Ringo took Paul’s face in his hands and stared deeply into Paul’s eyes. He was glad to find some emotions there again.

“Paul…please…” Ringo sighed “…whatever happened between the two of you, that doesn’t give John the right to hurt you…even if he has been drinking.”
“But…but I’m making a mess of everything and everyone…” Paul sniffed and a tear rolled over his cheek.
“Yes…that’s true…” Ringo said very seriously making Paul flinch and let go of Paul’s face. Paul turned his head away from Ringo and hid his face in his hands while he started to cry. “God! I knew it!!” Paul sobbed into his hands “I’m screwing everything up!”

Ringo rubbed Paul’s back soothingly for a moment before speaking up again. “Yes Paul…” he then said “…I know you don’t want to hear this right now, but this really has to stop soon. Before everyone goes mad and maybe even cause the breakup of the band… You don’t want that to happen now do you?… Cause…If you keep on messing with George’s and John’s feelings like this… it could be the end of it all.”
“I… I don’t know what to think or feel anymore Ritchie…” Paul sobbed a little louder now after hearing the hard truth coming from the drummer’s lips instead of some soothing words “I love John so much, but he doesn’t want me anymore…and it hurts…it HURTS!!” Paul cried “But…but I just found out George loved me and after he kissed me, I… I started to love him too… but… but… oh…Johnny….Georgie…I HATE MYSELF!!” Paul yelled confused while he pulled his dark hair. “Help me…pl…please…” he begged Ringo while he walked over to the window.

Ringo watched Paul standing with his back towards him. He could see Paul’s body shake from the crying. The poor boy was breaking in front of him and Ringo just couldn’t seem to move. Ringo felt like he was glued to the bed and he didn’t know how to comfort the crying bassist. Cause he was also a bit angry at Paul for making such a mess. Ringo just didn’t understand why it was so difficult for Paul to make his choice. You love John, or you love George…not both… Ringo didn’t believe it was possible to love two persons equally and he just wanted Paul to make a choice so they could move on...
Paul’s cries filled the room and Ringo…he just sat there...
“Damn it Paul!” Ringo suddenly yelled at the crying bassist’s back “Please make your choice!” “I can’t Ritchie…” Paul sobbed “I…I CAN’T!” he cried out and now let himself fall on his knees and sobbed his heart out.

“Paul?!” George’s voice then sounded through the room and Ringo saw him running over to Paul. George kneeled down next to Paul and pulled him into his arms. “Shhh….hush sweetie…hush now….” George soothed Paul rocking him back and forth in his arms and kissed the top of his head. “What did you do to him?!” George yelled confused at Ringo. He knew it was Ringo’s fault cause it wasn’t like Ringo to watch a friend break into thousand pieces and not comforting him. “I was only trying to stop this whole bloody thing.” Ringo grumped “But our Paulie doesn’t seem to be able to make up his mind and clean up his bloody mess! Don’t ya Paul?!” he yelled while he stood up and pointed his finger to Paul. Paul grabbed onto George even tighter now and hid his face against George’s chest. His tears wetting George’s shirt. “Ritchie?!” George yelled confused “Stop yelling at him! Don’t you see how upset he already is?! What the hell is wrong with you?! You never act like this…” George now said with a softer voice staring worriedly at Ringo. This wasn’t anything like the Ringo he knew for so long now.

Somehow George had found a way to get through to Ringo, cause the drummer slowly sat back down on the bed and rubbed his hands over his face. Ringo looked up to George and Paul and now really noticed how upset Paul was. He felt a little sorry for what he had done and sighed deeply. “Sorry Paul…” he softly said “…but please think about what I said, ‘kay?” Paul slowly stopped crying and looked up at Ringo with his tearstained eyes. “What did you say?” George asked curiously.
“Paul knows what I mean…” Ringo said while he stared back at Paul “…and that should be
George raised his eyebrows and saw the staring between Ringo and Paul, but decided to let it rest. He trusted Ringo and when Ringo said Paul’s knowing was enough, it probably was.

“Let’s go down for breakfast, okay?” George suggested breaking the silence standing back up and pulling Paul back up to his feet with him.

George sweetly wiped the tears from Paul’s face.

“Go freshen up a little sweetie, so we can go okay?” he said and kissed Paul’s cheek.

Paul and Ringo agreed and after Paul freshened his face up with some cold water, they went down to the breakfast where John was already drinking a coffee and reading a newspaper.

Paul sat down at the table on the opposite of John and George and glanced over from John to George and back again a few times while thinking about Ringo’s words.

He saw John was sipping his coffee and staring at the newspaper with his nose almost touching it. That was so typically John. Too stubborn to wear his glasses and without them he was so blind as a bat and clearly having troubles reading the words. John… how he loved him… but… that love was over now—at least it was for John… John had broken up with him and clearly wasn’t going to change his mind.…he had made that very clear….but Paul would never stop loving John…

Paul now looked over to George and smiled at the way George was chewing his toast with strawberry jam sticking on the corners of his mouth. George always loved to eat and Paul sometimes wondered where George kept all that food in his skinny body.

Paul saw George noticing his staring at him and George gave him a sweet smile.

Paul blushed a little and looked down at his plate for a moment before looking back up to George to find him still smiling at him.

George winked at him making Paul blushing a bit more.

Paul looked one more time over to John and jumped a little when John’s head suddenly snapped up and glared back at Paul now. The look in John’s eyes was so cold…it gave him shivers down his spine. John then flashed his middle finger at him before looking back at his newspaper.

Paul looked back at George again and saw him still sweetly smiling at him.

He gave George a little smile back before staring at the toast on his plate while he started to think deeply with Ringo’s words still running through his mind.

And then there it was… Paul had made a decision…
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

His decision is making Paul even more nervous...cause...how do you tell this...?

The boys were in the dressing room to prepare themselves for tonight's show
George was having fun with Ringo who was fooling around again doing silly dances while flopping his hair by shaking his head and George laughed out loud about Ringo's silly jokes.
Although he was sharing rooms with Paul now, he had missed his old roommate a little.
Sharing a room with Paul hadn’t been like he had hoped.
Paul was so quiet and distant and apart from the kiss and having him sleeping in his arms, nothing had really happened yet.
George glanced over at Paul for a moment and saw him absentmindedly chewing on his finger with his Höfner bass lying across his lap while staring at John.
George sighed a little disappointed to see Paul staring so intensely at John again and turned his attention back to Ringo.

Paul was staring at John while his mind was spinning like crazy. He had made a decision for himself, but now he had to try to find a way to tell John and George and it made him so nervous.
He had tried a few times to talk to at least one of them, but Brian’s busy schedule had made it impossible.
The nerves made him feel even more sick in his stomach then he already was and he felt his stomach was making crazy flip flops.
Paul swallowed hard and wiped the sweat away from his forehead while staring at John.

John was discussing with Mal and Brian and by the looks of it they weren't on the same page.
"Okay okay!" Brian finally agreed with John "If you're really gonna be so stubborn about this, I guess we can try it"
"Well well!!" John sneered "Finally!" he yelled after Brian and Mal who were now leaving the dressing room again to arrange what John had asked for.
John walked over to his guitar and while he passed by Paul, he deliberately kicked Paul's feet so Paul's bass almost fell from his lap.
"What you're staring at?!!" he grumped at a startled Paul "Wait! Don't answer that, cause I really don't give a shit!" and walked away from Paul.
Paul stared after John with watery eyes, but said nothing. John had been an ass ever since he told him he hated him and that they were over.

John was now standing in front of the mirror putting his guitar around his neck.
He was fixing his hair a little and then noticed through the reflection that Paul was still staring at him.
John turned around abruptly and glanced angrily at Paul.
"Stop your fucking staring McCartney!!" John yelled at him making Paul look down at his bass immediately.
Paul then suddenly jumped up from his chair and after placing his bass on the table, he ran away.
"Oh come ON!!" John yelled after him "BOOOOO!! You cry baby!!" just in time for Paul to hear before Paul slammed the door close behind him.
"Jeez John!" George yelled at John "Was that really necessary?!"
"Run after him if you feel like it!" John yelled at George now "Cause that's exactly what you want,
right HARRISON?!!"
"Oh just SHUT UP JOHN!!" George yelled and ran after Paul.
Ringo stood there with his mouth agape and his drumsticks in his hands. He really had to recalculate what just happened.
One moment he was laughing with George and the next moment he was left alone with a fuming John.

Fortunately for Ringo, the door opened again and Mal and Brian came back in.
"Okay John" Brian said looking a bit confused noticing he was missing two Beatles now "it's settled. Now we have to explain Paul and George....but...where are they?"
"They went to the canteen" Ringo lied "I'll go get them!" and ran out of the dressing room.
Brian raised his eyebrows and looked at John and noticed how stressed he looked.
"John?" Brian asked "Something wrong my boy?"
"Everything is just dandy Eppy!" John sarcastically answered and turned his attention to his guitar by tuning it.
"You do seem stressed..." Brian tried again "...and what's up with you and Paul? You two suddenly seem so...uh...distant..."
"So...?" John asked while he raised an eyebrow "...it's not like we have a relationship, so I don't see the problem..." Brian didn't know what to say at the stubborn John Lennon, but he just knew that there was more than meets the eye.
He looked over at Mal, but Mal just shrugged his shoulders.

The door opened again and in came the other three Beatles.
George had his arm around Paul's shoulder and Paul looked like he had been crying.
"You okay Paul?" Brian asked worriedly while he immediately walked over to him "have you been sick again?"
Paul slowly shook his head "...no Bri...m fine..."
"You're sure you are up to perform?" Brian asked even more worriedly.
"Sure..." Paul mumbled and slowly walked over to his bass.
"Uhm...about the performance..." Brian started carefully. He didn't know how Paul would take what he was about to say.
"What about it?" Paul curiously asked while he hang his bass around his neck.
"Well..." Brian swallowed nervously "...John asked me if he could have his own mike during the whole show and no double singing with you or George..."
Paul raised his eyebrows and looked over to John, but John totally ignored him and had his back turned to him.
"But...but why...?" Paul asked a little confused.
"John thinks it's better for his vocal parts if he doesn't have to share his mike and he wants to try it out, right John?" Mal now explained.
John nodded while he kept staring at his guitar pretending to be busy tuning it.
"Ow....okay..." Paul said sadly while he looked back to Brian. He knew exactly what John's real reason was. It hurt him badly to see how far John was taking this all.
"You still prefer not to sing some lead songs by the way Paul?" Brian asked.
"Yeah...I'd rather not Bri..." Paul answered. He was still afraid he might suddenly get sick on the stage.
"Okay." Brian said and opened the dressing room door "Let's give the fans their show then!"

On stage the show went pretty good. George and Paul were sharing a mike and George on purpose brushed against Paul's body with his a bit more then normally.
Their cheeks also touched a few times because of singing so close to each other.
They were singing the last song on the set list when Paul suddenly felt his stomach starting to churn
badly.
Brian had told Paul to look over to him and nod his head if he felt that his health went the wrong way.
Paul looked over his shoulder to Brian with panicked eyes and nodded.
Brian pointed at his watch as if to encourage Paul to try to finish the last song.

John was singing the last verse of "a hard day’s night" and Paul knew he had to sing a little solo one more time.
His stomach made another nasty flip flop, but Paul didn't want to give up and started to sing his part. "When I’m hooooome...everything seems to be riight...." Sweat started to drip from his forehead and he swallowed back the sour mess coming up from his throat and positioned in front of the mike again, but then... "When I'm ho...." Paul started to sing, but had to stop abruptly and slammed his hand over his mouth.
He ran to the back of the stage and started to throw up on the floor behind one of the amps.
George quickly jumped in and tried to sing Paul's part.
Together with John he tried to make the best of the final vocals while Ringo kept on drumming and then they ended the song.

Paul tried to pull himself together and ran back to the front of the stage to make the final bow together with the others.
Paul then quickly left the stage gagging feeling while another heave coming up.
Mal ran over to him and held up a bucket for Paul to get sick into while the other three waved and bowed a little longer to distract the fans from what was happening.
They seemed to succeed and the fans hadn’t even noticed Paul getting sick.

“These chicks are mad!” Ringo said to George and John while they left the stage “They were so busy screaming and crying that they didn’t even notice Paul leaving in the middle of his singing!”
“Complete nutters they are!” George agreed “Hope Paulie is okay though…” he said when he noticed the sick on the floor behind the amps and then walked away a little faster to go and see how Paul was doing.
“That fucking idiot almost ruined everything!” John hissed at Ringo when he also noticed the sick on the floor.
“Oh come on John!” Ringo said seriously “Give the boy a break will ya?! He even came back on the stage probably feeling sick as a dog!”
“Fucking dog he is!” John sneered.
“John!” Ringo said angrily now “What the hell is wrong with you?! Why are you acting like this towards Paul these past few days?!... Don’t you love him anymore…?” Ringo asked carefully while they arrived backstage.

Brian had dragged Paul off the stage and now Paul was sitting on a chair with a bucket on his lap. The other three Beatles joined them back stage and watched Paul throw up some more into the bucket while Brian stroke his back soothingly.
“Well?” Ringo asked John again glancing at John who finally stopped walking and glared into Ringo’s big blue eyes.
“No.” John said and now turned his head to stare at the sick bassist.
"Great timing McCartney!!" John angrily stated "Couldn't you hold in your mess just a few seconds more?!!"
"Jeez John!" Paul yelled frustrated "Do you think I like what happened?!!"
"You're in the centre of attention again..." John sneered "...you must like it a little!"
"No John! No I don't!" Paul yelled upset with teary eyes while another heave followed and Paul heaved in the bucket again "I hate this!"
“You are ruining EVERYTHING!!” John yelled back at Paul before walking away towards their dressing room.
“You’re finished with this?” Mal asked Paul after a little while and took the bucket from Paul’s lap. Paul nodded and took the glass of water Brian handed him to rinse his mouth. George sat down on the chair next on the other side of Paul and smiled sweetly at him. “You’re gonna be better Paulie…” George said while he caressed Paul’s pale cheek with the back of his hand “…I promise…” “I hope so…” Paul sighed “…I just wish it would stop…” “I know…” George said and took Paul’s hand in his and stood back up “Let’s go to the dressing room and put on some dry clothes and get you to bed as soon as possible.” Paul stood up too and hand in hand with George walked to the dressing room. George suddenly felt Paul stop walking and looked worriedly over his shoulder. “You okay Paulie?” George asked concerned seeing Paul staring a little lost at him. “Georgie…I…I…I…” Paul stuttered pulling George towards him by his hand. “Do you have to get sick again?” George asked turning around to face Paul. “No…no…uh…I…I…” Paul stuttered some more “I…I need to talk to you…” “Oh…okay…sure…” George said feeling a little nervous all of a sudden. “Not here…” Paul softly said and took George with him by the hand to a more private place.

They had found an empty room and Paul slowly closed the door behind them. George watched every move Paul made closely and wondered what Paul was going to say. Paul walked over to George while looking at the floor and stopped in front of him. Slowly Paul looked up and now his big doe eyes stared into George’s worried eyes. George closed his eyes when he felt Paul’s hand cup his face in his warm hand. Too afraid to look Paul in the eye. “Georgie…?” Paul softly asked “…please look at me…?” George swallowed hard before opening his eyes again. He saw Paul’s beautiful hazel eyes staring at him and George felt like melting right there and then. “I…I wanted to tell you that I made a decision…about you and John I mean…” Paul carefully started.
George felt his stomach drop immediately. He knew how strong Paul’s love for John is and he knew what Paul was about to say. He felt tears starting to burn in his eyes and he really didn’t want to hear what Paul’s decision was…cause he just knew that it would break his heart. George quickly closed his eyes while he felt a tear escape his eyes.

“Why are you crying Georgie…?” he heard Paul sweetly say and felt Paul wipe away his tear. “I…I just…I…” George stuttered and a little sob escaped his throat.

“Please…don’t cry…” Paul soothed while stroking George’s cheek with his thump.

“I can’t lose you Paulie…” George sniffed “…I...never got the chance to…” he started to say, but another sob escaped his throat.

“The chance to what Georgie..?” Paul asked sweetly while he kept on stroking George’s cheek. George took Paul’s wrist and moved Paul’s hand away from his face making Paul look at him a little hurt by this action “…sorry Paul…but please don’t touch me like that anymore…” he sniffed.

Paul was a little taken aback by this and now looked at George with big questioning eyes. George slowly opened his eyes and now saw the shocked and upset look in Paul’s big doe eyes.

“Sorry Paul, but I know what you’re about to say and frankly I don’t really wanna hear it…” George started to say and now turned his gaze to the floor, cause it was easier that way then looking in those beautiful hazel eyes he loves so much.

“.But…but…” Paul stumbled “…Georgie… you don’t even know what I wanna s..” “Stop it Paul!” George stopped him looking back up angrily at Paul now “Please don’t do this to me! I know that your love for John is too strong and I’m an idiot for thinking that I even had the slightest chance with you. DAMN IT PAUL!!” He yelled and closed his eyes again feeling tears starting to roll down his face”…I…I loved you since the moment I met you! And…and you kissing me…it gave me hope…finally after all these years… And now….now you want to tell me that you love me, but as a bloody FRIEND! And…please….spare me that pain….Cause I don’t think I can han…” he said trying to keep on talking so Paul wouldn’t get a chance to speak anymore, but he was stopped by Paul’s finger on his trembling lips.

“Sshh…you won’t lose me Georgie…” Paul sweetly said after he moved his finger away from George’s lips.

George slowly opened his eyes to find Paul smiling lovingly at him with his big doe eyes. “I…I won’t…” George asked carefully.

“No you silly boy…” Paul smiled sweetly.

“But… you are right about John and me…” Paul said and George felt his stomach drop again “…I love John so deeply and I will never stop loving him. He’s my soulmate and I don’t think I could
ever live without him…and I wa…"

“FUCK YOU PAUL!!!” George yelled and slapped Paul so hard across his face that the bassist head turned sideward by the hit.

Paul covered his now burning cheek with his hand while he slowly turned his head back to George. “I JUST TOLD YOU I DON’T FUCKING WANNA HEAR THIS!!” George yelled upset with tears continuing to roll over his cheeks “…and now you did it anyway…”

“I…I guess I deserved that one…” Paul sighed rubbing his now reddish cheek “…but please Georgie…let me finish what I was trying to say…?”

“No!!! No!!! No!!” George yelled upset “Do you want me to spell it out for you?! N…O!!!!” he continued to yell and then pushed Paul aside and stormed over to the door.

Before George had the chance to walk out of the room, Paul’s hand on the door stopped him from opening it and he felt himself being pushed against the door with his back while Paul’s hands held his shirt tightly.

“GET AWAY FROM ME YOU BASTARD!!” George yelled feeling so messed up inside. Why was Paul doing this to him?!

He pushed Paul away, but before he knew, Paul was right in front of him again.

Paul took George’s face in his hands and pressed his forehead against George’s.

“Guess I deserved that too…” Paul softly said while staring deeply into George’s watery eyes.

“Please Paulie…” George sniffed “…you are breaking my heart…I love you so freaking much…but I understand if you want to be with John… You two belong together…”

Paul moved away a little from George and tilted his head a little to the side questioningly.

“…Please….” George whispered and stared at the ground “…can I go now…?”

George felt Paul’s hand cup his cheek and slowly let Paul lift his head back up to find Paul smile sweetly at him. George would die right there and then to have Paul smiling at him like that every second of the rest of his life, but knew it would only stay a dream for him.

“Silly sweet Georgie…” Paul smiled sweetly.

George raised his eyebrows and stared surprised at Paul who was still smiling at him.

“This love you feel for me…I…I never knew this…” Paul softly said looking George deeply in his eyes “…and I never knew I had these feelings for you too…and…I would love to see where this is heading to…so….I’ve chosen…YOU…” he smiled sweetly.

“You…you chose….ME?” George asked a little surprised and feeling his heart flutter.

Paul gave him a big assuring smile before he pressed his lips against George’s and wrapped his arms around George neck.

George wrapped his arms around Paul’s slim waist and pulled Paul’s body close to him while he kissed him back passionately.

After a long passionate kiss Paul broke it and smiled lovingly at George while they tried to regain their breath.

“What…what about John…?” George asked worriedly suddenly remembering where they were and the fact that this all wasn’t over just yet. He didn’t know if Paul had talked to John about it yet and if not, he really didn’t know how John would react. John kept on saying that he hated Paul and didn’t feel a thing anymore for his bassist, but George just couldn’t believe it would be so easy. John’s love for Paul was so strong too…it couldn’t be over so suddenly.

Hearing John’s name made the hurt turn back into Paul’s hazel eyes and Paul slowly turned his gaze towards the ground.

“Deep in your heart…you still belong to John…don’t you Paulie?” George carefully asked.

Paul slowly looked back up to George and gave him a sad smile.

“I’m sorry Georgie…but you’re right…” Paul softly answered “…my heart still belongs to John…but he doesn’t love me back anymore and has clearly moved on…so…that’s what I wanna try too…”
“Have…have you talked to him about this…?” George asked worriedly.
“…no…not yet…” Paul answered while slowly shaking his head.
“But…what if you talk to him…and he does want you back…?” George asked even more worried now.
“Don’t worry ’bout it Geo…” Paul assured him “…I can feel that his love for me is over…so…I don’t think he wants me back…”
“But…but what if he does…?” George asked again.
“I…I don’t know Geogie…” Paul answered “…but I’m sure he doesn’t…and I don’t know yet where this thing between you and me will go. Maybe we work perfectly, but…maybe we won’t work… But if you like it too…I would like to try it…”

George stared at Paul for a moment thinking about his words. Paul had been very honest about the whole thing and George knew there was still a chance that he might get hurt, but still he would love to try to see if this love he felt for Paul was real and maybe it would lead into something beautiful.

George knew he had to keep in his mind that John was still Paul’s first true love, but maybe if John really had stopped loving Paul, he could make Paul forget about him. He decided that he was willing to take the risk and didn’t want to leave this big chance Paul just gave him.

“I would love to try it too, Paulie…” George smiled at Paul “…but… talk to John first…just in case…”’kay?”

“Okay…I will….” Paul assured him “…Let’s go back to the dressing room…” Paul said and pecked George on his lips one more time before opening the door.
Together they walked back towards the dressing room.
They didn’t say anything about what just happened and after packing their stuff, they went back to the hotel.

On the way back to the hotel Paul was lying against George and enjoying his warmth.
George had his arm around him and with his other hand he was soothingly rubbing Paul’s stomach like he had done last night.
John was sitting in the front seat staring out of the window. He looked over his shoulder for a moment and saw Paul and George cuddled up on the backseat with their eyes closed.
Ringo noticed John’s staring and nodded at him.
John huffed and abruptly turned back around in his chair facing forward again.
Ringo shook his head and then glanced over to Paul and George cuddled up next to him and it made him smile.
Paul had drifted off to sleep and George was resting his head with his cheek on the top of Paul’s head with a happy look on his futures.
George opened his eyes to find Ringo staring at him and winked at him.

Little later they arrived at the hotel and the boys went to their rooms immediately.
Ringo and George agreed to meet each other in the hotel bar a little later and now George was sitting in one of the chairs putting on his shoes.
He had freshened up and put on one of his nice shirts. The sweet scent of his aftershave filled the room.
Paul walked out of the bathroom and set down on George’s lap smiling sweetly at him.
“Hi Paulie…” George smiled back at him wrapping his arms around Paul’s waist.
“Hi…” Paul smiled and inhaled deeply “…you smell good…”
“Not as good as you…” George smiled at Paul “…I always love your scent Paulie…”
“Not when I took a dump I think…” Paul chuckled.
George laughed out loud at Paul’s funny statement and Paul laughed with him.

“Paulie…?” George then asked carefully staring at Paul’s legs avoiding eye contact.
“Yes Geogie?” Paul answered softly.
“Can I….uh…can I….” George stuttered feeling a little vulnerable and shy about what he wanted to
ask the bassist sitting on his lap.
“Can you what…?” Paul sweetly asked his suddenly shy blushing friend.
“Can I… taste your lips one more time…?” George asked more like a whisper “…before you go to John…?”
“What…?” Paul asked surprised blushing himself now too.
“Ya know…” George whispered “…just a final kiss in case John wants you back…”
 “…a final kiss…?” Paul softly asked cupping George’s chin and lifting his head back up so he could look him in the eyes.
..yes…please…” George asked staring with watery eyes into Paul’s big doe eyes.

Paul stared silently into George’s begging wet eyes and thought about his request. He wondered if it was the right thing to do. Paul was going over to John any minute now to find out if their love was really over. It felt a bit weird to kiss George now with that knowledge.
But then again, John would probably yell at him and tell him again that they were over. Paul was very sure about that.
George had asked him to talk to John one more time and Paul admired this. George had gone through a lot of hurt in his life because of him, Paul had learned by now.
Paul couldn’t imagine how hard it would be to love someone so near to you for so long and never getting it back or getting a chance to tell. Or…keep it a secret that slowly eat you up inside.
He looked at George again and saw some tears starting to roll out of his begging eyes and it broke his heart to see him like this.

Paul turned a little in George’s lap and pressed his lips on George’s to give him his “final” kiss and wanted to make it a passionate one he would never forget. One to make up to all these years of hurting him without knowing this. So he wanted to pour all his passion into it to make George feel really loved. In his mind, Paul was sure it wasn’t a “final” kiss.
George gladly returned the kiss and a little later his hands were all over Paul’s body like it was the last time they would be so intimate.
Soon Paul answered the touch by moving his hands over George’s body, making the younger one melt into his touch and kiss.
Without it meaning to happen, they slowly both got more and more aroused with every little touch.
“Gosh…you feel so good…” George moaned into Paul’s mouth “…and you’re so beautiful…” he moaned again while massaging Paul’s round bum lovingly.
Paul then cupped George’s bulge and started to stroke him through his pants.
George felt like he was flying and little stars and clouds fogged his brain. To feel Paul touch him like that was a dream come true and it turned him mad.
It soon became too much for George to finally after all these years feel Paul caressing him like this and before he could stop himself, he moaned out loud while he came into his pants just by the touch of Paul’s delicate hand.

