Save Me

by wentworth_fanfic

Summary

Bea Smith had everything, or did she?

Notes

This is a new Ballie fanfiction that I had in mind and just had to write. I hope it's an easy read for you all. I'm nervous to be posting this because it's different and I hope the reactions to this new story is good. So, here is the first chapter. I hope you all enjoy it :) let me know what you think of it?

(Also, all spelling errors or errors in general, are mine. And sorry in advance for that.)
Who Am I?


You name it, that’s who she is. She had flame red hair, hence the nickname “Red”. She had those deep brown eyes that when someone looked into them, they’d get lost in them. Her prominent cheekbones and jawline stood out the most. Her body was very athletically built and toned. She took care of herself and did what her team wanted, but she wasn’t happy with her life. Sure, she had it all; the mansion in Sydney, her own private jet, and even a second home in Melbourne. But she just wasn’t happy. She put on this fake face when her friends were around and when she was out in public, but behind the confinement of her home, she was a wreck. She could blame Harry, but that was sixteen years ago.

Before Bea Smith became the Ultimate Fighting Champion she is now, she was married to Harry Smith and they had a beautiful daughter, Debbie. Harry abused her whenever he got the chance and he always threatened to leave and take Debbie if Bea was to ever go to the police. But Bea thought he was bluffing, so she went to the police. The next day when she got home, Debbie’s things were packed and so was Harry’s. They were gone. Bea and Harry had gotten a divorce and she was never allowed to see Debbie again. The court saw justice for her to be with Harry since he made the most money, and he filed for permanent custody over Debbie instead of joint custody. Bea couldn’t win the case, she didn’t make any kind of money, so there was nothing she could do. Debbie was one when that happened, now she was seventeen. And Bea still missed her. She wanted to know what Debbie looked like, wanted to know her favorite color, how tall she was, if she was doing good in school. She wanted to know the simple things about her daughter, but she didn’t know anything.

It was ironic really, how after Harry constantly abusing her, she had turned to fighting as her career. It had taken her a few years to get noticed by someone to sponsor her, but she never gave up. She traveled to go to UFC events just so her name could get out there. She barely had the money to survive, but she never gave up. And finally, someone saw potential in her. Someone believed she would make her way to the top. And she has. She is at the top of the list of UFC fighters. She is the world champion in the women’s division.

And really, the only reason she got involved in the UFC was to somehow have Debbie reach out to her. She didn’t like getting punched in the face for a living, but she’s been doing it professionally for the last three years to find Debbie. She was practically the best women’s fighter in the bantamweight division. She hasn’t lost a fight yet, and she believes she never will. And the more fights she wins, the more money she gets. She believed the money would help her get over the fact Debbie wasn’t in her life, but it didn’t. It only brought more misery to her. Bea just wanted her daughter. Was that too much to ask? Without her daughter, she was just a rich woman living in a big house in Sydney who could have anything she wanted. Every morning when she woke up, she asked herself the same question; “Who am I?” Everyone saw that she was Bea Smith, but that’s not who she felt like. Bea Smith had a daughter. Bea Smith was happy. Bea Smith was a hairdresser. But this woman…she was child-less, unhappy, and a fighter in the UFC. Two completely different women.
Bea had finished her fight in Melbourne and she won, making her record 10-0. Meaning, she had ten wins and zero losses. She had earned a shit ton of money after the fight, but honestly, she didn’t feel like she won anything. She was officially the first woman in the UFC with the best fighting record. The fight was over in the middle of the second round with Bea winning by TKO. TKO meant technical knockout and it’s when the sport official stops the fight when he believes that a fighter cannot safely continue the fight. And for some reason, Bea had taken sixteen years of anger out on her opponent. Raining countless punches on her face and body, making her opponent look like she was in a daze and that’s why the sports official stopped the fight, claiming Bea Smith the winner.

After she and her team left the venue, they headed towards a club that was taking place as her after party. She really wasn’t feeling like celebrating her win, but she went along anyway. And after a couple of hours in the club and countless women trying to offer themselves to the redhead, Bea had been able to sneak out. She wanted to be alone, wanted to be in her own mind for a bit. She was going to continue fighting in the UFC and was going to continue being the best she could be so her name would stay in the media and on the screens for Debbie to potentially see and for her to reach out one day.

She had clicked her phone off so no one would be able to call her while she was walking the streets of Melbourne. She knew she shouldn’t be alone and that it could be dangerous for her, but she didn’t care. She just wanted to be alone. It was chilly and dark out, and she had no idea where she was going. She had no destination in mind, she was just walking. She was in an area of Melbourne that she didn’t know of and she was pretty lost, but still, she just kept walking.

Bea had been walking for about thirty minutes and she was beginning to get into the more urban areas of Melbourne, something she was happy about. As she rounded the corner, she about jumped out of her skin. There was someone sitting on the curb with their hoodie up, leaning against a postage bin. The body was small, so it looked to be a woman. It could’ve been a man, a very small man, but it still could’ve been a man. She braced herself and began walking by the body, only for the person to groan out. The groan let her know that it was definitely a woman. Then the woman sneezed and her hoodie fell down, revealing dirty blonde hair. The woman turned to her and Bea could tell something was wrong with her.

“What the fuck are you looking at?” She huffed.

Bea kind of smiled at her. Simply because of the fact that this woman did not recognize her or know who she was, and that was rare. Everywhere she went it was ‘Bea, hey!’ or ‘oh, my god, it’s Bea!’ And sometimes that got old. Just as Bea took a step towards the woman, she had jumped up from the curb and was now standing.

“I said, what the fuck are you looking at?” She repeated, slurring her words.
“I, uh…nothing.” Bea replied, keeping a close eye on how this woman stumbled even though she wasn’t walking. She didn’t smell alcohol, so the blonde must have been on some kind of drugs. Just as Bea was about to open her mouth to talk again, she watched as the blonde’s eyes closed and her begin to fall, but Bea caught her just in time before she hit the cement. “Fuck.” She mumbled. She didn’t know what to do, she couldn’t just leave her there alone.

Bea easily sat the blonde down on the ground and she watched several cars pass by. She was looking for a taxi cab, but none seemed to be in sight. She was just about to turn her phone back on when one spotted her eye. She threw her hand up, flagging down the taxi. The taxi came to stop in front of her and she opened the back door. She picked the blonde up and put her into the taxi before getting in herself. When the driver asked where she was headed, Bea responded by asking him to take them to the nearest hotel. As he began driving, the blonde began to stir and mumble incoherent words.

Bea leaned close to the blonde ear. “Shhh.”

The blonde hummed and threw her head against Bea’s shoulder. Bea sighed. She had no idea what she was getting herself into, but she felt the need to help this woman. But there was no way she was going to go back to the hotel she was staying in for everyone to see the messed-up woman she was with. The press would have a field day and make up stories. They pulled into a hotel and Bea got out.

“Can you stay here until I get a key?” She asked the driver.

“Hurry up.” He responded, grumpily.

Bea muttered a ‘thanks’ and walked quickly into the lobby of the hotel. She booked a room with two beds and got the key. She went back to the taxi and pulled the blonde out after paying the driver. She was happy that the room was on the first floor as then she wouldn’t have to walk far with a dead weight woman to carry. As she reached the room, she unlocked the door and walked in. She placed the woman onto the nearest bed with a huff. She pulled the woman’s hoodie off her and some things fell out of her pocket. Bending over, she picked up an ID and a few small baggies containing some white powder. It confirmed that her suspicions were right, she was on drugs. She looked at the ID, seeing that her name was Allie Novak. She set the woman’s ID down and took the baggies to the bathroom, flushing its’ contents down the toilet. She had no idea why, but she felt like she had to look after this Allie for right now. Bea walked to the chair that was in the room and sat down, leaning her head into her hand as she watched this blonde woman sleep.

Bea must have fallen asleep because she was woken up by the sound of someone fumbling around. Opening her eyes, she seen that Allie was no longer laying in the bed and the bathroom light was on. She got up from her chair and walked slowly to the bathroom. As she got closer, she heard gagging noises, signaling that the blonde was throwing up. Deciding to not startle the
woman, she walked to the second bed in the room and sat on the edge, waiting for Allie to come out.

Not too long later, she heard the toilet flush and then the sink turn on. She listened as the sink was turned off and then watched as the bathroom door slung open, revealing a very tired looking woman. Allie jumped back when she noticed Bea, her eyes going wide and her mouth opening but no words coming out. Bea stood up from the bed.

“Who the fuck are you?” Allie asked, her voice trembling.

Bea smiled again. This woman really didn’t know who she was. And for once, she felt normal.

“Why are you smiling?” She added once she noticed the smile on Bea’s face.

“Sorry, I just…nothing.” Bea kept her attention on Allie, who wouldn’t look Bea in the face. “I’m Bea. I found you on the streets and I brought you here.”

“Why?” Allie spat.

“I don’t know. I’ve been trying to figure that out myself actually.” Bea responded. She watched as Allie grabbed her hoodie and dig through the pockets.

“Where is my baggies?!”

“I flushed them.”

“You what? Who the hell do you think you are? You can’t just pick me up off the street and dump my drugs! You’ve kidnapped me!”

“Look, I was just trying to help.” Bea said. “I didn’t kidnap you. You’re free to walk out of this room whenever you want.” She took a step towards Allie. “I just want to help, Allie.”

Allie looked up to Bea. No one had ever said her name and made it sound so perfect before.

“How’d you know my name?”
“I saw your ID.”

Allie turned her head away from Bea. “You can’t help me. I’m a drug addicted prostitute and any minute now I will be going through withdrawals if I don’t find a fix, so please just leave me alone.”

“So, go through your withdrawals. I’ll be sitting right here.” Bea said, sitting back down on her bed to prove her point.

“It’s not going to be pretty.”

“I know, and that’s okay.”

Allie lifted her watery blue eyes up to Bea. “Who are you?”

Bea chuckled. “I ask myself that every day.”

Within an hour, Allie’s withdrawals began. It started with Allie having a craving for the drug and she wanted out of the room, but Bea wouldn’t let her. She blocked the door and wouldn’t budge no matter how many times Allie pulled at her to move. Then she cried and got cold. Bea took every blanket in the room and wrapped it around the blonde’s shivering body. Allie began to get hot and tried to take her clothes off, so Bea took her to the bathroom so she could take her clothes off if she wanted to in peace. And while she was in the bathroom, she began throwing up again.

After two hours of Allie going through the same process, she had finally fallen asleep. Bea pulled the blanket over Allie’s body and then she retreated to her own bed. As she lay in bed, she wondered why she was even still there. Why was she helping this woman? She normally didn’t care about other people’s lives. If they wanted to fuck up themselves, then she’d let them. So, interfering in this woman’s life came as a shock to her. She felt the need to…protect her? But for once in her ‘perfect’ little life, she felt normal. She felt like she was just another human being while she was around Allie. It also helped that Allie didn’t know who she was, which made her feel like she just another woman in Melbourne.
Bea hardly slept, if at all. She stayed up to make sure Allie was still okay and still in bed. She turned her phone on, seeing several missed calls from her secretary, Maxine. She dismissed all the missed calls and deleted the voicemail that was left on her phone without even listening to it. She had a few text messages. One from Maxine and Franky, and the other from the previous woman she had hooked up with. That was another thing Bea Smith did; she hooked up with women, she didn’t date. She just did it as an escape and sometimes it worked, but sometimes it didn’t. She never kept in contact with the women she hooked up with either, but this one had definitely caught her attention; Erica. They weren’t dating, but she was the woman Bea went to the last few times when she needed a good fuck.

She hadn’t always been into women. In fact, her best mate, Franky, was the one who convinced Bea to just hook up with a woman one time a few years ago. She liked it. And ever since, she fucked women. She didn’t make love, that’s not what Bea Smith did. She was too broken to love, to give her all to someone.

Bea sat up in the bed when she heard Allie beginning to groan. She looked over to the blonde, taking in her pale face and dark circled eyes. She watched as Allie’s eyes popped open. They were tired looking.

“Are…are you okay?” Bea asked.

Allie’s eyes found Bea’s. She nodded, although she felt like shit. She had no idea why this woman was helping her, but it didn’t matter. Allie went through withdrawals all the time, and in no time she always went back to the drugs. She never remained clean, not that she even tried. The longest she stayed clean was for two weeks. And those were the worst weeks of her life. So, she couldn’t wait for this stranger to leave her alone. She knew exactly who she was getting her next hit from.

Just as Bea was about to respond, her phone rang. She looked at who was calling her and saw that it was Maxine. She ignored the call, turning her attention back to Allie.

“I have to go. I have some things to take care of, but I’ll be back.” Bea said, standing up from the bed. “You can order room service if you’d like. I’ll pay for it.” She grabbed her jacket before walking to the door of the hotel room. “Don’t go anywhere.”

She didn’t get the verbal response she’d liked to have received, she got another head nod instead. She walked out of the hotel room. She pulled her hoodie over her head as she walked through the hotel to the exit, not wanting to get noticed. She had no time for anyone’s shit right now. As she exited the hotel, she pulled her phone out and called Maxine. It was answered in no time.

“Bea!” She heard Maxine yell. “Where the hell have you been?”
“Max, I’m fine.” Bea sighed. She loved her friend, but sometimes she worried too much. “Look, I need you to send the town car to come pick me up.”

“Where are you?”

Bea looked around at her surroundings. She saw a little diner across the street, so she told Maxine she was there. When they hung up from each other, Bea began walking across the street to wait at the diner.

She was sitting on the curb in front of the diner when the town car finally arrived. She stood up as the driver got out and he opened the back door for Bea. She was getting ready to get in when she saw Maxine sitting in the backseat. She shook her head and go into the car.

“Should’ve known you’d come.” Bea said as she buckled her seatbelt.

“No shit.” Maxine replied. “I want to know where you’ve been. We’ve been looking for you since last night. You can’t just leave without a word.”

“I wanted to be by myself, okay?”

“Bea, you can’t just leave without your security. If someone would’ve noticed you, then you could have been in trouble. Especially if it was a group of people.” She explained. “Sometimes I wonder if you even realize how famous you really are.”

“Max, I don’t need security. I can handle myself.”

“Just because you’re the top women’s fighter, doesn’t mean you can handle yourself in every situation.” She rested her hand on Bea’s forearm for a minute before pulling it away.

Bea didn’t answer, she just sat in silence. She didn’t care what anyone said. She was a grown ass woman, she didn’t need security all the time. Why couldn’t anyone understand that she just wants some time to herself once in a while?
The drive didn’t take long until they were back to Bea’s original hotel, which by all means was completely too expensive in her eyes. Her Melbourne home was on the other side of Melbourne, so they had gotten a hotel closer to the arena to stay in for the time being. As they parked the town car by the curb, Bea looked out the window and seen all the paparazzi waiting for her. She sighed loudly before pulling her hoodie over her head and putting sunglasses over her eyes that Maxine handed to her. She waited for her two security guards, Will Jackson and Matthew Fletcher, to open the door for her to get out.

As soon as the door opened and she got out, flashes from the cameras instantly started and people kept saying her name to get her attention. She walked with Will and Matt on each side of her as she walked towards the entrance of the hotel. Once they entered the hotel, it got quiet and she was glad. It completely amazed her how people had nothing better to do than to snoop in her life.

She entered the elevator with Will, Matt, and Maxine. Once on her floor, they walked to her room and she entered with Maxine, leaving Will and Matt to stand guard on the outside. Will was more of the down-to-earth guy and Matt took the job too seriously sometimes. Once they entered the room, Bea went straight to her bags to rummage through them to find something to wear. She wanted something simple, something that didn’t scream ‘rich!’ when you looked at her. Something that when she made her way back to Allie, the blonde wouldn’t question her.

“Bea, we need to talk.” Maxine said, sitting down at the desk in the room.

“I told you, I just wanted to be alone for a bit.” She replied, still looking through her bags.

“It’s not that.” Maxine said. “It’s about you’re meeting Friday.”

“That’s in four days, can it wait?”

“No. We need to leave tonight.”

Bea shot her head towards Maxine. There was no way she was leaving tonight. “I’m not leaving tonight.” She pulled a pair of jeans and shirt from her bag.

“We have to.”

“I’m not! I’m going to stay here for a couple more days.” She said, looking through her bag again to get a new change of clothes for Allie. “You and the team can take the private plane tonight and then send it back in a couple days for me.”
“Bea, listen to yourself.” Maxine stood up and walked to Bea. “We need to go tonight and prepare for your meeting.”

Bea stood up straight. “I said I’m not going. You can’t make me. I’ll be back to Sydney in a couple of days. I have something I need to take care of here.”

Maxine sighed, she knew she wasn’t going to win this. “Fine, but on one condition.”

“What?”

“You keep either Will or Matt here with you.”

Bea rolled her eyes. She didn’t need a fucking guard at her side. “Will.” She answered, knowing it was just to shut Maxine up.

Maxine nodded her head. “Franky called too. She said she wants to see you before you go, which she thinks is tonight.”

“I’ll call her.” She grabbed another outfit out of her bag and set it to the side. “Now, please leave. I want to take a shower.”

“Sure thing.” Maxine began walking to the door. “Oh, Erica, she called too. She-”

“I don’t want to hear what she said.” Bea interrupted. “And I want her out of my house when I return to Sydney.”

Maxine raised her eyebrows in shock.

“I’m sure.” Bea said. “I don’t want her around anymore.” She walked to the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

She kind of shocked herself with saying she didn’t want Erica around anymore. Erica was her go to girl. When she needed a date for an event, she took Erica. When she wanted a fuck to ease her
stress, Erica was her girl. And it had been like that for the last eight months. She even moved Erica into her Sydney house to have her more accessible. But now, she had a weird feeling. She didn’t want Erica around. And she didn’t know why.

Bea was finished with her shower and was dressed in clean clothes. She brushed her teeth and hair before packing a bag with a few outfits in it. Maxine had called out to her while she was in the shower saying that she was leaving and that she’d see her in a couple days. Bea was happy to finally be on her own. Every day she has someone with her at all times. Whether it’s Will or Matt, or Maxine. She’s never on her own and that’s what she hates the most. But here she was, packing a bag to go be with this Allie woman that she knew nothing about. Maybe Allie wanted to be alone, she never thought about that. But for some reason, being around Allie gave her a sense of relief…made her feel normal for once.

She exited the room and ran right into Will, who was standing guard outside of her door. She sighed, realizing she still had him to worry about.

“Where are we going?” He asked.

“We,” She began. “Aren’t going anywhere. I am. You stay here.” She started walking.

“I’m meant to be with you, Bea.”

Bea rolled her eyes, stopping her movements and turning to face Will.

“Look, Will.” She walked closer to him. “I just want to be alone for a couple days. I can handle myself, yeah? You just stay here and relax, take some time for yourself, and I’ll see you in two days.”

“I was told to stay with you by Maxine.”

“I don’t like playing this card, but I’m your boss. Not Maxine. And I don’t care what she said. I’m not a child, I’m a grown ass woman and I want to be alone. So, stay here. I’ll be back.” She finished, throwing the hotel keys to him so he could let himself into the room. “I’ll be fine.”

She continued down the hallways and elevator and was finally out of that God forsaken hotel. She finally had some breathing air. She pulled her phone out and called for a cab, and then called Franky.
“About fuckin’ time.” Franky answered.

“Sorry, I’ve been busy.”

“Apparently.” She laughed. “You were supposed to come see me before you left.”

“I know, I’ll see you when I return from Sydney. I promise.”

“When?”

“I’ll be in Sydney for a week, and then I’m coming back.” Bea said.

“What?!” She had to pull the phone from her ear from Franky’s excitement. “You never come back so soon! What’s got ya panties in a twist to come back so soon?” She teased.

Bea laughed, holding her hoodie on her head so it doesn’t blow off. “I just…I want to be here for a bit. I need a change of environment. I don’t know how long I’ll stay, but it’ll be for a bit.”

“Wow.” Franky gushed. “I can’t believe it. Red is finally doing her own thing. What will Erica think about that?”

Bea scoffed. “I don’t give a fuck what she thinks. I’m done with her.”

“Really? But she’s like your go to girl for everything.”

“Which is why I’m done with her, Franky.” Bea said, then sighed. “I don’t know, I just…she’s not real with me. She’s only really with me because of what I got. So, it’s time to let her go and just get away from everything for a while.”

“Jesus, Bea. You sound like you’re depressed.” She half joked. When Bea didn’t respond, she got worried. “You’re not, are you?”
Bea sighed. Seeing the cab pull up towards her. “Franky, I’ve got to go. I’ll call you later.”

“Bea…”

“See you later, Franky.” She said before hanging up the phone.

She climbed into the cab and told him where to go. She sat in the backseat and let her mind wander. She wasn’t depressed…was she? She honestly had no reason to be, or she thought she didn’t. She could have anything she wanted, but the one thing she did want she couldn’t have. And that was Debbie. She just wished she could find her and see her, but she couldn’t. No one, except Franky and Maxine, knew about Debbie. And she didn’t want the entire country bombarding her daughter in that way. Wherever Debbie was, she just hoped she was taken care of and doing good.

The cab pulled up to the hotel she had Allie staying in and after paying the cab fare, she got out. She carried her bag to the hotel room and used the key to unlock the door. She hoped Allie was still there. She had no idea why she had taken a…liking?...to this woman. She knew nothing about the blonde, but she felt like everything was normal around her, even though they had barely talked. And maybe that was the reason everything seemed fine.

She walked into the hotel room and was pleased to see the blonde still sleeping. But it kind of stunk in the room. Allie probably hadn’t had a proper shower in a while, so that was her next mission. She pulled a change of clothes from the bag and put them in the bathroom. She walked to Allie’s bed and gently shook her.

“Allie.” She whispered. “Allie.”

Allie fluttered her eyes open and they still had that faraway look. Bea figured it would take a few days for that to pass. She couldn’t help but notice how beautiful her blue eyes were though. They were intoxicating.

“Let’s get you a shower.” Bea said, pulling on Allie’s arm.

Allie voluntarily got out of the bed and Bea guided her to the bathroom. Bea was about to turn the shower water on when she saw Allie trying to take her shirt off.

“Hey, hey.” She stopped Allie. “Wait until I’m out of the bathroom.”
Allie just nodded her head. Her eyes were so heavy feeling and she just wanted to sleep. Allie was used to people helping her, Kaz always pulled her out of her shit. But she hadn’t seen Kaz in a couple of months, mainly because she left on her own will.

“When you’re undressed, just toss your clothes into the room. I’ve got you a clean outfit right there you can wear.” Bea said, pointing to the clean clothes laid on the counter. “If you need anything, just call out for me.”

“Okay.” Allie breathed out.

Bea exited the bathroom and began right away to pull the sheets off Allie’s bed. She tossed the dirty sheets in the hallway so the cleaners could get them, and she went to the closet to get fresh linens. She made the bed up and then she noticed the clothes Allie set on the outside of the bathroom door so she grabbed those and stuffed them into a plastic bag so she could wash them later.

It wasn’t long later when she heard the shower turn off and then Allie exit the bathroom. Bea watched the woman go back into the bed. Bea didn’t know anything about drugs, but she figured the tiredness was a part of recovery. She got up from her bed and walked to Allie’s.

“Are you hungry?” Bea asked. “You should eat. It’ll make you feel better.”

Allie opened her tired eyes and looked up at Bea. Her eyes finally settled properly on the woman. She was very attractive. She was being so kind to Allie, something the blonde wasn’t used to. She noticed that the redhead was still waiting for an answer, but to be honest she wasn’t really hungry, despite not having anything to eat for a couple of days. Her body was used to that.

Allie cleared her throat before responding. “Who are you?”

Bea knew Allie wasn’t asking for her name again. Allie was curious why Bea was being nice and helpful, why Bea was taking time out of her own life to help a damaged woman, why Bea went out of her way to bring her to a hotel with a nice bed and clean running water. Bea understood exactly what Allie was asking.

Bea just shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know.”
And that was the truth. In this particular moment of her life, she didn’t even know who she was.
For the next two days while Bea was with Allie, all the blonde did was sleep. Occasionally she would wake up and she’d fuss and be agitated, but she mostly slept. Bea was fine with that, she wanted to be alone anyway. And it stopped Allie from asking any personal questions. Bea had talked with Maxine a few times and checked in regularly with Will to let him know she was fine. She ordered room service for every meal and she got Allie to eat once throughout the two days. Which she barely ate what she ordered anyway, but at least it was something.

She was due to the airport later in the day and Allie was still sleeping. So, she decided to take a quick shower. She got into the shower and washed her body and hair. After her shower, she brushed her teeth and put her hair up, showing her cleanly shaved sides. She put comfortable clothes on and exited the bathroom, surprised to see Allie sitting up in the bed. She stuffed her dirty clothes in her bag and then turned to Allie.

“Hi.” She breathed out. “Good to see you’re awake.”

“Yeah.” Allie replied. “I guess I’m tired of sleeping.” She chuckled. “And I’m starving.”

“I was just getting ready to order some room service. Tell me what you want and I’ll order it for you.”

Allie just looked at Bea. “Have you been here the whole time?”

Bea hesitantly nodded her head.

“Why?”

“Uh, let’s eat and then we could talk.” Bea suggested.
Bea ordered her and Allie some lunch and they waited for the food to arrive. Once it did arrive, she gave Allie her food for her to eat and Bea ate on the other side of the room. She felt Allie kept staring at her and it kind of intimidated her. Which was highly unusual, no one was ever able to get under her skin like that, but she felt small under Allie’s intense gaze. She tried to ignore it as much as she could, but that was impossible. She kind of wished the blonde was sleeping still. She turned her head, her eyes catching Allie’s and Allie just smirked. Which really threw Bea off.

They finished eating and Bea got rid of their trash before retreating to her own bed. She laid on her stomach and tucked her hands under her head, Allie taking in the same position on her bed.

“So, you wanna talk?” Bea asked.

“I do.”

Bea nodded. She decided to make the talk about Allie, to avoid questions she didn’t want to answer. “You told me before that you were a prostitute. That’s true?”

“Youp.” Allie replied, popping the ‘p’. “I live on the streets as well and I'm addicted to drugs.”

“Well, not anymore. You’ve been clean for a few days.”

“It won’t last long.” Allie chuckled. “I always get clean and then fuck myself up again. It’s a never ending process.”

“Maybe you could be strong this time.”

“There’s no point. Whenever you decide to leave me alone, I’ll be back on the streets doing what I do best.”

“Prostituting yourself?”

“Exactly.” She playfully rolled her eyes. “You looking for service or something? It’s not normal for someone to just help a stranger. I mean, I’ve never prostituted myself to a woman before, but I could give it a go. I’m sure I’d like it.” She trailed her eyes down Bea’s laying form.
Bea scrunched her face up. “No, I’m not looking for service. I just wanted to help you.” She said seriously. “What do you mean that you’re sure you’d like it?”

Allie sighed. “I’m a lesbian, but I’ve never prostituted myself to a woman before. I’d probably enjoy it more is what I mean.” She eyed Bea again. “Especially if she’s as good looking as you.”

Bea shook her head.

“What? Women don’t do it for you?” Allie added.

“I didn’t say that, but I’m not talking about it either.”

“Okay.” She said. “So, why did you let me stay here? Why did you stay with me?”

“I told you, I wanted to help.”

“Yeah, but it’s got to be more than that.” Allie argued. “No normal person with a normal life would spend their valuable time stuck in a hotel room with a druggie.”

Bea huffed. “I’m not normal.” She mumbled to herself.

“What?”

“I said I’m not stuck here.” Bea said, changing her answer.

“Then why haven’t you left?”

“Because I…” She trailed off, not really knowing what to say.

“See. No one in their right mind would try to help a druggie.”
“Stop referring yourself to that.” Bea said. “You have so much potential to be better.”

“You can’t say that, you don’t know me.”

Bea sat up, looking at Allie. “So, tell me about you.”

Allie scoffed.

“I’m serious.” Bea said. “Tell me about you. Tell me what went so wrong in your life for you to end up on the streets.”

Allie looked at Bea with a quirked eyebrow. She chuckled. “I don’t think you can handle it.”

“Try me.”

Allie had never been challenged before, so to speak. And it was kind of hot coming from the redhead. Allie didn’t know how long the redhead would stick around for, but she was truly going to cherish the moments they had left together. She didn’t know what it was about the redhead, but she felt like she had known the woman all her life. She felt such an ease with this woman. Allie shifted her position on the bed so she was laying on her back. She put her hands behind her head and she crossed her legs over each other.

She glanced to Bea before looking up to the ceiling. “You better get comfy. It’s a long story.” She warned before getting into her story. “I was fifteen when I realized what I was feeling was normal; that I had an attraction to women. I told my mum first and she was fine with that, but my dad…he was furious. He said he wouldn’t put up with my nonsense. And he actually put me through therapy.” She laughed. “God, he was such an ass. My mum never stood up to what he did to me. I don’t blame her, he was a terrible man. My older brother found out why my dad was sending me to therapy and he tried to defend me, telling my dad it was a stupid thing, my dad didn’t like that too much. So, over the next year he only got harder on me. Eventually, after I turned sixteen, I was tired of his shit. I invited a girl over without my dad knowing, and when he got home…me and this girl were in the secondary living room making out. Like, full-on tongue action, everything. My dad flipped shit and kicked me out. I lived in a children’s shelter until I turned eighteen, then I moved to a women’s shelter. I was the youngest there and I worked at a restaurant not making enough money. I didn’t do drugs then, until I turned twenty-two. I got tired of my life, I wanted to forget everything for a while, so a girl offered me a drug and I took it. I’ve never felt anything like that before, it totally consumed me and it was so intense. I liked it, so I
kept doing it. The restaurant I worked at fired me because they found out I was on drugs and I was jobless for almost two months. Then, I met a woman who did prostitution. I wanted to give it a go when I saw how much money she made in one night. She warned me, saying that it wasn’t something that I should get involved in, but I didn’t listen to her. Money talks, right?” She scoffed. “I’ve been doing all that for eight years now; the drugs and prostitution. I’ve never been clean for longer than two weeks. I’m a thirty year old woman who can’t get her shit together. It’s fucked, right?” She asked, Bea shaking her head signaling that it isn’t. “I’ve never been able to have a successful relationship with a woman because of all my shit. Mainly because I can’t stay clean long enough, no matter how many times Kaz helps me. But I haven’t seen her in two months now. I left, I couldn’t handle being a disappointment to her anymore.” Allie couldn’t believe how open she’d been with Bea. She was originally only going to tell her the short story, but once she started talking, she just couldn’t seem to stop. Talking to Bea was easy and she felt like she could tell her anything.

“Where are your parents now?” Bea asked.

“I must have left that part out.” She said. “I used to live in Adelaide, but after I left the children’s shelter I made my way here to Melbourne. My parents, I assume, is still in Adelaide. But I don’t know.”

“I’m sorry you went through all that stuff.”

“Yeah, that’s the last thing I want to hear.” Allie said, honestly. “I don’t want you to feel sorry for me. I made my decisions. I could’ve done better for myself, but I didn’t. So now, I have to sleep in the mess I made of myself.”

“You could change, get better.”

“It’s easier said than done.”

“I know.” Bea replied. “I could help you though…with whatever you need.”

Allie shook her head. “I don’t want your help. I’m not some charity.”

“I didn’t say that.”

Allie sighed. “I’m sorry, I just…I can handle myself.” She looked to Bea. “You know all about
Allie sighed. “I’m sorry, I just… I can handle myself.” She looked to Bea. “You know all about me now, so tell me about you.”

Bea looked to the time displayed on her phone. She blew raspberries from her lips. “I will when I come back. I’ve got to go.” She sat up, putting her shoes on.

“Go where?” Allie sat up too. “You’re leaving now because I told you about my terrible life and you don’t know how to handle that.” She assumed.

“That’s not true. I’ve got to go to Sydney for a week and then I’ll be back. I’ll pay for this room for another week and you can order all the room service you want, it’ll be on me.” She got up and went to her bags, pulling out a pen to write on one of the hotel writing pads. “This is my cell number. You can call me whenever you want, and we’ll talk.” She handed Allie the pad. “I’ll be back, so please… stay here and take care of yourself.” For the first time since Allie’s been awake and herself, Bea touched her. It was an innocent touch to her shoulder, but the feeling she felt was completely foreign to her and she wondered if Allie felt it too. “I’ll be back.” She said again before walking out of the hotel room.

Bea lied. She didn’t have to leave for another few hours, but she couldn’t talk to Allie about herself right now. She needed more time to work that courage up, she just met the woman after all. And that was selfish of her to think that, as the blonde literally just poured her heart out on the line. But she couldn’t. Bea Smith wasn’t a talker, especially when the subject was about her. And especially since she didn’t want to scare the blonde away. She actually enjoyed the other woman’s presence. She called a cab and gave him the address on where to take her, which was back to her original hotel where Will was probably waiting on her.

Allie couldn’t believe that Bea had just left like that. It was too ironic how she just told the redhead everything, and she just up and left. She felt like her heart was just ripped out of her chest and she didn’t know why she felt like that. She had no reason to, she didn’t even know Bea like that. But for some reason, she felt a connection with Bea. She had never seen someone so beautiful before, someone so… real. Allie didn’t understand why someone like Bea would want to even spend time with someone like her, with someone that did the things she did. Allie fell back onto the bed and looked at the number scribbled on the pad of paper. Either she was crazy, or she was actually feeling some feelings for the redhead. And she hated herself for that.

Bea had just got dropped off to her home in Sydney from the airport. She told her town car driver to take the rest of the day off as she wouldn’t be needing him anymore that evening. She grabbed her suitcase and bags from the trunk and made her way up the walk path to her front door. She would be meeting Maxine the next day for a meeting with the team and then the next couple days were going to be meetings about her next future fight. She unlocked her front door and pushed it
open. As she entered, she shut the door behind her and saw a very angry Erica sitting on the foot of the stairs. Bea set her things down, getting prepared for whatever stern talking to she would be getting from the dark blonde-haired woman. Erica stood up from the stairs and Bea sighed.

“Maxine told me that you wanted me gone. Is that true?” Erica asked.

“Yeah. You were supposed to be gone before I got back.”

“Why didn’t you come back with Maxine? Why did you wait two more days before returning?”

“Does it matter? I don’t have to answer to you.” Bea bit.

“I want to know why you don’t want me around anymore.”

“Because, Erica, I don’t want you here.”

“It’s got to be more than that.”

“It’s not!” Bea said. “You’re only with me because of the things I have to offer; the expensive jewelry, the nice clothes, brand new cars, a nice home, my money. You aren’t real with me.”

“You think you’re better?! You only got involved with me because of sex!”

“That’s not true.”

“It is! It’s all about you during sex. I don’t get to touch you, we don’t sleep in the same bed, we don’t cuddle and share kisses, and it’s never slow and full of love during sex…it’s always fast and how you want it.” She watched Bea roll her eyes, then she sarcastically laughed. “Oh, I get it. I should’ve known, it always happens.”

“What are you talking about?”
“Who is she, Bea?”

“What?”

“You’ve obviously found someone else. So, what’s her name?”

Bea just looked at Erica. There was no one else, so she had no clue what the woman was even talking about.

“That’s why you stayed back in Melbourne for a couple more days, to spend time with her.” Erica added when Bea didn’t respond.

Bea’s face softened. Allie. She didn’t like Allie in that way, or at least she didn’t even think of that. Her reasoning for wanting Erica to leave was the truth; she was tired of Erica just being around for what Bea had to offer.

“Just leave.” Bea said. “Now.”

Bea grabbed her bags and walked past Erica, up the stairs to her room. When she entered the room, she heard the front door being slammed, she rolled her eyes. She kicked her shoes off and jumped onto her fluffy, king-sized bed. She grabbed her cell phone, turning it off airplane mode and within minutes she had a voicemail pop up. She didn’t recognize the number, but she listened to the voicemail anyway.

“Hi, Bea.” There was a pause. “It’s Allie. I’m calling from the hotel room phone, I don’t have a cell phone. I don’t even know why I tried calling, I know you’re on the way to Sydney. Um, I just…why did you just leave like that? I don’t know, it kind of…” She sighed. “Bothered me? I guess I should say. Seriously, who are you? What kind of person pays for a hotel room for a week and offers room service for a person they don’t even know? No one’s ever been so nice to me and I don’t know what to think about it.” There was another pause, a little longer this time. “I’m going to take a few guesses of who you are. You have to be like an astronaut, right?” Bea found herself laughing at Allie’s terrible guess. “No way, you’re definitely an architect. Or probably a surgeon? Damnit, I have no idea who you are, but Bea…you’re something else. Someone…special.” Bea felt her body tingle. “I’m gonna…go. Again, I don’t even know why I called you. I guess I’m just lonely now, which is weird since I’m always alone and I never feel lonely. Fuck, I’ve been rambling. Anyway, I’ll uh, I’ll talk to you later? I’m going to eat the room service you offered…bye.”
Bea pulled the phone from her ear and exited from the voicemails. She found herself smiling. Allie’s voice was soothing and Bea probably listened to that same voicemail a few more times, still laughing at her terrible guesses. She decided to try to call the number back to see if she would answer. She looked at the time before hitting the call button, seeing that it was going on 9pm. The phone rang four times before it was answered.

“Hello?” She heard Allie answer, and she smiled to herself.

“Hi, Allie. It’s Bea.”

“Oh, hi! How was your flight?”

Bea’s heart swelled, no one had ever asked her that simple question before. And it showed that the blonde cared.

“It was okay.” It was great, she knew it was. Nothing to complain about since she had her own private plane. “Thanks for asking.”

“No worries. So, I’m guessing you didn’t have to sit next to some weird people?”

Bea laughed. “No, I didn’t. It was a good flight.” Which was true, so to speak. It was a good flight and she didn’t have to sit next to some weird people as she was on her own private jet.

“That’s good.”

There was silence before Bea spoke. “I listened to your voicemail.”

“Oh, god. I was hoping you wouldn’t.” She laughed. “I’m sorry. I’m so weird.”

“It’s fine. It made me smile after the argument I kind of just got in.”

“You got into an argument with someone?”
“Shit. ‘Yeah, yeah. Don’t worry about it. Someone was just at my house when I got home and I didn’t want them to be.’”

“You didn’t tell me you had a girlfriend, Bea.” Allie said with playfulness to her voice.

“What? I didn’t say anything about that.” Bea defended, kind of angrily.

Allie laughed. “No, you didn’t. But now I know it must have been something like that. You’re easy to get riled up. I’ll have to remember that.” She paused. “You don’t like talking about yourself, do you?”

Bea didn’t answer.

“it’s fine.” Allie continued. “If I ever see you again, we’ll work on that.”

“You will see me again.”

“Yeah, I don’t think I will. Not after the way you just left today.”

“I said I had to go.”

“But the way you said it. It was after I asked you to tell me about yourself. It’s like that question scared you off.” Allie explained. “Look, I’m sorry. I don’t even know why I’m getting so defensive about that. I don’t even know you.”

Deciding to change the subject, Bea moved onto safer topics. “Have you eaten yet?”

Allie snorted. “Yeah, I did. I ordered a shit ton of food, so have fun with that bill.”

“It’s no problem. Order more, no big deal.”
“They don’t really have any good desserts, or I would. Sorry, but I’m starving now. It’s a part of the withdrawal process.”

“I get it. You can order whatever you’d like.”

Allie shook her head, knowing Bea couldn’t see her. “This is so weird.”

“It’s not. I just want to look out for you.”

“You don’t know me!”

“I don’t have to know you. Please, don’t make a big deal about it.” Bea said. “When I return, I’ll let you decide if you don’t want my help anymore. And if you don’t want me to help, then I’ll leave you alone. But until then, please just accept my help.”

“Fine.” Allie agreed. “I’m going to look at this dessert menu and find something. What kind of room service doesn’t offer chocolate?” She sighed sadly. “I’ll talk to you some time, I don’t know when.”

“You can call whenever you’d like.”

“Bye, Bea.”

“Bye.”

Bea hung up her phone and tossed it onto the bed. An idea came to her, so she went to her desk and opened her laptop. She looked for a site that would deliver chocolate covered strawberries in Melbourne and once she found one, she put in her payment details and had it to be delivered that night to Allie’s hotel room. She also was able to put in a little note with the delivery, so she did. She typed in the message box: It’s not chocolate by itself, but there’s chocolate. Enjoy it and take care of yourself. I’ll be back. – B

She closed her laptop and went back to her bed, falling back on it and letting her tired eyes close.
It was going on 10pm and Allie hadn’t ordered any dessert. Nothing seemed appetizing to her and nothing was chocolate. She was getting ready to go take a shower when there was a knock on the hotel room door. She walked to the door and looked out of the peep hole, seeing some guy standing there with a box in his hands.

“Who is it?” Allie asked through the door.

“My name is David. I have a delivery for an Allie Novak.”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows together and opened the door. He handed the box to her and told her to have a good night. Allie walked to the bed with the box in her hands, unsure of what it was. She carefully opened the box, revealing another box, which was red, and a delivery note. She read the note, instantly knowing it was from Bea, and her heart swelled knowing how kind Bea was. Seeing the word ‘chocolate’ excited her, so she grabbed the red box and opened it quickly. She knew that it was chocolate covered strawberries right away. She grabbed one and bit into it, sighing in pleasure. It was so good. She fell back against the bed, taking in the tastiness of that chocolate covered strawberry.

In this moment, she knew that the redhead was in the process of completely stealing her heart.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter. Tell me what you thought? The next chapter will be posted tomorrow, hopefully :)

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Bea had a talk with Maxine, per Maxine’s request, the following day about where Bea was and why she wanted to stay in Melbourne. She told Maxine the same thing she told Franky; that she just wanted a change of environment. She even informed Maxine that she would be returning to Melbourne after all the meetings, there was no question about it…she was going back. Maxine was so confused about Bea’s change of heart. Bea always stayed in Sydney until she had to travel for her next fight. So, Bea wanting to go back to Melbourne came as a surprise to her. She left it alone and didn’t question her, that moment would come later.

Bea was getting ready for her meeting with Maxine and her training team. If she was honest with herself, she just wanted to stay in bed. Or more importantly, she really wanted to go back to Melbourne. She didn’t know why she felt such a connection to the blonde, she was just really drawn to her for some reason. She could let herself get lost in those blue eyes and she’d feel content…safe. She was brought out of her thoughts by a knock on her door. The door soon opened after she told them to come in.

“Hey, luv.” Her housekeeper announced. Bea didn’t like the word maid, so she used housekeeper instead. “I was wondering if you’d like for me to make you something to eat before you left for the meeting?”

“No thanks, Liz.” Bea stood up from the bed and grabbed her hoodie, pulling it over her head. “Actually, you could take the rest of the day off. I won’t be here anyway until later tonight.”

Liz just looked at Bea. It was very unusual for Bea to tell her to take the day off. In fact, she even had her own room in Bea’s mansion because Bea wanted her around all during the week, and she’d leave on the weekends.

“It’s Friday. You usually don’t have me leave until night.”

“I know. But you can leave now, it’s okay.” Bea said, walking past Liz to exit her room. “See you Monday.”
“Monday?” Liz followed after Bea. “What about the weekend?”

“Just take it off. You deserve some rest.” She walked down the swirled stairs in her house. “You’ve worked hard since you’ve been with me. I’ll see you Monday.”

When Bea walked out the front door, Liz stood with her feet grounded to the floor. She had no idea what was going on in Bea’s head. Bea wasn’t a hard person to work for, but she did expect people present and on time. So, she didn’t know what to think about Bea’s sudden demeanor change.

Bea got out of her red sports car, an Audi R8, and walked towards the entrance of her own personal gym that was ran by her training team. She seen that the black town car was already there, so she assumed that Maxine was too. She stuffed her phone into her pocket before walking into the gym. No one was in the training area so she guessed they were already in the conference room. She opened the conference room door and seen that her team were all sitting around the table talking. She smiled at them all and sat in one of the chairs. They instantly began talking about new fighting tactics for Bea, saying that it would help to train more with ground fighting. Her upcoming fight choices were all good fighters on the ground, and that was Bea’s weakest point. She always maintained standing up while she fought, she was never able to be put to the ground unless that’s where she wanted to be. But it was mostly a standing game for her. As the talk went on, Bea found herself wondering off somewhere else. She thought of the blonde haired, blue eyed woman waiting up for her in Melbourne. She hated not knowing if Allie was okay, or if she ditched the hotel room or not. She hoped the blonde didn’t leave, but she’d understand if she did. Bea didn’t catch her name being called until Maxine grabbed her arm.

“Bea.” Maxine called. “Is that okay with you?”

“Is what okay with me?”

Maxine shook her head. “The next UFC line-up is in five months and you’re in the main card. So, training for you starts in one month. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, that’s great.” Bea said, beginning to swivel in her chair to keep her mind occupied on the conversation at hand. “Do we know the potential match-ups for me yet?”
“We’ve already discussed that.” Maxine said. “Are you daydreaming?”

Bea chuckled. “No.”

Nate, one of Bea’s trainers, decided to pipe up. “Potential match-ups are Miesha Tate, Holly Holm, or Ronda Rousey.”

Bea scrunched up her face. “Those fighters are all based in the States.”

Nate laughed. “You really were daydreaming.” He said. “Your next fight is being held in Las Vegas, Nevada. Which is in the States.”

Bea leaned back against her chair in surprise. “In the States?” She blew raspberries. “The last time I fought there was two years ago.”

“We know. Mr. White thinks that there are more challenging fighters for you there.”

“So, who is the most challenging for me on the list?” Bea asked.

Nate inhaled deeply, thinking. “Probably…Ronda Rousey.”

“I’ll fight her.”

“Woah, wait a minute.” Wes, one of her other trainers, spoke up. “Rousey is no joke. She’s good with her ground game and standing. She snapped a woman’s arm before.”

“You don’t think I can handle her?” Bea challenged.

“That’s not what I’m saying. I’m just-”
“Good.” Bea interrupted. “I want to fight her.” She said seriously as she stood up from the chair. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Maxi. If any of you need me, then call me.” She walked out of the conference room and headed towards the exit.

Bea walked to her sportscar and got in. She fished for her phone, scrolling through her contacts to call a friend in Castle Hill, Bridget. Bridget was one of her closest friends that lived in Sydney. After her phone call to Bridget and them agreeing to meet up, Bea began on her drive from Bondi to Castle Hill.

“How are you, Bea?” Bridget asked as she poured them each a cup of tea.

Bea walked to the kitchen table and sat down, Bridget followed her. “I’m alright, I guess.”

Bridget quirked an eyebrow over the rim of her mug as she took a sip of the tea. “Well, it’s unusual for you to come to my place. It’s always at yours.”

“Change of scenery will do me good.”

Bridget chuckled, knowing that excuse was bullshit. “Got into an argument with Erica?”

Bea shook her head. “She doesn’t live with me anymore.”

“No?”

“Nah.”

Bridget set her mug down and relaxed into her chair. “How come?”

“I just… I didn’t want her around anymore.”
“It was you? You had her leave?” Bridget asked, shocked.

“Why do you sound so shocked about that?”

“Because she’s the girl you always go to for anything. Personally, I didn’t like her, but you did so it just comes as a shock to me that you made her leave.”

“Okay, first off, I didn’t like her like that. And secondly, she wasn’t good for me. She wasn’t real.”

Bridget laughed. “Since when do you want real?”

Bea just shrugged.

“You never do relationships, Bea.” She chuckled, then as she studied Bea she noticed how different she seemed. Bridget leaned onto the table, tilting her head some. “Who is she?” She asked with a soft voice.

Bea’s eyes met Bridget’s. “What?”

“You seem different, Bea.” Bridget started. “You had Erica leave, you’re at my house, I heard you’re going back to Melbourne in a week, you-”

“To be fair,” Bea interrupted. “I have a house in Melbourne. Why pay for it if I don’t use it? Bridget, there’s no one. So, just leave it.”

Bridget grinned. “Okay. I’ll leave it…for now.” She took another sip of her tea. “So, how’s Franky?”

Allie was laying in the bed in the hotel room. Some movie was playing on the TV, but she wasn’t
paying much attention to it. A certain redhead was invading her thoughts. Bea was so kind, caring, gentle, and so beautiful. But she was also closed off. Like she was afraid of someone knowing who she was, and that didn’t make any sense to her. Allie should’ve been the one ashamed to talk about her life, but instead it was Bea. She didn’t know anything about the redhead, except that her name was Bea. She didn’t even know if the red in her hair was natural. She wanted to know more about Bea. It was weird that this stranger was the center of her thoughts. And for once in her life, drugs weren’t the main dish in her mind. For once, she felt a different kind of craving. And that was to know more about Bea.

Allie would be lying if she said she didn’t feel an attraction to Bea. She did and she knew it. Bea was beautiful, stunning even, so there was no point in lying about that. It was weird for her to have someone to want to look after her, someone besides Kaz. And Allie felt like that’s what was making her feel attracted to Bea even more. So, maybe she felt attracted to Bea because of her caring nature and it wasn’t anything more. But who was she kidding, the redhead was smoking hot.

She turned her body, reaching for the hotel room phone. She hadn’t seen Kaz in two months and hasn’t talked to her either, so maybe it would do her some good to talk to someone she knows. She dialed Kaz’s number into the phone and listened to it ring, hoping that Kaz hadn’t changed her number.

“Hello?” She heard someone answer.

“Kaz?”

There was a pause. “Allie?!”

Allie smiled. “Yeah, it’s me.”

“Oh, my god!” Kaz gushed, her voice trembled with emotions. “How are you? Are you okay?”

“I’m okay. How are you?”

“Oh, Allie…I’m good. I’m so happy to hear your voice. Where are you? Are you…clean?”

“I’m safe, don’t worry. And yes, I’m clean. I haven’t had a drug in five days. I know it’s no big deal, but I’m trying.”

“It is a big deal, Allie. I’m so proud of you. Five days clean is a big step, don’t doubt yourself.”
“I can’t stay clean for more than two weeks. So, we’ll see what happens.”

“You can’t doubt yourself. You’ve just got to stay strong, bubba.”

“I know.” Allie replied, tears forming in her eyes.

“Where are you staying? Do you need me to come get you?”

“I’m staying in a hotel. A…friend is helping me out.”

“A friend?” Kaz questioned.

“Yeah,” Allie sighed. “I just met her actually.”

“And her intentions of helping you are clear? She doesn’t want anything in return?”

“I don’t think she does.”

“Is she with you now?”

“No, she had to go somewhere. She’ll be back.”

“Okay, take care of yourself. I hope to see you soon.” Kaz said. “I’m going to go now. I’ve got to watch the replay of the fight I missed earlier in the week.”

Allie laughed. “You and your UFC.”

“You remember!”
“How couldn’t I? That’s all you watched when I was with you.” She teased.

Kaz laughed. “I love you, Allie. Be safe, I’ll talk to you later.”

“I love you too. Bye, Kaz.”

Allie hung up the phone and laid back onto the bed. Her thoughts going back to a certain redhead.

As Bea was driving back to her home in Sydney from Bridget’s house, she thought about Allie. It was driving her insane that she couldn’t shake the thought of Allie, no matter what. It was weird, she was actually missing the blonde and all she wanted was to get back to Melbourne as soon as possible. She wished she could drop the next two meetings she had just so she could get back to Allie. She had never craved someone's presence before, and that's what confused her the most. She didn't know what it was, the blonde was just so intoxicating.

Bea made it home after a short drive, and she found herself in her kitchen looking for something to eat. Having Liz around, she never had to make her own food. And it’s been like that for the last three years. Liz cooked her meals, cleaned her house, and even did her laundry. So now, as she looked through her refrigerator, she had absolutely no idea what to do. She cooked for so many years when she was with Harry and then before she even got into the UFC business, but as soon as she hired Liz as her personal housekeeper, it’s like she suddenly forgot how to do anything for herself. Which by all means is kind of embarrassing. For her, anyway. Bea then grabbed her phone and scrolled through the contacts, searching for Will’s number. Once she found his number, she called him and asked him to bring her some food from the local Chinese take-out company. She also told him he could get himself something as well, and to just use the company card to buy the food.

Not long later, Will arrived with the food and he was getting ready to leave, but Bea stopped him and told him that he could stay. They walked to Bea’s kitchen together and sat on the benches at the island in the middle of her kitchen. Bea pulled the food out of the bag, giving Will his order and then she grabbed hers. They both began eating.

After they ate, Will took the trash out and Bea went to her living room to watch whatever on the TV. Nothing was on, so she found herself thinking of Allie…again. She thought Allie was a gorgeous woman; her ocean eyes, her full lips, her amazing cheekbones, and her perfectly arched eyebrows. She knew Allie was going through a rough patch right now and that she shouldn’t even be thinking of Allie in that way, but she couldn’t help it. Something about the woman was calming. She was brought out of her trance by Will clearing his throat.
“What?” She asked, looking up at him.

“I said I was going to go.”

“No, stay here.” Bea said. “Sit down. You’re starting to act like Matt.”

Will chuckled and sat on the sofa opposite of Bea. “He’s good security.”

“I know, that’s why I hired him. But sometimes he takes things way too seriously.”

“Only at work,” Will defended. “He’s a great guy outside of guarding you.”

“What, you two boning?” Bea asked, then laughed at the face Will pulled. “I’m joking!”

“Fuck you, Smith!” He laughed.

“You still with Rose then?”

“I am.” He nodded his head proudly.

“What a shame, she’s hot.” She teased.

Will scoffed. “What about you?”

“What about me?”

“I know you’re seeing someone.” He probed. “In Melbourne, when you said that you just wanted to be alone, I figured you went to your Melbourne house. I went there and you weren’t there. Obviously, you went to see someone. Tell me.”
“Will…” She breathed out.

“Oh, come on! You’ve changed so much in just a few days. If this was last month, I wouldn’t be sitting on your sofa right now and Liz would be here, so would Erica.” He said. “Tell me who she is. She seems good for you.”

Bea shook her head. “I’m not seeing anyone.”

“Bullshit!”

“I’m not!” Bea defended. “I met someone new, yes. But I’m not seeing her. She’s just someone I’m helping out, a friend.”

“Do we know her?”

“No,” Bea shook her head. “And she doesn’t know me either. Like, who I am; Bea Smith, the championship Fighter. She knows me as...just Bea. She’s different from everyone, she makes me feel normal.”

“You like her though?”

Bea thought about her answer. Did she? “I just met her, Will.” She stated. “And I don’t like people like that, you know that.”

“But you clearly just said that she’s different.” He grinned. “Come on, you like her. You do.”

“I literally just met her. Drop it.”

He laughed. “She’s the one you’re going back to Melbourne for, right?”

Bea just looked at him. She was never going to win this. “Don’t tell anyone.”
He threw his hands up in surrender. “I won’t.”

“Good.” She kicked her feet up onto the coffee table. “Now, get the fuck out.”

Will stood up from the sofa, laughing. “That’s the Bea Smith I know. See you later.”

When Bea heard the front door shut, she let out a deep breath. “No one knows me.” She said to herself.

A few hours went by and it was going on 10pm. She hadn’t heard anything from Allie yet, so instead of worrying she just figured that the blonde was sleeping. She went upstairs to her room and opened her laptop. She went to her banking website and put in her information to be able to look at her recent transactions. Since her credit card was programmed to the hotel room Allie was using, all of the room service she ordered would show up on her transactions. She was relieved to see that the last transaction used from the hotel for room service was just a few hours ago. She then decided to see how much room service Allie ordered. She was surprised to see that the blonde managed to rack up two-hundred dollars in just two days on room service. She was happy to know that the blonde was eating, so it didn’t bother her. Besides, money was no option. She had plenty of it.

Over the next five days, Bea had two meetings that she had to attend. They were long and boring, and she found herself not even paying attention. The meetings weren’t even important, really. It was more talk about her training and her upcoming fight in the next several months that would be taking place in the states. She also had to watch a few highlights with her team of Ronda Rousey’s previous fights to study her moves, which she also did not pay attention to.

The last five days she also talked to Allie more, mostly every night and a few times in the mornings. Allie told her stories about her time on the streets, of terrible people she had the run ins with. She also told Bea about the time she got beat, which saddened Bea and brought back the memories of her own experience with Harry. She found herself looking forward to those little phone calls that they shared. They shared some laughs, some silence, some jokes, and Bea listened to Allie cry one time and she just wished she could hold her. Allie hadn’t pushed Bea to talk about herself, and Bea respected that. In fact, it made her want to be around Allie even more. No one ever considered her feelings before, it was new to her. Bea did tell Allie some things about herself; she liked to draw, her hair was in fact not naturally red – which Allie laughed about, and that she went to the gym sometimes – Allie made a joke about that as well. The gym thing wasn’t a lie, she did go, but for her career reasons. She didn’t tell Allie that though, nor about what she did for a living. And she wasn’t sure when she would tell Allie. Allie’s joke that she made about Bea going to the gym was that she was sure that the redhead had some smoking hot abs. Bea pushed the joke aside, knowing it was Allie probably flirting.

Bea was meant to return to Melbourne the next day, and she was nervous. She knew she had to tell Allie about herself sooner or later because they couldn’t stay in the hotel room forever. She wanted to go to her Melbourne home and she wanted to bring Allie with her, even that thought sounded crazy to her. She didn’t have to tell Allie, but if she wanted, whatever it was, to work out
between them, then the secrets had to go. What she was feeling was absolutely crazy to her.

Chapter End Notes

I'm really so happy of the positive feedback I've been receiving on this story so far. I was so nervous to begin uploading this at first because it's kind of different and I wanted you all to like it. And I'm so happy you do so far :) I hope you liked this chapter. Let me know? And no worries, they reunite next chapter :)}
The Same Bea

Chapter Notes

Our girls reunite :)  
I was going to post this chapter later in the day, but I decided not to. Anyway, enjoy :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bea got out of her private plane that finally landed back in Melbourne and got into the black town car that was waiting for her in the hangar. She was so happy to be back in Melbourne, mainly because of Allie. She was able to convince Maxine to keep Will and Matt with her, and not have them come along with her to Melbourne. She wanted to be away from all of them for a bit. When Maxine asked her how long she would be staying in Melbourne this time, Bea replied with saying for a month. Maxine was surprised to say the least, but didn’t push any questions on Bea. Bea figured that a month to herself would be good and it would also be enough time to get to know the blonde better.

As Bea was being driven to her Melbourne home, she called Franky to let her know that she landed and that she’d meet up with her in a couple of hours. She had some things to do in her home before going out to see Franky or Allie. Bea was dropped off at her home and she grabbed her bags, going right to the front door. Once she unlocked it, she walked in and up the stairs to drop her bags off in her room. Her home in Melbourne was a little less fancier than her home in Sydney. Her Sydney home was a three story house (she counted the basement as a floor), while her Melbourne home was only two story. Although both houses were gated in, the Melbourne home was probably her favorite. It was a simple home that had a pool in the backyard.

Once Bea put her bags in the room, she went to the living room to do some cleaning; something she hasn’t done in a while. But if Allie agreed to come back to her home, then she wanted things to look clean. As she was straightening up her house a bit, she called Allie’s hotel room phone. The blonde had picked up instantly and they began talking. Bea told her that she was back in Melbourne and that she’d be to the hotel to see her in a little while. They talked for a little longer before Bea decided to cut the conversation short so she could finish cleaning up and then head out to meet Franky.

Bea took a quick shower before leaving to go meet Franky. She made sure to pack a bag to take with her after her shower. She went into her garage and got into her all black BMW M3. She had a total of three cars and one bike that she owned; her two cars and one bike were in Sydney and one of her cars was here in Melbourne. She called Franky as she got into her car and cranked it for it to heat up a bit. They decided to meet at a restaurant not too far from Bea to have a late lunch.

Not too long later, Bea pulled up to the restaurant she and Franky agreed on. She got out of her car and put her sun glasses on, making her way to the entrance of the restaurant. She spotted Franky right away, so she walked up to her. Franky jumped out of her seat and grabbed Bea into a tight hug. Franky hugged Bea like her life depended on it. She had missed her best friend so much.

“Franky, let’s sit down.” Bea chuckled, pulling herself from Franky’s embrace. She sat at the table
“Franky, let’s sit down.” Bea chuckled, pulling herself from Franky’s embrace. She sat at the table and Franky sat across from her.

“How’ve you been, Red?”

Bea placed her hands on top of the table and sighed. “I’ve been alright. You?”

“Me too.” Franky smiled. “I’ve missed you so much.”

“I’ve missed you too, Franky.”

“Duh, who doesn’t miss this?”

Bea shook her head with a laugh. “I guess that’s true since Bridget asked about you.”

Franky raised her eyebrows. “Did she?”

Bea nodded her head.

“What’d she ask about?” She grinned, crossing her arms.

“Just asked how you been doing and if you were the same little shit that she remembered.”

Franky laughed. “Oi! She did not.” She poked her tongue between her teeth. “Fuck, she was great. Not just in bed either.”

Bea rolled her eyes. “Keep that shit to yourself.”

“I’m going to have to visit her one of these days.”

Bea agreed.
They ordered their food and when the waitress walked away, Franky questioned Bea.

“So, why the fuck are you really back here?”

“I just wanted to come back.”

“You are a terrible liar.” Franky said. “Just tell me.”

“There’s nothing to tell.”

Franky shook her head. “You’ve changed, Bea. In just a short couple of weeks.”

“I have not changed. I’m still the same Bea.”

“Nuh.” Franky disagreed. “You kicked Erica out, that’s unlike you. You came back to Melbourne and staying for a month, that’s really unlike you. So, cut the shit and tell me what’s going on.”

“Why is everyone on my case about why I wanted to come back here?”

“If you stop keeping secrets, then no one will have to question your little stubborn ass.”

“I’m not keeping secrets. I told you, I just wanted to get away from things.” Bea explained, she was not about to be having this conversation with Franky. “Please, drop it.”

“Fine.” Franky sighed. “So, tell me with who and when your next fight is.”

“You know I can’t say. Nothing has been confirmed yet.”

“So, then tell me what the possible outcome is.”
Bea grinned, leaning onto the table. “The outcome will be me winning.”

“You’re full of shit.” Franky laughed.

Bea laughed along with her. “You know I can’t tell you. It’s confidential.”

“Yeah, but I’m your best friend.”

Bea looked around the restaurant to see if anyone was looking in their direction. “In the States against Ronda Rousey.”

“Shit, really?” She asked, then continued when Bea nodded her head. “You ready for that fight?”

“I will be.”

“And you’re going to win?”

“Of course. I’m Bea fucking Smith.” She grinned.

“I’ll be cheering you on, as always, from the comfort of my sofa.”

“No, you’re going with me. Cheer me on from the sides.”

Franky’s eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open. “Really?!”

“Yeah.” Bea laughed. “Just have your passport ready in five months.”

“Done!” The raven-haired woman beamed. “I can’t fucking wait!”
Bea enjoyed the rest of her lunch with Franky, but she was ready to see Allie. She had said her good-byes to Franky and promised that they’d meet up again soon before she got into her car. She decided to not call Allie, to just show up. So, she went on her way to the hotel, which was a good thirty-minute drive from where she currently was. She remembered how Allie said that the room service desert menu didn’t have anything that seemed appetizing to her, so she made a quick stop at a dessert shop. She was hoping to go in and out quickly, but a few people had recognized her so she took some pictures with them, trying to look as happy as she could. She bought a full round chocolate cake and left the shop to go back to her car.

Bea finally made it to the hotel Allie was staying at. She got out of her car, grabbing the cake bag and the bag she packed, and put her shades on. She suddenly felt really nervous, it was like a swarm of butterflies lived in her stomach. She’s never felt this feeling before, so she didn’t know what to think of it. She never even got nervous before fights, so being nervous for just going to see Allie really threw her off a bit. She walked down the halls to get to the appropriate room, then she knocked on the door. She had an extra key to the room, but she didn’t just want to walk in and startle the blonde. She heard footsteps walk to the door and then there was a pause. She figured that Allie was probably looking at her through the peep-hole, so she kept her gaze to the side. The door finally opened and Bea looked at Allie, her heart almost pounded out of her chest. Either she forgot how Allie looked, or the blonde just got more beautiful than the last time she seen her. Allie wasn’t doing well either; she knew Bea was hot, but seeing her now almost made her faint. She couldn’t believe that Bea came back. She did have her doubts, but only because she felt like it was too good to be true. Who would want to spend their time with a junkie?

“Don’t just stand there, come in.” Allie said, stepping aside to let Bea into the room.

Bea walked into the hotel room, smiling at Allie as she walked past the blonde. She set the bag with the cake in it on the nearest table, dropped the bag she packed to the floor, and turned to Allie.

“I can’t believe you actually came back.” Allie said before Bea got a chance to talk.

“I said I was coming back. I wouldn’t lie about that.”

“I know, I just…” She trailed off, her eyes filling up with tears. “No one has ever been so kind to me before.”

“Allie, don’t cry.” Bea pleaded. “Please.”
“I can’t help it.” Allie wiped at her eyes. “I’m going to be really emotional for a while as the drugs continue to get out of my system.”

Bea couldn’t take it, she didn’t like to see Allie cry. She cautiously walked to the blonde and hesitantly held her arms out to wrap around the crying blonde. Bea wrapped her arms around Allie and held her as she cried. When Allie reciprocated the hold, Bea inhaled sharply. The feeling was all too intense, but it was very much welcomed. Holding Allie in her arms felt natural, like it was meant to be. Bea had come back to Melbourne with a plan to answer any question that Allie had, but in this very moment she changed her mind. One more day staying in the hotel wouldn’t be so bad, and one more day keeping her life personal wouldn’t do any harm. She was scared of what Allie’s reaction would be, scared that if Allie found out who she was then the blonde wouldn’t want anything to do with her anymore. But then Bea thought, why would she care if Allie wanted to walk away? Why is she worrying about that? It’s not like she knew Allie, and it’s not like she liked the blonde. Maybe she did, why else would she be here holding the blonde in her arms? Bea was so fucking confused. She didn’t even know how to read her own fucking feelings.

Allie eventually pulled away from Bea, and Bea dropped her hands down by her side. She looked over at the bag, walking to it to pull its’ contents out.

“I brought chocolate cake.” Bea said, showing Allie the cake. “I remember you said that you didn’t really fancy the dessert here.”

Allie smiled as she wiped away the remnants of her tears. “That’s sweet of you. Thank you.”

“Yes, no problem.” Bea shrugged it off. “You can have some whenever you’d like.” She kicked her shoes off and fell onto one of the two beds in the room. “So, how have you been? You coping okay?”

“I’m okay.” She sat on the opposite bed. “It’s going to get harder for me with the cravings, but I’ll try my hardest to fight the urge.”

“That’s good.” Bea smiled. “Have you had any cravings since I’ve been gone?”

Allie nodded her head. “But I’ve been stuffing my face with food to try to ignore the cravings. I probably racked up a huge bill for you, so I’m sorry.”

“Not really. The last time I looked, you only managed about $500 worth of room service. So, don’t worry about it. It’s no big deal.”
Allie’s eyes went wide. “$500?!” She gasped. “And you don’t care about it?”

“No, I don’t. If it’s helping you, then it doesn’t matter.”

Allie felt herself grow agitated. “Why are you helping me? It doesn’t make any sense! You’re sitting there like $500 doesn’t matter.”

Bea wished that Allie understood that the $500 really wasn’t a big deal to her.

“Seriously, why aren’t you mad at me? I practically ate $500 and you aren’t even batting an eye.” Allie added.

“Yeah, it’s a lot of money for food, but it’s helping you get better. So, I don’t mind.”

Allie just stared at Bea, and Bea knew that questions were floating in Allie’s mind. Allie was confused on why Bea didn’t care about the money that she just pretty much spent. It confused her even more as to why Bea wasn’t mad. So many questions were going through her mind, but knowing how Bea gets when she asked certain questions, she just decided to leave it alone. She was going to let Bea tell her anything when she was ready, she wasn’t going to push the redhead to do anything. Because, quite frankly, she liked having her around and if a silly question was going to push Bea away, then she just wasn’t going to ask. Sure, she wanted to know more about Bea, but it wasn’t important right now. Allie felt herself calm down, so she looked towards Bea.

“I’m sorry for freaking out.” She apologized.

“It’s okay.” Bea replied. “I understand.”

Bea got up from the bed and went to the cake. She took the plastic container off the top of the cake and grinned towards Allie.

“I think a piece of cake will do us both some good.” She said. Bea grabbed the plastic knife and cut them both a piece before sitting in the chair to eat it.
“Oh, this is so good.” Allie said, putting more cake into her mouth.

Bea agreed. She knew eating the cake was against her diet plan because she had to stay a certain weight for the fighting division she fought in, but she didn’t care. She was going to eat this piece of cake and not regret a minute of it.

Several minutes and two more pieces of cake later, Bea was definitely regretting her decision. Something she said she wasn’t going to regret. She was laying on her back on the bed feeling like an overly stuffed teddy bear. She didn’t feel the bed dip, so feeling Allie’s hand on her stomach scared her. She grabbed Allie’s wrist out of her natural reaction to such an intrusion. She let go of Allie’s wrist and relaxed.

“You ate lots of cake.” Allie chuckled, beginning to move her hand on Bea’s stomach in a way to soothe it. She then smirked at Bea. “I knew you had smoking hot abs.”

Bea scoffed, pushing Allie’s hand off her body. She sat up as she playfully shook her head at Allie. She was getting ready to say something, but then her phone chimed. She looked at her screen display, seeing a text from Erica. She rolled her eyes before opening the text. Along with the text was a photo of Erica half naked.

*Erica: This is what you’re missing.*

Any other time, Bea would have felt herself grow aroused. But not now, not in this moment. Instead, she deleted the text and put her phone away. Bea couldn’t believe Erica would send her a provocative photo to try to get Bea to rush to her. It wasn’t going to work, not now and not ever. She sent Erica away for a reason and if that reason was unclear to her at the moment, she would soon understand why she did what she did.

Allie seen how Bea’s appearance changed when she looked at her phone, so she wondered if everything was okay.

“Everything okay?” Allie asked.

“Yeah, yeah.” Bea replied. “Everything’s good.”

Allie accepted Bea’s reply. She watched as Bea got up from the bed and walked to a packed bag. Bea grabbed the bag and set it onto the bed, pulling out a couple of outfits.
“I brought you a couple outfits.” Bea said, handing the clothes over to Allie.

Allie accepted the clothes. “Thank you.” She was getting ready to get up to go to the bathroom, but the hotel room phone ringing stopped her.

Bea looked to the phone and then to Allie, wondering who in the hell could be calling.

“It’s just Kaz.” Allie said, walking to the phone.

Bea sat on the edge of the bed as she listened to Allie talk on the phone. She made something so simple look so beautiful. Damnit, she was doing it again.

“I’m fine…I do want to see you…maybe…” She listened to Allie’s part of the conversation. Then Allie looked at her and smiled, Bea’s heart pounded in her chest. “Yeah, she’s here…no, you don’t get to talk to her…Kaz, it’s okay…I love you too, bye.”

Allie hung up the phone and playfully rolled her eyes. “Kaz can be crazy sometimes.”

Bea nodded her head, feeling a pang of jealous strike her hard. She didn’t know who this ‘Kaz’ was, obviously, but she didn’t like the whole ‘I love you too’ part. She watched as Allie walked to the bathroom before she said something.

“What should I know about Kaz?”

Allie turned towards Bea and smirked. “She’s my lover.” She teased, watching Bea’s face fall. “I’m kidding, she’s like a mother to me. I haven’t seen her in a couple months though.” She studied Bea. “I’m single, so you still have a chance.” She winked before entering the bathroom.

“W-what? I...I wasn’t trying to have a go on you.” She stuttered, simply lost for words.

Allie laughed, closing the door behind her.
Right after Allie’s shower, Allie began complaining about her hair and saying she was tired of it. Bea had the perfect idea, as she previously packed her hair-cutting set. She suggested that Allie let her cut her hair, Allie’s eyes went wide in horror. Bea then explained to Allie that she used to do it for a living and that she had nothing to worry about. Allie finally agreed to letting Bea cut her hair, simply because she was just extremely happy that she learned something new about the redhead. Allie’s hair was long, so Bea ended up cutting a good bit off. Her hair stopped just at her shoulders and Bea couldn’t believe how much more attractive she looked with just a simple haircut. Allie was really impressed with the cut and thanked Bea right away.

During the next couple of hours, Bea ordered a pizza for dinner and they watched a movie on the TV. They also talked, learning more about each other. Well, Bea learning more about Allie. Like before, Allie hadn’t pushed Bea to talk about herself. Besides, she was happy doing all the talking.

Bea learned some simple things about Allie; she absolutely hated seafood, she liked to read books, she preferred coffee over tea, she didn’t like to celebrate her birthday, the longest relationship she’d ever been in only lasted for ten months, strawberry scents is her favorite smell, and she loved chocolate – something that Bea had already figured out.

As Bea watched Allie talk about her likes and dislikes, she saw how the blonde would just light up and without her realizing it, she felt herself growing to like Allie even more. It was so weird for her; she’d never liked someone before so what she was feeling was new to her that she didn’t even know what it was. She really had no clue what it was about the blonde that she felt an attraction to. Why had the blonde managed to get under her skin like no other person has been able to? Sadly, she did not have the answer to her own question.

A few more hours passed by, and Allie was still telling Bea different stories. Most of her stories were of the people she met while working and living on the streets, and other stories were about her childhood. Bea just quietly laid there listening to her, occasionally making a comment. But she was quiet for the most part, enjoying the way Allie talked and talked without her realizing it.

Suddenly, Allie sat up on her bed and looked towards Bea.

“I’ve just realized I’m talking your ear off.” She nervously giggled. “I should stop, it’s probably annoying you.”

“No, it’s not.” Bea replied. “I’m enjoying listening to you talk.”

And that was true. She did enjoy hearing Allie talk. Having conversation with other people always consisted of talking about Bea’s career, but it wasn’t like that with Allie. It was a normal conversation, of what normal people talked about. And that was probably because Allie didn’t know who Bea was. Bea came back to Melbourne and planned on leaving the hotel room with Allie to go to her Melbourne house. But as soon as she walked into the hotel room and started talking with the blonde, her resolve crumbled. One more day to hold off on everything wouldn’t hurt. She just wanted to feel normal for just a little bit longer.

Allie’s laugh brought her back to the real world. She didn’t know what the blonde was laughing
about, but the sound was like no other. It even brought a smile to her own lips. All of it was fucking crazy to her.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed their little reunion. Let me know what you thought of this chapter :)

Also, a little off topic, but I'm thinking of adding one more chapter as an epilogue to The Perfect Waitress. I just feel like things were left a little edgy. If I do decide to do that, then that will be posted sometime next week.

Thank you for reading! The kudos and reviews and greatly appreciated!! xx
Who I Am

Chapter Notes

The icing on the cake.
Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bea woke up the next morning feeling refreshed. She hadn’t slept that well in quite some time. It seemed being around the blonde made everything better. She chuckled to that thought, she couldn’t believe herself right now. She’d only known Allie going on two weeks now, but yet she felt like she’d known her forever. She finally turned her head to where Allie was, finding the blonde already looking at her. Bea felt her breath catch in her throat. No one ever looked at her how Allie was right now.

Bea kept her eyes locked with Allie’s for a few more moments before she cleared her throat. “Good morning.” She rasped out.

_Holy fucking hell_, Allie thought. “Good morning. Did you sleep well?”

There was that simple question, again, that sent Bea’s heart racing. No one ever cared to ask her such caring questions before.

“I slept really good. You?”

Allie grinned. “I was sleeping so peacefully, then your horrendous snoring woke me up.”

Bea frowned. “I do not snore.”

The blonde playfully scoffed. “Uh, yeah, you do. Why do you think I’m awake so early?”

“To stalk me while I sleep.”
Allie laughed. “Well, there’s that. But no, your snoring woke me up. You’re a human alarm clock.”

Bea reached beside her, gripping the pillow in her hand, then launched it across the room at Allie. Allie caught the pillow, then threw it back to Bea. Bea wasn’t paying attention, so it did end up hitting her in the face. She pushed the pillow away from her, giving Allie a playful look.

Allie cupped her hand over her mouth, trying her hardest to suppress a laugh. “Oh, my god! I didn’t mean to hit you, I thought you would’ve caught it.”

Bea pushed the blankets from her body, sitting up in the bed. “You’re gonna get it.” She launched herself up and to Allie’s bed.

Allie was still under the blankets, so she wasn’t able to use her legs to block Bea from coming at her. Instead, she held her long arms out as Bea rushed at her. Bea grabbed Allie’s hands into hers and pushed them down as she made her way on top of the blonde. She had Allie’s hands pinned to the bed above her head, both of them laughing. She released one of Allie’s hands so she could tickle the blonde’s side. Allie laughed out as Bea tickled her, trying to throw her body to the side.

“Stop!” She pleaded. “Please, Bea, stop!”

Bea laughed and stopped tickling Allie. She released Allie’s other hand, then placed both of her own hands down flat on the bed beside Allie’s head, hovering above the blonde. She let out an audible gasp when she felt Allie place her hands on her hips.

“Are you okay?” Allie asked quietly.

It was a weird question, and Bea didn’t understand why Allie asked that. But she nodded her head anyway, signaling that she was okay. Bea watched as Allie’s eyes shifted down to her lips then back up to her eyes. Bea went to lean down, but she stopped herself. Clearing her throat, she got off Allie and went back to her bed, sitting on the edge.

“So,” Bea began. “I was thinking we check out of here and go to my place. You don’t have to go with me, I could take you wherever you want to go. I told you the night we first met that I was going to let you to decide whether you want my help any further. So, it’s up to you.”

“Well, I do know that I don’t want to go back on the streets.”
“You don’t?”

“No way.” Allie laughed. “You’ve been spoiling me. And besides, I want to better myself. You said it yourself, I have the potential to be better.”

“You do.” Bea assured. “And I want to help you, if you’d let me.”

The blonde smiled. “There’s somewhere I want to go before we go anywhere.”

“Where?”

“I want to go see Kaz. I haven’t seen her in two months. She’s like a mother to me and I just want her to know that I’m in good hands.”

Bea nodded her head. “Sure, I’ll take you to see her.”

“Thank you.”

“Yeah. I’m going to order some breakfast, take a quick shower, then we can go.”

Bea and Allie ate breakfast, then Bea got into the shower like she said she would. She hadn’t taken long in the shower, but while she was in there Allie called Kaz to inform her that she would be stopping by soon so she could see her. Kaz was excited about that and told Allie that she couldn’t wait. After the short phone call, Allie was left to her thoughts. When Bea had been straddling her earlier, she wanted nothing more than to just kiss the redhead. She was so hot for her, and she was trying to be subtle about it because she didn’t want to run Bea off. But with each passing moment that the redhead smiled or let out that breathy laugh she did, Allie just couldn’t help herself. She knew nothing about the redhead, but still yet, she felt like she knew everything about her.
Bea and Allie packed what little things they had in the hotel room together. Allie was excited to finally leave the confinements of the hotel room since she had been there for almost two weeks. She did leave out of the hotel room a few times and walked around, but that was about it. She didn’t want to leave alone because she was afraid that she’d crumble as soon as a drug was offered to her. She was known amongst the drug dealers around the area, so it was easy for her to potentially see one of them that she knew. So, wanting to avoid any of that, she stayed close to the hotel room. She wanted to better herself. All while Allie was excited to be leaving, Bea was nervous. As soon as Allie would see her house, she’d have to explain who she was. And quite frankly, she wasn’t ready for that. She was afraid of Allie’s reaction, knowing she would probably get mad that Bea kept her life a secret.

Allie held the duffle bag in her hand as Bea talked with the hotel worker at the front desk to check out. The process didn’t take long, Bea just had to sign a few papers and then they were able to leave. When Bea was finished, she watched as the redhead put her sunglasses on and then they walked out of the lobby to the carpark. Allie was excited to be leaving the hotel and excited to have a change of scenery. Also, she was glad that wherever they went, she’d still be safe from drugs. She followed Bea to an all-black car. She had no idea what kind of car it was, other than it being a BMW, but it was nice. Real nice. And it made her even more curious as to who Bea was. Bea opened the passenger door for her, and Allie got in. She set the duffle bag into the back seat as Bea was getting into the driver’s seat.

“This is a nice car.” Allie said, looking at the different interior features.

The seats were leather, and she felt like she was sitting in a racecar type of seat. It was very clean on the inside, and under the dash was a red light glowing. There was a large screen sitting on the dash just above the center air vents. Which was probably for the radio and navigation. Allie had never been in such a nice car before, it still even had the new car smell to it.

“Yeah,” Bea said. “Thanks.”

They drove through the streets of Melbourne, Allie giving Bea the directions to Kaz’s house. Bea was getting nervous, she didn’t know what to expect out of this Kaz person. She didn’t have to talk to Kaz, she could just stay in the car. And that’s what she was going to do; give Allie some time to herself to get reacquainted with Kaz. Before she knew it, they were sat outside of Kaz’s house. Allie unbuckled her seatbelt and pushed the door open. Just as she was about to get out, the front door to the house flung open and, who Bea guessed, Kaz appeared. Allie smiled at Bea, sending Bea’s heart fluttering once again.

“You comin’?” Allie asked.

Bea shook her head. “Nah, I’ll sit here.”
Allie placed her hand on top of Bea’s, which was on the gear shift. “Come on. She’d love to meet you.” She quirked her perfectly shaped eyebrow.

“All right.” She finally agreed. She couldn’t say ‘no’ with the way Allie was looking at her right now anyway.

Allie got out of the car and went right up to Kaz, giving her a hug. Bea took the time that they were hugging to get out of the car herself. She walked up the path and stood a few steps behind Allie, listening as they whispered sweet nothings to each other. Kaz then pulled away, kissing Allie on the cheek as she did so.

“All right,” Allie began. “This is Bea. Bea, Kaz.” She introduced the two women, stepping aside to show Bea to Kaz.

Bea smiled, holding her hand out to shake with Kaz. But Kaz just looked at her. And Bea knew that look from anywhere; it was of shock, she was truly gobsmacked. So it only meant one thing, Kaz knew who Bea was. Who she really was, The Ultimate Fighter. Bea tightened her jaw, preparing for what was about to come out of Kaz’s mouth.

“All right, be nice. Shake her hand.” Allie insisted.

“Oh, right. Sorry.” Kaz held her hand out. “It’s nice to meet you, Bea.”

“You too.” Bea re-lifted her hand, firmly shaking Kaz’s.

Kaz invited them into the house, the three of them going to the living room having a seat on the sofa’s. The older woman asked if they wanted anything to drink, but the both of them denied the offer. Bea wasn’t thirsty, she was too nervous now. Kaz knew who she was and any minute she would tell Allie. She wasn’t prepared for that, she needed to be the one to tell Allie who she was and what she did.

“So,” Kaz began. “Tell me how you two met.”

Bea looked to Kaz and then to Allie, silently telling her to tell the story. Which the young blonde was all excited for. Bea listened as Allie told the story, keeping her eyes on Kaz. She couldn’t believe that she let herself get into this situation. She felt as if Kaz was silently judging her, and
she hated it. Suddenly, Allie excused herself to the bathroom, leaving Bea and Kaz alone. As soon as the bathroom door shut, Kaz looked sharply at Bea.

“Bea Smith.” She said with a snort.

Bea looked towards the floor.

“Queen fucking Bea.” She added. “Does Allie know?”

“No.” Bea quietly said.

“Oh, for fucks sake. You kept your life a secret from her?”

“I didn’t mean to.” Bea said. “I was going to tell her after the first night I found her, but then I couldn’t. She made me feel normal and I liked that for once in my life someone wasn’t screaming my name, begging to have a picture with them.”

Kaz shook her head. “That’s selfish, you need to tell her who you are. She likes you, it’s so clear to see. And you…you’re gonna break her heart.”

“She can’t like me. She doesn’t know me.” She defended. “And I won’t break her heart. I never want to hurt her.”

“So, quit while you’re ahead. Leave her alone.”

Bea furrowed her eyebrows together. “I can help her.”

Kaz wasn’t able to reply, as Allie reappeared. She sat back down on the sofa next to Bea, giving her a smile. Bea stood up, looking towards Allie.

“I’m gonna go wait in the car. Take your time, I’ll be out there.”
“Are you sure?”

Bea nodded her head. “I’m sure.”

Bea exited the house and went to her car. She pulled out her phone, going to her Instagram app. She went to her followers to search for a ‘Kaz’. She found her, and saw that she was fan herself. Bea clicked her phone off and sat back, waiting on Allie.

About thirty minutes later, Allie exited Kaz’s house. She looked happy and not mad, so Bea figured that Kaz didn’t tell her. She watched as Allie happily got into her car, buckling her seatbelt.

“You ready?” Allie asked.

Bea just nodded her head. She cranked her car and began driving.

Bea lived about twenty minutes from Kaz, so it wasn’t very far. As she drove up her driveway, she watched Allie out of the side of her eye. Allie was looking around at the perfectly green grass and at the exquisite two-story home. Yet again, she was completely stunned. It was very obvious to her that Bea had some kind of money for herself. She looked over at Bea, who seemed to be nervous. The car came to a stop while the garage was opening, and then Bea drove into the garage.

“You just keep on surprising me, Bea.” Allie joked, trying to ease the tension.

Bea nervously chuckled. “Only more surprises to come.” She said, getting out of the car.

Allie wondered what she meant by that, but decided to leave it alone. She grabbed the duffle bag from the back seat and got out as well. She stood behind Bea as the redhead was unlocking the door that led to the inside of the house. As Allie walked into the house after Bea, she was taken aback some more. The outside of the home was pretty, but the inside was even better looking. The garage entered into the kitchen, so it was the first thing Allie seen. All of the kitchen appliances were of stainless steel. The kitchen floor tiles were stone looking. She followed Bea to the living room, where it was even bigger and better. There were two large sofas, both of them fluffy looking. To the right was a stair case that led to the upstairs. Allie looked around some more, seeing the rather large fireplace with the even larger TV hung on the wall above the fireplace. The living room had a dark brown theme to it. The sofas were brown, the curtains covering the windows were brown, and the coffee table was brown. She seen Bea plop down onto the sofa, so
she followed suit.

“Before I give you the grand tour,” Bea began. “I think we should talk.”

“About what?”

“About me. I know you have questions and I know you’re wondering who I am, so just ask and I’ll answer them honestly.”

“I don’t want my questions to anger you.”

“They won’t.” Bea assured. “You deserve to know about me, so it’s the least I can do. I’m nervous, but it’ll be fine. So, just ask me whatever you want to ask. It’s easier for me to talk that way.”

Allie nodded her head. “Well, the one thing I really want to know right now is if you’re interested in women in any way.”

Bea kind of frowned, it wasn’t the question she was expecting.

“You know, so I won’t be wasting my time.” The blonde added with a smirk.

Bea’s face softened, suddenly aware of what Allie was doing. “I’m a lesbian, yes.”

Allie pulled her lips into her mouth, trying to stop the smile that was daring to spread across her face.

Bea decided to go for the plunge and just talk about herself. “My name is Bea Smith and I’m thirty-five.” She said, catching Allie’s eyes. “You may not know that name because you didn’t even recognize me when we first met, you still haven’t recognized me. Um, what I do for a living isn’t architecture or astronomy, although both of those things would be cool. But sadly, I’m neither of those things. In fact, I’m probably much more popular than either of those things combined.” She inhaled deeply before continuing. “I fight in the UFC in the women’s division, I’m top of the list. I’m well known among people.” She paused, not even daring to look at Allie. “Kaz knows me. She confronted me when you went to the bathroom. So, I fight for a living.
That’s…that’s who I am.”

“Shit.” Allie said. “So, you’re like famous.”

“I don’t see it that wa-”

“Stop, you are.” Allie interrupted. “Me being around you could jeopardize your career.”

“No, it couldn’t.”

“Yes, it will. People will find out who I am and you’d get so much shit for it.”

“I don’t care.” Bea defended. “I want to help you, so it doesn’t matter what people think.”

Allie shot up from the sofa. “Oh, my god. It makes sense now. The only reason you’d bring in a junkie street whore is so you’d get positive feedback from the media. You’re just using me as a charity case!”

“What? That’s not true!” Bea stood up from the sofa. “Allie, I’m not using you for anything.”

“I-I want to go. I don’t want to be here, I want to go back to Kaz’s.”

“Wait, Allie. Just please, don’t go.”

“No, Bea. I need to.”

Bea felt her heart breaking as Allie was slowly backing away from her. She knew there was no changing Allie’s mind.

“Then let me take you back to Kaz’s so I’ll know you get there safely.”
“No.” Allie shook her head. “I’ll walk.”

“I don’t want you to walk. I’ll…I’ll call my driver and get him to take you.”

“Bea, no.”

“Please. I want you safe.”

Allie finally agreed to have Bea’s driver take her to Kaz’s house. And within fifteen minutes, she was leaving. Bea watched Allie get into the town car and she couldn’t believe how broken she was feeling. Watching Allie leave made her want to cry. What in the hell was that even about? Bea Smith did not cry over anyone.

As the town car disappeared out of her driveway, she went back into the house. She plopped herself onto the couch and covered her face with her hands. This was exactly the reason that she didn’t want to tell Allie anything about her. She knew that Allie wouldn’t take to the news so easily. And now here she was; alone, fucking crying, and feeling worse than she ever has. The one time she felt normal, it just had to get ripped from her so easily. What confused her the most, was her crying. Why was she even crying? Why was she feeling like her heart got ripped out of her chest? Did...did she like Allie? Is that what this was? She had feelings for the blonde? It frustrated Bea that she couldn’t even understand her own feelings.

A few hours later, Bea was still on her sofa letting herself sulk. She criticized herself for even letting herself feel this way about someone she just met. But it was obvious to her that she did feel something for the blonde, given their amount of time spent together. She couldn’t help but admire the way Allie talked about the things she loved or the way the blonde would sometimes snort with her laugh, it was all completely amazing to her. She was brought out of her thoughts by someone knocking on her door. She shot her head in the direction of the front door and she jumped up from the couch, hoping and praying that it was the beautiful blonde that had been invading her thoughts for the last few hours. She jumped over her other couch as she made her way towards the front door. She exited the living room, rounded the corner, and swung the front door open. She was trying to regulate her breathing as her eyes fixated on non-the-other, Franky Doyle. Bea slumped her shoulders.

“What are you doing here, Franky?” Bea asked, annoyance evident in her voice.

“Gee, don’t look so excited to see me, Red.” Franky feigned hurt.

“I am happy to see you, I was just expecting someone else.” She replied. Once she saw the way
Franky lifted her eyebrows, Bea internally cursed.

“So, there is someone!” Franky gushed. She invited herself into Bea’s house. “It’s time for you to speak up. Tell Franky everything.”

_Fuck._ Bea thought as she shut her front door and followed Bea through to the living room.

They both plopped down on the sofas, Bea on one and Franky on the other. Bea was in no mood to talk about her feelings, simply because she had no idea how to anyway. Whatever it was that she was feeling for Allie was so foreign to her and she didn’t know how to describe it. And she knew that Franky would just make a big fucking deal about nothing. With the way Franky was looking at her right now, she knew that there was no way she would be able to wiggle herself out of this one. Bea looked away from Franky and sighed.

“Franky, there’s nothing to talk about. I just thought you were someone else is all.” Bea said.

Franky’s face softened. “Why have you been crying?”

“I haven’t.”

“Your eyes tell a different story.” Franky declared.

Bea wiped at her eyes, failing to wipe away the evidence of her tears. “It’s nothing, okay?”

“It’s something.” The raven-haired woman stressed. “Why did you come back to Melbourne? And I know it wasn’t for some ‘I needed a change of scenery’ bullshit.” When Bea didn’t reply, she continued. “Come on, I know there’s something up. You’ve never gotten rid of Erica before, even when countless women have thrown themselves at you. Seriously, Bea…what’s the point in being your best mate if you don’t even talk to me like best mates should.”

Bea ran her fingers through her hair, stopping at the nape of her neck and holding her hands there.

“Is there someone here?” Franky continued.
“No one’s here.”

“I meant in Melbourne, not literally here.” Franky rolled her eyes. “Someone is the reason you came back here, right?” When Bea turned her head from Franky, Franky smiled softly. “Who is she?” She asked softly.

Bea turned her head back towards Franky with tears in her eyes, she shook her head. Franky got up from the sofa and went to the sofa Bea was at, wrapping an arm around the redhead.

“Who is she?” She tried again.

“I just met her.” Bea finally croaked out. “After my fight a couple weeks ago, I went walking and I ran into her. Long story short, I helped her. She didn’t know who I was and I guess that’s why I liked being around her.”

“Where is she now?”

“I told her who I am, and she darted. She thought she would jeopardize my career, so she left.”

“Why did she think that?”

“I don’t want to talk about that.” Bea responded. “She’s a great person, that’s what you need to know.”

“Do you know where she went?”

Bea nodded her head.

“Then go to her, talk to her.” Franky said. “You obviously like her, so don’t give up. Whatever feelings you’re feeling doesn’t happen often. So, go for it.”

“I could say the same about you.” Bea said, Franky raising a questioning eyebrow. “Bridget.”
“Oh,” Franky chuckled. “I’m actually flying out to see her tomorrow. That’s why I came here, to tell you that.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. When you told me she asked about me, I called her. We talked for a bit and then I told her that I was coming to see her. I booked a flight, told her the times and she’s picking me up at the airport.” Franky smiled.

“Good for you.” Bea replied. “You two are a perfect match.”

Franky laughed. “Anyway, go after this girl of yours. If she got your attention, she must be special.” She said, standing up from the sofa. “I’m leaving now. When I return Tuesday, I want to hear that everything is alright with you.”

Bea stood up from the sofa and hugged Franky. She walked to the front door with her friend to see her out. They hugged one more time before Franky retreated to her car to leave. Bea closed the door and went back to the living room. Franky had been gone for ten minutes as Bea was sat on the sofa pondering on what to do. She should at least try to talk to Allie some more, right? Even if she got rejected, she tried. So, Bea put her shoes on and left to go to Kaz’s.

The drive wasn’t long and before she knew it, she was knocking on Kaz’s front door. She thought of running and going back to her car, but she was glued to the front steps. What the hell was she doing anyway? Was she going to beg Allie? She didn’t even know what she was going to say. Just as she was about to leave, the front door popped open and Kaz stood in the doorway.

“I never thought I’d see Bea Smith on my front step for the second time in one day.” Kaz replied, almost sarcastically.

“Where’s Allie?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Bea grew angry. “Isn’t she here?”
“Yes, but I don’t know where. She could be in the room, in the kitchen, in the bathroom, or the backyard, or-”

“Oh, for fucks sake!” Bea interrupted. “Can you find her? I really need to talk to her.”

“Ya know, didn’t I say this would happen? That you would break her heart?”

“I didn’t break her heart. Now, please, find her.”

Before Kaz could reply, Allie appeared behind her. Bea’s eyes instantly found hers.

“What do you want?” Allie asked.

“I want to talk.” Bea replied.

Allie shook her head, signaling that she didn’t.

“Please, Allie. Please listen to what I have to say.”

Allie rolled her eyes with a sigh. “So, talk.”

“In private.”

Allie stepped around Kaz to step onto the front porch. She closed the front door, telling Kaz that it would only be a minute so to not worry. Bea sat down on the first step, encouraging Allie to do the same. As Allie sat next to her, Bea looked at her cutely painted toenails, something she must have just done.

“Whatever you need to say, just say it so I can go back inside.” Allie said.
Bea looked to Allie. “I’m sorry for not telling you sooner who I am. I just…for once, I felt normal. You weren’t begging to have a picture taken with me or to have my autograph. You weren’t screaming my name or trying to get my attention. We had a normal conversation and I haven’t had that in almost four years. I feel so normal around you and I’ve taken a liking to that…to you. You have never been a charity case to me, I promise you that. I wouldn’t do that, ever. I genuinely just wanted to help you, and now I just want you around.” She said. “It was selfish of me, and I’m sorry. It’s also selfish of me to ask you if we could start over, but I want to. I really want to.”

“I don’t even know what to say.” Allie replied. “I’m not the kind of person that should be around you. I could jeopardize your career, I told you that.”

“And I don’t care.” Bea said before Allie could continue. “Sure, I’m living a great life, but I’m not happy. I haven’t been happy in so long. And it’s weird that you come into life and I barely know you, but I feel happy when you’re around. I hope that’s not too forward, I’m not trying to be. I just want you to understand why I hid my life from you.”

Allie shook her head. “This is all too much to process.” She said truthfully. “I don’t even know why you’re wanting to start over with me. I’m not a good person.”

“You are a good person.” Bea stressed. “I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t think so. I never open my life up to new people, so there must be something about you.”

“It’s the charm.” Allie teased. She just couldn’t resist, she really couldn’t.

“Apparently it is.” Bea softly laughed. “But seriously, I just love how normal I feel around you, like I’m an actual human-being. I feel comfortable, which is weird. I’m only myself around a few people, and then you pop up and it’s like I’ve known you forever.” She said. “I just want to start over, yeah? You can come back to mine and I’ll give you that grand tour and we can just talk more, ya know?”

“I think if we’re going to be friends, then I should stay here with Kaz.” Allie replied.

“So, you do want to be my friend?” Bea asked, kind of hesitantly.

Allie laughed. “God, you make it sound like you don’t have many friends.”

“Honestly, I don’t.” The redhead replied.
“You’re famous, how do you not have many friends?”

“They’re not genuine, not real. They’re only around me because…well, because I’m me.”

Allie nodded her head in understanding. She honestly had no idea who Bea was, but now since she did, it was intimidating for her to even be around the redhead. But seeing the redhead struggle with her own feelings and such, made Allie want to be there for her, made her want to show Bea how true friendship works. And honestly, she couldn’t wait to go back in the house so she could google search the redhead. She knew whatever images that would pop up would be insanely sexy.

“I understand if my life is too much for you.” Bea added. “It’s a lot, I know.” She downed her head.

“What’s first on our buddy list?” Allie asked, totally ignoring what Bea had just said. She wanted Bea to know that she was going to at least try. After all, who wouldn’t want to spend their time with a shit hot woman like Bea?

Bea looked to Allie. “What do you mean?”

“As friends, what’s the first thing we’re going to do?” She smiled.

Bea’s heart fluttered. That damn smile. “I, um…I could come pick you up tomorrow and we could go back to mine for a bit. We could get to know each other some more.”

Allie nodded her head and stood up from the step, Bea followed suit. “That sounds good to me.”

“Okay.” Bea nodded her head, unsure of what further to say.

Allie took a step to Bea and gave her a hug. Feeling Bea hesitate, she pulled away, not wanting to force the other woman into anything. She opened the front door of Kaz’s house and smiled to Bea.
“So, I’ll see you tomorrow then?” Allie asked.

“Of course.”

“Okay, friend.” Allie grinned, and Bea walked down the steps. “Although, I sense we’re going to be more than friends.” She teased.

Bea furrowed her eyebrows. “What do you mean?”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, beautiful.” Allie said, walking into the house and closing the door behind her.

Bea stood there for a few seconds staring blankly at the spot Allie just vacated. Did she hear right? Did Allie just call her ‘beautiful’? What did she mean by ‘more than friends’? Was that flirting again? She felt so clueless sometimes. She knew just being around the blonde made her feel good, so maybe things could possibly escalate between them. Maybe? Shaking her head to clear her rummaged thoughts, she made her way to her car so she could leave. She had honestly hoped to be leaving with Allie, but this was fine too. At least she would be seeing the blonde the next day and she couldn’t wait. Couldn’t wait? What the hell? Bea Smith does not get excited about things, especially when it involves a woman. But damnit, Allie was different. Different than anyone she had ever met before. And if she was honest, she couldn’t wait to see what was in store for their future friendship.

Chapter End Notes

You lovely people really are amazing, ya know? I'm truly happy that you all are still enjoying this story. I hope you all liked this chapter, let me know what you thought. Thank you for reading :)}
Opening Up

Chapter Notes

So this chapter was meant to be up like yesterday. But there was Thanksgiving on Thursday (I hope the ones that celebrate had an amazing time) and I was enjoying time with family. I have no excuse for yesterday, so I'm sorry.

Anyway, I hope this chapter is good for you all! Enjoy it :) it's pretty longer than normal, so I hope that makes up for not updating sooner.

Bea was sat in her all black BMW in the driveway of Kaz’s house waiting on Allie. They agreed to meet up before lunch, so that they could pick up lunch before heading to Bea’s house. She had been sat there for a little over five minutes waiting on the blonde, but to be honest, she’d wait an eternity if it meant the blonde was the outcome. *Fuck*, she was doing it once again! She was not supposed to be thinking of Allie in that way, they’re meant to be friends. She knew Allie was trying her hardest to recover, so she needed to let the blonde focus on that. Anything further than friendship was off limits right now. Allie’s health is what mattered the most. And then Bea wondered why she was even thinking of anything further than friendship with Allie, Bea Smith doesn’t do the whole relationship thing. But like she told Will, Allie was different. She couldn’t help but feel something towards the blonde. She was drawn in and there was no turning back, ever. From the moment Bea met Allie, they just clicked and Bea knew that she wanted the blonde around. Just then, a tap on her window brought her out of her trance, she looked to see Allie standing at the passenger door waiting for it to be unlocked so she could get in. Bea pushed the unlock button and then Allie got in. She watched as Allie got in, noticing that she didn’t have that same goofy smile on her face that she had grown to love.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked, watching the blonde put her seatbelt on. After Allie nodded her head, Bea spoke again. “You’re lying.” She flatly said. “What’s wrong? It’s me isn’t it? If you don’t want to be around me, then I understand. You don’t have to do anything that you don’t want to do.”

Allie kind of smirked. “You’re cute, you know that?” Seeing Bea blush, she lightly giggled. She leaned over the center console, pressing her lips gently against Bea’s cheek. Pulling away, she smiled when she saw the wide look of Bea’s eyes. “I’m okay. Today is just a drag for me and then I got into an argument with Kaz, but I’m okay.” She assured.

Bea put her car in gear and began driving out of the driveway. “An argument? About me, I’m assuming.”

Allie nodded her head. “She just thinks that I shouldn’t be around you. I told her that we were just
“friends.” She looked towards Bea and grinned.

“She thinks I’m going to hurt you.” She said, rather than questioned.

“Something like that, but don’t think too much about it.” Allie replied. “I don’t care what she thinks, and I just want us to have a good day.” She smiled.

Bea returned the smile and kept driving. Although Allie said to not think too much about it, Bea couldn’t help it. That’s all she thought about as she drove. She would never intentionally hurt Allie and that would never be something she’d want to do. She knew she pushed people away out of protection sometimes, and she didn’t want to ever do that to the blonde. All Bea knew was that she was going to try her hardest to prove that hurting Allie was the last thing she would ever do in this world. Allie was too good of a person to be hurt.

Bea stopped off at McDonald’s to get her and Allie some food before heading to the house. After ordering their food at the teller, they waited in the carline outside. Bea paid for the food at the first window and as she pulled to the second window to collect their food, a couple of the workers had recognized Bea.

“Bea Smith!” One of the women yelled. “Oh, my god, I can’t believe you’re here! Hi!”

Bea smiled at the few people that was crowded on the inside at the window. They were all trying to get a look at her, something Bea found amusing.

“How are you all?” Bea asked.

They had all replied saying that they were really well. One of them took out their phone and began taking off guard pictures of Bea. Bea had tried as best as she could to lean out of her car and into the drive through window to take a few selfies with them. After all the fan commotion and getting their food, they were finally on their way to Bea’s house. Allie had been quiet most of the ride, but Bea just left it alone. After all, the blonde may have just been processing everything.

As they arrived to Bea’s house, Bea clicked a button on her fob clicker for the gates to open up. Once the gates opened in front of her house, she began to drive down the driveway to her garage. She pressed another button and her garage opened. After pulling into the garage and turning her car off, She grabbed the bag of food and got out the car. They walked into the house together and went to the kitchen. Bea pulled their food out of the bag so that they could eat.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked once they had been eating for a while in silence.
Allie nodded her head. “I’m okay. It’s just…it’s gonna take some getting used to with you being famous and everything.”

“There.” Bea agreed. “I hope what happened at Macca’s didn’t upset you.”

“No, it didn’t.” Allie answered quickly. “It’s gonna take some getting used to, is all.”

“But you’ve been quiet.”

“Have I?” Allie chuckled.

“Look, I really do understand if this is too much for you. You don’t have to try to stick around on my account.”

Allie placed her hand on top of Bea’s. “Listen, it’s going to be hard. But there’s seriously no place I’d rather be.” She said. “And besides, you’re fun to look at.” She teased.

“Fun to look at? What does that even mean?”

Allie laughed. “It means exactly what it sounds like.”

After they had eaten, Bea threw away their trash. She informed Allie that she wanted to talk more and Allie was okay with that, but she didn’t want to push the redhead to do anything she didn’t want to do. Bea knew that telling Allie more about herself is what she wanted to do, she figured she could now be open more about herself. But before they began talking, Bea wanted to give Allie the house tour so she would know where things were. Allie already knew where the kitchen and living room was, so Bea started in the small hallway passed the kitchen that had two doors. The first door Bea opened was to a toilet room. It was an extra bathroom that only obtained a toilet and a sink. The second door was like a walk-in pantry, all the food was stored there except food that was kept in the freezer or the refrigerator. Bea led Allie up the stairs not too long later, and the first door she opened was the fully equipped bathroom. She continued her house tour, showing the three guest bedrooms she had and another bathroom, along with an office space mixed with a small library sort of thing. In the office room, was a desk with a computer and on the far wall was a book case that encompassed the entire wall and was full of books. And Allie could already tell that this specific room was going to be her favorite. Well, besides the redhead’s room. She internally smirked at that thought, and wondered if their relationship (or whatever it was) would
evolve to come to that. Whether it did or didn’t, it wouldn’t matter to her. Having Bea around as a friend was enough for right now.

“So, that’s the grand tour.” Bea laughed as they exited the office room and shut the door.

“Nuh-uh.” Allie shook her head with a grin. “I haven’t seen your room.”

Bea could feel her face heat up, so she knew it was red. Allie could make her blush so easily and it was weird for Bea, that’s never happened before.

“Aw, don’t go shy on me now.” Allie teased, noticing Bea try to hide her blush. “You really are cute, ya know.”

“That’s the second time you’ve said that today.”

Allie laughed. “Well, you are.”

Bea dipped her head further down before looking back up to Allie. The soft smile on the blonde’s face made her heart swell.

“Are you really wanting to see my room?” Bea asked.

“Of course.”

Bea playfully rolled her eyes before turning to walk, motioning for Allie to follow her. Just like everything else that’s been happening in her life recently, this was weird for her. She never allows people into her room, it’s like her safe space. But she feels she can share everything with Allie, which is also weird for her. She’s never allowed Erica in her room. So, whenever they would have sex it would be in Erica’s bed in her own room. Then afterwards Bea would leave and not stay for cuddles, Bea Smith does not do that. And she slightly wonders why she’s able to show Allie her room without hesitance.

Bea pushed open the double doors in the foyer that led to her bedroom. She walked in first with Allie following her. Although this wasn’t her primary home, her bedroom was still her safe place. Bea’s bedroom had a welcoming atmosphere to it. The floors were hardwood, a large carpet rub was sat in the center of the room where her bed was placed upon. The heavy curtains covering her large window that overlooked her backyard was a grey color just like the quilt on her bed. Her
bed was huge, and the headboard looked to be placed on the wall and it had a cushion design to it. Above her bed hung a chandelier, a very elegant looking one at that. There were bedside tables on each side of the bed that had a lamp on top. Also in the room was an en suite and a walk-in closet.

Bea stood at the bedroom door as Allie stood close to the bed gazing around the room. Allie couldn’t believe how beautiful this room was. Looking at the bed, she wanted nothing more but to jump on top of it. It was so tempting, but she didn’t. Knowing what Bea did for a living really amused her. It was crazy to her that she even met someone like Bea. Anyone else would’ve either ignored her or simply kicked her to the curb some more, but Bea didn’t. Bea invited her in without judgment and even stayed with her when she was going through withdrawals. Suddenly, she remembered that night and turned swiftly to Bea.

“You stayed with me through my withdrawals.” The blonde spoke, her eyes tearing up.

“I did.” Bea nodded her head. “That was almost a couple weeks ago though. You’ve just remembered?”

“No, I know what all happened, but it just dawned on me that you stayed with me and helped me.” She replied. “No one, besides Kaz, has ever done that for me before.” She watched as Bea pondered her thoughts to try to think of how to reply, then she spoke again. “Sorry, I got off topic. Lovely room you have, it’s really nice.” She began walking towards Bea to exit the room because she felt herself beginning to get emotional, but Bea stopped her with a soft grip on her arm.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked softly.

Allie smiled. That’s the third time you’ve asked me that today. “I’m okay. I just can’t believe how nice you’ve been to me. Sometimes it’s so unreal.” She brought her hand up to cover her mouth, wanting to hold back the sob that was threatening the escape her lips.

“Hey,” Bea placed her hand gently on Allie’s shoulder. “It’s okay. You’ve done a lot for me too, whether you realize it or not. So, it’ll be okay.” She slid her hand to the back of Allie’s shoulder blade, easily tugging her forward into a hug. She wrapped both of her arms around Allie, holding her in a way to comfort her. The blonde had reciprocated the hug and once she tucked her face into the crook of Bea’s neck, Bea had felt a chill run up her spine. Nothing had ever felt so amazing before. It felt normal, like it was meant to be. Something so simple, such as this hug, was clouding all of Bea’s senses. She truly never wanted to let go, but as she felt the blonde start to pull away, she released her hold. She used her thumb to gently wipe the tears that had fallen from Allie’s eyes.

“Come on, let’s go back downstairs. I’ll make tea for me and coffee for you, then we can talk some more.” Bea suggested.
Allie agreed, and they walked out of Bea’s room and down the hall to the stairs. Bea shouldn’t be looking, but she couldn’t help but love the way Allie swayed her hips as she walked. All her attention was on Allie’s backside at the moment, so almost walking into a stationary Allie caught her by surprise. Allie had been looking at a painting on Bea’s wall just before the stairs began to descend.

“It’s a Pablo Picasso painting called *Girl Before A Mirror*. It’s an original.” Bea said, then decided to explain the painting. “The woman he painted was his young mistress, Marie-Thérèse Walter. She was one of his favorite subjects. This painting is supposed to show the transition of an innocent girl to a worldly woman.” She explained. “Personally, I think he’s done a fine job with this painting. One of my favorites.”

Allie smiled at Bea, happy that she finally got to see the redhead light up as she spoke about a subject she liked. “So, you like art?”

Bea nodded her head. “I do. I’m fascinated with art.”

Allie smiled some more. “Good to know.” Then she made her way down the stairs, Bea following.

Bea made herself a tea and made Allie some coffee as well. In this very moment, she was nervous. She was about to open up more to the blonde and she’s never done that to anyone before. The only one’s that actually know her is Franky, Bridget, and Maxine. She was going to tell Allie a lot about herself, about her past, and answer whatever question that Allie may have. From this moment forward, she wanted to be truly honest with the blonde.

They were sat on the sofas in Bea’s living room, sipping on their drinks. It was quiet as Bea was trying to figure out what she was going to say first. She didn’t know if she should just jump into it, or slowly progress her talk. She absolutely sucked when it came to things like this. She set her mug down on the coffee table and propped her feet under her, resting comfortably against the armrest of the sofa.

“So, I want to be completely honest with you.” Bea began. “There’s some more things I guess you should know about me. My life story, I should say.” She chuckled. “I don’t normally do this, talk about myself, so I’m sorry if it’s all scattered sounding.” She inhaled deeply before breathing out. “I’m from New Zealand originally. I moved to Sydney with my mum after my father passed away when I was fourteen. Me and my mum got on good, there were never any arguments between us. But then she got remarried a year later and I absolutely hated her new husband. For some reason, I just didn’t like him. I still don’t. I can’t put my finger on it, but he just unsettles me. By the time I turned sixteen, he introduced me to this young fella. He suggested that we started hanging out, so we did. We hung out a lot and he was good looking, so we started dating. Harry is his name. Then about a year into the relationship, we got married.” She paused. “I was seventeen,
young and dumb. I don’t even know why we got married, we were both so young. The marriage was absolute shit.” She paused again, a little longer this time, and downed her head. Allie just sat patiently and waited for Bea to continue. “Uh, he abused me a lot. Physically and verbally. I wish I would’ve noticed the way he was sooner, but I didn’t. He was nice before we got married, but afterwards he turned into a real asshole. He would hit me and kick me, say mean things to me. Which is why I’m so closed off all the time, because of him. I could tell you the things he’s done to me and you’d wonder how I even survived. I could show you scars and you’d wince. I was married to him for two years too long before we divorced. I haven’t seen him since.” She intentionally left the part out about Debbie because she didn’t want to seem like a shit mother. The time would come when she would tell Allie about Debbie, but that time was not right now. “If I’m honest, I think the whole point of Victor introducing me to Harry was so that I’d be out of his and my mum’s life. I honestly think it was all Victor’s plan. I see them maybe twice a year, on her birthday and she’ll come for a visit before a scheduled fight to wish me luck. I’m not as close as I used to be with her anymore, but it’s okay I guess.”

“Harry, he…” Allie trailed off, trying to think of the right words to say.

Even hearing Harry’s name come out of Allie’s mouth made her cringe, made her skin crawl. Allie was amazing in so many ways, but hearing that name come out of her mouth was something she didn’t even like listening to.

“He,” Allie started again. “He hurt you? In more ways than one?”

Bea nodded her head. “In more ways than you can imagine. Just the words he said to me was enough to make me not want to live anymore, so when he began hitting me and raping me, it was all too much.”

“What made you…want to stay?”

I had a daughter, Bea thought to herself. “I couldn’t let him win.”

“Where is he now?” Allie asked.

“I don’t know, and I don’t care.” Bea said. “We lived in Sydney when we were together, that’s where I spent my teenage years trying to live. I started working in cosmetology after I finished school while I was with Harry, but he didn’t like me working too much. He wanted me home all the time to keep the house cleaned. He worked with his dad in construction. They had their own business, so he made quite a good bit of money. Things turned to shit rather quickly, and we had gotten a divorce. One day I came home and all of his things were packed, then a week later I got served divorce papers. I should’ve been happy, I didn’t have to be married to him or deal with
anymore, but I wasn’t. I was angry, sad, depressed, and alone. I was left with nothing. He took everything from me.” She said, gripping the sofa pillow that she had pulled onto her lap. “I moved in with my mum and her husband when I couldn’t afford to live on my own. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, I had a couple run ins with the law and I stopped working at the salon. That’s how I met my best mate, Franky. She’s crazy, but she’s an amazing person. She was not doing good, just like I wasn’t. But for some reason, we helped each other get right. She went into school for law,” Bea chuckled. “Ironic, I know. Then I went back to working at the salon, I thought it would help me keep my head straight. I stayed working in a salon until I was twenty-eight. For some reason, I went to a gym one day. I put on some boxing gloves and went at it on the punching bag. It felt like I was taking years of anger out on that bag, and I probably was. I remember someone stopping me and telling me that it looked like I knew what I was doing. And he said that I was going to be in the UFC someday, he was joking but it made me wonder if it was something that I could do. Anyway, I quit working full-time at the salon and just started doing it for part-time and I spent all my free time at the gym working out with the same guy who complimented me. Then I started following Strikeforce scouts around. It took almost two years for someone to notice me, but they finally did and I got offered a spot fighting in Strikeforce.” She explained, taking a small breather before continuing. “I had five fights within Strikeforce before I started going through different fighting tournaments. After a year of all that, I got offered a spot in the UFC. I took it, and before I knew it, I was being flown to Las Vegas, Nevada in the States. I met with Dana White himself and signed some contracts. I was flown back to Sydney to start training, then a month after that I had my first professional fight. It was in the States, so I had to go back and do that. I took Franky with me so she could help keep me sane. I won that fight, and I was completely ecstatic, and I went to my first after party.” She smiled. “After Harry, I never got involved with anyone else. The things he said to me was pretty much carved into my mind, and it made me believe that I was truly not good enough for anyone. So, being at my first after party and having countless women throwing themselves at me, it was kind of intimidating. Somehow, I let Franky talk me into taking a girl home and that particular girl ended up being the first girl I was ever intimate with. I don’t remember much about it, but I guess I liked it since I kept doing it. Not with her, but with others.” She felt herself feel sick with the way she just said that. “I’ve never been in a relationship with anyone, they were only hook-ups.” She looked at the time. “I just realized I’ve been rambling on for almost thirty minutes. I’m sorry.” She nervously laughed.

“Oh, god, don’t be sorry.” Allie replied. “I’ve enjoyed listening to you talk and learning things about you. Besides, this is the most you’ve talked since we met, so I’m definitely not complaining.”

Bea smiled. “You make it easy to talk, and I feel like there’s more I need to tell you, but I don’t know what.”

“I have a question, if you don’t mind.”

“Okay.” Bea nodded her head, signaling for Allie to ask her question.

“You said you’ve never been in a relationship, but you’ve hooked up with women. Is that a regular thing, hooking up with women? Do you still do that?”
“Um,” Bea blew raspberries. “I did it a lot, but for the past nine months I used this one woman for my own needs. I saw her a lot and did what I wanted, I took her to events with me, bought her flashy things, and even moved her in with me. We weren’t dating, we didn’t even sleep in the same bed. She had her own room at my house in Sydney. It probably sounds like what I did was a terrible thing, but I was only protecting myself. I didn’t want to get attached and then get hurt, so I kept myself distant from certain things.”

“This woman,” Allie started, but Bea began talking before she could continue.

“Erica is her name.”

“Erica,” Allie said. “Do you still…see her?”

“No.” Bea answered honestly, loving the way Allie’s face lit back up. “In fact, after I met you I ended whatever it was with her. Before I had to go back to Sydney for that week, I had my agent tell the woman to leave, that I was done with her.”

Allie kind of smirked. “She was the person you got into an argument with when you went back to Sydney. I remember you saying someone was at your house that you didn’t want to be.”

“Yeah, she was the person.” Bea laughed. “She gave me so much hell.”

Allie laughed along with Bea. “Earlier you said that I’ve done a lot for you. What do you mean by that?”

“I wouldn’t have come back to Melbourne if it wasn’t for you.”

“But that doesn’t mean I’ve helped you in anyway.”

“It doesn’t seem like it to you, but you did.” Bea replied. “When I returned to Sydney, Erica was really persistent that the only reason I was ending our little fiasco, was because that there was another girl. I thought she was really stupid for even saying that. One of my bodyguards even said that he’d noticed a difference in me and so has Franky.” She said. “I thought they were all crazy for even assuming that I was changing, I didn’t understand why they were saying such things to
me. But I understand now. I know exactly what they’re talking about.” She paused. “You.”

“Me?” Allie asked, confused.

“You.” The redhead assured. “If it wasn’t for you, I’d be in Sydney where I normally am and Erica would still be there as well. Allie, since I met you, I feel different. A good different. You’ve changed me. I crave to be around you, which is weird for me. I used to always want to be alone.”

With Bea’s confession, Allie felt her body flutter. She couldn’t believe what Bea was saying. Did it mean that Bea liked her more than a friend? She didn’t know, but she couldn’t wait to find out.

“So, you basically dumped Erica because of me?” Allie asked, a smug smirk on her face.

Bea laughed. Of the things she said, that was the thing the blonde caught onto. Of course it was. “I guess you could say that.” She replied with a laugh.

Allie’s smirk only grew. “So, you like me?”

Bea tilted her head some. “I don’t know.”

“That’s sort of like a ‘maybe’, I’m good with that.” Allie happily replied. “If I’m completely honest, I think you’re hot as fuck.” Allie laughed when Bea blushed. “Well, at least you know where I stand.”

Bea laughed. Unlike before, she wasn’t taken aback by Allie’s little confession because deep down she already knew. And deep down, Bea thought the same. Allie’s looks wasn’t something that you could miss, she was beautiful. And her personality was an absolute plus. Bea loved how bubbly Allie was, how she always smiled and saw the good in things.

“Tell me more about you. I like learning these new things about you.” Allie said, after it had been quiet for a bit.

“What do you want to know?”
“Whatever you want to tell me.”

Bea playfully rolled her eyes. “You’re gonna have to ask questions, I don’t know what else to tell you.”

Allie chuckled. “Okay.” She pondered for a moment. “Do you have any siblings?”

“A sister. She’s four years older than me.”

“is she here?”

“No. When me and mum moved here, she decided to stay in New Zealand with our grandmother. I see her sometimes, but not as often as I’d like.”

“Do you two look alike?”

“We share some similarities, but she doesn’t have curly hair like me.” Bea answered.

Allie nodded her head in understanding. “Other than working out, what do you like doing?”

Bea leaned her head back against the sofa. Most of the things she did had something to do with working out; bike riding, walking through trails, boxing, going at it at a punching bag, and whatever other extracurricular activity thought of. She smiled to herself when she thought of the one thing she loved to do.

“I really enjoy playing my piano.” The redhead had finally answered. “And I really like to do yard work.”

“You play piano?” Allie asked, not caring that Bea mentioned she also liked to do yard work.

“Yes, I love it. It took me awhile to learn, but I think I’m pretty good now.”
“What kind do you have? Is it here?”

“No, it’s in Sydney. I’m mainly there, so that’s where it’s at. It’s an all black Steinway Model M Grand Piano, classic is the way to go. It’s beautiful, you should hear it sometime.”

“I’ll look forward to listening to you play.” She grinned.

Bea smiled. Decided to take a little break from talking, she got up from the sofa and grabbed the mugs they used to carry them to the kitchen. She dumped the mugs into the sink, grabbed a couple bottles of water, and then retreated back to the living room. She handed Allie one of the bottles, their fingers lightly skimming across each other’s as the bottle was passed between them. Bea couldn’t believe how electric it felt, she’s felt nothing like that ever before. And she slightly wondered if Allie felt it too.

Allie had enjoyed the way Bea was opening up to her. It gave her a sense of relief knowing the redhead trusted her. She felt selfish for wanting to know more things about Bea, but she couldn’t help it. The redhead was intoxicating and she just wanted to know everything there was to know. She knew she had a little crush on Bea, she has since she properly laid eyes on her, but she’s never felt like this over a crush before. Allie knew she could be a huge flirt, but she didn’t care. And she also knew that she probably never would stand a chance with the redhead.

“Is there anything else you want to know?” Bea asked, pulling Allie out of her thoughts.

Allie looked towards Bea, loving how big her brown eyes were. She slightly smiled, it’s all it seems she’s able to do when she’s around the redhead. “Tell me something that no one knows about you.”

Bea shook her head. There was just some things that a woman has got to keep to herself, but she felt like she could share anything with Allie. “When I’m alone, I knit.” She watched as Allie pulled her lips into her mouth to stop from laughing. “Don’t do it. Don’t you laugh at me.” As soon as the words escaped her lips, Allie laughed out and Bea slumped her shoulders. “Hey, it isn’t funny!”

“I’m sorry.” Allie said, trying to stop laughing. “I’m not laughing at you, I swear it. I just can’t imagine someone as badass as you sitting around balls of yarn while they knit.” She said with a snicker.

Bea huffed, not really liking being laughed at. She crossed her arms like a dramatic teenager and frowned. Allie got up from her spot on the opposite sofa and made her way to Bea. She sat beside Bea and tried to wrap her arms around the redhead, but Bea wouldn’t let her.
“Okay, so now I know you’re as stubborn as a mule.” The blonde teased.

“I’m not stubborn.” Bea huffed.

“It sure seems like it. You won’t let me hold ya.”

“That’s because you’re picking on me.”

Allie laughed. “How is it possible for you to be cute when you’re trying to be mad at me?”

“I’m not trying to be mad at you, I am mad at you.” Bea said. “And I’m not cute.”

“You’re right, you’re not cute. You’re beautiful.” She let a smile spread across her face. She grabbed ahold of Bea’s arm and pulled on her. Bea finally let herself loose and Allie hugged her. “If we’re gonna be friends, then you’ll have to get used to the teasing. I can’t help it, it’s how I flirt.”

“I didn’t know friends flirt.” Bea chuckled.

“Not normally, no. But I always make an exception for the really pretty ones.” She teased.

Bea shook her head, pulling herself up from Allie’s embrace. “You surely know how to say the right things.”

“It’s just the charm actually.”

Bea laughed. Allie really was something else.

Allie made herself comfortable on the same sofa Bea was on. “So, I should tell you more about me, right?”
Bea furrowed her eyebrows together. “I thought you told me a lot about you already; your parents, where you lived most of your life, the drugs and prostitution.”

“Yeah, but there’s more to it.” Allie said.

“If you want to share it with me, then you can.”

“I do.” Allie stated. “I think telling you everything that I haven’t already, will be good for the both of us.”

Bea nodded her head, letting Allie continue talking.

“As you know, I’m a prostitute and—”

“Former prostitute,” Bea interrupted, and stated kind of sternly. “You’re not that anymore, Allie. So don’t call yourself that.”

Allie grinned. She loved seeing Bea so defensive about that, it turned her on if she was honest. “Okay, former prostitute.” The blonde corrected. “While I was working, most of my work came out of a brothel. It was an illegal brothel, but the man who owned the place was shit rich, so no one had ever been sus about the place. Sometimes I wished that cops would barge in and take us to jail, my life probably would’ve been easier. Nevertheless, I did make a decent amount of money, but it was horrible there too. I didn’t even know the owner’s name because he would never tell us, he made us call him ‘Golden Showers’.” She chuckled. “He treated us like shit. I understand that we were prostitutes, but we were still humans, ya know? We deserved to be treated at least nicely.”

“What did he do to you?” Bea asked.

“It wasn’t just me he did things to, it was the other girls too.”

“I want to know what he did to you though.”
Allie thought that was pretty adorable, Bea wanting to know and understand what Allie went through. “This one time, I had gotten clean and I went to him to tell him that I was clean and that I wanted to stop working at the brothel. I guess he didn’t like that because he wouldn’t let me leave that day. He pushed drugs on me, telling me that I was his best worker and that I made him the most money than the other girls. He made me a deal, saying that he would take care of me with whatever I needed if I continued to work for him. I took the deal, but it was really dumb on my part because he didn’t keep his word. He helped me for about two months with buying me food and anything else I needed, but after that he stopped. But at that time, I was hooked on drugs again so I didn’t really give a fuck.”

“How did you get out of the brothel?”

“Eventually, I just stopped going. Golden Showers didn’t care, he didn’t go looking for me or have someone look for me. I actually left that place two weeks before you found me.”

Bea nodded her head in understanding.

“The worst thing about being a sex worker was people thinking that just because they paid for your service, they thought that they had complete ownership over us. They thought they could do whatever to us and that it’d be okay. But it wasn’t, it was wrong. When I first began prostituting, I had gotten raped. And people think that because I did what I did, I couldn’t be raped. It made me highly upset, but again, I didn’t care as I kept doing what I was doing.”

“You don’t have to answer this question if it makes you uncomfortable, but what…services did you offer?”

Allie shifted uncomfortably on the sofa. The question did unsettle her, but only because it was Bea who was asking. Anyone else that asked, she would have kindly told them. But she didn’t want Bea to view her differently.

“You don’t have to answer that.” Bea added once she saw how the question did, in fact, unsettle the blonde. “You don’t have to.” She repeated.

“I just don’t want you to view me differently.”

“I would never judge you.” Bea stated. “But I understand, okay?”
Allie nodded her head, thanking Bea for being so kind. Although the things Allie did wasn’t that bad, it was still not something she wanted to inform Bea of. Not yet, at least. Over the next few hours, they spent time learning more simple things about each other and they watched a movie too. After lots of groveling from Allie, Bea finally informed the blonde of her birthday, telling her that it was the day after Christmas and that she hadn’t really celebrated it in years, not that it mattered to her. Allie then told Bea her birthday, saying that she hates celebrating it because she had no good memories of her birthday. Even though Bea had no good memories of her birthday either, it still broke her heart that someone as kind as Allie never had a decent birthday. But then her mind wondered off for a moment, thinking of how terrible she felt for missing all of Debbie’s birthdays. Given it wasn’t her fault, she still felt like a terrible mother. Bea did try looking for Debbie before and after she even got into the UFC, but she could never find any leads. Maybe Harry fled to the States with her baby girl, she didn’t know. And that was probably the root of her sadness; not knowing her daughter. She just hoped that wherever Debbie may have been, that she was well taken care of. She was brought out of her thoughts by Allie, who was snapping her fingers in front of her face.

“You okay?” Allie asked. “You were miles away.”

“I’m good.” Bea informed. “I was just thinking of what I wanted to eat. You hungry? You want some pizza?”

Allie smiled. “Pizza sounds good.”

Bea placed the order for two large pizza’s; a pepperoni and a supreme. She even got some breadsticks and a couple bottles of coke. The food was delivered within forty minutes. Allie had answered the door, saying that if Bea did then they may have been waiting a bit to start eating since they didn’t know if the food delivery person knew who Bea was or not. Bea thought it was a good idea and she gave Allie the money to pay for the food. They ate in the living room on the sofas, where they had spent most of their time, while still talking. Bea was really enjoying herself, she didn’t think just sitting around and talking would be fun, but anything with Allie turned out to be a joy. An hour after they finished eating, Allie suggested that she headed back to Kaz’s. She didn’t want to, but she was starting to get tired. It was still pretty early in the day, but with her body still recovering she got tired easily. They cleaned up their mess together and Bea drove Allie home. Bea suggested that Allie spend the following day resting and then the day after they would get together and do something fun. Once she finally got Allie to agree, she already had the perfect idea and she couldn’t wait. On their departure, Allie kissed Bea’s cheek. It was something so simple, but every time it happened it sent her heart racing. Not long after she dropped Allie off, she returned home. Once again, she was alone and it saddened her. It was really weird because she would do anything for some alone time. But damnit, the blonde was so great to be around and Bea craved her presence. It was really fucking weird.

Bea spent the next hour with her mind full of nothing but the blonde haired, blue eyed woman that was slowly becoming her addiction. She figured if she wanted help to process what she was feeling, that calling Franky would do her some good. The brunette could be a jokester, but she always knew the right things to say. She scrolled through her contacts, finding the name she was looking for and pressing the call button.
“You’re interrupting a really good moment, Red.” Franky answered.

Bea briefly closed her eyes, she totally forgot about Franky going to see Bridget. “Shit, sorry Franky.” She replied. “I’ll call you another time.”

She heard shuffling through the phone. “Hold on now. You called me, which is kind of unusual, so there must be something on your mind. I’m willing to pause things for a few minutes to talk about whatever you need to talk about.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. Even though there’s a sexy lady waiting for me in bed, you’re my best mate and if something’s bugging ya, then I’m here for you.”

“Thank you.” Bea breathed out.

“No worries. Now, tell me what’s caught up your ass?”

Bea laughed. “I don’t really know how to say it.”

“Is this about your new lady friend?”

Bea nodded her head. Remembering that Franky couldn’t see her, she verbally spoke. “Yes.”

“Okay…” Franky trailed off. “What about her?”

“She knows how to get under my skin. Not in like an annoying way, but in a way no one has ever been able to before. She’s so soft and understanding towards me, and I don’t know what to think of it all.”

“What’s her name?”
“Allie.” Bea smiled.

“You smiled, didn’t ya?”

“No.” She said, pushing away the obvious.

“You did! I heard it in ya voice.” Franky said, poking her tongue between her teeth. “Do you like her?”

“She’s beautiful and she’s great, and she’s like no one I’ve ever met before.”

“You didn’t answer my question. Do you like her?” The brunette repeated.

“I don’t want to.” Bea said in a soft tone.

“Why? She’s obviously great for you. I mean, just look at how much you’ve changed since you met her.”

“Because I don’t want her to just be another ‘Erica’ for me. She deserves so much better than that. I can’t give her what she wants and needs.”

Franky laughed. “Bea, stop. Okay? She won’t be another ‘Erica’ for you. You’re so much different with Allie than you were with Erica, she brings the good out of you. You can be that person for her; the kind that treats her the way she deserves to be treated.”

“I can’t, Franky. I’m too damaged.”

“Red,” Franky began, a stern tone to her voice. “Everyone has their demons. No one is too damaged for love. You deserve a great person to have, Allie is that person for you.”

“But Franky, I won’t be able to cherish her the way she deserves.”
“Yes, you can. Somewhere deep down inside of you, you are capable of loving and being loved. And don’t you dare try to push that girl away, it will hurt her.”

“I don’t even think I’m capable of trying to push her away. She’s intoxicating.”

Franky smiled. “Do you like her?” She asked again.

“You already asked me that.”

“I haven’t heard you say ‘yes’ yet.”

“I’m not going to.” Bea said.

“Okay. But Red, all I’m going to say is that the more you hide your feelings for someone, the more you fall for them.” She stated. It had been quiet for a moment, so she figured Bea was pondering her thoughts. “Don’t hide your feelings for too long, it’ll only make you suffer. You like her, Bea, I know you do. And it’s okay to feel. Sometimes it’s hard to resist.” She explained. “I’ll talk to you later. Take care, okay? Don’t be too hard on yourself. I love ya, talk soon.”

“Thank you, Franky. I love you too.” She hung up her phone, and set it down.

She knew everything Franky was saying was true. But Bea’s inner demons were eating up at her. Harry’s words constantly flowed through her mind, and she wondered when he would ever leave her alone. It’s been so long ago, and she wished that he would vanish from her mind, but he wouldn’t. Bea knew she could be capable of love, but she was scared of being hurt. That’s why she never did relationships, she didn’t want to get attached. But like Franky said, sometimes it’s hard to resist. And Allie was definitely hard to resist. Maybe she could see where Allie stood about everything, although she sort of already knew. But she needed to be sure.

Her brain and heart spent quite a while battling each other. Her brain was telling her ‘no’, but her heart was telling her ‘yes’. And for the first time in her life, she went with her heart. It couldn’t hurt to try, right? She finally admitted that yes, she did like Allie. And she wanted to things with her that she’s never wanted to do with anyone before. Opening her heart to someone could be a turning point in her life. It’s never happened before, but this felt like a positive moment for her.

She liked Allie.
And that felt so great for her to admit.

Chapter End Notes

I honestly liked this chapter myself. And I hope you all did too. Let me know what you thought of this chapter :)

I'm so happy that you all are enjoying this story :) Thank you all for reading and leaving wonderful reviews! (also thanks for the comments on my last chapter, they're really appreciated)
If Allie was telling the truth, she didn’t want to spend the day away from Bea. She didn’t know what it was, but the redhead was highly addictive. Bea was more addicting than any drug she had ever taken, and that says a lot. Just three weeks ago, Allie was addicted to heroin. But now, she was addicted to something else. Something better. And that was Bea. Bea consumed her thoughts, not drugs anymore. She wouldn’t have it any other way, to be completely honest. The redhead was remarkably rare, and she just brought the best out of Allie. Love and being happy never crossed Allie’s mind, it didn’t matter to her before because drugs was her life. But since she’s known Bea, suddenly being happy and even love is what she wanted a taste of. Not just with anyone though, with Bea.

Allie spent most of her day in bed, relaxing and sleeping. Often thinking of the redhead. She heard Kaz come and go, but hadn’t really seen her. Allie got out of bed and grabbed a change of clothes to go take a shower. It was going on four in the evening, so she didn’t really know why she suddenly felt the urge to get up and get ready. She took a quick shower, put some comfortable clothing on and then brushed her teeth. She put her hair up in a ponytail before exiting the bathroom and going down the hall to go to the kitchen. Once she entered the kitchen, she saw Kaz cooking. She knew Kaz was still mad at her for the whole Bea thing, but she didn’t really care. It was time for Allie to be her own person and she was going to do what she wanted to do. Allie inhaled deeply before walking up beside Kaz, who was stirring pasta up in the pot.

“No with Bea today?” Kaz asked, keeping her attention on the task at hand.

“No.” Allie answered. “She reckoned it would be good for me to do some resting today. I’ll be seeing her tomorrow though.”

“Allie briefly rolled her eyes. “Ya know, I don’t understand why you’re mad at me about hanging out with Bea. She’s not a bad person.”

“She may not be, but she’s not good for you, bubba. She’s toxic. She will hurt you and break your heart.”
“Then it would be an absolute honor to get my heart broken by her.” Allie stressed. “She won’t hurt me, Kaz. I know she won’t, I know her.”

“You don’t know her! You just met her.”

“I know more than you think. She just needs someone to help her.”

“Help her? What would she need help with?” Kaz asked, her eyebrows furrowed.

Allie shook her head. “It doesn’t matter. All that matters, is that I can be that person for her.” She paused. “She saved me, Kaz, and I can save her.”

“I just don’t want you getting hurt, Allie.”

“I won’t get hurt.” Allie replied. “And if I do…” She tossed her arms upwards. “…then it will be a lesson learned. But I don’t think she would do anything to intentionally hurt me, Kaz. She’s a great person, outside of that famous spotlight that she’s constantly in.”

“I hope you’re right, Allie.” Kaz sighed, setting the cooking spoon down. “I just don’t want you to get hurt and then you end up back where you were. I only want the best for you.”

“I know you do. And Bea is the same way; she wants the best for me too.” Allie said. “Mama, I understand that you’re looking after me, but I think I can handle myself now. I’ll be okay.”

Kaz just looked at Allie. She really just wanted the best for Allie. She didn’t want Allie going back to the way she used to be. Allie’s long arms wrapped around her body is what brought her back. She tucked her arms around Allie, reciprocating the hug.

“I love you, Kaz. But please let me try to do things on my own.”

“You can do whatever you want.” Kaz replied, running her hands up and down Allie’s back in a soothing way.
“Say it back, tell me you love me.” The younger blonde teased.

Kaz playfully rolled her eyes. “I love you too, kiddo.”

They pulled apart, Allie placing a kiss to Kaz’s cheek before retreating to the refrigerator to get a bottle of water.

“Are you hungry? The food is done.”

“I could go for some food.” Allie grinned.

Kaz dished them both up a plate of the pasta she made and they sat at the table together to eat. Allie only managed to eat about half of what Kaz made her before she discarded the rest of it. Allie cleaned up the dishes after Kaz finished, much to Kaz’s annoyance but Allie said she was capable of cleaning up. When Allie finished the dishes, she gave Kaz sort of a smirk. When Kaz asked Allie what she was up to, Allie just asked if she could use the laptop.

When Kaz gave Allie the laptop, Allie retreated to her room. The same exact room she always stayed in when she crashed at Kaz’s. Most of the time she stayed in this room, she was high off her mind. But this time, she was actually clean. And Bea may have been the reason she wasn’t shoving crank into her veins right now. Whatever the reason was, she was clean and she was happy about it.

Allie settled herself under the blankets in the bed, placing the laptop on her lap. She wasn’t able to do her little google search on Bea the other night like she wanted to, so now she was finally going to do just that. Once she went to the google website and typed in Bea’s name, a few photos popped up on the main page. Most of them were promo pictures of her in the UFC gloves and her wearing the sports bra and those skin tight shorts. The redhead’s abs were just how Allie imagined and her arms were more defined than what she thought. Allie could clearly feel the wetness pooling between her legs. There were some more casual pictures of Bea, like photoshoots and of her in the octagon getting ready for a fight. Allie made her way back to main page, where she seen some videos pop up as well. She ended up watching a few highlights of the redhead’s previous fights and to say Bea was good was an understatement, she was incredibly talented. The way she maneuvered around the octagon with her opponents was like no other, she really knew what she was doing. She also watched some interviews Bea did, loving the way she talked and even threw some trash talk in at her opponents on the interviews. Allie did a quick read up on Bea as well, finding out that she had not lost a fight to this day, which was highly impressive to her. And she made a mental note to ask Bea about when and if she was having a next fight. She also found out that Bea was into a lot of charity work, which was awesome to her. A headline caught the blonde’s eye, it was saying something along the lines of Bea really goes all out at her after parties. So, she clicked the link and went through what it was all saying. This specific headline was from about a year ago, it was nothing recent. As she scrolled through the site, a picture was at the bottom along with a video. The picture was of a woman bent over in front of Bea. The unknown
woman had her skirt up over her butt, showing off, and she was clearly wearing a thong. Bea was holding a bottle of champagne, pouring the liquid over the woman’s exposed ass. Allie was surprised, she didn’t realize Bea did that sort of thing. But nevertheless, it was kind of hot. Well, not the woman, Bea was. She then clicked on the video. As she watched the video, it was clear to her that Bea was drunk. The video was of Bea in a loud club and she was dancing with a tatted brunette. She had a drink in her hand and she was freely moving her hips around, something Allie found very sexy. After Allie spent the next twenty minutes letting herself get worked up by looking at different things on the web of Bea Smith, she turned the laptop off and put it aside. She had it completely bad for the redhead, and she just couldn’t help it. Bea was so attractive and such an amazing person. But one picture that she came across just wouldn’t leave her mind. Bea was in all leathers on a motorcycle. Her curves were showing just right, and now Allie’s underwear was probably ruined. She wanted to fight that urge, but she just couldn’t, it was too intense. She didn’t think it was appropriate to think of Bea in that way, but she didn’t care. She slid further down in her bed, squeezing her thighs together as she did so, a small moan escaped her lips. Fuck, she thought. She needed to take care of her sudden situation. She slipped her hand into her pajama bottoms, instantly feeling her arousal. She worked herself up, imagining that it was Bea’s strong fingers between her legs, taking herself over the edge pretty quickly with Bea’s name escaping her lips. Allie felt her eyes get heavy as her orgasm subsided, letting herself fall to sleep easily.

The next morning, Allie had woken up at ten. Bea was meant to be picking her up within the next hour, and she already couldn’t wait. She really missed the redhead. Pushing the upcoming rage of thoughts of the redhead aside, she swung her legs from under the blankets and got out of bed. She looked through her closet for a change of clothes. Most of the clothes she has here, she hasn’t seen in a few months so she didn’t really know what she had or if she could still fit the clothing. She decided on an outfit and grabbed some toiletries, then headed off towards the bathroom. She knew Kaz was already gone for the work, so she wouldn’t be running into the older blonde this morning. Allie got into the shower, washing her hair and body before doing some necessary shaving. When she got out of the shower, she put on her jeans that were a little too big on her and a loose grey shirt. She brushed her teeth and hair, deciding to leave it down. When she exited the bathroom, it was already 10:30 so she had thirty minutes left to wait on the redhead. She wondered through to the kitchen and poured her some coffee that Kaz had made. She then decided to leave Kaz a little note because she wasn’t sure when she’d be returning home. Allie had finished her coffee and then she washed her dish before returning to her room to put her shoes and a jacket on. She went to the living room to finish waiting on Bea. As she looked out of the blinds, she saw that familiar car pull into the driveway and her heart went racing. She continued to watch to see what Bea would do; whether the redhead would honk her horn or if she would get out the car to come to the door. It ended up being the latter. Allie’s body buzzed with excitement, and maybe something else, when the redhead came into clear view. She was wearing black jeans and a black shirt with her short sleeves rolled up a few times to show off her incredibly delicious arms. The redhead was also wearing sunglasses, a plain gold chain hung from around her neck, and black combat boots. She was well and truly sexy right now, and Allie felt as though she might faint. She moved from the window to wait on the knock that would soon resonate throughout the house. She didn’t have to wait long, there was three firm knocks on the front door. Allie answered the door, watching as Bea pulled the sunglasses from her face.

Bea smiled to Allie, her heart fluttering in her chest. The blonde standing before her was so beautiful. She didn’t know why she took her sunglasses off, maybe it was to get a clearer view of
the blonde. Bea decided on a bold move, letting her eyes trail down Allie’s perfect form. When she brought her eyes back up to Allie’s, she noticed a slight shade of red in the blonde’s cheeks and that brought a smile to her lips. She was finally able to make the blonde blush, and it really satisfied her. Realizing that neither of them spoken yet, she cleared her throat.

“Hi,” She said, breaking their silence. “How are you?”

Allie’s smile beamed across her face. “I’m great. How are you?”

Bea nodded her head. “I’m good.” She answered. “Did you rest up well yesterday?”

“I did. I probably slept most of the day.” She chuckled. “What did you end up doing yesterday?”

“I did a bit of planning for our fun day today.”

Allie tilted her head some, her plump lips curling into a smile. “What are you up to, Smith?”

“You’ll just have to found out later, won’t you?” She grinned, holding her hand out for Allie to grab. Once the blonde grabbed her hand, she inhaled through her nose. She was seriously dumbstruck on how such a simple gesture could make her whole body buzz. “Are you ready to go?”

Allie nodded her head. “Of course.”

As Bea pulled on her hand, Allie closed the door behind her. She let Bea guide her to the car in the driveway. As Bea opened the passenger door for her, Allie smirked. She knew the redhead was such a gentleman. She got into the passenger seat and Bea shut the door for her as she put her seatbelt on. When Bea got into the driver’s seat, she threw Allie a wink and Allie had to blink a few times. Did Bea Smith just wink at her? Did she see that correctly? She felt her mouth go dry, that was most definitely a wink. And it made her body feel warm.

As Bea drove out of the driveway, she asked Allie if she had eaten anything yet. When the blonde responded with that she hadn’t, Bea’s plans of going back to hers had suddenly changed. Allie needed to eat, there was no doubt about that. She wanted to make sure that the blonde was healthy and her strength was up. She decided on this little restaurant she knew of, it sold sub-like sandwiches and soups. Bea thought it was a perfect place to have a quick lunch. She even knew the owner personally, so it wouldn’t be too much trouble for her to go enjoy some food.

When Bea pulled up to the café and was getting out of the car, Allie got confused. She wondered
When Bea pulled up to the café and was getting out of the car, Allie got confused. She wondered why Bea was wanting to go inside to eat when there was a possibility of people noticing her. But she didn’t say anything, she got out of the car as well and followed the redhead into the café. They had been seated rather quickly and given menus to look at. After they ordered their food, who Allie guessed was the owner came over to them. The owner was an older man and he and Bea began talking with each other comfortably, so Allie figured they knew each other.

It was going after noon when Bea and Allie finally ended up leaving the café. Bea wasn’t in any rush, so she stayed a little longer to have a coffee and for Allie to have some more tea. It felt good to be out with Allie instead of in the confines of her home. This specific café was her safe space, no one ever bothered her while she was here. There was no paparazzi around this spot, so it was definitely a favorite spot for her. While they were on the way to Bea’s house, her phone had began ringing. She answered it, finding out that it was Maxine calling her. Maxine was just letting her know that as soon as she returned to Sydney, she already had an interview set up. And quite frankly, Bea was already dreading having to get back into her work mode. She was enjoying her down time…with Allie.

Once they got to Bea’s place, they both retreated to the living room and plopped down on the sofas. They instantly fell into a conversation, Allie trying desperately to get any information out of the redhead for what she had planned for later, but she failed. The redhead wasn’t budging. Allie hated not knowing things, but with this particular surprise, she was loving it. Mainly because Bea was behind the surprise. And she loved that the redhead was wanting to do something for her. It showed her that Bea was interested in her as a person and not just someone who couldn’t help themselves.

It was going on four in the evening, and Allie was really growing impatient. She thought that the surprise would’ve been earlier, but no. They were still sat in the same spots. They watched a couple movies to pass the time, but for Allie, time was dragging. She didn’t know what Bea was up to, but she was quickly growing impatient. Suddenly, Bea turned the TV off and smiled towards Allie.

“I think we should start heading that way. What do ya say?” Bea said, sitting up from her laying position on the sofa.

“How about time.” Allie chuckled. “I thought we were going to be here forever.”

Bea stopped her movements from putting her shoes on. “Why didn’t you say you were bored? We could’ve done something else to pass the time.”

“Done something else, eh?” Allie smirked. “Like what?”

Bea blushed, playfully rolling her eyes. “I wasn’t meaning that.”
“Bea! I didn’t say anything.” Allie continued her smirk. “Well, at least I know what you think of me.” She winked.

Bea shook her head, not even bothering to say anything in return. It would just put her further into the hole she stepped in anyway. Allie was a little minx, and she was going to have to learn to play at the blonde’s game.

“You ready?” Bea asked after she finished putting on her shoes.

“I always am.” Allie smiled.

Bea returned the smile and then they headed out of the house to Bea’s car.

As Allie sat in the passenger seat while riding through the streets of Melbourne, she tried to get some clue as to where Bea was taking her, but to no avail. She had no idea as to where she was being taken. Bea ended up pulling down a back alley, and Allie found herself actually getting nervous. She trusted Bea, but this was weird. What could possibly be done in a back alley? Bea stopped the car and shut the engine off, turning to look at Allie with a small smile on her face. When she saw the look of worry on the blonde’s face, she instantly grabbed Allie’s hand.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Bea asked softly.

“W-why are we back here?” Nervousness was all heard throughout her voice.

Bea looked at their surroundings and then realized that this sort of setting probably brought her the worst memories.

“Shit, I’m sorry.” The redhead instantly apologized. “I wasn’t thinking about how this would have affected you.” She added. “I parked back here because I didn’t want to park on the street and we’ll go in through the back entrance instead of the front.”

“Where are we?”

“La Petite Patisserie.” Bea answered. “It’s a little dessert restaurant that I’m really fond of. I know the owner, he’s a wonderful French man. He’s much older than us and he’s super sweet. I called
him yesterday and wondered if he would close up his shop a little earlier than normal so that I could come in with a friend and have a little private hour or two eating all of his wonderful desserts.” She explained. “Most of his desserts have to do with his French background, but he does have some Australian desserts here too. If I’ve freaked you out, we don’t have to go in. I can take you home if you want.”

Allie looked to Bea’s chocolate eyes, feeling herself relax. “I’m sorry. I trust you, I do, I just really got nervous for some reason.”

“It’s okay. I understand. I should’ve told you know what I was doing.” She gave Allie’s hand a reassuring squeeze. “Do you want me to take you home?”

Allie brought her hand up to Bea’s face, gently caressing her jawline. She leaned in slowly, placing her lips against Bea’s soft skin of her cheek. “No. I’d love to go eat some dessert with you.” She smiled.

Bea brought Allie’s hand to her lips, giving the back of her hand a soft kiss before getting out of the car. Allie was stunned for a moment, she couldn’t believe that Bea’s lips were on her skin. And she slightly wished those delicious lips were moving along her body in a more sexual way. Shaking her head to clear those thoughts, she got out of the car as well and followed Bea to the backdoor of the dessert restaurant. She stood close to Bea’s side as the redhead knocked firmly on the door. Not too long later, the swung open, revealing a thin tanned man with white hair. He had big round glasses covering his eyes and he had a mustache. He instantly pulled Bea into the shop and Allie followed. After Bea’s formal greeting with the shop owner, kissing each other’s cheeks, Bea turned to Allie to introduce the two of them.

“Allie, this is the owner of this wonderful place, Mr. Alicio.” Then she turned to Mr. Alicio. “Mr. Alicio, this is my friend, Allie.”

“Friend, you say?” He raised his crazy eyebrows up above the rim of his reading glasses in a way to challenge Bea, but Bea didn’t budge so he laughed. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Allie.” He said in his distinct French accent. He pulled the blonde into an embrace, also formally greeting her.

He led the two women through the kitchen and into the front of shop. He had set up a table for the two of them and even had a bar prepped for all the desserts he would be presenting to them. Allie and Bea sat down at the table while Mr. Alicio went back through to the back to grab some starters for the two women. When he returned with two trays full of desserts, the two women were both a laughing mess. He smiled to himself, loving the way Bea seemed so carefree. Since he’s known Bea, he’s never seen her smile so much in such little time. He set the trays down on the bar and lifted the cover, revealing his creations. The first he handed to the women were his famous French Crepes covered in powdered sugar and nutella drizzle with sliced strawberries laid on top.
“This is my all time favorite.” Mr. Alicio announced as he set the dessert in front of the women. “I call it Strawberry Crepe.”

As Bea and Allie both took a forkful of the dessert into their mouths, Allie moaned in delight. It was absolutely appetizing to her. And this specific dessert was Bea’s favorite, something Allie just found out by watching her take two more forkfuls into her mouth.

The next dessert Mr. Alicio gave to them was chocolate macarons. Allie had never had them, but she’s heard of them before and now she was excited to try them. She also enjoyed them, mainly because they were chocolate. She absolutely loved chocolate. The next dish that was presented to them was chocolate eclairs, something Allie was also excited about trying.

“Éclair au chocolat.” Mr. Alicio said as he set the plate down in front of Bea and Allie.

As Allie bit into the éclair, she was presented with chocolate cream filling. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was better than this. She could probably eat several more of these eclairs with no regrets. She’s had eclairs before, but the ones she had always had vanilla custard in the middle, not chocolate. After Allie took two more bites, she set the éclair down, a giggle escaping Bea’s lips.

“What’s so funny?” Allie asked, a smile forming on her face.

“You…” She tried motioning to her own face to try to get Allie to understand what she was meaning, but it was a lost cause. She brought her hand up to Allie’s face, using her thumb to wipe the chocolate cream that was left on the corner of Allie’s mouth. She retreated her hand back, taking her thumb into her mouth to lick the chocolate from her finger.

Allie’s eyes had probably grown several shades darker. *God, she shouldn’t do such things like that.* If only Allie could kiss Bea the way she wanted to right now, she’d be incredibly satisfied. But she was not going to be the one to cross that line, she was going to let Bea be the one to take charge if that was what would ever happen.

Allie cleared her throat. “Thank you.”

Bea nodded her head in response, trying to hide the blush that appeared on her face after she realized what she had done.
“Friends.” Mr. Alicio laughed. “Whatever you say, but you ain’t fooling me.”

Allie looked to Bea, a small smile forming on her lips.

They were presented with a few more of his French desserts before he began bringing out the Australian desserts he makes; crème brûlée, chocolate profiteroles, and madeleines. The Australian desserts he presented to the two women were caramel slice, pavlova topped with sliced kiwis and strawberries, and his rocky road chocolate bars that he made.

Allie was overly stuffed from all the dessert they tried, but she was happy. What’s not to love about eating lots of sweets with such a hot redhead? Exactly, there’s everything to love about it. Allie watched a small exchange between Bea and Mr. Alicio when Bea got up from the table. The redhead was trying to hand the owner some money, but he wouldn’t take it. Their little exchange went on for another few minutes, then Mr. Alicio finally accepted the money, but he didn’t look too happy about it. Bea returned to the table, holding her hand out for Allie to grab ahold of, which Allie gracefully accepted. They walked hand in hand following Mr. Alicio through the shop to exit out of the backdoor. When they reached the backdoor, both Bea and Allie gave the French man a hug before leaving. Bea opened the passenger door of her car for Allie once again before getting into the driver’s seat herself. After Bea got in and cranked her car, she looked to Allie.

“So, did you like what we did?” Bea asked.

“Allie answered. “I did, I really did.” I loved the entire hour and a half we were in there. Mr. Alicio is really a great man.”

“He is.” Bea agreed. “I met him just before my UFC career debuted. I would always come in to get his Strawberry Crepes. I absolutely love them.”

“I could tell. You kept going back to it.” The blonde giggled.

“It’s just so good.” Bea said. “So, are you wanting me to take you home now?”

“I guess that would be good.” Allie answered. She continued when she saw Bea make a little frown. “What? Have something else planned?”

“No, not exactly.” She paused. “Well…I was just hoping that you would’ve said that you wanted to stay with me.”
“Stay with you?”

“Yeah, like spend the night at my place tonight.”

Allie tried her hardest to hold back a smile. “I don’t have any clothes with me.”

“I could give you something to sleep in.”

“Are you sure?” Allie asked, not wanting Bea to say something that she wasn’t sure of.

“I’m sure.” The redhead replied with a nod.

“Okay then, I’d love to spend the night.” Allie smiled.

Bea smiled back, relief instantly pouring over her. She never really has people sleep over, especially women. But everything in her life is slowly changing, and that’s due to Allie. But she didn’t mind it because it wasn’t unsettling her. How Allie was coming into her life and changing the way she viewed things, didn’t frighten her or make her want to run. It was all welcoming to her and natural feeling, all because of Allie.

They spent the rest of the day watching a movie and playing a very long board game, and Allie ended up finding out that Bea was the competitive type. And it was actually kind of hot to her. When it came around to bed time, Bea gave Allie some clothes she could sleep in and told her to pick which ever guest room she wanted to sleep in. Allie ended up picking the guest room closest to Bea’s room, something Bea found amusing. After they both changed in their night wear, they met each other outside of their rooms to say good night. Allie pulled Bea into an all welcoming hug. Their bodies were so close and Bea loved it, she ended up even giving Allie a small squeeze. As they pulled apart, Allie kissed Bea’s cheek and told her good night. Bea responded with telling the blonde to have sweet dreams before she retreated to her room and to her bed.

As Bea laid in her bed, she thought of how far along they had come. Allie was just a stranger to her not too long ago, but now she felt like Allie was possibly everything to her, given the amount of time they known each other. She wanted to protect and keep the blonde safe. She just felt the urge to look after the blonde. And mostly, she wanted to have Allie around. Bea turned on her side, and sleep instantly took her.
With her body naturally waking up at five every morning, it was no different for Bea on this morning. Her eyes popped open right at five and she just couldn’t seem to go back to sleep. She tossed and turned a few times, trying to make herself comfortable so she could fall back asleep. About thirty minutes later, she had finally given up. She got out of her bed and made her way to the bathroom to use the toilet. She was about to get in the shower, but she decided to go for a run first instead. She changed into her running pants, which were tight on her body, and she put on a tanktop. She tied her hair up in a bun before grabbing her music player and headphones. She wrapped a band around her left arm that would be holding her music player before exiting her room. She easily opened the guest room door that Allie was sleeping in so she could check on her. The blonde looked to be heavily sleeping; she was on her stomach and her right arm was hung off the side of the bed. Deciding to not bother her, she closed the door and headed down the stairs. Once she exited her house, she put her music player into the band around her arm and then put her headphones into her ears, then took off on a steady pace down her driveway.

Bea had been running for almost an hour when she decided to go back home. She didn’t run the whole time as she exchanged between walking, jogging, and running. It was a good workout for her nevertheless. When she returned through her front door, she dumped her music player and headphones down on the shelf that was beside her front door. It was going on seven in the morning, and she felt herself beginning to get hungry. She went up the stairs and went straight to the guest room that Allie was staying in. Once she entered the room, she went to Allie’s bedside and gently placed a hand on her shoulder to wake her.

“Allie,” She said as she gently shook her. “Allie, wake up.”

Allie’s eyes slowly opened.

“Good morning.” Bea said with a smile. “You should wake up so we could go get breakfast.”

“What time is it?” The blonde croaked out.

“It’s just going on seven.”

Allie’s eyes widened. “Oh, fuck that.” She pulled the blanket over her head and turned over. “It’s too early to be up.”

Bea frowned and stood up straight. She could’ve made herself something here to eat, but the only thing she knew how to make was toast. And she didn’t want that. Ever since she began her career in the UFC, she forgot how to cook. Having someone do it for her all the time, it had honestly just slipped her mind. If she probably went into the kitchen and started to make something, she was sure it would come back to her, but she didn’t want to screw it up by risking that slight chance.
But Bea was hungry and she was going to hold her ground. She firmly gripped the blankets in her hands and yanked it off Allie’s body, the blonde squealing when the cool air touched her naked legs. *Naked legs.* Bea had totally missed that the blonde’s pajama bottoms were on the floor, she didn’t even see them when she walked into the room. Her eyes were suddenly glued to Allie’s long legs, they looked to be soft and she suddenly craved to know how they would feel wrapped around her body. The shaking of her head to clear her thoughts and Allie pulling the blanket from her hands is what brought her back.

“See something ya like?” The blonde smirked, settling herself back under the blankets.

“I…um…” Bea stumbled, letting her eyes linger to where Allie’s naked legs were just visible before looking to the amused blue eyes that belonged to the blonde. “Sorry. I didn’t know you had your…bottoms off.” She blushed.

Allie laughed. “It’s fine. But, hey, all you had to was ask if ya wanted to have a peak.”

“I wasn’t…I didn’t mean…If I had known you didn’t have pants on, then I wouldn’t have done that.” She said, trying her hardest to make her words clear. “I’m hungry, would you like to go get breakfast?”

“Sure.” Allie replied, a hint of amusement in her voice.

“Righto, well, I’m going to take a shower and I’ll be out in a bit.”

When Bea turned to leave, Allie noticed she was wearing something different from what she had on last night before bed.

“Did you sleep in that?” Allie asked before Bea exited the room.

“No, I went for a run this morning.”

Allie nodded her head in understand. “That’s hot.” She said, then smiled when Bea’s cheeks blushed up again. *Too easy,* the blonde thought.
When Bea finished in the shower and got dressed, she walked into her room to her dresser. As she approached the dresser to put her watch on, she saw a spider sitting on top of the dresser. She jumped back and a loud scream escaped her mouth. If there’s one thing Bea Smith is afraid of, it’s spiders. She grabbed her shoe, planning on killing it herself, but she couldn’t. There was no way, so she dropped the shoe. She clenched and unclenched her fists, letting a whine fumble out of her mouth. Then she thought of Allie.

“Allie!!” She yelled out. “Allie, please come here! Oh, my god!” She cringed out when she saw the spider start crawling.

Her bedroom doors burst open not too long later and in ran Allie in only a bra and jeans. *Holy fuck, that's too much revealing skin in one day*, Bea thought to herself.

“What’s wrong?” Allie asked, panic in her voice.

“Please, get it, please.” The redhead pleaded, pointing her finger towards the dresser. “Kill it!”

Allie walked cautiously to the dresser. When she saw what Bea was referring to, she instantly relaxed and turned to Bea, a small grin on her face.

“Seriously?! A spider?” Allie laughed. “For someone as tough as you, I didn’t think that you would be screaming like that over a little spider.”

“Now’s not the time to poke fun. Just please get it.”

Allie laughed again. She used her fingers to smash the spider, it was little after all. As the dead spider laid on the padding of her forefinger and thumb, she walked to Bea’s bathroom.

“Oh, god.” Bea cringed, her body trembled with goosebumps.

Allie entered Bea’s bathroom and went to the sink. She turned the water on, letting the water wash away the spider from her fingers. After she washed her hands, she exited the bathroom and made her way to leave Bea’s room to finish getting ready.
“Ya know,” She stopped just before completely leaving Bea’s room. “You’ve practically seen me naked already. Seriously, if it’s your plan to see all this,” She motioned at her body in a joking matter. “All you have to do is ask.” She winked before leaving the room.

Bea shook her head, a smile on her face. There was no way she would ever be able to get Allie at her own game, but time shall tell. Allie Novak was a minx, she knew that already, but she just needed to stop letting herself blush so easily if she wanted to be able to get the blonde back. She knew that openness to check the blonde out is what made her blush, but she wanted to find something different she could get the blonde with. Something she could tease her about as well. It was now her mission to find out just what she could do.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and leaving reviews/kudos! Much appreciated!! I hope you guys liked this chapter :) let me know what you thought!!

So, my schedule is pretty stuffed for the rest of this week. I won't be able to get an update out until Monday/Tuesday. I'm sorry that there will be a delay, but I'll make chapter eight worth it :)


Chapter Notes

So first, I'd like to thank everyone for voting for me in the Wentworth Fanfiction Awards. It's so amazing to see that The Perfect Waitress came in second for favorite Ballie work and that I, as an author, came in third for favorite Ballie author. And then this story has a Wildcard! I'm completely humbled and in awe! You guys are awesome! Thanks for voting for me!! :)

Secondly, I HOPE YOU LIKE THIS CHAPTER!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last couple of days had been great for Bea. She spent some wonderful time with the blonde, who she has been growing closer to everyday. They had went hiking one day, something the blonde was not too fond of. And Bea thought it was quite funny listening to Allie complain about it. She couldn’t be annoyed with her that day, it was just too dang cute. Then just the previous day, Bea took Allie to a footy game, which it turned out to be Allie’s first time ever attending a match. Bea could tell that the blonde had thoroughly enjoyed herself, and Bea did too. She liked to attend footy games whenever it was possible. Since it was sort of a late match, Bea had taken Allie straight home afterwards. Then the next morning, which is current day, Bea and Allie both went to help Mr. Alicio clean up his restaurant before he was due to open. It was mainly Allie’s idea, so when Bea mentioned to her that Mr. Alicio needed some help, Allie jumped on it. The blonde really liked the older French man, he was sweet and told amazing stories. After they helped Mr. Alicio clean up a bit, Bea took Allie back home because she had some things she needed to take care of herself. For the rest of midday, Bea attended a radio interview that was a last minute decision. When Maxine called her and told her about the radio station in Melbourne wanting to interview her, she almost said that she wasn’t going to go. But she decided to anyway. After her interview ended, she was free for the rest of the day. As she was driving back home, her phone began ringing. She looked at the caller ID and saw that it was Maxine calling her again, so she answered.

“Hey, Maxine. No more interviews while I’m in Melbourne, okay?” Bea answered.

“Yeah, okay. But that’s not why I’m calling.”

“What is it then?”

“Not too long ago, I had some interesting photos sent to my email.”
“Okay…” Bea trailed off, not exactly understanding what Maxine was trying to get at.

“They’re of you and some blonde woman at the footy match last night.” Maxine said.

Bea mouthed the word ‘fuck’.

“Who is she?” Maxine added.

“She’s a friend. Don’t worry about it.”

“Friend?” Maxine scoffed. “I wouldn’t think that by looking at these photos.”

“What are you talking about?”

“One of them shows you two holding hands and another one with you two sharing a bucket of fries.” Maxine said. “Not to mention the way you two are staring at one another. There’s so much love and adoration in the way she’s looking at you, and vice versa.”

“Maxie, I don’t know what you’re talking about. We’re just friends.”

“Okay, Bea. Whatever you say. Do I at least get to know her name?”

Bea shook her head. “Allie.”

“Hm. I knew you were going back to Melbourne for a reason.” Bea could hear the smirk in her voice. “I’ll talk with you soon, Bea. Bye.”

Bea hung up her phone and continued driving. She knew there would be some peepers at the footy match, but she didn’t think anyone would actually take photos of her. She knew for the next however long, that’s all the talk was going to be about; her and the blonde woman. She didn’t necessarily mind, it was Allie she was wanting to look after. She didn’t want the blonde to get caught up in the spotlight because she didn’t know how Allie would be able to handle it all.
She was almost home when her phone began ringing again. She noticed that it was the number that Allie called her from the previous day, so she answered right away.

“Hey, I was just heading home.” Bea said.

“Bea, it’s Kaz.”

“Kaz?” Bea scrunched up her face, wondering why Kaz would be calling her, but then she realized. “Where’s Allie? Is she okay?”

“No, she’s not okay. She’s panicking and I can’t get her to calm down.”

“What’s wrong?”

“She let herself get into her mind, and she’s just realized that she’s been clean for a little over two weeks now and she’s completely freaking out. Could you please come over?”

“I’m on my way.” Bea said, then hung up the phone.

Bea got to Kaz’s house within ten minutes. She was getting ready to knock on Kaz’s front door when it swung open. She entered the house, immediately asking what was going on.

“Allie has never been clean for more than two weeks and she’s feeling like she will fuck it all up. She’s insecure about it. She doesn’t know I called you.” Kaz said. “Her room is right down the hall, second door on the left.”

Bea nodded her head and made her way to Allie’s room. Once she opened Allie’s door, she saw the blonde sitting against the wall on the floor with her knees pulled up to her chest. She could hear the faint sound of Allie sniffling.

“Go away.” Allie mumbled out, trying her hardest to keep her voice from wavering.

“Gee, I figured you’d like to see me.”
Allie shot her head up, seeing Bea standing in her doorway. “Bea.” Is all she could manage to say.

“Hey.” The redhead smiled. She closed the bedroom door behind her and made her way to where Allie was. She sat on the floor next to the blonde and looked at her. “What’s wrong?”

Allie shook her head, downing it not long after.

“Hey…” Bea placed her hand on Allie’s knee. “Don’t keep me in the dark, tell me what’s wrong. Why have you been crying?”

Allie sighed. “I’ve been clean for two weeks and four days.”

“That’s good!” Bea happily replied.

“No,” Allie shook her head. “I’m never clean for longer than two weeks.”

“Except for now.”

“I’m just gonna fuck it up.”

“No, you aren’t, Allie. You have to believe in yourself, you have to do this for you. You can do it, you can overcome your addiction. Okay?”

“But Bea, I’m not strong.”

“You are.”

“I’m not!”
Bea kept quiet, trying to think of what she could say to show Allie that she is strong. Bea turned her a body little, managing to wrap her arm around Allie’s shoulders, pulling the blonde close into her side.

“You listen to me, Allie Novak.” Bea began. “I know you probably feel as though you’re nothing right now, but I just want you to know that you’re more than what you think you are. When I look at you, I know that you’re smart and beautiful and capable of overcoming your addiction. I believe in you.” She said. “The way you’re feeling right now is what makes you strong and brave, Allie. I believe in you.” She repeated. “More than you know.” Bea took the plunge and decided to do something she has yet to do; she placed her lips gently on Allie’s cheek, giving her a soft kiss.

“Do you really believe that I can keep myself clean?”

“Of course I do.” Bea replied. “But you have to believe in yourself as well.”

Bea sat with Allie a bit longer. She kind of sensed this day would come, where Allie would feel insecure about her drug addiction. And Bea kept it in her best interest to assure the blonde that she could do anything she put her mind to, even staying clean. She looked at Allie, seeing that her eyes were closed. She softly said her name to get her to wake up. When Allie did open her eyes, Bea suggested that she lay in bed. After Bea helped Allie into the bed, she was getting ready to walk out of the room when Allie’s soft voice stopped her.

“Can you lay with me for a bit, please?” Allie asked.

Bea stood there for a moment, just looking at the blonde. Bea Smith has never laid in a bed with anyone before, it being innocent or not. But she couldn’t say no to Allie. Not now, not ever.

She gently eased herself onto the bed, laying behind Allie. She didn’t exactly know what to do, so she just wrapped an arm around Allie’s waist and settled herself close to the blonde’s back. Their bodies perfectly moulded together. Bea laid for a while, loving the closeness of the two of them and it was actually quite comfortable for her to lay with Allie like this. It felt…normal. After about twenty minutes, Bea got up from the bed, she had no intention of staying the night there. Before exiting the room, she kissed the side of Allie’s head.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, beautiful girl.” She said. “Sweet dreams.”

Allie hummed in response, and Bea continued her way out of the room. After closing the bedroom door easily behind herself, she walked back to the living room, seeing Kaz sitting on the sofa.
“She’s fine now. She’s taking a nap.” Bea looked at the time on her watch, seeing that it was going on five. “I don’t know how long she’ll be asleep for, but when she wakes up, please tell her to call me.”

“I will.” Kaz replied. “How did you do it?”

“I just talked with her, assured her that she could do it. And I told her that she was strong enough to stay clean, that I believed she could.”

“I told her that too. What’s different?”

Bea shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t really know, Kaz.” She gave Kaz a small smile before continuing to the front door so she could leave.

“Bea.” Kaz said, stopping the redhead in her tracks.

“Yeah?” Bea replied, turning to face Kaz.

“Allie really likes you, ya know.”

Bea nodded her head with a soft smile. “I like her too.”

The next day, Bea was in her kitchen pulling out menus from different take-away restaurants so her and Allie could pick something to eat. She picked Allie up from Kaz’s about two hours ago, so during the past two hours Bea was informing Allie about her upcoming fight that would be taking place pretty soon. Allie asked Bea a lot of questions about the whole process and Bea answered as best as she could. The redhead told Allie that a couple weeks before the scheduled fight is when it’s normally the busiest for her with all the interviews, pre-fight weigh ins, media day, the whole staredown bullshit that hypes the crowd up, and then there would be one more final weigh in along with a staredown the night before the actual fight. Allie was quite intrigued and was learning about Bea’s training process, she wondered how in the hell the redhead even managed such a hell of a tight schedule.

Allie walked out of the bathroom, going straight to the kitchen where she left Bea and seeing her
still rummaging through her kitchen drawers to find some take-away menus.

“So, I found these ones.” Bea said, briefly touching the menus that were on her counter before going back to looking through her drawers. “I know I have more somewhere. You don’t have to-”

“Bea.” Allie interrupted.

Bea lifted her head to look at Allie. “Yeah?”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Okay…”

“As long as I’ve known you, we’ve always ate take-away. Why haven’t we cooked or something?” Allie asked. “I’m dying to have a taste of your cooking.”

Bea opened her mouth to respond, but no words came out. She brought her shoulders up in a shrug, suddenly feeling a little bit of nerves strike her.

“Do you have anything we could cook?” Allie asked, going to her refrigerator. When she opened the doors to her large refrigerator, she saw no cooking foods. She turned back to Bea, raising her eyebrows. “No food?”

“I…” Bea trailed off.

“You what?”

“You’re gonna make fun of me.”

Allie was just about to tease her, but decided to hold off. She figured the redhead needed plenty of more time to warm up to her teasing ways.
“I won’t tease, I promise.” The blonde finally said. “What’s wrong?”

Bea sighed. “I forgot how to cook.”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows together. “How does one forget how to cook?”

“I just…since I started this career, I haven’t had to cook a meal for myself. Which has been almost four years. I have a wonderful woman at my Sydney home who does pretty much everything for me. She cooks all my meals that’s appropriate for my diet plan when I’m training, and even when I’m not training she cooks me whatever I want. I didn’t mean to become so irresponsible like that, it just happened. The whole cooking thing slipped my mind.”

Allie nodded her head in understanding. She wasn’t going to poke fun, she just wasn’t. Bea had been overly kind to her and even comforted her in her own insecure moments, so now it was her turn to help Bea.

“I’m not going to make fun of you.” Allie replied. “I get how you let it slip your mind, I do. You’ve had a lot going on. And now I’m going to help you.”

Bea shook her head. “I’m not cooking. I’m afraid to mess it up.”

“You won’t mess it up. Besides, I’ll be helping you.” Allie said, then walked to Bea. She placed one of her hands on Bea’s forearm. “Come on, it’ll be fun. And it’s something different. Please?”

Bea let her head fall backwards. She held back a groan. She didn’t understand why it felt so physically impossible for her to say ‘no’ to the blonde.

Lifted her head back upwards, she looked into the blonde’s piercing blue eyes. “Okay, fine. But there’s no food here.”

Allie’s face lit up. “We’ll just need to go to the store now, won’t we?”

Bea looked to her keys and wallet that was laying on the kitchen island. She grabbed her keys and handed them to Allie. “You go to the store.” She pulled some money out of her wallet and gave it to Allie. “I’ll be here, going through whatever pots and pans I may have.” Whichever cabinet
Allie looked to the things Bea had placed in her hands and then looked to Bea. “You want me to go to the store by myself?”

“I thought maybe it would make you feel a little more independent that way. But if you don’t want to, then I’ll go with you.”

“I can go by myself.” Allie assured. “It’s just…you, you trust me?”

Bea saw how unsure Allie looked. “Of course I trust you.” She confirmed. “I already trust you more than a lot of people.”

Allie smiled, throwing herself into Bea’s embrace. “That means so much to me.”

Bea reciprocated the hug, holding her arms securely around the blonde. No one had ever said those words to Allie before and it just tugged on a heart string when Bea said it to her. When Allie began pulling away, she gave Bea’s cheek a kiss. She loved the way Bea placed one of her hands on her shoulder and then slowly slid it down her arm to her hand; the feeling of Bea touching her like that, so innocently, made her body tingle. Oh, how she longed to feel the redhead’s lips on her own.

Shaking those thoughts from her mind, she cleared her throat. “Any special requests?” She asked, referring to the food that they would be cooking together.

“Whatsoever you want is fine with me.” Bea replied, letting her eyes linger on the blonde’s lips for a moment before turning her head completely away.

“Are you sure you still want me to drive your car?”

Bea slightly laughed. “Get out of here already so you can get back, I’m starving!” She teased.

Allie smiled. “Okay, okay!”
Bea watched as Allie disappeared out of the house and into the garage before starting her search for her pots and pans. Her cabinets were deep and she had lots of cabinets. But using her smarts, she started her search in the cabinets closest to the stove, and found them in no time. She then washed a few of the pots and pans, being unsure of what Allie would be cooking and which pots she would even want to use.

A little over an hour later, Allie returned with some groceries. Bea helped unload the groceries so she could get an idea of what Allie would be cooking. She pulled broccoli and noodles out of one bag and chicken breasts out of another. She looked to Allie, who was pulling glass jars full of sauce out of a bag.

“What are you making?” Bea asked.

“We,” Allie began with a smirk. “Are making chicken alfredo. It’s quick and easy.”

With everything out on the bags, Allie found a cutting board so she could cut the chicken and broccoli up. Before she began chopping the food up, she told Bea to get a pot to put water in it for the noodles. After Bea put the pot on the stove and turned it on, she dumped the box of fettuccine noodles into the pot, and took note of Allie saying to let the water come to a boil. Once Allie finished chopping the chicken up, she put the chicken pieces into the pan for it to cook. Then once she finished with the broccoli, she watched as Bea took the pot of noodles to the sink to drain.

“I didn’t tell you to drain that yet.” Allie teased.

“Oh, well they were done.”

“How do you know? You don’t know how to cook, remember.” Allie said, continuing her teasing.

Bea just looked at Allie. She knew the blonde was teasing, but she didn’t really know how to respond.

“You didn’t forget how to cook, Bea.” Allie added. “You’re just a bit rusty and needed a little shoving to get started. I think you could finish cooking on your own.” She said. “And I think I’ll let you do just that. I’ve got to go use the bathroom.”
Allie handed Bea the cooking spoon she was using before exiting the kitchen. She walked down the short hall to the bathroom and just sat on the toilet. She knew if she just got the redhead started in the kitchen, then she’d be able to finish. There was no way in hell that someone could forget how to cook. It’s like riding a bicycle or driving a manual car; once you learn, it’s impossible to forget. Bea only needed a little guidance, that’s all. And Allie gave that to her. Now she was going to sit in the bathroom for a bit to let Bea finish up cooking.

Thirty minutes later, Allie exited the bathroom. She walked into the kitchen to see Bea stirring the pot of chicken, broccoli, and alfredo sauce together. She smiled. *I could get used to this*, the blonde thought. She watched as Bea grabbed a hand towel and wiped her hands off before tossing it back on the counter. The redhead then placed her hands on her hips, letting out a huff.

“All done?” Allie asked, making Bea jump a little. “Sorry, didn’t mean to scare ya.”

“Yeah, I think it’s done.”

“Well, let’s plate it up so we can eat.”

Bea grabbed her and Allie a plate, letting Allie get some food first then she followed suit. They both got a glass of water to eat with their food before going to the kitchen table. Allie sat down first and then Bea sat across from her. She took a bit of the food after Allie did, and she thought it actually tasted pretty good. Especially since it was her first time cooking in almost four years.

“You did a great job, Bea. It’s really good.” Allie smiled. “Thank you.”

Bea laughed a little. “No, thank you. I probably wouldn’t have cooked another day in my life if it wasn’t for you.”

“You just needed a little guidance is all.”

They continued to eat in silence. Allie began thinking about what she should start doing with her life. She needed a job to begin with, something that would help her get on her own two feet. She didn’t need any extravagant job, something simple would do. Like waitressing or bartending, hell even janitorial work would be good enough for her right now.

“So, I was thinking,” Allie began. “I think I should start looking for a job. I mean, I need to update my resume and everything, and try to find something, anything, that would be good enough for now.”
Bea nodded her head. “Okay. Is there anything specific you’d like to do?”

“Honestly, I’d just be happy with any job. It doesn’t really matter to me. A job is a job.” She said truthfully.

“Well, at least you aren’t picky. That’s a start.” The redhead chuckled. “I think Mr. Alicio is looking for someone to wash dishes at his little dessert restaurant. If you’re up for that, I could find out for sure and let you know.”

“Working with Mr. Alicio would be great!” Allie smiled. “I’d probably gain so much weight too.” She laughed.

“I’ll definitely ask him about it. I think you getting a job would be good. It'll keep you busy and what not.” She said with a smile, then her smile faded. If Allie got a job, then Bea might not be able to get to see her much. And the thought of that makes her sad. She loved being able to see Allie everyday like this so far. Her company was very much welcomed.

“What’s that frown for?”

Bea shook her head. “You could work for me.” She said, half joking. But she was really serious.

Allie laughed. “Doing what?”

The redhead shrugged her shoulders. “It was just an idea.”

“If the job description includes eating, then I’m all in!”

“I’m sure I could work that out.” Bea joked. “On a serious note, there’s something I’ve got to tell you.”

Allie’s heart thumped in her chest. “What is it?”
“My secretary/agent called me yesterday with some news that doesn’t really bother me, but it may bother you.” She began. “When we were at the footy match, I guess some people noticed me and started snapping pictures, you were in them. We were holding hands in one picture and sharing that bucket of fries in another.” She said. “It doesn’t bother me that our photos were taken, but I want to know how you feel about it.”

Allie just looked at Bea for a moment before replying. “People will say crude things about me, Bea. A lot of people know who I used to be and that will get out. Therefore, it could jeopardize your whole career. And even if people didn’t know who I was, they could find information out about me.”

“I told you before, I don’t care what people say. They could set my career on fire, I don’t care. As long as you’re still around, it doesn’t matter what happens with my career.”

“You can’t just say that though. You might not be able to handle all of that pressure. People will say some terrible shit about me, and I won’t even be able to handle it. I just.” She began to get teary eyed.

“Hey,” Bea placed her hand on top of Allie’s. “How about this, I won’t ever let you get put in the spotlight, okay? I will push aside every question that gets asked about you, because I know once I go back to Sydney and start doing more interviews people will ask me about the girl I was at the footy match with. I won’t say a damn thing about you to anyone. I will do whatever it takes for you to still be in my life once I go back to Sydney.”

“Why are you putting so much into trying to keep us friends?” Allie asked.

“Because, quite frankly, I’ve taken a shine to you.” And I’m not ready to let you go.

“I’m toxic.”

“Nobody’s perfect.” Bea responded. She gave Allie’s hand a squeeze before retreating her own hand back.

Once they finished eating, Bea and Allie helped each other clean up the kitchen. They put the leftovers away and cleaned up the dishes; Allie washed and Bea dried. When they finished in the kitchen, they went to the living room and sat on the sofas. Allie had still been quiet, Bea putting it on Allie trying to process how she was feeling. Bea had been honest; she would do whatever it took to keep Allie in her life. She liked having the blonde around and she didn’t want it any other
way. When Allie popped up in her life, everything fell into place. It was like Allie was the one thing missing from her life, the one person who she needed to make everything seem alright. It was probably too early to even think about it, but Bea would do absolutely anything for the blonde.

“Do you want to go home?” Bea asked, interrupting their silence.

“I think I should.”

Bea sadly smiled. “You aren’t put off me, are you?”

Allie smirked. “Bea Smith, we’re just friends.”

“Yeah, well…I don’t want to lose you, as a friend.”

“I’m not put off you.” She answered honestly. “When the time comes, I’ll just have to ignore what people may say.”

“I know it will be hard to do that, but I’m here for you.” Bea said. “I won’t talk about you to any media kind of person, they’re all assholes and will make up a shit of lies.” She added. “Now, let’s get you home.”

The drive to Kaz’s house was full of laughs between the two women. Allie was telling Bea how she watched some highlights of her previous fights and then the blonde tried mimicking the fighting moves while in the car, which had resulted in her knocking her head against the window. And that had sent Bea into a fit of laughter. Allie had also laughed, simply because Bea’s laugh was contagious. As they pulled into Kaz’s driveway and Bea put her car in park, Allie made mention of how she could out do Bea in the redhead’s training. That set Bea off in another fit of laughter. And Allie loved it. She knew she couldn’t out do Bea in her training, but she knew it would make Bea laugh, which is why she said it. The redhead’s laugh was quickly becoming her favorite thing. She watched the redhead as she laughed, and it all seemed slow motioned. She thought of how it would be late at night laying in bed with the redhead, occasionally kissing and laughing and cuddling. And even having a little late night rendezvous. When Bea finished laughing, she noticed the far off look in Allie’s face. And she knew what that kind of look meant.

“Hey!” Bea said, bringing Allie out of her thoughts. “Stop thinking those naughty thoughts, we just met!” She teased.
Allie felt herself blush, so she turned her head downwards.

“Is that a blush?!” Bea exclaimed. “I finally did it!” She pumped her fist in the air as a victory.

Allie laughed, and Bea joined her. Their laughs slowly subsided. Bea leaned her head back against the headrest of the seat, turning her head to look at Allie.

“You’re so beautiful.” Bea confessed, not a care in the world as the words escaped her mouth.

Allie shook her head. “I am not.”

Bea brought her hand up to caress Allie’s jawline. “You are.”

“I’m not.”

“You are.” Bea repeated, seriousness all in her voice. She looked between Allie’s eyes, then down to her plump lips. Oh, how she really wanted to kiss the blonde. She gently swiped her thumb over Allie’s cheek. She leaned towards Allie, pulling the blonde towards her by her hand on Allie’s jawline. “So beautiful.” She whispered.

Bea continued to pull Allie even closer to her. Their lips were inches apart and there was no way that Bea was stopping now. Just as their lips touched, Bea moved her hand to the back of Allie’s neck, holding her in place. The feeling was like no other; sparks had definitely ignited. She’s never felt something like this before, it felt like a huge weight was being lifted off her shoulders as soon as their lips touched. She couldn’t really explain it…other than she felt alive again. Although is was unplanned, it was something she wasn’t regretting. Bea didn’t know what she was doing or what even evoked her to make such a move, but she loved it. Bea had never been intimate with someone in this kind of way, not even with Erica. With Erica, it was all fake love. It was love to be shown in front of the media. But it wasn’t like that with Allie, she actually liked the blonde. And she actually enjoyed the feeling of their lips pressed together. Their lips fit perfectly, like a puzzle piece.

Their lips were still pressed against together, neither of them trying to escalate the kiss any further. Eventually, Bea pulled away. She hoped she didn’t over step any boundaries and she hoped she read Allie correctly. Bea was just getting ready to say something when Allie clasped her hands on Bea’s cheeks, pulling her in for another kiss. This time, their lips moved together slowly, nothing was being rushed.
Allie couldn’t believe it; she was kissing Bea Smith. She thought about how this moment would take place, but she never believed that Bea would have made the first move. It didn’t matter though, her lips were against the redhead’s and it all felt completely amazing. And in this moment, she didn’t give a fuck about being in the spotlight by Bea’s side. She simply would not care what anyone would ever have to say about her. What mattered is that Bea liked her, not the entire world. She breathed out a pleasurable sigh into their kiss. They pulled apart from each other at the same time, Allie moving one of her hands from Bea’s face.

“I have wanted to do that since the day I met you.” Allie said with a smile.

Bea softly laughed. “I’m glad I’m not the only one.” She replied. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to just randomly kiss you like that. I’ve never felt that kind of urge with anyone before, and I’ve never felt that way with just kissing someone before either.” She said. “You truly are something else, Allie Novak.”

Allie smiled. “Don’t apologize, I certainly am not complaining.” She said. “The kiss was amazing, even if it was PG.” She teased, making the redhead laugh again. “Can I...kiss you again? You know, a ‘see you later’ kiss?”

Bea grinned. “I’d be kinda mad if you didn’t kiss me again.” She teased.

Just as the words left Bea’s mouth, Allie’s lips were on hers again. The kiss was once again innocent as Allie didn’t want to push the redhead to do anything further, even if she was the one who started it in the first place. Keeping the kiss simple, Allie pulled away. She was pleased with herself as the redhead’s lips were trying to follow hers.

“I should get going.” Allie said. “When will I see you again?”

“Soon, I hope.” Bea replied, looking down at Allie’s lips.

Allie smiled, loving Bea’s eagerness. “Well, you know how to contact me. So, just call Kaz’s house phone to get in touch with me whenever you want to do something.”

“I will.”

Allie opened the car door, giving Bea a quick peck on the lips before getting out. She smiled the whole way to the front door of the house. Feeling completely high on life with everything that
happened in the last five minutes.

Bea, on the other hand, was still in the driveway. She couldn’t shake the feeling of Allie’s lips on hers, it was completely addicting. She dropped her head against the headrest of the seat, smiling like a Cheshire cat. Her cheeks were hurting from how hard she was smiling, but she didn’t care. It was all amazing to her. She felt like a fucking teenager, and she knew she was fucked.

Royally fucked.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to make their first kiss special :( I don't know if I like it, but I hope you did. Let me know :)

Thank you all for reading and leaving wonderful comments! It's all so appreciated!
Bea made it look easy, so easy that a toddler could do it. She didn’t strain or huff as she bent down to pick up the heavy boxes or lift the boxes above her head to place them on the high shelves in the storage closet. It was morning and Bea had nothing better to do after her run, so she took a drive to La Petite Patisserie to help Mr. Alicio unload his delivery truck of his foods. She didn’t want to have Allie up at an early time, so she decided to let the blonde get some rest and she’d call her a little later.

Bea carried fifty pounds worth of boxes back to back, and it didn’t seem to phase her one bit. Mr. Alicio was very pleased for her help, he knew he wouldn’t be able to get the boxes into his restaurant by himself by the time the place was due to open. So, Bea’s help really saved him some time. He watched as Bea placed the last delivery box into the storage room and then he laughed.

“Je ne peux pas le croire.” He laughed out. “Bea, you are a lifesaver. I know those boxes are heavy, so you my lady, are a woman of muscle.”

“Mr. Alicio,” Bea began with a chuckle. “Stop speaking French to me, I’ve not a clue what you said in the beginning.”

Mr. Alicio flipped his hand upwards in a dismissive way. “Well, then learn my language and you will not be so lost.”

Bea laughed. “Maybe I will.” She said. “Anyway, it’s no problem about the boxes. You know I don’t mind helping when I can.”

“And I am so thankful for that. When I die, I am giving my shop to you!” He said with his finger pointing at Bea.

Bea tilted her head. “I wouldn’t know the first thing about how to run this shop as well as you do. Give it to your son, he’d be great.”
“He is a lazy shit.” Mr. Alicio commented. “He does not even come in to help me now. This place would get shut down if I gave it to him.”

Bea sadly smiled. “I’d rather not talk about that right now. I don’t want to think of you leaving this world.”

Mr. Alicio snickered and turned to walk to his office, beckoning Bea to follow him. “It will happen one day, my love. And I want this place well taken care of when I am gone. I want my name to live on.”

Deciding to change topics a little, Bea moved the conversation onto safer grounds. She really did not like thinking, or talking, about Mr. Alicio dying. “So, what I really came here for today was because I needed to ask you something.”

Mr. Alicio placed his hands onto the armrests of his desk chair behind him as he slowly lowered himself into the chair. He swiveled the chair around so he was now facing Bea. “Go on.”

“I was wondering if you still needed some help around here with the dishwashing. I know someone who is looking for a job, and the first thing I thought of was you needing help.”

Mr. Alicio relaxed back into his chair, looking over the rim of his reading glasses at Bea. “This person who is looking for a job…Allie?”

Bea involuntarily smiled at the mention of the blonde’s name. She nodded her head. “Yeah, she’s looking for a job and I mentioned that you probably needed some help around here.”

“I do not mind having her around here to help with me. I really like the girl, she is good. But…” He held a finger up. “I will not have her doing those unruly dishes. That is my sons job when he comes in. I will have her work the register. It is vey convenient that way.”

“That’s great! Thank you.” Bea replied. “She’ll be stoked. When can she start?”

“At the beginning of next week. But bring her Sunday when the shop is closed so I can teach her how to use the register.”
“What makes you think that I’ll be driving her?”

“Oh, please!” He laughed. “I know you will be. You like her and she likes you, it is so clear to see.

Bea smiled. “I do like her, she’s great.”

“Oh, no drooling on my floor. I have just mopped!” He teased.

Bea laughed. “Thank you again, Mr. Alicio. I’ll let her know the good news whenever I see her next.”

“Which will be very soon, I assume.” He winked.

Bea didn’t even respond, she just shook her head with a smile on her face. “I’ll see you later, Mr. Alicio.”

“Have a good day, Bea.”

Bea walked out of his office and through his kitchen to exit out the back door of the shop. She unlocked her car and got in, pulling out her phone to check the time. 9:17am. She wondered if Allie was awake yet, but didn’t bother to try to call the house phone Allie used. She could wait a little while longer. On her drive back home, her thoughts were full of those plump lips pressed against hers. The feeling was something she never felt before. A breeze of fresh air washed over her body when their lips had touched, and Bea didn’t understand why it was like that. She knew she liked Allie, there was no denying that anymore, but why were things different with the blonde? Why did she feel like she could taste Allie’s soul when they kissed, but with Erica it was like smelling a dead flower? She had her fair share of kisses with Erica in front of the media, but it was nothing like it was with Allie. It was just a few small kisses with the blonde and she was totally hooked, completely addicted. Did Allie feel the same?

Before she knew it, she was back home and driving her car into her garage. Just as she was exiting her car, her phone rang. She smiled when she saw it was Allie calling her. She answered right away.

“Hey.” Bea answered with a smile, locking her car up before heading into her house.
“Hey,” Allie replied with equal happiness. “How is your morning so far?”

“It was good. I’m just getting home actually.” She answered, tossing her keys onto the kitchen island before retreating to her living room.

“Where’d you go?” Allie asked, then silently chastised herself. “You don’t have to answer that, I’m being overly nosey.”

Bea chuckled. “No worries. I just went to help Mr. Alicio with his delivery. I also asked him if he needed any help around the shop and that you’d be willing to help if-”

“What’d he say?” Allie interrupted, excited to potentially have a job.

Bea laughed. “He said he wouldn’t mind having you help him. He said that he wants you to do the register though, not wash dishes. He wants you to come in Sunday when the shop is closed so he could teach you how to use the register and then you’d start on Monday.”

Bea had to pull the phone away from her ear a little as Allie’s joyful screams echoed through the speaker, but there was a smile on her face nevertheless.

“Thank you so much, Bea. I wouldn’t know where I’d be right now if it wasn’t for you. You’re my lifesaver and I owe you everything.” Allie finally said.

Bea sort of frowned at the blonde’s statement. “You don’t owe me anything, Allie. I can’t say that I would’ve helped anyone, because that’s not entirely true. There have been so many people that I’ve seen on the streets over the past few years and I’ve turned my head on them. But you…you drew me in somehow and I felt the need to help you. You didn’t ask for help, I did it on my own accord. So, you don’t owe me a damn thing.”

Allie sniffled away her tears. “You’re still my lifesaver though. I was on the verge of completely losing myself, if I hadn’t already lost myself. If it wasn’t for you, I’d still be on the streets shooting terrible drugs into my veins and snorting up whatever drugs I come across. You saved me.”

“No.” Bea said, feeling herself start to get a little emotional. “You saved me. God Allie, if only you knew how much you helped me. I can’t even begin to describe the amount of changes I feel within myself. I used to be so uptight and I was always so restrained with things, but now I feel light and carefree. And that’s all because of you.”
“Really?” Allie whispered through the phone.

“Really.” Bea assured. “I would never lie about something like that. Hell, I wouldn’t even say something like that to anyone else. You’re so easy for me to open up to.”

“I really wish I could kiss you right now.” Allie said.

Bea smiled.

“Come over.” Allie added before Bea could say anything.

“Right now?”

“Yeah.” Allie laughed. “Unless you don’t want to.”

“No, I do. It’s just…Kaz?”

“She’s isn’t here, she’s working.” Allie said. “Come over, please. You can bring me breakfast.”

“Okay.” Bea replied quickly, making Allie giggle.

“Gee, you sure do love to see me eat. Does girls eating turn you on, Bea?”

Bea blushed. “No, it doesn’t.” She said. “I just like to make sure you eat. I want you healthy and strong.”

Allie’s heart swelled with love, no one had ever cared so much before. “I was just teasing you. That’s really sweet of you though, for real.”
“Any special breakfast requests?”

“Nope, surprise me. I’m not picky, you know that.”

“Okay,” Bea replied. “I’ll see you soon.”

“Okay. Drive safe, see you soon.”

Bea hung up the phone and grabbed her keys from the kitchen island, making her way out of her house to her garage. She’d really do anything for the blonde, and that was already showing.

As she drove out of her place of residence, she already knew the perfect place she was going to go. So she headed off in that particular direction. When she arrived to the restaurant, she ordered two to-go orders of waffles topped with strawberries sided with bacon, poached eggs and toast, along with two coffees. She may have ordered a bit too much, considering the waffles was huge by themselves. After she paid and got her order, a few of the customers and workers had noticed her, so she was nice to take a few pictures with them. One of them asked her about the ‘blonde woman at the footy match’ she was with, but she ignored the questions and told them to have a nice day. She was already running a bit behind than what she would have liked since she was held up for a bit, but she stopped anyway at a corner shop on the way to see Allie to pick up some flowers. *I’m such a softie,* she thought to herself as she returned to her car. The rest of the way to Kaz’s house didn’t take long and she got there in no time. She grabbed the flowers and the bag of food and coffee, then made her way to the front door. She knocked, and Allie answered the door in no time. The blonde was still in her bed clothes; wearing wonder woman pajama pants and a plain shirt. Her hair was brushed though and put up into a ponytail and she looked to have a little bit of make-up on.

“Hi.” Bea smiled. “For you.” She said, handing Allie the small bundle of roses.

Allie smiled, shaking her head as she accepted the flowers. “They’re beautiful, thank you. Come in.” She stepped aside to let the redhead in.

Once she closed the front door, she guided the redhead to the kitchen so they could eat their breakfast. She put the flowers into a vase and once Bea had all the food out of the bag, Allie grabbed the redhead and pulled her into a kiss. Allie brought her hands up, tangling her fingers into Bea’s deep red curls, holding her close. Bea placed her hands on Allie’s waist, mainly to keep herself steady. Kissing Allie made her head spin. Allie decided to test the waters, so she opened her mouth a bit and used her tongue to lick across the seam of Bea’s lips. Surprisingly to her, Bea parted her lips and darted her own tongue out. And suddenly, their tongues had met. The touch of their tongues only made Bea feel even more sparks between the two of them, her whole spine was quivering with chills. But the feeling was very much mutual, unbeknown to Bea. Their tongues swirled and danced together, and Allie let out a moan. The moan had brought Bea back to herself,
she unwillingly pulled away from Allie. She knew her own face was flushed, there was no doubt about it. Allie’s eyes were dark with desire, it was sexy as hell. But slow is how she wanted to go. She placed once more innocent kiss to Allie’s lips before swiping her thumb across the blonde’s cheek.

“Sorry, I got a bit carried away.” Allie said, giving Bea’s left hand a squeeze.

“Don’t apologize. It was…nice.”

Allie smirked. “Oh, yeah?”

Bea felt her cheeks begin to heat up. “Let’s eat.”

Bea opened the four containers she had for them; two of them being their waffles and the other two was their bacon, eggs, and toast. She gave Allie her coffee and then put their food on the table so they could eat.

“Are you feeding an army?” Allie joked.

Bea laughed, sipping on her coffee as she sat at the table across from Allie. She then wondered if her daughter still had the never-ending appetite she had when she was a baby. She remembered how her daughter would always ask for food, just before turning one. The young girl ate several times a day, and she wondered if that was still the same. It was something she wished she could have experienced longer, but the last time she got to was a few months after her daughter’s first birthday. The thought alone made her emotional.

“Hey,” Allie placed her hand on Bea’s arm, noticing her frown. “Are you okay?”

Bea blinked a few times to will away the tears. “Yeah, I’m good.” She smiled. “Eat up.”

Bea managed to eat all of her bacon and eggs, one slice of her toast, and half of her waffle. Allie, on the other hand, ate all of her food and then she finished off what Bea didn’t finish. Once they finished eating, they cleaned up the little bit of dishes they dirtied in Kaz’s kitchen and then Bea took the trash out. They then retreated to Allie’s room where Allie grabbed her really old photo album to show Bea old pictures of herself. Although some of the pictures of her weren’t of good times, she felt like she could share it with Bea anyway. At the end of the photo album, Allie had only one photo of herself of when she was a baby and Bea gushed over it. She kept going on and
on about how the blonde was such a pretty baby and how she had only managed to continue to get even prettier throughout the years. When Allie put the photo album away and returned to the bed where Bea was sitting, Bea gave Allie a kiss on the lips. And that simple kiss had only sparked even more fuller kisses between the two of them. And before they knew it, they were laying back on the bed with Bea leaning over Allie as they kissed some more. Bea was leaning on the right side of her body so with her right hand she placed her fingers gently into Allie’s hair and her left hand was rested on the blonde’s hip. Allie had her hands placed on each side of Bea’s face as their lips moved against each other’s. And Allie still couldn’t believe it; Bea Smith was kissing her with so much love, that’s exactly how it felt anyways. She felt as the redhead’s hand slowly moved from her hip and up her side, she thoroughly enjoyed feeling Bea’s roaming hands. Bea then glided her hand further upwards and grazed the side of Allie’s breast, feeling Allie slightly smile into their kiss. She felt a little bolder, so she moved her hand completely over Allie’s breast, gently holding her hand against the perfectly shaped part of Allie. Allie inhaled deeply, breaking their kiss. She placed one of her hands on Bea’s back, holding her in place, and took her other hand to cover Bea’s where it was on her breast. Just feeling Bea’s soft touch against her clothed breast was enough to make her come right then and there, but she controlled herself. There was no rush. She softly smiled to Bea before giving her gentle kiss. Bea moved her hand from Allie’s breast, kissing the blonde’s forehead before sitting completely up in the bed.

“I liked you touching me, so don’t think you aren’t allowed to touch me.” Allie said as she sat up too. “And don’t even get me started on how I feel when you kiss me.”

Bea laughed. “Nothing has ever compared to how I feel when I kiss you. I’m a thirty-five year old woman who is crushing like a teenager, isn’t that silly?”

Allie smiled, wrapping an arm around Bea’s waist. “It’s not silly, it’s cute. I’m thirty and I’m crushing like a teenager too. We’re quite the pair.” She teased.

“You don’t look a day over twenty-five.”

“Oh, now you’re just trying to charm your way into my pants.” Allie teased, nudging her shoulder against Bea. Not giving Bea the time to reply, she continued. “Very wonderful compliment anyway, thank you.” She chuckled. “Ya know, they say drugs make you age terribly. I think it had the opposite affect for me though. I look pretty fucking great, if I say so myself.” She winked to Bea.

Bea smiled. “You’re so full of yourself.”

“Maybe, but come on…you know you think I’m shit hot.”
Bea turned her head to look at Allie, who had that signature smirk on her face. “I think you’re beautiful, gorgeous even. Maybe stunning if you didn’t wear those wonder woman bottoms.” She dropped her eyes to Allie’s pajama bottoms momentarily before looking back into her blue eyes. “I mean, seriously, batgirl is so much hotter than wonder woman.” She teased.

Allie scoffed, playfully rolling her eyes. “See, I know you’re just trying to tease me.”

Bea laughed. “Is it working?”

“Yeah, a little bit!”

Bea pressed her forehead against Allie’s. She’s never in her life felt such content before, so safe. The things she was feeling may have been a little overwhelming, but it wasn’t unwelcomed. Allie had such a calming sensation to her that Bea didn’t have to try to run, she couldn’t even if she wanted to. Bea was officially sucked in and her walls have been let down, there was no turning back. And she hoped that she wouldn’t get hurt in the long run.

“Can I take you somewhere tonight?” Bea asked after she softly kissed Allie.

“Like a date?” Allie wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Bea chuckled. “Well, more like a casual outing for some dinner. But if you want to call it a date, then you can.”

“I want to hear you say it.” Allie purred.

Bea shook her head, she just couldn’t say ‘no’. “A date. Tonight. You and me. What do ya say?”

“I don’t know, I’ll have to think about it…”

Bea sucked her teeth. “Well, don’t think too hard. I wouldn’t want ya to hurt yourself.”

“Hey!” Allie playfully smacked Bea’s arm. “Just for that, I’m not attending this so called ‘date’.”
She crossed her arms over her chest, trying to pretend to be mad.

Bea laughed, wrapping both of her arms around the blonde. She kissed the skin under Allie’s ear, feeling the blonde slightly tremble in her arms. She smirked to herself. “I was just picking on you.” Bea said. “Don’t make me go on a date by myself. I’d much rather you be there with me.”

Allie smiled. “Okay…I guess I’ll go with you.”

“Great.” Bea gave Allie one last kiss on her cheek before standing up from the bed. “I’m going to go now. Be ready around 6 and I’ll be here to pick you up. You don’t have to dress up, it’s just a casual evening.” She leant down, pressing her lips lovingly against Allie’s. “I’ll see you later.”

Allie whimpered, grabbing ahold of Bea’s wrist to hold her in place. “Do you have to leave?”

“I need to take care of some things for this evening. Time will fly, don’t worry. Just call me if you need anything, okay?”

“Okay.”

Bea, again, kissed Allie. It was just so addicting. “I’ll see you later, beautiful girl.”

Bea gave one last look to Allie before walking out of her room and down the hall to exit the house. Just as she opened her car door, her phone began ringing. She checked who was calling, seeing it was Allie, and then she answered.

“Hi.” She answered.

“Hi. You said to call if I needed anything.” Allie replied.

“Yeah…what’s wrong?”

“I’m in need of another kiss.”
Bea physically relaxed her posture. Then laughed that breathy laugh she did. “Seriously?”

The front door of Kaz’s house opened and Allie appeared. She was holding the phone to her ear, smiling.

“I’m serious.”

“You’re insatiable.” Bea laughed.

“Only when it comes to you.” Came the reply.

Bea pulled the phone from her ear and hung up. She stood by her car just looking at Allie for a moment. The blonde was going to be the death of her, but oh what a way to go. She shook her head playfully as a smile was beamed across her face. And she made her way to the beautiful blonde that was waiting for a kiss.

It was 5:30pm when Bea left her house in the limousine to pick up Allie for their date. Bea had to pull a few strings to get a reservation where she wanted. Being Bea Smith was enough to make anyone add a reservation at such a late notice. It was a casual restaurant; an Italian restaurant she really loved. The limousine she was sitting in now was just a last minute idea to surprise Allie with. And she hoped she wasn’t over stepping anything. Bea was wearing black slim fitting trousers that hugged her figure perfectly and a white button up that was tucked into her trousers. All of the buttons were buttoned, not leaving anything to the imagination. Her hair was left down, and she left her curls as is. Bea was quite nervous as she sat in the back of the limousine. She wanted to impress the blonde, in so many different ways, but she also didn’t want the blonde to think that Bea was just treating her like she was a part of charity. Because that was definitely not what Bea was trying to do.

The limousine stopped in front of Allie’s house and Bea took a deep breath before getting out. She told the driver to stay in the front as she would be handling the door opening and closing. She walked up the few steps to Kaz’s front door and knocked. Not too long later, the door opened and there stood Allie in a simple black dress. The straps were thin and the neck line was low, showing a good bit of cleavage. The dress stopped just at the blonde’s knees and it flared out a bit. Allie was wearing black heels as well. She had minimal make-up on, her hair was lightly curled, and she just looked completely beautiful. Bea has come across some pretty woman during her career, but Allie was by far the greatest looking one. Realizing neither one of them talked yet, Bea cleared her throat before speaking.
“Wow, you look amazing.” The redhead smiled.

“You don’t look too bad yourself.” Allie teased.

“That dress looks good on you.” Bea said, taking a step back to appreciate the view in front of her.

“Thanks, it’s Kaz’s. I stole it from her closet.” Allie laughed.

“Well, you should keep it. It looks better on you.”

Allie scrunched her nose up. “You’ve never even seen Kaz wear it.”

“I don’t need to.” Bea held her hand out, and Allie graciously accepted the offered hand.

As Bea pulled Allie forward, Allie shut the door behind her. Bea pulled Allie into and embrace, kissing her cheek as she did so. When Bea began guiding Allie towards the limousine, the blonde stopped in her tracks.

“Bea, I thought this was just a casual outing.” Allie said, finally noticing the limousine parked in front of Kaz’s home.

“This is casual.”

Allie raised her eyebrows. “If this is what you call casual, then I can’t even imagine what your definition of formal is.”

Bea chuckled. “A little fun fact about me,” She started with a grin. “I like to go all out, even on casual outings. Now, come on. We’re going to be late.”

Bea pulled on Allie’s hand to guide her to the limousine. She opened the back door and let Allie
in first, then she followed. The limousine began to roll, and there was a comfortable silence between the two women on the drive. Once they arrived to the restaurant, Bea guided Allie inside. Bea gave her name, and they were seated almost immediately into a private area. The privacy is what Bea wanted. She didn’t want any random people to notice her and their night together get constantly interrupted, so this was necessary. She didn’t mind, she liked all her attention on the blonde anyway.

“What can I get you two to drink?” The waitress asked.

“Bring us your finest bottle of champagne, please.” Bea answered.

When the waitress left, Bea looked to Allie. “You okay? You’ve been quiet.”

“I’m okay.” Allie answered.

She studied the blonde, seeing that the cranks were really turning in her brain. “The limousine was too much, wasn’t it?”

“It’s not. I just-”

“It is too much.” Bea interrupted. “Look, I’ll tell the driver to leave and we can just get a cab back.”

“Bea, it’s really no big deal. I don’t hate the limo,” She chuckled. “All of this…” She motioned around. “…is going to take some time to get used to is all.” She said. “You being nice to me really threw me off the first time we met, so everything else you’ve been doing for me is something that will just take some time getting used to. I’m not used to people being nice to me and taking me for dinners.”

“I don’t want you uncomfortable is all. I really…like you, and I want you to tell me when things are a bit overwhelming for you.”

“I will.” Allie assured, reaching her hand across the table to squeeze Bea’s hand.

The women ordered their food when they both decided what they wanted. While they waited for
their food, they were in conversation about Allie starting her work with Mr. Alicio soon. Allie told Bea how she was nervous because she hadn’t had a proper job in so long, and Bea assured her that she would do just fine. While Bea went on and on about how Allie shouldn’t worry and how great she would be, Allie began to feel her confidence grow. She knew her worries were silly, so hearing the redhead continuously tell her that everything would be fine she felt her nerves dissolve. She took her foot and gently ran it up the inside of Bea’s leg, making the redhead stop talking. When Bea blushed and downed her head, Allie smirked. She absolutely loved shy Bea just as much as she loved badass Bea.

“You’re so cute when you blush.” Allie said, continuing to run her foot along the redhead’s lower leg.

“I’m not.”

“You are.” Allie smiled. “But not only when you blush. You’re cute all the time.”

Bea just smiled, there was no point in trying to dismiss the blonde’s compliment.

As they continued to wait for their food, a few of the other waitresses at the restaurant heard that Bea was there, so she left the privacy of her and Allie’s room to go have a talk with them and take a few pictures. She didn’t want their night interrupted and she didn’t want them to ask questions about Allie either, so she just went to them instead. She hated just leaving Allie like that, but she hoped the other woman would understand. When she returned to their private room, Allie seemed to be in good conversation with their waitress.

The food had arrived shortly after that, and they wasted no time in eating. Allie finished her food first and then ate the side salad that came with Bea’s food, that she didn’t want. Allie was happy to eat it, as it was food and there was no point in wasting it. When they finished their main course of food, Bea was overly stuffed, but she wanted Allie to try the chocolate cake the restaurant served so she ordered that and they shared it. Allie had liked the cake, and mostly ate the slice herself.

Once Bea paid the bill and just as they exited the front of the restaurant, they were bombarded with flashes coming from several cameras. Allie put her hand over her eyes, the flashes bothered her. Bea looked around, trying her hardest to find where the limousine was parked. Bea was royally pissed, but she tried her hardest to not let it show. Once she saw the limousine, she grabbed Allie’s arm and guided her towards it. As they walked, it seemed as if the paparazzi only got closer to them.

“Bea!” One of them yelled out. “Who is she? Was this a date? What happened with Erica?”

Bea ignored them and continued towards the limousine. Thankfully, none of them were saying anything rude so Bea didn’t have to show out. Once they reached the limousine, Bea pulled
opened the door and Allie got in with Bea following close behind. She told the driver to go and he began driving. Once they were a good ways up the road, Allie began laughing. Bea looked at her confusingly.

“What’s funny?” Bea asked.

“I’m sorry.” Allie said with a laugh. “I just thought that was so fun. It gave me adrenaline rush, I felt like I was in an action movie.” She continued her laughter.

Bea let a smile cross her face. Allie was truly something else. She saw the good in everything. And although Bea was pissed that cameras got shoved into their faces, she was now happy. Happy because Allie was happy. Her smile grew wider as the blonde’s laugh continued to resonate through her eardrums.

Bea and Allie walked arm in arm to the front door of Bea’s house. Bea couldn’t wait to get inside the house and just relax with the blonde by her side. They entered the home, Bea turned the lights on that led to the kitchen, and she got them both a bottle of water from the refrigerator.

“So are you wanting me to take you home or…?” Bea began to ask, hoping the blonde would want to stay.

“Or what, Bea?” Allie tilted her head, a smirk on her face.

“You could stay the night here.”

“Do you want me to?”

“It’s up to you. If you want to, then I don’t-”

“Bea,” Allie interrupted. “Do you want me to stay? If you say you want me to, then I will.”

“I would like it if you did stay.” Bea said.
Allie walked to Bea and kisses her softly. “Then it’s settled, I’m staying. Don’t be afraid to tell me what you want.”

“What you wore to sleep the last time is still in the guest room you slept in. I’m going to go take a shower and then change into something more comfortable. Make yourself at home.” Bea gave Allie a kiss to the cheek before disappearing up the stairs.

Allie sat on the stool at the kitchen island and continued to drink on her water. She began to think about how much her life has changed in such a short period of time. Just a few weeks ago she was struggling with her life and was ready to give everything up, but now she couldn’t be happier. And Bea was the reason for that. She was willing to give life another try now that everything seemed to be falling in place for her. She was off drugs, she was getting ready to start a real job, and she had Bea by her side. It’d be crazy of her to give all that up now. She didn’t know what her and Bea were set out to be in their future, but she hoped none of it was just a fling. Because quite frankly, kissing the redhead was addictive and she never wanted to stop.

Allie was just getting ready to leave the kitchen to go up to the guest room to change into comfortable clothing when there was a knock on the front door. She didn’t know if she should answer it or not. And she couldn’t remember if Bea mentioned that anyone would be coming by. When there was another knock, she went to front door and looked out the peephole. The woman on the other side look familiar. It seemed like she had seen the woman with raven hair and tattoos on her arms from somewhere before. It then came to her and she realized that this woman was the same woman she had saw a picture of Bea with when she google searched the redhead. Allie unlocked the door and pulled it open, getting a better look at the tattooed brunette.

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Allie rolled her eyes. She didn’t know about the relationship between Franky and Bea, but going by the picture she saw she figured they had a few flings. And the thought really unsettled her. She was…jealous?

“I just need to talk to Bea for a minute.” Franky said, inviting herself in.

Allie watched as the brunette walked in the direction of the staircase. She didn’t say anything, she just followed. Followed Franky up the stairs and to Bea’s room. Allie stopped at her room, watching Franky just walk into Bea’s room. She, yet again, rolled her eyes and then continued into her own room. She plopped down onto her bed. Oh how she was suddenly feeling jealousy surge through her body.

“Red!” Franky bellowed as she push opened Bea’s bathroom door. “Ya touching yourself?”

“Franky, what the hell?!” Bea tried covering herself with her arms so Franky wouldn’t see anything through the glass shower enclosure. “How did you even get in?”

“Your sexy blonde let me in.” She answered, wiggling her eyebrows and poking her tongue between her teeth.

“Leave her alone.” Bea stressed. She turned the water off. “Hand me my towel.”

After Franky gave Bea her towel, Bea wrapped herself up and stepped out of the shower.

“She wouldn’t tell me her name.” Franky said, watching as Bea dried herself off.

After everything they’ve been through together, Bea had no problem with Franky seeing her naked. There had been plenty of times where they’ve seen each other naked, it was nothing new.

“Good.” Bea plainly said. “You don’t need to know her name.”

Franky scoffed, and followed Bea into her room. “Why can’t I know her name?”
“Because I don’t want her in the spot light.” Bea replied, changing into some comfortable clothing.

“You think I’m going to leak her name to the media?” Franky asked, shocked.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying.” Bea said. “I’m just saying…” She trailed off.

“Bea,” Franky said, observing the way Bea was already trying to close herself off. “I can tell that she already means something to you and that you’re trying to protect her. But you can trust me, you know. I wouldn’t ever do anything to hurt you like that.”

“Allie is her name.” Bea said after a moment.

“Allie.” Franky repeated. “All jokes aside, she seems good for you.”

Bea sat on the edge of her bed, slumping her shoulders. “I don’t know what we’re going to turn out to be. I really like her, but I want to be able to protect her.”

“Protect her from what?” Franky asked, sitting beside Bea.

Bea sighed. “Her past…isn’t that great. And if people find out who she was, then they will say terrible things and it could hurt her.”

“Her past? What do you mean?”

Bea shook her head. “Now’s not the time to talk about that. I’ll tell you about it all some other time, with Allie’s permission.”

“Okay, sounds fair.”

“So, what are you here for?”
Franky grinned. “I need to tell you all about my reunion with Gidge.”

For the next thirty minutes or so, Franky told Bea everything that happened while she was in Sydney is Bridget. The first night she was there she stayed at a hotel out of courtesy, but the second night through to the fourth, Bridget had dragged Franky to her place. Franky then went on to explain how she didn’t even realize how much she missed the older woman until she went to visit her. Franky and Bridget on and off dated a few years ago, but due to Franky not being serious, Bridget called it quits. But now Franky understood the value of life and was wanting to settle down, to be serious. And quite frankly, she still loved the blonde.

Bea walked Franky out of the house, after the brunette stopped to Allie’s room to tell her bye. Bea noticed how Allie didn’t seem to really appreciate Franky’s presence, so she was going to see what that was about after Franky left. Bea gave Franky a hug and watched as the brunette got into her car to leave. Bea then went back upstairs, knocking lightly on Allie’s door before entering.

“Hey.” Bea said.

“Hey.” Allie replied, not looking in Bea’s direction.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.”

Bea laughed and walked to the bed, sitting on the edge. “If there’s anything I learned about being with women over the last few years, it’s that when they say they’re ‘fine’, they really aren’t.” Bea stated. “So, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong. Just leave it alone, Bea.”

Bea raised her eyebrows. “You didn’t seem to appreciate Franky’s presence.” She said. “Did she offend you in some way? Because I know she can be forward sometimes, that’s how she is, but she doesn’t mean anything by it.”

“She didn’t offend me.” Allie replied, then she finally looked to Bea. “I saw a picture of you two together before, dancing. Y’all seem pretty close…maybe even ex-lovers.”
If Bea had drink in her mouth, it would have surely been spit everywhere.

“You’re kidding, right?” Bea said. When Allie didn’t answer, she continued. “Franky and I do have a history, but ‘lovers’ is not what we were. I’ve told you about her before, all we ever were was friends. I’ve never even thought of hooking up with her, given her continuous flirting still to this day.” She explained. “Hold on, wait a minute…” The redhead grinned. “You're jealous!”

Allie scoffed. “I am not.”

“You are!” Bea laughed.

“Bea, I am not jealous!” Allie defended.

Bea held her hands up. “Okay…but if you were, then I want you to know that you have no reason to ever be jealous of Franky or anybody else for that matter.” She scooted closer to Allie, leaning her body over Allie’s so she could look the blonde in her face. “Not Franky or anyone else has ever experienced my lips.”

“You’ve kissed Erica, I’m sure.”

“Not willingly, not like I kiss you.” Bea said. “Allie, stop comparing yourself to other people.”

“I’m not.”

“You are. You may not be saying it aloud, but you’re thinking it.” Bea said, running a finger over Allie’s temple. She breathed in deeply. “I’ve never met someone like you before. I really like you.” She leaned down, gently pressing her lips to Allie’s. “And I’m so scared because of how much I like you.”

Allie maneuvered on the bed so she was laying flat on her back. She wrapped her arms around Bea. “Why are you scared?”

“Because I’ve never felt this way before and I don’t want you to leave me.”
“I won’t.” Allie assured.

“You say that now, but things could change.”

Allie traced her eyes all over Bea’s face. “Come closer.” She whispered into the air between them.

Bea threw one of her legs over Allie’s body so she was now straddling the blonde. She leaned down to kiss Allie, trying to express her feelings through the kiss. Allie gripped her hands on Bea’s hips, loving their closeness. Just as Bea slipped her tongue into Allie’s mouth, the blonde let out a moan and it spurred Bea on. She dominated the kiss in every way she could. She tangled her fingers into the blonde’s hair. Their lips moved perfectly together, they every so often pulled apart to catch their breaths before going right back at it. Allie’s hands went from Bea’s hips to her jawline, holding her close. And Bea’s hands were trailing all over Allie’s body, she just wanted to feel the blonde. She slipped one of her hands under the blonde’s shirt, sighing into the kiss as she felt the warm skin against her hand. Something in Allie had went off, she managed to flip them over so she was now on top. Laying between Bea’s legs, she began kissing across the redhead’s jawline and down her neck. Bea wasn’t used to this position, she was normally on top, but she loved what Allie was doing to her. She turned head to the side, giving the blonde better access to her neck. Just as Allie sucked on her pulse point, she couldn’t stop the moan that escaped her lips.

“I want to see you.” Allie whispered against Bea’s neck as her hands made their way under Bea’s shirt.

Feeling no resistance from the redhead, Allie pulled her up some and pulled the shirt off Bea. Her eyes instantly dropped to Bea’s torso once she laid the redhead back down. She was wearing a black sports bra and her stomach was incredibly toned. She placed one of her hands on Bea’s stomach, feeling the firmness of her abs, and then she kissed her way from Bea’s exposed shoulder back to her neck, causing Bea to close her eyes in pleasure.

“Holy fuck, Bea. You’re so beautiful.” She bit down on Bea’s pulse point, using her tongue to soothe out the spot afterwards.

Bea moaned out. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

Allie chuckled. She pushed her hand up Bea’s stomach, trying to tuck her fingers under Bea’s bra. “I want to feel you.”
Bea opened her eyes, using one of her hands to stop Allie’s wandering hand. Allie upped her head, looking into Bea’s eyes, trying to figure out if she spooked the redhead.

“I want to, Allie.” Bea began. “But I also want us to go slow. I don’t want to rush things between us. I want to get to know everything about you before we do anything further.” She said. “Is that okay?”

Allie tenderly kissed Bea on her lips. “I got a little carried away just now. I don’t mind that we take our time.” She replied. “I’m all yours when the time comes.” She climbed off Bea and gave her her shirt back.

After Bea put her shirt back on, she got off the bed and softly smiled towards Allie. “Thank you for understanding. I just want you to know that you’re not just another girl for me...you’re the only girl for me. So, I want us to take our time.” She leaned down to Allie and kissed her. “I’ll see you in the morning, sweet dreams.”

“Good night.”

Bea walked out of Allie’s room and went to her own room. She got under her covers and laid there. If she really wanted to, she and Allie could have went all the way with each other just a few minutes ago. But that’s not what Bea was after with Allie. Sure, when it happens it’ll be great. But with Allie, it’s much more than just sex. It’s about getting to know more about her. Every detail she can learn about the blonde, she will learn. Slow is the way to go for them, if she wanted them to be long lasting.

As Bea laid in her bed, she grabbed her phone. She answered a few messages from Maxine and Derek Channing, her founder, before switching over to Instagram. She hadn’t been on the app in a while, so she had lots of notifications. She skimmed through them, most of it being tagged pictures of her and Allie at the footy match. People just wanted to know who the blonde was, but now was not the time to introduce Allie. Knowing it had been awhile since she posted anything, she posted a photo of her punching a punching bag from a few months ago. After posting the photo and setting her phone on the bedside table, she turned over. It didn’t take long for her body to succumb to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I will have the next chapter posted sometime next week. My Uncle passed away yesterday so that’s the reason for a late update. I was very close with him. He had battled a terrible disease for a very long time, Alzheimer’s. I hope you understand why the next chapter will be late posted, but I’ll try to get it out sooner than later.

Thank you all for reading this story and giving your support. It is really appreciated!

:)
I wasn't planning on finishing this chapter any time soon, but for some reason I picked up my laptop today and once I started writing I was in the zone. I hope this chapter reads well and you enjoy it.

I also want to thank those who left comments of sympathy on my last chapter. I didn't get a chance to respond to them, but thank you anyway. They were really appreciated.

“You’re nothing but a worthless cow!!” Harry shouted. “I told you to clean this shit up!”

“I did, Harry.” Bea cried in response.

“Then why is there still beer bottles around?”

“I haven’t got to finish yet. I’ve been dealing with Debbie. She’s been cranky all arvo.”

“I don’t give a fuck! You do as I say, when I say!”

Bea just sobbed. She really had no idea what she ever did to deserve such treatment. She wished she never got involved with Harry in the first place. She was still a child herself, so this wasn’t what she wanted. She loved Debbie dearly and never regretted having the girl, Harry was her problem.

“If it wasn’t for me, then you’d be a lonely little shit.” Harry sneered. “You don’t deserve love or affection, you’re a pathetic excuse of a human being.” He drew his hand back, swinging it forward in a fast motion. His hand collided into Bea’s face, sending her to the ground.

Bea sat up in her bed quickly, having been woken up from a terrible dream. She was drenched in sweat and her chest was heaving up and down as she breathed heavily. She was completely confused by her sudden bad dream of Harry, she hadn’t had a dream like that in years. She wondered why it sprung out of nowhere, but realized it must have had something to do with her budding romance with the blonde that was probably sound asleep in the next room. She ran her
hands over her face, feeling herself grow antsy. Everything that Harry had ever said to her, she believed. And to this day, she still believes some of it. Like how she wasn’t worthy of love or affection. Deep down, she knew that she wasn’t capable of loving or being loved. She just knew.

She pushed the blankets from her body as she got out of the bed. Being drenched in sweat wasn’t exactly how she planned to wake up, so she decided to take a quick shower. She grabbed a change of clothes before entering her en suite. She didn’t take long in the shower or getting ready, so after she brushed her teeth and hair, she entered back into her room and went right to her phone to check any messages. It was just passed 6am so she wasn’t expecting anything from anyone, so seeing Franky’s name on her screen kind of surprised her.

Franky: Want to grab lunch together later on if you’re free? I wouldn’t want to interrupt sexy time with Blondie ;) I’m only kidding, Red. Speaking of Blondie, you can bring her along. Or not, doesn’t matter to me. Just let me know.

Bea: You’re funny. There will be no sexy time, so I’m free. I’d love to grab lunch. I think Allie will be more comfortable staying here, but I’ll ask her.

Within minutes, Bea’s phone chimed, signaling a response.

Franky: No sexy time?! I taught you better! You better be getting into her pants soon!

Bea rolled her eyes at Franky’s antics.

Bea: She’s different, so leave it alone.

Franky: Whatever you say. See ya later.

Bea tossed her phone onto her bed. She didn’t know how Allie would feel about going to lunch with Franky, but she’d ask anyway. Just to be sure. Bea slipped on her sandals before exiting her room. She saw that Allie’s room door was opened, so she peeked in. Seeing the bed made up confused her, Allie was never up this early. Not that she knew of anyway. She looked a few doors down and seen that the bathroom light wasn’t on, so she began to think the worst. She knew it would happen; everything with the blonde was too good to be true. The little kisses, the loving kisses, the hugs…it all meant nothing. Of course Allie left, why would she stay? Bea crossed her arms over her chest and backed against the wall. She felt so small, so unworthy. But she was not going to cry. There was no reason to. If this wasn’t what Allie wanted, then it shouldn’t bother Bea. She couldn’t hold it back anymore, she slid down the wall as the tears left her eyes. She felt so stupid for crying, but she was hurt. Bea jumped a little when she felt slender arms pull her into an embrace. Her eyes were full of tears, so she couldn’t see clearly. She thought it was Franky at
first, but Franky’s touch wasn’t so soft and gentle…like how it was now, like Allie’s.

“What’s wrong, beautiful? Why are you crying?”

Hearing Allie’s voice only made more tears fall.

“Allie,” Allie said softly. She wrapped her arms around the redhead, pulling her even closer to her chest to try to comfort her. “What’s wrong?”

“I th…” Bea tried.

Allie lifted Bea from her chest. She used the gentle touch of her fingers to wipe the tears and insecurities away. “You what?” She asked, continuing to wipe away all traces of Bea’s tears. She even used her hand to wipe at Bea’s nose, not even caring about the snot that may have been there.

Bea blinked a few times, making sure it was truly Allie that was right in front of her. She squeezed her hands on the blonde’s upper arms. “Where’d you go?”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows together. “I was downstairs making breakfast for us. I wanted to do something to show my appreciation.”

Bea threw herself back to Allie’s chest, wrapping her arms tightly around the blonde. “You never wake up early.” She cried some more.

Allie chuckled. “I told ya, I wanted to make us breakfast.” Then it suddenly dawned on her. “Hold on…you thought I left?”

Bea tightened her hold on Allie and nodded her head against the blonde’s chest.

“Allie breathed out. “I’d never leave without telling you, I promise. I’m sorry for scaring you like that.”
“I know I’m being silly.” Bea responded. “It’s just…for once in my life I have something good, and I thought you slipped from my fingers.”

“Don’t cry, beautiful.” Allie said. She kissed the top of Bea’s head, letting her lips linger there for a moment. “I’m here, I’m not going anywhere. Unless you want me to, but I’m here.”

“I’m sorry.” Bea sniffled.

“Don’t apologize.” Allie loosened her hold on the redhead when she felt her lift off her chest. They were staring into each other’s eyes and Allie hated to see the heartbreak on Bea’s face. “What made you just think the worst like that?”

Bea downed her head, not sure if she should tell Allie.

Allie reached her hand down, grabbing Bea’s hand in her own. “You can tell me.”

“I got woken up by a bad dream.”

“Of me leaving?” Allie asked.

Bea shook her head. “Of Harry.” Deciding to explain more, Bea continued. “I haven’t had a dream like that in so long. He was calling me worthless and said that I wasn’t deserving of love or affection, then he slapped me. He would tell me that all the time before, and I believed him…I still do.”

“Allie,” Allie began. “You deserve the world. And I’d give that to you if I could. You deserve to be loved and shown affection. And if you let me, then I could be the one to do that for you.” She said. “What made this dream all of a sudden pop up?”

“I don’t know.” Bea answered honestly. “I think it’s because of…our growing romance together.”

Allie nodded her head in understanding. “If it’s too much for you, then we don’t have to continue to do whatever it is we’re doing.”
Bea looked to Allie. “No…no. I do want us to…continue whatever. I’m just…insecure.”

“I only want the best for you.”

“You don’t get it, do you?” Bea asked.

“Get what?”

“You are the best thing that has happened to me in years.”

Allie felt her heart beginning to beat faster. “Surely that’s not true.”

“It is true. I’m just afraid that you’ll get taken from me or hurt, but most of all I’m insecure.”

“What have you got to be insecure about? You’re incredibly sexy, and you’re the greatest person that I know. You’re so kind and caring, I’ve never met someone like you before.” Allie said.

Bea felt herself blush. Allie always knew the right things to say.

“And I told you,” Allie added. “I’m not going anywhere. No one can take me away from you.” She said. “Whatever this is,” She motioned between herself and Bea. “We’re in this together. We’re like seahorses.” The blonde said with a grin, linking her pinky with Bea’s.

Bea furrowed her eyebrows together. “Seahorses?”

“Yeah, seahorses.” Allie confirmed. “They link tails so they don’t lose each other.” She squeezed her pinky on Bea’s to prove her point. “I’m not leaving. Whether you like it or not, you’re stuck with me. Forever. And that may seem a bit forward, but I don’t care. I’ve spent my whole life wasting time, and I’m not doing that anymore. I’m where I want to be, right here with you.” She lifted her hand, pushing the red curls out of Bea’s face.

“You’re too good for me.” Bea said.
“I could say the same thing about you, but I won’t because it’s not true. We’re good for each other, Bea.”

Bea lightly bit down on her bottom lip. Her eyes fell down to Allie’s plump, kissable lips. Oh, so kissable.

Allie smirked. She knew exactly what Bea was wanting, and thinking. “Just do it already.”

Bea lifted her eyes back up to meet Allie’s. “What?”

“Kiss me. I know you want to.”

Bea shyly smiled. Allie already knew her so well. She lifted one hand, placing it on the skin between Allie’s jawline and her neck. Bea pulled her closer, their lips ghosting over one another’s. Her eyes looked deep within Allie’s before she closed them and pressed her lips firmly against Allie’s. Kissing Allie was so fucking amazing. She couldn’t comprehend how great it was, every single time. They kept their kiss short and simple.

Allie pulled back, gazing into Bea’s eyes. “I wish you could see what I do.” Not giving Bea the time to respond, she stood up from the floor and held her hand out. “Come on, let’s go eat breakfast.”

Bea accepted the hand that was offered to her and she stood up, letting Allie guide her downstairs and to the kitchen. Laid out on the kitchen table was pancakes and bacon along with two mugs of coffee. She looked to the blonde, who was pulling out a chair for her. Bea smiled at her and walked to the offered chair. She sat down and Allie helped her push the chair closer to the table. Allie sat on the other side of the table, across from Bea.

They began to eat and Bea was enjoying the food. She was really thankful that Allie had cooked breakfast. She wasn’t really feeling like going for a run, so she decided to just skip this morning. She looked towards Allie, smiling to herself as she watched the blonde guzzling her food. If there was one thing about the blonde, it was that she loved to eat.

“Thank you for cooking this, it’s really good.” Bea said.

“No problem.” Allie smiled. “I’m glad you like it.”
“Franky had invited me to lunch a little later, and she asked for you to come too. I’m leaving that completely up to you, you don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“I think I’ll skip out. Before you go to meet her, you could drop me off to Kaz’s. I should check up with her for a bit.”

“You’ll come back though, right?” Bea asked.

Allie laughed. “If you want me to, I will. I don’t want you to get tired of me so quick though.”

“Of course I do. And I don’t think it’s possible for me to get tired of you.” Bea smiled.

“Okay then, I’ll be coming back.”

Bea nodded her head. “Another thing I want to talk to you about…uh, Franky is my best friend. I talk to her about anything and everything. I want your permission to tell her about you. Like, everything. If you don’t want me to, then I won’t. It’s no big deal. But you should know that she’s very trustworthy and she wouldn’t judge. I’m only asking because she’s curious of you. She wants to know why you were able to get under my skin like no other person has before.”

Allie breathed deeply. “If you’re sure that she wouldn’t say anything to anyone, then you can do whatever you want.”

“I want you to be okay with it though.”

“I can’t just sit here and say that I’m completely fine with telling someone about my history, because I’m not. That’s not something that sounds like it’s good. My history is shit and anyone with a right mind would agree to that. So openly speaking about it is not something that I’m good at.” Allie said. “When I told you about my history, it was so easy. Once I began talking about it, I couldn’t stop. I was never able to do that with anyone before. It took me a whole three days to tell Kaz everything when I first met her. But with you, it took me not even forty-five minutes. It’s not easy to talk about is all I’m trying to say.”

“I won’t tell her anything if you don’t want me to.”
“It’s not that I don’t want you to, because I do. It’s just that I’m scared of her reaction. I’m scared that once you tell her, she’ll persuade you in some way to leave me. And I don’t want that.”

“She wouldn’t do that.” Bea said. “She’s like me; understanding. And besides, she was on the streets as well at one point. I mean, not like you were, but she was on the streets.”

“If you trust her, then I do too.”

“Are you sure?” Bea asked.

Allie nodded her head. “I’m sure.”

Over the next couple of hours, Bea accompanied Allie to the grocery store to get more food for her house, luckily no one had noticed her. Bea then told Allie when she would be returning to Sydney, how her training schedule would be and how it would be in general when she returns to Sydney. Basically, besides her training, she would have a few interviews that she would attend leading up to her fight. Allie asked Bea if she got nervous before fights, and Bea responded with saying that she didn’t. Allie then asked Bea what she got a prize when she won, since she already knew that Bea hasn’t lost a fight yet. Bea had just laughed and said money. There was no special prize, except earning respect from people. Allie didn’t ask about Bea’s earnings because she felt that was none of her business. Bea went on to tell Allie about her sponsors; Harley Davidson, Reebok, and MusclePharm were her main sponsors. Allie had just been curious in Bea’s work, and Bea didn’t mind the questions Allie had.

A few more hours later, Bea pulled up to Kaz’s house to drop Allie off. She asked the blonde if she was sure she didn’t want to join her with Franky for lunch, and after Allie said she was sure they shared a quick kiss…that led to a few more quick kisses. Neither of them wanted to stop kissing, but Bea had to go meet Franky. Once Bea watched Allie get into the house safely, she began on her way to meet Franky. She and Franky agreed to meet at a local Mexican restaurant for lunch. It was sort of quick and it was appetizing, so it was fine.

Bea parked her car in front of the restaurant and she put her sunglasses over her eyes before getting out. She spotted Franky as soon as she entered the restaurant, she was happy that she didn’t need to do much searching. As soon as she slid into the booth across from Franky, Franky turned her head and looked around. Probably looking for a certain blonde, Bea gathered.

“No Blondie?” Franky asked, her eyes settling on Bea.
“No,” Bea answered. “I asked her and she didn’t want to come, so I wasn’t going to make her.”

Franky grinned. “You really like her, don’t ya?”

Bea nodded her head. “Yeah.” She breathed out.

“Out of every girl you’ve ever slept with or met, you chose Allie. Why?”

“Already getting into it, eh?” Bea laughed.

“Fucking-A, I am.” Franky said seriously. “Now, tell me.”

Bea sighed. “I don’t know why she managed to get under my skin. At first, I guess it was because she didn’t know who I was, so I felt like just another person in the world. But then it stemmed from that. I wanted to be around her, I wanted to get to know more about her, and eventually I wanted her to know the real me.”

“How did you meet her?”

“Franky,” Bea began. “I swear to god if you say one bad thing about her, I will leave and never look back. She hasn’t had to best life, and I already feel the need to protect her. So, please, have an open mind about what I’m about to tell you.”

“Shit, Red. Must be serious.”

“I just don’t want you to have the wrong intention about her. Because I know how it seems, but she’s not that kind of person.” She said. She breathed deeply before continuing. “After my most recent fight here in Melbourne, I managed to get away from the after party. So, I went for a walk. I ended up getting out of the suburban area of Melbourne, so just when I was finding my way back, I ran into this woman. She was sitting on the curb, huddling against a postage bin. She had finally noticed me so she jumped up and was asking who I was, but she was slurring and stumbling. I didn’t smell alcohol, so I knew she was…on drugs. I ended up taking her to a hotel. I flushed the drugs I found, then she went through withdrawals. When she was finally awake and alert, she told me some things about her. She was addicted to drugs and sold her body, that sort of stuff, but it didn’t matter to me. It still doesn’t. I stayed with her and helped her until I had to go back to Sydney.” She said. “I came back here after a week and I took her to my house and told her who I really was. She was always curious, but I never told her anything. I didn’t want her to
run, ya know? So after I told her, she ran.” She chuckled. “That’s when you told me to go after her and talk to her, so I did. She understood, thankfully, then the next day we hung out and learnt more about each other. I told her about Harry.”

“Shit.” Franky gasped. “Did you really?”

“I did.” Bea nodded her head. “We hung out more. Spent a little one on one time together. She stayed the night…in the guest room.” She added before Franky made a crude comment. “She’s been clean for a few weeks now. I took her to Mr. Alicio’s. She has a job there now. I took her on a...date. We...kissed.”

Franky softly smiled. “Just hearing you talk about her, I can tell you care about her.”

“I do, Franky, I really do.” Bea replied. “I’ve never done this before, so I’m scared I’ll screw it up.”

“You won’t screw it up.” Franky assured. “You finally found a woman worth fighting for. A woman who will call you out on your shit, and I know she will because she was a feisty little shit when I came to the house last night.” She laughed.

Bea laughed along with her. “About last night, she was a little jealous of you.”

“Why?”

“Because she thought we had a sexual history.”

Franky raised her eyebrows. “Well, I wouldn’t mind if we did.” She laughed when Bea’s face scrunched up in disgust. “She’s got nothing to worry about, Gidge has all my attention. Right now.”

“I convinced her that she was the one for me.” Bea said, her face turning bright red once she realized what she just confessed to Franky.

Franky was usually the one to tease, but her friend was expressing herself to her right now, so it wasn’t the time for teasing. She reached across the table, grabbing Bea’s hand in her own.
“Red, I’m so happy for you. You’ve been through hell and back with Harry and with doing the things you’ve done with other women for the past few years, you deserve to be happy. And I can see a difference in you since Allie has been in your life. Sometimes it’s good to loosen up and settle down. That’s why I’ve been trying to settle down on my own, I think it’s time for that. Gidge is good for me, she challenges me, and she stands up to me. She doesn’t let me intimidate her, which is why I think we’re meant for each other, despite our past.” She explained. “I can tell that you’re falling for Allie…maybe even falling in love with her.”

Bea sharply looked to Franky. “No, it’s too early for that.”

“It’s never too early for anything. There’s no time frame, Bea.”

Bea thought about it, and she knew that was true. “What if she doesn’t feel the same for me?” Bea asked, suddenly feeling small.

“Well,” Franky began with a grin. “If you want her to fall in love with you, then always make her laugh.”

Bea scoffed. “Then I’ll be in the shits.”

“Why?”

“Because every time she laughs, I’m the one who falls in love.”

Franky laughed, not because of Bea expressing herself, but because of how cheesy the redhead is already being towards Allie. But she thought it utterly adorable anyway. She loved seeing her best friend happy.

“I’m not wanting this to come off the wrong way, but I hope you have no doubts about Allie. I’ve known drug addicts and some prostitutes, and I know how they were. They were never the nicest people. They lied and stole. I’m not saying Allie is that way, I’m just letting you know.”

“I’m absolutely sure that Allie’s intentions are true. Before she knew who I was, she was showing interest in me. So, I know it’s got nothing to do with what I got.” Bea answered.
Once they ordered their main meal, they continued on talking. Mainly about Franky’s work and when her next meeting with Bridget would be. Franky had always knew Bridget was the one for her, but Franky didn’t want to admit that. She wanted to do what she wanted to do, when she wanted to. She didn’t want to have to worry about having a partner who didn’t agree with her every move. But as the years passed, Franky realized that she just didn’t want to go through life on her own anymore. So when Bea mentioned to her that Bridget asked about her, that was really the kick in the butt. Bridget appreciated both Franky’s beauty and her bruises. And that’s why Franky was really into the older blonde.

They both finished eating and Franky got ahold of the bill, something that completely annoyed Bea. She didn’t want Franky to feel like she needed to pay the bill, she could’ve done it. But with Franky’s persisting, she finally allowed the raven-haired woman to pay, even though she really didn’t want her to. After Franky paid the bill, she walked with Bea to her car.

“I want to ask you something.” Franky said as Bea was settling herself into her car.

“What?”

“When was the last time you tried looking for Debbie?”

The question really threw Bea off since Franky never spoke of the young girl. Bea sighed before answering. “The last time I hired someone to do a search for her was just a few months ago. I haven’t since.”

“Why?”

Bea popped her hands against her thighs. “I want to find her, I really do. But there’s no point. No matter who I hire to find information, they come back with nothing. I don’t know…it’s like Harry and Debbie fell off the face of the earth.” She said. “They’re probably in witness protection or something, which is utter bullshit. I never did anything to hurt her.” She felt the tears beginning to sting her eyes. “It’s been sixteen years since I’ve seen her, and I still miss her so much. I know you’ve never met her, but she was a great kid. Even at just being one.”

“You’re her mum, I’ve no doubt she was a great kid.”

“Was, Franky. I was her mum.” Bea corrected.
“Cut that out.” Franky said. “No matter what, you’re her mum. You always will be.” She assured.
“Does Allie know about Debbie?”

Bea shook her head. “I want to tell her, but I don’t know how. I don’t want her to think that I’m a shit mum for not going after my own daughter.”

“She wouldn’t think that.”

“Maybe not, but there’s always that chance.” Bea said. She wiped at her eyes, willing the tears away. “Way to go and make my day shit now.”

“I’m sorry.” Franky placed her hand on Bea’s shoulder. “Let’s go do something.”

Bea laughed. “Like what?”

“I don’t fucking know.” Franky laughed as well. “Just something to keep your mind off things.”

Allie had been saddened when she received the call a few hours ago with Bea saying that she was going to go do some things with Franky. She was looking forward to being with Bea for the day, but she didn’t want to crowd her either. So, it wasn’t a big deal. Bea had been on her mind all day, the redhead was truly intoxicating. And it occurred to her that Bea was always on her mind, ever since the day they met. Allie had never been the one to want attention from anyone, but that changed since she met Bea. She loved having the redhead’s eyes on her, she craved that butterfly feeling she got when the redhead’s eyes were on her. She couldn’t believe how much she was already falling for Bea, and she wondered if Bea felt the same.

During Allie’s day, she spent the time checking in with Kaz. The woman was truly like a mother to her, and she would always appreciate everything she has ever done. But one thing she did not like, was how Kaz was trying to be subtle about saying how Bea still wasn’t the person Allie should be around. Allie kept quiet, not wanting to start an argument. She silently listened to Kaz say that “she could do better” or that “she should find someone who wasn’t famous because it would be easier on her”. All of it may have been annoying, but she wasn’t going to say anything. She just wished that Kaz would leave her alone about Bea. If Allie wanted to try whatever it was with the redhead, then that was that. She was going to. When Kaz finally said she had to leave to go do some paperwork, Allie was fucking happy.

Another hour went by and Allie was still alone. She didn’t want to call Bea and bug her, but she
was about to a few times. She knew Bea wanted her to stay the night again, so maybe the redhead forgotten about that. Just as Allie grabbed the house phone, it started ringing. She saw that the caller ID was Bea’s number, so she answered.

“Hey.” She answered, not even trying to keep the smile off her face.

“Hey, beautiful girl. Go outside.”

“What?” Allie said with a chuckle.

“Go outside.” Bea repeated. “There’s a present out there for you.”

“Okay…” Allie hesitantly replied.

Allie slipped on her shoes, and put on a light jacket. She made her way to the front door. When she opened the front door, she saw Bea standing in front of her car with a bouquet of roses. A smile burst across Allie’s face. Allie was glued to the door step as Bea made her way towards her. While they were stood face to face, Allie traced her eyes all over Bea’s face. The redhead was breathtakingly gorgeous. And she was completely lucky to have someone like Bea. Allie was brought out of her trance by lips against her cheek. When Bea pulled away, slowly, she turned her head just enough so her lips could connect to Allie’s. The kiss was soft and sensual. Bea gave Allie another soft kiss before standing up straight, handing the flowers to the beautiful blonde.

“Wanna pack a bag?” Bea suggested, breaking their silence.

“Wanna give me another kiss?” Allie smirked.

Bea playfully rolled her eyes as she leaned in, placing her lips to Allie’s. Allie gripped her free hand to the back of Bea’s neck, holding her in place as their lips danced together. And Bea placed her hand to the lower part of Allie’s back, pulling her closer. When they finally pulled apart, they were breathless and their eyes were full of desire. Bea didn’t know about Allie, but she was aroused. She wasn’t going to rush things though, slow and steady is what she kept reminding herself.

“I guess I’ll pack that bag now.” Allie said, turning to go back in the house, Bea following her.
As Allie packed an overnight bag, Bea sat on the bed watching her. She watched as the blonde dug through her drawers and pushed clothes around in her closet to try to find something to wear. And she slightly wandered if asking if she could take the blonde shopping would offend the other woman. Deciding to just bite the bullet, she asked.

“How would you feel if I wanted to take you shopping for clothes?” Bea asked, hoping that Allie wouldn’t get upset by the question.

Allie stopped her current digging, turning to look at Bea. She saw how nervous Bea looked. “Why would you want to do that?”

“You could use new clothes, right? I wouldn’t mind. In fact, I’d love to be able to take my…” She paused, knowing her choice of words were probably too soon to be spoken. She’s never mentioned anyone by ‘my girl’ before, but it felt right with Allie. “…shopping.”

Allie grinned. She knew Bea meant nothing by it, she wasn’t trying to offend, so Allie couldn’t be mad. She was actually finding Bea adorable in this moment. So, she decided to play along. “I have to warn ya, babe, I have expensive taste.”

"Babe." Bea’s heart fluttered. “I’d expect nothing less.” She smiled. “So, I can? Take you shopping, I mean.”

“I’ll think about it.” Allie said, continuing to rummage through her drawers.

“Wow,” Bea chuckled. “Any girl would jump at the chance for someone wanting to take them shopping.”

“Well, I’m not just any girl.” Allie replied, playfulness to her voice.

“No, you aren’t.” Bea said. “And that’s what I like about you.”

Allie smiled to herself.

When Allie finished packing her bag, she and Bea left out of the house. Bea tossed Allie’s bag
into the backseat before getting into the driver’s seat of her car. They decided to pick up something to take to Bea’s house to eat, something quick. So they settled for fast food. They picked up some sub sandwiches from Subway before they reached Bea’s house. They went straight to the kitchen table to eat, not wanting to waste a single minute. Allie was thoroughly enjoying her sub sandwich, saying she hadn’t had one in quite a while. After they finished eating, Bea got rid of the trash while Allie retreated to the living room. She picked out one of her favorite movies for her and Bea to watch, Grease.

Half way through the second movie Allie chose, Bea noticed Allie falling asleep. She stopped the movie and woke Allie up. She told her that she should go to bed to get some rest. Allie grabbed her overnight bag and began walking up the stairs, Bea followed her. Just as Allie went to go in the direction of the guest room, Bea grabbed her arm, halting her movements.

“Sleep with me?” Bea asked in a whisper, surprising herself with the question.

Allie looked at Bea. “Are you sure?”

Bea nodded her head. “I am. No funny business, I just want to be close to you.”

“All right.” Allie replied. She let Bea guide her to her room.

When they entered Bea’s room, Bea went straight to her bathroom without a word. She changed her clothes into her sleep wear and brushed her teeth. She called out to Allie before exiting to make sure the blonde was already changed. When Allie said she was, she walked out of the bathroom. She smiled and shook her head when she saw the blonde wearing those same Wonder Woman pajama bottoms. She told Allie that there was a spare toothbrush in the cupboard if she wanted to use it. As Allie entered the bathroom, Bea slipped into her bed.

Not too long later, Allie exited the bathroom. She slipped into the bed next to Bea and laid on her back, looking up at the ceiling. Bea had never done this before, ever. Someone was in her bed with her. It may have been in an innocent way, but it was something she’s never done before. Well, except with Harry, but that was different. Not even with Erica had she shared a bed. It’s a new feeling and it’s a bit overwhelming, but it was Allie. She wanted to try everything with Allie, to share everything with the blonde. She turned on her side, looking at Allie. This may have been a normal gesture for people who were ‘together’ but for Bea it was new. And with Allie she liked it. She realized, as her body naturally scooted closer to the blonde, that she wanted to go to sleep and wake up like this as much as she could. She wrapped an arm around the blonde, loving that Allie’s hand found hers under the blanket.

“I don’t know about you,” Bea started. “But I want you to know that there’s no one else for me.”
Allie turned her head towards Bea, looking at the deep brown eyes she’s grown to love. “What do you mean?”

“It’s all new to me, and I don’t know what I should be doing most of the time. But I really like you, I do.” She said. “I’ve never been in this position before, literally.” She laughed. “And I wouldn’t want you to be anyone else right now. Honestly, I don’t want anyone other than you. I know you’re trying to get your life on track right now, but I want to be there for you always. I want to help you.”

Allie just continued to look at Bea.

“I don’t even know what I’m trying to say.” Bea added. “Actually, I do, it’s just that I don’t know how to say it. I told you, I don’t do these kind of things. But I guess there’s a first for everything.” She nervously laughed. She pressed her forehead to Allie’s shoulder briefly before looking back up into those beautiful blue eyes. “I want you, Allie. Not in sexual way, right now. But in a… ‘will you be my girlfriend’ kind of way?”

Allie blinked her eyes a few times, trying to understand if she heard Bea correctly. “Did you just…” She trailed off, not really knowing what to say.

“Ask you to be my girlfriend? I did.” Bea answered. “You don’t have to say ‘yes’, but I-”

Bea was interrupted by lips against hers. Allie was kissing her with such passion and want, that it was hard for her to keep up. Eventually Allie did pull away, and her eyes were teary.

“I didn’t mean to make you cry.” Bea said, using her fingers to brush the tears away.

“I’m just happy.” Allie replied. “I’ve never imagined this moment to come true.”

Bea smiled, pulling Allie closer to her. “You didn’t answer my question.”

Allie giggled. “Do you really need a verbal response?”

“I do.”
Allie turned on her side, gazing into Bea’s eyes. “If you’re completely sure, then yes. I’d love to be your girlfriend.”

Bea gripped her hand on the back of Allie’s head, pulling her closer so their lips were mingled. Kissing Allie would never get old, not with the way it felt every time their lips touched. Sparks flew…every single time. And butterflies erupted…every single time. Allie laid her head on Bea’s chest, feeling completely happy. With the things Bea had told her, she knew this was a big step for the redhead. And she would do everything in her power to make sure this decision was not going to be one that Bea would regret.

“Go to sleep, beautiful girl.” Bea whispered, soothingly rubbing her hand up and down Allie’s back.

“I’m too happy to go to sleep.” Allie answered. “Bea Smith is my girlfriend.”

Bea laughed. “And Allie Novak is my girlfriend. Now, go to sleep. I’ll be here when you wake up.”

“Good night.”

“Sweet dreams.” Bea kissed the top of the blonde’s head before letting herself relax down into the bed.

The next morning, Bea was woken up by the feeling of little kisses being placed all over her face. She scrunched her face up, but then softened her expression when she heard a giggle escape Allie’s lips. She opened her eyes, only to close them again when Allie’s lips connected with hers. When Allie pulled away, Bea brought her hand to the blonde’s face, brushing the hair away that had fallen.

“Good morning.” Bea rasped out.

*Well, shit.* “Good morning, girlfriend.” Allie happily responded, which brought a smile to Bea’s
“What time is it?”

“All right, almost 9am.” Allie answered.

Bea’s eyes shot open wide. “Holy shit. I haven’t slept this late in forever.”

“Well, you know what they say. Good company is worth staying in bed.” The blonde grinned.

Bea playfully scoffed. “Whatever you say.”

Allie laughed. “Wanna go make some breakfast?”

“I suppose we could.” Bea gave Allie a kiss before getting out of the bed. She walked to the bathroom to use the toilet, brush her teeth, and try to tame her hair.

When she exited the bathroom, Allie zoomed in past her and went straight to the toilet, causing Bea to laugh. She sat on the edge of her bed to wait for Allie to get out of the bathroom. She heard Allie brushing her teeth, and then some minutes later, the blonde appeared. Bea smiled, standing up from the bed and taking Allie’s hand in hers so they could walk to the kitchen together.

Allie took out eggs and bacon, as they agreed to make omelets filled with cheese and bacon. Bea started the coffee while Allie began stirring the eggs up. Bea took it upon herself to cut the bacon up into pieces for the omelet. When Allie poured the egg into the pan to get it cooking, the doorbell rang. Bea momentarily stopped her bacon chopping and looked to Allie, confusion etched across her face. She placed the knife down and wiped her hands before going to the front door. She unlocked the locks, and pulled the door open. She only needed one look at the person and she knew exactly who it was.

“Debbie.” She gasped out.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave you hanging there. I thought it was great time to introduce Debbie, so I
hope you liked this chapter. I'll try to have the next chapter posted soon. Thank you all for reading and leaving reviews!
“You couldn’t tell me about your daughter?!” Allie whisper yelled as she and Bea were stood in the kitchen.

Bea was leaned against the counter, her hands covering her face. She did not want things to unfold in this way.

“Bea,” Allie snapped, grabbing the redhead’s attention. “Were you just going to keep her a secret? How did you think that would work out?”

Bea shook her head. “I didn’t know her, Allie.”

“You didn’t know her?!” Allie asked, flapping her arms. “What does that even mean? Were you unconscious your whole pregnancy? Did you not realize you gave birth when she was born? I’m not understanding what you’re trying to tell me.”

“Allie,” Bea breathed out. “Calm down.”

“No, Calm down?! Don’t tell me to calm down. You’ve lied to me, Bea.”

Now Bea was growing angry. “I didn’t lie to you!” She snapped back. “I’ve just never told you about her. No one knows she exists. Except for Maxine and Franky…and now you.”

“So, you’ve just abandoned her?”

Bea threw her head back, a groan escaping her mouth. “That’s exactly why I didn’t want to tell you. I knew you would say that.”

“What else am I supposed to say, Bea?” The blonde asked. “You have betrayed my trust.” She simply stated. “You should’ve just told me before.”
“I’m sorry, okay? I can tell you now. Everything. Just please listen to what I have to say.” Bea said, pushing herself off the counter.

Allie held her hand out, signaling for Bea to stop. “You had your chance, and you blew it.”

“Allie, just listen to me, please. I’ll be completely hon-”

“No,” Allie interrupted. “You lied to me. And now I don’t even want to look at you right now. I…I’m going to go.”

Tears began to fill Bea’s eyes. “Allie, don’t leave me.” She tried pleading.

But Allie just shook her head and made her way to the front door to leave. Bea wanted to go after her, but she couldn’t move. She felt glued to the spot. Maybe it would be good to let the blonde calm down a bit. She wanted to tell the blonde about Debbie, but she just didn’t know how to. And she most definitely didn’t think she lied to Allie since they never even spoken of such a topic. She may have didn’t tell the complete truth of why she stayed with Harry, but she didn’t lie. She didn’t know what to think right now. Did Allie leave her? Break up with her? Was she just mad and needed some alone time? Was this just their first fight as a couple? Whatever it was, she hoped and prayed that the blonde wouldn’t try to seek out drugs.

Bea leaned over the counter, her forearms pressed against the cold marble countertops. She had her eyes closed, trying to keep herself calm. She didn’t want to work herself up into a panic, she just needed to remain calm. She trusted that Allie wouldn’t go to drugs, at least she hoped she wouldn’t anyway, and her daughter was here. Which completely thrown her for a loop.

“I messed up by randomly showing up here, didn’t I?”

Bea wasn’t used to the new voice yet, so it kind of startled her. But when she realized it was Debbie, she opened her eyes and let them settle on the young brunette. The younger girl had untamable curly hair, which Bea just couldn’t help but smile about. She had brown eyes, not as dark as Bea’s were, but they were brown nevertheless. She had Harry’s skin tone. Debbie had some similarities of Harry, but overall the girl had looked like Bea. And Bea wondered how Harry dealt with that for the last sixteen years.

“No, you didn’t mess up by coming here.” Bea finally responded. “I’m glad you’re here, I am. I’m just a bit shocked, and so is…Allie.” She turned the stove off where the breakfast had been cooking, she didn’t feel like tending to that right now.
“She’s your girlfriend?”

“No,” Bea shook her head, but then realized that yes, they were together. It was still new to her. “I mean, yes. We’re together.”

Debbie nodded her head. Both women were just stood in the kitchen awkwardly, not really knowing what to do.

“We should talk? Yeah?” Bea suggested.

“Well, that’s why I came here. So, yeah.”

Bea had Debbie follow her to the kitchen table so they could sit and talk. She asked if Debbie wanted anything to drink before they started talking, but Debbie denied the offer. Bea sat at the table across from Debbie. She was so nervous.

“So,” Bea began, not knowing what to say. “I don’t know how you…I mean, how did you know where I was? How did you know about me?”

“I should start from the beginning, it would make more sense.” Debbie said, Bea nodding her head for the girl to continue. “I don’t know how old I was when you were in my life, but ever since I can remember I knew that Natalie wasn’t my mother. Natalie is dad’s wife, and they have two kids together; my two brothers. Natalie and I don’t look anything alike nor do we share the same interests, so I figured she wasn’t my mum. I never asked dad about it, I didn’t think I needed to. For a while I just assumed I was the oddball of the family. It wasn’t until my last year of high school when someone that I met said that I looked like a Bea Smith. I didn’t know that name, but when I got home later that day, I looked it up. And I was met with a woman who I did look like. Again, I thought nothing of it and didn’t mention anything to dad about it. For the past year, that had been on my mind the whole time; you, me, how weird it was that I looked like you. Two months ago, we were packing up to move from Newcastle. Dad sent me to pack up things in his and Natalie’s closet because they needed to go over paperwork with their moving agent, so I did. I got a bit nosey while I was packing things up, and I ended up finding papers of name change and my original birth certificate.” She paused. “On my birth certificate, it showed that my name was Debbie Smith and that Harry Smith and Bea Smith were the signatures of my parents. I didn’t confront him about it, I didn’t know how to. So I kept my anger hid and I did some research on you to see where you lived, I found out your main home was in Sydney, but you also had a home in Melbourne. After we settled in Wollongong, where Natalie’s parents live, I told him that a few of my friends invited me to meet them in Sydney to stay for a bit and then road trip to Melbourne. And he let me. But little did he know, it was just me. I spent a week in Sydney trying to find you, but it turned out you weren’t there at the moment; you had just returned to Melbourne from being
in Sydney. I felt so saddened that you didn’t want me, ya know. So, I almost gave up.”

“I wanted nothing more than to be a-”

“Let me finish.” Debbie said. “But I didn’t give up. I figured that since dad had been keeping you a secret from me, then there must have been a reason for that. So, I got here about a week ago and I asked around on where I could find you. A few people were able to point me in the right direction, and it helped that your Melbourne home had a picture on the internet. And well, now I’m here.”

Bea didn’t know what to feel. She was happy that Debbie was here, but she was mad that she didn’t know the true story.

“So, now I want to know the truth.” Debbie added. “What happened? Why weren’t you in my life?”

Bea turned her head away from Debbie. “I don’t know if I should tell you the whole truth. A lot of it speaks badly about your father.”

“I don’t care, I just want to know. Please.”

Bea sighed, turning her head to look back at Debbie. “I met Harry when I was sixteen. We dated for a year, everything was good. Then when I was seventeen, we got married. Things turned to shit real quick.” She sighed again. “Your dad…he wasn’t a very nice man to me. He liked to say mean things to me and hit me. But it seemed that his most favorite thing to do was to…take what he thought was his. After we had been married for a bit, you were conceived and then you were born. I was eighteen when I had you, and that was probably the best thing that has ever happened to me. Harry still abused me after you were born, so it was really hard for me. He always threatened to leave and take you away if I ever went to the police. I thought he was bluffing, but he took it too far one day and I went to the police. You were one at the time. The next day when I went home, your things were packed and so was Harry’s. I got served divorce papers, so we divorced. And I tried fighting for custody over you, but since Harry made the most money, court saw justice for you to be with him. He wanted complete custody over you, I wasn’t allowed to see or talk to you after that.” She momentarily stopped talking, letting Debbie take in all the new information. “Debbie, I am so sorry. For the past sixteen years, all I wanted was to be in your life. I have hired someone so many times to try to look for you, but they always turned up empty handed. I didn’t know why it was so hard for someone to find you, I always thought your dad put you in witness protection or something. But now I know why, he changed his and your last names. That scenario never occurred to me, it really didn’t. And I’m so, so sorry I wasn’t in your life, but it wasn’t my fault that I wasn’t there.” Her eyes full of unshed tears.
Debbie wiped the tears that had fallen from her eyes. “My last name is Fields, not Smith anymore.” She answered. “Dad married Natalie when I was three and they’ve been together since. I can’t imagine him hurting her the way you say he hurt you. I’m not saying you’re lying. I’m saying that I just can’t see him being that way. I do want to believe you though, he’s lied to me my whole life.”

“I’m not lying to you, Debbie. I don’t want your viewpoint on your dad to change, but he did hurt me. I have so many scars from him.”

“Can you show me?”

“You...you want to see my scars?”

Debbie nodded her head. “You don’t have to show me. I just want to know what he’s capable of.”

Bea stood up from the kitchen chair and lifted her shirt high enough to show a scar on the left side of her body, on her ribcage. “One my ribs were broken through my skin here.” She said, pointing to the scar. “Harry had beat me with a lot of force to my chest, and I guess that one of my ribs just couldn’t handle it.”

“What else?”

“Debbie, I don’t think it’s a good idea to-”

“What else?” The brunette interrupted.

Bea sighed. She let her shirt fall back down, then she grabbed the neck of her shirt and tugged on it. She used her other hand to move her thick bra strap to show another scar just above her collarbone. “Knife stab.” She lifted her head upwards, showing a smaller scar just under her chin. “I was pushed and fell, my chin hitting the corner of a table.” She lifted her shirt again, showing her right side where a circular scar was. “I had a collapsed lung, I was cut open so a tube could be put in for me to be able to breathe.”

Bea went to show another scar, but Debbie stopped her. “You don’t have to show me anymore. I get it, he’s not very nice.” She said. “I’m sorry.”
“You have nothing to be sorry for, none of it was your fault.”

“I’m apologizing for him because I know he probably never did, we wouldn’t be in this situation if he had.”

“You don’t need to apologize for him either.” Bea said. “It’s what he has to live with, not you.”

Debbie nodded her head. “I don’t know how to tell him that I know about you. I want to tell him.”

“I don’t want you to feel obligated to do this, it’s just a suggestion.” Bea started. “I have to leave to go back to Sydney in a couple weeks to get to training for my next fight, you could stay with me here and we could go back to Sydney together and then I’d get you driven to where you live in Wollongong. It’s just a suggestion, so you don’t have to agree if it’s not what you want. Then that way you could think of what to say to him, if that’s what you decide to do.”

“What about my car? I drove here.”

“I’d get your car delivered to my hangar in Sydney, if you choose to stay here.”

Debbie thought for a moment. “I like that idea.”

“You do?” Bea responded almost immediately.

“Yeah. I’ve missed out on my real mum for too long, I would like to get to know more about her.” Debbie smiled.

Bea returned the smile, a small whimper escaping her mouth. “Can…can I…” She trailed off, holding her arms out in hopes for Debbie to be able to understand what she was trying to ask.

“I thought you’d never ask. Of course.” Debbie responded.
Both women got up from the table and met each other in a hug. Bea had her arms wrapped around her daughter’s shoulders, holding her tightly. While Debbie had her arms wrapped around her mum’s middle with her head laid against the redhead’s chest. Bea had literally dreamed of this moment, but never imagined it to come true. She pressed her nose into Debbie’s hair, inhaling deeply. Oh, she had wanted to that for so long.

“I can’t believe this.” Bea said, tears escaping her eyes. “I really am sorry, Debbie.”

“If I can’t apologize anymore, then neither can you.” The younger woman replied. She slightly pulled away from her mum, their arms still wrapped around each other though. “I understand that it wasn’t your fault either, it was all my dad. I’m just happy that I’ve finally got to meet you.”

Bea pulled her daughter in again, giving her another bone crushing hug.

After their hugging, Bea got them both something to drink as they retreated to a more comfortable seating area, which was the living room. Bea had the biggest smile on her face.

“Therefore the years, I’ve always wondered what you’d look like. And I’m pleased to say that you are a fine looking young lady.” Bea said.

Debbie laughed. “Well, I get it from you, obviously.”

A small laughed echoed from Bea’s lips.

“Can I ask you something though?” Debbie added.

“Of course.”

“When you said dad made the most money which is why court wanted me to be with him,” She began, “How did he make more money? What did you do? I thought you were always in the UFC.”

Bea shook her head. “I don’t know what Harry does now, but he worked construction when we were together. And no, I wasn’t always in the UFC. I worked as a hairdresser before. I didn’t start trying for the UFC until I was twenty-eight and I didn’t officially become a UFC fighter until I
was thirty-one.”

“What did you do in those three years?”

“Well, I scouted the UFC. I went to events and fought in tournaments. I got into Strikeforce and fought for them for a bit before I got into the UFC.”

“I’ve seen some of your fighting videos and I gotta say, you seem pretty good.”

Bea chuckled. “Thank you. I tried to stay good at what I did so I would keep in the media for someday you could potentially reach out to me, and you have. So, I’m happy.” She said. “Anyway, tell me about you. I want to know everything I missed out on.”

“I don’t even know what to say.” She nervously laughed. “I used to be on a swim team in high school, but I got hurt pretty badly on a family outing, so I couldn’t continue for a year and I just never picked it back up. I actually just graduated from high school and I’m planning to start uni within the next school year, but I don’t even know what I want to do yet. Uh, I have a boyfriend who is pretty upset with me at the moment, but he’ll get over it.” She laughed. “His name is Brayden. If you want to know, my favorite color is purple. I absolutely love eating.” Before Debbie could continue, Bea’s laugh roared throughout the house. “What's funny?”

“I would always wonder if you still had that bottomless stomach.” Bea replied with a laugh. “I remember you always asking for food when you were little. There was nothing you didn’t like, you ate anything.”

Debbie laughed. “I’m still the same, I suppose. But speaking of food…” She grinned.

“You’re hungry?”

“A little bit.” Debbie said.

“Okay, yeah. I’ll order some…what do you want?” Bea asked, getting up from the couch.

“It doesn’t matter to me.”
“Oh, come on, it’s a pleasure to be feeding you right now. So, tell me what you want.”

“Pizza. Chicken supreme, add onions. Please.”

Bea nodded her head and went straight to her phone, ordering two large pizzas and a few bottles of soda from the local pizza place to have it delivered. After she ordered the pizza, she retreated back to the living room. She wondered what Allie was doing or where she went. She contemplated on calling Kaz’s house phone to see if anyone would answer, but she decided against that idea. She was new the whole relationship thing and she didn’t really know what to do, but she figured Allie would want some space right now to clear her mind.

As the two women waited for the pizza, they talked more. About nothing in particular, Bea just asked Debbie what her interests were. She was happy to find out that they shared some interests; mainly art. It wasn’t long later until the pizza had arrived, so they plated up a few slices each and began eating. Bea was highly enjoying this moment. It may have seemed weird, but she loved being able to see her daughter eat. It was something that she never thought she would ever again experience. As she watched Debbie bite into her pizza, Bea smiled. Then Debbie took two more bites, her mouth full of chicken supreme pizza.

After they finished eating and Bea cleared the dishes up, they were sat on the sofas again and Bea just listened as Debbie talked. She learned that Debbie has two younger brothers who are twelve and eight. Bea had asked to see a picture of the two boys, but Debbie sort of hesitated, saying that the only picture she had was a family photo of the five of them in her phone. Bea told her it was fine and that she’d be okay with seeing it. When Debbie showed her the picture, her eyes instantly landed on Harry. He had lost a lot of weight since she last seen him and he had a well maintained, scruffy facial hair. Bea then saw the two boys, who both had blonde hair just like, who Bea assumed, was Natalie. Natalie was a gorgeous woman, Bea couldn’t lie. She had a full, white tooth smile and her blonde hair flowed freely. And for some weird reason, Bea actually felt jealous. Not because that Natalie had Harry, but because Harry treated her like shit and then moved on to treat another woman good. Maybe that was just anger, but she sure felt whatever it was. Debbie had put her phone away when she noticed the change in her biological mother.

“There’s someone for everyone.” Debbie began, grabbing Bea’s attention. “What you went through with dad was terrible, but in the long haul, you found someone worth being with.”

“I just met Allie, and we just started dating.” Bea replied. “All of these years I spent without you, she spent with you. That’s what I’m angry about. I’m angry that after Harry treated me like shit, he went and started another family and treated Natalie the way any woman should be treated.” Before Bea started to get into a ranting moment, she stopped herself from talking. She just got Debbie into her life, there was no way she was going to ruin that by saying a few choice words. “Never mind any of that. You’re here now, that’s all that matters.” She reached over, placing her hand on Debbie’s leg.
The two women chatted some more, Bea trying to help Debbie come to a conclusion about a future career. Since her daughter loved animals so much, Bea mentioned vetting. But Debbie didn’t think she’d be able to do that as a living. Debbie went on to tell her mum that her favorite subject in school was human anatomy and she was very good at it. So Bea said that if she enjoyed learning about that in school, then she should look into studying to become a radiologist or a radiologist technician. Debbie thought about it for a moment, and thought that would be a great career for her so she would definitely look into it. Bea was happy to finally be able to offer some help in Debbie’s life, even if it was just talk of the girl’s future.

Before their conversation could continue, there was a knock at the front door. Bea felt her heart pick up speed, and she realized that it only happened when Allie was near. Bea excused herself and made her way to the front door. She took a deep breath before pulling the front door open, seeing Allie stood there still in her pajamas from earlier this morning.

“I’m sorry, Bea.” Allie spoke before Bea could. “I shouldn’t have left, I just freaked out.”

Bea just looked at the blonde. She looked clean, so she knew she didn’t go anywhere dirty. Her eyes were red, probably from crying and stressing herself out.

“Say something, please.” Allie added. “I know I probably messed up by leaving, and I’m sorry. I’m a fuck up and I always ruin the-”

“Hey, hey.” Bea interrupted, stepping out the front door and closing it behind her to give her and Allie a little privacy. “You aren’t a fuck up and you didn’t ruin anything.” She assured. She grabbed Allie’s hand and placed it over her heart. “You feel that? My heart beats like that every time you’re around. So, no, you didn’t ruin anything. I understand why you left, you were angry and you felt hurt, but you listen to me Allie Novak…I would never intentionally lie to you or hurt you like that, okay? I wanted to tell you about my daughter, but I didn’t know how to. And her showing up like that threw us both for a loop. I was confused as well. And if you just listen to me, then I can tell you everything. Will you hear me out?”

Allie nodded her head.

“Come here.” Bea said, pulling Allie into a hug. She walked with Allie still in her embrace of a hug to the couple of chairs that were on her front porch. She sat down, pulling Allie onto her lap, not exactly wanting to lose contact with the blonde just yet. And if she was honest, this sitting position was completely new to her, but just like everything else…it felt natural with Allie. “My daughter’s name is Debbie…” Bea began her short story about Debbie. She told everything she could remember to the blonde. She took a few pauses, but only to see if Allie would react to what was said. But Allie just listened the whole time with open ears. Bea told Allie the whole story, being completely honest about everything. It wasn’t that she lied before when she opened up to the blonde about her life, she had just left out the pieces about Debbie. Bea even told Allie about the times she tried hiring someone to look for Debbie. And Bea was finally happy to be able to get
“I wouldn’t have thought that about you, Bea. You couldn’t do anything at the time, but you tried, and that’s what matters. I was upset earlier about you not telling me, but I’m over it now. I realized that there was probably a reason you didn’t tell me. And either way, I’m glad to know about her now.” Allie replied, running her long fingers through Bea’s curls. “I’m sorry I left you like that. I hope I didn’t ruin anything between us.”

Bea grabbed Allie’s hand from her hair, intertwining their fingers together. “You didn’t ruin anything, Allie. We’re good, I’m not letting you go so easily. I’ve only just got to call you mine.”

Allie let out a small smile. She wished she could give Bea the world, but right now she had nothing to offer. “Oh, Bea…you’re amazing, you know that?”

“I’m not.” The redhead shook her head.

“You are, so hush.” Not giving the redhead time to reply, Allie pressed her lips lovingly against Bea’s. *Every fucking time*, Allie thought. Her stomach was doing somersaults, she loved the way Bea made her feel.

They pulled apart, resting their foreheads against each other’s, Bea running her fingers across Allie’s jawline. The blonde in her lap was absolute perfection, she didn’t care what anyone thought. Allie’s grumbling stomach pulled them both out of their trance, Bea letting out a raspy giggle.

“You hungry?” Bea asked. “There’s still some pizza left that I ordered.”

“You ordered pizza? There was breakfast on the stove.” Allie laughed.

“Yeah, well…Debbie showed up, you left…I just didn’t want to finish it. So after Debbie and I talked, I ordered some pizza. Do you want some?”

“You know I do.”
Bea grinned, of course she knew. “Okay, come on, let’s get some food in your stomach. After you eat, I’d like for you to meet Debbie. You don’t have to, but I’d like it if you two did meet.”

Allie nodded her head. “I’d love to.” She smiled the smile that sent Bea’s heart racing.

Bea wasn’t quite understanding her feelings for the blonde yet, and she’s never felt this way before about anyone. But something was telling her that was well on her way to falling in love with Allie. Normally, the thought would scare the shit out of her, but not this time. Not with Allie. Allie made her feel safe, and she was quite alright with falling in love with the blonde in due time. Even if she didn’t know what she was feeling at the time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading. xx
After Bea had given Allie some pizza to eat, she retreated to the living room to get Debbie, telling the young girl that she would like for her and Allie to meet. Bea had introduced the two women and when Allie finished eating, she left the kitchen to give the two new people in her life some privacy to talk. It’s been an hour since she left them alone, and to be honest, she was shitting bricks. She was so nervous for some reason. Maybe it was because she didn’t know what they were talking about or because they’ve been talking for an hour. Whatever it was, she was still nervous. She wanted them to like each other.

Bea was stood just around the corner of the kitchen entrance, trying to listen to what Allie and Debbie were talking about. She couldn’t exactly comprehend what they were saying, she just heard mumblings. She hoped that since they have been talking this much, that they were getting along just fine.

“You know,” Debbie started to Allie. “Mum is probably just around the corner trying to listen to what we’re talking about.” She giggled.

Allie smiled, she knew that was probably true. “I wouldn’t put it past Bea.” She replied. “I haven’t known her long, but I reckon she’s the type of person who likes to know as much as possible to what’s going on around her. I can’t really blame her though, as much as she’s been through it’s understandable.”

Debbie nodded her head in agreement. “I wish I could’ve grown up with her around, you know. She seems like a great person, I don’t know why anyone would want to hurt her the way dad did.”

“She is great.” Allie assured. “She’s helped me tremendously. She didn’t have to, but she did.”

“I know you told me about your past and everything, but how exactly did you meet mum?”

Allie blew raspberries. “I don’t really have a clear memory of it, Bea does though. All I remember is her taking me to a hotel and helping me through my withdrawal process and making sure I had a place to stay while she left back for Sydney. Then when she came back and when I saw her, I
couldn’t believe how beautiful she was. I mean seriously, I’ve never seen such radiance in a person before.” She gushed. “Anyway, she’s just really helped me and I’ll be forever grateful. She’s only just asked me to be her girlfriend last night.” She smiled brightly at the mention of it.

“So you haven’t known each other long?”

“Not really.” Allie answered. “Not quite a month yet.”

“I wouldn’t have guessed. You two seem like you’ve known each other for ages.” Debbie said.

Allie laughed. “Well, time means nothing, really. I feel like I’ve known her my whole life.”

Debbie smiled. Although she just met her biological mother, she was truly happy that she found someone worth being with. And Allie seemed like a great person, even if her past wasn’t all that good. But that’s exactly what it was, her past. Debbie didn’t bat an eye when Allie told her everything of herself, she was in no way to judge. That’s not who she was. And she was perfectly fine with her mum being with a woman, it shouldn’t matter to her anyway.

“Babe,” Allie started, talking a little louder so Bea could hear her. “You can come out from around that corner now. We’re done talking.” As Bea turned the corner, a smile spread across Allie’s lips. “There she is.”

Bea walked straight to where Allie and Debbie were seated. She sat at the chair next to Allie, their hands instantly finding each other’s.

“Everything good?” Bea asked, looking from Allie to Debbie.

“Everything’s good.” Debbie replied.

“All good. I told her everything.” Allie said. “I didn’t feel like I should hide anything. No more secrets, it’s all out there.”

“Everything? Like everything?” Bea asked, looking to Allie with her eyebrows raised.
“Yep, my past and all. I trust that she’ll keep it to herself for the time being.”

“There will be no problems from me.” Debbie assured.

The three women chatted for a bit longer. Bea explaining to Debbie that if, for whatever reason, she was to change her mind about being around Bea then she would understand. But Debbie quickly threw that down the drain, saying she missed out on too much already and that there was no way she was going to miss out on anymore. Bea then gave Debbie the house tour; showing her the bathrooms, guest rooms, and other rooms. And she told her that she could choose whichever guest room she’d like to stay in.

“That’s your room down there?” Debbie asked, pointing in the direction of Bea’s room.

“Yeah.” Bea answered.

“Okay, well, I’ll just take the room furthest away from yours.” She playfully grinned.

Bea furrowed her eyebrows together. “Why?”

“I don’t want to be kept up all night by late night activities.”

Allie was trying to suppress a laugh, knowing exactly what Debbie was talking about. While Bea wasn’t quite understanding what the younger woman was getting at.

“Oh, come on!” Debbie laughed at her mum’s innocence. “I don’t want to hear you two going at it.”

“Oh…Oh!” Bea exclaimed, her face turning as red as her hair. “No! We don’t even…we haven’t done…we don’t do that!” She finally managed to spit out.

“Oh, sure. That’s what they all say.” Debbie laughed.

“Well, how do you even figure that she’s staying in my room?”
“You showed me every one of these extra rooms and not once did you say, ‘you can’t stay in this room because Allie is’. So, don’t give me that. You two are definitely bunking together.” She laughed.

Allie laughed along with Debbie. “You can’t deny me any longer.” She teased.

Bea groaned. “Not you too!”

“I’m going to grab my bag out of my car, I’ll be right back.” Debbie announced as she began to descend down the stairs.

Allie wrapped her arms around Bea. “She’s a lovely girl.” She said. “And she looks like you.”

Bea smiled. “She is pretty great. I’m so happy she’s here, and I’m happy you are too.”

Allie leaned towards Bea, her lips puckered out in a begging kiss.

Bea lightly laughed, pressing her lips against Allie’s.

“I’m gonna go take a shower.” Allie said as they pulled apart. “In your shower, obviously. Since I’m staying in your room now and all.” She smirked.

Bea gave Allie one more quick kiss. “You can do whatever you want, beautiful.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” She winked and then headed off towards Bea’s room to have a shower.

Bea thought for a moment, before she headed down the stairs, about how her life is suddenly falling into place. She had her daughter with her, for the first time in sixteen years. And it wasn’t weird between the two of them, it was like they were picking up where they had left off…without the dirty diapers, obviously. Then, she had Allie. Beautiful, caring, perfect, amazing, Allie. Bea’s life has changed so much since she met Allie, and she doesn’t even realize it. The blonde opened her eyes in more ways than one. And Bea was truly happy in this moment. She’s never been this
happy before. Everything was perfect.

While Allie was in the shower, Bea helped Debbie unpack her things. She convinced the young girl that it would be more manageable to just put her clothes in the drawers while she was staying here for a bit. She helped Debbie unpack her two bags she had and put them into the dresser drawers. After that, she went to her hallway storage closet and got a set of sheets to put on the guest room bed. She helped Debbie make the bed and put the big quilt blanket on top, Debbie saying she’ll love that blanket. When they were finished making the bed, Bea excused herself saying that she had to go use the bathroom. As she arrived to her bedroom, she remembered that Allie was using her shower, but she didn’t hear the shower running. She didn’t think to use any of the other bathrooms in her house, she was used to using her bathroom. She knocked on the door, not wanting to just open it up if Allie wasn’t dressed.

“Yeah?” She heard Allie call out.

“All you almost done?” Bea asked.

Allie laughed. “Bea, you can come in. I’m only brushing my hair.”

Bea opened the door, seeing Allie standing in front of the vanity brushing her blonde locks. She was wearing shorts and a tee, something that Bea noticed was hers. Bea stood there, still not entered into the bathroom, with her hands over her private area and she was lightly bouncing from foot to foot.

Allie saw what Bea was going, and then she laughed. “What are you doing?”

“I gotta pee.”

Again, Allie laughed. “So, pee. I’m not stopping you.”

Bea shook her head. “I won’t pee in front of you.”

“Why not?”

“Because that’s…rude.”
Allie playfully rolled her eyes and she set her brush down on the counter. “I guess we aren’t to that point in our relationship yet.” She winked. “Okay, I’ll give you some privacy.” As she walked out of the bathroom passing Bea, she gave the redhead a soft kiss to her cheek. “You’re too cute.” She exited the bathroom and Bea zoomed in, shutting the door behind herself. Allie chuckled as she walked out of the room.

Since it was still pretty early in the day, Bea suggested that the three of them spend some time out side of the house and go to the outlet mall or something. Debbie didn’t know what to think of it. She knew that she had just got into her mum’s life, but she felt a little a hesitant about going out. She didn’t want any run-ins with anyone to ruin her chance at having a life with her mum. Allie was also skeptical about it, knowing people would notice Bea and then even notice her from the photos of their night out some days ago. But Bea told them both not to worry, she just wanted to spend time out with the two of them. Bea also told them that people were used to her curls, so she would just straighten her hair and then put a cap on and wear sunglasses. Debbie and Allie finally agreed, seeing that Bea was really adamant about going out.

Once Bea straightened her hair then pulled it into a ponytail so she could wear her cap, the three of them got into Bea’s BMW and headed out towards the outlet mall. Bea wasn’t going to force it, but she hoped that when they were looking through the different shops, that Debbie would see something that she would like to have and then Bea would be able to get it for her. It was something small and simple, but it’s all Bea wanted. She wanted to be able to buy something, other than the pizza they just recently had, for Debbie. And the same goes for Allie. She wanted to buy the blonde new clothes, something nice to wear, something new. She would just start out buy looking through the shops, trying to get Debbie and Allie in the shopping spirit.

The three of them had visited three shops already, and Bea noticed that neither Debbie nor Allie were showing interest in the things around them. So, she figured that she needed to buy herself something first if that would spark the two others’ interest. Bea went into the leather shop, Debbie and Allie following behind her. She went right where she wanted to go and grabbed a new leather jacket for her to wear on her bike. While she was at checkout, she also grabbed a pair of riding gloves, just because. When she left that store, bag in hand, she went into another store. Hopefully something would grab Debbie or Allie’s attention in this particular store. Several minutes go by, and Bea noticed that she was the only one looking at the racks of clothing. She turned around in a huff, facing the other two women.

“Can you two pick something out, please?” Bea said.

“No, mum. I don’t want you to buy me anything, really.” Debbie replied.

“I don’t care. I want to get you something. Now, go get whatever you want.”

“Seriously, I don’t want-”
“Go on.” Bea interrupted. “Just pick a few shirts or something. Let me do this for you, please.”

Debbie slumped her shoulders, keeping her eyes on her mum. She really didn’t want to be bought anything. She had plenty. But seeing that her mum wasn’t going to let her live it down, she turned and went to a different rack.

“Allie, you too.” Bea said when Debbie went to look.

“Nah, no way.”

“I told you before that I wanted to buy you some new clothes. Either you pick it out, or I will.”

“You don’t know what size I wear.” Allie said, matter-of-factly.

Bea grinned. “I’ve done a lot of shopping for a lot of different people. It won’t be hard for me to figure out what size you are.” She said. “So, again…either you pick out some clothing for yourself, or I will.”

Allie narrowed her eyes at Bea. Seeing Bea narrow her eyes back in a child-like manner, made Allie laugh. Bea was just too cute, whether she realized it or not. Allie shook her head and mumbled something incoherent as she went to look around the shop.

Nearly two hours later, Allie and Debbie declared themselves done. It turned out that Bea made them do some more shopping in a few other stores as well. Well, the redhead didn’t make them, she had just done a damn good job talking them into it. This was the beginning of an era with Bea Smith spoiling her two favorite women.

Once they had got back to Bea’s car and they were all settled in, Bea began driving. She reached her hand over, grabbing Allie’s hand in her own. She had wanted to kiss her several times throughout their little outing, but she wasn’t sure if public displays of affection was okay or not. So as soon as they got into the car, she wanted to have some sort of contact with the blonde.

“Bea, why did you even buy those leathers anyway?” Allie asked. “It’s not like you drive a motorcycle. I mean I saw a picture of you posing with a bike, but it looked to be just a photoshoot. Still hot, nevertheless.”

Bea laughed, then Debbie spoke up before she had a chance.
“Oh, yes she does!” Debbie exclaimed, leaning forward to show Allie her phone. “Mum owns a bike,” She scrolled through Bea’s Instagram to show Allie several pictures. “She knows how to drive them, she’s pretty good too.”

“Holy shit.” Allie grabbed Debbie’s phone. She scrolled through every picture and watched some videos Bea had on the application. “I need one of these.”


“No, an Instagram.” The blonde replied. “So I can look at your sexy arse all day.” She added when Bea gave her a look of confusion.

Bea playfully shook her head, a soft smile on her lips.

As soon as they arrived back to the redhead’s house, Debbie announced that she was going to go do some sightseeing around Melbourne and take pictures so she can send them to her dad as proof that she was where she was supposed to be. Bea told the young brunette that she and Allie could tag along, but Debbie insisted that she go alone. Bea gave her number to Debbie and told her to call if she needed anything before Debbie went on her way. Bea and Allie entered her home from the garage with a few shopping bags in their hands, going straight to the living room after leaving the bags by the door. They both plopped down on the sofa. Bea turned her head towards Allie, who was leaning her head against the back of the couch and had her eyes closed. Following her sudden urge, she leaned over to the blonde, pressing her lips gently against Allie’s. The kiss was soft at first, but as soon as Allie began reciprocating, it turned heavy. Their tongues and lips moved together perfectly and before Bea knew it, Allie was on her lap. Their chests were pressed together and Bea couldn’t stop the moan that escaped her mouth. The moan seemed to bring Allie back to herself, as she pulled away and rested her forehead against Bea’s.

“I’ve been wanting to do that all day.” Bea said.

“So why didn’t you?”

“I didn’t know if it was okay or not with us being in public.”

“I wouldn’t have cared.” Allie chuckled.
“I just wasn’t sure if you’d be comfortable with it, is all.”

“God, Bea.” Allie breathed out. “You are so amazing.”

Bea placed her hands on Allie’s hips, diverting her eyes somewhere else. “I’m not.”

“You are.” Allie assured. She placed her hand under Bea’s chin, lifting so they were looking into each other’s eyes. “What you did for me today, buying me new clothes, that was sweet of you to do. You didn’t have to do that though. Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me. I wanted to do that for you and Debbie. It was nothing.”

“It was something to me. It meant a lot.” Allie said. “Earlier you said that you’ve done a lot of shopping for a lot of different people…were you meaning other women you’ve been with?”

“No.” Bea answered honestly. “The only other woman that I’ve been involved with and bought things for them was Erica. And I didn’t even go with her. She normally bought online or she went by herself. So, being with you today while clothes shopping was definitely a first for me and I heavily enjoyed it. With you, anyways.” She smiled. “What I meant by shopping for other people, I was meaning Franky, my sister, Maxine, my mum, and sometimes even Liz.”

Allie nodded her head in understanding. “Why was Erica different for you from other women before?”

“She wasn’t.” Bea said. “I never wanted to be involved with her in the way that I was. About a year ago, Derek and Maxine came to me saying that I needed to find a woman who I could take to events with me and stuff like that. Erica is an actress, so I thought she’d be good at pretending to have dealings with me. But not too long later, she thought we were an actual thing because we started hooking up and what not. Me and her…we were just a publicity stunt, but she didn’t see it that way. It would bring more attention to me and to her as well. People seem to love to be involved with others relationships.”

“Is that what I am?” Allie asked, feeling a bit insecure.

“No, Allie, not at all. You’re so different for me. I want to share everything with you, don’t you
understand? I’ve never been this way with anyone before. There’s so many things I’ve done with you that I never imagined doing.”

Instead of replying, Allie decided to show her gratitude in a kiss. She will never understand how she became so lucky to be able to have someone like Bea. If it wasn’t for the redhead, she didn’t know if she’d even be alive right now. Her life had changed so much since the redhead came into her life. Bea saved her, she saved Bea; they saved each other.

Allie took the cap off Bea’s head, wanting to be able to kiss the redhead without the hat poking her forehead. She kissed along Bea’s jawline and down her neck, sucking on her pulse point. Bea moaned out, yet again. And Allie loved it. The noises coming from Bea’s mouth was an extreme turn on. She kissed her way back to Bea’s lips, tugging on her bottom lip before bringing their lips together in a searing kiss. Bea slid her hands to Allie’s ass, pulling her close. Just as Bea pulled, Allie rolled her hips. She really couldn’t help herself. With one hand on Bea’s jawline, the other trailed its’ way up the perfectly toned body of the redhead, finally landing on her right breast. She wasn’t sure if Bea would be okay with her hand on an intimate part of her body, so when Bea placed one of her hands over Allie’s, it really shocked the blonde. Nevertheless, she loved the feeling of her hand against Bea’s breast.

“We should stop, right?” Allie said against Bea’s lips before pressing them together again.

“We’re only kissing.” Bea quickly replied, continuing their kissing antics.

Allie rolled her hips against Bea’s again, groaning out when Bea rolled her hips along with her. “Holy fuck.” She broke their kiss. “If you hadn’t of set boundaries, I would be all over you right now.” Allie knew she was dripping wet right now, her throbbing core giving that away.

Bea tucked Allie’s loose hair behind her ear. “Sorry, I just…I do want to go slow. I kind of got carried away just now. And trust me, the only reason I set those boundaries is because I respect you.”

Allie softly kissed Bea. “I respect you too. Which is why,” She started, climbing off of Bea’s lap to sit beside her. “I think I’m going home for tonight.”

“Why?”

“I don’t want to overcrowd you.”
“You won’t. I don’t want you to leave.” Bea said. “Come on, don’t leave.”

“I don’t want to, but I think I should. It would be good for you and Debbie to have some alone time for her first night with you.”

“Allie…” Bea whined.

Allie lifted her hand, running her fingers through Bea’s red curls. “It’s just for tonight. I’ll see you tomorrow and then Sunday when you take me to Mr. Alicio’s for training.”

“But I don’t want you to leave.”

Allie smiled. “It’ll be fine, babe.”

“When are you wanting to leave?”

“I think I should head there now.” Allie answered.

“Now? Why?”

*Well, quite frankly, you got me all worked up and there’s not a damn thing I can do about it while I’m here. To catch Kaz while she’s still up. I’m sure she’s going to want to talk.*

Bea nodded her head. “You can take my car.”

“No, Bea. What if you need it? Just drive me home.”

“No, take my car. I won’t be going anywhere. You said it yourself, you’ll see me tomorrow.”

Allie sighed. “Are you sure you want me to use your car?”
“I’m sure. Now, come on.” She stood up from the sofa, pulling Allie up with her.

Bea walked with Allie to the garage. She put Allie’s bag of new clothes into the car as Allie got settled into the driver’s seat. She gave Allie a kiss before the blonde started driving out of the garage. Bea stood in the garage as she watched Allie drive out of her driveway. She closed the garage and headed back inside. She didn’t want Allie to leave, but she wasn’t going to make her stay. It was weird for Bea, she’s never wanted to be around someone as much as she wants to be around Allie. Allie was beginning to become everything to her, and it didn’t scare her. And it all came down to one reason; she knew she was slowly, but surely, falling for the cheeky blonde.

Bea pulled her phone out as she went to her kitchen, sitting on the barstool. She scrolled through Instagram for a bit, going to the official UFC page to see if they released any hints on upcoming fights. Which they haven’t, she should’ve known that. As she went back to her timeline, she saw a post Franky posted. It was of her and Bridget, and Bea laughed at the caption. *She’s cute, but I’m cuter.* Typical Franky. She was such a softie, but never let anyone see that side of her. She decided to give Franky a call to let her know about the recent activities that have taken place.

“Hey, sexy.” Franky answered.

Bea shook her head. “I think you’re talking to the wrong person.”

“I’m not, I know who I’m talking to. Just don’t tell Blondie I called you that, I wouldn’t want her to maul me.” The raven-haired woman teased.

Bea chuckled. “She wouldn’t do such a thing.”

“I don’t know, Red. She’s pretty feisty. You’ve got your hands full.”

“Maybe a little bit, but even more now.”

“What does that mean?”

“I mean, I had a really great surprise this morning.”

“Oh, shit! You had an orgasm?! Blondie seems great in bed, was she?”
“Fucks sake, Franky!” Bea scrunched her face up. “That’s not what I’m talking about.”

“What can be greater than a morning orgasm?”

“Lots of things.” Bea replied. “Like your daughter showing up after sixteen years of not seeing her.”

It was quiet for a moment. “I guess that would be great, but you can’t get your hopes up, Bea.”

“It did happen, Franky. She showed up out of nowhere.”

“No way. Debbie?”

“Yeah.” Bea nodded her head, even though she knew Franky couldn’t see her. “Fuck, Franky… she’s so pretty and so grown up.”

“Holy shit.” She heard Franky’s voice crack, emotionally. “What happened?”

“Well, Allie left. She felt sort of betrayed that I didn’t tell her about Debbie. After she left, me and Debbie talked. We were just catching up with each other about everything.” Bea said, then proceeded to tell Franky the story of how Debbie found out about her. The story itself made Bea emotional, and she found herself crying. But she was happy, not sad. “She’s gonna stay with me for the next two weeks and then fly back with me to Sydney, then she’ll go on home from there. I hate that she’ll be leaving me, but we’ll have contact with each other, so it will be fine. And Allie is okay now. Her and Debbie have got on just fine so far.”

“I don’t know what to say, Bea. That’s just…great. I’m glad you have your daughter back in your life, you deserve it. Your life is slowly pulling together; you have a girl and now your daughter.”

Bea laughed. “I thought the same thing too. Thank you, Franky. You’ve been there for me through a lot.”

“No worries, Red. I’m glad I was. Just keep in mind that I want to meet little Bea, I’m serious.”
“You’ll meet her, don’t worry.”

“Good.” Franky replied. “I truly am happy for you though. You deserve everything good that’s been happening to you. I’ve seen you struggle with happiness for a long time, even when you tried your best to hide it. But now you don’t have to fake anything, it’s all real. Just don’t push either of them away, you need both Debbie and Allie. Make sure you keep me in the loop, alright? I love you, Red.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I just wanna acknowledge my insecurities on this story for a minute. I know I’ve been getting these great reviews, but I feel like I could be doing better. In fact, I know I can. I feel like I’ve been really slacking on trying and I just haven’t been having the motivation on writing. I guess it’s the start of a writer's block, but I’m not sure. Whatever it is, I hope it goes away because I really do enjoy writing Ballie in this story so much. So, I will try to get back in the hang of things. Anyway, I really do appreciate every single review I get. Your support means a lot to me. Thank you so much for reading and leaving kind comments. And most importantly, Happy Belated Birthday to the one and only...Danielle Cormack. I hope I get the honor of meeting her beautiful soul someday.
xx
Happiness

I wanted to get this chapter out before the New Year. I know it's already the New Years where some of you live, but it's not where I live :p
Anyway, enjoy this chapter! :)

When Allie returned Bea’s car, the previous day, she stayed with Bea for a couple hours but then she went straight back home with Kaz. So, it had just been Bea and Debbie for the rest of the day. Bea was a little saddened by that as she really wanted to spend some more time with Allie. The blonde was quickly becoming her addiction and she didn’t mind that at all. She even tried calling Allie later that day to see if she was alright because she noticed that she was not like her usual self. On her third call, Allie answered. When Bea talked to her, explaining her doubts, Allie assured the redhead that nothing was her fault and that nothing was ruined. Allie was just feeling a little under the weather that day and wanted to be left in bed. She explained to Bea that even though it’s been a few weeks since she’s been clean, she will still continue to feel bad some days and still even get cravings. But Allie assured the redhead that everything was okay and that there was nothing to worry about.

The next day, Bea and Debbie were sitting in the living room waiting on Franky’s arrival. Bea asked the young brunette if she’d be up for meeting her best friend, and Debbie was all up for it. Currently, Allie was at her training for Mr. Alicio’s. Bea didn’t get to drive Allie there because the blonde said Kaz was taking her. And again, she felt a bit sad by that. It was previously planned for Bea to take Allie, but she knew that Allie was just trying to get a sense of independence for herself, as she couldn’t always rely on Bea. Although, Bea wouldn’t mind if she did. She would love it, in fact. Nothing makes her feel warmer than the thought of being able to take care of Allie for the long haul. Bea internally shook her head of those thoughts, she shouldn’t be thinking of long term with the blonde right now. They were just getting started in their relationship and she didn’t want to feel too attached if Allie suddenly changed her mind about her. Although she hoped Allie never would, there was always that chance. Bea looked over to Debbie, who was fidgeting with her fingers, in a nervous manner.

“You don’t have to be nervous.” Bea said, making Debbie look at her. “Franky is a good person.”

“I’m just afraid she’ll blame me for not being in your life.”

“Deb…” She scooted closer to Debbie, wrapping an arm around her daughter. “There’s nothing to blame you for. And Franky knows that. She knows all about Harry. It is not your fault, okay? If anything, it’s my fault for not trying harder to fight for you.”
“It’s not your fault either.” Debbie instantly retracted. “It was my dad, all him.”

“I don’t want your opinion of your father to change because you know what he’s done. I don’t want you to be mad with him.”

“Why not? He ruined your life. I can’t imagine how you felt all these years knowing I was out there somewhere, but didn’t know where and couldn’t contact me. Although I did have a mother figure, she wasn’t you. She wasn’t my real mum. My real mum is who I needed growing up. I needed my mum to kiss my scraped knee or to put money under my pillow for the tooth fairy when I lost my first tooth.” And suddenly, Debbie started crying. It must have been pent up anger that she didn’t want to show. Whatever it was, she was in a ranting mood. “I needed my mother to take me to my first gynecologist appointment when I was thirteen with a yeast affection, not Natalie. I needed you to take me to buy my dress for my first school dance and for prom. …when I got my first boyfriend, I needed you.” She cried, trying her hardest to hide her face with her hands.

“Debbie…” Bea pulled Debbie against her, holding the girl tight. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault, mum. It’s his!”

Bea held Debbie as she cried, trying to comfort her with an embrace. She hated seeing her daughter in this kind of state, but she knew it was bound to happen sooner or later. She tried comforting Debbie with words of comfort, and it seemed to help a little bit as the girl’s tears began to ease up.

“You know,” Bea began with a slight grin. “If Franky sees you like this, she’ll have a field day.”

Debbie giggled as she wiped her tears. “How nice of her.”

“That’s just how she is.” Bea replied just before there was knock on the door. “Go on, go get cleaned up while I tend to Franky.” She gave Debbie a kiss on the head before going to answer the front door.

When Bea heard the downstairs bathroom door close, she opened the front door. And there stood a full toothed smiling Franky. She was wearing a tank top, showing off her arms full of tattoos.
Bea stood to the side, inviting Franky in. As soon as she shut the door, Franky pulled her into a hug. The redhead wasn’t a very affectionate person, but there were very few people that she’s willingly able to show affection to; Franky being one of them.

“Where’s little Bea?” Franky asked as they entered the living room.

“Why do you refer to her as ‘little Bea’?” Bea asked, sitting down on the sofa adjacent to the sofa Franky sat down on.

“Well, you said she’s pretty. So, she’s gotta look like you, not that dickhead you were previously involved with.” Franky answered.

“I’m not pretty.” Bea retorted.

Franky scoffed. “You are, now stop it.” She said seriously. “So, where is Debbie?”

“She’s in the bathroom. And take it easy on her, she’s feeling a little uneasy.”

“I’m gonna be nice, chill out.”

Bea and Franky were sat without Debbie for another few minutes, until she finally made an appearance from the bathroom. As the young brunette entered into the living room from the short hall, Franky’s eyes instantly fell upon her. It looked as if she was looking at a younger version of Bea, who just had brown hair. Debbie looked so much like Bea that it was unreal. And she internally laughed at the fact that Harry tried to leave Bea in the past, but ended up having to keep himself sane by looking at an exact replica of the woman he wanted no dealings with anymore. Franky stood up from the sofa as Debbie got closer, holding her hand out to shake the girl’s hand.

“Hey, Debbie. I’m Franky.” She introduced herself.

“Hi, it’s nice to meet you.”

“Of course it is,” Franky teased, grinning at the girl. “I’m only kidding. It’s nice to meet you too.”
Debbie laughed. “Nice tattoos.” She admired the tattoos covering Franky’s arms as she sat on the sofa next to her mum.

“Thanks.” Franky smiled. “I love my tattoos, they’re who I am. I can express myself through my skin art. And actually,” She held her arm out to show Debbie a tattoo on her right forearm of a lion head with roses embedded into its’ mane. “Your mum here designed this one for me. I had wanted something that meant strength and courage, and your mum took a few days to herself to draw this out and then she presented it to me. And I really liked it, so I got it tattooed.”

“Wow. You really designed that, mum?” Debbie asked, continuing when Bea nodded her head. “That’s so cool. You’re really talented.” She examined the tattoo on Franky’s forearm, completely amazed that her mum designed it. “I have a tattoo.” She announced.

“Yeah? Show us.” Franky replied.

Bea raised her eyebrows, she didn’t know that. They had spent the last couple of days getting to know each other more, but tattoos had never been a subject of their conversations.

Debbie stood up, unbuttoning her shorts to pull them down a bit. She revealed a rose tattooed across her hip bone. “Dad doesn’t know about it.” She said with a laugh.

“Ooo, a rebel. I like it.” Franky laughed.

Debbie readjusted her shorts and sat back down on the sofa. “Do you have anymore? Other than on your arms?”

“I do.” Franky stood up this time, turning to the side and lifted her shirt, revealing a tattoo of branches with pink flowers at the end of each branch going up the side of her torso. “And I have one on my chest and one on the back of my calf.”

“You really like tattoos.”

“Yeah, well, I think they’re a great method of expressing yourself.”
“I don’t think dad would let me have a tattoo, he’d freak if he knew about the one I have now.”

Franky flicked her eyebrows upwards in a fast motion. “He can’t control you forever, and his problem is that he thinks he can.” She replied. “And’s that’s the kind of person he is. He may not be physically-”

“Franky.” Bea interrupted, shaking her head for Franky to stop once she grabbed her attention. “You’re here to meet Debbie, not talk about Harry.”

Franky shifted her gaze to Debbie briefly before looking back to Bea. “Right, sorry. I let myself get heated over a man I never even met. Sorry, Debbie.”

“No, it’s fine. Don’t apologize, I understand what you were getting at.”

“Righto. So, how’ve ya been, kid?” Franky asked, finally getting to the point of their meet.

Once Debbie explained to Franky that she has been doing well, she went through the whole scenario of how she came to find Bea again. It was quite a long story this go around because the raven-haired woman kept stopping Debbie to ask her questions, like; *why she never confronted her dad about the things she knew.* Debbie wasn’t afraid of her father, by any means. She just wanted to see Bea for herself because she knew that if she spoke to her dad about it first, then he would have never let her come here. And she may not even mention right away to him when she returns home, she wants to be able to have her real mum for a little longer.

Debbie and Franky talked for a bit longer while Bea just sat and listened. She was completely happy that Debbie and Allie got along, and now she’s even happier that her daughter and best friend seem to be getting on just fine. Bea briefly closed her eyes for a moment when she listened on as Debbie asked Franky if she was a lesbian. Franky had just laughed, bellowed as a matter of fact.

“Spot on.” Franky finally replied. “I’m one hundred percent a vegetarian, sausages just don’t do it for me.” She smirked.

“Oh, my god.” Debbie laughed. “I can’t believe you just said it like that!”

Before anyone else could respond, Bea’s phone began ringing. She looked down at the caller ID, a smile instantly forming on her face. “Sorry, I gotta take this. You two continue talking.” She said, getting up from the sofa to go to the kitchen to talk on the phone.
“Speaking of vegetarian. Your mum’s lover girl is calling.” Franky said to Debbie. “Seriously though, I’ve never seen her this happy. I’m glad you’re here.”

Debbie smiled. “Me too.”

Bea sat on the barstool. “Hey.” She answered her phone.

“Hey, Bea. I’ve just called to let you know that I finished at Mr. Alicio’s.” Allie replied.

“How was it? Did you like it?”

“It was easy once I got the hang of using the register. It’s nothing too complicated. I do like it, it’s fun working with him. He makes it fun. And he has a real nice singing voice.”

Bea chuckled. “I’m glad you enjoyed yourself.” She said. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Are…are you put off me?” Bea asked.

“What? What do you mean by that?”

“Like, are you not wanting to be around me anymore?”

“What makes you ask me that?”

“Well, yesterday, for starters, you only stayed with me for a little bit and then you left. I know you said that you weren’t feeling yourself, but you could’ve stayed here to lay in bed if that’s what you wanted. I only ever want the best for you. And then I was supposed to take you to Mr. Alicio’s today, but Kaz took you instead.” The redhead explained. “Look, I’m not trying to be needy or anything, I just want to know now if this isn’t what you want.”
“Okay, first off, stop right there. From the day I met you, I knew that I wanted you to be in my life. It’s early, but I really do care about you.” Allie said. “On the days I feel under the weather, like yesterday, I want to be alone. It’s not that I didn’t want to be around you, it’s just that with Debbie there I want you to be able to spend time with her without worrying about me. And with today, I knew that Debbie and Franky were meeting so I figured you wanted to be there with them. I didn’t mean to make you worry about us.”

“I’m sorry. I understand, I do. It’s just I really like you and I…miss you.”

Allie smiled. “I really like you too, Bea. And I miss you as well.”

“I’ve never felt this way before so I don’t know what to think most of the time.” Bea said, nervously chuckling. “Could I pick you up tomorrow when you’re done at work?”

“I’d want nothing more.”

“So, that’s a yes?”

“Yes, ya goof.” Allie laughed.

Bea returned the laugh. “Okay, so I’ll see you then. I’ll call you again before you go to sleep, okay?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Talk with you later.” Bea said.

“Later, babe.”
The next day had quickly come, and Bea was on her way to pick Allie up from her shift working at La Petite Patisserie. Well, Allie wouldn’t be getting off until another hour, but Bea wanted to get there a bit early so she could order her favorite Strawberry Crepe dessert. When she arrived to the dessert restaurant, she saw that it wasn’t very crowded. She went into the shop and stood in the short line, every so often watching as Allie concentrated on taking orders. Bea smiled, everything the blonde did was absolutely adorable to her. When it was Bea’s turn to order, Allie had her head down as she scribbled something down on a notepad.

“Welcome to La Petite Patisserie. What can I get for you today?” Allie said the introduction without looking up.

“Two orders of the Strawberry Crepes, please.” Bea replied, watching as Allie shot her head up.

As Allie gazed into Bea’s eyes, a smile formed across her face. Then that cheeky smirk appeared, so Bea knew the blonde was getting ready to say something that would make her blush. “You are, without a doubt, the hottest person to walk through those doors today.”

Just as Bea predicted, she felt her cheeks heat up. “Not many people must have come here today then.”

Allie shook her head in disbelief. “Lots of people showed up, but you’re the only one to catch my attention, that’s for sure.” She winked at Bea. “So, two Strawberry Crepes?”

Bea nodded her head. “And whatever you want.”

“Oh, wow. You’re the second person who offered to buy me something today.” She stopped putting the order into the register to see Bea’s face expression, whose mouth was slightly dropped open. Allie laughed, continuing to put the order in. “I’m only kidding!”

Bea huffed, then paid for what she ordered.

“I ordered a slice of pavlova, thanks.” Seeing the look that was still on Bea’s face, she playfully rolled her eyes. “Relax, babe. No one tried to buy me any dessert today. And if someone had tried, I would have politely turned them down.”

When Bea received her order from Mr. Alicio and after he teased Bea about being at the shop
because of a certain new employee, she told Allie she would wait for her at one of the tables until her shift was over. During the next hour, Bea finished up her Strawberry Crepe, called to check on Debbie, and then she played around on her phone; checking emails, scrolling through Instagram. Bea felt Allie’s eyes on her quite a few times, so she would look. And sure enough, the blonde was staring right at her. Bea just smiled, she liked the attention she was receiving from the blue-eyed beauty after all.

Allie’s shift was finally over for the day and she couldn’t have been happier. She asked Mr. Alicio if he needed anything to be done before she was to leave and he replied with saying that he didn’t. He joked with the blonde saying that she’d better hurry out there to Bea before she was to send a search party to look for her. Allie laughed, heading her way to the beautiful woman who was waiting on her. As Allie walked into the common area, Bea rose from her chair.

“Hi.” Bea breathed out. “How was your day?”

Allie smiled. “It was good, better now.”

A shy smile formed on Bea’s face and Allie thought it was the cutest thing ever.

Allie leaned her head forward, letting Bea know of her intentions before actually doing anything. She wanted to make sure the redhead was comfortable. Bea just grinned, placing her hand gently on the back of Allie’s neck and pulled her closer, their lips barely touching.

“You smell like ginger.” Bea said against Allie’s lips, letting out a soft giggle afterwards.

“Oh, shut up and kiss me.” She replied, bringing their lips together in a soft kiss.

Their kiss was soon interrupted by Mr. Alicio pelting them with his oven mitts. “No smooches in my shop. There is enough sweets in here already.” He winked to them both.

Bea laughed, grabbing Allie’s hand in her own. “You need to find you a lady, Mr. Alicio.”

“Oh, no, no. Those days are over for me.” He wagged his finger around. “I am happy to just watch other people being in love.” He quirked his untamed eyebrow up, looking between both of the women standing before him.

“Right…” Bea trailed off, not really knowing what to say, and that had just made Mr. Alicio
laugh. “We better head off, see you later, pops.”

Mr. Alicio laughed. “Au revoir, you two.”

Allie waved to him as Bea was leading her out of the restaurant. They walked hand in hand to Bea’s car, both of them feeling on cloud nine about being together after their day apart. Bea opened the passenger door for Allie and gave her the to-go bag of her and Debbie’s dessert after the blonde settled into the seat. Bea walked around the car to get into the driver’s seat, grabbing Allie’s hand as she began to drive.

As they returned to Bea’s home, they walked into the kitchen and Allie set the bag on the counter. Bea then pulled Allie into a proper embrace, loving the feeling of the blonde being close to her. She doesn’t think she’ll ever get over the fact that she could be this way with someone without it feeling forced, like how it was with Erica. She never believed that would ever be capable of opening herself up and letting someone in the way she let Allie in. Bea kissed Allie on the side of her head before pulling away to get her phone out of her pocket.

“I have to go make a few phone calls to get everything settled with my return to Sydney.” Bea announced, holding her phone up to state her meaning.

“Already? You’re not leaving for another two weeks.”

“I know. It’s better to plan ahead so I won’t be doing it at the last minute. Plus, I have to let my plane crew know the exact date and time ahead when I’m leaving so that they could be here already to get me. I gotta get Debbie’s car taken to my hangar in Sydney as well. And I have to call Liz and Maxine, and a few others. I have to talk to Maxine about Debbie too, let her know that she will be flying with me.”

“Yeah, I guess there’s more to it than I thought.” Allie replied. “I hate that you’re leaving soon, though.”

“Me too, but it won’t be forever. And…” She took a step towards Allie, pulling her hand up with her own. “You could always come with me to Sydney.”

Allie softly laughed. “As lovely as that sounds, I think it’s best if I stay here. I just started working, so I can’t take a vacation now.”

“Mr. Alicio wouldn’t mind.”
“I’m sure he wouldn’t. But I would.” She wrapped her arms around Bea’s neck, giving her a soft kiss before pulling away. “Now go make those phone calls while I think of dinner. Where’s Deb?”

“Uh, probably in the backyard swinging on the tire swing.”

“I didn’t know you had a tire swing.”

“I just got it today, per Debbie’s request.” Bea laughed, beginning to walk towards the staircase. “I’ll be in the office if you need me. Oh, I have something for you too, so remind me to give it to you.”

“You didn’t have to get me anything.” Allie said.

“I know, but I wanted to. Don’t give me any shit about it either, accept it and be happy.” Not giving Allie the chance to reply, she hurried up the stairs and entered into her office to begin her row of phone calls.

Almost an hour and a half later, Bea finally exited the office and made her way back down the stairs to join her two girls. She didn’t think it would take so long to make some phone calls, but it did. Bea just informed Liz of when she’d be returning and they caught up a bit, so that call was quick and easy. Maxine’s phone call took a little longer as they talked about Debbie’s sudden appearance. Maxine was a little shocked at first, she never expected to hear such news. She was a little wary about Debbie joining Bea for the flight at first, but as they talked more, she heard nothing but love in Bea’s voice so she knew that everything was okay between them. Then Bea had called her plane crew to set up everything with them, payment and all. Her last call was to her driver, informing him that she was to be picked up from her Melbourne home at noon to be taken to the airport in two weeks time.

Bea was happy to finally be off the phone and away from that stuffy office. As she continued her way down the stairs, she heard faint music. She followed the music to the kitchen, and her heart almost pounded out of her chest in complete love and adoration. Allie and Debbie were cooking and dancing together in the kitchen, singing along to Miley Cyrus’ *Party In the USA*. Bea thought it was an absolute bizarre song of choice, but it was enjoyable to watch her *daughter* and *girlfriend* get along so well. She just stood there leaning against the door frame, watching her favorite girls perform rather terribly. Just as the song ended, Debbie dramatically slid from one side of the kitchen to the other on her knees with a wooden cooking spoon in her hands acting as a
guitar. Allie busted out laughing due to Debbie’s antics. And the sound of Allie’s laughter was like music to Bea’s ears, there was no sound like it.