“Shit…” George mumbled and flushed deeply red.
Paul broke the kiss and stared at George with flushed cheeks.
“What’s the matter…?” Paul asked huskily.
“I…just came into my bloody pants…” George confessed shyly. He felt like some dumb young kid who just had his first sex and had cum way too fast “…It’s your fault!… You’re just too damn sexy…” he chuckled.
“Ow…?” Paul said and looked down and now saw the wet stain in George’s pants “…sorry ‘bout tha…” he giggled.
“Are you making fun of me?” George asked trying to look very serious, but finding this very hard with a giggling Paul on his lap.
“Me…?” Paul chuckled “…I wouldn’t dare…”
“I’ll get ya for that!” George smiled and started to tickle Paul at his sides making him squirm and
laugh out loud so hard that he fell from George’s lap on the ground. George leaped off the chair and continued the tickling, making the bassist beg for mercy with tears rolling out of his eyes.

George stopped the tickling when Paul almost couldn’t catch his breath anymore and smiled at him. Paul slowly sat up smiling watching with watery eyes how George stood back up.

“I’m gonna change my bloody pants and head down to the bar then” George explained “Ringo is waiting for me… and you still have to talk to John…” Paul’s face turned a little pale and slowly he stood back up too.

“I understand Georgie…” Paul softly answered “…I will go to him now…” and walked over to the door.

Paul looked over his shoulder and gave George a nervous smile. He had never felt so nervous in his life before to go over to John.

“Good luck Paulie…” George said watching Paul opening the door.

“Ta…” Paul said before closing the door behind him.

George sighed deeply and hoped for the best.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Paul goes over to John to talk...but will John be willing to talk to him...?

Chapter 27

George walked into the hotel bar to find Ringo sitting at the bar on one of the barstools chatting with the bartender.
“Georgie!!” Ringo called happily at George when he noticed George walking over to him “There you are!! I thought you'd never come!!”
George blushed a light shade of red thinking about what just had happened and how Ringo’s choice of words fitted that a little too perfectly.
“Hi Rings…” George said and coughed into his hand hoping Ringo wouldn’t notice him blushing.
“Why the red face…?” Ringo whispered at him so the bartender couldn’t hear.
“Oh…uh…nothing…” George shyly smiled “…it’s just a little hot in here…”
“HmHm…” Ringo hummed disbelievingly “…let’s sit down at one of the tables over there…so we can talk…” he winked.

After ordering two beers, they sat down at one of the tables in an empty corner of the room.
“So…now I want an honest answer.” Ringo smiled and took a sip of his beer “I want to know everything 'bout you and Paulie…cause I know you two have been talking and you never blush that easily…”
“Well…” George started wondering where to begin “…Paul told me that if John really doesn’t want him anymore, he wants to see if him and me could work…”
“Ow…?” Ringo said a little surprised at how calm George was about this all “…and you’re okay with that? I mean…that doesn’t really sound fair to me…”
“What do ya mean Rings?” George asked surprised now.
“Well…don’t you think that’s kinda rude of Paul?” Ringo asked “I mean…it sounds to me that he might give you false hope…”
“No, I don’t think he’s rude…” George answered “…I’m happy that he’s honest about his feelings he still has for John and I asked him myself what he wants to do with that and to talk to John first. He’s talking to John right now, as we speak…”
“Ow…okay…” Ringo smiled at George and patted his shoulder “…let’s hope for the best then right?”
“Right…” George answered with a small smile on his face hoping he really would get his chance with Paul.
“And now…” Ringo smirked “…you’re gonna tell me why you were blushing like an idiot when you walked in…”

George immediately blushed again and started to tell his mate what just had happened in the hotel room.

Meanwhile Paul stood in front of the door leading to John. He had his knuckles resting against the door while breathing deeply in and out. He felt very nervous about how John would react.

After gaining his courage he knocked on the door.
“Johnny…?” he asked waiting for a reaction “Are you in there?”
No answer came so Paul knocked again a little harder this time.
“Johnny? Please open up? It’s me…Paul…” Paul called to the other side of the door.
Still nothing happened and Paul rested his temple against the door. He let out a deep sigh and knocked again.

“John? Please? I really want to talk to you…” Paul tried one more time, but still no reply came. Just when Paul was about to give up, he heard footsteps coming towards the door and then he heard them stop.

“What the fuck do you want?” he then heard John’s voice say on the other side of the door.

“I wanna talk to you…” Paul said “…please…?”

“I don’t wanna talk to you and I don’t wanna see your ugly face!” John answered.

“Don’t be like that John…” Paul tried some more “…please open up…”

“PISS OFF!!” John called again, but Paul didn’t want to give up just yet.

“I understand you’re mad at me…” Paul said resting his temple against the door again “…but we can’t go on like this Johnny…we really have to talk about it…”

After a long moment of silence, Paul saw the doorknob move and slowly moved away from the door to watch the door finally opening a little.

Paul stared at the door expecting it to open some more and to see John, but nothing happened. He put his hand against the door and slowly opened it a little further, but the hall behind the door was empty.

Paul raised his eyebrows and after closing the door behind him, he carefully walked into the room. The smell of sex, alcohol and cigarettes filled his nostrils.

“John?” Paul asked while he walked over to the big beds and noticed a big lump underneath the sheets.

Paul then heard some giggles coming from the bed.

“John?” he asked again with raised eyebrows staring at the bed “Is that you?”

No answer came, but some more giggling followed.

“Don’t tell me you thought it was me giggling like a bird now Macca” John’s voice suddenly sounded behind him making Paul almost jump out of his skin.

“Still a jumpy little bird aren’t ya?” John sarcastically said when Paul looked over his shoulder.

John now blew his cigarette smoke straight into Paul’s face, making him cough.

Paul blinked his now staining eyes from the smoke while hearing John walking around him. He turned his head back forward and slowly opened his eyes to find John standing in front of him now, totally naked, smoking a ciggie.

Paul let his eyes wander over John’s perfect body and for a moment forgot everything around him.

“Like what ya see?” John asked him and took another long drag from his cigarette.

“Wha..?” Paul asked and quickly looked back up to John’s eyes and blushed a little.

“Good looking birds aren’t they?” John smirked at him and nodded his head towards the bed.

Paul looked questioningly to John before looking over to the bed to find two naked ladies revealing themselves from underneath the sheets and who were now staring at him.

“Hi Paul!” the two girls cheered seeing another Beatle in the room with them.

“Hi…” Paul answered uninterested before looking back at John.

“Can we talk please…”? Paul asked John “…in private…”?

“Kinda busy I am…” John stated.

“Please Johnny…” Paul begged John wanting to get it over with.

John rudely blew some more smoke into Paul’s face before glancing over to the two girls.

“All right then…” John sighed deeply “…ladies…could you please leave for a moment? Come back in about…uh….ten minutes”

“Ten minutes?” Paul asked a little confused through his coughs.

John only raised his eyebrows and then walked over to the bathroom to put on his bathrobe.

After the girls had left, John walked back out of the bathroom closing his bathrobe.

“Well?” John asked while he lit another cigarette and poured himself another whisky. Paul noticed
how empty the bottle already was.

“Who were them birds?” Paul asked curiously.

“Why’d ya care?” John asked while he sat down on a chair.

“Do…don’t ya miss me…us…?” Paul carefully asked.

John laughed out loud and threw his head back while doing so.

“Hahahaha!!” John laughed “What us?”

“You and me Johnny…” Paul answered a little hurt.

“Get over it McCartney!” John stated and stood back up from the chair.

“Why Johnny?” Paul asked “Don’t…don’t you love me anymore?”

John walked over to Paul and stood so close to him that their noses almost touched. Besides the smell the cigarette smoke, Paul could clearly smell the alcohol on John's breath now too and wondered if this was a good idea after all. Maybe he should talk to John when he was sober again.

“What was tha?” John asked meanly.

“Don’t you love…me…anymore…?” Paul asked again feeling a little nervous.

“NO!!!!!” John yelled in Paul’s face making Paul flinch.

Paul stared at John with big hurt eyes and his bottom lip started to tremble a little.

“You don’t mean that…” Paul sniffed “…I know you still love me…”

John grabbed Paul’s collar and looked him in the eye angrily.

“You know NOTHING about me!!” John spat in Paul’s face “Cause if you did, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IN THE FIRST PLACE!!”

“But Johnny!” Paul yelped feeling his throat squeezed shut by John’s strength “I never wanted this to happen either!”

“So?! Like I asked you before… Is that why you SHOVED YOUR BLOODY TONGUE INTO HARRISON’S THROAT AND GOT A BLOODY HARD ON?! IS THAT BECAUSE YOU NEVER WANTED THAT?!” he yelled into Paul’s face while he shook him angrily by his collar.

“Johnny…please…” Paul choked out.

“You’re a bloody SLUT McCartney!!” John spat into Paul’s face “I want you to leave.. NOW!” he said angrily and let go of Paul’s collar.

“…does this mean….does this mean we’re really over…?” Paul shakily asked with watery eyes.

“No…” John said making Paul look at him with a sparkle of hope in his eyes “…We’re gonna jump onto the pink clouds in the sky and ride the purple ponies towards the white castle in the clouds and live happily ever after…”

“Oh Johnny!” Paul smiled at John and wrapped his arms around John’s neck.

His happy moment didn’t last for long, cause he suddenly felt an intense pain in his crotch when John’s knee hit him there hard.

Paul fell onto the ground in pain and cupped his pained crotch.

John kneeled in front of Paul and smirked at him.

“Hope you will feel that for at least the rest of the week” John sneered at him.

“FUCK! That HURTS!” Paul whined.

“GOOD!!” John yelled at him “Now you know how it feels too, to get kicked in the guts!”

Paul didn’t reply to this and kept glaring towards the ground while tears started to roll from his eyes.

“You are such a POOF!!” John sneered at him “What fucking IDIOT believes in pink clouds and purple ponies?! Oh…I know! YOU!! You fucking SISSY!!!”

"...Well…then…it…it seems like I made the right choice..." Paul said softly to himself through gritted teeth because of the pain.

“What did ya say?!” John asked curiously bending forward a little more.

"Nothing..." Paul softly whined.

"WHAT CHOICE?!!” John and grabbed a handful of Paul’s dark locks and yanked Paul's head back up and glared angrily at Paul who looked at him with shocked eyes by this new painful action of
"George would never hurt me like this!" Paul sobbed because of the pain in his crotch and the pain John was causing him now by pulling at his hair so roughly.

Paul yelped when John dragged him back up to his feet by his hair.

"So?! You came here to talk to me while you've already chosen fucking HARRISON?!!" John yelled into Paul's face pulling his dark locks a little harder in anger.

"So what if I did?!" Paul yelled back "It's not like you care?! I already knew that you didn't want me anymore..." he sniffed trying to pull John's hand away from his hair.

John stared very angrily at Paul for a moment. They didn't say anything, but only glared at each other in silence.

"Now...LEAVE!!" John spat into Paul's face after a long silence before finally letting go of Paul's hair.

John opened the door and then pushed Paul out of the room.

Paul stumbled out of the room and rubbed his head. It felt like John just pulled a part of his hair out and now felt a headache had formed inside his head.

Paul watched over his shoulder one more time to see John calling the girls back into his room and closing the door after they were back into the room.

With tears escaping his eyes Paul stood there for a moment feeling lost and alone. He leaned against the wall and covered his face with his trembling hands.

"Paul?" Brian's voice sounded behind him, but Paul didn't react.

"Are you alright my dear boy?" Brian asked worried now and laid his hand on Paul's tense shoulder. Paul now slowly removed his hands from his face and looked over his shoulder to find their manager looking at him with concerning eyes.

"Yeah...I'm okay...ta..." Paul mumbled "...just a headache..."

"Would you like a painkiller then?" Brian asked "I have some in my room."

"Yes...please..." Paul softly answered and followed Brian inside his room.

"Here you go." Brian said and handed Paul the painkillers and a glass of water.

"Ta..." Paul thanked him and took the pills and swallowed them down with the water.

"Please...sit down." Brian told him and pointed at the chairs. Paul sat down and closed his eyes for a moment. He felt so tired.

"I'm worried about you Paul." Brian said and knelted in front of Paul, resting his hands on Paul's knees. "Your health is still not good and you and John…I don't know what's wrong with the two of you actually..."

Paul kept his eyes closed and rubbed his aching head again. He felt a bruise forming on his head where John had pulled at his hair so roughly.

Thinking back about John's yelling, John hurting him and his words made Paul let out a shaky sigh and a few tears escaped his eyes again.

"I...I don't wanna talk about it..." Paul mumbled.

"So...there IS something going on with you and John....?" Brian asked curiously. He wondered if it was true after all... Brian had the feeling for a while now that Paul might be gay or bisexual...like John had pointed out earlier. He stared at Paul's features and licked his lips. Paul was really a good looking boy with his almost feminine features.

Because he was too lost in his own thoughts, Paul didn't notice his manager staring intensely at him and how he moved closer to him.

"My poor beautiful boy..." Brian's soothing voice sounded in Paul's ears and suddenly Paul felt a pair of lips connect with his and Paul's eyes shot open in shock.

Paul pushed Brian away and stared at him in disbelief. He couldn't believe what just happened.

"WHAT THE FUCK BRIAN?!!" Paul yelled and stood up from his stool abruptly and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand in disgust. He stormed over to the door and looked over his shoulder one more time to find Brian still kneeled on the ground staring at him with wide eyes.
“Paul…!” Brian called at him and stood back up quickly, but Paul opened the door and left the room. “…I…I’m sorry!!...Please don’t...” he said, but the bassist had already left the room slamming the door close behind him.

George saw Paul walking into the room and his heart dropped at the sight of him. He looked so lost and upset.

George ran over to him and pulled Paul into a big hug.

“I knew it…” Paul sobbed into George’s shoulder “…he really doesn’t love me anymore…”

Ringo waited at the bar and now saw the bar tender glaring at George and Paul with big questioning eyes.
“Girls…” Ringo explained the man while he looked over to the man behind the bar.
The bar tender nodded his head understandingly and asked Ringo if he wanted another drink.
Ringo nodded and while he sipped his drink, he watched his two mates thoughtfully. He hoped that something good would happen out of all of this and that Paul really had made his choice.

After a while of just holding each other, Paul slowly lifted his head up and looked into George’s caring eyes.

“Even though I…I already knew…it…it still hurts…” Paul sniffed.

“I know sweetie…” George soothed him stroking Paul’s wet cheek “…but I am here for you now… if...if you still want me…”

They stared each other deeply into the eyes for a moment before Paul spoke up.

“I…I do…” Paul softly answered…
George and Paul are growing closer...

(Warning: This chapter contains slash...)
“Uhm…lads…” Ringo asked when he was standing next to Paul and George again.
“Yeah Ritchie?” George asked looking questioningly to see the drummer back at their sides.
“Can I please kip in your room?” Ringo asked with begging blue eyes “My bed is sort of taken… John is lying passed out on both beds with two naked birds and the room is kinda…uh…smelly…”
“Sure Ritchie…” George smiled at him and then looked over to Paul “…if that’s okay with you too Paulie?”
“Yeah…sure…” Paul agreed while a big yawn escaped his mouth.
“Thanks lads!” Ringo smiled relieved and followed George into the room.

“Paul!” Paul heard just when he wanted to follow the other two into the room and he looked at the direction his name came from to see Brian running over to him.
Paul’s eyes grew wide in shock and he wanted to escape into the room right away, but Brian stopped him by grabbing his arm.
“Don’t touch me!” Paul yelled and yanked his arm free.
“Paul…please…” Brian begged “…I’m so sorry for what happened…please forgive me…”
“Forgive you for what?” George voice sounded and Paul was relieved to see George standing behind him now.
“Paul?” Brian asked again ignoring George.
“I guess so…” Paul softly said and stared at Brian.
“Thank you Paul…” Brian said a little relieved and decided to try to talk to Paul alone later and walked back to his room.
“What was that about?” George asked curiously and wrapped his arm around Paul’s slim waist from behind and kissed the back of Paul’s neck.
“Oh…never mind…” Paul sighed and turned around in George’s arms and pecked him on his lips.

Little later the three of them were lying in bed watching the telly. Paul had fallen asleep and was lying half on top of George with his arm and leg wrapped around him and his face in the crook of George’s neck.
George was resting his head on the top of Paul’s head with his cheek on his dark locks while he stroked Paul’s back lovingly feeling it rise up and down peacefully in his sleep.
“I’m happy for you Georgie…” Ringo softly said and smiled at George.
“Thanks Ritchie…” he smiled wrapping his arms around Paul’s sleeping form a little tighter.
“I hope that John will back off now and leave you two alone…” Ringo said looking seriously “…cause I’m still a bit worried about that…”
“Why are you worried Rings?” George asked curiously and planted a kiss on Paul’s dark mop top.
“I haven’t told you before, but John had been drinking an awful lot the past days…” Ringo told “…he’s so angry at everything and everyone…and…”

“And what…?” George asked concerned.
“And he’s been having these dreams…” Ringo sighed worriedly.
“What dreams?” George asked curiously.
“Dreams about his mum…and…” Ringo said while he turned his gaze to Paul’s sleeping form “…about Paul…”
“How do you know?” George asked and held Paul close to him.
“Cause he calls for his mum and Paul in these dreams…” Ringo said looking back up to George “…and sometimes he cries in his sleep when he does…”
“…oh…” George said and he really didn’t know what to say and felt bad for John.
“I tried to talk to him about it, but he keeps on denying it…So… we have to keep a close eye on him, cause…I don’t know Georgie…” Ringo sighed “…but it worries me…”
“Paul is with me now Ritchie…” George smiled, but with worry in in eyes “…He cannot know about this okay?” he asked his friend “But could you please try to talk to John again? I think he needs help… We can’t leave him alone like that. We’re still his friends…”
Ringo stared at George and saw the worries in his friends eyes.
“My lips are sealed… And I will see what I can do…” Ringo promised him.
“Let’s get some sleep now ‘kay?” George asked and turned off the light on his nightstand.
“Okay” Ringo agreed and stepped out of the bed to turn off the telly and then laid back down in the bed next to Paul who was still deeply asleep on top of George.
“Night Ritchie…” George mumbled.
“Night George…” Ringo answered and soon drifted off to sleep.

The next morning George woke up by the feeling of kisses on his neck. He slowly opened his eyes to find it was Paul who was kissing him sweetly.
Paul stopped the kissing and lifted his body up a little from George’s chest to look into George’s eyes.
“Morning Georgie…” Paul smiled at him and pecked George’s lips.
“Morning gorgeous…” George smiled back. What a great way to wake up he smiled to himself.
Paul then laid back down on top of George and moved a little closer so his mouth was next to George’s ear.
“I’m horny…” Paul sensually whispered and pressed his hips forward to make George feel he was serious and started to kiss and lick George’s neck again.
George blushed deeply red by Paul’s blunt statement and feeling his lover’s state press against his hip now.
“But…Ringo…” George whispered and glared over to see Ringo wasn’t in the bed anymore.
Ringo probably was in the bathroom taking a shower, cause he could hear the water run.
“Don’t worry ‘bout him…” Paul whispered between the kisses “…Ritchie just got into the shower… so…he won’t be back soon…and …I’m really…” he planted a kiss on George’s jaw “…really…” another kiss followed on his lips “…horny…” Paul whispered huskily “…besides…you still owe me one…” he cheekily smiled.

George cupped Paul’s face and pulled him into a passionate kiss and turned over so Paul was now lying beneath him.
George slowly moved his hand downward over Paul’s bare chest making Paul moan softly into the kiss.
George then slit his hand into Paul’s pyjama pants and boxers and took Paul’s erected member in his hand and started to stroke it slowly up and down in a lazy rhythm.
Paul moaned a little louder and bucked his hips up into George’s hand wantonly.
George smiled into the kiss not believing this was really happening while he started to move his hand a little faster building up a nice rhythm making the bassist melt in his touch.
Paul’s breathing started to become more and more heavy and uneven by the minute and after a while the kiss became more sloppy.
“Oh god…” Paul moaned into his mouth a little later “…I’m so close…Ung…faster please…”
George moved his hand faster feeling the pre cum on his hand and after a few more pulls Paul practically screamed out George’s name while he came in George’s hand.
George had watched in awe how Paul’s face scrunched up right before he hit his climax and how his hazel eyes had rolled back in delight when he came with his mouth open in a lovely ‘O’ shape. He could watch that forever.
George wiped his hand on the bed sheets and bend forward to kiss Paul on his still a bit opened mouth while the bassist was still panting.
Paul soon returned the kiss and they kissed each other so passionately that they forgot everything and everyone around them.

Ringo smiled to himself in the bathroom. While he was drying himself of, he had heard Paul’s moans fill the bedroom.
He decided to pretend he hadn’t heard anything.
“Good morning lads.” He yawned widely and stretched his body lazily after he had opened the door and now walked over to them.

George broke the kiss and looked over to Ringo now with a big happy smile on his face. Ringo could have sworn that George would have lighten up the room if it would still be dark.

“Morning Ritchie!” George greeted him and pecked Paul on his lips one more time before moving away from him and lying on his back again next to Paul.

“Morning Rings.” Paul greeted him too and took George’s hand in his.

“Did you sleep well?” George asked Ringo while he stroked Paul’s delicate fingers with his own feeling Paul resting his head against his shoulder now.

“As a matter a fact I did sleep very well” Ringo answered and looked at George “I missed sleeping in the same room with you Geo.” He smiled at George.

“Sorry ‘bout that Rings…” George smiled back at him “…I missed ya too… Wanna swop rooms with John again?” he asked playfully.

“No!” Paul yelped and wrapped his arms around George’s chest possessively “No you don’t!” George felt his heart flutter hearing Paul saying this and looked at Paul while he wrapped his arms around him too.

“Of course not babe…” George assured Paul and kissed his dark mop top before he slowly sat up in the bed “I’m going to take a shower now so I can go have some brekkie…I’m kinda hungry…” he confessed.

“Sure love…” Paul smiled at George and watched George disappear into the bathroom.

“So…” Ringo started breaking the awkward silence in the room and laid back down on the bed next to Paul “…how’s your stomach?” he asked and looked over to Paul now. He felt a bit weird to look at Paul after hearing Paul hitting his climax without Paul knowing it. Paul looked all sexed up with his messy hair and still a bit swollen lips, his sweaty bare chest and his pants low on his hips now.

“It’s quit alright actually…” Paul answered and rubbed his head lazily “…but my head still hurts a little though…” he said feeling the sore bruise on his head.

Ringo saw Paul’s futures turning from relaxed and happy into a sad and hurt one.

He sat up and crawled closer to Paul.

“John hurt you again…didn’t he…?” Ringo asked feeling sorry for his friend.

“He had been drinking…” Paul sadly answered and stared downward.

“Let me take a look at it…” Ringo said and took Paul’s head in his hands. He carefully stroke Paul’s hair aside at the place where Paul was rubbing his hand on earlier.

Ringo winced a little when he saw the bruise on Paul’s head and stared at him worriedly.

“That must hurt…” Ringo sighed “…I guess John didn’t take it well…”

“No…” Paul sniffed and stared back into Ringo’s concerning blue eyes.

“Please try to stay away from him for a while…” Ringo advised “…till he’s cooled down…”

“But he’s hurt too…” Paul worriedly said “…he can’t be alone…but I can’t help him…he doesn’t want me around him…someone has to be there for him…”

“I will keep an eye on him…” Ringo promised “…’kay…”

“Okay…” Paul softly said “…thanks Ritchie…”

“No problem” Ringo winked at Paul.

The interviews they had later that day went pretty well despite of John’s hangover and angry mood.

Back at the hotel, Brian had asked Paul and John to come and talk to him and now they both were sitting at the table in Brian’s room avoiding eye contact with each other.

“I want you two to start writing some new songs we can work with when we get back from the tour” Brian explained while he paced back and forth in the room.

“Don’t we get a break first when we’re back?” John asked frustrated.

“No.” Brian stated “The fans want more from you lads and we have to keep them interested!”

“They are interested enough!” John complained “We can’t even bloody walk anywhere anymore without being harassed by them screaming birds!”
Paul didn’t say anything. He was just sitting there gazing downward while fumbling at his bracelet. He felt very uneasy in the presence of John and Brian. John hadn’t spoken to him yet and he couldn’t erase the kiss Brian gave him from his mind. “I’m gonna take a piss.” John stated and disappeared into Brian’s bathroom. Paul swallowed hard and felt sweat form on his back now. He hated to be left alone with Brian and hoped John would be back soon.

“Paul…” Brian’s voice sounded, but Paul kept on staring at the floor nervously. “Paul please…” Brian said and now Paul saw Brian’s shoes in front of him “…please look at me…” Paul slowly moved his head back up and now looked Brian in the eye a little scared. “Oh no…” Brian said worriedly “…please don’t be scared or disgusted by me Paul…I don’t know what came over me…I should never have done that…I…I know you’re not even interested in men… But…I guess it’s your good looks that made me do it…and you know I am gay…and I thought that you…uh…well….never mind…” Brian explained “…Can you really forgive me…please…?” he asked. “It’s okay Brian…” Paul answered him feeling that Brian really meant what he said. “Thanks so much Paul!” Brian smiled at him feeling relieved “That means so much to me!”

“What did I miss?” John asked while he walked back out of the bathroom and sat back down. “Nothing really…” Brian answered smiling one more time at Paul who was staring back at the ground again. Brian wondered why John’s presence made Paul’s behaviour chance so much. He had a plan to observe the two men for a while and rubbed his hands in excitement. He hoped to find out some of their secrets today. “…I arranged a piano to my room later today so you can start… Promise me that you two will work on some new great hits…” Brian said to the famous writing duo. “Whatever…” John said and stood back up. “Promise…” Paul mumbled while he slowly stood up too. “I’ll see the two of you after lunch here in my room” Brian instructed receiving a loud groan from John for it, but he ignored it “You two are dismissed.” he nodded. John slammed the door close behind him in Paul’s face. Paul sighed and opened the door. He watched John disappear in his room before he walked back to George and Ringo who were playing a game of cards in his and George’s room.
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

So... what will happen when Brian has his famous song writing duo together in one room to work on some songs...?