“You two seem to be having fun.” Bea said, grabbing the attention of the two other women.

Debbie slowly stood up from being on the kitchen floor. “How long were you standing there?”


“So you saw the whole knee sliding thing?”

Bea laughed. “Yep, I saw it all. The dancing, the singing, the knee slide…good thing you two don’t perform as a career.”

“Hey!” Allie exclaimed, pretending to be mad by Bea’s remark. “I think we did a great job. Ain’t that right, Deb?” She said, slipping an arm over Debbie’s shoulders.

Debbie laughed. “I don’t know, I think I agree with mum on this one. We didn’t sound too great.”

Allie playfully scoffed. “Whatever, I have a singing voice of an angel.” She joked. “Anyway, while you were upstairs, Deb and I just decided to cook. We made chicken tacos. Want some?” She asked, turning to the stove to tend to the food she and Debbie prepared.

“I’d love some.” Bea answered, smiling to herself as Allie reached for plates for the three of them. She could definitely get used to this; walking into the kitchen to see Debbie and Allie having a good time together. Liz normally cooked for her, but having Debbie and Allie do it made her feel warmer, like she was loved.

The three of them gathered around the kitchen table to eat the chicken tacos, something that was Debbie’s idea to have for dinner. And Bea found out it was one of the young girl’s favorite food. The conversation flowed easily throughout dinner, them mainly talking about Bea’s return to Sydney. When they finished eating, Debbie insisted she cleaned the dishes, although Allie put up a good fight. But in the end, Debbie won. Her persistent attitude toward the manner and her stubbornness is what made Allie finally give in to letting Debbie clean the dishes. While Debbie cleaned the kitchen, Bea and Allie stayed sitting at the table. Bea hadn’t realized it, but she kept her eyes solely on the blonde. Appreciating her fine features, and also just thinking how crazy it was that she had someone like the blonde.
“You’re staring.” Allie said, bringing Bea out of her trance.

“Sorry,” The redhead blushed. “I was just miles away.”

“I could tell.” Allie smirked.

Bea let out a soft laugh. “I was thinking earlier though, I do think it would be best if you stayed here.”

“What, you don’t want me to go to Sydney with you anymore?”

“I want nothing more, but seeing as you won’t go with me just yet, staying here is the second best thing.”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows together. “What do you mean? I wasn’t planning on leaving Melbourne.”

“I know. I mean here as in here, at my home. I want you to stay here while I’m gone.”

“Bea, I can’t. This is your home.”

“You can. I want you to, Allie. This place gets paid for and it rarely gets used, so please stay here. You won’t have to rely on Kaz to take you back and forth from work, you can even use my car here. I seriously don’t mind, and I really want you to.”

“Bea…I don’t know what Kaz would think about it.”

Bea scoffed. “It doesn’t matter what she thinks. You’re your own person, you can do whatever you want.” She said. “But I’m not gonna make you stay here. If you don’t want to, then that’s okay. Just let me know before I have to leave.”
Allie nodded her head. She didn’t know what to think about Bea offering her house out to her. It took a lot of trust to do that for someone. It made her heart swell with love knowing that Bea actually trusted her that much. So, she decided right in that moment that she would stay in Bea’s house while Bea would be in Sydney. “I’ll stay.” Is all she said, and Bea’s face lit up with the biggest smile Allie has yet to see.

“You’re staying?” Bea asked.

“Yes, really.”

Bea reached across the table, gathering the blonde’s hands in hers. She peppered little kisses on the back of Allie’s hands in excitement. “I don’t know why, but that makes me very happy. I’m glad you’ll be staying here.”

“I guess if you trust me that much to stay here, then I should.”

“Of course I trust you. You’ve never given me a reason not to.”

Allie chuckled. “We haven’t even known each other a full month yet.”

“Still, you never gave me a reason to not trust you.” Bea said. “And at the beginning of next week we will have known each other for a month.”

Allie laughed. “So, you’ve been keeping up with the logistics?”

“I guess you could say that I’m that kind of person.” The redhead grinned.

“I don’t mind one bit.” Allie replied. “You said you had something for me earlier?”

“Oh, yeah. I’ll be right back.” Bea got up from the table and made her way back upstairs to retrieve her gift for the blonde.

It didn’t take Bea long as she returned to the kitchen with a gift bag in her hand. She handed it to
Allie and then sat down beside her. Allie pulled the gift bag tissue paper out of the bag before reaching in to grab whatever little gift Bea may have gotten her. She honestly didn’t need the redhead to get her anything, she’s already done so much for her. Allie pulled the gift out and her mouth dropped open. She looked to Bea, giving her a serious look.

“Allie, you didn’t need to get me this.”

“Yes, I did. I want to be able to talk to you whenever I want, and vice versa. You using a house phone for our communication just isn’t very convenient all the time. And there isn’t a phone here, so I’m gonna need some way to be able to contact you.” Bea explained. “It’s already set up and everything, you can do whatever you want on it.”

“I can’t-”

“You can.” Bea interrupted, knowing exactly what Allie was trying to say. “It’s just a phone. Just accept it, okay? You’re my girl, I’m going to spoil you.”

Allie began grinning at Bea’s choice of words. Bea didn’t seem to catch on to the words that just came out of her mouth. Her girl. It honestly sounded like the best thing ever. “Your girl, eh?”

Bea began blushing. “I said that, didn’t I?” She continued when Bea nodded her head. “Fuck, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to say that.”

“Don’t apologize. I like it. I really do. The spoiling part, not so much. But I guess I’ll have to get used to it with you.”

“Yeah, you will.” Bea laughed. “Go on, take a look at your phone.”

Allie opened the phone box. It was a brand new version of the Apple iPhone. It was the rose gold color, and probably too expensive of a gift. But Allie was going to accept it, no matter how much she didn’t really want to.

“Oh, now I can get that app.” Allie teased.

“Instagram?” Bea asked.
“Yep.” She replied, popping the ‘p’. “That way I can look at your sexy arse when I want.” She winked. She laughed to herself when she thought of her next comment. “I can also send you naughty pictures now.”

Bea’s face heated up, knowing full well it was the color of her hair by now. “I…uh…you don’t… no…” She stumbled over her words. Her mouth was dry and it felt like the collar of her shirt was choking her, so she used her hand to pull on it. Just imagining Allie naked made Bea’s body tingle.

Allie laughed out. “It’s just too easy!”

Bea groaned, putting her hands over her face.

Allie pushed Bea’s hands away, now being able to give her a soft kiss on the lips. “Thank you, Bea. For everything. I really do appreciate all the things you’ve done for me.” She said seriously. “No one’s ever been so kind to me before. But I do want you to know that things like this…” She held up the new phone. “…doesn’t have to be bought for me to like you. You don’t have to try to win me over, you’ve already got me. And for however long you want me.”

Bea nodded her head. “You needed a phone.”

Allie smiled. There was no need to argue with Bea about this. So, she just let it go. She gave the redhead another kiss, letting their lips linger for a little longer this time. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

When Debbie finished the cleaning the kitchen and found out about Allie’s new phone, she instantly began setting the woman up with an Instagram account. She showed Allie how to work her phone and even put her own number into the contacts so they would be able to talk to each other. The two women spent all evening messing around on Allie’s new phone. Allie was no good with the new technology, as she never had such a techy phone before so she got aggravated a few times. Bea had sat and watched the two women play on the phone, and it didn’t take long for the selfies to start happening. The three of them took a few pictures together and although Bea wasn’t a picture taking kind of person, she had to admit that the pictures turned out great. She was extremely happy in this moment. She would be more than happy to be able to spend the rest of her days in the company of the two women before her.

A couple hours later, all three of them were settled on the sofas watching a movie. Well, Bea and
Debbie was watching the movie. Allie was still messing on her phone to try to get the hang of it. Debbie picked the movie, going with a drama movie called *Downsizing*. Bea was really into the movie, then her phone buzzed signaling a text. She unlocked her phone, looking at the message.

*Allie: You're beautiful. I'm so lucky.*

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and leaving such amazing reviews. I'm happy this story is still being enjoyed by you guys. It's such a slow burn, but I quite like it. Also, I know Franky doesn't have that lion tattoo on her forearm. I thought it would be a cool idea to add.

Happy New Year to you all. I hope this new year brings happiness to all of you :) *cough* and Bea Smith comes back *cough*
Her current life situation is probably the best thing that has ever happened to her. She has been clean for a month, the longest she’s ever stayed off the gear. She has a crazy gorgeous girlfriend, who was completely generous in so many ways. She has an enjoyable job that she’s had for a little over a week now. And she has great people around her who have been such wonderful support for her. Allie Novak never had it easy in her life; she was kicked out of her home at sixteen and then lived in a children’s shelter until she was eighteen before she had to move on to live in a women’s shelter. She supported herself for the next four years, barely making it. Sometime after she turned twenty-two, she got hooked on drugs and then later turned to prostitution to help her get by in life. Her life was never a walk in the park, she always had to look after herself. And now, eight years later, her life was being kind to her for once. Being a thirty year old woman, she knew it was time to get her life on track, but she could never help herself. But meeting Bea gave her the kick up the ass she needed. She thanked her lucky stars, every day, for her and Bea crossing paths. If it wasn’t for the redhead, she’d still be on the streets. Possibly even in a morgue somewhere.

Allie was sanitizing the counter in the dessert shop she worked in. She smiled to herself as she thought about the previous evening. She and Bea got a little carried away during their heated make-out session. They both ended up shirtless, and Allie was getting ready to take off her own bra before Bea stopped her. She respected Bea’s decision to wait before they took the next step, but holy fuck, she doesn’t know how much longer she can wait. She’s never wanted someone as much as she wanted Bea, she’s never had this sort of connection with anyone before. Although her self-massages do ignite the fire burning in her core, it isn’t for very long. Then, in just six days, Bea Smith was leaving for Sydney. What in the hell was she going to do then?

Allie hadn’t realized she got lost in her thoughts and was continuously wiping the same area on the counter until Mr. Alicio brought her back to current events.

“You do realize you have been wiping the same spot for nearly five minutes?” He asked, clearly amused. “You are going to wipe a hole in my counter, lady!”

Allie cleared her throat, then finished wiping the rest of the counter. “Sorry. I didn’t realize that I was miles away.”

Mr. Alicio softly smiled. “A certain redhead occupying your thoughts perhaps?” He asked, continuing when Allie just smiled. “She is a lovely person. I have never seen her so happy before.”
“People keep saying that.” Allie replied.

“That is because it is true. Her happiness was a rare appearance.” He said. “When she called me those weeks ago saying she wanted to bring a friend over to the shop to eat some desserts, I double checked my caller ID. I could not believe that she was even asking me that. She has never brought anyone here with her before, friend or not, so I knew you were different.” He explained. “And then the moment I saw you two together, I knew there was going to be more than just friendship between the two of you. She never let anyone in. I know all about her random hook ups with different women, she was completely closed off. Then you show up, and bring her back to life. I guess it is true what they say; there is someone for everyone.”

“She brought me back to life too. I was at the end of the road about to fall off the cliff, but she grabbed me and even though there was that slight possibility that I would bring her down with me, she took that chance. She brought me to safety and helped me. She saved me, and I’ll forever be grateful.” Allie said. “I really like her, she’s such an amazing person.”

“Allie, dear.” Mr. Alicio began. “There is no certain time or place for love. It can happen at any time. It is never too soon to love somebody, you cannot help what you feel. Being in love stems from infatuation. You two hold hands, talk, hug, and kiss, and that develops those surface feelings you have for one another. Falling in love may not last long because it is based on infatuation. But loving someone goes beyond the physical attraction or presence. You desire to see them grow, and you see past their flaws. All I’m saying is that there is no time frame on anything. You are, however, allowed to express your feelings on your own time. This is the first time Bea has ever had someone that she had more than a physical attraction for, so I do believe that a steady pace is best. Mainly to let Bea get to understanding her feelings.”

Allie nodded her head. “Bea wants us to take things slow, and I’m all for it.”

Mr. Alicio smiled. “She knows.”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows together. “Knows what?”
“Never mind that. Here,” He handed Allie an envelope. “Your first pay. Take that lady of yours out tonight.”

Allie smiled brightly. “Oh, I definitely will be.”

“Good. Now, head on out. I can take care of things from here.”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely. Go on.”

“Thank you! See you tomorrow.”

“Have a good evening.”

Allie zoomed to the break room to grab her things before she headed out. She was using Bea’s car this particular day, so it worked out great. As she got into the driver’s seat, she took out her phone and began to call Bea. The redhead answered almost immediately.

“You better whip out your best dress.” Allie declared. “I’m taking you on a date.”

Bea had been pretty reluctant on having Allie take her out on a date. For one, she didn’t want the blonde wasting her hard earned money on her. And secondly, she’s always been the one to chauffeur the women. She wasn’t used to having someone take her on a date. But after a lot of persistent behavior from the blonde, Bea finally gave in. Even though she didn’t want to, she let Allie be the lead person for the evening. It was going to be something that Bea would have to get used to because according to Allie, “I like to be able to spoil my girl too when I can”. The thought made Bea feel warm, but still, she wasn’t used to it.

Allie had gotten ready at Kaz’s house and since she had Bea’s car, it was going to work out great. She put on a simple light blue dress and lightly curled her hair along with a little dab of make-up. Before she picked Bea up, she stopped at a flower shop to buy some red roses. When she had arrived to Bea’s house and knocked on the front door, she was thrown off. Although she told Bea to ‘whip out her best dress’, it was only a joke. She wasn’t expecting the redhead to actually wear
a dress, but she looked hot nevertheless. Bea’s dress was black, and absolutely worthy of being taken off in a sexual manner. Allie would have plenty fun taking that dress off the redhead to be able to have the prize that was underneath.

Their date had been short lived though. It wasn’t Allie’s fault. All she was thinking about was being able to take her girl out on a date. She never once let the thought of who Bea was cross her mind. So, she felt like complete shit when they had to leave the Mexican restaurant. Just as they had gotten their meal, people noticed Bea and began wanting to get the redhead’s attention. Bea tried to ignore it at first, telling Allie not to worry about them, but the attention on her continued to grow. And soon enough, people began to approach the table they were sitting at. It was absolutely disrespectful to Bea, but she never said anything. She had only grabbed Allie’s hand and guided her to the front of the restaurant. She talked to the workers at the front desk and then tried to pay for her and Allie’s meal that they didn’t get to eat, but the manager of the restaurant wouldn’t let her. Bea thanked them and then began to guide Allie out towards her car. She opened the passenger door for Allie, then got into the driver’s seat herself. The whole time they were in the car, Allie had been quiet. Probably chastising herself. Bea reached her hand over, placing it on Allie’s thigh to try to show her a bit of comfort. Then as Allie placed her hand on top of Bea’s and intertwined their fingers, Bea felt herself grow warm.

Before they went back to Bea’s house, she stopped off at a fast food place for them to have something to eat. After they ordered through the drive thru, Allie still insisted on paying. This time, Bea didn’t put up a fight. If it made Allie happy, then she allowed the blonde to pay. They took the food home and Allie wondered where Debbie was, Bea explaining to her that she went to hang out with Franky since she thought they would be gone for a bit. They then ate their dinner in silence. Bea didn’t really like the silence this way. She knew that Allie was probably blaming herself right now, and she didn’t know how to assure her that nothing was her fault. When they finished eating, Bea cleaned up their trash and Allie said she was going to go upstairs.

Allie had been upstairs for quite a while now, and Bea was beginning to worry. She knew that Allie was probably upset that their night was ruined, but that’s the thing…it wasn’t ruined. They still had each other and they could easily make the most of their night cuddled up on the sofa watching a movie. She wanted to go upstairs to assure the blonde that everything was okay, but she didn’t exactly know how to approach it. She’s never been in this kind of situation, where she actually cared about the other’s feelings. Bea decided to just bite the bullet, so she headed her way upstairs to find Allie. She first checked the guest room that the blonde previously stayed in, being happy that she wasn’t in there. She then went to her room and opened the door. She was glued to the spot as her eyes roamed Allie’s naked torso. She’s never seen something so perfect before, never wanted to actually touch a woman with love before. Realizing she’s been staring a bit too long, she downed her head while a blush ran up her cheeks.

“Sorry, I…uh…I didn’t know you were taking a shower.” Bea said, keeping her head down.

“It’s okay.” Allie replied, slipping a shirt over her body. “You can look at me.” She smirked.

Bea lifted her head, her eyes going to the spot where Allie’s naked breasts were just revealed. She quickly looked up to Allie’s eyes. “Sorry.” She nervously giggled out.
Allie just smiled. “Come here.” Was all she said as she held her hand out for Bea to grab.

Bea grabbed Allie’s hand, allowing herself to be pulled into an embrace. Their arms instantly wrapped around each other. Bea found herself trying to keep herself cooled, but it was rather hard with the feeling of Allie’s breasts against hers. And she was itching to take this dress off her body to be able to have the blonde. As Allie pressed firmer against her body, it dawned on her. Allie Novak was being cheeky, she was doing this on purpose to tease her. She tentatively pulled back from Allie, studying her face.

“You little minx.” Bea said.

“What?” Allie asked, trying her hardest to not let a grin spread across her face.

“You know what you were doing.”

Allie pulled a thinking face. “Hmm, not sure what you’re talking about, babe.”

“I think you do.”

“Oh, was is this?” Allie pulled on Bea, bringing their bodies flush together.

“Possibly.”

Allie brought her hands up, placing them into Bea’s curls as she brought the redhead’s face close to hers. She pressed their lips gently together, giving her a few small kisses before deepening the kiss. Their lips moved diligently together as their tongues danced together. Allie’s hands stayed in Bea’s hair while Bea’s hands fell to Allie’s ass. The kiss started off soft, but soon turned heavy leaving both of them panting and slightly moaning into each other’s mouths. Bea grabbed the hem of Allie’s shirt, tugging on it, silently asking for permission to take it off. Allie pulled her mouth from Bea’s.

“You can do whatever you want, Bea.” Allie said, trying to catch her breath.

Bea slowly inched Allie’s shirt upwards, never loosing eye contact with the blonde until she was pulling the shirt over Allie’s head. She dropped the shirt to the floor, letting her eyes look to
Allie’s breasts. They were beautiful looking, her nipples slowly hardened due to the cool air. Allie kept her eyes on Bea’s face, watching as the redhead studied her torso.

“You can touch ‘em.” Allie whispered into the air between them.

Bea’s eyes shot up, trying to figure out if she heard her correctly. She’s never done that before; touch a woman’s chest. Not with Erica, not with anyone.

Sensing Bea’s hesitance, she grabbed the redhead’s hand and placed it on her shoulder. She was going to let Bea take the next move on her own, she wasn’t going to force anything. Then she noticed the uncertainty on her face, suddenly realizing that Bea has probably never made such a move whether she fucked women or not.

Allie softly smiled. “If you want to, that’s fine. If you don’t, that’s fine too.” She said. “But just so you know, it’s just like touching your own.” She grinned.

Bea let out a breathy laugh, leaning forward to recapture Allie’s lips with her own. She left her hand on Allie’s shoulder, it was the safe zone for now. Without her even realizing it, her hand began to move from Allie’s shoulder. Then suddenly, she felt a hard nipple in the palm of her hand. Allie gasped into the kiss, breaking their lips apart once again. She looked down to Bea’s hand, seeing the redhead’s hand on her breast was making her core throb with want. Allie’s breast fit perfectly in Bea’s hand, it was such a turn on for her. She swiped her thumb over Allie’s nipple, a low moan escaping the blonde’s lips. And in seconds, their lips were moving against each other’s with want.

“My zipper.” Bea said against Allie’s lips.

“What?”

“Pull my zipper off.”

Allie stopped kissing Bea, much to the redhead’s annoyance. “Are you sure?”

Instead of vocally replying, she nodded her head.
Allie reached her hand to the zipper on Bea’s back, slowly inching it downwards. She internally grinned, thinking of how her earlier thoughts were coming true. Once the zipper was all the way down, Bea shrugged her shoulders, letting the dress fall down to her feet. Allie looked at Bea’s bra-clad breasts, moaning in appreciation.

“You’re so beautiful.” Allie said.

Bea was getting ready to push that compliment away, but Allie’s lips were on hers as soon as her mouth opened.

“Stop it, you are.” Allie said. She began kissing along Bea’s jawline and down her neck, reaching her collarbone. She moved the thin bra strap over, pressing her lips to the scar that was there. “So beautiful.”

Something in Bea had snapped, and she was now guiding Allie towards the bed. Once the blonde fell on top, Bea settled her more onto the bed before crawling up her sexy body. She hovered above the blonde, who was slightly trembling in anticipation. She kissed the tip of Allie’s nose, making her smile. It was the simplest of smiles, but it was something that Bea needed to see to make sure that the blonde was okay without verbally asking her. She then lowered her lips to Allie’s, kissing her softly over and over. The blonde underneath her was so beautiful and so charismatic. Bea had been wanting things to go slow between them because she wanted to know if what she was feeling for the blonde was real and not just something that would blow over. But mostly, she wanted to go slow because she didn’t want to treat Allie like she would other women. Allie deserved to be cherished and loved. And Bea wasn’t sure she could ever do that for Allie, but as the days went on, she knew she was capable. She just needed a slow and steady pace to work with.

Bea’s hands swiped up Allie’s sides as their lips worked together in a kiss. For the first time in her life, she was willing to actually make love to someone, to actually let herself get lost in the wonderful sensations of being intimate with someone. The thought before scared her, she never wanted that. It’s why she fucked women and didn’t let herself get attached. Hell, she never even let another woman touch her. It was a one-way session for Bea Smith, but not anymore. The thought of Allie touching her scared her, but it also excited her more than anything.

Bea began kissing along Allie’s jawline, loving the feeling of the blonde arching her body upwards to be against hers. She kissed down Allie’s neck, sucking and nibbling on her pulse point, possibly leaving a mark. Which was, by all accounts, fine by her. She loved the thought of Allie walking around with a mark on her neck, letting others know she was taken. She then kissed across Allie’s chest, low moans falling out of the blonde’s mouth.

“Oh, Bea.” Allie moaned out, placing her hands into the redhead’s hair.

Bea smiled through her little kisses, loving how pleasing this was so far for Allie and for herself. She kissed further down the blonde’s chest, wanting to make an even bolder move. Just as her lips
touched the hardened nipple of Allie’s breast, a loud voice echoed through her house from downstairs.

“Red!!”

Chapter End Notes

So there was a snow day today and I was able to finish up this chapter. We never get snow where I live, so it's been quite enjoyable.
I hope you enjoyed this tease of a chapter ;) let me know what you thought! Thank you for reading! x
The next six days went by quicker than Bea’s liking and before she knew it, she was standing under the arch just before her front door in her Melbourne home with Allie in her arms. She’s been hugging the blonde for the past five minutes, just not wanting to let her go. Bea didn’t want to leave to go to Sydney just yet, at least not without Allie. The past six days have been great for the both of them. They’ve grown closer and spent more time together when allowed by Allie’s work schedule. They actually spent more time out in public together, but was still careful of where they went. Being cooped up in the house all the time was not good for their relationship, so one day they took a walk together through the park. Another day Bea took Allie to one of her favorite art museums, and they had went to dinner a few times. At the beginning of the week, Bea and Allie had almost taken that next step, but was interrupted by Franky. And since then, they haven’t tried to do anything further than kissing. She guessed that before it was just a spur of the moment thing, but as the days went on, she realized that it was a good thing that Franky showed up when she did. Bea couldn’t lie, she wanted Allie. She knew she did, but she also wanted to wait as long as she could too. Seeing Allie almost fully naked that day was probably the best thing she’s ever witnessed before, but they had all the time in the world. There was no need to rush anything. Bea wanted to know all of Allie before she got to have all of Allie. Any other person who would have ever shown the slightest interest in her, she’d have them in bed in no time. But Allie was different, so different. And people would probably think she was crazy for not making sweet love to the blonde, but waiting was her way in figuring it out if what they had was true and real.

“Ms. Smith, we should get leaving within a few minutes.” Her driver said, grabbing Bea and Debbie’s bags to take them to his car. “I’ll be waiting in the car.”

Bea tightened her hold on Allie before slightly pulling away from her. “I hate that I’m leaving.”

“Allie replied. “I hope it won’t be, at least.”

“It won’t be forever. I promise.” She placed her hands on Allie’s face, pulling her close. Their lips met in a soft and tender kiss. “I’m going to miss you.”

Allie pulled a frown. “I’m going to miss you too…so much.”
“Are you sure there isn’t anything I can do to persuade you to come with me?”

Allie laughed. “I’m sure. The next time you come back and then leave, I’ll be going with you.”

Bea smiled, giving Allie one more kiss. She reached into her pocket. “Here’s my keys.”

Allie accepted the keys from Bea. “Thank you for letting me stay here. Kaz wasn’t too happy about it, but I don’t care. You were right, I need to be my own person. And I can’t be if I’m letting her tell me what to do.”

“I don’t want any bad blood between you two because of me.”

“There won’t be. She’ll get over it.” Allie said, kissing Bea again. There was no way she’d be able to survive for how ever long without kissing the redhead. Her lips were more addictive than any drugs she’s ever taken.

Bea let out a child-like whine. “I don’t want to leave.”

“I know, I don’t want you too either. But you have a job to do. And I’ll be here. You can talk to me whenever you want.”

Bea nodded her head. “Oh, I almost forgot.” She reached into her wallet, pulling out an extra bank card. “Here take this.”

“What?”

“It’s an extra bank card I have to my account. I want you to use it if you need anything while I’m gone; food, fuel, anything. And don’t give me shit about it, just accept it, okay?”

Allie just looked at Bea, then grabbed the card seeing that the redhead wasn’t going to take ‘no’ for an answer anyway.

“Thank you.” Bea said, happy that Allie accepted something without giving her lip about it.
Allie playfully rolled her eyes. “Yeah, yeah.”

Bea hugged Allie one last time and gave her another kiss before stepping aside to let Debbie say her good-byes. Debbie hugged the blonde with all her might.

“I had a blast getting to know you for the last couple of weeks.” Debbie said. “I wish I didn’t have to leave, so you wouldn’t be alone.”

“Don’t worry about me, kiddo.” Allie replied. “I’ll be fine. Just take care of yourself and I hope to see you again soon.” She kissed the top of Debbie’s head before they pulled apart. “And keep an eye on your mum during the flight, she’s already got the sad puppy face going on.”

Debbie looked to her mum. “Oh, god. This is going to be a long flight.” She teased.

“Hush, and go get into the car.” Bea said, playfully shoving Debbie.

“Bye, Allie.” Debbie said as she walked out of the house, waving to the blonde.

“See you later, Deb.” Allie replied back, giving a small wave.

Bea grabbed Allie’s hand in hers. “You’ll be okay here by yourself?”

“I’ll be fine.” Allie replied. She gave a small laugh. “And yes, I don’t mind that you send Franky here to check on me while you’re gone.”

Bea visibly relaxed. “How’d you know I was going to ask that?”

“Because, in a not weird way, I already feel like I know you so well.”

Bea smiled, turning her head to look out the front door. “I better go.”
“You better.”

“Call me if you need anything, and I’ll be here as quick as I can.”

“So protective.” Allie purred, loving how caring the redhead was.

“Damn right.” Bea winked. She gave Allie one final kiss, letting their lips linger for a moment. “I’ll see you soon, I promise. Bye, beautiful.”


Bea held onto Allie’s hand until their hands could no longer reach each others. As she walked out to the black SUV that was waiting on her, she kept looking back at Allie, who was standing in the doorway of the front door. Fuck, she didn’t want to leave right now. Not ever, really. She didn’t know what it was, but she just always wanted the blonde at her side. Just as she opened the back door of the SUV, she turned to look at Allie. She watched as Allie blow her a kiss, and she lifted her hand up to act as if she was catching the kiss, then she brought the same hand to her chest. It was probably the cheesiest thing she’s ever done, but she gave zero fucks. Allie made her want to do things like that, it was crazy. She got into the SUV, already feeling like shit. She kept her eyes on her house for as long as she could as they drove away. And she already knew that how ever long she was going to be gone for, was going to be the worst time of her life.

They got to the Melbourne airport in just thirty minutes, and the SUV drove through the airport gates to get to the private hangar they would be getting into Bea’s private plane at. As the driver put Bea and Debbie’s luggage onto the plane, the airport officials were checking Bea and Debbie’s identification to clear them to get onboard. As soon as both women were cleared, they walked up the side stairs and entered Bea’s private plane. Debbie was absolutely gobsmacked. She’s never seen something look so luxurious before. But to Bea, it had just been a simple plane. Several rows of seats for people to sit in for take-off, a couple leather sofas, a small table to eat at, and a small room she had built in so she could sleep there if she was ever on the plane for a long amount of time. When Bea sat in one of the chairs for take-off, Maxine appeared from the front cabin with a drink in hand. Bea then instantly stood up and gave the women a hug. She called out to Debbie, who was giving herself a tour of the plane, to introduce the two women.

Nearly forty minutes later, all three of them were now sitting in the seats for take-off with their seat belts buckled. Bea had been quiet for the most part, letting Debbie and Maxine talk. She just really wished the blonde was here, she could use some Allie kisses. She felt sad and grumpy all at the same time. Maybe she should’ve tried harder to have Allie come with her, but then again, she didn’t want to force the blonde into anything she didn’t want to do. She plopped her head back against the seat, absolutely dreading her time apart from the blonde already. Debbie’s laugh made her look up.
“I don’t think I’m going to be able to handle this two hour flight with my mum sulking.” The curly haired brunette said. “For the past two weeks, I’ve seen nothing but smiles from you. And now you look like a little kid who got their candy taken from them.” She laughed.

Bea groaned, knowing exactly what Debbie was talking about.

Maxine laughed. “Don’t worry about it, hon. Love makes you feel that way.”

Bea just looked at Maxine, lightly shaking her head. Love? What the hell? Bea Smith does not love. Nor did she date, or give little kisses or hugs…but look at her now. Allie Novak made her come out of her shell. So, love was a possible thing she was feeling. But was that too soon? Maxine quirked her eyebrow up, giving her a look that told her to not think too much about it. So, she didn’t. instead, she turned her head and looked out the window, watching as the small plane made its way to the tarmac to begin for take-off.

Nearly two hours later, they landed in Sydney and was wheeling in the plane to Bea’s personal hangar in Sydney. As the plane died down, all three women exited the aircraft and their ID’s were checked by the airport officials. Once that was over, Bea was greeted by Will and Matthew, who were both pretty excited to see her. She hugged them both, throwing them both off a bit. They weren’t used to their “boss” hugging them. She even introduced them to Debbie, telling them that she would explain the situation later on and to keep it to themselves. Will and Matt boarded the plane to retrieve Bea and Debbie’s luggage. Will put Bea’s bag into the vehicle he was driving and then Matt put Debbie’s bags into her car that had been delivered here a few days ago. Bea knew it was time for Debbie to go, but she didn’t want her to. This was another person who she had grown close to that she was having to part ways with for a bit. Just another reason to feel sad. She gave Debbie the biggest hug, also giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“Don’t you hesitate to call me, okay?” Bea said. “It doesn’t matter what for, just call if you want. I hope to see you soon, but I understand if you can’t because of your dad. You be careful on your drive.”

“I’ll keep in touch, I promise. I can’t give a definite day, but I won’t be away from your sights for too long. I’ll see you again soon.” Debbie pulled her mum in closer, hugging her tightly. “I love you, mum.”

Bea’s heart fluttered. Oh, how she’s longed to hear those words. Holding back the tears, she replied. “I love you too, Deb.”
Debbie pulled away, giving her mum a kiss on the cheek. “Hey, you take care of yourself too. Don’t be afraid to call Allie if you miss her, because I know you’ll be like a little love sick puppy if you don’t.” She teased. Debbie’s phone started ringing, she looked down to see that it was her dad calling her. “It’s dad. I’ll be right back.”

While Debbie went away from everyone else to talk on the phone with her father, Bea turned to Will and Matt.

“Matt, wanna do me a favor?” Bea asked.

“I’m your employee, I’ll do whatever you need me to do, if possible.”

“Can you follow Debbie to Wollongong? Just to make sure she gets there safe.”

Matt nodded his head. “Sure, I can do that.”

“Thank you.”

Five minutes later, Debbie returned from her phone call with her father. “He was just wondering when I’d be home. I guess I should be heading there now.” She said, turning her look at her mum. “Thank you for allowing me into your life and not pushing me away. I was a little overwhelmed to be around you at first, but now I feel like we were never even separated. I wish I could be around you whenever, and maybe someday that could happen. I’m really gonna miss you.”

Bea sadly smiled. “I’ve wanted you in my life for the past sixteen years, so there was no way that I was going to push you away. I’m glad you found me, I really am. I hope there will come a time when I can see you whenever too, but for now I’m happy that you at least know I exist.” Bea replied. “I’m going to miss you too, Deb, so much.” She gave her daughter another hug and walked her to her car. “I’m sending Matt to follow you to Wollongong to make sure you get there safe.”

“You didn’t have to do that.”

“I know, but I wanted to. It’s no big deal, really. Just drive safe, and I’ll see you soon.”
Debbie nodded her head as she got into her car.

“Just follow the pathway and you’ll exit the gates.” Bea added. “Matt will be right behind you.”

“Thank you. I love you, see you soon.”

“I love you too. Be safe.” She shut the door to Debbie’s car and stepped back a few steps. Watching as her daughter drove off with Matt following behind. She waited until Debbie was completely out of the hangar before she went to where Maxine and Will were waiting for her at.

“She looks just like you, Bea.” Will commented. “I can’t believe you have a daughter. What a badass mum you are.”

Bea laughed.

“Just to let you know, Bea, you have a meeting with Derek in an hour.” Maxine said.

Bea slumped her shoulders. “Why couldn’t you tell me that before?”

“Because I knew you would just complain about it the whole way here, now let’s go.”

“Wait, I got a quick phone call to make.” Bea said, pulling her phone out.

“Can’t you do that in the car?” Maxine asked.

“No, it’s private.” Bea replied, walking away from Will and Maxine as she dialed Allie’s number.

Within a few rings, Allie answered. The sound of the blonde’s voice was enough to make her smile. “Bea!” Allie cheered. “Ugh, I’m so happy you called. Hey, how was the flight?”
Bea smiled, keeping her head down. “Hey, the flight was good. How are you? Are you okay?”

“I’m good, better now that I’m talking to you.” Allie replied. “And you didn’t tell me Franky was coming over today.”

“She wasn’t supposed to. She’s there?”

“Yup. She’s in the kitchen cooking.” She laughed. “Wanna talk to her?”

“No, I’m on a schedule I’m afraid. I only called to talk to you for a bit and to let you know I landed safely. I have a meeting to get to in an hour.”

“Already in business mode, I see. It’s quite hot.” The blonde teased. “Well, how about you call me later?”

“Okay, that sounds good.”

“Okay. Talk to you then. Bye, beautiful.” Allie said.

Bea blushed. “Talk to you later, babe.”

“Woah, hold on.” Allie began talking again. “Your first ‘babe’ wasn’t even face to face. How rude is that?”

“What?” Bea asked.

“You called me ‘babe’.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did. Bea, I heard ya. I’ve been dying to hear it, so I know I wouldn’t mishear it.” Allie
said, making a point. “Saying it for your first time over the phone is almost as bad as breaking up with someone over the phone.”

Bea breathed out a laugh. “I didn’t even realize I said it. I’m sorry.”

“God, don’t be sorry. I liked it. Well, I liked the fact that you called me ‘babe’, not that you said it over the phone. But I guess since you’re so darn beautiful, I can overlook that you said it over the phone.”

Bea just laughed, Allie was such a character. She keeps Bea on her toes, that’s for sure. “Thank you for understanding.” She replied, deciding to play along.

“My pleasure.” Allie said, playfulness to her voice. “Okay, well, you better get going. Don’t forget to call me!”

“I won’t, trust me. Bye, Allie.”

Allie laughed, simply because this time Bea didn’t call her ‘babe’. “Bye, Bea.”

Bea hung up the phone and made her way back towards the car. She got into the backseat with Maxine and Will got into the driver’s seat to begin driving.

“I know you’re upset about this meeting with Derek, but it’s just a quick one. I promise.” Maxine said.

“It’s not that.” Bea replied. “I just want to go home.”

“The meeting won’t be long. Then you’ll be heading home.”

Bea shook her head. “I mean home in Melbourne, with Allie.”

Maxine softly smiled. She knew her friend was going through these new feelings, and she hated that she had to leave her new interest so soon. But there was work to be done, she needed to begin
“Ah, so her name is Allie.” Will said from the front. “I never imagined the day where a woman would be able to tame Bea Smith.”

Bea looked into the rearview mirror from behind Will, narrowing her eyes. “Shut the fuck up.” She used her hand to shove him on his shoulder.

Will just laughed, continuing on his drive.

They arrived to Bea’s gym in forty minutes, all of them getting out of the car to enter the gym. Bea seen that Derek’s car was already there, so knew that he would want to get right into whatever he wanted to talk about. She seen the conference room door open so she headed that way, Maxine following her. Just as she got to the room, Derek walked out.

“Bea, good to see ya.” He said with a smile. “Come in for a minute, won’t take long.” He moved aside to let Bea enter the room, stopping Maxine. “Just Bea. No need to worry.” He walked into the room, closing the door behind him. “How’ve ya been, Bea?”

“I’ve been good, no complaints from me.”

“That’s good. So, I was updated on your next possible line up; Ronda Rousey.” He said, Bea nodded her head with confirmation. “Well, she and her team haven’t agreed to the fight yet, but you’ll know as soon as they do. And then the line-up will be headlined as the main event, people will know about the fight then. Why did you pick her as an opponent?”

“My trainers said that she would probably be the most challenging for me on the list, and I wanted a challenge. So, I picked her.”

“Now, what if you lose?”

“I won’t.”
Derek laughed. “But there’s a chance. So, what if you do?”

“Then I’ll lose. I’d re-challenge her, then kick her ass.”

“You’re pretty cocky.”

Bea shrugged her shoulders. “I’m good at what I do.”

“Well, I can agree with you on that.” He laughed. He pulled out an envelope and slid a picture close to Bea, pointing to it. “Who is she?”

Bea looked to the photo. It was one of her and Allie out one night a few weeks ago when they went to that footy match. Derek was pointing to Allie.

Bea furrowed her eyebrows together. “Does it matter?”

“Yes, it does. I want to know who you associate yourself with. I don’t need you to get into any trouble.”

“Why would I get into any trouble?”

“I don’t know, I was just saying.” He said. “So, who is she?”

Bea watched as the older man’s nose twitched in anticipation. “She’s just someone that I met. Her name doesn’t matter.”

He grabbed the photo, putting it back into the envelope. “Okay, then. That’s all we needed to discuss. And just to let you know, I’m going on vacation with my family, I’ll see you in a month.”

Bea nodded her head, and headed out of the room. Seeing that Will was alone, she asked where Maxine was. He replied with saying that she left and that Maxine said she’d see Bea tomorrow. Bea nodded her head in understanding, and then told Will that she was ready to leave. On the way to her Sydney home, she played around on her phone, coming across a site that had flowers
delivered for you. She navigated through the site, finding out that they delivered in Melbourne. So, she put in a delivery for roses to be delivered to Allie in the current day. Seeing that the delivery will take place within two hours, she clicked her phone off and watched as Will drove.

Just as they arrived to Bea’s Sydney home, she grabbed her own bag and told Will to just go on home. She carried her bag up to the front door, which flew open before she even had the chance to reach for the handle. She looked up to see Liz standing there with the biggest smile on her face. She returned the smile, walking up to the other woman and giving her a hug. Liz pulled her into the house as they were still hugging, shutting the door behind them.

“Oh, love. It’s so good to have you back here. I’ve actually quite missed you.” Liz said.

Bea laughed. “I’ve missed you too, Liz.”

“So, how was Melbourne?”

“It was good, like always. I had a great time being away from everything for a while.”

“That’s great! Now, what can I make you for dinner? Anything you’d like.”

“Please, Liz. Relax. Let me make you dinner tonight.”

Liz’s eyes almost popped out of her head. Not once since she’s worked for the redhead has she ever seen her enter the kitchen, only to eat what was already cooked or to get something to drink.

“Well don’t look so shocked.” Bea added. “I can cook.”

“I’ve never seen you cook.” Liz said. “What the hell happened in Melbourne? Are you sick?” She reached her hand up, trying to feel if Bea had a fever.

Bea pushed Liz’s hand away, laughing at the older woman. “Let me cook for you, and then I’ll tell you about it all over dinner.”

“Deal.”
“Alright. Let me go put my bag in my room and then I’ll be right down. Any requests?”

“I don’t care what you cook, I just can’t wait to see what you can whip up.”

Bea managed to cook a mean pot of stir dry, and Liz was seriously impressed. Bea received a phone call from Matt saying that Debbie got home safely just before she and Liz sat down to eat. As they were eating the meal, Bea told Liz about Allie. Everything about the blonde; how they met, what they did during their time together, how she asked the blonde to be her girlfriend, their shared kisses, she tried to explain her feelings, and even told Liz about Allie’s past. She then told Liz about Debbie, the whole backstory on her as well. Liz was one of those people that Bea could talk to, it was easy for her. Liz had listened the whole time, not batting a judgmental eye in the redhead’s direction. If Bea was happy, then she was too. She knew Erica and Bea wasn’t a real thing, and that Bea hooked up with women all the time. So, she was happy to see that the redhead had finally met her match. And she was truly happy for her.

Seeing that they’ve been sitting at the table talking for close to two hours, Bea began gathering the dirty dishes. Liz told her to go get herself settled and that she’d handle the dirty dishes. Bea wasn’t going to argue on that because honestly, she wasn’t prepared to do those dishes. She laughed to herself as she went up the stairs to her room. And then she was left to her thoughts again. She really wished the blonde was here, she knew that she would enjoy being in this house.

Bea unpacked her bag and then took a shower. She brushed her teeth and hair before changing into some comfortable clothing. She grabbed her laptop and went through her emails, not really caring about most of them. After she checked the emails, she pulled out her phone and dialed Allie’s number, keeping her word about calling the blonde again. She listened as the phone kept ringing and she was beginning to get sad as Allie wasn’t picking up. Just before the phone was almost done ringing, Allie answered breathlessly.

“Hello?” Allie answered, trying to catch her breath.

“Hey, it’s me. Are you okay?”

“Bea! Hey, hi. Yeah, I’m okay. Just a little out of breath.” She laughed.

“I can tell. What happened?”

“Well, someone was at the door and while I was dealing with them, I heard my phone start ringing and it was upstairs, so it feels like I’ve just got done running a marathon.”
Bea laughed. “You need to work on your stamina, Alliecat.”

“I’m no fit person, that’s for sure.” Allie replied with a chuckle. “And Alliecat?”

“Uh, yeah…” Bea blushed. “I hope you don’t mind that nickname. It just sounded…perfect.”

“I don’t mind at all. It’s kinda cute.”

“So, who was at the door?” Bea asked. She already knew it was the flowers, but wanted to hear what Allie would say.

“Oh, someone delivered you roses. It seems you have a secret admirer.”

“For me? I think you need to check again, babe.”

Allie smiled. “What for?”

“Just go check.”

“Ugh, that means I have to go back downstairs.” The blonde groaned out.

“Come on, Allie. For me, please?”

“Oh…” Allie got out of the bed and began walking out of the room. “Ya know, I don’t really understand the point of multi-story homes. I’m way too lazy for this.”

Bea just laughed, listening to the sound of Allie’s footsteps through the phone. It had been silent for a moment, until Allie began talking.
“Okay, I’m here and I’m looking for a card. Seriously Bea, this has got to be like fifty roses or something.”

“It’s seventy.” Bea replied.

“How do you know that?” Allie asked, still searching for a card.

Bea had just stayed quiet, was going to let Allie figure it out herself.

“Oh, I found it!” Allie exclaimed. “To Allie, From Bea.” She read out through the phone. “Bea, you got these for me?! They’re so beautiful!”

“I did.” Bea smiled. “They are beautiful, just like you.”

“Bea…”

“I would’ve got one hundred, but you wouldn’t have gotten them tonight, so I settled for seventy.” The redhead explained. “Read the rest of the card.”

“I did.” She sniffled out. “You’re so amazing, you know that?”

“Don’t cry, Allie. I just wanted to do something nice for you.”

“You always do nice things for me.”

“I can’t help it.” Bea replied. “I like spoiling you.”

“I can tell!” Allie laughed. “Thank you, Bea. This really means a lot to me.”

“You’re welcome. You go on to bed, okay? Get some rest for work tomorrow and I’ll call or text you in the morning.” Bea said.
“Okay, you get some rest too. Don’t work yourself too hard.”

“I’ll try not to. Good night, sweet dreams.”

“Good night, babe.”

Bea hung up her phone and went to her bed. She crawled up the bed, going under the blankets and settling herself. She just laid there, taking in all of her feelings for Allie. It was crazy to her how the blonde managed to get under her skin and sneak her way over the wall Bea had built around her heart. But it was the best feeling she’s ever felt, and she’s glad Allie was the person who made her way in. She can’t imagine herself being this way with anyone other than Allie. Her thoughts were interrupted by her phone chiming, signaling a text message. She opened her phone to the text, coming face to face with a selfie of Allie smelling the roses with a soft smile on her face. Bea smiled. Allie was right, the roses were beautiful, but Allie was the only thing in the picture Bea had her eyes on. She typed out a quick response.

*Bea: Absolutely beautiful. And I’m talking about you, not the roses. x*

Bea Smith was totally and utterly fucked. She was falling for the blonde in more ways than one, in more ways than she can imagine.

Chapter End Notes

Don’t be mad. Their time will come and when it does, it will be just what they needed :)

Thank you for reading and leaving lovely reviews xx
Bea started out her workout day simple, her trainers were taking it easy on her with her first day back. And she was sort of happy about that. She knew Liz had already been given a list of things to cook Bea from her team because of the protein filled breakfast she had earlier in the morning. Liz made her baked eggs with avocados, wheat toast, and with a small side of yogurt. This was the part of her training that she hated the most; having a strict diet plan. She just couldn’t imagine what Liz had made her for lunch.

When she had got to her gym, she started out her day with a morning run and some stretches with one of her trainers; Fred. She and Fred ran for almost two kilometers. She had taken a breather after that, and then began lifting weights having another one of her trainers spot her; Jason. Bea had a total of four different trainers, and they all helped her with different aspects of her workouts. Sometimes they all worked together when she had a more intense workout session. She had one main coach, Kev, who organized her workouts and meal plans, keeping her at the right weight always.

She spent the next couple of hours hitting at the heavy punching bag, the speed bag (which was her favorite), and the double-ended bag. After her boxing workout with Wes, her other trainer, she had taken a lunch break since she would be spending the last bit of her workout day sparring in the cage with Nate. She really enjoyed her workouts with her team because it wasn’t repetitive, everyday she did something different. She went into the backroom where the small kitchen was and opened up the lunch Liz had packed her, which was a couple slices of grilled chicken, beans, asparagus, and had a banana with her lunch as well. When she finished eating, she remembered that Kev told her she had a protein shake waiting for her in the fridge, so she grabbed that to drink before having to go back into the gym area. As she was drinking her protein shake and scrolling through social media, Maxine walked into the kitchen. Bea held out her bottle, inviting Maxine to have a sip, which had just earned her a middle finger. Bea had laughed, causing Maxine to laugh as well. Bea knew that Maxine hated protein shakes, for some reason she got sick every time she drank one.

“You’re laughing now, but you’re about to hate me.” Maxine stated.

“I could never hate you.”

Maxine quirked a brow. “You say that now.”
Bea placed her protein shake down on the table, concern taking over her features. “What’s wrong?”

“You have an event to attend this evening.” Maxine started. “With Erica.”

“No. No the fuck I don’t.” Bea shook her head. “I want nothing to do with her anymore.” She hissed out.

“Bea, it’s her movie premiere tonight and in everyone’s eyes, you’re her girlfriend. People will expect you to be there.”

“Fuck that, Maxine! I’m not going!”

“You have to. I kind of told them you’d still be there to accompany her. This was planned months ago, Bea, your name is on the list.”

“Oh, for fucks sake!” Bea swung her arm around, slapping her bottle of the protein shake across the kitchen, it spilling everywhere.

“Bea, it’s not that bad.”

“Not that bad?! Maxine, I don’t want to be around her anymore. What don’t you understand about that?”

“Well, you can’t just not show up. It won’t look good on your name.”

“Watch me. I don’t give a fuck.” And with that, Bea stormed out of the kitchen.

Bea was fuming. She did not want to go to Erica’s movie premiere, and that was final. She didn’t care how it would look, they weren’t together anyway. Hell, they never were. And it made her even more upset that Maxine went behind her back like that and said that she would be attending. It pissed her right off. Erica was a conniving, deceitful, heartless woman. And Bea just didn’t want to be around that kind of person right now. But she also had to think about Allie. Allie was her girlfriend now. And how would it make the blonde feel if Bea was to go on a “date” with someone else to a movie premiere? It would probably hurt her, and that was the last thing Bea
ever wanted to do to her. In just a blink of her eye, Allie had become her number one priority. In just a short month and a half, Allie had come to mean everything to her. And although they’ve only been officially together for just a little bit over two weeks, she didn’t want anything to ruin that. Especially not Erica.

Bea got changed into her sparring gear to get ready for a little bit of sparring time with Nate. She knew she was angry right now, and she hoped she wouldn’t accidentally take any of her anger out on her trainer.

“Holy fuck, Bea.” Nate said as he took off his padded headgear from their sparring session. “Where did that come from?”

“Sorry.” She unstrapped her headgear, taking it off as well. “I didn’t mean to burn my anger out on you.”

“No worries. It was just a bit hard to keep up, especially since you kept trying to get me into an armbar.”

“I finally did get it though, eh?!”

Nate laughed. “Yes, you did.” They began walking out of the fighting cage. “Hey, listen though. Tomorrow me and Wes will spend the afternoon with you having you learn to get out of armbars the correct way. We all know that’s Ronda’s special move.”

“There’s no point in that. She hasn’t even agreed to the fight yet.” Bea retorted.

“Maxine hasn’t told you?”

“Told me what?”

“Earlier this morning we got news that she and her team finally did agree on the fight. And then tomorrow evening Dana White will be releasing the details on the fight. Be prepared for a lot of media attention and a lot of promo work.”

“No, she didn’t tell me. I didn’t give her the time of day to anyway.” Bea responded. “Fuck, why am I always the last to find out things?”
Nate chuckled. “Don’t know. But good job today. See you in the morning, yeah?”

“Yeah. See ya tomorrow. Have a good night, Nate.”

“Course I will.” He winked. “You too, Bea.”

They went their separate ways as Bea had her own changing room. She took the sparring gear off, and put on her sweatpants along with a hoodie to wear home. She was glad her day one of training was over, but she did have plenty more days to go. She honestly just wished she would be going home to Allie every day, she feels as if it would motivate her more while she’s training in the gym. Before, it never really bothered her. She’d have a great work out, go home, have dinner, fuck Erica, then go to her own room and sleep. There was nothing to it. But now, it felt so different for her. She craved to be around Allie, craved those soft kisses and more hungrier kisses. She just craved Allie in general, and she wanted to see the blonde so bad right now, given they’ve only been apart for one day.

Bea drove down her long, cobblestone driveway and parked into her four car garage. Given she only had two cars and a motorcycle, she liked the space it offered in the garage. As soon as she entered her home, Liz greeted her. The older woman informed Bea that dinner would be ready soon, and then Bea excused herself to go take a shower.

After her quick shower, she changed into a plain t-shirt and some shorts and then sat down on her bed. She scrolled through her phone, laughing at the fact she had a lot of notifications on her Instagram from Allie. Most of them were just likes and she left a few comments, but it still made her laugh. She then went to Allie’s Instagram page to see if she had any photos posted yet and she did. It was only a few, one of them being a simple selfie of the blonde. Bea hadn’t followed Allie on Instagram yet because she knew that there was some people who kept track of who she followed, so she didn’t want any red flags raised by following the blonde. It was stupid to care about what people thought, but she was just wanting to protect Allie from any unwanted attention. She’s been wanting to hear Allie’s voice all day, so she sent her a quick text asking if she was free for a chat on the phone. Within seconds her phone began ringing, Allie’s name flashing on her screen.

“I guess you’re free then.” Bea answered.

Allie’s laughed sounded through the phone line. “I’m always free when it comes to you.” She replied. “Hey, beautiful.”

“Hey. How was your day?”
“It was good, even though you’re not here.” The blonde said. “I worked this morning and got off a few hours ago. I was just about to make me something to eat.”

“You can go eat, I’ll call you later.”

“Nooo,” Allie said. “You called, now I’m not hungry.”

“To be technical, you called me.” Bea laughed.

“Oh, fuck off!” Allie returned the laugh. “Talking on the phone were your intentions to begin with.”

“I know, I’m just messing with ya.” Bea replied. “So, what are you doing right now?”

“Right now? In this exact moment?”

“Yeah, explain to me in full detail.”

“Okay…” Allie trailed off, smirking to herself. “Well, I’m using my forefinger to trace around my bellybutton…now I’m rubbing the inside of my thigh. I’m wearing only a shirt and undies, by the way.” She said. “And now I’m playing with the waistband of my dark blue undies.”

“Allie, what are you doing?”

“Shh, I’m trying to tell you in full detail.” She replied. “I’m pushing my hand into my underwear.”

“Oh, my god.” Bea muttered.

Allie laughed, so hard that her stomach started hurting. “I’m so kidding!” She laughed some more. “I’m sitting on the toilet emptying my bowels.”
“Allie!”

“What?” Allie asked, her laugh still ever present.

“I don’t want to know that.”

“Hey, you’re the one who asked me what I was doing and to explain it in full detail. To be fair, I did save you from some gruesome details.” She giggled.

Bea playfully shook her head. “I thought you were getting ready to make you something to eat?”

“I am, as soon as I’m finished on the toilet.”

Bea chuckled. “I’ll let you go to finish your business then.”

“Don’t go!” Allie quickly said. “Just…hold on.”

Bea heard the sound of a clatter, and guessed it was Allie setting her phone down on the bathroom counter so she could finish her deed. Not very long later, Allie’s voice resonated through the phone again.

“Oh, all done.” The blonde announced with a giggle. “Now I’m off to the kitchen.”

“What are you going to make?”

“Probably just a sandwich, Mr. Alicio brought in a big lunch today.” Allie replied. “I’m going to put you on speaker so I can make this sandwich and then eat it. No one’s here, so don’t worry.”

“Okay.” Bea chuckled. “There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

“I’m all ears, babe. You can talk to me about anything.”
“There’s this Red Carpet event tonight and—”

“Oh, hot!” Allie interrupted. “Can we video chat while you get ready? I’d love to watch you get all dazzled up.”

Bea chuckled. “That’s the thing, I don’t want to go.”

“What? Why not?”

“Because it’s Erica’s movie premiere. It was planned months ago and I forgot all about it. I’m meant to attend with her, I really don’t want to. Maxine just told me about it today, and I sort of flipped out on her, so I have some apologizing to do.”

Allie hummed. “So you’re not wanting to go because of Erica?”

“Yes, I just don’t want to be around her. I have you to think about.”

“Oh, don’t worry about me. I’m perfectly fine with you going.” Allie said. “People still think you’re with her, right?”

“Yeah.”

“So, go. If you don’t want whoever to worry about me, then go to keep everyone’s attention on Erica. With whatever you decide, I’ll be okay.”

“I don’t want to have to be around her, but you’ve made a point. I don’t want you to have to be in the public’s eye any earlier than when you have to be.”

“I understand. The choice is yours, Bea.”

“I have a little while to think about it, so I’ll let you know.”
“Sounds good to me.” Allie said. “So, it’s her movie premiere?”

“Yeah, she’s starring in some movie. I have no clue what it’s even about.” Bea laughed. “So, I hope I don’t get questioned about it.”

“You’ll be fine.”

“I hope so.” Bea heard Liz calling out about dinner being done. “Listen, Alliecat, I’ll call you later. Liz just told me that dinner was ready, so I’m going to go eat. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Oh, enjoy your dinner. Talk later, babe.”

Bea hung up her phone and made her way downstairs to eat what Liz cooked. She sat at the table where a plate was placed and began eating. Liz had cooked pork chops, mashed potatoes, and broccoli. She done a little happy dance in her chair as she took a bite of the pork chop, it was one of her absolute favorite foods. Liz had laughed at Bea, and then made herself her own plate of food. When they were both finished eating, Bea had tried to help Liz clean up, but the older woman wouldn’t let her. After trying to help one more time and getting dismissed again, Bea finally gave up and just went back upstairs. She decided to call Maxine and apologize for her earlier behavior. Maxine answered within a few rings.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Maxine.”

“I wasn’t expecting to hear from you anytime soon.” Maxine said.

“I just want to apologize about earlier. I completely forgot about that movie premiere, so when you reminded me I just reacted quickly. I was out of hand and I shouldn’t have acted the way I did, so I’m sorry.”

It was silent for a moment, then Maxine spoke. “I knew you would react the way you did. I’d honestly expect nothing less, especially since you really want nothing to do with her anymore now. So, it’s okay, Bea.”
“It’s not okay, you can be mad with me,” Bea said. “I’m trying to change the way I handle things that I don’t agree with. I feel like I need to change a lot, and I don’t know why.”

Maxine softly laughed. “It’s for the blonde in Melbourne. When you truly like someone, you want to try to be your best self.”

Bea sighed. “I don’t understand how she’s managed to wrap me around her finger.”

“You just have that soft spot that only she’s ever found. It can be hard to understand why we fall for certain people, we just do.”

“Yeah…” Bea agreed. In all honesty, she knew she was falling for Allie, although she hadn’t realized that she already has. Deciding to just take Allie’s advice, Bea asked about the movie premiere. “So, is it too late to change my mind about the movie premiere?”

“Bea, you really don’t have to go if you don’t want to.”

“I know. I changed my mind is all, I want to go.”

“Okay, well I’ll be over to your house in an hour or so with something for you to wear.”

“Okay, see you then.” Bea said before hanging up her phone.

Just as Allie previously asked, Bea video chatted the blonde the whole time she was getting ready for the Red Carpet event. Allie had made it fun for her as she was getting ready. She didn’t even think she’d ever have as much fun getting ready for an event as she had while video chatting the blonde. And it made her wonder how it would be if they were both getting ready together to attend an event. Hopefully she’d experience that in the future. Allie had mainly kept Bea laughing with her very inappropriate comments, but when Bea was done getting ready and revealed herself to Allie, the blonde suddenly had no inappropriate comments to spurt. She was simply lost for words as the redhead looked completely gorgeous. Her red hair was straightened and flowed freely down passed her shoulders. She had sterling silver round earrings in her ears and a white
gold diamond encrusted bracelet on her right wrist. But that’s not what attracted Allie to Bea in this moment, it was her outfit. She was wearing an all black, one piece jumpsuit that heavily revealed her cleavage. There was a long v-cut that went straight down her chest and stopped just below her breasts. The sleeves barely fell over her shoulders. Bea was also wearing black heels. Allie had finally spoke, saying that Bea looked absolutely gorgeous. To be honest, Allie was quite jealous that others got to be in the redhead’s presence as she was dressed so beautifully. And she wanted nothing more than to be able to kiss Bea’s luscious lips.

When the two women said their good-byes, Bea went with Maxine to be taken to the meeting spot so she could get into the limousine with Erica. And she was honestly so nervous. She hadn’t seen the woman in nearly a month, so she didn’t really know what to expect from the other woman. When they arrived to where Erica was waiting for Bea at, Bea said good-bye to Maxine before getting into the limousine with Erica. Erica was wearing a simple black dress, this moment was probably the least Bea had ever seen the blonde dressed up. The whole ride to the event was silent, too silent, even for Bea’s liking. But when they were almost there, Erica hit the button for the privacy divider to be closed.

“Bea,” Erica started, her eyes looking directly at Bea. “Before we get there, I want you to know that if you do anything to denounce our relationship to anyone at the event, you’ll regret you ever did such a thing.”

Bea furrowed her brows together. “We have no relationship. We never have.”

“The public doesn’t know that though. And I want to keep it that way.”

“Why? There’s no logical point in having everyone believe something that isn’t true.”

“I have my reasons, that’s all you need to know.”

“And what if I don’t want to play along?” Bea asked, a challenging tone to her voice.

Erica slightly laughed. “I know all about your little junkie street whore.”

Bea grew angry. “I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.”

“Your little blonde. Allie. I know all about her history. You fuck me over, and I’ll let everyone know who you’re with.”
“How do you know who she is?”

“I have my ways, Beatrice.”

Bea shook her head, angrily. “Fuck you.” She spat.

Erica grinned. “Maybe later.”

Bea had tried to calm herself down the rest of the way to the premiere, but she couldn’t. Nothing was calming her. What Erica had said really pissed her off. But more importantly, how in the fuck did she know about Allie?

Not long later, the limousine pulled up to the start of the Red Carpet event. Erica had gotten out first, and then Bea followed. They were instantly bombarded with flashing lights, people begging to get their pictures. They made their way along the Red Carpet, stopping every so often to get their pictures taken. Bea never had a smile on her face, she wasn’t in the mood. Erica had grabbed Bea’s arm and wrapped it around her waist, it made Bea internally roll her eyes. She hated having her arm wrapped around the other woman. Erica then grabbed Bea’s hand and guided her further down the carpet, where some interviewers were stationed. Bea just stood next to Erica the whole time, not even paying attention to what Erica and the interviewer were talking about. A few people had shook Bea’s hand or gave her a hug while she was still stood next to Erica. She was completely out of the conversation, until she felt Erica grab her hand and pull her close.

“We’re still going as strong as ever.” Erica said to the interviewer. “I think we’re happier than we’ve ever been. Isn’t that right, baby?”

“Hmm.” Bea replied, faking a smile towards the interviewer.

“Well, that’s great to hear!” The woman exclaimed. “Because we have all been a little nervous that you two split. Just a few weeks ago those pictures of Bea with some other blonde woman surfaced, and we didn’t know what to think of it.”

“Oh!” Erica laughed. “That woman was just Bea’s cousin. They haven’t seen each other for quite some time, they were just doing a bit of catching up.”

Bea scoffed, grabbing the attention of Erica and the woman conducting the interview.
“Everything alright, Bea?” Erica asked, raising her eyebrows.

“Everything’s good. I just need some water is all, my throat is a little scratchy.”

“They have some fountains over that way.” The woman said, pointing in the direction of the water fountains.

“I’ll make sure to get some when we pass by, thanks.” Bea said.

“No problem.” She responded. “Well, so we all know that everything really is peachy between the two of you. How about give us a good smooch?”

Bea went to shake her head to signal that she was not going to be kissing anyone, but just as she was mid head shake, Erica placed her hands on Bea’s face and pulled her close. Their lips had plunged together and Bea was going to throw-up. Bea put one hand on Erica’s chest and shoved her away, she wiped her mouth off afterwards.

Bea held her hand up, using her forefinger to point at Erica. “You’ve crossed the line.” She said sternly, then turned to the interviewer. “I’m not in a relationship with Erica, I never have been, and things are definitely not *peachy* between us. We faked a relationship for the past ten months for career reasons, we were never involved with each other.” She gushed out. “The other blonde woman I was seen with in Melbourne isn’t my cousin. She’s my girlfriend. And her name is Allie.” She glared at Erica and then stormed off.

Bea hadn’t got as far as she’d like from the whole Movie Premiere bullshit, so when she heard her name being called she turned to see Erica walking towards her. She was only a block or two away from where the movie premiere was taking place at, so she could still hear the loud noises it was creating. She was now angry that Erica followed her.

“What do you want, Erica?” Bea asked.

“You’ve made a big mistake. I clearly told you to not denounce our relationship, but you did anyway.”

“I don’t give a fuck what you do. You tell whoever you want about Allie, it won’t ruin anything between me and her. If anything, it’ll bring us closer together. So, go ahead. Tell the world, I
could care less.” And with that, Bea turned to leave. But Erica stopped her with a firm grip on her arm. “Let go of me.” She yanked her arm out of Erica’s grip.

“All I ever wanted from you was a true relationship, but you could never give that to me. I get what we had was for media attention, but I ended up falling for you in the long run. I tried my hardest to get you to like me and you never would even bat an eye towards me. And then this whore shows up and she’s captured all of your attention.”

“Don’t you call her that.” Bea said through gritted teeth.

“See. You’re even protective over her. I don’t understand. What’s so special about her?”

Bea took a step towards Erica, standing toe to toe with her. “When I met her, she had no idea who I was. She treated me like I was just another person in this world, and I liked that. We continued to hang out and get to know one another, and even when she did find out who I am, she still treats me like I’m just any other regular person.” She said. “She makes me smile, laugh, and feel things I’ve never felt before. I’ve known her for over a month and we’ve only been in a relationship for a little over two weeks now, and we still haven’t had a fumble in the bedroom. And quite frankly, I like that we’re taking things slow.” She said seriously. “But most importantly, she’s different than anyone I’ve ever met.” She let out a soft chuckle, shrugging her shoulders upwards. “I’m in love with her.”

Erica hadn’t said anything, so Bea turned to leave once again. She had taken a few steps when she heard Erica’s voice.

“You’re going to regret ever fucking me over, Bea Smith.” She announced.

But Bea ignored her and kept walking. She hauled a taxi down when she was another few blocks away from the event. The taxi dropped her off at her home and she went straight inside and up to her room. She changed her clothes, took her jewelry off, and washed her make-up off before finally plopping down onto her bed. And that’s when her emotions finally took over. She couldn’t believe that she spilt Allie’s name to the media, she was just really mad at Erica. Now, she was going to have to deal with whatever Erica was going to do, whether she was bluffing or not. Allie was now in the spotlight, and it was Bea’s fault. She let her mouth run before she could even think about it. Then she admitted to Erica that she was in love with Allie. Was that the truth? Or was she just saying that to piss the other woman off? Again, she didn’t even think when she said it, it just came out. She was in love, wasn’t she?

Bea pulled out her phone and dialed in Allie’s number. It rang a few times before the voice she really wanted to hear answered.
“Hey, the premiere is over already?” Allie asked.

“Allie…” Bea croaked out, her emotions getting the better of her.

“Bea?” Allie said, alert to her voice. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry. I fucked up.”

“What?”

“I ruined everything.”

“Hey, talk to me. What’s going on?” Allie asked.

“Erica knows who you are. I don’t know how, but she knows. She told me not to do anything to denounce the fake relationship we had or she would tell everyone who you were, but she made me angry and I ended up telling an interviewer your name and that you were my girlfriend.” She explained. “I’m so sorry, Allie. I really am.”

“Bea, calm down. It’s okay.” Allie responded. “How did she make you mad?”

“The interviewer thought me and Erica had split because of the pictures of you and me from the footy match, so she asked about you and Erica said that you were my cousin. Then she…she kissed me. I pushed her away and that’s when I told the interviewer the truth. I fucked up, I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t fuck up, don’t worry about it. It’s okay. Not the part where Erica kissed you, but everything else is okay.”

“It’s not okay, Allie. How does she know about you?”

“I don’t know…”
“You’re going to get backlash because of me, people are going to be so mean to you.”

“Bea, babe, I don’t care what other people think. I only care what you think. Okay?”

“But you didn’t want to be in the spotlight, and now you will be.” Bea said.

“I don’t care if you don’t.” Allie assured. “We’ll do this together. I’ll have you, you’ll have me. We can handle this together.”

“Are you sure you’ll be okay with everything?”

“Not really, I don’t know what to expect.” Allie chuckled. “But I’ll do anything with you.” She said. “And besides, now we don’t have to be careful of what we do anymore. The whole world will know that you’re mine.” She grinned to herself. “Really though, Bea, I’m fine that people will soon know who I am. It’ll be a lot to handle when everything gets out, but I think I’ll be able to ignore it.”

“I understand if it’ll be too much for you to handle. You didn’t exactly sign up for this.”

“Hey, don’t start that.” Allie said. “I’m right where I want to be. Well, I’d much rather be holding you in my arms right now, but I guess laying in your bed with your pillows will have to do.”

Bea laughed. Allie always knew the right things to say. “I miss you.” She whispered into the phone.

Allie smiled, feeling her heart pound in her chest. “I miss you too.” Hearing Bea yawn, she continued. “You should get some sleep, okay? Call me tomorrow. Good night, sweet dreams.”

“Good night, Alliecat. Dream of me.”

“I always do.”
After Bea said her good-byes and set her phone down on the bedside table, she tucked herself under the blankets and got comfortable. It didn’t take long for sleep to overtake her body.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading! This chapter was probably boring, so I'm sorry for that. Next chapter will be much better :)
It had been two weeks since Allie last seen Bea, and she was really feeling the affects now. She missed the redhead so much, it was crazy. She’s never been addicted to someone in this way before, but she didn’t mind it one bit. It definitely kept her mind off drugs. She had gotten a phone call from Maxine just a few days ago asking if she was free to fly up to Sydney to surprise Bea. Allie was all on board about the idea, she was really excited. And she began to get even more excited when Maxine told her that she would send the private plane to pick her and Franky up at the airport. Franky was tagging along so Allie wouldn’t be alone on the plane and so she could see Bridget. It was so hard for Allie to be able to keep the secret from Bea, and she had almost slipped up a few times by telling her during their daily phone calls. The best thing about this sudden trip, was that it had been exactly one month since they’ve officially been dating. So, it would be a great one month surprise for the redhead.

The plane ride wasn’t quite two hours long, and Allie and Franky were finally in Sydney. Allie had never been on a plane before, so her first plane ride being on a private plane was pretty nice for her. She couldn’t believe that Bea owned such an amazing private plane, it was comfortable and she felt safe on it. She had been nervous about riding on the plane to begin with, but Franky kept her mind occupied with conversation. She and Franky actually got to know each other more during the last two weeks, as the raven-haired woman stopped by the house everyday to check on her. Allie didn’t mind, it was just Bea’s way of making sure she was okay.

When they exited the plane with their luggage, they were instantly greeted by Maxine. Franky and Maxine already knew each other, so Allie introduced herself to the woman who was Bea’s agent and also friend. Right away, Maxine knew exactly why Bea had fallen for the blonde; she had a great bubbly personality and her smile lit up the room. The three of them had gotten into the black SUV and Maxine informed Allie that Bea was working out at the gym and that she had no idea of what was to come. Allie was so happy to see Bea, but sad that she wouldn’t be staying in Sydney for very long. Although Mr. Alicio was completely fine with her taking a bit of time off work, she didn’t like to just leave like that. Especially without notice. But the French Man was very understanding.

They pulled up to the gym, Maxine got out first so she could walk to the entrance to see what Bea was doing. Seeing that she was busy, she motioned for Allie and Franky to get out and enter the gym with her. As Allie entered into the gym, she saw her favorite human laying on a mat stretching. The redhead was laying on her back with one of her trainers holding her leg up. He would push Bea’s leg back, causing him to lean onto Bea. Allie felt jealous, even though she shouldn’t. But still, she couldn’t help herself.

“Well, this isn’t really how I wanted to walk in to see my girlfriend.” Allie said, a smirk very evident on her face.
Bea snap her head to the side when she heard the very familiar voice. Seeing the blonde beauty standing just several feet from her was so unreal. She slightly sat up, getting a better look at the blonde.

“Don’t just lay there,” Allie added. “Come here.”

A smile appeared on Bea’s face, and she used her arms to move Nate off her legs so she could get up. She pushed herself off the ground and made her way to Allie. Their arms wrapped around each other in a hug. A much needed hug that did the both of them some good. Bea tightened her hold on the blonde, being extremely happy that she was here. It was a great surprise, one that she never even thought would happen. She easily picked the blonde up off the ground, spinning her around while they still tightly held each other, a sound of giggles erupting from Allie’s mouth. Bea placed her back down on the ground, her face still full of smiles. She placed her hands on Allie’s face, pulling her into a kiss. Their kiss was short lived by Franky whistling, and it was only then that she realized Franky was even there. She glared at Franky before turning her attention back to the blonde.

“Allie, how are you here?” Bea asked, keeping her arms wrapped around her girlfriend.

“It was all Maxine’s idea.” Allie replied, watching as Bea looked towards Maxine. “She called me a few days ago and asked if I was available to fly up here to surprise you.”

“I couldn’t handle your sulking attitude any longer.” Maxine said, jumping into the conversation. “I figured it would do you some good if Allie was here.”

“Hey! I wasn’t sulking!” Bea retorted.

Maxine laughed. “Uh, yeah, you were! I haven’t seen that smile on your face at all during the last two weeks.”

Bea downed her head, a blush forming. She knew she had a sulk to her and she knew it was because she missed Allie, but she didn’t think she was that bad. She looked back up at Allie and smiled. She was so happy the blonde was here, she doesn’t think she’s ever had such a great surprise before.

“Wait, how did you get in contact with her?” Bea asked Maxine, referring to Allie.
“I got her number out of your phone the day I called her. Your password wasn’t exactly hard to figure out. You should change it.” Maxine said, a grin on her face. “She didn’t fly with commercial airlines either. I sent the private plane to pick her and Franky up. I hope you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind at all. I’m glad my Alliecat is here.” Bea said with a smile, rubbing her nose into Allie’s.

“Alliecat?! Franky exclaimed. “What the hell? You turned my badass friend into a fuckin’ softie.”

“Shut up, Franky. I’m not a softie.” Bea replied. “Why the hell did she tag along anyway?” She teased.

“So I could keep Blondie company on the plane…if you know what I mean.” Franky winked, holding her hands out in front of her as she thrusted her hips back and forth in a fast motion, trying to rile the redhead up.

Bea went to jump at Franky, but Allie kept her hold on the redhead. “Now you know that isn’t true.” She said, trying to calm the redhead down. “I only have eyes for you.”

Franky laughed, Bea holding her middle finger up towards her. “I only came so she wouldn’t be alone on the plane since it was her first time flying, and so I could see Gidge.” Franky said.

“How long are you staying here for?” Bea asked Allie.

“Only for a week, and then I’ll be going back to Melbourne.” The blonde replied.

Bea slumped her shoulders. She was really hoping she’d be staying longer, but understood that she had a job now and that she liked being able to work.

“I talked to Kev and proposed the idea to have you come workout tomorrow and the next day and then give you next five days off from working out so you can spend some time with Allie. Show her around Sydney a bit, or just spend time to yourselves. He agreed to it, said it was fine.” Maxine said.
Bea smiled. “Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me. I’m happy to finally see you happy with someone, so I didn’t want that ruined by you two being separated for any longer.” Maxine said. “I know how Bea gets. She’ll get inside her own head thinking that she isn’t good enough and then try to push you away.” She said to Allie.

Allie looked to Bea. “Don’t you ever do that to me, Bea Smith.” She said seriously. “You are good enough, maybe too good.”

“I’m not too good for you.” Bea replied, leaning forward to capture Allie’s lips with her own.

“Well, while they get ready to go bumper to bumper, can I go see Gidge now?” Franky asked.

“No one’s stopping you.” Maxine replied.

“No, but you’re my ride.”

“Right. Okay then, come on.” Maxine said. “I’ll see you later, Bea.”


“Bye, Maxine. Thank you again.” Allie said, waving to the two women.

“No worries. Have a good day!” Maxine called out as she and Franky exited the gym.

Just as the two women left, Bea and Allie were back in an embrace, holding each other tight.

“I’m so happy you’re here.” Bea gushed. “I never thought I’d be this happy to see someone.”
Allie laughed. “I’m happy I’m here too, so happy.” She replied, tucking her face into the crook of Bea’s neck. “Happy one month to us.”

Bea moved her head backwards, looking at Allie. “Oh, shit. That’s today?”

“Yeah,” Allie said with a chuckle. “And here I thought you were the one who would be keeping up with all that cheesy stuff.”

“I’ve just had a lot on my mind recently. Mainly about Erica.”

“Hey, nothing’s bad happened. So, don’t worry.”

“I know, but I just have a bad feeling.”

“It’ll be okay.” Allie assured, giving Bea a quick kiss.

Bea nodded her head. “We should go out tonight, right? Like a nice dinner?”

“No. I don’t want to. I’d much rather go to your house after this and just cuddle on the couch while watching a movie. I don’t need any special treatment tonight, I just need you.”

Bea smiled. “Your wish is my command.”

“Ooo, kinky.”

Bea playfully rolled her eyes. “Stop.” She laughed. “I only have a little while left until I’m done here, and then we’ll leave. You can go sit in the kitchen, sit in the lounges over there, or just watch me.”

Allie grinned. “I think I’m up for the watching you idea.” She winked.
For the next few hours, Allie sat around and watched Bea work out. She didn’t think it would affect her in anyway and it didn’t, but when Bea started lifting weights she felt the strong pull in her abdomen. She had to excuse herself to the kitchen so she could calm down. Seeing the way Bea’s muscles flexed as she lifted weights really worked her up. She didn’t understand how she could be so turned on or attracted to someone like this. When she had finally calmed down, she went back out to the gym area and Bea smirked at her, silently telling the blonde that she knew exactly why she had left. Allie watched Bea finish up her workout on the exercise bike, and even that made her core throb. *For fucks sake, she’s only moving her legs. What’s so hot about that?* But it had made sense to her that everything the redhead did was hot, so it didn’t matter.

After Bea finished her workout, she went to Allie and grabbed her hand guiding her in the direction of what looked like a hallway. As they got to where Bea was walking, Allie seen that it wasn’t a hallway. That it was only a narrow, open room-like area. Bea walked in, pulling Allie with her. She pressed a big button that was inside and air vents opened above them, blowing out heaps of cool air. Bea looked over to Allie, whose hair was blowing everywhere but she was laughing nevertheless. When the vents closed, Bea walked out with her hand clasped in Allie’s.

“It’s to cool you down after a nice workout. I call it the cyclone.” Bea explained.

Bea then guided Allie down an actual hallway, leading to her an open room that had a few small massage beds.

“Wanna massage?” Bea asked.

“Sure, if you’re giving it.” Allie replied, a suggestive smirk plastered on her face.

Bea laughed. “I would, but that’s what the bed is for.” She said. “It’s a hydromassage bed. You lay on it, hit start, and you’ll get a full body massage by the use of pressurized water. I highly enjoy it myself.” She got onto one of the beds and motioned for Allie to get on one too. She hit start and within seconds she felt the traveling jets move against her body. “You can change the pressure and speed.” She said to Allie. “Hit start.”

Allie hit start, feeling the immediate pressure of the water move up her body. She giggled once the waves massaged her butt area. “It tickles!” She exclaimed, causing Bea to laugh.

The hydromassage only lasted for ten minutes, and then they were both done. Bea guided Allie to her changing room so she could get out of her gym clothes and into some regular clothes. Just as Bea closed the door to her dressing room, she pulled Allie into a needy kiss, pushing her back against the door. She held Allie in place against the door as she licked her tongue against the blonde’s lip before plunging her tongue into the blonde’s mouth. She dominated the kiss, using her tongue to massage Allie’s as her fingers were lightly scratching into the back of the blonde’s scalp. She then used her tongue to move it in a slow, circular motion around Allie’s, smiling to
herself when she felt Allie try to chase her tongue. Bea gently pressed her tongue into Allie’s, marveling in the moan Allie elicited. She slowly pulled her tongue out of Allie’s mouth, then used her lips to gently squeeze on the blonde’s lower lip. Bea eased her lips away from Allie’s, smiling when she saw that her cheeks were flushed with a pink tint. She swiped her thumb across Allie’s pink cheek, reveling in the way she and Allie were looking deep into each other’s eyes. They simultaneously leaned in towards one another, their lips brushing softly together in a love-filled kiss.

Bea pressed her forehead against Allie’s. “It’s so weird.” She whispered.

“What is?” Allie whispered in return.

“The feelings I get when you’re around.” She replied. “Just the way you make me feel in general is weird for me. I’ve never felt this way before.”

“What are you feeling?”

Bea shyly smiled, not really sure how to explain it. “My heart…it beats fast when I look at you. I get a swarm of butterflies through my stomach when we kiss or touch. I feel safe around you, and happy.” She said. “I feel like I know everything about you, and I just never want to let you go.”

Allie smiled. “This woman I used to know on the streets told me that if I’m ever lucky enough to find someone who sees past my flaws, then to never let them go. And then I find you and you treated me like I was a human. You saw past my flaws, and liked me for me.” She said. “No matter what, I’m going to try my hardest to keep this working between us, Bea Smith. I’ve never been drawn to someone like this before. So, everything you’re feeling about me, I’m feeling the same way about you.”

Bea pulled Allie into a hug to try to express how much Allie’s words meant to her. She was never really good with words. She was never good expressing her feelings in general, unless she was angry. She was well capable of showing her anger, as many people know that all too well. Bea tries to have complete control over her anger, but sometimes she just can’t help herself. The things she went through with Harry was terrible, and she promised herself that she would never let anyone step on her like that again. So, being hotheaded was a way she could show her dominance over things. But she was going to try to change her ways, she needed to be a better a person for the blonde she was growing too attached to.

“Let me change my clothes, so we can get out of here.” Bea announced as she pulled from their embrace.
“Okay, I’ll give you some privacy.” Allie went to go to the door to leave Bea’s changing room, but the redhead grabbed her wrist.

“You don’t have to leave. You can stay.”

“I don’t want you to be uncomfortable about changing in front of me.”

Bea chuckled. “Just don’t stare, and I’ll be fine.”

“No promises.” She winked.

Allie sat down on the little bench in the changing room as Bea went through her locker to get her change of clothes out. Bea’s back was to Allie as she took off her workout tank-top, she was a little self-conscious about her figure. But she was only like that towards Allie, she couldn’t give a fuck what other’s thought about how she looked. She just wanted to look good for Allie. Bea knew her body was toned and well defined, and she knew Allie liked her body by the way the blonde’s eyes burned into her skin before during their heated make-out those weeks ago. But that didn’t matter, she would always have that little bit of doubt within herself. Harry’s constant verbal abuse in the past did that to her.

Allie watched Bea’s back muscles flex as the redhead pulled her sports bra off her torso, and Allie couldn’t help but drool. Bea’s back was incredibly toned and she just wished she could trace her hands all over it in this moment. But she would behave herself, for now. She continued to watch as Bea put on a different bra and then proceeded to take off her workout pants, which were just considered leggings. Allie had to bite her lower lip to stop the moan from escaping. Her ass in those undies were outrageously hot. She threw her head back in a silent groan. The redhead was going to be the death of her.

“Fuck, Bea!” Allie finally sputtered out. “You’re gonna kill me!”

“Allie!” Bea squealed as she pulled her jeans on. “You weren’t supposed to be starring.”

“I said ‘no promises’.” Allie replied, laughing.

Bea groaned, pulling a shirt over her head. She turned back around, giving the blonde a glare. She wanted to be mad, but she couldn’t. She really couldn’t. The look Allie was giving her right now was just too dang cute. Bea just smiled, throwing her duffle bag, that was full of her dirty workout
“Come on, Alliecat. Let’s go.” She held her hand out for the blonde to accept.

Allie smiled, grabbing Bea’s hand to allow herself to be guided by the beautiful redhead.

Allie’s hand stayed clasped with Bea’s while the redhead said her good-byes to her trainers and her coach. While Bea was talking to her trainers about her workout for the next day, Nate opened his mouth asking about Allie. Wes had punched him in the arm, knowing that question was off limits since Maxine warned them all. But Bea had laughed, telling Nate that Allie was her girlfriend and that she was happy. After that, Bea and Allie walked outside to Bea’s car. And Allie stopped in her tracks when she saw what car Bea was getting in.

“This is yours?!” Allie asked, shock evident in her voice. She continued to roam her eyes over the red Audi R8 that Bea was stood next to.

“Yes.” Bea laughed. “Come on.” She said, holding the passenger door open for Allie.

Once Allie got into the passenger seat, Bea got into the driver’s seat and began driving to her Sydney home.

“I was really impressed by your private plane.” Allie began. “I’ve never been on anything like that before. I felt like a princess.”

Bea chuckled. “Princess? You mean Queen?”

“No. You’re Queen Bea. I can’t be a Queen too.”

“You’re my girlfriend, not my daughter.” Bea said. “If I’m a Queen, then you’re a Queen too. We’re equals, babe.”

Allie smiled, and agreed to what Bea said. Mainly because the redhead had finally called her ‘babe’ in person and it made her happy.
The rest of the conversation to Bea’s house flowed easily, Allie telling Bea about how her works been going at La Petite Patisserie. But as soon as Bea pulled up to her home, Allie went quiet. Allie’s eyes stayed on the house the entire time Bea was driving up the driveway. The home was exquisite, and way fancier looking than the home in Melbourne. The home was a sand color with white window panes. The front door was dark brown, as were the several garage doors. They pulled into the garage, where Allie seen another vehicle and Bea’s motorbike. Bea noticed that Liz wasn’t here, she had probably left for the afternoon. Bea got out of her car and followed suit, Bea carried her duffle bag while Allie carried her luggage she brought for her stay. It was kind of cramped in the Audi R8 with the bags, but Allie didn’t mind. She was just happy to be in the presence of the redhead. They exited the garage, walking to the front door of Bea’s home. When Bea closed the garage door, she began to unlock the front door. Then she heard that all familiar sound of a car owned by a certain person. She turned around, seeing the silver Porsche 911 driving up her driveway. She grew angry, but took a few deep breaths.

“Allie, you need to go inside.” Bea said. “It’s Erica.”

Allie looked to the car approaching them. “No.” She simply said. “I want to see her.”

“Allie,” Bea said through gritted teeth as Erica’s car stopped. “In the house, now.”

“No.”

The diver door opened, and Erica exited the car. She had big round sunglasses covering her eyes and her hair was in its’ natural state; tamed curls. As Erica walked towards them, Bea cringed. The sound of her heels clanking against the cement was very cringeworthy. She glanced to Allie, whose eyes were solely on the woman approaching them. Erica was wearing a very tight pencil skirt and a thin see through blouse. Her plan was to obviously try to woo the redhead.

“What do you want?” Bea sneered.

“I’m here to get the things I left.” Erica replied, removing her sunglasses.

“Liz packed up your belongings long ago and gave them to Adam. Nothing of yours is here.”

Erica then looked to the blonde that was standing next to Bea. “You must be Allie.” She grinned.
Bea stepped protectively in front of Allie, glaring Erica down. “Leave her alone.” She demanded. “Why the fuck are you really here?”

“I gotta say, I thought she’d be hotter than me. Considering you left me for her.” Erica said, ignoring Bea’s question.

Bea scoffed. “She’s hell of a lot better looking than you.”

Erica laughed. “Well, since you say nothing of mine is here, then I best be going.” She looked to Allie, then back to Bea, a smirk on her face. “I’ve got things to plan.”

Bea waited until Erica was back in her car before she opened her front door, letting Allie enter first and then she followed closely behind. She dropped her duffle bag on the floor, running her fingers in her hair. She couldn't believe that Erica showed up like that, and saw Allie. Why did she even show up? It didn’t make any sense to her. She was seriously beginning to think to hire some more security to guard her house. She didn’t trust Erica, especially since this had been the second time she randomly showed up in a weeks time.

“Bea, it’s okay.” Allie said, wrapping her arms around the redhead.

“It’s not okay, Allie. You could get hurt because of me, and that’s the last thing I want.”

“I don’t care.”

“I’m serious, Allie.” Bea said, pulling out of Allie’s embrace. “People will try to get to you to hurt me. You’re my weak point. People know that to hurt me, then all they have to do is hurt you. And I don’t need you getting hurt because of me.”

“Bea, I don’t care. You won’t let that happen to me. I know you won’t. You will protect me.”

Bea looked at Allie, nodding her head in agreement. “I will. I’ll protect you no matter what.” She pulled Allie into a hug, kissing the side of her head.

"Erica is beautiful." Allie mentioned.
Bea scoffed. "No, she isn't. You are."

When they pulled apart from their hug, Allie kissed Bea on her lips before turning to look around the house laid out around her. There was a staircase to her right leading up to the second floor and above her was an overhang where you can stand to look down at the first floor. Further in front of her was the living room that had a bricked, round fireplace right in the center of the room, its chimney went up through the ceiling. Allie walked to the living room, taking a look around. There was a large television on one wall with very plush sofas sat in front of it. Bea then decided to take the lead and show her around. She showed her the kitchen, which was larger than the one in Melbourne. But it was also pretty similar. There wasn’t much on the first floor, except for the living room, a small open room where Bea’s piano was, Bea’s office, a half bathroom, a wine cellar, and a door that led to the basement. But also on the first floor was a fish tank she had custom built. She explained to Allie that it was a custom built, seamless, 1,300 gallon fish tank. It was placed on the other side of the staircase, so it wasn’t very noticeable. It was basically an acrylic aquarium. And Bea quite liked it, it was one of her favorite things she owned. Within the tank was a large boulder in the center that the fish could swim around and even through it where there was holes, there was colorful rocks placed at the bottom of the tank, there were a few small sculptures, and there was several plastic plants and a few real ones to give it that lively feel to it. There were seven different types of fish in the tank, but a total of seventeen were in the 1,300 gallon tank. There were two achilles tangs, two koran angels, one starfish, three angelfishes, two tiger plecos, three firemouth cichlid, and four amano shrimps which were the ones that helped keep the tank clean. She wanted to have at least two of every fish, she felt that they all needed their own kind with them. She was planning on adding more fish to the tank though, since she had quite a large tank.

When Allie finished gushing over the fish tank, Bea continued to show her around. On the second floor of the house was two guest bedrooms, two extra rooms that were empty because she didn’t know what to do with them, Liz’s room for when she stayed, a full bathroom and another half bathroom, and then there was Bea’s room. Bea’s room was nice, her bed was huge, her closet was even bigger, and in her en suite she had a huge vanity like setting where she did her make-up and her hair. She a big walk in shower; it was stoned in and had a built-in sitting spot, and the shower head hung from the ceiling instead of the wall. She had a cast iron clawfoot tub in her bathroom as well. Allie couldn’t believe how nice everything looked.

“Well, that’s everything.” Bea said, sitting down on her bed. “Except you haven’t seen the basement. The only thing down there is where Liz washes clothes and I have some workout equipment down there as well.”

“I haven’t seen the backyard either.”

Bea smiled. “Go out those doors and you’ll get a view.” She said, pointing to the curtained double doors on the far side of her room.
Allie made her way to those doors and unlocked it, pulling them open. She walked out onto balcony that had a couple chairs and a hammock. She went to the railing, seeing the very large inground pool that had a slide you could slide down into the pool and there was plenty of green grass surrounding the pool area.

“Do you ever swim?” Allie asked as she entered back into the home, locking the doors behind her.

“Sometimes. I like to swim though when I get a chance.”

Allie picked up her bag and placed it on Bea’s bed. She began to open it and go through her clothes. “Can I take a shower?”

“Oh course.” Bea answered. “While you’re showering I could order us something to eat. What are you feeling?”

“I don’t really mind. I’ll be okay with anything.”

“Does Thai sound good?”

“It sounds amazing.” Allie said with a smile. “I’ll have whatever you’re having.”

Bea was still sitting on her bed when she called the restaurant to order for delivery. Just as she hung up the phone, Allie walked by her to enter into the bathroom. She was completely naked. A strong throb pulsed through her core. She couldn’t take her eyes off the blonde’s ass as she was sauntering to the bathroom. Allie had turned around to face her, and Bea trailed her eyes up Allie’s entire body. Not a feeling of embarrassment was within her in this moment. When she reached Allie’s face, the blonde was smirking and then she winked. The next thing Bea knew, the bathroom door had closed. She fell back onto her bed, exhaling deeply. She wanted nothing more than to have Allie completely. And when the time was right, she was going to make absolute sweet love to the blonde. Bea was brought out of her thoughts by her phone buzzing. Picking it up, she seen that it was a text from Maxine.

Maxine: I can see why you have fallen for Allie. She’s a beautiful woman, inside and out. Don’t worry about what people may think or say about her, you go for it. It’s your turn to finally be happy.
Bea read Maxine’s text a few more times before she replied. She knew Maxine was right, she deserved to be happy. It was her turn to have a say in her life. And she wanted Allie, all of Allie.

Bea: Thank you, Maxi. That means a lot to me. I’m truly happy to have her.

Bea had called Liz to tell her that she didn’t need to come over this evening, to just wait until the following day to come back. When Allie was finished in the bathroom, their food had arrived. Bea laughed when she saw that Allie was wearing those wonder woman pajama bottoms, she was just too dang cute. They sat at the kitchen table as they ate, keeping a light conversation. After they finished eating, Bea got rid of their trash while Allie washed up the little bit of dishes they used. Just as they both plopped down onto the fluffy sofas in the living room to watch a movie, Bea’s phone began ringing. She looked at the caller ID seeing that it was Debbie. She answered immediately.

“Hey, Deb.” She answered.

“Hey, mum. How are you?”

“I’m good, Allie’s here. How are you?”

Debbie laughed. “I knew there was a certain lightness to your voice.” She teased. “I’m okay, I guess.”

“What does that mean?”

It was silent for a bit until Debbie spoke again. “I finally told dad that I knew about you.”

Bea’s heart dropped. “Wh-what did he say?”

“He denied it at first, saying that I didn’t know what I was talking about it. But I told him that I saw those documents that I told you about. And then I told him that I didn’t go with my friends to Melbourne, I told him the truth…that I went to find you and meet you.” She paused. “He didn’t take that very lightly.” She said with a small, almost inaudible whine.
Bea brought her hand up to her mouth. “Deb…what did he do?”

“He…he slapped me, told me that I went behind his back and disrespected him.”

Tears escaped Bea’s eyes. And Allie watched on, she pulled Bea into an embrace to try to comfort her with whatever was going on.

“I’m so sorry, Debbie.” Bea cried.

“It’s not your fault.” Debbie replied, equal emotion in her voice. “Mum, I want to come live with you.”

“Your father wouldn’t let you, Debbie.”

“I don’t care. I’m an adult, I can make my own choices. Please, mum, I don’t want to stay with him any longer.”

Bea looked up at Allie, who was looking back at her already. “Send me the address you live at and I’ll come get you tomorrow afternoon.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Make sure you have everything packed that you want, I don’t want to be there longer than what I have to be.”

“Okay. I’ll make sure to be ready.” Debbie replied. “I’m not going to tell dad until I’m actually leaving.”

“I love you, Deb. Be safe.”

“I love you too.”
“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Okay. Bye, mum.”

Bea hung up her phone and clung tighter to Allie.

“Babe, what’s wrong?” Allie asked.

“Debbie told Harry that she knows about me and he hit her.” Bea replied, tears escaping her eyes again. “She wants to come live with me, I’m going to get her tomorrow.”

“I’ll go too.”

“No, Allie. I don’t want you to see him.”

“I don’t care.” Allie scoffed. “You don’t need to go by yourself. I’m going with you.”

“You’re so stubborn.”

“Damn right I am.” Allie said, making Bea laugh. “I’m only stubborn when I care.”

“I’m glad you care.”

“I will always care because I…” She trailed off.

Bea lifted her head, looking Allie in the eyes. “Because you what?”

“Because I just do.”
They spent the rest of the evening watching a movie of Allie’s choosing. Bea didn’t really pay attention to it, her mind was just on Debbie. She hated that Debbie ended up being a victim to the hand of Harry. She couldn’t imagine how Debbie felt about it. She wanted to rip Harry’s head off for touching Debbie in that way. It was wrong, in so many ways. Never should he have ever laid a finger on Debbie like that, no matter what Debbie did. She didn’t deserve to be hit, she done nothing wrong.

Sensing that Bea was miles away, Allie turned the TV off and suggested that they go upstairs to go to bed. Allie held her arm around Bea’s waist the whole way to the bedroom. This particular time, she gave Bea some privacy to get changed into her bed clothes. And when she was done changing, she let Bea get into the bed first and then she followed after. Allie cuddled into Bea’s back, wrapping an arm around the redhead’s body as they laid there under the blankets. She kissed Bea’s shoulder.

“Good night, Bea.” Allie said.

Bea grabbed Allie’s hand into her own. “Sweet dreams.”

It wasn’t long until Allie fell asleep. Bea had just laid there. She couldn’t go to sleep. Not with knowing that Debbie wasn’t okay. And then she didn’t know how to feel about potentially having to see Harry tomorrow, that was making her go crazy.

“Bea,” Allie croaked out. “Go to sleep. All that worrying won’t do you any good.”

“I thought you were asleep.”

“I was, but your worrying woke me up.”

Bea turned in Allie’s arms, facing her. “How can that even wake someone up?”

“You were picking at my fingernails. That was bound to wake me up.” Allie replied. “I can tell you’re worrying.”

“He hit her, Allie. She doesn’t deserve that.” Bea tried to justify.

“Hey, I know.” Allie pulled Bea closer, kissing her softly on the lips. “That’s why we’re bringing her home tomorrow.”
“Go to sleep, okay?” Allie added when Bea hadn’t said anything.

Bea nodded her head. She tucked her head into Allie’s neck, cuddling close. As soon as she closed her eyes, sleep invaded her body.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading! I hope you liked this chapter x
Bringing Debbie Home

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for reading and supporting this story, it truly means a lot to me. All of the wonderful comments really keep me going, you all are amazing people! :) enjoy this chapter!

Bea woke up the next morning feeling well rested. It had been quite some time since she woke up feeling refreshed, and she gathered that it had everything to do with the blonde laying next to her. As she opened her eyes, she saw that Allie was still asleep. Her mouth was slightly opened, her hand was rested into the crook of her neck, and her blonde locks were sprawled out onto the pillow. Bea easily turned on her side so she could get a better look at the beauty by her side. She began to think of how she was truly beginning to fall for the blonde. She knew she liked Allie, but love was such a foreign word for her. She’s never said those three words to anyone before, except for Debbie. But even then after so long, it was a bit new to her. But Allie…sweet Allie…was, again, different. She was falling for her, and she was falling hard. Hell, she probably already had fallen for her, and it was just taking her head some time to catch up with her heart.

As she continued to lay there just looking at Allie, she realized that it wouldn’t be a bad thing if she loved her already. It would be new and refreshing. She told Erica that she was in love with Allie, but she still couldn’t figure out if she truly meant it or if she was just trying to piss the other woman off. But as she thought more of it, she knew she wouldn’t say something she didn’t mean. Especially if it was about Allie. She loved Allie. She was in love with her. She loved everything about her. She loved those piercing blue eyes she had, that cheeky smile she flashes all the time, and she loved that little beauty mark above Allie’s lips. She loved how she would scrunch her nose up in a small laugh, her bubbly personality, and she loved her positive attitude about everything. Bea loved the feeling of security she has when they’re in an embrace and she loved how patient Allie has been. But most of all, she loved how Allie feels like home. In their small amount of time together, Bea can honestly say she’s never been happier. Bea loves Allie. There’s no doubt in her mind about that anymore.

“Stop staring at me, ya creep.” Allie said as she her eyes opened, a grin spreading on her face.

Bea laughed. “I was wondering when you would finally wake up.”

“If you wanted me awake that bad, then you could’ve just woke me.” She teased.

“I would’ve, but you’re much more bearable when you’re sleeping.”
Allie laughed, sitting up slightly. She gently pushed Bea onto her back. “Is that so?” She playfully asked as she climbed on top of the redhead, straddling her.

Bea placed her hands on the outer part of Allie’s thighs once she was settled. “But I do like you more when you’re awake.” She began with a tease. “It’s not fun trying to kiss someone when they’re sleeping.”

Allie laughed again, leaning down so her chest was against Bea’s. “You would have experience in trying to kiss someone while they’re sleeping, wouldn’t you?” She joked, running her finger up and down Bea’s throat.

“Oh, you got me there.” Bea said with a chuckle. She leaned her head upwards to try to kiss Allie, but the blonde pulled her head back. Allie quirked an eyebrow up at Bea, a very playful look. Bea placed a hand on the back of the blonde’s head, trying to pull her closer so they could kiss. When Allie didn’t budge, Bea let out a growl.

“Don’t you growl at me.” Allie laughed.

“So kiss me.”

“You’re gonna have to get it if you want it.”

Bea took that as a challenge, so she managed to flip them over. She was now laying between Allie’s legs, their intimate parts just barely touching and the thought sent Bea’s body into a heatwave. She brought her head forward, pressing her lips against Allie’s. She used her hand to move up Allie’s outer thigh to her hip as their lips continued to tangle together.

Bea smiled into their kiss. “I win.” She whispered.

Allie laughed. “No, actually I do. I got you to kiss me without having to do anything.” She replied, twirling a strand of Bea’s curls around her finger.

“Well then, we both win.” Bea said, pressing her lips against Allie’s again.

There was a small knock at her bedroom door, and then it opened.
“Hey, love.” Liz said. “I’ve got your breakfast ready if you—” She stopped herself. “Oh, shit! I’m sorry. I’ll uh…sorry!” She quickly tried to scurry out of the room, but Bea had stopped her.

“Liz, it’s okay. You don’t have to leave.” Bea said, moving herself from in between Allie’s legs. “You didn’t have to come this morning, some time during the evening would’ve been fine by me.”

Liz looked to the blonde laying in Bea’s bed, which was highly unusual, before looking to Bea. “It’s no problem. I wanted to get here to make you some breakfast and then to get a head start on some things.” She looked back to the blonde, who gave her a small smile.

“Right.” Bea said. “Well, uh, Liz this is Allie, my girlfriend. Allie this is Liz, I like to think of her as part of the team.”

Allie sat up in the bed. “Hi, Liz. It’s nice to meet you.”

“You too, love.” Liz replied with a smile. She looked back to Bea. “Uh, girlfriend?”

Bea laughed. “You haven’t seen any of the news on me? Apparently, I put on quite a show at Erica’s movie premiere. People still think all that was for show.”

“You know I don’t keep up with all that horse shit.” Liz swatted her hand through the air as she spoke.

“I know, I just figured you would’ve seen that at least.” Bea replied. “Anyway, yeah, Allie is my girlfriend. Has been for a month now.”

“Oh!” Liz happily exclaimed. “I’m happy for you! And I’m just extremely happy you’ve gotten rid of Erica. I know there wasn’t an actual thing between you two, but she was a real pain in my ass.”

Bea laughed. “I think she’s a pain for everyone.”
Liz returned the laugh. “As I was saying before, your breakfast is ready if you’re hungry.”

“I’ll be down in a bit, Liz. Thank you.”

When Liz exited the room, Allie spoke.

“She looked really surprised to see me in here.” Allie said.

“She was.” Bea confirmed. “I told you before, no girl has ever been in my bed or in my room in general. You’re the first.”

Allie smiled. “I didn’t know you were serious about that.” She said. “I hope I’ll be able to be a lot of your firsts.”

“You will, trust me.” Bea assured, running her thumb across Allie’s cheek. She gave the blonde one more kiss before getting out of bed. “Come on, let’s go eat breakfast.”

Once they finished eating breakfast, Allie tried to clean up the kitchen but to no avail. Bea had went upstairs to get ready to leave to go to her training for the day. She had taken a shower, brushed her teeth, and put her gym clothes on. She put her hair up in a ponytail, showing off her shaved sides. She exited the bathroom, seeing Allie on the bed reading a book. She went to the bed, sitting down on the edge. She placed her hand on Allie’s leg to get her attention.

“I’m going to try to leave the gym around noon, I don’t think it will matter if I lose a few hours of workout today. So, I’ll come get you and then we’ll go get Debbie.” Bea said. “Is that okay?”

“Yeah, it sounds good.”

“Will you be okay here on your own?”

“Yes, babe, I’ll be fine.” Allie replied.

“Liz will be here. If you need anything just ask her or call me. Okay?”
“I will.” Allie confirmed. “Now go, so you can hurry back.”

Bea kissed Allie. “I’ll see you later. Call me if you need anything, I mean it.” She said before exiting the room.

It was just after noon when Bea arrived back to her house after her gym session. She was happy that her training partners were fine with her leaving a bit early, not that she would’ve cared if they didn’t want her to. But nevertheless, she was happy they were okay with everything. As she entered the house, she seen Allie by the fish tank with Liz. She assumed that the older woman was showing Allie how to feed them. She announced her presence to the women, who both smiled at her, and then told them that she was going to take a quick shower. When she finished her shower and put on the clothes she picked out, she exited her bathroom and seen Allie sitting on the bed waiting for her. Bea crawled onto the bed by Allie, kissing her gently on the lips.

“How are you?” Bea asked.

“I’m great.” Allie smiled, pulling Bea closer, wanting another kiss. “How was your workout?”

“It was alright. I’m just glad to be home now, even though I’m a little nervous about going to get Debbie.”

“Why?”

“I haven’t seen Harry in sixteen years.” Bea said. “I’m afraid he’ll try something.”

“Don’t worry about him. If he knows who you are now, he’d be dumb to try anything.” Allie assured.

“I hope you’re right.” Bea replied. “You ready to go?”
“Yeah, let me just get my shoes on.” Allie said, climbing off the bed in search of her shoes.

Bea did the same and went to the closet where she kept her shoes. She grabbed her white sneakers and slipped them on. She saw that Allie had her shoes on when she exited the closet, so they both retreated down the stairs. Bea informed Liz that they’d be back a little later on, also telling her that she could leave for the day if she wanted to. Bea opened her garage, going to the only four door vehicle she owned; the Tesla Model S. This car had way more room than her Audi R8, which was only a two seater, so this car was a better choice to drive in this moment, obviously. She and Allie were sitting in the car as Bea was putting Debbie’s address into the navigation system so she would know where to go. After she put the address in, it showed her that the drive was going to be over an hour and a half long. It didn’t matter to her, she was going to get her daughter.

She drove out of the garage and down her driveway. She asked if Allie was hungry, which she responded with saying that she wasn’t. Before they officially began their travels to get Debbie, Bea stopped at the petrol station to fuel up her vehicle. And then she texted Debbie to let her know that they were on their way.

“Who is your celebrity crush?” Allie asked after they been on the road for not even twenty minutes.

“What?” Bea laughed.

“Who’s your celebrity crush?” Allie asked again. “Everyone has one. Like, a famous person that you have an attraction to.”

“I don’t know.” Bea replied as she thought about her answer. “Cindy Crawford?”

“Cindy Crawford?” Allie laughed. “She’s like in her fifties.”

“She’s fifty-one. Barely in her fifties.” Bea playfully rolled her eyes. “Let me rephrase that… twenty-five year old Cindy Crawford I guess would be my celebrity crush. But even now she’s still pretty.”

Allie laughed again. “She’s still in her fifties.”

“So, when I’m in my fifties, you won’t find me attractive anymore?”
Allie playfully scoffed. “As soon as you turn fifty, I’m out.” She laughed, she reached over to grab Bea’s hand. “I’m only kidding, babe. You’ll always be hot to me.” She said. “And yes, Cindy Crawford is still as beautiful as she was twenty years ago.”

“What about you?” Bea asked.

“What about me?”

“Your celebrity crush?”

Allie grinned. “Oh, it’s definitely you, babe.” She leaned over, giving Bea’s cheek a kiss.

The rest of their drive to Debbie’s house was of them talking about nothing in particular, except for them planning on what they wanted to do during Allie’s time left in Sydney. Bea was definitely wanting to take Allie on a boat ride along Port Jackson to show her the Opera House from a water view, it was beautiful in her eyes. Luna Park was also a must, with Debbie with them of course. And if Allie was up for it, she would like to take the blonde to the Contemporary Art Museum. A nice dinner was also in her mind of things to-do, but she didn’t mention it to Allie because she knew the blonde would just try to talk her out of it.

When they finally reached Debbie’s house, there was three cars parked in the driveway, so Bea knew that everyone who lived there was home. She kept her car parked on the street as she sent Debbie a quick message to let her know that she was there. Within seconds a reply came through, letting Bea know that Debbie was about to be walking out the front door. A few minutes go by and Bea watched as the front door swung open. Debbie walked out pulling a large suitcase, carrying a bag over her shoulder, and carrying hand luggage in her hand. And then not too far behind, came Harry running out the door after her. Bea stiffened, the sight of Harry hadn’t changed a bit. She seen Harry in that picture Debbie showed her those weeks ago, but this was different. This was real life. And this was a moment she never imagined to come true. She was brought back to herself when she saw Harry yank Debbie by the arm. Bea swung her door open and got out, walking quickly to the front yard where Harry and Debbie stood. It felt like forever, but when Harry looked into her eyes, he released his hold on Debbie.

“Bea?” Harry spoke, confusion in his voice.

Bea ignored Harry, reaching out to grab a bag from Debbie.

“What the hell?” He said. “She’s not going with you!” He grabbed the bag that Bea had just grasped into her hands.
“Let go, Dad!” Debbie yelled. “I don’t want to live where I’m being lied to!”

“Oh, but you want to live with someone who didn’t want you when you were a baby?!”

Bea snapped. “You lying piece of shit! You took her from me! I tried looking for her for years.”

“You don’t need to lie anymore, I know the truth.” Debbie added.

“And you believe her?” Harry asked Debbie. “You believe someone who hasn’t been in your life?”

“I believe what I see.” Debbie replied. “And I saw the documents that were in your closet.” She grabbed the bag from Harry’s hands. “Now, leave me alone. I’m going to live with my mum whether you like it or not.”

Harry released the bag. “I only wanted what was best for you, Debbie. You didn’t need to be in that kind of environment.”

“What kind of environment, Harry?” Bea spat out before Debbie could. “The kind where you abused me every chance you got? Hm? You left and took Debbie away from me because you were a coward. You are a coward.”

Harry gritted his teeth. “You’re lucky I didn’t kill you.” He sneered. “Maybe you’ll finally get what’s—”

Before Bea knew it, her hand was gripped on his throat. She put pressure with her thumb and middle finger just under his jawline where the thyroid would be located, making him choke. She hadn’t realized Allie or Debbie was trying to get her to let go of him, she must have been lost in her head. But as soon as the front door opened again and a women appeared with a child in her arms and another child at her side, she released her hold and stepped back a few steps. She blinked a few times, bringing herself back to the now. Turning her head to the side, she looked at Allie who was giving her a concerned look.

“Dad, I’m going with Mum.” Debbie said to her father. “You’re mad, I get that. But I am too. I’ve been lied to since I was a child, and I don’t like that. I appreciate everything you’ve done for me.
And until you can act like an adult and sit down with me and mum to talk, then this is it for us.”

“Deb…” He said hoarsely, rubbing his throat with his hand. “I’m sorry.”

“I don’t want to hear that right now.” Debbie said. “Bye, Dad.” She waved by to Natalie and her half brothers as she grabbed her bags and began walking to Bea’s car.

As Bea was walking away with Allie’s arm wrapped around her waist, she heard Natalie ask Harry where Debbie was going.

“She’s going to live with her Mum.” Harry replied. “That woman is Bea, that’s Debbie’s mother.”

“Why didn’t we talk about this?” Natalie asked.

“There was nothing to talk about. I didn’t even know until now.” He said. “But we’ll talk about it soon.”

Bea got into the passenger seat, telling Allie to drive. Allie helped Debbie put her bags into the trunk before getting into the driver’s seat. She cranked the car and began to drive.

“Are you okay?” Allie asked Bea.

Bea just nodded her head, and then leaned her head against the car window. She didn’t mean to snap like that, it’s just Harry pushed her. And it was very possible for her to have gotten killed by him in the past, so it made her flip. The first thing she thought of was to grab his neck and choke him. But she shouldn’t have done that, she shouldn’t have put her hands on him. She should’ve been the bigger person. She hoped that Debbie didn’t think less of her, and the same for Allie.

“I’m sorry, Debbie.” Bea finally breathed out after they had been on the road for awhile. “I shouldn’t have done what I did.”

“Mum,” Debbie started with a serious tone. “If you wouldn’t have done anything to shut him up, then I would have. You don’t have anything to be sorry for. He’s been terrible to you, doing what you did was out of reaction. It’s okay, don’t apologize. You did nothing wrong.”
“I just don’t want you to think less of me.”

“I don’t.” Debbie assured. “Seriously, don’t beat yourself up about it.”

Allie reached over, grabbing Bea’s hand in her own. She brought Bea’s hand to her lips, kissing the back of her hand. “She’s right, babe.” She said. “Don’t work yourself up. I don’t know what was said for you to react that way, but my guess is that it was something you didn’t like. I know you wouldn’t have put your hands on him for no reason.”

Before Bea could reply, her phone began ringing. She looked at the caller ID, seeing that it was Franky. So, she answered it.

“Yes, Franky?”

“Red! Where are ya?!”

“In the car. Where are you?”

Franky scoffed. “No shit, you’re in a car. You aren’t home. So, guess where I’m at?” She sarcastically asked. “Bingo! Your house. Now where the fuck are you?”

“We’re heading home now, Franky.” Bea replied. “Me and Allie went to get Debbie.”

“Yeah? How come?”

“We’ll talk when we get there. We’ll be there soon.”

“Alright, see ya soon then.”

“I’ll be there in a bit, bye.” Bea hung up her phone. She looked to Allie, giving her a small smile before turning to look at the road ahead of them.
Thirty minutes later, they were finally back home. Allie pulled into the garage and after getting out, she helped Debbie with her luggage. They walked to the front door, where Franky was sitting on the front step, and Bea unlocked the door to let Allie and Debbie in. Before Debbie went to the front door, she gave Franky a big hug.

“Liz not here then?” Bea asked Franky.

“I guess not. I knocked on the door…a lot.” Franky said.

“You two go on in. Allie, you can show Debbie the guest rooms for her to choose from, yeah?” Bea asked. When Allie nodded her head, Bea continued. “I’m going to talk to Franky out here, we’ll be inside in a few.”

When Allie and Debbie entered into the house, Franky and Bea sat down on the front steps.

“So, Bridget kicked you out after one night together?” Bea asked in a tease.

“Ha-ha.” Franky said. “She got called into work for the night and I didn’t want to be there alone, so I had her drop me off here.”

“Sure.” Bea said, continuing in a tease.

Franky laughed. “How long is mini Bea stayin’?” She asked.

“She called me last night saying she wanted to live with me.” Bea replied. “I didn’t know what to think of it, I still don’t. But me and Allie went to get her anyway.” She looked to Franky. “I saw Harry.”

“Shit. How did that go?”

“For a moment, it was like I was back there. Ya know? Like back when he abused me. I was afraid to even get out of the car at first, but when I saw him yank on Debbie, I didn’t care anymore about my fears. I got out the car and went right up to that yard. He was so confused to see me, he
didn’t think Debbie was coming with me. He and Debbie went on for a bit about her not leaving, and then I stepped in when he said something about me not wanting her when she was a baby. But then he said something to me that really got to me...he said that I was lucky he didn’t kill me. And that really got to me because I know he was capable of doing that if he really wanted to. Before he could even finish whatever else he was about to say, my hand was gripped around his throat.” She explained. “I was choking him and I didn’t even realize it. It’s like I blacked out or something. I didn’t know Allie or Debbie was trying to pull me off him until his wife came out the front door with their two kids. Seeing them standing there made me let go of him.” She said. “I honestly feel so bad for even putting my hands on him like that. I mean, how stupid is that? After all the shit he did to me, I feel bad for giving him a little choke.”

Franky put her arm around Bea’s shoulders. “It’s not stupid that you feel bad about that. It shows that you’re human. You’re not like him, Bea. You actually care, he didn’t give a damn about anything.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” Bea replied. “I just feel really bad about it.”

“Well, don’t.” Franky said. “You did nothing wrong.”

“That’s what Debbie said.”

“See, she understands too. So, stop worrying about it.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll try to not think of it.” Bea replied. “So, you and Bridget doing good then?”

“Yes. Better than before, actually.” Franky responded. “I can’t believe I wasn’t serious about her before, she’s great!” She gushed. “How are you and Allie?”

“We’re good.” She smiled. “I’m really happy she’s here.”

“I bet.” Franky laughed. “I always believed that if I were to get into a serious relationship, then it was to be with someone who gives me butterflies, makes me smile, and makes me feel horny every single day.” She chuckled. "And Gidge is that for me. Allie is that for you too, eh?" She nudged Bea’s shoulder. “I bet she gives you butterflies, I know she makes you smile, and I can only imagine the horny-crazed sex you two have. It’s exactly why I went to Gidge’s for the first night, I didn’t want to be up listening to you two go at it all night.”
Bea blushed. “She gives me butterflies, yes. She makes me smile, all the time. The sex? We… haven’t exactly done that yet. But I believe she knows she turns me on.”

Franky gasped. “You two have been together for a month and you haven’t even gotten into her pants yet? The first time I went back to see Gidge a little over a month ago, we went at it like rabbits.” She said. “Why the fuck haven’t you two done anything yet?”

“I want to, but I want us to go slow. I want to make sure what we have is real before we do anything.” Bea said. “Honestly though, I’m afraid. All I know is fucking women. I’ve never given my all to someone, I’ve never let another woman touch me. I’m afraid that after we eventually do something, I’ll shut down and go back to how I used to be. I don’t want to do that to her.”

“You won’t.” Franky assured. “She’s different, you said that yourself.” She paused. “Look, I get you’re afraid, but you can’t be forever. You’ll eventually have to take that next step. You just have to go for it. Trust me, when the right woman touches you, you’ll wonder why you never did it sooner.”

Bea nodded her head in understanding. She took a deep breath. “I love her, Franky. I really do. Is that crazy?”

Franky smiled. “I knew from the moment I first seen you two together that you loved her.” She said. “No, it’s not crazy. I don’t believe that love has a timeline to follow. Love…just happens. Before you even know it, it’s there. So no, I don’t think it’s crazy that you love her.” She seriously said. “But what I do think is crazy…is that you haven’t gotten into her pants yet.” She joked.

Bea rolled her eyes. “You couldn’t keep the conversation serious, could you?”

“Nah, you know me.” Franky stood up from the steps. “So, what’s for dinner?”

Bea had ordered pizza for dinner, since it was quick and easy. The four of them dug into the pizza like they hadn’t ate in years, Bea thought it was rather amusing. When they were finished eating, they all retreated to the living room. Allie curled into Bea’s side as Debbie scrolled through movies to watch. She had picked a movie, but none of them watched it. They were all talking instead.

“Oh, we should play the ‘this or that’ game.” Debbie suggested.
“What’s that?” Bea asked.

“Someone asks a question with two choices, and you have to pick one of them.” Allie answered. “I’m up for the game.”

“Great! How about you, Mum? Franky?”

“I guess so.” Franky replied.

“Sure.” Bea said.

“I’ll start then.” Debbie said. “Okay…sandals or sneakers?”

“Sandals.” Allie answered.

“Sneakers.” Both Bea and Franky said.

“My go.” Allie said. “Watch the movie or read the book?”

Franky scoffed. “Movie.”

“I’ll have to say movie.” Bea said.

“I like both. Hard to choose for me.” Debbie said.

“Miserably hot or miserably cold?” Bea asked.

“Miserably hot.” Allie answered. “That way I can be naked.” She smirked.
“I gotta say hot too, although not for that reason.” Franky said with a laugh.

“I’d rather be cold.” Debbie said. “You can only take so many things off, and even then you’ll still be hot.”

“True.” Franky replied. “Okay, my turn…be told you suck at kissing or be told you suck at giving oral?”

“That’s more of a ‘would you rather’ question.” Allie said.

“So what? I’m changing the game, now answer.” Franky responded.

“Why does it have to be sexual?” Bea asked.

“It hardly is! Just give an answer.” Franky said.

“I’d hate for someone to tell me that I was no good at orally pleasing them, so I guess I’d rather be a bad kisser.” Allie answered.

“I’m not answering that question.” Debbie said, making Franky and Allie laugh.

“I’d rather be a good kisser.” Bea answered, feeling a little shy about it.

“Oh, you already are.” Allie replied, running her finger up Bea’s forearm.

The night went on with Allie and Franky going back and forth with highly inappropriate ‘would you rather’ questions. Some of the questions made Bea squirm in her seated position, just the thought of Allie doing any of it kind of turned her on. Bea had brought out a bowl of jolly ranchers she had for the four of them to have some to eat on. Debbie did eventually excuse herself, the questions made her a bit uncomfortable so she went on to bed. Finally, Franky yawned. She said she was going to go take a shower and then head to bed, so it was just Allie and Bea left in the living room. Bea reached into the jolly rancher bowl grabbing a green apple flavored one, unwrapped it, and then popped it into her mouth. Allie leaned over to the bowl, searching through it.
“There’s no more green ones?” Allie asked, pushing aside the other flavored ones.

Bea looked at her wrapper. “I guess I took the last one, sorry.”

Allie slumped back into the sofa. “Those ones are my favorite.” She crossed her arms. “I don’t like the other ones.”

Bea laughed. “I didn’t realize which flavor I grabbed, I just reached into the bowl.” She looked at a grumpy Allie, who was still adorable. She playfully shook her head. “Take it if you want it.”

Allie quirked her eyebrow up, taking Bea’s suggestion to a challenge. She raised up on her knees by the redhead. She grabbed Bea by the chin, tilting her head up towards her. She brought their lips together, kissing the redhead deeply. She slipped her tongue into Bea’s mouth, curling her tongue around the hard candy in Bea’s mouth and pulling it into her own. As she pulled her lips from Bea’s, she tugged on the redhead’s bottom lip. She grinned to herself when she saw the look in Bea’s eyes. Allie got up from the sofa.

“I’m going to lay down. I’m a bit tired.” Allie announced as she made her way to the staircase. “You comin’?”

“Almost.” Bea whispered to herself. She was feeling entirely turned on.

When she heard Allie’s footsteps going up the stairs, she dropped her head against the back of the couch. She couldn’t believe how turned on she was right now. She took a deep breath to calm herself before she stood up from the sofa. She headed up the stairs, going to her room where the beautiful blonde was waiting for her.

They settled in bed together, wrapped in each other’s arms, feeling as content as ever. They were both so happy to be in the other’s presence. Bea knew she would miss the blonde, but she didn’t think it would have affected her the way it did. She didn’t feel motivated to do anything when Allie wasn’t around, and that was weird for her. She’s never needed any motivation before, but things had seriously changed for her since the blonde came along. Bea kissed Allie on her forehead, thinking of the time they had left together. Then it suddenly dawned on her; she had no idea how Allie was coping with her previous addiction. She didn't know if she was doing okay or not.
“With everything going on,” Bea began. “I never asked how you were doing.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’ve been clean for quite awhile now, and I’m proud of you for being so strong. But it hasn’t been something we talked about. How are you? Are you okay? Do you have any cravings still?”

Allie looked into Bea’s eyes, a small smile forming on her face. “For the first time in my life, it’s not drugs that I’m craving or addicted to. It’s you that’s constantly on my mind.” She said. “I’m better than I’ve ever been. I don’t need drugs anymore. I’ll never touch another drug in my life, that’s a promise.”

And that was true. Allie Novak didn’t need heroin to make her get through life anymore. She now had a more powerful drug, a drug that out ruled any other drug you could ever think of; Bea Smith. The redhead invaded all of her senses in a good way, she didn’t need to shove crank into her veins anymore. All she needed was Bea.
Patience Is A Virtue

Chapter Notes

I'm just going to say that this chapter is probably the longest chapter I have ever written between all the stories I have. I didn't want to cut this chapter in half, I felt it all fit together well. So, enjoy this long chapter :)
It's midnight where I live, and for some reason I just can't sleep. I figured I could finish up this chapter and then post it.
I wasn't going to give a warning, but I guess I should...NSFW.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bea had just finished getting ready into her gym clothes so she could head out to her last day of training for the next five days. She was excited to be spending the next five days with Allie without her having to go to the gym to train, it was going to be great to spend some time together before the blonde had to go back to Melbourne. She didn’t want Allie to leave, but understood that she was doing her best to try to become an independent person.

Bea exited the bathroom, all dressed and ready to go. She seen Allie sitting up in the bed, which was unusual for her to be awake since it was so early in the morning still. She watched as Allie stretched her body with her tired eyes still closed, running her hands through her crazy hair. The blonde let out a long yawn before her eyes popped open, a tired smile forming on her face when her eyes locked with Bea’s.

“Babe, why are you up? It’s not even 6am yet.” Bea asked, walking towards the bed.

“I want to go with you.” Allie said, trying to keep her eyes open.

Bea laughed, giving the blonde a kiss before speaking. “Okay, it’s the sleep talking. Go back to bed.” She tried laying Allie back down, but the blonde wouldn’t budge.

“No, I really wanna go with you.” Allie said. “I want to see if I could handle the workout you do.”

“You don’t have to do that.” Bea replied, running her fingers through Allie’s hair. “I don’t want you to overdo anything.”

“I won’t. I just want to try. Please?”
“You don’t have to beg me. Of course I’d like for you to join me if you really want to go.” Bea grabbed Allie’s hand, pulling on her to get out of the bed. “Come on, beautiful girl. Let’s get you ready.”

Allie took a quick shower, then put on the gym clothes Bea had laid out for her. She brushed her teeth and then her hair, pulling it back into a ponytail. She exited the bathroom, putting on her sneakers. Bea smiled at Allie, she was pretty excited that Allie was joining her. She told the blonde to go on downstairs while she went to tell Franky and Debbie that they would be alone for the day. She entered Franky’s room first, seeing the woman sprawled out on the bed.

“Franky.” Bea said, giving her body a shake. When Franky opened her eyes, Bea continued talking. “Allie is coming with me to the gym today. You and Deb will be the only ones here, I told Liz not to worry about coming over today.” She said. “Here’s the keys to my Tesla, you and Deb can go out to do things if you wanna.”

Franky nodded her head, dropping back down against her pillow.

Bea chuckled, placing the car keys on the bedside table. She then went to the room Debbie was sleeping in, seeing her daughter already awake and on her phone.

“Hey, you’re awake?” Bea said, walking in.

“Yeah, I just woke up.” Debbie replied. “There was a few messages from dad on my phone when I woke.”

Bea frowned. “I’m sorry if I made things difficult between you two.”

“Don’t be sorry. He just needs to grow up.” She said. “You going to the gym now?”

“Yeah, I came in to let you know that Allie is going with me for the day. So, it’ll just be you and Franky. I gave her the car keys to my Tesla in case you two wanted to go do some things around Sydney.” Bea extended her hand out which had some money in it. “Here’s some money for if you see something you like or want if you and Franky go out.”

“Mum, you don’t need to give me money.”
“I know, I want to. Just accept it, okay?”

Debbie playfully rolled her eyes, accepting the money from her mother’s hand. “Thank you.”

“No problem.” Bea replied. “You’re welcome to cook you some breakfast if you’re hungry. I’ll see you later, Deb.”

“Bye, mum.”

Bea gave her daughter a kiss on the forehead before leaving her room. She went downstairs to see Allie bouncing from one foot to the other in a way to pump herself up, Bea started laughing.

“Oh, this is gonna be so fun.” Bea said, still laughing.

“Hey! Don’t laugh, this is my technique.” Allie replied, opening the front door. “Now’s the time to prove that I can out do you in your training.” She winked at Bea, walking out the front door.

Bea shook her a head, a smile on her face nevertheless. She threw her hand forward, slapping the blonde on her ass. Allie squealed, turning around quickly, seeing Bea’s shoulders bouncing up and down in laughter. A smile spread across Allie’s face.

“You naughty girl.” Allie purred. “You’re gonna regret that!”

“I don’t think I will.” Bea teased.

“Hm, we’ll see.” She turned around again, heading out the door.

Bea couldn’t help herself, she just couldn’t. She laughed as she smacked the blonde on the butt again. Allie sent her glare, a playful one at that. After Bea locked the house up, she and Allie entered into the garage to get into her red sportscar. As she began to drive, she grabbed Allie’s hand in her own.
Bea and Allie were three hours into the morning workout, and Bea was impressed by how well Allie seemed to be keeping up with her. Although Allie didn’t join Bea and Fred for the warmup run when they had first got to the gym, she did keep up with the redhead during the exercise bike peddling, the stretches, the punching bag boxing, the lifting weights, and the balance workout they did. Allie tried the battle ropes workout that Bea did, but she couldn’t really get the technique right. Bea’s coach, Kev, had brought the whole team, including Allie, a lunch for their break. Bea and Allie sat in the kitchen to eat what was brought for them, and they both enjoyed it. Bea made Allie a protein shake for her to drink when she was done eating. Allie didn’t really like the taste of it, but she finished it off anyway. After they were done with their lunch break, the whole team took a break together in the gym area to just sit around together to talk about training camps for Bea to attend before her scheduled fight and to talk more about things she would need to work on. After the debriefing, Jason and Bea went outside at the back of the gym to do something different that Bea had never really done before, Allie tagging along.

Bea wrapped a harness around her mid-section that was connected to a heavy tire by a rope. The object of the workout was to work her lower body and leg muscles. Bea braced herself, leaning forward a bit and then tried to pull the tire that was behind her. It took a few in-place steps for her feet to get a grip on the concrete before she was able to pull the tire. She let out several grunts as she continued to move along the concrete path pulling the heavy tire. Jason had Bea continue to pull the tire for a few more laps, then he asked Allie if she wanted to try. Knowing Allie’s positive attitude about everything, she figured that there would be nothing to it. But when she put the harness on and tried several times to pull the tire behind her, she found out different. She simply took the harness off and laughed, maybe in due time she’d be able to do that.

After her tire drag workout, they went back inside and Bea stretched out before suiting up in the soft headgear and sparring gloves to get into the cage with Nate for a sparring session. As they were in the middle of their session, Nate stopped, confusing Bea. He then started laughing, pointing in the direction behind Bea. Bea turned around, seeing Allie wearing the padded headgear, shin pads, and also sparring gloves. Bea laughed at her girlfriend as the blonde made her way to the cage entrance.

“I’ll take it from here, Nate.” Allie said, a grin on her face.

Nate laughed, shaking his head as he exited the cage. “You’ve got yourself a fun one, Bea.”

“You ready to try to take me on?” Allie asked.

“Try?” Bea quirked her eyebrow.
Allie laughed. “You can’t beat me.” She winked.

“Okay, we’ll see about that.”

Nate, Wes, Fred, Jason, and Kev all went up to the side of the cage to watch Bea and Allie wrestle.

“Fighting out of the red corner,” Wes started, using his best commentator voice. “We have Bea “RED” Smith!” He said, keeping it short instead of how it is normally said. He then continued in his commentator voice. “Fighting out of the blue corner...we have Allie “MC” Novak!”

Bea laughed. “What does MC even mean?”

“Master of Ceremonies.” Allie replied. “Now come on, put those hands up and let’s get to work.” She winked across the cage to Bea.

Bea playfully shook her head, she couldn’t believe Allie was even doing this. But it was about to be fun for her.

Nate had made a ‘ding’ noise signaling that the “fight” has started. Bea stayed where she was, waiting to see what Allie would do first, who walked across the cage. Allie took a soft swing towards Bea, knowing that the hits aren’t meant to be hard in a sparring session, and Bea moved her body to dodge the swing. Bea couldn’t help but laugh, which earned her a punch in the gut by Allie because of her not paying attention. It wasn’t hard, it was a soft hit, but it did surprise Bea anyway. Bea then swung her arm out, hitting Allie in the arm, again not a hard hit. Allie used her leg to kick at Bea, but Bea moved back and pushed Allie’s leg back as she moved, using her free hand to lightly hit Allie in the gut. As Bea moved her body back up in a straight standing position, Allie used her right hand to knock Bea in the head, which was protected by her headgear.

“Ooo! Right hook!” Jason called out with a laugh.

Allie shot Bea a grin, and Bea just laughed. She honestly couldn’t believe that Allie was in the ring with her.

Bea grabbed Allie and pulled her into a clinch. She had her arms wrapped around Allie’s arms so the blonde couldn’t take body shots at her. She twisted them around and backed Allie up against the caged wall. She removed her arms from around the blonde’s arms and took easy punches at
Allie’s body. Allie wrapped her left foot around Bea’s right foot and then pushed her body forward in a fast motion, causing Bea to stumble and fall back onto the mat. Allie moved quickly so she could get on top of the redhead. All of Bea’s trainers and her coach jumped up onto the cage wall, watching the two women closely. Even though it wasn’t a real fight, it was still very entertaining.

“Oh, shit!” Fred yelled out. “Did MC take Bea Smith down?!” He laughed.

Allie settled herself on top of Bea, laughing as she did so, and then she gave little punches to Bea’s sides.

“I told ya couldn’t beat me.” Allie said with a playful smile.

“It isn’t over yet, Alliecat.” Bea replied.

Bea managed to flip them over, making Allie squeal as their positions changed, so she was now on top. She grabbed Allie’s wrists, pinning her hands to the mat. She pressed her lips to Allie’s neck, giving her soft kisses. Bea felt Allie tremble underneath her, the feeling made her smile.

“If you tap out now, we can continue this in the changing room…” Bea said in a seductive whisper.

“Tap!” Allie exclaimed. “I tap out!”

Bea chuckled. She crawled off Allie’s body and leaned on the back of her heels as she helped Allie sit up. She gave Allie a sweet kiss to her lips before turning to look at her team. She held her arms out.

“Still the champ.” She said with a smile.

“You did something that we couldn’t see to make her tap out like that.” Kev replied as she climbed off the cage.

Bea shook her head. “Nah, no one can beat me.”
“Maybe not.” Kev said. “But she’s the first person, that I know of, that’s managed to take you down to the mat the way she did.”

Bea laughed, then looked to Allie. “Yeah, I’ll give her that.” She looked back to Kev. “She caught me at a bad moment, I wasn’t paying attention. I didn’t think she’d able to do that anyway.”

“Well,” Kev started. “There’s your fighting lesson of the day; don’t doubt anybody’s abilities.” He tossed Bea a towel for her to wipe her sweat off. “Just because you think you’re better at something than someone, it doesn’t mean that you can slacken on your own game. You always give one hundred percent, no matter what.” He said. “Now you keep that thought with you throughout the rest of your training and even during your fight with Rousey. When you get into that ring with her, you fight like you always do…like you normally would. You may be better than her at certain things, but don’t ease up. If you give it your all, then you’ll come out on top.” He paused for a bit, letting Bea take in what he just said. “See you Tuesday. Have a great few days off.” He looked to Allie, giving her a smile. “You did good today. I was really impressed. I hope to see you around more.”

“Thank you, Kev.” Allie replied with a smile.

He nodded his head and made his way to leave.

Bea looked to Allie, both of them started laughing. They had really enjoyed being together today. Whether either of them realized it or not, this simple day had brought them closer than they already were. Bea pulled her headgear off and then helped Allie with hers. She placed her hand to the back of Allie’s head, pulling her close so that they could kiss. When they pulled apart, Allie had a huge smile on her face.

“If I’m being honest, I didn’t think I’d be able to survive today if I was going to try to keep up with your workout. But I did, and I surprised myself.” Allie said. “I really had fun with you today. It was enjoyable.”

Bea smiled. “I’m glad you came along with me, I had fun too. Even doing this was fun.” She motioned her hand between the two of them and around the cage ring. “I enjoyed myself today. Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me. I’d do anything with my girl.” Allie smiled. “Now, how about that hydromassage?”
Bea laughed. “You can go do it if you want, you know where it is. I have to go do something before we leave.”

Allie stood up from the mat, Bea followed suit. “Okay. I think I will do the hydromassage, I kinda like it.” The blonde said.

They walked out of the cage together and began taking their equipment off. Bea helped Allie take the shin pads and the sparring gloves off so she could go on to do the hydromassage. Bea then took her sparring gloves off and then took all the equipment back where it is placed it. When she finished putting everything back where it goes, she made her way to the conference room. She knew she had the next five days off from training, but she still wanted to do something related to her upcoming fight in her days off. She grabbed the flashdrive that had videos of Ronda Rousey’s fights stored on it. She was going to take it home with her and when she was doing nothing, she was going to watch the videos and study. She exited the conference room and went to her changing room. She changed out of her gym clothes and put her regular clothes on. As soon as she opened the door to walk back out, Allie walked in.

“Hey, what about the ‘we can continue this in the changing room’ you said to me?” Allie asked.

Bea laughed, then gave Allie a kiss. “Later, I promise. Get changed, I’m ready for my five day vacation.” She grinned.

“Party pooper.” Allie grumbled.

“You’ll be alright. I’ll be waiting for you in the front.” Bea said as she closed the door to the changing room to let Allie change.

As Bea walked back into the gym area, she saw Will and Matt walk in the front doors. She smiled to them both as she walked up to them.

“Hey, what are you two doing here?” Bea asked.

“We’ve come for a little late afternoon workout. That okay?” Will replied.
Bea shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t care. The gym is open to the public for now, my five day vacation has started.”

“Vacation? For what?” Will asked.

Before Bea could reply, Allie had walked into the main area with the duffle bag over her shoulder. Bea noticed Will and Matt was looked behind her, so she turned to see what they were looking at. She smiled when Allie came into her vision. *I’m always fucking smiling when I see her.* As Allie got closer, Bea held her hand out for the blonde to grab.

“Allie, these are my bodyguards that I rarely use because I’m so stubborn.” Bea laughed. “Will and Matt, this is Allie…my girlfriend.”

Will’s smile probably lit up the room. “Ah, so this is her.” He looked towards Allie. “She is a beauty.”

“Will, we’re talking about my girlfriend here…not a motorbike.” Bea said. “But I know she’s beautiful, you don’t have to tell me that.”

Will laughed. “Bea, I may just have to take her from you.” He teased.

“You seem like a great guy, but that’s where my interest stops I’m afraid.” Allie said. “I’m not into the whole ‘live dick’ thing.”

Will and Matt both laughed, a little too hard. Bea briefly closed her eyes, not believing what Allie had just said.

“I need to ask,” Will began, trying to calm his laughter. “What is a ‘live dick’?”

Allie laughed. “I’ll put it this way…you give me a girl and strap-on, I’ll show you how to work that thing.”

Will and Matt were sent into a new flurry of laughter with Allie even joining them this time, and Bea’s face turned red. She was not a blusher, but the blonde seemed to know how to make her do a lot of things without realizing it.
“Okay, I…” Will started to laugh again. “I’m going to workout now. Bea, you got yourself a handful right there.”

Bea shook her head. “Tell me about it.”

“Those are the most fun though.” Matt pitched in, also still laughing. “Hey, nice to meet you, Allie. You keep Bea here on her toes, yeah?”

“I reckon she’d be more fun on her back, but ya know, I’ll see what I can do.” Allie replied, a smirk on her face.

Will grabbed Matt’s arm, pulling him in the direction to start their workout. “Come on, Matt. We don’t need her started again.” He said laughing.

“Oh, my god.” Bea mumbled into her hands.

“Come on, babe. Let’s go.” Allie said, pulling on Bea so they could leave. “We were just cutting up, you know that, right? I wasn’t trying to embarrass you.”

“You didn’t embarrass me.” Bea replied, removing her hands from her face. She leaned forward and kissed Allie. “Let’s go home.”

As Bea pulled open the glass door for Allie to walk out first, she looked over to Will and Matt, who were both giving her the thumbs up sign. She shook her head and walked out the door of the gym, going to her car so she and Allie could go home.

Bea and Allie were sitting on one of the sofas in the living room trying to decide on dinner. They had been home for a while, Franky and Debbie were still out. They were wearing comfortable clothing as they were sitting close to one another, holding hands. They were both showered and now hungry. Bea didn’t want pizza again and she didn’t want Chinese take-out either, and Allie was undecided as well. They really didn’t know what they were in the mood for, and they
weren’t sure if they wanted to go out to eat or not. Suddenly, Franky and Debbie walked through the front door. They each had two bags in their hands and were laughing as they walked into the living room.

“Hey.” Bea spoke. “What’d y’all get?”

“I just got some clothes.” Debbie replied.

“As if you needed anymore.” Bea joked. “What about you, Franky?”

“New boots,” Franky said, holding up a bag that contained her boots. “A little gift for Gidge.” She held up the other bag.

“How sweet.” Allie replied, giving Franky a smile.

“It’s nothing much.” Franky shrugged.

“It’s still sweet.” Allie assured. “It doesn’t matter what the gift is, what matters is the thought.”

Bea smiled, nodding her head in agreement.

“Well, speaking of Gidge. She’s invited us out to dinner.” Franky said.

“Allie and I were just speaking of dinner. We couldn’t make up our minds.” Bea replied. “If Allie is okay with it, then I don’t mind.”

“I don’t care.” Allie spoke up. “I’d love to meet the woman who Franky’s been non-stop talking about.” She grinned.

“Piss off!” Franky laughed. “Be ready in two hours.”
Bea and Allie were in Bea’s room getting ready for dinner. They both decided to wear something simple. Bea put on black trousers with a white button-up. She had her shirt tucked in and slipped a belt on to keep her pants tight on her. She had on a pair of her black chukka boots to complete her outfit. She put on a little bit of makeup, and kept her hair down. Allie had on her white jeans with a nice, flared tank top. The straps were thin and it showed a bit of her chest. She finished off her outfit with strapped heels and a light cardigan. She also wore a bit of makeup, letting Bea lightly curl her hair. When they were both finished getting ready, Bea pulled Allie in towards her, giving her a kiss.

“You look beautiful.” Bea said, kissing Allie again.

“You don’t look too bad yourself.” Allie said with a laugh. “Thank you, baby. You look beautiful as well.”

Bea just smiled, leaning her face into Allie’s, letting their noses brush against each other’s.

“So, who exactly is Gidge? You know her, right?”

Bea laughed. “Her real name is Bridget, you know Franky loves her pet names. And yes, I do know her. She’s a good friend of mine as well.” She replied. “She’s a great person, you don’t have to worry about her. I’m sure she’s heard about you from Franky and from what happened during Erica’s movie premiere. She won’t judge you if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“I guess I am a bit worried about that.”

“Don’t be.” Bea said. “She wouldn’t do such a thing. And even if she did, it wouldn’t matter what she thought anyway. It doesn’t matter what anyone thinks, honestly. Because I know who you are and I know how great you are.”

“I just don’t want anyone to persuade you that I’m not good enough for you.”

Bea held Allie close. “That would never happen.” She assured. “I was scared to be this close with someone before, but now I’m even more scared of losing you. Allie, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. And you’re more than good enough for me. No one could change my mind about that.”
“Really?”

“Yes, really. I don’t want you to get caught up in what others may think, okay? We’re in this together; I’m not going anywhere, you’re not going anywhere.”

Allie placed her head into the crook of Bea’s neck, inhaling the deep scent of her favorite redhead. She wanted to believe everything Bea had just said, but it was hard. She had insecurities of her own. And although her past was in the past, she knew that it wouldn’t go away and that people would make a big deal about it.

“Come on, let’s go downstairs. Franky and Debbie are probably waiting on us.” Bea said.

The duo made their way downstairs where Franky and Debbie were, in fact, waiting on them. Franky was wearing black jeans and a nice shirt with her leather jacket. Debbie was the only one of the group who had decided to wear a dress, she looked great nevertheless. The four of them exited the house, getting into Bea’s Tesla. Bea and Allie in the front while Franky and Debbie got into the back.

“Which restaurant are we meeting her at?” Bea asked as she cranked her car.

“That really nice Italian restaurant you like.” Franky answered.

“That place is in the middle of everything. We’ll all get noticed.”

“You can’t always dodge the public eye, Red.”

“I know. It’s just Allie hasn’t really been in it and no one knows about Debbie.” Bea responded. “Does Bridget even know that Debbie is coming?”

“They will be fine.” Franky said. “And no, Gidge doesn’t know. She doesn’t even know that Debbie is back in your life. I don’t think I ever mentioned it to her.”

“This should be fun.” Bea grumbled, glancing at Allie before she began to drive.
The drive to the restaurant didn’t take long, they were there before they knew it. Bea got out of the car first, walking around to open the door for Allie. Franky and Debbie then exited the car. The four of them walked into the restaurant together, Franky spotting Bridget right away. Bridget stood up from the table as they were approaching her. Franky hugged Bridget, giving her a kiss to the lips before letting Bridget greet Bea. Bea and Bridget hugged, then she introduced Bridget to Allie.

“Bridget, this is Allie. Allie, this is Bridget.” Bea said, letting the two women shake hands.

“I’ve been dying to meet you, Allie.” Bridget smiled as she shook Allie’s hand. “I knew there was something different about Bea when she returned from Melbourne the first time, but she was adamant about there being nothing different with her.”

Allie smiled. “It’s nice to meet you. I don’t think Bea was aware of her attraction towards me that first time she left Melbourne, but I knew she couldn’t resist my charm for long.”

Bridget laughed. “It’s great to see Bea happy. I see the glow in her, it’s wonderful.”

“Alright, enough about me. I’m still standing here.” Bea said, stepping into their conversation. She then pulled Debbie forward so she could introduce her. “Bridget, this is-”

“Debbie.” Bridget interrupted.

Bea nodded her head. “Yeah.”

“Holy shit.” The older blonde said. “I’ve heard a lot about you. You look just like your mum.” She said to Debbie, then proceeded to give her a hug. “It’s so nice to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you too.” Debbie replied, reciprocating the hug.

The five women sat down at the table Bridget had previously chosen, and they all ordered their drinks before taking a look over the menu. The ones mainly talking was Bridget and Debbie, the older woman was just really intrigued that Debbie was here. She had no idea that Debbie was even back in Bea’s life. And she gathered that had a lot to do with Bea’s happiness, along with the presence of Allie. They had all ended up ordering the same thing; spaghetti Bolognese. The dinner
was going well throughout the night, there had been great laughs between the women. Mostly of them laughing at Franky and Allie going back and forth at each other, it was all harmless joking. Close to the ending of their dinner, Bridget leaned more on conversation towards Allie, wanting to get to know a little more about the blonde. She was so happy that someone had managed to crawl over the wall that Bea built around her heart, and it was as clear as day that the two women loved each other. She could tell just by watching how they interacted with each other. When the bill arrived to the table, Bridget was the first one to snatch it up. Bea tried to put up a fight, but Bridget was not budging.

“Bea, this is my treat. I invited you all to dinner, and now I’m going to pay for it.” Bridget said seriously.

“Bridget, this is expensive. I can’t have you paying that kind of money. At least just let me pay for mine and Allie’s.”

“Not happening.” Bridget said as she slipped her card into the folder that the bill was presented in and then handed it to their waitress. Completely ignoring the glare that Bea was giving her.

“I suggest we go catch a movie or something.” Franky said.

Bea shook her head. “You guys can, but I’m just going to head home.”

“Why not? Movie theaters are fun.” Franky replied.

“We wouldn’t be able to enjoy ourselves, people would keep coming up to me.”

“Ah, shit. Yeah, sometimes I forget who you are.”

Bea chuckled. “I’ll take that as a compliment.” She said. “But just because I don’t want to go, it doesn’t mean you four can’t.”

“I’m going to be wherever you are.” Allie said, grabbing Bea’s hand, causing the redhead to smile.

“I don’t mind going to see a movie. There’s this new movie I’ve been dying to see anyway.”
Debbie said.

“It’s not a fuckin’ chick flick, is it?” Franky asked.

Debbie just smiled, making Franky groan.

“I’m not going to go see some cheesy film about love and romance.” Franky said, rolling her eyes afterwards.

“I actually think a nice romance film would be a good idea.” Bridget said, grinning at Franky.

Franky threw her head back, causing the four women around her to laugh.

“It won’t be so bad to watch, isn’t that right, baby?” Bridget added.

“I guess not.” Franky grumbled in response.

Bridget had just laughed.

When Bridget got her card back from the waitress, Bea suggested that the three of them head out of the restaurant first just in case there would be anybody on the outside waiting to get pictures of her. Bridget agreed and after saying their goodbyes to Bea and Allie, Bridget, Franky, and Debbie stood up from the table to leave. Franky raised her eyebrows up when she caught the redhead’s eye. She looked to Allie and then back to Bea, giving her a wink. Bridget, Franky, and Debbie then walked off from the table so they could leave. Bea and Allie stayed sat at the table for a few more minutes before they decided it was a good time to leave. As they got to the front doors of the restaurant, Bea placed an arm around Allie’s waist because she saw a few people on the outside of the restaurant with cameras and she wanted to be able to guide Allie when the flashes on the cameras started to flash. As soon as they stepped out the restaurant, cameras went off. And although it was only a few paparazzi crews, there was still lots of flashes. She guided Allie as best as she could towards where they were parked. The photographers said things out loud to her, but it was nothing that she cared to pay attention to. Most of it was asking about Allie and if it was truly real between the two of them. When it was time, she would address the media about her relationship. But for now, she wanted her and Allie to be kept in their little bubble together.

Bea drove home, her and Allie talking about their plans for the next day. Allie was really fine with staying in just for the next day, but Bea was keen on going out to do something. And Allie was willing to do whatever Bea wanted. When they arrived home, they both went up the stairs to go to
the room. Bea changed her clothes in the bathroom while Allie changed in the bedroom. When they both were changed and cleaned their makeup off their faces, they laid in the bed together. They laid close together as they were both on their backs. Franky’s words echoed through Bea’s mind; *You’ll eventually have to take that next step…you just go for it.* Bea knew that she wanted Allie, but in all honesty, she didn’t know how to go about it. It was easy for her to get into the pants of previous women she hooked up with because she didn’t care about those women. She cared about Allie though, and that’s what was different. She wanted to love all of Allie, not have a quick fuck and then leave.

Bea turned on her side, facing the blonde. She brought her hand up, twirling her fingers into a lock of Allie’s hair. As she scooted closer to Allie, she slipped her arm around the blonde’s torso. Bea leaned her head forward, kissing the skin just below Allie’s ear, then kissed along her jawline as far as she could without having to sit up.

She placed one last kiss to Allie’s jaw before she spoke. “It’s later.”

Allie chuckled. “What?”

“I’m ready to continue what I started on the mat earlier.” Bea said into the air between them. “I said we’d continue later…it’s later.”

Allie smirked and then turned on her side, them fully facing each other. “Oh, now you’re ready.” The blonde teased.

“If you don’t want to, that’s fine. We don’t have to.”

Allie laughed. “Well that’s silly.” She said. “Of course I want to. Why would I do such a thing to pass up a chance to make-out with my incredibly gorgeous girlfriend?”

Bea shrugged her shoulders as best as could. “Dunno, maybe you’ve changed your mind about me.”

The blonde blew raspberries as she leaned closer to Bea. “Never gonna happen.” She said before her lips collided into the redhead’s.

Allie had been quick with her lips at first, but slowed her frenzy down when Bea placed her hand on her face to draw them closer together. She softened her kisses, they every few kisses switched positions of their heads. Just as they went in to kiss again, Allie kept her mouth slightly open as
her own tongue made an appearance. She licked on Bea’s lips when she got close, asking for entrance. Bea had happily obliged. As soon as their tongues came into contact, they both let out a soft moan. Bea slid her hand down Allie’s side to her hip, gently pushing on it so the blonde would go onto her back. Allie was just getting ready to complain about their kiss being broken, but stopped herself when Bea climbed on top of her. This was the second time Bea had been on top of her during this visit, and she was most definitely not complaining. Bea settled the blankets that was covering them so it wouldn’t feel uncomfortable before she leaned down, capturing Allie’s lips with her own. She brushed her hands up Allie’s side, grazing the side of Allie’s breasts as her hands went to the blonde’s face. She placed her hands on Allie’s jawline, holding each of her thumbs under Allie’s chin. She then pushed up with her thumbs, causing Allie’s head to tilt back, giving Bea more access to the blonde’s mouth as she slipped her tongue into her mouth.

Allie moved her hands from Bea’s shoulders down her back to her butt. She pulled on Bea’s butt, giving them each some friction. But it wasn’t enough, and she wasn’t going to force anything either. She smiled into their kiss when she felt Bea grind her hips downwards voluntarily, she put equal force with her own hips bringing them closer together. She felt Bea grip the hem of her shirt so she sat up a little, more than happy to have the item discarded. Allie lifted her arms when Bea tugged the shirt upwards, a small gasp escaped Bea’s mouth when she seen that Allie didn’t have a bra on. As Allie fell back against the bed, Bea’s lips were on hers and one of her hands was on Allie’s breast.

Bea pulled Allie’s lower lip into her mouth as her hand continued to toy with Allie’s breast. She gently bit on Allie’s lip before releasing it. She removed her hand from Allie’s breast and placed their foreheads together. Bea gently rubbed the tip of her nose against Allie’s, it was probably her favorite thing to do. It was such a simple gesture that meant so much to her. She gazed deep into Allie’s eyes as she was trying to steady her breathing. She kissed Allie again, only soft and short this time before she pulled her lips away again.

“I want you.” Bea whispered.

“You have me.” Allie whispered back.

Bea gently shook her head, keeping her eyes locked with Allie’s. “No, I mean…I want you, as in all of you. I want to have you.”

Allie’s breath hitched. She suddenly grew nervous. She’s thought about this moment so many times, but never prepared herself for when it would actually happen. “You can do whatever you want.”

“Only if you want to too. I won’t do anything unless you’re wanting to do this.”

Allie smiled, Bea was completely adorable. “I do want to. I have ever since I laid eyes on you.” She replied. “If you’re ready, then I’m all yours.”
Bea tugged her own shirt off before leaning down to press her lips against Allie’s. She was going to do this, there was no stopping her. There was no reason to stop if she was completely honest with herself. Sure, she’s never given her all to someone before, but that didn’t matter anymore. She was going to love Allie completely. She wasn’t going to be afraid anymore, it was time for her to evolve. Allie made her feel things that she didn’t realize she craved until recently, and now was the moment to act on her feelings.

Bea kissed along Allie’s jawline and down her neck, stopping to suck at her pulse point. The moan that fell from Allie’s lips spurred her on to continue sucking on that tender spot of her neck, not even caring if was to leave a mark. At least then everyone would know who Allie belonged to. And quite frankly, Bea didn’t share. Allie was hers.

She continued down Allie’s neck and then across her collarbone, leaving a soft kiss on her shoulder before she lowered her head some more. She looked up to Allie as she swiped her tongue across her hardened nipple, Allie letting out a heavy sigh. The last time Bea even attempted to love on Allie’s breasts, they were interrupted by Franky. And Bea dared the raven-haired woman to interrupt them right now because it sure wouldn’t end pretty.

She kissed Allie’s nipple before placing her warm lips around the bud, using her tongue to massage the tip of it. Allie’s hands were suddenly on the back of Bea’s head, holding her in place. She loved the attention on her chest. Bea swirled her tongue around the nipple, continuing to stimulate it before moving over to give the other breast the same attention. She tugged on Allie’s right nipple with her teeth before pulling it into her mouth to gently suck on it, all while using her thumb and forefinger to play with her left nipple.

Bea pushed the blankets off their body as she moved down Allie’s legs. She ran her hands slowly up the blonde’s legs and to her hips, tugging her fingers into the waistband of Allie’s pajama bottoms. She looked to Allie, silently asking her for permission to remove the offending item. Which she received an answer by Allie almost growling out the word “yes”. Bea had pulled the bottoms down her legs and tossed them away behind her, her eyes coming into view with the sexiest lace underwear she’s ever seen. She bit her own bottom lip to stop the moan from daring to escape. She was brought back to herself when she felt Allie tugging on her arms to get her back close. Bea crawled back up Allie’s body, trying to push her own pajama bottoms down as she went. She managed to get them off and as she tossed them to the floor, her lips were on Allie’s in a passionate kiss. Her hands roamed the blonde’s body as their lips moved together.

“I’ve always fucked women, I’ve never wanted to make love to them.” Bea began, momentarily stopping their kissing so she could catch her breath. “I never wanted to take care of them. To feel their body, to completely have them.” She breathed out. “It was always about my needs, about my own pleasure. But with you it’s different…so different.” She softly kissed Allie. “I want to make love to you, with you. I want to feel all of you.” She said, beginning to kiss down Allie’s neck again.

Allie arched her body up, breathing out when Bea began kissing on that tender spot on her neck again. “It’s different with you too,” She started with a playful tone. “I’ve always charged people for my service, but I think I’ll be giving this to you for free.” She joked.
Bea laughed before she plunged her lips against Allie’s.

She stopped their kissing again, moving down to take Allie’s underwear off. She asked before removing the item, wanting Allie to be completely sure about everything. Once she tossed the offending item away, she gently pried Allie’s legs apart with her own leg. She settled herself down on Allie’s thigh with her leg between the blonde’s. She intertwined their fingers with one of her hands while the other traced lazy shapes on the blonde’s abdomen. There was only one finally step she needed to make, but she was so nervous.

She felt Allie place her hand on her back, messing with the strap on her bra. She was about to help to remove her bra, but then she felt the bra loosen. She shrugged her shoulders, letting her bra fall down against Allie’s body. Allie pulled her lips from Bea’s, wanting to get a view of the redhead’s chest that she just freed from a bra. She gazed at Bea’s breasts, feeling herself get even more wet than what she already was. Allie moved Bea’s bra off her body, dropping it to the floor.

“Fuck, Bea.” Allie said. “You’re so beautiful.”

Instead of replying, she used her lips to express her feelings. She kissed Allie with such want and love. She doesn’t think she would ever get tired of kissing the blonde. She could easily lay here all night just kissing, but she wasn’t going to do just that. She was going to make sweet love to the blonde. She traced her finger around Allie’s bellybutton.

“Can I touch you?” Bea asked.

“You don’t have to ask.” Allie replied, arching her body up to get some sort of contact. “Fuck…if you don’t, I will.”

Bea kept her eyes on Allie’s face as she trailed her hand lower. Her fingers brushed over Allie’s pubic bone, her hand going further down to cup Allie’s core. She watched as Allie closed her eyes, her chest heaving. Bea pressed her lips to Allie’s chest as she used her ring finger and middle finger to slowly drag through Allie’s folds, lathering her arousal around before she continued to do anything. As her fingers brushed over Allie’s clit, the blonde’s body jumped and she gasped out. Bea lifted her head to watch Allie’s features as she did it again, but slower. She moved her fingers over Allie’s clit, watching as the blonde slightly drop her mouth open.

Bea began circling the blonde’s clit, using just the right amount of pressure of her fingers. She continued to familiarize herself with Allie’s core as she connected their lips again. Bea pressed firmly against Allie’s clit, causing the blonde to moan into their kiss. She moved her fingers up and down over the growing bud, loving that Allie was reacting to her touches. She dipped her fingers lower, using one finger to press against Allie’s entrance, letting the blonde know what she wanted to do. Bea got the answer she wanted by a very firm kiss mixed with an approving moan.