Chapter Notes

This chapter has turned out kinda long...hope you'll enjoy!

Brian was reading his newspaper while Paul was running his fingers over the piano keys while softly playing and humming melodies Brian hadn’t heard before.
He looked up from his newspaper to observe the bassist for a moment.
Sometimes Paul stopped playing and humming to scrabble a few things down on a piece of paper.
Brian thought it was adorable how sometimes Paul bit his lip in his deep concentration.
Paul looked very relaxed to him and really seemed to enjoy himself behind the piano.

Suddenly loud knocks on the door startled Brian awake from his thoughts and with a false sounding chord Paul abruptly stopped playing and Brian could immediately see by Paul’s now straightened back how he had tensed up all of a sudden.
“Open the fucking door Eppy!” John sneered from the other side of the door.
Brian ran over opening the door to find a not so amused looking John leaning against the door post with a bottle of scotch in his hand and a bunch of papers clamped under his arm. John drank the glass in his other hand empty in one swig.
“Well hello John!” Brian smiled ignoring John’s vile mood “Welcome! Come in plea…”
“Is that fucker McCartney in here already?” John interrupted Brian and pushed himself past him leaving a flabbergasted Brian behind in the hallway.
Paul bit his lip and closed his eyes for a moment. He really wasn’t ready for this.
“Ah! There he is!” John sneered walking into the living of the hotel suite.
Paul swallowed hard with his eyes still closed and his fingers across the piano keys. He tried to find some courage to turn around and face John, but he was afraid to see the hate in John’s eyes again.
“Nobody busy sucking your cock McCartney?!?” John slurred softly enough so Brian wouldn’t hear while walking a little closer to Paul.

Paul felt his heartbeat increase with the second while he heard John’s footsteps coming closer and closer. He then saw John’s hands slamming an empty glass and a half full bottle of scotch on the piano angrily from behind him.
Paul stared at the two new items now standing in front of him on top of the piano next to his own half full glass of water. He wondered how much John had been drinking already besides this amount of alcohol. He could smell the stench of alcohol coming from John’s breath who was probably still standing very close behind him cause he could hear and feel him breathing down his neck now.
Paul yelped in pain when he suddenly felt John grabbing his mop top again and yanking his head backward, but John quickly covered Paul’s mouth with his hand to muffle the cry.
“Feeling too good for me to look at me when I’m talking to you eh?!” John hissed in his face while
he slowly lowered his hand away from Paul’s mouth.
Tears burned in Paul’s eyes when John kept on pulling his hair so roughly at the same spot on his
head where their already was a bruise and John’s bad breath almost made him gag.
John yanked Paul’s head back right before Brian walked back in and pretended like nothing had
happened.
Paul bit his trembling bottom lip and rubbed his head while he tried hard not to cry. He kept his back
turned to Brian and John hoping to get himself together before Brian would notice anything.

Brian was sure he heard a cry, but it was a very short one. When he walked into the living though,
he found John calmly flip through the bunch of papers he had brought with him.
Paul was still sitting behind the piano and staring intensely at the piano keys while adjusting his hair
a little with his hand. Brian couldn’t really tell for sure if he saw Paul’s hand trembling or not.
“You boys do your thing and don’t mind me please…” Brian said while he walked further into the
room “…I’ll be working on some administration, so just ignore that I’m here. Unless I can be of any
assistance of course. Then just call me, okay?”
“Sure Brian…” Paul’s soft voice sounded making John snap up his head towards him, but Paul still
had his back turned to them.
“So…he does have a voice…” John softly mumbled more to himself now.
Brian sat down behind his table and took some papers and started to read them. He carefully glanced
up to see John walking over to Paul and then continued reading.

“Move your fat arse over…” John sneered in Paul’s ear making Paul move a little to the side so there
was room on the piano bench for John to sit down next to him.
Paul still didn’t dare to look at John so he started to play the piano again.
“Let’s work on your crappy songs later.” John stated and placed his papers in front of Paul’s.
Paul saw John opening the bottle and refilling his glass while he could feel John’s eyes peering holes
in his neck, but decided to ignore it for now.
“They’re not crappy…” Paul softly mumbled while he kept on playing.

A loud false note on the piano made Brian look up to his song writing duo, but he only could see
their backs. So he couldn’t see what was really going on. He shrugged his shoulders and continued
his reading.
What Brian couldn’t see was that John had his hands slammed over Paul’s to stop him from playing
which had given the loud false sound.
Paul stared at John’s hands on his own and felt his heartbeat increase again. He wondered what John
was on about.
“Stop that!” John sneered and removed his hands again “Play this.” He said pointing at his own song
and drank the glass empty in one big gulp and immediately refilled it.
“What does it have to sound like?” Paul asked with a shaky voice reading the words on the paper.
John started to sing the words to Paul while Paul tried to play a nice melody on the piano to go along
with the song;

“I got something to say before I take the train
If I catch you talking to that boy again
I’m gonna let you down
And leave you flat”

Paul suddenly stopped playing and stared intensely at the words.
“Why did you stop?” John asked annoyed and stared angrily at Paul.
“I…I don’t know yet…” Paul said chewing on his finger now thoughtfully still staring at the paper in
front of them “…something about that first line…It just doesn’t seem right…”
“Oh Mr. Know-it-all thinks he knows it better again…” John sneered and crossed his arms in protest.
Paul finally turned to face John and now stared at him with his big doe eyes.
“May I…?” Paul asked carefully pointing at the paper.
“Sure…whatever…” John sighed “…you stuck-up snob…” he mumbled.  
“Oi!” Paul protested “…I’m only trying to help here…”  
“Then why don’t you stop acting like you know it all so much better?!” John sneered.  
“Okay…” Paul sighed “…never mind then…” and started to play the piano again like he didn’t care.  
This only pissed John off even more. He had to admit that he definitely was curious about Paul’s input, but the way Paul was acting so calmly worked on his angry nerves. He drank another glass and refilled it again. Paul’s staring to his now almost empty bottle of scotch didn’t go unnoticed by John, but John enjoyed his alcohol too much to pay any attention to it.

After working on the song for a while now, Paul stopped for a moment and looked at John. 
“Would you excuse me for a moment?” he asked John.  
John raised his eyebrows in surprise and wondered what Paul was up to.  
“Gotta take a piss…” Paul explained seeing John’s questioning look.  
“Oh…sure Macca…” John answered and immediately cursed himself for using the nickname he had given Paul so long ago. 
“Be right back Johnny…” Paul answered while he stood up and John could see that Paul was a little shocked now too for just calling each other by their nicknames.  
“Hurry up will ya?” John then sneered at Paul “…I don’t have all day… asshole.” 
Paul looked a little taken aback, but before he started to walk over to the bathroom, the phone suddenly rang and they both looked how Brian picked it up.  
“Brian here.” They heard him say “…Oh hi Mal! Yeah sure!” 
While they could hear Brian talking to Mal on the other side of the phone, Paul sat back down on the bench again and stared intensely at John.  
“What?” John asked annoyed “…Thought you had to take a piss?!” 
“I do…” Paul answered and John saw him cross his legs with an uncomfortable look on his face “…believe me…I really do, but…” he said with a sudden worried look in his hazel eyes.  
“But what?!” John said with squinted eyes.  
Paul looked over to Brian to make sure he was too busy to hear what he was about to say. This was a great opportunity to finally talk to John again, so when he was sure it was safe, he turned his gaze back to John.  
“I…I’m worried ‘bout you Johnny… You really drink an awful lot…” Paul said with concern written all over his face “…I know something is bothering you when you drink… Please let me help you…”  
“Oh stop your whining McCartney!” John sneered “…Have you ever considered the thought that it could be YOUR fault?”

“Of course I did…but…” Paul softly answered and shifted a little uncomfortable on the bench feeling his bladder complain, but he had John talking. That was far more important than his stupid bladder, so he tried hard to ignore it “…but all you do is keep on telling me how much you hate me and don’t want me anymore… So that makes it kinda hard for me to understand what’s going on in that mind of yours luv…” he calmly said and sweetly ran his hand through John’s greasy auburn hair. 
Paul immediately regretted his action, cause John grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm in a painful way.  
“I say that because I fucking MEAN it!!! You bloody thick headed IDIOT!!”John sneered “…And WHAT did you just call me…?” John hissed.  
“Uh…luv…?” Paul answered with a shocked and pained look in his eyes.  
“I’M NOT your luv!” John spat in Paul’s face “…I still hate you and I want you to mind your own fucking business!! I came here to work because Brian told me to and nothing more!” he snapped and let go of Paul’s wrist now. 
Paul stared with watery eyes at John and rubbed his painful wrist.  
“Now go and take your piss!!” John sneered “…Be quick cause you already took way too much of my
precious time!!"
Paul slowly stood up and after glaring over his shoulder one more time, he walked a little faster
towards Brian’s bathroom to relieve himself.
John turned around and swung his legs over to the other side of the piano bench and watched Paul
disappear into the bathroom.
Brian hang up the phone and looked at John. He had seen what had happened between him and
Paul, but because of Mal’s constant babbling on the phone he didn’t know what it was all about. He
did hear before the phone had rang how John refused to listen to Paul’s suggestion for his song.
“Why didn’t you want to hear Paul’s suggestion for your song John?” Brian asked curiously while
Paul was away.
“Because he always thinks to know it better and my song is perfect the way it is right now!” John
sneered while he took a cigarette out of his package and lit it.
“Maybe if you listen to him, it will make it even more perfect?” Brian asked “You two always work
together on songs…and make masterpieces…so why not give it a try?”
John took a long drag from his cigarette and stared at Brian for a moment while he blew the smoke
out through his nose, but before he could answer, the bathroom door opened and Paul walked back
out.
Paul had decided to let it rest for now, cause John really was way too drunk and sat back down next
to John and now stared at the cigarette between John’s lips.
“Can I have one…?” Paul asked reaching over to get one from John’s pack of cigarettes sticking out
of John’s front pocket.
John rudely blow his cigarette smoke straight into Paul’s face and slammed Paul’s hand away.
“Get your own…” John sneered meanly.
Paul blinked his stinging eyes for a moment before shrugging his shoulders and reached in his own
pocket and took out his own cigarettes.
John watched Paul taking a cigarette between his plump lips and lightening it.
“You’re still sure you don’t wanna hear my suggestion for your song…?” Paul asked a little later
while he let the cigarette smoke escape his mouth.
John looked at Brian and saw Brian nod at him. Paul didn’t see this cause he was sitting on the
bench facing the piano and his back turned to Brian.
John was still sitting the other way around like he did when Paul had went to the toilet.
“Let’s hear it then…” He sighed deeply and nodded his head to Paul.
Paul stubbed his cigarette out in the ashtray standing on top of the piano and picked up the pen and
started to scribble some words on the paper.
“What do you think of this..?” Paul asked and showed John what he just wrote down.
“I got something to say that might cause you pain” John read above his own first line.
John had to admit that it sounded much better than the train thing.
“Then it will go like this…” Paul said and started to play the piano and sang the first lines.
“Yeah…that does sound better Ma…uh Paul” John quickly corrected himself “…we’ll use your
line…” he said while he wanted to place the paper back at the same time as Paul making their fingers
brush against each other.
Paul slowly nodded and stared at John for a moment while John stared back at him.
Brian wondered why the room went so quiet all of a sudden and carefully glanced over his
newspaper to see the famous songwriting duo strangely staring at each other without saying a word.
He raised his eyebrow and observed the two lads staring at each other like he saw them doing so
many times before in the time when they were not fighting so much like they did these past few
weeks.
A loud bang on the door interrupted the precious moment and all three of them looked up to the way
the sound came from.
“Oi! Can we come in and join the party?” Ringo’s and George’s voices cheered from the other side of the door.
Brian sighed and went to open the door. Just when something interesting was about to happen, the other two had to ruin everything.
Brian opened the door and was greeted by the smiling face of Ringo and George standing behind him looking a bit worried.
“Hi there Brian!” Ringo smiled “Have we got some new number one hits on our hands?” he asked happily and kept on babbling to Brian while George pushed himself past them to walk over to Paul. He was a little shocked to see him sitting so close next to John on the piano bench and walked a little faster towards Paul.

“Paulie!” George smiled and wrapped his arms around Paul’s neck from behind.
“Hi Georgie.” Paul smiled while he laid his hands on George’s arms.
“I missed you…” George said and planted a kiss on the top of Paul’s head lovingly.
“I missed you too…” Paul sweetly smiled as he tilted his head backward so he could look at George standing behind him.
“Are you finished yet?” George asked and pecked Paul’s lips.
“Almost luv…” Paul smiled taking George’s hand in his and giving it an assuring squeeze.
“Somebody please hand me a bucket…” John sneered and pretended to gag “…oh wait…that’s YOUR part…puke face…” he meanly smirked at Paul.
“Shut up John!” George yelled at John seeing the hurt in Paul’s eyes “Do you think Paul likes being sick for so long?! Cause I’m sure he doesn’t!!”
“Need your poppet to speak for you again McCartney?!” John sneered at Paul ignoring George completely “Too stupid to speak for yourself? Big baby!” he said seeing Paul’s bottom lip starting to tremble softly.
“I said SHUT UP JOHN!!” George yelled and punched John in his face angrily.
John immediately stood up to punch George back, but when his fist landed on the cheek, it wasn’t George, but Paul who fell on the ground.
Because being blinded by his anger and his drunkenness, John hadn’t seen that Paul had quickly jumped in between George and him. So now he had hit Paul full force with all the anger he had built up inside of him.

“Paul?!” George yelped and kneeled down next to Paul who was spitting out blood from his mouth onto the blue carpet.
George helped Paul to sit up and looked at him with a concerned look in his eyes.
“Oh my goodness!” Brian called while he ran over to them “What happened?!” he said while he kneeled down next to Paul too “Are you alright Paul?” he asked worriedly.
“It’s okay Bri…” Paul mumbled and spat out some more blood “…I’ll be fine…Sorry ‘bout the carpet though…”
“You have to put some ice on that…” Brian said examining Paul’s cheek “…don’t want you shown to the press with a nasty bruise on your face…” he said and like Ringo could read his mind, Ringo already handed him over a towel with some ice cubes folded into it.
Paul thanked him and held the towel against his face while George helped him up.
“Let’s get you back to our room Paulie…” George sweetly said before he looked angrily over at John “…I guess work’s done here for now…”
John only huffed and turned his back towards them.
George wrapped his arm around Paul’s waist and walked him out of the room.
“I’m heading down to the bar…” Ringo said walking behind them “…all the best Paul…”
“Thanks Ritchie…” Paul mumbled wiping some more blood seeping out of the corner of his mouth away with his sleeve.

“What the hell was that all about?!” Brian yelled confused at John’s back now “Why you go hit Paul
John slowly turned around rubbing his cheek and Brian could see a reddish spot on John’s cheek now too, but thankfully not as bad as Paul’s injury. One bruised Beatle was more than enough he thought.

“I didn’t mean to hit Paul…” John mumbled “…I tried to hit fucking Harrison back!”
“I don’t care what you what your intensions were!” Brian yelled “You are behaving yourself like this for way too long now and I’ve had enough of it! And seeing you don’t want to tell me what’s really going on with you, I can’t help you! I want you to go over and apologize to Paul! Now!”
“But Harrison hit me first?!” John yelled confused “Why doesn’t he get to apologize?!”
“Knowing George, he must have had his reasons…but I will definitely talk to him too…” Brian said and dragged John with him by his arm towards George and Paul’s room.

After a small knock George opened the door and looked surprised to see it was Brian and John.
“I want to have a word with you George.” Brian said before pushing John inside “And you go do as I told you to John!”
George gave a little protest before following Brian and leaving John standing alone in the hall of their room.
John slowly walked in to find Paul sitting on a chair still holding the towel against his face.
Paul looked up when he noticed John walking in.
“What do you want?” Paul grumped annoyed.
“Brian told me to apologize to you…so…” John explained looking around the room and resting his eyes on the big double bed now.

“So…?” Paul asked seeing John staring at the bed “…are you going to…?”
“Nope…” John stated before looking back up to Paul “Does he give you nice fucks?” he suddenly asked out of the blue.
“…Wha…what?!” Paul asked with big shocked eyes after hearing John’s blunt question.
“Harrison, does he give you nice fucks? Can he suck your cock like I did, does he fuck your tight little arsehole like I did?” John asked while staring intensely at Paul.
“None of your business…” Paul mumbled and stared at the floor now.
“AHA!” John called pointing his finger at Paul now “You WISH he did those things to you, but baby Georgie just wants to cuddle and kissy kissy…” he said making kissing sounds now.
“Shut up John!!” Paul yelled while he stood up from his chair and slammed the bloodied towel on the table “George is amazing in bed and knows EXACTLY how to please me! Much better then you EVER did!!”
“I know you’re lying to me Paul!” John smirked pointing at Paul’s crotch “He might have touched your prick with his baby fingers, but nothing more than that…I know you too well to see when you’re lying…”
“George and I are very happy together and very much in love!” Paul protested.
“Keep on telling yourself that…” John sneered “…You won’t least a week together… Bye Paul.” He said before leaving the room and slamming the door close behind him.

A little later, Paul was sitting on the bed thinking about John’s words for a moment.
It made him angry inside and decided that he wanted to prove John wrong. He also wanted to prove to himself that he had gotten over John and he was really in love with George now.
Paul knew exactly how he was going to do this and he smiled to himself about his plan.
Before George would come back, he decided to take a nice warm bath.
Paul knew it was all new to George to be with a man and he never had real sex with a man like Paul had with John…but…after tonight…that would change…
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

How will the night turn out between George and Paul? Will they take the next step? (slash!)

George walked back into the room after his talk with Brian. He opened the door and kicked one of the chairs angrily. He hated the idea that because of Brian he had to leave John alone with Paul and he wondered how their talk had gone.

George rubbed his now sore toes and cursed softly while he looked around in the room.

A nauseous feeling hit him when he saw that Paul wasn’t in the room. Did this mean that he was out with John without telling him?

George swallowed hard and walked over to the bathroom to splash some water in his now pale face.

When he opened the bathroom door he was greeted by a lovely soapy smell and he now saw Paul lying in the bath with his eyes closed.

“Oh…” George gasped softly and felt his face flush red. Paul didn’t hear him so George softly closed the door again to give Paul his privacy.

George was happy that he had been totally wrong and that Paul was safely in the room with him.

He took the papers Paul had left behind on the side table and laid down on the big bed.

George opened a bag of jelly babies and enjoyed them while he started to read Paul’s handwriting. It were new songs Paul had been working on and George could already see some new number one hits in his hands now.

A little later he heard the shower running meaning Paul would be finished soon.

George secretly imagined Paul in the shower…totally naked with the water running down his gorgeous body. It suddenly felt really hot in the room…or was it himself…

He let out a deep sigh cause he felt a little sad. Even though he was together with Paul for a few weeks now…he hadn’t experienced the real thing with Paul yet.

George wondered if maybe he was doing something wrong. Maybe Paul wasn’t attracted to him enough he wondered. Or maybe Paul was being too careful with him to not shy him away…

George decided that he wanted things to change. He wanted Paul so badly by now. He had been waiting for years for Paul and…now he had a chance and decided to do something to convince Paul that he wanted more than a cuddle and kiss.

George now heard the shower stop running and he suddenly felt a little nervous.

He put the papers back on the table and then laid back down on the bed stuffing some more jelly babies in his mouth while waiting for Paul to come out of the bathroom.

The bathroom door opened and Paul walked out of it taking some steam with him.

Paul was only wearing a white fluffy towel dangerously low around his middle and his hair was still dripping.

George was so amazed by Paul’s beauty that he almost choked on one of his jelly babies and started to cough out loud.

"Om my god! Geo!" Paul yelped and jumped on the bed and started to pat George's back.

Finally the jelly baby came loose from George's throat and fell on the bed.

George tried to catch his breath while Paul soothingly rubbed his back.

"You scared me there Georige..." Paul said worriedly "...don't die on me now" he chuckled.
"I won't..." George coughed a little "...never..." he smiled and threw the jelly baby on the floor. When George had regained his breath he looked up to Paul sitting next to him. He looked damn sexy with only that towel around him. A towel that now hang even lower now and George could see the little line of dark hair starting at Paul's belly button running downward and disappearing behind the towel. George swallowed hard and felt something grow inside of his pants. George watched like he was hypnotized how the little drops of water fell down from Paul's wet hair and slowly rolled down over Paul's naked torso towards the towel. Suddenly realizing what he was doing, George startled awake from his staring and looked up to see Paul staring at him with his big dreamy bedroom eyes. 

"...Oh...sorry Paul..." George apologized "...but you look so damn sexy..." he then mumbled more to himself.

Paul had probably heard him, cause he blushed a little and now George really couldn't resist anymore. He attacked Paul's plump lips and started to kiss him passionately. “Don’t be sorry…” Paul whispered against George’s mouth and kissed George back. They explored each other’s mouths hungrily with their tongues while their hands stated to run over each other’s bodies. The kiss became more and more intense while they pressed their bodies against each other. Soft moans escaped their throats and slowly the lust took over their bodies. George let himself fall backwards while pulling Paul on top of him. They looked each other lustful in the eyes for a moment before George put his hand on the back of Paul’s neck and pulled him back down to continue the kiss. Paul's hands wandered over George's slim chest while George grabbed Paul's round bum and massaged it lovingly. They could feel each other’s arousals clearly growing and the sweat started to form on their backs.

They continued the kiss for a long time and then suddenly George pushed Paul over in one swift motion so now he was lying on top of Paul. For some reason he felt better to be on top. Paul sweetly and lustful smiled at him while he started to unbutton George's shirt and pulled it off his body. George helped him and wriggled out of his shirt and threw it on the floor while Paul's hand caressed his chest lovingly. George stopped for a moment and stared at Paul's beauty lying underneath him. Paul's chest wasn't as skinny as his own, but just perfect he thought while his eyes scanned Paul's body. George run his fingers through the few dark hairs on Paul’s chest while he smiled sweetly at Paul. “You are so beautiful…” George whispered lovingly and bend forward and started to kiss Paul's neck “…I want you so badly…” he whispered in Paul’s ear. “And so are you…” Paul whispered back. George slowly lifted himself up a little to stare into Paul’s hazel eyes thoughtfully.

“What's wrong Georgie…?” Paul asked huskily and raised his perfectly shaped eyebrows “…are you alright…? Do you want to stop…?”
“No no…” George quickly answered and looked down at Paul’s chest for a moment. “Are you scared luv…?” Paul asked while he sweetly ran his hands through George’s hair “…I understand if you think it’s going too fast… Please tell me… I don’t want to rush you….or let you do anything you're not comfortable with… I really understa…” “Ssshhh….stop talking so much....” George shushed Paul’s babbling with his index finger pressed on Paul’s plump lips and gave him a sweet sexy smile “…I want you Paulie…ALL of you…” he sensually whispered in Paul’s ear and kissed his neck. Paul softly giggled making George stop and staring at him questioningly. “Sorry Georgie…” Paul sweetly smiled “…It’s just that you kinda surprise me…”
“Why is tha…? George asked continuing kissing Paul’s neck.
“I…I had the exact same idea before you came back…” Paul confessed “…but decided against it
cause I didn’t want to force you into anything you weren’t ready for…”
“Did you now…?” George mumbled against Paul’s neck “…you naughty Paulie…”
“But does this mean that you’re okay wi…” Paul started to ask but was stopped by George’s lips on
his.

“Please…stop talking…” George whispered against Paul’s mouth “…and make love to me…”
George then started moved slowly downward caressing every part he could with his tongue and lips
making the bassist moan and squirm underneath him desperately.
When George reached the little line of hair beneath Paul's bellybutton and nuzzled it, Paul tangled his
fingers in George's long locks and he bucked up his hips to beg for more.
Paul then started to unbutton George's pants.
"Take it off" he huskily said while he unzipped him.
George didn't think twice and in no time he had taken off his pants together with his boxers and
threw them on the floor.
“So sexy you are…” Paul said while he let his hands run over George’s now fully naked body.
“Not so sexy as you…” George answered and cupped Paul’s clothed member feeling that Paul was
as aroused as himself. He slowly rubbed his hand over Paul’s bulge and kissed his chest.
Paul let out a deep moan feeling George’s hand on him like that and his eyes rolled back in his head
enjoying the touch.
George now pulled at the fluffy white towel and Paul lifted his hips up from the bed a little so he
could pull it away from underneath him.
George threw the towel on the floor and now the two of them were lying on top of each other totally
naked.
After kissing and touching each other madly for a while, Paul opened his legs so George could lay
between them and George swallowed hard when he felt their members touch each other for the first
time. It was a feeling he had never felt before and he felt like flying.
After grinding against each other for a while and kissing passionately, Paul suddenly broke the kiss.
George looked a little surprised to Paul and wondered if he was doing something wrong. Would Paul
really back out now?
“Are you ready for the next step babe…?” Paul asked a little out of breath.
George stared lustfully at Paul and nodded “…Yes…” he hoarsely whispered “…would you let
me…?”
Paul opened his legs a little wider and laid his hand on the side of George's flushed face and stared at
him lustfully.
"Yes…I want to feel you inside of me…" Paul huskily whispered making George's member twist by
the sound of Paul's sexy voice.
"...you sure 'bout that Paulie...?” George asked with a flushed face “…don’t wanna hurt ya babe…"
"...Trust me..." Paul smiled at him "...you won’t..."
George now realised that John of course had done this to Paul like this many times before him, so he
could stop worrying about hurting his sweet Paul.
"...Oh...okay..." George smiled and watched Paul reaching over to the nightstand and pulling out
some lube from the drawer.
"Put this on first..." Paul winked at him.
George set up a little and put some lube on his hands and adjusted it on his throbbing member while
Paul watched him lustfully.
He then put some on the rim of Paul entrance and massaged him for a moment.
"Jeez...Geo..." Paul moaned while he threw his head backward "...feels so good...want you...so
badly..."
George then positioned himself and slowly started to push himself into Paul still a little afraid to hurt him and hoped he was doing it right. This was his first after all with a man. When he was fully inside of Paul he waited and checked if Paul really was okay. Paul slowly looked back up to him and gave him his sweet smile. "It's okay Georgie..." Paul smiled at him "...really..." George felt safe to move now and he slowly moved out of Paul and back in again. Seeing Paul was enjoying the feeling, George started to thrust a little deeper and harder.