Bea slid one finger into Allie’s opening, slowly. She broke their kiss, seeing that Allie’s lips were very much swollen from all the kissing and sucking. She kept her eyes on Allie’s face as she
continued to ease her finger into Allie, letting it linger for a moment. Bea gently began to move her finger in and out of Allie, the blonde naturally beginning to rock her hips along with Bea’s fingers. When she brushed her palm against Allie’s clit, Allie brought her hands up to tangle into Bea’s hair. Bea begun to speed up the pace of her movements within the blonde.

Allie couldn’t wrap her mind around the fact that Bea was inside of her. She couldn’t believe that they were actually taking that next step, and it was timed perfectly. All of the feelings she was feeling was indescribable. Her body tingled, and she knew her soon-to-be orgasm was building up. She thought about how this moment would play out a few times, but she never guessed that Bea would fully take care of her body to slowly work her up. She absolutely loved that Bea knew how to touch her. She felt herself becoming accustomed to Bea’s one finger, and knew she needed more, so she tugged on the redhead’s arm.

As soon as Allie tugged on her arm, she knew exactly what the blonde needed. She pulled her finger out, and slowly reentered with two fingers. She thrusted her fingers in and out of Allie, wanting her to feel all the sensations that was possible for her to feel. She briefly pressed her lips to Allie’s neck before bringing her head back up to look at her face. She was breathing heavier than normal, her eyes were still closed, her cheeks were flushed with pink, and so was her chest. She looked absolutely beautiful. As she thrusted into the blonde, she used her thumb to swipe her clit.

“Oh, Bea…” Allie moaned. “You feel so good.”

Bea continued to pump in and out of Allie, reveling in the feeling of the warmth that was surrounding her fingers. She curled her fingers upwards, hitting Allie’s more sensitive spot, causing the blonde to moan louder than she has yet. She did the same motion a few more times, feeling the blonde’s inner walls begin to convulse. Allie’s moans were mixed in with her breathing and she was moving her hips along with Bea’s fingers, keeping a perfect rhythm. As her fingers pushed into Allie and she pressed her thumb to her clit, she softly kissed Allie. And she knew that she loved the blonde and that she would do anything to protect her. Having Allie in this way and feeling her sweet warmth against her fingers, only intensified the feelings she already had for Allie. There was no one she would ever have to replace the position that Allie was currently in. As she pulled her fingers back and then pushed them back into Allie, the blonde trembled. And Bea knew that she needed to tell Allie how she felt.

“Allie…” Bea said, her voice coming out in a rasp.

“Oh, Bea. I’m so close.”

“Open your eyes, look at me.”

Allie opened her eyes, looking into the eyes of the woman that was having her completely right now.
Bea curled her fingers upwards and pressed her thumb firmly against Allie’s clit. “I love you.” She said into the air between them.

As soon as those three words left Bea’s mouth, Allie trembled and shook as her orgasm peaked through her body. Bea’s name fell from her lips as her body arched up into the redhead. Bea helped Allie ride out her orgasm by continuing to slowly move her fingers in and out. When Allie relaxed into the bed, Bea pulled her fingers out and laid down next to the blonde. She was trying her hardest to not let herself regret the words she had said.

Bea had just closed her eyes in defeat when she felt Allie turn into her body. Allie tucked her head into Bea’s neck as she cried. She wasn’t crying sad tears, she was happy. More than happy actually, she was ecstatic and satisfied.

Bea instantly wrapped her arms around Allie, pulling her closer. “Allie, baby, why are you crying? Did I upset you?”

Allie shook her head ‘no’, not being able to talk.

“Then what’s wrong?” Bea asked. “Why are you crying?”

Allie lifted her head, looking into Bea’s eyes. “I’ve never felt what I just felt before. No one has ever been so gentle and caring to me before.” She said, her eyes filling with tears again. “You… you love me?”

Bea nodded her head. “I do.” She confirmed. “I love you, Allie. And that may be a bit too soon right now, but I can’t help it. I’ve never felt this way before. You completely own my heart, and I just needed to say it. I hope it doesn’t freak you out. And you don’t have to say it back, you can do it when you-”

Allie interrupted Bea with a kiss. She repeatedly kissed Bea over and over on the lips. “I love you too, Bea. I have for quite some time now. I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want to scare you away.”

“You do?”

“Yes.” She choked out as the tears spilled from her eyes.
Bea wiped Allie’s tears. “Why are you crying?”

“I’m just so happy.” Allie replied, briefly pressing her lips to Bea’s naked shoulder. “You mean everything to me.”

Bea hugged Allie, embracing all of her new feelings.

They had laid there together in silence, just holding one another. Allie was tracing Bea’s belly button and would occasionally trace the outline of her abs as well. Allie then lifted her head, looking at Bea.

“Can I make you feel good?” Allie asked. “I want to do to you what you did to me.”

This was the moment that Bea was dreading. Although she didn’t mind if Allie reciprocated the favor, she was nervous about it. She had never been on the receiving end of such a pleasurable thing. Erica had tried to start it a few times, but Bea never let it happen.

Bea let out a nervous chuckle before replying. “I don’t know.”

Allie nodded her head, seeming to understand Bea’s hesitance. “That would be another new thing for you?”

Bea slowly nodded her head.

“I understand if you don’t want to.”

“No, I do.” Bea replied quickly. “I just…I’ve never…”

Allie brought her hand up, using her thumb to gently rub against Bea’s cheek. “You don’t have to be nervous. I can take care of you, but I’m not going to force you to do anything. I respect you and your body.”
Bea leaned forward, softly kissing Allie before looking deep into the blonde’s eyes. “Make love to me, Alliecat.”

Allie was getting ready to ask the redhead if she was sure, but Bea’s lips were on hers before she even had a chance.

She slipped her body on top of Bea’s, keeping their lips together as she did so. Allie took care of Bea’s body. She traced the tanned skin with her fingertips, pressing her lips to every curve she could reach, and she slowly but surely worked the redhead up. It was very evident to her that Bea had never been on receiving end because Bea didn’t know how to let herself relax to take in the feelings she was getting. But that didn’t stop her, she was determined to show Bea that she was capable of letting herself get swallowed up in the intense pleasures of love making. So, she started with gently kissing Bea’s neck, all while telling her that it was okay to voice her moans. She made her way to Bea’s chest, kissing across the swell of her perfect breasts before lowering her lips to her areola. She swirled her tongue around the pigmented skin, then proceeded to pull Bea’s nipple into her mouth. For the first time since she’s been loving on the redhead’s body, Bea let out a soft moan as she toyed with her nipple that was in her mouth. Loving the sound that she had made, she continued doing what she was doing, urging the redhead to make more sounds.

Allie kissed down Bea’s torso to her belly button, flicking the navel with her tongue before kissing her way back up the redhead’s body. She stopped to show more attention to Bea’s breasts, but Bea had other plans as she pulled Allie up so they could kiss some more. Their tongues instantly began dancing together, fighting for dominance. Allie had taken the upper-hand though, using her tongue to control Bea’s. After all, this was her turn to love Bea.

Feeling the redhead beginning to get restless, she trailed a hand down her body. As her fingers pushed into the waistband of Bea’s underwear, Allie pulled from their kiss. Doing what Bea always does to her, she brushed her nose against Bea’s. And Bea had smiled, giving Allie the silent permission that she was asking for. Allie dipped her hand further into Bea’s underwear, instantly coming in contact with wetness, she groaned in approval.

“Holy fuck, Bea.” Allie gushed out. “You’re so wet for me.”

Bea’s body was tense, Allie could tell. And she was going to work on relaxing the redhead. She hadn’t moved her fingers anymore, they were just rested where they were.

“Relax, baby.” Allie added, kissing Bea’s neck. “I’m here. It’s only me. You are allowed to savor this moment.” She lifted her head, looked into Bea’s eyes. “Or you tell me to stop, and I will.”

“Please, don’t stop.” Bea finally replied, relaxing her body.

Allie smiled, working her lips against Bea’s as her fingers began their exploration again. Her
fingers brushed through Bea’s folds, extremely happy with herself that Bea’s core was drenched with arousal. She grazed her fingers over Bea’s clit, the redhead gasping, causing their kiss to break. Allie continued to rub her fingers over Bea’s clit, watching her facial expressions very closely. Finding that Bea was enjoying the soft touches, she decided to put a little more pressure.

Bea popped her eyes open when she felt the increased pressure. She couldn’t believe how great she was feeling right now. She was doing something that she never imagined doing before, but she wouldn’t change how this moment was taking place. She was with the person who made her happy, and they were doing something that would bring them closer together. So, she was going to make this moment enjoyable. She dropped her head back against the pillow, finally releasing the moan that had been daring to escape since this all started. She pushed her hips up into Allie’s hand, trying to tell her that she was okay to do more. Allie seemed to understand, as her fingers dipped lower and she pushed one finger into Bea’s opening. She kept her finger still, letting Bea get used to the new feeling.

“Allie…keep going.” Bea said, gripping her fingers into the hair at the base of Allie’s neck. “Oh, god.”

Allie began to move her finger within Bea, drawing out little noises from Bea’s mouth as her thumb swiped over her clit. Bea had quickly become accustom to one finger, so Allie added a second, giving a pleasurable stretch. She absolutely loved that she was the one being able to feel Bea in this way, and it honored her that she’s been the only one who had their fingers knuckle deep inside of the redhead. But as she continued to pump her fingers in and out in a gentle manner, she didn’t care about the statistics of Bea’s past fucks…she cared about the now. Her mind was on pleasing Bea, giving Bea the pleasure she deserved.

Allie sped up her movements, curling her fingers with every thrust in, loving the way her name flew out of the redhead’s mouth in a moan. Bea’s knuckles were white as she gripped the bedsheet in one hand, and Allie moved her free hand to grab at Bea’s said hand. She intertwined their fingers, leaning down to kiss Bea on the lips when she felt her walls begin to convulse. She knew Bea was close, and she knew how to tip her over the edge.

Allie deeply curled her fingers and flicked Bea’s clit with her thumb, her lips sucking on Bea’s neck. Bea shook, once. And Allie did the exact same thing again. Only this time, Bea reached her destination. The redhead’s body bowed up in a shake, a long moan tumbling out of her mouth. And Allie continued to pump her fingers, helping Bea ride out her orgasm. Bea had never felt such a feeling before; she felt refreshed and tired at the same time. She felt like everything had disappeared for a moment, her body was hot and tingly. Her muscles were tight as the explosion ripped through her body. And before she knew it, it was over. She collapsed against the bed in a heated mess. She had *never* felt anything like that before. Her body was totally consumed, and it was so overwhelming but it was very exciting too.

She squeezed Allie’s hand, that was still in hers, before letting out a whimper. When she felt Allie drop down beside her, she covered her face with her hands. She began to cry as Allie pulled her close. She allowed herself to be pulled into Allie’s arms, overwhelming tears escaping her eyes.

Allie rubbed her hand up and down Bea’s bare back, drawing her in closer. She pressed her lips the top of the redhead’s head, letting her lips linger. She knew this moment was going to take a bit for Bea to be able to take in, and she was going to lay here the whole time with her. She wasn’t going anywhere. She sat up, reaching down to the blankets that were pooled at their feet and pulled them up, covering their exposed bodies.
After a few minutes, Bea’s crying stopped. And she wrapped her arms around Allie, holding her close. She was so unbelievably happy in this moment. She wished she could start the night over and do everything again. But she knew there would be more intimate moments between them, and she couldn’t wait.

“Are you okay?” Allie whispered, breaking their silence.

Bea smiled against Allie’s chest. “More than.” She replied, lifting her head to look at Allie. “Thank you. This has been the best moment of my life. I’ve never felt so good before.”

“You don’t have to thank me.” Allie said. “I’m more than willing to do this a million more times.” She grinned.

Bea smiled. “You changed me, Allie. In a way no one has ever been able to before. And I’m so grateful that you’re in my life, you’ve made me see happiness again. You’re the light of my life.”

“That’s just the orgasm talking.”

“No, it’s me talking.” Bea assured. “And I’m being serious. I’d still be living a life with no purpose if it wasn’t for you.”

“And I’d still be getting shitfaced, ruining myself even more if it wasn’t for you.” Allie said. “You’re the light of my life too, and I never want to let you go.”

Bea kissed Allie with so much passion. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Bea. So much that it hurts.”

They kissed again, soft and tender.

Bea laid her head against Allie’s chest, feeling on top of the world.

“I do have to say though,” Allie started. “Your orgasm face is gorgeous.”
Bea softly laughed, she knew Allie couldn’t keep the moment between them serious for too long.

“Go to sleep, babe.” Allie added, kissing the top of Bea’s head. “You must be exhausted.”

“Good night.” Bea said, letting her eyes close.

“Sweet dreams.” Allie replied.

They both laid close together as sleep invaded them.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed this extra long chapter. It could be counted as two chapters in one, lol. And also, Bea and Allie finally took that next step. I hope it was worth the wait for you all. I tried to make it special, I hope I succeeded. Thank you all so much for reading and leaving kind comments. They truly keep me going. You all are such wonderful readers, and I'm happy to be apart of such a great fanbase :)}
Bea woke up first the next morning, a smile ever present on her face. She looked down, seeing the blanket pushed down to her hips, her body exposed. She gripped the blanket and pulled it up to cover herself before turning her head in the direction where Allie was still sound asleep. The blonde was sleeping on her stomach with her hands tucked under her pillow. Bea smiled. She was so unbelievably happy right now. So happy, that she never wanted to stop smiling. She thought back on the previous night; she and Allie made sweet love. Bea had never felt anything like that before, it totally consumed her. As she thought more about it, there was no way that she was willing to let Allie go now. She was going to do everything in her power to keep the blonde in her life.

Bea glanced at the clock, seeing that it was just gone 8am. She didn’t want to wake Allie, but she really needed to see those blue eyes before she was to get up and go for a quick run. She slid her hand across Allie’s lower back as she turned on her side. She pressed her lips to the blonde’s shoulder before she leaned her head closer to Allie’s face. She kissed her cheek, her nose, and then her lips. She kissed Allie’s lips over and over until the blonde began to stir. And finally, the eyes she was dying to see popped open. She smiled at Allie, receiving a smile in return.

“Good morning, beautiful.” Bea said, her voice coming out a little rougher than usual.

Allie blinked the sleep away before she replied. “Good morning.” She smiled. “Are you okay?”

Bea furrowed her eyebrows slightly, not really sure why Allie was asking her that.

“I mean, with everything that happened last night. Are you okay?” Allie added when she saw the look of confusion on the redhead’s face, turning her body to face Bea. “I don’t want you to regret anything that happened.”

Bea laughed. “Do you think I’d still be here if I was regretting anything?” She continued when Allie shrugged her shoulders. “I wouldn’t be here right now if I wasn’t okay.” She said. “But to answer you’re question, I’m more than okay. I’m happy. The happiest I’ve been in years.”
Allie smiled, raising her hand to Bea’s face. “Me too.”

Bea leaned forward, giving Allie a soft kiss. “Do you want to go get breakfast when I get back?”

“Where are you going?”

“I’m just going for a quick run.” Bea responded.

“You’re on vacation. You don’t need to train. I don’t want you to leave me, you’re so warm.” Allie said, trying to persuade Bea to stay in the comforts of their bed.

“Running is something I always do.” Bea replied. “I won’t be long, I promise.”

“If you’re wanting to get your heart pumping,” Allie began, running a finger across Bea’s chest. “Then I know way more pleasurable ways to get it pumping.”

Bea laughed, her face turning red. “You know, that was really great. Last night.”

“I know. It was for me too.” Allie said, a soft smile on her face.

Bea gave Allie one more kiss before getting out of the bed. She walked to her dresser, getting out her running gear and new underwear before retreating to the bathroom. She put the clothes on and then brushed her teeth, pulling her hair up in a ponytail. She exited the bathroom, seeing that Allie now had a t-shirt on. Bea put her sneakers on and then strapped her iPod armband around her arm that contained her music player and headphones.

“You better hurry back. I already miss you.” Allie said.

“I’ll be back before you know it.” Bea responded, kissing Allie. “Make sure you’re hungry, we’re going for a big breakfast!” She said as she exited the room.

Bea went down the stairs and into the kitchen. She checked her phone that was still on the
counter, seeing a text from Franky.

*Franky: Gidge and Deb made me watch a chick flick. Anyway, we both stayed over at Gidge’s place. With the way you and Blondie were looking at each other all night, I don’t think I wanted to be home for the fuck fest you two were going to be having. Well, at least I hope you two were getting it on, otherwise this text would be pointless. And if you didn’t, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR?*

Bea shook her head, a smile on her face, as she placed her phone back down on the counter. She put her headphones into her ears and started the music as she exited out of the front door, beginning her run down her driveway.

Allie heard the front door close five minutes ago, and she was still in bed. She knew she should be making an attempt to get up, but she was too happy just laying here. Thinking back on the night’s previous activities, it couldn’t have been any more perfect. Bea knew exactly how to touch her and how to love her body, and that made Allie feel even more in love with the redhead. Then she smiled, thinking of how they expressed their love for one another…finally. It was still early days, but she knew her feelings were real. After all, she’s never felt this way before.

Allie stretched, feeling the ache in her muscles from the previous night of being with Bea. And she couldn’t help but smile. That ache was such a great reminder, she hoped to feel it for the rest of the day. She pushed the blankets off her body and got out of bed. She went to the dresser to grab a new pair of underwear so she could take a shower. She entered the bathroom, looking at herself in the mirror. She, once again, smiled when she saw the purple marks on her neck. She pulled down on the collar of her shirt, seeing more purple marks below her neckline. She shook her head, she couldn’t wait to point them out to Bea just so she could see her face blush up.

Allie grabbed her toothbrush, wanting to brush her teeth before she took a shower. She put the toothpaste on her toothbrush and began brushing her teeth. Allie always brushed her teeth for two minutes, it was just her thing. She didn’t have a timer on hand, so she just winged it. She rinsed her toothbrush out and put it back into it’s holder. She leaned down to the sink, gathering water into her mouth so she could rinse out. She bent back over, spitting the water out into the sink to rinse down the drain.

As Allie stood back up, she was met with someone else’s reflection in the mirror behind her. She did not know this person. She didn’t have time to scream or move, as this person held her still with one hand and the other was covering Allie’s mouth. Allie was pushed down against the counter and a rag was shoved into her mouth. She was absolutely freaking out and she tried her best to scream, but with the rag in her mouth the sound wasn’t going anywhere. She didn’t know what was going on. *Bea, please hurry.* A needle came into her view, and she began to squirm. Trying to get out of the person’s grip. But it was pointless. She felt a pinch into her neck and in no time, everything around her faded.
Bea had been running for nearly thirty minutes when she decided she was finished. She would normally run more, but the sore muscles she was feeling was very distracting. She wasn’t far from home, and she got back in no time. As she reached the front door, she grew confused. It was slightly opened. She could’ve swore that she shut it when she left. She entered the house, taking the armband off from around her arm as she did so. She placed her iPod and headphones down in the kitchen.

“Allie?” She called out.

She didn’t get a response, just like she suspected. She went up the stairs and when she entered into her room, she didn’t see Allie in the bed. She looked to the bathroom door, seeing the light on. She smiled, Allie must have been in the shower. It was perfect timing, as she could join her. Bea pushed open the bathroom door, not hearing the shower running. But she saw two feet hanging out of her walk-in shower. She walked to the shower, peering in. She did not prepare herself for what she was seeing. Allie was leaning against the wall, needle in arm. She was pale and foam was coming out of her mouth, dripping down to her shirt.

“Allie, no!” She yelled, climbing into the shower. She grabbed Allie’s face into her hands as tears welded her eyes. She lightly smacked the blonde, trying to wake her. “Please, Allie! Wake up!”

Sensing the blonde wasn’t budging, she got out of the shower and ran out of the bathroom. She ran as fast as she could down the stairs to the kitchen to get her phone and then she ran back to her room. As she reentered the bathroom, she called emergency services as fast as her shaky hands would let her. She was yelling down the line to operator saying that she needed an ambulance to get to her address fast. She yelled through her tears, saying that her girlfriend had possibly overdosed. Then the operator wanted to know the respiratory status of the victim and how long the drugs had been ingested for. But Bea didn’t know those answers, she was in a full breakdown mode.

“Listen ma’am,” The operator said. “An ambulance is en route to the given address. But I need you to relax and to tell me if the victim is breathing or not.”

“She’s not a victim! She’s my girlfriend!” Bea yelled, tears pooling out of her eyes.

“I need you to tell me if your girlfriend is breathing or not. Check for a pulse.” The operator calmly said.

Bea climbed back into the shower. She checked Allie’s breathing. “Her breathing is shallow.” She said, pressing two fingers to the pulse point in her neck. “Pulse is weak.” Her voice croaked. “Please, tell the ambulance to hurry.”
“They will be there as soon as possible.” The woman said. “Can you tell me the estimated time of ingestion?”

“I-I don’t know.” Bea stuttered. “I went for a run after I woke up. I was gone for thirty minutes before I returned home.”

“I just informed the ambulance of that. They are almost there.” She said. “Can you tell me your name?”

“Bea Smith.”

“Well, Bea Smith, your girlfriend will be helped in every way possible.”

Just a few minutes later, a man and a woman in ambulance attire entered her bathroom with a gurney. Bea informed the emergency service operator that the paramedics was there before she hung up. She stepped aside as the two people carried Allie out of the shower and laid her on the bathroom floor. The man checked Allie’s vitals while the woman placed a mask over Allie’s face that was a manual respirator. The woman began pumping on the bag, helping Allie receive oxygen.

“What’s her name?” The man asked.

“Allie Novak.” Bea responded. “Please, help her.”

“We’re going to do everything we can, Ms. Smith.” He said.

The man reached into his bag and pulled out a needle with a small glass bottle. He put the appropriate amount of medicine into the needle syringe before injected the needle into the side of Allie’s thigh. He slowly and steadily administered the drugs into Allie.

“I’ve just injected a nice dose of naloxone into Allie.” He said. “It will reverse the effects of the opioids in her body. But we need to get her to a hospital, and now.”
The two paramedics lifted Allie onto the gurney and strapped her in. They pushed her out of the bathroom and bedroom and carefully guided the gurney down the stairs. Just as they were exiting the front door, Liz walked up with bags of groceries in her hands, looking extremely confused. Bea grabbed her phone from the counter, following the EMTs.

“Love, what’s going on?” Liz asked, watching the ambulance being loaded up.

“Liz, please call Maxine and tell her that Allie is being rushed to the hospital.” Bea said, tears in her eyes. “And tell her to call Franky, please.”

Liz nodded her head. “Okay, but what’s going on?”

“I’ll explain later.” Bea said, jumping into the back of the ambulance to be with Allie.

Not too long later, Allie was being pushed through the hospital doors. Bea was hearing the paramedics telling the nearest trauma doctor the situation, but she wasn’t quite understanding them. For one, her attention was on Allie. And two, it was all hospital talk. She didn’t understand the medicine language. She heard the male paramedic tell the doctor that Allie overdosed herself on some drug, possibly heroin. And that made Bea become involved into the conversation.

“Allie didn’t do this to herself!” Bea shouted, tears running down her face. “She promised me that she wouldn’t touch a drug ever again!”

“She’s a former drug user?” The woman doctor asked.

Bea slumped her shoulders, and nodded her head. They reached their destination within the hospital, and Bea was stopped by a nurse from going any further.

Bea cried. “I need to be with her.”

“She is in good hands.” The nurse said, trying to calm Bea. “Dr. O’Hara is the best. I assure you.”

As the doctor and several nurses pushed Allie into a private room, Bea felt her world crumble. This can’t be the end. Can it? There was no way it could be. They had just made sweet love not even twenty-four hours ago. They had just proclaimed their love for one another.
“You give her the best treatment!” Bea shouted to the doctor. “I don’t care how much it may cost, you do whatever you need to do to save her life!” Her voice cracked at the end, and she fell to her knees. The nurse was still by her side, trying to comfort her.

The nurse managed to guide Bea to a private waiting room, given who she was. But the loneliness of the private waiting room made her lost in her own mind. She felt herself grow angry. She should’ve stayed in bed when Allie tried to get her to. She could’ve protected her then. She then wondered who in the hell even did this to Allie. Because she knew for a fact that Allie did not do this to herself. Allie promised her. And even though promises were broken all the time, she felt deep down that this particular promise was not broken. Her phone began ringing, it was Franky asking what hospital she was at. Bea told her the details and told her which waiting room she was in, and told her to get Maxine there too. As the call ended, Bea cried some more. There was no way this was the end.

Franky and Debbie busted through the waiting room doors where Bea was at. As soon as Bea looked at them, she cried again. They were both quick to her side, comforting her as best as they could.

“Bea, what the fuck happened?” Franky asked, pushing the red curls out of Bea’s face.

Bea shook her head. “I woke up and went for a run this morning. I was only gone for thirty minutes, Franky. Thirty minutes!” She shouted. “I got home, the front door was opened, which was weird. I went up the stairs and Allie wasn’t in bed. I went into the bathroom and saw her sitting in the shower on the floor, a needle in her arm. She was fucking overdosed.”

Franky gasped. “Why would she do that?”

“She didn’t!!” Bea yelled, causing Franky and Debbie to jump. “She didn’t do it to herself. Someone did it to her. Someone gave her a hotshot.”

“But who?”

“I don’t know. But I will find out, and when I do…” Bea trailed off, angrily shaking her head. “I’m going to fucking kill them.”

“No, you aren’t.” Franky said. “You’ll go to jail.”
“I don’t care!”

“If you kill someone, then you’d leave Allie here all alone while you rot in jail.” Franky said.

“It won’t matter if Allie’s dead.”

Debbie interjected. “You can’t think like that, mum. Allie is going to pull through this. She’s strong. She won’t just leave you like this.”

Bea looked to Debbie. “I hope you’re right.”

When Maxine finally arrived, Bea explained to her what had happened. It seemed like she ran through the same story hundreds of times, when really it has only been a few. And every time, she broke out in tears, bringing the people around her to comfort her. But she didn’t want the comfort of them, she just wanted Allie. She wanted for Allie to be okay.

Bea had been sat in the waiting room listening to the three other women talking, but she had been quiet. She was trying to think about who could’ve done such a monster of a thing. Who was capable of that? Bea wiped her face with her hands, groaning out. There was still no news on Allie yet and Bea was growing very impatient. She was just about to start pacing the small waiting room, when the doors opened and in walked a man wearing a white coat. Bea guessed it was a doctor, so she quickly stood from her chair.

“How is Allie?” Bea asked, walking to the doctor. “Please, tell me she’s okay.”

“I’m Dr. Bailey. I worked along side Dr. O’Hara. While she is finishing up with the patient, I came down to get some information that could help us more with her situation.” He said.

Bea slumped her shoulders. She didn’t care about all that, she just needed to know that her girl was going to be okay.

“Dr. O’Hara said that the patient was a former drug user. How long has she been off the drugs?”

Bea’s eyes filled with tears. “She’s, uh, she’s been clean for almost two months now.”
The doctor nodded his head, scribbling the new information down on a piece of paper. “Do you know what drugs she used to use?”

“I-I don’t know. We’ve never talked about that before.”

“Okay.” He said. “We did find a huge trace of heroin in her system. So, that is what was injected into her bloodstream. You’ll get more news on her soon.” He went to turn to leave, but Bea grabbed his arm.

“Is she okay??”

“Dr. O’Hara will be in here in a few moments to talk with you.”

Bea released her grip on his arm, and he left. She grew even more frustrated, how hard was it to say if Allie was okay or not?

“I’m sure she’s okay, Red.” Franky spoke up. “Just relax, okay?”

Bea plopped down in the nearest chair. She wasn’t supposed to the in the waiting room of a hospital, she was supposed to be out at a big breakfast with the beautiful blonde. Laughing, smiling, blushing, just having an overall great time with Allie. But instead, she went for that damn run that left Allie alone, and now she was waiting to hear if Allie was going to be okay or not.

The waiting room doors opened again and in walked the doctor from earlier, Dr. O’Hara. Bea stayed where she was, as the doctor made her way towards her. The doctor sat beside Bea, smiling at the other women in the room before turning her attention completely to the redhead.

“Bea, I’m Dr. O’Hara.” She said, placing her hand on Bea’s shoulder briefly before removing it. “We found heroin in her system, and we used another drug, naloxone, to fight against the overdose. You said that Allie had been clean for almost two months, so that made it easier for her body to succumb to a heroin overdose. Which means that she regularly used heroin as her go-to drug before she decided to get clean.” She explained. “You also said that Allie didn’t do this to herself.”

“She didn’t.” Bea said, sounding very sure. “She wouldn’t. She promised me.”
Dr. O’Hara nodded her head. “I believe you.” She said. “And that’s why I examined her body myself. I looked in the areas of her body that are most popular for lethal hotshots. It’s pretty hard to find a needle hole, but I did find one.” She paused. “Other than the spot in her arm, I found a needle mark in her neck. Allie did not do this to herself. I do have to inform the authorities of this though. Whoever did this to her, was trying to murder her.”

Bea released the breath she didn’t know she was holding, and fresh tears rolled down her face. “You contact whoever you need to. I don’t care. I just need to know if she is going to be okay?”

“Allie is stable for now. She’s developed this thing called acute respiratory syndrome, she can’t breathe on her own. I intubated her through her trachea to help maintain her breathing. She’s also on an oxygen machine with mechanical ventilation. And we are going to continually give her a series of medicines to help her.” She explained. “Um, but we’ve had to medically induce her.”

“Induce her?” Bea asked.

“Allie is in a coma.” Dr. O’Hara said. “Whether she wakes up or not, that’s up to her. But I will do whatever I can to help her. I personally think that she will pull through this.” She smiled, standing up from her chair. “Everything will be okay. I’m her assigned doctor, so if you need anything or if you have any problems with anything, just talk to me and I’ll do my best to make sure that your needs are met. Allie is almost settled in her room, so you’ll be able to go see her soon.” She gave a small smile before turning to walk out of the room.


“No worries.” Dr. O’Hara smiled. “I just need you to do one thing for me.”

“Anything.”

Dr. O’Hara let out a soft laugh. “Make sure you kick Ronda Rousey’s ass.”

For the time since all that’s suddenly happened, Bea cracked a smile. Of course Dr. O’Hara was going to give Allie the best treatment, she was a fan.

“I will do my best.” Bea finally responded.
The doctor laughed again. “I guess that’ll do.” She said. “I’m going to check Allie one more time and then I’ll send a nurse down to get you.”

When Dr. O’Hara left the waiting room, Bea turned to the three other women that was with her. She shook her head as the tears threatened to fall, once again. She was right, someone did this to her. And she needed to find out who. But most importantly, she needed to protect the blonde. She went to Maxine, sitting beside her.

“I want you to call Will and Matt and get them up here.” Bea said, seriousness to her voice.

“Why?”

“They have a job to do.” She replied. “They are going to stand guard on Allie’s room. No one is to enter that room unless it’s the people who have a job to do.”

“Bea, are you sure? Isn’t that a bit too much?”

“I’m sure. And it’s not too much. You heard Dr. O’Hara, someone was trying to kill her. She needs to be protected. I’m taking all means of precaution very seriously. So, please, call them, Maxine. I can’t lose her.”

Maxine nodded her head. “I’ll call them.” She stood up, and exited the room to call Will and Matt.

“I’m going to get coffee.” Debbie announced. “Do you want anything, mum? Franky?”

“No, I’m good, baby.” Bea replied.

“Can’t think of anything I may need right now, Deb.” Franky said. “Thank you though.”

Debbie kissed her mum’s cheek before she left out of the waiting room.

Franky moved to sit by Bea, wrapping an arm around her. “You heard the doc, Blondie is going
to be okay.”

“Anything could happen.”

Franky sucked her teeth. “Don’t think like that, Red. You have to be strong now, for Allie. She can’t get through this without you.”

Bea allowed herself to be pulled into an embrace. “I should’ve stayed in bed this morning. I would’ve been there to protect her.” She said, crying. “I woke up so happy. We woke up so happy. I should’ve let her pull me back down into that bed with her.” She sat up from Franky’s hold, looking her in the eyes. “We made love last night, Franky. For the first time…we took that next step. And it was so amazing, I’ve never felt something like that before.”

Franky cracked a small smile, knowing that now wasn’t the time to joke. “I’m happy for you. You deserved to have that moment you two shared last night.”

“But now she’s hurt.”

“You can’t blame that on what happened last night.” Franky stressed. “She’s going to be okay.”

Not long later, Maxine returned to the small waiting room and told Bea that Will and Matt were on their way. Debbie also returned, coffee and a bagel in hand. A nurse came through into the room as well, telling Bea that it was okay to see Allie now. Bea, Franky, Debbie, and Maxine followed the nurse through the hospital to Allie’s room. Maxine stayed on the outside of the room, letting the three other women go in by themselves. As Bea entered the room, she really didn’t prepare herself for what she was to see. It only brought more tears to her eyes. Allie was laying in the bed with a tube going down her throat. A machine was pumping oxygen into her body with every sound of a click. She had an IV in each arm and she had a blood pressure cuff wrapped around her left arm. But what bothered her the most was that Allie didn’t have that normal glow to her skin. She was pale, had dark circles around her eyes, and she just didn’t look like Allie.

Bea walked to Allie’s bedside, gazing around at everything that was hooked up to her. She felt sick. Allie didn’t deserve this. Bea listened as the ventilator whooshed, sending oxygen into Allie’s lungs, and she briefly closed her eyes.

“Franky…” Bea trailed off.

“Yeah?”
“I’m gonna be sick.” She announced.

It took a moment for it to register to Franky, then she went to the bathroom to grab a trashcan. Bea darted to the bathroom, meeting Franky at the threshold. She grabbed the trashcan from Franky’s hands, and threw up in it. She threw up nothing; no food, no drink. It was just…bile. She washed her hands and mouth, asking a nurse for a toothbrush so she could brush her teeth.

“You should eat.” Franky said.

“I can’t.” Bea responded. “It makes me sick just looking at her like that.”

“I’m going to get you something small.” Franky protested, she knew Bea needed to eat whether she felt sick or not. She turned on her feet and exited the room.

Debbie walked to her mum, giving her a supportive hug. “I’m going to head back to your house to have a shower. Do you want me to get anything for you?”

“I don’t think I need anything.” Bea said. “There may be a woman named Liz there, and she may freak out if she sees you. She doesn’t know about you, and if she’s there then just tell her to call me.”

“Okay. I’ll be back. I love you.”

“I love you too, Deb. Be safe.” Bea said, kissing her daughter on the head.

When Debbie left the room, Bea turned her attention back on Allie. She set a chair as close to the bed as possible and sat down in it. She gently wrapped her hand around Allie’s. This was not the end, there was no way that it could be. She just got to completely have her, it wasn’t fair. Bea could not imagine her life without the blonde in it.

“Allie,” Bea croaked out. “You can’t leave me, I don’t want to be alone. I still need you. Please, don’t leave me.” She cried. “If anything bad happens to you, I won’t forgive myself for leaving you this morning.” She said. “Why did this happen to you? You don’t deserve this. Fuck, I told you that you would get hurt because of me. And you’re so stubborn because you stayed with me.” She wiped her tears with her free hand. “But you stayed because you love me…and I didn’t push
you away because I love you too. Please, Allie, just hold on. Don’t go anywhere. Hold on, for me.” She said. “Better yet, I want you to stop messing around and just wake up, okay? Wake up.” She kissed Allie’s hand. “I love you, beautiful girl.”

Franky walked back into the room with a banana in one hand and a thing of yogurt in the other. She saw Bea leaning with her head on Allie’s bed. She walked to Bea’s side, holding out the banana. Giving her a look of seriousness. Bea grabbed the banana from Franky’s hand and thanked her before she peeled it open, taking a small bite.

"I wasn't going to say anything," Franky began with a grin. "But holy fuck, Red! Look at those hickies on her neck! I think you really enjoyed yourself last night." She winked.

Bea shook her head, a smile on her face. "Fuck off."

Maxine peaked her head into the room, telling Bea that Will and Matt were here. Bea stood up, and walked to the exit, telling Franky to keep an eye on the blonde. She exited the room, seeing Will and Matt stood with Maxine.


“Everything should be okay.” Bea replied. “Earlier, someone got into my house and gave Allie a hotshot. It’s really bad, she can’t breathe on her own and she’s in a coma. What I need you two to do, is to stand guard on her room. You can both stand here at the same time or switch off, I don’t care. I just need for one of you to be out here at all times.” She said. “No one is to enter her room unless it’s Dr. O’Hara, her nurses, me, Franky, Maxine, or Debbie. If you don’t know them, they don’t go in. Understood?”

“Got it.” Matt said.

“You got it, Bea.” Will said. “This is crazy. Who did this to her?”

“I have no clue. But I will find out.” Bea said. She was just about to turn to walk back into the room when Dr. O’Hara stopped her.

“Bea, I just wanted to let you know that a couple of police officers will be here soon. They’re going to want to take a statement from you and ask you some questions.” The doctor said.
“Okay.” Bea replied, turning to walk back into the room.

Bea finished off her banana and then ate the yogurt Franky brought as well. She felt a little bit better, but she was still a bit queasy. She then thought about Kaz, knowing that she should get in contact with her because that was Allie’s only family. Obviously not by blood, but she was still her family. She asked if Franky could go by the house to get Allie’s phone for her and bring it back, and Franky had no problem with that.

Minutes after Franky left, Bea was informed by a nurse that the police officers were there to see her. She gave Allie a kiss on the cheek, quietly telling her that it was going to be okay and that she loved her before exiting the room to talk with the police officers.

“Bea Smith?” One of them asked when Bea approached them.

“Yes.” She confirmed.

“I’m Officer Peters and this is Officer O’Malley. We’re here to get a statement from you regarding a potential attempted murder by hotshot.” He said.

“Uh, yeah.” Bea said. Not really knowing how to carry on.

“Could you tell us what happened?” Officer O’Malley asked, holding his pen on paper so he could write.

Bea told the two officers what had happened, from the moment she left the house for her run to her returning to an unconscious Allie. O’Malley wrote down all the information Bea gave.

“You live in a wonderful Sydney home,” Officer Peters began. “There’s no doubt about that, considering what you do for a living. Do you have any surveillance around the perimeter of your home?”

Bea shook her head ‘no’, but then remembered that she did. “I mean, yes, I do. But I don’t have any dealings with it. It goes through the surveillance company I’m with, they keep all the tapes and everything.”
Peters nodded his head. “Do you know where the cameras are located?”

“Uh, there’s one at the front gates of my home and one more at the corner of my garage.” She answered. “But I don’t know if they are even being used anymore. I got them installed last year when someone broke into my home.”

“It won’t hurt to find out. It’ll make everything a hell of a lot easier if they do still work though. We’ll go to the surveillance company and give them your address so we can look at whatever video footage that we made need to. You’ll probably have to go with us though, they will probably want your permission and proof of identity. All that stuff.” He said. “We need to know about the times you were absent from your home this morning though.”

“I left my house probably around 8:20am and got back no later than 8:55am. I wasn’t gone for very long.” Bea replied.

“Thank you for your cooperation.” Officer O’Malley said. “We’re going to find out who did this, I promise. You’ll hear back from us within a week.” He handed Bea a paper and pen. “Write down your address and phone number, please.”

As Bea was writing her address and phone number down on a piece of paper, she heard feet scrambling around so she turned to see nurses and Dr. O’Hara running into Allie’s room. Bea dropped the clipboard she was holding and ran into the same direction the nurses was running. She entered Allie’s room hearing the patient monitor beeping really fast and nurses scrambling to pull Allie’s hospital gown down. Dr. O’Hara was working with another nurse to get the defibrillator machine ready for shock.

“BP is steady dropping.” One nurse announced. “Heart rate is dropping too, not looking good, Dr. O’Hara.”

“What’s happening?!” Bea yelled. “You said she’d be okay! That she was stable!” She cried. “Help her! Don’t let her die!”

“Someone get her out!” Dr. O’Hara said.

A nurse tried to get Bea out of the room, but she wasn’t budging. It took for Will to literally pick Bea up and carry her out of the room himself. She tried to run back in, but Will kept his hold on her. Bea dropped to the floor, Will going down with her. She cried into the giant arms that were holding her. Everything was fine just a few minutes ago, why was it changing now? She couldn’t
get the sounds of the fast beeping of the machine out of her head. None of it was making any sense.

Bea had finally stood from the floor, pressing her body into the hospital wall. She wiped her eyes, but it didn’t change anything as she still had silent tears falling. She was so angry, she needed to hit something. So, she hit the wall with her fist. Hard. A little too hard. She made her knuckles bleed. She looked at her knuckles, watched as the blood eased its’ way from the wound she made.

“Bea,” Dr. O’Hara said, brining Bea back to herself. “Allie is fine. She’s stable again.”

“You said she was stable earlier!” Bea said, anger to her voice. “What happened?”

“Things happen, Bea.” She said. “Her heart was just a bit weak at the moment, she went into cardiac arrest. We shocked her heart back to stabilize it, she should be fine now. I will keep an eye on her.”

“I just…I can’t lose her.”

“You won’t.” Dr. O’Hara assured. She looked down at Bea’s bloody knuckles. "Let's get that cleaned, yeah?"

Bea got her knuckles cleaned and bandaged up before she walked back into the room, sighing deeply as she walked to Allie’s bedside. “Don’t scare me like that.” She said to Allie’s unconscious state. “I thought I said no leaving me? Even in a coma you’re trying to push me.” She said, jokingly. “You can be so stubborn, but I love you. You hear me? I love you, Allie Novak.” She sat down in the chair, holding Allie’s hand in hers.

Franky finally arrived back with Allie’s phone, letting the redhead know that Debbie would be back later. She gave Bea the phone before she retreated to another seat in the room. Bea unlocked Allie’s phone, going right to her contacts. She took a deep breath before clicking on Kaz’s name. The phone call didn’t last long. Bea told Kaz what happened, and the woman began flipping out. Kaz informed Bea that she was getting on the next flight to Sydney. Bea tried to tell her that it wasn’t necessary, but Kaz insisted. When Bea ended the call, she decided to take a peak at Allie’s camera roll. There wasn’t many photos, but there was a few off guard shots she found in the camera roll of herself. She smiled, of course Allie would take pictures of Bea when she wasn’t looking. She looked at the photos that were taken in Melbourne of her, Allie, and Debbie all together. It made her happy. There was some selfies of Allie in the phone, it was something Bea just kept staring at. She couldn’t stop looking at the blonde. She was beautiful.
Three hours later, everything was the same. Allie was still in a coma. Although Bea hoped she would’ve woken up by now, she knew it was unlikely. Allie just needed some time for her body to recover, and then she’d wake up. Better than ever. Right? Dr. O’Hara had been by several times, checking on Allie’s vitals and making sure everything was okay. The nurses changed out Allie’s urine bag a couple times. They were giving her a lot of fluids to make sure she stayed hydrated. There were no more scares in the last three hours, something Bea was thankful for. Allie was responding well to all the medicines that were helping her.

Bea was just about to eat the sandwich that Franky brought her when she heard a few raised voices that was coming from the hall. She got up from her chair, gave Franky a confused look, and exited the room. She opened the door to see Kaz arguing with Will.

“Will,” Bea said, grabbing his attention. “It’s okay. She’s Kaz. She can come in.”

“I was just following your directions.” He said, moving out of Kaz’s way.

“I know. I forgot to mention Kaz. Sorry.” She said. “Come on, Kaz.”

Kaz sneered at Will as she entered into the room. Bea watched as Kaz approached Allie’s bedside, shoulders dropping low.

“Oh, Allie.” Kaz said, reaching her hand out slowly, touching Allie’s hair. “Everything is going to be okay.” After Kaz kissed Allie and wiped her tears away, she turned to Bea. “Who is that man out there anyway?”

“His name is Will, he’s my bodyguard. I’m having him stand guard to the room.” Bea answered. “It’s to protect her.”

“Protect her?” Kaz scoffed. “She wouldn’t be here right now if it wasn’t for you. You can’t protect her.”

“Yes, I can.” Bea said, a stern tone. “I can take care of her, and I will protect her.”

“Look where we’re standing, Bea.” Kaz kept her eyes on the redhead. “She’s already hurt.”

“I can protect her.”
“Yeah? Well, where were you when Allie was getting a hotshot?!”

Bea’s nose twitched and tears sprang to her eyes. She didn’t care what Kaz said, she wasn’t going to listen to the bullshit that was coming out of her mouth. She could protect Allie, and she was going to from now on. She let her guard down before, letting herself get lost in the feeling of love. And that was okay, but she was going to keep her mind focused on loving Allie while protecting her and keeping her safe at the same time.

“I’m going for a walk.” Bea said, then walked out of the room. Leaving Franky and Kaz alone with Allie.

She needed to clear her head, keep herself sane. She didn’t need to let Kaz get inside of her head, her anger would just make things worse. She walked down the hospital halls, rode the elevator down to the first floor, and exited out of the hospital front doors. She inhaled the fresh air as she walked down the sidewalk to a sitting area. Just as she sat down, her phone began ringing. She pulled it out of her pocket and answered without looking at the caller ID.

“Hello?” She answered.

“Bea, hey.”

Bea rolled her eyes to that familiar voice. “What do you want, Erica?”

“I was just calling to see how you were doing. I haven’t heard from you in a couple days.”

Bea scoffed. “You really think you’d be hearing from me?”

Erica softly laughed. “How’s Allie?”

“What does it matter?!” Bea almost yelled. “She’s fine.” She hung up her phone, dropping her head backwards.

Bea couldn’t believe that Erica had the nerve to call her like that. And then it dawned on her.
There was only one person who seemed to have a problem with Allie.

_Erica._

Chapter End Notes

Okay! I'm sorry! There has to be a little bit of drama! Everything will be okay though, I promise :) Also, Dr. O'Hara is a doctor in a tv show called Nurse Jackie. She's my favorite character on that show, so I decided to use her for a bit.

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter. Thank you for reading and leaving reviews. Let me know what you thought :)}
It’s been a week since Allie got a hotshot that nearly killed her. But even at this point, anything could happen. Allie was still laying in that hospital bed in a coma. Lifeless. Hooked to monitors. Not even breathing on her own. Bea could tell that the blonde has lost some weight. It was maybe only a few pounds, but Bea could tell. If Bea was honest with herself, she even lost some weight too. She hadn’t been eating like she was supposed to, nor sleeping. All of her worries were just on the blonde. She needed Allie to pull through this. She needed Allie to be okay. ‘Allie is strong’. That’s what everyone kept saying. Bea knew that was true. But everything was taking far too long to be okay for her liking. She swore to herself that if and when Allie was to wake, she was going to worship the ground she walks on. She was going to treat her like a Queen. And she was going to fully love her. No more hiding.

In just a blink of an eye, all of her dreams turned to a nightmare. She may not have realized it before, but she needed love. And once she got that love from Allie, it was taken away from her. In such a quick, evil way. She had it all in the grasp of her hands. But just as she was beginning to feel comfortable about it all, she lost it. Allie was her home. She needed her to feel sane in this crazy life she lived.

In just a short week, Bea had become the center of attention on the media. It wasn’t only just because of her upcoming fight with Ronda Rousey, it was because she was spotted at the hospital. Bea had gone outside a few times to catch some fresh air, but apparently she shouldn’t have done that. A few paparazzi crews snapped pictures of her while she was outside. Everyone wanted to know why Bea was at the hospital, but Bea never responded to the media at all. There was even some pictures of her and Debbie that was taken, and people wanted to know who the brunette was. Bea was really not ready to tell anyone about Debbie yet. There was stories already being made up, really bizarre ones that she saw, but even still she left it alone. No one needed to know why she was at the hospital. The ones who needed to know the truth, already knew. She did have to contact the UFC Management to tell them she wasn’t at the hospital for herself so they would know that she was fine to continue in her upcoming fight. Her mum did call her too, which surprised her, but she didn’t tell her everything. What really shocked her though, was that Derek Channing didn’t call. He did say he was going on a family vacation, but he still would’ve found some way to contact her when he saw the pictures of her at the hospital and seen the news. He liked to be in her business. She understood that he was her founder and higher up, but there was some things that the man was just far too nosey about. Bea even called Mr. Alicio to tell him about Allie. Allie worked for him, so it was only appropriate. He was really understanding, and told Bea that there was no rush to have Allie back at work. Her road to recovery was all that mattered.

Bea was supposed to return to her training two days ago, but she didn’t. She couldn’t. There was no way. She even had to do some promotion work for her upcoming fight, like yesterday, but she called it off. She wasn't going to do anything until Allie was awake; that was her mindset. If she had to choose between Allie and her fight, she was choosing Allie. She would always choose Allie. She especially wasn’t going back to training while Allie was still in a coma. She wanted, no needed, to be at Allie’s bedside at all times. If anything were to happen, she didn’t want to be the last person to know, she wanted to be the first. The past week all Bea did was talk to Allie’s unconscious state. She wouldn’t even let a nurse give the blonde a bed bath, she did it herself. Simply because she felt like she needed to be the one to do it.

About four days ago, Bea finally went around to Erica’s house. She furiously knocked on the
Bea was sitting in the hospital room, like she had been all week, by Allie’s side. One hand was holding Allie’s while the other was flicking through channels on the TV. She was trying to find something to watch that would possibly keep her mind occupied. She grew accustomed to the steady beeping and whooshing sounds from the machines that were hooked up to Allie. She really hated them at first, but grew to understand that they were the things keeping Allie alive. She looked on the other side of the hospital bed seeing Debbie still asleep. It was 6am, so it was understandable. Bea had only got a few hours sleep, but she didn’t care. Debbie was persistent about staying overnight with them, so Bea did let her. She couldn’t keep the young brunette from trying to give support, her and Allie had grown fond of each other and it had warmed Bea’s heart. Just then, Dr. O’Hara entered the room.

“Bea.” She said, grabbing the redhead’s attention. “Officer O’Malley from earlier in the week is here to see you.”

Bea nodded her head and got up from her spot in the chair. She followed Dr. O’Hara out of the room, nodding to Matt as she exited the room, and continued to followed the doctor down the hall to a small conference-like room. When she entered the room, she seen the officer sitting at the table with a man in a suit so she sat down as well.

“Hey, Bea.” Officer O’Malley said once the doctor left the room. “How have you been?”

“Same as the last time I saw you.” She answered. “What’s going on?”

“Officer Peters and I did go to the surveillance company after you signed the consent form.” He said. “We looked at your surveillance cameras with the times you gave us and there was nothing. No video footage, nothing. It was weird, so we dated back a few days before the incident and the cameras were working then.” He explained. “So we think that the attack was planned after all, and
whoever did it messed with your cameras a few days before the incident took place.”

Bea shook her head, disbelief written all over her face. “So, what now?”

“Officer Peters and I can’t go on with the case any longer because we’re officers of the public, so we got the best detective we know,” He placed his hand on the shoulder of the man that was sitting beside him. “This is Detective Jones. He’s going to take over the case from here and he will be the one that reports back to you on everything.”

Bea looked to the detective and nodded her head. “Okay.” She breathed out. “What do you need?”

“If you give me the permission, I’d like to have a look in your home and around your property.” Detective Jones said.

“Whatever you need to do is fine by me.” Bea answered.

“I’ll get started on that this afternoon then.” He stated.

As they finished talking, Officer O’Malley dismissed their little meeting and Bea went straight back to Allie’s room. She entered the room to see Franky tying a ‘get well soon’ balloon to Allie’s bed railing. Bea smiled to herself. Franky was such a badass to the world, but she had a great heart that only a few got to witness.

“It’s a little early for you to be here, isn’t it?” Bea asked, walking further into the room to be by Allie’s side.

As Franky turned to Bea, she smiled wide. “I just wanted to stop by before I had to head to the store for Gidge. I was going to put a little groceries in her house, considering me and Debbie ate most of her hers.” She let out a small laugh.

“Want me to help pay for some?” Bea asked.

“Nah, I got it.” Franky replied. “I wanted to come by to see how you were doing too.”
Bea sighed, letting herself drop down into the chair. “I’m good.”

“You’re not.” Franky sternly said. “You’ve barely eaten and you’re not sleeping.”

“I’m fine, Franky. I just want to be here for Allie.”

“You can, but you need to look after yourself too.” Franky said. “I’ll be back around lunch time, I’m gonna bring you a nice big burger and you’re gonna eat it.”

Bea rolled her eyes. “Franky-”

“Don’t you ‘Franky’ me. Someone has to look after you if you won’t do it yourself.”

The redhead sighed. “Thank you. For ya know, being here for me.”

“No worries. Now, I’m gonna head to the store and I’ll be back later.”

Bea watched as Franky began walking out of the room when an idea popped into her head.

“Wait, Franky.” Bea stood up, making her way to Franky. “When was the last time you heard from Boomer?”

“Booms.” Franky grinned widely. She truly loved her friend. “Just last week. Why?”

“I want to talk to her about something. Can you call her for me and ask if she’d be willing to come to Sydney? I’ll pay for her plane ticket if she’s willing to come here.”

Franky slightly furrowed her eyebrows. “What you want her here for?”

Bea looked at Franky for a moment, a grin forming on her face. “I may have a job for her.”
Franky laughed. “Alright Red, I’ll call her.” She said. “But just to let you know, as soon as I mention you to her, she’ll want to come as soon as possible.”

“Well, just let me know and I’ll settle the payments.”

“Righto.” Franky said. “Just hang in there, Red. Allie will be okay.”

“Everyone keeps saying that.”

“Because she will. She’ll be back before ya know it, bugging ya like crazy.” Franky joked.

Bea cracked a smile, but turned serious afterwards. “If anything happens to her, Franky…” She took a pause. “Only one thing will be on my mind; revenge.”

Franky placed her hand on Bea’s shoulder, giving it a light squeeze before dropping her hand back down. There wasn’t much she could say because she knew if Bridget was in Allie’s position, Franky would be the same way as Bea was. She hadn’t been back in Bridget’s life for long now, but things were going pretty steady at the moment between the two of them. She was actually happy with her relationship with Bridget. They were total opposites, but they were perfect for each other. She never had such a great relationship before. Bridget was just her person.

“I get it, I really do.” Franky finally said. “I’ll see you later, yeah?”

They said their goodbyes and Franky left out of the room, giving Matt a playful punch to shoulder as she went. Bea shook her head when she saw what Franky did, the brunette never took anyone seriously. But that’s what Bea loved about her. Bea sat back down by Allie’s bedside. She intertwined their fingers, kissing the back of Allie’s hand as she returned to flicking through the TV channels.

Bea was talking with Debbie when Franky walked into the room with three bags of food, Bea could smell the burgers. A bag was handed to Bea and Debbie while Franky kept one for herself.
Bea had taken a few bites of her burger and ate most of her fries before she pushed it away, she just couldn’t eat anymore of it. Franky tried getting Bea to finish it off, but Bea just couldn’t. The food didn’t go to waste though, Debbie had no problem in finishing it off for her mum.

Just an hour ago, Bea bought Boomer’s plane ticket. She would be flying from Brisbane as she was staying there for a while. Boomer didn’t stay in one place long, she liked to bounce around. Plus, her parents were in Brisbane, so she had been visiting them too during her stay. And in just a couple hours, Boomer would be joining Franky and Bea in Sydney.

Bea was dozing off to sleep when some machine hooked up to Allie started rapidly beeping. She jumped up from her chair, Franky and Debbie doing the same, and Bea tried looking at the different monitors to try to figure out what was wrong. But it was all hospital lingo and she didn’t understand. Not too long later, Dr. O’Hara burst through the door with a couple nurses trailing behind her. The doctor went right up to the monitor to see what was going on. She pressed a few buttons, and the beeping stopped. Bea looked at the doctor for answers while Dr. O’Hara was writing in the patient chart.

“What was happening?” Bea asked, wanting an answer.

“For some reason, her body was requiring more oxygen. So, I upped the oxygen intake. I’m going to get her taken down for testing in a few to see what the reason is for that.” Dr. O’Hara said, hanging the patient chart back down over the end of the bed. “Bea, there’s nothing to worry about. She’s getting the best care possible.”

Bea just nodded her head then the doctor excused herself out of the room. Bea was absolutely furious. Allie should have been getting better, not getting worse. All of this was because of fucking Erica, and Bea knew it. She was just so angry right now. She gave Franky a look that told the raven-haired woman that she was about to lose it. Bea gave one last look to Allie before she walked out of the room. Franky tried to stop her, but it was pointless. Bea was on a mission. She was tired of things going wrong in her life. For once she was happy, and people were trying to take that from her.

As she exited the hospital, she went right to her car and got in. She didn’t like leaving Allie, but she had to go figure some shit out. She wanted to get to the bottom of everything. Fuck waiting on the detective, she could do it herself. She sped down the road to her house and once she arrived there, she went inside. She went to her secret safe and got out what she wanted. She doesn’t know why she ever bought a gun, she never planned on using it. But now, in this moment, everything seemed right with it. She walked back to her car, gun tucked in her pants, and she got in. Again, speeding to her next destination.

Bea was sat in her car across the street from Erica’s house. She honestly had no idea why she even had a gun. Was she even planning on using it? Seriously, what was she going to do? Kill Erica? That wasn’t her. But if Allie was to die, Bea was going to do what she had to do. And if that meant killing Erica, then so be it. The only thing that would ever be on her mind if something was to happen to her girlfriend, was revenge.

Her knuckles were white from gripping the steering wheel so tight. She had only been sat there for ten minutes, continuously looking back and forth between the gun, that was now laid in the passenger seat, and Erica’s house. She was just about to grab the gun when the front door to
Erica’s house opened. Erica and some other woman walked out. The other woman was kind of tall. Her hair was pulled up into a tight bun, she was wearing a long black coat and black gloves. It was really weird. Bea watched as Erica slipped the other woman an envelope. Again, weird. Bea gripped the gun into her hand. She went to push open her car door to get out when her phone began ringing. She looked at the caller ID, seeing that it was Franky. She contemplated on answering the call. The phone stopped ringing, but then started again just as quick as it ended. It was Franky again. She grabbed her phone, answering it.

“Yes, Franky?” Bea said, a little aggravation to her voice.

“Bea,” Franky began. “Allie’s awake.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was way shorter than normal, so I apologize. There is some family issues that I've been trying to work out and I just haven't been able to concentrate on writing, but I didn't want to leave you all without a new chapter for too long. So, shorter chapter or not, I really hope you still enjoyed reading it. Thank you all so much for the continued support :)}
Bea ran through the hospital halls as fast as she could. She couldn’t wait to see those beautiful blue eyes that she’s been missing. She couldn’t wait to see that cheeky smile. She couldn’t wait to see Allie in general. It felt like she’s been running through the halls forever, but since she took the flight of stairs instead of using the elevator, it was going to feel that way. As soon as she got to Allie’s floor, she stopped running. She walked to the hall that Allie was staying in and she saw Franky and Debbie standing on the outside of the room with Will guarding the room door this time. She figured that Matt must have needed to go home to get some sleep. As she approached Franky and Debbie, Franky smiled.

“She’s awake, Red. She’s asking for you.” Franky said, motioning for Bea to walk into the room. “The doc is in there. So, try not to have too much of a nice reunion.” She winked to Bea as she was walking into the room.

Bea walked into the room, feeling a little hesitant. She saw the bed sitting up some, and Dr. O’Hara checking everything out on the patient monitor. Although she still didn’t have her color back, Bea was just happy that she was awake on her own. The tube wasn’t down her throat anymore, instead she was wearing a nasal cannula. Allie finally turned her head, and their eyes locked. Bea felt as though a fresh wave of air washed over her. The patient monitor started beeping really fast, signaling that Allie’s heart rate was speeding up. Dr. O’Hara began frantically looking over the monitor and making sure wires were correctly plugged in, but Allie stopped her.

“Don’t worry,” Allie said, her voice sounding a little hoarse. “I’m fine.”

“Your heart is beating fast.” Dr. O’Hara replied, confused.

Allie chuckled. “It usually does that when I see my girlfriend.”

Dr. O’Hara turned, seeing Bea still standing by the entrance. She instantly relaxed. She walked to Bea, placing a supportive hand on her upper arm. “I’ll give you two a bit of privacy. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” She said, then exited the room.

Bea stood looking at Allie, not really sure what to do.

“Don’t just stand there, come here.” Allie finally said.
Bea began walking to Allie, finally standing next to her bed. Tears welded up in her eyes.

“Are you okay?” Allie added.

Just as the words left Allie’s mouth, the tears fell from Bea’s eyes. She grabbed Allie’s hand. “You’re asking me that? You’re the one who was hurt, who just woke up from a coma, and you’re asking if I’m okay?”

Allie cracked a smile. “I still got to look after my girl.”

Bea wiped her eyes. “I’m okay. How are you? Are you hurting anywhere?”

Allie shook her head. “I’m okay.” She then grinned. “My lips are hurting a bit. They’re craving yours.”

Bea chuckled as she leaned down, pressing her lips gently against the ones she missed so much. She rested her forehead against Allie’s when they pulled apart.

“What did Dr. O’Hara say?” Bea asked, wanting to know everything.

“I don’t know. I kept interrupting her asking where you were.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here.”

“Don’t be. You’re here now.” Allie said, tilting her head back to kiss Bea again before the redhead stood up straight.

“How did it feel when they took the tube out of your throat?”

“I thought that I was going to throw-up.” Allie replied. “It felt so weird. And now my throat is kind of sore. The doc told me to take it easy on talking, but fuck that.” She laughed. “I need to talk to my baby.”
“You should listen to her. You don’t need to talk if she told you to take it easy.”

Allie playfully scoffed. “And when do I ever listen?”

“You’re right about that.”

“Hey! What’s that supposed to mean?” Allie asked, feigning shock.

“It means that I told you that you would get hurt being with me, and now look at you.”

“And I told you that I didn’t care.” Allie said. “You can’t get rid of me that easily.”

“Seriously, Allie-”

“Hush, I don’t want to hear it.” The blonde interrupted. “I’m here. We’re together.”

Bea nodded her head, knowing she wasn’t going to win. She changed topics quickly. “You still need oxygen support?” She asked, pointing to Allie’s nasal cannula.

“Yeah. I get shortness of breath, my lungs are still pretty weak I guess.” Allie answered. “It makes me look like a granny.”

Bea laughed, leaning down to kiss Allie’s forehead. “You’re my granny.”

Allie returned the laugh. “A granny who can give you an amazing orgasm.”

A blush invaded Bea’s face.

“What? You’re embarrassed about that?”
“No, I just thought you forgot is all.”

Allie scoffed. “How could I forget that? It was such a beautiful moment.”

“Shut up.”

“You’re gonna have to make me.”

Bea pressed her lips lovingly against Allie’s. She missed kissing the blonde so much.

Dr. O’Hara came back in the room, telling Bea and Allie all the information she had for them. She told them that when Allie needed more oxygen earlier was because her brain was beginning to be alive again so her body just required more oxygen. She couldn’t believe that she didn’t think of it in that moment, it had really just slipped her mind. She also informed them that she didn’t know when Allie would be able to leave the hospital, as the blonde had a lot of recovery to do, or how long Allie would be needing the extra oxygen support for.

When the doctor left the room, Bea sat beside Allie’s bed, looking at all of her features. Before she could say anything, Allie spoke first.

“You’ve lost weight.” Allie said.

“I-I…” Bea stuttered, clearing her throat afterwards. “I have not.”

“You have. Bea, I could tell when you were stood over there with the doctor.” Allie replied. “You have a fight to be training for. You know you have to stay a certain weight.”

“It’s only a few pounds, Allie. I can gain it back in no time.”

“That’s not the point. You need to be looking after yourself.”

“Can we not talk about me?” Bea snapped. She briefly closed her eyes when she saw the look on Allie’s face. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to snap. I just…I was worried about you okay? You just
woke up from a week long coma, let’s not talk about what I’ve not being doing. Okay?” She said. “I was afraid that I had lost you. I couldn’t handle it. I love you.”

Allie reached over, grabbing Bea’s hand. “I love you too, babe, so much. But you will never lose me. I’m going to be here for a long time getting on your nerves. A hotshot will not keep me from you.”

Bea’s appearance suddenly changed, knowing she needed to talk about the elephant in the room. “Who did it to you, Allie? Was it Erica?”

Allie sighed, she knew this was coming. “Is wasn’t Erica.”

Bea furrowed her eyebrows. “Then who was it?”

“I don’t know. I really don’t. I’ve never seen her before.”

“Her? What did she look like?”

“She…her hair was up in a bun. Her face was emotionless, like nothing phased her. Um, she was wearing…black clothing. She had on black leather gloves when she grabbed my face.”

“Holy fuck.” Bea breathed out.

“What?”

“I saw a person talking to Erica. She looked just like who you’re describing to me; bun, black clothing, black gloves.” Bea said. “Erica is behind it, I know. But she denied everything.”

“You went to her?”

“Damn right. I wanted answers. No one hurts my girl.”
Allie smiled. “What did you do to her?”

“I went to her house, threatened her. I did everything I could think of, except hit her, but she didn’t tell me the truth. She won’t.”

“It’s okay. This all can be behind us now.”

“No, it can’t.” Bea said. “There’s a detective working on the case. He’s going to get to the bottom of everything.”

Allie sighed, relaxing comfortably on the bed. For her being unconscious for the past week, she sure felt tired. And hungry. Fuck, she was hungry. She looked to Bea, knowing how all of this was probably affecting her. She knew that her girlfriend was blaming herself, but it wasn’t. Before Allie could say anything, Franky popped her head into the room.

“Boomer’s here.” Franky said.

Bea stood up from her chair, giving Allie a kiss before she began walking to the door.

“Who is Boomer?” Allie asked, stopping Bea in her tracks.

“She’s a friend. I’ll just be out in the hall, okay?”

When Allie nodded her head, Bea continued out of the room. She saw Boomer talking to Franky, while eyeing up Will. Bea walked to Boomer, suddenly being embraced in a large hug.

“Booms, put me down.” Bea said, struggling to get the words out.

“Nah, Bea. I’ve missed you!” Boomer replied.

“I’ve missed you too, but seriously…come on, put me down.”
Boomer put Bea down, a huge smile on her face. “Say, Bea…who’s the hottie?” She asked, nodding to Will.

Bea looked to Will, who was shaking his head. “He’s my bodyguard, Booms. But we’re not here to talk about him.”

“Oh, right.” She fixed her gaze to Bea. “What’s up then?”

“If you’re up for it, I have a job for you. It can be a permanent job if you want it.”

“Shit, Bea. I’ll do any job for you, as long as it’s not wiping your ass, cause I don’t do that.” Boomer said, shaking her head.

Bea laughed. “No, it’s not that. My girlfriend got attacked last week and if I want her safe at all times, she’s going to need her own personal bodyguard.” She said. “I know you are a very good protector, I wouldn’t be asking you if you weren’t. And I know you protect your family. Well, Allie is like family now.”

“You want me to protect your girlfriend?” Boomer asked. “Wait, you have a girlfriend? What the hell?”

Franky laughed. “Yes, Booms. She has a girlfriend.”

“Shit, where have I been?” Boomer cackled.

“Anyway, you don’t have to do this. I’m just asking. I can’t be with her all the time, and I need her safe.”

“So, will I like, be able to punch some tits in?”

“If anyone so much as looks at Allie in the wrong way, then yes, you can punch their tits in.”

“Yeah!” Boomer fist bumped. “Fuckin-A. I’ll take the job. Where is she? I’ll guard her now. You
came out of that room?” She asked, pointing at the room Bea had walked out of. “Okay, so I’ll just go in there now and guard her.” She began walking to room, pushing the door open.

Bea and Franky went right after her, so she wouldn’t startle Allie. As they walked into the room, she asked Franky where Debbie was. Franky telling her that the girl had gone down to get a soda.

Boomer walked close to the bed. “Ah, so you’re Allie.”

Allie slowly nodded her head, looking at Bea. “Who are you?”

“I’m Boomer.” She smiled. “I’m your bodyguard. I’m gonna protect ya.”

“Bodyguard?” Allie asked, looking at Bea again. “Bea, I don’t need a body-”

“Hush it, Blondie!” Boomer interrupted. “I will punch your tits in if you don’t shush. This will be a great job for me.”

“But-” Allie started, but was interrupted by Boomer again.

“Ah! Quiet!”

“Bea-”

“Blondie!” Boomer interrupted once again. “Zip it!”

Allie crossed her arms over her chest in a huff.

Bea laughed, then stepped forward, deciding she should explain to Allie what was going on. “Allie, you’re going to need a bodyguard for protection. When the time comes, you’re going to be in the spotlight too and it’ll be hard on you to go out to do things with people steady rushing up to you.” She said. “And after what recently happened, I want her to start being around you from now on.”
“That’s not even fair. You don’t use Will and Matt, but I have to have Boomer protect me?”

“I’m going to start using them more.” Bea stated, rolling her eyes afterwards. “Before, I didn’t care to use them. But now, if I want to get home safe to you all the time, then I’m going to have to start using them.” She said. “Boomer is a great friend of mine and I trust her. I know you’ll grow attached her and learn to love to have her around. Seriously Allie, if I didn’t think you needed Boomer, then she wouldn’t be here right now.”

“I get you want me protected, but is it really necessary?”

“Yes, it is.” Bea stressed. “I love you, I wouldn’t be doing this if I didn’t. Please, just don’t make a big deal about it.”

“Fine.” Allie said.

“So, what do I do?” Boomer asked.

“If she goes out in public, you go with her. Honestly, just be with her at all times.” Bea answered.

“Even when she’s taking a…you know, a shit?”

Bea rolled her eyes. “Boomer.”

“Okay, got it. Be with her at all times, even when she’s taking a shit.”

“No!” Bea quickly said. “You don’t need to be in there with her when she’s…doing that. But wherever she goes, you go too.”

“And how will she know when I go somewhere?” Allie asked.

“She’ll be staying with us.” Bea answered. “Like I said, she’s a great friend. She’s not some
ordinary bodyguard.”

“Okay, so what about when I go back to Melbourne?”

Bea’s face softened. She was really wanting Allie to stay with her. “I’d like for her to go with you.”

Just as Allie was getting ready to respond, the hospital room door opened and in walked Debbie with her drink in her hand. Boomer turned around quick. She was already wanting to prove herself, so she marched up to Debbie and grabbed her by the collar.

“What do you think you’re doing?!?” Boomer yelled.

Debbie’s eyes were wide in shock.

“Boomer, no!” Bea grabbed Boomer, telling her to release Debbie.

Boomer got a good look at Debbie. “Bea, why does this girl look like you?”

Bea pulled Debbie into a hug. “She’s my daughter, Boomer.”

“Daughter? Seriously, where the hell have I been?”

Bea laughed. “She only just got back into my life. I won’t get into too much detail, but her father took her away from me when she was a baby.”

“Oh, shit. Sorry, mini Bea. I didn’t mean to grab ya like that.” Boomer said, patting Debbie on the head.

Debbie laughed. “It’s alright.”
A little while later, Franky had dismissed herself, saying she needed to go pick Bridget up from work and that she’d see everyone later. Allie had been able to eat a little bit, her doctor suggested soup to start with so Bea went and got her some soup. Allie was really persistent with saying that she wasn’t going to eat though unless Bea was to eat something too, so Bea had gotten herself something to eat as well. She also got something for Debbie and Boomer. After Allie ate, she was feeling really tired, so she ended up falling asleep. Bea handed her car keys to Debbie, telling her to take Boomer to the house to get her situated. Bea was alone, once again, with Allie asleep. But this time, she knew Allie would be waking up in a few hours. She decided to call Kaz once Allie had fallen asleep to let her know the news since Kaz left to go back to Melbourne just a couple days ago. The older woman couldn’t stay for much longer, she had to get back to work. Kaz was really relieved that Allie was awake and seemed to be doing well. She told Bea that she would fly back in the following weekend to give Allie a visit. Bea called Maxine too, letting her know the good news, but also to tell her that she needed to open a new employment folder and to add Susan Jenkins to the payroll. When Maxine asked, Bea explained to her that she hired Susan as Allie’s bodyguard, but she was called Boomer. As Bea was heading to the bathroom, her phone began ringing. She saw that it was Detective Jones calling her, so she answered it.

“Hey, Detective Jones.” She answered, walking into the bathroom and shutting the door behind herself so she wouldn’t disturb Allie.

“He, Bea. I left your house about two hours ago now. I would’ve called sooner, but I was at one of your neighbor’s house talking with them.” He said, taking a pause. “While I was looking around your property, I saw that people who live on the right side of your house has security cameras as well. They had quite a lot actually. A few were angled in the direction where they may have caught something in your yard.”

“Well?”

“I talked to the lovely elders and they were very much understanding. I went to their office and the man showed me the camera views and how I could look back at the recordings. I called Officer Peters and got the times you wrote of the day Ms. Novak got attacked. I got to say, Bea, the footage at your neighbor’s house really caught something. So, I got a copy. I think you should see it.”

Bea released a sigh of relief. “Oh, thank god. I need to see the footage, there’s no question about it.”

“When is a good time for you?” Detective Jones asked.

“Today, if you can.” Bea answered. “Allie woke up today, a few hours ago actually. She remembers what the person looked like who attacked her.”
“I’m glad to hear that she pulled through. She’ll be of great help to taking this person down.”

Bea chuckled out a laugh. She didn’t think the situation was funny. It was a laugh of relief.

“I’ll be to the hospital in a few.” He added.

“Thank you so much, Detective.”

“No worries. See you soon.”

Bea hung up her phone. She ran her hands over her face, stopping to leave her hands covering her mouth. She smiled. She was so happy. If everything went to plan, there should be no problems. After doing her business in the bathroom and washing her hands, she exited back into the hospital room. She couldn’t help herself, she needed to kiss Allie as a celebration. She walked up to the bed, pressing her lips lovingly against Allie’s. Bea didn’t even have time to pull away as Allie instantly responded, moving her lips in kind with Bea’s. The blonde licked the seam of Bea’s lips, asking for entrance. Bea didn’t think anything of it, she willingly opened her mouth and their tongues instantly met. They were passionately kissing for a bit, then Allie started gasping. Bea quickly pulled back and Allie placed her fingers on the nasal cannula, breathing in deeply as she tried to catch her breath. Bea ran her fingers through Allie’s hair, trying to help soothe her. When Allie finally settled, Bea spoke.

“I’m sorry. I forgot that you lose your breath easily. I got caught up in the moment because I got some good news.” Bea said, continuing to run her fingers through Allie’s locks.

“Don’t be sorry.” Allie replied. “I took it further than what it should have been. It’s my fault, really.”

“You’re not to blame either.” Bea said, kissing Allie’s forehead. “You just can’t resist me.” She smirked.

Allie laughed. “You’re right about that!”

“But I get it now. Slow, easy kisses. I don’t need you gasping for air like that.”
“Bea, I’ll be fine. You don’t have to hold back on kissing me.”

“I want you to be okay. It will be fine if we take things slow until you recover.” Bea said.

“You heard the doctor, Bea. She doesn’t know how long I’ll need the oxygen support for.”

“That’s okay, babe. We’ll take all the time we need.”

Allie groaned. “I’ve already had a taste of you, I’m not wanting to wait until I can have you again.” She said. “Well, I haven’t actually tasted you…yet.” She trailed her eyes over Bea’s body. “But I’m sure you’ll be great in that department too when I do get to do that.”

Bea downed her head in a blush. The thought of Allie’s mouth on her, did things to her. She’s never had someone go down on her. If she’s honest, she’s never even done that to someone. She never took the time to appreciate a woman’s body, she didn’t care to. But she wanted to do everything with Allie. Even if she blushed the color of her hair. Allie’s laugh brought her back.

“You’re thinking of it, aren’t you?” Allie added after Bea had been silent for a bit.

Bea scoffed. “No.”

“You are!” Allie exclaimed, a smile on her face. “You just wait, Bea Smith. I’m gonna rock your world.”

*You already have.* “Let’s just work on getting you better, yeah?” Bea said, kissing Allie’s forehead again.

“Yeah, yeah. So, what’s the good news?” Allie asked.

“The detective called not too long ago. He said he got some video footage from my next door neighbor’s house. There was something on the footage that he wants me to see, so he’s coming here to show me. Hopefully it’s something to do with who did this to you.”
Not too long later, the Detective arrived at the hospital. He and Bea went to the conference-like room that was just down the hall so Bea could take a look at the footage. The video was slow moving, but it was very clear. Her neighbor’s cameras had a good enough view of her front door from how it was positioned in their own yard. The video started with a few seconds of silence, then it happened. A woman who was obviously dressed in all black, wearing gloves, and had her hair up in a bun walked up the few steps that led to Bea’s front door. The woman opened the door and entered. Bea was shaking her head in anger, she couldn’t believe it. Detective Jones skipped six minutes of video time to show the woman exiting the house. He paused the video and zoomed, getting a good view of the woman’s face.

“If she’s a professional criminal, I’d never hire her.” Detective Jones bluntly said. “If she was smart, she’d know to cover all traces of evidence. But then again, it may have just been a quick job.”

Ignoring everything the detective said, Bea spoke. “I saw that exact woman at Erica Davidson’s house!” She angrily said. “Th-they were talking and Erica gave her an envelope. Maybe she was paying her then, or something. But I saw her at Erica’s house, Detective Jones.”

“I can’t do anything with what you just said to me. What proof do I have?”

“Proof?! I’m telling you! I saw her with my own two eyes!”

“That’s not good enough.” He said.

Bea groaned. “You want proof, huh?” She grabbed his laptop. “Follow me.”

She walked into Allie’s hospital room, Detective Jones in tow. With the laptop in her hands, she walked up to Allie’s bed, who was flipping through the channels on the TV.

“Allie, I never want to hurt you because I love you. And I never want you to see this vile fucking woman ever again, but baby, I need you to confirm that this is the woman that attacked you.” Bea said, turning the laptop to show Allie the screen.

Allie dropped her eyes to the screen, looking at the face of the exact woman who attacked her. She felt her face drain. “It’s her.”
Bea closed the laptop, leaning to kiss Allie’s forehead. She turned back to the Detective. “You take Erica Davidson in for questioning, and I want to be there when you do.”

“Bea…” The detective trailed off. “We already established that the woman in the video attacked Allie. What we don’t know is who she is and if Erica was involved or not.”

“You take her in for some hard questioning, Detective.”

“Erica Davidson is a movie star. If we wrongfully accuse her, that would look bad on the entire department.” He said.

“It’s not wrongfully accusing her.” Bea said. “I told you, I saw her talking with the same woman in this video. Erica hired her!” *Fuck I should have taken some photos.* “Erica is a possible suspect, I’m calling that so you have to follow it up. If you don’t, I will hire an attorney to question Erica Davidson. And I know a pretty badass attorney who would do this for me.” She said. “The choice is yours.”

Detective Jones studied Bea for a moment. “I’ll get a female officer to accompany me to her home to bring her in for questioning.”
Within a couple of hours, Erica Davidson was taken to the police station for questioning. As much as Bea hated it, she left Allie to go to the police station to watch the questioning. Before she left though, she had Debbie and Boomer come back to the hospital to sit with Allie. Bea hated leaving Allie, but she needed to be there to listen to everything Erica said. She was angry with Erica, especially since she kept denying everything.

The questioning process wasn’t going as planned for Bea. Erica was calm, and answered the questions knowledgeably. Bea was in another room watching everything take place through cameras. It’s been forty minutes, and there was no progress. It was like she rehearsed this or something. It seemed that because Erica was a movie star, they were taking it easy on her. They weren’t trying to get under her skin to make her confess, they were being nice. And that made Bea even more mad. The questions were bullshit questions to begin with. Like, where were you on the morning of last Saturday between the hours of 8am and 9am. It was clearly fucking obvious to the video that Erica was not the one who attacked Allie, so the question was pointless. But that didn’t mean she wasn’t behind it. She seen that they were getting ready to wrap the questioning up, so Bea exited the room she was in and made her way to the ‘interrogation’ room. She waited by the door for it to open. And soon, Detective Jones and another person opened the door and walked out.

“She’s clean.” Detective Jones said. “She answered the questions in a way an innocent person would.”

Bea scoffed. “So because she knows how to answer questions in a simple way, she’s off the hook?”

Detective Jones shrugged his shoulders. “We’ll just have to further this investigation.”

As the detective and the other person began walking away, Bea grabbed the door handle and made herself into the interrogation room.

“You don’t have the authorization to be in there!” The man that was with Detective Jones said.
Bea ignored him, shutting the door behind herself. If they weren’t going to do their job, then Bea was going to do it. She eyed Erica as she sat down on the other side of the table. She held Erica’s gaze.

“I was wondering when you’d make yourself present.” Erica finally said. “I’m trying to figure out why I’m even here.”

Bea sucked her teeth. “Why did you do it?”

Erica tilted her head. “I’m sorry. Exactly what are you referring to?”

Bea placed a photo printed out of the video of the woman who attacked Allie onto the table, tapping her finger on the photo. “Who is she?”

“I don’t know.” Erica answered.

“Erica,” Bea began, stern sounding. “Stop trying to bullshit me. I want to know why you are putting me through hell. I want to know why you did what you did.”

“Do you want to know what I want to know?” Erica asked, then continued without even giving Bea a chance to answer. “I want to know what Allie has that I don’t. I want to know why you’re wasting your time with a junkie street whore. If you ask me, she deserved getting that hotshot.”

Bea leaned back in the chair, it took every ounce of self control for her to not jump across the table and slap the bitch. “Thank you.”

Erica furrowed her eyebrows. “For what?”

Bea smirked. “Not one time during your entire interrogation did anyone ever mention that Allie had gotten a hotshot. The media doesn’t know that, the news doesn’t know that, and no one even knows about her previous occupation. All of it was strictly private. Nothing was ever released about that.” She said. “Therefore, you just fucked yourself up.”

“Erica Davidson,” An officer said as he entered the room with Detective Jones, placing silver handcuffs on her wrists. “You are under arrest for conspiring on the attempted murder of Allie
Novak. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?

Erica looked to Bea. “Fuck you.”

Bea grinned. “I’m sure you’ll have women lined up to take care of that in prison.”

“If you think this is over, you’re wrong.” Erica said, keeping herself from being pulled out of the interrogation room. “Allie has another thing coming.”

Bea had enough. She jumped up from her chair and launched at Erica. She had her hand gripped on Erica’s shirt, but she was pulled away by Jones. Bea was fuming, her eyes were burning a hole into Erica as the woman was being pulled out of the room. She pushed Detective Jones off her and angrily groaned.

“That was a threat!” Bea yelled. “You heard her, Detective. She verbally threatened Allie!”

“And it will go against her, add to her charges.” He replied. “But you had no authorization being in here, Bea. You could get fined for doing what you did.”

“I don’t care! Y’all weren’t doing your jobs, so I did it. I got her to confess, didn’t I!!”

“In a way, yes. But-”

“There’s no buts,” Bea interrupted. “There was nothing released on why Allie was in the hospital. No one could’ve known what happened. Erica did. Doesn’t that mean something?”

“It does. I will make sure everything will be known at her hearing.” He said. “Still yet, if the judge doesn’t think there’s enough evidence, there will be another court case. Allie may even have to testify then.”

Bea nodded her head in understanding. “What happens now?”
“Erica will be held in custody until the hearing. She may even be questioned again after what just happened.” Detective Jones said. “I reckon her hearing will be within two weeks, so in the meantime you need to find a lawyer to fight Allie’s case. Get the lawyer caught up on everything.”

“I’ll get right on that.”

“Good. Now get outta here.” He said, having Bea follow him out of the interrogation room.

Bea made her way out of the police station and to her car. She called Debbie, telling her that she’d be back to the hospital in a little while and to tell Allie not to worry about anything. After her call with Debbie, she called Maxine to find out if her lawyer was available for a meeting. When Maxine called her back to tell her that the lawyer was free to meet wherever, she made her way to her gym to have the conference room open for when the lawyer and Maxine would get there.

Bea, Maxine, and the lawyer had been sat in the conference room for a bit. Bea was informing her lawyer, Annalise Keating, on the case she wanted her to take on. She told Annalise that she could schedule a meeting for her to meet with Detective Jones to talk more about it and to go over everything that had already been gathered. Annalise had been on board with everything, saying she’d love to help out in any way she could. Annalise asked for more information on Allie, and Bea told her everything she could. Obviously though, Annalise did say she’d want to meet up with Allie as well. Bea was fine with that.

“I’ll get back in touch with you when I have your meeting set up with Detective Jones.” Bea said to Annalise as they were leaving out of the conference room. “And when you can, let me know of a price that I’ll owe you for your service. I don’t care how much, as long as the ones who hurt Allie get put away.”

“Don’t tell me the price doesn’t matter, I may end up charging millions.” Annalise winked.

Bea laughed. “You find out who the mystery woman is and get her put away along with Erica, I really don’t care.”

“I’ve put monsters away for less than thirty grand,” Annalise began. “I wouldn’t charge you fifty times that. I’m your friend before I’m your lawyer. Remember that. But I won’t hesitate to send you a bill.” She teased, making Bea laugh.

Bea laughed as they continued out of the gym. Bea locked up the place before she said her
goodbyes to Maxine and Annalise. When she got back into her car and began making her way towards the hospital, she called Detective Jones and informed him of Annalise wanting to meet up with him at some point so she could catch up on already known evidence. He was okay with it, saying that he could meet up with the lawyer the following day. Bea then called Annalise, telling her when and where to meet Detective Jones the next day.

When Bea got back to the hospital and as she was walking up to the entrance, she was suddenly bombarded by the same paparazzi crews that had been taking pictures of her all week. They were obviously video recording her this time to get her reaction from the things they were saying. She was trying her hardest to ignore them as she walked, but it was getting hard for her. She stopped in her tracks when she heard one of them mention Allie’s name.

“Allie is the woman you’re seeing that’s in the hospital now, right?” He asked, a rather large camera in her face. “She’s the junkie, street whore that couldn’t stay away from the drugs? Why would you involve yourself with someone like-”

The man didn’t have time to finish as Bea shoved his camera away, knocking it to the ground, and her fist colliding into his face. He stumbled a few steps back, his hand covering his now bloodied nose. She was getting ready to go back at him, but realized she had already done something she shouldn’t have done, so she backed off.

“You know nothing about her.” Bea sneered before walking into the hospital, leaving a crew of speechless photographers in her trail.

As Bea walked through the halls to the elevator, her mind raced about. How did they know? Allie’s name? Her previous occupation? Everything was out in the open now, and she didn’t know how. Bea entered into the elevator, happy that it was empty. As soon as the doors closed, she leaned back against the elevator wall, a small whimper escaping her lips. The news and media were going to attack Allie now, and she didn’t know how she would protect the blonde from that. It had to have been Erica though. That photographer used the same exact words Erica used. Junkie street whore. Before the elevator reached Allie’s floor, she composed herself. She walked down the hall to Allie’s room, seeing Will standing on the outside of the room still.

“You can go home, Will.” Bea said as she approached.

“Why? You don’t need me anymore?” He asked.

“Allie’s awake now, and Boomer’s here. You’re welcome to stay if you’d like, but you don’t have to.”
“Everything alright?”

“No, but it will be soon.” She answered. “Can you call Matt and tell him that he doesn’t need to come stand guard anymore?”

“I will. Are you sure you don’t want me here anymore?”

“I’m sure. I’ll call you if anything changes.”

“Okay. Take care, Bea.” Will said before walking off.

Bea entered into the room, seeing Allie laughing along with Boomer and Debbie. She wanted to smile, she really did and she may have tried, but she didn’t feel it. She was worried, tired of everyone attacking Allie. She just wanted everything to stop. She wanted to be happy without people trying to ruin that.

Allie looked over to Bea after her laughing started to subside. She had been laughing at Boomer, the woman was just far too funny for her own good. She saw how Bea looked, worry instantly coming over her.

“Babe, you okay?” Allie asked, trying to get Bea to look at her. “Bea.”

Bea finally snapped out of it, looking up to Allie. “Yeah?”

“Are you okay?” Allie repeated.

“Yeah…”

“You’re lying.” Allie bluntly said. “What’s wrong? Talk to me.”

Sensing her mum’s hesitation, Debbie grabbed Boomer’s arm. “C’mon, Booms. Let’s go get some snacks.”
“Oh, yeah. We could get some, like, monte carlos, right?” Boomer asked.

“Of course.” Debbie replied, walking with Boomer out of the room.

Once Debbie and Boomer exited the room, Allie looked to Bea. “Bea, come here.”

Bea walked to Allie’s bedside, the blonde instantly grabbing her hand. Bea wanted to be able to protect the blonde no matter what. The last thing she ever wanted was for the media to be attacking her girlfriend.

“What happened to your knuckles?” Allie asked, examining the red knuckles on her girlfriend. “Don’t tell me you punched Erica.”

“No, I didn’t.” Bea replied. “She got arrested. She said some things about you that no one should have known about. Like, the hotshot for instance. How could she have known that? Ya know?”

“If it wasn’t Erica that you punched, then who was it?” Allie brought Bea’s knuckles to her lips, gently kissing them. “What’s wrong though? I can tell something’s bugging you.”

“A few photographers came up to me before I walked into the hospital entrance.”

“Paparazzi?” Allie asked, not letting Bea continue.

“Yeah, I just don’t really like calling them that.” Bea said. “One of them said some things about you…he knew your name and knew about your previous occupation. I don’t know how he knew. I couldn’t help myself, I shoved his camera out of his hands and punched him in the face.”

“Bea, I told you that some people would recognize me.”

“It wasn’t like that though. He said terrible things…he used the exact words Erica used. It’s like someone told the media about you.”

“But did you need to punch him? You could get in trouble for that.”
“I don’t care! I didn’t like the things he said about you. No one should say those things about you.”

“Baby, relax.” Allie said, squeezing Bea’s hand in a way to soothe her. “It’ll be okay.”

“People will attack you, I can’t be okay about that.”

“Maybe not, but you have to understand that we’re in this together. Still.” Allie tried to assure. “You said before that it doesn’t matter what anyone says about me because you know it’s not true.”

“Yeah, but that was before. Actually hearing people say mean things about you…it hurts.”

“Okay…what was said about me?” Allie asked.

“I don’t want to say.”

“If we’re going to do this together, then I’m going to need to know what was said.”

“Please, don’t make me.”

“Just tell me.” Allie urged.

Bea sighed. “You were called…a junkie…street whore. Twice today.”

Allie let out a small laugh. “I’ve had people call me worse.” She said. “Seriously, Bea, it doesn’t matter to me.”

“It matters to me.” Bea quietly replied.
“Yeah, well…just promise me one thing?”

“What?”

“Promise me that you won’t ever push me away.”

Bea looked at Allie for a moment. Was she even capable of making that promise? She knew that if she wanted to protect Allie from media attacking her, then she would do all means necessary. She never wanted anyone to hurt her. Hell, she never even wanted her to be in the hospital right now.

“I promise.” Bea finally replied.

“Good. Now come lay with me.” Allie said, barely being able to move over. But she finally made enough room for her girlfriend.

Bea sat on the edge of the bed, slowly easing herself down. “Are you sure this is okay? I won’t hurt you?”

When Bea settled, Allie turned on her side and draped an arm across the redhead’s body. “You won’t hurt me, and this is perfectly okay. I’ve missed you being this close.” She tucked her face as best as she could into the crook of Bea’s neck. She knew she’s been unconscious for the past week, but she just knows that she missed Bea. She kissed Bea’s jaw, using her fingers to trace shapes on Bea’s skin that had been exposed where her shirt slightly ridden up. Her thoughts wandered off to her and Bea’s first time. It was perfect in everyway imaginable. The way she touched Bea is something she could never forget. She felt completely honored that she was the one to be able to experience Bea in that way.

“What’s on your mind?” Bea said, interrupting Allie’s thoughts.

“Just thinkin’,” Allie replied, brushing her hand up Bea’s side. “About our first time.”

“Why are you thinking about that?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Allie said with a chuckle. “It was amazing. And I just wish I could feel you again.” She moved her hand to Bea’s belly, trailing it to the button of her jeans. She used her
fingers to try to unbutton Bea’s jeans, feeling Bea grab her hand.

“Allie, no.” Bea said, keeping Allie’s hand still.

“Why not? I want you.”

“I told you that you need to worry about recovering first.” Bea replied. “You just regained consciousness and you’re already trying to get into my pants.”

Allie laughed, moving her hand to rest on Bea’s chest. “What can I say? I’m completely hot for you.”

Bea smiled, loving a playful Allie. “I love you.”

“I love you too, babe. So much.”

“I love you more.”

Allie lifted her head, looking at Bea’s face. A soft smile slowly formed on her face. “Are you trying to play the ‘I love you more’ game?”

“No.” Bea answered. “It’s not a game to me. I really do love you more.”

Bea was sitting in the hospital room with Boomer and Debbie. Dr. O’Hara had Allie taken down for some tests a little while ago. She wanted to send Allie through a body MRI to make sure all her vital organs were working properly and that nothing was wrong with them. Debbie and Boomer were talking with each other about their food interests, Bea just sat there playfully rolling her eyes. There was going to be another foodie staying in her home. Allie and Debbie had been plenty, she doesn’t know what she was going to do now that Boomer was added into the mix.

Not too long later, Allie was wheeled back into the room by a nurse along with Dr. O’Hara. She was complaining of feeling nauseous, so the nurse went to get her something for it after Allie was
helped back into the bed. Once she was settled into the bed and the nurse left, Dr. O’Hara talked with Bea and Allie.

“Allie’s body MRI looked mostly great.” The doctor started. “Her kidneys, liver, heart, and brain looked fine. But what worries me is her lungs. Heroin really affects the lungs in a not so good way.” She said. “Fluid is filling her lungs and it’s very life-threatening if not treated correctly. A condition called pulmonary edema is a condition caused by excess fluids in the lungs. Allie is needing that extra oxygen support because of the fluid in her lungs. I’m hoping that since it’s not a terrible case, that it could possibly go away. I will keep an eye on that for her remaining time here. Which I think she should be here for another two weeks.” With that, Allie let out a groan. “I know it sucks being here, but I just want to make sure you will be okay. Your health is in my best interest.”

“I know. I’m just not going to like being stuck in this bed.” Allie replied.

“We’ll make sure to get you out of bed regularly so you can walk up and down the halls. Don’t worry, I won’t make you stay in bed.” Dr. O’Hara said. “Do you have any questions?”

Before Allie could say anything, Bea spoke up. “You still don’t know how long she’ll need the oxygen support for?”

“No, I don’t. It’s only a matter of time. I hope that it won’t be for a long period of time though. But like I said, she's only needing it because of the extra fluid in her lungs.” The doctor answered.

“Can I take a proper shower?” Allie then asked.

“Of course.” O’Hara replied. “I’ll get a nurse to take that urinary catheter out for you and then she’ll be able to help with your shower.”

“I’d rather be the one to help Allie with her shower.” Bea said, not wanting a nurse to scrub Allie.

“If Allie is okay with that, then I don’t see a problem with it.”

Allie smirked. “Oh, I’m okay with that. Definitely okay.”
Dr. O’Hara laughed as Bea slightly blushed. “Okay, I’ll go get a nurse to get your catheter out then you can have a shower.”

When a nurse came to take Allie’s catheter out, Debbie and Boomer left the room to give some privacy. Bea stayed by the bedside holding Allie’s hand when the catheter was being removed. It didn’t really hurt Allie when it was being removed, it had just been a bit uncomfortable for her. Once it was out and the nurse left, Bea helped Allie out of the bed and walked her to the bathroom. Allie took her nasal cannula out of her nose so it wouldn’t get wet from the shower. Bea then helped the blonde take the hospital gown off, along with her panties, before helping her step into the shower. Allie sat on the shower chair while Bea poked her head out of the bathroom.

“Deb, could you go get Allie another hospital gown, please?” Bea asked.

“Yeah. I’ll be right back.”

When Debbie brought the gown back for Allie, Bea started the shower. She adjusted the temperature as Allie told her too, then turned the shower head on. She used the removable shower head to spray Allie’s body and wet her hair.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked. “Is your breathing okay?”

Allie smiled. “I’m okay.”

Once Allie was wet enough, Bea placed the shower head back in its’ holder before grabbing a rag. She poured Allie’s favorite strawberry scented body wash on a rag to lather it up. She began washing Allie’s neck, then went to her arms and hands. She washed Allie’s chest and gently washed her breasts, trying to keep herself in line. Allie kept her eyes on Bea’s face the whole time she washed her breasts.

“You only volunteered for this job because you couldn’t go another second without touching me.” Allie teased.

“Not true.” Bea replied with a laugh. “I didn’t want anyone else seeing what’s mine.”

“Yours?”
“Mine.” Bea stated.

She washed Allie’s back before her stomach, and then her legs. She washed up Allie’s thighs, feeling herself grow hot. *Now is not the time*, she chastised herself. She held the rag in her hand, trying to give it to Allie so she could wash her more intimate area.

“You can do it. I don’t mind.” Allie said.

Bea looked at Allie for a moment, trying to figure out if she was sure. When Allie sweetly smiled at her, Bea continued giving her a wash. She placed the rag back down on Allie’s thigh, easily prying her legs apart. She swallowed hard as her hand made its’ way to wash Allie’s core. As soon as the lathered rag made contact, she felt Allie grab her wrist. She looked up into Allie’s dark with desire eyes.

“Come here.” Allie whispered, looking down to Bea’s lips.

Bea felt herself leaning forward, her lips instantly being met in a hot kiss. Just as she parted her lips to dart her tongue into Allie’s waiting mouth, she remembered that they needed to slow down so she pulled her mouth from Allie. Using her free hand, she ran her fingers through Allie’s wet hair.

“Let’s get this shower finished, yeah?” Bea said.

Bea finished washing Allie’s body, then started on her hair. When the blonde was rinsed of all soap, Bea towel dried her and then helped her into a clean pair of undies and a clean hospital gown. Allie put the nasal cannula back into her nose and then Bea helped her back to the hospital bed.

Not too long later, Bea had got them all something to eat from down in the cafeteria. After they finished eating, Bea handed her car keys to Debbie, telling her that she and Boomer should head to the house because it was getting late. Allie stopped her right in her tracks though.

“Bea, I think you and Deb should just head home. You need some proper rest.” Allie said.

“What? No, I’m not going anywhere.” Bea responded.
“Babe, I’ll be fine. Boomer will stay with me.” The blonde said. “You need to look after yourself. You need a good night’s sleep for tomorrow.”

Bea furrowed her eyebrows. “What’s tomorrow?”

“You’re going to go back to training.” Allie said. “You have a fight you need to focus on.”

“Allie, I don’t give a shit about the fight. I want to be here with you.”

“I’m going to be fine.” Allie stressed. “You have a career you need to worry about.”

“I’d choose you over my career any day, Allie. I don’t want to leave you here.”

“Yeah, well… I’m not going to let you mess up your career because of me. If you don’t start your training back, then I’ll be mad.”

“You’ll be mad?” Bea asked with a sarcastic chuckle. “There’s nothing for you to even be mad about.”

“Try me, Bea Smith.” Allie said with a quirked brow. “Now, go home and get some rest. I’ll be fine, don’t worry about me. Please, you need to look after yourself.”

“Fine.” Bea huffed as she stood up from the chair. She briefly kissed Allie on the cheek before she turned to walk out of the room.

“I already can’t wait to see you tomorrow.” Allie said as Bea was leaving the room. “I love you!”

“I love you too.” Bea grumbled back. “Come on, Deb.” She stopped in her tracks and turned to Boomer. “Make sure you keep an eye on Allie, yeah?” And with that, she and Debbie exited the hospital room.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you all for reading and leaving such wonderful reviews :) 

Also, the lawyer, Annalise Keating, is from How To Get Away With Murder. Another one of my favorite shows :) 

*other than Wentworth, what's a show you enjoy watching?
It was just after six am as Bea walked through the front sliding glass doors of the hospital with a small box of donuts in her hands. She didn’t have an ounce of sleep during the night, all she could think of was Allie. She knew that if anything were to happen, she’d get a phone call, but she still couldn’t help to worry. She was in her workout attire because she was going to be heading to her gym afterwards to continue her training. She didn’t want to start up her training again, but Allie was making her. Well, Allie wasn’t exactly making her, she just didn’t want the blonde to be upset with her. But that was thing, Allie had nothing to be upset about. Bea wasn’t lying when she said she’d choose Allie over her career. If she’s honest, she’d choose Allie over anything. But since Allie wanted her to, she was going to continue her training for her upcoming fight. She laughed to herself as she thought about it; she was wrapped around the blonde’s finger. She’d do anything, absolutely anything, for Allie.

As she exited the elevator, she stopped at the small coffee stand just around the corner to grab Allie a coffee. She made the coffee how Allie liked it and then continued to the blonde’s room. Bea easily pushed the hospital room door open, seeing Boomer sprawled out on a cot snoring away and a nurse checking Allie’s vitals.

“All good, Allie.” She heard the nurse say. “You can put in your order for breakfast in a couple of hours. Try to get some rest in the meantime.”

Bea softly smiled to the nurse as the shorter woman exited the room. She looked back over to Allie, who had her head laid back against the pillow with her eyes closed. Bea just admired her for a moment. Although Allie had just regained full consciousness not even twenty-four hours ago, she was already beginning to get her natural color back. She really didn’t know what she would’ve done if Allie hadn’t of made it out of this situation. Her girl was strong. She glanced over to Boomer before looking back to Allie.

“So much for a personal bodyguard, eh?” Bea finally said, a tease to her words.

Allie popped opened her eyes, smiling when she looked at Bea. “She’s been snoring like that all night. I hardly slept.”

Bea chuckled, walking further into the room. “I hardly sleep too. I mean, for a totally different
reason than yours, but still.” She said. “I missed you is all. And I couldn’t stop worrying.”

“I told you, there’s nothing to worry about. I’m fine.” Allie replied. “But hey, I missed you too.” She smiled. “What are you doing here anyway?”

“I just wanted to see you before I had to get to the gym. Ya know, my completely stubborn girlfriend is making me go.” Bea rolled her eyes. She set the coffee and box of donuts down on the overbed table. “For you, my dear.” She playfully batted her eyes, making Allie laugh.

“Thank you.” Allie replied, grabbing the coffee. “And just so you know, you’re the stubborn one.”

“Hmm, is that so?” Bea asked, a smile on her face as she sat on the edge of the bed.

Allie nodded her head, taking a sip of her coffee.

“Then you should know that I’m always right. I’m not the stubborn one, babe, you are.” Bea flashed a smirk.

Allie laughed. “This is going to be so fun.”

“What is?” Bea asked as she opened the donut box. She shouldn’t be eating it, but she could care less.

Allie did the same, grabbing a delicious glazed donut to eat. “Our relationship.”

“It already is fun.”

“I make everything fun.” Allie grinned.

“You sure do.” Bea winked. She stood up from the hospital bed and gave Allie a loving kiss on the lips. Before she could say anything else, Boomer stirred awake.
“Mmm, do I smell donuts?” Boomer asked, sitting up with her eyes still closed.

Bea quietly laughed along with Allie. “Yes, Booms. You smell donuts, help yourself.” She said, then gave Allie another kiss. “I’ll be back later, okay? Debbie said she’d come back to see you too, so be on the look out for her. If you need anything, call me, okay?”

“I’m sure I won’t need anything, but if I do then yes, I’ll call you.” Allie said, smiling.

Boomer’s feet slapped against the cold tile as she walked around the hospital bed to grab a donut, or two, from the box before she retreated back to her cot.

“Good.” Bea gave Allie one last kiss, standing up fully. “I’ll see you later. I love you.”

Allie smiled, she would never get tired of hearing that. “I love you too.” She watched as Bea walked out of her hospital room before dropping her head back down against her pillow.

“I’ve never seen Bea so happy before,” Boomer began, her mouth full of donut. “It’s nice, but also kinda weirdly disgusting. I only know her as this tough badass, not a softie. You have her wrapped around ya finger. It makes me wonder what special tricks you have up ya sleeve.”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“I fuckin’ do.” Boomer said. “I can’t find me a nice fella for nothin’.”

Allie softly smiled. “Well, Booms, the right guy will see you for who you really are. I never believed I was worth anybody’s time, but then Bea came along. She scooped me up off my feet and she didn’t even realize it. I’m completely smitten for her.” She said. “But seriously, the right person will come to you. It may take some time, but it will happen.”

“I hope you’re right.”

“Me too, for your sake.” She said. “Who knows though, maybe there’s a woman out there that’s perfect for ya.” She teased.
“Fuckin’ hell, there isn’t. I ain’t no clitty licker!”

Allie’s laugh resonated throughout the room.

Bea had such a long day of working out. She swore that her team worked her to the brink, testing her lengths on purpose. She was tired, but it wasn’t anything she couldn’t handle. She was actually glad to be back in the gym, she hadn’t realized how much she missed it until she was actually there. Her body ached from the workout, but she loved it. It showed that progress has been made. That, or it’s because she missed a week of training. She’d much rather like to think that it was because of progress though.

When her training day was over, her team did ask her some questions about the recent rumors going around. Given that it was her team, she told them the truth. She knew they wouldn’t run their mouths to anyone. Her team was pretty surprised about what had happened to Allie and they were all really worried about her too, but Bea made sure to tell them that she was doing fine. Bea also had a small meeting with Maxine to discuss the promo work she missed. All the work had been rescheduled to the following week, along with a couple interviews she needed to attend. She internally groaned knowing that she was going to be so busy within the next week. Her least favorite thing about being in the UFC was probably the promo work; she hated anything to do with being in front of a camera. She also hated the interviews too, but she felt those were a bit easier. Her and Maxine’s discussion also led to Derek Channing; about how he would be returning from his family vacation in just a couple of weeks. So, any necessary work needed to be done before his return because he was usually strict about that sort of thing.

Bea had finally returned home, after her long day, to an empty house. Debbie was gone, she knew the brunette must have went on to the hospital after all. Her house smelled clean, so she figured Liz stopped by to do a little cleaning. Not that the older woman had to, but Bea really appreciated it. Bea headed up the stairs to her room, she was going to take a quick shower and then head to the hospital herself. She truly missed her girlfriend. She grabbed a change of clothes and laid them out on her bed before walking towards her bathroom. She stopped just at the entryway, looking at the spot that Allie had been left at to die last week. She was honestly thinking of having her bathroom redesigned because she didn’t like looking at her shower and seeing an unconscious Allie there. The memory of Allie almost dying that her shower now held, was enough to make her go take a shower in the bathroom just down the hall. So, that’s exactly what she did. She grabbed her body wash and her wild orchid shampoo, and headed to the other bathroom to have her shower.

Bea finished up in the shower in no time. She was clean of her sweaty skin, so she was ready to continue to get dressed. She would normally wear jeans, but it was pretty warm outside so she slipped on her khaki colored shorts, that were pretty short but not too exposing. She called them her happy hike shorts because she hiked in them. She then proceeded to throw on her thick strapped black tank-top, that showed off her chiseled arms. She quickly checked her phone for the time, but came across a couple missed calls from Detective Jones. Just as she was getting ready to call him back, her phone started ringing again. It was Allie, so she answered.
“Hey, babe.” Bea answered. “You okay?”

“Hey. I’m okay. I was just calling to ask if you were still coming to the hospital?”

“Of course. That’s a silly question.” Bea chuckled. “What’s wrong? Do you need something?”

“Yeah, could you bring me a book from that book case in your office?”

“Sure. Any preferences?”

“It doesn’t matter, I’ll read anything.”

“Okay, babe. I’ll see you soon.” Bea said.

“Okay. I love you.”

“And I love you.”

Allie made a kissy noise through the phone, so Bea made one in return. She playfully rolled her eyes afterwards though. She’d only do such cheesy shit with the blonde.

After hanging up, Bea entered into her bathroom again. She quickly brushed her teeth and brushed her hair. She decided to just throw her curly hair up in a bun, not being in the mood to try to tame it. She went to her closet, grabbing a pair of flip flops to wear instead of sneakers. She grabbed her phone and headed towards her office to get a book for Allie. When she finally decided on a book, she made her way down the stairs. Just as she grabbed her wallet to head out the door, her phone began ringing again. This time, it was Detective Jones calling her again.

“Hello?” She answered.

“Bea, hey.” Jones replied. “After I met up with Allie’s lawyer earlier, she and I went to where
Bea, hey.” Jones replied. “After I met up with Allie’s lawyer earlier, she and I went to where Erica was being held until her hearing. With Erica’s attorney present, Annalise talked with Erica.” He said. “Erica is willing to give a name to this mystery woman, but she wants something first.”

“What?”

“She wants to talk to you.”

“Me?” Bea asked, clearly shocked.

“Yes, you.” He assured. “Are you free right now? Since we already have a room occupied, I think now would be a good time.”

Bea sighed, she really just wanted to go see Allie. “Yeah, okay. I’ll be there in a few.”

After she hung up her phone, she called Allie to tell her that she’d be to the hospital a little later and to tell her where she was headed. Allie seemed to handle the news alright, so after their brief conversation, they hung up. Bea got into her red sports car, seeing as Debbie was driving her Tesla, and then headed off to where Erica was being held.

It didn’t take her long to get there, as she was walking through the front doors. She was instantly met with Detective Jones, he informed her that Annalise already left but Erica was still wanting to see her. Loads of questions were going through her head. Why would Erica want to see her? There was nothing further she wanted to discuss with the blonde. But she followed Jones down the hall anyway. They entered a room that already had two police officers in it and there was another door that entered into the room where Erica was in. Bea looked through the glass, seeing Erica sitting in a chair with her hands cuffed to the table. She looked…miserable. And Bea didn’t care.

“Just go in there and see what she wants.” Jones said, bringing Bea out of her thoughts. “We’ll be able to see and hear you two, but you can’t see or hear us. You ready?”

“I guess so.” Bea replied.

One police officer pressed a button, temporarily unlocking the door that led to the room Erica was in. Bea pulled open the door and walked in, letting it close behind her. She took a deep breath before walking to the table, Erica’s eyes on her. She sat in the chair opposite of the other woman, weirdly feeling small under her gaze. It was silent for a moment, until Erica spoke.
“Thank you for coming.” Erica said.

Bea raised her eyebrows, letting them drop. “Yeah. What do you want to talk to me about?”

Erica blew raspberries. “I just…I did set up the plan for Allie to get a hotshot, I admit that. And only because if I do, then my charge won’t be so bad. Your lawyer made that pretty clear.” She said. “I just want to apologize to you. I know you won’t really believe me, but I am sorry. Jealousy doesn’t really fly by me too well.”

“I hear your apology, but I do not accept it. I will never accept it.” Bea started. “I fucking hate you, Erica. You almost got my girlfriend killed. The one person that I truly love was almost taken away from me. Fuck, she still may never be able to breathe on her own without oxygen support. And then you go and tell the media about Allie and her past problems? It’s fucked up. So, no. You can take your apology and shove it up your ass.”

Erica nodded her head. “All I can say is that I’m sorry.”

Bea angrily shook her head. “You’re just a fucking up little girl.” She sneered. “You had no reason to be jealous. Our relationship wasn’t even real, it was just for the media’s eyes. You took that shit to a whole other level.” She said, taking a breath to calm herself. “You want me to overlook the shit you did? Hmm? Then you give me a name. Tell me who you hired to fuck up Allie’s life.”

Erica swallowed hard, nerves setting in. “Joan Ferguson.”

Bea stood up from the chair, angrily flexing her jaw. She gave one last look over Erica before heading towards the door. Her time here was done.

“You won’t find her.” Erica added, stopping Bea in her tracks. “She’s good at hiding. Unless she wants you to, you’ll never lay eyes on her.”

“We’ll see about that.” Bea replied, she gripped the doorknob in her hand when she heard the click, but she turned around instead, looking at Erica. “How did you even know about Allie’s past? The drugs and prostitution. How did you know?”

Erica shook her head, signaling that she wasn’t going to answer that question.
“Right.” Bea gripped the doorknob in her hand and turned it, exiting the room to come face to face with Jones. “Joan Ferguson. You find her and bring her into custody. Tell my lawyer the name too. I’m done here.” She said, leaving that room as well and making her way out of the building.

Once she entered into her car, she let her body relax of all her adrenaline. Her hands were slightly shaking from the rush, so she balled her fists up to try to control the shaking. She was so angry, she wanted nothing more than to just smash Erica’s head against the wall. And then she had the nerve to apologize? It was bullshit. Bea knew she was only apologizing because it would look good in her court case file. Joan Ferguson…who the fuck was that? Obviously it was the woman who attacked Allie, but who was she? The woman would be found, there was no question about that. No matter how long it took, she would be found.

Cranking her R8, she put it into gear and gunned it out of the parking lot. Spinning a wheel in the process. She headed towards the hospital, needing to see her blonde beauty.

She walked into the hospital without any disturbances, keeping her head down until she was in front of Allie’s room. She walked in, seeing all three of the women were paying attention to the television. Bea cleared her throat, finally gaining the attention of her girlfriend. A smile spread on Allie’s face.

“Hey, babe.” Allie happily said, raking her eyes up Bea’s incredibly toned legs. “You look… great.”

Bea smiled, making her way to the hospital bed. “You look great as well, my love.” She said, giving the blonde a loving kiss. “How are you?”

“I’m better than ever!” Allie replied. “How was meeting with Erica?”

Bea blew air from her mouth. “About that…” She started, but then gave Deb a quick kiss to her head. “Hey, Deb. Hey, Booms.” She said, then sat down in a chair by the hospital bed when the two women replied to her. “Here’s your book,” She handed Allie the book she brought. “Meeting with Erica was a bit weird.”

“How so?”

“Well, first of all, she apologized about what she put you through. Which was complete bullshit, she’s only apologizing because it will look good on her.” Bea said. “Then she gave a name of the woman she hired to attack you.”
“What’s her name?”

“Joan Ferguson.” Bea said after a beat. “She said it would be hard to find her. If that’s the case, then why’d she give a name to begin with, ya know?”

“Joan Ferguson.” Allie repeated. “She sounds like a freak.”

Bea scoffed. “She is a freak, especially so after what she did to you.” She said. “But what I want to know that Erica wouldn’t answer, is how she even knew about your past to begin with?”

“Bea, we’ve been over this several times. Some people would eventually recognize me and it would get out.”

“I get that, I do. But it wasn’t like that, Allie. It’s like…the rumors didn’t start in the public. They started with well known people; celebrities.”

Allie just shrugged her shoulders. “Well, maybe you’re the one who spilled the beans.” She said, watching Bea’s face fall before she laughed. “I’m kidding! Bea, I really don’t care about the rumors or about what people say about me. You shouldn’t care either. The more you worry about it, the more angry you’ll get. Seriously, just let things smooth out on its’ own.” Allie just really wished Bea wouldn’t worry so much about it. She understood that Bea was caring, but there were some things that couldn’t be stopped or changed.

Bea sighed. “Have you eaten?” She asked, changing the topic of conversation altogether.

“I was just getting ready to order my dinner before you walked in.”

“Don’t. I’ll call Franky to have her bring in a few pizzas. We’ll have a hospital room party.” Bea said.

“Yeah, sounds great. Maybe she’ll bring in some champagne too.” Allie joked.

“I think sparkling cider would be a bit easier on you right now.” Bea winked.
Bea called Franky, asking her to bring in a few boxes of pizza and that she’d give her the money back. Franky was stoked on the whole hospital room party idea, so she didn’t mind picking up some pizzas for the six of them, given that Bridget would be joining them. When she got off the phone, she fell into a comfortable conversation with Boomer. The other woman telling Bea about her recent travels, and how she’s slowly trying to make her way to visit the States. The conversation was a good one, Allie giving her input on a few things, until they were interrupted by an unfamiliar voice.

“Debbie.” The voice said, sounding very demanding. It actually gave Bea the chills, if she was totally honest.

Everyone’s eyes moved to where the voice came from. A young man was standing in the doorway. He had dirty blonde hair and he stood a little taller than Bea.

Debbie felt her mouth go dry. “Brayden?” She stood from her chair. “What are you doing here?”

“I’ve been trying to get ahold of you.” He said, Debbie cutting him off from talking any further by moving him to the hospital hall.

Bea was about to get up to see what the fuck was going on, but Allie stopped her.

“Just stay here, Bea.” Allie said. “I’m sure she can deal with him on her own.”

It had been well over five minutes since Debbie exited the room with this Brayden kid. She could hear them faintly talking to begin with, but then Allie had turned the volume up on the TV. Bea was getting real impatient. Something about the boy made her nerves run hectic, she didn’t like it. She was on edge. But then Bea bolted out of her seat when heard Debbie’s raised voice.

“You get your hands off me!” Debbie yelled.

Bea speed walked out of the room, seeing Brayden holding Debbie up against the wall with his hands tightly clamped around her wrists. Bea gripped her hand to the boy’s shoulder, shoving him off Debbie. She stepped protectively in front of Debbie.
“I don’t know who the fuck you are, but you do not touch her the way you did.” Bea said, keeping her voice in demand.

The boy tilted his head in mock. “I’m Brayden, her boyfriend.”

“Ex-boyfriend.” Debbie corrected. “I broke up with you.”

“We didn’t even get to talk about it.” Brayden defended. “You dumped me and then just left. That’s not what you do.”

“It’s what I did. So, get over it.”

“You know what? I’m gonna-”

“Hey!” Bea interrupted. “It wouldn’t be wise of you to finish that sentence.”

Brayden chuckled. “Just because you’re Bea Smith, doesn’t mean you can fuck into mine and Debbie’s business.”

“No, Bea Smith wouldn’t do that. But I’m Debbie’s mother, so yes, I will do that.” Bea said. “I don’t know why you’ve come all this way anyway.”

“Because I’ve come to get Debbie. She’s going back home. She doesn’t get to just up and leave me the way she has.”

“You know what, Brayden,” Bea began. “You remind me a lot of my ex-husband; controlling, demanding, and a narcissistic asshole. Debbie isn’t going anywhere, unless she wants to. But other than that, you have no right telling her what to do.”

Completely ignoring everything Bea said, Brayden looked to Debbie. “Deb, come on. Let’s go.”

“I’m not going anywhere.” Debbie answered.
Bea watched as Brayden’s nose flared, knowing this little ass wipe was going to be stubborn. “How did you know where Debbie was anyway?”

“I already knew she came to Sydney, then I saw the photos of you two on the internet in front of this hospital. So, I came here and went to the nurse’s station. And with all the rumors going around about your little girlfriend, it was easy to know. I asked which room an Allie was in, but I didn’t have a last name so I told them the patient who was brought in with a drug overdose and they gave me a room number. Easy.”

Bea shook her head. “You need to leave. Debbie already said she wasn’t leaving, so there’s no point in you being here any longer.”

“’I’m not leaving, not without Debbie.”

“Oh, yes the fuck you are.” Boomer said, coming out of the hospital room. “You’ll leave before I punch your tits in!”

Brayden scrunched his face up. “’I don’t fucking have tits, I’m a man!”

“Then I’ll fucking punch ya dick in!” Boomer corrected. She shoved him, making him stumble a bit. “Leave!”

Brayden began walking backwards, keeping his eyes locked on Debbie. “This isn’t over, Deb. You’re coming back with me one way or another.”

When Brayden disappeared out of their sights, Bea turned to Debbie. “Who the fuck is he?”

“He’s my ex. I broke up with him right before I came to Sydney with you. He’s so controlling, and I could never get out of the relationship before.” Debbie said. “I’m sorry, mum. You have enough on your plate, you don’t have room to worry about me.”

“I have plenty of room, sweetie.” Bea replied. “Haven’t you heard? I’m the great Bea Smith!” She joked. “You don’t have to worry, I’ll protect you just like I would protect Allie. Although that didn’t really help anything, did it? Look where we’re standing.”
“Don’t be so hard on yourself.” Debbie said. “It wasn’t your fault.”

Bea sighed. “Yeah. Come on.” With everything going on, she knew it was going to be a lot on her to have to deal with whatever bullshit this young boy was about to stir up. But she wasn’t going to let Debbie deal with it on her own, no matter what the situation that was happening with Allie. She could stand by her girlfriend and her daughter at the same time. There was no picking one over the other. She loved them both. She wasn’t ready for the new problems getting ready to surface, but she would handle it. This Brayden kid wasn’t going to come in between her and Debbie, she wasn’t going to let that happen.

It wasn’t long later when Franky and Bridget arrived with pizza. And they had all dug in. Franky did notice that Debbie was picking at her pizza more than she was eating it, so she knew something was up. But decided not to say anything. She listened on as Bea caught her up on the current situation with Allie. She so wanted to help on the case, knowing it would be a great experience for her. But seeing as she didn’t even work in Sydney, she couldn’t. Franky then began thinking of her dreaded flight to return home in Melbourne in just a couple days. She didn’t want to leave, but she had to. She had to get back to work. The only reason she even stayed over the amount of time she was supposed to, was because of what happened to Allie. She wanted to be there for Bea in case anything was to happen. Then she thought of leaving Bridget…it absolutely tore her up. They had just reembarked their relationship and this time, it was beginning to be better than ever. They’ve dated in the past, but this time was different. This time, it actually felt real to Franky. It was like she matured more since the last time they dated. She watched as her beloved Gidge talked with Allie, her nose scrunching up in a laugh when the younger blonde had said something. Something probably inappropriate. But watching as her lover shook with laughter, she felt herself falling in love more. More than ever. More than what she ever thought possible. Although she hasn’t said those words yet, she knows she loves Bridget. Franky felt an elbow to her rib, so she looked over, seeing Bea shaking her head with a smile on her face.

“You’ve got it bad.” Bea teased.

Franky scoffed. “So do you. What’s your point?”

“You, but I don’t absentmindedly stare at my girl.”

“Uh, yeah, you do.” Franky informed. “You stare at her like she’s the last woman on the planet and you’re a dog in heat.”

Bea laughed. “I can’t help it.” She gazed over to Allie. “I’ve never felt this way before.”
“Welcome to the club.” The raven-haired woman replied. “So, uh, what’s up with Debbie? She’s not her normal self.” She looked over to Debbie, seeing her picking at her nails.

“Something happened earlier. Her dick of an ex showed up. He was a real asshole, reminded me of Harry.” Bea said. “I think she’s just a bit shaken up. We’re about to head home though, let her rest up.”

Franky nodded her head in understanding. “You’re leaving Blondie?”

“I have no choice.” Bea rolled her eyes. “She has me on a strict plan; go home, rest, wake up, go to training, and then I get to come here. She’s making me go train for my fight, says she’ll be mad if I don’t go.”

Franky laughed. “You’ve got ya self a real keeper. Don’t be mad at her about that though, she’s just tryna look out for ya.” She said. “But hey, I reckon she has you wrapped around her little finger.”

Bea shook her head. She knew it was true. Anything Allie wanted, Bea would get it for her. No matter what.

Bea grinned. “I guess I am a bit pussy whipped, eh?”

Franky shot her head towards Bea, a huge grin forming on her face. “Bea Smith, you need to wash your mouth out with soap! Such naughty language!” She teased.

Bea laughed. “You’ve said worse.” She pushed on Franky’s shoulder. “I guess I better get to leaving before Allie has Boomer drag me outta here.”

“Yeah, me and Gidge are gonna get to headin’ out too.”

Franky stood up after Bea did, and went to Debbie while the redhead went to Allie. She kneeled down in front of the curly haired brunette, grabbing her hands with her own.

“Trust me when I say this, if they have something hangin’ between their legs, then they are gonna
be a pain in the ass.” Franky stated. “Don’t let that boy make you feel bad, alright? You’re letting
him win if you let him in your head like that. You are just like your mum; strong natured.” She
kissed Debbie on the cheek before standing up. “Stay strong, Deb.” She ruffled the girl’s hair
before walking towards the hospital bed. When Bea moved aside from kissing Allie and telling
her she loved her, Franky leaned down giving the blonde a slobbery lip smacking kiss to the
cheek. “Oh, Blondie! What terrific kisses you give!”

“Fuck off, Franky.” Allie said wiping her cheek off. “You’ve killed my lady boner.”

“You wound me!” Franky exclaimed, feigning shock. “I’m the master of lady boner’s. How could
I possibly kill it? You should be having a hard on right about now.”

Allie scoffed. “Sorry, Franks. It’s feeling a little soft. Move over a bit so I can see my hot
girlfriend, then give me a few seconds for my lady boner to erect.” She joked, causing Franky to
laugh.

Bea blushed the color of her hair. “Can we not talk about…that?” She shrugged her shoulders up,
feeling a little uncomfortable about the topic of conversation. It was weird, for the past four years
all Bea ever did was talk explicitly, especially to women. But hearing such words coming from
Allie made her skin heat up. She was…aroused? “I’ll see you tomorrow, babe. I love you.” She
announced, blowing Allie a kiss. Allie replying with something equal. “Come on, Deb. Bye,
Boomer!”

“See ya, Bea!” Boomer replied.

When Bea left the room, Franky turned to Allie. “She’s all of a sudden become such an easy
blush.”

“I’d say she’s very much in love.” Bridget chimed in. “It’s nice to see on her. It’s new to her, yes,
but she’s handling her feelings considerably well.” She said. “Anyway, I’m glad to see you’re
doing better, Allie. I do hope you get out of here soon. I’ll try to drop by tomorrow to see you.”
She leaned down, giving Allie’s cheek a soft kiss.

“Thank you, Bridget.”

“No worries.” She grabbed Franky’s hand. “Come on, baby. I’m ready to get home. Have a good
night, Allie.”
“You too!” Allie called out before they exited the room.

Franky and Bridget walked hand in hand throughout the hospital and to Bridget’s car. As Bridget drove home, they rode in silence. Franky always had something to talk about, so Bridget wondered if her girlfriend was okay. Deciding to not ask any questions, she placed her hand on Franky’s thigh instead. Trying to convey her comfort in a touch.

They arrived back to Bridget’s house in no time, although she’d much rather call it their house. She knew Franky was leaving in a just a couple days, so she was going to try to have her to herself as much as possible. She even went to the lengths of taking off work for the next two days, just so she wouldn’t miss a moment with the raven-haired woman. They both got ready for bed and slipped under the heavy duvets that Bridget owned. For some odd reason, Bridget had ended up taking the position of the bigger spoon this particular night. She didn’t mind at all, it was just something new. She was always the little spoon. But she loved being able to hold her girlfriend in her arms. She listened as Franky let out a huge sigh, knowing she was about to speak.

“Gidge…” Franky started. “I’m really gonna miss ya.”

Bridget tightened her hold on Franky. “I know, baby. I’m going to miss you too. But let’s just focus on the time we have left together, yeah?”

“I don’t want to leave.” Franky mumbled out. “I’m going to quit my job and move here with you. I’ll cook you dinner every night and give you amazing orgasms whenever you want, all you have to do is support me.”

Bridget laughed. “Baby, you’re tired. Go to sleep.”

“Nah, Gidge, I’m serious.” Franky turned in Bridget’s arms, now facing her lover. “I don’t think I’d actually want to quit my job, I’d go crazy. I just…I want to be with you. I wish there was someway you could come live with me or I could live here with you. I hate the distance that will soon be between us.”

The older woman tight-lipped smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind Franky’s ear. “In due time, my love. We can’t rush what the future has in store for us. We just have to be patient.”

Franky leaned forward, brushing her lips softly against Bridget’s before kissing her slowly. Kissing her in a way she’s never kissed her before. When she pulled away, she was pleased that Bridget actually chased after her lips. She smiled, running her thumb down the cheek of her
amazing girlfriend.

“T love you, Bridget.” She finally said.

Bridget’s heart swelled in her chest, feeling it thump against her ribcage. The fact Franky used her actual name only told her that Franky was being sincere in this moment.

“Oh, Franky…” Bridget whispered. “I love you too.”

Franky surged forward, her lips crashing into Bridget’s in a searing kiss. “Let me show you how much.” She whispered seductively as she pushed Bridget onto her back and climbed on top of her.

“I thought you were tired.” She gasped out as Franky’s lips landed on her neck.

“Not anymore.” Franky growled, sucking on Bridget’s pulse point.

Franky spent the rest of the night showing Bridget just how much she loved her. Showering her body with all sorts of attention. The thing is, Franky was tired. But after saying those words to Bridget, she felt exposed and vulnerable. She’s never felt such a thing before. So, she needed to preoccupy herself with loving on her girlfriend’s hot body instead of thinking too much about it. She didn’t regret saying that to Bridget, god, she didn’t. It’s just that she’s never said those words to someone before in an intimate way. She didn’t know what to expect of it. She didn’t have an easy life, this was the most she ever felt to home before. She loved Bridget, she did. And she was going to spend the rest of her days voicing that to the blonde.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and leaving reviews. It really keeps me going! I do enjoy sharing my Ballie story with you all though, it's become such a great hobby for me. I did plan for this story to be my last story, but I read an article the other day that gave me inspiration for another Ballie fic. So, you'll have me around for yet another Ballie love story! But this fic isn't ending anytime soon, so don't worry!

*Season 6 will be here soon, hopefully. What do you think is in store for us? Do you think Franky will survive season 6?
As the next three days passed, Bea had been working hard at her training and eating right. She worked on the physical demands that were required in a fight; trying to work on keeping her bursts of energy intense and explosive. With her regular interval training, she worked on building her endurance and also her stamina. She spent most of the time, over the last three days, working out with dumbbells. Working out her different groups of muscles within her body. She also spent a bit of time working on her body to build strength and power. Building up her chest, triceps, back, bicep, shoulder, and leg muscles. Bea kept her typical sparring sessions within her workouts, wanting to keep her fighting technique and skills at hone. She switched throughout the past few days between using a bag or using Nate to spar with. She preferred using Nate though because he tested her in the cage without the risk of a potential injury. Sparring with Nate motivated her with training because everyday it was a different technique. But the most important thing to her during her training times, was proper hydration. She drunk plenty of water throughout the day. She ended her days in yoga, working herself in flexibility. Her team would always tell her that her muscles get tight from working out, so she needed to do yoga to relax those muscles. Recovery was also key to training, which is why her team gave her a day off from training for her body to relax. They all knew with her working hard the last few days, she felt shattered; both mentally and physically. So with her putting every ounce of energy she had in her past few days of training, she earned a day off.

Allie didn’t seem to understand that though. She figured Bea asked for that day off so the redhead could spend the day at the hospital. Her assumptions led to an argument between the two of them. Bea had tried several times to explain to Allie that her team willingly gave her a day off, she had nothing to do with it. But Allie just didn’t think that was the case. They had that argument, and then Bea walked out. The redhead went with Bridget to take Franky to the airport when she had left from the hospital after her little argument, the previous day. Franky insisted on taking a regular plane ride back home, not wanting to waste any of Bea’s money by using her private plane, which costed heaps of money for one single use. So, it was just simpler to not use Bea’s plane.

It had been almost a whole day since Bea had her argument with Allie and her farewell to Franky. It killed her that she wasn’t at the hospital with the blonde on her day off, but she was trying to work on being mad. It really hurt Bea that Allie didn’t believe her. So now, she was going to act like a little pissed off five year old until Allie apologized. It was a little after midday and Bea was sitting on her couch scrolling through the TV channels wearing sweatpants and a tee. She was pouting and yearning at the same time. Fuck, she wanted to see Allie so bad. Wanted to know if she was okay. Not too long later though, she heard the front door open and then close, the lock being turned afterwards.

“Mum?!” Debbie called out.
“In here, Deb.” Bea replied, keeping her eyes on the entryway of the living room for when Debbie would be making an appearance.

“Hey,” Debbie said, briefly smiling. “You okay?”

“Mhm.”

“Why aren’t you at the hospital then?” The curly haired girl asked. “I figured that since you had a day off, then you’d be at the hospital to be with Allie.”

Bea shrugged her shoulders. “We got into an argument.” She finally said.

Debbie raised her eyebrows. “And so you’re going to completely ignore her?”

“I’m not ignoring her…I’m being mad at her.”

Debbie let out a soft laugh. “Seriously? Do you hear how silly that sounds?”

“What? She didn’t believe me! She basically called me a liar!”

“Mum, you have to realize how Allie is feeling right now. She’s stuck in a hospital and was almost killed. She may seem like she has everything intact on the outside, but she’s really freaking out.” Debbie explained. “She talks to me. She tells me how she feels. And right now, she feels alone. Whatever the argument was about, I’m sure she didn’t mean how it sounded. She really loves you, ya know. Don’t be mad at her, don’t ignore her. Talk to her.”

Bea sighed. She knew her daughter was right. “I’ll go down there later. I’m waiting for Liz to get here and I have to call Annalise. But I hear you, I’ll go see her. And I’ll stop acting like a child.”

“Good on ya!” Debbie teased, her mum rolling her eyes. “I’m going to take a shower and then Bridget is taking me to go look around at the University her brother works at.”
“You’re already starting to look at Universities?” Bea asked, sitting up properly due to her interest in the conversation.

“Yeah,” Debbie said, walking closer to the sofa her mum was sitting on. “I really want to attend The University of Sydney. And with everything going on with Allie, I found interest in law. I know I wanted to do something in the medical field previously, but I think law is it for me.” She said. “With my grades I had in high school, Bridget says I have a good chance at getting in and getting a scholarship for my first year.”

“That’s great, Deb.” Bea proudly said. “You have, what, four months until the next school year to decide where you want to go? University of Sydney is a great place, but make sure you have options. But if that Uni is where you’re sure you want to attend, then go for it! Ask as many questions as possible when you go have a look around and if you’re satisfied, then apply. Whatever you want, I’ll stand behind you. And whatever you need, I’ll provide.” She reached out, grabbing Debbie’s hand. “And even if you only get a scholarship for your first year, take the opportunity. I’ll gladly pay the rest of the finances for you to be able to go to Uni.”

Debbie smiled. “Thank you, mum. I’ve never been so sure of something before, I’m pretty confident about this University. I think I’ll like it.” She said. “But you really don’t have to handle the finances for me. I’m sure they have loans or financial assistance available.”

Bea scoffed. “Oh, fuck off! It is my absolute pleasure to handle the cost of things for you. It would make me really happy to be able to do that for you, Deb.”

“Well, I sure wouldn’t stop you.” Debbie laughed. “But only if you’re sure.”

“I’m one hundred percent sure.”

Debbie kissed her mum’s cheek. “Thank you, it means a lot to me.”

“You don’t have to thank me.” Bea stated. “What are your plans though? I mean, do wanna’ house on campus or are you wanting to continue to stay here?”

“I’m not sure yet.” Debbie answered. “I feel like I’d prefer to stay here, but I never know what cool roommate I may have.”
Bea nodded her head in understanding. “Keep your options open.”

Debbie agreed, giving her mum another kiss before heading up the stairs to take that shower she was planning on having.

As Debbie left the room, Bea fell back against the sofa. Debbie hadn’t been back in her life for very long, but she was feeling such happiness. She loved that her daughter was taking the right step in her life, it made her proud. Although she missed out on all of Debbie’s life, she felt like she really hadn’t missed anything as she was sharing such an important part of Debbie’s life with her.

Not long later, Liz made her way into the house with a few grocery bags. Bea got up from the sofa and walked to the kitchen, where Liz was unpacking the bags. Earlier, Bea had asked the other woman if she could come over and make her a yummy meal, and Liz was up for it. She watched as the older woman pull out some chicken, asparagus, tomatoes, and a bundle of bananas. She eyed the bananas, smiling happily when Liz pulled one off and gave it to her.

“Now go on.” Liz said, shooing Bea away. “I’m gonna cook your favorite, so go.”

Bea peeled her banana open as she exited the kitchen. Plopping back down onto the sofa as she ate her favorite fruit. When she finished with her fruit, she threw the peel away in the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water. She tried to look over Liz’s shoulder at the food she was cooking, but she got pushed away. Laughing, she went up the stairs to see how Debbie was doing. She went to knock on the room door just as it opened.

“You’re about to leave?” Bea asked, stepping aside so her daughter could exit the room.

“Yeah. Bridget just texted me, said she’s almost here.” Debbie replied.

Bea walked down the stairs with Debbie. The younger girl opened the front door, seeing Bridget driving down the driveway. Debbie turned quickly, giving her mum a kiss before heading off the small porch. As Debbie entered Bridget’s car, Bridget rolled down the window to get a clear view of Bea.

“Thank you for taking her, Bridget.” Bea said. “She seems really excited about it.”

“No problem, Bea. She’s a joy to be around.” Bridget replied. “When we’re done, I’ll call you to see where you’re at so that way I can drop Debbie off with you.”
“I’ll probably be at the hospital, but yeah, just call me.”

“Okay, see you later.”

Bea waved as her daughter and Bridget left out of the driveway. When they were completely out of her sight, she went back into the house. She decided to go ahead and call Annalise, so she told Liz that she would be in her office. When she got to her office, she sat down at her desk and pulled her phone out. Tapping on Annalise’s name, she waited until the woman would answer.

“Annalise Keating’s office, this is Bonnie. How can I help you?” Annalise’s assistant answered.

Bea glanced at her phone, seeing she accidentally called the office phone instead of Annalise’s cell.

“Bonnie, hey, it’s Bea.” The redhead finally replied.

“Oh, Bea! Hey. What can I do for you?”

“Is Annalise busy? I accidentally called the office phone instead of her cell. But she asked me to call her earlier.”

“She’s just in the office talking with Frank, but I’ll send the call through anyway.”

“Thank you.” Bea said, then listened as another series of rings resonated through her ears.

“Annalise Keating speaking.”

“Hey, it’s Bea.”

“Bea,” Annalise said. “Why didn’t you just call my cell?”
“I meant to, but I just accidentally clicked the wrong number.” Bea explained. “Anyway, you wanted me to call you?”

“Yes,” Annalise answered. “I’ve had someone run a few things on the name I was given, Joan Ferguson, and nothing really came back on her. She had most of her file cleared. Either this was just a bit of fun for her, or the name Erica gave isn’t really who attacked Allie.” She briefly explained. “But I’m going to cover all bases, just in case Erica is telling the truth. This Joan Ferguson doesn’t really cover her trail too good though. The only thing in the system was a restraining order being placed against her. It was locked, so I couldn’t read anything on it. If she was a true criminal, she would have had that erased from the file too. But it did have her address available. So, I have my guy going to go have a look later. See if this Joan and whoever attacked Allie is the same person.”

“And what if they are the same person?” Bea asked.

“You let me deal with it.”

“Annalise, I said nothing illegal.”

“Relax, I’m not going to do anything to her.” Annalise said.

“Will you let me know when you get answers?”

“I told you, let me deal with it. The less you know, the better.”

“What does that mean?” Bea asked, her eyebrows furrowed.

“It’s nothing bad, just trust me.”

Bea sighed. “Okay.”

“Good.” Annalise paused. “If this woman is who attacked Allie, then you’ll get a phone call from me in a few days.” She said. “Don’t worry too much. Have a nice rest of the day.”
They hung up from each other, and Bea let out a groan. She hated being on the back burner. She hated not knowing things. She knew Annalise was good at her job, but she didn’t like when the woman kept things to herself. So, she was just going to sit back and let the lawyer do her job.

Bea had been swiveling in her desk chair for a bit, thoughts running through her mind. Why would Erica even, maybe, give a false name? She could get in trouble for that. It didn’t really matter though, if the woman who attacked Allie wasn’t found in another week, then her picture from the surveillance footage would be placed out for the public to see. A warrant would be issued, and Bea would personally give reward money to anyone who had information. She was that desperate to find who hurt Allie. She was brought out of her thoughts by her phone vibrating against her desk, she looked at the screen seeing a text from Allie.

Allie: Are you coming to the hospital?

Bea read the text, but decided to not reply right away. She was still a little upset, even after Debbie gave her a stern talking to. It wouldn’t hurt to have the blonde wait a little longer for a reply. A few minutes later, and her phone vibrated again.

Allie: I need my back scrubbed, and I’d much prefer this hot redhead do it for me.

Just as she finished reading that message, another one came through.

Allie: Helga doesn’t have a soft touch like you do. She’s too rough. I mean…I like rough, but only when it involves sex. And trust me, I only want sex from you.

Bea: I’ll be there in about an hour.

Bea knew Allie was just teasing her, there was no Helga. That wasn’t even the name of her nurse. Just then, a reply from Allie came through.

Allie: I love you!! <3333

Bea rolled her eyes, a smile on her face nevertheless.

Bea: You too.
Allie: Nah-uh! Say it back!

Bea: Or what?

Allie: Or I’ll make sure you won’t step a foot into this hospital room.

Bea: I love you too.

Allie: Where’s the hearts?

Bea: I love you too. <3<3

Allie: That’s better. Hurry here, I want to talk to you.

Bea stood up from her chair and shoved her phone into her pocket before exiting her office. Allie could make her turn into a softie just through a silly text message. She walked down the stairs as Liz called out for her, telling her that her food was ready. Bea went into the kitchen and washed her hands before plating up her food. Liz had grilled some chicken over the stovetop for her with a side of asparagus and tomatoes over rice. She gave a lip smacking kiss to Liz’s check as she made her way to the table. She grabbed her fork in her hand and bounced like an excited child. She absolutely loved certain foods.

After making a plate of food for Allie, Bea headed out of the house, thanking Liz as she went. She stayed in her sweats and tee, not even bothering to change. It didn’t take her long to get to the hospital, she was walking through the entrance with the bag containing Allie’s food in it. She stopped at the hospital gift shop before getting onto the elevator, buying a teddy bear for Allie. After riding up the elevator and walking down the halls, she was stood in front of Allie’s room. Dr. O’Hara stopped her before she entered into the room.

“Hey, Bea.” Dr. O’Hara said. “I didn’t think I was going to see you today, but I’m glad you’re here now. Earlier this morning, I had Allie taken down for another MRI on her lungs. She’s getting more fluid in there, so I’ve prescribed her a diuretic that could help eliminate and keep the fluid from her body, and reduce pressure. To try to get most of the fluid out, I’ve set up an appointment in the morning for a suction catheter treatment.”

“What, like surgery?” Bea asked.
“She will be put under anesthesia, but she won’t have any part of her body cut on. They’ll be going through her nose to get to her lungs for the suction.”

“Okay. And that’ll help her?”

“It should. I hope that it will be a permanent fix, but I’m not certain. I’m just glad that this isn’t a terrible case for her.” The doctor said, opening a folder and pulling out some papers. “I had Allie sign consent for the procedure, but I need you to sign too.”

“Why?”

“Well, since she doesn’t have health insurance and you’ve made sure to tell me several times that you’re taking care of all the medical costs dealing with her while she’s here, then I just need you to sign this to acknowledge that you know of the procedure she’s having tomorrow.”

“So, it’s just an acknowledgement form? And I only have to sign because I’m the one paying for everything?” Bea asked.

“Yes.” Dr. O’Hara said. “We just want to make sure that you’re up to date with everything to do with Allie.”

Bea gladly signed the form, letting her acknowledgement be known. She didn’t mind signing anything, especially since it had to do with Allie. She waited until the doctor walked off before she entered into Allie’s room. As she walked in, she went straight to Allie’s bed, setting the bag of food she brought onto the overbed table and setting the teddy bear on the bed by Allie. She and Allie stared into each other’s eyes, not saying anything for a bit. Then Allie broke the silence with a smirk.

“Hey.” Allie said. “So, you’re done being mad at me?”

Bea rolled her eyes. “Allie, what did you exp-”

Allie grabbed Bea’s hand, softly interrupting her. “I was only kidding.” She said, gently squeezing Bea’s fingers. “Look, I’m sorry for yesterday. I just…It wasn’t that I didn’t believe you, I did. I’m just really edgy for some reason. I don’t want you thinking that I don’t trust you or believe you,
because I do. I trust you more than anyone. And I’m so sorry, Bea.”

Bea sat on the edge of the hospital bed, her hand still holding Allie’s. “I’m not gonna lie, Allie, that really hurt me.” She said. “And normally that sort of thing would never bother me, but I think that it hurt me because it came from you. I love you, wholeheartedly, and I think that’s why it bothered me so much.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I know, and it’s okay. I know being in here is making you feel a lot of things. But please just know that I would never lie to you.”

“I know you wouldn’t.” Allie said. “I don’t know why I acted the way I did.”

“Beautiful girl,” Bea reached her hand up, tracing a finger down the side of Allie’s cheek. “It’s okay.”

Suddenly, Allie’s face screwed up. She was trying her hardest to keep herself together, but over the last couple days it’s been hard for her. She was fucking terrified. Everything that has happened, everything she’s been through, it was scaring the life out of her. She knew being with Bea came with consequences, but she didn’t care. She still doesn’t. But recently, she wondered if it would get easier. She’s seen the mean things people have been saying about her on social media and although she says it doesn’t bother her, somewhere deep down, it’s killing her. She squeezed her eyes tight as she felt the wetness trying to pry though her closed eyelids.

“Allie, baby, don’t cry.” Bea moved closer to her, pulling the blonde into an embrace. “Allie…” She said as Allie let out a cry.

“Bea…I’m so scared. I know I’ve been acting like I’m okay,” She started, a cry interrupting her sentence. “But I’m not. I want to be strong for you, and I can’t.”

Bea ran her hand soothingly up and down Allie’s back. “You need to be strong for yourself, not for me. I know you’re scared and I know you’re feeling all these emotions, but it’s going to be okay. I’m going to be right here with you, always. I’ve got you, Allie, you don’t have to deal with this on your own.”

“You don’t deserve to have to deal with my shit.”
“Okay, first off, you wouldn’t even be in here if it wasn’t for me.” Bea said. “The second I laid eyes on you, I knew I wanted to deal with everything with you. Everything meaning good and bad.”

“Really?” Allie asked, wiping at her eyes.

Bea grinned, pressing her lips to Allie’s head. “Well, maybe not the second I laid eyes on you.” She teased. “It may have taken a little bit for me to be able to realize my own feelings.”

Allie giggled through her tears, poking at Bea’s side.

Bea laughed. “But, in this moment, I know I want to take everything head on with you by my side. You’re my sidekick.”

Allie eased herself from Bea’s embrace. Her eyes and cheeks were tear stained, but she was smiling.

“There she is.” Bea added, using her thumb to wipe away Allie’s tears. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Allie replied, leaning into Bea’s touch.

Bea smiled. “I love you more.” She said, making Allie playfully roll her eyes.

Bea had gotten a wet rag and wiped Allie’s face to get rid of the tears. It was only then she realized that Boomer wasn’t there, so she asked Allie where she was. Allie told her that Boomer had left not too long ago to go get a chocolate cake, simply because Allie had been craving it. Bea then pulled the food she brought for Allie out of the bag, showing it to the blonde. Allie instantly began eating some. She wasn’t able to eat it all, but Bea didn’t mind finishing it off. It was her favorite anyway. And she also did that thing again; her little happy wiggle dance. Which Allie thought was adorable by all means. After she got rid of the trash, she and Allie laid together in the hospital bed as best as possible.

“Where did Boomer go to get this cake?” Bea asked, chuckling.
“I have no idea.” Allie replied. “But I hope she gets back soon. I really want some chocolate cake.”

Bea laughed. “So, did you really need help with a shower?”

“No, I had one this morning. And no, there was no Helga. I made her up. I managed on my own just fine this morning.” The blonde happily replied. “Doc says she’s really proud of my progress. I walked longer than I have been able to earlier too.”

“Really? That’s good. I’m proud of you, babe.” Bea said, smiling. “Did you want to talk to me about something? Or was that not true either?”

“No, I did want to talk to you about something. A couple things actually.”

“What is it?”

“When I signed the paper for the procedure I’m having in the morning, Dr. O’Hara told me that you would have to sign an acknowledgement form because you’re going to be covering all my medical costs.” Allie said. “I know I don’t have any health insurance, but seriously, Bea, you don’t have to pay for it for me.”

“I know I don’t have to, but I want to.” The redhead replied. “Please don’t make a big deal about it. I really want to do this.”

“And I’m not going to argue about that because I know how stubborn you can be. But I am asking you to at least let me pay you back when I can.”

Bea let out a laugh.

“What’s funny?”

“Allie, you don’t have to pay me back. I’m not doing this for you to pay me back.”
“But I want to. I don’t feel right just letting you take care of me.”

Bea smiled, turning her head to look at Allie. “If only you knew how much pleasure I get out of taking care of you.” She leant towards Allie, giving her a kiss. “And you’ve already been paying me back.”

Allie scoffed. “How?”

“With love.”

“Bea, seriously.”

“I’m being serious. You don’t need to pay me back. You’re my girl, I’m going to do this for you. It’s no big deal.”

“Fine.”

“What’s the other thing? You said there was a couple things you wanted to talk to me about.” Bea said.

“Oh. It’s just Kaz. You never told me she was coming.”

“Shit, I forgot. She was here when you were in the coma, but she left after a couple days. She had to get back to work. And then after you woke up, I called Kaz to let her know and she said she’d be coming back to see you.”

“Well, she’ll be here sometime this evening. She called me before she left to the airport.”

“I’m sorry I forgot to tell you.”

“It’s fine. I just know she’ll make a big deal about nothing.” Allie said, releasing a sigh afterwards.
“If she bothers you too much, don’t be afraid to set Boomer on her.”

Allie laughed. “I’m sure Boomer would enjoy that very much.”

“Can I kiss you?”

“You don’t have to ask.”

“Yes, I do.”

“Just come here.” Allie said, lifting her hand to place on Bea’s jawline.

It started with a few small pecks, and then it turned to something more. It was slow and deep, Bea making sure to stop every so often so Allie could take a breath. Their tongues made an appearance, sliding and tangling into each other’s. Neither of them fighting for dominance, just wanting this moment to be about them. It was sensual, and Bea could feel herself getting worked up. So, she unwillingly pulled from Allie, watching as Allie chased her lips.

Allie let out a child-like whine. “Why did you stop?”

Bea brought a hand up, trailing her thumb down Allie’s lips. “I had to. I was…”

“You were what?” She asked, but then it dawned on her. She let out a small, but satisfied, gasp. “You were getting turned on, weren’t ya? Bea, you naughty-”

“I’ve got the chocolate cake!” Boomer bellowed as she entered into the hospital room.

__________________________________________________________

It was just gone midnight, and Annalise was sitting in her home office at her desk sipping on her
favorite vodka. She sent her students home from working on a case not too long ago. She needed this moment to herself to think. She needed her mind clear to think in a way a criminal would. She hoped Frank, her paralegal/hitman, would be okay. If this Joan Ferguson was the same woman who attacked Allie, then Frank would seriously need to be ready. Frank was the person she sent to do her dirty work and, in this case, she had him go to the given address to see if Erica’s confession matched. Frank was street smart and he was a tough guy, the perfect protector. And Annalise trusted him. Her thoughts were interrupted by her office doors opening, and Bonnie walked in with a stack of folders in her hands.

“Not now, Bonnie.” Annalise said before Bonnie had the chance to even talk. “It’s late, go home.”

Bonnie hesitated for a moment, but eventually turned and left out of the office.

Annalise knocked back another glass of vodka. Impatiently waiting for that phone call from Frank. Exactly ten minutes later, as she was pouring herself some more vodka, her phone began ringing. She grabbed the device, seeing the caller ID flashing Frank’s name. She answered.

“Frank.” She said, her voice steady.

“Annalise, this place is weird.” Frank said. “it’s not even a house. It’s a warehouse.”

“I really don’t care what the place looks like, Frank. I want to know if you’ve seen anything.”

Frank sighed out. “Yep, I saw something.”

“Stop being short with me. I need you to give me information.”

“This Joan Ferguson is the same woman who attacked Allie. She matches the photo I have.”

Annalise released a breath she didn’t know she was holding. “You know what to do.” Is all she said before hanging up.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading and leaving kind reviews! Your continued support for this story has been much appreciated :)
I hope you liked this chapter. Let me know what you thought? x
Annalise watched from afar as Joan Ferguson was slowly waking up from her unconscious state. It was never fun being in a locked holding cell, so the confusion on the woman’s face was to be expected. She was also a little groggy looking, which was also expected due to the chloroform and sedative being completely out of her system. Just three hours ago, Annalise had received the call saying that Joan was in custody and that she was unconscious. But Annalise already knew that. It was her plan, after all. She knew Joan wasn’t going to be an easy catch, so she had Frank to render the woman with chloroform. And knowing that chloroform didn’t stay in the blood for very long, there would be no traces of the liquid in her system. Given that chloroform only kept her knocked out for thirty minutes, it was enough time for Frank to make it look like he was defending himself and then he called the police. She was given a sedative shot at the scene when the police arrived along with the ambulance. Because, according to Frank, Joan Ferguson was going complete ape shit.

Annalise continued watching Joan as she was now sat up on the uncomfortable bed and running her fingers over her temple. It may have been unnecessary, but Frank did whack Joan over the head after the woman was already unconscious from the chloroform to make it look like he was putting up a fight. So, he needed to give her a little bruise over her temple with a good whack with a bottle that had been nearby. Annalise didn’t bother to say anything about that, it was good thinking on Frank’s part. She figured Joan was well alert by now, so she made her way over to the cell. It was four in the morning and she’s had no sleep whatsoever, but she was in business mode.

“Joan Ferguson,” Annalise said, grabbing the attention of the other woman. “My name is Annalise Keating. Do you know where you are?”

Joan shook her head. “Given you are on the other side of the bars, it seems like I’m locked in a cell..”

“You are just in a holding cell. Ear-”

“For what?!” Joan snapped.

“You were in the process of getting some questions asked earlier, and you turned angry. You attacked someone, and now you’re being held here until a detective can come in to question you.”
“Question me for what?”

“I’m Allie Novak’s attorney.” Annalise said. “You were caught on tape being at her place of residency around the time she was attacked. So, as precaution, you are now a suspect of her attempted murder and will need to be included for questioning.”

Joan scoffed. “I don’t know an Allie Novak. I haven’t done anything.”

“Well, as the law says, you are innocent until proven guilty.” Annalise replied, keeping her eyes on Joan. “Drink some water, Joan, and then try to get some more rest. It may be a while until the detective on the case can come in. Is there an attorney of yours that you’d like for me to contact on your behalf? It’s always good to have one around.”

“I don’t need an attorney. I’ve done nothing wrong.”

Annalise nodded her head. “Okay, then. All we do now is wait.”

Annalise began walking away from the cell. The waiting was her plan. Nothing drives a person crazier than having to wait while being locked in a cell. It would also give Joan some more time to become more lucid. She needed for Joan to be all there during questioning, it would make the woman look bad if she couldn’t remember a damn thing.

Nearly an hour and a half later, Annalise was sitting in the interrogation room with Detective Jones at her side and Joan Ferguson across from them. She listened on as Jones asked questions, but he was real shitty with the questions, so she took over.

“Joan, you say you don’t know this Allie Novak, but if you look here on the screen,” Annalise said, pressing a button for the TV to light up and she played the short footage of Joan entering Bea’s house and then leaving several minutes later. “It shows you entering her place of residence and then leaving exactly six minutes later.”

“I go to a lot of places and don’t stay for very long. What’s your point?”

Annalise slid a photograph of Allie onto the table. “You’ve never seen her?”
Joan looked at the photograph and then back to Annalise. “I have.” She said. “I sold her drugs at that house in the footage.”

“Sold her drugs?” Annalise asked, then continued when Joan confirmed. “You just said you didn’t know Allie Novak. And how are you a drug dealer? Your place was checked, there was no reports of drugs being found.”

“I don’t know her name, but I know her face. Any drug dealer knows not to get caught up in knowing a junkie’s name. And any clever drug dealer knows not to work out of their home.”

“Okay, so you sold her the drugs that she overdosed on? How long have you been her drug dealer?”

“Quite a while actually. She overdosed?” Joan asked. “Hm, that’s sad to hear. She’s the woman that’s been all over the news? The junkie street whore who overdosed, and is affiliated with Bea Smith?”

Annalise slightly smiled. “You know Bea Smith?”

“Who doesn’t?”

“I can’t argue with that one.” Annalise said. “Okay, well let’s rewind then to six hours ago.” She stated. “What’s the last thing you remember before you woke up here?”

“Entering my home with a fine bottle of wine.”

“And then?”

“And then I woke up here.”

“That’s weird.” Annalise tapped her fingers on the tabletop. “My paralegal went to your place to ask you some questions and you lashed out on him. Of course, he defended himself, but you gave him a nice scratch down the side of his neck and bruised his nose. The paramedics had to give you a sedative to calm you, but surely you would have remembered some of the interaction you had with my paralegal.”
Joan slightly squinted her eyes. “Let me ask you a question…why did you have your paralegal at my place of residency at midnight?”

“Frank is a nightowl. He prefers to work at night. I don’t care, as long as he gets his job done.”

“And how exactly did Frank know I was home or awake?”

Annalise shrugged her shoulders. “You should ask him that, but you can’t. He’s at the hospital for monitoring.”

Joan sighed. “I have no reason to be here. I only sold the woman drugs. What she did with them is not my problem.”

“You do know that drug dealing is a crime? And you’ve just admitted to that?” Annalise asked, watching Joan’s face fall. “But Allie Novak did not overdose herself. She did not do that to herself.”

“I do not care-”

“In fact, there was a needle mark in her neck, proving that someone tried to kill her.”

“This really is not my-”

“And I think that someone was you. You, Joan Ferguson, went to Allie in an attempt to kill her.”

“Your assumption is incorrect.”

“Really?” Annalise. “Did it ever occur to you how we found you? Or how we knew who you were just by looking at short surveillance footage?”

“No, not really. Not until now.”
“You should know that Erica Davidson gave your name to us. She said that she hired you to murder Allie Novak.”

Joan flared her nostrils in an attempt to calm herself. “Well, then it seems that Erica is the criminal in this situation, not me.”

Annalise lifted her chin up. “Detective Jones, arrest this woman for drug dealing. Keep her here at the station for the next 48 hours. And order for Bridget Westfall to give her a psych evaluation. Joan seems to be not remembering quite a lot.”

Again, it was all apart of her plan. Annalise exited the interrogation room with Detective Jones at her side. An officer was ordered to take her back to her holding cell, but to hold off on booking her. As Annalise was exiting the police station, Jones stopped her.

“So, what now?” Jones asked. “We’re supposed to just keep her here until you can think of something clever?”

“Detective Jones,” Annalise began, stepping a small step towards the stocky man. “I’ve already got something clever planned. Waiting is the key in this case. Joan Ferguson is a psychopath. She has no feeling of guilt or remorse. She tried to kill Allie.”

“If we know that, then why don’t we arrest her for attempted murder?”