They kept on moving like this for a long time enjoying the feeling when George suddenly hit Paul's prostate and a lustful moan escaped Paul's mouth. "Yes! That's it!" Paul moaned out loud and bucked his hips up to meet George's thrusts. George started to move faster and faster trying to hit the same spot. Soon he felt himself getting close and by the sound of Paul’s moans and breathing, he knew Paul was very close too.

It didn't take long anymore before the both of them screamed out each other’s names while they both reached their climaxes at the same time.

When the feeling slowly had subsided, George let himself fall onto Paul's chest while they both were panting and trying to catch their breath.

With his ear on Paul's sweaty chest, George could hear Paul's rapid heartbeat and fast breathing. Paul kissed the top of George's head. George slowly lifted up his head and stared into his favourite big doe eyes. "...That...that was amazing..." George smiled at Paul and pecked him on his plump lips "...and damn...you are so gorgeous..."

"...Yes it was..." Paul smiled back "...and you're not bad yourself either..." he winked at George. George cuddled up against Paul and just inhaled his sweet scent while they just lay there.

A little later George heard Paul's breath slow down and he looked up to find his lover had fallen asleep.

George stared at Paul's sleeping face lovingly and felt like the happiest man alive and soon he drifted off into a peaceful sleep on top of Paul’s body.

The next morning George woke up and slowly opened his eyes to find himself still lying half on top of Paul’s naked body.

He slowly lifted himself up to see that Paul was still asleeP.

George couldn’t stop smiling and reached for the phone to call his best friend Ringo. He just had to speak with him to tell about his amazing night with Paul. Ringo had told him that John wasn’t in his bed when he woke up and probably was down at the hotel bar again. George had told him that he really wanted to tell Ringo something and of course he agreed to come over so they could catch up.

George quickly put his clothes on and a little later he heard a knock on the door. He covered Paul’s lower body with the sheets and pecked Paul’s lips before staring at his sleeping lover one more time.

George then adjusted his hair a little in the mirror before carefully opening the door to meet with Ringo's big blue eyes. "Hi Rings!" George whispered feeling happy to see his old roommate in front of him and he couldn’t wait to tell Ringo about what just happened.

"Hi!" Ringo whispered back "...why are we whispering...?" he chuckled softly. George stepped aside a little and nodded to the bed "...cause Paul's sleeping..." he smiled gazing lovingly at Paul's sleeping form.

"Is he naked??" Ringo whispered a little louder in surprise when he looked over to the bed too. George quickly pushed Ringo backward before stepping out of the room too and closed the door behind him.
"Yes he sure is..." George then answered him and the smile on his face was so wide that he almost lightened up the hallway.
"No way!" Ringo smiled "Does this mean what I think it does?!
"YES!" George smiled even wider.
"That's great Georgie!" Ringo smiled while he dragged George with him towards his and John's room "John is still down at the bar, so come in! You have to tell me everything!"
"Everything?" George shyly said following Ringo.
"Of course!" Ringo cheered "At first...how was it?!

"How was what...?" John’s voice suddenly sounded behind them.
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Will John find out what happened last night...? And...what if he does...?

Ringo and George turned around to find John standing behind them and the stench of alcohol filled their nostrils.

“How was what?!” John asked again a little angrier now while he swayed a little on his feet.

“None of your damn business!” George angrily answered and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“What was that Harrison?” John angrily said and stepped closer to George.

“I…said none of your business…” George answered a little softer seeing the angry and drunk eyes of John so close now. He knew how John could be like when he was drunk cause Paul had told him once and he knew he really had to be a little more careful now.

George realised that it was better if John didn’t found out about him and Paul right now. John would kill Paul and him if John knew what he had done with Paul last night.

George hoped that John wouldn’t smell Paul’s sweet scent on him now he was standing so close to him, cause George could smell it on himself very clearly.

How much he loved to smell Paul’s scent on him just a few seconds ago, it really made him nervous now.

John stepped even closer to George so their noses almost touched.

George could hear John sniffle and before he realised what was happening, John grabbed his collar and smashed him with his back against the wall.

“I smell Paul’s aftershave…” John angrily hissed “…why do I smell PAUL on YOU?!” he yelled and tightened his grip on George’s collar making the lead guitarist choke a little.

“I ran out of mine…” George lied “…so I used Paul’s…”

“Did you FUCK Paul….MY Paulie?!” John asked angrily not believing George for one second.

George was a terrible liar and he knew how he had messed up with Paul’s mind yesterday and that Paul could’ve tried to prove John wrong… the ignorant git… He still hoped he was wrong though… “YOUR Paul?!” George asked surprised “You broke up with him remember?!”

“THAT DOESN’T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO GET INTO HIS PANTS!!” John yelled and then his fist hit George’s face so hard it made George fall on the ground.

Before John could jump onto George to beat the hell out of him, Ringo grabbed John from behind and pulled him away.

“STOP IT JOHN! YOU’RE DRUNK!” Ringo yelled while he held a firm grip on the squirming rhythm guitarist.

After some more kicking and struggling, John finally gave up and let himself fall on his knees.

George and Ringo stared at John for a moment and wondered what was going to happen now. They looked at each other for a moment and then back at John who was still on his knees and was staring blankly at them now. It was like all the emotions left his eyes.

George slowly got back up on his feet again rubbing his cheek. He looked at his hand and saw some blood on it. John had really hit him very hard.

“Uh…John…” George softly said to John making his stare focused on him now. It gave George shivers down his spine.

John didn’t answer and just stared at George with his empty eyes.

“Paul and I…” George carefully started “You…you were right…Paul and I…we…we did have
sex… Just…just thought you should know…”

George closed his eyes and swallowed hard while waited for another fist against his face or a kick in his guts, but none of that happened.

He slowly opened one of his eyes to find John still on his knees at the same spot staring blankly at him.

John didn’t move a muscle and it looked like he had frozen on the spot.

“John…?” Ringo carefully asked feeling more worried about the situation every second. It could go either way now. John could explode in anger and attack George, but he could also storm off to the bar to drown himself in sorrow with even more alcohol.

It was dangerously quiet in the hallway and their heavy breathing was the only sound to be heard.

After what seemed a long moment of awkward silence John finally moved and they could see the anger form in his eyes and his knuckles turn white from clutching his wrists so tight.

“What…did…you…just…say…?!” John hissed angrily while he stood back up and the look on his face didn’t promise any good.

“You…you heard me…” George said and swallowed hard.

“How was it…?” John hissed making George and Ringo raising their eyebrows in surprise.

“John…?” George asked carefully “…are…are you serious…?”

“How WAS IT?!” John slurred while grabbing George’s collar again.

“It…it was the best sex ever…” George confessed honestly, but immediately regretted it, cause John’s eyes spat fire after this.

“I’M GONNA KILL YOU!!” John spat in George’s face, but to his and Ringo’s surprise John suddenly let go of George’s collar.

“AFTER I KILLED PAUL!!” he then yelled snatching the room key out of George’s hand and stormed over to Paul and George’s room.

“JOHN?!?” George yelled “YOU CAN’T!! LEAVE PAUL ALONE!!”

“Watch me…” John hissed and after opening the door he disappeared in the room, closing the door behind him.

George quickly ran over to the door, but John had locked it from the inside.

“JOHN!! OPEN THE DOOR!!” George yelled fumbling at the door handle “NOW!!!”

“It’s no use Georgie…” Ringo sighed and laid his hand on George’s tensed shoulder.

“But…we have to help Paul!” George whined.

“We can’t Geo…” Ringo sadly said “…it’s between John and Paul now…”

“It’s awfully quiet in there…” George said worriedly while he listened with his ear pressed against the door.

“Maybe John is slowly choking Paul in his sleep…?” Ringo drily stated making George stare at him with big shocked eyes.

“Rings?!” George yelped and worriedly started to try to open the door again.

“Just joking…Come Georgie…” Ringo said and started to pull George away from the door “…Let’s give them some privacy. Of course John isn’t murdering Paul…he cares too much about that git.” He winked at George.

George huffed and followed Ringo to Ringo and John’s room to wait for John to come back after his visit to Paul. He didn’t really have a choice anyway and swallowed nervously thinking about John alone in a room with a naked Paul now… It made him nauseous.

After they sat down on Ringo’s bed, George looked up at Ringo after a moment of silence.

“What the hell just happened…?” George asked Ringo and wiped a little dried blood away from his mouth.

“I…I really don’t know Georgie…” Ringo answered still staring at the floor “I’ve never seen John like that…”

“Me neither…” George said also staring at the floor thinking about John being in the same room now
as his Paulie.
“He looked so broken…” Ringo sighed worriedly “…ever since he pushed Paul away, he looks so lost… I hope he’ll get over him…”

George slowly turned his gaze from the floor towards Ringo with a worried look on his face.
“What if he doesn’t…?” George asked softly feeling a lump in his throat.
“I… I don’t know Geo…” Ringo said and gazed back at George now “…but keep in your mind that John might change his mind…and want Paul back…”
“And then what if he does?” George asked confused “…Paul is with me now… we even… ya know…”
“If John wants something… he’ll go very far to get it…” Ringo carefully warned him “…so enjoy it while you can and prepare yourself… Things could get nasty if John changes his mind…”

“I won’t give Paul up so easily!” George said angrily.
“Neither will John…” Ringo stated “…and I don’t know what Paul will do if he finds out John still wants and loves him… He was devastated when John broke up with him and he really believes John hates him and doesn’t want him anymore…”
“Paul said he loves me!” George said “That must mean something?!”
“Just…” Ringo said seriously and patted George’s shoulder “…just prepare yourself that you might lose Paul… I don’t say you will, but it is possible… And if you do lose Paul… I’ll be here for you…”
“Thanks Ritchie…” George sighed with his head hung down “…I just hope I won’t lose Paul…”
“I hope so too Georgie…” Ringo smiled sweetly at him “…now… let’s go play some cards… to get your mind from wondering…”

George nodded sadly and watched Ringo getting the cards.

John slowly walked into the bedroom and laid the room key on the side table. John hid his face behind his hand and sighed deeply. He then slowly lowered his hand and looked over to the bed.
He stared at Paul’s messy dark locks, his long eyelashes, his chubby cheeks, his plump lips and his bare chest that was showing. Paul was lying on his back with his arms sprawled out to the sides and the blanket was only covering Paul’s legs and crotch.
John slowly walked over to the bed and felt the anger build back up inside of him. How could Paul do this to him?! He had sex with George!! How… HOW COULD HE?!!! John thought while he crawled onto the bed.
He slammed one leg over Paul’s sleeping form and sat himself down on Paul’s stomach and glared angrily at him. He wondered how he could sleep so peacefully and John’s right hand turned into a fist.
John grabbed Paul’s throat with his left hand and lifted his right arm up to make himself ready to give Paul a punch in his face so hard that he feel it for at least the rest of the tour.
Just when he was about to punch Paul’s face, he saw Paul’s lips moving a little and heard him mumble softly in his sleep…and then he heard it…
The last word coming from Paul’s lips was… “John…”

John slowly lowered his arm and a small sob escaped his throat while he stared at Paul.
How could all this happen John asked himself. He had really thought that if he would ignore him that Paul would begin to realise that he missed John.
John had told Paul that he hated him, but none of this was true.
This also had given the opposite effect and he had literally driven Paul into George’s arms.
John rubbed his sore temple feeling a headache bouncing on the inside.
“I’m doing everything all wrong…” John sighed with a shaky breath while he stared at Paul’s sleeping form.

John slowly moved himself back off Paul and laid himself down next to him. He rested on his elbow so he was sitting up a little.
He stroke his fingers through Paul’s dark locks and carefully stroke his bangs away from his eyes.
John bent forward and planted a kiss on Paul’s temple.
He then slowly let his fingers run from Paul’s temple to his cheek and run his thump lovingly over Paul’s plump lips.

John bent forward again and now planted a small kiss on Paul’s lips.
Paul didn’t seem to notice anything and was still deeply asleep.
John caressed Paul’s bare chest lovingly and then he couldn’t take it anymore. He let himself fall forward burying his face in Paul’s chest and started to cry.
Smelling George’s perfume on Paul’s body now made him cry even harder.

“Why Paul…?” John sobbed onto Paul’s chest “…why?!...Why did you leave me….why did you doubt your love for me….’m so sorry for being such an ass….come back to me….please…I…I need you…I…I don’t hate you….how….how could I…I…I love you…” he choked out and softly cried his aching heart out on his lost lover. All the pain came pouring out of him.

After a while John stopped crying and slowly sat back up. Paul’s chest was wet with his tears now, but the bassist was still was sleeping peacefully.
John suddenly realized what happened and was glad that Paul was still asleep. A little smile formed on John’s lips. Paul was always a very deep sleeper. You could fire off a cannon in the room and he still would sleep through it. John thought about all the lovely moments when he would wake Paul up in the morning. He was cute as a button in the morning with his sleepy eyes and always extra cuddly. He was relieved that Paul hadn’t found him like this now, acting like such a fucking wimp and quickly pulled himself back together.

John stared at Paul again and ran his fingers through Paul’s hair while he planted one last kiss on Paul’s soft lips.

John realised that he fucked up and had really lost Paul to George….now he had to deal with it.
He then got back off the bed and walked over to the door. With his hand on the door handle John looked over his shoulder at Paul one more time trying to take his loss.
Losing Paul to George was the worst thing that ever happened to him and it was his own damn fault. It made him realise now even more how much he loved Paul and needed him.

Then it hit him. What was he thinking?! What loss? Paul was HIS damn it!!
And then John made himself a promise to himself right there and then… a promise to himself to get his Maccas back. No matter what.
John then opened the door and left the room, closing the door softly behind him.

What John hadn’t seen… was that there were two hazel eyes slowly opening and staring at the closed door now…
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Did Paul hear John... or didn't he...? And what will John do now to get his Macca back?

John closed the door behind him and sighed deeply. He felt so tired all of a sudden after the emotional breakdown he just had. He really hoped that Paul hadn’t heard him cry and all, cause that really wasn’t the way John wanted to tell Paul that he wanted him back.

Not like a sobbing drunken idiot on top his bare chest. No...he wanted to do it his own Johnny way. How could this all have happened John then wondered again. He really had thought that if he would push Paul away that hard, that Paul would come running back to him...but...the opposite thing had happened.

He had yelled at Paul and told him that he hated him and wanted him gone...but...that was all a lie...a big fucking stupid lie to get him back into his arms.

John felt like punching George and Ringo in their faces so badly for using his mistakes to get HIS Macca into George’s arms.

John really felt betrayed by his own so called friends. Thinking back about it, he realized how George and Ringo had secretly turned against him and had worked together to bring Paul to George. How could he have missed this?! He would deal with them later he promised himself.

He slammed his hands over his face in frustration and leaned with his back against the wall.

Down the hallway Brian closed the door of Ringo and John’s room behind him and sighed deeply. He had just brought a spare room key to George after he had called him up that he forgot to bring his own key and didn’t want to wake up Paul to get back in.

Brian had a strange feeling about it. George looked really worried and upset, but he had told him that nothing was wrong.

Brian didn’t really believe it. Something was really wrong between his boys and he was no fool. He planned on talking to the four of them soon when his eyes suddenly fell on John who was leaning wearily with his back against the wall and his face hidden in his hands. Brian knew John had been drinking again cause Ringo told him feeling concerned about John.

Worriedly he walked over to him.

Leaning against the wall, John was feeling sad and hangover while he closed his eyes behind his hands.

“John?” he suddenly heard and slowly lowered his hands to see Brian standing in front of him now with a concerned look on his face.

“What do you want?!” John snapped at him. He felt an enormous headache bouncing in his head and he regretted that he had been drinking so much.

“Don’t be like that John…” Brian sighed “…I’m just worried about you…” he said while he observed the rhythm guitarist. John looked like he was about to break down…and he hadn’t already.

“Stop staring at me Eppy!” John sneered annoyed feeling like his eyeballs suddenly didn’t seem to fit in his skull anymore and were about to pop out. He rubbed his eyes tiredly trying to get rid of the annoying feeling.

“Please come with me for a moment” Brian said before walking back into his room, letting the door opened behind him.

John raised his eyebrow questioningly and after a little doubt, he followed their manager into his room.
Meanwhile in Paul and George’s room, Paul was rubbing his eyes tiredly while he stared at the door. He wondered if he had heard it right and that the door really had just closed. Looking around him he realized that George wasn’t in the room anymore, so it was probably him who just left for breakfast.

Paul slowly sat up in the bed and rubbed his sore head. He just had the most strange and very emotional dream and it had given him an enormous headache and he felt nauseous. He bit his finger while he thought about the dream. It had seemed so real! But… how could it be real he told himself. John hated his guts and there was no way that John would act like that cause John had his pride too.

Especially now Paul had made love to George. John already hated the way Paul had grown so much closer to George. Paul wondered what would happen if John found out… He felt really nervous just thinking about it… Cause John was so angry to him these last weeks.

Paul got out of the bed and closed his eyes when he suddenly felt a bit dizzy. After breathing deeply in and out for a moment, the dizziness subsided a little and he walked over to the bathroom. He turned on the shower to let the water run warm while he relieved himself in the toilet. After he was finished, he flushed the toilet and stepped inside the shower, immediately enjoying the relaxing feeling.

While the warm water ran over his body, he couldn’t stop thinking about the dream. He wondered why he had dreamed such a thing and it kinda upset him. He was happy with George now and was starting to get over John. The love they once had was really over now and John had made that very clear… but… then why did he have this dream…?

In his mind Paul saw John staring at him again with so much hate and disgust in his eyes that Paul started to feel more nauseous. Then he saw the sweet caring look in George’s eyes in his mind and the way he looked at him like he was the most precious thing on earth.

Then the dream about John popped up in his head again and the way John had told Paul how sorry he was and how much he loved him…

“I love you Paulie” George’s voice sounded in his head now and he saw his toothy smile in his mind.

“I love you Macca” John’s voice sounded and then George’s again.

“Aaaaaargh!!” Paul groaned while he rubbed his face in frustration. His stomach churned and he felt dizzy again. He rested his temple against the cool tiles and closed his eyes for a moment. Was he losing his mind? He wondered while George and John’s voices kept on talking in his mind. He moaned when he felt a painful stich in his stomach.

“Bloody dream…!!” Paul groaned grabbing his aching stomach with both hands. A sob escaped his throat and he felt the warm drops of water running down his face mingle with his salty tears that started to escape his eyes.

He didn’t really know why he was feeling like crying. The night with George had been great and George was so good to him and caring. Paul really felt loved. but… why did he feel so empty all of a sudden. What was wrong with him? He groaned while he hit his fist against the wall a few times! He turned around and leaned with his back against the cold wall. He slowly let himself slide downward till he sat down. Once sitting on the floor, he pulled his legs up so he formed himself into a ball and softly started to cry.

“Sit down… please” Brian said to John in Brian’s hotel room while he poured in two glasses of water. John hesitated for a moment before sitting down and taking the glass Brian handed to him. He watched Brian sitting down on the chair on the other side of the small table and took a sip of his drink.
“The reason why I asked you to come over is because I’m worried about you John” Brian explained and saw John rolling his eyes at this.
“Don’t give me that look…” Brian sighed “…I’m not a fool John…” he said seriously “…I know there is something going on between you and Paul…”
“You do?!?” John asked a little shocked.
“AHA!!” Brian smirked.
“Darn…” John mumbled realizing his slip of the tongue.
“Are you two a couple..?” Brian asked now bluntly making John flinch a little.
“Yeah…I mean…we WERE a couple…” John answered and looked down at his feet now.
“What do you mean…‘were’…?” Brian asked curiously.
“Fucking Harrison…” John answered angrily and his hands turned into fists.
“What about him?” Brian asked even more curiously now. Were three of his Beatles boys gay?! His boys where all the girls were in love with? It seemed like he had a big problem on his hands now.

“FUCKING HARRISON STOLE MY MACCA AWAY FROM ME!!!” John yelled furiously while he stood back up and stalked over to the window.
Brian stared at John’s back for a moment thinking back about the past few weeks and slowly the pieces of the puzzle fell together in his mind. The way Paul had tried to get John’s attention back, the way John had kept pushing Paul away, the way Paul was keeping away from John now more and more, the way George was around Paul so much more, the way he saw Paul and John grow apart and the way George and Paul were so close now and sharing a room.
Brian walked over to John and stood next to him.
“Do you want Paul back?” Brian asked John while he glanced over to John.
“Yes…I miss him so much…” John softly said “…I thought that I was doing the right thing by pushing him away…so…so he would realize how much he needs me too when I wasn’t around anymore…but… I totally missed how that sneaky son of a bitch was seducing Paulie behind my back… Using Paul’s vulnerability to his advantage… He even slept with MY Macca now!! DAMN IT!!” he yelled and slammed his fist against the window in frustration.

“So…you are even willing to forgive Paul for sleeping with George then…?” Brian asked in amazement. John must love Paul very much he now realized.
“…Yes…” John softly answered and slowly looked towards Brian “…I love that silly git so freaking much…” he weakly smiled while a tear rolled over his cheek which he quickly wiped away with his hand.
“Go get him back then” Brian stated “Paul belongs to you... Everyone can see that…” he smiled sweetly. He was even more amazed now about the strong love John felt for Paul.
“Do…do you think so…?” John weakly smiled back to their manager.
“I always felt there was a strong connection between the two of you…” Brian explained “…I just never realized that it was THIS deep and…I never knew you two, well make it three now, were gay…”
“We’re not gay Eppy…” John stated “…Just something about Paul… we are only queer for each other…well…Paul’s probably queer for Harrison too now…damn it!”
“I understand if you’re angry at Paul now for what he did, but you really want him back don’t you?” Brian asked.
John didn’t answer, but stared out of the window in deep thought while he slowly nodded his head.
“Maybe you have to tell him that and let him know that you DON’T hate him and stop the drinking and abuse... I think that if he knows this…he will be back in your arms very soon…” Brian smiled sweetly at John.
John looked over to Brian while a big bright smile formed his face that Brian hadn’t seen in weeks and he was happy to see the smile back.
“Thanks Eppy!” John smiled and hugged Brian and felt even more determined to get his Macca back.
While John was at Brian’s, George had ran over to his and Paul’s room to check if Paul was okay. He didn’t see John on the way over, so he assumed that he was still in the room with Paul. Ringo ran after him to make sure everything would be alright too. George turned the key and after glancing over his shoulder one more time to Ringo worriedly, he opened the door. Together they walked into the room prepared for the worst, but when they walked into the room, the bed and room were empty. Ringo and George shared a worried look and then looked at the bathroom door when they heard the sound of running water. Ringo nodded to George to show his support and George slowly opened the bathroom door. When he looked around the door, George’s heart broke at the sight of a crying Paul sitting underneath the shower.

“Paulie?!” George called worriedly while he ran over to the crying bassist. He kneeled down in front of Paul and pulled him into his arms. Paul let himself fall against George and buried his face in his neck while he sobbed unstoppable. “Hush hush love…” George soothed while he stroked Paul’s hair sweetly and rocked him back and forth in his protective arms, ignoring the fact that he was soaking his clothes underneath the shower. After a while George took Paul’s face in his hands while Paul kept on crying. “Look at me Paulie…” George softly asked while he stroked Paul’s cheeks with his thumbs. Paul slowly looked into his eyes while the tears kept on streaming from his big doe eyes and George felt Paul’s body still shaking from the sobs.

“Did John hurt you?” George asked concerned while he run his eyes over Paul’s body to check for bruises. He was relieved to find none. Paul looked a little puzzled at George before he slowly shook his head. “Please… just leave me alone… for a moment…” He sniffed before he pushed George’s hands away and hid his face behind his hands and kept on crying.

“I…I better leave you two alone…” Ringo softly said resting his hand on George’s shoulder and squeezed it reassuringly.

George looked up at Ringo and nodded in agreement. Ringo smiled weakly at George seeing Paul so upset before leaving the room and let his two mates be.

He almost bumped into John while he walked over to his room. “Oi!” Ringo yelped “Watch where you going!” he yelled before walking on. He was too deep in his own thoughts to realize that John was now walking into the room where George was trying to sooth a very upset Paul.

John opened the door with the key he still had from George and walked into the room. He soon realized that Paul and George were in the bathroom and he quietly opened the bathroom door. Standing in the doorway he leaned against the doorframe while he watched the scene in front of him.

“Paulie…?” George asked a little hurt “…why won’t you let me hold you and comfort you sweetie…?” he said to a crying Paul who was still hiding his face behind his hands. Paul now slowly lowered his hands and stared into George’s concerning eyes. “Come ‘ere…” George said and held his arms wide open for Paul. After a little moment of doubt, Paul let himself fall into George’s arms again and hugged him tight while he let his tears fall down. He didn’t know what to feel at the moment and was very upset. He was winding himself up so much that his stomach started to complain more and more. Paul remembered how the doctor had told him to avoid stress cause it could make the gastritis worse or come back again, but he just felt too confused inside right now to care. When he looked up for a moment from George’s shoulder, his breath stocked in his throat when he
suddenly noticed John standing in the doorway.

John was staring intensely into Paul’s big hazel eyes like he was trying to hypnotize him. He felt proud to see that Paul was staring back at him now and ignoring George. John was a little worried though when he noticed how Paul’s face grew paler and paler and maybe even a bit greenish…

“You okay Paulie…?” George asked worriedly hearing Paul’s breath stock and pulled away from Paul a little to look at him.