Annalise grinned. “It’s a waiting game.” She said as she began walking backwards. “Let me know when you’ve scheduled that psych evaluation for Joan.”

Annalise knew what she was doing. In her eyes, she was the best in her field of work. And really, waiting was all apart of her plan. Patience is a virtue.

Allie had been out of her procedure for about two hours, and she was just starting to feel her normal self again. The anesthesia was getting out of her system and she was beginning to feel a bit
nauseous and her throat was a bit sore. After asking the nurse for something to take for her nausea, she noticed Kaz sitting in the chair next to her bed and then Boomer exiting the bathroom. She gave Kaz a small smile before looking to Boomer. She was getting ready to speak, but Boomer stopped her.

“Ah, no talking Blondie.” Boomer said. “Docs orders says you need to rest your throat for a bit because you had a breathin’ tube during your procedure. I’m gonna go call Bea to tell her you’re awake. I’ll be back.”

Not long after Boomer left the room to call Bea, Dr. O’Hara came in with the nurse who had the nausea medicine. Allie knocked back the medicine, scrunching up her face afterwards due to how rough it went down.

“You should try to eat a few of these.” Dr. O’Hara said, handing Allie a small packet of saltine crackers. “They’ll help ease your stomach of the nausea. Which is perfectly normal due to the anesthesia.” She informed. “Are you having any other discomfort besides your throat and nausea?”

“No.” Allie croaked out a reply.

“Try not to talk much, okay? Your throat experienced quite a lot this morning.” The doctor lightly laughed. “Anyway, the procedure went well. I managed to get most of the liquid out of your lungs, so that’s good. Within 24 hours if your lungs are still cleared of liquid, I’ll let you go home. I’ll be sending a portable oxygen machine with you, but at least you’ll be going home.” She said, Allie relaxing herself in the bed with relief. “But if not, then you’ll have to stay for a bit longer. Let’s hope for the best, yeah? I’ll come by to check on you in a bit, and eat those crackers!” She said as she made her way towards the exit.

Allie opened the packet of crackers and began taking small bites. She reached her hand over, wanting to hold Kaz’s hand in hers. Once the older woman’s hand was in hers, she gave it a squeeze to show her gratitude for her being there. She looked to where someone was walking in to her hospital room. She’s never seen the dark-skinned woman before. She was wearing a knee-length black skirt and a black blouse with a blue trench coat covering her. She was wearing heels and a purse was slung over her shoulder.

“Allie Novak,” The woman said. “My name is Annalise Keating. Your girlfriend, Bea, hired me to fight your case.” She informed, smiling to herself as the blonde merely lit up by the mention of Bea’s name. “I would’ve stopped by sooner, but I’ve been a bit busy. I figured that since I was here to check up on my paralegal, that I’d stop by to finally meet my client.” She smiled. “May I?” She motioned in the room, asking if it was okay for her to continue into the room.
Allie nodded her head.

“Thank you.” Annalise said, walking further into the room to Allie’s bedside. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m okay. Could be better, but I’m not much of a complainer.” Allie said, a smile appearing on her face.

Annalise returned the smile, already loving this woman’s attitude. She took notice of her hoarse voice though, already knowing about the procedure she went through just a couple hours ago.

“That’s good to know. We’ll work together just fine then. I’m just here to sort of catch you up on everything.” She said. “Joan Ferguson was taken to the police station in the early hours of this morning. She’s in a holding cell for the next 48 hours, it’s completely legal to keep her there. Just until I’m able to gather more evidence.”

“You have video footage of her entering Bea’s home—ow!” Allie yelped, bringing her hand up to her head where Annalise had just plucked a piece of her hair out of her scalp. “What’d you do that for?”

Annalise placed the strand of blonde hair into a small ziplock baggy. “I have a scrap-book that a piece of every client of mine goes in.” She winked, obviously joking. “Just trust me.”

“You’re asking for a lot of trust from me after taking my DNA.”

Annalise chuckled. “You shouldn’t be talking.” She said. “Anyway, Joan was found and is being held in a cell for further questioning. That’s all you need to know for now. I’ll take care of the rest.”

“Does Bea know?”

“No, but I’ll inform her. Don’t worry.” Annalise replied. “You take care, Allie. I’ll be in touch.” She went to turn to leave, but Allie stopped her.
“What happened to your paralegal?” Allie asked.

Annalise was silent for a moment. “He was attacked in the… early hours of this morning.” She replied, putting emphasis on the last part of her sentence hoping that Allie caught on. “Work on getting better, yeah?”

Allie watched as Annalise exited the room, her curiosity suddenly aroused. The woman was strange, but intriguing. She should trust her though, right? Bea obviously hired the best. And if Bea trusted her, then so should Allie.

“Bea hired a top lawyer to represent you?” Kaz asked. “That’s got to cost a fortune! And then she didn’t even tell you about it?”

“A lot of things have been slipping her mind recently, I don’t blame her. Like for instance, she forgot all about telling me that you were coming here. And she told me there was a detective, just not a lawyer.”

“Allie, this is crazy. You two have barely known each other for three months. And she’s taking care of you like that?”

Allie looked to Kaz, slightly shrugging her shoulders. Suddenly, she just couldn’t find her voice.

“Seriously, what else is she doing for you? Covering your medical costs?” She asked with a laugh.

Allie didn’t say anything, just continued looking at the older woman.

“You’re kidding.” Kaz said, her voice dropping low. “What is she asking for in return? She can’t just be doing this out of the kindness of her heart!”

Again, Allie kept quiet.

“Someone like Bea doesn’t just-”
“Someone like Bea?!” Allie interrupted, her voice full of anger. “What the hell is that supposed to mean?” She asked, but didn’t give the time of day for Kaz to reply. “No, she doesn’t have to be doing any of this for me, but she is choosing to. When I’m back on my own two feet, I planned on trying to pay her back, but she doesn’t want me to. I will forever be in debt to her and I know she will never hold that against me because she loves me! And I love her! Kaz, you have no right to downgrade someone you hardly know. Bea is a beautiful person, both inside and out. I love you, Kaz. You’re like a mother to me and I appreciate everything you have ever done for me. But I will not have you try to talk bad about my girlfriend. So, if you can’t just let me live how I want to live, then you need to leave. Or you can shut the fuck up and support me.” She sternly said. “The choice is yours.”

“I called Bea. She said she’d be here when she’s finished with her promo photoshoot.” Boomer said as she reentered the room. “I told her that ya procedure went well and everything.”

“Thanks, Boomer.” Allie replied.

“You alright, Blondie? Ya face is a bit red.”

“I’m fine. Can you just get me some water?”

Boomer got Allie a cup of water and then retreated to her chair in the hospital room. She watched Allie closely, knowing that something had clearly upset her. Boomer wasn’t dumb, by any means, but she knew what tension felt like. And this room was full of tension.

Bea had spent all morning at a studio in her UFC fighting gear taking lots of promotion pictures for her upcoming fight. She obviously hadn’t spent her day training, but she needed to get these photos done. It was such a long morning and she was ready to be done. Her coach called the shots this day, saying that training wasn’t necessary and to just focus on having her pictures taken. If she’s honest, she’d take working out over promo work any day. But this was apart of her job, so she was going to have to love it.

It was just gone noon when Bea was finally able to leave. The photographer informed her and Maxine that after a few alterations to the pictures and simple editing, that he would send them over to the UFC headquarters via email and send some to Maxine as well. Bea thanked the photographer for his time and proceeded to leave. As she and Maxine were leaving the studio to enter into the town car, Bea’s phone chimed. It had been a text message from Annalise asking to meet at the gym. Bea had really wanted to go to the hospital to see Allie, but she told Maxine to start heading to the gym anyways.
It wasn’t long until they got to the gym, and she seen Annalise waiting on her at the entrance. She exited the town car and made her way to Annalise. She unlocked the gym’s front doors, allowing Annalise to enter first.

“Why did you want to meet here?” Bea asked, following the woman through the entrance.

“No particular reason. Can we talk in the conference room?”

Bea led the way to the conference room. They entered into the room, both women sitting at the large table.

“I went and saw Allie today.” Annalise said.

“Really? How’d that go?”

“She’s a real nice girl. I can see why you like her.” She paused. “Since I was already there though, I figured it would be good to stop by and see her.”

“What were you at the hospital for?” Bea asked.

“My paralegal got attacked in the early hours of this morning, I was just checking up on him.”

“Shit, what happened?”

“He went to do his job to find out if this Joan Ferguson was the same woman who attacked Allie. When he saw that she was the same person, he confronted her. Apparently, she flipped out. She didn’t handle it too well and she attacked him.” Annalise answered. “Don’t worry though, he’s fine. And Joan Ferguson is in police custody. I’m handling everything. This will all be over soon.”

Bea watched as Annalise extended her arm underneath the table, but thought nothing of it. “It’s not almost over though. There is a third person, the person who gave Erica the tip off.”

“I’m sure that person will eventually turn up. You just have to give it time.”
Bea groaned.

“I know this is all frustrating.” Annalise added. “But the truth always comes out.”

“What’s happening with Joan?”

“She is being held for the next 48 hours. There are some things I need to take care of. Since both Joan and Erica are in custody, I have complete rights to be able to look at their call logs and bank statements. I just need permission to look at Allie’s call logs as well.”

Bea furrowed her eyebrows. “Why do you need to look at Allie’s call logs?”

“Joan is claiming that she was dealing Allie drugs, not murdering her.”

“That’s bullshit!” Bea yelled.

“I know, but I need to cover all bases anyway. I need to have proof that I did look in case she tries to pull that card in court.”

Bea nodded her head. “When will court be?”

“I’m not sure, hopefully by the time the 48 hours for her come to a close. I’ll have to talk to the judge after I got everything I need. Joan is being held at the police station for her confession to drug dealing. Although we know she doesn’t deal drugs, it’s the only way I can keep her there without her asking questions. She’s not going to know what hit her when she suddenly has to attend court for the attempted murder on Allie Novak.”

“You’re fucking genius.”

Annalise cracked a smile. “I’m just doing my job.” She said. “Anyway, I best be going. I have a lot to do before 48 hours is up.” She winked, standing up from her chair.
As they were about to exit the gym, Bea stopped Annalise. “What really happened to your paralegal? Did Joan really attack him?”

Annalise was getting ready to respond when her phone began ringing. Seeing that it was Detective Jones calling her, she answered. Bea watched Annalise’s face as she talked on the phone.

“Give her what she wants.” Annalise said. “Talk soon.” She hung up her phone and placed it into her purse. “Joan is demanding a drug test for herself.” She said with a chuckle.

“Why?”

“Her memory is a bit foggy. She doesn’t remember anything from what happened during the night when Frank showed up. She says the last thing she remembers is her entering her home with a bottle of wine. The drug test is a bit stupid to take, anything that may have been in her system is surely out by now.” Annalise tilted her head a bit. “But whatever to shut her up, right?”

“I guess.” Bea replied. As Annalise began walking away again, Bea stopped her. “You didn’t answer my question. Did Joan really attack your paralegal?”

“The less you know, the better.” Is all Annalise replied before walking off.

Bea had no fucking clue what that meant, but she was going to let it go. She didn’t care how Joan ended up in prison, just as long as she got there. It’s where both Erica and Joan belonged. But putting all that to the back of her mind for now, she got back into the town car and told Maxine to take her to the hospital. She couldn’t wait to see her girlfriend.

When they arrived at the hospital, they both walked through the entrance of the hospital. Maxine said she was going to head to the cafeteria to grab something small to eat, so Bea told her the room number Allie was in. As Maxine headed off towards the cafeteria, Bea went to the elevators. Bea exited the elevator on Allie’s floor and walked past the nurse’s station, receiving some greetings and waves from the few women that were there. Just as she was about to enter Allie’s room, Kaz popped out.

“Oh, hey, Kaz.” Bea said, giving the woman a small smile. “How are you?”

“Hey, Bea. I’m good. How are you?”
“Today has been a long day, but I’m feeling great.” Bea replied. “You heading out?”

“Yeah. Allie is a little edgy today, so I’m just going to let her be. But I’ll be back to see her. If not today, then tomorrow for sure.”

“Okay, well you take care.”

“You too.” Kaz was getting ready to walk off, but stopped herself. “Hey, Bea. I know you’re taking care of the medical costs and lawyer fees for Allie, and I was wondering if I could help you with some of it.”

“You don’t have to.”

“I want to. It would mean a lot if you let me help. I’ve helped Allie out of her shit so many times and she always relapsed. This time though, she’s staying clean. And it’s because of you. You helped her and you’re what she needed all these years.” Kaz said. “I just want to be able to help. It may sound weird, but I want a memory in her staying clean.”

Bea nodded her head. “If you really want to, then I don’t mind if you help.”

“Thank you.” Kaz said, giving Bea’s upper arm a soft squeeze before walking off.

Bea watched as Kaz turned the corner towards the elevators before walking into Allie’s room. She seen Allie laying with her eyes closed and Boomer eating a snack from the vending machine. Bea walked up to Allie’s bed and leaned down, softly kissing the blonde’s lips. She watched as Allie popped open her eyes in surprise.

“Fuck, Bea. You scared me.” Allie said, placing her hand on her chest. “Make yourself known before ya try kissing me. I done thought Boomer was having a go at me.” She teased.

“Oi!” Boomer exclaimed. “Don’t flatter yourself! Ya not my type.”

Allie laughed. “Hey, babe. I’m glad you’re here. I missed you.”
“I missed you too.” Bea replied, brushing Allie’s hair back with her fingers. “How are you feeling?”

“My throat is still a little sore, but other than that I’m great.” Allie said with a smile. “The doc says that if my lungs haven’t added more fluid by themselves, then I can go home tomorrow.”

Home.

Bea smiled. “That’s great, baby. I have an interview to attend tomorrow morning, but I’ll make sure to be free to get you out of this place.”

“Don’t get your hopes up. My lungs have to be acting right before I get to go anywhere.” Allie said. “She said she’ll be sending a portable oxygen tank with me,” She said with an eyeroll. “But I do hope I get to leave tomorrow.”

“I’m not getting my hopes up. I know you’ll be leaving tomorrow.”

“And what makes you so sure about that?” Allie asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Because you’re Allie.” Bea sat on the hospital bed, leaning towards Allie. “And you’re my strong, beautiful, amazing, caring girlfriend.” She rubbed her nose against Allie’s before kissing her.

“I’m gagging over here!” Boomer said, making fake gagging noises.

“Won’t you call Debbie, Booms? You two could go out for some fun.” Bea said.

“Really? You wouldn’t mind me leaving?”

“Not at all. I’m here now, I’ll keep her protected.” Bea grinned.
“I’ll call her now!” Boomer said as she jumped up out of her chair and made her way to leave the room. “Thanks, Bea!”

Bea laughed as Boomer nearly ran out of the room. She knew being stuck in a hospital was no fun, so she decided to give her a little roaming time. Besides, she and Allie could have a little alone time. Not that they would be doing anything other than kissing, but it was still nice to be alone with the blonde.

Allie grabbed Bea’s arm, pulling her closer. “So it’s just us now?”

“It seems that it is.” Bea replied. “Well, Maxine is in the cafeteria downstairs. She should be there for a bit, but she’ll be coming up here soon.”

“Hmm, whatever shall we do?” Allie ran her fingers seductively up Bea’s arm.

Bea leaned closer to Allie’s face. “You tell me.” She said, just as her lips were to touch Allie’s.

Allie slightly pulled back, not letting Bea kiss her. “My legs need a shave if you’re willing to help with that.” She smirked.

“Allie…” Bea groaned out, resting her forehead to Allie’s shoulder.

Allie’s laugh sounded through the room.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a bit repetitive, but I really do appreciate you reading and supporting this story. I wouldn't be continuing if it wasn't for you all :) so, thank you!! x I hope you liked this chapter :) p.s. this will be the last update for a week or so. You all know I hate not updating, so I'll hate it just as much as you will. But I'll be busy and not have time to just sit around and write like I'd like to. Thank you!
Bea was sitting in her dressing room with Maxine at the studio her interview was taking place at. It was an early morning talk show she was appearing on, so it was still pretty early. She was dressed in slim fitting black jeans and a collared white button up shirt with a nice jean jacket over it. She just had her hair and make-up touched up and now she was just waiting for her time to start heading on set. She was always a little anxious before interviews because she never knew what questions would be asked. And with recent events, she already figured most of the questions would be about Allie. Her brain and heart were fighting with each other in this moment; whether to set the record straight or to just ignore certain questions. She wanted to tell everyone what they were already assuming, but at the same time she didn’t want more attention on Allie than there already was. The blonde needed to have a stress-free recovery that she deserved.

With the ever so knowing Maxine present, she could tell Bea was having some internal conflicts. So, she set her mug down and relaxed into the sofa she was sitting on. Crossing her left leg over her right, she cleared her throat.

“You don’t have to answer any question that you don’t want to. You know that.” Maxine said, bringing Bea’s eyes to her own. “You’re basically in control of how this interview turns out.”

“I just hate not knowing the questions that will be asked.” Bea replied.

“Again, you’re in control. You don’t have to answer a question you don’t feel comfortable with.”

“I know.”

“You’ll be fine. You’ve done this a million times now.” Maxine said, patting Bea’s knee as she stood up from the sofa. She grabbed her mug and made her way to the little make-shift kitchen. “I’m gonna get another coffee. Want one?”

Before Bea had time to answer, there was a firm knock on the door and then someone popped their head in. “It’s time. You ready?”
“I guess I have to be.” Bea replied, standing up and making her way out of the dressing room.

“You’ve got this, Bea!” Maxine called out after her.

Bea made her way through the backstage area following one of the set managers. She was standing off to the side as the talk show host was making his introduction. After he introduced who was going to be on the show and introduction music began playing, Bea was signaled to walk out. So, she began walking to where she was supposed to go, listening as the audience clapped and cheered. She shook the hand of the host, Scott Mills, and then proceeded to sit down on the armchair that was for her.

“So, Bea,” Scott began. “I’m not going to lie, I knew not a thing about you, so I did my homework last night.” He laughed. “I knew you were a contestant in the UFC and knew of you, but I didn’t know much. Now, I know about the sport and I know a few of the more popular fighters, but that’s about it. So, tell me. What made you interested in the sport?”

“Getting right into it, eh?” Bea laughed. “Being in the UFC never crossed my mind before. That was until about six years ago, I was working out in a gym nearby where I lived and someone said to me that I was going to be in the UFC someday. I guess that sort of inspired me because then I became interested in the sport.”

“You’ve been in the sport for three years now?”

“Four.” Bea corrected, then smiled.

“Right. My research must have been terrible then.” Scott laughed. “How’s that been for you though? Ten fights in four years? That’s almost three fights a year.”

“Yeah, I had three fights my first two years and then two fights last year and two fights this year. It’s been good for me. I like doing it, it’s fun. I’m good at it.”

“From what I have seen, you are good!” He said. “It’s just been reported not too long ago that you’re starting your new year off with a fight against Ronda Rousey in the states.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say it’s starting my new year off like that. The fight isn’t until a few months after, but yeah…I’m fighting Ronda Rousey.” She confirmed.
“Do you think you’re ready for that?”

“I have four months left to prepare. I’ll be more than ready. Hell, if we were to fight right now, I’d be ready.” She smiled as the audience in front of her cheered.

Scott laughed. “I like the confidence you have. You seem to have the skills to back it up, so I do hope you win.”

“I will.” Bea confidently said.

“There it is again!” He said with a laugh, making Bea laugh as well. “Do you like Ronda?”

“I don’t think it’s about liking or disliking someone, but I do respect her.”

“Okay, you respect her. Does that affect you when you go to get in the ring with her and fight?” He asked.

Bea blew soft air from her lips. “Uh, no, not really. I try to stay introspective about that sort of stuff.”

Scott nodded his head in understanding. “When it comes to MMA, who are some other fighters that you like to watch?”

“I gotta stay true to my homeland, New Zealand,” Bea said with a chuckle. “So, it’s definitely Mark Hunt and Robert Whittaker.” She answered. “I do enjoy watching Stipe Miocic too though.”

“See, I know Robert Whittaker.” Scott said, a smile present on his face. “Any female fighters you like?”

“Rose Namajunas is pretty great. I like her.”
“I know her too. See, I’m not completely useless with the UFC.” He laughed. “She’s still pretty new though, yeah?”

“Not really. She started in the UFC not long after I did. She’s good at the sport.”

“What about a female fighter you don’t like?” He asked with a grin.

Bea laughed. “I’m not answering that.”

“Oh, come on!”

Bea playfully rolled her eyes. “It’s not that I don’t like her. I just find her very arrogant. But as a fellow fighter, I respect her.”

“You’ve got me curious. Who are you talking about?”

Bea playfully rolled her eyes. “Cris Cyborg.” She simply replied.

“Woah!” Scott laughed. “She’s badass! She has a great record too. She hasn’t lost a MMA fight in-”

“I know.” Bea interrupted with a grin. “She’s good, but she hasn’t fought me.”

“There’s that confidence again.” He pointed out. “But, hey, was that a call out?”

Bea laughed. “No, not at all. We’re not even in the same weight division. There’s always the catchweight bout, but that’s not the point. It wasn’t a call out. I have my upcoming fight to worry about.”

The interview continued on about Bea’s training process and the things she does to prepare. They also talked about Bea’s charity work, discussing the different things she does to give back to the community and the things she does to help when it’s needed. She was happy that the topics were
staying on safe territory. She didn’t want to have to talk about anything she didn’t want to. But the
thought was too soon as Scott settled comfortably into his chair and brought up the topic she was
dreading.

“So, as I did my homework on you last night, this interesting video popped up.” Scott said as his
producers put up a video of the day she was practically bombarded by the press outside of the
hospital and she shoved one the cameras to the ground. “Due to respect out of you and some the
things that were said in the video, we did have it muted for viewing.”

As Bea watched the video, she couldn’t help but silently laugh at herself. She honestly did look so
angry, but she didn’t care. The press were absolute assholes and they always said the wrong
things. Bea watched as she pushed the camera out of her face in the video and then it fell to the
ground, the screen turning black afterwards.

“If I have the story straight, you have a girlfriend named Allie Novak and she is currently
hospitalized due to a drug problem?” Scott said.

Just that little assumption made her mad, but she wasn’t going to show it. She needed to stay
strong. She knew pretty much everyone believed Allie was her girlfriend because of what
happened on camera at Erica’s movie premiere. That was a given. But people made up their own
stories anyway, and then other people believed them. Should she set the story straight? Now? On
live television?

“Bea?” Scott said, bringing the redhead out of her thoughts. “What have you got to say about
that?”

Bea cleared her throat, preparing herself to answer that question. “It’s a lie.” She forwardly said. “I
mean, Allie Novak is my girlfriend and she is in the hospital. She’s the first person I’ve ever been
willingly committed to. Erica was just a…publicity stunt. We used each other to gain popularity.
We weren’t real. We were in a fake relationship. And our popularity grew because people love to
be invested in someone’s love life.” She explained. “And Allie doesn’t have a drug problem. She’s
in the hospital because someone tried to kill her by injecting a large number of drugs into her
system. Someone tried to kill her, that’s why she’s in the hospital.”

“Things have been circling around about her being a prostitute and a junkie. That true?”

Bea sighed. “Allie is a kind, beautiful, charming, modest, and brave woman. She’s one of a kind
and that’s why I love her. What these people have been saying about her is terrible and wrong on
so many levels. They don’t know the things she went through, so I don’t believe anyone should
be saying anything bad about her.” She said, taking a pause. Looking around, she realized she
gained everyone’s sole attention. “Allie…she doesn’t deserve the things people have been saying about her. She’s seen it, I’ve seen it. And although she acts like it doesn’t bother her, I know it does.” She paused again. “Allie is a former prostitute, but she did what she needed to do to get by. We all do. She used to do drugs. But all that is behind her now. She’s a new person and she’s great. And if that doesn’t change people’s minds about her, then nothing will. I’ve set the rumors straight, whether people believe me or not, then it’s whatever.”

“You’re happy with her?” Scott asked.

Bea smiled. “Very.”

“Good. Well, I’m glad we got the truth out of you. I didn’t like the rumors that were circling, that’s why I needed to ask.” He said. “How is she though? Is she recovering well? Who did such a terrible thing to her?”

“She’s getting better by the day. There have been some complications, but she’s doing very well. She’s strong. And I’m in no position to give answers as to who done what to her. Things are being investigated as we speak, and I hope for everything to be done with by next week.”

“She does seem strong.” Scott said with a smile. “There’s something else I need to ask you.” Just then, a photo of her and Debbie on the outside of the hospital popped up on the screen. “I’ve also seen some things revolving around this photo. No one’s seen her before. Who is she?”

Bea looked at the photo. She didn’t know what to say or how to say anything. *Fuck it.* “She’s my…daughter.” She answered, a few gasps were heard throughout the audience. “And no questions about her. I’m not answering anything. That’s all you need to know.”

The interview came to a finish not too long later. Scott thanked Bea for her time, and then she exited off the set. As Bea entered her dressing room, Maxine was already there for support. Bea let out a long sigh of…relief? She felt as though a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. Although she hadn’t told much of Allie and Debbie, she set some of the rumors straight. And that’s all she cared about right now. She hated that people were making up stories.

Bea and Maxine left the studio after an hour of just sitting in the dressing room. Bea had received a text from Allie saying to bring her a change of clothes, so they headed towards Bea’s house. Once Maxine dropped Bea off, Bea entered her home and went straight up the stairs to her room. She quickly threw a bag together of a change of clothes for Allie and then headed back downstairs. She got into her Tesla and made her way towards the hospital. Debbie was with Bridget for the day, so she’d be seeing her a little later.

It didn’t take long for Bea to get to the hospital and before she knew it, she was walking into Allie’s room. She seen Dr. O’Hara talking to Allie and Boomer trying her hardest to listen on to
the directions. Bea walked up to the bed, making her presence known. Her heart jumped a little in her chest when Allie gave her a mega-watt smile. Feeling Allie trying to grab ahold of her hand, she opened her palm a bit to invite the blonde’s hand in.

“Bea, I’m going home.” Allie said with a smile.

*Home.*

“That’s great. I’m so happy.” Bea returned the smile, bringing Allie’s hand up to kiss the back of it.

“Yes, I was just giving Allie some directions to follow.” Dr. O’Hara said. “But I should inform you too. Try not to let her walk much. Make sure she keeps the oxygen tank on her at all times. Physical activity should be kept to a minimum. And make sure she eats well, I want to see her gaining her weight back. But make sure she stays on a low sodium diet.” She said with raised eyebrows. “I don’t want her overexerting herself. I will be sending her medication with her. She requested that no pain medications be taken home with her, so there is only her diuretic and her oxygen support. Which is this portable oxygen machine.” Dr. O’Hara pointing to the machine she brought for Allie. “Go over the discharge papers and then sign them. When you’re ready to leave, a nurse will help you out. I do want to see you back in two weeks, okay? Take care of yourself, Allie.” She then turned to Bea. “With the address you gave, there will be a medical bill mailed to you in a couple of months. We want for Allie to get better before you worry about any costs.”

“Thank you.” Bea said.

“Thank you, Dr. O’Hara.” Allie said as well. “For everything.”

The doctor gave both women a small smile before exiting the room.

Boomer exited the room to allow Bea to help Allie change out of the hospital gown, and then she reentered when Bea told her she could. Bea and Allie went over the discharge papers together to make sure everything was correct. Once they were sure of it, Allie signed the papers. Allie pulled Bea into a hug after she signed the papers. The blonde was so happy to finally be leaving the confinements of this hospital.

Nearly an hour later and after being briefed of things Allie can’t do again, Allie was being wheeled out of the hospital in a wheelchair while Boomer carried everything so Bea could pull the car up to the entrance. Boomer put all of Allie’s things in the trunk of Bea’s car as Bea helped Allie into the passenger seat. Once Allie was settled into the car with the portable oxygen between her legs, Bea got into the driver’s seat. It was a small tank that was in a carry bag with the nasal
cannula hose coming out. As Bea began driving away from the hospital, her hand was grasped in Allie’s.

When they arrived to Bea’s house, Boomer grabbed Allie’s things from the trunk while Bea helped Allie into the house. Bea told Boomer to just take the stuff she had to her room and she’d put everything up later. As Bea held a supportive hand on Allie’s lower back, Allie informed her that Kaz would be stopping by before she was due to the airport to go home. Bea was okay with that, as long as the woman didn’t cause any trouble.

“Do you want to go to the living room or the bedroom?” Bea asked as they walked into the house.

“Bedroom, please.”

As they reached the staircase, Allie paused. She breathed slowly in and out a few times to gain her breath before attempting to climb the stairs. But Bea had softly stopped her. The redhead gently pulled the portable oxygen machine from Allie’s hand and slipped it onto the blonde’s shoulder. Bea bent over, slipping her arm behind Allie’s knees and lifting her up into her arms, cradling her.

“Bea, what are you doing?” Allie asked.

“I’m carrying you up the stairs.” Bea replied. “Just relax.”

Bea expertly carried Allie up the flight of stairs. She didn’t want for Allie to overdo herself by walking up them herself, so she just carried her. And Allie slightly wondered if Bea had ever done such a gesture before, the thought made her smirk. Once they reached the top of the stairs, Bea easily let Allie down to her own two feet. Allie kissed Bea’s cheek, silently thanking her, and then continued to the bedroom. Bea followed Allie into the room, watching as the blonde made her way to the bathroom. As Allie stood in the doorway of the bathroom, Bea walked up behind her and slipped an arm around her waist.

“Is this why you wanted to come up here?” Bea softly asked.

“Yes, and no.” Allie replied. “I just…I can’t believe this is where it almost ended.”

“Allie…” Bea gently tightened her arm around her girlfriend. “You just tell me to and I will get this bathroom remodeled.”
Allie slightly turned in Bea’s half embrace. “What? Why would I tell you to do that?”

“Because of the memory this bathroom now holds.” Bea answered. “Ever since it happened, I haven’t taken a shower in here. I’ve been using the bathroom down the hall.”

“Why?”

“Every time I look at that shower, I see you…lying there, unconscious.” Bea said. “It hurts me.” Tears began to form in her eyes.

Allie completely turned to face Bea. She brought her hands up to place on Bea’s face. “It hurts me too, babe. But we can do this. We’ve got each other. You don’t have to remodel your bathroom; the memory will always be there anyway.”

“How can I make it go away?”

Allie softly smiled, using her thumbs to wipe Bea’s eyes. “Why would you want to erase the memory of how insanely strong your girlfriend is?” Her voice full of humor.

Bea chuckled through her unshed tears. “How am I taking this harder than you? You’re always so positive about things.”

“Because you’re such a softie.” Allie giggled. “Trust me, it’s hard on me too. But I’m here. I’m alive. That woman didn’t win.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.” Allie said, giving Bea’s lips a soft kiss. “Now, how about we give that shower a new memory?”

“What do you mean?”

“Let’s shower together” The blonde suggested. “Nothing funny, just showering.”
“I don’t know…”

“Come on. I haven’t seen you naked since our first time. And even then, I didn’t get to appreciate the view because of the bedsheets.” She winked.

Bea felt her cheeks heat up, a shy smile forming on her face. “Just a shower? No funny business?”

“As boring as that is, yes…just a shower.”

“I just want you work on feeling better is all.”

“I know.” Allie said. She tugged on Bea’s hand to pull her into the bathroom. “It’s okay…new memories, remember?”

Bea allowed herself to be pulled into the bathroom. She helped Allie undress before she began taking off her own clothes. Allie was setting the temperature of the water and once she got it to the right temperature, she turned to see Bea fully naked. She raked her eyes all over Bea’s form, feeling herself grow heated. She swallowed the lump that formed in her throat. *Fuck, she’s beautiful. I’m so lucky.* Allie smirked once she finally noticed the blush over Bea’s chest and face.

“Turn.” Allie said, her voice full of arousal.

“What?”

“Turn around. I want to see all of you.”

“Allie…”

“Just turn.” She said. “If I can’t touch you, then at least let me have a view.”

Bea finally turned around, letting Allie have a look at her backside. Hearing the small moan Allie
released made Bea briefly close her eyes.

“Bend over.” Allie said, playfulness all in her voice.

Bea swiftly turned around, giving Allie a look.

“Too much?”

“You're pushing it.”

Allie clicked her tongue. “It was worth a shot.” She said with a smirk as she began taking the nasal cannula out of her nose.

They entered into the large standup shower together. Allie stood under the stream of water, using her fingers to run through her hair as it was getting wet. Bea stood close to the blonde, their breasts barely touching, but still yet, it sent shivers up her spine. She looked down, taking in the nakedness of her lover; the perky breasts, the smooth stomach, the more intimate area, and the legs that seemed to go on forever. She was the most beautiful woman that Bea ever laid eyes on. Her eyes looked to the few different spots on Allie’s body where there was a few freckles laid beautifully on her skin, and she wanted nothing more than to kiss those spots. But she had to control herself. She looked at Allie’s hardened nipples, wondering if they were erect because they were cold or because she was aroused. Her eyes continued to trail up her girlfriend’s chest to her neck. It was one of her favorite spots to kiss the blonde at, she especially loved marking her there. It was sexy and such a turn on. She finally reached Allie’s face, where there was a knowing smirk on her face and those baby blue eyes were twinkling at her. Bea couldn’t help but smile.

“See something you like?” Allie asked, reaching her arms out to wrap around Bea’s waist, pulling their bodies close together.

“You are so beautiful.” Bea replied, also wrapping her arms around Allie’s waist.

“I know you are.”

Bea was getting ready to respond, to disagree with Allie, but she didn’t even have enough time to think of how she was going to say it as Allie’s lips were on hers. They kissed a thousand times, but this time was different. She felt it on an emotional level. The kiss spoke to her through Allie. It said, I’m here for you. I trust you, so you can trust me. We’re in this together. I’ll forever be
grateful for you. I love you. Bea brought her hands up, tangling her fingers into the hair at the base of Allie’s neck. She gently tugged, making Allie’s mouth open. She wasted no time in slipping her tongue into Allie’s mouth, instantly being met with an equally eager tongue. It was slow and full of love. As Bea pulled her tongue from Allie’s mouth, she felt Allie close her teeth gently over her escaping tongue. She gave Allie one more small kiss before opening her eyes completely, and that’s when she was met with teary blue eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Bea asked, rubbing her thumb across Allie’s cheek.

Allie smiled, bringing her shoulders up in a small shrug. “I’m just…so happy. I’ve never felt this way before with anyone.”

“Me neither.” Bea responded. “All of this is a first for me. And I’m glad you’re the person I’m experiencing this with. I wouldn’t choose anyone else for me.”

“What if I have to be on oxygen support for the rest of my life?” Allie sadly frowned.

Bea rested her forehead against Allie’s. “I meant it when I said I wouldn’t choose anyone else.” She said in a soft voice. “Whether you have to use that tank for the rest of your life or not, I will always choose you.”

They finished in the shower about thirty minutes later and both women changed into more comfortable clothing. After Allie placed the nasal cannula back into her nose, she decided to get into bed for a bit. She felt a bit tired after that shower, so wanted to have a little rest. Bea helped Allie get settled into the bed and then gave her a kiss to the forehead. She told Allie to call her on the phone if she needed anything as she was going to go downstairs. Bea exited her room and made her way down the stairs. As she was halfway down the stairs, she heard more voices in her home than normal. She entered into the foyer of her home, right before the entrance of her kitchen, and she saw everyone in the kitchen. Boomer, Liz, Debbie, Bridget, Kaz, Maxine, Will, Rose, Matt, Fred, Jason, Nate, Wes, and Kev. She stood in the entryway, watching as the fourteen-people worked around each other in her large kitchen.

“What is going on?” Bea asked, a little surprised.

Everyone stopped what they were doing; Liz cutting the potatoes for homemade fries, Bridget putting together the condiments for the burgers, Debbie gathering plates, Boomer stirring cake mix, Kaz and Maxine working together to toast the burger buns, Will and Matt pouring ice into a cooler for drinks, and the five members on her team working to season and empty the hamburger patties on a tray for grilling outside. Rose stood to the side watching everyone.
Debbie stepped towards her mum. “I thought it’d be a great idea to bring everyone together for a litle cook out for Allie getting out of the hospital.” She said. “That’s what me and Bridget were doing today.”

“You…you planned this?”

Debbie nodded her head. “All of these people know Allie and know she’s a great person, and I figured this would be good. Are you mad?”

“Mad? No, not at all.” Bea answered. “I’m a bit…surprised actually.” She chuckled. “I’ve never had this many people in my home before. I didn’t even think you all liked Allie like that.”

“Don’t be silly, Bea.” Bridget spoke up. “We all see how much you’ve changed since Allie’s been in your life. We all adore her.”

“Thank you all for this. I think Allie is going to really appreciate this, and even be surprised as well.” Bea said. “There’s one person missing though.”

“Who?” Debbie asked.

“Franky.” Bea replied. “Allie didn’t really like Franky at first, but I think she’s grown fond of her.”

“My ears are burning, Red.” Franky appeared from the hall that led to the half-bathroom.

“Franky!” Bea widely smiled. “You’re here.”

“I am.” Franky grinned, walking to Bea and pulling her into a hug. “I heard about this little gathering and I just couldn’t miss out on it. I’m only here for today and tomorrow, but hey, I’m here.”

“I’m glad you are.” Bea said, reciprocating the hug. Once they pulled apart, Bea turned to the load of people in her kitchen. “Is there anything I can help with?”
“Just go relax.” Bridget said. “We’ve got everything covered.”

As the words left Bridget’s lips, everyone went back to what they were doing. And Bea headed towards the living room. She couldn’t believe Debbie brought everyone together to celebrate Allie returning from the hospital. She’s honestly never had such a gathering before, and it warmed her heart that all of these people were here to support her girlfriend.

“How about it, Franky?” Franky yelled. “It’s for baking, ya doof!”

Bea laughed. She couldn’t think of a time that she’s been happier. She had a great girlfriend, her beautiful daughter back in her life, and wonderful friends around her. She had definitely taken life for granted before, she didn’t really care about the things around her. But now, in the last three months of her life, she made sure to cherish the little things. Her viewpoints changed majorly. And that’s because of Allie. She’d go through everything again if it meant this would be her outcome. She was completely happy.

Over the next forty-five minutes, Bea watched as everyone went back and forth from the kitchen to the backyard. She did help a little with setting up a couple foldable tables on the back patio for everyone to sit and eat at. She watched as Liz, Bridget, Franky, and Rose carried out the rest of the things to go along with the burgers. The four women set the things down in the middle of one of the tables and then turned towards Bea.

“You want to get Allie now?” Bridget asked. “I think Kev will have the burgers done by the time you get her down here.”

“Yeah,” Bea replied with a nod of her head. “I’ll go get her.”

Bea reentered her home through the sliding backdoor and proceeded to head upstairs when she saw Allie beginning to descend them on her own.

“Hey!” Bea said, rushing up the stairs to Allie. She grabbed Allie’s portable oxygen tank with one hand and used her other arm to wrap around the blonde’s waist. “What are you doing, Speedy Gonzalez?” She asked with a soft chuckle.

“I tried calling your phone twice and you didn’t answer, so I came to find you.” Allie replied.
“I didn’t hear it ring, I’m sorry.” Bea replied. “I’m here now, so come on.”

“Where are we going?”

“Downstairs, come on.”

They took their time walking down the stairs, neither of them wanting Allie to overdo herself. It took them a few minutes to be completely off the stairs, but Bea didn’t mind. She was happy to help the blonde. As Bea was guiding Allie towards the backdoor, she felt a little hesitance from the blonde, so she stopped walking. She used her hand to soothingly rub up and down Allie’s back.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked.

“Why are we going to the backyard?”

“Debbie has done something back there for you and she wants you to see it. Is that okay? Or are you not up for surprises right now?”

“A surprise?” Allie asked, her facial expression full of shock. “For me?”

“Yeah, she done it all herself.” Bea smiled. “Do you want to see it?”

Allie looked towards the backdoor, wondering what kind of surprise could possibly be on the other side of the door for her. She looked back to Bea and nodded her head, deciding to trust both women. She had no reason not to after all. As Bea gripped the door handle in one hand, she gave Allie a reassuring smile. Silently telling her that it was okay, that she had nothing to worry about. Bea pulled the door open, revealing Allie’s surprise.

Allie gazed out the backdoor, her eyes beginning to sting due to forming tears. Seeing the lot of people standing under the large canopy on the slab of cement in Bea’s backyard, she was honestly shocked. Those fifteen people were there for her? To celebrate what? Almost dying? No, Allie chastised herself. Don’t think that way. Instead, she smiled brightly. She seen that the grill was smoking, so figured they were grilling something. And she was super happy about that as she was hungry. It was the reason she tried calling Bea in the first place. As soon as Bea guided her onto the patio, Debbie hugged the blonde. Mumbling into her shoulder that she was happy she was
Then after Debbie hugged Allie, the whole lot of people began hugging her. Also telling her the same things; that they were happy she was okay, that they were happy she was out of the hospital, or that they were sorry about what happened to her. Will introduced Rose and Allie to each other, and Allie could tell that the woman was a lovely person. Allie was surprised to receive hugs from Bea’s UFC team. She didn’t think they liked her as much as they did, but she was happy nevertheless. The last person in line to give her a supportive hug was Franky, which she joked about the raven-haired woman not being able to stay away. Allie announced she was hungry and Bea ushered her to have a seat. Bea fixed up Allie’s burger the way she liked it; cheese, mayonnaise, ketchup, lettuce, and pickles. And then added Liz’s homemade fries to Allie’s plate as well before giving it to the blonde.

Not too long later, the two tables were filled up and everyone was eating. Kaz was talking to Allie, asking if she needed anything. To which Allie replied with saying that she was fine for now. Allie listened to everyone around her talking; Will talking to Jason about him wanting to take that next step with Rose, which made Allie dart her eyes to the other table, where Rose was sitting talking to Maxine, to see if the woman heard what Will had said. Luckily, she hadn’t. She heard Nate and Kev talking about watching Bea’s interview re-run later since they had missed it live. Allie grabbed Bea’s hand, realizing she forgot to ask her girlfriend about her interview.

She leaned close to Bea. “How was your interview this morning?”

“It was good.” Bea replied. “He asked some questions about my career, the upcoming fight, and a little about you. He wanted the truth about the rumors that have been going around.”

Allie looked into Bea’s eyes, wondering if Bea set the rumors straight.

“I told him the truth.” Bea added before Allie could say anything. “People have been saying terrible things, and I just needed to have the truth out there.”

Allie smiled. “Thank you for setting the record straight.”

“You don’t mind?”

“Of course not.” Allie replied. “Can I watch that interview later though? I’d love to see it.”

“I’m sure it won’t be a problem.” Bea said, leaning to kiss Allie. As their lips touched, everyone’s attention was apparently on them if the sounds of whistles and catcalls were anything to go by.
When everyone finished eating and having a slice of cake, Rose and Liz began cleaning up the dishes. Kev tending to the grill cleaning while the other teammates handled putting the foldable table and chairs back away. Maxine said her goodbyes to Bea and Allie, saying she had a meeting to attend and that she really enjoyed her time with everyone. Fred, Wes, Nate, and Jason were the next ones to leave after helping Kev, and then he left as well. Matt also left after helping Will clean and take out rubbish. Left were Boomer, Franky, Bridget, Kaz, Will, Rose, and Liz.

Bea helped Allie to the living room, settling her down onto the couch. She knew the blonde wasn’t in a fragile state, but she couldn’t help to treat her as if she was. The gentle touches, the slow movements, and the easy going was just Bea’s way of showing that she cared about Allie and that she didn’t want her to overdo anything. After everything that’s happened, Bea knew Allie was a strong person. There was no doubt about that. But it didn’t mean that Bea couldn’t help her girlfriend or treat her as if she was the most fragile thing in the world. She cared that much.

“Thank you for putting this together, Debbie.” Allie said to the curly haired brunette as she sat on the couch. “It was really nice to have everyone around. It made me feel like everything was back to normal.”

“You’re welcome, I was really happy to do it. I’m just glad it wasn’t too overwhelming for you. I wasn’t sure how you would take to having everyone around after you just got out the hospital, but I’m happy you liked it.”

“When did you plan this anyway?”

“I was talking to Bridget about it a couple days ago, but I wasn’t sure if it was a good idea to do it. So, I got Franky’s opinion and she said that it seemed like it would be great. She wanted in too, so she flew here.” Debbie replied. “Bridget and I literally organized everything before you were released from the hospital. Oh, and that reminds me…” She said, looking towards her mum with a smile on her face. “This morning, Bridget helped me fill out my application to the University of Sydney!”

“Really?!” Bea exclaimed, a huge smile on her face.

“Yes!” Debbie said. “I mean, she only really helped me with the admissions essay, but I couldn’t have done it without her.”

“I’m so proud of you!” Bea happily said. “When will you know if you got accepted or not?”
“In one to two months. Which will be plenty of time for me to prepare afterwards if I do get accepted.” Debbie said. “I’m so excited!”

“What will you be going for?” Allie asked.

“I’ve always wanted something in the medical field, but here lately, law has caught my attention. But I have four years to decide if I want to continue my career out in the medical field or the law field.”

“Take your time with the deciding, kiddo. There’s no rush.” Allie placed her hand on Debbie’s knee.

“Are you going to tell your dad?” Bea finally asked.

Debbie sighed. “Eventually. But I will tell him. He’s still been ringing my phone, but I just haven’t had the nerve to talk to him yet.”

“I know what he did was wrong, but don’t keep him in the dark for too long.” Bea said. “He’s still your dad.”

Kaz had talked to Allie for a bit, Bea giving the two women some privacy. She had went to Bridget and thanked her for everything she’s been helping Debbie with. She was really appreciative of the woman’s help. She then talked to Rose for a few minutes before she and Will decided to leave. Bea had Liz leave after the older woman cleaned up the kitchen, telling her to come back the next day. Kaz exited the living room as Bea was dumping some fish food into the tank.

“Everything okay?” Bea asked as she stepped down from the step stool and closed the fish food container.

“Everything is great.” Kaz replied. “I just wanted to know how Allie was really doing, and if there was anything she needed. She said she’s fine and that she doesn’t need anything.” She said. “She looks really tired though, make sure she’s getting plenty of rest. I have a flight to catch, so I best be going. Thank you for taking care of Allie. I know she appreciates it, and I do too.”

Bea smiled. “You don’t have to thank me for taking care of her. I’d do anything for her, that’s the truth.”
“Still, thank you.” Kaz said. “Let Allie know that I’ll call her tomorrow. See ya, Bea.”

“Have a safe flight.” Bea called out as Kaz exited the front door.

Bea washed her hands before heading into the living room, seeing Bridget and Franky talking to Allie. Deciding to leave them to it, she went upstairs to find Debbie. Entering through the opened door of Debbie’s room, see seen Debbie doing Boomer’s hair.

“What’s the occasion?” Bea asked.

“No occasion.” Debbie replied, her attention firmly on fixing Boomer’s hair.

“Deb’s is just doing my hair for me. Me and her are going to go to the store to buy junk food for our movie night together. Is that okay?”

“Course it is.” Bea replied.

Before either Debbie or Boomer could reply, Franky’s voice resonated from downstairs.

“Red!! Get ya ass down here!” Franky hollered.

Bea rolled her eyes and then headed out Debbie’s room.

“What do you want?” Bea asked as she walked down the flight of stairs.

“Me and Gidge are heading out.” Franky replied. “Just wanted you to know so Blondie wouldn’t be alone.”

As Bea reached the bottom of the stairs, she pulled Bridget and Franky into a hug. “Thank you both for everything.”
“No worries, Red.”

“No problem, Bea.”

“When are you going back to Melbourne?” Bea asked Franky.

“The day after tomorrow.”

“Don’t leave without seeing me again.”

“You know I couldn’t.” Franky winked.

Bea laughed. She showed both women out of the front door and watched them drive down the driveway before heading to Allie.

“Hey, babe.” Bea smiled. “How are you?” She asked as she sat next to Allie.

“I’m okay. Today has been good.” Allie replied.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it. For the record, I had no idea about any of it until today.” Bea said. “In fact, I knew nothing until after our shower.” She chuckled.

“I didn’t mind the surprise. It was a good one.” Allie grabbed Bea’s hand. “I’m really glad to be out of that hospital.”

“I’m glad you’re out too.” Bea gave Allie a soft kiss to the lips. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Bea smiled and gently rubbed her nose against Allie’s. “I love you more.” She whispered, which
Both women had been in bed for the night for about four hours now. It was just after midnight and Bea was in a nice sleep. She was on her side, one arm tucked underneath her pillow and the other was laid against her side. She was especially happy to finally be sharing her bed with Allie again. Her bed felt all too big and lonely without the blonde in it. But suddenly Bea was woken by a kick to her legs and Allie crying out. Bea instantly turned over, trying her best to examine Allie in the dark. The blonde was mumbling things and crying. Bea gently placed her hand to Allie’s jawline.


Allie’s eyes shot open and she flew up into a sitting position. Her breathing was heavy and her cheeks were stained with tears. Her body jumped when Bea touched her arm.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked, sitting up. “You were having a nightmare.”

Allie inhaled deeply, trying to calm her breathing.

Bea placed her fingers softly over the nasal cannula, helping to hold it steady while Allie regained her breath. Once Allie’s breathing was calmed, she pushed herself against Bea and dropped her head to the redhead’s shoulder, a small sob escaping her lips.

Bea ran her fingers through Allie’s hair. “Shh, beautiful girl. I’ve got you. It’s going to be okay.” She kissed the top of Allie’s head. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Feeling Allie gravitate her head to the pillows, she allowed them both to lower back down onto the bed. Bea pulled Allie close to her; the blonde’s head making its’ way to Bea’s chest.

“I was just having a bad dream.” Allie finally replied. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”
“It’s okay, I’m glad you woke me up.” Bea said. “Tell me about the dream?”

Allie tightened her hold on Bea as if she was getting ready to get taken away. “It was like it was happening again.” The blonde began. “Except this time, you showed up to save me.” She turned her head upwards to look Bea in the face. “And instead of me getting hurt, it was you. She killed you. And no matter what I did, I couldn’t move to help you. It was like my feet were glued to the floor.” She said, her voice ending in a whimper. “I never want that to happen to you, Bea. I want you safe.”

Bea used the padding of her thumb to gently wipe away the wet worries of Allie’s tears. “That will never happen to me, Allie. And I promise that you will never have to go through that again. Nothing bad will ever happen to you again, I’ll make sure of that. Only good things from here on out.”

“How can you be so sure of that?” Allie asked. “I don’t want to be scared anymore.”

“You don’t have to be scared anymore, I’m here. It is in my best interest to make sure that you are safe at all times.” Bea replied, running her fingers through Allie’s hair. “The only hurt you will ever feel again, is your toe getting stubbed on furniture. And even then, I’ll throw that piece of furniture out of this house to make sure it doesn’t hurt you again.” She grinned.

Allie giggled. “How charismatic of you.”

“I’m being serious. I want to protect you. And it’s weird because I’ve never felt that urge to protect someone the way I want to with you before.” Bea said. “I think it all boils down to how much I love you. Because I love you so much, I really do. I love you more than I thought I could ever love someone.”

“I’m so lucky to have you. You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.” Allie smiled, gently pressing her lips to the spot on Bea that she could reach given their laying position, the side of her chin. “Is that why you say ‘I love you more’ to me? I always thought you said it because you were trying to say that you loved me more than I loved you.” She asked.

“When I say I love you more, I don’t mean that I love you more than you love me. I mean I love you more than any of the bad days that may happen or any argument that we will ever have. I love you more than anything that would ever try to come between us. And yeah, I love you more than I thought I was capable of.” Bea said. “I know it’s still early days with us and what I just said is probably a bit too much, but I can’t help it. I’ve completely fallen for you and I want only the best for you. At this point, you probably own my heart. And that makes me vulnerable towards you.”
Instead of replying, Allie positioned herself better so her lips could taste Bea’s. She couldn’t believe what the redhead had just admitted to her. Being a thirty year old woman, she’s craved this sort of love for a long time. She’s had relationships before, but they were based on drugs and didn’t last very long. But with Bea, she can see them lasting a long time. And she hoped that a long time with Bea meant forever. She couldn’t ever imagine herself with someone else. Bea is who she wanted.

“I love you, Bea, so much.” Allie finally replied after breaking their kiss. “You mean everything to me.” She kissed Bea again, letting their lips linger for a bit before pulling back. “I’m so lucky.”

“I’m the lucky one.” Bea insisted. “Now come on, let’s go back to sleep. Be my little spoon?”

They were settled in the bed with Allie being the little spoon and Bea’s arm wrapped securely around the blonde. Bea’s front was pressed firmly against Allie’s back, her face tucked into the crook of the blonde’s neck.

“And whatever you do,” Bea began. “Please don’t fart.”

“All right!” Allie laughed out a laugh that Bea had yet to hear.

All Bea could do was smile. This laugh Allie was letting out was such a genuine laugh and it made Bea’s heart swell with love. Bea pressed her lips to the back of Allie’s neck after her laughter slowly subsided and then said her good nights. It wasn’t long later that both women were sound asleep again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading and leaving comments. I hope this chapter was enjoyable. Let me know what you thought of this chapter? :(
Bea had just finished her training session in the gym and she couldn’t wait to get home to Allie. The blonde’s nightmare the previous night had really worried her, but she stayed strong to show support to Allie. She hoped the nightmare was just a one-off and that there’d be no more to follow. She wasn’t sure how she would convince Allie that everything would be okay if she did keeping having nightmares. But putting those thoughts to the back of her mind for now, she headed towards the shower room in the gym. She needed to take a quick shower to wash off her sweat before she was to head home.

Once she finished her shower, she put on her leather pants and a shirt before walking out the shower room to continue getting ready in her changing room. She threw her hair up in a ponytail and slipped her boots on along with her leather jacket. She placed her bag on her back and grabbed her helmet in one hand as she exited her changing room. It was such a nice morning when Bea woke up that she had decided to just ride her bike to the gym. She hasn’t ridden it in quite a while, so it was good to finally do so.

As Bea walked into the common area of the gym, she stopped in her tracks. Just at the front entrance, she seen Kev talking with her mother. Her mother, of all people, randomly standing in her gym. It was so unlikely. Her mother looked tired and spent, which was unusual. So, Bea figured there was a reason for this unexpected visit. She casually began walking to her mum, finally grabbing the attention of the older woman.

“Hey, Beatrice.” Her mother smiled. “How have you been?” She asked, pulling her daughter into a hug.

“I’m good, mum. How are you?”

“I’ve had better days, that’s for sure.”

“Are you okay? What’s with the sudden visit?” Bea asked.

“I can’t come see my daughter?” Her mum asked. When Bea raised an eyebrow in a challenge, she continued talking. “Okay. I just needed to see you and talk.”
“You couldn’t call?”

“No. This is something that should be talked about in person.” She insisted. “Can we go to yours?”

Bea nodded her head. “Yeah. Just follow me. I drove my bike today.”

Bea pulled into the garage at her home and parked her bike. She hung her helmet on the wall before exiting the garage to where her mother had her car parked in the driveway. As she opened the driver’s door on her mother’s vehicle, a bag was shoved into her hands. She settled the bag in a more comfortable position of holding before reaching her free hand out and helping her mum out of the car. She doesn’t know if her mum knows about Allie. She remembered her mum called that one time while Allie was in the hospital and was asking about what was going on, but Bea didn’t really tell her anything. She didn’t mention anything about Allie. And knowing her mum didn’t really keep up on current events, she couldn’t have known about Allie. Before they reached the front step, Bea turned to her mother.

“Before we go in,” Bea began. “There’s someone in there that you don’t know about.”

Her mum scoffed. “Oh, please. I heard all about this ‘Allie’ woman. It’s the reason I’m here. I want to meet her.”

“How? You don’t even keep up with current events.”

“No, I don’t.” Her mum said. “But I keep up with you.” She poked Bea on her chest as she spoke. “Now, lead the way.”

Just as Bea reached the front door, it swung open and Allie appeared. Bea didn’t even have time to speak as Allie’s lips were on hers.

“Oh, my god, Bea.” Allie spoke. “Watching you drive out this morning on your bike had me all-”

“Allie, this is my mother.” Bea interrupted.
Allie moved her eyes in the direction Bea had tilted her head to. Her eyes fell upon a woman with brown hair that had several streaks of grey in it. The woman had the same facial features as Bea, but yet they didn’t really look alike. Allie released her hold on Bea and held her hand out for the woman to shake. Allie could tell that the woman was looking at the little oxygen tank that she was toting around. She hoped Bea’s mother wouldn’t slyly say anything about it, but figured she knew a little bit about the situation anyway.

“My name is Allie.” The blonde smiled, introducing herself.

“Elise Williams.” Bea’s mother shook Allie’s hand.

“Oh, your maiden name is Williams?” Allie asked Bea.

“No.” Bea answered quickly. “That’s the last name she shares with her husband; Victor.”

“Can we go inside now?” Elise asked.

Bea lead the way inside. Her mother already knew her way around Bea’s house, so she had stopped in the kitchen to get herself some drink while Bea took her bag to the extra guest room, leaving Allie alone with Elise.

Allie was suddenly nervous being around Bea’s mother alone. She didn’t know what to expect of the woman. “Bea hadn’t really told me much about her family; other than you, the passing of her dad, and her sister.”

“Bea doesn’t talk much, does she?”

“She’s told me a lot, but with some things she can be pretty reserved.”

“That’s my Bea.” Elise said, taking a sip of the iced water. “For as long as I can remember, she’s always been that way.” She said. “So, when I heard that Bea had a girlfriend, I wondered how that was working out. I know all about Bea’s history these past several years; using women. I’ve never met any of the women she used, so being here right now and seeing you, I know it must be real.”
“Mrs. Williams, I love Bea more than anything in this world.” Allie said. “She’s helped me with so much, all of it dealing with getting my life together. I wouldn’t be where I am right now if it wasn’t for her.”

“You love my daughter?”

“I do.”

“Then all I ask of you is one thing; don’t treat her the way Harry did.”

“I would never do any of that to her.” Allie replied. “I’m not capable of hurting her. It’s just not something I’ll ever be able to do, not that I want to anyway.”

“You’re capable of anything. When you were a little girl did you think you’d be capable of selling your body for money to buy drugs? I’m sure you didn’t, but you did it. And you lived a filthy life.”

Allie’s eyebrows shot up. The statement really threw her off. One minute she was asking for Allie to not treat Bea wrong, and then the next her past was thrown in her face. Before Allie had time to even think of her response, she heard Bea speak up.

“Mum, don’t you dare talk to Allie like that.” Bea said, her voice thriving with anger. “You know nothing about Allie. You can’t come here and throw her under the bus like that. It’s not right, and I won’t have it. Especially not from my mother.” She walked closer to her mum. “Allie’s past is exactly where it needs to be; the past. That’s all it is now. She has nothing to do with any of the things she used to do. And damnit, she did what she needed to do because she had no one! How do you think she felt, mum? I’m sure she never went to sleep happy with her life. So, you saying the shit you said probably made her feel the exact same way she used to feel!”

“Bea,” Allie said, grabbing the redhead’s arm. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not okay, Allie! She had no right saying that shit!”

Allie grabbed Bea and held her, trying to calm her down.
Elise began to feel threatened. She honestly meant nothing by what she said to Allie. She knew Bea was standing just outside the kitchen, so she was trying to get a rise out of her daughter. Simply to see if Bea would protect the blonde.

“Bea, I’m so sorry.” Elise said. “I really didn’t think you’d explode the way you did. I knew you were eavesdropping on me and Allie’s conversation. I was just trying to get a rise out of you to see if you’d defend her. I see that Allie is a lovely woman, I only needed to know if you would defend her.” She explained, then looked to Allie. “Allie, I apologize if I have offended you. I meant nothing by what I said. I know of the things you went through, and I’m sorry you went through that. I really am. I shouldn’t have said what I did to get a rise out of Bea.”

“No, you shouldn’t have said it.” Bea agreed. “It makes me angry when people say things on Allie’s past.”

“I know that now, and I’m sorry.” Elise said. “I just needed to know if it was real between you two, a mother knows best. And seeing the way you almost took my head off, I know it’s very much real.” She looked to Allie again. “I really do apologize. I hope you can forgive me. I honestly meant nothing by it.”

Allie nodded her head. “I understand what you were trying to do, but I do wish you didn’t use my past to do it.”

“I’m sorry.” Elise apologized again. “I shouldn’t have said it. These days my mouth speaks before I can even think about what I’m going to say. Really, Allie, I’m sorry.”

“Okay, she gets it.” Bea interrupted. “You’re sorry, but it doesn’t change the fact that you said it.”

“Babe, it’s fine.” Allie soothed, giving Bea a quick kiss to the lips. “She meant nothing by it.”

“She better not have.” Bea grumbled. “So, other than coming here to meet Allie, what did you want? You never come see me, even though you live not even forty-five minutes away.”

Elise let a sad smile cross her face, knowing her daughter was well and truly right. “I need to tell you something. Can we go sit?”

The three women entered into the living room. Allie tried to stay in the kitchen to give Bea and Elise some privacy, but Elise wasn’t having it. She beckoned for the blonde to join them. Bea had
privately asked Allie where Boomer and Debbie was, Allie responded with saying that Boomer was upstairs taking a nap and Debbie went off with Bridget and Franky. Once the three women were settled on the sofas, Elise began speaking.

“The last four months, I’ve been having some problems with Victor.” She began. “I know you never liked him and I know you always said that there was something off about him, but I didn’t listen to you. I figured you were just trying to be a protective daughter, that’s your nature. You get that from your dad.” She smiled, but then continued talking. “I caught Victor those months ago cheating on me. I haven’t been living with him, and we’re getting a divorce soon. He came clean about a week ago and told me that he’s always cheated on me; said that it was nothing new.”

“Oh, mum…I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” Elise dismissed. “I wish it could’ve been brought to my attention sooner.”

“How did you find out?” Bea asked.

“It works wonders when you’re friends with your best friends husband.” She chuckled. “Victor cheated on me with Rob’s wife; along with many other women, but still. Rob’s wife.” She laughed.

“Sharon?”

Elise nodded her head. “Sharon.” She confirmed. “She was my best friend. How could she?”

“Some people are just evil.” Allie interjected. “The ones you think are your closest friends, are actually the ones who will stab you in the back. Like your husband; you thought he was your best friend, but he hurt you.”

“I just feel so stupid. He’s been cheating on me all these years, and I never knew about it.”

“You can’t blame yourself for that.” Allie said. “You wanted to see the good in him. You trusted him to not do you wrong. That’s how any supportive wife should be; willing to trust. It’s not your fault, Mrs. Williams. He betrayed your trust, it’s his fault.” She explained. “Women are better anyway, why do you think I date them?” She teased, sending a wink to Elise. “Besides, the whole penis deal, no thanks.” She laughed.
Elise returned the laugh. “Please, call me Elise.” She said. “It’s not too late to turn to women, is it?” She joked. “Hey, Franky still around and single?”

Bea hysterically laughed, confusing Allie to bits.

“Okay, I’m confused.” Allie said, looking as Bea was practically fallen over laughing. “Can I ask why my girlfriend is laughing so hard?”

Elise chuckled before responding. “Franky had the hots for me years ago. I haven’t seen her since Bea first signed onto the UFC deal though.”

“No! Franky?!” Allie asked, clearly shocked.

“Yes!” Bea replied. “Franky crushed over my mum, she was so in love.” She laughed. “I don’t even know why, she never gave a reason. She blushed like a lovestruck teenager whenever my mum was around.”

Allie laughed. “I can’t see her doing that.”

“Oh, it was weird to see.” Bea replied. “But no, mum, Franky is not single. She is in a relationship at the moment and they seem pretty happy.”

“Well, that’s good.” Elise said. “Anyway, is it okay if I stay here a few days? I just needed to get away from that town. I needed to see one of my daughters and since Amanda still lives in New Zealand, I decided to come see you.”

“Oh, so I’m your second choice?” Bea teased.

“You’re my second born, so of course.” Elise winked, making Bea laugh.

Over the next hour, they talked some more with Elise still continuing to apologize to both Bea and Allie and then they sat in a comfortable silence. Bea had wondered if her mum heard about Debbie or not. She reckoned if she did, then she would’ve spoke about it, but she hadn’t. She
didn’t know how her mother would react to seeing Debbie, but she didn’t think too much about it. She was honestly too busy thinking about how Franky would react to seeing Elise. It was going to be such a great thing to see. The thought made her internally laugh. Boomer had made herself present not too long ago. Boomer had only met the redhead’s mother once and had absolutely loved her, especially her homemade chocolate chip cookies. Which Boomer immediately began asking about, and Elise said she would definitely make them for her before she was due to leave.

Bea had received a text message from Debbie saying that they were headed to the house and that they should be there any minute. She absolutely could not wait to see Franky’s reaction to Elise being there. She informed the other women that Franky should be by any minute.

About ten minutes later, Bea heard the front door open along with voices, signaling that the three women had arrived. Bea excused herself from the living room, meeting Franky, Bridget, and Debbie in the foyer. She wrapped her arms around her daughter, giving her a hug.

“Red, whose car is in the driveway?” Franky asked.

“Uh, Debbie, there’s someone here that you should meet. She knows you from when you were a little girl and she knows the situation, but she doesn’t know you’re here.” Bea said. “In the living room with Allie is my mother. I had no idea she was coming today, or I would’ve told you. If it’s too much right now, you don’t have to meet her. You can go up to your room and she doesn’t have to know you’re here. It’s up to you.”

“Holy shit, Elise is here?!” Franky quietly exclaimed, her eyes growing wide.

Bea chuckled. “Yes.” She answered. “It’d be nice if you and Bridget waited in the kitchen. My mum has already asked about you.”

“Oh, god.” The raven-haired women covered her blushing face with her hands.

“Why is she blushing?” Bridget asked Bea, referring to Franky.

“You’ll know why soon.” Bea replied. “What do you say, Deb? Want to meet your grandmother?”

“Of course I do.” Debbie said. “But will she be mad at me?”
“She has no reason to. It’ll be okay. Come on.” Bea held her open hand in front of Debbie, wanting her to grab ahold.

Once Debbie’s hand was in Bea’s, Bea led her through to the living room. They entered the living room to see that Allie and Elise were in a comfortable looking conversation. Bea cleared her throat, grabbing the attention of both women who were sitting on the sofas. She gave Debbie a small smile before looking to her mother.

“Mum, you remember Debbie, yeah?” Bea asked, feeling herself grow anxious.

“Debbie?” Elise asked, her brows a little furrowed. It didn’t take her long to realize that Debbie was Debbie, and her face softened. “Debbie…” She repeated. “Oh, my god.” She stood from the sofa, her eyes glossing over. “How? When?”

“Almost two months ago, while I was in Melbourne, she showed up to my house there.” Bea began. “Allie and I were cooking breakfast one morning and Debbie randomly popped up. I was…happy and scared all in one. She travelled all the way from Wollongong to Melbourne just to find me.”

“Harry?”

“He knows Debbie is here.” Bea replied. “He wasn’t very happy, but Deb made it very clear that he couldn’t do anything about it. She hasn’t had contact with him since she’s been here in Sydney with me. Which has been a little over two weeks now.”

“About Dad…” Debbie began. “I finally talked with him this morning. He wants to have a sit down with you and me next week when he’s off work.”

“If that’s what you want, then we will do that.” Bea replied. “But right now, meet with your grandmother.” She was honestly nervous about having a sit down with Harry, it wasn’t exactly something she ever planned to do since he left those years ago.

“If it’s okay with you, Debbie, I would like to finally hug my oldest grandchild?” Elise said with a smile, holding her arms out.

Debbie removed her hand from Bea’s and allowed herself to be embraced into a hug from her grandmother.
Elise held Debbie tight in her arms. “I haven’t seen you since you were just a baby.” She said. “This is so wonderful!” She exclaimed through unfallen tears. “My other grands call me Nan, so you’re welcome to call me that too. Or you can stick to Elise, the choice is yours.” She said as they pulled apart, but she used her hands to cradle Debbie’s face.

“I like Nan, I think I’ll use that.” Debbie smiled. “Your other grandchildren?”

“Yes, I have two others. Your aunt, which is Bea’s sister, has two children; a girl and a boy. They are still young, seven and two, so you have them beat by a long shot.”

“Cousins.” Debbie’s smile grew wider. “I have two cousins and an aunt.” She looked to Bea. “Will I get to meet them?”

“I hope so.” Bea replied. “Amanda usually flies here once a year and it’s normally during summer break for her kids. And it’s usually after Christmas when she comes here.” She informed.

“Where does she fly from?” Debbie asked.

“New Zealand.” Both Bea and Elise said at the same time.

“Your mother’s side of the family is of New Zealand descent.” Elise continued to Debbie. “While Bea and I came here years ago, Amanda decided to stay in New Zealand.”

“Christmas is like a month and half away, yeah? So, I’ll be meeting her soon?” Debbie asked full of hope.

“You seem pretty excited about meeting some strangers.” Bea laughed.

“I haven’t had real family my whole life. So, yeah, I’m excited even if I don’t know them.” Debbie replied. “The only person I ever met out of dad’s family was his uncle, and he was a creepy man. We were around Natalie’s family a lot, but they weren’t my true family.” She said. “I just…I’m excited about being here with my family. Ya know?”
“Yeah, I know.” Bea responded. “I’m sorry, it slipped my mind for a minute.” She said. “You’re home here. We’re all family.” She looked to Allie and smiled.

Debbie went into her Nan’s arms again, loving the feeling of a grandma hug. She remembered being in primary school and being envious of the other students when it was grandparent’s day in school. All the other children would have breakfast at school with their grandparent’s and Debbie wouldn’t be one of the student’s involved in that activity. She could have had Natalie’s parents come, but they weren’t her grandparents. She knew that. So, now actually hugging her grandmother, she realized she loved this moment. Even though she just met the women.

“So, what’s for dinner?” Boomer suddenly asked.

Bea laughed, softly shaking her head. “I thought we could all go out for a family meal?”

“That sounds lovely!” Elise exclaimed.

“It’s settled then? Family dinner?” Bea stated, then looked to Allie. “You feeling up for it?”

Allie shook her head. “It’s a family dinner. I’ll let you all catch up.”

Bea huffed, walking to where Allie was sitting. She grabbed the blonde’s hand, bringing it to her lips. “Allie, you are family. My life has grown since you’ve been in it. Please, don’t sell yourself short. You’re a part of our family.”

“Yeah.” Debbie agreed. “You’re family. And if I have to start calling you ‘mama’ to make you believe it, then I will.” She said, watching as Allie’s eyes grew wide. She suddenly regretted her words. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable. I know I’ve only known you for two months, so I shouldn’t have said that.” She nervously chuckled.

“No, you didn’t make me uncomfortable at all.” Allie replied. “It’s just a little shocking, is all. I mean…you see me as a mum?”

“Well, I don’t see you as a dad.” Debbie laughed, trying to lighten the mood. “Of course I see you as mum. You’re my mum’s girlfriend and you love each other, and I love you as well. I’ve known you as long as I’ve known mum.” She let out a soft chuckle. “To be honest, I feel closer to you than I’ve ever felt with Natalie. Which is weird. But I think it has to do with comfort. I’m
comfortable here.”

“That means a lot to me, Deb.” Allie said. “For what it’s worth, I see you as a daughter…not a son.” She winked, making Debbie laugh.

“You’ll join us then, right?” Debbie asked, giving Allie a stern, but playful, look.

“Yes, since I guess I have no choice.” Allie laughed.

“Good.” Debbie replied. “And can I call you ‘mama’ or does that unsettle you?”

“As long as your mum is okay with it, then so I am.”

“Why would I have a problem with it?” Bea asked. “I love the way it sounds. Besides,” She wrapped her arm around Allie, holding her close. “It just means my family is slowly coming together.”

Debbie smiled, making her way to pull Bea and Allie into a group hug.

“Enough sappy shit, I’m starving!” Boomer exclaimed.

“Any ideas on where to go for dinner?” Elise asked. “And I thought you said Franky was coming by?”

“She’s in the kitchen.” Bea replied without even thinking about it. Seeing her mother’s sly grin, she jumped up from the sofa and darted towards the kitchen to warn Franky of her mum.

“Franky, my dear!” Elise exclaimed as she entered into the kitchen after Bea.

Boomer, Allie, and Debbie also made their way to the kitchen to watch on as Elise greeted Franky.
Franky nervously smiled, her cheeks heating up in a blush. “Elise…hey. H-how are you?” Nerves were obviously evident, and Bridget was utterly confused on her girlfriend’s sudden change in demeanor.

“I’m in the middle of a divorce, but other than that, I’d say I’m pretty great.” Elise smiled. “How are you? I heard you were in a happy relationship.”

“I couldn’t imagine being better. My life is right on tracks at the moment. And yes, I’m in a wonderful relationship. This is my girlfriend.” Franky replied, slipping an arm around Bridget’s waist. “Her name is Bridget. Gidge, this is Bea’s mum.”

“It’s nice to see that Franky is settling down.” Elise said as she shook Bridget’s hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you too.” Bridget responded with a smile.

“So, a divorce? Victor is giving you hell?” Franky asked, pulling Bridget back against her.

“He’s giving me more than hell.” Elise chuckled. “That could be a story over dinner though. How about you and Bridget join us for dinner? We’re getting ready to head out.”

“Oh, I don’t-” Franky began, but was interrupted by Bridget.

“We’d love to.” Bridget said.

“Wonderful!” Elise clapped her hands together. “Where to?” She asked Bea.

“It doesn’t matter to me. Allie?”

“I don’t care either.” Allie replied.

“Oh, for crying out loud.” Debbie started. “Let’s just go to Greek restaurant.” She suggested. “A gyro sounds great right about now.”
Once they had all agreed on the Greek restaurant, they began exiting out of the house. Except for Bridget and Franky, as Bridget grabbed ahold of Franky’s arm to stop her from leaving.

“What’s going on?” Bridget asked.

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean. Why are you acting so overwrought in front of Bea’s mum?”

Franky let out a breathy laugh. “It’s nothing, Gidge.” She said, then continued when Bridget challenged her. “I used to have a serious crush on the woman, okay? Like, thirteen years ago, she was shit hot. And I was drooling over her. I was a hopeless flirt, but it was fun. The chase was endless and I knew she’d never bat an eye towards me, but hey…I loved a challenge.” She explained. “And then one time I saw her naked. It was an accident, and she doesn’t know about it. She had a rocking body, and ever since I just get a little nervous around her. It’s nothing, okay?”

“It doesn’t seem like nothing.”

Franky chuckled. “Is Gidge jealous?” She laughed when the older blonde let out a scoff. “Ya got nothing to be jealous about. I only have eyes for you.” She leaned down, giving her girlfriend a soft kiss.

“That better be true.” Bridget teased. “Now, let’s go.”

Bea, Allie, Debbie, and Elise rode in one vehicle while Franky, Bridget, and Boomer rode in another. The Greek restaurant wasn’t too far from Bea’s house and luckily, it wasn’t that crowded. As the seven women made their way to enter the restaurant, Bea’s phone began ringing. Seeing that it was Annalise calling, she told the others to go ahead in and that she’d be in there in a minute.

“Hello?” She answered her phone.

“Hey, Bea. It’s Annalise. How are you?”
“Hey. I’m okay. How are you?”

“Just great.” Annalise responded. “I know it’s short notice, but I have some news for you.” She took a pause. “Erica’s court case is tomorrow. It was short notice to me too, but after much convincing to the judge and talking with Joan’s lawyer, everyone agreed to a double court case. Meaning, Erica and Joan will be tried in the same case. It’ll be a long day tomorrow, so everyone will need to be ready. Let Allie know that I’ll be around later to help prepare her.”

“Tomorrow? Erica and Joan at the same time?” Bea asked. “How did you even manage that?”

“It wasn’t easy, but I’m very convincing when needed to be.” Annalise responded. “Tomorrow will have to go extremely well if I want to keep my reputation up. Everything will be fine, don’t worry.”

“Okay…” She breathed out. “I’ll have to call Maxine and Kev to let them know the situation, and tell them I won’t be training tomorrow.”

“I’ll call you when I’m on my way to your house.”

“Okay. Bye, Annalise.”

“See you later.”

Bea hung up her phone and took a deep breath. She decided to wait until after dinner to tell Allie about Annalise coming by the house later. She didn’t want for Allie to have to worry about it throughout their dinner. She took another deep breath before making her way inside the restaurant, trying her best to present a smile on her face.

Dinner had went by really well. Elise repeated her divorce story to Franky. And with it being the second time she told the story that day, it didn’t affect her the way it did the first time. She figured that with Allie’s words of wisdom hanging in her head, it was the reason that she was able to tell the story a bit better the second time. Close to the ending of dinner though, Elise did finally ask Allie about her oxygen tank. She didn’t really know the whole story, so she was a bit curious.
Allie decided to let Bea tell the story since she didn’t really want to. The subject was still a soft spot to her. When Bea had finished telling the whole story, that’s when she informed Allie of her phone call with Annalise not too long ago. She could tell that Allie was nervous, but she was quick to inform her that she wouldn’t be alone. That everyone at the dinner table would be there for her.

It had been a long evening with Annalise over. The three women had stayed in Bea’s office while Annalise prepared Allie for court. Franky and Bridget were long gone, as Franky was leaving back to Melbourne the next day. Elise, Debbie, and Boomer were in the kitchen baking chocolate chip cookies together while Allie was having her briefing. Annalise had made sure to tell Allie that she had nothing to worry about and that she had everything under control. Everything was completely in Annalise’s control. The woman knew exactly what she was doing, and things were bound to end in her favor. Annalise also informed Bea and Allie that the next day would be a big media day, considering that Bea would be there and a lot of people knew of the situation.

Later that night, as Bea and Allie were curled up in bed, they were silent. Allie hadn’t spoke much since the briefing and Bea didn’t force her to. She wanted for the blonde to allow everything to sink in. Allie wouldn’t be alone, she’d have several people around her to support her. Allie cuddled in closer to Bea, pressing her lips to the redhead’s clothed chest before speaking.

“I can’t wait for everything to be over.” Allie said. “I’m so sick of it all.”

“Me too, babe. But it’ll be fine. We’re in this together. You have me, you always will.” Bea assured, intertwining her hand with Allie’s. “It’ll be over soon.”

Allie sighed. “I wish you would have sex with me so I can have everything off my mind for a bit.”

“That’s not how our sex should be done.” Bea said. “I don’t ever want our sex to just be something we turn to, to escape life. I want our sex to always be meaningful.”

“I know. I wasn’t meaning it like that.” Allie replied. “I just…we haven’t since it happened. I miss touching you, is all. But I’ll wait…until you’re ready again.”

“Allie,” Bea began. “It isn’t about me being ready this time. It’s about you being ready.”

“I am ready.” Allie insisted.
“No, you aren’t.” Bea stated. “You may be mentally ready, but you are not physically ready.” She paused. “I respect you, and your health is my priority. I don’t want you to overexert yourself right now. Waiting is what’s best right now, okay?”

“Okay…” Allie replied. She knew Bea was just looking out for her and it was really sweet, but she didn’t like having to wait until she could have Bea again. Ever since she got that first taste of her lover, she was hooked. “I talked to Mr. Alicio today.” She said, deciding to change subjects.

“Yeah? How is he?”

“He said that he was doing well, and that there was no rush for me to return. But honestly, I can’t wait to go back.”

“What?”

“I can’t wait to get back to work, to get back to Melbourne.”

“You…you’re going back?” Bea asked.

“Yeah. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Well I thought that you’d stay here. With me.”

“Bea, I can’t. My job is in Melbourne. That’s where I live.”

“I don’t want you to go back.” Bea said. “You can stay here; be a lady of leisure. I want you to be with me all the time.”

“That’s not healthy for a new relationship. We can’t be together all the time. It would be nice, but it’s not healthy.” Allie said. “As for being a lady of leisure, I can’t do that. I’ve always supported myself, it’s what I’m used to.”

“Well, get un-used to that.” Bea started with a grin. She slipped from beneath Allie and slightly
leaned over her. “You’re my girl. And if being a lady of leisure is what I want you to be, then you will be it.”

“What if I refuse?”

“I’m sure I can come up with a way to make you change your mind.” Bea leaned down, brushing her lips softly against Allie’s, giving her a soft kiss. “I wouldn’t make you do anything you don’t want to do, just so you know. I’d love to be able to take care of you, but I understand if you don’t roll that way.” She said. “But please, don’t be trying to leave right now. Stay with me for a bit longer.”

“I wasn’t planning on leaving soon.” Allie giggled. “I still have an appointment with Dr. O’Hara in two weeks.”

“Yeah, I know. I was meaning for a bit longer after that.”

“How much longer?”

“Hmm,” Bea pulled her best thinking face, making Allie laugh. “How about for... forever?”

Allie softly smiled. “Bea...”

“I know, it’s not healthy on new relationships... according to you. But I think we’d be just fine.” The redhead gave Allie one more kiss before settling down properly into the bed. “Let’s get some rest. We have a long day tomorrow. Sweet dreams, I love you.”

“I love you too, babe. Good night.” Allie replied. She kissed Bea’s cheek before laying her head down on her girlfriend’s shoulder. “Thank you.”

“What for?”

“For being you.”
It didn’t take long for the couple to fall asleep in each other’s arms. Although being asleep, they were both dreading the court day that was ahead of them.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I apologize for the short wait on this chapter. Chapter 29 will be bit of a longer chapter, so I'm not sure when I'll have it posted. So, please be patient for that update. Thank you! :) 

I hope you all liked this chapter :)
Bea and Allie were sat in a small conference room with Annalise and her assistant, Bonnie. Bea was feeling a bit anxious herself, so she knew Allie was as well. The blonde was most likely feeling a bit more nerves than Bea was. Annalise had told Allie the game plan several times, and Allie was still unsure about everything. She doesn’t even know what she was nervous about. She knew Erica and Joan were both guilty. Maybe it was the thought of either one of them getting away that wrecked her nerves. No matter how many times Annalise told her that everything was going to be fine, she felt otherwise. She knew she shouldn’t doubt the best outcome, but she couldn’t help it. She appreciatively smiled to Bea as the redhead placed a cup of coffee in front of her. It was just after ten in the morning and she didn’t know how long the court day will last, so the extra caffeine was appreciated.

Debbie and Elise was left at home, Bea thought it would be best that they not turn up at the court house with it being a big media day. She didn’t want her mother or daughter getting trampled by the press. Boomer tagged along to the court house, only so that Allie would have extra eyes on her at all times. Bea did have Will drive them all there as well so that he’d just be there if anything were to go wrong.

It wasn’t long later that Allie entered into the courtroom with Annalise and Bonnie on each side of her. She walked with the women to the plaintiff desk. She saw Bea, Boomer, and Will sitting at the very front row. She also saw Dr. O’Hara, wondering what she was doing being present. There weren’t many people in the courtroom at all, as it was a closed court session after all because of the privacy of the moment. There was a jury present simply because it was the defendants’, Erica and Joan, choice to have a jury trial. But it was agreed that the Judge could overrule the jury’s choice. On the left side of the courtroom were two different desks, being occupied by Joan and Erica along with their lawyers. Allie, Annalise, and Bonnie went to their desk, which was on the right side of the courtroom. Allie felt her nerves beginning to rise, her anxiety was hitting the roof due to her being in the same room as the women who were plotting against her. As Annalise was taking out necessary paperwork, Bonnie took it to herself to try to calm Allie.

The judge had entered the room nearly ten minutes later, the Bailiff giving the introduction of the Judge, asking for an ‘all rise’ for the appearance of the Honorable Judge. Everyone had remained standing until the Judge was seated. It was so quiet in the courtroom that a pen could be heard dropping.

“Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.” The Judge began. “Calling the cases of Novak v. Davidson and Novak v. Ferguson. Are both sides ready?”
Erica’s attorney stood up. “We’re ready, Your Honor.”

Joan’s attorney stood next. “Ready, Your Honor.”

Annalise stood after the two others had sat down. “Also ready, Your Honor.”

“Will the clerk please swear in the jury?” The Judge asked.

The court clerk swore in the jury; having them stand and raise their right hands. It wasn’t until all the jurors said “I do” that they were allowed to be seated. After all the jurors were seated, the judge asked for the opening statements to be said.

Erica’s attorney stood up and began walking to area in front of the Judge’s stand and close to the Jury’s seat. “Your Honor and ladies and gentlemen of the jury: my client, the defendant, Erica Davidson, has been charged with conspiring to the attempted murder of Allie Novak. She has pleaded guilty and apologized for the crime she has committed. Also, an additional threatening charge will be added to her charges. Ms. Davidson was not working alone though. She has repeatedly said that she hired Joan Ferguson to kill Ms. Novak. The only proof I have is several phone records being dealt between the two women.” He placed a copy of Erica’s phone records on the Judge’s stand so the Judge could look. “The evidence I presented to you will prove that there was communication between Erica and Joan several times before the day of the attack and once after the attack. I have nothing further to say, Your Honor.”

Once Erica’s attorney sat down, Joan’s attorney took the same walk to give her statement. “Your Honor and ladies and gentlemen of the jury: the defendant, Joan Ferguson, has been accused of a crime she could not have committed. Allie Novak is a serial drug user and she has formerly been a prostitute. Allie Novak is a serial drug user and she is a prostitute-”

“Objection, Your Honor!” Annalise interrupted. “Speculation.”

The Judge sighed. “Sustained.” He said. “No more interruptions during opening statements, Mrs. Keating.”

Joan’s attorney began again. “It is not proven, but Allie Novak is a serial drug user and she has formerly been a prostitute. My client was only doing her job; selling Allie drugs. Drug dealing is a crime, and Joan has admitted to that, but she did not try to murder Allie Novak. Therefore, my client is not guilty.”
Annalise made her way to the Jury’s stand. She knew that directly talking to the Jury made them more comfortable about being in court, instead of standing more near the Judge’s stand. “Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury: my client, Allie Novak, had obtained a deathly hotshot in her home on the morning of October the twenty-first. Yes, it’s true. Allie was a former drug user, she had been clean for two months before she was injected against her will. I have proof of that.” She walked to the Judge’s stand, placing a clear baggy along with a drug test result paper on his stand. “In that baggy is a strand of Allie Novak’s hair that I used for a drug test. Many should know that hair drug testing is far more effective than bloodstream drug testing. In theory, drugs can stay in your hair for one to three months. The results for the hair drug test prove that Allie has been clean for two months before that lethal hotshot. Am I right, Your Honor?” She looked to the Judge.

“You are.” He simply replied.

Annalise smiled, then continued talking. “My client did not buy drugs from Joan Ferguson and she did not do this to herself. Joan Ferguson entered the home for a mere six minutes before she exited, leaving Ms. Novak to die. Erica Davidson has confessed that it was her plan all along; you have the phone records, Erica and Joan had contact with each other. My client has not had any contact with Joan Ferguson whatsoever, she does not know that woman. Here is Allie Novak’s phone records to prove that.” She placed a copy of Allie’s phone records on the Judge’s stand. “It proves that Joan knows Erica and that she was hired to kill Allie. Ms. Ferguson is a liar and my client is not here for doing this to herself with the outcome of almost dying.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Keating.” The Judge said. He looked over the few pieces of evidence in front of him before continuing to talk. “You may call your first witness.”

“We call Erica Davidson to the stand, Your Honor.” Annalise said.

The bailiff guided Erica to the stand so she could be sworn in by the clerk. After being sworn in, she took a seat in the stand and stated her name for record. Once everything was in place, Annalise began her job.

“What is it that you do for a living, Ms. Davidson?” Annalise asked.

“I’m an actress.” Erica responded.

“A well-known one?”

“You could say that, yes.”
“I’m deciding to get right into it. Why did you admit to hiring someone to kill Allie?”

“Not just someone, Joan Ferguson.” Erica corrected. “I admitted that because when I was first taken into questioning, I slipped up by telling the truth to Bea. She got under my skin and then I admitted.”

“What was your reason for wanting this done to Allie?”

“I was jealous.”

“Of Allie?” Annalise asked.

“Of her relationship with Bea.” Erica answered. “I know my relationship with Bea was just a publicity stunt, but overtime I ended up falling in love with her. She was such a cold and closed off person, I wondered how it was even possible for me to love her, but I tried. I wanted nothing more than to have her to myself. So, when I found out about Allie, I was angry. And I did what I did.”

“But you weren’t the only one plotting, were you?”

“No. I hired Joan. I paid Joan.”

“Ah, yes.” Annalise said. “I have proof of that as well.” She walked to her briefcase, pulling out a few sheets of paper and taking them to the Judge. “As you can see, twenty thousand was taken from Erica’s account and then placed into Joan’s several hours later.” She pointed out, then turned back to Erica. “Anyway, she wasn’t the only person in on this little plan, was she?”

“Objection, Your Honor. Speculation.” Erica’s lawyer called out.

“Overruled.” The Judge called out. “Continue.”

“Were you and Joan the only two people that were in on this plan?”
Erica was silent for a moment. “Yes.”

“You’re lying.” Annalise stated. “There was an unlisted phone number that you had contact with quite a few times during the period before Allie’s attack. But I couldn’t track the number because it seems that the person is out of the country at the moment.” She paused. “Wanting to try again? Who is the third person?”

“I have no answer to your question.”

“This person will show up and you’ll be the one proved to be lying, not me. You’re on the stand, not me. I will ask you one more time…who else was there?”

Erica briefly closed her eyes. “There was no one else.”

“Fine then.” Annalise said. “No further questions, Your Honor.” She said as she turned to go back to her table where Allie and Bonnie were.

Joan’s lawyer stood next, she looked completely defeated. “I have no questions, Your Honor.” There was no way she could argue with phone records.

“Since there are no more questions for Ms. Davidson,” He began, looking to Erica. “You may leave the stand.” Once Erica was seated back by her lawyer, the Judge began talking again. “Take five minutes to collect yourselves, I’ll be right back. No one is to leave this courtroom.”

Once the Judge exited out of the courtroom, Allie turned her body. Her eyes found Bea’s. She was so tired of this court session already. She just wanted to be in Bea’s arms right now, not sitting where she was.

“It’ll be okay. I love you.” Bea mouthed.

Allie sadly smiled. “I love you too.” She mouthed back.

Bea smirked. “I love you more.” She mouthed, causing Allie to break out a genuine smile. She
winked to the blonde, silently telling her to stay calm.

Annalise grabbed Allie’s attention back to what was in front of her. She quickly ran through the things that were to come.

The Judge re-entered the room not too longer, taking his place back on the stand. He placed his glasses over his eyes before looking over the paper in front of him.

“The prosecution may call its next witness.” The Judge announced.

“We call Dr. O’Hara to the stand, Your Honor.” Annalise said.

Dr. O’Hara was sworn in and then she had stated her name for court records as she was seated.

“Can you please tell the court your occupation?” Annalise asked.

“I am a doctor at Wentworth Medical Hospital.”

“Thank you. Dr. O’Hara, can you vividly remember the morning Allie Novak was rushed into the trauma center of your hospital?” Annalise asked.

“Yes.” The doctor replied.

“Can you explain to us what you remember?”

“I remember I was coming off a night shift, and it was a rather hectic night at the hospital. I was pretty tired, so I was about to end my shift. That’s when a trauma was rushed in; Allie Novak was given a lethal hotshot. Since I was the closest doctor, I stepped up. It was loud, mainly from so many voices screaming at me at once. I had the girlfriend yelling at me, telling me not to let her die and to do whatever it took to make sure she pulled through. And I had the paramedics telling me her vital signs, among other things.”

“So, you were her doctor throughout everything? Tell the court the medical problems Ms. Novak
“When she was handed off to me, the paramedics had already given her a dose of naloxone to fight against the overdose, but I had to end up giving her two more doses. There was that much drugs in her system. I am honestly surprised she was even alive by the time she got to the hospital, she’s a fighter. Anyway, she developed a problem called acute respiratory syndrome.”

“Tell the jury what that means.” Annalise said before Dr. O’Hara could continue.

“Acute respiratory syndrome is when fluid collects in the lungs, making the patient not able to breathe on their own. That’s what Allie had, she couldn’t breathe on her own. So, I had to intubate her through her trachea, which is just down her throat. She was on an oxygen machine that basically breathed for her through a ventilation mechanism. She was also in a coma for a week, which was very hard to deal with when administering medicine to her. Since I was informed that Allie hadn’t injected herself, I personally examined her body for other needle marks. Finding needle marks is hard, yes. But I started in the more common area; the neck. Which I found a slipped needle mark.” Dr. O’Hara explained. “Not long after she was admitted into the hospital, her heart began to become weak. Her blood pressure and heart rate was steadily dropping, she wasn’t able to handle the stress her body suddenly took on. She had gone into cardiac arrest, but I was able to shock her heart back to a normal rate. She pulled through that as well. I told Bea on several occasions that Allie would be fine, that she would pull through. But to be honest, I wasn’t so sure she would. The amount of heroin I found in her system was enough to kill a horse.” She said. “Allie Novak was housed extra oxygen support during her complete stay at the hospital and even now that she’s been released. She has to carry around an oxygen tank for breathing support, and I’m not sure if that will be a permanent problem or not.” She paused. “I know what I think doesn’t matter in a court of law, but I don’t believe Allie did this to herself. Someone was trying to murder her.”

“Thank you, Dr. O’Hara.” Annalise said. “No further questions, Your Honor.”

“Defense?” The Judge asked.

Joan’s lawyer stood up, approaching the witness stand. “Dr. O’Hara, you would say you’re a fan of Bea Smith, correct?”

“I have watched several of her fights, yes.” The doctor answered.

“Is it possible that she persuaded you to add the found needle mark in Ms. Novak’s neck?”
“Objection!” Annalise yelled. “Misleading!”

“Overruled.” The Judge said. “Answer the question, Dr. O’Hara.”

“It is impossible.”

“Why?”

“Because I had no direct contact with Bea Smith while the paramedics were updating me on the situation. The only contact I had with Bea was after I treated Allie. That’s when I informed Bea of the found needle mark.”

“Could you have added the needle mark to the victim’s neck on your own accord?” Joan’s lawyer asked.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“The mark I found was a slipped needle mark. Meaning, it wasn’t a neat and clean entry wound. There was obviously some struggle; perhaps Allie trying to get away.”

“But you’re a doctor. You can make anything look the way you want it to.”

“That is true, to a certain point.” Dr. O’Hara said, getting annoyed by the lawyer.

Joan’s lawyer studied Dr. O’Hara for a moment before speaking. “No further questions, Your Honor.”

“Call your next witness, Mrs. Keating.” The Judge ordered.
“Before I call Joan to the stand, I would like to present to you this Psychological Evaluation performed on Joan by Bridget Westfall.” Annalise said as she walked to the Judge to give him the paperwork.

“Interesting.” He said after a moment he took to look over the paperwork. “Bring Joan to the stand.” He ordered.

Once Joan was sworn in, Annalise began.

“Joan, the morning I met you, you said you knew Allie because you were her drug dealer. Is that correct?” Annalise asked. Hearing Allie huff, she turned to look at the blonde over her shoulder, giving her a look that told her to be quiet.

“I would like to know what my paperwork says.” Joan said.

“Answer the question, Joan.”

“Not until I get to know what was said about me.” Joan insisted.

Annalise sighed. “To sum it up, you’re basically not all there. You are a psycho and demented. You have traits that are considered not good.” She said. “You have plenty of brain, but no common sense.” She took a moment to study the woman, seeing that she was mumbling. “Who are you talking to? Your deceased father?”

Joan’s eyes shot up towards Annalise. “You know nothing.” She spat.

“I know you spent countless days at a mental institution in your child years. I know your now deceased father manipulated you. He got you to do things that you didn’t think you were capable of, but you were. You are—”

“Objection!” Joan’s lawyer shouted with interruption. “Hearsay!”

“Sustained.” The Judge said. “Mrs. Keating, do you have proof of the allegations you are speaking of?”
“No, Your Honor. But-”

“No, buts. Cut it out and continue your job, or I will end this trial right now.” The Judge sternly said.

Annalise cleared her throat and straightened out her suit jacket. “I apologize, Ms. Ferguson.” She said. “You claim that you were Allie’s drug dealer, correct?”

“Correct.”

“Yet, the only people on Allie’s phone records would be to her partner, her employer in Melbourne, a friend in Melbourne, and her partner’s daughter.” Annalise pointed out, asking the Judge that Allie’s phone records be put into evidence. “Furthermore, Allie does not even live here in Sydney. She was only supposed to be here for a few days to visit. She is from Melbourne. Tell me, why would she have a Sydney drug dealer while living in Melbourne? You’ve lived here all your life, she doesn’t know you.”

Joan was staring blankly ahead of her.

“Joan?” Annalise called out. “Can you answer that question?”

Joan blinked a few times. “I’m sorry. What?”

Annalise dropped her arms to her sides, letting out a sigh. She looked to the jury. “Incompetent.” She then looked to the Judge. “Your Honor, I cannot continue if she is not mentally stable enough.”

“Ms. Ferguson, are you okay to continue?” The Judge asked.

“I’m perfectly fine to continue.” Joan answered.

When given the instruction to do so, Annalise continued. “I personally did a police record search on you, and what I found was weird.” She said. “Pretty much everything was erased from your
record, except a locked restraining order. Can you tell me what that is about?"

“I do not wish to explain.”

“Your Honor, she is not cooperating.” Annalise said, annoyance to her voice.

“She is the defendant, she does not have to answer any question she doesn’t feel comfortable with.”

“If she was so uncomfortable, then she shouldn’t have gotten sworn in. By law, she is required to answer any question I have since she is on the stand.” Annalise said.

The Judge sighed. “Answer the question, Ms. Ferguson.”

Joan looked to the judge and then back to Annalise. “I had a secret relationship with a woman who was pregnant years ago. Where I lived, that sort of thing was uncalled for. After she had her baby, she killed herself because of what people were saying about her. She didn’t like it, she couldn’t handle it.” She paused. “Her parents got custody of the baby, then put a restraining order on me. Why they put a restraining order on me you may ask? Because I wanted to be in that baby’s life, it was the least I could do. They saw me as a threat because I would randomly show up. They didn’t like that.”

“Now that I’ve got your attention,” Annalise began. “How did you sell—”

“Now, let me ask you a question. It’s only fair.” Joan interrupted.

“We’re not playing a game, Joan. This is court, and you’re on the stand.” Annalise replied.

Ignoring what Annalise said, Joan began talking. “Why hasn’t anyone suspected of Bea Smith for trying to kill Allie Novak? Is it because she’s some big, famous woman? Well, I think Bea should be the prime suspect.”

“What the fuck!?” Annalise heard Bea shout. She turned around to see Bea now standing, her face etched with rage. She gave the redhead a look, telling her to sit down and to calm herself.
“May I ask why you think Bea should be a suspect?” Annalise asked.

Joan grinned, thinking she now had the upper-hand. “Bea was absent from her home for at least thirty-five minutes that morning. She could be the one who planned it all along.”

Annalise looked over her shoulder to Allie, giving her a smile. As she turned to look back a Joan, her smile only grew. “Joan, you were only questioned about this whole situation one time. Not once, did anyone mention to you how long Bea was gone from her home. The only video footage you have seen was of you entering the home of Bea Smith the morning Allie was attacked. Tell me, Joan, how did you know of the time frame that Bea was gone?” She watched as Joan’s face fell. “The only way you’d know is if you were there to watch. I mean, how else would you know when to enter the home to try to kill Allie?”

“No…” Joan muttered.

“Your Honor, she spoke of matter that was in strict confidentiality.” Annalise said. “Only the detectives on the case and I knew of the time frame that Bea was absent from her home that morning. Not even Joan’s lawyer knew of the time.”

“Is that true, Mrs. Baker?” The Judge asked Joan’s lawyer.

The lawyer defeatedly stood up from her sitting position. “It’s true, Your Honor. I was never informed of the time frame.”

“No!” Joan yelled.

Bea watched as Joan stood from the witness stand. Her eyes followed the woman’s line of sight, landing directly on Allie. As Joan hurried off the stand and made her way to Allie, Bea jumped up from her seat and ran to the front of the courtroom where Allie was. She jumped over the barrier, placing herself protectively in front of Allie. She held herself strong for that impact, but it never came. An officer grabbed Joan before she had even made it close to Allie.

“Get her out of my courtroom!” The Judge ordered, his voice straining from the yell.

The few officers worked together to escort a yelling and thrashing Joan out of the courtroom.
Once the woman was gone, Bea turned to Allie. She pulled the blonde up into a hug. She hugged her tight, incorporating to her that it was okay...that it was over. When she pulled back, she ran her thumb over Allie’s cheek. She then noticed that Will was standing beside her too. Bea gave him a smile, silently thanking him for also coming to stand to protect the blonde.

The Judge ordered for everyone to return to their seats, so Bea had given Allie a soft kiss before returning to her seat.

“Excuse my language,” The Judge began. “But can you tell me what the hell that was all about, Mrs. Keating?!”

Annalise stood up. “Joan couldn’t handle the pressure, Your Honor. She knows she is guilty. She thought she had the upper-hand by saying what she had said, but it had only dug her in deep. Joan felt out of control. So, she reacted the only way she knew how to; in an attempted attack.” She paused, thinking of her next words carefully. “Which is the same reason she attacked my paralegal, Frank. He went to her, doing his job, and asked her a few simple questions. She freaked out, felt threatened, and attacked him.” She said. “Joan is a psychopath. She is intelligent, but yet she has a small brain. She speaks before she thinks. She runs on impulse most of the time.”

The Judge ran the back of his hand across his forehead, looking over the paper in his hand. “I need to hear from a couple more people before I further this case.” He said. “I’ll be making the final decision on this one, not the jury.”

Annalise nodded her head. “Who are you needing to hear from, Your Honor?”

“The first person is Frank Delfino.” He answered.

Annalise’s paralegal was sworn in and was seated on the witness stand.

“Mr. Delfino, can you tell me about your encounter with Joan Ferguson the night she was arrested?” The Judge asked.

“I was just doing my job.” Frank replied. “I know it isn’t customary to go to a given address late at night, but that’s when I’m used to working, ya know. I was just going to go around to the address given to check it out. I wasn’t planning on talking to anyone. But after checking in on Annalise, I saw Joan entering her home. I thought it was okay to approach her, so I did. I asked her a few simple questions, and she turned aggressive. She attacked me, I defended myself.”
“I see here that you were in the hospital for observation, correct?” He asked after reading some things on Frank’s hospital papers.

“That’s correct.”

“How did you defend yourself?”

“I hit her across the head with the wine bottle she had, I’m guessing, just bought. It knocked her out long enough for me to call the police. When they showed up, she began freaking out so they had to sedate her.” Frank said, being pleased with himself that he lied so professionally on the stand.

Bea knew it was all a lie, but she didn’t care. Joan was guilty of her crime, and she didn’t care what was said as long Joan was put away.

“Thank you, Frank. I do have on record where it says that Joan had to be sedated.” He said. “You may leave the stand. The next person I want to hear from is Allie Novak.”

Allie looked to Annalise, making sure it was okay.

“It’s okay. You’ll be fine.” Annalise said, knowing exactly what Allie was thinking.

Allie was escorted to the stand, sworn in, and was helped onto the stand. Allie gazed over to Bea, who was already looking her way with the utmost concern washed over her face. She gave a small smile before concentrating on what was happening in front of her.

“Ms. Novak, can you tell me all what you remember of the attack?” The Judge asked.

Allie nodded her head, but then realized she needed to voice her words. “Yes.” She said, taking a small pause to gather her thoughts before she continued. “I remember waking up that morning completely happy. Before it was very rare that I had a smile on my face, but now it seems that it just never goes away.” She looked to Bea, letting her know that she was the reason for her happiness. “I was woken up by my partner, we were both happy. We talked for a little bit before she got up. She had wanted to go for a run, and as much as I didn’t want her to, I let her go anyway. She had been gone for maybe five minutes when I finally got out of bed to start getting ready because when she was to return, we were going to go have breakfast somewhere.” She explained. “I had just finished brushing my teeth when…when, uh…when I looked up into the
mirror. There was…Joan…standing behind me. I didn’t even have the time to scream out or move, as she was grabbing me and covering my mouth. She was wearing these leather gloves that absolutely hurt my face skin from where she was holding me and she was wearing all black with her hair in a bun. I was absolutely terrified. The last thing I clearly remember is being pushed down over the sink counter and a rag getting shoved into my mouth. Then everything sort of…faded. The next thing I know, I’m waking up choking in a hospital because a tube was down my throat to help me breathe.” Allie didn’t even realize she had been crying during her telling her part of the story, so when she was being handed some tissue from the clerk, it took her a few seconds to realize what they were for. She gratefully accepted them and wiped her eyes.

“Thank you, Ms. Novak. You answered my second question in your sum of the story, so I’ll let you go on back to your seat with your lawyer.” The Judge said. He watched as Allie made her way, oxygen tank in hand, to sit back with Annalise. “I’m giving a thirty minute break so I can come up with a decision. I wouldn’t suggest leaving the courtroom due to the amount of media personnel that is gathered out there, but if you really do need to step out for some reason, then so be it.” He slammed his gavel against the block before standing to leave.

Allie was really worried and nervous. She knew Joan’s outburst was something that would be taken against the woman, but she couldn’t help but worry that everything was set out to be against her. Never in her life had anything gone in her favor, so why would this moment be any different for her? She just wanted everything to be back to normal. Was it really too much to ask for her and Bea to be left alone? She wanted her life to be able to grow with Bea in it, not for them to always have problems. But as she thought about it, every relationship came at a consequence. Obviously, her relationship with Bea came with a huge consequence, but she’d do it again. That didn’t make her crazy, did it? Or was it just love?

Bea, on the other hand, couldn’t help but think that it was all her fault. If she had just kept herself at a distance like she always did with people, then none of this would be happening to her beautiful blonde. But she would still be unhappy if she hadn’t let Allie in. She was the happiest she’s ever been, really. And that was all because of Allie. She truly felt for the blonde; everything she’s been through has been complete hell. Bea made it in her best interest to make sure that only good things were to happen from here on out. She watched as the judge made his way back into the courtroom, taking his place on the stand. She clasped her own hands together in her lap, squeezing tight. She looked down at the sudden intrusion, finding Boomer’s hand trying to relax her tight hold. She loosened her hands, grabbing ahold of Boomer’s hand with her own. Bea then looked up into the puppy eyes that belonged to Boomer.

“It’ll be right. It has to be.” Boomer whispered. “I’ve only known her for a short time, but I really like her. I do. And I’ll do whatever it takes to protect the both of you’s.”

Bea softly smiled. “Thanks, Booms.” She turned her attention back to the front of the courtroom.

The Judge softly shook his head. “There’s nothing I can really say. The whole truth is right in front of me; Erica planned the attack on Allie, hired Joan to do her dirty work, and Joan followed through because of the amount of money she received.” He said, taking a deep breath before
continuing. “I’m charging Erica Davidson with accessory to attempted murder, she will serve twelve years in prison with the possibility of parole after ten years served. I’m charging Joan Ferguson with attempted murder, attacking a civilian who was doing his job, and contempt of court. Joan will serve twenty-three years in prison without parole. And I’m ordering for her to serve her sentence in the psych wing of prison with a daily prescription of psychotics be administered to her.” He looked to Allie. “I’m sorry for the things you have endured from the two other women who were here today. Which is why I have decided on something rare. I’m ordering that you be given a $200,000 settlement. I know money won’t solve your internal conflicts you may now have, but it’ll help you a lot with whatever medical or lawyer fees you have.” He paused. “The jury is thanked and excused. Court is adjourned.” He said before he banged his gavel.

As soon as court was dismissed, Allie pulled Annalise into a hug. Annalise doesn’t do hugs, but she let it slide this one time. After all, Allie was a hard person to reject. She now understood why Bea fell for the blonde woman.

“Since the Judge himself ordered for a settlement, then you’ll probably be receiving that in just a couple weeks.” Annalise said as Allie finally pulled away.

“I don’t even want the money.” Allie replied, shaking her head.

Annalise began packing her things up. “Accept it anyway. You might need it one day.”

“Thank you so much, Annalise. You don’t know how relieved I feel.”

“Don’t thank me.” Annalise said. “I was just doing my job.” She grinned. “But you’re welcome.” She looked over Allie’s shoulder to Bea. “I’ll be calling you as soon as I get information about the settlement. Now, let’s go before your girlfriend rips my head off.”

Allie laughed, turning to look at Bea. She instinctively began walking towards her girl, wanting nothing more than to be wrapped up in her arms. As she reached the redhead, their arms were wrapped around each other in a tight hug. Allie tucked her face into Bea’s neck, inhaling the scent that was uniquely Bea. She lifted her head up, wasting no time in pressing her lips to her lover’s. Bea pulled back first, using her hands to clasp on each side of Allie’s face, keeping her face close. She smiled lovingly at the blonde.

“I love you so much.” The redhead breathed out.
Allie returned the smile. “I love you too.”

She gave Allie one more kiss before turning her head to where Erica was being escorted out of the courtroom in handcuffs. She was relieved that this was finally all over, but then she remembered how Annalise kept insisting that there was another person to all of this. Making a mental note to ask the woman about that later, she pushed the thoughts aside as she looked back to Allie.

“You ready to get out of here?” Bea asked Allie.

“I’m dying to get out of here.” The blonde replied with a chuckle.

“There’s going to be a lot of press out there. Are you sure you’re ready?”

“With you by my side, I’m ready for anything.” Allie smiled.

Bea grabbed Allie’s oxygen tank to carry it for her. She then wrapped her free arm around the blonde’s waist as they walked to the exit of the courtroom; she was ready to be home. On the other side of Allie was Boomer and Will walked behind them. Walking in front of them was Annalise and Bonnie, as they would be the ones to address the press if they wanted. Before they exited the courtroom, they were stopped by Dr. O’Hara.

“I’m glad things went in your favor this morning. It would have been completely wrong if things went the other way around.” The doctor stated. “Anyway, make sure you’re taking it easy and I’ll see you soon for your check up.”

“Thank you, Dr. O’Hara.” Allie replied.

Dr. O’Hara smiled in response and was getting ready to walk off, but Bea stopped her with a gentle hand on her arm.

“Really, thank you.” Bea said. “You manage to get a flight to the States for the UFC event I’m fighting in, and I’ll make sure you have a couple VIP passes for you.”

“Seriously?”
“Absolutely.” Bea responded. “Just let me know if you are willing to go.”

“I don’t think I could pass up an opportunity like that. But I’ll let you know for sure.”

The women said their goodbye’s and headed out of the courtroom. Just as Bea expected, the press was lined up at the end of hall waiting for their departure. As they exited the building, large video cameras were trying to get a clear view of Bea and Allie and sounds of camera shutters were going off. The press personnel were shouting questions at them. It was so many questions that Bea even had a hard time trying to decipher which questions belonged to who. But as they made their way further into the parking lot, Bea figured that Annalise didn’t want to say anything to the press given she hadn’t said anything to them about the court case. Bea kept her arm wrapped securely around Allie’s waist as they continued to the car, not wanting to let her go. She looked at Boomer from the corner of her eye, smiling to herself as she watched the woman holding her arm out so the press couldn’t get very close to them. Will was also behind them, making sure everyone kept their distance.

Once they reached the car, Bea helped Allie into the backseat and placed the oxygen tank between her feet before heading around the car to get into the backseat as well. Will was driving and Boomer was in the passenger seat. As Will began driving, Bea reached over to hold Allie’s hand with her own.

Bea, Allie, and Boomer had been dropped off by Will not too long later. They were just getting ready to enter into the home when the door promptly popped open, a concerned looking Debbie and Elise were standing just in the doorway.

“What happened? How did it go?” Debbie immediately asked.

“Let’s go inside, and we’ll talk.” Bea replied.

“Oh, no.” Elise said, bringing her hand up to cover her mouth. “The Judge called for a re-trial, didn’t he?”

“We’ll talk inside.” Bea repeated.

The five women gathered in the living room, Debbie and Elise patiently waiting for answers.

Bea inhaled deeply. “The trial started okay, but things began to kind of get out of control.” She
said. “But Allie’s lawyer came out on top. Erica got twelve years in prison with possible parole after ten. Joan got twenty-three years in the psych wing of prison without parole.”

“Hot damn!” Elise exclaimed.

“The bitch should have got life, but I’m glad she’ll be gone for a while.” Debbie said, making her way to Allie to give her a hug. “I’m happy this is all over, mama. Are you okay?”

Mama. Allie’s heart practically leapt out of her chest. “With all the support I have, I’m perfectly okay.”

“We should go out for a celebratory dinner.” Elise suggested.

“I’d rather stay in if that’s okay.” Allie replied. “I’m pretty tired.”

“I’ll order pizza for dinner.” Bea spoke up. “That okay, mum?”

“It’s quite alright with me. No complaints here.” Her mum replied.

“Pizza it is.” Bea stood up from the sofa, holding her hand out for Allie. “Come on, let’s get you into bed for a nap.”

Allie accepted Bea’s offered hand and stood up. She gave Debbie, Boomer, and Elise a hug before letting Bea lead her up the stairs to the bedroom. Once in the bedroom, Bea helped Allie change out of her court clothes and into something more comfortable. She tucked the blonde into the bed, making sure she was comfortable. Bea rubbed her nose against Allie’s, making her smile. It was exactly what she needed to see. She gave her a kiss before announcing that she was going to make a few phone calls, then she exited the room.

The rest of the day went by quickly. For the most part, the five women had lazed around in the living room while watching movies and eating the pizza that Bea had ordered. Bea and Allie had just gotten out of the shower, and were now laying in bed getting ready to go to sleep. Bea was
the big spoon, holding Allie close. Bea had thought Allie was sleeping because of her mellowed breathing, but she thought wrong as the blonde suddenly turned over and they were now facing each other.

“Bea.” Allie said.

“Hmm?”

“I want you to have the settlement.”

The statement made Bea pop open her eyes. “No. It’s yours. You keep it.”

“I told you that I wanted to pay you back for everything.” Allie said. “So, I’m going to give it to you.”

“You want to pay me back?” Bea asked, continuing when Allie let out a very insisting ‘yes’. “Then stay with me. Don’t go back to Melbourne.”

“Bea…” Allie trailed off.

“I’m serious, Allie. I want you to stay with me.”

“I do too, but not right now. I’ve just started working for Mr. Alicio, I want to hold onto that for a little while longer. Please?”

“I wouldn’t force you to do anything you don’t want to do. Whenever you’re ready, I’ll be ready too.”

“Thank you.” Allie whispered into the air between them.

“Don’t thank me. Now, come here.” Bea pulled Allie close, but made sure that the blonde’s nasal cannula was still intact.
“I still want you to have the settlement though.” Allie said after it had been quiet for a moment.

Bea groaned. “I don’t want it. It’s yours. Save it, you might need it someday.”

“That’s what Annalise said.” The blonde pointed out. “I don’t even know what to do with it.”

“When the time comes, you’ll know exactly what to do with it.”

Allie thought for a moment. “I could help with Deb’s Uni fees.”


“I love you too, babe. Good night.”

Ten minutes had passed and Allie was still awake. She couldn’t stop thinking about her large settlement she’d be receiving. She’s never had that much money before, she doesn’t know what to do with it. Her mind began drifting away from the thought of the money and to how happy she was that everything was finally over with. She felt as though a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders. But she honestly doesn’t think she would have even been able to do it without Bea by her side. And Annalise as well; that woman had definitely fought hard in her corner. She was all around happy with the support system she had from her growing family.

Allie softly smiled to herself. “I’m so happy.” She whispered into the quiet bedroom.

“Me too.” Came the raspy reply from Bea, along with the slight squeeze of her arms around Allie’s waist.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I really hope you liked this chapter :)

I think updates will be coming once a week from now on. My free time has been
taken up by my new little side job. I'm sorry. I know you all liked the few updates I
used to do every week, but time has gotten away from me. And I really needed this
side job :)

A week had gone by since Allie had been to court, and things seemed to be going well so far. Nothing out of the ordinary happened. Their lives were almost...perfect. Bea would leave in the mornings to attend her training, no matter how much she didn’t want to leave. She’d spend up to five hours at her gym before heading back home. And, for the past week, she brought home flowers for Allie every day. Each day had been a different flower that she brought. It was something simple, but it seriously made Allie fall more in love with the redhead. Allie had been taking it easy like her doctor told her to. It was hard not to do everything for herself, but she knew she wanted to get better soon. Just a couple days ago, she and Bea were laying in bed and they almost went all the way from what started out as a hot make out session, but when Allie had let out a loud moan, it stopped Bea right in her tracks. Bea had begun saying that they needed to wait, that Allie needed to be physically better before they returned to that milestone again. Ever since their first time, Allie had been craving to touch the redhead. She was dying to feel Bea lose herself, it was all she really thought about. Hell, it was hard to believe that it’s been almost a month since their first time.

Bea was woken up by the sunlight peering in through the bedroom blinds. She blinked her eyes a few times to let her sight adjust to the dim light. She felt goose bumps rise on her skin and her spine trickle with a chill when she felt Allie breathing on her neck. She was laying on her stomach and Allie was practically thrown over her. She turned her body over to get a full look at Allie. As she moved to her side, she watched Allie screw her face up in a scowl and then let out a groan. Apparently, the blonde had been comfortable. Bea smiled softly when Allie retreated to laying on her back, her arms flying up above her head. She didn’t mean to make Allie move, but she needed to get up anyway. She had to get to the gym within an hour for the team meeting. Just the previous night, Derek had returned from his family vacation and he had set up a last minute meeting. Bea had no idea what it could be about. She finished all her missed promo work, so that couldn’t be it. Maybe he just wanted to check on progress, or whatever. She didn’t really care anyway.

Bea brought her hand up, settling Allie’s nasal cannula back into her nose as it slipped out just a bit. She hated that her girlfriend had to sleep with it on or deal with it at all, but knew it was for her own good. She leaned over, gently kissing Allie on the lips. She kissed across the blonde’s jawline and down her neck until she woke up. Bea honestly got lost in the moment during her kiss attack on Allie’s neck, that she hadn’t even realized she was gently sucking on her neck until she felt hands holding her in place and hear Allie moan.

“Fuck, Bea.” Allie moaned. “You can’t wake me up like that and not expect to finish the job.”
“Sorry.” Bea replied with a chuckle as she pulled back. “I got a little carried away. I love your neck.”

“Don’t be sorry. It was nice. It’d be nicer if you were to finish what you started…” She smirked.

“I want to…so bad. But-”

“But you want me to be physically ready.” Allie interrupted. “I know.”

Bea brought her hand up, caressing Allie’s cheek. “Hey, I don’t want you to think that I don’t want you. Because I do.” She assured. “I just want for you to be able to…keep up. Per se.” She grinned.

Allie let out a small laugh. “If you think this nasal cannula crap is gonna stop me from keeping up, then you have no idea who you’re talking to. I’d still be able to rock your world if all my fingers were broken.” She leaned forward, gently licking her tongue across Bea’s lips to insinuate her point.

Bea tried to keep the smile off her face, but she couldn’t. She softly shook her head, deciding to change the topic. “I have to start getting ready.”

“For what? Where are you going?”

“I have a meeting to go to. It was last minute planned, but I can’t miss it.” Bea replied. “I know it was my day off and we were going to spend it together, but I won’t be long. I promise.”

“Can I go with you?”

“Why?” Bea asked. “I mean, I don’t mind. But why would you want to sit through a boring meeting?”

“Because I want to be with you. And I don’t want to have to stay in this house for another day.”
Bea smiled, her girlfriend was completely adorable. “If you’re really wanting to go with me, then I’m not going to stop you.”

“Good.” Allie grinned, throwing the blankets off her body so she could get out of the bed. “Because I’m going.”

The two women got ready within twenty minutes, as it didn’t take them very long. Allie didn’t even bother with make-up, she didn’t need it. The blonde had thrown her hair up into a ponytail after brushing her teeth and put on jeans with a loose tee shirt. Bea had done the same thing, except she left her hair down and put on her favorite white v-neck shirt with her jeans.

About fifteen minutes later, Bea and Allie reached the gym. Before getting out of her red sports car, Bea looked around the parking lot. She noticed that her team was already there; Maxine, Kev, Wes, Nate, Jason, and Fred. Everyone, except Derek. She figured that he was just running late. He just returned home from vacation after all, so she didn’t think too much about it. Getting out of her car, she headed around the vehicle to help Allie out. She accepted the oxygen tank from Allie’s hands as the blonde got out of the car. Once Allie was out, she took the tank from Bea’s hands. Bea tried telling her that she didn’t mind carrying it for her, but Allie was pretty adamant about carrying it herself. Deciding to let Allie do it herself, the redhead didn’t say anything further. After she locked her car up, she placed her hand on Allie’s lower back to help guide her to the front entrance of the gym.

As they entered the gym, Bea saw that everyone was already waiting up in the conference room, so she and Allie went into that direction. Walking into the conference room, Bea greeted everyone as Allie sat down in one of the chairs. Maxine gave Allie a hug and the rest of the guys from Bea’s team said their hello’s to Allie and asked how she was doing. To which Allie replied with saying that she was doing great.

Bea watched as Allie had a conversation with Maxine, loving how the blonde seemed to just fit in. she glanced up to the clock that was hanging on the wall, and rolled her eyes. Derek was twenty minutes late. If there’s one thing that Bea hates, it’s people who are never on time. He called the meeting for a certain time, so he should’ve been here. Bea was tempted to call him to see where he was, but something in the corner of her eye caught her attention; Derek walking in through the entrance.

“Sorry, I’m late.” Derek announced as he walked into the conference room. “There was some problems I had to deal with at home.”

Allie’s ears perked up to the sound of that voice at the same time her heart dropped into her stomach. She knew that voice, she swore she did. But she couldn’t put her finger on it. She was almost afraid to look in the direction the voice was coming from. Allie willed herself anyway, and she looked up to see the man she never thought she’d ever see again. She felt the color drain from her face.
“Oh, my god…” Allie mumbled to herself, not expecting anyone to have heard her. But she should’ve known that her girlfriend was very alert when it came to her.

“What?” Bea asked, looking to her girlfriend. She saw how wide Allie’s eyes were and how she looked as white as a ghost. She immediately wrapped an arm around her girlfriend’s shoulders. “Are you okay? Do you feel sick?”

“I…I’m going to throw-up.” Allie jumped up from her chair and hurriedly exited the conference room.

Bea looked at the shocked faces of her team, and apologized before standing up to go after Allie. When she exited the conference room, she saw Allie pacing by the caged octagon ring with her hand in her hair. Bea cautiously walked up to the blonde, not wanting to frighten her.

“Allie…what’s wrong?” Bea asked.

“Wh-why is that man here?” Allie asked, her voice coming out in a jumpy manner.

“Who?” Bea studied the blonde, taking note of her nervous appearance. “Babe, who are you talking about? What man?”

“That man in the gray suit in there.” She pointed towards the conference room.

“Derek? He’s my founder. He’s like my manager.” Bea replied. “Hey, what’s going on?”

“Oh, fuck.” Allie choked out a sob.

“Baby…” Bea wrapped her arms around Allie, holding her tight. “I don’t understand. What’s wrong? Talk to me.”

“He…he owns a brothel, Bea. I used to do most of my work for him. He’s Golden Showers. He…he was terrible.”
Bea slightly pulled back from Allie, looking her in the face. “He’s the man you were telling me about?” When Allie nodded her head, Bea grew angry. The puzzle was finally complete. “He’s fucking dead!”

“Bea, no.” Allie grabbed Bea’s arm, not letting her walk away. “Please, don’t.”

“Allie, you don’t get it. He’s the third person!”

“What?”

“He, Derek, he’s the third person. He knows you! He told Erica!” Not giving Allie the time of day to reply, she pulled her arm from the blonde’s hold and marched back to the conference room. She eyed Derek as she spoke. “Maxine, go stand with Allie, please. The rest of you, get out!”

“We have a-” Kev began, but was interrupted by Bea.

“Out! Now!”

Everyone began walking to exit the conference room, including Derek. As soon as Derek was close enough, Bea grabbed his tie and yanked him close.

“You stay.” She sneered.

Once everyone was out of the room, she slammed the door shut and locked it.

“Bea, what are you-” Derek began, but was hushed by Bea slamming him into the nearest the wall.

With her fist tightly holding his tie in her hand, she used her forearm to press against his throat.

“You don’t get to talk, you fucking shithead.” Bea growled. “You’re the third person.”
“I’m sorry. I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Bea pressed her forearm tighter against Derek’s throat. “Allie used to work for you in the brothel you own.”

Derek slyly grinned. “I knew I recognized her.” He chuckled. “She’s a good root, ain’t she?”

Bea pulled Derek off the wall, only to slam him back against it. “You shut the fuck up!” She spat. “You told Erica about Allie. That’s the only way she knew about Allie’s past. You two were always so close anyway, so you didn’t have a problem running ya little mouth. Why did you do it?”

Derek laughed. “It was just a little bit of gossip. No harm done.”

Bea replaced her forearm with her hand, using her thumb and middle finger to dig into his neck, trying her best to cut off his oxygen supply. “You tell me the truth, or I’ll fucking kill you! I won’t think twice about it either.”

The balding man tried his best to remove Bea’s hand, but it was pointless. As Bea squeezed tighter, Derek’s face turned red. Bea didn’t care, she was going to kill this man if he didn’t talk.

“I’ll talk.” He finally croaked out.

Bea loosened her grip from his neck, but still kept her hand placed where it was.

“I saw the picture of you and Allie from that footy match you two went to.” Derek began. “I knew immediately who she was. Erica called me, I didn’t call her. She was ranting and raving about you, so I told her that I knew the woman you were with. Allie escaped the brothel, so yes, I was mad. She cost me a fortune when she left! I told Erica everything I knew about Allie, then Erica told me her plan.” He explained. “I was down with it.” He grinned. “After all, she’s a dirty little whore that got what she deserved.”

“You fucking pig!” Bea yelled. “You ruined her life! Do you see what she has to carry around with her? An oxygen tank!” She regripped his throat, but with both hands this time. “I’m going to show you exactly how it feels to not be able to breathe on your own.”
As she squeezed on Derek’s throat, she heard pounding on the conference room door along with Kev’s voice sounding through.

“Bea! What are you doing? Open this door!” Kev yelled through the door.

But Bea ignored him. She was having great pleasure in watching this useless man turn blue. She squeezed tighter, doing her best to cut off airflow. It was apart of her combat approach, so she knew what she was doing. Bea was too focused on the task at hand that she didn’t even hear the conference room door being broke through until she felt several pairs of arms around her. Kev was trying to pull her away from Derek and Nate was trying to remove her hands from around Derek’s throat. The two men had managed to do exactly that in no time. Kev lifted a thrashing Bea into the air, moving her as far away from Derek as possible. Derek fell to the ground, gasping for air as he choked.

“You are fired!” Bea yelled. “So fucking fired!”

“Bea!” Kev wrestled Bea to the ground, using his weight to hold her there so she couldn’t get up. It was a struggle, but he was managing. “What is going on?”

“You can’t fire me. We have a contract.” Derek responded with a strained voice.

“Fuck you and the contract, you piece of shit!” Bea tried her best to get from under Kev, but she couldn’t. “You are fired!”

“No one can do my job.”

“Kev, get off me! He deserves to die!” Bea yelled. Her anger suddenly turned into tears. “Get...off...me...”

“Are you going to calm down?” Kev asked.

“No, I can’t calm down as long as he’s in my sight!”

“Nate, get Derek out of here.” Kev said.
Kev waited until Nate returned with saying that Derek was driving out of the parking lot before releasing Bea. The redhead sat up, her hands coming up to her face. Kev made sure to stay beside Bea.

“Where’s Allie?” Bea asked into her hands.

“Maxine is with her in the office.” Nate replied.

“Can you tell me what that was about?” Kev asked. “That man signs our paychecks. You can’t go attacking him.”

“He doesn’t do shit anymore.” Bea responded.

“What’s going on? What did I miss?”

With teary, red eyes, Bea looked to Kev. “He owns a brothel in Melbourne. Allie used to work for him.” She said. “He’s done terrible shit to her. The things that recently happened to her is because of him.” She paused. “So, was I just going to overlook that shit because he’s my boss? Fuck no. I don’t give a fuck who he is. I was going to do something about it.”

“Why won’t you call the police?” Nate asked.

“I have no proof.” Bea defeatedly shook her head. “I have to call Annalise.”

“Won’t you go check on Allie first?” Kev suggested.

Bea agreed and made her way towards the office where Allie was being comforted by Maxine. She entered into the office, seeing that Allie was wiping her tears away with a wet paper towel. Maxine sent the redhead a sympathetic smile before getting up from her position beside Allie and exiting to give the two women some privacy.

“Allie.” Bea said after Maxine left, trying to grab the blonde’s attention. “Baby, I’m sorry.” Scared blue eyes looked up to Bea, breaking the redhead’s heart even more. “I’m so sorry.” She repeated.
“Bea…” Allie trailed off, her eyes welling up with more tears.

“I didn’t know.” Bea began. “I didn’t know he was the person you told me about before. I didn’t know that he owns a brothel, I didn’t know he does the things he does. I’m sorry.”

“What are you sorry about?”

Bea sat next to Allie, wrapping her arms around her. “I’m sorry you had to see him. I’m sorry that you thought this was all over. I’m sorry you’re being dragged further into this hole. I told you… being with me could get you hurt. You don’t deserve this…”

“Don’t you start that.” Allie sternly said. “Don’t you try pushing me away. We’re in this together. Those are your words. I’m right where I want to be.” She leaned into Bea’s body. “I hate that I saw him and that he’s your founder, but we’ll get through this. What happens now?”

Bea sighed. “We could…run away together. To somewhere nobody knows my name. Leave this place in the dust and just have each other.”

Allie giggled. “That’s a bit drastic, don’t ya think?” She asked. “We don’t need to do any running away. We’ll be okay.”

“Are you okay?”

“I don’t know.” Allie said with a shake of her head. “Seeing him brought back terrible memories. And for a moment there it felt as if I was back on the streets and he was just there to collect me to take me back to the brothel. I thought the worst when I saw him. I never thought that he could’ve been your founder. I freaked out.” She wiped at her eyes again before turning her head to look at Bea. “What did you do to him?”

Bea scoffed. “Not enough.” Seeing Allie furrow her brows, she decided to tell her. “I slammed him against the wall and demanded that he tell me everything. He told me some, but I don’t think it was everything. He said something about you that made me see red, so I…I started choking him. With my bare hands, just squeezing as tight as I could. I watched as his face drained color and turned blue. It took Kev and Nate to get me off him. They broke down the door to get to me.” She said. “I wanted to kill him. I probably would have if Kev and Nate didn’t get to me.”
“Bea, you shouldn’t have done that.”

“Yes, I should’ve! And I’m glad I did. I don’t regret it.” Bea said. “Allie, he’s the reason for everything that’s happened to you. Before and now. He doesn’t deserve to live.”

Allie nestled her face into the crook of Bea’s neck. “Thank you for taking care of me.”

“I’ll always take care of you.” Bea replied. “You’re my girl, and I love you.”

“I love you too, Bea. More than anything.”

Bea pulled Allie’s face to hers, giving her a soft kiss on the lips. She rubbed her nose against Allie’s in a soothing way. Bea doesn’t really know why she does that, it just sort of became a habit. And besides, every time she did it, it would make Allie smile. Like she was now.

“What are you going to do now?” Allie asked after she laid her head on Bea’s shoulder.

“I fired him. Maxine is more than capable to take over his position, she’ll be good at it. I’ll just have to find someone to cover Maxine’s position. If she’s up for the job change anyway.” She sighed. “I have to call Annalise as well.”

“Why?”

“She had the whole idea about there being a third person, I feel like she should know that she was right.”

Allie nodded her head.

“I’m going to call her now and then we’re going home. Okay, babe?” Bea continued.

“Okay.” Allie answered.
Bea kissed Allie’s forehead as she stood up from the chair. She stepped just outside the office to call Annalise, not wanting to be too far from her girlfriend. Within a few rings, Annalise answered.

“Annalise Keating speaking.”


“Bea, nice surprise. What can I do for you?”

“Uh, some things happened…” She trailed off for a moment before continuing. “There was a little team meeting at the gym today and Allie wanted to come, so I let her. Anyway, I know who the-”

“I’ll be there in ten minutes.” Annalise interrupted. “Stay there.”

Bea heard the line go dead so she pulled the phone from her ear. She slightly furrowed her eyebrows. She wondered why Annalise cut the conversation short and didn’t even let her finish what she was trying to say. Shaking her head to clear thoughts, she walked back into the office where Allie was. She pulled the blonde into her arms as she sat next to her. She knew Allie was just putting on this brave face for her, but she didn’t need Allie to do that. It may sound terrible, but she wanted Allie to cry. She wanted for the blonde to let out her frustrations and sob uncontrollably. It was the least Allie deserved. But most of all, she wanted to completely have Allie in her arms while she cried. She just wanted to protect her. To always make sure that Allie was safe…and happy.

For the next ten minutes, Bea and Allie just sat there in silence. Bea still had her arms protectively wrapped around Allie, holding her close. No one had came into the room they were sat in, wanting to give the two women some privacy. Bea would’ve probably ripped their heads off if anyone had tried to anyway. The moment was short lived though, as Maxine popped her head into the doorway.

“Annalise is here.” The taller woman stated. “I can sit with Allie while you talk to her.” She offered.

Bea kissed the side of Allie’s head before she stood up. “You gonna be okay?”
“Yeah,” Allie replied, grabbing Bea’s hand to give her fingers a slight squeeze before letting go. “I’ll be okay.”

Bea gave Allie a small smile before turning to exit the office. Just as she stepped one foot out of the office, she noticed that Kev was wiping down the work out equipment. Deciding to ask Maxine where everyone was, she turned around.

“Where is everyone?” She asked.

“They all left not too long ago.” Maxine replied. “Annalise is waiting for you in the conference room, by the way.”

Bea nodded her head and walked towards the conference room.

The redhead casually walked into the conference room, seeing that Annalise had already made herself comfortable by sitting in one of the chairs. Bea followed suit, also taking a seat.

“You didn’t let me finish saying what I was trying to say on the phone.” Bea started after it had been silent for a few moments.

“That’s because I already knew what you were going to say.” Annalise replied, confidently.

Bea drew her head backwards as she let out a small huff from her mouth. “What makes you think that?”

Annalise sat up straight, placing her forearms on top of the conference table. “You were going to tell me that Derek is the third person.” She watched as Bea’s mouth slightly fell open. “I already knew that though. I told you not too long ago that the mystery person would reveal themselves, and he has.”

“You knew?!” Bea grew angry. “And you couldn’t tell me?”

“What did I say about patience being a virtue?” Annalise asked. “Yes, I knew. How I knew? Because I had Erica’s phone records tracked, and the unknown number went back to Derek Channing.” She paused. “I didn’t tell you because I had a plan.”
“What kind of plan?”

“Well, first of all, Erica lied on the stand. That’s perjury. With that, she can get up to five more years in prison.” Annalise answered. “Second of all, I needed Derek to admit to it himself and I knew that you’d be able to get him to do that.”

“But you can’t prove that.” Bea shook her head. “Derek isn’t going to tell the truth now.”

“Who says I can’t prove it?”

Bea groaned. “Fucking hell, Annalise. Would ya just be straightforward with me? What are you getting at?”

Annalise chuckled. “Two chairs down the table from you,” She pointed in the direction she was talking about. “Look under the table and you’ll see a black coin sized audio bug. Get it for me.”

Bea hesitated for a moment, but did what she was asked to do. Once she had it in her hand, she looked to Annalise. “You bugged my conference room?”

Annalise brought her shoulders up in a shrug. “I told you, the truth always comes out. You just needed to be patient.”

“But what if he didn’t admit it here?”

“I took my chances.” Annalise said. “And he did.”

Bea fell back onto her chair as a satisfied sigh escaped her lips. “Do we have to go to court again?”

“No. That there is plenty of evidence to get him arrested straightaway.” Annalise grinned. “What do you say? Wanna go get this bastard?”
Thank you for reading this chapter and continuing to support this story of mine! It means a great deal to me :) let me know your thoughts on this chapter?
Bea watched from afar as Derek was pulled from his home in handcuffs. A few police officers were on standby as he was being taken to the police car, as was Annalise. The redhead was sat in Annalise’s car, not being allowed to be on the property while Derek was being arrested. Annalise was nice enough to let her tag along though. It was probably for her own good anyway because if Bea was within arms reach of Derek, then she would’ve tried to attack him again and then she would’ve gotten into some trouble. Bea never thought that Derek Channing would be the Golden Showers man that Allie had told her about. The balding man had a family, and two children. So, she just couldn’t see him owning a brothel and treating his workers like shit. But that was her thoughts twenty-four hours ago. Now, she knew he was a worthless piece of shit that deserved nothing. All of their problems were practically over now. She and Allie could live their lives without interruption…hopefully.

She watched as Derek was placed into the backseat of the police car, then her attention turned to a woman exiting his house. She knew it was Derek’s wife, she’s met her several times before. The woman was really nice and super caring. A sudden pang of guilt rang through her body. She felt for Mrs. Channing. The guilt she felt caught her off guard, as she’s never felt that before. But then she thought about it; she had no reason to feel guilty, the fucking man almost killed Allie. He may not have done it himself, but it was because of him that the blonde almost lost her life. So, no. She had no reason to feel guilt, or remorse, for how Mrs. Channing must have been feeling right about now. Derek deserved what was to come to him.

As Annalise made her way back to the vehicle, Bea sent Maxine a text message asking about how Allie was doing. Hoping to receive a quick response. It was no secret of the way Bea felt about Allie. She was in love with her; completely, whole-heartedly, head over heels, in love. And Bea’s never felt that before. She thought she loved Harry at one point, but that thought flew out the window when he first showed his dark side. But with Allie, there wasn’t a single thing she disliked about her. She loved the way her hair fell over her shoulders, she loved her blue eyes, she loved her lips (oh, how kissable they were), she loved the little beauty mark above her lips, she loved the way she would laugh, she loved how quick the blonde could turn anything dirty, and she loved her personality. She just loved Allie. Nothing about her was made to be disliked. Well, maybe the way Allie chewed her food of a cow’s nature, but other than that, Allie was perfect. Bea laughed to herself as she imagined Allie lip-smacking as she ate a nice burger. But even that was fucking adorable in Bea’s eyes.

“Derek will be having a hearing in a couple of days,” Annalise said as she got into the car. “I have to be present, but neither you or Allie has to be. A few squad units were missioned to find the brothel in Melbourne and shut it down when word was sent through by the judge that took on Allie’s case.” She informed, stopping for a minute to study Bea. “What are you smiling for?”
“I’m just so happy this is over.” Bea replied. “This is over, right?”

Annalise chuckled. “As far as I’m concerned, yes. It’s over.”

Bea let out a sigh of relief. “Good. Now can we go? I’m ready to see my girl.”

After Annalise dropped her off, Bea entered into the gym. Allie was no longer sitting in the office, instead she and Maxine were sitting on a couple of mats doing a baddha koṇāsana yoga pose. Bea watched for a moment, watching as Allie breathed in deeply and then releasing her breath in synchronization to Maxine. Yoga was something that could benefit Allie in more ways than one, Bea realized that the moment she walked into the gym and saw what was going on. Although the blonde should stick with the more simple yoga poses for now while she was on oxygen support, Bea was all up for it. Yoga relaxes, relieves stress, and improves mood. All three of those things could tremendously benefit Allie, and Bea was a very proud supporter of that. She’d even take the time to do yoga with Allie whenever she would have a chance.

“And exhale slowly…” Maxine’s soothing voice echoed through the room. She popped open her eyes to see Bea watching them. “You should join us, Bea. We were getting ready to start the sukhāsana pose to end our simple yoga workout.”

Bea watched as Allie’s eyes light up with the possibility of her joining. Bea nodded her head. “Yeah, okay. Let me grab a mat.”

Once Bea laid a mat on the floor next to Allie, she sat in the correct position to start the yoga pose. She looked to Allie, giving her a smile and then shooting her a wink.

Bea and Allie were lounging in the living room watching television. Well, actually Allie was watching some show she had been raving about and Bea was just keeping her company. Boomer had left not long ago to go to the store to buy the food she requested for Liz to make. Debbie had been gone since the morning and Bea had no idea where her daughter went, as the girl hadn’t answered her phone the few times that Bea did call. Bea was slightly getting worried, especially with everything that happened recently. She wouldn’t know what to do if something were to happen to her daughter. Bea was just getting ready to ask Allie if she were hungry when her phone began ringing. Looking at her phone, Debbie’s name flashed on her screen.
“Deb, are you okay?” Bea answered. “I’ve been trying to call you.”

“Hey, mum.” Debbie replied. “Yeah, I’m okay. Sorry about that, I was sort of busy.” She took a short pause before continuing. “Remember last week when I told you that dad and Natalie would be coming around for us all to have a sit down to talk?”

Bea thought for a moment, then remembered. “Yeah…”

“Well, that time is now. Dad and Natalie are here. I met them not too long ago for lunch.” Debbie said. “They were only supposed to come see me to catch up over some lunch, but after much persuasion from me and Natalie, dad agreed to have a talk.”

“Now? As in, right now?”

“Yeah. I’m sorry to spring this up on you, but it’s really important to me.” Debbie said.

Bea sighed. “Okay.” She finally replied. “Meet me at my gym. We can talk there.”

“So, I finally get to go to your gym!” Debbie teased.

“Funny.” Bea rolled her eyes. “I’ll meet you there in twenty minutes.”

“Is mama gonna come?”

“I don’t know, Deb. I think she’s pretty tired right now, but I’ll ask.”

“Tell her please. I want her there too. It’s important to me.”

Bea pulled the phone from her ear, looking to Allie who was already looking at her. “Harry and Natalie are here for that talk we were supposed to have. I didn’t know about it until now, I wish it were scheduled. But Debbie wants you to be there as well. She says it’s important to her.”
“I don’t know, Bea.” Allie replied. “That’s family talk…business.”

Bea grabbed Allie’s hand with her free hand. “As far as I’m concerned, Harry is not my family, neither is Natalie. But they’re there. You are my family. You and Deb.” She said. “You don’t have to go if you don’t want to.”

Allie thought for a moment. “Does she really want me there?”

Bea nodded her head. “She does.”

“Ohkay. I’ll go.”

Bea gave Allie a smile before putting the phone back against her ear. “She said she’d go. We’ll see you in twenty minutes.”

“See you then!” Debbie happily replied.

Bea hung up her phone and then stood up from the sofa, slipping her phone into her pocket. She and Allie put their shoes on before heading out the front door. Once they got into Bea’s red sports car, they took off out of the driveway to head towards the gym. Bea asked Allie to text Boomer to let her know that they would be back to the house soon.

Pulling into the gym parking lot, Bea saw Harry, Natalie, and Debbie stood outside talking. She also noticed that Will and Matt’s cars were there, so she figured they were using the gym equipment to work out. Bea got out of the car first after she parked, and then walked around to help Allie out. Who was very persistent that she could do it herself. Bea could tell that the blonde was really getting tired of the unnecessary help, but she really didn’t mind helping her. Bea walked alongside Allie as they reached to where the three others were standing. Bea kept her eyes on Debbie as she told them to follow her inside. They were halfway to the conference room when Bea was approached by Will.

“Hey, Bea. I heard what happened earlier.” Will looked to Allie. “I’m sorry. You’ve been through a shit load already.”

“It’s alright.” Allie shrugged. “Had to get it out of the way anyway.” She joked.
Will had laughed, but Bea could see right through the blonde’s little façade. She knew Allie was hurting, maybe not physically but she was emotionally. And she knew Allie was probably wishing that it hadn’t happened to her.

“You okay to go in there?” Bea asked Allie, nodding towards the conference room.

Allie chuckled. “He was just a little ghost from the past. I’m okay.”

“What’s going on? What happened?” Debbie finally asked.

“I’ll tell you later.” Bea replied. “For now, let’s just get this over with.”

“Oh, and Bea.” Will said, stopping Bea from continuing. “I may be having my nephew around more. He’s a good kid, but happened to get involved with the wrong people. He doesn’t have a dad and his mum is pretty unfit right now. His name is Shane, he’s right over there.” He pointed to the boy who was sitting on a bench press. “He’s eighteen, I’m just trying to straighten him up.”

“Yeah, no worries.” Bea replied, following the boy’s eyesight, landing on Debbie.

“Wish he’d stop gawking at my daughter.” Harry grumbled underneath his breath.

“Harry.” Natalie said through gritted teeth. “Calm it.”

The crew of five entered into the conference room, and they each took a seat at the table. Debbie sat at the head of the table with Bea and Allie on one side and her dad and step-mum on the other. It was silent for quite some time, as no one knew what to say or where to even begin. Debbie was beginning to think that this moment was probably the most awkward position she’s ever been in. And she couldn’t imagine how her dad or mum must have been feeling. But this talk that they were supposed to be having was really important to her. For many unknown reasons, it was important.

“So, I’m just going to start by saying that I had no idea you even existed.” Natalie started off, wanting an end to the awkward silence. “I mean, I knew who you are, Bea Smith. But I didn’t know you were Debbie’s mother. When I first met Harry, fourteen years ago, he told me that Debbie’s mum had died.” She said. “If I had known you were alive, then I wouldn’t have kept your daughter from you. I just want you to know that I had no part in keeping Deb from you.”
Bea looked to Harry. “You told her I was dead?”

Harry shrugged his shoulders. “It was the only thing I could think off.”

“You could’ve just told the truth.” Bea said. “And please tell me, what did I die from?”

“You got…hit by a train.” Harry replied, his voice low.

Bea laughed, a very sarcastic laugh. “Oh, that’s…that’s awesome.”

“I still don’t know the full truth, by the way.” Natalie said. “Harry’s been in the dog house since this all has happened.”

Bea scoffed. “Go on, Harry, tell her truth.” She pushed. “Tell her. I need to know if you really are a changed man.”

Harry briefly closed his eyes before leaning onto the table, his forearms pressed against the waxed oak top. “Bea, I wasn’t in a very good state of mind back then.” He started. “I was nineteen when Deb was born, I was stressed. So, yeah, I took it out on you.”

“Oh, but you had a good enough state of mind to take my daughter from me? To leave me the way you did? To take her from my life?!”

“I was scared!” Harry hollered. “I didn’t want to go to prison!”

“Prison?!?” Natalie exclaimed. “What the hell did you do, Harry?”

Harry slumped back into his chair.

Bea shook her head when Harry grew silent. “You want to know what your husband did to me?” She asked. “Every single day he hit me in some way. And day by day, it got worse. It started with
verbal abuse, but it quickly turned physical.”

“Bea…” Harry warned.

“The things he did to me…” Bea continued, ignoring Harry. Suddenly having this conversation was making her blood boil with not just anger, but with emotions too. “...it was inexcusable. I have permanent scars from the shit he did to me. His abuse was in the bed too. He took what he thought was rightfully his. Yeah, I was his wife. But when I said no, it meant no!”

“Bea! Shut up!” Harry yelled.

“I will not shut up!” Bea yelled back. “You’ve been lying Debbie’s whole life! Lying about me, about your last name, about what really happened. You can’t even look your wife in the eye now because you know what you did was wrong.”

Allie placed her hand on Bea’s thigh to try to calm her.

Harry deeply sighed. “Yes, I hurt you. In more ways than one. I told you, I was fucked up in the head. That isn’t an excuse for what I did, but it’s true.” He said. “I was afraid when you went to the police, so I took Deb and left, just like I said I would. I divorced you, moved to a different city, and changed our last name. It has been eating me alive of the secrets I kept. For sixteen years I lived a lie, I know that. But I’m a changed man. I am married, with two beautiful boys that me and Natalie share.” He slightly shook his head. “I’m sorry for the pain I caused you, when I was with you and when I wasn’t. It was wrong to take Debbie from you. I thought I was doing the right thing. I’m sorry.”

It had grown silent again. No one knowing what to say. Bea was still angry, she always would be at the fact Harry kept her away from the most important milestones of Debbie’s life. But she knew, for Debbie’s sake, that she needed to box away her feelings. She didn’t have to be associated with Harry in any way, she just needed to get over the past. It would be hard, but it was okay. If none of what she went through happened, then she wouldn’t have Allie right now. She wouldn’t be a successful woman. And her bond with Debbie now, was strong. Probably stronger than what it may have been like if they weren’t separated for sixteen years.

“I have some news.” Debbie spoke, sliding an envelope to Bea. She was exhausted from hearing the argument, so good news was needed. “I got a letter from the University of Sydney.”

Hearing the uni talk from his daughter, Harry popped his head up. Watching in anticipation as Bea
opened the letter.

“You got in?!” Bea happily exclaimed as she read the first line.

“I got in!” Debbie confirmed. “With a full scholarship too!!”

“Oh, that’s great, Deb!” Harry said, a smile on his face.

“That’s amazing!” Natalie said, a smile also present on her face.

“Way to go, kiddo.” Allie smiled.

Bea hugged her daughter. Super proud that she was taking her life in the right direction.

“Have you ever decided on a career possibility?” Natalie asked.

“Not really.” Debbie replied. “I’m stuck between something in the medical field or something to do with law.”

“Both are very good choices.” Natalie smiled. “You should be proud.”

“I am.” Debbie returned the smile. She looked to both of her parents before speaking. “I didn’t want to have this little meeting so you two could argue. I get it, you both have hard feelings. But I wanted us to talk because I want to express my feelings. I don’t want the things that I decide to do to jeopardize my relationship with either of you.”

“You can say whatever you need to say.” Bea replied.

“Yeah, Deb. You can talk to us.” Harry agreed.

Debbie looked to her dad. “All my life, you basically hid me. Like I was a child in witness
protection. The only difference is that I didn’t know. You never once spoke to me about my real mother. You could’ve told me the same lie you told Natalie, but you didn’t tell me anything. I’m just going to say that you have no right to be angry with mum for me finding her. But she has every right to be angry with you for the things you did.” She said. “I’m not taking sides, I’m really not. I’m just telling the truth. A truth that you can’t be angry about, you have to understand where I’m coming from. I just needed my mother all those years. I had Natalie, yes, but she wasn’t my mum and I knew that.” She looked to Natalie. “I love you as if you had been my real mother and I appreciate everything you have ever done for me and our relationship will always be the same. And I love my two little brothers that you have brought into this world; Jack and Peter. I really hope it doesn’t hurt you that I’m wanting to be with my mother.”

“I am happy for you, Debbie. I really am.” Natalie replied. “It doesn’t hurt me at all that you are wanting to be with your mum. You deserve all the time in the world to be able to make up for time lost with her.”

“Thank you.” Debbie smiled, reaching over to Natalie’s hand then gave it a soft squeeze. “Also, since I’ve been accepted into the University of Sydney, it means I’ll continue to stay here, dad. I’ll be living with mum. It doesn’t mean that you can’t come see me or that I can’t go see you. You’re still my dad and I may be upset, but you did the best you could as a dad.” She then looked to her mum. “Mum, I hope you’re not mad that I still want my dad in my life. I know the things he did was unacceptable, but he’s my dad.”

“I’m not upset.” Bea replied. “I’m just happy you’re in my life again.”

Allie grabbed Bea’s hand, giving a supportive smile to Debbie.

“You get Harry to try yoga.” Bea suggested to Natalie. “It’s amazing how that simple work out changes a person’s overall being.” She tried to stop a chuckle from escaping her lips, knowing how much Harry hated doing any kind of exercise. But that may have changed over the years, given the way his body seemed to be toned out a bit.

For the next near hour, Debbie spoke of university. She explained to the four parental figures in front of her that her next step in the uni process would be having to meet with the University’s administration and her assigned counselor to go over class sign ups and to talk about what her best course of action would be. She then told her dad and Natalie about how a woman named Bridget helped her with everything and she was the person to thank for making the process easy for her. And that the woman’s brother who worked at the University was also a big help. She tried explaining to her father that she was completely fine where she was, that she had wonderful people around her.

Debbie said her goodbye’s to her dad and Natalie, giving them each a hug and telling them that she would try her best to travel to Wollongong to see them and her brothers sometime soon. After her dad and Natalie left, she pulled Bea and Allie into a group hug. Thanking them both for
allowing her to be with them. Even though it was very much evident that Bea loved having Debbie around, the brunette still felt like she needed to thank her mum. Debbie followed her mum and Allie out of the conference room as they walked across the gym to exit out of the building. She felt eyes on her, so she turned her head. Her eyes caught Shane’s, a name she heard Will mention not too long ago. The tan boy smirked at her, his messy styled hair falling slightly over the side of his head. Debbie pursed her lips to keep a smile away as she let her head fall, feeling her cheeks heat up. If this boy was going to be a regular at her mum’s gym with Will, then it was going to be in her best interest to suddenly feel a want to work-out.

“You okay, Deb?” Bea asked as they approached her car. “Your face is lookin’ red.”

Debbie cleared her throat. “I’m okay.”

Allie let out a laugh, noticing the sound of fluster in Debbie’s voice. Walking up behind Bea, she laid her head on the redhead’s shoulder. “You sure? You wouldn’t happen to be, in any way, affected by that nice looking fella in the gym? What was his name? Shane?”

“Allie!” Debbie exclaimed, her face turning another shade of red.

“Oh, my goodness. You blush just like your mum.”

“You like that boy in there?” Bea asked, her face etched with shock.

Debbie scoffed. “I don’t even know him.”

“But you think he’s a cutie.” Allie jumped in again. “Admit it, Deb. You know you do.”

“I didn’t say anything!” Debbie laughed as she made her way to her mum’s car.

“I don’t know how you’re gonna fit.” Bea announced to Debbie, opening the door for Allie.

“Couldn’t you just drive your Tesla?” Debbie asked.
“Boomer was using it.” Bea replied. “Now climb in and get settled somewhere.”

With Allie sitting in the passenger seat, Debbie climbed in through the driver’s side. She sat herself as best as she could on the center console in the red sports car. When Bea got settled into the driver’s seat, she looked to Debbie and laughed.

“I could tell that you were planning on never having a family by your choice of vehicles.” Debbie huffed, sending Bea and Allie into laughter.

“Well, now I do have a family. One that I’m really happy with.” Bea said, a smile on her face. “But I’m not willing to trade my sports car for a mini van.”

Later that night, Bea and Allie were laying in the bed. Allie had the tv on, watching it as her head was laid on Bea’s stomach, the redhead combing her fingers through Allie’s hair. What Boomer had picked out for dinner was really appetizing and something different than what they normally ate. Everyone had been satisfied after dinner, including Liz. After they all ate, Bea informed Debbie, Boomer, and Liz of what had happened earlier in the morning with Derek along with Allie’s brief involvement with the sick man. Liz and Debbie were both shocked, and Boomer was angry that wasn’t there to protect the blonde. But Bea had explained to Boomer that everything was okay, that Derek didn’t do anything to Allie that morning.

Both women were cleaned from taking a shower and were now just enjoying being together. Bea had no idea what Allie was even watching. It looked to be some sort of science fiction television show. She felt as Allie suddenly repositioned herself. The blonde now laying on her stomach next to Bea, with one of her arms wrapped around the redhead and her head propped up on her hand. She was studying Bea’s face, not really sure if she should tell her what was on her mind. Deciding to bite the bullet, she went for it.

“Can I tell you something?” Allie asked.

Bea placed her hand over Allie’s arm that was draped across her midsection. “You can tell me anything, beautiful girl.”

“I don’t want you to get upset is all.”
Bea slightly furrowed her brows. “I won’t get upset.” She replied. “Talk to me. You’re worrying me.”

“Today, when I saw Derek, I felt an itch.”

“An itch?”

“I haven’t felt that feeling in a long time. Ever since I met you, to be exact.” Allie said. “Seeing him made my body just itch…itch for a craving.” She studied the redhead’s face. She expected to see anger, but she saw compassion instead. “My mind went blank. And I felt like I needed something to take the edge off. I don’t know why I suddenly felt the way I did. That feeling…the wanting and desire to feel a heroin high overtook me. I felt like I was going to throw-up and for a moment, it felt like I was going through a slight withdrawal.” She explained. “But I stopped and collected myself once I was out of that room. I kept telling myself over and over that I was strong. I know that if I had fucked myself up by doing what my body wanted, that you would never forgive me. I know that, but at the moment I was feeling the way I was, I didn’t care. I was being consumed by that itch, so nothing mattered. But when you touched me, that itch went out the window. You’re a real life naloxone for me.” She chuckled. “The truth is…I’m scared.” She said in a whisper.

Bea brought her hand up, placing her hand on Allie’s cheek. “Scared of what?”

“I’m scared that I’ll go through that dark part of my life again. I never want to experience drugs again, it isn’t fun. It’s scary.”

“You don’t have to.” Bea soothed.

“But what if I fall one day? What if a craving takes me all the way?”

“I’ll be there to catch you. You never have to do anything alone, I’m here.”

Allie laid her head over Bea’s chest. “What if I did though? You’d hate me.”

“I could never hate you. I’d be disappointed, yes, but I wouldn’t hate you.” Bea replied. “Let’s not talk about that though. You are strong, Allie. You won’t relapse.”
“I know I’ve been acting brave, but everything that happened to me has made me scared and kinda paranoid.” She sighed. “Is it weird that I wish your mum was still here?” Allie asked. “She knows how to say things that were full of wisdom and make me see clearer.”

Bea wrapped her arms around Allie, holding her close. “Want to know what I think she would say?”

Allie tilted her head up, looking at Bea. She nodded her head against the redhead’s chest.

“She would probably say something along the lines of how when something bad happens to you, you shouldn’t let it define or destroy you. You should let it strengthen you.” Bea said. “Then she would tell you of all the ways you have become stronger since what has happened. Because it’s true, you’re stronger now than ever.”

“Why do you think that?”