But Paul wasn’t looking back at him, but to someone or something behind George’s back. George looked over his shoulder to see where Paul was staring at and now saw John too.

“What the hell are you doing here?!!” George yelled angrily at John.

“None of your damn business…” John grumped while he kept on staring at Paul.

“It’s my business when you’re standing in this bathroom!” George sneered feeling more and more worried about the intense staring between John and Paul. He was even more worried when he looked back at Paul and now noticed how pale he looked.

“Don’t you see Paul’s not well?!” George yelled at John “And give him some privacy you fucking jerk!!!”

“EXCUSE ME?!!” John yelled back and now turned his gaze to George angrily “Who are you calling a jerk, you SWINE!!”

George stood back up and walked over to John feeling like steam was coming out of his ears.

“LEAVE US ALONE!!!!” he yelled in John’s face when he stood in front of him.

Suddenly they heard a familiar sound from not so long ago and they both looked over to where the sound was coming from.

They saw Paul kneeled in front of the toilet now throwing up between his sobs. George slammed his hands over his ears and quickly looked away. He still couldn’t handle people being sick and he hated himself for it now.

“Take care of him…” John softly sneered at him after pulling George’s hands away from his ears and held his wrists firmly to let him hear Paul’s puking sounds “…if you really are a couple like you bribed about…you can’t leave Paul alone like this!” he sneered at George.

For a moment John looked worriedly at how his Macca was all naked and cold and feeling alone and awful. He really had trouble to stop himself from running over to Paul’s aid, but he wanted to confront George with how he was not capable to set his own feelings aside to comfort Paul in times like this.

“Let go of me!!” George yelled at John with tears burning in his eyes and yanked his arms free from John’s firm grip. He looked over to Paul, but couldn’t help to feel like throwing up himself by the sight, sound and smell.

“So sorry Paulie…” he choked out before running out of the bathroom.

John smirked proudly before quickly turning his attention to Paul. He took a bathrobe and wrapped it around Paul’s shivering body while he kneeled down next to him.

“You done…?” John asked while he sweetly run his fingers through Paul’s wet locks.

Paul shook his head upset before bending forward again and throwing up some more while John rubbed his heaving back soothingly.

After his last heave, Paul flushed the toilet and looked over to John with red tearstained eyes. He was breathing heavily and tried to swallow the awful taste in his mouth away.

“Here you go…” John sweetly smiled at him and handed over a glass of water “…try to drink a little…” he softly said while he stoke Paul’s bangs away from his eyes.

Paul took the glass and rinsed his mouth before drinking a little more.

“Thank you…” Paul said with a croaked voice from the vomiting while he gave the glass back to John.
“Better now…?” John asked while he helped Paul standing back up on his wobbly legs and helped Paul into the bathrobe properly. He pulled it tighter around Paul’s shivering body and closed it. “Guess so…” Paul answered sadly “…I was hoping I was past the vomiting thing…I hate it…” he sighed.

“I know you do…” John sweetly smiled at him and stroke his cheek with his thumb “…but you really wound yourself up way too much… You know the doctor warned you about that…” “…Yeah….” Paul softly agreed and sadly hang his head down a little. John cupped Paul’s chin and slowly raised his head back up, but Paul kept his eyes focused downward.

“What was upsetting you so much… Macca…?” John asked using Paul’s nickname suddenly. Paul slowly raised his eyes and stared surprised back into John’s almond shaped eyes after hearing John using his nickname, but they got interrupted by George and Ringo storming into the bathroom.

“You okay sweetie?” George asked while he pushed John away and wrapped his arms around Paul. “I’m fine Georgie…” Paul answered softly hugging him back “…why did you leave so suddenly…?” He asked after pulling back a little to look George into his eyes. “I’m sorry babe…I’m here now…” George said avoiding Paul’s question and pulled Paul back into a hug while looking over to John next to him. John gave him a cold look that could only meant trouble and then he saw John pointing at Paul before he pointed back to himself and mouthed ‘mine’ to him.

George glared angrily at John while pulling Paul even closer against him and mouthed ‘in your dreams’ to him. John gave a mean chuckle before walking away leaving a confused George behind holding Paul for his dear life, afraid to let him go. He then looked over at Ringo who looked at George with a worried and ‘I told you so’ look in his eyes…
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

I'll get you in the end, oh yes I will...

George held Paul so tight that Paul almost couldn’t breathe anymore and so Paul tried to wriggle himself free from George’s firm grip.

“Georgie…umpf…” Paul murmured “…you can let go of me now…please…” he chuckled while he slowly pushed George away a little from himself.

“Oh…sorry Paulie…” George excused himself while his face flushed red and let go of Paul.

Paul suddenly winced a little while he rubbed his stomach with his hand.

“You okay babe…?” George asked concerned “…do you have to get sick again…?” he asked hoping that it wasn’t true. He had left Paul behind while he was being sick just now and got away with it… it wouldn’t work a second time…

“Yeah…’m okay…” Paul said and raised his eyebrow when he saw the look on George’s face “…and you? Are you okay there Geor…?”

“Huh?...Wha…?... yeah sure!” George clumsily answered glaring at Ringo quickly making Paul raise his eyebrow a little higher.

Paul looked over at Ringo too for a moment before taking George by his arm and dragging him with him towards the bedroom.

In the bedroom Paul pushed George down on a chair and crossed his arms while he stood in front of George and glared seriously down at him now.

“Some…something wrong Paulie…?” George asked and swallowed hard.

“Hmm…depends…” Paul answered while he rubbed the side of his nose with his finger.

“Depends on what…?” George asked nervously and looked behind Paul towards Ringo who walked out of the bathroom and stared worriedly at George now.

Paul noticed George looking behind him and now glanced over his shoulder to see Ringo standing behind him again.

What was it with Ringo being around George the whole time Paul wondered to himself and looked back at George and then back at Ringo again.

“Rings…could you leave us alone for a moment?” Paul asked politely but thoroughly.

“Uh…oh yeah…sure Paul…” Ringo stuttered and shrugged his shoulders apologising to George before he walked out of the bedroom.

After the door had closed, Paul glared back at George again and noticed how nervous he looked.

“How…” Paul began while he crossed his arms in front of his chest again with a serious look on his face “…back in the shower…please do tell me why you asked me if John had hurt me…”

“…Wha…What do you mean Paulie…?” George asked softly.

“I think you know what I mean…” Paul said and he looked even more seriously now “…why would you ask such a thing…? Cause John doesn’t even have a room key…so how could he possibly have hurt me this morning…?…or…did he get a key somehow and did he… by any chance… came to me while I was sleeping…?”

George didn’t answer and only stared at Paul.

“Well…” Paul asked a little angry now by George’s strange behaviour “…did he or did he not?!”

Meanwhile in John and Ringo’s room, John let himself fall backward on his bed with a loud thud.
He then folded his arms underneath his head with a big grin plastered on his face. The first move to get his Macca back was made and he had a good feeling about it. He thought back of the surprised look in Paul’s eyes when he had called him by his nickname. Something was happening in that favourite hazel eyes John could always drown in. Stupid George didn’t stand a chance against him he smirked. John was sure that the bond between him and Paul was strong enough to conquer everything.

Even now Paul was so happy and in love with George. At least… that was what Paul believed to be true at the moment, but no… John was sure Paul was just confused at the moment and was still his. John chuckled when he thought of the way George had pushed him away from Paul so panicked. He closed his eyes to get a little sleep and get rid of his headache. While he was just dozing off thinking about his next step, John suddenly heard a soft knock on the door.

He sighed annoyed and decided to ignore it. He was too busy thinking about his plan and how nice it was to have had Paul so close again. Even though Paul was being sick and it was only for such a short moment.

But then another knock on the door followed and after letting out another big heavy sigh, John got up from the bed and opened the door.

“What the fuck do ya wa…” John started annoyed, but stopped when his eyes met two big doe eyes. “Macca?” John asked surprised to see the love of his life standing in front of him. Paul was wearing a blue jeans now with a tight black shirt on top. His hair was still a little wet from the shower and John was relieved to see the colour back on Paul’s chubby cheeks.

“Hi Johnny…” Paul answered and gave him the sweet smile that made all the girls melt… and John himself…

“Please come in…” John said while he stepped aside to let Paul in.

“Ta…” Paul winked at him and walked in.

John watched in awe how Paul walked passed him over to the bedroom. It was like a dream come true. He hadn’t expect Paul to change his mind this fast…and that ass of Paul while he walked away…it looked so good in his tight jeans... John quickly shook his head to his stop his staring and closed the door.

He walked over to the bedroom after Paul and saw him now standing in front of the window staring at the view outside.

“Are you feeling a little better Macca?” John asked while he took in Paul’s beauty. Gosh…he had really missed him…

Paul slowly turned around and sweetly smiled at John.

“My stomach is still a little upset, but it’s okay…” he softly said.

“…Okay…good…” John smiled back “…but…why are you here…?” he asked curiously.

“Oh…want me to go then…?” Paul asked and pouted.

That goddamn pout John thought to himself. Paul’s pout was irresistible!

“No no!!” John quickly answered “Please don’t leave…”

“Ta Johnny…” Paul smiled relieved “…I’m here cause I just wanted to thank you for being there for me when I got sick earlier…Don’t know why George left me like that though…but I was glad that you were there to help me…” he said while he walked over to John.

“No prob Macca…” John smiled back at Paul.

“That was very sweet of you…” Paul smiled when he stopped in front of John.

“I couldn’t leave you like that Macca…” John softly said while Paul’s lovely scent slowly reached his nostrils.

Paul stared deeply into John’s eyes for a moment like he was trying to read John’s mind.

“What’s the matter Macca…?” John asked after a long moment of silence and just staring at each other.
“…Oh…nothing…” Paul answered softly “…I just missed looking into your eyes…and…I…I…” he said, but then a sob escaped his throat and tears started to roll out of his eyes.

“Don’t cry Paulie…” John whispered while he took Paul’s face in his hands and wiped the tears away.

“I…I’m so sorry Johnny!” Paul choked out between his sobs “…I’m so terribly sorry for everything I did…and…and doubting your love for me…and and…”

“Hush hush…” John soothed him while stroking Paul’s cheeks with his thumbs “…calm down…be careful, don’t upset your tummy…”

“How can…how can you be so nice to me?…” Paul cried “…after all that I’ve done to you…?”

John stared into Paul’s teary eyes for a moment before he answered the upset bassist.

“You really hurt me Macca… I can’t deny that…especially when I found out about you slept with George…” John said making Paul wince and he stared with shocked eyes at John while the tears kept rolling out of them.

“Oh god!!” Paul cried out and threw himself against John and started to sob onto John’s shoulder “You do know about that?!” he sobbed “I’m SO SORRY JOHNNY!”

John wrapped his arms around Paul and felt his body shake from the crying.

“I know you are…” he whispered while he sweetly stroked Paul’s back with his hand.

“Does…does this mean you don’t hate me anymore…?” Paul carefully asked and let go of John to look at him.

John stared deeply back into Paul’s big questioning eyes and cupped Paul’s face with his hands.

“I never hated you Macca…” John softly said “…how could I…I love you…so much…”

Tears formed in Paul’s eyes again and he rested his hands on top of John’s.

“I love you too Johnny…” Paul sniffed “…so freaking much…”

John then pressed his lips against Paul’s and kissed him with all the love he felt inside.

To John’s relieve, Paul kissed him back and after tasting each other’s lips for a while, Paul opened his mouth to gain entrance for John. John gladly took the offer and now their tongues were greeting and massaging each other lovingly.

John had missed Paul’s taste so badly and feeling the way Paul kissed him back told him that he felt the same.

“God I missed ya…” John murmured against Paul’s lips.

“I missed ya too Johnny…” Paul murmured back and grabbed John’s butt with both hands and squeezed it firmly making John moan into Paul’s mouth.

Paul started to push John towards the bed with his hands on John’s chest now.

When John’s legs hit the bed, Paul roughly pushed John against his chest so he fell backward on the bed.

“Hmmm…” John grinned at Paul who started crawling on top of him now “…needy are we…?”

Paul grinned back while he crawled closer so his nose touched John’s.

“Oh yes…” Paul sensually answered and kissed John’s neck “…very…needy…” he said while he cupped John’s bulge making John’s head spin.

John started to pull up Paul’s shirt impatiently and Paul wriggled himself out of it.

When Paul’s shirt was off, John threw it on the floor next to the bed and let his hands wonder over Paul’s bare chest lovingly. He enjoyed the feeling of Paul’s soft skin and Paul enjoyed the touch. Paul sat himself down on top of John’s bulge and slowly moved back and forth on it while he closed his eyes in pleasure of the feeling it gave him.

“Oh god…HmmmMmmMacca…” John moaned feeling Paul rubbing his erection against his so lovingly.

Paul slowly opened his eyes and glared dreamingly at John while he bent forward to unbutton John’s shirt while he kept on moving his hips in the same rhythm.

John helped Paul to get himself out of his shirt and Paul threw it on the floor next to his own.
“Hmmm…lovely…” Paul smiled while he let his hands run over John’s bare chest and started to kiss and lick John’s neck.

“Oh god…Macca…” John moaned and tried to fumble at Paul’s zipper but it wasn’t easy the way Paul was half lying on top of him “…you drive me crazy…I need you…now…!”

Paul stopped his kissing and licking to glare wantonly into John’s eyes.

“Seems I’m not the only needy one…” Paul smiled sensually at John.

“Shut it and take it off…” John smirked at Paul while he unzipped him.

Paul moved off of John for a moment to remove his pants with his boxers and then removed John’s pants taking his boxers down in the same move.

“Come ‘ere…” John beckoned Paul with his index finger playfully at the naked bassist crawling back on top of him.

Paul laid himself on top of John while John spread his legs to let Paul lie down between them making there naked member touch.

“Jeez…” John moaned and his eyes rolled back in his head “…please just fuck me…NOW…”

Paul kissed John’s lips passionately “My pleasure…” he smiled against John’s lips and positioned himself before pushing himself into John’s warmth in one smooth move.

“Aaaaahhh…ungh….Yes!!” John moaned out loud into Paul’s mouth when he felt his lover enter him and starting to move in and out of him.

“Oh Johnny…” Paul moaned back while he started to thrust in and out John more roughly.

“Hmmmm” John moaned in pure bliss feeling his lover inside of him.

“John…John…” He heard Paul moan and then felt him grab him by his shoulders and shake him roughly and heard him yell louder “JOHN?!!”

John’s eyes shot open to find Ringo shaking him awake by his shoulders. He looked around him in shock to see no Paul in his bed or even in the room before he looked back at Ringo again standing next to the bed staring at him with big shocked eyes.

“What the…?!?” John said confused, angry and disappointed to realise it was all just a bloody dream...a very good dream though...

“Are you okay John?” Ringo asked concerned “You were moaning and sweating and I couldn’t get you to wake up. Are you sick? Do you have a fever?” he said while he laid his hand on John’s forehead.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” John sneered and slapped Ringo’s hand away “I’m not ill. Ever heard of a wet dream?!” he asked bluntly making Ringo’s face flush into a deep red colour.

“Oh…shit…” Ringo answered and wiped his hand on his shirt with a disgusted look on his face. “…now that’s really awkward…” Ringo mumbled.

“Thank you for interrupting it…!” John sneered while he stood up from the bed.

“Sorry John!” Ringo sneered back looking irritated at John now “Brian ordered me to get your lazy arse over to breakfast, because we’re leaving in about half an hour. So that’s why I came over to get you. I couldn’t care less if you have breakfast or not!”

“Where’s Paul?” John asked while he adjusted his clothes and hair a little in front of the mirror.

“Why would you care?” Ringo asked annoyed.

John stared angrily at the drummer for a moment before he stormed out of the room. Ringo sighed deeply and sat down on his bed. This whole thing was really starting to drive him crazy...

When John walked over to the elevator, he saw the door of George and Paul’s room open and Paul walked out.

Perfect John thought to himself while he walked over to Paul.

“Hey Macca…” John smiled at Paul.

Paul looked up when he heard John’s voice.

“Oh hullo John…” he smiled back.

“How’s your stomach?” John asked concerned.
“I’m still a bit nauseous and my stomach is still upset, but it’s okay… ta…” Paul answered.
“Where are you going to…?” John asked curiously.
“Oh…I was on my way for breakfast…” Paul explained “…not that I’m hungry actually…” he weakly smiled.
“I was on my way there too!” John smiled “We can go together?” he asked.
Paul raised his eyebrow in surprise to see John act so nice to him again. He wondered why he had such a mood change and thought back of his dream. George had denied that John had been in his room while he was sleeping, but… Could it be…?
“Well?” John said “Shall we go then?”
“Actually I was waiting for Ge…” he started to answer, but was interrupted by the lad himself suddenly standing next to him.

“Hi babe, I’m ready to go” George said and pecked Paul on his cheek before glancing angrily towards John.

George took Paul’s hand in his and dragged him with him towards the elevator leaving John behind standing alone staring at them.

While they waited for the elevator to come to their floor, George suddenly pulled Paul against him and pressed his lips against Paul’s and started to kiss him.

When the little bell of the elevator sounded and the doors opened, George broke the kiss.

The elevator opened and Paul disappeared into it. George gave John a mean smile and pointed at himself and mouthed ‘mine’ before he followed Paul into the elevator.

After the doors closed, John kicked the wall in frustration.

“I’m gonna get my Macca back…!” John gritted through his teeth “…oh yes Harrison… I will!”
John stared at the numbers above the elevator while being lost in his own thoughts.

He was thinking about the kiss George had given Paul in front of his eyes just before they went down.

It had hurt him. Especially after that beautiful dream he had about Paul apologising to him and the lovemaking had seem so real and had been so nice.

Now that little fucker of a Harrison had pressed his lips against HIS Macca’s plump lips and John had wanted to push George away from Paul and beat the shit out of him, but… he hadn’t done that.

No, he didn’t want to be too violent in front of Paul anymore cause John had the feeling that Paul had become a little afraid of John after his abusing behaviour towards Paul lately.

The last thing he wanted is to push Paul even more away from himself.

John decided to take things slowly and try to get his Macca back in a maybe playful way. Just slowly trying to mess Paul’s mind up and make him realize that his heart still belongs to John.

George would feel some of his little getting-Paul-back-game too, but mostly he would focus on Paul.

John grinned evilly while he pushed the button to call the elevator up.

When John was on the right floor, he walked into the dining room where a lovely private breakfast buffet was set up for them.

Paul was reading a newspaper at the table while chewing on a piece of apple.

George was sitting across of him on the other side of the table stuffing his face with all kinds of food.

John watched Paul taking another bite from his apple and how the juice from the apple lingered on his beautiful lips.

John licked his lips longingly to kiss those lips while he grabbed an apple too from the buffet before sitting down at the table next to Paul. He ignored the death glare George shot at him and bent towards Paul a little pretending to try to read the newspaper in Paul’s hand.

Paul was holding the newspaper up with one hand cause he was using his other one to hold the apple, so John now took the other side of the newspaper to help him hold it up. Making a nice shield between them and George.
Paul curiously peeked at John from the corner of his eye pretending to keep on reading.

He noticed John had taken an apple too and saw him take a bite before staring at the newspaper now too. John didn’t say a word and just focused on the newspaper.

Paul then took another bite from his apple and while he did so, he noticed John mimicking his movement by taking another bite from his apple too right at the same time.

Paul saw John shoving a little closer to him trying to read the articles with his nose almost touching the newspaper now.

Right at that moment John ‘accidentally’ dropped his apple onto Paul’s lap.

“Oops…” John mumbled while he grabbed Paul’s crotch instead of the apple lying close to it “… oops again…” he grinned, without moving his hand away, at Paul who started to blush heavily.

“The pancakes are really delicious!” Ringo voice suddenly sounded while he sat down at the table next to George making Paul jump so hard that John’s apple rolled from his legs onto the floor.

The three of them looked up at Ringo now while he shoved another piece in his mouth.

While chewing on his pancake, Ringo noticed his mates staring faces.

George was staring at his pancakes now like he was about to steal them away from him.

Paul looked like a little boy who just got caught stealing candy and John had that look on his face. That look that meant trouble… A look that he hadn’t seen on John’s face for a long time and Ringo wondered why.

“Where did you get that?!” George asked surprised while he stole a piece of Ringo’s pancakes.

“At the buffet table in the corner” Ringo answered not taking his eyes of John and Paul. Something fishy was going on at the other side of the table he knew for sure.

“Gotta get some of those!” George stated while he stood up and walked over to the buffet.

Paul and John both stared back at Ringo. John still with THE look on his face and Paul still looking a bit startled with flushed cheeks and big surprised eyes.

“I’m gonna get some too” Paul then mumbled while he slapped John’s hand away from his crotch under the table and quickly stood up to walk over to George at the buffet.

“What are you doing John?” Ringo asked curiously.

“What do ya mean?” John answered casually.

“With Paul…I know you’re up to something…” Ringo stated.

“As a matter of fact…I am…” John answered drily and took the newspaper from the table while pretending to read it.
“What…?…But… I thought you broke up with him?” Ringo asked.

“Changed my mind” John stated while he laid the newspaper back down and stood up to walk over to Brian.

Ringo saw John discussing something with Brian now and wondered what would happen next.

He let out a big sigh cause he thought things would be over by now, but boy…was he wrong he realized.

After a long and boring car journey, they had arrived in the next town where they had a performance in the evening.

Brian had taken them to a fancy restaurant to surprise his boys with a nice dinner.

Paul was stirring his soup with his spoon not feeling hungry at all. He still felt a bit nauseous and the long car drive in combination with the smell of food didn’t make him feel any better.

Paul had wanted to stay at the hotel to sleep before the performance, but he hadn’t want to disappoint an enthusiastic Brian with his surprise for them. Not knowing it would be a long posh dinner.

“You okay luv…?” George whispered in Paul’s ear while he stroke Paul’s thigh soothingly underneath the table.

“I… I don’t feel so well actually…” Paul softly answered and wiped the sweat away from his brow “…the smell of the food is making my stomach doing crazy flip flops…” he whispered and rubbed his complaining stomach.

“Why don’t you go outside for a moment…?” George suggested “… to get some fresh air…?"

“That…” Paul softly answered swallowing his upcoming mess back down “…that might help yeah…” he said before excusing himself and walking towards the hallway of the restaurant.

Little later Paul was staring absentmindedly to the fishes swimming about in the too small fish tank to hold so many fish in the restaurant and feeling a little better when he suddenly heard John’s voice next to him.

“What ya staring at Macca?” John asked curiously while he tried to focus on the fishes too but having some trouble because of the foggy glass and not wearing his glasses.

“…Oh… nothing really…” Paul answered dreamingly “…just wondering why these fish are in such a small tank and why the lobsters scissors are tight up like tha…” he said pointing to the lobsters on the bottom of the tank.

John pressed his nose against the glass to have a better look and saw what Paul meant.

“Oh look Paul!” John enthusiastically said pointing with his finger against the glass “That lobster freed himself and lost one of his tapes!”

Paul looked to the lobsters and then saw the ‘freed’ one.

“Oh yeah! Good for him!” Paul smiled.
“He’s a tough little lobster ain’t he?” John said proudly about the little creature “Let’s call him Chuck”

“Chuck?” Paul giggled still staring at the lobster.

“Yeah! It suits him perfectly!” John smiled tapping against the glass with his finger scaring all the fish away from the glass “Ellow Chuck!”

Paul laughed about John’s silliness and looked over at John to find him staring at Chuck with that Lennon-look on his face that always meant trouble.

“What would Chuck do if I put my tie in the fish tank?” John suddenly asked making Paul raise his eyebrows in surprise.

“No you wouldn’t…” Paul chuckled knowing that John probably would do what he just suggested anyway.

And Paul was right about John cause before he could stop him, John had taken a chair to step onto.

He stood bend forward on the chair so he hang with his upper body above the fish tank. His tie hang into the water of the fish tank now and they watched how the fishes were swimming around franticly to try to get away from this strange object.

“Gotcha!” John suddenly cheered while pulling at his tie with a lobster dangling at it now “Come to Johnny!”

Paul started to laugh again at the funny sight of John holding up his dripping tie now with Chuck hanging onto it.

“And now what?” Paul laughed looking at the lobster while John stepped off the chair.

“Hell should I know…” John said thoughtfully and grabbed Chuck’s body “Yuk!” he yelped while he let go of the lobster making Paul laugh even harder.

“Paul! You take it off! It feels really funny and I’m not touching that thing again!” John ordered Paul with a disgusted and panicked look on his face.

“Hell no!” Paul laughed “I’m not touching that thing either!”

“Take it away!” John yelped “Please Macca!”

“Don’t wanna have Chuck hanging on me finger Johnny” Paul smirked “You brought this on yourself” he laughed.

John swallowed hard and regained his courage and started to pull at Chuck, but the lobster didn’t give up so easily making Paul bend over in laughter with tears rolling over his cheeks at the funny sight.

“Fucking lobster!!!” John suddenly yelled and when Paul looked back up to John he saw the lobster still hanging on John’s tie and John was still pulling at it “Help me Macca!! Fucking thing doesn’t let go of me tie!!”
“Told ya s…” Paul started.

“No time for being a smart ass!” John interrupted him “Please get it off!!”

After some wriggling and pulling, Paul managed to get the lobster loose from John’s now ruined and clipped tie and threw the poor animal back into the fish tank.

John and Paul watched as the lobster moved away on the bottom of the fish tank and how the piece of fabric from John’s tie slowly sank down to the bottom.

“Everything alright Sirs?” a waiter asked walking over to them.

“Everything is all dandy kind Sir” John answered with a posh voice straightening his back and trying to adjust his ruined tie making Paul chuckle behind his hand.

“Something wrong Sir?” Brian’s voice sounded and the two lads looked up to see their manager now standing next to the waiter.

“No Sir, I don’t thinks so” the waiter answered glaring at John’s ripped dripping tie “Which lobster would you like to get prepared for your dinner, Sir?” he asked looking back at Brian now.

“Wha…?!?” Paul yelped “Brian?! You ca…” he started to protest, but was stopped by John’s hand over his mouth.

“Ssssh….” John shushed him “…that’s normal in these types of restaurants…” he softly explained to a shocked Paul while he lowered his hand slowly after enjoying the feeling of Paul’s soft lips against his hand and a little sad to let the feeling go.

Paul watched with big shocked eyes how Brian picked Chuck for dinner.

“OH MY GO…” Paul started to yell with teary eyes, but was stopped again by John who started to drag Paul with him away from the horrified scene.

John took Paul outside and wrapped his arm around the bassist shaking body.

He noticed how Paul’s bottom lip started to tremble and how tears started to roll out of his big doe eyes.

“Awww Macca…. Com ‘ere…” he said and pulled Paul into a big hug “…Chuck won’t feel a thing…they will just throw him alive into a big pan with boiling wa…”

“Noooohooohoow!!” Paul cried against John’s shoulder and John held him even tighter with a big grin on his face. Paul’s care for animals came in handy right now and was a great excuse to hold him close against him while the bassist cried for the silly lobster against his neck.

“What’s going on here?!?” George’s voice suddenly sounded and John looked up to see George standing behind Paul now. He had his arms crossed in front of his chest and if stares could kill, John would be dead right there and then.

“Paulie’s just a little upset…” John answered soothingly rubbing Paul’s back.

“Is he now?” George asked raising his eyebrow suspiciously.
“No…” John answered “He’s laughing…” he said drily making George look even more angry.

“Paul sweetie…” George said pulling Paul out of John’s arms “…why are you so upset? Come with me now…” he said and kissed Paul on his wet cheek before dragging him back into the restaurant with him.

John watched them leave and smiled while he took out a ciggie from his pocket and lightened it.

He thought back of the sound of Paul’s laugh and his scent when he cried in his arms.

Paul was really his addiction and John craved for more, but… not too fast.

After finishing his cigarette he joined the rest back at the table enjoying his diner chatting happily.

Paul on the other hand hadn’t said a word and ignored Brian completely through the whole dinner and even on the way back to the hotel.

Later that evening, they were onstage putting their guitars around their necks and Ringo took place behind his drums.

They were playing the songs on the set list and everything went great. Even Paul felt good enough to give away a perfect performance.

After finishing the previous song, John walked over to the mike to announce the next song.

“Next song we’d like to play is…” John said into the microphone trying to be heard above the frantic screaming of the girls. It was no use and John babbled something that didn’t make sense at all and he laughed out loud. Looking next to him he saw Paul laughing along. John turned back to the crowd and yelled in the mike “THIS BOY!”

Paul counted them in and they started the song.

George looked a little surprised when he suddenly felt John squeeze himself in between him and Paul.

John glared meanly at George while they sang the first words together with the three of them in the same microphone.

“That boy took my love away
Though he'll regret it someday”

John now turned his stare towards Paul while he sang together with them

“But this boy wants you back again”
Paul’s eyes grew a little wider when he noticed John staring intensely at him while they sang the next words

“That boy isn’t good for you
Though he may want you too
This boy wants you back again”

John turned his back to George and concentrated fully on Paul while he sang his little solo. Paul’s mouth shaped in his perfect “O” shape while the “oooh” left his lips while singing the backing vocals with George.

“Oh, and this boy would be happy
Just to love you, but oh my
That boy won’t be happy” John sang and nodded his head towards George on his other side. Till he’s seen you cry”

John saw Paul starting to blush a little while he turned back to face him.

“This boy wouldn't mind the pain
Would always feel the same
If this boy gets you back again”

John and Paul never broke their eye contact during the whole song and George felt angry inside. What the hell was John doing?!

The song reached the end

“This boy
This boy
This boy”
The four Beatles made their famous bow and after that John winked at Paul.

Paul blushed again and quickly glared over to George to see him staring at him with hurt in his eyes.

Paul gave George a sweet smile, but George turned his head away. Paul looked a little hurt now too before walking over to the microphone to announce the last song.
The boys left the stage after receiving loud applause and even more screams. Paul walked over to George and laid his hand on his shoulder. “That was fun wasn’t it Georgie?” Paul asked happily, but the smile on his face turned into a frown when George slapped his hand away and huffed before abruptly walking away. Ringo applauded sarcastically to Paul before going after George. Paul’s mouth was agape and he was trying to recall what just happened and why George shoved him off like that. He put down his bass and went after him.

John quickly put down his guitar too and tried to catch up with Paul who was walking rather fast. “Great show wasn’t it Macca?!” John asked Paul after he reached him and walked next to him. “HmHm” Paul hummed not even looking at him and keeping his focus in front of him. John raised his eyebrow and looked into the direction Paul was looking to find himself looking at the back of George. He was accompanied by Ringo who had his arm around George’s shoulders. Paul started to sprint away towards the other two making John stop in his tracks and watching the scene in front of him curiously.

“George! Georgie!!” Paul called while he run over to George and Ringo, but he was ignored by them and the door of the dressing room slammed close in Paul’s face. This made John chuckle behind his hand, but when Paul looked over his shoulder to him, he quickly kept a straight face and shrugged his shoulders to him. Paul looked back at the door knocked on it franticly before opening the door and walking in after his mates.

After the door closed, John walked closer and pressed his ear against the door to try to listen what would happen inside.

When Paul walked inside, he found George sitting on a chair with his face hidden in his hands and it looked like he was crying. Ringo was standing next to him rubbing his hand soothingly over George’s back. “Georgie…what’s the matter love…?” Paul asked while he walked over to George with a worried expression on his face. George didn’t react and kept on sniffing, but Ringo looked up to Paul with an angry look in his eyes. “Piss off Paul…” Ringo said angrily “…this is all your fault…” “Do…do you want me to leave Georgie…?” Paul asked softly. George’s head suddenly snapped up and he glared at Paul with tearstained eyes. “Do YOU want to leave Paul?!” George sneered at him. “Of…of course not…” Paul answered sweetly while kneeling down in front of George “…Why would I?”

George abruptly stood up and walked away from Paul. “Because you’d rather be with John right now?” George hissed. “Wha…what?” Paul asked surprised while he stood back up and walked towards George “Why do you say such a thing?” “Don’t act so fucking innocent now Paul!” George grumped.
“I…I really don’t understand babe…” Paul asked confused.
Geoge abruptly turned around to face Paul.
“Use that stupid brain of yours for once!” George yelled at Paul pinning his finger a few times hard against Paul’s forehead.
“Georgie please!” Paul said with watery eyes “What have I done to upset you love?”
“DON’T CALL ME THAT!!!” George spat into Paul’s face “NOT IF YOU DON’T MEAN IT!!!”
“But I love you!” Paul said with a broken voice and tears threatened to roll out of his eyes.
George angrily grabbed Paul’s face and his fingers dug into Paul’s cheeks forcing Paul to look him in the eyes. George’s eyes full of anger and frustration as he spoke.
“I don’t believe you!” he said as his grip tightened on Paul's face as Paul slightly forced his head back “All this time you lied to me…” he softly said letting go of Paul’s face.
“I didn’t lie to you…” Paul sniffed rubbing his pained face “…I really love you…”
“THEN WHY WERE YOU FLIRTING WITH JOHN DURING THE LAST SONG!!!!” George then yelled loudly making Paul and Ringo almost jump out of their skins.
“Wha…? I… I didn’t flirt with John…” Paul said feeling more and more confused now.

“Don’t lie to him Paul…” Ringo suddenly busted in “…I’ve seen it too…”
Oh SHUT UP RINGO!!” Paul yelled at Ringo “SHUT UP AND STAY OUT OF THIS FOR ONCE!!”
“DON’T YOU DARE TELLING ME TO SHUT UP MCCARTNEY!!” Ringo yelled pointing his finger at Paul and stepping in front of George “I can’t stand the way you’re hurting George again!” he sneered.
“I said stay out of this!” Paul yelled back trying to push Ringo away from George “What’s the deal with you hanging around Georgie the whole time anyway?! Are you like his bloody dog or something?!” he asked meanly.
“WHAT?!! YOU ARROGANT SELFISH YERK!!!!” Ringo yelled and planted his fist hard against Paul’s cheek making him yelp in pain.

“What in the world is going on in here?!” Brian’s called after opening the door and the three of them looked up to see their manager walk in with John behind him.
Nothing’s wrong in here…” Ringo drily stated “…right Paul?”
Paul didn’t answer and stared at the little bit of blood on his hand now after rubbing his now reddish cheek.
“Then why is Paul bleeding?” Brian asked seeing the blood in the corner of Paul’s mouth and hand.
“You okay…?” John asked Paul after walking over to him and was now soothingly stroking Paul’s arm.
Paul choked back a small sob and nodded his head.
“You don’t seem so okay Macca…” John said sweetly wiping the blood away from Paul’s mouth with his handkerchief.
“Don’t…” Paul softly said and pushed John’s hand away.
John stepped back silently feeling it was better not to interfere too much now.
“Can I please talk to George in private…?” Paul softly asked staring at his feet.
Nobody answered and it was awkwardly silent in the room for a while.
“Sure you can Paul…” Brian finally answered breaking the silence taking John and Ringo with him outside the dressing room.

After the others left, Paul slowly raised his head back up again and stared at George now with tears escaping his eyes.
“I really didn’t flirt with John, Georgie…” Paul spoke up with a croaked voice.
George didn’t answer and kept on staring at the ground.
“Georgie…?” Paul asked walking over to George. He cupped George’s chin and slowly lifted his head back up to look at him.
George slowly looked up at Paul with reddish eyes from the crying.
“I chose you remember…?” Paul sweetly smiled at him.
George stared into Paul’s hazel eyes as if he was trying to read Paul’s mind.
“True…” George finally whispered and a small smile appeared on his lips.
“What can I do to prove it to you…?” Paul sweetly whispered stroking George’s cheeks and wiping away the tears.
George took Paul’s face in his hands and slowly moved his head towards Paul’s so their lips were almost touching.
“Kiss me…” George whispered against Paul’s lips.
Paul pressed his lips against George’s and started to kiss him passionately. His hands sneaked around George’s waist to pull him closer against him.
George moaned into Paul’s mouth feeling his lover’s body so close again.
“God I love you so much Paulie…” he murmured against Paul’s lips “…m so sorry for doubting you…”
“…’s okay love…” Paul murmured back starting to push George backwards till George’s back hit the wall “…I’m all yours…” he whispered moving his lips towards George’s neck and started to suck on it.

“Oh please get a room!!” Ringo’s voice then sounded and the two lovers broke apart to see Ringo, John and Brian walking back into the room.
“Technically…we ARE in a room…” George drily stated taking Paul’s hand in his making Paul chuckle.
“Then get yourselves a PRIVATE room!” Ringo yelped.
George smirked at this comment “Technically…we WERE in a priva…”
“Aaaaaargh!!!!” Ringo let out hiding his face in his hands.
“Tsk tsk… Mind your heart Rings…” John shushed Ringo patting his back sympathetically.
“You lads are so confusing!” Ringo murmured and started to pack his stuff.
The other three laughed out loud by Ringo’s statement and started to pack their things too.

Later that night, the four of them were relaxing in the hotel watching telly.
Paul was lying cuddled up against George on the couch and was fighting to keep his eyes open. Because he still wasn’t totally recovered, the performance and the argument he had with George and Ringo had tired him out.
Not wanting to give in, Paul kept on fighting his sleep but failing miserably.
John sat in one of the lounge chairs and couldn’t keep his eyes of Paul. He looked so adorable all sleepy and cuddly.
John remembered how Paul used to lie against him and how he always fell asleep in his arms with his head on his shoulder.
A sweet smile appeared on his lips just thinking about it while he kept on staring dreamingly at Paul.
Suddenly he felt two eyes burning on him and when he looked up from his dreaming, he looked straight into the eyes of George who was gazing angrily at him.
John started to stare back with one raised eyebrow and he folded his arms.
George then wrapped his arm tighter around Paul and pulled him closer against him.
Paul snuggled closer and buried his face in George’s neck sleepily making George grin meanly at John as he planted a kiss on top of Paul’s head.

Ringo looked up to see the little staring competition between John and George and let out a deep sigh.
“Paul?? Could you go fix some drinks?” Ringo asked making Paul look up half asleep with a sad look on his face.
“AwwwwoooooohdoIreallyhaaawetooool” Paul said through an enormous yawn.
“Yes Princess…” Ringo stated “…It’s your turn.”
“Owwwkay okay…” Paul yawned some more while rubbing the sleep from his eyes and stood up. He slowly moved his tired body towards the kitchen, leaving the other three alone in the living space of the hotel suite.

“That was mean…” George said to Ringo “…he was almost asleep…”

“He’s a grown up man” Ringo answered “No need to pity him. If you two keep on treating him like a fucking princess, he’ll only turn into a spoiled diva. And he’s already acting too much like one…”

“Don’t talk about Paulie like that!” John and George said in unison.

“Oh god…” Ringo said rolling his eyes “…somebody please hand me a bucket”.

“You’re just jealous about Paulie’s awesomeness…” John grinned.

“I have to agree on that…” George smiled.

“Paul’s awesomeness?” Ringo said with raised eyebrows “That’s not even a real word…”

“It is now…” John stated “…because we’re the Beatles…” he said drily.

“I like the sound of it!” George smiled at John.

Then the door opened and Brian walked in.

“Hi boys.” Brian greeted them.

“Hi Eppy!” John greeted him back making Brian roll his eyes in annoyance hearing John calling him that after telling John so many times not to do so.

“Where’s Paul?” Brian asked worriedly not seeing the bassist in the room.

“In the kitchen” George answered.

“I’ll go help him…” John said and stood up from his lounge chair “…otherwise we won’t get our drinks before tomorrow….” He grinned.

Before George could protest, Brian sat down next to him.

“I wanted to ask you something about the performance George…” he started “…What would you think if…”

John didn’t hear the rest of the question cause he disappeared into the little kitchen of the hotel suite. There he found Paul standing resting with his forehead against one of the cupboards and a soft snoring could be heard.

John chuckled to see Paul like that and walked over to him.

“Do you think you could fix those drink like about…uh…now…?” John smirked putting his hand softly on Paul’s shoulder.

“Huh! Wha was tha…?!” Paul yelped startled awake now.

“Drinks please?” John answered trying to hold back his laughter.

“Drinks please?” John answered trying to hold back his laughter.

“Oh!” Paul said suddenly realising the situation “Oh god ‘m so sorry…” he mumbled rubbing his tired eyes.

“Why were you sleeping with your head against the cupboard?” John chuckled.

“Why were you sleeping with your head against the cupboard?” John chuckled.

“Did I really?” Paul said blushing a little “…I guess I did…I’m really knackered…”

“Why don’t you go to bed then to get some sleep…?” John asked running his fingers sweetly through Paul’s dark silky locks. How he had missed that feeling.

Paul suddenly let out a small sob and John looked worriedly at him while he kept on stroking Paul’s hair.

“What’s the matter Macca…?” John sweetly asked stroking a lock of hair behind Paul’s ear.

“I…I’m just so tired Johnny….” Paul sniffed while tears started to roll from his eyes “I’m so tired of touring and performing…And when we arrived here, I got sick again …and…and…I…I just can’t ta…take it any…anymore…” he choked out and John could see Paul’s bottom lip starting to quiver.

“You got sick again?” John asked worriedly wiping Paul’s tears away “Why didn’t you tell me you were feeling so sick sweetie…?”

Paul looked into John’s questioningly after hearing John calling him that. It just felt so right to hear this from John’s mouth.
Paul then threw himself against John and started to sob on John’s shoulder.
“Hush hush…” John said wrapping his arms tight around Paul’s slim waist and hugged him.
“…I…I…justwannagowhome….” Paul cried sounding a bit muffled by John’s shoulder.
“Awww…You’re gonna feel better soon Macca…” John tried to soothe the upset bassist “…I promise you…Don’t give up…that’s not like you…” he whispered in Paul’s ear.
Nothing was said now and John just held Paul tight rubbing his back with one hand and stroking Paul’s hair with his other hand.

“Now what?!” Ringo said when he walked into the kitchen to see why getting his drink was taking so long. And for not trusting John alone with Paul.
John looked over Paul’s shoulder to see the drummer leaning against the doorpost with his arms crossed in front of his chest and an annoyed look on his face.
“Do you feel so upset only because I told you to fix our drinks? Jeez Paul!” he sighed.
“Oi!” John protested “Bloody hell Rings, what’s gotten your knickers I a twist?!”
Paul moved back from John’s embrace and wiped his face dry with his sleeve.
“Sorry Rings…” Paul said with a hoarse voice from the crying “…I…dozed off I guess…”
“That’s the lamest excuse I’ve ever heard…” Ringo said with raised eyebrows “…But coming from you it doesn’t seem so lame…you silly git…” he smiled now.
Paul shrugged his shoulders and blushed a little.
“What can I get you…?” Paul asked followed by a big yawn.
“Here’s the fridge and here are the glasses…” John said picking a few glasses from the cupboard and placing them on the counter top “…suit yourself…I’m bringing Macca to bed…” he stated taking Paul’s hand and dragging him with him.

In the bedroom John sat down on Paul’s bed and watched him changing into his pyjama’s.
“Thank you for being there for me…” Paul said while he buttoned his pyjama shirt up standing at the foot of the bed in front of John.
“No prob Macca…” John smiled at him and stopped Paul with his hands on Paul’s “You’re doing it wrong…” he said pointing at the sloppy buttoned shirt.
“Oh…” Paul chuckled when he saw what he had done and started to unbutton his shirt again.
“Here…” John said taking over “…let me help ya with thas…” Paul slowly lowered his hands and stared at John while he was buttoning up his shirt properly now.
“Oh dear…” John said pointing at Paul’s pyjama shirt “…You’ve got a nasty stain there…”
“Ow darn…” Paul sighed and looked down at where John was pointing, but saw nothing there. John then hit Paul’s nose with his index finger “Ahahaha! Gotcha!” he laughed.

Paul laughed with John while he rubbed his nose feeling stupid he fell for this joke for about the zillionth time, but then he suddenly grabbed his stomach with one of his hands and moaned when a nasty pain shot through it.
“You okay Macca?” John asked worriedly taking Paul’s other hand in his and stroked it with his thumb.
“Ouch…” Paul groaned “…one of those cramps again…I hate them…”
“Come ‘ere…” John whispered and pulled Paul closer so his face was almost touching Paul’s belly.
“Bad tummy…” John whispered and sweetly planted a kiss on Paul’s belly “…a kiss to make it better…” he softly said and then continued to button Paul’s shirt up.
“I miss you Macca…” John suddenly said more like a whisper.
“You…you do…?” Paul asked softly “…but…but you said you hate me…”
John looked up into Paul big hazel eyes while he stood back up and cupped Paul’s face in his hands.
“I could never hate you Macca…” John whispered staring into his favourite doe eyes.
“JOHN FUCKING LENNON!!!” George’s voice then boomed through the bedroom making the two of them looking at the door now.
George yanked John away from Paul and pushed him out of the door. John was surprised by the
strength of the skinny lad and watched as the door slammed close into his face. But John didn’t care… He was on the right track to get his Macca back.
“What was that all about eh…?” George asked glaring at Paul who was staring with big eyes towards the now closed door where John just had disappeared behind. Paul laid his hand on the spot on his stomach where John had just left his soothing kiss and was too lost in his own thoughts to hear George’s question. “PAUL?!?” George yelled confused seeing no reaction coming from his lover. Paul snapped his head in George’s direction and his big surprised eyes were focused on him now. “I asked you something…” George said seriously crossing his arms in front of his chest. “I…I…” Paul stuttered uncomfortably letting go of his stomach abruptly “…I don’t know…it was nothing…really…” he answered softly. “It didn’t look like nothing…” George said lowering his arms and walked slowly towards the still a bit blushing bassist. “It really didn’t mean a thing love…” Paul tried to convince his upset looking lover and slowly moved closer to him “…you know I love you…” he said taking George’s face into his hands and planted a soft kiss on his lips. “No Paul!” George said while he softly pushed Paul away from him “…Don’t…” Paul looked at George with sad eyes while George stared at the ground now. “I don’t want your kisses and I love you’s if you don’t mean them!” George said lifting his head back up and staring angrily now at Paul. Paul walked back to George and cupped his cheek “But…but I mean them…” he whispered. “I just need to be alone for a moment!” George stated and grabbed Paul’s wrist and dragged him towards the door.

In the meanwhile on the other side of the door a curious John had been standing patiently, taking long deep drags from his ciggie while trying to listen to the argument on the other side of the door. A big smirk was shown on his face. “What you’re smiling about?” Ringo asked curiously walking over to John and hearing the argument on the other side of the door now too. “Just wait and see my dear nosy midget” John said casually sticking his ciggie between his lips and then held his arms wide open. “What did you just call me?” Ringo asked frustrated, but John immediately shushed him. Ringo looked at John as if he just lost his mind seeing John standing like that with his arm wide open. But soon the wicked Lennon’s mystery was solved when after some more arguing on the other side of the door, the bedroom door flew open and a certain bassist called Paul McCartney was being pushed out of the bedroom by an outraged George and landed straight into John’s welcoming arms. “Hullo Macca…” John smiled at the upset and now surprised looking bassist in his arms while closing his arms tight around Paul’s slim waist. “I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU!!” George yelled at Paul with a reddened face from being angry even more seeing Paul in John’s arms now. He stalked angrily towards the main door and opened it “…I need a drink…” he muttered before loudly slamming the door close behind him.

Paul stared dumbfounded at the main door after George had left the room before realizing he was still in John’s arms.

When he realized, he tried to free himself from John’s firm grip, but he was failing miserably cause John only squeezed his arms tighter around him. “Great! Just great Paul!” Ringo spat into Paul’s face “You just managed to break George’s heart for the hundredth time!!”
This made Paul flinch and while trying to turn his face away from Ringo he accidentally touched John’s cheek with his nose making it look like he was snuggling with him.

“You really don’t care do ya?!” Ringo yelled “YOU REALLY ARE THE MOST UNCARING SELFISH BASTARD I’VE EVER MET IN MY LIFE!!”

“LEAVE ME ALONE RINGO!” Paul then yelled back and now managed to free himself John’s firm grip.

John looked a little disappointed at first, but then his expression slowly turned a worried one when he saw Paul storming over to Ringo. Cause Paul really should not be upsetting himself so much. This would not help to win over the awful gastritis he was suffering from, but Paul already really lost it.

“You KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME! ONLY JOHN AND GEORGE DO!! YOU ONLY LIKE TO STICK YOUR ENORMOUS AND UTTERLY UGLY NOSE INTO MY BUSSINESS MAKING IT ONLY WORSE AND SEEM TO FUCKING ENJOY IT!” Paul yelled while his face turned red from being so angry “I DON’T NEED YOUR STUPID MEANING! SO SHUT THE FUCK UP!!”

“How dare you say that about me Mister Pretty Girly Face?! I didn’t make myself and I definitely do not enjoy any of this Paul!!” Ringo yelled in his defense “I’m only trying to protect my friends…” he said softer now but with a very serious look in his eyes.

“Your friends….? YOUR friends?!” Paul asked angrily.

“Yes Paul!” Ringo answered seriously “MY friends”

“Hmmm…” Paul hummed rubbing his chin “and from WHAT do you feel like protecting YOUR friends if I may ask?” he asked sarcastically.

“From YOU!!” Ringo spat into Paul’s face.

Paul huffed angrily and then pointed his finger at Ringo warningly.

“You are a lousy person Ringo…” Paul sneered “My friendship with John and George go waaaay back. Way back before YOU showed up! And it looks like since you joined the band that the great bond we share only gets turned into shreds…And I HATE YOU FOR THAT!!” he yelled.

“You’VE GONE TO FAR THIS TIME MCCARTNEY!!” Ringo yelled with a hurt look written all over him and tears burning in his eyes. He then collided his fist straight into Paul’s stomach blowing all the air out of the bassist and making him gasp for air.

“Fuck…that….hurts….” Paul moaned through gritted teeth while tears formed into his eyes and fell onto his knees clutching his already upset and now hurt stomach.

This wasn’t a very smart action from the drummer, cause John’s now glared at him like he was dead meat and before he knew it, John’s two hands grabbed Ringo’s collar and lifted him up from the ground.

“How dare you?!” John hissed into Ringo’s startled face “How DARE you hitting Paul in his stomach like that?! You know he’s still recovering from a gastritis!! That was really REALLY LOW OF YOU!!”

“Please John…” Ringo choked out “…I…I’m sorry… I…I don’t know what came over me… I shouldn’t have done that…”

John let go of Ringo and glared angrily at him.

“Go after Harrison and make sure he’s alright…”John commanded him “…and don’t you ever hurt my Macca again!! Or else you won’t see the light of day ever again!!”

“Wha…what?” Ringo stammered looking a bit scared at John while he straitened his shirt.

“JUST FUCKING LEAVE!!” John yelled making Ringo nod and run out of the room.

After the door was closed, John kneeled down next to Paul who was struggling with the intense pain he now felt in his stomach. Tears were rolling over Paul’s cheeks while he was still gasping for air.

“Jeez Macca…” John sighed “…I’m so sorry… Are you okay…?”

Paul looked up at John with red stained eyes still clutching his stomach.
“…It…it’s okay…not…not your…fa…ouch…fault….” He choked out trying to stand up again. John helped Paul back on his feet and rubbed Paul’s heaving back while Paul was still struggling to pull himself back together.

“I know you’re not okay Macca…” John whispered stroking Paul’s bangs away from his eyes. “Pl…please John…don’t…” Paul stopped him pushing John’s hand away “…I…I need to be…alone...right now…” he whispered and disappeared into his and George’s bedroom and slowly closed the door behind him.

John stared at the closed door and let out a deep sigh. He took his ciggie from his mouth and stabbed it out in the ashtray on the side table and slumped down into one of the lounge chairs with his feet on the table. He didn’t want to force Paul too much now and respected his request, but John decided to stay in that chair till George and Ringo would be back to make sure Paul would not be hurt again by a probably very drunken George.