“Because you survived an attack that should’ve killed you.” Bea answered. “You recovered relatively quickly and you’re here with me. You’re strong because you haven’t given in to just let yourself fall under the pressure and go back to your old life. Allie, believe it. You’re strong.” She pulled Allie’s face to hers, giving her a soft kiss. “And beautiful.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and supporting this little story of mine. The nice comments are really appreciated :)
A few days had passed since Derek was arrested. Bea heard back from Annalise just the previous day of his prison sentence. He was charged with conspiring on the attempted murder of Allie and also charged with owning of an illegal brothel; earning him a sentence of twenty-four years and nine months, to be exact. Erica also got an additional two years added to her original prison sentence of twelve years for lying under oath while on the stand, claiming that there had been nobody else involved with the attack. Her possible parole after ten years served was taken from her, she now having to serve her full fourteen year prison sentence. Bea was relieved to hear such good news from Annalise and Allie had been happy as well. The redhead began telling Annalise to send her an invoice via email so that she could get paid for her services right away. Annalise had also spoke to Bea and Allie about the blonde’s settlement that she would be receiving, and that as soon as the large check was cleared and signed off on by the judge, it would be presented to Annalise to give to Allie. Which should be, if not by the end of the next day, then the day after the next for sure. The redhead was truly happy that Annalise was on her service, she wasn’t so sure that everything would have turned out the way it had if someone else was representing Allie. She was also happy that everything seemed to be over, so her and Allie could get on with their lives.

Bea had been in her office all day on this particular Saturday. It was her day off from the gym, but she had some office things that needed to be dealt with. She didn’t like not spending time with Allie on her day off, but the blonde seemed to understand. Allie and Debbie were downstairs in the basement, where Bea’s home workout studio was located, and was doing yoga together, so Allie was occupied. After Bea shredded any papers she had that dealt with Derek, she picked up her phone and dialed Maxine’s number. The woman answered after a few short rings.


“Yeah, all good.” Bea replied. “I called because I have something to offer you. You are not obligated to do it if you don’t want to, I just thought I’d ask you first.”

“Okay...let’s hear it.”

“With Derek being gone, I no longer have someone to represent me. He was my manager, so to speak, and with him now being in prison, his spot is vacant.” Bea said. “You’re my secretary, and a damn good one at that, but I want to know if you’re interested in filling Derek’s position. If it’s not something you’re interested in, then that’s fine. You don’t have to.”

“Who would take my place?” Maxine asked.
“Right now, I’m not concerned about that. But I will have to find someone soon, before my UFC event preferably.”

“Do you think I’m even capable of taking on what Derek did?”

“Absolutely!” Bea quickly replied. “I wouldn’t have asked you if I didn’t. Don’t sell yourself short, you’d be great. Probably even better than Derek. But the choice is yours.” She said. “May I add that the pay is a hell of a lot better too.”

Maxine chuckled. “I mean...if you think I can do it, then I guess it won’t hurt to try.”

Bea smiled. “Thank you, Maxine. You’ll be great, I promise.”

“I hope so. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Okay, Maxi. Talk later.”

Once Bea hung up her phone, she relaxed back into her office chair. She was super happy that Maxine was willing to take over Derek’s place. She knew that the woman would be great at the position once she got the hang of things. She looked at the time displayed on her computer screen, seeing that it going on four o’clock. She blew air from her mouth, not really sure on what she was feeling like to have for dinner. She decided to hold on to that thought for the time being as an incoming Skype call from Franky popped up on her computer screen. Bea accepted the call and not long later, Franky’s face was on her screen.

“Red!” Franky exclaimed. “How the fuck are ya?”

Bea laughed. “I’m good, Franky. How are you?”

“Oh, I couldn’t be better.” The raven-haired woman smiled. “So, check this out; this morning as I was leaving to go to work, roses were on my doorstep.”

“Okay....” Bea trailed off.

“They were from Gidge!” Franky said. “No one sends me flowers, that’s not how it works. I’m the one who sends the flowers, I don’t receive.”

Bea shook her head. “Franky...you’re going to have to learn to accept things like that from Bridget. That’s the kind of woman she is. She isn’t trying to belittle you or become the dominant one. She’s just sending you flowers to say that she thought of you, that she loves you. It’s no big deal.”

Franky sighed. “You’re right. I didn’t think of it like that. I’m just normally the one who does that to get a girl’s attention, I’m not used to such a gesture. But I guess I do have to learn.” She puffed her cheeks before speaking again. “I haven’t even texted her yet.”

“Fuck, Franky!” Bea screwed her face up in disbelief. “If you ever want in her pants again, you better text her. Or better yet, you call her!”

“Ahhh, you’re right again!” She threw her head back. “I will get on that soon. Anyway, how are you?”
“What do you mean? I already said that I was good.”

“No, I mean, how are you?” Franky repeated. “You’re used to all the sex you used to have, I bet it’s weird just sitting around like a little virgin.” She chuckled, poking her tongue into her cheek.

Bea rolled her eyes. “I never had sex, Franky. It was just fucking before, with those other women. It was nothing. The only person I ever had sex with, and will only have sex with, is Allie. And it was great.”

“I know, I could tell. You were all glowing, and now that glow is going away.” She pointed out. “You haven’t had sex with her since what happened, have you?”

Bea shook her head. “No. She was in a coma for a week, then she was in the hospital for another two weeks after she woke up. She’s only been out for a week and a half, and she goes back to the doctor in a few days. Sex isn’t what’s important right now, her recovery is.”

“But you miss it?”

“That’s not the point-”

“It is the point.” Franky interrupted. “You can’t not have sex with her. I bet she wants it, that she’s tried to start it with you, but you didn’t let her. You can’t do that. If she wants it and she’s telling you that she wants it, then you give it to her.”

“I can’t.”

“Yes, you can. Her being on oxygen support isn’t gonna stop her. Hell, if it was Gidge in Allie’s position, I can guarantee that we would have been at it while she was still in the hospital.”

“You don’t understand, Franky.”

“What don’t I understand?” Franky asked. “Come on, tell me.”

“Allie got hurt the morning after…our first time. I just can’t…”

“Hold on.” Franky started, her green eyes studying Bea. “You think that Allie got hurt because you two had sex? Like you’re a curse or something?”

Bea slowly nodded her head.

“Fuck that! That doesn’t even make sense. Allie was going to get attacked whether you two had sex or not. It was inevitable, Bea. The attack was planned.” Franky explained. “You can’t blame yourself for that. It was an unfortunate event that happened after you made love to her. The timing sucked, but you’re not to blame.”

“I just feel like something else will happen if we did do it again.”

“So, what, you were just going to spend the rest of your relationship with her like a nun?” Franky asked, laughing afterwards. “Bea, you’re not a curse. Take that woman to bed before I do! She looks like she tastes like pineapples or fruitcake...if you know what I mean.” She seductively wiggled her eyebrows.

Bea laughed as she shook her head. “I’ve never done that before.”
“Done what?” She watched as Bea raised her eyebrows. Then it dawned on her. “Oh...you’ve never...gone down on a girl before.”

“Yeah.”

“Well...it’s easy. And really fucking amazing.” Franky grinned. “That’s it. That’s how you reawaken your sex life with Blondie. You flick her little bean with your tongue.” She said as she wiggled her tongue between her index and middle finger.

“Franky!” Bea exclaimed, sending the woman into laughter.

“I’m serious, Red! I bet she’d fucking love that!”

Bea rolled her eyes. “Shut up.”

For the next half hour, Bea changed the topic onto more comfortable grounds. She informed the raven-haired woman of Derek’s little involvement and about his earned prison sentence. Once Bea and Franky ended their phone call, Bea decided that she had enough office setting for the day. She left her office and headed to the kitchen, where Boomer was.

“Hey, Booms.” Bea said, opening the refrigerator to get a bottle of water. “Have you got any clue on what you may want for dinner?”

“I’m good with anything. You know that.” Boomer replied. “But, hey, since you asked...a real nice steak dinner will do!”

Bea laughed while nodding her head. “I know a real nice steak restaurant that serves up amazing steaks. Wanna try that out?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely!” Boomer happily replied.

“I’ll talk with Deb and Allie to see if they’re up for it too.”

“See if we’re up for what?” Allie asked as she and Debbie made an appearance.

Bea looked to Allie, a fine sheet of seat covered the blonde’s chest. She watched as a droplet formed and rolled down Allie’s chest, falling into the crease of her breasts. The pit of Bea’s stomach fluttered, that very familiar ache starting to rise.

“Me and Bea were thinking of a steak dinner tonight. She says she knows a real nice place to go to.” Boomer answered when Bea failed to.

“Oh, that sounds great. I’m all up for steak.” Allie happily replied. She noticed Bea staring at her chest, the attention very welcoming. She looked to the open bottle of water in the redhead’s hand, and grabbed it so she could take a sip. “Mm, refreshing. Thank you. When are we going?”

Bea cleared her throat. “As soon as everyone’s ready. I’m pretty hungry.”

“I’ll just go take a shower then, so we can go.” Allie announced as she turned to leave.

“Me too!” Debbie said, following Allie.
Bea watched as Allie’s hips swayed, gently shaking her head to clear her thoughts. Her talk with Franky earlier was suddenly making her yearn for Allie. If she was going to be feeling this way throughout their dinner, then it was definitely going to be a long night. The things she was thinking of doing to the blonde right now was making her extremely turned on. She could just hear Allie moaning her name if she concentrated hard enough. Boomer’s laugh brought her out of her trance.

“For fucks sake, Bea!” The woman cackled. “I don’t think you can grip the countertop any harder. Stop fantasizing about Blondie.”

“Piss off, Boomer, and go get ready.” Bea said, grabbing her bottle of water and leaving the kitchen. A laughing Boomer was left in her tracks.

Dinner at the steak restaurant had went really well. No one had given Bea any trouble like she thought would happen. Either people didn’t notice her or they were just being respectful by keeping to themselves. Bea reckoned it was the latter. She really enjoyed herself; the food was great and so was the company. With the innocence of the night though, Bea couldn’t stop her mind from wandering to not so nice places. She’s never done it before, but all she could think about was having Allie’s thighs around her head as her tongue explored Allie’s core. And the dress the blonde decided to wear wasn’t helping her at all either. Bea really tried to focus on what was in front of her, but the low cut on Allie’s dress was really distracting, along with her never-seem-to-be-ending legs. She silently cursed Franky for even putting the idea of sex with Allie in her mind. Bea had been doing so well with not thinking of it, with only thinking of Allie’s recovery, but it was impossible to not think of it.

And once they were home, Bea told all three women that she was going to be turning in early. She gave each woman a hug and a kiss to Allie before heading up the stairs. The redhead had taken a quick shower and got into bed, trying her hardest to fall asleep, but she couldn’t. She tossed and turned, not feeling comfortable no matter what she did. She figured she couldn’t sleep because it was still pretty early, but she knew that wasn’t the reason at all. Bea Smith was worked up and there wasn’t a damn thing she could do about it. About twenty minutes into her just laying on her side in bed, she heard the bedroom door open and then close. She knew it was Allie, the sound of the wheels on her oxygen tank rolling against the carpet gave that away. She listened as Allie changed her clothes and enter into the bathroom to brush her teeth, walking back into the bedroom not long later. Bea felt the bed dip and Allie slipping underneath the covers. Allie had breathed in deeply and released her breath in a long sigh, causing Bea to look over her shoulder at the blonde.

“Did I wake you?” Allie asked. “I’m sorry.”

Bea flipped over onto her other side, now facing Allie. “You didn’t wake me. I was already awake.”

“Are you okay?” The blonde asked, bringing her hand up to rest on Bea’s cheek. “It’s unlike you to lay down early, and you were pretty quiet at dinner.”

“I’m okay.”

“Are you sure? If you’re feeling sick, I want you to be honest with me.”
Bea scooted closer to Allie, giving her a kiss on the lips before dropping her head onto the blonde’s chest. “I’m not feeling sick. I promise.” She pressed her lips to Allie’s bare chest, giving a gentle suck to the silky skin afterwards.

“Then what’s wrong?” Allie asked, knowing full well that there was something wrong with the redhead. She knew Bea wasn’t much of a talker, but she was going to get her to tell the truth. As Bea lifted her head up, Allie let out a small gasp. She knew that look all too well, the desire was in full affect in Bea’s eyes.

“Nothing’s wrong.” Bea replied, inching forward. Her lips grazed Allie’s, their eyes still locked on one another. She slightly parted her lips as she pressed their lips together, taking the blonde’s bottom lip into her mouth.

Bea slowly moved forward, her chest heaving against Allie’s as their lips danced. She released a soft moan when she felt Allie wrap her arms around her neck and pulled them closer together, causing their kiss to deepen. Bea used her right hand to trail up the side of Allie’s body until it was perched in the space between the blonde’s jawline and neck. Remembering to let Allie catch her breath, Bea pulled her mouth away, being surprised when Allie chased her lips. Bea lightly chuckled, using her thumb to run over Allie’s lips.

“Compose yourself. Breath.” Bea quietly said, loud enough for Allie to hear.

“I’m okay.” Allie replied before crashing her lips back into Bea’s.

Bea responded in kind, her body overruling her brain. Their kiss was slow and deep not too long ago, but now it was passionate mixed with a little dirty. Bea held the blankets up with one hand as she maneuvered herself on top of Allie, their lips still connected. Allie opened her legs, causing Bea to fall between them. Both women moaned at the contact. Allie gripped her hands on Bea’s back, holding her close. Since everything that had happened recently, they hadn’t been anywhere near intimate. Sure, they had kissed and it lead to a little make-out session a couple times, but it was nothing close to how it was now. Allie’s head was swimming, and she hoped that Bea wouldn’t stop anytime soon. She craved to feel Bea this close for the past few weeks. She understood that the redhead was just being respectful and wanting to wait until she was recovered, but it was literally killing the blonde. She wanted nothing more than to have their sex back. It had been great between the two women. Given that time was their first time, it was nothing short of perfect. It was amazing, even. And Allie had never experienced that sort of emotion filled sex before. So, it was a first for the both of them.

Bea pulled her lips from Allie’s, moving to kiss along the blonde’s jawline. Once she reached her earlobe, she gave it a gentle swipe of her tongue, feeling Allie raise her chest up as a soft moan escaped her lips. And Bea just couldn’t help herself, she pressed her lips back against Allie’s, giving a slightly dirty kiss that had her aching for more. But instead of giving her more, she began kissing on Allie’s neck. She kissed along her neck until she found the spot that make Allie tremble. She sucked gently at first, then began sucking a little rougher.

“Oh, fuck.” Allie moaned out, gripping her fingers into Bea’s curls. “Please, don’t stop.”

Allie’s request made Bea stop. She looked up into pleading blue eyes. “Allie…” She breathed out. “I want to, I really do. But I don’t want to hurt you or get you to the point where you’re having a hard time breathing. I only want the best for you.”

“Bea, I’ll be fine. I haven’t lost my breath in almost a week, I’m doing better. And I’ve been climbing these ridiculous stairs more than I’ve been able to. I’m better, I promise.” Allie replied,
keeping her hold on the redhead. “Please, I want you.”

“If it becomes too much for you, you’ll tell me?”

“Yes.” Allie answered, knowing that she was just telling Bea what she wanted to hear. Seeing the look Bea was giving her, she playfully rolled her eyes and then said, “Okay, I promise.”

Bea gave a small smile. She rubbed her nose against Allie’s before pressing their lips together. The soft gentle touches she was leaving on the blonde’s skin with her fingertips as they kissed, made Allie tremble with anticipation. As Bea softly pushed her tongue into Allie’s awaiting mouth, she rolled her hips against the blonde’s body. She pushed her hands up Allie’s shirt, pulling the hem with her. She pulled the shirt off Allie’s torso, both women giggling softly when it got tangled into Allie’s nasal cannula tube. Allie easily pulled the nasal part out of her nose and from around her ears, taking her shirt off the tube and throwing it somewhere across the room. She placed the oxygen support back in her nose, pushing the cord behind her ears, then used her hands to gently cup Bea’s face. Bea dropped her eyes to Allie’s chest, seeing that she was wearing no bra.

“No bra, eh?” Bea smirked.

Allie brought her shoulders up in a light shrug. “I had a feeling I was gonna get lucky tonight.”

Bea let out a soft laugh. “Are you sure you wanna do this?”

“More than anything, so don’t hold back on me.” The blonde replied. “Less talky, more lovey.”

Bea laughed, again, as she brought their lips together. But this time, Allie had taken control of the kiss, making Bea feel like electricity had rolled up her spine, sending her head into a flame of fireworks. Her heart pounded in her chest and her toes curled. To her, that seemed like the best kind of kiss. Bea couldn’t let Allie get the upper-hand though, she just couldn’t let it happen. Not right now anyway. So, she broke their kiss and kissed down Allie’s neck, across her chest, over the swell of her left breast, and down until her lips were met with a hard pink nipple. She kissed around Allie’s areola several times until she figured she didn’t need to tease the blonde anymore. Bea flicked her tongue over the nipple before pulling it into her mouth, sucking on it, Allie let out a rather loud moan causing Bea to place her hand over her mouth.

“You can’t be loud.” Bea said, looking into Allie’s eyes. “Boomer is just two rooms down.”

Bea removed her hand once Allie nodded her head. She gave the blonde a kiss before continuing her stimulation on her breasts. Her mouth assaulted one breast while her hand pawed at the other. And Allie just couldn’t take it anymore, she needed to feel skin. She gripped Bea’s shirt and yanked it, pulling the item off the redhead. Once Allie tossed the shirt away, she pulled on Bea, their torsos pressed against each others as their lips worked together once again. Bea moaned as Allie tugged on her bottom lip. Taking control, Bea slowed their frenzied kiss down. She pulled her lips from Allie’s, bringing her right hand up to caress the blonde’s cheek. Bea slowly leaned forward, taking Allie’s bottom lip into her mouth and pulling it with her as she moved back. She kissed down the blonde’s throat, down between her breasts until she reached her stomach. As her lips marked their way around the perfectly toned abdomen, kissing and lightly sucking, her fingers toyed with the waistband of Allie’s pajama bottoms. The erratic breathing from Allie was sounding all throughout the room, and Bea couldn’t help but worry that part of the heavy breathing was from her not being able to breath properly. But the very insistent “don’t stop” that Allie moaned out as Bea cupped her core, followed by the “oh, fuck”, let Bea know that Allie was fine. Fine to continue, and was enjoying the moment.
As Bea pulled Allie’s nipple into her mouth, she slipped her hand into the blonde’s pajama bottoms and underwear. She let her hand rest over Allie’s core, not moving a finger, not giving pleasure. She was just feeling, and enjoying, the heat that was radiating. Once Allie let out a very disgruntled groan, Bea slid one finger through the drenched folds of her lover. She moved said finger slowly, lathering her girlfriend’s delicious juices around. She liked to believe they were delicious anyway, given she hadn’t actually tasted her. Oh, but she going to. No matter how nervous she felt about it, she was going to taste her. Thinking back on the task at hand, Bea gently circled Allie’s clit with the tip of her finger, causing the blonde beneath her to suck in a sharp breath. She released Allie’s nipple from her mouth, giving it a gentle tug before lifting her head to kiss the blonde some more. She slightly increased the pressure of her fingertip just as their lips met, catching the loud moan with her own mouth.

“Bea…” Allie said, breaking their kiss. “Fuck, you are going to be the death of me.”

“Is it too much for you right now?”

“God, no.” Allie replied. “It’s not enough.”

Bea stopped her movements, looking at Allie with a sly grin. “Not enough?” She questioned. “We’ll have to change that now, won’t we?”

Before Allie could reply, Bea sat up, throwing the blankets away from the both of them. Allie was getting ready to complain about the loss of contact, but Bea’s strong grip on the backs of her knees shut her up. She watched Bea with eager eyes, wondering what her lover was up to. Her eyes followed Bea’s hands as they pushed up her thighs and grab at her pajama bottoms.

“Can I take your shorts and panties off?” Bea asked.

Allie swallowed the lump that formed in her throat. And with big blue eyes, she looked up at Bea, slowly nodding her head to give permission. She lifted her hips off the bed as Bea tugged on the items. Bea threw the offending items to the bedroom floor. She ran her hands up the blonde’s long legs as she lowered herself. She kissed across Allie’s stomach, over her hip, down the top of her thigh, and then moved her lips to Allie’s inner thigh. The redhead was dangerously close to Allie’s core, her eyes closed in delight as the smell of her girlfriend’s arousal reached her nose. As she settled herself better between Allie’s legs, she gave a gentle bite to the inner thigh of the blonde.

“Bea…” Allie purred out the redhead’s name, the top half of her body bowing up in complete pleasure.

Bea watched as Allie writhed in want, and nothing had ever been more beautiful looking. Ever. The fact she had this sort of effect over another human being was completely astonishing to her. She’s never thought of the dynamics of love making before because, quite frankly, she’s never made love before. With Harry, it was forced sex from his behalf; rape. With random women, it was just a method Bea had used to escape from the real; fucking. With Erica, it was just someone Bea used to always be there when she needed that relief; manipulating. But with Allie...it’s different. So different. It’s real, amazing, and something that she’s just never had before. She thought she would freeze up and run away when she realized that she was developing feelings for the blonde, but that didn’t happen because it was already too late to even react. By the time she realized she was beginning to like her, she had already fallen in love. It happened quickly, too quickly that she couldn’t run. She couldn’t escape how she felt. And she didn’t really want to either because this moment, right now, was something she didn’t know she always wanted. Allie completed her, in more ways than one. And Bea just really fucking loved Allie. She was so
vulnerable around the blonde, but that was the beauty of it all. She wouldn’t want anyone to replace Allie’s spot. Allie was her person; the person she wanted to spend this crazy thing called life with.

Bea dragged her tongue slowly up Allie’s quivering thigh, absolutely reveling in how her girl was silently begging her to stop the teasing. So, Bea listened to the silent pleads and used her tongue to slowly lick over the blonde’s drenched folds. She gave a few more licks in the same spot, but applying a little more pressure with each lick. Bea lifted her eyes to look at Allie, whose face was etched with pleasure, as she dipped her tongue through the folds. Once her tongue met the warmth of flesh, she moaned. She pulled her tongue back into her mouth to taste her lover for the first time, being introduced to what she did not expect at all. She didn’t really know what she expected, but she imagined that it would be of an astringent nature. Instead, she was met with butterscotch. Butterscotch. Butterscotch was the first thing that hit her taste buds as she swallowed Allie’s arousal. It didn’t bother her, the taste wasn’t unpleasant. So, she leaned her head in again, dipping her tongue into the wetness. Without a thought, she was slowly becoming addicted.

Bea applied more pressure as she found the blonde’s enlarged clit, stimulating it by moving her tongue in circles around it, occasionally stopping to give the bud a flick, earning a very approving moan from her girlfriend. After circling Allie’s clit a couple more times, she pulled the bundle of nerves into her mouth with gentle suction. Allie’s back arched off the bed as a series of incoherent words escaped her mouth, and Bea placed a hand on the lower part of the blonde’s stomach to hold her steady. Her other hand found Allie’s hand gripping the bedsheets, she managed to relax her grip and she intertwined their fingers. As Bea continued to suck on Allie’s clit, she used her tongue to gently flick the tip.

“Is this okay?” Bea asked, letting herself take a breather.

Allie moaned in response. “Don’t...stop...close...”

Bea went back in, flattening her tongue against the hardened bud and creating friction by moving it up and down in a firm manner. She removed her hand from Allie’s stomach, bringing said hand to help her make Allie feel even better by slipping one finger into the blonde’s opening. With her tongue massaging Allie’s clit and her finger curling up to reach the g-spot, Allie was bound to lose herself.

“Oh, my god, Bea!” Allie called out, her breathing becoming heavier. “Don’t stop, just like there...I’m close.”

And Bea had no intentions of stopping, not until Allie was shaking in ecstasy. As her finger rubbed against the spongy area and her tongue flicked over the enlarged clit, Allie’s body thrashed to the side and Bea’s name was falling from her lips. Bea felt a rush of fluid run past her finger and escape the opening. She kept her mouth on Allie to help work her through her orgasm. And when the blonde had finally calmed, Bea cleaned her up with her tongue and laid her head on Allie’s stomach. Both women were breathing heavily, but were also really pleased by what happened.

“Are you okay?” Bea finally asked.

“Holy fuck, Bea.” Allie began. “I cannot begin to tell you how amazing that felt. I’ve had people go down on me and they did not know how to even do it, but you...you were great. Are you sure you’ve never done that before?”

“I can assure you, that was a first for me.” She replied, making her way to crawl up Allie’s body.
“But you didn’t answer me; are you okay?”

“I’m more than okay. Thank you.”

“Good. And don’t thank me, I enjoyed it.” Bea placed her lips against Allie’s, giving her deep kiss.

“Butterscotch?” Allie said as they pulled apart, her face printed with a questioning look.

Bea laughed, laying her head into the crook of Allie’s neck. “That’s what I thought!” She said with a laugh. “It wasn’t the taste I was expecting.”

Allie also laughed, wrapping her arms around the woman lying on top of her. “Well, if I taste like butterscotch, then you have to taste like a hard caramel candy. It’d only be right.”

“I don’t know.”

“Let’s find out.”

Bea lifted her head, looking Allie in the eyes. “No...I mean, you don’t have to. You—you’re probably tired. You should get some sleep.”

Allie smirked. “I can’t go to sleep now. You’ve got me wanting to have a sample of the delicious woman on top of me.”

“You don’t have to…”

“What if I want to?”

Bea sighed. “Another new thing…” She said in referral to her sex life.

“Then I’ll be sure to make it memorable.” Allie replied. “Come on. I’m craving caramel.” She winked.

“How do you even know I’ll... taste like that?”

Allie shrugged her shoulders. “There’s only one way to find out.”

“I might disappoint.”

“You could never disappoint. No matter the taste, I’ll be addicted.” Without giving Bea the time of day to reply, Allie connected their lips in a deep kiss as she easily flipped them over so that was now on top.

“Babe, don’t be embarrassed.” Allie tried to soothe.

“I can’t help it. I am embarrassed.” Bea mumbled from the pillow. She was laying flat on her stomach, her face shoved into the pillow with the blankets brought all the way up to her shoulders.

“Well, don’t be.” Allie said. She was sitting criss-crossed on the bed next to the sulking woman. “Come on, it was hot. And it’s a natural thing.”
Bea shot her head up from the pillow. “If it’s so natural, then how come you didn’t do it?”

Allie chuckled. “Because it doesn’t happen every time the way it did with you.”

The redhead groaned, dropping her head back into the pillow.

“Bea, come on. Nothing about it is embarrassing.” Allie tried to reason. “It’s a compliment, really. It tells me that I’m good with my tongue.”

“Please...stop.”

“You made me come, it’s no different than how I made you come.”

Bea lifted her head again. “Allie, I practically covered your face with my...come. I heavily ejaculated, you came.”

“Well, technically you squirted. But that—that’s not the point.” Allie replied. “The point is, don’t be embarrassed. You’ve been holding out for a little bit, and it all just built up. And you had a really big release, and that’s okay. It was fucking great.” She brushed her fingers through Bea’s hair. “Don’t be embarrassed.”

Bea slightly turned her head, pressing her lips to the inner part of the blonde’s wrist. “I’m sorry...I just...this is still sorta new for me.”

“I know, and it’s okay.” Allie leaned down, kissing Bea’s forehead before moving to get out of the bed.

“Where are you going?” Bea asked.

“To the bathroom to, ya know, clean off my nasal cannula tubing. You kinda, uh...squirted on it.” Allie teased.

“Oh, for fucks sake!” Bea groused as she dropped her head back into the pillow.

Allie was a laughing mess as she made her way to the bathroom. She emerged not too long later, having cleaned her cannula tubing. Bea was already laying normally in the bed by now, so Allie slipped underneath the blankets and into her girlfriend’s side. She snuggled her face into the redhead’s chest, inhaling deeply.

“You really shouldn’t be embarrassed.” Allie spoke. “It was great.”

“It was great for me too.” Bea replied. “I’m just not used to feeling this great, and the way I came just really threw me off.”

“So, you’re okay?”

“I’m okay.” Bea smiled, giving Allie a tender kiss. “Caramel?”

Allie laughed, harder than necessary, but it was funny to her. “No, not caramel. But it was definitely unique and tasty.”

Bea returned the laugh. “Well, I guess that’s good.”
“Yes, it was...it is.” She reached her hand up, using her fingers to stroke the side of Bea’s face. Then, for the first time, she noticed the puffiness of her girlfriend’s ears. “Why do your ears look like that?”

Bea instinctively reached up, feeling her ear. “Oh, that.” She chuckled. “I always forget about that.” She said. “We call it cauliflower ears. It happens to most fighters. It’s just from being hit there a lot and then your ear overgrows from swelling.”

“Does it hurt?”

“No.” Bea answered “It used to, but not anymore.”

“Will your ears ever return to normal?”

“No, it’s irreversible. Unless I get plastic surgery, but I don’t need to. My ears are apart of my career choice. It doesn’t bother me. Do they bother you?”

“No.” Allie shook her head. “Not at all. I was just wondering.”

As the lovers cuddled together for the next half hour and the room was silent, Bea thought Allie was already sleeping. So she was letting her own eyes fall so she could do the same. Once her eyes were completely closed, Allie spoke.

“Can I ask you a question?” Allie asked.

“I guess so.”

It was quiet for a moment, and then Allie started. “What was it like before? Your sex life? How was it for you?”

The question kinda threw Bea off, as she wasn’t expecting it. They never really spoke of her previous sex life, it was just never a topic of conversation, and Bea honestly didn’t know how to answer the question.

“What do you mean?” Bea counterasked.

“The simple things we’ve done, the touching and kissing and tasting, you’ve said it was all new for you. You don’t have to answer me, but I’ve been wondering what was your sex was like before me. I mean...what did you do if you didn’t touch?”

Bea placed her hand behind her head, using her fingers to scratch into her scalp. “Well...it wasn’t sex to begin with, it was fucking. And no, I didn’t touch the women I hooked up with. The first woman I was ever with I did touch her though. That moment was experimental for me. I learned with her and afterwards, I decided to never touch a woman the way I did with her. I felt like that way was too much of a connection, and I wanted as little connection as possible.” She explained. “So, as time went on and many women were thrown in my direction, I used a different method to fuck. I used a, uh, strap-on. It was not hands on and the job got done. And just so I wouldn’t have to look at whoever it was that I was using for the night, I fucked her from behind.”

“Doggystyle?” Allie asked.
Bea chuckled. “If you want to call it that, then yeah. Doggystyle.” She confirmed. “But it was really quick too, sort of like a root ‘n boot. I never stayed long enough to even catch the girls’ name afterwards.” She sighed. “Sometimes I think that the things I did was wrong, but I did it to protect myself. I didn’t want to allow myself to be able to become vulnerable to a heartbreak. I didn’t want to let anyone in. But then...I met you. And it was hard to fight the way I felt for you. Maybe because it was I didn’t even know I fell for you until it was too late.”

Allie smiled. “Or maybe it’s because I’m smoking hot.”

Bea shook her head as a soft smile was on her lips. “Yeah, I only love you for your looks.”

“I knew it.”

Bea laughed, kissing the crown of Allie’s head. “I love you for way more than your looks, I can promise you that.”

“I know.” Allie replied, snuggling closer to Bea. “What about with Erica? The sex?”

“Everything with her was just for publicity. It was never planned that I get into bed with her, but one evening it happened. And then from there, it continued to happen. I used a strap-on with her too.” Bea answered. “I did touch her once. It was the very last time we had sex, a couple weeks before I met you.” She said. “Erica and I messed around with each other for about ten months. And honestly, I do think I was starting to grow some feelings for her. I wouldn’t have touched her if I wasn’t. But it was nothing to how I feel about you. I love you, Allie, more than anything. I can’t describe how I feel about you.”

Allie smiled, pressing her lips to whatever part of Bea she could reach. “I love you too, so much.” She tilted her head upwards to look at her girlfriend. “Thank you for saving me.”

“*You* saved me.” Bea replied. “And you have been the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“I love you. I...love...you...” Allie said in between kisses as she moved her body around, climbing on top of her lover. “All this sweet talk really worked up an appetite. I’m ready for round two.” She grinned.

“Round two?” Bea questioned, a smile on her face as she settled her hands on the blonde’s thighs.

“Mhm, round two.” Allie confirmed. "You’ve ignited me, there’s no stopping now.” She giggled as she leaned down to give another kiss. “I’m assuming that multiple rounds in the bed is another new thing for you.”

“You assume correctly.”

“Well, stick with me, babe. And you’ll experience lots of new things.”

Bea managed to flip them over, a satisfying smile on her face, she now being on top. “I can’t wait.”
I do hope this chapter was suitable! The next chapter will be another happy one (we're having a time out on the drama for now). Also, if you read this story but have never left a comment, don't be afraid to! Say hi, tell me about your pet, anything! It really makes my day to read what you have to say. Don't be shy, I don't bite. Well, not unless you ask me to ;)

Q: I'm seriously lost at bay for what season 6 will bring. What are your theories if you have any? Also, WHY HASN'T THERE BEEN ANY MORE TEASERS FOR SEASON 6????

Also, tomorrow makes 1 year since I've been writing Ballie fanfiction! Time flies! Thank you all <3
Allie was sitting in the hospital room waiting on Dr. O’Hara to return with her test results. Just forty minutes ago, she had taken a full body MRI for an update on her lungs and to see if anything new was happening within her body. Allie was completely nervous, she had no idea what to expect. Nothing ever happened in her favor, so she was automatically expecting the worst news. She was so thankful for Bea, she doesn’t know what she could do without the redhead’s continued support. She thanked her lucky stars that Bea was in her life and by her side. Looking to her left, she grabbed the hand of the woman she loved. She intertwined their fingers before bringing Bea’s hand to her lips, giving the back of her hand a soft kiss.

“It’s going to be okay.” Bea said, trying to calm the blonde’s nervousness. “No matter the result, I’m going to be here. I’m with you, Allie, no matter what.”

“I’m just so nervous.” Allie replied. “I mean...what if I have to be on oxygen support for the rest of my life? It’s not fair; to me or you. You don’t deserve to have to look after someone who can’t breathe properly. You deserve the world, and I’m only holding you-” Her voice broke, tears escaping her eyes.

Bea pulled Allie into her body, wrapping both her arms securely around the blonde. “It’s going to be okay, babe.” She said. “Why would I want the world when I have you? I only need you, okay? I’m happy, happier than I’ve ever been. If anything, you deserve the world. And I’m going to do everything in my power to make sure you get that. Because I love you...and we’re in this together.”

“No matter what?” Allie asked after wiping her tear filled eyes.

Bea kissed the top of Allie’s head. “No matter what.”

Bea sat with her arms wrapped around Allie for the next ten minutes. She wished the blonde would understand that it didn’t matter if she would be having to carry an oxygen tank for the rest of her life, because Bea would always be there for her...with her. It didn’t matter what news Dr. O’Hara was bringing because they were going to continue their lives. They were going to be happy and be there for each other. If Allie needed a shoulder to cry on, Bea was going to be there. And vice versa.

The room door opening startled both women in their state of calmness. Dr. O’Hara’s heels clicked against the flooring as she entered the room with two folders in her hand. Allie sat up from Bea’s hold as the doctor turned on the film viewer and placed two sets of x-ray films against the light it was projecting. Dr. O’Hara inhaled deeply before turning to look at both Bea and Allie.

“This film is from almost three weeks ago before the procedure I did with the catheter to get the fluid from your lungs.” Dr. O’Hara said as she pointed to one film. “This film was from almost an hour ago. Do you see the difference?”
“I have no idea what I’m looking at, but I do see a difference. In the first one there is a lot of...white? And the second one, most of the white is gone and it’s dark.” Allie answered, looking at the doctor for answers.

Dr. O’Hara slightly smiled. “Correct. You see, the dark indicts air in your lungs while the white indicates fluid.” She used her finger to move over the dark and white she was talking about in each film. “Allie, the fluid in your lungs is gone. The x-ray that you just took shows there is more air in your lungs than before. Your bones are showing now in the x-ray, which is great. It didn’t show before.” She pointed to the first film, pointing out that none of her bones were showing because of the amount of fluid that was in her lungs. “Your blood vessels are looking great too.” She said, pointing to the recent x-ray film. “Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“You’re saying that I’m...okay. I don’t need oxygen support anymore?”

“You don’t need oxygen support anymore.” Dr. O’Hara confirmed with a smile. “However, I want you to stay on the diuretic I prescribed you for a little while longer. I think it has helped with the excess fluids in your body.” She sat down on the medical stool and rolled closer to Bea and Allie. “But I do have some slight bad news.”

“You could’ve started with that, ya know.” Bea started. “You can’t give us good news and then turn around with saying there is bad news too. You should’ve started with saying that there was both good and bad news.”

“Bea, it’s not what you think.” Dr. O’Hara replied.

“Any bad news is not something I’ll be fond of. I only want the best for Allie. It’s what she deserves. She doesn’t deserve anymore shit thrown at her.” Bea grew angry.

“Babe, calm down.” Allie placed her hand on Bea’s thigh. “Let’s just hear what she has to say.”

Dr. O’Hara waited until Bea nodded her head before she began speaking. “I’m not saying it’s going to happen because I can’t quite tell right now, but it’s a possibility that you may have to get a kidney transplant in the future. You may seem fine right now, but the overdose you experienced can cause your kidneys to not function properly. I can though, however, see that your kidneys did have some damage to them from the toxic substance, but not enough to actually harm you.” She said. “I wouldn’t worry too much about it, I just wanted to let you know of the possibilities. Your liver wasn’t affected at all and I don’t understand why, but I’m not going to object about that.”

“I don’t understand…” Bea said. “Why would she possibly need a kidney transplant in the future? Why couldn’t the affected kidney get taken out? We have two kidneys, and a person can survive with just one.”

Allie softly smiled at Bea. “I only have one kidney, babe. I was born with only one.”

“Oh...so, the one kidney could be in danger of failure?” Bea asked the doctor.

“If there was anything to be worried about, I would stress it. But according to the x-rays, there isn’t much I can go by. It doesn’t show crucial damage. But again, don’t worry too much about it. We’ll check on it again with the next doctor’s visit.” The doctor said. “Also, I would advise that you never take a drug again. No matter the amount you put into your body, it will be dangerous to you. It could kill you.”

“You don’t have to worry about that. I’m never taking another drug again. I haven’t willingly taken a drug in almost four months. I don’t want to go back to that lifestyle, it was no fun.” The blonde replied. “When do you want to see me again?” She asked.
“In a month.” Dr. O’Hara said. She stood up, turned Allie’s oxygen machine off, and took the nasal cannula out of her nose. “You don’t have to deal with this pestering thing anymore. And in the meantime, take it easy. Don’t go back to your normal activities so quickly, build yourself up. I don’t want you hurting yourself, okay?”

Allie smiled once she was freed of the oxygen support. “I can’t believe I don’t have to lug that thing around anymore.” She looked to Bea, feeling her eyes start to water. “I’m going to be emotional.”

Bea wrapped an arm around her girlfriend. “It’s gonna be okay, babygirl.”

“I know, I’m just happy.” Allie wiped at her eyes. “Thank you, Dr. O’Hara. You’ve been a great doctor. I’m glad I wasn’t too difficult for you.”

Dr. O’Hara laughed. “My abilities were seriously tested during this trial, but I’m glad I didn’t fail you. And I’m more than glad that you reacted well to the treatments.” She smiled. “You’re free to go now, and I’ll see you in a month. And don’t freak out if you experience shortness of breath in the next few days. It’s normal with being taken off the oxygen machine.”

After Bea and Allie thanked Dr. O’Hara once again, they left the room and was escorted to the check out desk. Allie set a date for her next appointment and then the duo left the hospital. On the drive home, Allie was ecstatic. She couldn’t stop smiling and saying how happy she was, and Bea was the same. She was happy that her girlfriend didn’t have to carry an oxygen tank around anymore. The blonde was joyous to feel a breath of fresh air. Literally.

As Bea and Allie entered into the home, Debbie was walking down the stairs. And Allie was instantly met with a hug from the curly haired brunette, who noticed that Allie didn’t have her oxygen support anymore. The young girl began asking questions, and was answered immediately by Allie. Allie and Bea continued into the home, walking into the kitchen to see Liz writing on a piece of paper and Boomer watching.

“What are you up to, Liz?” Bea asked.

“It’s shopping time. I’m just making a list to take to the market with me.” Liz replied.

“Oh! Can I go?” Allie asked the older woman.

“Oh, um, I don’t mind. The company would be nice.” Liz said. “If Bea’s okay with it, then so am I.”

“Can I, babe?” Allie asked Bea.

Bea chuckled. “I don’t care. You can go if you’d like. I have to head out now anyway, it’s training day.” She looked to Boomer. “You hear that, Booms? Allie’s going to the market with Liz, that means you are too.”

“Righto. I know that.” Boomer replied.

“Good.” Bea gave Allie a kiss. “I’m going to change, so I can go. I’ll see you later. I love you.”

“I love you too, babe.”
“Mum, can I go with you to the gym?” Debbie asked.

Bea looked at her daughter, wondering if she was being serious. “If you want to.” It would be her daughter’s third time at the gym during the last few days, and it was quite intriguing to her.

Bea and Debbie walked into the gym, seeing everyone at work around the area. Will was spotting Matt on the benchpress while his nephew, Shane, was sitting in a chair just watching. Nate and Wes were setting up Bea’s workout regime for the day. Fred wasn’t anywhere to be seen, so Bea figured he wasn’t there yet or he was out in the back cleaning off the workout padding. Bea looked to the kitchen, seeing through the small window that Jason was in there. Of course he was, he was always looking for food. She and Debbie continued to the hallway that led to Bea’s dressing room. As she entered the room, she set her bag down and began putting her hair up. Afterwards, she changed her shoes and then headed back out of the dressing room. Nate and Wes were waiting for her to start, so she began the light stretches with them.

Bea ended her workout session on the exercise bike. It had been a long four hours and her arms ached since the main focus for the day had been on her arms. Debbie was on the exercise bike next to her, and she was happy that her daughter tagged along even if it was for the boy she’d been eye balling the whole time. Speaking of which, she followed Debbie’s line of sight, landing on Shane. Bea smiled as she shook her head.

“I’m glad you tagged along, Deb.” Bea said. “Although I didn’t know you were interested in exercise, it was still nice to have you here.”

Debbie chuckled. “I’m not interested in exercise.” And she really wasn’t. She was not here for the exercise or to be sweating...she was just interested in a certain boy. Given she heard what Will said about him, that he had been getting himself in trouble, she couldn’t help but be intrigued by him. He looked like a real nice guy, and his looks were pretty great too.

Debbie knew she was a shy girl, more so when it came to guys she may have been interested in. But it surely didn’t stop her from lingering. She figured if she hung around long enough at her mum’s gym, that Shane would eventually approach her and start conversation. It surely was inevitable, right?

As Bea and Debbie returned home, the smell of freshly cooked food invaded their senses. Bea inhaled deeply, loving how rich whatever was cooking smelled. She couldn’t put her finger on it, the smell wasn’t recognizable. Liz often cooked certain foods regularly, but the smell flowing through her house was definitely new. Setting her duffle bag down on the floor, she followed the smell to the kitchen. As she entered the open plan kitchen, she was surprised to see that Allie was the one standing in front of the stove stirring whatever contents were in the rather large pot while Liz was standing off to the side tending to drinks. She watched for a moment as Allie put what was in the pot on a spoon for a taste test, the blonde’s eyes closing in delight.

“What smells good?” Bea finally asked.

Allie turned to Bea, a bright smile on her face. “Babe! You’re back.” She happily said. “Where’s
“She took her bag to her room.” Bea replied, stepping further into the kitchen to reach Allie. She slipped an arm around the blonde’s waist, kissing her gently on the lips. “What’s cooking?”

“I’m making some chicken and gnocchi soup.” Allie answered. “It’s one of my favorites.”

“Oh, you’re cooking?”

“Yes!” Allie laughed. “I can cook, remember?” She playfully swatted Bea on her arm. “When I lived in the women’s shelter, I used to make this stuff when I wasn’t...ya know, completely off my face. The girls there loved it and always complimented me for it. Anyway, Liz did help me make the gnocchi part of it homemade because I’ve never done it that way before. I’ve always bought it already made in a box, so I’m pretty excited about it.”

Bea smiled, loving that Allie had a genuine happy glow to her. “I bet it’ll taste great.”

“It should be done in a few.” Allie gave a quick peck to Bea’s lips. “Go relax.”

Once Allie went back to stirring the ingredients together, Bea grabbed a water bottle from the refrigerator. She looked to Liz, grabbing the older woman’s attention.

“I did buy all the groceries that you went and got, right?” Bea asked, trying her best to discreetly ask if Allie bought anything that dealt with groceries.

“Yes.” Liz replied. “Well, except for the things that are being cooked right now. Allie insisted she that she buy them.”

“Allie-”

“Bea, don’t even start.” Allie interrupted the redhead, turning to look at her lover. “When I wanted nothing to do with the settlement money, you told me to keep it and do what I wanted with it. I wanted to make this dish for you all, but I also wanted to treat y’all to a nice dinner. So, I settled for cooking with buying the things I needed. So, therefore, dinner is on me tonight.” And it was true, she really wanted nothing to do with her settlement money, but the people around her told her to just hang on to it. So, after she received the money just a couple days ago, lots of ideas came into her mind about what to do with it. A home cooked meal made by her was one of them.

“Okay.” Bea responded, seeing how serious Allie looked. “I just didn’t want you to feel obligated to buy any groceries is all.”

“I wanted to.”

“I get it. Let me know when it’s ready, I can’t wait to taste it.” Bea said before exiting the kitchen to go to the living room. Just as she plopped down on the couch, bottle of water in hand, Debbie’s voice sounded through the house.

“What’s cookin’ good lookin’?” Debbie practically hollered, making Allie laugh.

Allie announced that the food was done not too long later, and everyone rushed into the kitchen. Boomer quickly washed her hands and grabbed a bowl, making sure to be the first to dish up some soup into her bowl. Once everyone was sat at the dining room table and stuffing their faces, it was silent. All that was heard was the slurping noise Boomer made to get the soup off her spoon and into her mouth.
“If I had known you could cook, you woulda been cookin’ for me a long time ago, Blondie!” Boomer announced.

“It’s good then?” Allie asked, her perfectly pruned eyebrow quirked upwards.

“It’s delicious!” Boomer said as she got up from the table to get herself a second helping.

“It’s most definitely the bomb dot com.” Debbie chimned in.

Allie laughed, looking over to Bea, who was eating her soup in silence. “What about you, babe? Do you like it?”

Not moving her head an inch, she lifted her eyes to look at Allie, giving her a very approving nod. “It’s great, babe.”

Allie smiled. “Liz? Do you like it?”


Allie was extremely pleased that the four other women seemed to really enjoy the soup she made. She had been nervous about making it since the last time she made it was a while ago, but even she had to agree that it turned it well. The fresh ingredients made it even that much better than when she used to make it at the women’s shelter she lived at.

After everyone had a second serving of the soup Allie made, they all dispersed. Boomer and Debbie made plans the previous day to go out to one of the cinemas in town to catch a new movie that they were both wanting to see. So, after both women were ready and said their goodbye’s to Bea, Allie, and Liz, they left. Bea had then excused herself after giving Allie a kiss, saying that she needed to go take a shower to rid herself from the sweat on her skin. Liz then began cleaning up the kitchen, much to Allie’s annoyance. The blonde tried to take over the cleaning up from Liz, but the older woman wasn’t having it. They finally settled on an agreement, Liz to wash the dishes and Allie to dry them.

They had been washing dishes for a few minutes when Allie spoke. “How long have you known Bea?”

“Since she was in her teens.” Liz replied, briefly looking to Allie.

“Really? So, you knew Debbie before Harry left with her?”

“No. I didn’t even know Bea was pregnant. Bea was my hairdresser for quite some time before her UFC career debuted. And it amazes me that I never knew she was pregnant. There was a while that I didn’t see her, maybe four or five months. But still...even afterwards, I didn’t know of Debbie. Bea and I were close, but I hadn’t ever gone around where she lived.” Liz said. “Harry was real strict on who he let around anyway.” She shrugged her shoulders. “I knew something happened to her when she went off and started getting herself into some trouble. That’s how she met Franky. But I never questioned her, I just wanted to give her some space.”

“Was she always such a good person?”

“She was.” Liz replied. “The things she’s been through has made her exterior look hard, but she’s soft and made of gold on the inside. She’s a badass with a good heart. Bea is the type of woman you go to war beside, not against.” She let a smile cross her features. “I’ve never seen her let someone in the way she has with you. She really loves you, Allie. A blind person could even see it.”
Allie brightly smiled. The sole mention of Bea’s love made her stomach flutter with butterflies. “I love her too, Liz, so much. I’ve never felt this way before.”

“Neither has she, love. I can assure you.” Liz replied. “You should go on up to be with her. I can finish up down here.”

“You sure? I feel like I should be helping to clean up since I dirtied the kitchen.”

“Go.” Liz gently pushed Allie on her arm. “I got it down here.”

“Okay. Thank you!”

Allie made her way out of the kitchen and headed up the stairs. As she entered into Bea’s room, she seen that the bathroom door was closed so she figured that the redhead was still in the shower. Her assumption was correct as she walked into the bathroom. Closing the door behind herself, her jaw nearly hit the floor. The glass on the walk-in shower was a bit foggy, but Allie could still see Bea’s perfect figure. The gym had really been doing good for the redhead; her legs were firm, her arms were insanely chiseled, her abs were defined, and her back muscles were clearly well formed. Allie moaned at the sight of Bea washing her own hair, it was completely sexy to her. Her core throbbed with want, and wetness spilled from her opening. Slowly undressing herself, Allie walked to the shower enclosure. She opened the glass door, letting herself step into the steamed air. Just as Bea began rinsing her hair, Allie stepped close to her and wrapped her arms around the redhead. Their breasts were touching, Allie pressing herself more firm against her lover.

“Alliecat, what are you doing?” Bea asked, popping her eyes open to look at the blonde beauty.

Allie smiled at the nickname she hadn’t heard in a while. “I’m having a shower.”

“Well, I’m almost done. Then it’s all yours.”

“Don’t you dare think about leaving me in here.” Allie growled out, sucking her mouth on Bea’s neck. “We’re not leaving this shower until I’ve had my way with you.”

“Shower sex?” Bea tilted her head, giving Allie better access.

Allie giggled, bringing her lips to Bea’s. “You’ve got me all worked up.”

“I was only showering. How could that possibly be a turn on?”

“Everything you do turns me on, Bea.” Allie purred. She pushed Bea against the tiled wall, grabbing her wrists and pinning them up above her head. Her mouth began its’ attack on the redhead’s neck.

“Allie…” Bea moaned out. Her chest heaved as her breathing began to get heavier. “Baby, touch me.”

“What every girl wants to hear.” Allie grinned, swiping her tongue across her girlfriend’s ear before pulling it into her mouth to give it a soft suck. “Be patient.”

“Don’t make me beg. I don’t beg.”

“You don’t do a lot of things, but that was until I came along.” Allie said with a seductive tone. “So, you’re gonna have to beg if you want it.”

“Allie Novak.” Bea said through gritted teeth.
Allie slightly pulled back, a sly grin ever so present on her face. “Yes, Beatrice Smith?”

“Don’t make me beg.”

“I’m not making you, I’m asking you to. You don’t have to, but then you won’t get to feel my touch.” The blonde leaned closer to Bea’s ear. “I know you’re dripping wet. The way your chest is flushed is telling me everything I need to know.”

Bea Smith does not beg, it just wasn’t something she did. But if she wanted to feel Allie, it looked like she was going to have to pull her best puppy eyes. She leaned her head back against the tiled wall behind her, a sigh escaping her lips. “Please, Allie. I need to feel you.” She briefly closed her eyes, somewhat feeling embarrassed for even having to ask. It was unlike her to have to beg for such pleasure. “Please, touch me. I want you.”

Allie removed one of her hands from holding Bea’s wrist and lightly trailed her hand down Bea’s arm to her chest, gently pawing at her breast. “I need to hear more.”

Bea wrapped her free arm around Allie’s body, pulling her close. She rolled her hips against the blonde’s, trying to get some sort of friction. “Just please, make me feel good.”

Allie kissed over Bea’s jawline. “Tell me what you want me to do to you.”

“Touch me.”

Allie chuckled. “Be descriptive.”

Bea groaned. The blonde was going to be the death of her. “For fucks sake, Allie.” She huffed. “I want you to use those fingers of yours to be inside of me.”

Allie laughed, using her fingers to lightly pinch Bea’s nipple. “You suck at dirty talk.”

“Allie, if all you’re gonna do is tease me, then just-” Bea didn’t even have time to finish her sentence, as she was interrupted by Allie’s mouth on hers along with the blonde’s fingers finally slipping through her folds. A heavy moan fell out of her mouth and into Allie’s as the blonde’s skilled fingers rolled over her clit. Bea held Allie close, pushing her hips against the hand that was touching her, wanting more.

She felt Allie sink her teeth into her neck, rough at first but then soft. The way Allie’s fingers rolled over her clit, made Bea want to sink to her knees. With each soft touch, her knees buckled. Bea tried holding onto something, but there was literally nothing to grab in the shower enclosure. When Allie wrapped an arm around Bea’s waist to hold her steady, Bea felt herself relax. Now, she could solely focus on pleasure instead of wondering how she would hold herself up.

Allie skillfully moved her fingers about through her girlfriend’s drenched folds. She absolutely loved how much the redhead seemed to be ready for her. But it was also making her own core pound with desire. As she kissed across Bea’s collarbone, she used her knee to pry open Bea’s legs further. She moved her fingers lower, teasing her lover’s entrance before moving back upwards to rub circles around the engorged clit. Allie kissed back up Bea’s neck, stopping at the pleasurable spot to pay special attention. She sucked and then used her tongue to soothe the area afterwards, she did the same two gestures with her mouth continuously. When two of her fingers found their way back at Bea’s entrance, she slowly pushed them in without warning. Bea sucked in a sharp breath, her fingers digging into the flesh on Allie’s back. She pressed the side of her head into Allie’s, her facing screwing up in pleasure as a moan left her lips. Bea dropped her hands lower, grabbing a handful of Allie’s ass and pulling her closer. One of Allie’s legs fell between Bea’s, her core now pressed up against Bea’s thigh. And she really couldn’t help herself,
she needed some more friction to her burning with desire core. So, she rolled her hips against Bea’s thigh as her fingers pumped expertly within the redhead’s opening.

“Oh, fuck, Allie.” Bea breathed out, her teeth finding the blonde’s shoulder.

Allie continued to roll her hips against Bea, her breathing getting heavier. “You feel so good.” She said, curling her fingers to show her point. Just as her fingers barely touched that good spot within Bea’s walls, the redhead’s body jerked in ecstasy.

Allie curled her fingers again at the same time she pressed her thumb to Bea’s clit, making the other woman moan out. She felt herself building up with each thrust of her pelvis into Bea. She also moaned out when Bea pulled tighter on her, bringing their bodies even closer together. She connected her lips to Bea’s in a heavy kiss once the redhead had started moving with more purpose along with her. Both women were breathing harder as their climaxes continued to grow, and Allie began to pump her fingers faster, the burn in her arm didn’t matter right now.

Bea broke their kiss, dropping her head against the tiled wall. Her mouth was slightly open as heavy breaths were escaping. “Allie...I-I’m close...don’t stop.”

Bea’s pleading tone spurred Allie on even more. There was no way she was stopping, not now. She rubbed her fingers on Bea’s g-spot as her thumb was pressed firmly onto her clit. She felt Bea’s body tremble, indicating she was right at the peak. She flicked her thumb over Bea’s clit and her fingers slammed into Bea, sending the redhead over the edge. A sigh escaped Bea’s lips along with a series of moans, followed by Allie’s name. With one more strong thrust of her hips, Allie also tumbled over the edge. The women held tightly on one another as their climaxes coursed its’ way throughout their bodies.

As soon as Bea controlled her breathing, Allie dropped to her knees. She hooked Bea’s left leg over her shoulder and used one hand to expose her lover’s core by spreading her lips open. Her tongue instantly made contact with Bea’s clit, wasting little time in re-stimulating it. Bea gripped her fingers into Allie’s soaked hair, holding her close. A weird sound came from Bea’s lips; it was a mixture of a cry and a moan. The sound shocked herself, but she thought little about it. Wanting to focus all of her attention on the pleasure that was building again. Allie switched between flicking Bea’s clit with her tongue and sliding her tongue up and down over it.

“Allie...like that...yes...oh!” Bea’s body beautifully arched forward as her orgasm blasted through her. It was way more intense than the first one, but still so pleasurable. And she briefly wondered why she spent the past four years wasting her time with quick fucks. Because what she was feeling right now was pure bliss. But then she understood that it had everything to do with the woman kneeling before her. There was no way she could feel this way with just anyone.

After Allie worked Bea through her orgasm, she pulled back and wiped her mouth. As she stood to her feet, she kissed every part of Bea’s body she could reach until they were face to face. She pressed her lips to Bea’s, a kiss full of love.

“I love you.” Bea said as their kiss broke.

“I love you too.” Allie replied before letting herself fall against Bea’s body, their arms wrapping around one another.

Bea left the shower after a few minutes to let Allie finish up. She put on a robe and entered into her room, falling unabashedly onto her bed. She was suddenly so tired and wanting nothing more than to go to sleep, but she also wanted to wait up on Allie. She didn’t have to wait long as Allie also exited the bathroom wearing a robe.
Allie climbed into the bed next to Bea, cuddling into her side. She was completely sated. Nothing could ever compare to the way she felt with Bea, it was like she was on cloud nine. And she felt lucky that the redhead ever gave her a chance. She spent years with people turning their noses up at her, thinking they were too good. When Allie was in the women’s shelter, she had a short relationship with a woman who was also living there. The relationship was toxic, they were both fucked up individuals. But that didn’t stop the sex. Maybe that wasn’t even a relationship, maybe they were just fuck buddies. Nevertheless, it was one of the few relationships she had that she remembered. But it felt nowhere as great as it did with Bea.

“I have something for you.” Allie announced after they had been silent for a while.

“What?”

“I have something for you.” The blonde repeated. “I wanted to get you something to show my appreciation for everything you’ve done for me.”

“You didn’t need to do that.” Bea said. “I don’t-”

“Oh, hush.” Allie interrupted. “You always do things for me, so now it’s my turn. I like to spoil my girl every now and then too, ya know. Just accept it and be happy...because I love you.”

“Okay…”

Allie turned over, opened her bedside table drawer and pulled out a rectangular box. She turned back to Bea, setting the box on her stomach. “Open it.”

Bea sighed, placing her hands on the box. She looked to Allie before opening the box. She was met with a silver necklace that had a rectangle plate that hung from the chain. She looked closer, seeing the engraving written on it. There was a heart with Allie’s name beside it. She looked back to the blonde, unknowing of the tears threatening to fall.

“So that I’ll always be with you, when I’m physically not.” Allie said, bringing her hand up to caress Bea’s cheek.

“This is…” Bea trailed off not really knowing what to say. “I love it. I love you.” She kissed Allie.

“I love you too, babe.” Allie smiled, using her thumb to wipe the tears that fell from Bea’s eyes.

Bea set the box on her nightstand before wrapping both of her arms around Allie, cuddling into her.

“You’re the best girlfriend ever, and I’m so lucky.” Bea said, tucking her face into the crook of Allie’s neck.

“I always say the same thing about you.” Allie replied. “But of course I add that you’re insanely sexy and completely edible.” She teased, causing Bea to laugh.

“You’re such a dork.” Bea laughed. “But I wouldn’t have it any other way. I want forever with you.”

Allie’s heart skipped a beat. The thought of forever with Bea almost seemed unreal. But it was also amazing to think about. She couldn’t imagine herself with anyone other than Bea. And quite frankly, she didn’t want to. Bea was her person, and the fact that her girlfriend mentioned a ‘forever’ without even realizing it, made it that much more special. It showed her that Bea was in
this for the long haul. That Bea was serious about them. That their love wasn’t going to be a short fling. And it warmed Allie’s heart.
As Bea was getting ready to go to the gym, all she could feel was the tension radiating off of Allie’s body. It was nine o’clock in the morning, and nothing had ever felt more awkward to her. The only words the two shared in the last thirty minutes was their good morning’s and a couple of kisses. Other than that, it had been relatively quiet since their awakening. Bea could tell something was on the blonde’s mind and it drove her crazy that she didn’t know what she was thinking. Whatever it was, no matter what it was, Bea could handle what Allie seemed to be trying to fight herself.

Bea looked to Allie, who was laying on her side with her head propped up on her hand, before walking to the closet to get her training shoes on and a pair of socks. She sat on the edge of the bed after retrieving the items and began putting on her socks. Just as she slipped one of her shoes on, Allie spoke.

“I want to go back to Melbourne.” The blonde spilled out in a fast manner.

Bea slowly sat up straight, turning her head to look at Allie over her shoulder. “What?”

“I want to go back to Melbourne.” Allie repeated in a much slower tone.

Bea turned completely around, looking at her girlfriend with furrowed eyebrows. “Why do you want to do that?”

“I just do. I want to go back to work because I feel like I’ve abandoned Mr. Alicio.” Allie said. “I need to go back to work, Bea. And I want to be in Melbourne.”

“No.” Bea simply said before she finished putting her shoes on.

Allie scoffed. “What?”

“I said no.” Bea stood up from the bed, grabbing her duffle bag that had her change of clothes. “You are not going back to Melbourne. I won’t allow it.”

“And who do you think you are?” Allie was now fully sat up in the bed. “I am a grown ass woman. You can’t tell me what to do. I make my own choices.”

“I’m your girlfriend.” Bea said. “And If I don’t want you to go back to Melbourne, then you aren’t going! Simple as that.” She began to walk out of the room when Allie jumped from the bed and grabbed her arm.
“It is not as simple as that. I want to go back to Melbourne, so I am!”

Bea pulled her arm from Allie’s hold and opened the bedroom door, proceeding to walk out. “You are not going.”

“Yes, I am!” Allie yelled, following after Bea. “You don’t get to make my choices for me!”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Allie.” Bea groaned. “Fine, go! I don’t give a fuck anymore!” About that time, Debbie walked out of her room rubbing her eyes. Bea walked to the staircase and began to walk down them. “Call Maxine yourself to talk about flight details.”

Allie threw her head back in frustration. “I will!”

When the front door was heard slam shut, Allie ran her fingers through her hair. She swore that Bea could be so stubborn sometimes. There was absolutely nothing wrong with her wanting to go back to Melbourne. It’s where all her belongings were, it’s where she worked. It was in her best interest to go back to Melbourne.

“What’s going on?” Debbie asked after a yawn escaped her mouth.

“Your mum is being a fucking dramatic.” Allie said and then entered back into the room.

After Bea parked her Harley Davidson, she stomped into the gym. She gave no greetings whatsoever to anyone as she angrily walked to the hallway where her dressing room was located. She was just about to shut her dressing room door, but Maxine quickly slipped in. Bea sighed out as she dropped her bag to the floor and flopped into a chair, running her fingers through her curls to lift her hair up into a ponytail.

“What’s wrong?” Maxine asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

Bea shook her head. “Nothing.”

“Something is wrong. Tell me.”

Bea sighed. “Allie wants to go back to Melbourne.”

The tall woman raised a knowing eyebrow, suddenly understanding the redhead’s sour mood. “And that’s a bad thing?”

“Yes!” Bea threw her arms out. “How am I supposed to look out for her when she’s in...
“Okay, look.” Maxine grabbed a chair and sat next to Bea. “Your relationship with Allie is still pretty new, and it’s obvious that you’ll always be protective, but you can’t always keep her locked away. She’s a new woman, so to speak, and she hasn’t adjusted yet. Let her explore, let her seek out new things. And you can do that while still keeping an eye on her. Boomer, for instance, will be going with her?”

“I don’t want her to go to Melbourne.” Bea sulked.

“Bea, you can’t control her.” Maxine said. “If it’s what she wants, then let her. Anything to keep her happy, right?”

“But what about me? I won’t be happy if she leaves.”

A smile crossed Maxine’s features. “So, it’s more than just not being able to look out for her. You don’t want her to leave because you don’t know how to deal with having to miss her.” She insinuated. “Let her go back, miss each other during your time apart. Because absence truly does make the heart grow fonder.” She placed a hand on the redhead’s leg. “Boomer will look after her. You don’t have to worry about her safety. She’ll have Boomer, and Franky is in Melbourne too.”

It may have been selfish, but Bea really didn’t want to have to go without the blonde. She got so used to sharing a bed with her girlfriend and waking up to her that it’ll feel foreign once she’s no longer there.

Bea inhaled deeply before breathing out. “She’s going to call you to sort out flight details, just tell her you’ll work on it. Let me talk to her before she decides anything further. I have some apologizing to do.”

Maxine smiled. “Now, onto a more work related topic - you need to pucker up because you have an in session gym interview along with a small photoshoot today with Inside Sport. And after two, you’ll be meeting your new secretary.”

“New secretary? Already?”

“Yes, already. I work fast.” Maxine said proudly. “She’s a great fit for the position. I’ve known her for quite some time and I think she’ll be great. Her name is Doreen Anderson.”

“And you trust her?” Bea asked.

“Of course.”
“Well, I guess it won’t hurt to give her a chance. I look forward to meeting her.

Bea’s workout day had gone by really well. Her team had her work on her stamina to help build it. The short interview she had with *Inside Sport* also went off without a hitch. The thing she liked about interviews with sports magazines was that they asked sport related questions and not questions on her personal life, or about Allie. Sports magazines were truly interested in the sport, nothing more. Her short photoshoot that the sport magazine directed was mainly a few shots of her in the ring during her sparring session. She did have a couple where they wanted her to stand with her fists balled up in a fighting stance and one with her just standing straight with her hands relaxed at her side.

And now she had just finished freshening up for her meeting with Doreen. She was ready to get the meeting over with so she could get home and talk to Allie. She knew she acted like a jerk, but it was for good reason, right? She put half of her hair up, leaving the rest down, and grabbed her duffle bag. Just as she went to walk out of her dressing room, there was a knock. Opening the door, she came face to face with Maxine.


“Yeah.” Bea answered with a nod of her head.

The two women walked out of the short hallway and made their way to the conference room, where Doreen was waiting on them at. As Bea entered the room, she was met with a dark complexioned woman. The woman’s hair was slicked back into a ponytail, and she had a notebook and a folder on the table in front of her, along with a pen. Bea and Maxine took a seat across from the other woman, Maxine smiling gleefully at her.

“This is Bea,” Maxine introduced Bea to Doreen. “And Bea, this is Doreen.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Doreen.” Bea smiled, extending her arm out to shake the other woman’s hand. She was genuinely impressed by the strong grip Doreen gave in return, it made her that much more sure that the woman was suitable for the job.

“It’s nice to meet you as well, Bea.” Doreen replied, a smile across her features as well.

The meeting didn’t last long. They only took about thirty to forty minutes to talk over everything. Bea mainly wanted to make sure that Doreen knew what the job consisted of, and to make sure that the woman was completely sure that she would be able to handle the job. What she didn’t need was for someone to have the job for three weeks and then decide it wasn’t right for them. As Bea ended the meeting, she made sure that Maxine understood it was her job to settle Doreen in. Show her the ropes, and get her used to the business part of things. It was agreed that Doreen was to start after she got the hang of everything, which shouldn’t take long.

Bea slipped her helmet over her curly locks before revving up her motorbike and taking off towards home. She drove her bike into the garage, seeing both cars still accompanying their spots. Once Bea hung her helmet on the garage wall, she walked out of the garage and closed it up,
heading to the front door. She unlocked the front door and entered into her home, hearing Debbie’s voice right away. The young girl was trying to talk Boomer into watching a scary movie. Bea took a few steps into the home when Allie trotted out of the kitchen. Their eyes locked briefly before Allie looked away with an eye roll and made her way to the stairs. Out of reaction, Bea rushed to the blonde and grabbed her arm.

“Let go of me.” Allie said.

“Can we talk? Please?” Bea asked.

“I don’t want to.” Allie pulled her arm out of Bea’s grasp. “You’ve done enough talking, don’t ya think?”

“Allie, I don’t want to argue. I just want to talk. Please. I’m asking nicely.”

Allie huffed and continued up the stairs, not saying another thing to the redhead. So, Bea took that as a yes and followed her girlfriend up the stairs. She followed the blonde into the room. Seeing Allie sitting on the bed, she also sat too, but stayed at a reasonable distance from her.

“I know I acted like a jerk,” Bea started, but was cut off by a scoff from Allie. “But I can’t stop you from doing what you want to do. You don’t need my permission to do something, that’s not the kind of relationship we’re in. If you want to go back to Melbourne, then you can. I’m sorry for how I acted.” She sighed. “I just...I’m very protective over you, more so from what happened recently. It’s going to kill me not being with you, but I can’t stop you from going.” She downed her head, trying to hide her eyes. “And I don’t know why you want to leave me.”

Allie sighed, moving closer to Bea. “Bea, I’m not leaving you. I’m physically leaving, yes, but I’m not leaving you or our relationship.” She turned Bea’s head to look her in the face, seeing the hurt in her eyes. “I love you, I always will. You’re my person, my seahorse.” She pressed her lips against Bea’s, giving her a soft kiss. “I just feel like I need to do this, okay? I feel like Mr. Alicio needs me. It has nothing to do with you.”

Bea leaned her head forward, pressing her forehead against Allie’s. “I lost myself for a long time. I didn’t even know who I was before you came into my life. And when you did pop up, I felt my life change for the better. I...I don’t want to know how I’ll feel when I go to bed without you or wake up alone. I’m going to miss you.”

“And I’ll miss you too, but our time apart will only make us appreciate our time together. I don’t plan on being gone forever.” Allie assured. She linked her finger onto the necklace she got for her that was around Bea’s neck. “I’m with you, even when I’m not.”

Bea brought her hand up, tangling their fingers together. “I love you.”

“I love you too, baby.” Allie replied, kissing Bea gently.
Bea dropped her head to Allie’s shoulder. “Boomer is going with you.” She demanded, not taking ‘no’ for an answer.

Allie chuckled. “I figured that would’ve been the case, and I’m fine with that.”

“Good.” Bea said. “After the weekend, I’ll be having to go to Melbourne for a few days for an interview and some more scheduled promo work for the fight. If you’re willing to wait three more days, we could leave together.”

“I can wait three more days.” Allie replied.

“Okay, I’ll let Maxine know to add you, Debbie, and Boomer to the flight details.” Bea kissed Allie’s shoulder before sitting back up. “And Christmas is in twenty-five days, so do you think you can come back here a few days before Christmas? We can celebrate together here and then you can stay until your doctor’s appointment with Dr. O’Hara that week after Christmas.”

“You really had this thought out, didn’t ya?” Allie teased.

“Only because I like to be able to know things instead of planning at the last minute.”

“If it makes you happy, then yes, I will happily oblige to all these plans of yours.”

“It would make me very happy.” Bea smiled.

“Good, because I can’t handle a sulky girlfriend.”

Bea laughed, leaning forward to capture Allie’s lips in a kiss. As Bea pulled away, Allie nudged her nose into Bea’s, giving it a loving rub.

Three days later, the six women - Bea, Allie, Debbie, Boomer, Maxine, and Doreen - landed in Melbourne on Bea’s private plane. They all got into the transit van that was waiting for them after obtaining their baggage and letting the officials know of their arrival. Maxine informed the driver to go to the hotel she and Doreen would be staying in first, and then proceed to drop the others off at Bea’s Melbourne home. They left Sydney around nine that morning and landed in Melbourne just a couple of hours later. So, they were all going to rest up before Bea’s scheduled interview that was later in the day. Before leaving Sydney, Allie had called Mr. Alicio to let him know of her return and that she for sure wanted to stop by the shop that same day, and the French man was
all up for it, saying she was welcome at any time.

Bea, Allie, Debbie, and Boomer entered into the Melbourne home after dropping Maxine and Doreen off at their hotel. Since it was Boomer’s first time at the Melbourne home, Debbie took it upon herself to give the woman a tour. As Boomer and Debbie dispersed up the stairs, Bea pulled Allie into an embrace. She wrapped her arms around the blonde’s midsection, holding her close and tucking her face into the crook of her lover’s neck, inhaling the unique smell of Allie.

“You’re wanting to go with me tonight, right?” Bea asked after lifting her head to look at Allie.

“Yeah, I think it’d be fun.” Allie responded. “But I know Maxine and Doreen will be there as well, so I don’t want to overcrowd.”

Bea lightly scoffed. “You won’t be overcrowding. Maxine and Doreen will stay in the dressing room, and you’ll be sitting with me during the session. If you want.”

“During your interview?”

“Yeah.” Bea chuckled at the face Allie pulled. “It’s a radio interview, viewers will only hear you. And you don’t have to talk, just sit there with me? Please?”

Allie lightly brushed her lips against Bea’s. “I guess I could.” She said, giving the redhead a gentle kiss. “But I still want to go to Mr. Alicio’s shop.”

“I know, I know. I’ll drop you off whenever you’re ready.”

A couple hours or so later, Allie and Bea walked hand in hand into Mr. Alicio’s shop. La Petite Patisserie wasn’t crowded, only a few people were sat at different tables enjoying theirs treats while scrolling on their phones or laptops. The duo walked up to the counter, Allie tapping her finger on the service bell to gain someone’s attention.

“Coming!” Mr. Alicio said from the kitchen area.

Allie smiled to Bea, and then not too long later Mr. Alicio made an appearance. A huge smile broke across Mr. Alicio’s face as soon as he noticed the two women standing on the opposite side of the counter.

“My two favorite women!” He exclaimed, walking through the push door. “Give me a hug!” He grabbed Allie first, pulling her into a bone crushing hug. As he pulled away, he gave a lip smacking kiss to her cheek. “How are you? How has your recovery been?”

Allie smiled. “I’m okay, Mr. Alicio. I couldn’t have gotten to where I’m at now without the
wonderful support I have. As of my recovery, it seems that everything is okay. At least that’s what the doctor says. I’ve been cleared to my normal activities and my next doctor’s appointment is next month.”

“I am so happy that you are okay.” Mr. Alicio said with sincerity. “For Bea’s sake anyway. I can tell she really loves you.”

Allie flipped her eyes towards Bea, seeing the redhead blush a little. She looked back to the older man. “I really love her too, Mr. Alicio.”

Mr. Alicio chuckled, patting his hand against Allie’s shoulder before pulling Bea into a hug. He whispered words of encouragement into the redhead’s ear; basically telling her to never let Allie go, that the blonde was a rare find.

Bea gave a light kiss to Mr. Alicio’s stubbled cheek as they pulled apart. “You take care of this one, Mr. Alicio. Don’t let her give you too much trouble, but also keep an eye on her.”

“No worries, femme.” Mr. Alicio responded. “She is in good hands. Alexandre is in the back putting away stock. You know my nephew, very protective like you. But also a lazy little shit when he wants to be.”

“Oh, he’s here?” Allie asked. “I need to see him! He has wonderful eyebrows!”

Bea caught Allie’s wrist before the blonde could excuse herself. “I need a ‘see you later’ kiss.”

“Indeed, you do.” Allie said, gripping her hands on the upper part of Bea’s arms. She leaned in, pressing her lips against Bea’s. “See you later.”

“I’ll call before we come pick you up, okay? I love you, and be safe.”

“I love you too, babe!” Allie replied as she made her way to the stock room to see Alexandre.

Bea watched the sway in Allie’s hip as her pep walk took over. She couldn’t believe she had such an adoring girlfriend. She turned her head to Mr. Alicio, who shook his head. “What?”

“Vous l’avez mal.” He said with a pointed finger.

Bea rolled her eyes. “English, please.”

“You have got it bad!” The older man translated.
Bea gave a brief nod. “True. And it’s the one thing I don’t have control over. I’m so in love with her that it drives me crazy.”

Mr. Alicio smiled. “A man once said ‘wait for someone who keeps you sane, but also drives you crazy in all the right ways’. Allie is that someone for you.”

Allie walked into the stock room seeing Mr. Alicio’s nephew putting boxes on shelves. “Good to know that you’re useful in some sort of degree.” She teased.

Alexandre swiftly turned around, being met with a grinning blonde. “Well, if it isn’t my uncle’s favorite blonde.” He laughed. “How are you? I heard about what happened.”

“I’m doing pretty great, considering what could’ve happened.” Allie replied. “Give me a hug, you chunk munk.”

“Stinky linky.” Alexandre countered as he made his way towards the blonde.

“I am not stinky!” Allie feigned shock, pulling the young man into her arms.

“I was only kidding.” He rolled his eyes.

“I know.” Allie said as she pulled back. “Seriously, though, you have got to tell me where you get your eyebrows done!”

“I already told you, I don’t do anything to them.” He laughed. “They’re natural.”

“Bullshit.” She playfully nudged his shoulder. “There’s no way they look like that without doing anything to them.” She gushed, examining his perfectly thick and shaped eyebrows.

“It’s in my bloodline. Fine brows run through my family.”

Allie scoffed. “Then what happened to your uncle? He looks like a mad scientist with his eyebrows.”

Alexandre began laughing, but stopped abruptly.

Allie cringed. “He’s behind me, isn’t he?”

“Yes, he is.” Mr. Alicio spoke. He continued when Allie turned to face him. “I am no mad scientist. I am a mad baker!” He laughed. “Now, come on. I am going to teach you how to make
every single one of my recipes, and then we will eat every pastry we make together.”

“What? Why?” Allie asked as she was being pulled towards the kitchen area.

Mr. Alicio tied his apron around his body and then proceeded to wash his hands. “Because… vous allez courir cet endroit un jour.”

Allie slightly furrowed her eyebrows together, also beginning to wash her hands. “I don’t speak French, Mr. Alicio.”

“That is the point.” He winked. “Well, shall we get started then?”

“We’re going to be eating every pastry we make?”

“Of course. How else will we know if it is done right?”

“You’re the mad baker, and it’s your recipes. You should know, right?”

“Yes, I will know. But you have got to know too. So, no questions. We will be eating them, all of them.”

Allie chuckled. “Okay, but I’m not sure Bea will be happy about having a chubby girlfriend.”

“She will be fine as long as you are healthy. You just leave Beatrice to me.”

Allie spent the last four hours prepping, learning, baking, and tasting almost every single one of Mr. Alicio’s famous recipes. While Alexandre washed every single dish they used. Allie couldn’t quite understand why the French man was so persistent on her learning his pastry recipes, but she went along with it anyway to make the man happy. And if she was honest with herself, she quite liked it anyway. She enjoyed learning the mad baker’s secrets, but more importantly, she liked spending time with him. It made up for the time lost that she had been away.

She received a text message about ten minutes ago from Bea saying that they were on their way to pick her up, so she began to help clean up the mess she made. Just as her and Mr. Alicio finished up, her favorite redhead walked through the door. Allie watched as a smile instantly washed over Bea’s face once they made eye contact, and it sent a swarm of butterflies through her abdomen. She hung her apron up and made her way to her girlfriend, wrapping her arms around the redhead’s neck as they reached one another. Their lips instantly met, making Bea let out a low moan.
“I missed you.” Bea breathed out, pressing her lips to Allie’s again. “How’s your day been?”

“It’s been good...better now that you’re here.”

Bea softly smiled, holding Allie close. “What’d you do all day?”

“I spent the day learning Mr. Alicio’s pastry recipes. I have no idea why he insisted on having me learn them, but I went along with it anyway.” Allie replied.

“It’s good to learn new things.” Bea said. “Especially since you work here...”

Allie frowned. “Why’d you say it like that?” She asked. “Is it a bad thing that I want to work here?”

“No, it’s just...you could be my lady of leisure. You don’t have to work.”

“Then that would make me look like a gold digger.” The blonde quirked an eyebrow, giving Bea a quick kiss before pulling away. “And I don’t need people knowing of my secrets.” She winked, obviously joking. Allie Novak was no gold digger. She’d worked all her life, and she was going to continue working no matter what her girlfriend did for a living.

“Ha-ha.” Bea mocked. “I know you’re not that kinda girl.”

“What makes you so sure?” Allie pushed her teasing.

“You didn’t even know who I was when we first met and you still liked me.” Bea replied. “That’s what makes me so sure about you.”

After the two women said their goodbye’s to Mr. Alicio, and Allie making plans to work the following day, they headed out of the shop and entered into the SUV that was waiting for them. Maxine was sat in the front next to the driver and Doreen was sat in the third row of seats, letting Bea and Allie have the middle row to themselves. Twenty minutes later they reached the radio station’s building and was escorted through the studio to Bea’s dressing room so they could wait until it was time for her interview to start.

Bea was sat in the swivel chair with the radio station’s headphones over her ears, talking with and listening to the radio host, with her favorite blonde sitting next her. The radio interview started off simple enough; the interviewer, Mark, was asking about her prep work for the upcoming fight and her training system. Bea answered as best as she could, without giving away any important details that could potentially be used against her in her fight. Then Mark showed her a clip of a recent interview on Ronda Rousey’s behalf. What was shown was basically all trash talk. And trash talking is normal, it hypes everyone up. But her opponent probably took the trash talking a bit too far. The American fighter went on to say how Bea was a ‘nobody when it came to the sport’ and
how Bea only fought easy targets. Rousey said that when their event came, Bea ‘had no chance to win’.

Mark exited from the clip, then looked to Bea. “What do you think about that?”

Bea just kind of laughed. “I think that was a lot of cockiness coming from one person. I mean, she’s right in some ways. It’s true, I haven’t fought against many women that were a challenge, but that’s why my team and I decided on this fight. It was my idea to want something bigger, something more challenging for me. Ronda says she’s going to win, and I say I’m going to win. I’m cocky too, but I won’t downgrade my opponent, ever. I guess when it comes to it, we’ll find out who was right.” She simply said. “We’re both cocky in the prediction part of things, and we’re both confident in the preparation for the fight. But the difference between Ronda and I, is that I’ll always be humble; in a win or a loss. And I’ve seen the way she approaches her opponents before fights. She tries me like that, I’ll cut that shit down.”

“I’ve know you for a few years now, and you’ve always been so humble.” Mark started. “And I’m glad that you still carry yourself with dignity, it shows the kind of person you are. But this is a real big fight for you. It could be huge on your career if you win-”


Mark chuckled. “Right. When you win.” He corrected. “Anyway, are you nervous at all?”

“No, not really. I hardly ever get nervous. I’m sure I will have some butterflies when the time actually comes because, like you said, this is a bigger fight for me. It could be a page turner for my career.”

“She means nervous butterflies.” Allie steps in. “Totally different than the butterflies she gets around me.” She winked to Bea, sending the radio host to laughter as Bea blushed. Her stomach knotted up once she realized what she did; spoke on live radio.

“I was wondering if you were just going to sit there like a bump on a log the whole time.” Mark said. “But I also wasn’t going to pressure you into talking. So, Allie, what’s it like being Bea’s girlfriend?”

And just like that, the whole interview flipped around onto a different topic; their relationship. Something Bea was hoping they would be avoiding.

“Oh, it’s great.” Allie happily said. “You should try it sometime. Well, obviously not right now because she’s mine at the moment and for the next eighty years. So, I wouldn’t advice trying to be Bea’s girlfriend at any time. I can be pretty badass when I need to be.”

Mark laughed. “Got it; don’t try to be Bea’s girlfriend. Although, I’m a guy. In case you haven’t noticed.”
“You are?” Allie feigned shock, laughing when Mark’s face fell. “I’m joking! I know you’re a bloke. I was saying girlfriend because Bea’s into women... in case you haven’t noticed.”

Mark laughed again, loving the blonde’s personality. “Were you starstruck when you first met Bea?”

“Honestly, I didn’t even know who she was.” Allie answered. “And she didn’t tell me who she was until knowing her for almost two weeks.” She playfully rolled her eyes. “But, in a way, I was starstruck by her. She’s such a beautiful woman, I’m sure I freaked her out by my constant staring.”

“Ahh, starstruck by beauty.” Mark said, understanding what Allie was getting to. “Exactly how did you two meet?”

“That’s not something that needs to be discussed.” Bea interrupted.

“It’s fine.” Allie assured. “I don’t care if you don’t.” She continued when she got the nod of approval. “Everyone knows I was a former prostitute. It’s not something I’m proud of, but whatever. Basically, one night, Bea was looking for a little lovin’...” She laughed when Bea widened her eyes. “Okay, okay, I’m joking! There was one night when I was real messed up...Bea found me and cleaned me up. She helped me and saved me from my fucked up life. She’s done a lot for me, and I could never thank her enough. I’ve had a lot of people turn their noses up at me or try their damnest to not look at me, but not Bea. I can’t imagine where I’d be if it wasn’t for her kindness that night.”

“She’s great.” Mark stated, Allie nodding her head in agreeance. “All of her involvement with a few charities that I know of is what sets her bar high. A heart of gold that one has.” He said, nodding to Bea. “Like I said, I’ve know Bea for a few years now. I have never seen her settle with one woman before. Seriously, Allie, how’d you do it?”

“It’s the charm.” The blonde teased with a laugh. “Honestly, I don’t know. I’m so lucky to have her. I guess we were just made to be with each other.”

“Tell us your secrets! We could all use a little love in our lives.”

“Well, Mark, I’ll put it this way...”

And just like that, Bea’s radio interview turned into Allie’s interview. Bea just sat back and watched her girlfriend talk so comfortably. The blonde was handling the whole thing like a natural, like she wasn’t even phased by the thought that she was live on air. Bea remembered being nervous her first time on a radio interview. But Allie was being herself and cutting up with Mark. Bea couldn’t help but smile as Allie laughed at Mark’s failed attempt at pick up lines. Her girlfriend was so fucking amazing. And Bea was so fucking lucky.
Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry for the delay in posting! It's been almost 2 weeks since my last update, and I apologize for that. Life got in the way and I found myself caught into a situation. I hope to have everything back to normal! Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I wasn't completely happy with it, but I didn't want to have you all waiting any longer for an update.
Chapter Notes

I'm starting to become a terrible updater, and I apologize for that. I hope you enjoy this chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bea spent all morning attending meetings and continuing some more promotion work with a UFC based graphic design company that will be helping her create the right image for her fight ads and posters that will be available during the upcoming moments that led to her career breaking fight. She didn’t like using the words ‘career breaking’ because, in her mind, her fighting career has already skyrocketed. Sure, she wasn’t well-known all around the world like Ronda Rousey was, but she was well-known in the two countries that meant everything to her; New Zealand and Australia. That’s all that mattered to her anyway. She didn’t need to have the popularity to back up her great fighting, that’s where arrogance was a threat. And she didn’t want to be an arrogant person like Rousey was, she wouldn’t let herself become that person. Bea Smith was humble, and always would be. Hotheaded, yes, but humble. Although when she defeats the overly cocky woman, she would gain the attention of more people. And that was okay, she wouldn’t let the extra attention on her name get to her head.

She did, however, take the time out of her chaotic morning to sincerely ask how Doreen was handling everything so far. The other woman politely smiled and replied with saying that she was handling everything perfectly fine. Bea accepted the answer and continued on about her day, loving the confidence Doreen was already projecting. The new secretary still had a lot to learn about the job, but she was sure that she would learn quickly. After all of Bea’s work related stuff, she snuck off to attend a brief meeting of a personal life matter.

Nearing three o’clock in the afternoon, Bea was finally riding down the driveway of her Melbourne home. The driver dropped Maxine and Doreen off first, leaving Bea to be the last. As soon as she exited out of the SUV, her black BMW was being driven up the driveway by Allie. Bea dismissed her driver and waited for Allie. She followed the car into the garage, walking to the driver’s door to open it. Her smile grew once she locked eyes with her favorite blonde. Bea took a step back as Allie got out of the car, placing a hand on the blonde’s hip once she was out and pulled her close. She gave her girlfriend a few small pecks on her lips before letting their lips linger.

“Mmm, hello to you.” Allie said, giving her eyebrows a suggestive wiggle.

Bea laughed. “How was your day?” She asked, closing the garage and guiding them into the house.

“It was really good. Actually being back to work has made me realize how much I missed it.” Allie replied, slipping an arm around Bea’s waist. “How was your day?”

“Long.” Bea said with a sigh. “But...very productive. Considering my fight is a little over three months away, I think progress is coming along very well.” She set her things down on the kitchen
counter, her body mindlessly leaning over said counter.

Allie also set her things down before wrapping her arms around the redhead, laying her head on her girlfriend’s shoulder as she kissed her cheek. “You tired? Wanna massage?”

Bea shook her head. “I’m okay. You need to go shower though. I have a surprise for you, remember?”

Allie blew raspberries. “I forgot, actually. I remember you mentioning it, but I also forgot about it.” She chuckled. “So, we leave soon?”

Bea nodded her head. “Yeah, so you better go freshen up a bit.”

“Where’s Deb and Boomer?” Allie asked, giving Bea a brief kiss before beginning to walk backwards out of the kitchen.

“They are both catching up with Franky. And the three of them will be here later tonight for a little movie night. So, chop, chop!”

Allie began to move faster. “I’m choppin’!”

Bea laughed out, Allie’s laugh sounding through the house right after.

Bea pulled up in front of Melbourne’s Women Shelter in her BMW with Allie in the passenger seat. As she parked on the side of the road, she looked at Allie out of the corner of her eye. She knew there must have been a million questions, worrisome questions, going through the blonde's mind and they were going to get answered. It had taken her a little bit of information gathering for her to find out exactly which Women’s Shelter Allie had stayed it, but she finally found out. She turned the car off, reaching her hand over to grab Allie’s, who had a confused look on her.

“We don’t have to go in.” Bea started. “If you’re not comfortable about it, then we’ll leave. I’ll call the woman who runs the shelter and cancel what I had planned.”

Allie blinked a few times. “Your surprise...is bringing me here?”

“We don’t have to go in.”

“Why...why did you bring me here?”

Bea gave Allie’s hand a reassuring squeeze. “When you made us that chicken and gnocchi soup the other day, I remember you said that you used to make it for the women’s shelter you lived in and they all complimented you for it.” She said. “I know how much it probably meant to you, and I thought you’d like to give one more final send off. Ya know? But it’s completely up to you, you don’t have to.”

“Well, we’re already here.” Allie said with a nervous chuckle.

“It doesn’t matter. It’s up to you, babe.”

“How did you even know this was the shelter I stayed in?”
“The first night I met you on the street, after my previous fight, was about twenty minutes from here. I did a little bit of internet searching to find the women’s shelters that were closest to the area I met you.” Bea answered. “There were two shelters, and I took my chances calling them. I acted like a family member that was looking for my sister.” She chuckled. “Then after I talked to the woman who runs this facility and found out that this was the shelter you lived in, I called back a couple days later as Bea Smith and explained my plan. Let me just say, Ms. Dawn is all up for it. The ingredients you need are all in the kitchen in there. But again, you don’t have to do this.”

Allie sighed. She doesn’t know how she feels about being back. This is where her life was shit, it’s where she was majorly struggling. She was weak being at this place, she’s strong now. And with Bea buy her side, she could do anything. She felt like she could do anything, take on anything, with Bea beside her. In her mind, they were unstoppable.

She looked to Bea, giving her a smile. “I’d love to go in and cook the soup for the women.”

Bea returned the smile, placing her hand on Allie’s jawline and pulling her close, giving her a tender kiss. “Let’s go then.”

Ms. Dawn pulled open the heavy wooden door after Bea knocked. The middle aged woman had a huge smile on her face as she greeted Bea and Allie. Allie walked into the building, Bea following right after. The blonde looked around as memories flooded through her mind. That half bathroom just before the staircase, was where Allie first shot heroin into her veins and was also where she fucked another woman that was living in the shelter, which had been against the rules. The small computer room to her left was where Allie pretended to job search. Ms. Dawn had been constantly on her ass about finding a good job, but Allie had no interest in leaving the prostitution field. She spent very little time in the living room that was the down the hall, she mainly stayed in her shared room or was out doing things. The kitchen was somewhere she spent a little bit of time as well; using their spoons to help her turn the heroin into liquid so she could inject instead of snort. Up the flight of stairs accompanied eight rooms that housed two beds in each, that Allie could remember, and had two full bathrooms.

Allie looked to Bea, getting ready to say something when her attention was sent to the several footsteps she heard barreling down the stairs. Several woman stood in front of her; some familiar faces, some not so familiar. She knew very few of the women, but their names weren’t at all remembered, simply because she had been mostly too high all the time.

“Oh, yeah.” One woman spoke up. “I always looked forward to that dinner special once a month.”

“Great.” Ms. Dawn said with a smile. “She’ll be starting soon and she’ll let you all know when it’s ready.”

Allie nodded her head in agreeance. Her eyes landed on a fragile woman that looked to be her age who was standing in the back of the women. She remembered her, it was probably because of her choppy hair, but she remembered and that’s all she remembered; the woman’s hair. Just as Allie was getting ready to speak to the women, her name was called.

“Allie?” A dark haired woman asked as she descended the flight of stairs. “Holy shit, it’s you. When Ms. Dawn said someone was coming to make chicken and gnocchi for us, I never imagined it to be you.” She was now standing in front of the blonde. “You look great.”
Allie’s face softened. She may not have remembered any of the other’s names, but she remembered this one name. “Miranda, hey. Shit.” She let out a soft chuckle.

“You remember me, then?” Miranda smiled as she pulled Allie into a hug. “I guess the great sex will do that.” She said into the blonde’s ear.

Allie hoped Bea didn’t just hear that, but when she looked to her girlfriend, she knew that wasn’t the case. If her tight jaw was anything to go by, Bea didn’t want to hear what Miranda had said. She cleared her throat. “Okay, well, I guess I’m going to get started then.” She began to walk off.

“Kitchen’s the other way.” Miranda announced with a smirk.

“Righto.” Allie turned and walked in the correct direction to the kitchen.

Bea watched as Miranda openly checked Allie out before following her girlfriend to the kitchen. As she entered the kitchen, she walked to Allie who was washing her hands and leaned against the counter, studying the blonde’s face.

“Who is that woman?” Bea asked.

“Who? Miranda?” Allie blew nervous raspberries from her lips. “She’s just a woman who lived here when I did.”

“A woman that you had great sex with?” Bea pushed, raising an eyebrow.

“I barely remember the sex.” She scoffed. “And besides, it wasn’t even sex. It was fucking.”

“Okay, but still. Tell me who she is before I have to go in there and beat her oversexed eyes into her head.”

Allie sighed. “Bea...she’s a woman I fucked, even though it was against the rules here. And we may or may not have had a budding relationship, but it wasn’t serious. She was the closest woman who was down for a little girl on girl. If I had a stressful night of prostitution, I went to her. She was basically my Erica, except that I let her get me off too.” She said. “Ugh, can we just not talk about it?”

“I just wanted to know if I had anything to worry about.”

Allie furrowed her brows. “What? You think I’d let her make a move on me? Or that I’d make a move on her? You’re crazy. And I have you, I don’t need anybody else.”

“But—”

“Hey, Allie.” Ms. Dawn interrupted as she walked into the kitchen. “You need me to help with anything?”

Allie gave Bea a quick reassuring kiss before giving Ms. Dawn a smile. “If you’d like, you can chop up the spinach for me.

Bea watched Allie from the communal area of the women’s shelter. Her girlfriend had been making the soup for about thirty minutes now and it was almost finished. She looked to Miranda, who was also watching Allie, and it made her angry. Or was it jealousy? No one should be looking at Allie the way Miranda was, it’s like she was undressing her with her eyes. And it was driving Bea crazy. She was starting to regret her decision to bring Allie here, but only because of a
certain woman who couldn’t keep her eyes to herself. Not very long later, Ms. Dawn announced that the soup was finished, and the women began lining up to grab a serving. Bea stayed in the back as the line slowly moved forward. Her eyes stayed glued to Miranda as the woman grabbed a bowl and let Allie pour her some soup. Bea tightened her jaw when she saw the dark haired woman nudge Allie’s hip with her own, making Allie laugh. After Bea grabbed her own bowl of soup, she retreated to the staircase where she sat to eat her soup. She wanted to give Allie some time with the women, but also she didn’t want to be around when Miranda decided to send a flirtatious gesture towards Allie. She doesn’t think she’d be able to keep herself from creating a scene if she saw anymore of it anyway. Once she finished her soup, she walked back into the kitchen to discard her dish.

“I’ve got it, babe.” Allie said, intercepting Bea’s bowl from her. “You okay?”

“Mhm.” Was all Bea responded before turning to leave.

“I’ll help you with the dishes.” Miranda said, and Bea had to refrain herself from rolling her eyes.

As Bea sat back down on the staircase, she placed her head in her hands. She completely trusted that Allie wouldn’t try anything, but she didn’t trust Miranda. She had a jealous anger surge through her body. She’s never felt this sort of feeling before, and that was making her even more angry. She hated feeling this way, it made her irritable. And she hated the stunt Miranda was pulling. But Bea loved Allie, so she was going to sit there and behave herself as long as the blonde was enjoying herself. As several minutes went by and Bea continued to sulk on the staircase, Allie and Miranda rounded the corner laughing together. Bea looked up, seeing Miranda guiding Allie by her hand. The sight made her sick.

“Oh, there you are.” Allie said. “Mandy was just taking me upstairs to show me how much has changed since I’ve been gone.” She studied her redhead. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yep.” Bea stood up from the staircase. “I’ll wait in the car.”

About twenty minutes go by before Allie finally made it to the car. Bea waited until her girlfriend was buckled into the seatbelt before starting up the car. Bea never understood the whole jealousy thing until now. And she couldn’t help herself, she was afraid of losing the blonde. Allie had come to mean a whole lot to her in such a short amount of time, and she didn’t want their love to get taken away. She knew it was silly and that she shouldn’t be angry, but she was. She was angry at the way Miranda openly flirted with Allie. Maybe she was feeling a little too possessive about the whole thing, maybe she just shouldn’t worry too much about it.

She listened as Allie told her how different the rooms were now than before. How when she lived in the shelter, the rooms were housed with crappy twin beds, but were now housed with doable full sized mattresses. She listened as Allie explained that the whole building was coated with new paint on the inside, but Bea had already gathered that. The walls looked really nice. She stayed quiet the whole drive home, even when Allie asked her if she was okay again. Allie let out a big sigh, not really understanding why her girlfriend was being so silent. The redhead had been mostly quiet their entire time at the shelter and Allie just didn’t understand why.

The two women entered the Melbourne home, Bea still completely silent. After Bea closed the front door and locked it, she grabbed Allie by her shirt and shoved her against the back of the door. She pressed herself into Allie’s body, keeping a grip on the shirt that was in her hands. She brought her face close to Allie’s.

“You’re mine.” Bea said demandingly before crashing her lips into Allie’s, the kiss instantly
“Wh-what?” Allie managed to get out once she broke their kiss for a breather.

“Miranda.” Bea growled her response, starting to kiss down Allie’s neck. “The way she flirted with you like I wasn’t even there...the way she looked at you. I could’ve ripped her eyes out of her fucking head.”

“Oh…” Allie’s face shifted to a grin, then her eyes fluttered as Bea sucked on her pulse point. “Looks like...someone...has a case of the green eyed monster.”

“You think this is jealousy?” Bea asked, nipping at her lover’s skin. “No. This is showing you who you belong to.”

“Hm, I think that’s jealousy.”

With her hands still gripped onto Allie’s shirt, Bea ripped the shirt open, tearing the cotton material.

Allie squealed as her skin came in contact with cool air, but also because Bea had ruined her favorite shirt. “Bea, this was my favorite shirt!”

“Shut up. We’ll get you another one.” Bea growled, slipping her hands under Allie’s ass and lifting her up into her arms.

The blonde instantly wrapped her legs around Bea’s waist as she was carried. She had no clue where she was being taken, but the outcome was surely going to be pleasurable. Bea carried the blonde towards the living room, and dropped her down onto the sofa. Without letting Allie process what was going on, Bea unbuttoned the blonde’s jeans and pulled them off her legs. The ankle part of the jeans got stuck on Allie’s feet, so Bea had to put more effort into pulling them off. As the jeans slipped from Allie’s feet, Bea ended up punching herself in the face. She dropped the jeans to the floor, bringing her fingers to her bottom lip as she felt it throb. Pulling her hand back to look at it, she saw blood coating the tips of her fingers. Great...I busted my own fucking lip. What a badass sex injury to tell. Oh, you know, I was pulling my girl’s pants off and in the process I ended up punching myself. Bea pulled her bottom lip into her mouth, giving it a gentle suck.

“Bea,” Allie breathed out, seeing the blood on Bea’s fingers. “Are you okay?”

Not answering the blonde, Bea placed herself on top of her girlfriend after removing her own pants and shirt. Her lips attacked her lover’s, taking control of the kiss instantly.

Allie pulled back, breaking their kiss. “Your lip is bleeding. I don’t enjoy eating your blood.”

“Get over it.” Bea responded, she went back in to continue their kissing, but Allie pulled back. “Fine.” She took Allie’s ripped shirt off and began kissing down her body, stopping to show attention to the swell of her breasts.

Using one hand, Bea shifted Allie’s panties down to her knees and let the blonde kick them the rest of the way off. As the redhead sucked and kissed on her girlfriend’s stomach, she used her right hand to slip through Allie’s wet folds. The way Allie arched her body to her touch made Bea smile. But Bea wasn’t trying to add some foreplay in the mix right now, so without any warning she slipped three fingers into Allie’s opening, sending the blonde into a gasp.

Bea was relentless as she pumped her fingers within her girl, making the blonde continually call out her name. Allie’s body was moving along with Bea’s fingers, and Bea could tell that the woman beneath her wouldn’t be lasting much longer. She freed one of Allie’s nipples from
housing in her bra, latching her mouth around the pigmented skin and sucked. With the flick of her thumb over Allie’s clit and the curl of her fingers, Allie tumbled over the edge. Allie held a tight grasp on Bea as her body arched upwards, a wave of pleasure washing over her, and then she collapsed back against the sofa. Her breathing was heavy and her eyes were still closed. Bea kept her fingers in her lover, peppering kisses all over the pink chest that belonged to the woman she loved. She kissed up Allie’s neck until she reached her lips, giving her a loving kiss. As she was pulling back, she felt Allie place her hands on her back of her head and she was brought in for another kiss. Their tongues instantly met this time.

Bea pulled her fingers from within Allie after their gentle little make out session. “Are you okay?”

Allie sweetly smiled. “I’m so okay.” She traced her index finger down the side of Bea’s face. “Are you okay? You should clean up your lip and then ice it.”

“Yeah, that’s probably a good idea.”

“You were just so eager to get to me.” Allie grinned. “I’ll repay the favor, just later. You’ve got me a bit tired.”

“Take a nap.” Bea replied, snuggling her head into Allie’s chest.

“I will in a bit.” Allie then chuckled. “The green eyed monster is a good look on you.”

“Allie, stop. I wasn’t jealous.”

“Yes, you were. I just can’t figure out why.”

Bea sighed. “Okay, yes, I was jealous. And I don’t know if it’s because of the way Miranda was looking at you and how she was with you or if it was the thought of her touching you the way I do. I don’t like knowing another woman used to please you. And I guess I was afraid for a minute...I mean, you are deserving of someone great and I was scared you’d see Miranda as someone better than me.”

Allie scoffed. “Miranda and I only fumbled around in bed, that’s all. I could never be with her the way I am with you. You shouldn’t be afraid of me leaving you, ‘cause I ain’t going anywhere. And besides, she still does drugs, I saw it in her room at the shelter. I don’t want that life anymore.” She looked Bea in the eyes. “You shouldn’t worry about my past hook-ups. I try not to worry about yours. I am your present and future, that’s all you should worry about. I’m here with you.” She softly kissed Bea. “I love you.”

“I’m sorry for being so...possessive?”

“Oh, don’t apologize. What just happened was pretty hot. But seriously, I get it. I feel like you could do so much better than me and you probably have lots of women wanting you, but you chose me. And I’m lucky to have you.”

Bea gave her girl a kiss and then nudged her nose with her own. “I love you too.”

Allie smiled. “What time will Debbie, Boomer, and Franky be getting here?”

Bea looked at the time displayed on the clock. “Should be a couple hours.”

“Well, I’m going to take a shower and then I’ll lay down for a nap.”

Bea moved so Allie could get up. She watched as Allie put on her underwear, adjusted her bra, and then grab her jeans. “What about your shirt?” She asked, grinning at the blonde.
Allie narrowed her eyes. “I’m letting you keep it so you can find me the exact same shirt. It was my favorite Prince shirt, so you will be replacing it.” The ending of her sentence came out in a teasing manner.

“Yes, ma’am.” Bea purred, making Allie laugh.

Bea followed Allie upstairs with the ripped shirt in her hand, along with her own clothes. As Allie removed her clothes to get into the shower, Bea cleaned up her bottom lip before heading back downstairs to grab an ice pack from the freezer. While Allie showered, Bea sat on the bathroom counter icing her lip and listened to Allie sing.

“You know what was weird, babe?” Allie suddenly said.

“What’s that?”

“Before I left the shelter today, Ms. Dawn kept thanking me over and over, and she seemed pretty emotional about it. It was only soup, I don’t get the fuss about that.”

“Well,” Bea started, pulling the ice pack from her lip. “I may have left a generous donation to the shelter in your name.”

Allie poked her head out of the shower enclosure. “You what?”

“A donation, from you, was left to the women’s shelter.”

“Bea...why did you do it in my name?”

“I thought it’d be nice.” She shrugged her shoulders. “And you lived there for most of your life.”

“How much did you donate?”

“Does it matter? Just finish your shower.”

“It does matter! Especially since you left it in my name, so I want to know.”

Bea mumbled a response.

“How much?”

“Ten thousand.”

Allie’s mouth dropped open.

“Oh, close your mouth.” Bea said. “It’ll help Ms. Dawn out tremendously with all sorts of things; like food and bills. She’s a nice lady, and she didn’t even ask. I just placed the envelope in her hand.”

“You are something else, you know that?” The blonde smiled. “You’re my badass with a big heart.”

Bea laughed, and Allie fell more in love with the redhead. It was something she didn’t think was possible.
Before Debbie, Boomer, and Franky were scheduled to arrive at the house, Bea and Allie went to the store to grab a few snacks that they all could have during the movie they would be watching. Kaz would also be joining them, but that was something Bea hadn’t told the blonde. Allie set the bowls of the different snacks out on the coffee table in the living room. There was m&m’s, chips, popcorn, pretzels, and Bea’s favorite - almonds. Bea wasn’t sure what movie the other’s wanted to watch, so she decided to wait until the three other women joined them before making a decision.

Bea posted a photo to her Instagram of her and Allie, and since it was the first photo she posted of the blonde she was worried of the feedback she’d get. But as the notifications came rolling through, she didn’t see any negative comments and she was happy about that. She held her phone out to show Allie the photo she posted, and the bright smile that lit up the blonde’s face told her that it was perfectly okay to have posted. It may have had everything to do with her caption, but that was nevertheless. Bea then scrolled through her Instagram, looking at all the different posts from the people she followed. It wasn’t long later that the three women finally made it to the house. Bea met them all at the front door, and pulled her daughter into a hug.

“I gotta shit!” Boomer hurriedly announced as she pushed her way up the stairs to head to the bathroom, sending Bea, Debbie, and Franky to laughter.


“Shut up, Franky.” Bea rolled her eyes. She grabbed her best friend and pulled her into a hug

“Seriously, what happened?” The raven haired woman asked again as they pulled apart from their hug.

“Nothing. Don’t worry about it.”

Franky scoffed. “Whatever. That’s the most boring sex injury I ever did see, by the way.”

Bea narrowed her eyes, shoving Franky towards the living room. As she and Franky entered into the living area, Bea’s eyes lit up with joy when she saw Allie and Debbie embracing each other. She was getting ready to speak when another knock on the door sounded throughout the house. Allie kissed Debbie’s head, then gave Bea a questioning look.

“Won’t you answer that, babe?” Bea said. She gave Allie a kiss as the blonde walked by her. “So, what are we gonna watch?” She asked Franky and Debbie.

“Nothing romantic.” Franky answered right away. “Gidge isn’t here for me to be all soft to afterwards.”

Bea laughed. “Well, it doesn’t matter to me what we watch.” She wrapped an arm around Debbie’s shoulders. “Before we have to leave tomorrow, you and I are gonna go have an afternoon together. Yeah?”

“I’d love to.” Debbie smiled.

Allie pulled the front door open, being met with Kaz on the other side. “Kaz? Hey, what are you doing here?”

“Bea mentioned something about a movie night and invited me.” Kaz replied. “That okay?”
“Yes. Yeah, of course. I didn’t mean for that question to come out harsh sounding. I just...I’m sorry I haven’t talked to you lately, I’ve been busy.” She grabbed Kaz and pulled her into the house, giving her a big hug afterwards. “I’ve been such a terrible person with lack of communication. I sometimes forget I have a phone.” She chuckled.

“Hey, don’t worry about it. I’m here now. How are you? Everything okay, medically?”

“Oh, yeah…” Allie went into short detail of her health as the duo headed into the kitchen to grab drinks for everyone.

“Oh, god, Allie.” Bea panted, her body covered in sweat. “That was...amazing. Where did that even come from?”

Allie wiped her mouth as she crawled back up Bea’s body. “I wanted you.” She answered, pressing her lips to her lover’s as she laid on top. “You always have me, then somehow you get away before I’m able to return the favor, so there was no way I passing up the opportunity no matter how late it was.”

“Sorry…I...”

“Don’t apologize.” Allie said, rubbing her nose into Bea’s then giving her another kiss. “I understand. You still have to get used to the reciprocation.”

“Yeah, but we’ve been together for-”

“Hush.” The blonde softly interrupted. “A little over four months together, I know. And it doesn’t matter. Everyone needs a little time to adjust.”

“I love you.” Bea said.

“I love you too.”

“I love you more.”

Allie smiled, it had been a while since she last heard those four words. “Mm.”

Bea slid her hands down Allie’s naked back to her butt then back up her back, holding her close. Looking into the blue eyes of her girlfriend, she saw her future. Everything about Allie was perfect, there was no way she could live without her. If half a year ago someone was to tell her that she’d be in a very happy, very reciprocated relationship, she would have knocked that person out and she’d be in prison for misdemeanor charges. But thinking back to six months ago, her life was so different. She was unhappy, her mind revolved around her career, Erica was in the equation, she never had thoughts of a future, and she didn’t have Debbie. And it almost felt as though her life those months ago were a figment of her imagination simply because she could not see herself doing what she did then, now. She was brought back to the present when Allie nibbled on her ear.

“What’s on your mind?” Allie asked, kissing over her girlfriend’s jawline.
“You. Always you.”

“Such a sweet talker.” Allie giggled, kissing Bea before settling herself beside the redhead.

“I’m serious though. You’re always on my mind.”

Allie slipped her arm over Bea’s body, cuddling into her side. “You’re only saying that because of the orgasms I just gave you.”

Bea laughed. “Damn, you caught me.”

“Mhm. See, told you.”

“I was only kidding, you dork.” Bea nudged Allie. “I think about you all the time ‘cause you’re my girl, so shut up.”

Allie laughed. It was silent for several minutes before she began talking again. “You know what would be really hot?”

Bea turned her head towards Allie. “What?”

“When I asked you before about how you had sex with other women, and you said you used a strap-on.” She paused. “I think it’d be really hot if you used one on me.”

Bea immediately shook her head. “No.” She stated. “That’s not gonna happen.”

“What? Why not?”

“Because…” Bea sat up. “I can’t do that to you.”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows, also sitting up. “I was suggesting it. There’s nothing wrong with that kind of sex.”

“Allie.” Bea sighed. “You don’t understand what I mean. I can’t do that to you.”

“So talk to me. Tell me what you’re trying to imply.”

Bea ran her fingers through her hair. “I used strap-ons on women I didn’t care about. But I care about you, and I don’t want to associate my symbolization of a strap-on to you.”

Allie placed her hand on Bea’s arm. “We could give it a new meaning for you.”

“I don’t know how I’d react afterwards, Allie. I don’t want to shut down. You weren’t there; you didn’t see how I was with other women.”

“You wouldn’t be like that to me. I know you wouldn’t.” Allie soothed. “Look, I’m not trying to pressure you. It was just a suggestion, we don’t have to do anything. All I’m saying is, think about it, okay? If you decide you want to, then you know my answer.” She turned Bea’s face towards her and gave her a kiss. “Don’t stress about it, okay? Let’s go to sleep.”

Allie laid down, pulling Bea with her. With her back against Bea’s front, she had the redhead take over the role of being the bigger spoon. They said their goodnight’s and their I love you’s before getting comfortable and falling asleep.
I hope to have another update this week to make it up to you all for my lack of updates lately. But no promises. Don't hold me against my words ;) Anyway, I was supposed to finish the chapter on Friday and then update, but I went out of town this weekend, unplanned, to visit a "friend" (hehehe) and I didn't take my laptop to write. I really am sorry about that. But let me know what you all thought about this update? Thank you so much for reading, being patient, and supporting this story of mine!
Bea should be sad that she was leaving Allie to go back to Sydney, but it was hard to be sad when she woke up in such a good mood earlier in the day. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was better than being woken up by a beautiful blonde woman between your legs. And that’s exactly how Bea was brought to consciousness that morning. So, now, nothing could wipe the smile off of her face. Debbie was getting a bit creeped out by her mother’s positive attitude on their outing, but she wasn’t going to say anything. Especially since they would be leaving Melbourne later. Bea and Debbie went to a late breakfast/early lunch together to start their day and then went to mall to do a little window shopping. The window shopping was all Debbie’s idea because she didn’t want her mum to be buying her all sorts of things, so she made Bea leave her wallet in the car. Debbie meant serious business. And she had a great time spending a little one on one with her mum, even if their time together was interrupted a few times by people that claimed to be fans of Bea’s. But Debbie didn’t mind and she made sure to let her mother know that too.

There was an hour left before Bea and Debbie had to get to the hangar at the airport, so they were spending their last hour in Melbourne at Allie’s job. Mr. Alicio was even nice enough to let Allie off for a little bit to spend time with the two women. Bea and Allie were sitting at a table sharing a dessert while Debbie ate her own. It was planned for Boomer to stop around the shop when it was time for Allie to get off work. Boomer was happy enough to stay in Melbourne with Allie, especially since she could see Franky regularly.

“You know what they say about people who can tie a cherry stem in a knot with their mouths?” Allie asked as she popped the cherry stem in her mouth.

“Tell me.” Bea replied, taking a bite of the cake that sat between herself and her girlfriend. Any dessert was clearly against her diet plan, but just once couldn’t hurt.

“It means that person is a good kisser.” The blonde grinned. Several seconds go by before she presented a perfectly knotted cherry stem on her tongue. “Hm, I guess I’m a good kisser. Care to tell me if it’s true?”

“Well, I’m going to need a kiss if I’m gonna tell you my opinion.” She returned the grin.

Allie went to lean across the table, but was interrupted by Debbie.

“Uh, hello?!” Debbie spoke up, holding her arm out to divide Bea and Allie. “I don’t want to see you ingest each other’s saliva.”

Allie snickered. “She’s just a little saddened because she hasn’t gotten to ingest Shane’s saliva yet.” She teased, more saying it to Bea than to Debbie, making her girlfriend laugh.

Debbie’s mouth dropped open, not believing what just left Allie’s mouth. “Did you just - no! Gross! Don’t say that again!” She huffed. “I do not like Shane!”
Bea laughed. “You’re lying!”

“How do you figure?”

“Do you know how cops can spot a liar?” Bea asked. “They say when a suspect is lying, they fail to use contractions in their sentences. Like, instead of saying ‘I don’t like Shane’, you said ‘I do not like Shane’. So, you lied. You do like him.” She teased her daughter, Allie agreeing with her.

Debbie scoffed. “This is not a school lesson, and most certainly isn’t an interrogation. I don’t like Shane, I don’t even know him. Can we not?”

Allie reached over, placing her hand over Debbie’s forearm. “It’s okay, Deb. We get it, you don’t like him.” Sincere was flexed over her voice, then a grin broke over her face. “But your eyes sure do like him!”

“Ugh!” Debbie rolled her eyes. Getting up from the table, she stomped away to another table.

Both Bea and Allie were laughing, tears flowing out of their eyes from how hard they were laughing.

“Boy, she is easy to wind up.” Allie said, wiping her eyes.

“I guess she gets it from me.” The redhead chuckled, also wiping her eyes. She then looked at the time. She sighed before saying, “I really don’t want to leave.”

“Hey, it’ll be fine. I’ll be seeing you again in fifteen days and we’ll be spending Christmas together and the New Years.”

“Two weeks with you isn’t long enough for my liking.” Bea paused, looking her lover in the eyes. “I want a lifetime.” She admitted, sheepishly.

Allie’s breath caught in her throat, and she had to remind herself to breathe. She gave Bea a bright smile. “You are…” She breathed out a small chuckle. “...so fucking perfect. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

The two women simultaneously leaned over the table, their lips connecting in a tender kiss.

“You and Deb better head to the airport.” Allie said, taking Bea’s hands in her own. “Call me as soon as you land, okay?”

“Do I have to leave?”

“Not necessarily. But you have a job to do. You don’t want to get your ass kicked in front of millions of people, do you?”

Raspberries escaped Bea’s lips in a snort. “I suppose I don’t.” She stood up from the table, pulling Allie with her. “You will call me if you need anything? Promise me that you will.”

Allie playfully rolled her eyes. “I promise.” She sweetly smiled as she was pulled into a hug.

Bea breathed in Allie’s intoxicating smell before pulling back a little to give her several little kisses all over her face, making the blonde smile.

Giving Allie a kiss to her nose then her lips, Bea completely pulled back. “Don’t get yourself into any trouble. Okay?” She joked. “Fifteen days without you is going to kill me, but I’ll be alright.” She looked over her shoulder. “Deb, you ready?”
“Not really, but I’ll have to be.” The young brunette answered and stood up from the table she was sitting at.

Bea stepped aside to let Debbie hug Allie.

“Love ya, kiddo.” Allie said, kissing the side of Debbie’s head.

“Love you too, mommy.” Debbie teased, earning a nudge from the blonde.

Seeing the black SUV parked on the side of the shop, Bea gave Allie one more kiss. “I love you, Alliecat. Be safe.”

“I will.” The blonde stressfully assured. “I love you too, babe.”

After saying goodbye to Mr. Alicio, Bea and Debbie exited La Petite Patisserie to get into the SUV where Maxine and Doreen were waiting for them. Bea kept her eyes on the pastry shop as the vehicle drove away, a long sigh escaping her mouth. If two weeks away from the blonde was going to be hard, she couldn’t imagine how it was going to be when she had to attend a training camp for six weeks in Perth starting mid-January. That was going to be hard. But she wasn’t going to think about that right now.

Thirty minutes later, they were getting ready to board the private plane. Bea and Debbie watched as everyone’s luggage were being loaded into the plane while Maxine and Doreen talked to the driver of the SUV. The women were given the all clear to enter the plane, but Bea’s phone began ringing. Seeing Allie’s name flash up on her screen, she answered right away.

“Hey, you miss me already?” Bea answered, her voice lathered with sultry.

“Bea!” Allie screamed through the line, cries escaping her.

Adrenaline instantly began flowing through Bea’s body as alert peaked her interests. “Allie? What’s wrong?”

Incoherent words left Allie’s mouth.

“Allie, calm down. Take a deep breath and tell me what’s wrong.”

Allie breathed deeply. “Bea…” She paused, taking another deep breath. “I...I am in an ambulance with Mr. Alicio. We...he...he’s being rushed to the hospital.”

Bea’s heart dropped. “What happened?”

“I-I don’t know. I went to his office and I found him slumped over his desk, he was - still is - unresponsive. The paramedics don’t know what’s wrong, we’re going to the hospital.” She cried. “I’m scared.”

“Which hospital are they taking him to?”

“St. Vincent’s.” Allie replied. “Bea, don’t come. You have to go back to Sydney.”

“Sydney can wait. I’m coming to the hospital.” She hung up her phone, and quickly walked to where the driver was talking to Maxine and Doreen. She took the SUV’s keys from his hand. “Reschedule the flight to Sydney.” She said to Maxine. “I need to go to the hospital.”

“Bea, what? You can’t go. We have to leave.”
“No, we don’t have to do anything. Either you can wait a few hours or you can leave without me. I’m going to the hospital. I’ll call you later.” She began walking towards the SUV. “Debbie, you coming?”

“Yes!”

Bea and Debbie got into the SUV and sped off out of the hangar to head towards the hospital. They arrived to St. Vincent’s not too long later and made their way through the hospital to find where Allie was. They entered the waiting room that was associated with trauma and found the blonde sitting in one of the chairs. Bea walked to her girlfriend, taking a seat beside her and pulled her into a hug.

“Are you okay?” Bea asked.

“I’m scared.” Allie replied. “I thought he was sleeping, so I tried waking him and he just fell over even more. He looked dead, and it scared me.” She pressed herself further into Bea. “When we got here, he suddenly woke up and he was confused. They took him to get scans.”

“It’s okay.” Bea kissed the top of Allie’s head. “We’ll get answers soon.”

Debbie sat on the other side of Allie, holding her hand for support.

“Did you call Alexandre?”

“He’s on his way.” Allie said. “Maybe he knows some family history to help the doctors figure out what happened to Mr. Alicio.”

“Maybe.”

Several minutes go by before a doctor entered the waiting room. “Alicio Faivre’s family.” The three women stood up and the doctor made his way towards them.

“I’m Dr. Parker. Mr. Faivre is settled into a room while we wait for his scans to come through. You’re welcome to sit with him. I’ll take you to his room if you’d like.” With the nod of the women, he began his journey of leading them to Mr. Alicio’s room. “He’s a little silent at the moment, but try not to let that bother you.” He said before walking away.

Allie, Bea, and Debbie entered the room. Allie sat right next to his bed, looking at him intently with Bea standing next to her. Debbie lingered more near the door, wanting to stay out of the way.

“Mr. Alicio, are you okay?” Allie asked.

Mr. Alicio turned his head to look at the blonde, her eyes red from crying. He just looked at the woman, not bothering to talk right now. He knew what happened, he knew his condition was getting worse. And he knew that Bea and Allie would be disappointed in him. “Get a nurse.” He finally said.

Bea looked to Debbie, silently urging her to go get a nurse. The young girl returned with a nurse not too long later.

“Is everything okay?” The nurse asked, walking up to Mr. Alicio’s bed.

“Can you page Dr. Ramirez to my room, please?” He asked.

The nurse left the room to go what Mr. Alicio asked of her.
“That isn’t your doctor.” Bea spoke up. “Who is Dr. Ramirez?”

“Just…” He sighed. “Let her come here.”

Nearing ten minutes later, a tanned woman with shoulder length dark hair entered the room. Her eyebrows were perfectly arched and she had a pearly white smile. “Mr. Alicio, what happened?”

“I… I am not sure.”

The latina woman nodded her head in understanding. She looked to the patient board that was hung on the wall, seeing that his appointed doctor was Dr. Parker.

“Uh, who are you?” Bea asked. “How do you know Mr. Alicio? What is your specialty?”

“I’m Dr. Ramirez.” She smiled. “I’ve known Mr. Alicio for almost eleven months now. I’m a surgical oncologist.”

“Oncologist? As in, cancer?” Bea asked, her face etched with shock. “Cancer?” She looked to Mr. Alicio. “Cancer?!”

“Bea…” Mr. Alicio trailed off.

“I’m going to go find Dr. Parker.” The woman doctor announced before leaving the room.

“Mr. Alicio, explain!” Bea demanded.

“That is what the doctors are for.” He replied.

Dr. Parker and Dr. Ramirez entered back into the room. They stood at the foot of Mr. Alicio’s bed.

“Mr. Alicio-” Dr. Ramirez began, but was cut off by the French man.

“You do not have to tell me what I already know.” He said. “It has gotten worse. I know.”

“Yeah.” Dr. Ramirez replied, looking rather saddened.

“What has gotten worse? Can someone explain?!” Bea asked, wanting details. “Please, tell me.”

Looking to Mr. Alicio for permission, which was given, she looked to Bea and began talking. “About ten months ago, Mr. Alicio came to the emergency room complaining of abdomen pain and saying he had blood in his stool. That came to the diagnosis of colon cancer.” She said, earning a sharp gasp from Bea. “We did the necessary since he didn’t want surgery, we gave him radiation treatment and chemotherapy. He went on with the treatments for four months and stopped because it was making him too sick and he couldn’t handle it, so we tried oral medication instead.” She paused. “Three months ago, he came back because he was having problems with his balance and problems with confusion, things like that. We did another scan and we found that the cancer had spread to his cerebrum, where a tumor was. So, along with colon cancer, we had to diagnosis him with metastatic brain cancer.”

Bea scoffed, tears in her eyes. “How could it get worse than that?!”

Dr. Ramirez cleared her throat. “According to the new scans, the, um, the cancer is now also in his brain stem. That can cause a lot of problems with speech, his swallowing capability, and seizures. It’s now considered stage IV, and it’s more dangerous than ever if you don’t allow me-”
“No.” Mr. Alicio interrupted. “No surgery.”

Bea looked sharply to Mr. Alicio. “No surgery? Mr. Alicio, the surgery could help you!”

“I said no. I will not have surgery. I take medicine and have treatments, when necessary, to slow the growth and spread. I do not need surgery.”

“Your medicine and treatments obviously isn’t working since the cancer spread to your brain in four months and then to your brain stem another three months later! You heard her, it is dangerous.”

“I am not having surgery, so hush about it.” Mr. Alicio said. “The cancer is terminal, there is no cure. The only thing surgery will do is cause more problems or possibly kill me.” He briefly closed his eyes. “I am not trying to die sooner than I have to.”

“The surgery is very risky.” Dr. Parker said, agreeing with Mr. Alicio. “And there’s no guarantee the surgeon could get the tumor completely out.”

“He has a tumor?” A voice asked.

Everyone looked to the entrance of the room, seeing Alexandre standing there.

“Alex,” Allie started. “Come here.”

“I don’t...I don’t understand.” Alexandre said, beginning his walk to Allie. “Why don’t I know about it?”

“Apparently no one knows.” Bea said, her voice full of anger. “He thought it’d be nice to have a deadly secret.” She looked to Dr. Ramirez. “Can I speak with you out the room?”

“Of course.”

Once Bea was standing on the outside of the room with the doctor, she began talking. “So, there’s nothing to help with the cancer? At all?”

“He is refusing surgery, but even that is not guaranteed to work.” Dr. Ramirez said. “He is considered terminally ill, the cancer is bound to kill him. I hate to be crude, but it’s true. The medication he takes is not going to save his life.”

Bea sucked back the tears that were threatening to fall. “How...why did he let it get this bad?”

“It was out of his control. The cancer progressed relatively quickly. And I think that once he saw that the four months of chemo and radiation wasn’t shrinking the cancer in his colon, he lost hope. And when it got to his cerebrum, faster than we could blink, he lost even more hope. I believe that he’s just waiting now.”

“Waiting for what?”

Dr. Ramirez gave a sympathetic smile. “Waiting to...say goodbye.”

And then the tears did fall. Bea brought her hands up to cover her face as the pools of tears left her eyes. “I cannot believe this.” Her voice shook. Wiping her eyes, she looked back to the doctor. “What’s his life expectancy? Prognosis?”

“There is no way that I can tell how long he has left to live. It all depends on how many other tumors are in his brain that we can’t see in the scan and how the treatments do for him. All I can
say is that brain metastases is measured in months of survival. He may live much longer than expected or he may die sooner than expected.” She paused, letting Bea take in all the new information. “However, the median survival rate among patients with brain metastases is six months, but that’s with surgery and more radiation treatment.”

“And he was diagnosed with the brain cancer three months ago.” Bea pointed out.

“Yes.” Dr. Ramirez confirmed.

“So...he may have three more months left if your prognosis of six months is correct?”

The doctor nodded her head. “That is correct.”

Bea wiped her hands over her face. “What the fuck?” She groaned. “All of this could have been avoided if he had gotten surgery when the colon cancer was first found!”

“Also correct.” She pointed out. “He refused surgery from day one. I don’t know why, he may have some anti-surgery belief or he just completely had faith in medicine.”

“He’s always been so stubborn.” Bea said. “I really can’t believe he kept this to himself for so long.”

“He listed his own self on his records for emergency contact.” Dr. Ramirez stated. “I think he’s scared more than anything. You should talk to him.”

Bea shook her head. “I can’t persuade him to have the surgery. When he has his mind on something, there’s no changing it.”

“I wasn’t talking about surgery. I was just meaning to casually talk to him; let him know that he has you.”

“There’s no question about that; he does have me. He always will.” Bea assured.

“Well, in a time like this, all the proper assurance is nice to have.” Dr. Ramirez said.

Bea nodded her head in understanding.

“I’ll be back in a little while to check up on him.” The doctor continued before giving a small smile to Bea and walking off.

Bea looked at Mr. Alicio’s hospital room door. She couldn’t believe this was happening to one of the most important people in her life. Just when life was going good, this curveball was thrown her way. All she could think about was how many signs were right in front of her. How often was Mr. Alicio in pain right in front of her eyes and she paid no attention? Did he ever silently plead for help? Did he throw subtle hints here and there? Bea was honestly blaming herself. She felt that if she had been more involved in his life, then none of this would be happening. But she also understood that Mr. Alicio was a very private person, so there was no way to know about it unless he spoke of it. And it really angered her that terminal cancer would be considered a private thing in Mr. Alicio’s life. She was brought to herself when the room door opened and Dr. Parker exited. She watched as he walked down the hall before entering back into the room herself. Upon entering the room, it was completely silent. Alexandre was sitting in a chair, deep in his own thoughts. She couldn’t imagine how he must be feeling. Looking to Allie, she saw that the blonde was also in her own thoughts. And poor Debbie, the girl stood lost - like she didn’t know what to do. Bea pulled her daughter into a hug and kissed her head.

“Can I talk to Mr. Alicio in private for a minute?” Bea asked the three others in the room.
“Fine by me, as long as you talk some sense into him.” Alexandre seethed as he got up from his sitting position.

“Hey, it’ll be okay.” Bea said, trying to calm him.

“No, it won’t be okay.” Alex replied. “He’s on his fucking dead bed, literally, and he didn’t even bother to tell anyone.” With that leaving his mouth, he left the room.

“I’m going to call Franky.” Allie said, giving Bea a kiss. “C’mon, Deb. Let’s go get a drink or something.” She wrapped an arm around the young brunette as they walked out of the room.

“I do not like when Alexandre curses like that.” Mr. Alicio said when the room door was closed, letting out a cough afterwards.

“I know.” Bea replied, sitting down next to the old man’s bed.

“I will be getting moved to the oncology floor for a chemotherapy treatment this evening and then I will be going home sometime tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

“What? You are not going to talk me into having surgery?” Mr. Alicio asked, feigning shock.

“No.” Bea answered. “There’s no point. If you don’t want surgery, I can’t make you.”

It was silent for a moment before Mr. Alicio began speaking. “You must think that I am crazy for not saying anything about the cancer.” He paused. “But I am not crazy. I thought I had it all in control. I thought the colon cancer was gone, but then I started having a lot of confusion and not being able to walk straight, so I made an appointment with Dr. Ramirez for a check up. She did a scan and it showed the cancer made its’ way to my brain.” He paused again. “I was going to tell you, I was. But then you asked me to close the shop a little early so you could bring a friend in.”

He smiled. “And when I met your friend and saw the way you two were, I knew she was the one for you. I have never seen you so happy until Allie came into your life. And I did not want to drop the news of my terminal cancer on you after meeting someone that lit up your world. So, I kept it to myself.”

“Mr. Alicio-”

“No.” The French man interrupted. “You will not tell me that I was being selfish. Because I know that if I had told you about the cancer, then you would have pushed Allie away to give me all your time. And then you would not have the beautiful relationship you have now. I did not want that. I wanted you to finally be happy, not to worry about my sickness.”

A few tears fell from Bea’s eyes. “I still should have known about the cancer. You’ve always been there for me, I could’ve been there for you from the beginning.”

Mr. Alicio reached his hand out, taking ahold of Bea’s. “You were there for me, whether you realize it or not. You have always been there for me, and you always will. I believe that.” He said. “Now, come here and give me a hug.”

Bea stood up and leaned over the bed, letting herself be engulfed in a hug from the man she loved the most, trusted the most. She kissed his cheek before pulling away and sitting back down, wiping her eyes to get rid of any traces of tears.

“You do not have to worry about anything, Beatrice.” He smiled. “I am still the same man before
you found out I have cancer.”

Bea returned the smile, but it soon faltered when realization hit her. “You knew you were getting worse by the day, it’s why you taught Allie how to make all your pastry recipes.” She insinuated. “You think she’ll run your shop if you...pass.”

“*When*, Beatrice, *when* I die.” He corrected. “And yes, it is why I taught her. I want my shop still up and running for years after I am gone. And I know Allie is more than capable of doing just that. It was proven to me on her first day of working at the shop, she has the drive of an eager owner. She will make it happen, I know she will.” He smiled. “I even told her that she would be running my shop one day. Well, I said it in French so she did not quite understand me.” He chuckled.

“La Petite Patisserie is *your* shop, Mr. Alicio.” Bea said. “It wouldn’t be the same.”

“It is not meant to be the same when I am gone. Allie will be able to spice it up in her own way.” He said, raising his eyebrows. “The only thing that matters is that my shop will still be there.” He studied Bea, seeing how unsure she was. “Alexandre does not want to own the shop, and I have no other family. You and Allie are next in line. And even though Allie has no idea about it, I know she will take on the job with flying colors. So you say nothing to her about it, I do not need her becoming overwhelmed. I will talk to her when the time is right.”

Bea sighed. “Okay.”

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Mr. Alicio had been settled into his new room on the oncology floor for quite a while now. The same people were still surrounding him; Bea, Allie, Debbie, and Alexandre. It was quiet, a little too quiet for his liking, but he knew that they were all still trying to process the new information of his cancer. He honestly had good intentions of keeping it to himself, he didn’t want anyone to have to worry about him. In his mind, he was doing perfectly fine. The day he finally decided that he was going to tell Bea about the cancer, was the day he was introduced to Allie. And right from the start, he could tell how different the blonde was from other women. Allie was the person for Bea, they were destined to be together. And so, he couldn’t break the news. He didn’t want to be the reason why Bea wasn’t in a great, well developed relationship.

“...I need to go get some fresh air.” Alexandre suddenly said, getting up from his chair and exiting the room.

Allie sadly smiled towards Mr. Alicio. “He’ll come around. He’s just a little overwhelmed, and maybe a little angry.”

“It is understandable.” Mr. Alicio replied. “I should have told him.”

A few minutes go by and the room door opened. It wasn’t Alexandre who walked in, but Franky. The raven haired woman looked to everyone in the room before she settled her eyes on Mr. Alicio. She cocked her head to the side a little, a small and sad smile creeping in the corner of her mouth. She gently shook her head in disbelief as she walked closer to the French man’s hospital bed.

“Old man...” Franky trailed off, still shaking her head. “I’m seriously starting to question your
ability to care for yourself. This isn’t something you gamble with; this is your life. You can’t keep something as serious as this to yourself.”

“Francesca-”

“No, don’t you ‘Francesca’ me.” Franky interrupted. “You don’t get to use my actual name and pull that cute old puppy dog face on me to wiggle yourself outta this.” She said. “I mean, really, what made you think it was okay for you to keep this from us?”

Mr. Alicio sighed. “I did not want you all to worry about me, is all.”

“Hm.” Franky sat on the hospital bed by Mr. Alicio’s feet, placing her hand gently on top of his leg. “Wanna know something, pops? I worry about you all the time, even when I didn’t know about the cancer thing. I worry that you’re gonna set your shop on fire because you forgot you left the stove on.” She grinned, giving his leg a rub. “So, it’s too late about you not wanting me to worry about you, ‘cause I worry about ya. A lot.”

“I am sorry.”

“There’s no need to apologize. We’re just gonna have to suck it all up and help you when we can.” Franky smiled. She looked over to Bea and Debbie. “Hey, Debs...Red.”

Debbie smiled. “Hey, Franky.”

“She talks.” Mr. Alicio said with a chuckle, making Debbie laugh too.

“She’s just a little rattled. Don’t take offense to it, Mr. Alicio.” Bea said. “Hey, Franky. How ya been?”

Before Franky had the chance to reply, Allie stood up. “I should go check on Alex, he’s been gone for a bit.” She kissed Bea on the lips. “Heya, Franky. Nice to know that you acknowledge me.” She teased, leaning over to give her friend a greeting kiss on the cheek.

“See that, Red.” Franky wiggled her eyebrows. “She wants me. All ya gotta do is ignore ‘em, and they come a runnin’.”

“Fuck off, Franky.” Bea rolled her eyes. “How about go see your own girl?”

“She is right, Francesca.” Mr. Alicio butted in. “Allie is off limits. She is Bea’s woman.”

Allie exited the hospital and made her way to the courtyard where she saw Alexandre sitting at a table. As she got closer to him, she saw a drink cradled in one hand while a cigarette laid lit between his forefinger and middle finger. She watched him take a long swig from the cigarette and then release the smoke. She shook her head, having absolutely no idea that the boy even smoked.

“Those things are bad for ya.” Allie finally said, taking a seat across from Alex. “Not to mention they give ya stinky breath.”

“Yeah…”

Allie softly inhaled, contemplating her next words. “I didn’t know you smoked.”

“I’m a stress smoker.” Alexandre replied, continuing when Allie quirked an eyebrow up in confusion. “I only smoke when stressed.”
Allie nodded her head in understanding. “It sucks not being able to breathe on your own, ya know. I was on oxygen support for quite a while, and it sucked ass. I still even sometimes find myself having to stop to compose myself, take a few breathers before continuing to do whatever it was that I was doing.” She said. “So, if you don’t mind...could you put that cigarette out, please?”

Alex looked at Allie for a moment, then he grinded his cigarette in the ashtray until it was put out.

“Thank you.” Allie sincerely said.

“Yeah.”

“Look, I know this is hard for you. I’m feeling pretty down in the dumps myself about it, but being angry isn’t how you should feel.”

“But I am angry.” Alex said, his eyebrows screwed up. “Uncle Alicio...he just disregarded my feelings like it didn’t matter. I’m his nephew, not some random stranger. I...deserved to know.”

“I know how it feels to be disregarded like that; my parents chose to disown me from their lives when they realized I wasn’t going to live how they wanted me to. How you’re feeling is understandable and you really did deserve to know about it, but now is the time that you need to be there for him. Angry or not, don’t push him away now. He needs you.”

“I just...” He paused, his brown orbs filling with tears. “This isn’t fair.” He sobbed out, covering his face with his hands.

Allie got up from her chair and journeyed her way around the small table, pulling Alexandre into her arms. She held him and whispered soothing words into his ear as he cried. The blonde completely understood why Alex was feeling this way, and he had every reason to feel the way he was feeling. But she also knew that being angry in a time like now wasn’t going to help Mr. Alicio at all.

Nearly two hours later, Allie took it upon herself to drive Bea and Debbie to the airport hangar. She knew that if it was left up to Bea, then she would never be boarding her plane. And she needed to get back to Sydney. Luckily enough though, Alexandre, Franky, and Boomer were sat at the hospital with Mr. Alicio. If those three weren’t there, Allie knew Bea wouldn’t be tempted to leave at all. At their arrival, Allie could tell that Maxine was extremely angry. The tall woman and Bea threw words at each other before Maxine stormed into the private plane. Bea made Allie promise her to give continuous updates on Mr. Alicio before she said her goodbye’s and also boarded the plane with Debbie by her side, after giving Allie several proper kisses. The redhead really didn’t want to leave, but she knew she had to. Sometimes her job really annoyed her with the tight schedule. She watched as Allie drove out of the hangar and then thirty minutes later, her private plane began its’ journey down the runway. Then she’d be spending fifteen, miserable, days without the blonde. A huge sigh escaped her mouth as she settled into the leather seat of the plane, the plane flying upwards into the sky.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and supporting! I know it seems like my updates keep having a time gap between them, but I promise I'll try to get back on track. With working and having a new (special) person in my life, time doesn't seem to be on my
side. I hope you guys understand. Again, thank you xx

ps; WENTWORTH IS GETTING CLOSER EVEN THOUGH WE STILL HAVE OVER ONE MONTH TO GO
It has been a week since Bea left Melbourne and her mind was always focused on the two people who meant the most to her that was there; Allie and Mr. Alicio. Just like Bea wanted, she got updates on Mr. Alicio throughout the day, everyday. After his chemo treatment the day Bea left, he ended up having to stay in the hospital for two more days because he had gotten really sick and Bea was tempted to fly back to Melbourne, but Allie made the redhead stay in Sydney by saying that she had everything under control. Then after the French man was released from the hospital, he was back to his normal self. And although Bea didn’t like that he went straight back to work, there was nothing she could do. Besides being worried about Mr. Alicio, Bea was also really missing Allie. She didn’t like going to sleep and waking up in an empty bed. It was weird, it’s what she was used to for years and it’s what she preferred, but after the blonde shimmied into her life, she no longer wanted the bed to herself. She and Allie talked on the phone and facetime every night so far, but it clearly wasn’t the same. She needed her girlfriend, she was having serious Alliecat withdrawals.

After two weeks without the blonde, Bea was starting to question her sanity. She began to get short with everyone and snap at every little thing. She wondered why she was being so grumpy, but then realized that it was because Allie was the one thing that kept her life in tact. Debbie even began teasing her about it, which annoyed her even more, but she knew it was true. And since she was going to be picking up Allie the following day at the airport, she was happy. But she was also nervous too because Allie would be flying alone on a commercial flight instead of using the private plane. Although Allie was flying first class, she still had a lot to be nervous about. And Boomer was given some time off to go spend Christmas with her own family, so she wouldn't be with Allie. Bea’s private plane was being prepped for a flight to New Zealand that would be taking place on the day after Christmas because Bea had gotten a call the previous day from her sister. Her older sister, Amanda, always came to Australia around Christmas or New Year’s with her two children to spend time there and Bea always sent out her private plane to fetch them. Her plane wasn’t a international plane, but since a trip to and from New Zealand was easy and not long, then it would be fine. While Bea had spoken to Amanda over the phone and caught up a bit and talked about flight details, her sister brought up Allie. And although it wasn’t a topic she liked to talk about with anyone, she did open up to her sister. She had gotten even more nervous when she realized that Amanda and Allie would be meeting. She knew that Amanda was a hard critic, so she hoped she wouldn’t try to start anything with Allie. And she also knew that Allie wouldn’t go down without a fight. Why...why did every woman in Bea’s life have to be so damn stubborn? But she was even stubborn herself, so it didn’t bother her too much. Her older sister also brought up Debbie because of recent pictures she’s seen and then the interview Bea did confirming that she had a daughter, and they talked for a bit about the girl. Amanda had only met Debbie once, and it was when her daughter was only a few months old.

Bea stood in the airport with roses in her hands and Debbie by her side waiting for Allie to appear. She hated being in the airport, absolutely hated it, especially since she had her own hangar and
private plane, but neither of those could be used at the moment. She so desperately wanted to change plans and spend Christmas in Melbourne to be close to Mr. Alicio, but Allie wouldn’t let plans change. Bea looked to Debbie, who was holding the Welcome Alliecat sign, and then looked back to where Allie should be coming from. Seeing a flash of blonde hair coming from the escalators made Bea’s heart jump. And then she saw her girlfriend; carrying a bag over her shoulder, wearing a baggy shirt, denim jeans, hair up in a messy bun, and sunglasses resting on the top of her head. Bea smiled, *fuck she is beautiful.* She had it completely bad for this woman, but she wouldn’t have it any other way. As soon as Allie made it to the arrival gates, Bea took off towards her. She wrapped her arms around Allie, knocking the bag off her shoulder in the process, and lifted her up into her arms as she held onto her tightly. Allie giggled as her feet left the ground, wrapping her arms around the redhead’s neck.

“Oh, my god. I missed you so much.” Bea said, placing Allie back down. She peppered the blonde’s face in kisses. “I don’t like being away from you.” Her lips landed on Allie’s, they both let out a satisfying sigh.

“I missed you too, babe.” Allie replied. “I’m so happy to finally be here.”

Bea smiled, giving Allie another kiss that lingered a little longer before reaching down to grab her girlfriend’s luggage. “How was your flight? Not as great as being on a private plane, huh?”

Allie laughed. “It was okay, considering that I was in first class.” She slipped an arm around Bea’s waist as they walked towards Debbie. “Are you going to tell me why I couldn’t use the private plane?”

“I will later.” Bea replied, kissing Allie yet again. She just couldn’t get enough. She handed Allie the roses, receiving a bright smile from the blonde and another kiss.

“Debbie!” Allie happily exclaimed as they reached the brunette. She pulled the girl into her arms, giving her a bone crushing hug. “I missed you!”

“I missed you too!” Debbie replied, reciprocating the hug. “How’s Mr. Alicio?”

“He is doing good.” Allie said after kissing Debbie’s head. She linked her arm with the brunette’s. “Some days are better for him, but overall he’s the same goof we know.” She smiled.

They were almost to the front exit of the airport when a voice sounded through. “Hey, bitches! Wait for me!”

Allie’s ears perked up at the voice. “Oh, yeah. I forgot…” She trailed off when they all turned around.

“Franky?” Bea asked, seeing the woman run down the escalators instead of riding it. She looked to Allie, raising her eyebrows. “Franky?”

“She wanted to come. A Christmas surprise for Bridget.” The blonde replied, shrugging her shoulders with a smile on her face.

When Franky reached them, she punched Allie on the shoulder. “I told ya to wait for me while I used the bathroom!”

Allie grabbed her shoulder, rubbing the spot Franky punched. “Sorry! I wanted to see my girl!”

“She wasn’t going anywhere, ya coulda waited a little longer!” Franky took a deep breath, trying to regulate her breathing. “Ya almost left me here.”
“We wouldn’t have left you.” Allie rolled her eyes.

“Oh, yeah? Then why were you about to walk out the airport?”

“Okay, okay! I forgot about you for a minute.” Allie admitted. “But could you blame me? I mean, hello, a hot redhead was waiting for me!”

“Ugh, whatever. Let’s go!” Franky waved her arm out, feeling slightly annoyed that she was practically forgotten about

Upon arrival to her home, Bea drove her Tesla into the almost empty garage. The only other thing in her garage was her Harley Davidson. As the four women got out of the car, Franky took a look around and then looked to Bea.

“Red, where’s the R8?” Franky asked.

Before Bea had a chance to reply, Debbie spoke up. “She sold it!”

“What?” Franky and Allie said at the same time.

“Why would you do that?” Franky continued.

Bea sighed. “Because I’m getting myself a different car. I just didn’t want the R8 anymore. I’m getting myself a Christmas present.”

“Well, looks like we have quite a few things to catch up on.” Allie said, quirking an eyebrow upwards.

“It’s just a car. I wanted something different.” Bea replied. She looked at the time displayed on her watch. “It should be getting delivered in a few hours.”

“Whatcha gettin’?” Franky asked, her interests peaked.

“You’ll see when it gets here. That is, if you’re still here.” Bea said, a grin on her face. She knew how much Franky loved cars. “Let’s go inside though.”

As the four women entered into the Sydney home, Bea followed Allie up the stairs while Debbie and Franky walked towards the kitchen. Bea sat on her bed as she watched Allie unpack the little bit of things she brought. A lot of her clothes were already at Bea’s Sydney home, so she didn’t need to pack much of that. She mostly brought her hair stuff, a few items of clothing, and the surprise lace lingerie set she bought to wear for her favorite redhead. Allie smiled to herself, thinking about the way she was going to turn Bea on just by wearing that lace set. Once she finished unpacking, she wandered to where Bea was sitting on the bed and crawled onto her lap. She wrapped her slender arms around Bea’s neck and examined her face.

“I have missed you so much.” Allie said. “I don’t know how I lasted two weeks without you.”

“The offer still stands.” Bea replied, slipping her arms around Allie’s midsection. “You could live with me. Officially. Permanently.”

Allie tilted her head a little. “I can’t. Not right now.” She wanted nothing more than to officially live with Bea and she’d be lying if she said it hadn’t crossed her mind, but the timing right now absolutely sucked. “I’ve grown close to Mr. Alicio and I’d hate to leave him right now, especially when he’s in a time of need.”

Bea nodded her head. “I understand.” She gently kissed the woman on her lap, reveling in the
feeling of her soft lips.

“I didn’t tell you this the other day—”

“Hold that thought.” Bea interrupted, laying back onto the bed and pulling Allie with her. They laid close, face to face with their heads on the pillows and their hands gravitating towards one another. “Okay, go on.” She said, intertwining their fingers. Their slender fingers playing with each other.

Allie lightly chuckled before continuing. “The other day, Mr. Alicio had a slightly uncomfortable talk with me. Basically what he was saying was that when he...passes away, he wants me to take over his shop.” She watched for Bea’s reaction, seeing the redhead slightly raise her eyebrows. “I don’t know if I can do that.”

“Hey,” Bea gently began. “If he has that sort of faith in you, then you can do it. He believes in you, you should believe in yourself too.”

“That’s a lot of responsibility, Bea.” The blonde pushed. “I really don’t know if I can.”

“You can.”

“But what about us?” Allie asked. “You’re here in Sydney, the shop is in Melbourne. What are we going to do?”

“We’ll worry about that when the time comes.” Bea said, running her fingers through Allie’s locks. In truth, Bea already had plans. She knew Melbourne was home for Allie and she didn’t want to take that away from her. The main reason she went to Melbourne a couple weeks ago was so that she could meet up with a contractor and have a small meeting. “Don’t worry so much.”

Allie pressed her forehead into Bea’s, letting silence take over them before speaking again. “Are you going to tell me why I couldn’t use your private plane now?”

“It’s being prepped for a flight to, and from, New Zealand.”

Allie scrunched her eyebrows together. “Why?”

“Well, Christmas is in a few days and my sister comes here around this time yearly and I always just send out my plane to get her and her kids.”

“When will she be coming?”

“The day after Christmas.”

“Your birthday.” Allie grinned, wiggling her eyebrows.

Bea chuckled. “Yes, my birthday. And don’t make a big deal about it either.”

“Sure.” Allie sarcastically replied. “Anyway, your sister...will she like me? Is she mean?”

“Eh, she can be a hard critic, but she isn’t mean. Once you get to know her, she’s great. As for her liking you, I think she will.” Bea said. “Amanda knows that I haven’t been the relationship type and she knows about you, so I think she’ll be nice.”

“Her kids?”

“She has two, and they’re absolutely wonderful. Mason is her oldest, he’s seven. Her daughter, Kate, is two.”
Allie nodded her head in understanding. She could handle having two kids around, right? It shouldn’t be too hard. They’re kids. “Is she married?”

“Trying to get all caught up before she gets here, huh?” Bea teased, poking her girlfriend in the nose. “Yes, she’s married. Her husband is rarely around because he’s in the Army and is pretty busy with that. He’s always gone.”

“Oh, wow.” Allie replied. “I can’t wait to meet your sister and her kids.”

“Hm. You’re nervous, I know. But don’t worry, it’ll be fine.”

“I hope so.” Allie said, receiving a reassuring kiss from her girlfriend. “I love you.”

“I love you too. Always.”

The blonde smiled, stealing another kiss. “So, what are we doing for Christmas?” She asked. “I didn’t see a tree downstairs, or any decorations.”

Bea laughed. “I don’t do that. It’s silly.”

Allie raised her eyebrows. “Seriously?” She sat up, looking at the redhead. “It’s Christmas! We have to decorate and get a tree!”

“Really?” Bea asked. She was getting ready to laugh again but stopped when she saw the serious look on the blonde’s face. “You aren’t kidding.”

“No, I’m not.” Allie confirmed. “It’s our first Christmas together, and yours with Debbie’s too, so it has to be special. We need a tree and decorations.”

“Okay.” Bea looked at the time. “After my car gets delivered and we take Franky home, we’ll go have a look for a tree and then buy whatever kind of decorations you want.”

“What about for the outside of your house?”

“Ugh!”

“Oh, come on! Your niece and nephew are coming! You want them to see their Aunt Bea in the holiday spirit, yeah?”

Bea rolled her eyes, giving in to the woman who owned her heart. “Fine, the outside of the house will get decorated. But I’m hiring someone to do it, and you’ll be in charge.”

Allie’s smile lit up the room. “I won’t disappoint.”

“I’ll have Maxine look for companies that do that sort of thing...with it being so close to Christmas, that is.”

“Sorry, I didn’t realize my girlfriend was Scrooge.”

Bea scoffed. “I do not despise Christmas! I just don’t get into the whole decorating thing.”

“Well, now you are going to enjoy the whole decorating thing as long as you’re with me.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“You know you love it.” Allie leaned down, kissing Bea. “We should talk about Christmas gifts,
“Uh, I don’t know. I didn’t really think about it.” It was a lie. Bea Smith lied. She already had Allie and Debbie’s gift, and it would be there on Christmas day. “We should talk with Debbie about it, but later.” She gripped Allie’s hips, pulling the blonde on top of her. “Right now, I have other things on my mind.”

“Oh, yeah? Like what?”

Bea slid her hands to Allie’s ass, gripping the jean-clad flesh into her hands. “It involves me and you...naked...rolling around in these sheets...getting all hot and sweaty.”

“Ohhh.” Allie rolled her pelvis against Bea. “You’re wanting some hanky panky?”

Bea laughed, completely laughed. “Hanky panky? Really?”

“What?” Allie smiled, loving the sound of Bea’s laugh.

“You could’ve just called it sex.” Bea laughed again.

“Yeah, but hanky panky is so much more fun to say. It’s like having a dirty weekend.”

Bea flipped them over, her now hovering above the blonde. “Are we gonna hanky panky or what?”

Allie laughed, slipping her arms around Bea’s neck. “Ooo, someone’s horny.”

“Damn right. I’ve been two weeks without you.”

“Hanky panky it is then.”

Two hours, many rounds of hanky panky, and both women showering later, they were finally walking down the stairs hand in hand to join Franky and Debbie. Both women had a glow to them and they were feeling lighter than ever, probably from all the love making they had just took on. They were slightly tired, but neither of them cared. As they neared the first floor, the sound of the TV invaded their ears. It was loud, a bit too loud. Walking into the living room, they saw Franky and Debbie both laying comfortably on the sofas.

“Is there a reason that the TV is so loud?” Beapratically yelled, having to talk over the TV.

Franky muted the volume. “Uh, yeah. The reunion between the two of you was a bit over the top. Next time you decide to have Blondie screaming like a fucking hyena, please let us know.”

“You’re just mad because you aren’t with Bridget right now, making her scream your name.” Bea tossed out, teasing her friend. She was expecting a come back, but was surprised with what she got instead.

Franky dropped her head backwards. “You’re right. I’m sex deprived.” She pouted. “Tell me again why I thought it was a good idea to get into a committed, long distance relationship? My pussy is suffering.”
Debbie covered her face with her hands. “Oh, my god.” She groaned, making Bea and Allie laugh.

Bea sat on the same sofa Franky was on. “You’re in a committed relationship because Bridget is great and y’all are meant for each other. Stick with her for a little while longer, continue to bond and learn about each other, and then ask her to live with you. It shouldn’t be hard for her to resettle in Melbourne. She’s great at what she does and she has a lot of experience in her field, she’ll be able to find a great job in no time.”

“I know, but this long distance—”

“Oi!” Bea interrupted. “Shut up. You’re letting your pussy talk, enough of that.”

“Seriously?!” Debbie groaned out again. Allie sat next to her, giving the young brunette a pat on her leg.

“You’re right. I just need to stay focused on what’s important, and that’s Gidge.”

“Right.” Bea agreed. “We’ll take you to her house after you get to see my new car, which should be here soon because I got a phone call about it before we came down.”

“Ah, so that’s why you stopped the little sex marathon?” Franky asked, teasing her friend.

Bea laughed. “Yeah, but also because that one over there got hungry.” She pointed to her girlfriend. “She ended up trying to eat me...and not in the good way either.”

Debbie groaned, causing Allie to wrap her arms around her and hold her. Bea and Franky both laughed, loving the way they could easily embarrass the young brunette. Allie winked at Bea, letting her know that the teasing was perfectly alright.

Nearing twenty minutes later, the doorbell sounded throughout the house. Bea stopped the three others from jumping up and running to the front door. She could tell the women were excited to see the new car she had just purchased.

“Wait.” Bea said, holding her arms out as she stood up. “Just wait here. Let me go sign the papers, make sure everything is exactly how I wanted it, and then I’ll come get you all after the delivery guy leaves.”

Groans escaped all three of the women’s lips.

Bea laughed. “Just be patient, you’ll all see the car.”

Bea walked out the front door, being met by a man holding a clipboard. She stepped onto the small porch and closed the front door behind herself.

“Bea Smith?” The man asked.

“Yeah, that’s me.” She replied, looking towards the towtruck that had her new car on it.

“Alright, well, I’ll take the car off and then you can have a look at it. If everything’s the way you ordered, you’ll sign these papers and then I’ll hand you the keys.” He smiled, and Bea nodded her head.

Once the car was rolled off the bed of the towtruck, Bea began her inspection of the car. She was happy that everything was exactly the way she wanted. She signed the papers the delivery man
handed to her and then received her keys afterwards. She waited until the man was out of her driveway before entering into her home to tell them that they could all look at the car. Hearing the stampede of feet, she made sure to be out of the way. Franky was the first to run out the house, being followed by Debbie and then Allie.

“No fuckin’ way!” Franky exclaimed. “You’ve always wanted this car!”

“No, this has got to be the coolest looking car ever.” Debbie said, walking up to examine the car.

“It’s really nice, but I’m lost. What kind of car is this?” Allie then asked.

Before Bea could reply, Franky spoke. “This…” The raven-haired woman held out her arms, showcasing the sportscar. “Is an Aston Martin V12 Vantage S.” She smiled widely. “It’s only the car that Bea has been wanting forever! But she never got it before because she didn’t like buying herself nice things.”

Allie looked to the silver car that had black rims. It looked really nice, and she knew that it must have been really expensive. She wasn’t the girlfriend that was going to be worried about Bea’s money because that just wasn’t her place. She didn’t even know how much money Bea even had and she would never ask, so she would never know unless her girlfriend offered to talk about it. Allie smiled to Bea.

“It’s a really nice car.” The blonde said. “Can I look inside?”

“Of course.” Bea replied. “There’s something I want you to see.” She opened the driver’s door of the car and let Allie get in.

“New car smell, I love it.” Allie said, smiling as she placed her hands on the steering wheel. “When can I take it for a spin?”

Bea lightly laughed. “Whenever you want. Just not before I do, though.”

“What do you want me to see?”

“Oh, look at the headrest behind your head.”

Allie repositioned her body on the leather seat, looking at what was on the headrest. Instead of the vehicle’s emblem being stitched into the black leather, the words Queen Bea were cursive in red writing. Allie looked back to Bea, getting ready to say something, but Bea spoke first.