Only sleep took him over after about an hour and he drifted off into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile downstairs in the hotel, Ringo wiped the tears away from his eyes. Paul’s words had really hurt him deeply. Ringo knew he had gone too far by hitting Paul in his upset stomach, but it had happened before he knew it. He loved Paul dearly and hearing these words coming from the normally so loving bassist had stabbed him like knives in his heart.

He wondered if Paul really hated him, but deep down inside he knew that Paul probably was too messed up inside with the situation about John and George and he was slowly starting losing his mind. And Ringo had just experienced the first cracks in Paul’s spirit.

When he walked into the hotel bar, he found George sitting at the bar gulping down a glass of scotch like it was just lemonade.

“Another one please…” George instructed the bar tender pushing his glass towards the man who looked a bit worried at the Beatle while refilling the glass.

George tilted his head backwards and drank the glass empty again in a few big gulps and Ringo wondered how many glasses he had already.

Before George could push his glass towards the bar tender again, a hand on his wrist stopped him.

“You shouldn’t do this…” Ringo softly said stroking George’s trembling arm “…it’s not worth it…”

Before George could protest, Ringo dragged him away from the bar over to a table in the back of the bar so the bar tender wouldn’t hear the conversation. Seeing they were the only ones around Ringo felt safe to stay there to talk to his hurt friend.

“You’re wrong there…” George answered and Ringo could hear the drunkenness hitting George already “…he means the world to me…”

“He’s a selfish arrogant bastard…” Ringo stated “…he doesn’t give a fuck about your or John’s feelings…”

George stared at Ringo with raised eyebrows before his gaze turned into an angry one.

“He is the most beautiful person I’ve ever met in my life…” George said with tears burning in his eyes “…and if it wasn’t for John, we’d be together forever already…”

“But John is there…” Ringo answered softly “…and he will never give up on Paul…”

“Neither will I…” George stated “…and I know exactly how to win him over now…” he said with a smile across his face.

“You do now eh?” Ringo asked with a raised eyebrow “…care to fill me in here…?” he asked.

“Sure…” George answered and ordered a bottle of scotch and two glasses.

A few hours later, a very drunken George stumbled back into the hotel suite with a little less drunken Ringo behind him.

They noticed John sleeping in one of the lounge chairs and this made George smile to Ringo.

“I’m relieved to see John here and not in Paul’s bed” he slurred drunkenly.

Ringo smiled at George “Go get him Georgie” he grinned.
“Ow I sure will…” George smiled excited “…Paul will not know what’s coming over him…And he
will love and want me even more…and forget all about Lennon…” he grinned.
“Good luck” Ringo smiled and patted George’s back and bid goodnight to George and then went
straight to bed.

George walked on his drunken wobbly legs into his and Paul’s bedroom. There he found Paul fast
asleep on his back in the bed. George smirked excitedly while picking something up from the pile of Paul’s
clothes lying on the chair and then he crawled onto the bed. He hovered over Paul’s sleeping form glaring at
him like a lion to its prey.

He then bended forward so his mouth was next to Paul’s ear “You’re mine…” George whispered
into Paul’s ear making the bassist stir a little in his sleep.

“Ow Paaaaawly…” he whispered and then pressed his lips roughly onto Paul’s. He bit Paul’s plump
bottom lip so hard that it started to bleed a little while pulled at it roughly with his teeth.

Paul startled awake and tried to push George off of him smelling the drunken breath he had on him.

He saw George now taking off his tie and holding another one between his teeth. He then felt
George grabbing his wrists and tying them up together.

“What are you doing…?” Paul asked groggily from his deep sleep and a bit afraid now seeing the
strange glare in George’s normally so loving eyes.

Paul licked his painful lip and now tasted the little bit of blood on it.

“Ssssh….” George slurred and tied Paul’s arms behind his head onto the steel bedframe.

“Georgie…?” Paul asked with a shaky voice feeling very uncomfortable being tied up like that.

“Shut it” George slurred and before Paul could protest, the other tie was pressed between his teeth
and tied around his head tidily like a gag making him choke a little.

“I know you like it rough….” George drunkenly slurred against Paul’s ear “…and you know
what…? I do too…” he moaned in Paul’s ear and pushed Paul’s legs open to lay himself between
them.

Paul’s eyes grew wide in shock. He wondered how George could think such a thing. Okay, he loved
some rougher sex from time to time and John had tied him up too during their sex games, but John
was always making sure Paul wouldn’t get hurt and always respected his feelings.

George’s eyes on the other hand looked so distant and angry that it didn’t feel right at all now.
Besides that, Paul definitely not wanted to do this now. Not when his stomach was making sickening
flip flops all day and night because of the annoying gastritis that had only got worse the past few
days instead of getting better. Ringo’s punch had made it even worse and Paul hadn’t had much
sleep before George showed up because his stomach had hurt too much to fall asleep right away.

Being woken up like this from his welcoming sleep he had finally fallen into after what had felt like
hours, wasn’t exactly what he wanted at all.

“And you still need to be punished…” George whispered in Paul’s ear while he started to grind
against Paul roughly.

Paul tried to protest, but the tie in his mouth made it difficult for him to speak and he stared at George
with big scared eyes. Cause he had never expected this darker side of George.

George then pulled Paul’s pajama shirt open so roughly that the little buttons sprang lose and landed
all around them “This has to get off!!” he smirked evilly while he teared Paul’s pajama shirt off from
Paul’s torso into shreds.

George then pulled down Paul’s pajama pants down together with his boxers in one swift move.
He licked his lips wantonly seeing the naked body of Paul lying on the bed and being tied up like
that while crawling back on top of him.

He was amazed again by Paul’s beauty and seeing John trying to steal him away again had made
him feel so angry inside.

Paul started to shiver a little and George noticed this, but he had his mind sat on only one thing
now…and that was claiming what was his.

George pulled down his own pants and freed his aching member. He then spread Paul’s legs a bit more and without any warning he pushed himself roughly into Paul’s warm tightness.

Paul let out an enormous cry of pain and tears sprang out of his eyes.

“OUCHSTOWGEOWGIEWITHUWTS!!!” Paul cried out with a muffled cry and tried to squirm himself free from George, but he didn’t stand a chance. George was so strong and in this drunken state he seemed even stronger.

George’s lack of experience of having sex with men and his anger combined with lust had made him forget about the importance of using lube or spit and preparing Paul first. George had this kind of kinky sex with many girls and they always were crazy for it and begging for more. So in his drunken state, George now really thought he was pleasuring Paul and didn’t realize he was hurting him so badly.

“SHUT UP!” George yelled confused not understanding what Paul was crying about grabbing Paul’s face with his hand, digging his fingers roughly into the soft skin.

“PWEASEGEOWGIE!!!” Paul sobbed trying to stop him while George kept thrusting in and out of him so roughly making him feel like he was being torn up inside “STOWPWEASE!! IHU…” he tried but a hard slap across his face made him stop and he stared with big scared eyes to George.

“I SAID SHUT UP!!” George yelled followed by loud moans while he felt his release being very close now “I know you like this too! So shut the fuck up and enjoy!” he sneered and slapped Paul hard across his face again.

Paul flinched at this and cried softly while George was taking him so roughly hoping it would be over soon….

Not much later, George moaned Paul’s name out loud while Paul could feel himself getting filled up with George cum.

George pulled back out and laid himself next to Paul and was panting heavily.

Paul didn’t say a word and felt glad that it was over while staring at the ceiling with tears rolling out of his eyes.

“God! That was just what I needed…” George sighed relieved and turned on his side to face Paul.

“You’re absolutely gorgeous…” he smiled at the quiet bassist and planted a kiss on Paul’s cheek.

He then removed the tie from Paul’s mouth and then freed Paul’s arms.

“I…I need to use the bathroom…” Paul stuttered rubbing his red and hurt wrists and got out of the bed.

“Sure love…” George smiled at him “…be back soon sexy…”

Paul smiled weakly and tried to ignore the pain while he slowly walked into the bathroom.

He closed the door behind him and locked it. He then sat himself down on the toilet seat and cried softly with his face hidden in his hands while the mess mixed with blood left his body.

Little later Paul flushed the toilet and put on one of the black fluffy hotel bathrobes before walking back out of the bathroom.

Looking over to the bed, Paul saw that George had fallen asleep and was snoring drunkenly.

Paul didn’t really feel like sleeping in that bed anymore after what happened and decided to sleep on the couch instead.

When he walked into the living space of the hotel suite, he saw that he wasn’t the only one who was still up.

He could see John’s silhouette sitting in one of the lounge chairs and the television was still on. A test card was shown on the telly and the light it gave lightened John’s face up enough to show that he was sleeping.

Paul quietly stumbled over to the little kitchen to get himself a glass of water and some of those stomach tablets and painkillers the doctor had prescribed him hoping to ease the pain and sick feeling.
He swallowed down the tablets and together with the water when suddenly a nasty pain shot through the lower part of his body.
Paul tried, but couldn’t hold back a cry of pain and clutched the kitchen countertop so hard it turned his knuckles white. The glass that had slipped from his hand fell into pieces on the ground of the kitchen.

“What was tha…?” John groggily asked after being startled awake by a cry and the sound of glass breaking in the kitchen.
He ran over to the kitchen to find Paul bent over the sink while breathing heavily in and out through his nose.
“Macca?! What’s wrong…?” John asked worriedly seeing the state Paul was in and how tears started to form in Paul’s eyes.
“I…just…I…” Paul choked out while the tears started to roll out of his eyes and then a nauseous feeling and a cramp hit him hard.
John watched in horror how Paul heaved and threw up into the sink while clutching even harder onto the countertop.
“Jesus christ!” John he quickly ran over to him and rubbed Paul’s back while he kept on gagging and throwing up every little bit he had left inside of him into the little sink.
When Paul finally stopped, John quickly wrapped his arm around Paul’s waist to keep him from falling on the ground and felt him swaying on his feet. He turned on the tap to flush away Paul’s sick and then helped Paul over to the couch in the living and carefully helped him to sit down on it. This making Paul wince with a pained look on his face.

“Don’t tell me Harrison gave you the preggies now did he?” John chuckled ruffling Paul’s sweaty hair in a playful way trying to make him smile cause it really hurt him to see Paul like this.
Paul look up at John with a confused look on his face that soon turned into a weak smile after seeing John’s silly grin on his face.
“I hope not…” he softly sniggered and let out a small chuckle.
“Cause you’d rather have my child of course…” John stated proudly.
Paul didn’t answer and just stared at John’s face with a weak smile. John always seemed to be able to make him smile. No matter how horrible he felt.

John now noticed the red stains next to Paul’s mouth and raised his eyebrows in concern.
“What happened to your face…?” John asked worriedly seeing the bruises on Paul’s cheeks.
“Huh…wha…?” Paul answered and touched his face making him flinch a little when he touched the bruise “…nothing’s wrong with me face…” he mumbled.
“What the…?” John said worriedly when he saw the red stains on Paul’s wrists and took Paul’s hands in his.
“Who did this to you…?” John whispered while stroking his thumbs over Paul’s wrists and then lifted them up to his lips and planted a soft kiss on them one by one before looking back up to Paul with concern in his eyes.
Paul stared at John and let out of small sob before breaking into pieces in front of John and started to cry uncontrollably.
“Awwe…why are you crying Macca…?” John asked and pulled Paul into a hug.
Paul let himself fall against John and hid his face against John’s neck while he broke down.
“….Hush now…ssshhh…It’s gonna be alright…hush…” John tried to sooth him stroking his heaving back and wondered what was upsetting Paul so much.

After holding Paul tight for as long as was needed, John took Paul’s face in his hands and wiped his tears away.
“Do you want to tell me about it…?” John sweetly asked while running his thumps over Paul’s wet cheeks.
Paul shook his head slowly before letting himself fall against John again.
John didn’t ask any more questions and just held Paul in his arms while he cried some more.
A little later Paul’s crying subsided and John noticed that Paul had fallen asleep on his shoulder with
his face hidden in the crook of his neck.
John smiled lovingly and rested his cheek on Paul’s soft mop top letting the feeling of having Paul in
his arms and the sleep taking over him.

When John woke up the next morning, he found that Paul wasn’t in his arms anymore.
He rubbed his sleepy eyes and stretched his stiff and tired body lazily. Even though he had slept on
the couch, he hadn’t slept this well for weeks after having Paul in his arms like that again.
The sound of a kiss made him focus his full attention on the voices coming from the kitchen now.
“You know I love you…” George’s broken voice sounded “I never meant to hurt you babe…I…I
just didn’t know…”
“Why didn’t you stop when I asked you to…?” Paul’s voice sounded now and John could hear the
hurt in his voice.
John slowly lifted himself up from the couch and quietly sneaked over to the kitchen. He carefully
peaked around the corner without making his presence known.

“I couldn’t…” George answered Paul who was standing with his back towards him resting his hands
on the countertop. He slowly wrapped his arms around Paul’s waist from behind “…I was way too
drunk and horny…and I was told you like it that way…just like me…” he confessed and planted a
kiss on the back of Paul’s neck making a soft sigh leaving the bassist’s lips.
“…you really hurt me Georgie…” Paul softly said lowering his head.
George turned Paul around to face him and stared at the bruises on Paul’s cheek now.
“…Oh gosh…” George said softly stroking Paul’s bruised cheek making the bassist wince “…did did
did I do this to you…?” he asked sadly.

Paul slowly nodded his head and John had to stop himself from running into the kitchen to beat the
shit out of George before it suddenly hit him.
John realized that he had done the exact same thing to Paul so many times by hitting and hurting him
the past few weeks and he felt like a big jerk. Of course he realized that Paul had to blame it all to
himself because of what he did to him, but he just loved his Macca too much to really blame him.

“I’m so terribly sorry love…” George sniffed “…I won’t ever hurt you again…” he said taking
Paul’s face into his hands again and planted a kiss on Paul’s lips.
“I believe you…” Paul softly said taking George’s hands in his.
“Thank you my sweetheart…” George smiled happily “…I really promise I won’t ever hurt you
again…I love you so much…”
“I love you too…” Paul smiled back and George pulled Paul into a passionate kiss.
Seeing Paul being pulled into a kiss like that with their arms wrapped around each other made John
sick in his stomach.

Just when he wanted to barging in on them, he felt a hand on his shoulder stopping him.
He raised his eyebrows and turned around to find Ringo standing in front him now.
“What the hell do you want?” John asked annoyed while hearing the kissing sounds behind him
coming from the kitchen.
“I could ask you the same thing” Ringo answered drily and looked around John to see George
wrapped up into a passionate kissing session with Paul.
“Ah…I see…” Ringo stated looking back up to John “…Your plan doesn’t really seem to work yet
is it?” he grinned.
“Wha…What?!” John hissed “How dare you…”
“That’s another question I could ask you…” Ringo asked raising his eyebrow and crossing his arms
in front of his chest “…just leave ‘m alone John…” he said before walking away into the kitchen to
get himself some coffee.
John watched with big surprised eyes how Ringo just walked in on them like that and picked a mug and poured in some coffee right next to the kissing couple.

“Morning lads…” Ringo muttered while pouring in the coffee.

George broke the kiss for a moment to stare surprised at Ringo suddenly standing next to them.

“Morning Rings…” he then smiled at Ringo.

“Morning Paul…” Ringo softly said to Paul while stirring his coffee and he noticed how Paul tried to hide himself a little behind George now. He had a scared and sad look into his eyes.

“Mo…morning Richie…” Paul stuttered feeling a little uneasy to see Ringo again after their argument last night. Looking away he suddenly noticed John leaning against the doorpost.

John winked at him making Paul blush a little.

“Thanks for the coffee…” Ringo stated drily before walking out of the kitchen again.

“No…no thanks…” Paul softly answered still staring at John.

So Paul made the coffee John thought to himself as an unimportant note to self and smiled while he stared back at Paul.

George looked over his shoulder to see what Paul was staring at and wasn’t very amused to see John there.

He looked back at Paul and cupped his chin turning Paul’s face to look at him again.

“Now…where were we…” he mumbled against Paul’s lips before continuing the kiss again.

Paul looked over to John one more time while kissing George back before closing his eyes and getting lost into the kiss.

Chapter End Notes

A/N Sorry for the lack of updating, but I hope this chapter was worth the waiting though. You could check out my other stories if you miss my updates too much, lol.

Thanks for sticking with my story. You all are awesome! Comments and votes are welcome. All the luvs!
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

You can forgive... but... some things are hard to forget....

That evening, after a great performance, George, Paul, John and Ringo were onstage tuning their guitars and checking their equipment for the upcoming performance for the next day.

They were to be staying in Paris for a week now and they were booked full for four shows during this week.

Ringo sat behind his drums to check if his drum kit was still placed right and cleaning his drums lovingly with a cloth while humming one of the tunes that was stuck in his head now.

"Come 'ere...." George suddenly said and pulled Paul into a big hug with the Höfner bass being squeezed between them.

John looked up when he heard George and watched closely after seeing Paul’s first reaction. He wasn’t sure if he saw it right, but he thought that he saw Paul flinch a little at George’s sudden touch.

John noticed how Paul kept his arms hang down his sides and didn’t return the hug. He also had his eyes squinted tight like he was a little scared or in pain.

After a while George let go of Paul and pecked Paul’s lips and softly slapped Paul’s bum making Paul winch a little.

John saw Paul watching George walk away again while he continued to tune his bass and letting out a heavy sigh.

George walked back over to his guitar and hang it around his neck.

When he looked up, he saw John sitting on the edge of Ringo’s platform and staring intensely at him.

The moment their eyes met, George felt the tension in the air grow, so he quickly looked away from John and back over to his beloved Paul.

Paul was plucking his strings and turning the knobs of his bass to tune it.

George felt so happy that he had Paul all for himself now. Finally after all this struggle....Paul was his. Nobody could come between them anymore…not even John.

After every one of them jammed a while by themselves, George and Ringo were content and George really wanted to go to the catering to have a bite.

George placed his guitar back onto the stand and walked over to Paul again.

Paul was standing with his back turned towards the others and was jamming a little on his bass while trying to tune it in just the way he liked.
George sweetly run his hand through Paul’s silky hair to make his presence known.

Paul looked up and a weak smile appeared on his face when he saw George.

“Rings and me are going over to the canteen for a bite, are you coming too?” George asked.

“I…I’m not finished tuning my bass yet…” Paul answered fumbling some more at the strings.

“Finish tuning your bass and then we will meet you in the canteen, okay” George sweetly said and kissed Paul on his cheek.

“Su…sure” Paul nodded and watched George walking away towards the canteen together with Ringo before turning his attention back to his bass.

John had watched the whole scene in front of him while still sitting quietly on Ringo’s platform with his acoustic guitar on his lap.

It hurt him so badly to see Paul together with George. He really couldn’t blame Paul for choosing George. John really had acted like a big jerk to Paul and had really hurt him badly psychic and physical.

He really shouldn’t have done that, cause now he had lost the love of his life. Cause…god…how he loved his Macca.

John watched Paul’s perfect body. Paul was standing with his back turned towards John. He loved the shape of Paul’s back, his brought shoulders, his slim waist, his long legs and that beautiful round bum.

Seeing George hugging and kissing Paul made him realize even more that he had made the biggest mistake in his life and he wanted to get his Macca back to him. He just had to… he really couldn’t live without him. The nights were so lonely too without Paul in his arms…

The way he had found Paul in the kitchen had broken his heart. And the way Paul reacted to George now made John began to wonder more and more if George had something to do with it.

Something was wrong with Paul, he was sure about that. He knew Paul for so long now and knew exactly when he was trying to act all tough and like nothing was wrong with him when indeed something bad had happened or was bothering him.

It could be that Paul was tired and broken because of the gastritis that was taking a long time to heal. Knowing how he hated to have stomach troubles. But… the feeling in his guts told him there was more wrong then meets the eye with the bassist.

Because of all the sweating during their performance, the makeup had disappeared on most of their faces and the bruises on Paul’s face were shown again. Together with the bruises on Paul’s wrists John’s suspicion was growing even more.

Yes…John had to do something seeing Paul seemed to be blind for his hints… so he had already
thought of the next move…it was worth the try…

John started to play his guitar and then started to sing.

“You know if you break my heart I'll go
But I'll be back again”

While he sang the first lines, he stood up and started to slowly walk over to Paul.

“Cos I told you once before goodbye
But I came back again”

Then he saw Paul abruptly stop moving and turning around slowly to face him.

Paul was looking at John with raised eyebrows. Did he just heard John right?

John walked closer to Paul while he sang the following lines and looking deep into Paul’s questioning hazel eyes. Trying to convince the bassist that he heard it right and he was meaning what he was singing to him.

“I love you so
I'm the one who wants you
Yes, I'm the one
Who wants you, oh ho, oh ho, oh”

John was now standing in front of Paul when he sang the next lines.

“You could find better things to do
Than to break my heart again
This time I will try to show that I'm
Not trying to pretend”

Paul just watched him in awe and his mouth hang slightly open in surprise to what John was doing.
John leaned in closer while playing his guitar and his mouth was next to Paul’s ear now.

Paul could feel John’s breath tickle his ear when he softly sang the next chorus in his ear.

“I thought that you would realize
That if I ran away from you
That you would want me too”

John moved away from Paul’s ear now and Paul felt the shivers go down his spine when John sang the words in his ear and looked a little startled into John’s pleading eyes now who was facing him again.

“But I got a big surprise
Oh ho, oh ho, oh”

Paul swallowed hard and realized what John was trying to do. He didn’t know how to react, but when he tried to step back from John he felt his back hit the wall behind him.

John watched him intensely and closed the little space between them as much as possible seeing there were two guitars in the way.

John kept on playing his guitar and began the next verse never letting his eyes leave Paul’s.

“You could find better things to do
Than to break my heart again
This time I will try to show that I’m
Not trying to pretend”

John saw the lost look into Paul’s big doe eyes and knew he had him exactly where he wanted to.

With a smile on his face he sang the last refrain.

“I wanna go but I hate to leave you,
You know I hate to leave you, oh ho, oh ho, oh
You, if you break my heart I'll go
But I'll be back again

John laid his hands against Paul’s chest and softly pushed him further with his back against the wall while he slowly moved his face closer to Paul so their noses touched.

John’s lips softly brushed Paul’s when he softly whispered “…Now...I’m back…” the bassist’s lips.

They were breathing heavily into each other’s face now.

It was like the world had fallen away and it was only the two of them now.

John then grabbed Paul’s collar and pressed his lips against Paul’s.

Paul didn’t react at first, but soon their lips moved in unison.

John licked and sucked Paul’s plump lips to gain entrance and to John’s relieve Paul opened his mouth and tilted his head slightly to greet John’s tongue with his.

Soft moans escaped their throats while the kiss became deeper and deeper.

After a moment of kissing so passionately, Paul broke the kiss and they stared into each other’s eyes while panting heavily.

“…Johnny…?....” Paul softly whispered touching his own lips with his fingers while his cheeks flushed deeply red when the voices of George and Ringo were to be heard and coming closer towards the stage.

John took Paul’s face into his hands and stared deeply into his big doe eyes.

“Do you trust me…?” he whispered and Paul nodded his head slowly.

John quickly removed his guitar from his neck and then removed the bass guitar from Paul’s neck.

He then took Paul’s hand in his and smiled at him.

“Follow me…” John whispered and started to drag Paul with him till they were off the stage and out of sight.

“Whe…where are we going…?” Paul whispered curiously but was stopped by John’s finger on his lips.

“ssssh…” John shushed him and opened the door they were now standing in front of.

When the door opened, the warm air of the night was greeting them and John quickly pulled Paul with him before closing the door behind them.

A taxi cab was waiting for them outside and they got into it. The chauffeur smiled and nodded at John and then drove away.
Paul wondered what John was up to, but for some reason he didn’t feel like asking anymore and just wanted to follow him…so he let John take him away to wherever that would be.

Paul looked outside through the car window to take in the view. Being in Paris and seeing all the lights of the city outside gave him butterflies in his stomach. It reminded him of the first trip he had with John. That beautiful trip….where they had confessed their love to one another.

Suddenly the car stopped making Paul look up in surprise at John.

“You just wait here…” John smiled at him “…be right back…”

Paul only nodded his head and watched how John left the taxi. He made eye contact with the chauffeur, but before he could ask something, the car door opened again and John stepped back in with two white cups in his hands.

“Here you go…” John smiled and handed Paul one of the white covered cups with a straw sticking out of it “…just the way you like it…”

“Is…is this…?” Paul started to ask while he took a little sip through the straw “…It is!” he then smiled at John after tasting the cold banana milkshake in his mouth “…you remembered…” he softly said with twinkling eyes.

John smiled and cupped Paul’s chin in his hand “…How could I ever forget…?” he softly said sweetly stroking Paul’s cheek with his thumb.

Paul blushed a little before turning his gaze back to the view outside. He saw many familiar places rush by and he slowly got lost in his own thoughts while enjoying the milkshake.

Little later the taxi stopped again and John tapped Paul’s shoulder lightly to not startle him too much.

“This is our stop…” John softly said staring into Paul’s big questioning eyes.

“Thank you very much sir…” John greeted the chauffeur and stepped out of the car and held out his hand to Paul.

Paul took his hand to let himself be pulled out of the taxi. John couldn’t help but notice how Paul winced for a moment with a pained look on his face, but Paul quickly flashed him his sweet smile.

Paul then looked up to read the sign and now saw it was a big luxurious hotel where John had taken him. For some reason this hotel was not like all the others. It was hidden in a quiet street and no screaming fans or press to be found. Just peaceful and beautiful.

He followed John inside and waited while John went over to the reception to get the room key.

While he was waiting, Paul was staring at his own reflection into one of the golden coloured mirrored walls.

He bent a little forward and touched his face on the places where he saw the bruises were still getting worse. He then straightened his back again and glanced down at his wrists. They were reddish and starting to turn a little blue.
Memories of last night started to shoot through his mind while he could feel the tears starting to burn in his eyes.

“Ya coming Macca….?” John’s concerned voice then sounded behind him.

Paul quickly wiped his eyes dry with his sleeve before turning around to face John with a weak smile on his face.

“Yeah…sure Johnny…” Paul smiled at him trying to hide his pain.

While John lead the way towards their room, he glanced worriedly from time to time over to Paul walking next to him. John wasn’t stupid and he had seen the pain in Paul’s eyes

John hoped to find out what had happened to Paul cause all he wanted to do was fix him. If Paul would only let him…

When they arrived in the room they were both in awe of the beauty of it. It was a comfy big room with a large soft bed, a lounge area and the bathroom was also big and had everything you could wish for.

John looked over to Paul and he just looked so lost and broken.

“Why don’t you go and take a nice warm shower or bath Macca…?” John said walking over to him and stroking his fingers through Paul’s silky sweaty locks.

“That sounds good…” Paul weakly smiled and walked into the bathroom.

John watched Paul leave into the bathroom and was happy to see that Paul still felt comfortable enough around him to leave the door open behind him.

Little later John heard the sound of the shower running and he walked over to the phone.

First he ordered some sweets, snacks and wine that Paul liked and then he dialled another number.

“Hello?” a familiar voice sounded on the other side of the line.

“Hi, it’s me, John….” John answered talking softly so Paul wouldn’t hear him talking.

“How’s the room?” the voice asked

“It’s really fab! Thanks so much…” John answered happily.

“And…how’s Paul…?” the warm voice then asked making John feel like he just swallowed a brick.

“….He…he just looks so lost and broken…” John answered with a croaked voice.

“…You can fix him…” the voice answered “…you two belong together…good luck John…”

“Ta…Bye…” John softly said and hang up the phone.
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Will John find a way to get his Macca back....?

Little later, while Paul was in the shower, a knock came on the door. John opened the door to find the room service already there with his order. "That's fast" John smiled at the young boy. "Only the best service for you Mr. Lennon" the boy shyly smiled while he drove the little cart with food and drinks into the room. John gave the boy a nice tip, but the boy kept looking questioningly at John now like he wanted to ask something. "Yes...?" John asked with a raised eyebrow. "I...uh...I..." the boy stuttered and started to blush "...I am sorry...I was not allowed to ask...but here I am....standing in front one of the Beatles...I...I have to ask.... I...I would love an autograph...." he shyly said looking at the ground now. John chuckled and took the boys notebook from the cart and took the pen out of the front pocket of the boy’s vest. The boy looked startled and surprised up at his hero and the smile on his face could light up the room. While John placed his autograph they heard the shower stop running and John smiled at the boy keeping the notebook in his hand. "So you're a big Beatles fan right?" John asked. The boy’s head immediately snapped up from his notebook in John’s hands and twinkles appeared in his eyes. "Oh yes Mr. Lennon! I love your music so much! Someday I hope meet the others to get their autographs too. Especially Paul McCartney's. You two are my faves...oh...sorry...I shouldn't have said that...that's not a nice thing to say....so sorry...." he blushed. "McCartney eej? Hmm...I think I can give you something you might like then. One mome..." John said and disappeared into the bathroom.

When John walked into the bathroom, he found Paul all naked and wet looking sexy as always drying his hair with a towel. John had to be careful not to stare to much in case of accidently waking up certain body parts. Paul looked up to John and flashed him a sweet smile. "Hi ya..." Paul said looking at John. "Hi Paulie..." John smiled back "...did you have a nice shower...?"

"Yeah..." Paul answered drying his chest while looking at the object in John's hand "What ya got there?" he then asked pointing at the notebook in John's hand. "Huh...?....Wha....?....Oh this?" John answered remembering why he had disturbed Paul with his shower in the first place"...the boy from the room service happens to be a big fan...would you mind...?" he said holding out the notebook and pen to Paul. "Sure..." Paul nodded draping the towel over one of his shoulders and took the pen and notebook from John. While he did so their fingers brushed for a moment sending a shot of electricity through both their bodies. This made them stop their movements for a moment and they stared deeply into each other’s eyes.
John slowly moved closer to Paul and he wrapped his arms around Paul's naked wet waist and placed his lips on the free side of his neck. He started to lick and suck on Paul’s still warm and moist neck from the shower making sure he would leave his mark.

Paul was taken a little by surprise from his sudden movement and after a moan escaped his throat, the notebook slipped out of his hands followed by the pen making them fall on the floor with a thud. This startled John and quickly he moved away from Paul's neck and together they watched how the pen rolled away over the floor.

"Are you alright in there Mr. Lennon?" the room service boy's voice sounded followed by a soft knock on the door.

"No worries!" John called over his shoulder towards the door before looking back to Paul who was staring questioningly at him with his big doe eyes "be right back!"

John picked up the notebook and pen from the floor and handed them over to Paul again. He watched how Paul signed the notebook and then stared proudly at how the hickey on Paul's neck was already starting to show.

"Here you go..." Paul said and gave the notebook and pen back at John.

"See ya in a bit" John winked and walked back out of the bathroom.

The bathroom door almost hit the room service boy in his face from standing so close to it trying to listen to what was going on inside the bathroom.

"I thought you might like this..." John smiled at the boy while quickly closing the bathroom door behind him and then gave the notebook and pen back to him.

When the boy read the new scribbles on it his mouth fell open.

"Oh my goodness!!" he squeaked "Mr. McCartney is here too?!!" he asked surprised.

"Yep..." John nodded.

"Are the others around here too?" the boy asked enthusiastically.

"Nope...just me and Paul..." John answered while he opened the main door to give the boy a hint that it was time for him to go.

"Awesome!" the boy smiled "Thank you Mr. McCartney!" he called towards the bathroom door.

"No prob!" Paul's voice sounded from the other side of the closed door.

"I...I will go now..." the boy said still a bit dumbfounded from being in the same room as Lennon and McCartney.

"Thanks so much for everything" the boy said and walked outside the room.

"Welcome" John nodded at him and then closed the door to shut out the world from him and Paul.

When John turned around again, he saw Paul leaning against the doorpost while staring at the ground, lost in deep thoughts.

He was now wearing one of the fluffy deep blue colored bathrobes from the hotel and his ruffled hair was still wet.

John noticed the troubled look on Paul's face and slowly walked towards him.

"Something the matter Macca...?" John asked when he stood in front of him.

Paul slowly looked up and John could see the tears burning in Paul's hazel eyes.

"I just....I..." Paul tried to explain, but couldn't find the words. John watched how Paul walked over to the bed and sat down on it.

Paul let out a deep sigh and hid his face in his hands.

John slowly sat down on the bed next to Paul and stared at him. An awkward silence surrounded them and John just sat in silence next to Paul.

"Why are we here....?" Paul asked breaking the silence and slowly lowered his hands from his face. Paul looked over to John when he didn't hear him answer. He found John staring at him with a sad look in his eyes.

"Well...?" Paul asked "...what's your plan behind all this...?" he said pointing at the food cart filled with all his favorite food and wine.
"I just wanted to make you feel better Macca..." John finally answered after some more silence 
"...you just look so broken and lost...and it hurts me to see you like this..."
"Why do you still care about me Johnny...?" Paul asked "...I really don't deserve any of this..." he softly said looking at his hands now.
"You deserve to be happy..." John answered softly.
"No...I don't..." Paul answered while fumbling at his sleeve "...not after all I did.... You were right when you said you hate me....George probably will hate me too...I would hate me too..." he said with a broken voice and a sob escaped his throat.

Paul stood back up and walked over to the big window and stared at the beautiful view outside. The skyline of Paris was just so beautiful and it brought back so many happy memories of him and John...

John stayed on the bed and stared Paul's back in silence. He suddenly felt afraid that he had made a wrong choice by taking Paul away with him. Maybe Paul was angry at him cause he really was in love with George now.... Why did he ask what John's plan was...wasn't it obvious he wondered....maybe it was all just a big fucking mistake.

Just when John stood up to go outside for a while, Paul slowly turned around. The look in his big hazel eyes made John stop immediately. It felt like John had a déjà vu...

Then he remembered that beautiful dream he had about Paul coming back to him....could this be...

“John...?” Paul softly said while he slowly walked over to him staring into John’s eyes while he did so.
“Yes Macca...?” John softly answered tilting his head to the side staring back while Paul came closer to him. The freshly showered scent he loves so much combined with the fresh smell of shampoo reached his nostrils and John had to stop himself from grabbing the cute bassist and hold him for dear life.

When Paul stood so close to John that their toes touched, he looked down for a moment before he slowly lifted his head back up to look at John.

Just when John stood up to go outside for a while, Paul slowly turned around. The look in his big hazel eyes made John stop immediately. It felt like John had a déjà vu...

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When Paul stood so close to John that their toes touched, he looked down for a moment before he slowly lifted his head back up to look at John.

John was a little startled when he saw the two big doe eyes looking at him with tears swimming out of them and then a sob escaped Paul’s throat.

“...Macca...?” John asked concerned but before he could do anything, Paul suddenly threw himself against John’s body and started to cry.
“...I’m so sorry...I...I...pl...please Johnny...” he choked out “…pl...please…”

John pushed Paul away a little and took his face in his hands to be able to look him into his eyes. He wanted to see if Paul was telling the truth with what he was going to say.

He felt his hands getting wet from the tears rolling uncontrollably out of Paul’s hazel eyes. He didn’t say a word while he stared deeply into the bassist’s eyes questionably.

“...I...I’ve been a fool...” Paul sobbed “…and I...I’m so...so sorry...”

“Yeah...you really are a fool Macca...” John then said and let go of Paul’s face and gave him a rough push against his chest before walking over to the window.
Paul wiped his running nose at his sleeve and with his gaze he followed John. Tears still rolling out of now big shocked eyes after being pushed away like that.
“...I...I...” Paul stuttered not really knowing what to say.

“Yes Paul, I’ve never met a bigger FOOL in my life then you!” John stated glaring out of the window with his back still turned to Paul.

Paul felt his legs starting to shake so he sat down on the big bed. His eyes not leaving John.

“You are a fool for ever doubting my love for you...but now I really doubt the love you once had for me is still there...” John continued “…You really hurt me like no one ever did before...and...and I don’t know if I can ever forgive you or trust you again...I actually don’t think we have a future anymore...”

John kept on glaring out of the window while he could hear Paul break behind him. He hurt him
choke on his sobs and because of the muffled sound he knew that Paul was probably crying with his face hid in his hands.

Paul felt like his world just fell apart. He felt sick and empty inside and he never knew that you could feel it when your heart would be broken, but now he was for sure why they said that people could die from a broken heart.

He still felt hurt after what George had done to him and he knew now that what he had felt for George was more out of curiosity. He never had felt the strong attraction with George like the way he had with John…and still has.

Paul knew that George never ever intended to hurt him like that, but it had opened Paul’s eyes…but…it was too late now.

John was right.

He really was the biggest fool ever. He had messed up big time and he respected John’s decision and now he had nothing more to do then to leave and lick his wounds.

Paul stood up from the bed and started to dress himself. All the while John kept his back turned to him and kept on staring out of the window in silence.

When Paul was ready and zipped up his second booth, he let out a shaky sigh.

“Well…I better get going then…” he softly said staring at John’s back with watery eyes.

John didn’t react so Paul slowly walked over to the door and opened it.

The click of the door made John snap out of his trance and he glanced over his shoulder. There he found Paul with one foot already out on the hallway.

“Where are you going…?” he asked a bit confused seeing Paul leave so sudden.

Paul stopped in his tracks before slowly turning around.

“That’s... that is what you want me to do…isn’t it…to…to leave you…?” Paul asked with reddish watery eyes.

Earlier George had ran over to the door where he just saw his lover leave.

“PAUL?!” George yelled while he ran over to the door.

When he reached the door and quickly opened it, only an empty parking lot was to be found.

"Paul...?" he asked worriedly.

"Don't worry 'bout him Geo..." Ringo's voice then sounded behind him and he felt his hand squeezing his shoulder reassuringly.

"But...but where did he go?!" George yelped worriedly "What if some crazy fan abducted him?!" he squeaked turning around to face the drummer.

"He is in good hands..." Ringo smiled at him.

"Wha...huh...wha?!" George asked not understanding the drummer's calm state. What if Paul was in trouble?!

"George!" Ringo said taking George's face in his hands "Snap out of it! Trust me when I say Paul is just fine..." he sweetly smiled.

"Do you know where he is...?" George asked surprised.

Ringo nodded his head "Paul is exactly where he should be....and so are you now..." he whispered.

"I...I don't understa..." George started to say, but was stopped by Ringo's lips on his.

George's eyes grew big in shock and he pushed Ringo away.

"Ritchie?! What the...?!!" He said while he touched his lips with his fingers. George was shocked by this sudden kiss from Ringo…but…also by the fact that...it had felt so right...
Chapter 39

John and Paul stared at each other while it was like someone just stopped the time. The only thing that was to be heard was their heavy breathing and Paul’s sniffing.

John then suddenly stormed over to Paul and Paul closed his eyes afraid to get punched in the face, but instead of the feeling of a fist colliding with his face he felt himself being pulled into a big hug. “Come ‘ere you fool…” John murmured against Paul’s neck “…of course I don’t want you to leave…I never did in the first place…don’t you dare walk out of that door…” he said while pushing the door close with his foot and holding the bassist close to his heart.

“…oh god…I…I’m so sorry for everything…” Paul cried with his face buried in John’s shoulder “…pl…please forgive me…”
“T’ll already did silly…” John said and kissed the side of Paul’s head.

“Oh Johnny…” Paul cried even harder from relieve to hear John say these words before moving his head away to look at John.

John wiped the tears away from Paul’s cheeks with his thumbs and gave him a loving smile. Paul’s eyes had a bit of the sparkle back John could see now and a sweet smile danced on his lips. Paul took John’s face in his head too “I love you…” he said with a hoarse voice from his crying and carefully pecked John’s lips “…so much…”

“I absofuckinlutely love you more…” John mumbled against Paul’s lips before attacking Paul’s plump lips with full force while wrapping his arms around Paul’s slim waist gently squeezing one of his but cheeks.

Paul folded his arms around John’s neck and returned the kiss passionately.

After kissing each other madly and exploring each other’s mouths all over again, the lust settled in. Their hands were all over each other’s body while Paul started to direct John to the bed during their kiss.

When the back of John’s knees hit the side of the bed, he automatically sat down and Paul crawled onto his lap attacking John’s lips hungrily.

“Feisty are we…?” John grinned taking Paul’s bottom lip between his teeth and gave it a little pull making Paul moan from pleasure and pain.

After he felt his lip being freed again, Paul planted his hands on John’s chest and pushed him down on the bed on his back.

“Shut up and make love to me…” Paul said before attacking John’s neck.

John moaned in pleasure while their hands explored each other’s body lustfully and moaned out even louder when Paul’s delicate hand started to stroke and squeeze his aching member. “Darn Macca…” John groaned while unbuttoning Paul’s shirt and took it off together with his help “…Why did you get dressed…”? he protested while he now unzipped Paul’s fly and let his hand disappear into the bassist’s pants “Now I have to take it all off again…” he complained.

“Aaaahhhm sorry…” Paul moaned feeling John stroke him through his boxers driving him crazy while he worked on getting John out of his clothes.

After a little struggle they were both naked and Paul lied on top of John between his John’s legs who were wrapped around him possessively while they were hugging, touching and kissing each other lovingly and passionately.

After a long making out session and enjoying each other again after all this time, Paul mumbled something that John wasn’t sure of what he said.

“Wha was tha…” John asked a little out of breath.

“I said…let’s fuck…” Paul repeated himself blushing a little while his hand naughtily glided between John’s butt cheeks.
But then John suddenly in one swift movement rolled over so Paul was now lying underneath him. “Naughty Macca…” John grinned while he glared lustfully at the startled bassist. “If I remember correctly…” John said with a stern yet playful look on his face while he grabbed Paul’s wrists and pinned them on the bed next to Paul’s head “…you still need to be punished…”

Paul suddenly stopped moving and his eyes grew big. He felt his stomach make nasty flip flops and he felt like someone was choking him. Flashbacks of the rough sex George had with him ran through his mind and he started to freak out on the inside. John noticed the sudden change in Paul’s behaviour and quickly let go of his wrists and got off of him immediately. Paul slammed his hand over his mouth and tried to suppress a gag while drops of sweat started to form on his suddenly paler turning face. “What’s wrong Macca?!?” John asked worriedly and helped him to sit up. “…ca…can’t…breathe…” Paul choked out while he tried to regain his breath. “Easy Macca…easy…” John soothed him rubbing Paul’s heaving back “…try to relax babe…breath slowly…easy…”

After a few minutes Paul relaxed a little and his breathing became more steady again. “There you go…” John smiled at him and pecked his cheek. “So sorry John…” Paul apologized staring at his hands now “…I…I can’t do this…” “What’s wrong luv…” John asked worriedly “…did I hurt you…?” “No…no you didn’t” Paul reassured John immediately still not looking John in the eyes fumbling with his silver bracelet “…I’m fine…no worries…” John cupped Paul’s cheek and slowly lifted his head up to look him in the eyes. “You’re not fine…” John softly said “…I know you’re not…will you please tell me what happened to you…? I can’t handle seeing you like this Macca…” “Just let it go Johnny…” Paul mumbled turning his gaze downward again while John kept his hand on his face “…’s not important…” “It fucking is to me!” John warned him “…Those bruises didn’t appear there by itself and you nearly freaked out just a few minutes ago… Who did this to you?” he asked worriedly. “He didn’t mean to…” Paul softly said still gazing down stroking one of his bruises on his wrists with his fingers “…I know he didn’t…” “Who and what are you talking about?” John asked a little confused now “…so I was right? Someone DID hurt you? Who was it?! I will…” “No John!” Paul stated looking John in the eye now “I won’t tell you… leave him alone… He’s not like that… he was drunk…I don’t want you to hurt him…” “AH! I KNEW IT!” John said suddenly “It was bloody HARRISON!!” Paul didn’t react but only stared at John with his big doe eyes. “Tell me now Paul…” John said standing up from the bed his hands shaking from anger while he pointed his finger at Paul “…did he hurt you…did he… fucking RAPE you?!”

Again no reply came from his lover, but the quivering lip and the look on Paul’s face was enough to know he was right. “He…he just wouldn’t stop…” Paul then admitted “…he…he…ow god…” cried and now hid his face behind his hands. John immediately sat back down next to the very upset bassist and pulled him into a hug. Paul then broke in his arms again. He tried to soothe him by rubbing his back “Hush babe…I am here now…” John softly said and planted a kiss on Paul’s dark mop top “I will never let you get hurt again…” “…’s me own fault…” Paul said muffled by John’s chest “…I hurt you two so badly…” “Even though what you did was wrong, it doesn’t mean that it’s okay what happened Macca…”
After a while Paul’s crying subsided and John could feel him relax a little again. “Thank you…” Paul sniffed sitting back up again looking at John’s eyes. “Thank me?” John asked “For what?” “For being there for me… and for wanting me back…” Paul weakly smiled before his expression turned into a troubled one again. “Wha…?” John asked concerned. “What do I tell Georgie? I don’t want to hurt him again either…” Paul answered. “You won’t…” John smiled at him making Paul raise an eyebrow in surprise. “I happen to know that someone has a crush on our young friend for a while now…” John smiled even wider “…and I also know that they will be the perfect match!” he grinned.

Paul opened his mouth to say something, but no sound came out and he looked like a fish washed upon the dry land now. “Don’t give me the fish face” John chuckled taking Paul’s face into between his hands and squeezed his cheeks by moving his hands forward making him look even more silly with his now pursed lips “Not very attractive…” he smiled. “Whadowywawmeawn?” Paul asked not really understandable for John to hear with his face still crushed between John’s hand. “Wha…?” John said letting go of Paul’s face. Paul rubbed his face with his hands staring at John. “I said…what do you mean?” he repeated himself. “It means that our big nosed midget would love to get into toothie’s pants…” John grinned. “You mean…Ringo wants Geo?” Paul asked surprised. “BING BING BING BING BING!!” John imitated the sound of a bell like in a tv quiz show “You just got yourself into the next round mister and won a lovely price!” he sang song with a low voice. Paul scratched the back of his head trying to let it all sink in for a moment. He hadn’t seen this one coming.

A tap on his shoulder made him snap out of his thoughts and when he looked up he saw John sitting across of him with his face so close to him that their noses almost touched. “Don’t you want to know what your price is sir?” John asked still with his silly low voice. Paul crossed his arms in front of his chest and raised an eyebrow “Well? What did I win then kind sir?” he asked. “Me” John answered before pecking Paul’s lips and then held a strawberry covered in chocolate in front of Paul’s face “Oh…and this…” he nodded towards the strawberry in his hand. Paul took a bite and looked lovingly at John “Lovely…” he smiled.

After they had a nice meal with all kinds of snacks and fruits and some wine, Paul let out a big yawn. “You tired babe?” John asked and stroke his hand through Paul’s silky locks. “Can I just lie in your arms for the night?” Paul softly asked stroking John’s cheek with his fingers. “I would love that…” John smiled and laid down together with him. He spooned Paul from behind so their naked bodies laid against each other like two perfect fitting pieces of a puzzle. “Tomorrow I’m gonna take you out on the town…” John mumbled against the back of Paul’s neck while he pulled at the blanket to cover their bodies. “I would love that babe…” Paul mumbled back already half asleep. “I love you…” John whispered. “Love you more…” Paul whispered back. “Not a cha…” John started to answer, but stopped when he heard the soft steady breathing coming from his lover “…Night Macca…”

#Back at the concert hall#
“What’s this all about eej?!” George sneered at Ringo “Why did you help John by driving Paul back into his evil arms?! You know I love Paul! And I finally had him! How…?! OH HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!” he cried pointing his shaking finger at Ringo.

“Because I LOVE YOU GEORGIE!!” Ringo yelped.

“Strange way to show it!” George protested “If you really love me then you wouldn’t let Paul get stolen away by John! You know how much I love him! I…I need Paulie…” he sniffed.

Ringo took George’s face into his hands again and stared him deeply into his eyes while wiping his tears away.

“You don’t understand…do ya…?” Ringo asked with a weak smile “…that’s exactly the reason why I did what I did. Do you want me to explain what happened?”

“Please do…” George sighed “…cause this really hurts so badly…”

Ringo took George to a quiet dressing room and George sat down on the couch they found there. Ringo handed George a glass of water before he sat down next to him.

“It was last night that changed everything for me…” Ringo started “You were very drunk when we got home and at some point you told me that you would make Paul want you and nobody else. Not even John…do you remember…?"

George nodded and let Ringo continue.

“Well…later that night I woke up by the sound of glass breaking in the little kitchen of our hotel suite. When I ran out of my bedroom to see what was wrong I found John and Paul in the kitchen together…"

George’s eyes grew big and he looked a bit angry now, but he let Ringo continue.

“I saw John rubbing Paul’s back while he threw up heavily into the sink. The poor lad was so broken and upset that John had to hold him up to prevent him from falling on the ground…”

George looked hurt at Ringo. Was this because of what he had done he wondered?

“John was really there for Paul and Paul really needed John. I saw it with my own eyes…” Ringo softly said trying not to upset George too much “…I thought that Paul wouldn’t stop crying anymore and John was so sweet to him… John also asked Paul about the bruises on his face and wrists and who did it to him, but Paul never said a thing about it…”

George eyes clouded and tears started to roll out of them hearing this all.

“Paul eventually fell asleep on the couch in John’s arms and I know John held Paul close the whole night and was there for him… They just looked so peaceful together…”

George didn’t know what hurt him the most. The fact that in Paul’s experience he practically had raped him. Or the fact that Ringo just told him that Paul and John looked so perfect together.

He just sat there quietly listening to his friend and letting his words sink into him.

“That’s when I knew for sure that Paul should be with John…” Ringo carefully said making George snap up his head and glaring angrily at him.

“…I’m so sorry to tell you this, but I really believe that those two belong together and that Paul still really loves John very much. More then he’ll ever love you… in that way…”

George sniffed and wiped his tears away with his hands, but still stayed silent.

“That’s why I went to Brian this morning together with John to discuss the whole thing…” Ringo then confessed “…Apparently Brian already knew everything from John and we all agreed that something had to happen. So…Brian arranged a nice hotel room for John to take Paul to. And…you know the rest…”

“So…you all just decided to do this behind my back…?!” George now finally spoke up “…that… that is the worst thing you so called friends could do to me!”

“Georgie please!” Ringo begged “I only did this to protect you! I KNOW that someday Paul would realize his heart still belongs to John and he would hurt you anyway! I couldn’t let this happen to you…”

“This is so LOW!” George cried out “It really hurts even more now!”

“Open your eyes Geo…” Ringo softly said cupping George’s face in his hands and stared at him
with his big blue eyes “…Love is right in front of you…if…if you’ll have…me…”

Ringo stroked George’s chin with his thumbs and planted a soft kiss on his lips. He then stared lovingly at George while he held George’s face.

“I…I can’t do this Ritchie…” George said softly staring into Ringo’s big blue eyes.

Ringo slowly lowered his hand and looked upset.

“I have to speak to Paul first…” George said “…I want to hear it from himself first that we have no future… then…then we’ll see what happens…”

“I understand…” Ringo weakly smiled at George.

“Can you take me to their hotel…?” George asked.

“I…I can’t do that…” Ringo answered “…I promised John…”

“Please Ritchie!!” George begged “It’s the least thing you can do for me…after what you all did to me…”

Ringo thought about it for a moment and he just felt so bad for George. First he lost Paul again and now he found out his mates had betrayed him. He knew George was right…it was the least thing he could do now.

“Okay…” Ringo then agreed “…I will go with you…”

“Thank you…” George smiled and hugged Ringo tight.

At the reception of the concert hall they ordered a taxi. The receptionist had told them that it would take a while because of the high demand for taxi’s at this time of night so they went over to the bar where they waited for the taxi to arrive.

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