“And look at the other headrest.” Bea said.

Allie looked to the other seat, seeing Alliecat stitched in the same format on the passenger’s seat headrest. Her mouth slightly dropped open, and she looked back to the redhead.

“Bea…” Allie trailed off, not really knowing what to say. “What...why?”

Bea grinned. “I wanted to. You’re my girl and this is the kind of over the top shit I do.” She studied the blonde. “Do you like it?”

“I do.” Allie replied. “I love it.” She continued to look at the interior of her girlfriend’s car as Franky jumped into the passenger seat, also doing the same thing.

Once they were all done looking over Bea’s new vehicle, Bea drove it safely into her garage and then got into her Tesla, followed by the other three women. Light conversation continued
throughout the car ride to Bridget’s house to drop Franky off. Franky tried to persuade Debbie to go into law once she was finished with university, since the young brunette was sitting on the fence about what she wanted to do, but Bea told the raven-haired woman to leave her daughter alone by simply stating that Debbie had plenty of time to figure out what she wanted to do. That didn’t stop Franky though; in her eyes, Law was the right career choice. After dropping Franky off a block away from where Bridget lived, Bea and her two sidekicks went off to do their thing.

“Christmas is in three days, and you’re just now deciding to get a tree?” Debbie asked her mum as they drove through the streets.

“I wasn’t going to get one at all.” Bea replied, glancing into the rearview mirror at the girl. “Allie talked me into it.”

“And she talked you into getting the house decorated too?”

“Yes.”

Debbie laughed. “You are...pussy whipped.”

“Debbie!” Bea exclaimed, Allie laughed.

“Well, it’s sorta true, babe.” Allie said with a grin, touching her hand to Bea’s forearm. “I’ve got you wrapped around my little finger.”

Bea groaned, she knew it was true. She’d do anything for the blonde, anything at all. Hence, her driving through the streets of Melbourne to go pick out a fucking Christmas tree with only three days left until said holiday. She has never had a Christmas tree, not since Debbie was six months old anyway. But she realized getting a tree, decorating, and possibly having to bake cookies was going to be a great new experience for her and her family. She wouldn’t have it any other way.

They picked out a Christmas together; a nice, medium sized tree that would be delivered to the house the following day. Allie thoroughly enjoyed herself by going through the very few rows of trees with her favorite girls to pick out the perfect wooden structure. Being in the children’s shelter and then the women’s shelter, she hadn’t ever really experienced a great Christmas in years. The last time she ever woke up with a smile on her face on Christmas morning, was when she was fourteen years old. It’s been a good sixteen years since she has had any normality to her life. But now, after leaving from picking a tree and heading to buy things to decorate their tree with, she had some tears covering her blue orbs. She wasn’t sad or upset, she was happy. Completely happy. Feeling Bea grab her hand, she sent her a bright smile to let her know that everything was okay, that she didn’t need to worry. With Bea kissing the back of her hand, she dropped her head back against the headrest. She was content with her life. Just the way it was.

After buying tree decorations and ornaments, the three women finally returned home. Allie insisted on leaving all the things they bought for the tree in the living room because as soon as the tree would be arriving that next day, she was going to start on it with Debbie. And since Bea’s week off from training wasn’t starting until Christmas Eve, she had nothing better to do. Bea gave Liz the holiday off to spend with her family, so Allie and Debbie took it upon themselves to go back out to grab them all some dinner. Bea stayed home because she had some important phone calls to make.

“I have no idea what to get your mum for Christmas.” Allie said to Debbie as she made her way to the Italian restaurant to order some to-go plates of food. “And knowing her, she probably already has my gift...or gifts.” Sighing, she continued. “Earlier, she said she hadn’t given it much thought, but I know that was a lie.”
Debbie laughed, but agreed. “If she doesn’t have it yet, then she certainly knows what she is getting.” She said. “Trust me, I have no idea what to get her either. And we have only a few days to get gifts.”

Allie groaned. “I have to go looking tomorrow.”

As Allie and Debbie arrived back to the house with their food, they were met by the sound of soothing piano music flowing through the house. Allie dumped the bags of food onto the kitchen counter and followed the sound, Debbie right behind her. Allie walked past the staircase and fishtank, entering the open room that she never really spent time in. She watched, for a moment, as her girlfriend’s fingers made their way over the piano keys, playing out a harmonic sound. She remembered Bea telling her that she played the piano, but this was her first time witnessing it. The black, classic piano was beautiful, but no more than the woman playing the instrument. A smile grew on her face as the melodic sound sped up, and with one more touch of a key, the sound stopped.

“Encore!” Debbie chanted, clapping her hands.

Bea swiftly turned around on the piano chair, seeing her girls standing there. “Thanks, Deb.”

“I always thought that was just there for looks.” Debbie confessed, laughing afterwards. “I didn’t know you could play.”

“I haven’t played in a while.” Bea replied, standing up from the chair. “I like to, though.”

“You should teach me sometime.”

“I’d love to.” Bea smiled, giving her daughter a hug. Once the young brunette made her way back to the kitchen, Bea looked to Allie. “You okay?”

“I’m more than okay.” Allie replied. “You played so beautifully.” She grabbed her girlfriend’s hands. “These hands are magical.”

Bea laughed, pulling Allie close. “They are good for a lot of things.” She grinned. “My career is stemmed from them.”

“Mhm. They’re good for piano playing, massages, lifting weights, driving, and most of all...giving me those deliciously warm orgasms.” Slipping her arms around the redhead, she connected their lips. “The food is here if you’re ready to eat. I’m sure Debbie’s ready.”

“I’m not thinking much about food anymore.” Bea said, her voice dripping in sudden arousal.

“Later.” Allie promised, tracing her index finger across her girlfriend’s chest. “Let’s go eat.”

After eating, they cleaned up what was dirtied in the kitchen. Bea and Allie sat on a stool by the kitchen island with the blonde sipping on a glass of wine while Debbie made herself a bowl of icecream.

“So, gifts.” Debbie began, putting the tub of icecream back into the freezer. “I’ve been thinking, instead of gift splurging for each other, we should just get one another one gift. One meaningful gift.”

Bea nodded her head, silently agreeing.

“And we could spend the rest of Christmas day giving gifts to children in shelters; the children who don’t get to have a nice Christmas.” Debbie continued, looking at both Allie and Bea. “Or
not, that was a silly suggestion.”

“No. No, it’s not silly.” Allie quickly responded. “It’s actually a really great suggestion...it’s just that, Christmas is in two and half days. Isn’t that a little too late to try to plan something so big?”

“Our first Christmas all together, and we have been huge procrastinators.” Bea said. “If we thought about it, we should’ve done this planning a couple weeks ago.” She lightly chuckled. “But I love the idea to give Christmas to children who can’t really enjoy it. I’ll talk to Maxine about it tomorrow, get her to look into it and see what we can do.” She grabbed ahold of Allie’s hand. “After all, there is a such thing as Christmas miracles, right?”

Chapter End Notes

*Rebecca, open your eyes to what's important. This story and your readers is what's important, not your personal life. Get it together!* haha, I'm late with an update...again! I'm a terrible person. It's okay though, you all are understanding and are standing in my corner chanting to "kiss the girl" like Sebastian on The Little Mermaid did (insert smirk emoticon) Lol, thank you all for reading and supporting like always! You all are awesome!
Christmas Day

Chapter Notes

Happy, happy times.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Just the previous day, Christmas Eve, Bea’s house had been completed with Christmas decorations. Bea pulled up to her home after ending her day at the gym and her mouth fell open. The outside of her home was probably too decorated, but she honestly expected nothing less knowing that the blonde was in charge of the decorations. White lights trimmed the outer edge of her home, making it look like icicles were hanging down. Red, green, blue, and yellow lights outlined her driveway, sidewalk to her front door, and around her front door. Colorful lights were also placed in the few bushes and trees that were laid out on her front lawn. Christmas light up candy cane decorations were put into the ground across the front of her home. But what had really surprised Bea was the several light up reindeers and santa sleigh that was precisely placed on the grass in her front lawn. Maybe it was all a bit too much for her.

Bea was woken up by lips on her own. She kept her eyes closed, pretending to be asleep. Then she felt her girlfriend’s lips again, along with the swipe of tongue across her lips. That’s when Bea decided to open her eyes. As soon as brown met blue, the redhead pulled Allie to her and kissed her. They both let out satisfying moans, smiling into their kiss afterwards. Allie pulled away first, running her fingers through Bea’s soft red curls and gave a smile. And Bea finally got a real good look at her girlfriend; the blonde was wearing a santa hat and had changed into green and white striped pajamas. Bea grinned, her girlfriend looked too adorable.

“Merry Christmas.” Allie beamed, a bright smile on her face. “I made breakfast.”

“Merry Christmas.” Bea replied, returning the huge smile. “I love you.”

“And I love you.” The blonde pressed her nose into Bea’s. “I already woke Deb up, she should be heading down soon. You want to get up so we could all eat together?”

Bea nodded her head. “I’m going to take a quick shower, then I’ll be down. Okay?”

“Don’t be too long. The food will get cold.”

“I won’t be long, promise.”

“Okay…” Allie gave Bea a kiss before sliding off the bed, wearing her christmas thermal pajama set. It wasn’t even cold out, the exact opposite in fact, but the striped pajamas were adorable.

Allie padded down the stairs and into the kitchen, the sound of her Christmas playlist softly flowing through the air. Debbie was sitting on the barstool and Allie happily kissed the side of her head as she passed by.

“Your mum will be down in a bit, she wanted to take a shower first.” Allie informed the brunette, leaning over the kitchen island.

“Typical mum.” Debbie playfully rolled her eyes. “Is it weird that I’m nervous? I mean, this is
“I don’t think you’re nervous.” Allie responded. “I think you’re more excited about it than anything. Besides, there’s nothing to be nervous about. Bea absolutely loves you.” She smiled. “And this is my first Christmas with the both of you, so you’re not alone.”

“With many more Christmases to go.” Bea said as she made herself present in the kitchen. “This will not be our last Christmas together. We have a lifetime of Christmases to go.” She smiled, pouring herself a cup of coffee.

Allie’s heart fluttered. A lifetime with Bea. Man, nothing sounded better. She smiled. "That was a quick shower."

"I just decided to change clothes and brush my teeth instead." Hearing the next song fill the air, Bea scrunched up her face. She absolutely hated this version of Carol Of The Bells. "Can you change this song?"

“What? Why?” Allie asked, not moving to change the song.

“Yeah, why? This is the best instrumental version ever. Trans-Siberian Orchestra does it best.” Debbie chimmed in.

“Because I don’t like it. Please, change it.”

“How can one not like this?” Allie asked. “Why don’t you like it?”

Bea sighed, running her hand over her face. “I just don’t like it. Okay? Change it.”

“Tell me why you don’t like it and then I’ll change it.”

Bea gave Allie a glare, trying to win the stare off. But Allie wasn’t budging. So, Bea placed her mug down before speaking. “I don’t like this version of the song because it…” She sighed. “It kind of scares me. Okay? The whole sound of the version just scares me.”

Allie chuckled. “Babe, it’s a Christmas song. It’s not meant to be scary.”

“I know, don’t laugh at me.” Bea said, seriously. “I like the original, just not the timeless version. It just kind of give me a thrilling vibe, okay? Change it, please.”

Allie resented and finally changed the song, a different Christmas instrumental sounding out soon after. She began plating up the pancakes, eggs, and bacon she made for each of them. Pouring them each a glass of orange juice as well. She absolutely loved being able to cook breakfast for them on Christmas morning, it was the thing she looked forward to the most this holiday. Nothing compared to starting the day out right with her family.

Once they were all finished eating, Allie and Debbie put the dirty dishes into the dishwasher. Bea thanked her girlfriend for making a yummy breakfast for the three of them. They relocated to the far side of the living room where nothing was placed except for the Christmas tree. Under the tree was several presents for Bea’s nephew and niece, which was suggested to get by Allie. Of course Allie suggested it, the blonde woman was a sucker for Christmas and Bea was just finding that out. After talking it out for a few minutes, they all decided that Debbie would hand her gifts out first and Bea’s gifts would be saved for last. The three of them sat on the floor in front of the tree, Debbie grabbing her two gifts and handing them to her parents. She was nervous, not with it being her first Christmas with the two other women, but because of the gift she chose. And she really hoped that her mums liked it. She was slowly starting to think of Allie as her second mother, and she honestly wouldn’t choose anyone else. She loved the blonde woman and was really
comfortable around her, given the time they have known each other.

Debbie sat and watched as Bea and Allie opened their gifts. She wanted to try to catch their reactions firsthand. Allie pulled her gift out first, her eyebrows furrowing in slight confusion. But Debbie would wait until her mum opened hers to explain. Once Bea pulled her necklace out of the box and held it up, Debbie pulled her necklace out of her shirt to show the two women in front of her.

“I didn’t really know what to get either of you.” Debbie started with a chuckle. “Each of your necklaces has a white gold circle pendant hanging and a small heart cut out of it. My necklace has two small hearts hanging from the chain.” She paused, letting Bea and Allie see what she was talking about. “This three-way mother daughter necklace just symbolizes my love for the both of you. And yes, Allie, I see you as a mother. More so than how I’ve ever seen Natalie as my mother. And that’s weird, I’ve been around Natalie for most of my life, but I just feel more at ease around you. I don’t know, I can’t really explain it.” She said. “I hope you like it.”

Allie smiled, happy tears threatening to fall. “I love it, Deb. Thank you.” She leaned over, pulling Debbie into a hug. “I love you.”

Debbie gleefully returned the hug. “I love you too.”

“This is a great gift, Debbie. I really do like it.” Bea said, putting her necklace on. “Thank you.”

Debbie then gave her mum a hug, receiving a kiss from her.

“Well, I guess it’s my turn.” Allie said after putting her own necklace on. She reached to grab the gifts that she got for Bea and Debbie. She informed the two that she wanted them to open their gifts at separate times and encouraged Debbie to open hers first.

Debbie peeled the wrapping paper off the rectangular box, revealing a macbook. A huge smile crossed the brunette’s face; for the past month she has been complaining about needing a new laptop. “Thank you so much! I’ve been in desperate need of a new laptop and I didn’t want to have to ask dad for it.”

“I think I may have caught on to your complaints.” Allie laughed. “You’re welcome, Deb. I’m glad you like it.”

“You could’ve just told me that you needed a new computer.” Bea spoke up, holding her gift in her hands. “You would’ve had one much sooner.”

Debbie sighed. “I...I don’t like asking...you for things.” She said, a bit of melancholy etched into her voice. “I know you can very much afford it, but I don’t like just holding my hands out and there be a new laptop. I’m not one that expects, ya know?”

Bea nodded her head in understanding. Her daughter, and her girlfriend, were both very much alike. They weren’t sticking around for the amount of fortune Bea had, they were nowhere near being labeled as gold diggers. Or maybe the two other women didn’t know how to act knowing there was plenty of money available for use? Whatever it was, Bea decided to not think much on it. It didn’t matter anyway.

“Anyway, just open your present. I’m dying to know what Allie got you.” Debbie continued.

“Before you open it,” Allie began, placing her hand over Bea’s arm. “This was a very difficult decision. I had no idea what to get someone who could have whatever their heart desired. So, I took the more sentimental approach. I really hope you like it.”
Bea laughed. “Well, don’t look like you’re about to throw-up everywhere. I’m sure I’ll love it, babe.” Giving Allie an assuring kiss, she began to pull off the wrapping paper. She was met with a plain box, so she pulled the top off and her eyes fell onto her gift. She pulled the canvas out of the box. On the canvas was a soundwave photo of Allie’s voice saying I love you. Underneath the soundwave and those three words that were in quotation, was a photocopy of Allie’s handwriting printed onto the canvas. It said; I love you with all my heart and soul. I love you with everything I am. - Allie. Also on the canvas was two different set of coordinates.

With knowing that Bea didn’t know what the coordinates represented, Allie explained. “The first set of coordinates is where we first met; on the street. The second set is where we had our first kiss; in Kaz’s driveway.” She really hoped the redhead liked her gift.

Bea lifted her tearful eyes to look at Allie. No one had ever put so much thought into one gift for her. She loved it so much, so much that it probably made her fall even more in love with the blonde. Failing to show her appreciation, her eyes went wide in shock once the blonde started nervously rambling.

“Oh, god. I knew it was probably not going to be good enough. Fuck!” Allie exclaimed. In her eyes, she had just ruined her first Christmas with the redhead. “You deserve so much better, and I suck at this. I’m a terrible girlfriend. Why can’t I-” She was interrupted by lips pressing against her own.

Pulling back, Bea brought her hand up to caress the blonde’s face. “Allie, stop. I absolutely love what you got me.” She assured, looking into Allie’s eyes. “No one has ever given me such a meaningful gift before. This exceeds expectations, really.”

“You like it?”

“I love it.” Bea confirmed, giving the blonde another kiss. “And I love you.” She pulled her lover into her arms, holding her tight. Knowing it was her turn to give gifts, she was suddenly nervous. Her gifts were probably...a little too extravagant. Pulling back, she looked at the gift she just received and smiled. “This will be hung in our room.” And yes, she purposely used the word ‘our’ because she was still trying to get her girlfriend in the notion of living together.

Allie let out a slight chuckle. She certainly caught onto Bea’s choice of words. But decided not to say anything about it, she just went with the flow.

Looking at her mother’s gift from Allie, she smiled. “You two are impossible.”

Both Bea and Allie smiled towards the brunette. Someday Debbie would find her person and Allie couldn’t wait to tease her. Bea, on the other hand, wasn’t really looking forward to Debbie finding her person. In the redhead’s eyes, Debbie was still her little girl. So, she still had to remind herself that Debbie was grown and had just got back into her life. Without anymore thought, Bea reached under the tree and grabbed the two little boxes to give to Allie and Debbie. She watched as the two women opened their gifts, their reactions priceless.

Allie opened her gift, coming across a set of keys with a custom keychain that had her name on it. She pulled the keys from the box, knowing it was expensive just by looking at it. Debbie’s mouth had dropped open when she saw a set of keys also with a custom keychain that had her name on it in the small gift box. Her car was left in Wollongong with her dad when she decided to live with Bea. So, seeing a set of keys really made her excited and nervous at the same time.

“Bea, what is this?!” Allie exclaimed, still looking at the keys in her hands.

Bea laughed. “It’s keys...to a car. Your car, to be exact.” She replied. “Want to go see it? Both of
“Where?” Debbie asked.

“As of thirty minutes ago, in the driveway.” Bea said, a smile present on her face.

Allie and Debbie both jumped up and raced towards the front door, Bea following behind. Exiting the front door, two cars came into vision. Debbie’s car was white with dark rims and a huge red bow placed on top of the vehicle. Allie’s car was silver with a red bow also.

“Allie, yours is the silver car.” Bea pointed out, then telling Debbie that hers was the white one. She watched Debbie run to her car, then looked to Allie, who was still stood next to her. “What’s wrong?”

“This is too much.” Allie quietly said. She was stoked about it at first, but seeing the car made her feel like it was too much. “You shouldn’t have.”

“I wanted to.” Bea said. “It’s yours. Once I sign it over to you, it will be completely in your name. Don’t think too much about it, okay? Go take a look at it.”

Allie looked back to her car. “This is no Ford or Nissan, obviously, so what kind of car is this?”

“A Maserati Quattroporte.” Bea answered, laughing afterwards because of her girlfriend’s negligence in vehicles.

“Great. So, when someone asks me what kind of car this is, I won’t even be able to pronounce it.”

Bea laughed again. “Go look at it already, would ya?”

With Allie finally walking towards her car to examine it, Debbie went back to her mum. “I know it’s an Audi, but what kind?”

“An Audi TT RS.” Bea said, wrapping an arm around her daughter. “Do you like it?”

“So much.” Debbie answered. “I can drive it to Wollongong, right?”

“Of course. It’s your car.” She said. Her daughter would be going to Wollongong the day after the next to go see her dad and half brothers for a few days. She didn’t want Debbie to leave, but she wasn’t going to keep her from her other family. She wasn’t going to be that person.

Once Allie and Debbie were both done looking over their new cars, they drove them into Bea’s garage for safe keeping. Knowing that within the next hour they would have to be leaving for their Christmas adventures, Debbie and Allie went to go get ready for the day. Since Bea was already dressed for the day, she waited up in the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee. The previous day, Maxine called and informed her that she set up a gift giveaway at the local Children’s Orphanage. So, Bea, Allie, and Debbie spent all Christmas Eve buying presents for the boys and girls of all ages at the orphanage. Bea ended up having to rent a small moving truck to fit all the gifts they purchased. Franky caught wind, from Debbie, of their plans for Christmas and immediately volunteered for her and Bridget to join them. And Bea was definitely okay with that. The more, the merrier. Right?

An hour later, Franky and Bridget arrived and they were both ready to start the day. Of course Franky had to throw some jabs in at Bea before they started their day, but that was nothing new. Franky always had something to say. And with Bea not returning the punch lines to defend herself, Allie stepped in to help her girlfriend. The blonde went on to say how much of an oversized elf Franky looked like. Wanting to be in the Christmas spirit for the children at the
orphanage, Bridget had Franky wear an elf hat with some pointy elf ears. Franky, one to never back down, confidently wore what Bridget wanted her to. Nevertheless, Allie stood up for her lover, even if it was just playful teasing. Franky drove the small moving truck with Bea in the passenger seat while Allie followed in the Tesla that had Bridget and Debbie in it. They all reached the orphanage within ten minutes. The five women gathered at the front door of the building and Bea knocked. Two women answered the door with smiles on their faces.

“You must be Bea Smith?” The auburn haired woman asked, reaching her hand out to shake Bea’s. “My name is Laura, and this is Lucy. The woman that actually runs this child home fell sick yesterday, so we were informed of what was taking place today.”

“Uh, yeah.” Bea replied. “I know this whole situation was brought up at the last minute, so we really hope this isn’t inconvenient for you all.”

Laura smiled. “Don’t be silly. The children are super stoked to have this opportunity, and so are we.” She said. “We don’t get many donations or help around this holiday, so it truly is a blessing.” Taking a look at the truck parked just outside of the building, she continued. “The kids are finishing up breakfast in the dining hall. So, you can set up however you’d like.”

Bea nodded her head. “Exactly how many children are here?”

“There are twelve boys and eighteen girls. So, thirty children in total.” Lucy answered.

“Wow.” Allie spoke her concerns. “And they’re all completely taken care of and kept up with?”

“Yes.” Lucy replied. “We get help from donators and more so by the state. It’s just around Christmas we don’t get as much help from volunteers like we do any other time of the year. Which is completely understandable, people are busy with their own families.” She smiled. “And we are seriously thankful and blessed you all are here to help give these children a Christmas.”

“Trust me, it’s an incredible opportunity to be here.” Bridget chimmed in.

Franky backed the small moving truck into the driveway so that the children could access the truck easily. Bea had the gifts perfectly stacked and in certain groups deciphering in age lined up in the back of the truck. The redhead was previously told that the age range was from eight months old to seventeen. She sincerely hoped that every child liked what was in the truck. Once the children were finished with their breakfast and cleaned themselves up, they all made an appearance outside. Laura and Lucy told the children that turns would be taken going to the truck to receive gifts, by age; youngest to oldest.

The youngest child was just eight months old, and he was carried to the truck by Lucy to receive a gift. Bea brought several toys to the eight month old’s attention; a set of colorful rings that get stacked to balance, a toy that lit up and made noise when buttons were pressed, a set of several car toys that made noise when rolled, and a cube toy that had different shaped pieces that had to be pushed through its’ corresponding hole on the cube. The infant boy immediately reached out and grabbed the toy that had several buttons that lit up and made noise, but Bea ended up giving him all the toys she set out in front of him to choose from because he was the only child under the age of one anyway.

The same routine went on for the next couple of hours. A child would pick a gift, or two or three, and then let the next child pick. Bea, Allie, Debbie, Franky, and Bridget heavily enjoyed themselves. Seeing the smiling faces on the children seriously brightened their day. Especially when a fifteen year old boy got to have the newest game system with two different games to play; his whole year was made. When every child got their gifts, there was still some gifts left over, so Bea decided to let Laura and Lucy choose who got those gifts. While Laura, Allie, Franky,
Bridget, and Debbie made sure every child was settled with their gifts inside the house, Bea and Lucy walked around the foundation and talked.

“This building is meant to house around seventy children.” Lucy began. “There are thirty five rooms and each room houses two children. This place has been here for many, many years, but was only turned into children’s home about twenty-five years ago. The building is very antique; it was actually once a small hospital for injured war vets. But that was long ago.” She explained. “We have several staff members; two chefs, three janitorial ladies that have different jobs, and I can’t even count how many drivers we have.” She let out a soft laugh. “We occasionally try to take the children out of this place to go do things. I know a lot of children’s homes/orphanages are really strict, but we try not to be like that. We actually want the children to be okay here.”

“And that’s very important.” Bea responded. She had just found a sudden interest in this unique place that housed vulnerable children. She was being shown around the building; from the rooms, kitchen, living room, dining hall, to the recreational part of the complex. Every thing seemed to be in a rigorous order. “I would like to see about becoming a rep for this establishment; to bring more attention to what’s important. And if that isn’t really possible, then sending in regular donations is something I’d be happy to do.”

Bridget walked around the large living area picking up trash that was thrown around from the children tearing into their gifts. She had a large trashbag in her hand as she tossed the trash in it, when she saw a young girl sitting in the corner behind a recliner by herself. The dark haired girl had an abnormal baby doll toy in her arms; a toy that had pink yarn as hair. Bridget set the bag down and walked to the young girl.

“Hi, there.” Bridget smiled her friendly smile. “Are you okay?”

The young girl just look at Bridget with her big, round green eyes. She pulled the baby doll tighter against her slim body.

Being the person she is, Bridget decided to further engage. She easily stepped behind the reclining chair and sat beside the young girl, pulling her knees up to her chest. If she was being honest with herself, this little girl reminded her of Franky. She smiled at the girl. “Do you have a name?” Receiving a small nod in reply, she pushed further. “Can you tell me your name?”

“Pink.” Came the reply from the small girl.

“That’s a beautiful name!” Bridget happily exclaimed. “I don’t think I’ve ever came across a pretty little lady who had such a wonderful name.” That earned a very small, but visible, smile from the girl. And Bridget was super happy to have evoked that response. “My name is Bridget. It’s not as cool a name as yours, but it’ll have to do, right?”

“I like Bridget.” Pink said in a small tone.

Bridget smiled again. “Well, that makes me happy.” She let out a soft laugh, then proceeded to study the green eyed girl. “Is pink your favorite color?”

Pink shook her head, signaling that it wasn’t. “My favorite color is yellow.” She said. “See, my doll has on a yellow dress.”

Bridget didn’t notice the yellow dress on the doll, her eyes had been drawn to the pink yarny hair. “Oh, I see. Yellow is my favorite color too.” She wrinkled her nose to the girl, her pearly white teeth shining. “How old are you, Pink?”
“I’m three.” She said, holding up four fingers.

Bridget laughed, gently using her fingers to lace down the girl’s pinky finger so that she would be holding up the correct amount of fingers. “There you go.” She held her hand out. “Do you want to get from behind here?”

Pink grabbed Bridget’s hand and stood up. “Can you hold me?”

Bridget tilted her head some. “Of course.” Standing up from her seated position, she hoisted Pink on her right hip and walked from behind the recliner. There was still a lot of trash that needed to be picked up, but she decided to put a pause to that for now. She walked around to find out where the others were. As she walked through the building, Pink happily chatted her ear off and Bridget would happily reply. Walking through the doors of the recreational part of the building, she found Franky, Allie, and Laura helping several of the older boys set up their new basketball post. Bridget walked up to Franky. “Hey, babe. What are you doing?”

“While we’re here, we decided to help set up the basketball post.” Franky replied, smiling at her girlfriend. “What are you doing?”

“I was cleaning some trash up when I found this little lady.” Bridget said with a smile, bouncing the three year old on her hip. “Her name is Pink.”

Franky raised her eyebrows up towards the little girl. “Woah! I wish I had a cool name like that!” Pink giggled, hiding her blushing face into the crook of Bridget’s neck. She wasn’t used to all the attention that these two women were giving her.

“Aw, she’s too cute.” Franky said to Bridget, digging her finger into Pink’s side to tickle her, the young girl proceeding to laugh.

“You have got to be kidding me.” Laura said with astonishment etched on her face. “She’s been here a little over a year and not once have I ever heard her laugh like that.” She gently shook her head, not believing what she witnessed. “She has really taken a shine to you both. We’ve been trying so hard to get her to cooperate with everyone, but she’s been so mute. How did you do it?”

Bridget shrugged her shoulders. There was really nothing special she did. “I didn’t do anything. I was just picking up trash and I saw her sitting by herself, so I engaged her.”

Pink reached for Franky, and the raven-haired woman hesitantly pulled the girl into her arms. Pink laced her fingers gently into Franky’s hair, smiling at her. “Is your name Babe?” She furrowed her eyebrows in curiosity.

Franky laughed. “No, bubs. My name is Franky.”

“Franky is a cool name.” Pink insisted.

“I guess so. But Pink is much cooler.” Franky said, making Pink squeal with laughter.

Bridget grabbed Laura’s arm, pulling her to the side. “What is Pink’s story?”

“Uh, about a little over a year ago she was left on our front steps.” Laura began. “Let me explain that, that is not how we bring children into here. Kathy, who owns and operates this place, had an investigation done. She needed to know who left this little girl on these front steps. A month went by and nothing was found. So, Kathy had a long meeting with the State Government and it was decided that Pink just continue to stay here with us.”
“Is that her real name?” Bridget asked.

“I’m not really sure. When we had to put her in our records, we needed a name and she told us her name was Pink, so we just went with it.”

Bridget nodded and looked at Franky twirling Pink around in the air, the three year old laughing hysterically. “Is it...customary for children to be adopted out of these places?”

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Hours later, Bridget and Franky were sat in Bridget’s home having a thought out discussion. Ever since Bridget found out that it was possible for the children to get adopted out of the orphanage, her interests peaked and she felt an insanely high yearning to have Pink. She tried to ignore those feelings, putting it in her mind that it must have just been because of the situation that the young girl was in. But as they all were getting ready to leave for the day, Pink ran herself into Bridget’s legs and gave her a huge hug, sadly crying that the woman was leaving. And that’s when Bridget felt those feelings all over again. So, now, here she was, telling Franky everything that was on her mind and what she wanted to do.

“All I’m saying, Gidge, is why do you want to do that? Why-”

“Why wouldn’t I want to do it?” Bridget interrupted. “I tried to ignore how I was feeling, I did. I even put it down to that I was just feeling bad for her and her situation. But that’s not true. I feel some sort of mother/daughter connection to Pink, and I don’t know why I feel that way. I’ve never even had kids, or much of a mother as she died when I was young, so I don’t know how or why I feel this connection or how I know what it is, I just do.”

“Gidge,” Franky scooted up to sit on the edge of the couch, reaching to grab Bridget’s hands in hers. “Let me finish what I was saying, yeah?” Receiving a nod, she continued. “I was going to say why would you want to do something as strenuous as adopting Pink when you live here and I live in Melbourne?”

Bridget furrowed her eyebrows together. “What? I don’t understand. What does that have to do with anything? I’m wanting to adopt her, you don’t…” She trailed off, suddenly being hit with the realization that… “You want in.” She stated.

Franky smiled. “I want in.” She confirmed. “I would like to do this with you.” She paused, taking a breather. “I know we’ve only been back together for going on five months, but I really do love you. And I really want nobody else, only you.” Thinking back to Bea’s words the other day, she continued. “It’s probably way too early to even suggest, but you could relocate in Melbourne. You can live with me. My place is big enough for you, and also Pink if you decide that you really do want her. I’m all in, Bridget Westfall.”

“All right?” Bridget asked, her eyes filling with tears. “You would want to have me and Pink around?”

“I never imagined it before, but now...I wouldn’t have it any other way.” The raven-haired woman smiled.

Bridget surged forward, pressing her lips to Franky’s. Sure, it may have been a bit sudden, but she felt as if this was a turning point in her life. She had no intentions of going to that children’s home
to find a child to potentially adopt, but it happened. She fell in love with the little green eyed girl whose name was Pink. It was fast and not planned, but she couldn’t help it. She felt that longing to be able to read a book to the little girl every night before bed and tuck her in. She just felt that longing to have the girl in her life period. And the fact that Franky was willing to do this with her, made her want to do it even more. She knew it was soon in her and Franky’s relationship, but hell, they weren’t getting any younger.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading. The support truly means everything to me. Let me know what you thought of this chapter?
I hope you all enjoy this chapter.

The beginning of the chapter may be NSFW.

“Franky, are you sure that’s what you want?” Bea asked over the phone. It was 6:30 in the morning the next day and Franky really wanted to share the good news with her best friend. Bea was already awake, having been pulled from her slumber by a very adamant blonde. It was Bea’s birthday and Allie just wanted to start their celebration a little earlier. Bea didn’t mind. Her phone rang just as the blonde went into the bathroom anyway; it was her flight crew telling her that they were setting off towards New Zealand to fetch her family. Then Franky had called not too long after. “I mean, she’s a young child. That could be a lot of work. You gotta be ready for that.”

“I know what I’m getting myself into, and I really think it’ll be good for me and Gidge.”

“Well, if you’re sure, then you have my full support. You know that.”

“Thanks, Red.” Franky said, a smile on her face. “Me and Gidge are gonna talk more about it after the New Year.”

Bea smiled. “I’m happy for ya, really.” She said. “You two will be joining all of us for dinner this evening, right?”

“Of course. We wouldn’t miss ya birthday for nothin’!” Franky happily exclaimed, earning a groan from the redhead. “Alright, see ya then. Later, Red.”

“Bye, Franky.” Bea said, hanging up her phone and setting it on the nightstand. She thought back to the previous day where they were all at the children’s home. Herself and the others tremendously enjoyed themselves. There was something about helping those in need that made Bea feel lighter. Giving those children a Christmas was worth every penny she spent because the smiles on their faces were priceless. It really was. And what made it better is that there was no media or press around, it was simply done without anyone’s knowledge. Her eyes moved to where the bathroom door just popped open, Allie stood leaning against the door frame in a black silk robe. Bea’s eyebrows shot upwards. Her girlfriend wasn’t really a silk robe kinda girl. But she knew that the blonde obviously had something very sexy underneath it. “What’s under that?”

Allie swung the sash of the robe side to side, smirking at her lover. “Your birthday present.” She shut the bathroom door and began walking towards Bea, glancing at the clock, seeing it was getting close to seven in the morning. “Wanna open it?”

Bea slightly sat up, watching as her blonde lover moved closer.

Allie grabbed the long vertical bed post, posing sexily as she tried to get a rise out of the redhead. “Would you like to see your present?”

“Yes.” Bea responded, her voice dripping in arousal.
“The come open it.” The blonde used her pointer finger to beckon Bea in a come hither motion.

Bea moved across the bed until she was kneeled in front of Allie. She grabbed the sash in her hands and, while looking the blonde in the eyes, untied it. She pushed open the silk robe, revealing the very sexy lingerie Allie had on. Bea’s mouth watered as she took in the black lace undergarments on her girlfriend; the black lace bra adorned her breasts and the black lace underwear barely covered anything. A lacy piece was placed around the blonde’s midsection, with straps running down and buckling to her underwear. Allie looked totally fuckable.

“Holy fuck.” Bea breathed out, running her hands across smooth skin.

Allie smirked, happy with the reaction she evoked out of the redhead. “You like?”

“Me love.” Bea replied, her eyes still trained on Allie’s body.

Allie shrugged the robe off and gently pushed Bea backwards, making a show as she climbed on top of the redhead. “You have too many clothes on.”

“Please, do something about it then.”

“Oh, I will.” Allie replied, sliding her hands up Bea’s shirt, feeling the warm skin underneath. She palmed the redhead’s breasts through her sports bra as she brought their lips together in a slow, but passionate, kiss. This was her girlfriend’s birthday, and she intended for it start out with a bang. The kisses grew hungrier as Allie squeezed the erect nipples between her fingers. She gently bit down on Bea’s bottom lip, tugging it as she pulled backwards. “I don’t know if I want to drag this out or give into your writhing self.” She smirked, planting her lips against Bea’s neck.

Bea arched upwards, a small moan leaving her lips. “This is my birthday, I should be able to set the pace, right?”

Allie chuckled. “Oh, I don’t know. This is-” She didn’t get to finish as Bea flipped them over, interrupting her sentence.

“I think you need a reminder of who I am.” Bea said, staring into the blonde’s eyes. “You seemed to have forgotten that I get what I want; always. And I want you, now. There will be no teasing or dragging things out. I will cum, and so will you.”

A smile tugged on Allie’s lips. “You are so hot when you’re quick to the point.”

Bea laughed. “I just don’t see the reason for having to drag this out. Yeah, it could be pretty hot and sentimental, but for what I have planned, you’re not gonna want to wait any longer.”

Allie quirked an eyebrow upwards. “And what is it that you have planned?”

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Is all Bea said before taking her shirt off and leaning down to capture Allie’s lips with her own. She wasted no time in slipping her tongue into the blonde’s waiting mouth. Bea Smith was good with her tongue, there was no doubting that. The techniques she had could send your head spinning. And Allie was sure that sex with Bea was going to be the thing that would take her. It was that good. Just as quick as Bea’s shirt came off, her sleeping bottoms followed. Now, she sat straddling the blonde as her lips kissed and sucked on Allie’s neck. “You are so sexy.” She said into Allie’s ear, pulling her lobe into her mouth afterwards.

“You’re only saying that because you’re about to have your wicked way with me.” Allie retorted, her voice traced a teasing nature.

Bea decided to play along. “You’re right. I only say these things to you when I’m so close to
getting my way with you.”

“Yeah, and it’s somewhat offending.” She chuckled. “Treating me like I come from a prostituting background. Who do you think you are?” She playfully scoffed, gripping her fingers into Bea’s hair.

Allie tried to flip them again, but Bea was not letting that happen. “So, you’re not a prostitute? Shit, I must have the wrong woman.” She teased.

Allie laughed. “Well, maybe I can be of some use anyway?”

“Hm.” Bea gently glided her fingertips over the blonde’s jawline. “I am pretty worked up...so, you’ll have to do.”

“Oh, good.” The blonde laughed some more, guiding Bea’s lips to hers. “I love you.” She breathed out.

“I love you more.” Bea smiled, continuing her journey on Allie’s body. She kissed across the blonde’s clavicle, easily pushing the bra strap off her shoulder as she went. Her tongue lapped the white silky skin as her hips ground down, eliciting moans from her lover. Strong hands moved up Allie’s sides, feeling every curve her body had to offer. She maneuvered one hand between the mattress and the blonde’s body, expertly unhooking the lingerie. She pulled her girlfriend’s lacy bra off, tossing it somewhere behind her. “As hot as it was, it had to go.”

“There are no complaints coming from me.” Allie replied. “Except that this is your birthday and-”

“And I’m opening my gift.” Bea softly interrupted. Supporting one globe in her hand, she leaned down and used her tongue to trace around the areola before pulling Allie’s nipple into her mouth. After paying special attention to Allie’s left breast, she went to the right one and did the same thing. “I’m so lucky to have you.” Bea whispered, trailing kisses down Allie’s body.

“I feel the same.” Allie said. She arched herself up into Bea’s touch, her body was on fire and she needed to be extinguished.

Bea’s strong fingers worked on unbuckling the buckles that connected the midsection piece to her underwear, but she couldn’t seem to figure it out. It was quickly running her nerves thin. “How the fuck do you get this shit off?!” She asked, her impatience was getting the best of her. She needed Allie and needed her now.

Allie gently shooed Bea’s hands away and took it upon herself. She unbuckled the small buckles and unhooked the midsection piece where it was clipped behind her back. She threw the midsection piece to the floor, leaving her underwear for Bea to get rid of. After all, nothing was sexier than another woman pulling your underwear off.

Bea slipped her fingers into the lacy material and pulled them off Allie’s slender legs. While she was at it, she disposed of her own underwear too. Crawling back up the blonde’s body, she stopped just at her girlfriend’s center. She smiled as she licked Allie’s inner thigh. “Do you know how good it makes me feel to touch you?” Inching her tongue closer and closer to the blonde’s center. She used her fingers to separate Allie’s folds, swiping her tongue slowly up Allie’s slit. “So wet.”

Allie couldn’t take it. Bea said no teasing, no dragging it out, yet here she was, deliberately taking things slow. “Bea... I need you. I need more. Please.” She begged, gripping her fingers in the bedsheets.

Moving back up, Bea gave a kiss to Allie’s lips, stroking her fingers into the blonde hair. “I want
us to cum together.” She said, adjusting their positions. She spread her legs over Allie’s right leg to pin it down as she pulled Allie’s left leg over her right hip and held it to her body with her right arm. She slightly lifted Allie’s torso off the bed to rotate her to fit accordingly. “You are so flexible, and it definitely comes in hand.” Bea grinned, pulling Allie closer to her. She watched as their slick centers came into contact with one another, a smile crossed her face when Allie let out a soft moan.

Allie squeezed her eyes shut, but opened them a second later. Her countenance expressed nothing but desire as she also lowered her gaze to study the melting point in which their bodies met. She moaned as Bea moved her glistening core against her own, the sight was very arousing. She was fascinated by what she felt, so she tried to undulate her own hips to feel more of what she was feeling, but their positions gave Bea the most control of their movements. Bea rubbed their clits together at a slow and intense pace, holding herself up by her one arm.

Allie reached out, grabbing at Bea’s hips. “More.” She moaned, dropping her head backwards. “Faster.”

Bea continued to rub their clits together slowly, wanting this to last. But she couldn’t deny what Allie wanted, the blonde seemed to enjoy it after all. “What do you need?” She asked, her voice deeper than normal.

“Oh, babe, you are killing me.” She tugged on Bea’s hips as she pushed her own hips up. “I need more.”

Bea pressed in harder, rubbing their cores together at an increased speed. Her breathing began to get heavy, but she intended to hold on.

“Oh...fuck, Bea.” The blonde groaned as Bea gave her more friction.

Allie’s groans and moans caused Bea to quicken her movement. Something about knowing the pleasure she was bringing to the blonde just spurred her on. She doesn’t think she’d ever get tired of this. It seemed impossible to her. As Allie lowered herself closer to the bed, her breasts fell back onto her chest and juggled. Oh, they just begged to be touched. But Bea was on a separate mission right now, she was trying to give them both the release they needed. Her eyes traveled back to Allie’s face where the blonde’s eyes were closed and her pink lips were parted as continuous pants escaped her mouth.

“Allie...” Bea breathed out a moan as Allie’s body stiffened beneath her. She knew Allie was close, simply by how the blonde’s face contorted in near pleasure. So, she ground down into her lover with no self-control at all. Her engorged clit pulsed in need as she continued to rub against Allie, blending their sweet juices together.

Bea released Allie’s left leg in order for her to reach up and grab the headboard for support as she felt the trembles beginning to form in her body. The intense waves rushed through each of their bodies as they climaxed together, Allie practically screaming Bea’s name. And Bea silenced herself as she bit down onto Allie’s shoulder. Their chests heaved against one another as they tried to calm their breathing. Bea finally relaxed herself and fell limp against the blonde’s body. She tucked her face into the crook of Allie’s neck, allowing herself to be held by her girlfriend.

“That was...amazing.” Allie spoke first, still regulating her own breathing.

Bea looked into Allie’s eyes, a faint smile was present. “I’ve never done that before.” She confessed. “It was...so good.”

Allie returned the small smile. “It was.” She agreed, holding Bea close to her. “Happy Birthday.”
“Thank you.” She gave the blonde a lazy kiss. “Would you be mad if I fell asleep?”

“No.” Allie kissed her girlfriend’s temple as she lowered her head to her chest. “You can go to sleep if you’d like.”

Within mere seconds, Bea was fast asleep on top of her girlfriend with their legs still intertwined. Allie was comfortable just holding Bea on top of her, there was no need to move. She was slightly tired herself after the love making, but she couldn’t go to sleep. No. She would be getting up in a few to make the love of her life breakfast on her special day. But in a little while. She wanted the redhead to be able to get some rest. She deserved it.

A few hours later, Bea stretched her limbs as she came to consciousness. She let out a deep breath as she flopped her arms back against the bed. Turning her head towards the clock, she saw that it was a little after 10am. She hadn’t slept this late in quite a while and she wondered why she did this morning. Then she remembered the sex she had a few hours ago. It was good, really good. But it really did tire her out. Which was weird because it was only one round; one amazing, sexy, mind blowing round. But it was intense...to her anyway. Just as she was about to sit up, she saw Allie walking out of the en suite with a basket of dirty laundry in her hands.

“Oh.” Allie smiled brightly. “You’re up. Finally.” She set the basket down and made her way to the bed. She sat on the edge of the mattress and reached her hand out, laying it on top of the blanket where Bea’s leg was.

“You know Liz does the laundry, right?” Bea said.

“Liz isn’t here.” Allie countered. “And besides, I can do laundry. I’m very useful, ya know.”

“I know, I was just saying.”

“Yeah, I know. But you have some family coming this evening and I don’t want dirty laundry all around.” The blonde chuckled. “You okay? You slept for quite some time. I made you breakfast a couple hours ago, but I couldn’t even wake you up to give it to you. You just wouldn’t budge.”

“You tried to wake me?” Bea asked. Normally she was a light sleeper, so it was quite unusual hearing that she didn’t wake.

“I’m surprised too.” Allie said. “I guess the one round of sex really wore you out.” She laughed.

Bea tilted her head some. “Are you making fun of me?”

“A little bit.” She laughed some more. “I just didn’t think that one round would have you out for three hours after you slept all night.”

The redhead scoffed. “It was pretty intense if you ask me.”

“I’m just teasing ya.” Allie finally said. “Yeah, it was intense and new, and so great. I was pretty tired after it too, but I didn’t go to sleep. I laid with you for a little bit after you fell asleep then I took a shower and made breakfast. But you didn’t seem to want to get up to eat what I slaved over the stove to make.” She teased.
“I’m sorry, babe. I’ll go eat now.” Bea went to get up, but was stopped by Allie.

“Oh, no. It was cooked two hours ago, so I threw the rest of the little bit out. Me and Debbie ate what we could. It just wasn’t going to be any good by the time you decided to get up. But I will make you something else if you’re hungry.”

“I feel bad for ruining your birthday breakfast for me.”

“Don’t feel bad. It’s okay, you needed your rest. I’m not mad at all.” Allie assured. “Just tell me what you want and I’ll go make it while you take yourself in that bathroom to get a shower.”

Bea gave a smile. “Chocolate chip pancakes?”

“Coming right up!” Allie smiled, leaning over to give Bea a kiss. “Now, go take a shower. It’ll be done by the time you’re finished.”

A few hours later, Elise had made an appearance at Bea’s home. She knew that her oldest daughter was flying in from New Zealand and wanted to accompany Bea to pick her up from the airport, as she hadn’t seen her in quite some time. They still had another couple hours before they needed to head to the airport. Elise and Allie were chatting away in the kitchen as they made some sandwiches for lunch while Bea and Debbie were out in the backyard blowing up some floats for the pool. The redhead knew that when her niece and nephew arrived, they would surely want to be in the pool. Maybe not the second they arrived, but she knew they would eventually want to. And she couldn’t deny them their want to be in the pool. She’d be joining in with them as well. Who wouldn’t want to have a few hours of fun in a pool? Crazy people, that’s who.

“It’s been a couple months since I’ve seen you.” Elise started to Allie. “It’s great to see you without that oxygen tank. How’ve you been?”

“Oh, it’s great to be without that oxygen tank.” Allie replied, a soft chuckle escaping her lips. “But I’m good. I couldn’t be better. Bea and I have been getting on great, which I’m thankful for. I hope we’re always gonna be so sweet and loving towards each other.”

Elise laughed. “Oh, honey. That’s called the honeymoon phase.” She pointed out. “And you two aren’t quite out of that yet. Everything still feels all fresh and exciting between the two of you, but that will eventually die down. There will come a point when suddenly you’ve learned everything and done everything together. It’s apart of every relationship.”

Allie spread some mayonnaise out on the bread of Bea’s sandwich. “Yeah, but that’s when you’re supposed to take it into your own hands to keep the relationship alive. You have to improv, move boundaries. Trust me, there will never come a point when you’ve done everything there is to do in a relationship. There’s so much to do that you could keep a relationship alive.” She said. Hoping she made sense. “Like, I could never see myself going skydiving for fun, but I’d do it with Bea if we came to that point in our relationship where we needed to do something new and adventurous to keep us alive.”

“Well, I guess that’s why my relationships never worked.” Elise laughed. “Bea’s father is the only man I never grew bored of. But he died...and then I met Victor.” She paused. “Victor was fun, but I never thought of marrying him. We did end up marrying though, and my feelings for him faded after a few years. I stayed with him though, I didn’t want to be alone. I figured it was just a rough patch in our marriage. But we have gotten a divorce after being in a very unstable marriage for almost fifteen years.” She smiled. “I am officially, as of last month, a single woman. Although I’ve basically been single for a few years now.” She sighed. “You see, no one is quite like your first
love. And things weren’t always peachy between Bea’s father and me. We’ve actually fist fought one another.” She laughed at the memory. “But he was my soulmate. And I wish he was still here.”

Allie sadly smiled. “Well, I’m sure he’s spiritually looking out for you.”

“I believe that, I really do.”

The blonde nodded her head. “Let’s finish these sandwiches up, shall we?”

Elise and Allie were almost done making lunch sandwiches when the older woman spoke up. “What have you got planned for Bea’s birthday?”

“Oh, I talked with her a little about it the other day and she said you all normally go out for a nice dinner to celebrate, and I decided to stick with that ritual. But I do have a little surprise for her, nothing major. I do think she’ll enjoy it though.”

“You are great for her, you know.” Elise said, seriously. “She’s so much more...carefree?...since you came into her life.”

Allie smiled, she knew exactly what Elise meant. “It’s called love.” She winked, grabbing a plate in her hands that held the small sandwiches. “Let’s go eat on the patio. It’s some wonderful weather out there today.”

Bea, Allie, Debbie, and Elise stepped out of the limousine at her hangar at the Sydney airport. Bea’s private plane had just landed and rolled into the hangar. A few of the airport officials were present as they had to check out who landed due to it being an international flight, but that wouldn’t take long at all. Once the door of the plane opened the the stairs were dropped down, Amanda and her two children made their way off the private aircraft. Amanda talked with the airport officials and showed proof of identity for her and her children. Once the airport officials were finished, Amanda placed her daughter down and the little two year took off running towards her Nan, with Mason tagging along behind her. They were met in the middle by their grandmother, who hugged them both tightly.

“Oh, I missed you both so much!” Elise exclaimed, kissing them both.

“I missed you too, Nan.” Mason said, letting his grandma kiss him. He was going through the phase where he didn’t want kisses from anyone, but he made an exception for his Nan.

“Me too!” Little Kate piped up.

Allie smiled to Bea, she couldn’t believe how adorable those two children were. She stood with Debbie as Bea made her way to her sister, who was telling plane personnel where to place their bags of luggage. Bea threw an arm around her sister’s neck and pulled her close.

“Beatrice!” Amanda exclaimed, caught off-guard by the sudden intrusion. She wrapped both of her arms around her younger sister’s midsection and hugged her tight. “You are a little shit!”

“And you’re a big shit!” Bea countered, earning a poke in her side. “I’ve missed you.”
“I missed you too. Thank you for sending the plane. It’s so much easier to deal with Kate on your private plane rather than having her on a commercial flight. I swear she acts out on purpose when so many people are around.” She laughed, giving her sister a kiss on the cheek. She looked over Bea’s shoulder, seeing the two women standing by the limousine. “Is that Allie and Debbie?”

Bea turned around briefly, and then looked back to Amanda. “Yeah, that’s them. You want to go meet them?”

“Of course.” The older sister replied. “Your blonde is hot, by the way.”

“Watch it.” Bea warned.

“No worries, not my type. I was just stating the obvious.”

Bea and Amanda walked towards Allie and Debbie so the three women could meet.

Allie felt herself becoming nervous. She knew there was nothing to worry about because Bea was on her side one hundred percent, but she just felt as if Amanda wasn’t going to approve of her.

Bea stood beside Allie and slipped an arm around her waist.

“Amanda, this is Allie and Debbie.” Bea started. “Allie and Debbie, this is my sister, Amanda.”

Allie smiled, outstretching her hand. “It’s nice to meet you, Amanda.” Seeing Amanda’s bright smile, she felt better. Her smile was very much like Bea’s, except her mouth was a little wider.

“It’s very nice to meet you as well.” Amanda replied, shaking Allie’s hand. She ended up pulling the blonde into a hug. “We hug in this family. Get used to it.”

“I’m definitely a hugger. I just didn’t know where you stood about that. I didn’t want to overstep.”

“Oh, please. I have two wild kids, I don’t know anything other than overstepping. And you’ll find out pretty soon by what I mean.” She sent a wink to Allie, then looked to Debbie. There was no doubt in her mind that this curly haired girl belonged in the family. “I didn’t even know your mum was pregnant with you until she was about to pop you out.” She softly laughed, reaching out to bring the brunette into a hug. “It is so good to meet you.”

Debbie returned the hug. “It’s nice to meet you too.”

“Aunt Bea!” A little voice shouted.

Bea turned in just the right time to catch a flying two year old into her arms. She settled the dark haired girl into her arms and kissed her cheek. Kate reciprocated the kiss, but on Bea’s nose.

“You have gotten so big!” Bea declared. “What has your mama been putting into your food?”

Kate giggled. “You got big too!”

Bea tilted her head in shock. From anyone else, that would have been offending. But the little girl didn’t know any better, so Bea didn’t say anything. It didn’t help the fact that the five others around her began laughing.

“I’ve been drinking lots of milk to help me grow.” Bea replied. “Have you been doing the same?”

“Yuck!” Kate scrunched her face up. “Choccy is yummy.”

Bea laughed. “Choccy milk doesn’t make you grow like regular milk does.”
“Uh-huh. I growed up, and bubba too.” The little girl insisted.

Bea looked to Mason, who was still being held by his Nan. “Okay, you win.”

Kate leaned close to Bea’s ear. She didn’t know who this new face was that was looking at her, and she was intrigued. “Who that?”

Seeing to wear Kate was looking, Bea responded in the same gesture by talking in the little girl’s ear. “Her name is Allie. You want to meet her?”

Kate nodded her head.

Bea slightly turned so that she and Kate could get a better look at Allie. “Kate, this is Allie. My girlfriend. Allie, this is Kate. My niece.”

“Allie.” Allie smiled.

Kate narrowed her eyes at Allie, which shocked the blonde. The black haired girl wrapped her arms around Bea’s neck. “Mine.”

Allie lifted her hands in surrender as she coughed a laugh. “Alright. I got the message.”

“She thinks everything is hers.” Mason spoke up. “Don’t worry about it, I think you could take her.”

“Ooo, I don’t know. She looks like she could rip my head off.” Allie joked.

“I doubt it.” Mason shrugged, not catching on to the joke.

“Alright, come here you mistress.” Amanda said as she grabbed Kate from Bea’s hold.

“Don’t call her a mistress.” Bea rolled her eyes. “I’m not married to Allie.”

“Yet.” Elise mumbled. No one heard what she said, except for Debbie. And she just grinned. Because, yes, she could see her mum marrying Allie.

The group of seven entered into the limousine that Bea had brought along to fit everyone. Bea was the last to enter the limo and she sat by the door, little Kate insisted on sitting next to her aunt. Mainly to claim her stake, so the unfamiliar blonde wouldn’t have any silly ideas. Mason was right, Kate thinks everything is hers. It was due to how her parents spoiled her endlessly, but that was okay. Right? Probably not. The little girl got whatever her little heart wanted, so now everything in sight just had to belong to her. Even her Aunt Bea.

Reaching Bea’s home, Bea showed her sister the room she would be staying in along with Mason’s. The plan was that Mason would share a bed with his Nan, but after Mason complaining about that and other considerations, it was decided that Amanda would just sleep with both her children. Allie was making herself something to drink while having a pair of little girl eyes on her the whole time. It was kind of endearing to her, but also unpleasant. Bea had told her that the young girl would get used to her soon, but Allie wasn’t thinking that was going to be the case. And it was understandable, Allie was a new face. To Kate, the blonde was walking around on her territory.

Seeing the bowl of m&m’s in the middle of the kitchen island, little Kate licked her lips. Hearing her mum, she decided to ask for some. “Ma, can I have?” Using her little hand, she pointed towards the bowl.
“No.” Amanda said, shaking her head. “You’ll spoil your dinner.”

Kate poked her bottom lip out in a pout.

“You keep pouting, your face will stay like that and you won’t win your pageant.” That seemed to pucker the little girl up and she straightened her face. Amanda laughed and walked to the living room with Bea.

Once Amanda was out of sight, Allie reached into the bowl and grabbed a few pieces of the candy. She kneeled down in front of Kate, holding her hand out. “Here. It’ll be our little secret, okay?”

Kate smiled while nodding her head. She grabbed the candy and ate it quickly. This blonde may have just become her best friend for life.

“Babe!!”

Allie heard Bea call out to her, so she stood up. Looking to the girl before walking out of the kitchen, she brought her finger to her lips to tell her not to say anything and gave her a wink. Walking to the living room with a glass of juice in her hands, she looked to Bea. “Yes?” She said lovingly.

“Where did you put a reservation at for dinner?” The redhead asked.

“Nice try, Beatrice.” Allie grinned.

“Oh, come on. We all need to know so we don’t overdress or underdress.”

The blonde studied Bea for a moment before answering her question. “We’re going to Tetsuya’s at seven.”

Bea smiled, she loved that restaurant.

“Now, no more questions about this evening or you’ll be in trouble.” Allie said.

“Yeah, you be in trouble.” Kate copied, placing her tiny hands on her hips as she stood next to Allie.

Allie looked down to the little girl and gave her a wink. She knew she’d have the dark haired girl on her side once she gave her that candy. It was against her mother’s wishes, but Allie was desperate. She absolutely needed to have the girl on her side.

“Oh, she’s on your side now?” Bea asked.

“It seems so.” Allie replied, a guilty glint in her eye.

“I gotta potty.” Kate said, tugging on Allie’s shirt.

Allie looked to Amanda and then back to Kate, not really sure what to do.

“You just have to help her onto the toilet and tell her to wipe when she’s finished and then help her down and hold her over the sink to wash her hands.” Amanda said to Allie. “We started the whole potty training ordeal a few months ago, and she’s pretty good with telling me that she has to use the potty.” Sensing Allie’s hesitance, she continued. “You don’t have to take her, I will.”

“No!” Kate hollered, grabbing Allie’s hand. “Awie take me potty.”
“Uh, okay. Come on, big girl.” Allie tugged on Kate’s arm, leading her to the downstairs bathroom.

“She gave her m&m’s.” Amanda spoke when Allie and Kate were gone. “Kate doesn’t just get over being sketchy about people that quickly unless something was in it for her.”

Bea laughed. “I’m sure Allie did. She was desperate though, I could tell.”

“I’m not mad. I’ll just be giving over my parental control to Allie for the night.” She gave a sly grin. “Kate will be up her ass most of the night anyway now.”

It was twenty minutes after six that evening when everyone left the house in the limousine. They were all dressed up for their nice dinner reservations. Tetsuya’s was a good twenty-five minute ride from where Bea lived, so it was suggested that they leave early. Allie had put on make-up and nicely did her hair for the first time in a while for this evening. She was wearing a nice black dress that fell just beneath her knees. She wore a gold bangle bracelet and two necklaces around her neck; one that Bea gave her and one that Debbie gave her. Bea was wearing black slim fitting trousers and a black button-up, also going for the all black look. She wore a watch on her left wrist and the necklace Debbie gave her around her neck. Little Kate was wearing a yellow dress with white leggings and her hair up in a small ponytail. She looked adorable. Everyone that was attending Bea’s birthday dinner was very well dressed. And just like Amanda had previously insinuated, Kate was all about Allie the whole ride to the restaurant. The little girl was in Allie’s lap, sitting beside her, holding her hand, laying her head on her lap; she just couldn’t make up her mind about what she wanted to do. All she knew is that she wanted some kind of contact with the blonde at all times.

Arriving at the restaurant, Allie walked in first with Kate in her arms. She gave the host her last name and the seven of them were escorted to the private dining area that had a long table. Walking completely into the room, there sat already quite a bit people at the table; Franky, Bridget, Maxine, Kaz, Kev, Jason, Wes, Nate, Fred, Will, Rose, and Matthew. Bea was surprised, she had only expected Franky and Bridget. But the other guests were truly welcome. A huge smile was on her face as she looked to her girlfriend, she knew it had everything to do with the blonde. Little Kate was really excited to see Will there, so she wiggled out of Allie’s arms to go to the man. She had grown fond of her aunt’s body guard. To her, he was such a cool person. After everyone sat at the large table and ordered their drinks, Bea went to greet the others who showed up and Allie went to talk to Kaz.

After greeting everyone who showed up, Bea finally took a seat at the table between Allie and Debbie and began looking over the menu. She’s been to this restaurant quite a lot and knew what she liked, but she wanted something different tonight. And she knew her girlfriend didn’t like seafood, so that was out of the question for her. She wanted to be able to kiss the blonde as much as she wanted this evening without having the lingering taste of seafood in her mouth. But seeing the oysters on the menu, she decided to tell her sister about it.

“You like the oysters here, Amanda.” Bea spoke, glancing in her sister’s direction.

“No shellfish for me.” The older sister replied.

Bea furrowed her eyebrows and looked at her sister. “Why not? You love their oysters.”

“I just...I’m steering clear of shellfish for a little while.”

Not seeming to catch on, Bea was still confused. Not wanting oysters was unlike her sister. “But—”
“Bea.” Allie interrupted. “She doesn’t want the oysters.” She wasn’t exactly sure if she understood correctly, but she wasn’t going to say anything further.

“I know, she said that. It’s just weird because she loves-”

“Oh, my god, Bea.” The redhead was interrupted once again, but this time by Amanda. “I will not be eating shellfish; not tonight, not for the next year.” She raised her eyebrows. “I’m pregnant.”

“Damn, girl!” Franky exclaimed. “You poppin’ them babies out!” She said, which earned a nudge from Bridget.

“Damn, girl!” Kate copied.

“Kate! Don’t say that!” Amanda scolded. “And Franky, please don’t say naughty words while my children are present. I’m not poppin’ them babies out either, this will be my third child.”

“Another grandbaby!” Elise clapped her hands. “You can never have enough grandbabies.”

“Yeah, Red. I think it’s time you start knockin’ Blondie up. Give ya mum some more grands.” Franky winked.

Bea rolled her eyes. She was in no way worried about having children. “You’re pregnant?” She decided to take the conversation back to how it began. “How?”

“Oh, I don’t know...Rob came home a month and a half ago and we had a very nice reunion where he-”

“Okay!” Bea interrupted. “He’s home?”

“Well not now. He was only home for a couple weeks before he had to get shipped overseas again.” Amanda answered.

“And you’re pregnant for sure?” Elise asked.

“Yes, mum. I went to the doctor a couple weeks ago. I’m a little over a month now.”

“Well, congratulations.” Bridget spoke.

“Thank you, Bridget.” Amanda said.

After everyone said their congratulations and Amanda thanked them all, she wrapped an arm around her oldest child and pulled him in a hug. She knew Mason was wary on having another baby enter the family, he was the same way when it found out they would be bringing Kate into the world. But she knew that Mason would come around eventually, he always does.

“Yay!” Kate yelled, clapping her hands. “Baby!” It was finally brought to her understanding by Allie explaining to her that there was a little baby in her mum’s tummy and that she was going to be a big sister in just a short while.

Throughout the evening, there was lots of laughter and conversation going on around the table. Bea enjoyed herself by having her favorite people around her the evening. When dinner came to an ending, Allie tried to secretly tell the waitress that everyone’s dinner was on her tonight, but many seemed to hear and they instantly put up a fight. No one wanted their meals to be on Allie, knowing the bill was going to be a big one. But Allie silenced them all by telling them to, in her
words, “shut the fuck up”. She was adamant on treating everyone to dinner. It wouldn’t be hurting a thing. Bea didn’t like it all and was giving the blonde a scowling look, but it didn’t bother Allie. Not one bit. After Allie paid the large bill, they all walked outside where they continued their conversations for a little bit longer before they all went home.

It was a little after 9pm by the time they reached Bea’s home. The seven of them dispersed to go get ready for bed. It was a long day for Amanda and her kids, so they were really wanting to get some sleep. Just as Bea and Allie were getting ready to get into bed, there was a knock at their bedroom door. Telling whoever it was to come in, both women sat on the bed, watching as Amanda took a few steps in.

“You don’t have to feel obligated to, but she would not lay down unless I ask.” Amanda started. “Kate wants to sleep with you tonight, Allie. Again, don’t feel forced that you have to say yes. She just wouldn’t go to sleep unless I got an answer.”

Allie smiled. “Of course, I’d love to have her in here with us. Bring her in.”

Bea whipped her head towards Allie, not believing what she just said. “Allie, she can’t sleep in here with us.” She said once Amanda left the room to get Kate.

“Why not?”

“How are we supposed to have sex?”

Allie chuckled. “We had pretty great sex this morning.”

“Sooo…?”

“So, you can hold out for a little longer without it.” Allie said. “And besides, were you really trying to have sex with your mum, sister, and her two kids here?”

“Well...no. I guess not.”

“See, so a little slumber party with Kate won’t do any harm.” Allie grinned, fluffing her pillow. In all honesty, she wanted nothing more than to have sex with Bea, but she knew it would take a lot of begging and encouraging to get to do that while the redhead’s family was on the same floor. Which is exactly why she made wonderful love to her girlfriend this morning.

Amanda brought Kate into their room not too long ago and the little girl now laid in Allie’s arms in the middle of the two women. The girl was sucking her thumb and holding her favorite stuffed animal in her arms as her eyes continued to grow heavy. Kate was almost asleep, Allie could tell. Her soft breathing pattern was turning into little snores. Allie looked over Kate’s body to Bea, seeing that she was still lying awake with her arms behind her head as she looked up towards the ceiling.

“Did you enjoy your birthday dinner?” Allie quietly asked. “My surprise was having everyone there. I invited Liz, but she was out of town with her family.”

“Yes, babe, I enjoyed dinner very much. And I was surprised by the others being there.” Bea replied. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Allie smiled. “Your first birthday with me was a success, then?”

“It truly was.” Bea looked to Allie, giving her a smile. “You’re the best.”

“I can’t argue with that one.” The blonde teased, making Bea laugh.
A little while goes by and Bea still lay awake. She looked to Allie, not really sure if was sleeping or not. She had a question on her mind that she needed an answer to. “Allie?”

“Hmm?” Allie lifted her blue eyes to look at her lover.

“When you think of a perfect home, what do you see?”

“You.” Allie replied, not missing a beat.

Although the reply was sweet, it wasn’t quite the answer Bea was looking for. “I mean, do you see a white picket fence? Plenty of open windows for sunshine? A big front porch?”

“Honestly?” Allie asked, then continued when Bea nodded her head. “I’ve always wanted a red front door. I don’t know why, so don’t ask.” She chuckled. “A red front door would be the cherry on top of the perfect life I already have.”

Bea nodded her head. She could work with that.

“Why do you ask?” Allie continued.

“No reason. It was just a question.”

Allie didn’t ponder long. Instead, she had a question of her own. “Well, I have a question now too.”

Bea turned on her side, propping herself up on her hand to look at the blonde. “Go on.”

Allie studied Bea’s face for a moment. “I don’t know how welcome this question is because we never spoke of it...but, um, is there a chance you would want kids in the future?”

Bea’s eyes went slightly wide. “I, uh…” She blew out nervous raspberries. “I...would you? Cause if you did, then that would have to be a big discussion and there would have to be a huge compromise between us. I just-”

“Babe,” Allie interrupted. “I’ll take your rambling as a ‘no’. Am I right?”

The redhead sighed. “No, I don’t want kids. Allie, I’m sorry. I’m fine with just having Debbie, even though she’s practically grown. Are you mad? Are you wanting kids?”

Allie softly smiled. “Don’t be sorry. And no, I don’t see myself as a mother. I’m okay with being the cool ass aunt.” She looked down at Kate, showing her point. “But having this everyday for life, no thanks.”

Bea let out a huge breath of relief.

“And it was just a question I needed to ask because of what Franky said earlier.” Allie continued. “It had just been on my mind is all. I needed to know what your viewpoint was.”

“I’m not opposed to having a kid. It’s just...not right now, and I’ll probably never have the urge to want a baby. Ya know?”

“That’s how I feel too.” Allie agreed. “I can now go to sleep without thinking too much about it.” She leaned towards Bea and gave her a very tender kiss on the lips, a few times. “Good night. I love you.”

“I love you more. Sweet dreams, Alliecat.”
Allie smiled and cuddled in closer to the sleeping Kate. Before she knew it, her body fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter End Notes

We're on chapter 39, and we still have no fighting chapter yet. No worries, that is coming up. This story is moving along and I still have quite a little more to go over during this story. I don't foresee this story ending any time soon, but when it does don't worry. I will be taking a bit of a break after Save Me is finished and then I will begin posting my next Ballie story. Yes, I have one more story up my sleeve. So, stick around for that :)

Thank you all for reading this story of mine and supporting me through it. It really is appreciated. Comment and let me know what you thought. I really love reading your reviews! :}
It was early the next morning and Allie couldn’t go back to sleep after being woken up by not only Kate, but Bea too. Allie had been peacefully sleeping when the little dark haired girl dug her knees into Allie’s back sometime in the early morning. And after a long while of rearranging herself and the toddler in the bed, she was finally comfortable again and was about to fall back asleep. But the universe just wasn’t on her side today. No, it wasn’t. It was very rare when Bea Smith snored, but when she did…it was horrendous. That horrendous snoring meant that Bea was sleeping well. More than well actually. Peacefully sleeping, like a baby. Allie couldn’t handle the snoring though, so she had just gotten up and went downstairs to put a start on coffee. Lord knows she would be needing for the long day ahead of her.

She had just finished doctoring up her coffee when she heard someone walking down the stairs. Glancing to the clock displayed on the stove, red numbers flashed the time; 5:45am. She first reckoned it was Bea’s mum, so she was shocked when Amanda walked into the kitchen. Allie guessed that the brown haired woman would’ve slept for a little while longer, especially since her travels the previous day. Allie smiled to the other woman.

“Good morning.” Amanda spoke happily. “May I have some coffee?”

“Help yourself.” Allie replied, stepping back to allow Amanda some room at the coffee machine.

“My sister always has the fanciest of machines, doesn’t she?” The older woman chuckled as she held a mug under the stream of coffee that was falling into the ceramic piece.

“Oh, yeah. I took me all of two weeks to learn how to use that machine. No lie.” Allie said, a laugh escaping her lips. “But I really do like it.”

“I don’t even want to know how much it costs to buy.”

Allie shook her head. “Me either. I’ll let that part be a mystery to me.” Throwing her stirring straw away, she turned back to Amanda. “Want to go out on the patio to sit and drink?”

Once Amanda agreed and finished making her coffee, the two women walked out to the back patio and sat together on glider chair that Bea had. It was large enough to fit two people in a comfortable manner. Neither one spoke for a moment, but Amanda quickly ended their silence.

“Why are you up so early?” Amanda asked.

Allie chuckled. “Well, between Bea’s snoring and Kate digging her little knees into my back, I just couldn’t sleep.”

“Ah, I’m sorry. I should’ve warned you about Kate’s sleeping.”

“No worries. I slept most of the night, so I’m good. I’ll just be needing a nap later in the day.” She
smiled. “Why are you up? I figured you’d still be asleep for another few hours.”

“I don’t know. I just woke up and couldn’t go back to sleep.”

“I know how that is. It’s the worst.”

Amanda nodded her head in agreement. She turned her head to the side, slightly, to look at the blonde who seemed to be so carefree. “Can I ask you something? And please don’t take offense, I’m just being a big sister.”

With slightly furrowed brows, Allie looked to Amanda. She hesitantly nodded her head.

“Is it true? What was said about you on the internet?” Amanda asked.

“I’m not sure what was said about me. I try to not look at that.”

“It was about your life almost six months ago.” Bea’s sister said. “It was something about you being a drug addicted prostitute. I know the media tends to stretch the truth a bit, so I was just asking.”

Allie cleared her throat of the knot that was suddenly lodged there. She placed her mug on the stone patio underneath her feet. “Uh, well, I don’t know what Bea has told you, but yeah.” She sighed. “I was a prostitute. And I was addicted to drugs. But that isn’t who I am anymore. Bea saved me from my fucked up life and made me the woman I am today; clean, happy, and extremely grateful. I live in Melbourne and I have a wonderful job that I love. I haven’t touched a drug since I met your sister.”

“I hate to ask this because you two seem so happy, but I have to. My sister is really wealthy and has a lot to offer. You’re not...you’re not just using her, are you?”

Just hearing that come from the other woman angered Allie, but she was going to keep herself calm. There was no reason to get upset; a sister was just looking out for her younger sister.

Taking a breather, Allie finally responded. “I can assure you, Amanda, that I am not a gold digger.” She firmly stated, looking the woman in her eyes. “I met Bea on the street, but I can hardly remember that because I was off my face. Your sister took me to a hotel room and stayed with me as I went through withdrawals. I didn’t even know who she was when I finally came to my senses. I didn’t know that she was *Bea Smith the famous fighter*. I just knew her as Bea. Plain old Bea.” She smiled. “And when she did tell me who she was, I ran from her. I didn’t want to be apart of her life because I knew I could ruin her career. But she chased after me, and faintly poured her heart out, and I allowed myself to be pulled right back into her grasp.” She paused. “I almost died being in her life. Someone didn’t like the fact that Bea had fallen for me, so they put a stake on my name. And I’m sure Bea told you that. So, no…” She lightly chuckled. “I’m not using your sister.”

Amanda placed her hand on Allie’s leg. “I just had to ask, I’m sorry.” Removing her hand, she continued. “Bea told me about what happened to you when we talked on the phone a couple months ago, and you are so strong.” She said. “I’m happy to know that you’re not just another woman in my sister’s life. You’re the woman.” She laughed. “You have her wrapped around your little finger. Bea would do anything for you.”

Allie smiled. “The funny thing is that I’d do anything for her as well. We go together like...unicorns and rainbows.”

“Ha! Funny that!” Amanda laughed.
For the next hour, Amanda and Allie continued to sit out on the back patio chatting and feeling the lovely weather around them. Amanda went on to tell Allie that she and her mum made plans for the day to browse Sydney and catch up with one another. Allie then volunteered herself and Bea to watch Mason and Kate for the day, saying that it wouldn’t be a problem at all and it would give the two other women time to themselves. Amanda didn’t agree at first, but with constant assuring on the blonde’s behalf, Amanda finally gave in. It was something that made Allie’s day.

A couple hours later, Amanda headed to the kitchen to cook everyone breakfast while Allie went back upstairs to take a quick shower. As Allie entered into the room, a small smile crept onto her face because of what was presented in the bed. Bea was laying on her back with her right arm outstretched and Kate was curled into Bea’s side. It was cute. Undeniably cute. Allie quietly grabbed clean clothes and walked to the en suite. She turned the shower on before undressing to let it warm up. Setting the temperature to how she liked it, she stepped into the shower enclosure and stood under the stream of water. She loved taking showers and getting clean, nothing felt better. Well...an orgasm from Bea, hands down, felt better, but a nice shower was in its’ own category. As Allie washed her face and body, she thought about how she could entertain Mason and Kate later in the day. She knew nothing about the two kids and didn’t know what they even liked doing. But pizza was the first thing that popped into her mind and she figured that everyone liked pizza. No one could ever go wrong with pizza. Right? She’d ask Bea about that, see what the redhead thought about that plan. Allie was just about to rinse her hair of the shampoo when a little voice sounded out.

“I bath too!” Kate exclaimed, reached her small hand up to grab the handle of the glass door so she could open the door to get in with Allie.

Allie squealed in shock, trying her best to cover herself. She grabbed the handle to keep the door closed. “Kate, no.”

“I dirty!” The little girl replied, trying her hardest to open the door. “I want in!”

“You can’t shower with me.” Allie said in her best sweet voice. The handle slipped from her grip and the glass door popped open, but she was able to grab it and close it back. “Your mum has to give you a bath if that’s what you want.”

“No! I go in here!” The dark haired girl protested.

“No, Kate, you can’t. Go wake Aunt Bea.” Allie said, but it didn’t tempt the little girl. Feeling Kate yank on the door again, Allie let out a groan. “Kate, stop - Bea!” She yelled out. “You can’t come in here, sweetie. Bea!!” She yelled again. “Beatrice, wake up!!”

Seconds later, Bea burst into the bathroom. The redhead rapidly blinked her eyes to try to wake herself up. “What? What’s wrong?”

“Bea, get her.” Allie pleaded. “She’s trying to get in here with me.”

Bea looked to Kate, who was naked and trying to pull open the shower door. She let out a chuckle before walking to the little girl. Bea grabbed Kate’s hands.

“What are you doing, little miss?” Bea asked, squatting in front of Kate.

“I get clean.” Kate replied, shrugging her shoulders. “Her won’t let me.”

Bea looked to Allie, who was trying her best to cover her nude from the little girl. She looked back to Kate. “Come here.” She pulled the toddler into her arms and then stood up. “I think your mum is cooking you a yummy breakfast. Let’s get you back into your clothes so you can go find
out.” After Bea put Kate’s clothes back on her, she re-entered the bathroom as Allie was rinsing her hair, she then started laughing.

Allie popped her eyes open to see Bea laughing, then she narrowed her eyes. “It’s not funny.” She replied. “She was trying to get in here with me. She almost saw my hoo-ha, Bea.”

Bea raised her eyebrows, then let out more laughter. “Hoo-ha? Really, Allie? She’s not in here anymore, you can use adult language.”

Allie rolled her eyes.

“Would you stop me if I tried to get in the shower with you?” Bea said when Allie didn’t reply.

“We both know that if you get in this shower with me in it, then we’re not going to be just showering. And you don’t want to have sex while your family is in the house.” The blonde replied. “Besides, I’m about to get out anyway.”

Deciding to act quickly, Bea pulled the shower door open and rushed in, pushing Allie against the tile wall and pressing her clothed body into the blonde.

“Bea, you’re gonna get wet.” Allie breathed out, her lips grazing across Bea’s.

“Too late.” Bea replied, pressing her lips against her lover’s. “The bedroom door is locked, so is the bathroom door.” She husked. “I think the sound of the shower will drown out your moans...you up for a little shower fun?”

Allie curled her left leg around Bea. “I’m up for anything.”

“You got to be quiet.” Bea said, pressing herself harder against Allie. She began to kiss across the blonde’s jawline.

“I can do that. But we all know that you’re the loud one.”

“We’ll see.”

“You drive safe, Deb.” Bea pulled her daughter into an embrace, kissing the top of her head. “If you need anything just call me, okay?”

“I will, mum. And I’ll call you as soon as I get to dad’s.” Debbie replied.

“Okay. You have fun, but not too much.” Bea winked. “And I’ll see you next week. I love you.”

“I love you too.” Debbie kissed her mum’s cheek, then turned to Allie and hugged her.

“Be safe, Deb. I love you.” Allie said, squeezing the girl in a tight embrace.

“I love you too, mama.”

After kissing the brunette’s forehead, Allie pulled away with a smile on her face. Never in a million years did Allie ever believe she’d be accepted into a wonderful family, let alone having
someone call her ‘mama’. It was a nice feeling.

“It’s such a shame that you’re leaving now.” Amanda said, a sad smile on her face. “But it was so great to see you.”

Debbie wrapped her arms around Amanda and hugged her. “I’ll be back before you leave.”

“Sounds awesome.” Amanda replied. “Now, you tell your dad that I said-”

“Amanda.” Bea interrupted, shaking her head. “Leave it.”

Debbie hugged her Nan, Mason, and Kate before grabbing her luggage and taking it to her new car. She blew a kiss to everyone that was standing on the porch to watch her leave before climbing into her car. She cranked her car up and began to drive.

Bea wrapped an arm around Allie as she watched her daughter drive out of the driveway.

“She’ll be back before you know it, babe.” Allie said, giving a quick kiss to Bea’s cheek. “Please, don’t sulk the whole time she’s gone.”

“I don’t sulk.” Bea grumbled.

Allie laughed. “Yes, you do. You always sulk everytime me or Deb leaves.”

“So, don’t leave and I won’t have to sulk.”

Allie playfully rolled her eyes. “You’re insufferable.”

“But you love me.”

“I’m beginning to rethink that.” Allie said, teasingly, and walked back into the house.

“Hey!” Bea called out. “That’s mean!” She followed the blonde into the house.

Allie’s laugh resonated inside the house, and the sound just made Bea forget what she was even about to scold her girlfriend for. The blonde’s laugh was truly like listening to the best orchestrated symphony. That laugh was something Bea wanted to hear for the rest of her life.

It was now lunchtime, Elise and Amanda had left to browse around Sydney together and maybe do a little shopping. Bea and Mason were waiting in the living room for Allie and Kate because the two year old “really had to pee”. Bea was hesitant on taking her sister’s kids out for the afternoon at first because she didn’t want to have any run-ins with anyone in the media business. The last thing she needed was having cameras shoved into her nephew and niece’s face. But she let Allie talk her into going out with the kids. It was really hard to say “no” to the blonde. So Bea just straightened her hair and put a hat on. Hopefully nobody would notice her. The four of them were going to a pizza place that had an arcade as well, so maybe people would pay attention to their own children.

Mason was excited to play in the arcade room and had already challenged his aunt to a motorcycle race on one of the motorcycle race simulators that he knew would be there. What kind of arcade would it be if it didn’t have one of those simulators? A very boring one, Mason concluded. And as always, Bea was up for a little competition. Not that it would be hard to beat a seven year old anyway. Once Kate and Allie were finished in the bathroom, the four of them got into Allie’s car as the blonde persisted they take her new car for the day. With Kate secured in her car seat and
Mason buckled in, Allie began to drive out of the driveway and towards the ‘super awesome pizza place’, according to Mason.

“Kate, shut up!” Mason finally yelled. After hearing his sister terribly sing several songs on the radio that she didn’t even know, he had enough.

Kate kicked her legs out. “You shut up!” She screamed. Being yelled at by her older brother didn’t sit too well with the toddler.

“I told you to first!” Mason retorted. “Now, shut up!”

“Hey!” Bea intervened. “Stop telling each other to shut up or we’re going back to the house.”

Mason crossed his arms over his chest and glared at his sister, who copied his movements.

Allie glanced at Bea, then back to the road ahead of her. “Mama bear looks sexy on you.” She whispered.

Bea rolled her eyes. “Just drive.”

Ten minutes later, the four of them arrived to the super awesome pizza place and stood in the short line at the entrance. Bea ordered two different pizzas and bought plenty of tokens for Mason and Kate to have fun with. They found a booth to sit in to wait for the pizzas to be brought to them. Kate was sitting next to Allie while Mason sat next to Bea, and he was getting pretty restless. The seven year old didn’t want to wait on the pizza and he sure didn’t want to eat before he got to go play in the arcade area. Bea was pretty clear on waiting so none of them would be alone, and Allie tried talking her girlfriend into letting Mason go play just a few games, but Bea wasn’t budging. When Bea’s mind was set on something, there was no changing it. Allie could sometimes change her girlfriend’s mind, but not with this situation. And there was nothing wrong with Bea wanting them all to be together. It was kind of cute actually, especially coming from the redhead.

Kate mostly ate the toppings off her slice of pizza instead of eating the whole thing. Mason was on his third slice and it was evident that pizza was his favorite food. Allie just finished her second slice and decided that she had enough. Bea was also on her third slice and she was beginning to feel full. She shouldn’t even be eating as much pizza as she has been, knowing she needed to stick to her strict diet. But the last few times wouldn’t do too much damage, would it?

As Mason was reaching for his fourth slice, Bea grabbed his hand to stop him. “Don’t you want to go play now?”

“One more piece.” Mason replied.

“Okay…” She released his hand and then smirked at him. “Have at it, fatty.”

Kate hysterically giggled. “You a fatty!” She repeated. “Fatty, fatty!” She picked a pepperoni from the pizza that was still on a pan and popped it into her mouth. “I a fatty too!” Bouncing in her seat, she pointed to Allie. “You a fatty! And you a fatty!” She pointed to Bea last.

“I think she’s found her favorite word.” Allie said, knotting her eyebrows together.

“Do you think Amanda will be mad?” Bea asked.

Kate laughed. “Mummy a fatty too! And Nan!”

“Okay, Kate.” Bea reached her hand across the table and grabbed Kate’s arm. “Stop saying that word, it isn’t nice.”
“You say it first.”

“I did, but I was only playing.” Bea said.

Kate shrugged her shoulders. “I play too.”

“Just don’t call anyone a fatty anymore, okay?” Allie said, placing her arm around the little girl.

“Okay.” Kate nodded her head in agreement as she munched on some more pepperoni.

They spent the next hour and a half using up their tokens to play the different games. Allie walked around with Kate and played games with her while Bea went around with Mason. Kate thoroughly enjoyed playing the whack-a-mole game, even though she wasn’t very good at it, and it’s where most of her tokens were spent. Mason played almost every game that was in the arcade, and some games twice because they were just that fun. Allie stood holding Kate in her arms as they watched Bea and Mason race each other on the motorcycle simulator. It was a close race, and it warmed Allie’s heart as she witnessed Bea taking it easy on her nephew. It would not be a pretty sight if the seven year old got his heart broken by losing the race.

“Yes! I win!” Mason exclaimed as she climbed off the motorcycle. “I win! Ha! In your face, Aunt Bea!” He stuck his tongue out and threw his hands up.

“Yay!” Kate clapped her hands and Allie smiled.

“Yeah, yeah. I don’t race motorcycles anyway. I ride for fun.” Bea said, shrugging her jacket back on.

As Mason took off for the jungle gym, Allie placed Kate down so the little girl could follow her brother. “Mason, keep an eye on your sister!” The blonde called out.

Allie and Bea sat on the side for a while, watching the two children run wild through the jungle gym. Allie continuously looked to Bea, seeing that the redhead was sulking and grumpy. And after fifteen minutes, she decided to broach the topic. The blonde slightly turned, looking at her girlfriend.

“Why are you still pretending to sulk?” Allie asked. “You can stop the acting now, you know. He’s probably done forgot about it by now, so you don’t have to pretend anymore.”

“I’m not pretending.” Bea replied. “I didn’t let him win either, he beat me fair and square. I got beat by a seven year old.”

A smile slowly formed on Allie’s face. “Aw, you’re being a sore loser.”

“Allie, I’m not being a sore loser.” Bea grumbled.

“Yes, you are! You’re all grumpy because you actually lost to him.”

Bea narrowed her eyes on her girlfriend. “Shut up.”

Bea, Allie, Mason, and Kate returned home and were now all in the pool. Allie stood next to the lounging floaty that Kate was laying on in the pool to make sure she wouldn’t fall off. Bea was sat
on a large blow-up flamingo and Mason was playing pool basketball. After placing her sunglasses over Kate’s eyes, per her request, Allie looked over to Bea. Seeing her lover in that red bikini was really doing things to her. She wanted nothing more than to ravage that toned body right now. She wanted to take her girlfriend in the pool and fuck her. But she would control herself...for now. Bea turned her head from Mason and saw Allie staring at her. The attention on her body was very welcomed. Once they locked eyes, Bea smirked and winked at the blonde.

Kate sat up on the float and removed the glassed from her face. “Why are you growling?” She asked the blonde. "You sound like Mini." Keep in mind, Mini was her neighbor's dog back at home.

Allie looked to Kate and tilted her head. “What?”

“You sound like a dog.” Kate stated, then tried to mimic the sound she heard.

Allie felt her cheeks heat up. She finally understood what Kate was talking about. She must have let out a throaty moan without realizing it while casually checking out the redhead, and to Kate it just sounded like she was growling.

“Oh, yeah. I just had something in my throat, is all.” Allie finally responded.

“Wow. That was a lot in your-”

“Okay, hush now.” Allie interrupted. She grabbed Kate and pulled her off the floaty into her arms. She walked through the pool water with Kate clutching to her body. Reaching Bea, she lifted Kate onto the large flamingo floaty with Bea. As Mason went to throw the pool basketball into the hoop, Allie reached her hand out and smacked the ball away. “Not today, son!”

Bea raised her eyebrows. She didn’t expect that outburst from her girlfriend. Though she couldn’t help but let out a small chuckle. Sometimes the blonde was just too adorable. Sometimes she was plain out sexy. And Bea considered herself extremely lucky to have the blue eyed woman in her life. It still amazed her how Allie easily slithered her way over the wall Bea had intentionally built around her heart. Without even realizing it, Bea had just sat back and watched as Allie slowly became the most important person in her life. And she wouldn’t change a damn thing that’s ever happened. She was happier than she’s ever been. And it was all because she just went with the flow. Or as Allie says, the Novak Charm was irresistible. Whatever the reason, Bea was just happy she had Allie in her life.

Bea placed Kate in front of her on the float and kept her arms protectively on the sides of the toddler. She and Kate watched as Allie and Mason played a pool version of basketball. Allie would lift Mason up out of the water so he could imitate a slam dunk on the small basketball hoop. The duo did the same move a couple more times simply because Mason loved it. On the last “slam dunk”, Bea and Kate cheered as Mason threw his hands up in celebration.

“And the crowd goes wild!” Mason happily exclaimed, reaching up to high-five Allie. Which the blonde gladly reciprocated.

An hour later, Bea had given both Mason and Kate a bath to wash off the pool water while Allie took a shower herself. Then Allie had taken the two kids downstairs to make a snack for them while Bea showered. Allie was slicing up a variety of different fruits with Kate sitting on the counter next to her, Mason was standing drinking his juice as he watched his snack get prepared.

“Is it okay for kids to be mean?” Mason randomly asked, twirling himself around on his heels.

Allie briefly looked to Mason before returning to cutting a pineapple to pieces. “Um, no, it’s not
“Okay.” She replied, deciding to push further. “In fact, those kind of kids can be labeled as a bully. And bullying is not a nice thing.” She looked to the boy again. “Why do you ask? Have you done or said something that wasn’t very nice to someone?”

“No.” Mason softly replied, dropping his head.

“Has someone done or said something that wasn’t very nice to you?” She asked, seeing the boy slightly tense. She placed the knife down and grabbed Kate to put her on the floor. The little girl scurried off with her sippy cup full of juice. “Someone is being mean to you?”

“I don’t know.” He shrugged his shoulders.

Allie squatted in front of the boy, grabbing his hands. “If someone is being mean to you, you don’t have to be scared to tell an adult.”

“School is out anyway, so it doesn’t matter now. I won’t have to see him for a while.”

“That doesn’t matter. When you do go back to school, you don’t want him being mean again, do you?” Allie asked, receiving a head shake in response. “So, maybe if you tell me what is happening, then I could help somehow.”

Brown eyes looked into blue. He didn’t know what it was, but Mason felt he could tell this Allie anything and she wouldn’t judge. He went on to tell the blonde that when he was on the school playground in the middle of the school year, he gave another boy a kiss on the cheek. Ever since then, Mason had been having problems with a couple other boys making fun of him.

“No one would be picking on me if I kissed a girl.” Mason pointed out. “I just kissed him because he was crying, and mama says that kisses can make someone feel better. I only wanted Nick to feel better.”

Allie nodded her head in understanding. “Does your mum know?”

“No. If I tell her, she would overreact.”

Raising her eyebrows slightly, Allie let out a chuckle. “Big word for a seven year old.”

“I hear mama tell dad that when he gets upset.” Mason replied.

“Well, maybe you should tell your mum about what’s happening. Yeah, she might overreact, but no parent wants to see their baby getting picked on for doing something with good intentions.” Allie explained. “Look, Mason, I completely understand why you gave Nick a kiss on the cheek; you were only trying to comfort him and make him feel better. But other kids who don’t get taught in sharing love, they might see that as abnormal. And when they see something different, they will be mean about it.” She gave Mason’s arm a gentle rub. “Just tell your mum, she can put a stop to those kids being mean to you.”

Mason let out a sigh. “Okay.”

Allie smiled, giving Mason a soft kiss to his cheek. “Okay. Go pick a movie to watch while I finish getting this snack ready.”

Once Mason turned and left the kitchen, Allie stood up to continue preparing the small snack. As she returned to the cutting board, she saw movement in the corner of her eye. Turning, she saw Bea enter the kitchen and lean against the wall.

“Hey, babe.” Allie smiled. “Was your shower good?”
Bea nodded her head.

“That’s good.” Allie said. “I’m almost finished with our snack, then we can go watch whatever movie Mason picked out.”

“You know…” Bea started, looking at Allie in the most loving way possible. “That was really sweet...what you said to him.”

“Oh...you heard that?”

“I did.” Bea said as she nodded her head, moving towards Allie. “You are such a good person with a quick witted mind. I don’t think I would have been able to explain things to Mason in the same way. He obviously felt trust in you, which is great.” She wrapped her arms around Allie’s midsection. “Thank you for being you.”

Allie smiled. “Thank you for allowing me into your life...into your family.”

Bea rubbed her nose gently against Allie’s before taking the blonde’s lips into a tender kiss. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

By the time it was dinner time, Elise and Amanda had returned and the older woman insisted on cooking the food she had just purchased from the grocery store. While the kids weren’t too keen on having a protein loaded and semi-healthy dinner, Bea was stoked. She loved salmon and she loved asparagus and she loved baked beans. So, dinner had turned out great for her. While Elise cooked and Bea entertained the kids, Allie pulled Amanda aside and spoke with her about the problem Mason was going through. Amanda was shocked and heartbroken that her baby boy went through half the school year with kids being mean to him. She thanked Allie for informing her and made sure to have a talk with Mason later, maybe when they returned home. She would also make sure to look into a different school or contact his current school when it was time for summer break to end.

Dinner was finished and everyone gathered around the dining room table to eat together. Elise and Amanda spoke of their adventures first and then Mason happily told his mum everything he and his sister did that day. To which Kate made sure to add her agreements in verbally. By the time everyone was finished eating, Bea was the first to stand to begin clearing plates and made her way to the kitchen to start cleaning up. Allie was surprised her girlfriend volunteered to clean up, but decided to go along to help the redhead. Elise went upstairs to shower and get into more comfortable clothing while Amanda spent a few minutes in the backyard with her kids.

The six of them sat down and watched a movie of Kate’s choice before it was time to go to bed. The movie that the two year old had chosen was ‘Frozen’ and it left Bea slightly annoyed with all the singing. Allie had to continue to remind Bea that it was a kids’ movie and it was meant to entertain kids, not adults. Although Allie found the movie rather entertaining herself. She even sung along to some of the songs, which only further annoyed Bea, but it was funny. As the movie ended and the night came to an end, Amanda and her kids headed upstairs to go to bed. Bea and Allie stayed in the living room with Elise to chat for a bit. The older woman began to yawn in the middle of their conversation of how her divorce had been finalized, so Bea encouraged her mother to head to bed. After locking up the house and turning any lights off, Bea and Allie also made
their way to their bedroom. Both women put their pajamas on and brushed their teeth before climbing into bed. They gravitated towards one another and cuddled.

“Touched to Mr. Alicio for a bit earlier.” Allie said into the darkened room, breaking their silence.

“Yeah? How is he?”

“He sounded sick, but he said he was fine.” Allie answered. “Which I know is bullshit, he’s just trying to put on a strong front. And I wish he wouldn’t do that. I want to be there for him.”

“That’s how he’s always been.” Bea spoke softly. “He puts everyone before himself and that’s the most selfless thing ever, but it can be quite infuriating sometimes.” She let out a sigh. “He’s a hard headed man to begin with. And he’s not one to let anyone take care of him.”

Allie snuggled closer to Bea. “I’ve grown so fond of him. He’s taken me in like I was his own and he gave me a chance; just like you did.” She paused. “I think of him as family, and it hurts to see him hurt. You know?”

“I know.” Bea kissed her blonde lover on the side of her head. “Maybe he’ll get a little better and defeat the odds.”

“I wish I could be positive about that, but I don’t know...his doctors said it was bad.” Releasing a sigh, the blonde continued. “I just wish he would give the surgery a chance.”

“Any kind of surgery is stressful on the body, so I imagine brain surgery is the most complicated and risky. I’m sure Mr. Alicio has worries of his own when it comes to his cancer, and we’ll be there when he decides that he needs us.”

Allie found Bea’s lips in the dark, giving her a soft kiss. She had felt the tears stinging her eyes, but she wasn’t going to cry. Truth be told, she’s come to see Mr. Alicio as her father. The French man had been there for her more than her biological father. And that was kind of sad considering she’s only known Mr. Alicio for going on half a year. The thought of the older man leaving her so soon really pulled at her heartstrings and dared to open her floodgates. Mr. Alicio was a man like no other, and to Allie he was such a great person; inside and out. Despite his stubbornness.

“I love you, Bea.” Allie whispered. “Please don’t ever leave me.”

Bea slightly furrowed her brows. She wasn’t confused, she was just thrown off by Allie’s sudden feeling of worried abandonment. But it quickly made since to her; the blonde’s entire family disowned her and threw her away. Then there was a possibility of Mr. Alicio leaving their lives too. And the last thing the blonde needed, or wanted, was for Bea to wound up leaving too. So, Bea tightened her hold around Allie and held her close.

“I love you too, Allie, more than I ever imagined was possible.” Bea said. “And I’m not going anywhere, I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Season 6 is a couple weeks away, finally! How do you feel about that? Is there anything in particular that you're looking forward to seeing in the new season?
This chapter wasn't at all preplanned, I just threw it in there as a filler. Every couple has a silly argument at some point, so don't take it too seriously. The next chapter will be a bit more fun with a little added drama, and Bea's fight is getting closer and closer :) I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Is it really okay to let them two play with the fireworks?" Allie asked as she and Bea began taking the different assortments of fireworks that were purchased to the backyard. What concerned Allie the most was that Franky and Boomer were both tipsy, if not drunk. And drunk people mixed with fireworks never ended well, did they?

"We stopped allowing them to drink alcohol almost an hour ago. They should be fine." The redhead assured.

"I have a bad feeling about this." Allie grumbled in response.

Boomer had returned from visiting her family just the previous day, and she had these grand plans for New Years. Bea never really celebrated the New Year holiday, but decided to give her and Allie another first together. So, the redhead listened to what Boomer had planned and went along with it. A barbeque was started at the Smith residence around five in the evening time and the only one’s present were Bea, Allie, Amanda, Elise, Mason, Kate, Franky, Bridget, and Boomer. Just having the nine of them around to celebrate the incoming new year was all Bea needed; her family. Kate had met Boomer once, but she was too young to remember so the little girl was very wary of the new face. Mason, on the other hand, remembered the woman from before and had enjoyed the beginning of the evening chasing her around.

Bridget and Amanda was standing off on the far side of the patio sipping on their wines and chatting away while Elise kept Mason and Kate entertained by playing with the sparkler fireworks with them. Allie still wasn’t too keen on allowing Franky and Boomer to have any dealings with the larger fireworks, but she helped Bea on the set-up anyway. The evening had been really great and so was the company, and Allie didn’t want to ruin any of it by starting a silly argument.

But as the evening went on, Allie really wished she voiced her concerns more with Bea. Every time Franky and Boomer went to the small DIY firework set-up to ignite another ‘bursting into the air’ firework, Allie felt even more on edge. And watching the two of them carelessly run away from the little set-up was excruciatingly painful. Still, the blonde said nothing. And as soon as her blue eyes saw it happen, she really wanted to beat herself up. She knew it was a bad idea to let Franky and Boomer anywhere near the explosives while intoxicated. Boomer ran off from the firework set-up first, nearly colliding into little Kate. The larger woman was able to jerk her body in the opposite direction so she wouldn’t crash into the little girl, which made her fall into the pool. Then as Franky went running from the explosive she just ignited, her foot kicked over the bottle that was holding the large bottle rocket in place. A bottle rocket is a firework that is meant to be held in your hand while it goes off, but Franky suggested placing the stick into an empty beer bottle to allow it shoot off into the air. First the multiple sounds of the firework went off, followed
by the screams of Bridget. Yep, the rounds of the explosive shot off in Bridget’s direction and went up the thigh length skirt she had on, exploding and popping against her skin. The screams were a mixed sound of pain and surprise. It was not a sound any of them wished to hear.

Bea and Allie sat in the waiting room while Franky and Bridget were in the emergency room getting tended to. Boomer stayed at Bea’s house as she was wet from falling into the pool. Elise and Amanda also decided to stay so they could put the two kids to bed. Allie was silent for the most part, she was pretty annoyed that nobody listened to her concerns. She knew that if someone were to just ask if she was okay, she would explode in anger. And honestly, she didn’t even know why she was so angry about it. She just was. Maybe it was the fact they all acted irresponsibly, or that it could’ve been one of the kids who were hit by the firework. Whatever the reason, she was angry.

Bea sighed in defeat. “I should’ve listened to your concerns.” She said after it being silent between the two of them since they arrived, nearly forty minutes ago.

Allie angrily scoffed. “Ya think?”

Bea wrinkled her eyebrows together. “I’m sorry, okay. I wasn’t thinking about it—”

“Allie interrupted. “Everytime I voice my opinions on something, you brush it off as irrelevant.”

“I do not!”

“Yes, you do!” The blonde quietly hissed. “Just the other day I was telling you about one of the railing posts being loose on the staircase and what did you do? You said it would be fine. And then what happened? Kate nearly fell through the posts because it broke off when she was going down the stairs.” She pointed out. “You always dismiss my concerns, and I don’t know why.”

“What? Allie…” Bea trailed off. She was lost for words. She hadn’t seen the blonde this angry in...well, since the one time she wasn’t going to allow Allie to return to Melbourne after she was attacked. But even then is wasn’t like this. This was a new look on her girlfriend, and it was quite scary. “Why are you angry?”

“Allie...” Bea trailed off. She was lost for words. She hadn’t seen the blonde this angry in...well, since the one time she wasn’t going to allow Allie to return to Melbourne after she was attacked. But even then is wasn’t like this. This was a new look on her girlfriend, and it was quite scary. “Why are you angry?”

“Look where we’re at, Bea.” Allie breathed out, almost annoyingly. “We were irresponsible and careless. One of the kids could have easily been the ones who got hurt. Two drunk people do not need to mess with fireworks.”

Shaking her head, Bea decided to bring up the previous topic again. “I don’t dismiss you.”

Allie rolled her eyes. “Yes, you do. Do I need to name other times you felt it was okay to disregard my thoughts and feelings?” Receiving silence in return, Allie continued. “How about that time you decided I couldn’t go back to Melbourne?”

“You ended up going though, didn’t you?” Bea said, she herself was beginning to get angry. She did not like being accused of things she didn’t see.

“Yeah, because you were given a stern talking to by Maxine.” Allie sighed, taking a look at her surroundings. “Bea, I’m not going to argue about this here.”

“Oh no, you started this. Now you’re going to tell me more incidents on where I just rose above
“you.” Bea said. “Because there is no way in hell that I treat you as a lesser.”

“I didn’t say that you treated me as a lesser.”

“It’s what you’re implying.” Bea threw her hands up in an angry manner.

“Hey, every-” Franky started, but then stopped as she felt the tension between her two friends. She saw the look they were giving each other, a look that meant they were having an argument. The raven haired women cleared her throat, gaining the attention of Bea while Allie continued to shoot the redhead death glares. “Uh, everything is going to be fine. Gidge has second degree burn on the upper part of the back of her thigh. It wasn’t too bad, just red and blistered. The doctor is cleaning the wound and applying ointment to it now.”

“Great.” Allie replied, still looking at Bea. She finally looked to Franky and gave a forced smile. “Well, I’m just going to head back now. You’ll be okay dropping Bea off home, yeah?”

“Oh, yeah. No problem.” Franky replied, giving a questioning look to the redhead.

Allie stood up. “Okay, well, be safe and give Bridget my get wells.”

Franky nodded her head and watched as Allie walked through the front doors to leave. She turned back to Bea once the blonde was gone. “What the fuck? Is she okay?”

Bea sighed. “She’s mad...at me!” She ran her fingers through her hair. “She thinks I try to be over her? I don’t know.”

“Well, you are a more dominant type. Maybe she doesn’t like that.”

“Are you kidding me? She asked me to-” Stopping herself, Bea shook her head. “Nothing, nevermind. She’s just mad at me, and I’m not sure I even want to go home.”

Franky scoffed. “Don’t be a bitch. Show her who’s boss.” She winked.

“That’s the thing, I’m not her boss.” Bea said. “And I don’t think that I treat her as a lesser.”

The raven haired woman placed a supportive hand on Bea’s shoulder. “While you figure it out, I’m gonna head back to Gidge. Try not to worry too much about it, alright? Blondie will be over it by morning.” And with that, Franky turned to walk back to Bridget’s room.

Upon entering her girlfriend’s exam room, she gave a sheepish smile. Bridget was laid on her stomach with her lower half practically exposed. Franky felt so bad for having done this to the other woman. And Bridget was a rockstar about it all, saying that it was fine and what not. But deep down, Franky could tell that her girlfriend was slightly annoyed. Anyone who got blasted with a firework would be pretty annoyed, right? They had another little while to stay at the emergency room as Bridget still needed to have another layer of ointment put onto her burn.

Franky glanced at the time, a grin spreading on her face. “Hey, Gidge.” She called out, earning a hum in reply. “It’s midnight.”

Bridget turned her head, also glancing to the time displayed. “Happy New Year, baby.”

Franky leaned forward, connecting her lips to Bridget’s in a loving kiss.
Bea was dropped off to her home close to one that morning. She walked through the front door feeling tired and really wanting to just go to bed. She was getting ready to climb the stairs when a glare of light coming from the living room caught her eye. Releasing a sigh, she made her way towards the living room. She entered the living area and saw it was empty, so she reached for the light switch. Bea stopped herself from turning the light off when she saw a folded up blanket and a pillow rested on the couch. Scrunching her face in confusion, she wondered why that was even there. Then she remembered that Allie was upset with her. There was no way in hell she was sleeping on the couch. Allie could get over it.

Letting out a scoff and flipping the light off, she made her way to the staircase. “She’s crazy if she thinks I’m sleeping on the fucking couch.” She grumbled to herself.

As she opened the door to her room, she saw her bed occupied by Allie, Kate, and Mason. Throwing her head back in frustration, she closed the door and went to the room that her mum was staying in. Opening the door, she saw Boomer laying in that bed. She was not about to be sleeping with that woman. She figured that her mum and sister were sharing a bed, so she just headed back downstairs. She grabbed the keys to her Aston Martin and made her way to the garage. Like she said, she wasn’t going to be sleeping on the couch.

Fifteen minutes later, she found herself entering her gym. Disarming the alarm as she walked in, she turned the overhead lights on and decided to have a quick workout to burn some frustration out. She tied her hair up and put on some fighting gloves to begin at the punching bag. As her fists hit against the bag, her mind wandered about. She was absolutely clueless on why Allie was even mad at her. Sure, the whole situation with Bridget getting hurt had been careless, but that wasn’t reason enough for Allie to get that mad. She didn’t know what was wrong with her girlfriend, but she had been on edge for the last couple of days.

Time seemed to get away from Bea and before she knew it, it was going on 3am. She spent the last hour and a half on the punching bag, running on the treadmill, doing push-ups and pull-ups, and spending a little bit of time on the bicycle. Realizing the time, Bea turned the lights off, locked up, turned the alarm system back on, and grabbed a water bottle before heading to the back. She decided to take a shower the next morning at home so she just peeled her shirt off and flopped down on the cot she pulled out. She knew there would be no way she’d be getting any type of sleep during the night, but there was just no way she’d sleep on that couch. There was no doubt that when a woman threw you to the sofa it meant that you were in the dog house. And Bea Smith doesn’t do dog houses.

It was ten in the morning by the time Bea returned home. Her back was sore, she stunk, and she didn’t get any sleep, but she’d deal with it. If Allie was mad at her, then she’d play even and be mad at the blonde. For what? She doesn’t know. She was just being petty. That was allowed, right? Whatever, it didn’t matter. She was just mad at Allie for being mad at her. There. That sounded like a good excuse. To Bea it did, anyway. She was new to the whole relationship thing, she didn’t know what was right or wrong or how to argue. She’s never done this before.
Entering her home, the smell of breakfast invaded her nose and laughter was heard. She shut the door kind of loud, being sure she was heard. The silence that followed let her know that she was, in fact, heard. She walked to the entrance of the kitchen, being met with her mother.

“Beatrice, where have you been?” Elise asked. “I’ve been calling you.”

“Sorry, my phone is dead.” Bea replied, glancing into the kitchen at Allie. “I was at the gym.”

“All night?”

“Yeah. Look, I’m going to head upstairs to take a shower.” Without waiting for a reply, Bea trotted up the stairs.

After her lengthy shower, Bea dried off and put clean clothes on. She brushed her teeth and put her hair in a messy bun to keep it out of her face. She had no desire to even try to manage the curls. Bea then sat on the toilet lid to roll up her jeans she had on. As she finished rolling the pants legs up, there was a light knock on the bathroom door and then it opened. She watched as Allie walked in and closed the door behind herself, leaning against said door.

“Can we talk?” Allie asked, studying Bea’s face.

Bea sighed. “I don’t want to argue, Allie.” She said. “I have things to take care of today and I don’t need the stress of arguing.”

“I don’t want to argue either. I want...no, need...I need to apologize.” Allie paused. “I’m sorry for last night. I didn’t mean to get angry at you. I...I’m sorry.”

Bea just looked at Allie for a moment before replying. “Why did you even get mad at me? I don’t understand.”

“I don’t know.” Allie sighed. “I really don’t. I’ve just been feeling stressed and very anxious the last few days, and what happened last night just set me off.” She said. “I’m not mad at you, I had no reason to be mad at you in the first place. I’m sorry.”

Bea stood up from the toilet and walked to the sink. She leaned against the counter and crossed her arms, a thought coming to her mind. “Stressed?” She took in her girlfriend’s appearance. She looked wore out. “I guess with what Mr. Alicio’s going through is enough to stress you out and make you worried, especially since you can’t do anything for him.” She paused. “And you’re check-up with Dr. O’Hara is at the end of the week, that can be nerve wracking. You also haven’t taken a drug willingly in almost six months. That can be a lot on your body, still adjusting to the changes and all.” Taking another pause to let Allie take in what she said, she then continued not long after. “Have you had any recent...cravings? I think it could be normal to have a craving.”

Blue eyes looked at Bea, tears welding up. She shook her head. “I don’t think so. I haven’t really thought about drugs since you helped me.” She wiped her eyes before the tears could escape. “Maybe I am having cravings? Just not knowingly? Is that possible?”

“I don’t know, sweetie.” Bea softly replied.

“I don’t want drugs, Bea. I swear it.” Allie frantically assured. “And I didn’t mean to get so upset last night. I’m sorry.”

“Hey, hey.” The redhead made her way to her lover, pulling the blonde into her arms. “I know you don’t want drugs, you just have to continue to be strong. Okay?” She kissed Allie on the side.
of her head. “It’s okay, I’m here.” She said once the blonde began to cry.

“I’m sorry.”

“Stop apologizing. I’m not mad.” Bea said, tightening her hold on the woman in her arms.

“You were mad at me though. Why else would you have been at the gym all night?”

“I was mad, yes. And I was at the gym because I wasn’t going to sleep on the couch.” Bea replied. “That was a shit move, ya know? Sleeping with the two kids while my mum and sister slept together and putting Boomer in a bed by herself. Then leaving me to the couch? I don’t think so.”

Allie let out a small laugh. “Boomer was supposed to sleep on the couch, but she complained. So, we made necessary arrangements.” She replied. “The blankets and pillow wasn’t for you. I was expecting you to climb into the bed with us, it sure is big enough.”

“I wasn’t thinking about that. All that was on my mind was you being angry at me and I didn’t know how to handle that.” Bea slightly pulled back when something else crossed her mind. “I don’t treat you like a lesser and I don’t dismiss your concerns. Do I?”

“No, babe, you don’t.” Allie said, bringing her hands up to caress Bea’s face. “I was angry last night and I felt the need to bring up things that had previously made me upset. But you don’t treat me wrong, I promise. You treat me like a queen and you love me more than anything.” She brought Bea’s face to hers, kissing her profoundly.

The two women held onto one another as if one of them was going to get taken away. The committed relationship deal was new to both women and they still had quite a bit to learn. But Bea was in this for the long haul. And she knew that there would always be disagreements and arguing, but she would work through them. She had a taste of the blonde and now she was addicted. There was no way she could ever live without her girlfriend. Bea was more alive than ever with the blonde by her side. She was even a better woman with Allie in her life.

“I love you, Allie.” Bea professed. “I love you so much.”

Allie softly smiled, wrapping her arms around Bea’s neck. “I love you too, more than you can imagine.”

Allie was sitting in one of the many rooms Bea has in the Sydney house. It was Bea’s office space, but there was also two bookcases full of books. So, in order to keep her mind clear, Allie got comfortable on the settee sofa and grabbed a nice book to read along with a blanket wrapped around her form. She was alone in the house, well except for Boomer who was watching TV in the living room. Amanda took her kids to the museum and to explore Sydney a bit with them. Elise had left not too long ago to go back to her home in Gosford. The older woman wanted to stay longer, but something came up and she had to leave. Bea said she had a few things that she needed to take care of, but never specified exactly what she was going to do so Allie had no clue where her girlfriend had gone. The redhead had been gone for a few hours and Allie was missing her already. As if Bea could read minds, her voice echoed through the house.

“Allie?” Bea called out.

“I’m in here!” Allie replied loud enough for her girlfriend to hear.
Bea chuckled. “Where is here?”

“Your office!”

Confused as to why the blonde was in her office, she headed in that direction. Upon entering the room, she understood. Her girlfriend looked ridiculously adorable curled up on the vintage sofa with a book in her lap.

Allie’s interests peaked when she saw her girlfriend holding a black velvety box in her hands. She slightly sat up. “I like boxes.” She said. “But I love velvet boxes. What’s in it?”

Bea shook her head, a grin on her face nevertheless. “Hopefully something that can help with your stress and anxious mood.”

A perfectly shaped eyebrow quirked up in response.

Bea opened the box, revealing a very expensive looking bottle. “It’s sweet almost oil.” She said. “It’s massage oil and it’s edible.”

“Edible?” Allie asked with a head tilt.

“Yes, edible.” Bea confirmed. “That way, during your massage, I can lick and kiss you.”

“Hm.” A grin slowly formed on the blonde’s face. “You want to give me a massage? A massage that may or may not make me horny?”

Bea laughed, reaching behind herself to lock the office door. “Well, let’s hope for the ‘may make you horny’ option.”

“You…are a naughty girl.” She slowly placed her book down on the floor.

“Not really, I only want what’s best for my woman.” Bea smiled. “Now, take your shirt off and lay on your stomach.”

Once Allie had her shirt off and was on her stomach, Bea took the bottle out of the casing and climbed on top of the blonde. Bea was also shirtless, not wanting to get the oil on her top. She was straddling herself just below Allie’s ass and then unbuckled her bra strap before she poured some of the massage oil on the blonde’s back. Setting the bottle down, she reached her hands out and began to spread the oil around. She kneaded her fingers into the tense muscles on her girlfriend’s upper back, earning approving moans in response. Bea continued to knead the muscles in Allie’s back for about five more minutes before adding just a little bit more oil. With both of her hands on Allie’s lower back, she put pressure with her thumbs as she crawled her hands up towards her shoulders. She did the same technique two more times before giving a basic shoulder massage. Bea leaned forward, placing her tongue at the low point on Allie’s back and slowly licked her way to the nape of Allie’s neck. She smiled to herself as she felt the blonde shiver. She gave soft kisses along the top of her lover’s back, stopping every so often to give a gentle suck.

“Bea…” Allie breathed out. “Don’t start something you can’t finish.”

“Who says I can’t finish?” Bea asked, pressing herself into Allie’s ass.

Releasing a groan, Allie said, “This was supposed to be a massage.”

“It is.” Bea placed her lips on the blonde’s neck. “How about a little massage on your pussy?”

A gasp escaped Allie’s lips. Such vulgar language from her girlfriend was definitely a turn on. She
swallowed hard. “What do have in mind?”

“I’d start by flipping you over, obviously.” Bea began, pressing her lips to Allie’s ear. “Then I’d give you a nice kiss on the lips, maybe a few of those. And then I would kiss down to your amazing boobs, suck your nipples. Show ‘em a little love.” She gave herself more friction on Allie’s ass before continuing. “I would spread some oil over your boobs and massage them, then kiss down your stomach to your sweet, sweet pussy that’s all mine.”

Allie moaned. “And then what?”

“Is that really a question? I’d give you the most earth shattering orgasm, that’s what.”

Lifting her head to look at Bea over her shoulder, her breathing was heavy. “Show me?”

And Bea did just that, and more. She loved on every inch of her girlfriend’s body, using her hands to touch any area she could reach; willing herself to pull the stress from Allie’s body. It wasn’t just about sex in that moment, it was about taking care of Allie’s body. It was about love between two people.

Their legs were tangled together, a blanket was laid over their waists, and Bea held onto Allie like her life depended on it. The sofa was small for the two of them, but they managed. Allie’s eyes were closing, three orgasms later and she was feeling tired. It was slow love making and nothing seemed better. Bea ran her hand up and down Allie’s back as she pressed her lips to her hairline.

“You’re going to sleep?” Bea asked.

“No.” Allie replied. “Just resting my eyes.”

Bea smiled. Her girlfriend was going to sleep, despite what was said. “I’m taking you on a date tonight.” She declared. “We haven’t been on one in a while and I’m going to take you somewhere nice.”

“Okay.” Allie tiredly said. “Sounds good to me.”

“Come on, beautiful girl. Let’s go to our room so we can shower.”

“Together?”

“If that’s what you want.” Bea replied, pushing the blonde hair out of her girlfriend’s face. “But you know we don’t just shower when we get in there together.”

“Mm, I know.” Nuzzling her face into Bea’s chest, Allie let out a satisfying sigh. “I want us to shower together though, so I can eat you senseless and fuck you out.” Scrunching her face up, Allie rephrased that. “Wait, I mean so I can eat you out and fuck you senseless.”

Bea laughed. Yep, her girlfriend was sex high. “Come on, let’s go.”

After they put their clothes back on to walk to their room, Boomer yelled out through the house.

“Listen here you lezzos! Not all of us get lucky on a regular basis, so could ya keep it down?”

Allie laughed, leaning into Bea. “Oh, so you’re not gonna tell Bea how you fucked Daz the whole time you were gone?!”

“Hey! You weren’t ‘posed to tell anyone!!” Boomer yelled out.

“Daz?!” Bea looked to Allie. “The little shit who fucked her sister?”
Allie nodded her head in confirmation.

“Boomer!” Bea yelled. “You can do better than that dickhead!”

“Yeah, well, he was the only one around and I needed my taco tickled!”

Bea closed her eyes in disbelief at what Boomer just said, and Allie was a laughing mess beside her.

Closing her legs together, Allie tried to stop her laughter. “I’m gonna pee myself.”

“Come on.” Bea sighed, guiding the blonde to the bedroom.

Bea looked at the beautiful blonde sat across from her at the table in the restaurant. It wasn’t often that she got to see the woman dressed up, but when she did get that privilege, she could just worship the ground the blonde walked on. Allie’s hair was straightened and swept over one shoulder. Small silver earrings hung from her ears as a matching necklace was laced around her neck. Allie was wearing a figure hugging black dress that fit her curves just right with a little cleavage shown. Open toed heels adorned her feet. She looked absolutely wonderful in Bea’s eyes. Bea had on an all black suit with a loose black tie around her neck. Her natural curls sat on top of her head.

Allie lifted her champagne glass up, encouraging Bea to do the same. “Cheers to a New Year.”

“Cheers.”

They clinked their glasses together before taking a sip.

Resting her hands under her chin, Allie looked into Bea’s eyes. “I know this is such a cliche, but I think I’ve earned the right to be able to say this; New Year, New Me.” She said. “And that’s absolutely true. This is a New Year, and I’m a completely different person. This time last year, I was struggling to get by. I was high all the time, I was doing jobs for Gold-...for Derek. And I was lost, completely lost. And I have you to thank. If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t be where I am now. I couldn’t have done it without you.”

“You did all the work. I just...held your hand.” Bea smiled. “And I’d do it all again.” She said. “But hey, I’m a different person too. This time, last year, I was unhappy and doing things with...Erica. And now I’m with the woman I never dreamed of having, being completely happy with everything around me.” She reached across the table, grabbing Allie’s hand. “I’m pretty sure that I’m with the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

Allie felt the flutter in her heart. The rest of her life with Bea sounded like one hell of a deal. She’d be the luckiest woman in all the land. A small box being placed on the table in front of her really through her off. She looked up at Bea with wide eyes.

“This is not an engagement, you can stop looking so panicked.” Bea said, a small laugh escaping her lips. “I don’t know if adults do this, but Deb gave me the idea. So, if you think it’s childish, you can blame her.” She took a pause for a breather. “It’s a promise ring...because I promise you that I’m here, for the long run.”
With tears invading her eyes, Allie looked back down at the box. Grabbing the box in trembling hands, she opened it. She inhaled deeply when she saw the silver ring that had three diamonds across the band on top. It was beautiful and it meant the world to her. She chuckled a little as she continued to look at it. Bea just loved to put jewelry on her body.

“Allie.” She finally spoke. “It’s...beautiful.”

The redhead smiled. “You like it?”

“I love it.” Allie replied. “And I love you.”

“Come here.” Leaning across the table, the blonde met her in the middle with her lips. They relished in the soft touch of their lips. “I love you more.”

Settling back down in her seat, Allie took the ring out the box and slid it on her finger. It was a perfect fit; not too loose, not too tight. She smiled as she reached her hand over the table to show Bea how it looked on her finger. Just as Bea grabbed her hand to examine the ring, flashes lit up the room. Briefly closing her eyes, Bea cursed underneath her breath as she realized that photographers were taking their pictures. And she knew the media was going to blow it up into something that wasn’t true; a proposal.

Just for a split second, Bea forgot exactly who she was and did something that would get taken overboard from the press. But that’s what being around Allie did to her; made her feel normal.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading! Your comments are very much appreciated :) no matter what they say, I love to read them!
So I made an impulse move and went on vacation for a few days with some friends before completing this chapter. Luckily the only thing that needed completion in this chapter was the ending. And it was done fairly quick. So, here ya go! Chapter 42 :) enjoy!

Allie felt the nerves running through her body. Her hands trembled, her right leg bounced up and down, she couldn't stay still, and her eyes were continuously darting around the exam room. She had just taken another scan of her lungs and kidney, and she had this feeling that something was wrong. Bea tried to keep her mind clear, but it didn’t work. Allie snapped and that was the end of it. Waiting on Dr. O’Hara with the test results felt like the longest time ever. And her anxiety just wasn’t helping at all. It seriously felt as though she was going through a withdrawal. Which was impossible because she obviously hasn’t taken any drugs.

The blonde was too busy in her thoughts and picking at her nails that she hadn’t even noticed that Dr. O’Hara walked in. She finally looked up when she felt Bea’s hand on her thigh. Blinking herself out of her daze, she gave Dr. O’Hara a small smile.

“Allie, everything okay?” Dr. O’Hara asked.

“Yeah, yeah.” Allie said, wiping a hand over her face. “I’m just a bit anxious.”

Taking a seat in the rolling stool, the doctor rolled to where Allie was sitting. “Anxious? About what?”

“Ya know, I’m not even entirely sure.” Allie sighed. “I’ve been feeling this way for the majority of the week.”

“Have you had any recent cravings?”

“I think my body is craving, but not my mind. Like, I’m not thinking about drugs at all, but I guess my body is craving it. Does that make sense? Is that possible?”

“It does make sense, and it is possible.” Dr. O’Hara said. “Except that it’s your brain remembering the high of drugs and it’s the neurotransmitter that is looking for that feeling of a drug rush. You may not be thinking of taking drugs, but your brain is still remembering. Since the hotshot, your brain is still in recovery. And you’ll always have cravings, but you’ve got to deal with them in the right way.” She explained. “Would you like me to suggest a few things to help you?”

After hesitating for a moment, Allie nodded her head.

“Well, I’m going to start off by asking if you drink any alcohol?”

“I have a drink here and there.” Allie replied.

“I think staying away from alcohol completely will better help, just for a little while. I’m your
doctor and that’s what I suggest, I can’t exactly force you to not drink alcohol though.” She said. “A couple other things would be to have a healthy distraction, keep positive thoughts, and to have someone you could talk to.” She paused. “Would you like for me to refer you to some of the therapists I know?”

Allie snorted. “I don’t need a shrink.”

“Okay, well, if you have a proper support system, then I think that’s sufficient.” Dr. O’Hara said, a small smile on her face. “Also, just be mindful about your life. Always look at how far you’ve gotten, not how far you have to go. Keep yourself focused on where you’re going instead of where you’ve been. And don’t ever keep your feelings bottled up, always talk to someone. Anyone. Think you can manage that?” Receiving a head nod in response, the doctor continued. “Great. So, now we can go over the results of your scans.” Grabbing the stethoscope from around her neck, she continued. “A physical copy of your scans hasn’t been printed out yet, but I can tell you what I saw.” Standing up from the stool, Dr. O’Hara stood next to Allie. “Basically your lungs have been gaining more fluid build-up since I last saw you. And that’s going to happen due to your acute pulmonary edema. I mean, it sucks, but you’ll always have that problem. What I can do for you, though, is to up the dose and continue to supplement you with a diuretic. Which you will urinate more, a lot more, but it will help.” The doctor placed the stethoscope to Allie’s chest and asked her to take a few deep breaths, repeating the process with the instrument placed to her back. “Have you had any trouble breathing, excessive coughing, chest pain, or fatigue?”

“Uh, no. I haven’t been having any problems.” Allie answered. “There may have been a few times where I needed to stop to catch my breath, but I didn’t have any problems with it.”

“Okay, well, just keep taking it easy and don’t overdo anything, and you should be fine. If you have any questions or problems, you know where to find me.” Dr. O’Hara smiled. “I’m going to give you a new prescription for that diuretic and before you leave I’m going to have a nurse come in to assist you with a breathing treatment that I would like for you to take. Sound good?”

Allie nodded her head.

“What about her kidney?” Bea spoke up. “Does everything look okay with it?”

“Oh, yes. From what I could tell, her kidney looked fine.” The doctor replied. “I know I said that there could be a possibility of Allie needing a new kidney in the future, but from the most recent scan, I don’t think that’s the case anymore. It looks fine, it looks healthy. I don’t think there will be any problems.”

“Great, that’s good.” Bea said. “Sorry to ask, I just didn’t think you were going to mention anything about it.”

“No, no, questions are good. It’s what I’m here for.” Dr. O’Hara smiled. She glanced her eyes down to Allie’s finger where the ring sat and then looked to Bea. “And I just have to ask this; the ring? I know you made it clear yesterday on social media, but is it really just a promise ring?”

Allie let out a laugh, along with Bea.

“Yes, it’s truly only a promise ring.” Bea replied. “Believe me, when I propose, there will be a bigger diamond than those three combined.”

Allie blushed. When, Bea proposed. It excited her when Bea talked of a future of their togetherness.

Dr. O’Hara laughed. “Alright, well, a nurse will be in here shortly with a breathing treatment for
you.” She said. “If you have any more problems, just come back. Take care.”

When the doctor exited the room, Bea stood up and engulfed Allie in a hug. The redhead knew that everything would be fine. Her girlfriend was a fighter.

When Bea had given Allie that promise ring a few days ago, the press made it into something that it wasn’t and social media went crazy. For a couple days that’s all Bea saw on her social media accounts. And she even had a long talk with Maxine about being careful of what she did in public. The two women had a minor disagreement, but it was soon revolved. She received phone calls from her mum, Debbie, the people she worked with, and the President of the UFC called to ask about the ring fiasco. That’s when Doreen suggested to clear up any rumors on her social media accounts. So, that’s what Bea did. And although some people still didn’t believe her when she said that it wasn’t an engagement, she was happy that the rumor mill surrounding her and Allie had slightly faded.

After Allie completed her breathing treatment, the two women left the hospital hand in hand. Allie was due to back to Melbourne the next day and Bea was already having withdrawals. She didn’t want her girlfriend to leave, and it was going to be even worse when she had to go to Perth for a training camp for six weeks and not be able to see Allie for two months. It was going to kill her! So, Bea was going to make the most of her last night with the blonde. Bea’s private plane departed to New Zealand this morning to take her sister and the two rugrats back home. Both Bea and Allie would sure miss all the three of them. But on the plus side, Debbie returned home this morning from visiting her dad. Bea didn’t ask too much about the brunette’s trip because she wanted Debbie to volunteer any information. Bea’s little vacation had also ended, but she made it her priority to attend the doctor appointment with Allie this morning. So, when she arrived home, her and Debbie would be heading to the gym so that Bea could start her training again. Allie would be going with Liz to do some grocery shopping for the house, along with Boomer. And even though Allie was leaving the next day, she still enjoyed a little grocery shopping.

Bea and Debbie was now at the gym and in full swing. Debbie was on the treadmill and Bea was doing a rope workout with one of her trainers, Fred. They had already been at the gym for well over two hours and Bea could feel the effects of not being in the gym for almost two weeks. Before, all of the redhead’s time was spent in the gym. She didn’t take a Christmas vacation or take a few days off to spend time with someone special. She was a dedicated, hardworking woman. She still is dedicated and hard working, but she was a little more soft now. And that was because of Allie. Any chance she got, she would take a few days off when Allie came to Sydney or when she decided to go to Melbourne.

Bea was standing in the small kitchen in the gym as she gulped down a bottle of water. She only planned on staying at the gym for another hour or so before heading back home because she wanted to spend time with Allie in her last evening in Sydney. Holding her bottle under the faucet, she was in the process of refilling the bottle of water. Loud commotion made her look up through the little window. What she saw should’ve made her dart out the kitchen, but she stayed glued to her spot in shock.

“Let go of me!” Debbie shouted. “That hurts! Let go! Brayden!”

“I will not let go!” Brayden hissed. “You were in Wollongong visiting your dad and you didn’t even think to let me know?”

“I don’t answer to you.” Debbie said, trying to snatch her arm from Brayden’s grip. “You need to let me go!”
“Listen here, you little bitch,” He began in a sneer. “I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but you need to straighten up. You’re coming back with me, even if I have to drag you out of this place by your hair.”

Debbie let out a whimper. “Brayden, stop. Please, let go of me.” She pleaded.

“Stop telling me to let go-” Brayden was interrupted mid-sentence by being yanked from behind.

“The lady said let go.” A voice said.

Debbie grabbed her arm where Brayden’s grip was burning her skin. She looked to where Brayden was being thrown to the floor. Shane stood over her ex-boyfriend.

“And who the fuck do you think you are?” Brayden spat. He scrambled to stand up.

“I’ll be your worst nightmare if you don’t get out of this gym right now.” Shane said, bucking up to Brayden. With the background Shane came from, he wasn’t scared of a little fight.

Brayden let out a laugh. “You’re Debbie’s knight in shining armor? You’ve come to save her?” He shook his head. “Fairy tales don’t exist, so you must be fucking her.”

Deciding to push Brayden’s buttons, Shane grinned. “Well, that’s more than what you get to do.”

Brayden’s face slackened. He balled his fist up and swung it. Shane was faster though, he pushed the offending fist away and with his opposite hand, he collided it into Brayden’s jaw. But not wanting to cause anymore physical violent problems, Shane wrestled Brayden to the floor and held him down. His uncle ran through the front doors and there was anger written all over his face. Turning to look at Debbie, he saw that Bea was consoling her.

“Shane, what did you do?!” Will shouted.

“Get the fuck off me!” Brayden struggled with trying to push Shane off.

“Shane!” Will shouted again.

“He was grabbing and hurting her!” Shane replied, nodding his head toward Debbie. “And then he tried punching me, so I defended myself.”

“Shane, I-” Will started, but was interrupted by Bea.

“Will, he’s telling the truth.” Bea said. “I didn’t even know Brayden was in here until I heard Deb yell, and before I could even think about reacting, Shane had pulled him from her.” She knew the backstory on Shane, Will had told her. And even though he came from of a troubled past, it didn’t mean everything he did was out of wrong.

Shane stood up and yanked Brayden up with him. As they stood, Brayden tried taking a cheap shot at Shane, but Shane was quicker. He grabbed both of Brayden’s arms and twisted them behind his back.

“Now, you listen to me.” Bea began as she got closer to Brayden. “I don’t ever want to see your face around here again. You go anywhere near my daughter again, you’ll be dealing with me. And it won’t be so pretty. You got it?” Not getting a reply, she continued. “Get him out of my gym.”

Will grabbed Brayden from Shane’s hold and began escorting him out of the gym.
“This won’t be the end.” Brayden said to Bea. “I’ll have you and your little whore of a girlfriend put away!”

Bea went to charge to the boy, but was stopped by Shane.

“With all due respect, he isn’t worth it.” Shane said. “He’s just trying to get a rise out of you. Yes, I punched him and he could press charges against me, but I wouldn’t want him to press charges against you. So, he isn’t worth it.” He released Bea once his uncle was out the door with Brayden.

“He won’t be pressing charges against you. I’ll have my lawyer on it before he could even do anything.” Bea replied, looking towards Shane. “Thank you for helping Debbie.”

“No problem, really.” Shane replied.

“You’re really quick paced and strong, that’ll come in handy one day.” She said, patting her hand on the boys broad shoulder before looking to Debbie. “I’m going to get our stuff and then we’ll leave. I’ll let the guys know what happened, since they all decided to be out back during this time.” She briefly rolled her eyes and then began walking to get their things.

Shane looked at Debbie, discreetly trying to examine her arm to see if Brayden left any marks, but he couldn’t tell. Then he examined her face. He never seen her up close before. And if he thought she was pretty from afar, then up close the brunette was simply gorgeous. Her cute little nose, her big brown eyes, and the way her curly hair flowed was all too perfect. Realizing he was staring too much, he dipped his head as he cleared his throat.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked, looking back to the girl. “Your arm?”

“Uh, yeah, I’m okay.” Debbie replied. “My arm is a little sore, but it should be fine.”

Shane nodded his head. “Who was that guy anyway?”

“He’s my ex boyfriend.”

“Has he always been such an-”

“Asshole?” Debbie softly interrupted. Letting out a sarcastic chuckle, she continued. “A little bit, yeah. But he got worse when I broke up with him and then moved here. I don’t know what his problem is.”

“His problem seems to be that he can’t handle being dumped.” Shane replied. “I’m Shane, by the way.”

“I’m Debbie.” She replied. “Listen, thanks for helping me.”

“Don’t worry about it. I saw him grabbing you and I just had to interfere.” He stuffed his hands into his pockets. “You deserve better than his kind, so kudos for leaving him.”

Debbie smiled. If she was in anyway confident, she would just reach up and give Shane a nice kiss to the lips. She thought he was very good looking.

“Take care.” Shane continued when Debbie hadn’t replied. Once his uncle came back in, he followed him towards the back area.

Debbie let out a breath she didn’t realize she was holding in. The way Shane would gel his hair to the side in a swoop made her knees weak. And the smell of his cologne that invaded her nostrils made her want to just plow her face into his neck and keep it there. She heard some talk about
him, but didn’t know too much. She didn’t care about his past though. From what she could tell, Shane was a great guy. And extremely good looking too.

Bea was lounging in her bed going through highlights of Ronda Rousey’s previous fights after she had called to have Allie’s new car delivered to her home in Melbourne. It wasn’t her favorite part of getting ready for a fight, but it sure was the less physical part. Which was always great. She had already watched and studied a few highlight reels. She knew most of the other fighter’s fights were won by submission and that was her strongest suit, so she knew that she needed to keep herself from allowing Ronda to get her into a submissionable position. But Bea was pretty confident about the fight. She continued to watch the highlight reel when her bedroom door opened and Allie walked in. Allie crawled onto the bed and laid her head on Bea’s chest.

“You told me all about how Brayden showed up and what he did to Debbie...All Deb wanted to talk about was how great Shane was.” Allie said. “I don’t think she’s at all phased by what happened because her ‘very cute knight in shining armor’ protected her.” She chuckled. “I kinda wish I wasn’t leaving tomorrow so I could work my magic between Shane and Debbie.”

“That’s the only reason why you wish you weren’t leaving tomorrow?”

“Other than me missing you, obviously.” Allie said. “I will miss you, ya know.”

“I know.” Bea wrapped an arm around the blonde’s body. “I won’t be able to see you for two-”

“No, no, no, no.” Allie interrupted, placing a few fingers to Bea’s mouth. “Shh, let’s not talk about that.”

“But it’s true, Allie. I’ll be leaving to Perth in two weeks and I’ll be there for six weeks.” Bea sighed. “I won’t see you for a good two months. How am I supposed to handle that?”

Lightly scratching her nails up and down her girlfriend’s side, Allie released a sigh too. “I don’t know. We’ll be able to talk on the phone, right?”

“Only on the weekends. The training coach will be keeping me busy during the weekdays.”

“Why did you pick such a difficult training camp to begin with?” Allie asked.

“I normally pick a camp that’s away from Sydney. Before my previous fight, I took a training camp in Brazil for a month.” Bea replied. “And I chose this camp right after I met you. I had no idea that you’d come to mean so much to me.”

“You can’t cancel?”

“No, it’s already paid for.”

“Is anyone going with you?” Allie rested her chin against Bea’s chest, looking her lover in the eyes.

“Will and Kev.” Bea said. “Maxine and I also decided to have Doreen go with me so she could get a feel for my scheduling on her own. Normally it would be Maxine going with me, but since
she moved up to a management position, she has other things she has to take care of.”

Allie sighed, again. She was really going to miss her girlfriend. Although she was going back to Melbourne, she knew that it wouldn’t be a two month wait between visits if the redhead wasn’t going to a training camp. If it was a normal situation, she’d be back in Sydney within a few weeks for a visit, or vice versa.

“What all will you be doing in Perth?” Allie asked.

“Training is the main thing,” Bea said. “I will have a few interviews and some photoshoots. Mostly promo stuff.” Relaxing an arm behind her head, she continued. “Things are about to get so hectic. After I return from Perth, I will have a recuperating moment for a week and then begin light training for another week, and then travels to the States will take place.” She blew raspberries. “Maxine has a lot to look into for me about the travel plans, I wouldn’t dump such a heavy load on Doreen like that right now. Plus, Maxine will be helping you to get a passport too.”

“A passport? For what?”

“You need one to have for international travel.” Bea said, watching as Allie’s eyebrows rose. “Wait...you thought you wouldn’t be going?”

“I just assumed that you’d rather go without having to worry about me.”

“Are you kidding? I want you there! I need to have my insanely sexy girlfriend cheering me on from the side.” She brought her hand to the back of the blonde’s head. “You will go, won’t you?”

A smile slowly formed on Allie’s face. “Of course. I’d love nothing more than to be able to see my incredible girlfriend kick ass from the sidelines.”

“Good.” Bea smiled, pulling Allie close to give her a kiss. She thought it was absolutely silly of Allie to think that she wasn’t going to her fighting event. It would be Allie’s first time seeing her fight in real life, and Bea was sort of nervous about that. She hoped she would be able to keep focus knowing that her girlfriend was in the audience watching her. Feeling Allie’s lips on the side of her neck brought her out of her thoughts. “Wh-what are you doing?”

“What does it look like?” Allie replied. “I won’t be able to see for two months after this. I need to have my final taste of you.”

“I...I had...other plans for us.”

“Like what?” Allie kissed and then sucked on the redhead’s neck, trying to leave a mark.

“I was gonna put on your favorite movie and we... oh god ...we were gonna watch it and cuddle in bed.”

“Boring.” Allie huffed out. “What I have in mind is so much more fun. And you’re gonna lay and let me have all of you.”

“Allie...”

“Hush.” The blonde demanded. “I won’t be able to have sex with you for two months. Let me have this moment.”

Bea felt her body surrender as Allie’s lips landed back on her own. She would let Allie have this moment. Hell, she wanted it too. But she also wanted to spend their last evening together in a calm setting. This would definitely do though. Whatever her girlfriend wanted to do, Bea was up for it.
Before she knew it, her shirt was off, as was the blonde’s, along with her bra and Allie’s mouth was attacking her left nipple. Having a warm tongue caress her nipple was nothing short of arousing, and she felt herself grow a puddle between her thighs. No doubt about that. Sometimes it worried her how wet she got in a short amount of time, but she soon came to the realization that she had nothing to worry about. It was just Allie knew exactly how to touch her and take care of her.

Soon she felt lips against her hip bone and she lifted her head to look. Seeing Allie already staring at her with eyes full of desire made her drop her head back down with a groan. In this moment, she was letting Allie have full control. It wasn’t often that she allowed herself to give up control, but the times she did allow it was when she felt the most vulnerable against her wants and needs. Like, she didn’t know how to let herself express her feelings on leaving Allie for two months in the proper way without sounding so needy or clingy, so she would give her body fully to the blonde for the evening without putting up a fight for control. Allie would enjoy the control, that’s for sure.

Allie slipped a couple fingers on each hand into the redhead’s shorts as she begin to pull them down. She intended to make Bea feel good, it was the only thing on her mind. She was going to take advantage of this moment. Once the shorts were discarded and thrown somewhere behind her, she began kissing up Bea’s right leg. Reaching the core of her lover, she inhaled deeply, smelling the sweet smell of her girlfriend’s arousal. She licked her tongue up her cloth covered slit, feeling Bea slightly writhe beneath her as a small whimper escaped the redhead’s lips. Allie began taking Bea’s underwear off, very slowly. She watched Bea’s arousal stretch out from her lips as the liquid was attached with a pull to the thin panties. To her, it was a very sexy sight. Especially seeing how wet and ready her girlfriend already was. She let out a very approving moan before scraping her teeth across Bea’s sexy hip bone. She pulled the offending item off Bea’s legs and threw them to the floor, positioning herself to take her lover.

“I’m going to devour you with my mouth, Bea Smith.” Allie declared. “And I won’t stop until your legs are shaking.”

Grabbing the back of Bea’s knees with her hands, Allie pushed them upwards and out. She made sure her girlfriend’s legs was open wide and pushed up. Allie wanted nothing more than to have Bea exposed for her. The glistening sight of the redhead’s sex was extremely pleasuring on the eyes. Just knowing that this is the effect she had on her girlfriend was something Allie was proud of. And she just couldn’t wait to take Bea using her mouth. So, the blonde expertly licked up Bea’s slit, teasing the redhead. Allie sucked her lover’s folds into her mouth, earning a moan from the woman she was pleasuring. The moan was husky and sexy, so Allie continued to suck and lick on Bea’s folds, purposely avoiding any friction on her clit. She was wanting to savor the taste of Bea, not rush it out. But it was hard to enjoy her oral attack on Bea’s sex when the redhead was continuously trying to buck her hips into Allie’s face to get friction on that needy bud. The blonde did her best to ignore Bea and just continued licking her tongue through her drenched folds, and she even held her hands down on Bea’s hips to keep her still.

“Allie…” Bea said through gritted teeth, feeling sexually frustrated. “I need you.”

Bea had enough of Allie’s teasing. She needed a release and needed it now, especially since Debbie and Boomer would be back soon. And they did not need any interruptions. Bea used her right hand to push the blonde’s hair away from her face, then used the same hand to rest over Allie’s jawline to guide her mouth to her needy clit.

“Suck me off!” Bea pleaded. “Now!”

Allie grinned. She used her tongue to lick in search for Bea’s clit, circling the bud with ample
force when she found it in little time. Wrapping her lips around the hardened bud, she sucked and flicked the tip gently with her tongue, Bea’s body bowing up in complete pleasure. Allie was relentless as she continued to suck her girlfriend off. She meant that she was going to give Bea an orgasm. An audible gasp was heard from the redhead when Allie slipped two fingers into Bea’s opening, taking her girlfriend by surprise. The blonde pumped slowly at first, but began to get faster when Bea’s breathing got louder and her body struggled to stay still. With her tongue rubbing against Bea’s clit and her fingers thrusting into her entrance, the redhead was close to her peak. And Allie could tell; the clenching of Bea’s innerwalls was what told her she was close. She wasn’t going to stop either, not until Bea got the release she deserved. Allie felt her own core throb with want as Bea called out her name in dire need. With the curl of her fingers and the flick of her tongue, Bea tumbled over the edge, her body shaking in ecstasy. Allie helped Bea ride out her high, her pace slowing as the seconds passed.

Feeling Bea relax against the bed in defeat, Allie cleaned up the remaining arousal with her mouth, not wanting to waste good content. Once she was satisfied with the clean up, Allie shimmied out of her own shorts and underwear before crawling up the redhead’s body. Settling herself between Bea’s leg, she kissed the older woman’s jawline as her fingers combed through the curls she loved so much.

“Are you okay?” Allie asked, only receiving a grunt in response. The noise made her grin. “Is it okay if I just lay here? I like feeling all of you.”

“Yeah, it’s okay.” Came the hoarse reply from Bea. She slid her hands down the blonde’s back, stopping at her butt because she only then realized that Allie had taken off her bottoms. She gripped the firm ass in her hands, pulling her close.

“Don’t paw my ass.” Allie giggled, tucking her face into the crook of Bea’s neck and kissing the skin beneath her lips.

Bea pulled Allie closer by her ass again, but she rolled her own hips as she tugged, giving them each a little friction.

“Oh,” Allie quirked up a knowing eyebrow. “You want it again?” Feeling Bea roll her hips again, she continued. “Do you want it like this or…?”

“Yes, just grind on me.” The redhead breathed out.

“That sounds so hot.” Allie went to lean down to connect their lips, but Bea turned her head. “Be quick.” She said once she saw the questioning look from the blonde. “I don’t want to be in the middle of it when Debbie and Boomer get back.”

“No need to worry about that, babe. I sent them to the chinese take-out place about twenty minutes from here.” Allie clarified. “We’re good for a couple more rounds.” Not wanting a reply, she leaned down again and pressed their lips together in a hungry kiss as she began to undulate her own hips along with Bea’s.

With their mouths still together and their tongues fighting for dominance, the speed of their hips had picked up pace. Allie felt the redhead’s boobs moving against her own chest from how she ferociously rubbed herself against Bea’s pubic bone. The thought of using a strap-on suddenly entered her mind and her arousal reached a new peak. To use that sort of equipment on Bea, or to have Bea use it on her, was the thought of the century. It would be nothing short of amazing, she knew that. But she also knew that Bea wasn’t up for discussing it and she respected that. With Bea’s history of using that particular toy, she understood the redhead’s hesitance. But that still didn’t stop her from imagining how great it would be. Suddenly, their lips broke apart with Bea
letting out a rather loud moan from within. Allie watched her face for a moment before trying to reconnect their lips again, letting out a whimper when Bea had turned her head. It seemed that Bea was too focused on the pleasure to be able to concentrate on kissing, but Allie still wanted their mouths together. After all, she’d be able to control the kiss.

“No, no, no.” Allie said, slipping her arms under Bea’s shoulders to ground herself better. “Kiss me, please. I need to kiss you, to feel your lips. Please.”

Bea parted her lips to allow connection and Allie wasted no time in diving in. Bea scratched her nails down Allie’s back, driving her hips upward to meet the blonde’s. She felt the familiar build as her orgasm got closer, and she tried her best to keep her lips locked with her lover’s, but that was short lived when her orgasm exploded through her body and she released a scream that echoed in their room. Allie took a few more hard thrusts forward and she too tumbled over the edge. She began to moan out, but she silenced herself by biting into Bea’s neck. Allie collapsed on top of Bea, completely spent. Their chests heaved against one another in an attempt to regulate their breathing. Bea’s forehead was slightly sweaty and her eyes were droopy. Allie peppered kisses across Bea’s chest, lifting her head to look at her girlfriend.

“I love you so much. And I’d do anything in this world to make you happy.” Allie confessed.

Bea licked her lips before replying. “You don’t have to do anything to make me happy... you already make me happy. Just you. That’s all I need, you.” Lifting her hand, she lazily pushed blonde hair behind Allie’s ear. “And I love you more.”

Allie smiled as she leaned up to kiss the love of her life, her soulmate, her bestfriend.

Their intimate moment was ruined by the front door being slammed shut and Debbie’s voice sounding out through the house.

“Mum! Mama!” Debbie yelled. “Food’s here!”

Bea stood in the airport by the boarding gate with Debbie by her side. She watched as Allie and Boomer talked briefly with the attendant to ask how long until first class was boarded. Normally, Bea wouldn’t be standing in an airport to send her girlfriend off, they’d be in the plane hangar. But since Bea needed her private plane to travel to Perth in a couple weeks, Allie and Boomer were traveling back to Melbourne on a commercial flight. She didn’t like doing that, but Allie insisted that there was no point in wasting so much money on a simple flight to Melbourne when Bea would be spending even more money to take her plane to Perth. Bea obviously didn’t mind spending the money for better privacy by using her private plane, but Allie insisted that it was no big deal to fly out commercially. The extra attention on them by several bystanders was another reason why Bea didn’t mind spending the money if it meant they would be avoiding all of this public attention. Allie didn’t seem to understand Bea’s point at first, but quickly understood where her girlfriend was coming from when people around them were continuously snapping pictures.

“Sorry,” Allie smiled sheepishly as she returned to Bea. “I really didn’t see the point in using your plane if we didn’t have to, but now I see what you’re always trying to avoid.” She said. “You didn’t have to walk me here though, ya know.”
“Are you kidding? I’m going to spend as much time with you as I can before you leave, never mind the overly annoying people.” Bea replied. “Yes, the photography is what I always try to avoid, but we look fantastic together. So, fuck it.” She laughed, leaning in to kiss her girlfriend. “Besides, a nice picture of us together might come out of this.”

Allie laughed, slipping her arms around Bea’s neck. “You’re a doof, and I’m going to miss you so much.”

“I’m going to miss you too, but time will fly by. Hopefully.” She looked to Boomer. “And you better take care of my girl. Don’t let anything happen to her, or your ass is mine.”

Boomer held her hands up. “My eyes will stay on her at all times. Blondie is in good hands.” She said. “And sorry, but my ass will not be yours. I ain’t no lezzo.”

Bea shook her head. “That’s not what I meant, Boomer.” She said with the roll of her eyes. “I meant that I’ll kick your ass if you let anything happen to her.”

“Oh.” Boomer’s face slackened. “Righto, boss. Nothing will happen to your precious cargo.”

“Good.”

Allie laughed, pulling Bea into a tight hug before releasing her. She then grabbed Debbie and hugged her. “Are you sure you’ll be okay once your mum leaves? You can come to Melbourne if you start to feel alone.”

“I think I’ll be okay.” Debbie replied. “I start University in a couple months and I still have some preparation to go over.”

Allie leaned back, looked at the brunette in her face. “Mhm.” She knew that wasn’t entirely true. The brunette wanted to get to know this Shane kid a little more without having her mum or mama around. Allie leaned closer to Debbie’s ear. “Make sure you use protection.”

“Allie!” Debbie shrieked. Her face heating up in a blush. She was not even thinking about that right now.

Allie laughed. “I’m kidding, Deb.” She kissed the side of her head. “But seriously, just be careful.”

“I will.”

Boarding was called for first class and Allie gave another hug to Debbie before grabbing Bea again. She kissed her girlfriend on the lips and held her tight, telling the redhead that she loved her. She and Boomer grabbed their luggage and began heading to load on the plane.

Bea watched as her girlfriend got her boarding pass checked and as the blonde proceeded to walk down the hallway that led to the plane. She slung an arm over Debbie’s shoulders, pulling her into her side. She suddenly felt the withdrawals from having the loss of her favorite blonde. Releasing a sigh, she looked at Debbie.

“Want to go grab some lunch?” Bea asked her daughter.

Debbie smiled wickedly. “I thought you’d never ask.”

And with that, Bea and Debbie began walking away from the first class lounge to leave the airport. She ignored the people around her as they called her name and took pictures and asked absurd questions. Bea didn’t need any of that right now, her only focus was on her daughter right
now. That, and Allie. But the more she thought of the blonde, the more she would miss her. And Bea didn’t exactly want to spend the afternoon sulking, so she intended to make a day with her daughter. She would make sure to hold the sulking off until later, no matter how much she already missed Allie.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked this chapter. Let me know what you though? And as always, thank you so much for reading and supporting!!

The next few chapters are probably going to be a bit boring, but I will try to make them as enjoyable as possible. Those chapters lead up to the big fight you all have been waiting for, so prepare yourselves for that :) Honestly, I expected to have the fight chapter out waaaaaay sooner, but as I continued to write I realized that I had a lot to go over first. But it’s not much longer now.

Anyways, Wentworth Season 6 is less than 48 hours away!! How exciting is that? I still have no clue how I feel about the new season, but I think it’s going to be good...even without my beloved Bea Smith :( 
Long Distance Sucks

Chapter Notes

This chapter may be a little shorter than usual, but I think it's still a good read. Hopefully. I hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been five weeks since Bea stood in that airport and watched her girlfriend leave, and the last three of those weeks she had been in Perth for her training camp. She had three weeks left on the west coast of Australia and her next destination was Melbourne. That was a fact. She missed her girlfriend, and she was going to see her as soon as she could. The blonde was constantly on her mind, not a minute went by that she didn’t think of her. The things she felt inside was new for her, she’s never felt this way about anyone. Ever. But she wouldn’t want to feel this way about anyone other than the blonde. Allie was her person, the person she would choose a million times to spend this life with. And then Bea finally concluded that missing the person you loved was a horrible feeling.

After spending all day in the gym with her hired jiu-jitsu training coach in Perth, Bea finally walked into the apartment she had as a six week rental. Will walked in behind her, along with Kev and Doreen. Will and Kev would be leaving to their own rental soon, but they all would just sit and wind down together for a bit. And since it was a Friday night and she wouldn’t be back at the gym until Monday, she could call Allie and she could eat whatever she wanted. Bea and Kev had a short debriefing together before the man decided to leave.

“Will,” Bea called out before her bodyguard could also leave. “Can you call Fletch to see how things are? And let me know what he says.” Before Bea left Sydney to go to Perth, she put in an order to Matt for him to watch over Debbie. She did not need Brayden showing up when she wasn’t there, her daughter needed protecting.

“I can assure you that everything is fine. He’s been updating me on the safety of your daughter throughout the day.” He replied, but continued when he was given that stern look from the redhead. “I’ll call him though, make sure everything is in order.”

“Thanks. Just text me what he says, I’m going to my room.” Bea said.

“Your interview isn’t scheduled until six tomorrow evening.” Doreen spoke up. “So, make sure you get plenty of rest.”

“Righto. Good night.” Bea walked into her room and shut the door behind her. She walked into the en suite and peeled her clothes off to take a shower.

Her shower didn’t take long, as she was on a schedule anyway. It was 8pm where she was and it was 10pm in Melbourne where Allie was, and she didn’t want her girlfriend to be up any later. Once she put on her pajamas and got settled into the bed, she grabbed her phone, seeing a text message from Will.
Will: Fletch said Debbie was home most of the day. Except for around 5 when she went to dinner with Shane to some steakhouse. She then returned home a couple hours later. According to Fletch, my nephew made sure to walk your daughter to the front door before he left. There was no mention of lip action.

Bea: I just wanted to know if my daughter was okay. I didn’t want a rundown of her day. Please keep talk of my daughter and your nephew together at bay. I will be sure to talk to her when I return home. Good night, see you tomorrow.

Scrolling through her contacts, she clicked Allie’s name and requested a FaceTime call. She wanted more than hearing her girlfriend’s voice, she needed to see her face as well. Within seconds, Allie’s face appeared on her screen.

“Babe!” Allie exclaimed. “If I had known you wanted to video chat, I would’ve made myself much more presentable.” She grinned.

Bea sucked her teeth before replying. “Please, you look incredible.” She sighed. “It’s so good to see you, even if it’s through a screen. I miss you so much.”

“I miss you too, baby. More than anything. I want nothing more than to be able to hold and kiss you right now.”

The redhead let out a frustrating groan. “I wish you were here, or I was there with you. Or really, I wish we were anywhere as long as we were together.” Running slim fingers through her own hair, she stopped at the nape of her neck. “I’ve never had this before, so I don’t really know how to deal with missing you.”

“I’ve never had this before either, so we’re in this together, babe.” Allie replied. “Just three more weeks and we’ll be together again.”

“These three weeks are going to go by so slow.” Bea complained with a groan. And Allie laughed at how adorable Bea was being. “When I see you, I’m going to ravish you.”

The blonde quirked an eyebrow up in pure interest. “Exactly how will you ravish me?” She asked. “Like with kisses or you know, in bed?”

Bea smirked. “Well, that’s a surprise.”

“Oh, come on. You have to tell me.” Allie said. “A step by step process of this ravishing you’re claiming will be sufficient.”

“Sorry, but you’re getting nothing from me until that day in three weeks comes.” Bea laughed. “Well, you will be too, but no pun intended.”

A whimper escaped her lips as her head fell backwards. “Bea! That’s not fair! Stop subtly talking dirty to me, it’s only making the distance between us even harder.” She cried out. “Can you at least give me a hint?”

“You’ll like it, that’s for sure.”

“That doesn’t exactly help. I like everything you do.” Allie rolled her eyes. "Long distance sucks."

Bea smiled. “I love you.”
“I love you too.” The blonde returned the smile, waiting for her lover to reply with the four words she always came back with.

“I love you more.” The redhead stared at her girlfriend for a few moments before continuing. “Anyway, let’s talk about Debbie. She went out to dinner with Shane to some steakhouse earlier tonight.”

“Oooo.” Allie purred, wiggling her eyebrows. Her face suddenly turned serious. “He better have paid.”

Bea shook her head, amused by her girlfriend’s interest in Debbie’s probable love-life. “How do we feel about her and Shane?”

“*We?*” Allie echoed. “I’m not sure what you mean by *we*, but I think it’s adorable.” She said. “Shane is a nice looking kid and I’m sure he’s great, so I don’t think there’s anything that *we* have to worry about. Look, they’re just getting to know each other right now. It’s the puppy stage, they’re getting a feel for things right now. Let’s just give them some space to figure out their feelings and where they may take things. So, *we* don’t have any opinions about them yet.” She explained. “Besides, she’s your daughter. It doesn’t matter what I think.”

“Of course it matters what you think!” Bea said. “You’re my girlfriend and Debbie has claimed you, so it does matter. Debbie is practically your daughter too. I mean, she calls you mama. That has to mean something. Whether she’s almost eighteen or four, I think it’s safe to say that you’re a parental figure to her.”

“I guess you’re right.” Allie said after she pondered for a moment. “I just...I’m not quite used to it yet.”

“I am right.” Bea assured. “So, let me rephrase what I was previously saying; how do *we* feel about *Shane*?”

Allie laughed. “I think Shane is a pretty damn good catch!”

Bea woke up the next morning with her phone still propped up where she left it. She and Allie talked for quite awhile the previous night when the blonde started to get sleepy. The blonde had the idea of them staying on FaceTime while they slept, so they could wake up together. So to speak. Bea had thought the idea was silly at first, but soon came to the realization that it wasn’t such a bad idea after all. And she was glad they went to sleep while still on FaceTime because when she popped her eyes open to look at her phone screen, she was met with blue eyes already looking at her. That instantly brought a smile to her face. It wasn’t the same as waking up in the same bed, but it was good enough. For now. God, Bea Smith had it bad for this Allie Novak.

“Good morning.” Bea rasped out, letting her body stretch.

“Good morning, beautiful.” Allie happily replied. “Sleep well?”

“I guess so.” Bea said. “How long have you been watching me?”

“Not too long. I’ve only just woke up myself.” Allie said. “I do need to start getting ready though, I’m opening the shop today.”
Bea nodded her head in understanding. “Okay. I’ll talk to you later then?”

“I would hope so.” Allie smiled. “I love you.”

“I love you too. Have a good day.”

“Talk later. Bye.”

Within seconds, Allie’s face was gone from her screen. She dropped her phone down onto the nightstand and flopped onto her back with a groan. Bea needed these next few weeks to be over with already. She missed her girlfriend all too much.

After laying in bed for another twenty minutes, Bea finally got up. She went straight to the bathroom to use the toilet and then she brushed her teeth and managed her hair. She didn’t even bother to change out of her bed clothes right now, she had nowhere to be until later in the evening anyway. As she entered the kitchen to pour herself a cup of coffee that was already made, she saw Doreen sitting at the bar as she spoke on her phone.

“Okay, baby, mommy has to go. Tell daddy that I’ll call back later, okay?” Doreen said when she noticed Bea’s presence. “I love you, Joshy.” Hearing the sweet angelic voice reciprocate his “I love you’s”, Doreen smiled before hanging up. She turned on the barstool and gave a small smile to Bea.

“Mommy?” Bea said. “I didn’t know you had a kid. Joshy? How old is he?”

“He’ll be four in just a few months.” Doreen replied with a smile.

“And you’re okay with leaving your son and husband for long amounts of time like this?” The redhead asked, leaning against the counter. The question wasn’t meant to be offensive in any way. “I don’t mean harm by asking that, I was just curious. ‘Cause if you can’t ever not travel because something came up with your family, I’d understand.”

“I’m not married. My boyfriend and I haven’t talked about marriage. I think we’re fine just the way we are for right now.” Doreen said. “And so far I’m okay with leaving. The travels aren’t often, so it’s all good.”

Bea nodded her head. “Well, when was I going to meet this kid of yours?” She smiled, sipping her coffee. “Haven’t you heard? I love kids. You should bring him by the gym some time, I’m sure he’d love it.”

Doreen laughed. “I haven’t thought of bringing him around, but since you’d be okay with it, then I just might. Just to warn you though, he’s very active and rambunctious.” She said. She thought of her next words very carefully, not wanting to offend the other woman. “Have...have you ever thought of having...a baby?”

“I have a baby.” Bea said. “Debbie.”

“Debbie is no baby.” A playful eye roll was presented by the assistant. “You know what I meant.”

“Debbie is my baby, she always will be.” Bea assured. “To answer your question, no. I haven’t thought about having anymore babies. It’s just not something I desire anymore. When I was young, I dreamt of having five kids though.” She laughed. “Yep, five. I had it all planned out. I was going to have four girls and one boy. The youngest was going to be the boy so his sisters could terrorize him.” She laughed again, thinking of how naive she was. “I didn’t know that you couldn’t pick your kids, you know? And I sure as hell didn’t know my life would end up like this. Not that it’s bad or anything, it’s just that after I met Harry everything went downhill. And then
we had Debbie, which was the best thing that’s ever happened to me; I was so happy. And somehow Harry managed to take that happiness away from me too. So, then my dreams of having four girls and one boy got ruined because of the depression I fell into.” She paused, seeing the look of sympathy she was receiving from Doreen. She briefly closed her eyes, realizing she had shared way too much information with someone she hardly knew on a personal level. “Shit, that was more information than what you asked for. Sorry.”

“Oh, don’t be sorry.” Doreen said. “I asked, and you shared your thoughts. I do like to think that I can be more than just your assistant; your friend.” She smiled. “What about now that you have Allie? Do you see any kids? Does she want kids?”

“We haven’t really talked about that. When my sister was here, Allie really got attached to Kate and she was so good with her. She did ask me one night if I wanted anymore kids and I told her what I told you; that it wasn’t something that I desired. So, I asked if she wanted kids…” Bea laughed a short laugh before continuing. “She said that she was happy being the “cool ass aunt”. Meaning to Mason, Kate, and the new baby coming along from my sister.”

“Oh, yeah! Your sister is pregnant. How far along now?”

Bea released a sigh of relief, happy that the subject changed. She didn’t like talking about her and Allie’s decision to not think about the choice of having kids or not. If the time ever came, she and Allie would privately discuss that manner. “She is almost in her fourth month of pregnancy. She’ll be having an August baby.”

“That’s awesome.”

“I know.” Bea smiled. “Anyway, do we know anything about this interview later?”

“I got an email this morning with the address, so it’s a radio interview. Which I know you are happy about.”

“Yes, so happy.” Bea replied. Radio interviews were simple to her. They were short and she didn’t have to make herself too presentable. “Let’s talk about our do’s and don’ts for this interview.”

Bea was only in her interview for a total of eight minutes, but she was at the station for two hours all together. The eight minutes of being on-air consisted of them talking about her upcoming fight and whether she was nervous about it or not. She wasn’t nervous, that was given. She was asked a couple questions about her training regime and the training camp that she was currently participating in. And, like always, talk of her relationship with Allie surfaced. Except that this time, Bea was actually happy to talk about it. She was comfortable sharing that she absolutely loved the blonde and that she couldn’t wait to see her after being apart for quite a while. She even voluntarily shared that her relationship with Allie was something that she’s never had before, and it was truly a breath of fresh air.

Once the interview was over, Bea and Doreen headed back to the rented apartment. It was going on eight and they decided to go out for a nice dinner, just because. Before she was able to make her way to the bedroom, she noticed red roses sitting on the counter. She went to the vase and examined the dozen roses. Seeing the note card attached, she grabbed it and began to read.

Bea,
I never sent a girl flowers before, so consider yourself lucky. Apparently, a red rose is an unmistakable expression of love. But how can a single flower convey so much love for one person? Exactly. Which is why I sent you a dozen. Ha, kidding. I love you more than a dozen roses can ever indicate. I love you more than all the water in the ocean. I love you more than words can say. I hope you understand that my love for you is immeasurable. I’m pretty sweet when I want to be, right? I miss you so much. Please be safe and get back to me as soon as you can. I love you.

Forever yours, Allie.

Bea read the note card about ten more times. Literally. She couldn’t get over how insanely wonderful her girlfriend was, and how extremely lucky she was. The love she felt was great, from everyone around her. She hasn’t been this happy in so long. Placing the note card back down, she headed towards the room to get ready to go to dinner with Doreen. Hell, she might even invite Will and Kev because she was in that much of a good mood.

Two weeks later...

Allie was woken up by the body weight of someone laying on top of her. She tried to move, but she couldn’t. Opening her eyes, she was met with hair sprawled over her face. Thinking back to the previous night, she was sure as hell that she went to sleep alone. Nothing even exciting went on the previous night, she literally stayed up most of the night with Boomer watching movies. The blonde tried moving again, releasing a groan when she was bound to the one spot. There was still one week left until she was expecting Bea, so she knew that it couldn’t have been the redhead on top of her. Now, she was real annoyed, wanting to know who the fuck was holding their body weight on her.

“What the fuck?!” She exclaimed, an irritated tone.

A giggle was muffled into her shoulder. And then the surprise person lifted their head to reveal themselves.

“Debbie?!” Allie asked, continuously blinking her eyes to remove any sleep. “What are you doing here?”

Debbie sat up, throwing herself to the side to be off the blonde. “Well, I took you up on that offer. I was finally beginning to feel alone. So, I called mum and told her and she bought me a plane ticket to fly here to be with you.”

Allie looked to the clock on her nightstand, seeing that it was a little after six that morning. “Why didn’t you call me?”

“ Surprise!” The curly brunette cheekily smiled. “Oh, and Fletchy is here too. He said that he was given strict orders to go where I go, so he came with me, even when I insisted that he stay in Sydney.” She said. “I think he’s just roaming around outside right now.”
Allie nodded her head. “You were feeling alone?” She asked, then grinned. “Is Shane already boring you?”

Debbie blushed a deep red. “No. He went to spend the weekend with his grandmother.”

“Ah, so I’m the rebound chick. I see how it is.” Allie teased. “You spent the last month and a half getting to know him...how do you feel about him?”

“Do you really want to know?” The young girl asked, continuing when she received an encouraging answer. “He’s great!” She spilled. “He’s the truest gentleman and so good looking. Like, all we ever do is talk and get to know each other. And believe it or not, we have quite a lot in common.”

“That’s all y’all ever do?” Allie asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Oh, stop!” Debbie said, playfully slapping Allie’s arm. “The first time his lips ever touched me was right before he left to go be with his grandmother, and it was on the cheek! It was so sweet, but also frustrating because all I want to do at this point is shove my tongue into his mouth.”

“Okay…” Allie laughed. “I did not need to know that.”

“Well, I had to make it clear that we haven’t done anything because you were insinuating things and I didn’t need mum to catch wind of it.”

“Hey, I was only kidding.”

“I know, I was just saying.” Debbie said. “And I’m not ready for any of that stuff. The kissing is okay, anything further is not in my mind right now.”

“Good girl.” Allie smiled. Then a sudden thought crossed her mind. “Have you ever...I mean have you...just nevermind. It’s not my business.”

Debbie chuckled. “You’re trying to ask if I’ve had sex before, aren’t you?” Seeing the straight face the blonde was giving her, she knew that was what she was trying to ask. “Yes, I have. My first time was about a year ago with Brayden.” She paused. “It was good the first few times, but he got rough and not so romantic after a while. I didn’t like it and I tried talking to him about it, but he didn’t care.”

Allie nodded her head in understanding. It was silent for some time and Allie could tell that Debbie had some thoughts running through her mind. Reaching her hand out, she placed it gently on the girl’s leg. “You can talk to me, ya know. Tell me what’s on your mind.”

Debbie softly sighed, looking up into blue orbs. “It’s just...I’m worried that Shane won’t stay the way he is now forever. Brayden was a real catch at first, but he turned to a different person after a while. And I don’t want to put myself into another bad relationship.” She said. “I know about Shane’s past, he’s talked to me about it some, but I don’t want his past to reappear and hurt the both of us.”

“Look at it this way, Deb, your mum had a terrible relationship with your father and it didn’t work out between them. Many years later, your mum met me and I was a real catch.” She grinned at the last part. “In your situation, Brayden is like your father and Shane **could** be like me.”

“So, you’re saying that Shane could be the one for me?”

“I’m saying that you won’t know unless you try. And it may end in heartbreak or you may find
out about a quirk of his that you don’t like or it just may be the best decision you ever made. But none of that will matter if you don’t give it a shot.” Allie explained. “And everyone has a past, you just have to know how to work with it. Look at my past for example...your mum knows about it and she knows the affect it could have on us, but she doesn’t care about that. She only cares about the present and the relationship we have. Someone from my past could pop up and cause problems, but Bea would be there for me and we’d work through it together. She doesn’t throw anything in my face of who I used to be and she’s constantly checking on me. That’s what matters.”

Debbie nodded her head. “I really do like him.” She stated.

Allie smiled. “Then use your head and trust your gut.”

“I’ll think more about it.” Debbie replied. “Anyway, are you excited to see mum next week?”

“Oh, god, yes!” Allie dropped back down against her pillow. “These two months have been painful, I miss her so much. I don’t think I ever want her out of my sight again.”

“Has moving in together not been a discussion?”

“She wanted us to live together after I got attacked, but I felt it was too soon. And we haven’t talked about it recently.” She said. “Besides, I live here and she lives in Sydney. Where the hell would we live together at?”

“If I’m being completely honest, mum would live just about anywhere as long as you were by her side.”

“You think so?”

“I know so.” Debbie assured, making Allie smile. “What do you think will be the first thing you two do when she gets back?”

Allie raised her eyebrows, a smirk playing on her lips.

Debbie slightly cringed. “Nevermind, I don’t want to know. I don’t even know why I asked that.”

A laugh escaped the blonde’s lips. “Come on,” She said, throwing the blankets off her body. “I don’t have to be to work until a few hours from now, so let’s go get a big breakfast.”

“We could’ve started with that instead of wasting precious time by talking!” Debbie jumped from the bed. “Get ready, woman, I’m starving!”

Chapter End Notes

I had to have them longing for each other for at least one chapter. Next chapter they will reunite, promise :) Thank you for reading and supporting this story, I wouldn't be doing it if it weren't for any of you! The chapter you’ve all been waiting for is getting closer and closer, I hope you’re ready :) Leave kind reviews if you don’t mind, I’d like to know your thoughts x
Chapter Notes

I’m just going to say that this chapter starts off, well, hot. *NSFW!!!* And it ends pretty sad. So be prepared for the emotion switch.

“I don’t understand why Bea even decided on a later flight to get back here.” Allie complained as she and the two others walked into the house. “Seriously, she was all excited to finally be done in Perth and now she’s taking her sweet time leaving. I don’t want to wait until almost midnight to see her.”

Debbie rolled her eyes as she closed the house door behind them. She knew the blonde was really missing the redhead, but if she was to just close her mouth for a few seconds, her surprise would come quicker. “Look, I know you’re missing mum, but I don’t think it’s going to kill you to wait a few more hours.”

Allie groaned. “It is going to kill me.” She stressed. “I miss her so much.”

“She’ll be here soon and you guys can have a cake pounding reunion.” Boomer spoke up, chuckling afterwards. “Get it? ‘Cause you two will be pounding each other’s cakes.” She held her stomach as she was bending over in a cackle. “Whew, I crack myself up.”

Allie narrowed her eyes. She was in no mood for jokes. Her Bea withdrawals were getting the best of her. “It’s not funny.” She stated. “I’m going upstairs to wallow in my feelings until my girlfriend decides to get here.” Just as she turned to head up the stairs, a very familiar voice flowed through her ears.

“Don’t I get a hug first?”

Allie spun around so quick, she was sure she had just given herself whiplash. But all was forgotten when her eyes landed on the beautiful redhead that had just emerged from the hall that led to the living room. Without even a second thought, Allie launched herself into Bea’s body. Her long arms wrapped around her girlfriend’s body and she clung to her, letting herself get lost in the sensations of feeling the woman she loved the most pressed against her body after a very long two months of being separated.

Bea happily reciprocated the gesture, linking her strong arms around the blonde and holding her
tight. She tucked her face into the side of Allie’s head, inhaling deeply to smell her unique scent. Bea had truly missed the woman that was in her arms and she was so happy to finally be in her presence. She tightened her grip, lifting the blonde slightly off the ground before lowering her back down. They had been standing in that exact spot for quite a while now.

“Allie, you can let go now.” Bea said.

“No way.” Allie said, shaking her head. “I’m never letting you go again.”

Bea softly laughed.

“And what happened to you not being here until almost midnight?” The blonde asked, pulling back slightly to look at Bea’s face.

“Surprise.” Bea smiled, leaning in to rub her nose against Allie’s. “You aren’t happy to see me?”

“I’m more than happy to see you.” Allie assured. “I just can’t believe you’re here. It’s been too long.” She clasped her hands on each side of Bea’s face, pulling her in to latch their lips together. It was a chaste kiss to begin with and several pecks afterwards, then Allie slightly opened her mouth to take Bea’s bottom lip between her lips. Her hands made their way into red hair as her tongue darted into warm territory. Finally pulling away, Allie looked deep into her lover’s eyes. “Thank you for not waiting until midnight to come back home.”

“Are you kidding me?” Bea asked, leaning in to whisper in Allie’s ear. “If I had waited until midnight, I don’t think either of us would have been up for the body ravishing that I promised you.”

Allie’s body trembled at the thought and her eyes probably grew a few shades darker. Remembering Debbie and Boomer, she looked to them as her hand found Bea’s. “If you’ll excuse us, we’re going upstairs.”

“Right.” Debbie said. While Allie was at work earlier, she already had her reunion with her mum, so letting the two women have their alone time wasn’t going to bother her. “I guess we’ll just head to Franky’s then.”

“Franky is still in Sydney, Deb.” Bea replied as she was being led up the flight of stairs by a beautiful blonde. “She’s been taking care of some things with Bridget.”
“Well, then I guess me and Boomer will go find something to do.”

“Take Fletch with you!”

“But-” Debbie was cut off by her mum.

“No but’s. Take him with you!” Bea called out, followed by the slamming of their bedroom door.

Just as quick as they entered the room, Bea’s shirt was being tugged off her body by a very eager blonde. She was being held against the back of the door as Allie aggressively kissed and sucked on her neck. Bea grabbed the hem of Allie’s shirt, yanking it up and off her body. Placing her hands on the blonde’s shoulders, she gave her a shove towards the bed. She didn’t stop her gentle shoving until Allie was sprawled over the bed. Letting her eyes linger over her girlfriend’s heaving body for a moment, she unbuckled her pants and kicked them off her legs before crawling onto the bed to join her partner. Bea curled her left leg over both of Allie’s as she laid on her side close to the blonde. She used her left hand to brush up the blonde’s side and up her chest to rest in the space between her jawline and neck. As she gazed at the blonde at her side, she couldn’t help but come to the realization that this was exactly where she wanted to spend the rest of her life. Allie made her unbelievably happy, and it was in her best intentions to make sure the blonde was always happy with every aspect of her life.

“I’ve missed you so much.” Bea declared in a whisper, trailing her index finger down the side of Allie’s face. “And I missed this too.”

“I missed you too, in every way possible.” Allie responded in kind. “An orgasm definitely wasn’t the same without you.”

Scrunching her eyebrows together, Bea slightly tilted her head. “You…?”

“What? Did you think I was going to go two months without some sort of release?” The blonde let out a chuckle. “You’re crazy if that’s what you thought.”

“So, you…”
“Touched myself? Yes. Did you?”

“No.” Bea shook her head along with her answer.

“You must have a lot of pent up sexual frustration then.” Allie smirked, raising an eyebrow. “Let me help you with that.” She had almost successfully made it on top of the redhead when she was suddenly pushed back onto her own back with Bea straddling her hips.

“I’m in charge.” Bea demanded as she leaned down, connecting her lips with Allie’s in a passionate kiss.

Their lips moved in rhythm as Bea’s hand finally made its way down to the buckle of Allie’s pants, her fingers expertly unbuttoning the offending item. She tore her lips unwillingly away from the blonde’s, noticing the blush across her face as she descended to pull the pants from Allie’s body. Once the piece of clothing was thrown somewhere across the room, Bea pushed her hands up each of Allie’s legs. She kissed up her girlfriend’s torso until their lips were reconnected, and Bea used one hand to cup the blonde’s center. As her strong fingers massaged Allie’s center through her underwear, she caught several moans coming from the woman beneath her as they continued to kiss. The wetness that was coating her fingers let her know that Allie was extremely turned on already. Her mind wandered to the new purchase she had laying in her bag. She thought about it a lot recently and no matter how against it she was in the beginning, she couldn’t help but think that it would bring them much closer together. And a new window of trust would open up. She knew that Allie was all up for it before, but didn’t know if she would still be up for it. Pushing those thoughts aside for now, she grabbed Allie’s bra and took it off her body without unhooking it first. Bea laid her face between the two globes before moving to the right one and latching her mouth onto it. She started with gentle kisses, but soon began using her teeth to add little marks. Her lips found the already erect nipple and pulled it into her mouth, tugging on it before sucking. Allie’s moans filled the room and it was music to her ears. She pressed her thigh into the blonde’s core, loving how her moans went deep and loving how completely ready she was. With Allie’s hands in her hair, she pulled from her breast and, with their eyes connected, she began tugging her underwear off. When Allie’s underwear was pushed down to her knees, Bea lowered herself and used her tongue to lick up her slit. The way Allie arched her body up was telling her that she hit all the right spots with her tongue. After she completely removed Allie’s underwear, Bea looked to Allie.

“I’ll be right back.” The redhead stated.

“What?” Allie lifted her head, her mind obviously hazy from her overbearing arousal.

“I’ll be right back.” Bea repeated as she began to get up from the bed. “Stay here.”
Allie watched as Bea disappeared into the bathroom before dropping her head back onto the bed with a frustrated groan. She was completely worked up and now she had to wait even longer.

Just a few minutes later, Bea exited the bathroom completely naked. Her eyes settled on Allie sitting up with her head thrown back and her hand buried between her own legs. She could’ve stayed where she was and just watched her girlfriend get herself off, but she was sure that Allie would enjoy the plans she had much better.

“Stop.” Bea demanded, watching as Allie lifted her head, but not stopping her self pleasure. “I said stop.”

Allie dropped her eyes to the appended package buckled around Bea’s hips. Her eyes slightly widened in want as she visually took in the deep purple dildo that was attached to her lover. “Oh, my god…” She muttered.

“So, I was thinking we could...give it a shot?”

Allie removed her hand from herself and all of her attention was now on Bea. “Are you sure? Because I know that before you-”

“I’m sure.” Bea softly interrupted. “If you’re okay with it, then so am I.”

“Bea, I don’t want you to think that this is something you have to do. I haven’t even mentioned this in so long.” Allie said. “It will be so hot and sexy, but we don’t have to.”

Bea smirked. “Are you scared?”

“No.” Allie scoffed. She reached her hand out. “Come here.” Once Bea was close enough, she pulled her down onto the bed. “That’s better.”

Bea laid Allie down and crawled on top of her. Forgetting about the package between them for now, Bea’s hands massaged Allie’s breasts as their lips danced together. She could tell that the blonde was getting restless, as their prolonged make-out session was doing nothing to take Allie’s mind off the new toy. Allie reached down and grabbed the shaft in her hand, trying to make her intentions known. Bea caught on quick and decided not to make Allie wait any longer, so she moved off the blonde’s body and pushed her legs open. She pressed the tip of the dildo against
Allie’s clit and began to stimulate it as her mouth found a nipple to tease.

“Bea, stop teasing.” Allie moaned, lifting her hips to try to get more friction. “Please.”

Bea moved her mouth to Allie’s ear, licking her lobe. “Remember how you wanted me to fuck you like I used to fuck other women?” She asked, receiving a slight nod. “Well, here’s your chance. Turn over and get on your hands and knees.”

The redhead slightly pulled back as Allie readjusted herself. Allie got on her hands and knees in front of Bea, and looked over her shoulder at her girlfriend. Soon enough, Allie found her head being pressed down into the mattress, making her ass aim higher in the air. Strong fingers slipped through her core and, without warning, two of Bea’s fingers dipped into her opening.

“You are so wet for me.” Bea husked out, using the fingers she used to spread the blonde’s arousal over the purple dildo. “And I hope ready.” As soon as the words left her mouth, she began to slowly edge the dildo into Allie’s opening.

It wasn’t long until Bea’s hips were in contact with Allie’s ass. She stayed still as she allowed Allie to get accustomed to the stretch, the sounds coming from the blonde were all approving though. Bea slid her hands up the blonde’s back and back down to rest on her hips before pulling the toy out and pushing in again. The first few thrusts were slow at first, but she soon began to add more speed. As she continued to pump her hips, she realized that this position isn’t what she wanted. This position is what she used to women that she didn’t care to see. And she wanted nothing more than to see Allie, to be on top of her. So, she abruptly pulled all the way out. Allie was about to protest, but as soon as she opened her mouth she was flipped over.

“I want to see you.” Bea stated, spreading open Allie’s legs and guiding the dildo back towards her opening.

“Oh, fuck, yes.” Allie moaned as she got completely filled. “Oh, Bea. You feel so good.”

Bea kissed Allie’s jaw, leading up to her lips. “I never thought we’d be like this.” She said as she continued her thrusts.

Before she could reply, her chest arched up in pleasure. “Like what?” She breathed out with a moan.
“Literally like this.” Bea replied, looking down between their bodies and watching as the toy kept disappearing into Allie with each drive of her hips. She released a moan that she didn’t even know was there. “I always associated a strap-on with unimportant women, women I didn’t care about. But I realized it could be so much more than that, and it could bring us closer together.”

Allie scratched her nails down Bea’s back, wrapping her legs around her waist. “What changed your mind?”

“I don’t know. It was just on my mind the whole time I was away.”

“You missed me.” She ended her sentence with a change of her voice due to Bea forcefully shoving into her.

“I did.” Bea confirmed. “And using this allows me to feel all of you.”

Allie didn’t have a chance to reply as a moan escaped her lips. She used a few strap-ons in her time, but it was never like this. Bea seriously knew how to move with one and she certainly was hitting all the right spots. With the way Bea was moving, she knew she wouldn’t last much longer. In fact, she could already feel her pleasure building. She turned her head towards Bea, connecting their lips in a heated kiss. The kiss didn’t last long though as Bea tore her lips away. The stimulation on her own center was building her orgasm up and she just couldn’t concentrate on the kissing. So, she buried her face in the crook of Allie’s neck as she moved her hips a little faster.

“Oh, god.” Bea moaned, tangling her fingers into blonde hair.

“Just like that, Bea. Don’t stop.” Encouraged the blonde. “Please, don’t stop.”

“This is so good.”

“I know, just keep going.” Allie said, moving in rhythm with her lover. “Faster, I’m close.” She breathed out, digging her nails into Bea’s shoulder blades.

Bea moved her hips fast and hard, not daring to stop. She knew Allie was close and she was going to make sure that she got the release she deserved. And then it happened; Allie’s mouth dropped open and her chest bowed up, her legs shook in ecstasy. Bea watched the silent moans and screams escape her lover’s mouth and in just a few more thrusts, she also reached her peak as
her orgasm tumbled over the edge. A low guttural moan fell from her lips and she dropped her mouth to Allie’s shoulder, biting into it to keep her sounds at bay.

Once the waves of pleasure subsided, she dropped breathlessly onto the blonde beneath her. Her chest heaved against Allie as she tried to regulate her breathing. Never, ever has she come like that by using a strap-on. But she figured the terminology of it all was true, that it all depended on who you were using it with. After she was slightly composed, she pulled out of Allie and dropped onto her back beside her girlfriend on the bed. She wasn’t lain there for long when Allie suddenly straddled her hips.

“We’re not done yet.” Allie stated, balancing herself as she used one hand to guide the dildo back into her entrance. “This time, I’m on top. So to speak.” She smirked.

Allie slowly began her movements, moving up and down on the purple dildo, her hands placed under Bea’s arms for support. Continuous grunts spilled from her mouth as she kept a steady pace. Bea gripped her hands on Allie’s hips, supporting her movements and working along with her. And there was no way she could lie, this new position was completely hot. Her eyes were drawn to the blonde’s breasts as they bounced on her chest. And just knowing that Allie was basically riding her, was enough to turn her on all over again. She bent her neck upwards, taking a nipple into her mouth. Bea gave it a hard suck before locking it between her teeth and tugging as she let her head fall back against the pillows.

“Oh!” Allie shrieked in surprise, the small amount of pain mixing well with her pleasure. She ground her hips down, taking Bea deep and also sending a wave of bliss through her body. A shudder was clearly evident in her form as her head fell to the side.

Bea pushed her hips upwards, meeting Allie’s downward thrust. “You are so sexy.” She gasped out, reaching her hand up to the blonde’s neck. She guided her down to bring their mouths together in a dirty kiss. Tongues fought and lips danced, neither one wanting to lose control. “This is…” She didn’t finish her sentence as her head tilted back, her unexpected orgasm tearing through her body in a thrash.

Allie latched her lips to her girlfriend’s now exposed neck, grounding her hips harder. Feeling the familiar build, she didn’t let up. And a few more bounces later, Allie’s hips flew forward in an orgasm. Bea’s name falling from her lips in a scream.

“Oh, fuck!” Allie moaned out, riding through her second orgasm that led into a third one, making her body go limp. “Bea…” She fell against the redhead, feeling sated. Her face fell into the crook of Bea’s neck, briefly kissing the skin that came in contact with her lips.

Several minutes later and strap-on tossed to the floor, the two women laid tangled together with the thin bed sheet draped over their bodies. The ceiling fan sent a breeze through the room along
with a slight noise echoing from the spinning object. Bea had one arm wrapped around the
blonde’s body while the other traced up and down her arm lightly. Her eyes were heavy, but there
was no way she was going to fall asleep just yet.

Allie squeezed her arm over Bea’s stomach, her face laid on top of her naked chest. She was
totally stoked that her girlfriend was here, the melancholy she felt over the last two months was
beginning to take a toll on her. But the minute she had laid eyes on the redhead, all sorrow was
forgotten.

“I love you.” Allie rasped out, pressing her lips to Bea’s chest.

“I love you too.” Bea replied. “I’m so happy to be back.”

“Never leave me again?”

“I wish that were possible.”

“Why isn’t it?” Allie asked.

“Because you live here and I live in Sydney.” Bea said. “I would live anywhere as long as you
were with me, but we haven’t discussed permanently living together since you said that it was too
soon in our relationship.” Not getting a reply, she continued. “Is it something you want now? Do
you want us to live together?”

“Do you?”

“Of course. I wanted that months ago.” Bea chuckled. “But you weren’t exactly ready for that
complete move, and I respected that.”

“I want nothing more than to be with you night and day, everyday without one of us having to
leave.” Allie said. “But I want to stay here in Melbourne to be close to Mr. Alicio and the
business. All of your possessions is in Sydney and Debbie kinda lives there too. She starts her
classes for Uni next week. She can’t just uproot here.” She rambled. “A-and I wouldn’t ask her to.
I mean, I’m not even asking you to. I’m just—”

“Hey,” Bea softly interrupted. “As cute as your rambling is, I’m gonna have to ask you to be quiet
for a minute.” She said. “I have a suggestion. Do you want to hear it?” After getting a nod in
response, she continued. “So, we leave to go to the States in a couple weeks, right? We’ll be there for a little bit to get settled before the fight, okay. How about after we come back here, I stay in Melbourne for a few months with you until we can come up with a plan? How about that?”

“What kind of plan?”

“Well, to see how Debbie will be liking it at Uni in Sydney and to see if she’ll finish out the year there and then transfer to a Uni here for her second year.”

“So we’ll be staying here in Melbourne?” Allie asked.

“If that’s what you want, of course. I told you that I didn’t care where we were as long as we were together.” Bea replied. “And besides, I couldn’t take you away from what you love here; Mr. Alicio and the pastry shop. I just couldn’t do that.”

“You’re amazing.”

Bea grinned. “I may have heard that a time or two.” She laughed when an elbow collided into her side. “I’m only kidding. I’d do anything for you.”

Allie smiled, leaning up to peck Bea’s lips with her own. “Are you going to go see Mr. Alicio?”

“I will tomorrow. He’s had a long day with his chemo treatment.” Bea said, maneuvering to slightly lean over Allie. “But right now, I have other plans.” Her hand trailed down Allie’s body, feeling the goose bumps surface on her skin.

The blonde hummed in approval. “Sweet, sweet reunion.” She whispered just before their lips collided.

The next morning, Bea was freshly showered as she exited the bathroom to see Allie still sound asleep. She had her hair tied back to show off her shaved sides and she was wearing her jeans along with her sponsored UFC shirt. After she slipped on some sneakers, she went to Allie’s side
of the bed and sat on the edge. She brushed her fingers through the soft blonde locks and leaned
down to kiss her forehead. This woman completely owned her heart and she briefly wondered
how she even let her full guard down to allow that to happen. But honestly, she wouldn’t have it
any other way. The blonde brought out the best in her, no matter how you looked at it.

“Allie.” Bea said, laying a second kiss to her temple. “Babe, wake up for a second.”

“All right?” Allie’s face scrunches up as she stirred.

“I’m going to the hospital to see Mr. Alicio, okay?”

“All right.” The blonde replied. “I’ll be there in a little while. I just need...more...a few more...sleep.”

Bea chuckled, kissing her favorite blonde again. “I love you, see you in a bit.” She stood from the
bed and began to exit the room. With one last look at Allie, she closed the bedroom door and
made her way towards the stairs.

She ventured her way down the stairs, hearing a voice coming from the kitchen. It was a little after
eight and she didn’t really expect anyone to be awake. As she entered the kitchen, she saw Debbie
talking on the phone. To which she assumed was with Shane. Bea opened the refrigerator and
grabbed a bottle of water before closing it.

“Hey, I’ve got to go. I’ll call you later, okay? Bye.” Debbie clicked her phone off and set it down
on the counter, giving her mum a small smile.

“I’m going to the hospital for a little bit to see Mr. Alicio. Allie is upstairs still sleeping. Think
you’ll be okay here?”

“Yeah, I’ll be alright.” Debbie replied.

Okay.” Bea studied her daughter for a moment, trying to decide if she should bring up the topic
on Shane. Deciding against it, she kissed her daughter’s forehead and began to walk out of the
kitchen. “I’ll be back later. I love you.” She received a reply from the brunette just at she was
walking out of the house.
It wasn’t long later that she pulled up to the hospital and was parking her car. With sunglasses over her eyes, she made her way towards the hospital entrance and to the elevators that would take her to the oncology floor. Once she finally arrived to Mr. Alicio’s room, she knocked once and opened the door. The room was empty, except for the French man who was laying in his bed watching the TV. There were no other visitors and no doctors or nurses in to check on him.

“Beatrice.” The older man weakly smiled.

“Hey, Mr. Alicio.” Bea said, giving a sad smile. The man looked way worse than before. He looked frail and sick. This wasn’t the man she knew. “How are you?”

“I am okay, considering the circumstances.”

Bea dropped her shoulders as she sat next to his bed. “I’m happy that you’re having more chemo and radiation treatments, but it’s really taking on toll on your body. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I have to have more treatments. It was not my choice.” He looked to Bea. “The cancer spread again.”

Bea’s heart dropped. Why was this happening to him? He didn’t deserve any of it. “Where?”

Mr. Alicio let out a laugh. “The doctor said it was rare for a cancer that started in the colon to spread to the pancreas. But I should have known that it would happen with me.”

“It’s in your pancreas now?”

“I am afraid so.”

Bea let out a sad sigh. “Who knows?”

“Only you. I just found out myself.” Mr. Alicio said.

“Mr. Alicio, why won’t you just have some sort of surgery to help you?” Bea asked. “It could
make you feel better. Even just the slightest bit of relief is good. There’s no need to just lay there and let this disease win when you could do something about it. It’s not fair on you, and it’s certainly not fair on your loved ones.” She said. “This shit is just eating you alive, and you’re letting it.”

“Enough.” Mr. Alicio said. “You can not tell me things that I already know.” He eyed the redhead. “I do not just have colon cancer anymore, Beatrice. I have a tumor on my cerebrum and the cancer has been attacking my brain stem. I can no longer eat on my own, I have a feeding tube. And I had a seizure the other day. Now, to make everything worse, the cancer found my pancreas.” He paused. “I have stage IV metastatic cancer, that is the one thing I am sure of anymore, and no amount of surgery can help me now.”

“But, Mr. Alicio, you-”

“No.” He interrupted. “Tell me, Beatrice, can you name the single worst, most malignant symptom of terminal cancer?” When Bea shook her head, he continued. “It is hope. Hope is recurrent. And every time your hope fails, part of you goes with it. Then you only find comfort in one thing; that this thing is going to kill you. So, I choose to not have hope, but instead to look at the logistics of what I am living with.” He explained. “And the surgery they are trying to offer me can only end in two ways; one, I die during operation. Or two, they cannot remove the cancer and it will have been for nothing. I will not put my body through surgery when I already know the possible outcomes. I will continue treatments for as long as can, and the only reason I agreed to more aggressive treatments is because I have things to take care of before my time runs out.”

“I just...I can’t lose you.” Bea said, tears threatening to fall. “You took me in when I needed help the most and you treated me as your own. You’re breaking my heart, you know.”

Mr. Alicio smiled. “I am not leaving you alone, Beatrice. Allie came into your life at just the right time, she will be your crying shoulder. I am sure of it.”

“That’s not the point.” She cried. “The point is, you're like a father to me.”

“Ne pleure pas.” Mr. Alicio said, holding his arm out. “Come here.” As Bea fell into his arms, he held her tight. “I am here now and for the next several months. I am here.”

Bea shifted back to her chair, wiping her eyes to dry her tears. It wasn’t often that she cried, unless something really bothered her. And let’s face it, knowing Mr. Alicio’s time was closing, that was really tugging at her heart and opening her flood gates.
“Now, enough about my disease.” Mr. Alicio continued. “Let us talk about something else. Anything. Tell me what has been going on in your life.” He smiled.

It didn’t take Bea long to think about exactly what she wanted to tell Mr. Alicio. She knew he was the first person that she wanted to tell anyway, so now was a good time as any.

“There is something I’ve been meaning to tell you.” Bea started. “A couple months ago I met up with a contractor here in Melbourne and spoke to him and his design team about building a home on a piece of land that I purchased. I was nervous to do this at first because it was meant to be a home for me and Allie to live in together and she didn’t want us to live together a while ago because she felt it was too soon for us. But last night she said that she was ready for that step and it really lifted a huge weight off my shoulders.” She smiled. “The plans got finalized and the construction began about a month ago now, so everything should be completely done in three months, hopefully. And I’m just so excited. She doesn’t know about it, it’s going to be a surprise.”

Mr. Alicio was beaming. “It is about time you two move in together. It should have happened months ago.”

“We’ve only been together for about eight months now and I was waiting on her. And besides, she wanted to stay here in Melbourne and I was just waiting for the right moment to put my plans in motion.”

The older man nodded his head. “Tell me about this home.”

“Well, it’s only going to be a one-story home because she absolutely hates stairs.” Bea laughed. “The ceilings will be high to make it look big. There will be four rooms, including the master bedroom. There will be a red front door because Allie said she’s always wanted a home that had a red front door.” She smiled at that. “And once the initial construction is finished, I’m going to let Allie in to talk with the interior designer to add her own pop to the place.”

“You are a good woman.” Mr. Alicio stated.

“I haven’t always been. I mean, in the public’s eye, sure. But never to other people, not like how I’ve been with Allie.” Bea said. “She’s changed me, made me a better person.”

“It looks good on you.”
“What does?”

“Love.”

Bea didn’t respond, she just smiled. She had to agree, love looked good on her. There’d be no other reason on why she was getting a home built. She wouldn’t be doing it without Allie. They sat in a comfortable silence for a bit, the sound of the TV in the background. A knock at the door brought both of them to their senses, and then in walked Allie with flowers and a balloon. Bea smiled, her girlfriend was fucking perfect. She didn’t care what anyone said.

“These are for you.” Allie said to Mr. Alicio, setting the flowers on the bedside table and tying the balloon around the bed railing. She leaned over the man, giving him a kiss to the forehead before walking to Bea and giving her a kiss. “How is everything?”

Bea looked to Mr. Alicio, wondering if he was going to say anything about the newfound cancer on his pancreas.

“Allie. Everything is good.” Mr. Alicio responded. “The nausea is slowly going away, but things are good.”

Bea scolded the old man with her eyes. There was no way she’d be able to keep the news from the blonde, she just didn’t know how she would tell her either. Especially since Mr. Alicio didn’t.

“Great.” Allie smiled. “So, you mind if I steal my girlfriend for a little while? I could really use some breakfast.”

“Oh, do not mind me. Go ahead. Do some catching up.”

“Thank you. We’ll be back soon.” Allie said, giving Mr. Alicio another kiss to the forehead before grabbing Bea’s hand.

The two women walked out of the room, hand in hand, neither one realizing that it would be one of the last times they’d get to see the French man with life still in him.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you all for reading and supporting! It truly means a lot to me :) x

As for Wentworth, how do we all feel about the first two episodes? (Spoiler) How do we feel about Bridget's fate in episode 3? And mostly, how do we feel about Ruby and Allie? I mean, come on!!!

Quote credit: "Can you name the single worst, most malignant symptom of terminal cancer? It's hope. It's recurrent. And every time your hope fails, a chunk of you goes with it.... Then you only find comfort in one thing; that this thing is gonna kill you." - Nicole Herman from Grey's Anatomy. Season 11, episode 9. The quote isn't word for word, but I still used some of it and wanted to give credit to my 2nd favorite tv show :)
The last two weeks were really busy for everyone as they had last minute things to do. They had all flew back to Sydney a week ago because Debbie’s Uni classes was about to begin and she had last minute things she needed to take care of. The brunette would be flying to the States at a later time to watch her mum’s fight and it saddened her that she couldn’t take the flight with everyone else, but she did have Boomer to fly with her. Debbie was adamant about not needing Boomer to stay with her, but her mother was insistent. Allie had probably gone crazy while she was trying to get everything ready at La Petite Patisserie for when she was going to be absent. She hated that she was going to be gone from the shop for a bit of time, but she was told by Mr. Alicio and Alexandre that everything was taken care of. She also hated leaving the French Man, but he seemed to be in better spirits than the last few weeks. Bea, on the other hand, had a really hard time trying to get everything settled with Maxine when they had returned to Sydney. Bea had already made plans to rent a larger private plan that would seat everyone, months ago. But there was problems with the paperwork regarding the passengers so all of that had to get fixed immediately. Another mix up was with the destination, so it also had to be fixed. And since everyone who was flying to the States with them was in Sydney, it was already decided that their flight was leaving from Sydney instead of having everyone travel to Melbourne to leave from there. Another thing that needed going over was where everyone would be staying in Las Vegas. Bea had rented a villa suite for a two and a half week stay that had five bedrooms and four baths. Bea and Allie would be in one room, while Bridget and Franky housed another room, Boomer and Debbie in one as well, and the last two rooms were for Maxine and Doreen. The rest of her crew and team was going to be fending for themselves. And once all the final planning was done, the packing began. So, between last minute planning and her small workouts, Bea had no relaxation time.

It was five o’clock in the morning. The morning that the flight to the United States will begin. It was definitely going to be a long travel, and Bea couldn’t wait until it was already over. The rented larger private plane was docked on the tarmac as everyone was getting themselves and their luggage checked over by the airport officials. Everyone meaning Bea, Allie, Maxine, Doreen, Franky, Bridget, Will, Matt, Kev, Fred, Nate, Wes, and Jason. It was the largest crew Bea had ever traveled with to go to one of her events, but she knew it would be fun. She just wished that Debbie and Boomer were traveling with them. The private plane was large enough to seat twelve to nineteen passengers, so it was efficient enough for Bea’s crew of thirteen. It was called a Dassault Falcon 900LX and it was nice looking on the inside. The chairs recline to a lying position so people could sleep and there was a couple sofas behind the wide cabin. There was one bathroom for everyone to use and one bedroom that housed a queen sized bed, that was obviously going to be occupied by Bea and Allie.

Bea was not a religious person, but when the captain introduced himself and suggested that they gathered around to pray together for a safe flight, she couldn’t help but join. After all, she did wish for safe travels. Especially with it being a long flight with a lot of people boarded.

Once everything and everyone was cleared, they had all began loading onto the private plane to take their seats and get buckled in for take-off. It was about twenty minutes after they were settled that the plane began to make its’ way to the runway. Allie grabbed Bea’s hand, holding it tight.
She’s never flown internationally before, but she knew that this flight was going to be really long. Just from Sydney to Los Angeles was about thirteen hours, and she had no idea what she could entertain herself with for nearly that amount of time. Then there would be a layover in Los Angeles for a few hours before they flew to Las Vegas, which was only going to be a little over an hour of a flight. With Allie’s mind overthinking about all the flight times and layovers, she hadn’t realized that the plane was already up in the air. The two flight attendants and Bea trying to stand up is what brought her to the present.

“No, no. Wh-where are you going?” Allie asked Bea, keeping the death grip on her hand so she wouldn’t leave.

“Hey, relax.” Bea soothed. “I’m just going to go talk to Franky and Bridget for a minute. Okay?”

“I can’t relax. I’m nervous.” The blonde admitted. “I’ve never been on a flight longer than five hours. I’m going to be freaking out the whole time.”

Bea ran her fingers through blonde locks. “Everything will be okay. I made sure the pilot’s credentials were checked over and I made sure that this private plane was thoroughly processed through its’ safety checks.” She assured. “I made sure everything was safe. The only scary thing will be the turbulence. And I will be by your side, I promise.”

“I’m just being silly.”

“You’re not being silly. It’s normal to be nervous.” Bea said. “I remember my first time flying to the States, they had to drop my oxygen mask because I was having a severe panic attack.” She laughed. “It’s funny now, but not then. Nothing was even happening, I was just really nervous. But just try to stay calm, okay? And if you can’t take your mind off your nerves, then I may have something that could.”

“What do you have?” Allie asked, suddenly curious.

“We’ll talk about it if the time comes.” She winked. “Now, I’ll be right back. I’m just going to talk to Franky and Bridget. Okay?”

Once Allie nodded her head in response, Bea stood up and made her way to where Franky and Bridget was sitting. They were sitting side by side on one of the sofas talking to Maxine and Will. Bea politely asked Maxine if she could go keep an eye on Allie and then asked Will if she could talk to Franky and Bridget alone.
“What’s wrong with Blondie?” Franky asked as Bea sat down across from them.

“She’s just a bit nervous.” Bea replied. “I’m sure she’ll be fine in a little while.”

“I hope she’ll be okay.” Bridget said, concern etched on her face.

“Yeah, she’s just never been on such a big flight.”

Franky grinned. “Did you tell her about your first flight to the States?”

“I did.” Bea said with a laugh.

“Oh! That was gold!” Franky threw her head back in laughter.

“What did you want to talk to us about?” Bridget asked.

“Oh, yeah.” Bea started. “I was just wondering how everything was going with the situation about Pink? It’s been almost three months since Christmas, and I haven’t heard anything. So…”

“Oh, right. Well, everything seems to be okay.” Franky said. “I had to take leave from work because social services wants to see us living together. So, that’s why I’ve still been in Sydney. We’ve had several meetings with lawyers and the board of social services, and things seems to be looking okay.” She took a pause. “Our lawyer suggested getting Gidge’s place - our place - child friendly and to set up the extra room into a child’s room to show that we’re serious. We had quite a few visitation rights with Pink and she remembers us and she still seems stoked about us. So, it’s all falling into place. Slowly, but surely.”

“The only thing that’s really taking the longest, is trying to get her out of the system.” Bridget spoke up. “Since she was dropped off at that place with no type of identity, it can be hard to take her out without identity. It doesn’t really make sense when I say it, but when social services explained it, I knew what they were talking about.” She said. “And after we return from the States, we have the privilege of getting an overnight visitation with Pink, so I’m really excited about that.”
Bea smiled. “That’s great. So, is social services positive that this will end in your favor?”

“Absolutely.” Bridget said. “They said that the only way we wouldn’t be able to get Pink is if drugs were in our lives and if we were unstable.”

“You both will be terrific mothers to that little girl.” Bea said, reaching a hand out to place on Franky’s knee. “Will Pink be bound to Sydney though? Will she be able to leave?”

“Once everything is finalized, we’ll be able to take her wherever we want.” Bridget smiled.

“Which would be?” Bea pushed, wanting to know her friends’ plans.

“We’ve talked, and I think we decided to live in Melbourne once everything is settled.” Franky said. “That’s where my job is and it’ll be harder for me to relocate than it would be for Gidge to change jobs.”

Bea smiled. “That’s great. I hope it all works out, really.” She said. “And if you need any statements or referrals from a friend, then just let me know. I’d be more than happy to do it.”

“Thanks, Red.”

“No worries.” Bea said before standing to go check on Allie.

As she approached the blonde, she noticed that she still had her seatbelt on and that she was looking on edge still. Sitting beside her girlfriend, she grabbed her hand and pulled it into her lap. She knew that technically Allie wasn’t nervous about flying, she was more afraid of crashing. Which was completely understandable, but she wished that Allie would understand that she wouldn’t put her in harms way and that their flight was going to be a safe one. Bea looked over to Allie and saw her trying to calm herself. She reached for the seatbelt that the blonde still had on and unbuckled it.

“Why did you do that?” Allie asked.

“Come on.” Bea said, proceeding to stand.
“Where are we going?”

“To the room in the back.” Bea replied. “I’m going to take your mind off your nerves.”

“How?”

“Just come on. Stop asking questions.” She said, pulling Allie from her seated position.

Bea guided Allie towards the back of the plane, bypassing everyone else. She told them that if they needed her for anything, that she would be in the single room with Allie. As they entered the room, Allie sat on the edge of the bed while Bea pulled the door closed. She joined the blonde on the bed and rested her hand on her girlfriend’s thigh.

“How do you think you’ll be able to distract me?” Allie asked after a moment.

“Well, I was thinking...maybe we could talk about joining a social club.” Bea started. “I’ve always wanted to join some sort of club.”

Allie scrunched her eyebrows together in confusion. “You think talk on social clubs is going to take my mind off the fact that we’ll be in this plane for thirteen hours?”

“No.” Bea shook her head. “I think talk on joining the **mile high club** will take your mind off a lot of things.”

“The mile high…” Allie trailed off, turning her head to look at the older woman. “You want to have sex on this plane with all your friends just out there?”

“Oh, come on. I’ve never had sex on a plane before.” Bea said. “This will be a first for me...with you.”

“Well, when you put it like that it’s pretty tempting.” Allie laughed. “Was this your plan all along? Even if I wasn’t nervous?”
“Yeah, I thought you’d be all for it.”

“I’m not saying no…”

“Oh, so you want to?” Bea asked, looking down towards Allie’s plump lips.

“It’s all I’m going to be able to think about since you mentioned it.” Allie replied, also looking to Bea’s lips. “And now I want nothing more than to-”

Bea interrupted the blonde by crashing their lips together. She guided her to lay on her back and maneuvered her to the center of the bed. As their lips moved in sync, Bea adjusted herself so that she was hovering over Allie. She slowly swiped her hand up the blonde’s side, pressing her thigh firmly into her center.

“I am going to take care of you.” Bea said, pressing her lips to the corner of Allie’s mouth. “All of you.” Her lips caressed milky skin as she continued to talk. “So, you just lay here and let me worship you.”

Allie awoke from her sleep slowly as she exhaled deeply. She stretched her arms up above her head as she opened her eyes, then rapidly blinked the sleep away. The room was dark, except for the light glowing in from around the edges of the door. She slipped her arms back underneath the blanket, turning her head into the pillow. That’s when she noticed her nakedness. Oh, yeah. She let out a low laugh into the room. The slow, passionate sex that her amazing girlfriend had given her instantly flowed into her mind. It was so full of love that even thinking about it makes her feel all those feelings again. Bea definitely had the perfect distraction, and it worked. But the sound of the jet streams invaded her ears, reminding her of where she was. She looked around the small room, her eyes landing on the window. It was dark outside, and that only meant one thing. Allie had been asleep for quite a while. Which was a good thing considering she hardly got any sleep during the night before this flight. Her nerves were everywhere and she only slept for maybe a few hours, if that. So, however long she was just sleeping for, was really refreshing.

Pushing the blankets off her body, she clambered out of the bed and searched for her strewn about clothes. After successfully finding all of her clothes and she put them on, she exited the room and went to the adjacent bathroom to freshen up a bit. Once she finished up in the bathroom, she began to walk down the middle aisle of the plane. Seeing that everyone was asleep, she was about to head back to the room to stay out of the way, but she stopped herself when she heard her favorite woman’s voice. Smiling to herself, she quietly continued in the direction she was originally going. Entering a smaller cabin that had an adjustable table, she saw that Bea was in a what looked to be serious, conversation with Maxine. But her presence had obviously gained the attention of both women, and now both sets of eyes were on her.
“Hey.” Bea beamed, a smile on her face. “Did you sleep well?” She asked, scooting over to allow some space for the blonde on the lengthy chair.

“The sleep definitely helped with my nerves, so yes, I slept well.” Allie replied, taking a seat next to her girlfriend. She grazed her lips over the redhead’s ear. “Your well thought out distraction was pretty great too.” A grin was on her face as she pulled back to look at Bea. “Anyway, how long was I asleep for?”

Bea lifted her arm, looking at the time displayed on her watch. “Uh, about nine hours.” She replied. “So, you slept most of the flight and we land in LA in three hours.”

“Oh, wow.” Allie said, clearly surprised. She didn’t realize she even slept that long. She would have guessed three to four hours, not nine. Not thinking too much on it, she slipped an arm around Bea’s and intertwined their fingers together. “I feel like I was interrupting an important conversation between you two. Should I leave?”

“No, not at all.” Bea squeezed Allie’s hand in a reassuring way. “We were just talking about Shane.”


“The way he handled Brayden a few months ago showed me that he knows how to handle himself. And he had good skills.” Bea began. “He’s only nineteen, but I think that if I work with him and train him and get him into a few fighting tournaments. He’ll work hard and gain the attention of several sponsors and after he turns twenty-one, he’ll have the option to join one of several MMA organizations, if he’s good enough. And if he gets even better than good enough, the UFC will give him an offer.”

Allie lifted her eyebrows in astonishment. “You really think he could make it?”

“It’ll take a few years and some hard work, but yeah. If he puts his mind to it, I think he can.” Bea said. “I know he comes from a rough background with streetfighting to defend himself, but he will have to understand that MMA is so much more than that. He has to find a specialized technique in a fighting style.”

“Have you talked to him about this?”
“No, but I will. I just want to make sure Maxine can take him under her management if he agrees.” Bea said. “I want everything to be in place when I talk to him about it and I want him in the same gym as me so I can work with him.”

Allie grinned. “Hm, mold him into your image, huh?”

“That’s right.” Bea laughed with a nod of her head. “He’s gonna be great.”

“But what about you? Won’t you be too busy with your own schedule?”

“That’s the thing…” Bea paused, looking Allie in the eyes. “I’ve been doing this for five years and it’s been a great career for me. If Shane does or does not accept the offer, I will be retiring.” She said. “This fighting thing is something I turned to as an escape and it gave me success, but I’m good now. I see myself having one or two more fights after this one, and then I think I’m done.”

“Bea…”

“It’s just talk right now, Allie. Don’t worry about it.” She brought the blonde’s hand to her lips, giving it a soft kiss. “Time will tell.”

“Your career could explode after this fight, Bea. This fight is your ticket to better opportunities.” Allie said. “You can’t give up on your dreams just because your life seems stable right now.”

Bea smiled. “You wouldn’t be saying any of that if you saw what I saw.”

“Paint me a picture then. Help me understand why you’re even considering retirement.”

Maxine stood up. “I’m going to head on back there to catch some sleep before we land.” She briefly placed her hand on Bea’s shoulder. “I’ll keep my mind open to whatever you decide with Shane. Just make sure I’m there when you have this meeting with him.”

Bea nodded her head in understanding. After Maxine left, Allie looked to Bea for an answer to
her question.

The redhead sighed. “I would be scheduling so many UFC events that you would hardly ever see me if I ever decided to give up on my dreams. But I won’t be doing that because, Allie, you are my dreams. I want every waking moment and every bedtime routine, and everything in between, with you.” She explained. “If I retire and take on the responsibility of working with Shane, then I’d still be incorporated with the UFC in that degree and I’d have far more free time with you.” She paused. “I love you and I want an incredible life with you.”

Allie doesn’t think anyone has ever said something so perfect to her before. The fact that Bea was willing to retire from her career for her made her feel so elated, but also heartbroken at the same time. If a fighting career is what made Bea happy, then she didn’t want the redhead to give that up.

“You make me happier than anything in this world.” Bea said, as if she could read Allie’s mind.

“If you’re wanting to retire from your fighting career, fine. But don’t do it because of me.” Allie finally spoke. “I don’t want to be the girl that took that away from you.”

“You have never taken anything away from me, ever. You’ve only given me things; things I could not have had if it weren’t for you.” Bea brought her hand up, caressing the blonde’s cheek. “Stop thinking so much about it, and just understand that I’d be doing it for you. Not because of you.”

Not letting Allie reply, she pulled the blonde closer and kissed her on the lips. Their lips remained pressed together. Not deepening, not frantically moving...just feeling. As the pulled apart, they rested their foreheads together.

“I love you.” Bea said.

“I love you too.”

Bea rubbed her nose into Allie’s, making her release a small giggle. “I love you more.”

Three hours later, the private plane safely landed on American grounds at the Los Angeles airport
at two in the morning. The plane rolled down the tarmac until it was safe enough to exit the runway. The crew of thirteen exited the plane with their luggage and passports in their hands when they were told it was okay to. As a few of the airport officials gathered all their attention to take them to the private terminal to relax during the layover, Bea had noticed the line of paparazzi at one of the terminals not too far from them, capturing her picture. She successfully paid them no attention, instead concentrating on the task at hand.

Once they all got to the private terminal, customs agents were waiting for them. And one by one, their passports were checked along with their luggage and they walked through metal detectors before finally entering their own terminal lounge. An option was given to the group that allowed them to leave the airport and check out the area, but they wanted to relax in the air conditioned building for the few hours they had to wait to continue their travels to Las Vegas, Nevada.

Allie was curled on a sofa with Bea, playing with her girlfriend’s fingers as they listened to Franky babble on. It was three o’clock in the morning, LA time, and they were all pretty exhausted from the long flight. But it was decided that they were going to try to hold out from sleep for as long as possible so that they could get adjusted to the different time zone quickly. Since it was 3am in Los Angeles, it meant that it was 8pm in Sydney right now. So, Bea whipped out her phone and scrolled through her contacts list. Once she found Debbie’s name, she clicked the facetime option and waited.

“Mum!” Debbie exclaimed as her face appeared on the screen. “How was the flight?”

“Hey, Debs.” Bea smiled. “It was so long.”

“Oh, don’t ask Blondie!” Franky piped up. “She got laid and then slept almost the entire flight!”

“Franky!” Bridget hissed, playfully elbowing the woman in the ribs.

“Okay…” Debbie trailed off with a laugh. “So, you’re in Los Angeles?”

After Bea finished with her deathly glare towards Franky, she gave her attention back to Debbie. “Yes, it’s 3am here and we’re in the terminal waiting out our layover before we fly to Las Vegas.”

“I can’t wait to fly there. I wish I could’ve gone with you guys.” The young girl pouted. “I miss you and Mama already.”

Not letting Bea reply, Allie snatched the phone. “I miss you too, Peanut!” The blonde gushed, making Debbie roll her eyes at the silly nickname she received a few days ago. “Anyway, first day of classes. Tell me all about it.”
As Debbie gave a rundown of her first day of University classes, Bea laid back and listened to Allie’s “ooo’s” and “ahhh’s”. Her heart was completely owned by both of those women and she doesn’t know what she would ever do without either of them. Although her relationship with Debbie didn’t evolve completely in the girl’s young life, she was here now and that’s all that mattered. Her eyes found Franky’s, taking in the silent happiness the raven haired woman was giving her. She then glanced to Allie, who was still all smiles as she talked to Debbie, before looking to where her team was sitting. Except not all of them were sitting; Nate and Wes was wrestling on the floor. And that made Bea roll her eyes. Couldn’t they be professional adults for one minute? Kev was talking on the phone, probably talking to his wife. Fred looked lost in space and Jason was completely entertained by the two hood rats wrestling around. Will and Matt were both talking to Maxine and Doreen, probably about schedules and who needs to be where at all times and doing what. This was her life; the fighting events and crazy schedules. But none of it would be the same if she didn’t have the crazy bunch of people that was surrounding her at this moment. She loved each and every single one of them in a different way. And yeah, talk on retirement was in the air, but it wasn’t a terrible thing. She’s been in the game for five years and has been undefeated, her career was great. Everyone had to stop at some point. And with new faces entering the sport, all the hype will be on those new people. Bea was not a spotlight hog. To her, everyone deserves a chance to be the new face of the sport. By potentially retiring, Bea wasn’t losing anything at all. If anything, she was gaining a whole lot.

The crew of thirteen exited the private plane that just made touchdown in Las Vegas, Nevada. An airport official was there to collect them and check over their boarding passes. Once given the all clear, the group made their way to the two Ford Transit vans that were waiting on them. While Kev, Fred, Nate, Wes, Jason, Will, and Matt got into one transit van, Bea, Allie, Franky, Bridget, Maxine, and Doreen got into the other. With one van in front of the other, they drove away from the airport apron and through the gates to head towards the place they would be staying for their duration in Vegas. They drove through the streets of Las Vegas for about thirty minutes before the transit van that carried the women pulled up to The Sky Villa at the Palms. The men were staying at a different hotel so as they left, Maxine got out of the van to go inside to the front desk to check in. After a key was given to them, the group of six headed to the very top floor to enter their villa for a two and a half week stay. The Sky Villa is a two story suite with five bedrooms and four bathrooms. The suite offers its’ own private glass enclosed pool that extends off the balcony so that they could see the Vegas strip below them. Both floors of the villa open into a main room that has floor-to-ceiling windows for a view of the city. Looking around the villa that they would be occupying for a little over two weeks, had all six women in complete awe.

“This has got to be the nicest place I have ever stayed in.” Bea stated, walking onto the balcony that overlooked the Vegas strip.

“And that must mean something coming from you.” Franky chimed in, earning one of those looks from the redhead. “I didn’t mean anything by it, calm ya tits. I just meant that you’ve stayed in a lot of luxurious places.”
Reaching her arm out, she circled it around Allie’s waist and pulled her close. “You haven’t said anything since we walked in.” Bea said. “What do you think?”

Blue eyes looked into brown ones. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Well, is it nice? Do you like it?”

“Oh course it’s nice. You don’t do anything but nice. Debbie is going to love this place.” Allie chuckled. “It’s really...expensive. How much did this cost?”

Bea let out a low laugh, holding Allie close. “Don’t worry about it.” She said, looking over the balcony edge. The only ones who knew exactly how much was spent on this penthouse suite was Bea and Maxine. And it was intended to stay like that. To her, it was really no big deal. But she knew that the others would make a fuss over it and insist that they stay somewhere way less expensive. This was the start of a vacation though, and she wanted it to be nice. She pressed her lips to the blonde’s temple. “What do you like the most about The Sky Villa so far?”

“That I’m here with you.” Allie replied, not missing a beat. She turned her head, capturing Bea’s lips with her own. “Seriously, though? I really like our bedroom. I’ve never slept in a circular bed before, so that is definitely gonna be different. Like, was the blankets circular too? And our bathroom is amazing.”

Bea laughed. “I’ve never slept in a circular bed before either. It’s gonna be pretty interesting to see how that works out.”

“Hey, what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. Right?”

Chapter End Notes

I was a couple days late with this chapter, and I do apologize! I’ve been fairly occupied this last week with being in a new relationship and finding the ropes. But I'm getting there!
Anyway, thank you for reading! I really hope you liked this chapter :) let me know what you thought! We're getting closer and closer to the whole reason I started this story!!
They had been in Vegas for three days now, and just the previous day Bea’s schedule started. From her waking point to bedtime, her days were now completely full. With meetings, interviews, easy workouts, preparation, and more promotion work, she had no time to enjoy her time in Vegas with her favorite people. And what made everything worse for her, was that Allie had fallen sick after the first day being in the States, by running a fever and throwing up. She wanted to be the one to take care of the blonde, but she couldn’t. Strict orders was given to Doreen to make sure the blonde was taken care of. Allie had gone to see a doctor and come to find out she caught a stomach virus that would pass in a few days. With medicine, lots of rest, and plenty of water, she would be as good as new. Although none of that news calmed Bea down, she still wanted to be the one to make sure her girlfriend was okay.

There was one interview Bea had that absolutely made her angry and she almost left, but knew that wouldn’t look good on her part. She was being interviewed by a group of reporters that was well affiliated with the UFC, and it was completely obvious that they were Rousey fans and supporters. The interview didn’t start off bad, but it didn’t stay that way for long. They had began to doubt her fighting abilities by implying that her fighting history was weak. She knew that Ronda was in favor of winning the fight, but Bea was ready to show everyone who she was and prove them wrong. She had high confidence in herself, and she wasn’t going to let those reporters get inside her head with silly statistics.

It had been one week since they came to Vegas, and this particular day was going to be a long one. Allie was much better and back to her usual self, and she was on airport duty with Doreen to pick up Debbie and Boomer when they would be arriving. But sadly, Bea’s day was going to be full of work. Hopefully she’d have a break around lunchtime and she’d be able to grab some food with her family. The big press gathering wasn’t going to be getting started until around three that afternoon, but Bea still had to get up to go to the gym for a light workout.

After she got out of bed and got ready, she pressed a kiss to Allie’s lips before walking out of the room. She hated not being able to spend time with the blonde while they were here, but she knew they would get their moment. If not while in Vegas, then for sure during the surprise vacation she had planned. She shook her head with a smile on her face as she descended the stairs. Surprise vacation. She was not this woman a year ago. But she loved who she was now, she was happy.

Allie stood at the arrival gates with Doreen as they waited for Debbie and Boomer to show up. Their plane had landed twenty minutes ago, so they should walking up any minute now. Just a few minutes later, Allie spotted Boomer. She waved her hand in the air, trying to gain her attention. Then she saw not only Debbie, but Shane too. She kept the smile on her face, but was
already worried about what Bea would possibly say about him showing up too. She hoped her girlfriend would be okay with it and wouldn’t say anything.

“Oh, I’m so tired.” Boomer spoke. “Please tell me we’re going somewhere I can sleep at.”

Allie laughed, pulling Debbie into a hug. “Sorry, Booms. We’re going to meet up with Bea to get some food before she gets busy again.”

Boomer groaned. She was absolutely tired.

“You think mum will be okay that I brought Shane?” Debbie asked in a whisper to Allie’s ear.

“I sure hope so.” Allie replied, pulling away after kissing the young girl’s temple. “So, how was the flight?”

“Uh, long. I didn’t sleep at all.”

Allie grabbed Debbie’s bag for her as they started walking. “I slept most of the flight here, so I was well rested by the time we landed.” She said. “Just try to hold out on sleep for as long as you can. You’ll get adjusted to the time zone quickly.”

Doreen, Allie, Debbie, Boomer, and Shane walked into the restaurant they were meeting Bea, Franky, Bridget, and Maxine at. They were escorted to a private room where the four other women were already waiting on them. Bea and Debbie were instantly in an embrace while Boomer jumped Franky. Allie just stood to the side waiting for Bea to notice Shane. It wasn’t Shane being there that would be the problem, it was her not knowing anything about it that was going to be the problem.

Bea kissed her daughter’s cheek and proceeded to ask how her flight was, but Shane caught her attention. She looked at the boy, seeing that he was slightly uncomfortable. It was a surprise that he was here and it sort of bothered her that she wasn’t informed, but she decided to not mention anything about it. Instead she held her hand out for the young man to shake, being impressed by his strong grip.

“Hey, Shane.” Bea said. “How was the flight?”

“It wasn’t too bad.” He replied. “I had great company.” His eyes zoning in on a laughing Debbie,
which Bea noticed.

After they all sat down at the large table, Franky spoke up. “So, who’s this guy? Debbie’s boyfriend?”

“He’s not my boyfriend.” Debbie answered with an eyeroll.

“He’s not?” Boomer asked. “So, you two been sucking faces just for kicks and giggles then?”

Bea groaned, placing her hands over her face. Knowing her daughter has been active with her lips is not something she had any interest in speaking about. Allie placed her hand on the redhead’s back, soothingly rubbing it.

“Seriously, Boomer?” Debbie’s face had turned beet red in embarrassment. “Zip it, would ya?”

Shane let out a small laugh. He slipped an arm over the back of Debbie’s chair, leaning close to her. “It wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world, ya know.” He stated. “I mean, I would really like to-”

“Oi!” Franky interrupted. “No, no, no, no. No.” She wagged her forefinger in the air. “That is my bestfriend’s daughter. If you want to date her, be her boyfriend, or whatever...then you will properly ask her out. There will be none of that bullshit. If you like her, ask her to be your girlfriend. Don’t tell her that you would be okay if you two were dating, fucking ask her out. Be a man.” Finally noticing Shane’s wide eyes due to her small rant, she relaxed back in her chair. She grabbed the menu in her hands, trying her best to ignore the looks she was receiving from everyone else. “So, this chicken piccata looks really good.”

Allie couldn’t hold it back anymore, a laugh spilled from her lips. She covered her mouth with her hand once she saw the look Bea was giving her. “Sorry.” She mumbled. “His face was just priceless.”

Bea shook her head, pressing a soft kiss to the skin just below the blonde’s ear. She then looked to Franky, giving her a small smirk.

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Lunch between the eight women and Shane came to an end once everyone finished eating. Bea had a schedule to be on, and she knew she couldn’t be late arriving to the UFC Headquarters, so she gave a tender kiss to her blonde girlfriend before standing up.

“I really enjoyed this lunch with you all, but I have to get going. I don’t think Mr. White will appreciate my being late for a drug test, so-”

“A drug test?” Allie asked, interrupting the redhead.

Bea have a curt nod of her head. “Yeah, it’s protocol.” She said. “The rules with drug use is very strict. I’ll have to take another one the night before the fight too, just to make sure no performance enhancing drugs or other serious drugs are in my system.” She briefly explained. “Anyway, I’ll see you all later. Deb, sorry I can’t stay longer.”

“It’s fine, mum. You have things to do.” Debbie said. “I totally get it.”

“Okay.” Glancing towards the front windows of the restaurant from where she was standing, she looked back to the group in front of her. “There are pesky photographers out there - most of them will probably follow me, but I know some will stay back to catch you guys. Pay them no attention and stick together.” She said. “Paparazzi here is way worse than back home, so please be careful, all of you.”

“Hey, no worries, Bea. I’m here. Nothin’ will happen.” Boomer said, fluttering her eyelids as she had a hard time keeping them open.

“Oh, fuck off, ya big doof.” Franky spoke up. “You can barely keep ya eyes open.”

Bea shook her head, letting out a small laugh. “Just be careful.” She looked to Shane, silently telling him to keep an eye on her girls. Receiving the silent reply she was looking for, she leant back down to give Allie another kiss. “Love you.”

“Love you too.” Allie replied, lifting her hand to rub her finger over the redhead’s jawline. “If it’s gonna be so crazy out there, where’s your protection?”

“Will and Fletch is out there now. And don’t worry about me, it’s my job to worry.”
Allie rolled her eyes. “I’m allowed to worry too.” She stated. “Now, go. Before you have this Mr. White waiting on you.”

“Right. See you guys later.” And with that, Bea and Maxine walked out of the privacy of the room and towards the front entrance where Will and Fletch were waiting for them.

After her involuntary drug test and a brief meeting with Dana White himself, she was headed to the arena where the big promotion event was taking place. It was going to be a lot of press and photographers, and a whole lot more of fans. Not just her fans, but Ronda’s as well. She was already so tired, and she still had the whole day to go. There was still the next few hours to go that required check ins, sign a shit load of posters, talk with as many reporters as she could, meet fans that were kept back by a rope, and then she would do a twenty minute open workout with her coach, Kev. The point of the open workouts was to put on a show for the fans and media to get them hyped up and to see a small portion of the workout regime. But in all honesty, the open workout is nothing compared to how Bea would really train. It’s just a series of small hits and with way less intensity to break down their techniques. It’s just really for the fans. And after the open workouts, there would be a short intermission before a press conference takes place. There would be a weigh in and a stare down between Bea and Ronda before the press conference that would be held between the two women. And that’s where most of the trash talk happens from either party, but Bea didn’t plan on trash talk. Her focus would be on the questions, or statements, and pay no attention to whatever sly comments that would be coming from her opponent to try to get a rise out of her.

A couple hours later, after she checked in, signed posters, met some fans and took pictures, and talked to reporters single handedly, she was changing into sweat pants and her UFC promoting t-shirt as she got ready for the open workouts. Her writing hand was cramped from all the signing she did on the posters, so she was constantly flexing her hand to relieve the crampedness. It was soon time to walk out to the make shift stage with Kev, and Will and Matt by her side. As they walked to the stage to do a small version of her workout, she bounced and danced to the blaring music and interacted with the fans she walked past.

As she was on one of the stages, lightly boxing the punching mitts Kev was wearing and occasionally kicking at his body shield. Her eyes would so often linger to the other stage where Ronda was doing her own open workout. And suddenly, nerves invaded her stomach. This was technically her biggest fight and she was hoping it would turn out in her favor. Ronda Rousey was a good fighter, there was no lying about that, and she gathered most of the crowd for this fight. But Bea was adamant on not letting her silly nerves get the best of her. So, she threw her arms out to shake them and she bounced on her toes as she cleared her head.

“Recovery time is key. Focus on your mind.” Bea heard Kev say into her ear over the loud music. She opened her eyes and gave him a small smile.
Bea decided she had enough of the open workouts, so she began to engage with the fans who were standing near the edge of the stage. She talked to a few of them and surprisingly held a nice conversation. Then a young girl with blonde hair and bright blue eyes was lifted up by her dad and was asking for Bea’s autograph. Bea smiled and gladly accepted the sharpie that was offered to her, because who could say no to that face? After she hugged the little girl, she stood up and looked around the crowd. Smiling when her eyes finally landed on Allie, Debbie, and Shane. She blew a kiss that was intended for Allie and Debbie, so when Shane blew her a kiss back she laughed and gave him the middle finger. She wondered where Boomer was, but figured she stayed back to get some sleep. Franky and Bridget were probably out strolling the streets of Vegas somewhere.

Soon later, Bea was changed into regular clothing and she was now riding with her team to where the pre-fight press conference was taking place at. She did a clothed weigh in once they reached the conference post and after Ronda did her weigh in, both women walked to the center of the stage to do their intimidating stare down. It was the first time they were in each other’s presence and a whole lotta nerves were there. As they stared down at each other with their fists raised up, Bea brought her fist to be on the inner part close to Ronda’s face. She knew that her opponent liked to have her fist inwards, so it was no surprise when Ronda quickly moved her fist to be on the innerpart. But the motion she used was quick and the blonde fighter ended up jarring Bea in her jaw. And that didn’t settle too easily with her, so Bea shoved Ronda backwards in a hasty manner. Dana White, the UFC President, quickly intervened and he held the two women apart. Bea was letting words spew out of her mouth without even thinking about it. Because, quite frankly, she did not like being jarred in the face. Intentional or not. The redhead ended up having to get dragged to her side of the stage and placed in a chair behind the table by Kev.

Sitting along side her at her table was Kev and Maxine. Fred, Wes, Nate, and Jason was all sat in chairs behind them. At the center of the stage was now a podium where Dana White stood, and on the other side of him was Ronda and her team. Out in front of the stage area was rows of reporters and video cameras. Behind the press and media, was a stadium full of fans and supporters. Bea had no clue where her group of family was sitting, but she hoped they at least had a good view from wherever they were.

Questions started, but they were first towards Dana. He answered questions about the fight and what brought him to the idea to head this match-up on between Ronda and Bea. A few more questions were thrown in Dana’s way, before they ended up at the two fighters.

“Obviously this fight is gaining popularity and both of you are great fighters, but when you see this fight play out, do you think you will have some trouble?” One reporter asked.

“No, not at all.” Ronda quickly answered. “If she was half the fighter I am, then I believe this fight would have happened a long time ago. Dana is just setting her up for failure.”

Bea shook her head, already feeling her blood boil. “Do I think I will have some trouble?” She repeated the question after she picked up the microphone from her table. “There is going to be a moment where I will be getting a feel for the fight itself, but I don’t think I’ll have any trouble. That’s what we’re here to find out anyway, right?”
“Do you have a comment on what Ronda just subtly said on your fighting abilities?” The same reporter asked Bea.

“No comment at all.” Bea replied, shaking away her anger.

“I’m going to ask you, Bea. You’ve had fights before in the UFC, ten to be exact, and you won every single one of those fights. You’re undefeated.” Another reporter began. “Will your status change in the upcoming week? Are you confident you will defeat Ronda in your first huge fight?”

Bringing the microphone to her lips, she answered. “I am very confident in my fighting abilities. One of two things will happen next week; either I will come out on top or I won’t. There’s no in between. Will I defeat Ronda? I’m going to say yes because I’m very cocky in prediction, but I will be humble in win or loss.”

Lots of questions continued, with most of time both fighters answering. And other times questions were directed to one of the fighters. Ronda Rousey every so often threw in some trash talk, but Bea didn’t get caught up in it. She didn’t have time for that. But that would soon change after one reporter asked a silly question.

“Ronda, how would you say your life is different from Bea’s?” A reporter asked.

Ronda let out a chuckle. “Professionally or personally?”

“Either or.”

And Ronda couldn’t help herself, she really couldn’t. “Well, for starters, I don’t pick up whores from the streets and bring them into my home.”

That instantly grabbed Bea’s attention, and she grabbed the mic. “What the fuck did you just say?!”

Ronda laughed. “To put it in better words; I don’t play house with street whores.”
“You better shut the fuck up!” Bea shouted as she stood up from her chair, throwing the microphone down. “You don’t know who you’re talking to!”

“Oh, wait, let me see.” Ronda started again, looking through the crowd. “Where is the pretty blonde whore anyway? Did she come to keep you company?”

“I swear to god I will fuck you up!” Bea growled, her face red in anger. “Come on, let’s fight now. Why wait until a week from now when I can beat your ass now and save you the humiliation, you bitch!”

Ronda laughed again. She just didn’t know she was pushing her luck. “Hey!” She said through the mic as if she was talking to the crowd of fans. “If you’re a blonde and a street whore, I’m sure Bea would love to take you home and give you a round of fucks! But only after her whore of a girlfriend approves.”

Bea went to charge at Ronda, but was grabbed by Kev. “You bitch!” She screamed. “You don’t talk about her like that!” Kev was trying to place her back in the chair, but Bea was having none of that. She was angry now, there was no stopping that. Bea reached over, grabbing a half empty water bottle and she launched it across the stage towards Ronda. It wasn’t intended to hit her opponent, only to intimidate her. “Fuck you!”

Bea was dragged off the stage by Kev and Nate. She shoved both of them off of her and stormed away from the stage, making her way out of the arena. She was all sorts of angry right now, and she didn’t know what to do to blow some steam out of her system.

“If Bea cools off, she is more than welcome to come back to finish the press conference.” Dana White said. “But until then, let’s continue.”

But little did any of them know, Bea was not returning to the conference to finish. Fuck them all. It was now in her best interest to seriously fuck Ronda over during their fight. Trash talking was okay, but what was said was not trash talk. That was crossing the line. And the line was seriously crossed.

Bea could’ve stopped her angry strut when she reached her assigned room, but she kept going after she grabbed her duffle bag. In fact, she didn’t stop until she was sat in the backseat of the SUV she has been riding in these past few days. After Maxine and Kev jumped in with her, the driver began to drive. Bea was so angry. And if she didn’t give a shit about her life, she would’ve gladly jumped the other fighter. She couldn’t imagine how Allie felt right now, the things Ronda said must have surely upset her. Running her slim fingers through her red locks, she let out a frustrated groan.
“I understand the reason behind your anger.” Maxine began. “But you should not have thrown that water bottle. She was-”

“Are you kidding me?” Bea snapped. “Throwing that bottle was the least I wanted to do to her. If I had gotten my hands on her…” She trailed off, releasing a growl. “Fuck!”

“Bea, calm down. She was trying to rile you up, which clearly worked.” Maxine said. “It was all a PR stunt. In order to make you look like the one who can’t handle their cool, she pulled the necessary strings in order to do so.” She placed her hand on the redhead’s leg. “And it was wrong on her part. Maybe she didn’t know how sensitive you are about Allie, but that still doesn’t matter. Just calm down. Okay?”

Bea nodded her head. But she wasn’t calm at all. She wiped the stray tear from her eye that had fallen. The thing is, she was sensitive about Allie. And she just couldn’t help it. All she ever wanted to do was to protect the blonde in every way possible. Sadly, that was proving to be impossible though. There would always be someone out there that would target Allie, and that scared the living shit out of Bea.

Bea had been sitting in the living area of the penthouse suite for nearly twenty minutes with her head in her hands when the room door popped open and her gang walked in. They all hung back except Allie. The blonde made her way to Bea and kneeled in front of her.

“Bea.” Allie said, using her right hand to slide behind the redhead’s neck. “Baby, look at me. Please.” When Bea lifted her head, Allie instantly saw her red rimmed eyes. “Oh, babe, don’t cry.” She pulled her girlfriend into her arms and held her tight. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not okay.” Bea finally said. “She had no right saying those things about you. You’re not what she said.”

“No, I’m not.” Allie replied, pulling back slightly and taking Bea’s face into her hands. “But I used to be.” Her thumbs wiped at tearful eyes. “Ah, no, no, no, no.” She said when her lover started to protest. “That part of me will always be there and that’s the part that everyone will attack. I can’t do anything about it, and neither can you. But we have to live with it and tackle it head on. We’re in this together, remember?”

“But, Allie-”

“No buts.” She softly said. “You can’t explode like that everytime someone says something incredibly rude about me. Because no matter how hot I think it may look,” She paused, sending the redhead a grin. “The rest of the world only sees an angry woman who can’t control herself.”
She hated seeing Bea so upset about this. Allie knew the consequences of being with Bea, and it was having her past being used against her. But it was something that Allie could live with, and something that Bea was going to have to learn to live with.

The situation was funny really, at the beginning of their relationship Bea was the one telling Allie that people would say mean things but to not pay them any attention. But here Allie was, being the one to comfort Bea because some shitty person said some shitty things.

“So, promise me this.” Allie continued once Bea hadn’t said anything. “Promise me that you won’t get upset like that again when someone says something about my past.”

“Allie,” Bea sighed. “That is a very hard promise to make.”

“No, it’s not.” Allie let out a small laugh. “Not too long ago you were telling me to not let what people say affect me, but here you are…”

“Shut up.” The redhead said with the roll of her eyes.

Allie laughed. “Just promise me that you will at least try to be calm then.”

“I promise.”

Allie smiled, leaning in to give Bea a kiss. “Thank you.” Another kiss, but more soft. “I’m going to make you some tea, okay? I’ll be right back.”

Once Allie disappeared into the kitchen, the rest of the group got comfortable on the large sofa.

“Are you okay, mum?” Debbie asked.

“I’m good, Deb.”

“I don’t care what Blondie says, that was fuckin’ badass.” Franky spoke. “Now I’m even more excited for next Saturday!”
Bea chuckled, shaking her head.

“Oh, yeah, Bea. I was waitin’ for ya to punch her tits in.” Boomer said, mocking a fighting tactic by punching the air.

“They wouldn’t have let me anywhere near her. So there would’ve been no punching any tits in.” Bea replied.

“It was really shitty what she said, so I understand why you were angry.” Bridget voiced. “She was just trying to get a rise out of ya.”

“I know, and it worked.” Bea stood up from the sofa. “Tell Allie I’m turning in for the night, that she can just bring the tea upstairs. Good night.” She said to the four women sitting around her. She gave Debbie a kiss on her head as she walked by.

All Bea knew was that come Saturday night, she was going to give it her all in that fight. And she was going to come out on top, without a doubt.

Six days later…

It was the night before the big fight and Bea stood under the scorching hot stream of water. She was trying to relax her muscles and ease the tension from her body. Just two hours ago, she had her final weigh in and stare down with Ronda. And of course her opponent tried to get another rise out of her, but Bea ignored her completely and kept her mind on the business of things. She was not going to let trash talk get the better of her, again. The next day was a big day for her and her team, and everyone around her; family and fans. She had to be completely in the game for everything to turn out the way she wanted it to.

She talked to her mum on the phone at the early hours of the day, and Elise gave her words of encouragement. Her mum had told her that no matter the outcome, she would still love her the same. Which Bea thought was kind of funny for her mother to say. It was just a fight, not a life or death situation. But nevertheless, her mum was being comical. She also talked with her five month pregnant sister, who gave her good luck wishes and all that jazz. Bea was thankful for her supportive family.

As she held her head back, letting the hot water stream down her neck and body, she heard the glass shower door pop open, and she knew it was Allie. Part of her wished that the blonde wasn’t
stepping into the shower right now, and she felt bad for even wishing that. But her mind just wasn’t on sex right now, it hasn’t been for the last week, and she hated denying her girlfriend of such gesture of love. But she just couldn’t let her body relax enough to even feel her sexual desire.

When she felt those slender arms of the blonde wrap around her body and very firm boobs press into her back, she closed her eyes to try to allow herself to feel some sort of sexual desire. She wanted to give Allie something because she knows she has been patiently waiting, but she just couldn’t. Not when she felt the way she felt at the moment. Bea turned around in the blonde’s arms, now facing Allie.

“Allie, I-” Bea stopped herself, softly shaking her head.

“I didn’t come in here for sex.” Allie said. “I came in here to be a supportive girlfriend. I know your mind has been elsewhere this past week, I understand.”

Bea let out a slightly heavy sigh.

“Oh, geez, don’t sound so relieved that I don’t want sex.” Allie feigned shock. “Am I that bad?”

“No, Allie, I didn’t mean it like that. It’s just…” She trailed off.

“I know.” Allie softly said. “I was only teasing.” She lifted her hands, placing them on Bea’s shoulders. “Want a massage?”

“Please?”

“Of course.” Allie smiled, beginning a massage on her girlfriend’s shoulders. The same shoulders that hold the weight of the world, that same shoulders that carry a lot of stress, the same shoulders that would always be there if Allie needed something to lean on. “Big day tomorrow. Are you ready?”

“I hope so.”

“You will be.” Allie paused her massage for a minute just to give her partner a tender kiss, then she resumed. “You’re gonna be great, babe.”
So, I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it. Let me know your final thoughts before the big chapter? I know Ronda Rousey isn't exactly that rude in real life, but it was a nice addition. Aaaaaand next chapter is the one we've all been waiting for, I'm not sure when that will be posted as I haven't started it yet, but I have a pretty good idea on how I want it to go. Stick around for that! Thank you so much for reading and supporting my story!! xxx

Also, let's talk about episode 4 of Wentworth. I know some of you probably have stopped watching it due to Franky and Bridget rumored to be finished with the series, but it was quite enjoyable. The new character, Marie Winter, is a good fit so far. And I'm excited for the storyline she will be bringing up with Kaz and Allie. I think she will become one of my favorites because so far I'm interested in her. I obviously won't like her the way I did Bea, but she's a good addition. In my opinion.
FIGHT NIGHT

Chapter Notes

I hope you get the visual you all deserve with the way I wrote this chapter. If not, then I tried! I hope you enjoy this chapter :)  

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Allie was being led down long hallways that housed several locker rooms in the backstage of the arena. She had been at the UFC event for almost two hours, which was when the main card had started. Bea’s fight was starting in thirty minutes, and Allie had really wanted to see her. Especially since she hadn’t seen her girlfriend since that morning. The fight that was going on now was almost over, so she had Will escort her to where Bea’s locker room was to avoid anyone else. And since Bea’s fight against Ronda was the main event of the night, it was also the last fight.

Allie picked up her speed to catch up with Will as she walked under a flickering light. It honestly creeped her out; this walking along cemented walls felt like she was in a horror film. She internally laughed at herself for even thinking that. She was just going to see her girlfriend, and she was damn happy about that. As Will stopped outside of a door labeled “Bea Smith”, Allie gave him a small smile.

“I’ll only be a few minutes.” Allie spoke. “Thank you, Will.”

She knocked on the door and it was pulled open in no time by Nate, who stepped aside and let her in. Bea was sitting in a chair with her eyes on the screen that showed the ending of the current fight as her right hand was being wrapped by Kev with war wrap tape. The redhead was wearing sweatpants and a hoodie, practically ready for her walk-out. Then Allie noticed Bea’s freshly dyed hair and shaved sides, the sight truly ruined her underwear.

“So this is what you’ve been up to all day?” Allie teased. “Getting pampered and all that.”

Bea turned her head to where the voice came from. She honestly didn’t notice that Allie walked in, her mind was preoccupied. She smiled. “Hey, you.” She said. “Yes, I’ve been getting pampered all day.”

“Mhm.” Allie grinned, walking towards her lover. She gave Bea a kiss on the lips and then sat next to her. “Your hair is...really red.”
“Yeah, well, that is my nickname.”

“What made you choose Red anyway?”

“Franky had always called me Red, even before the UFC deal. So when I had to pick a fight name, Red was the first thing that came to my mind.” Bea answered.

“Your hair was always dyed red?”

Bea shook her head, signaling that it wasn’t. “I never dyed my hair until...Harry left. I wanted something different, a new beginning. You know?”

Allie nodded her head in understanding.

“So, what does it look like out there?” Bea asked, nodding her head in the direction of the arena.

“It’s a full house.” Allie answered, giving a small smile. Seeing the nerves evident on Bea’s face, she reached out and wiped the crinkles away. “You are going to be great. You are going to kick ass. You are going to come out on top.” She assured, standing up. “Besides, even if you don’t win out there, you will definitely be winning tonight.” She winked, hoping her unsaid words were heard. And she knew they were when Bea had playfully rolled her eyes. “And all of us are sitting right out there to support you. Boomer is super excited, and so is Franky. Bridget is steady on food and drink duty. And I think me and Debbie are mostly nervous. Which I think is because this is our first time to one of these events to support you. But Shane is there to give her comfort. I won’t be able to have the sort of comfort Deb will have because my girlfriend is the one who will be in the ring. So, I’ll just have to hope for the best.”

Bea let out a small laugh, gripping her free hand into Allie’s. “It won’t be too bad, I promise. I won’t let Ronda mess up my face too much.”

“Good, because I love that face.”

Bea smiled. “Here, wrap my other hand.”

“I don’t know how.”
“Guess what? I do. I’ll talk you through it.” Bea said. She then told Kev to get up to let Allie try once her right hand got finished being wrapped. Allie sat down in front of her and Bea held her left hand out so it could get wrapped.

Bea talked Allie through on how to wrap her hand and it was surprisingly done rather well. The blonde got through halfway wrapping it when she had to leave to give her enough time to get back to her seat. She gave the redhead a kiss before exiting the room to have Will walk her back to where she was sitting.

After Allie left, Kev finished wrapping her left hand. And Bea’s mind went back to the nerves. It seemed that having the blonde there really eased her mind. Once Bea’s hand was completely wrapped, Kev slid the blue band UFC gloves on her hand and tightened them up. At this exact moment, Ronda Rousey was doing her walkout and was about to enter the octagon. The sight on the TV screen in her locker room only brought on more nerves. She closed her eyes for a moment, trying to calm herself.

Five minutes later, Bea was walking with her team down the same hallways Allie previously walked through. Except she made one different turn where a door was to the walkway that led to the octagon. She stood in the middle of her team waiting for her cue to begin walking again. And soon, the chosen walkout music began and on instinct she started walking. There was some cheering, some booing (obviously from Ronda fans), and lots of flash photography. And before she knew it, she was standing before a fighting official. She then removed her hoodie, shirt, and sweatpants when directed to do so, leaving her in her tight fighting shorts and a sports bra with the UFC emblem on it. She hugged each of her team members before the fighting official rubbed vaseline over her face, mainly over her eyebrows and nose and cheeks. And immediately after getting vaseline applied to her face, a pat down commenced. She was checked behind her ears, neck, shoulders, sides, lower back, thighs, and legs. Her gloves were checked for any illegal items and her nails were checked to make sure they were short to not cause any accidental injuries. Then her mouth was checked last to make sure she had her mouthpiece in place. And after all that, she walked up the few steps of stairs to enter into the octagon to begin the event.

Her eyes were connected with Ronda’s as each woman bounced on their feet to pump themselves up. The commentator began the introductions; naming the judges, naming the referee, and briefly going over the rules. She shifted her head to the side, instantly finding her blonde sitting in the front row of the audience. Her eyes stayed locked with Allie’s as the commentator went through Ronda Rousey’s introductions. Then her eyes snapped back to her opponent when her own introductions began.

“Fighting out of the blue corner;” Bruce Buffer, the commentator, began. “A jiu-jitsu fighter, a record of ten wins, zero losses. She stands five feet six inches tall, weighing 135 pounds. Fighting out of Sydney, Australia...Bea “RED” Smith!”

The crowd cheered and as soon as her introductions were over, both women were called to the center of the octagon. Short rules were spoken that lasted about fifteen seconds before the referee said they could touch gloves if they wanted to. Bea raised her gloves up to do a touch, but instead of Ronda reciprocating the gesture, she began walking backwards to her own corner instead. Bea
shook her head to the lack of sportsmanlike conduct on her opponent’s side as she also made her way back to her corner. As soon as both women stood in their corners, the fight was commenced.

Bea’s fists were lifted comfortably in the air, watching every move her opponent made as they made their way towards each other. Her eyes fell to Ronda’s feet, seeing her do that double step she does before making a punch. So, she looked back up in time to dodge the first swing. Her heart thumped in her chest. This was really happening. A few more swings was made from Ronda’s side, each punch failing to connect, when Bea finally took her first swing. The redhead saw an opening and used her right hand to swing forwards. It wasn’t the best punch ever, but it connected; sliding across Ronda’s cheek. As Ronda stepped twice towards her, she moved backwards. The fight was only now in a little over a minute and Bea was still trying to get a feel. Suddenly Ronda’s hand fetched forward and Bea dodged it again, but she didn’t expect for a second hand to come forward and she was striked in the jaw. Damn, that was hard, she said to herself. But Bea retaliated with a punch right in the middle of the other woman’s face. And then Bea was grabbed, being pushed towards the nearest caged wall. She stumbled over her own feet just as they reached the caged wall and she felt herself falling, so she reached her hand out and her fingers gripped the cage. Which was against the rules in UFC. The referee called out to the judges to deduct a point from Bea for the grasping on the cage and Bea silently scolded herself. So, not only did she lose a point, but now she found herself under Ronda Rousey; who was a rather good ground fighter.

Ronda and Bea wrestled on the ground for quite a while before Ronda pinned Bea’s legs down with her own. Bea continuously elbowed Ronda in her ribcage to try to weaken her posture, but it wasn’t working. And before Bea knew it, Ronda was sitting on her waist trying to get control over her arms. Bea tried her best to not allow Ronda to gain control of her arms because she knew what would come next. And what do you know? Ronda took a different approach and fell to the side as she maneuvered her body to throw her legs over the upper part of Bea’s body. She gripped her hand on Bea’s arm and began to pull to get her into an armbar. And Bea held on as tight as she could because she was not going out like this. There was no way in hell that she was. But then it happened; her own grip slipped and her arm was now being held in an armbar. She heard her team shouting at her on what to do, but she couldn’t pay attention. She knew what to do, she trained for this. She studied this move and how to get out of it. As the pressure built on her elbow, she closed her eyes to block out the noise around her and to concentrate.

Bea flipped over to lay on her stomach and she reached over with her free hand to grab Ronda’s wrist, and she put pressure on the pressure point of her wrist. Then she pushed up onto her knees and lifted her body upwards. She kept pushing up until she was on her feet, and with all her strength, she lifted Ronda up off the mat as her arm was still in her opponents grasp. She was stood for a few seconds before she dropped back down, basically slamming Ronda down onto the mat. And in the same moment that Ronda’s back collided with the mat, was the same moment Bea’s arm had gotten free. Bea scrambled back up to stand on her feet and she backwards stepped a couple times. When she realized that Ronda was now starting to get up, she prepared herself. And once Ronda was just starting to get on her feet, Bea jumped forward throwing punch after punch. She probably threw about six punches altogether, but had only landed three. Which was better than nothing. But the punches that did land had Ronda continue to fall back and soon enough she had fallen onto her butt, with the caged wall keeping her from falling completely onto her back.

As Bea went to continue her punches, Ronda kicked her leg out and it landed on Bea’s shin. Which had hurt tremendously with the force of the kick, but Bea pushed through it. And Bea also threw her foot outwards, letting it connect with the outer part of Ronda’s thigh. But seeing that they weren’t going to get anywhere with the position they were currently in, Bea took some steps
back and dropped her hands down, letting her opponent stand. Once Ronda was back up, the fight continued. Just as Bea swung her left hand around, Ronda had also went for a punch. So, they simultaneously punched each other in the face. And then the other fighter used her opposite hand to swing upwards, practically striking Bea in her mouth. Ronda went to get another punch in, but Bea had rushed and took the other woman into a clinch. Just as her arms tightened over Ronda’s, the round bell dinged, signaling that the first round was over. So Bea released her and made her way to her fighting corner.

She was sat on the small chair as her team cleaned her face up. Bea took her mouthpiece out and rinsed her mouth out before taking a sip of water. Her team was telling her things about what she did right and what she did wrong and about what she needed to improve on, but she was hardly listening. Her eyes and mind was focused on the woman sitting across the octagon from her. The first round of the fight went significantly alright and she felt as though she did good, nevermind the amount of punches Ronda landed on her. The next bell dinged, signaling that the next round was about to start and Bea jumped up and placed her mouthpiece back in.

Once the referee resumed the fight, both woman brought their hands up and made their way to the center of the ring. Each woman threw punches at one another; Bea landed some, Ronda landed some. Bea’s side was hurting from when Ronda had kicked her just moments ago. Ronda had also tried to do a spinning back fist, but it was a failed attempt that had her receive a couple punches to the face and a kick to the leg. It was the middle of the second round and Bea was already tired and wanted nothing more than the fight to be over with. She couldn’t lie, Ronda was a relentless woman and wouldn’t give up. And if she was honest, this was the most tiring fight she was ever apart of. She had to defend herself so many times and give retaliation.

Bea was being held against the cage of the octagon ring by Ronda, using her knees to give some shots at her opponents body. Using her right hand, she wormed it between herself and Rousey, and was able to shove the woman away with extra force. She then swung her left hand in a fast uppercut motion, her fist colliding into Ronda’s nose, and she felt it break against her padded knuckles. But she mostly heard the crack. She wasn’t letting up though, so she swung her right hand around, connecting it to Ronda’s temple. And Bea watched as the blonde fighter was falling to the mat, her body stiff as she hit the mat in an utter knockout. She went to rush to her to continue raining punches, just to make sure, but the ref stopped her and waved his hands in the air, signaling the fight was over.

The shock hit her body in waves; first she couldn’t believe it, then she cupped her hand over her mouth as she choked out a forced laugh. She did it, she beat the formidable Ronda Rousey. And she beat her fair and square, there was not a chance that people would make excuses for her win. Bea then fell against the caged wall in exhaustion when her team came rushing into the ring, finally letting her body feel the pain throbbing in her body. But she toughened herself up just so she could celebrate with her teammates. All five of her guys brought her into a hug and they were cheering at her. All smiles was on Bea’s face.

Several minutes go by and after Bea got cleaned up from the blood on her face and put her shirt back on, she was standing in the middle of the octagon with a sports official and Ronda Rousey while the commentator spoke through the microphone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the referee stopped the fight after four minutes into the second round. Declaring the winner by KO, Bea “RED” Smith!” The commentator said, the crowd erupting into cheers.
Bea threw her hands into the air, turning around to give each one of her teammates a hug. Once she hugged them all, she looked towards Ronda, who was being examined by someone. She made her way to her opponent to make sure she was okay. Seeing that the other woman looked defeated, she offered her hand again as a peace offering. And this time, Ronda actually accepted the handshake and Bea smiled at her before walking back to her team. Even with her eyebrow gash and busted lip, she felt great. She won this fight after being undermined, and she won a shit ton of money. But what mattered the most, was that she won the respect of many. And Ronda was left with a swollen eye, also a busted lip, and her nose broken. It was safe to say that Bea came out on the better end. Soon enough, Bea was approached by Joe Rogan, another commentator for the UFC, during the midst of the celebrating.

“I just want to start off by giving you congratulations on a victory against a very, very durable top opponent in Ronda Rousey.” Joe said. “Tell me, what was the plan coming into this fight and what was the thing that surprised you?”

“Honestly, the only plan that my team and I talked about was trying to stay away from the armbar.” Bea laughed. “It was what I trained on, and she still managed to get me in it, but I got out. The thing that surprised me the most was the fight ending so soon, to be honest. I mean, I was tired, but I was really expecting to have this fight continue.”

“Let’s take a look at the replay of your winning punch.” Joe suggested, and they watched the replay. “What was going through your mind when you saw her falling to the mat?”

“I was just waiting on her to react to her fall, but when she didn’t, I knew that it was over.”

“What do you think about the people booing in the crowd right now?”

Bea laughed again. “I think it’s great that they’re making more noise for me!” She said. “And those same people are the ones who doubted me. I came into this fight as the underdog, but I’m coming out of it as the top dog.”

“One last question; what are you going to do now?” Joe asked.

“Well, I’m going to head to the post fight interview and then the afterparty will be held at the best nightclub in Vegas.” Bea said, her eyes catching a glimpse of blonde hair near her team members. She smiled widely when she saw that it was Allie. “But first, I’m going to go kiss my girlfriend.”

“Alright, well, congratulations on your victory again.”
Bea made her way to Allie, slipping her arms around her waist and briefly lifting the blonde up off her feet. A smile was on her face the whole time as their lips connected.

“How was it?” Bea asked.

Allie shook her head. “I was on the edge of my seat the whole time.” She smiled. “But, Bea Smith, you did it. Just like I told you.” She kissed her girlfriend again. “This has been the most nerve-wracking and exciting time of my life. And you won.”

Bea tucked her face into blonde hair. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Bea tightened her hold on Allie. “I love you more.” And it made Allie giggle.

As Bea made her way out of the octagon with Allie by her side, she was met with Debbie, Boomer, Franky, Bridget, and Shane. They all congratulated her and hugged her tightly. Bea instructed Will and Matt to escort the group of six to her locker room while she and her team headed toward where the post fight interview was taking place. As they entered the room, it was found out that Ronda wouldn’t be attending the interview. And as soon as she sat down, the first question was thrown her way.

“Bea, how do you feel?!” One reporter asked in a yell.

“I feel fucking great!”

Bea entered the nightclub that was blaring with music and smelt of alcohol. Her family was already here and waiting for her in the VIP area. She was walking between Will and Matt as they walked through the club to reach the VIP access area. Bea was wearing burgundy form fitting dress pants with a burgundy button up that had gold designs on it and was tucked into her pants. The top few buttons was undone and she felt ready to party. A belt was looped around her waist and her shoes was gold to match the gold designs on her button up. She looked great despite the
butterfly stitch on her eyebrow and her bruised lip.

As she entered the VIP area, she was already grabbing for Allie. She was super excited and ready to get the night rolling. A celebratory cigar was handed to her by Franky and she lit it. Just as she was about to sit on the lounger with Allie, Boomer bounded in to the VIP area with a tray full of shots. Bea went to reach for a shot glass, but she stopped and looked towards Allie. She knew the blonde was told to stay away from alcohol for the time being, so she didn’t know how she felt about her having a drink. After all, she did want to respect her girlfriend.

“This is your night, babe.” Allie said. “Don’t hold back because of me. Enjoy yourself, I’ll be right here drinking my club soda.” She smiled.

“Are you sure? I don’t want to-”

“Hey,” Allie softly interrupted, placing a hand on Bea’s forearm. “Don’t worry about me. I’ll have a great time whether you’re sober or shitfaced. Just enjoy yourself. You deserve it.”

With that assurance, Bea knocked back two shots, one after the other. Her throat had burned, but she didn’t care. Tonight was about celebration, and she was going to have fun.

“Booms, you might want to go get more shots.” Bea declared. “I’m letting loose tonight.”

“Right on!” Boomer exclaimed, bouncing on her toes happily. She grabbed the empty tray and made her way back to the bar.

Bridget was sitting with Debbie and Shane drinking her wine. And since they were in the States, Debbie wasn’t of legal age to drink. But they did allow her in because of who they were with. Franky was sitting on the arm of a chair drinking a beer as she waited for Boomer to return with the shots. Allie had her hand on the back of Bea’s back, lightly rubbing the lower part with the tips of her fingers. Boomer returned with yet another tray of shots and two bottles of tequila to keep refilling. Tonight was just getting started.

Nearing an hour later, Bea was on the dancefloor with Boomer. Both women were intoxicated on lots of tequila and having a grand time. Some upbeat song was blaring through the speakers and Bea couldn’t help but move her body to the music rather explicitly. A medium sized glass was in one hand filled with tequila and lime with some ice to add to the mix, and she was rather drunk. Before her mind could even comprehend anything, she was grinding herself on the nearest woman.

Allie had been watching her girlfriend for quite some time now and knowing she was drunk, it still bothered her when she moved her body into another woman’s. She tried to remain cool about it because it was just Bea letting loose after being stressed for so long, but still...seeing the other
woman place her hands on Bea’s hips and pulling her close - well, that didn’t sit too well with the blonde. She knocked back the rest of her club soda, which should be alcohol but she was listening to doctor’s orders, and she marched out of the VIP area and onto the dancefloor.

“Go get ya girl, Blondie!” Franky hollered out. “Gidge, let’s go dry hump out there!”

“Franky!”

“What? Everyone else is doing it!” Franky said in defense, pointing out the rest of the couples dancing dirty.

“They’re dancing, not dry humping.”

“Same difference, now come on!” Franky grabbed Bridget’s hand and pulled her towards the dancefloor, leaving a laughing Debbie alone with Shane.

Allie kept her eyes on Bea the whole time she walked towards her. And when she reached the redhead, she practically pushed the other woman out of the way, not giving a fuck. She stepped in close to Bea, not leaving a single inch between their bodies.

“You like dancing like that with other women?” Allie asked hotly into Bea’s ear.

Bea drunk her drink before answering. “Not at all. I was just trying to get you out here; my plan worked.”

“It did work.” The blonde ran her hands down Bea’s back to her butt, slipping her hands into each of her pants pockets. “Because you are mine, and no one is allowed to dance with you like that.”

“Would you like to dance with me like that?” Bea asked, dipping her face closer to Allie’s. “I’m drunk and happy and probably horny too, but I would like to dance you up on the floor.”

“Well, then, excite me.”
Bea wasted no time in connecting their lips and dashing her tongue into Allie’s mouth. Her head was slightly tilted to the side and her tongue explored every crevice in her lover’s mouth in what had to be the dirtiest kiss ever. As her tongue curled Allie’s, her free hand gripped her lower back and pulled her even closer so that their legs were in between each other’s. Bea rocked her hips first in beat to the music, and encouraged Allie to do the same. Soon enough, both women were grinding into each other in rhythm with the music. It was very erotic. They broke their kiss to get a breather and Allie pressed her thigh more firmly into Bea’s center, making her let out a soft moan. Bea used her tongue to lick a path from the nape of Allie’s neck to right under her ear, and then she lightly bit into her neck. And Allie’s eyelids fluttered because it just felt that good.

“You are so sexy.” Bea said into Allie’s ear, pulling her lobe into her mouth afterwards. “You make me wanna ditch this place and have a one on one celebration with you that involves us naked and in the bed.”

“That doesn’t sound like such a bad idea.” Allie replied. “Especially since we’re already giving everyone a show.”

“You wanna go back to the penthouse?”

“You know I do.”

Not replying, Bea removed her body and grabbed Allie’s hand. As she headed back towards the VIP area, she deposited her glass on the bar top. She told Debbie that she and Allie were leaving and to make sure that everyone else made it safely back to the penthouse. As the two women exited the club from the back entrance, Bea stumbled backwards. The cool air really added to her already drunken state. But with the help of Allie, she made it into the van.

Within a ten minute ride, they made it back to the penthouse. Bea was frisky in the van and Allie tried to keep her hands to herself, as she didn’t want to give the driver a show. By herself, Allie managed to guide a very drunk Bea to the top floor of the hotel and into their suite. She even managed to get the redhead up the stairs to their room. Once inside the room, Bea instantly pulled Allie’s shirt off her body, wanting to see everything. She connected their lips and they stumbled, falling over onto the bed. Allie smiled and crawled up Bea’s body, nipping at her lips.

“You are so drunk. Are you sure you want to have sex that you probably won’t remember?” Allie asked.

“Yes, fuck me.” Bea breathed out, reaching for the blonde’s pants buckle.

Allie lifted one hand to play with the exposed skin from Bea’s unbuttoned shirt. “You’re
“beautiful.”

“And you’re sex on legs. So, fuck me.”

Allie laughed, leaning down to press her lips to the redhead’s neck.

Bea giggled. “I have a secret to tell you.”

“Yeah?” Allie kissed across her collarbone to the other side of her neck.

“Mhm. When I first brought you to my home in Melbourne, I knew you were different from anyone else. No one has ever been to my Melbourne home. Well, except for the obvious people. But you know what I mean; no other woman.”

“That’s good to know.” Allie began unbuttoning the rest of the buttons on Bea’s button up shirt.

“Yeah. I have another secret to tell you.”

“Okay.”

“When I used the strap-on on you, all I could think about was you using it on me. About how hot it would be.” Bea confessed.

Allie pulled her head back. “Oh, really?”

“Really.” As Allie latched her lips to her skin again, Bea spoke. “There’s another secret.”

Allie chuckled. “And what would it be this time?”

“I have this huge surprise for you.”
Allie stopped her kissing and looked be in the eyes. “What kind of surprise?”

“Well, I can’t tell you that or it wouldn’t be a surprise, silly.”

The blonde released a groan and she pulled the shirt from Bea’s body. She kissed in the valley between her breasts while her hands gripped her sides.

“There’s one more secret.”

Allie rolled her eyes and lifted her head once again. “You are talking way too much right now.”

Bea giggled. Lazily rolling her head to the side.

“What’s the secret this time?”

“When I was in Perth, I told you that I didn’t touch myself, which wasn’t quite a lie because I didn’t, but I did get myself off a couple times.”

Allie let out a small laugh. “Maybe you should drink more often. You talk a lot and tell me all your secrets. Maybe there will be no lies between us if you’re always drunk.” She teased.

Bea brought her hands up, cradling Allie’s face. “I don’t lie to you, and I won’t ever lie to you. Especially when we’re married.” She said, and Allie’s heart thumped. There had been talk of marriage before, but never out of Bea’s mouth. “I’m going to be the best wife I can be to you. And you’re gonna be a great wife to me and mother to our five kids.”

Allie furrowed her eyebrows together. “Five kids?”

“Mhm.” Bea pulled Allie’s mouth to hers, kissing the confusion off her face. “Make love to me.”

Even though the mention of kids really threw her off, she was not going to miss the chance to finally be able to touch her girlfriend. It really did confuse her though; how before Bea didn’t want
kids, and now five?! But again, she pushed those thoughts to the back of her head. She would mention it tomorrow, see if her girlfriend had an explanation for that random outburst.

With one expert hand, she unbuckled the buckle occupying the redhead’s waist and unbuttoned her pants as well. As her lips sucked and kissed on the tender skin of her lover’s pulse point, she dipped her hand into the waistband of her pants. As her hand moved past Bea’s pubic bone towards the start of her delicious lips, she was instantly met with wetness, which made her moan approvingly.

“Babe, you are so...” She trailed off to lift her head, finding that Bea’s eyes were closed and her lips were slightly parted. The next thing she knew, a soft snore escaped those beautiful lips. “...wet.” She finished. With a sigh, she removed her hand and sat up. “And now you’re asleep, which mean I won’t be getting any.” She grumbled.

Allie got off the bed and changed into sleeping clothes. She grabbed Bea’s pajamas and set them on the bed to try to change her girlfriend’s clothes as well. As she tugged on those burgundy dress pants, she huffed.

“You know what, Beatrice Smith, you really owe me.” She grumbled into thin air. “I haven’t had sex in almost two weeks, so you will not be leaving this room tomorrow until you give me sex.” She knew that sounded really demanding of her, but she only half meant it.

Once she successfully changed her girlfriend’s clothes, she tried tugging her up the bed, but that was a whole other battle in itself. So, she left Bea at the foot of the bed. And after kissing her and telling her goodnight, she got herself settled underneath the blankets to go to sleep for the night.

Chapter End Notes

So? Let me know what you thought? I hope it was a good read and I really hope the fight was good for you... thank you all for supporting!! :) x
Chapter Notes

Sober

So sorry about this late update! I was pretty busy this week! I'm not sure how I like this chapter, I'm pretty iffy about it, but hopefully you like it :) The reviews on the last chapter was awesome! I'm super happy that you were pleased with how it turned out :) See the end of the chapter for more notes.

First she squinted her eyes open, then she closed her eyes again. The sun was her enemy this morning; it’s bright rays shone through the windows and made her body hurt all over. But as she opened her eyes again, she realized that it wasn’t the sun hurting her. In fact, all the heavy curtains were securely closed. It was the table lamp by the bedside causing her this pain. Turning her head into the bed, she tried to say something but her throat was extremely dry, making it impossible to talk. As she peaked one eye open, she realized Allie was sitting up in bed reading a magazine with - what was that, glasses? - reading glasses on. It was quite hot to be honest, though she’s never seen Allie wear those glasses before. It took all her strength to lift her arm and grab the blonde’s leg to get her attention.

Allie placed the magazine on her lap and moved the glasses on top of her head. She smiled. “Good afternoon.” She whispered, knowing her girlfriend probably had a headache the size of the pacific ocean.

“Allie, not so loud.” Bea said, waving her arm in the air to silence her blonde lover.

Allie let out a silent chuckle. She reached to the bedside table and grabbed the three tablets of advil along with the glass of water she previously brought earlier in the morning. She leaned to Bea, giving the hopeful cure of the hangover to the redhead.

Bea slowly sat up, her hands on each side of her head to help her dizziness. She accepted the tablets and glass of water, gulping down the pain medication. She gave the glass back to Allie before laying back down.

“What time is it?” Bea asked.

“It’s a little after noon.”

Bea let out a groan. “I have a meeting with Dana in a couple hours.”
“Well, you better shower and get some food in you.”

“I can’t. I hurt everywhere.” She complained. “My head is throbbing, my body aches, my face is...sore.” She scrunched her face up. “My face is sore? My face is- oh! The fight, I won!”

Allie laughed, nodding her head. “Yes, you did. And you’re on the cover of this magazine because of your win.”

“Wow.” Bea thought back on the previous evening, her mind going blank after remembering going to the after party. “I don’t remember anything after I got to the club.”

“That’s because you got shitfaced with Boomer, who is still sleeping and may be asleep all day.” Allie said. “You and Boomer just about drunk a whole bottle of tequila by yourselves. But you also had some other drinks.”

“Oh, my god. I feel so sick.”

“Yeah, no doubt.”

“How long were we at the club?” Bea asked.

“Me and you were only there for about an hour and a half because you wanted to come back here for some hanky panky. The others stayed for another couple hours after we left.”

“We had sex while I was drunk? I bet that was wild.”

Allie playfully scoffed. “I wish we had sex.” She stated. “No, we didn’t. You fell asleep while my hand was in your pants. Which, by the way, is a huge compliment.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I was-”
“Drunken, I know. You don’t have to apologize.” Allie said. “You slept down there all night because I couldn’t get you up here after changing your clothes.”

“I can’t remember anything from last night.” Bea said. Her hand clasped over her mouth as a small gag rumbled up her throat. “I need to get to the bathroom...I’m gonna be sick.”

Allie tossed the magazine aside and placed her glasses on the bedside table. She got up from the bed and proceeded to help Bea up. She helped her to the bathroom and they made it just in time to the toilet as Bea dropped down and threw up. Allie grabbed a rag to wet and then kneeled beside Bea to hold her hair back. Using the rag, she wiped over Bea’s forehead and down her neck. Once the redhead was finished throwing up bile, she flushed the toilet and dropped her back against the nearest wall. Bea took the rag from Allie and wiped her face.

“Debbie made breakfast this morning, I could get you some toast to try to eat if you’d like.” Allie suggested.

“I’m good for now.” Bea replied. “I think I’m gonna try to take a shower first and freshen up a bit before I try to eat.” After Allie nodded her head, Bea studied her girlfriend. She noticed the way she was slightly fidgeting and picking at her nails, almost as if something was on her mind or bothering her. “Why are you doing that? Picking at your nails?” She asked. “Is something bothering you? Was it my drinking? Or did I do something totally out of character while I was drunk?”

“No, I’m glad you let loose last night. You deserved it.” Allie answered. “It’s just…”

“It’s just, what?”

Allie let out a soft sigh before looking to Bea. “You said something last night and I can’t stop thinking about it.”

“What did I say?”

“You said...you said that I’d be a great wife to you and-”

“Wait,” Bea interrupted. “So, because I mentioned you as my wife, it unsettled you? Because I thought that was where I our relationship was building towards; marriage?” She asked. “I didn’t propose to you, did I? Because I definitely want to be sober for that.”
Allie downed her head for a moment as a shy smile formed on her lips. “You didn’t propose to me and the mention of me as your wife didn’t bother me at all. I mean, we never talked about it - marriage - before, but I always felt like that was where we were eventually going to land. So, no, the whole wife thing didn’t throw me for a loop.”

“Then what did?”

“You said that I was going to be a great wife to you and *mother to our five kids.*” Allie finally said, watching for the reaction from Bea that never came.

“Oh…”

“Yeah, and we talked about kids before because I asked you and you said that you didn’t have the desire to have anymore. And now you want five? Which I guess is okay, but at the same time it isn’t. I mean, I love kids. Kids are great, but five? Eh, I don’t know. That’s…that’s a lot. And you said before that if talk of kids ever came up, then we would have to compromise. And, well, I think that we definitely need to talk about it and come to an agreement. I’ll be thirty-one in a few months and you’re thirty-six, and if you’re mind has changed about having babies then we need to talk about it because I don’t want it to be a last minute thing.” She rambled.

Bea smiled at her girlfriend’s huge ramble. “Babe, your rambling was cute, but seriously...calm down.” She reached over and grabbed Allie's hand to hold. “What I said last night about the five kids, I’m not sure why I even said it because I don’t want kids. Debbie is all I need.” She said. “I told this to Doreen before, nobody else. But when I was younger I always wanted five kids. Four girls and one boy to be the youngest, so his sisters could terrorize him in the nicest way possible. I thought my dream was going to come true when I had Debbie first, but then the Harry situation happened and I gave up that dream.” She paused. “So, I guess I said you’d be a great mother to our hypothetical five kids because I finally found the person worth sharing a family with. And I so wish I found you sooner because I would have knocked you up so many times by now.” She laughed, and Allie did too. “But now? I don’t think about having more kids. Unless you wanted to?”

“No, I don’t. I meant what I said before; that I don’t see myself as a mother.”

“Then what did you mean when you said that you didn’t want it to be a last minute thing?” Bea asked.
“Well, I didn’t want us going into our forties if you decided you wanted a baby.” Allie replied. “I may not want a baby, but I’d do it for you if you ever wanted to because I love you. And I’m sure I’d love that baby too.”

Bea smiled. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, baby.” Allie squeezed Bea’s hand. “If you’re expecting a kiss, then I suggest you shower and brush your teeth first.”

Bea laughed. “Shower and clean teeth it is then.”

Bea had managed to eat a couple slices of toast and drink orange juice after getting freshened up. She was changed into a pair of jeans and her UFC t-shirt for the meeting she had with Dana White in a little while. Her head was still pounding and she was nauseous, but she was fighting through it. Her mind was still trying to process her win from the previous night, and how great it felt to prove her doubters wrong. It seemed that everyone was waiting for her to fail, so it was pleasurable to come out on top. Her fight against Ronda revealed to her that she needed to work more on a few things; such as her stamina because she was rather exhausted after almost completing the second round. But the experience of being in the ring with Ronda Rousey was definitely a great one.

After informing her girlfriend that the meeting shouldn’t last long and that she wanted to spend some time out on the streets of Vegas with her and Debbie when she got back, she placed her sunglasses over her eyes and met Will out in the hallway to proceed to leave. She and Will entered the van, which Maxine and Doreen was already in, that was waiting on them and they began the journey to the UFC Headquarters for her meeting.

As Will and Doreen sat in the communal area of the headquarters building, Bea and Maxine was escorted to a conference room where Dana White, along with three other key people, was waiting. Bea and Maxine joined the four others at the conference table to start the meeting.

“Thank you for meeting with us so soon after your fight, Bea.” Dana White began. “I just want to say congratulations on your win to start with, and your earnings should be available in just a couple of days.”

Bea just nodded her head in response.

“Anyway, there are a few things we would like to discuss with you during this meeting.” He said. “First, your contract ends at the end of this year and we would like to talk about renewing it.” Before Bea got the chance to speak, he continued. “But with the new contract, we would want
you to move to the States from Australia and your salary would increase. And you’d get better fights with top contenders.”

Bea looked to Maxine before turning her attention back to Dana. “That is a great offer, but I’m afraid I can’t accept it. Australia is home, it’s where my family is. A couple years ago I would have jumped on that offer, but now I just can’t. I have priorities.” She paused. “But there’s something I would like to talk to you about; retirement.”

“You want to retire?” Marc Ratner spoke up.

“Like I said, I have priorities now.” Bea replied. “I think I have one more fight left in me, and retiring from the UFC will follow that next fight.”

“One more fight?” Dana asked. “I don’t understand, you could become the face of this sport. Just from last night, your name has reached new heights. Your popularity is growing.”

“I know.” Bea said with the nod of her head. “It was never about popularity or salary increases for me, it was all about the rush. But that’s fading because all everyone cares about is the popularity. But not me. The sport is changing everyday, new faces are coming in. And I just don’t care to be apart of it much longer.”

Dana sighed. “Well, I can’t force you to do something you don’t want to do, all I can do is respect it.” He said. “I do understand where you’re coming from though, and it makes sense. So, one more fight?”

“One more fight.” Bea confirmed. “And I’ll let you pick my next opponent. I’ll fight anyone, I don’t care.”

Dana grinned. “There’s something I want to show you.” He pulled out his phone and pulled up a video of another women’s UFC fighter talking about Bea’s fight against Ronda the previous night. The woman was clearly trying to goad because of her trash talk on Bea’s performance. Dana put his phone away after the short video was finished. “Do you know who that was?”

Bea scoffed. “Of course. She’s one of the most hardest hitting athletes in the sport. A bit arrogant, but that’s always good.”

“How would you feel about challenging her?”
“We’re not even in the same weight division.”

“We could do a catchweight bout and it’d be your own event.” Dana said. “She weighs in at 145 pounds, so you two would meet in the middle; at 140 pounds.”

Bea leaned back in her chair and looked back at Maxine, who simply nodded her head. “If you want this fight with Cyborg to happen, I’ll talk to my team about it to see what they think. Me, I’m all for it.”

“Great.” Dana smiled. “Another thing, you are nominated in two categories for the World MMA Awards; Female Fighter of the Year and Knockout of the Year. The awards don’t take place for another few months, so if you’re still in the final nominations, then your manager will let you know.”

“Wow.” Bea was surprised. Since her career in the sport started five years ago, she had never been nominated for an award. She guessed her fight with Ronda did gain the attention of some.

“And if you’re not able to attend for some reason, other arrangements can be made.” Dana said.

“Is there anything else you need to talk about?”

“Well, since you aren’t planning to renew your contract, then there’s nothing further to discuss.”

Maxine stood up first, offering her hand to shake Dana’s. “Thank you. We’ll be in touch about the next fight.”

Bea stood up as well, also reaching her hand forward to shake with Dana. “Thank you for the opportunity, it’s really appreciated.”

“We really do hope you change your mind about the contract renewal.”

As Bea and Maxine made their way to exit the conference room, Bea smiled towards Dana. “I
highly doubt I’ll change my mind.”

Bea and Maxine met Will and Doreen back at the front, and he instantly began asking what the meeting was about, but Bea didn’t answer his questions. She told him not to worry about it instead. As the van they were in began to drive away, Bea sent off a text to Allie to let her know that they were on the way back. As far as she knew, Maxine, Doreen, Will, Shane, and Matt were flying back to Australia that same day. And her team was apparently going to visit a few other states before flying back home. Bea had plans for her, Allie, Debbie, Franky, Bridget, and Boomer to go to New York in a couple days to visit. She didn’t know how much the others would enjoy visiting New York, but it was definitely a place high on her list.

It wasn’t long later that Bea was telling Will to have safe travels back to Australia before she and the two other women headed up towards their penthouse suite. While Maxine and Doreen went to their rooms to pack their things up, Bea walked into the kitchen where Allie was. She slipped her arms around the blonde’s waist from behind and held her close.

“Oh.” Allie giggled, placing her mug down on the counter before laying her arms over Bea’s.
“You weren’t gone for very long. How was the meeting?”

“It was okay.” Bea replied, nudging her nose to Allie’s ear. “It was talk on renewing my contract, but I told him I wasn’t interested.”

“Why?”

“I told you, I wanted to retire from the UFC.” Bea said. “Besides, one of the terms for the contract renewal was to move here. Not literally here, but to the States.”

“You’re still stuck on this retiring, huh?”

“I was serious about that, you know. I’ve got everything I need now; you and Debbie. Fighting was just my escape.”

“I know.” Allie ran her hand over Bea’s arm.

“Where’s Debbie?”

“Oh, she’ll be back. She went to see Shane before he had to leave to go back home.” Allie
answered. “And before you ask; Boomer is still sleeping, Franky and Bridget went off together to grab something to eat and to get a couple gifts for Pink.”

“That’s sweet.”

“Yeah. So, what did you want to do today?”

“It doesn’t matter to me, as long as I’m spending some time with you and Deb.”

“There’s gotta be something you want to do though.” Allie said.

Bea grinned, pushing her front firm into Allie’s butt. “...you.” She said slyly.

Allie laughed. “Somebody has their libido back!”

“And it’s in full swing.” Bea agreed. She turned Allie around and pulled their fronts together.

“Sorry I’ve been sort of...boring these last couple of weeks. All the work load really gets to me, especially when it was close to a fight.”

“Don’t apologize, and you weren’t boring. I understand that you were stressed and your mind was elsewhere, don’t worry about it.”

“Thank you for being understanding. You’re so amazing.” She leaned in and gave Allie a tender kiss to the lips. “And that’s why tonight, it’s gonna be me and you figuring out how to have proper sex in a circular bed.”

Allie released a snort. “I don’t think there’s a certain way to have sex in that kind of bed.”

“Are you kidding me?!” Bea asked, pretending to be shocked. “Don’t take away the fun in my imagination. Just play along.”

“Right…” The blonde playfully rolled her eyes. “Because we don’t want to fall off.”
“Exactly.” Bea said, kissing the smirk off her girlfriend’s face.

Maxine and Doreen entered the kitchen with their bags and Bea gave them both a hug and wished them safe travels. She walked them to the door to see them out and hugged them both again. She thanked them for helping to run things as smooth as possible before they had to leave. As soon as both of them were out of the suite, Bea practically ran back to the kitchen and pounced on her blonde lover. With strong arms, she lifted Allie up onto the counter and their lips met in a heated kiss.

“What is this for?” Allie asked after breaking their kiss for a breather.

“Just because I love you and I want to show you my appreciation.” Bea replied breathlessly before reconnecting their lips.

Bea slid her hands up Allie’s thighs, around to her ass and pulled her close to the edge of the counter so that she was standing right against the blonde’s core. Bea grabbed ahold of Allie’s bottom lip and sucked on it, giving it a slight tug. Just as Allie went to release a moan, Bea’s lips were on hers once more. Their hands were roaming each other’s bodies, and Allie was trying her best to gyrate her hips into the redhead. At the same time Bea placed her hand onto Allie’s breast, Debbie entered into the suite.

“Allie?” The brunette called out.

Allie broke her kiss with Bea and leaned their foreheads together. “In here, Deb.” She replied. Allie slid down from the countertop and Bea took a step back with a sigh. “Did you really think we were gonna have a quickie?” She quietly asked the redhead.

Before Bea could reply, Debbie walked into the kitchen. “Oh, you’re back. Hey, mum.”

“Hey, Debs.” Bea slipped an arm around Debbie’s neck and pulled her close.

“So, your mum wanted the three of us to go do some things together today. You up for it?” Allie asked.

“Yes! I’ve been dying for some quality time with the two of you.” Seeing the beginning of a
frown form on her mum’s face, Debbie continued. “And don’t apologize for the last few weeks of you not being able to spend time with us. I get that you were busy being a badass and all, but Allie and I managed just fine by being able to occupy ourselves. So, don’t apologize.”

“I’ve got the best girls in the world.” Bea smiled, thankful for having such understanding people in her life.

“Well,” Debbie began, dramatically flipping her hair. “I wasn’t gonna say anything…”

Allie laughed and Bea rolled her eyes. The redhead couldn’t contain herself, and she pulled both of them into a tight hug. Her life was so different from how it was just a year ago. And it amazed her how much things can change in 365 days. But in her case, it had only been eight months since Allie stumbled into her life and it’s going on seven months since Debbie showed up on her doorstep in Melbourne. So, yeah, a lot has happened for Bea in not even a year. And all of it has been great. She doesn’t take a single thing for granted.

“So, what are we gonna do for the rest of the day?” Debbie asked after a bit.

“First, I’m going to take a couple more advil and then we’re going to get something to eat. And since I’m not training, I’m going to best damn burger place this city has to offer and I’m getting the biggest cheeseburger and the largest order of fries.” Bea replied, already reaching for more advil to take.

Allie laughed. “Sounds like a plan to me.”

After they went to the burger place of Bea’s choosing, they took a walk along the four mile strip before going to the open-air mall for some shopping. There was live entertainment in the mall and the three of them had watched one showing of a comedian. And just before they were about to leave the mall, Debbie and Bea had went and done the zipline experience that was above the open mall. Allie had decided to sit that out because she liked having her feet on the ground. They had also gone to the Neon Museum, which was a museum that features signs from the old casinos and other businesses that was on display outdoors. Bea didn’t quite know what to expect when Allie suggested going there after doing a google search on it, but she was impressed and pleased with the museum itself. And before their night came to an end, they sat and watched the Fountains of Bellagio run through several different songs. The Fountains of Bellagio is a soaring, iconic fountain featuring dramatic aquatic shows choreographed with music and lights. The three of them had really enjoyed watching the aquatic show. So with the very constructive evening, it wasn’t
until almost nine that night when Bea, Allie, and Debbie returned back to the suite. They all had such a great time spending the evening together and it was something that was much needed.

It was a little after midnight and Bea and Allie were naked tangled up together. The only thing covering their naked limbs was a white sheet. Allie had her legs over Bea’s as she laid on her side with her right arm laying over the redhead’s torso as her fingers traced the exposed skin of her chest. The two women has spent the last couple of hours getting reacquainted with each other’s bodies in the most slow, sexy, sweet way of lovemaking. They had taken their time and enjoyed each other as if it was going to be their last time. Bea had taken her time kissing every part of Allie’s body and touching every curve her body had to offer. She had even taken her time between the blonde’s thighs, wanting nothing more than to work her up slowly and give her the best release possible by using her mouth and fingers. And Allie had done the same to Bea.

“Ya know, I couldn’t help but think that the bed sheets are circular too.” Allie finally spoke.

“Really? After what we just did, that’s what you’re thinking about?”

“You can’t tell me you haven’t thought about it.” Allie smirked. “I mean come on, it’s not everyday that we’ll get to be in a round bed.”

“We’re never, ever going to own a round bed. It’s all you talk about these days.” Bea joked.

“Hey! If I remember correctly, you were the one who mentioned sex on this round bed earlier. So, don’t pin all the round bed talk on me.”

Bea laughed, tightening her arm around blonde.

“What were you thinking about then?” Allie asked. “Since it’s a crime to be thinking about the sheets of this bed after the sex we just had. Which, by the way, was really amazing. Like, super amazing.” She smiled brightly.

“You’re a dork.” Bea replied with a smile as she stuffed her free hand behind her head. She then let out a small sigh. “I wasn’t thinking about anything, really.”

“Yeah, right. You know you were thinking about my amazing boobs and how you love having them in your face.”
Bea’s dropped her mouth open in shock, but she couldn’t deny it because it was true. Her cheeks heated up in a blush, though. She then glanced her eyes downwards where those said boobs were barely visible above the sheets. Looking back to Allie’s face, she saw her eyebrows raised in amusement.

Bea rolled her eyes. “I was thinking about when I said you’d be a good mother to our five kids…” She paused. “And I was just wondering what other crazy things I said, or did.”

“At the club or here?”

“I did crazy things at the club?”

Allie let her head fall to the side, her fingers still tracing patterns across Bea’s chest. “Well, you grinded yourself up against some random girl.” She said like it was nothing.

“I what?!”

“Oh, don’t worry. I intervened. I didn’t give that girl enough time to think she even had a chance.”

“Allie, I don’t remember doing that. I’m sorry. I would have never done that if I had known what I was doing.”

“It’s okay.” Allie replied. “I can’t say that it didn’t bother me because it did, but I’m not upset. You were drunk and having fun.”

“That’s the things I used to do and I-”

“Shh.” Allie interrupted by placing a finger over the redhead’s lips. “Don’t talk about it.” She said, then decided to bring up other things Bea had said. “You even told me that when we used the strap-on, you thought about me using it on you. You said it’d be hot.”

“Oh…” Bea swallowed thickly. “I mean, yeah, I thought about it. But it’s the actual doing that has me caught up.”
Bea looked at Allie, not completely getting how lucky she was. “So, anything else I said?”

“You said that you had this huge surprise for me.” Allie replied, watching as Bea’s eyes grew wide. “But you didn’t tell me. So it seems that you still know how to keep a secret while being drunk.” She then let out a small laugh remembering one other thing Bea had said to her, and knowing that it would embarrass her girlfriend. “You also said that when you were in Perth you didn’t touch yourself, but you did get yourself off a couple times.”

Bea felt her face heat up. Drunk her just couldn’t keep her mouth shut. And she couldn’t believe that Allie was saying something about it now. Knowing the blonde, she would push for an answer.

“So, Bea.” Allie began, sliding her body on top of the redhead’s. She laid flat on top of her, letting their breasts press together. “If you didn’t touch yourself, then how did you get yourself off?”

“Allie…”

“You can tell me. It’s not like I’d make fun of you. In fact, I think whatever you did would be super hot.” Planting her lips against Bea’s neck, she began lightly kissing. It was in her interest to get the answer out of her girlfriend. “How did you do it?” She asked again, giving her pulse point a suck. “Did you take a vibrator to Perth with you?”

“No.” Bea breathed out, sliding her hands up Allie’s back.

“You aren’t going to tell me?”

“Allie.” She breathed out. Oh, how she wanted to tell her girlfriend just how she got herself off that couple of times while in Perth, but she was slightly embarrassed.

“Don’t be embarrassed.” Allie said. “All you have to do is tell me what you used. I’m just curious, maybe we could use the same technique together and experience it-”
Bea mumbled out a response, interrupting the blonde.

“What?” Allie lifted her head to look Bea in the face.

“I used a showerhead.”

A smirk formed on Allie’s face. “Oh, that’s hot. That’s really hot.” She pushed Bea’s legs apart and allowed herself to fall between them. “You should tell me more...because it’s making me hot.”

Bea shook her head, a small smile present on her face. “What do you want to know?”

Releasing an approved moan, Allie continued her trail of kisses across Bea’s chest. “Just...tell me what you did.”

As a shaky sigh left her lips, the redhead pushed her head back against the pillow. Allie’s wet lips on her body did not help with trying to stay focused. “Allie...please.”

“If you want this,” The blonde paused, pushing her hips into Bea’s for a little friction. “Then you have to give me a little something.”

Bea slipped her hands down Allie’s back, grabbing her nude ass into her hands and pulling her close so that she could feel that amazing tingle she loved.

“Nuh-uh.” Allie said. With her tongue darting out to lick over olive skin, she used her hands to grab Bea’s and hold them above her head. “All you have to do is tell me.”

Bea groaned. After licking her lips, she began to talk. “It was the first weekend we talked on the phone. You were saying these dirty things and telling me how much you wanted me, and it just made me...you know, and-”

“Made you what?” Allie interrupted, her lips still kissing all over Bea’s neck. “Says the words, it’s only me and you. Don’t be shy.”
“It made me... horny.” Bea finally said. “And I tried to ignore it, but I couldn’t. So, I went to take a cold shower, but it turned into a pretty warm one.” She let out a soft moan when she felt Allie roll her hips against her. Knowing that was her reward for talking, she decided to keep on. “I’ve never really been the one to touch myself, so I used the showerhead. It was removable and connected to a long hose, which was a bonus.” She paused to lick her lips and swallow the lump in her throat. “Then I changed the water stream and just...held it down there until…”

Allie moaned approval. “You are so hot.” With her lips now back on the redhead’s, she reached down between them with one hand to spread Bea’s lips before placing her hand back down over her girlfriend’s to hold it still.

As their lips danced together, so did their hips. Instead of rolling her hips in the way she normally would, Allie moved her hips in light circles. Their clits rubbed and their juices mixed, and the smell of arousal was well within the room. They had already both came several times that night, but one more wasn’t going to hurt. And they were definitely making up for lost time, so neither of them were complaining. They were moaning, in fact.

Their bodies were moving in perfect rhythm together as heavy breaths filled the air. Both women were close to the inevitable edge, and Allie was going to keep going until Bea’s legs were shaking in ecstasy and was practically screaming her name. Allie liked to be topped by Bea, nothing was better than that, but she loved when she was given the chance to make the redhead her bitch, in the sexiest way possible. It wasn’t the power or control that she loved, it was the fact that she was the only woman to ever have Bea this way. And that is the hottest thing ever. So, there was no stopping. Not until she was pleased and not until Bea was, because it wasn’t all the time that she got to be in control.

And their night ended with both women falling asleep immediately after that last round of lovemaking.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I hope you did enjoy this chapter :) Let me know what you thought? Next chapter will be a little bit more adventurous. So, I hope to have that started and out soon.

So, our beloved Bea Smith has been gone for 2 years. :( I still miss her dearly. And season 7 is possibly the last season of Wentworth? I really hope not, but it seems that way.

Thank you all for reading and leaving reviews! The support is really appreciated, and I wouldn't be writing this if it wasn't for your words of encouragement. Much love xxx
It was a beautiful, all white, 60 foot yacht sitting right on the calm waters of New York. The model was a 60 Sunreef Power, and it was a perfect blend of comfortable and spacious. Right on the top deck of the yacht was a hot tub, a sitting table, and some plush seats. Along with a small room that had the steering controls, which Bea hired a captain for their stay in New York. The middle deck housed the master room, which was right at the front of the boat where a row of windows were laid at the upper-part of the wall to give them a view of the waters, and it held a bathroom. Also on that deck was a living room type space that had two sofas and a sliding glass door that led out onto a small balcony. And a small kitchen with a table to eat at. The bottom deck was where there was three bedrooms and and two bathrooms. The rooms were small, but convenient. The bottom deck also had an outdoor sitting area where you can walk around to the front of the boat. Overall, the yacht was perfect for a week stay in New York. The air had a bit of a chill to it this time of year, but the weather wasn’t too bad that they couldn’t enjoy being on the water.

The six women landed in New York four hours ago, so when the driver drove them to the docks and dropped them off, it had left Allie, Franky, Debbie, and Boomer surprised. Bea and Bridget had pitched in together and set up the plan of the week stay on the yacht. And it was all worth it when the surprised looks had appeared on the four other women’s faces. Bea and Bridget were both very pleased with themselves.

Allie and Bridget were sitting on the loungers that was on the top deck of the yacht while sipping on different drinks; Bridget was drinking red wine, and Allie was drinking iced tea. They were both in their bikinis as the sun was kissing their skin. Boomer, Bea, and Franky went off to the streets of New York to get some food since it was a little past mid-day already. And Debbie was in her room on her laptop trying to do some school work for uni so she wouldn’t be too far behind on the syllabus.

“I don’t know what to think of my life now.” Allie said to Bridget, not quite meeting her eyes.

Bridget turned her head to look at the younger woman. “What do you mean?”

“I’ve known Bea for eight months and I’ve been dating her for seven months. And out of these last several months, my life is so different.” She said. “I’ve never had this kind of love before. Bea will absolutely do anything for me and I still don’t know how I feel about that.” Seeing Bridget tilt her head in confusion, she continued. “I mean, sometimes it’s just hard to believe that this is my life now.”
“Are you having second thoughts?” Bridget asked.

“What? No!” Allie answered. “No, never. I love Bea, I can’t picture my life without her.” She let out a sigh. “I just...I’m still getting used to this. My life was never staying in penthouses and yachts for fun. I’ve always struggled, but then suddenly my life flipped upside down one night. And everything changed.”

“Do you regret meeting Bea?”

“No. She saved me. I will never regret anything about her.”

“I think what you’re feeling is normal.” Bridget said. “All of this,” She motioned her hands at their surroundings. “...is very new for you. And it’s so different from your previous life. This is your first time experiencing this part with Bea and seeing how she likes to go all out after her successful wins, so you’re now feeling a bit apprehensive. And that’s normal. Just try not to think too much about it.” Reaching over, she placed a hand on Allie’s arm. “Ya know, when Bea came to Sydney after her fight in Melbourne, which is when I assume she met you, I knew there was something different about her. And that was, what, only knowing you for a week? And she seemed so carefree and light when I saw her. From the very beginning, she was smitten with you. I’ve never seen her this way.”

Allie gave a small smile. “I love her.”

“I know. She loves you too. And so does Debbie.” Bridget replied. “Try not to worry too much about how your life is now. Just appreciate it and thank your lucky stars.”

Allie nodded her head.

Staying in penthouses and on yachts wasn’t something Allie was ever used to. She wasn’t even used to staying in the large home Bea owned, but she got accustomed to that. She was always in doorways, shelters, and in alley ways. This way of life was suddenly throwing her for a loop, even though she knew she shouldn’t expect any different from having known her girlfriend for eight months now. It was still all new to her. She doesn’t think she’d ever get used to it. But she knew Bridget was right; she shouldn’t worry too much about it, she should just appreciate her life now and thank her lucky stars. If she wouldn’t have ever met Bea, then she’d still be on the streets somewhere. Bringing her from her thoughts was Debbie climbing up the metal stairs to the top deck where they were.
“Hey, Bridget. Do you think you could help me with a writing assignment later?” Debbie asked. “I just need help coming up with my introduction paragraph.”

“Sure, Deb. No problem.” Bridget replied, smiling to the brunette.

“Thanks.” Debbie said, looking out over the water from where they were docked. “Such a beautiful view, isn’t it?”

As Bridget agreed, Allie looked over to the dock where people loaded up onto their boats. Her eyes landed on Bea, who was walking back with Franky and Boomer with food. A smile invaded her features. “It sure is.”

As the evening went on, Debbie spoke up about wanting to go out and do something that none of them have ever done so they could all experience something together. It was hard to find something to do that none of them had done before, which was crazy considering they were in New York. And the six of them just couldn’t agree on something. So, that’s when Bea suggested going to a hockey game. She had never been to one before and come to find out, neither have the other five. Debbie did a quick search on local hockey games, and saw that there was a game between the New York Rangers and Islanders starting in a couple hours. Once everyone agreed to go, tickets were purchased and they started getting ready.

And a couple hours later, the six women found themselves sitting amongst the crowd in the stands waiting for the hockey game to start. Before finding their seats though, it was agreed upon them to go ahead and get their food and drinks. Bea had gotten herself a loaded hotdog with popcorn and a beer. Allie also got a hotdog with a large pretzel and water. Debbie had a small box of pizza with a soda and popcorn. Franky and Bridget bought a large order of nachos to share with popcorn, while Franky got a beer and Bridget got a soda. Boomer got herself pizza too, an order of fries, popcorn, and a beer as well. They were sitting in the middle part of the stands so that they weren’t too close to the ice rink or too far away.

“Which team are we pulling for?” Allie asked, reaching into Bea’s popcorn and grabbing a handful, ignoring the look that the redhead gave her.

“I say that we wait to see which team has the most fans, and then choose the least popular.” Franky suggested, taking a bite of the nacho order.
“Are you trying to start a fight?” Bea asked.

“Well, we’re at the Rangers’ stadium, so I assume that the Rangers will be the most popular team tonight.” Debbie said.

Franky kicked her feet up onto the back of the empty chair in front of her, knocking back a sip of her beer. “Islanders it is then.”

“You love riling people up, don’t you?” Bridget asked.

“I can’t help it, it’s in my nature.” The raven-haired woman shrugged. “Besides, people get too serious about these things. If someone wants to smash my face in for cheering on some team I know nothing about, then I’d say they have an anger issue.”

“Don’t you worry, Franky. I won’t let nothin’ happen to ya.” Boomer spoke up, munching down on her pizza.

“Yeah? And how ya gonna do that?” Franky asked. “You haven’t even looked at the rink since we’ve sat down. Ya been too busy shovin’ food into ya gob.”

Boomer reluctantly put her food down and took a look around the stadium. “There, I looked!”

Franky shook her head with a laugh.

Allie leaned into Bea. “If Franky gets something started, you’ll fight our corner, right?”

Looking over to the blonde after taking a sip of her beer, she shook her head. Then she looked to Franky. “This day has started off great, so Franky better not blow it.”

A loud scoff came from Franky. “Are you kidding me, Red? I’m a fuckin’ vegetarian, I haven’t blown anything in at least twenty years.” She said with a smirk, sending the others into laughter, except for Bea.
The game started nearly ten minutes ago with the Rangers having already one goal scored, and there was ten minutes left in the first period. So far, Allie wasn’t enjoying the sport, but it seemed the others were. There was a couple close fights, but the refs didn’t allow them to escalate. And as soon as the Islanders scored a goal to set both teams at the same points, Franky jumped up and cheered. As if she knew what she was even doing. By doing that, it had unsettled a Rangers’ fan.

“Sit the fuck down!” A New Yorker called out to Franky from behind.

Franky turned around and threw her arms up. “Go Islanders!”

“You’re not even from here!” The angry man said, also now standing.

“No. But you’re getting pissed off!” Franky laughed.

“Franky, sit down.” Bridget said, pulling on Franky’s arm.

“Yeah, Franky. Sit down.” The man said. “You fucking dyke.” He sneered as he sat.

“Damn right!” Franky proudly said.

The first period ended with both teams still at one goal each. After the intermission following the first period, the second period began. And it seemed that both teams were much more into the game this go around. The Islanders made another goal, earning them the lead, and Franky couldn’t help herself by cheering once again. The raven-haired woman also made it necessary to turn around to look at the asshole from earlier and give another loud cheer. Franky was down three beers, so she was feeling quite a buzz. And it’s what probably spurred her on to piss the man off. The second period ended after there was a fight between a player from each team, which was a good way to go into the second intermission of the night.

“How much longer is this game?” Allie asked Bea.

“There’s one more period.” Bea replied. “Are you not having fun?”
“I’m just not really into this.” Allie said. “I’d much rather be getting all hot and sweaty with you in bed than to watch all these guys get hot and sweaty.”

Bea laughed. She gave the blonde a kiss on her temple before standing up. “I’m going to get another drink. You want anything?”

“Cotton candy?” She smiled widely.

“Okay. I’ll be right back, babe.” She said. “Deb, you want anything?”

“No, I think I’m good.”

Thirty-seven minutes later, the hockey game was over. And to Franky’s luck, the Islanders won by 2 goals. So, she did get a few remarks into that man before he left. Allie had noticed someone new was sitting behind her, it wasn’t the same guy from before. And she was unsettled by him the few times she turned to look around and he was looking at her. She didn’t want to bring it up to Bea because she knew the redhead would cause a scene, so she kept it to herself. But as she stood up from her seat to leave with the other’s, she wished she had said something about the creep to Bea. Just as she was about to stand completely up, she felt a hand on her rear. Allie sharply turned around, knocking the guy’s hand away. She shot him daggers; oh, if looks could kill. Apparently the look she was giving him was an invite to touch her again, because his hand slowly inched forward towards her body. Before Bea could even react to what she was seeing, Allie drew her hand backwards and slapped the guy across his face.

“Don’t you ever touch me again!” Allie spat.

Not giving the guy time to respond, Bea wrapped her arms around Allie and proceeded to pull her away from the situation. Bea was angry that someone thought they had a right to touch Allie and she would’ve done something worse to the guy if Allie hadn’t have slapped him. Call her crazy, but it was actually a turn on to see a violent Allie. The way the blonde handed it to that guy was something Bea had never seen before. She didn’t even think her girlfriend had it in her to hurt a fly, nevertheless slap someone.

“That was fuckin’ awesome, Blondie!” Franky cheered as they walked through the parking lot and she jumped up using Allie’s shoulders. “Remind me to never get on your bad side.”

Allie rolled her eyes. She squeezed her hands together to try to stop them from shaking due to her adrenaline rush. Bea noticed and when everyone climbed into the vehicle to leave, she kept Allie
from entering the vehicle. She grabbed Allie’s hands in her own and held them tight.

“It’s just adrenaline.” Bea spoke. “Just breathe slowly to help calm your nerves.” She released Allie’s hands and told her to make a fist with each hand. “Squeeze as tight as you can, and slowly relax. Do that a few times and you should start to feel better.”

“He kept looking at me and I knew something was up.” Allie said, doing the fist exercise. “I should’ve told you.”

“Hey, it’s okay.” Bea replied, placing her hands on either side of Allie’s face. “I would’ve done a lot more than slap him if you told me he was making you uncomfortable.” She pulled Allie’s face towards hers and gave her a soft kiss to the lips before helping her into the vehicle.

With Bridget in the driver’s seat and Franky in the passenger seat, Bea climbed into the back with Allie. Once everyone was settled into the SUV, Bridget began driving out of the parking lot to head back to the yacht they were staying in for the week.

The night ended with Bea being the big spoon in bed. She didn’t mind it at all, she loved holding the blonde in her arms any chance she got. Her girlfriend had been mostly quiet ever since they left the hockey game and it was understandable, but she just wished that Allie would have talked to her more before they decided to go to bed. The blonde was upset and hurt, and Bea hated that she couldn’t do anything about it. After placing a gentle kiss right below Allie’s ear, Bea settled back down against the pillow and closed her eyes to go to sleep.

The rest of the week flown by quickly and before they knew it, it was their last day in New York. Bridget, Franky, Debbie, and Boomer had an early flight back to Sydney the following morning. And unbeknownst to Allie, there was one more surprise trip for her and Bea to spend some alone time together. It was only going to be a week long mini vacation for the two women, but it was going to be very relaxing. It was something that was very much needed for the two of them. Bea had always wanted to go to this particular place, but never had someone to go with her. And now that she had Allie, she was definitely making the trip. Nothing was better than having a romantic getaway with the woman you loved. So, Bea hoped that Allie would enjoy herself on the surprise vacation.

Bea called Mr. Alicio a couple times during their stay in New York to see how he was doing and to see if Allie being absent for one more week would be okay. Of course the French man was okay with Bea stealing Allie for a little while longer and he assured her that he was doing good. Although Mr. Alicio said he was feeling fine, Bea could tell that he wasn’t fine just by listening to his voice. And she was real close to canceling the getaway with Allie to just go back to Melbourne to check on the man. But Mr. Alicio insisted that everything was fine and that the two women deserved to have a little one on one time. Bea had relented, telling Mr. Alicio that she
would see him soon and that she loved him.

The white yacht smoothly glided across the wispy waters. There were plenty of other boats out on the water today, mainly sail boats and some speed boats, but the six women weren’t worried about the other boaters. It was their last full day in New York and they intended on spending it by enjoying each other’s company. Franky and Bridget were on the lower deck of the boat at the very front laying on towels while Bea, Allie, Debbie, and Boomer were on the top deck lounging. Boomer and Debbie was in the hot tub and Bea and Allie were laying on loungers. This day happened to be warmer than the other days, and they were all happy about that. They weren’t able to enjoy the sun in their bathing suits the last few days because the weather had a chill. So, the last few days were spent in the streets of New York at different shops. Bea had gotten noticed more times than she would have liked, but she was nice enough to chat and take some pictures and sign a few autographs before catching up with her family again.

Bea returned to the top deck after going to her room to get something. She sat beside Allie and smiled at her. Allie warily returned the smile, pushing her sunglasses to the top of her head. She eyed the redhead, wondering why she was acting strange.

“Why are you smiling at me like that?” Allie asked.

“Because I have something for you, and you hate when I get you things.”

“I don’t hate when you get me things. I hate when you always get me things.” The blonde corrected with an eye roll.

“Yeah, well, I like to spoil my girl.” Bea said, wrinkling her nose up in a cute way. “Now, will you accept my gift?”

“I don’t have any other choice, do I?”

“No, not really.” Bea laughed. “Here.” She placed a square box on Allie’s lap and waited for her to open it.

Allie shook her head in disbelief, but a smile was on her face anyways. She grabbed the box in her hands and pulled the top off. Inside the box was a silver necklace that had a small rectangular plate hanging from it with a heart cut out of it. One the silver plate was the words ‘I love you more’ engraved. And on the box itself was the words ‘more than you could know, more than I can say. I love you more each day’. Allie looked up to Bea and gave her a small smile. She lifted her hand and placed it against the redhead’s cheek, pulling her in for a kiss.
“It’s beautiful.” Allie said when they pulled apart. “Thank you, Bea.”

“When Franky, Boomer, and I went to get food the first day we were here, I saw this jeweler shop and I took a look around. I talked to the guy who owned the place and I found out he did requests. So, I told him what I wanted and I put a rush on the order.” Bea explained. “This necklace is one of a kind, just like you.”

“It’s custom made?”

Bea nodded her head. “Just for you.”

Allie smiled and gave Bea another kiss. “Help me put it on?” Once the necklace was secured around her neck, Allie pulled the redhead into an embrace. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, baby.” Bea replied in kind before connecting their lips once more. This time adding a little tongue action for good measure.

“Fuckin’ gag me, eh!” Boomer hollered, interrupting their moment.

“Boomer!” Debbie said, whacking the woman on her arm. “Let them be.”

“What? They were about to get their root on right in front of us!”

“No, we weren’t.” Bea said, rolling her eyes. “We were just kissing.”

“Whatever. Where’s Franky?” Boomer asked, getting out of the hot tub.

“Probably with Bridget doing way worse than just kissing.” Allie said.

“Ugh! All you together people make us alone people feel like we’re third wheelin’ or somethin’.” Boomer grumbled before walking down the stairs in search of Franky.
“What does that even mean?” Allie asked with a laugh.

“Ignore her.” Debbie spoke. “She tells me that she’s missing Daz.”

"Fucks sake. He’s no good for her.” Bea said. “We need to find someone good for her.”

“Ooo, matchmaking. Can I help?”

“I guess so. Just don’t try to set her up with the first bloke you lay eyes on.” Bea replied.

“Hey, I’m a very serious person when it comes to matchmaking, okay?” Allie said. “Look at what I did for Debbie and Shane.”

“You didn’t even get them together.”

“No, but I said they’d be good together.” Allie flicked her hair off her shoulder in a dramatic manner.

“And we’re not together.” Debbie clarified. “We’re just friends...that kiss.”

“What?!” Allie practically shouted. “Why haven’t you guys made it official yet? It's obvious how much you two like each other.”

“I do like him, and I know he likes me. But he hasn’t asked me to be his girlfriend. I know that he wants to date me, I just think he’s afraid to ask.”

“So, you ask him to be your boyfriend then.” Bea suggested.

Debbie scrunched up her face. “No.” She said. “I want him to ask me.” She climbed out of the hot tub. “I’m taking Franky’s advice; if he wants to date me, then he needs to properly ask me. Not just assume we already are or anything.” And with that, she made her way down the set of stairs.
Bea looked to Allie, letting a scoff escape her mouth. “Teenagers.”

Later that evening, after the boat was docked, Franky was stood in the kitchen to cook their last dinner in New York. She was cooking a simple meal of spaghetti bolognese with garlic toast on the side. The meal was almost complete and while she stirred the ingredients together, she watched as her beloved girlfriend poured four glasses of red wine. Allie wasn’t supposed to drink anything containing alcohol, but this one time wouldn’t hurt. It wasn’t a full glass like the others, so she would be fine. Boomer and Debbie opted for iced tea with their meal.

“We’re getting Pink for the weekend as soon as we get back home, so we need to get plenty of rest on the plane ride.” Bridget said once she finished pouring the wine.

“Are we sure this is what we want?” Franky asked.

Putting the wine glass away, Bridget turned to Franky and leaned against the small island. “This is exactly what I want. Ever since I met that little girl, I felt this instant maternal feeling towards her. I told you that. And I told you that I wanted to adopt her. Then you put yourself into the picture, which I was all for. But, Franky, if this isn’t something you’re sure about, then you need to tell me now.” She said seriously, her eyes filling up with tears. “Because we can’t be two months in of having her and then you decide that it wasn’t what you wanted after all.”

“No, no. That’s not what I meant at all.” Franky quickly said. She stepped to Bridget and cupped her face, using her thumbs to wipe at her eyes. “I want that little girl, she’s the cutest thing ever. And I want nothing more than to raise her with you.” She assured. “I’m just nervous, okay? I’m nervous as fuck because I don’t want to screw it all up. I’m afraid that I won’t be a good mum.”

“Oh, Franky. You’re going to be the best mum ever. Pink already loves you.” Bridget said. “It’s okay to feel nervous because I am too. She’s this sweet, little, precious human-being and she’s going to be in our care. So, yeah, of course I’m nervous too. But we’re not going to screw anything up. We’re going to be amazing mums together, I promise. Everything is going to be fine.” She pulled the raven-haired woman into a hug and held her tight.

“I sure hope so, Gidge.” Franky whispered.

Bridget pulled back and kissed her lover on the lips. “She’s going to be ours, and we’re going to give her the best life that we can.” She smiled. “Now, finish up that amazing food. I’m sure everyone’s hungry.”
The six women sat around the table and ate their spaghetti bolognese. All of them thanked Franky and told her that it tasted great. As dinner progressed, light conversation flowed around them. Talk of their time in New York was the main subject, and how much they all enjoyed their time. Then the conversation turned onto Bea. The redhead hadn’t told any of them about talk on her next fight because that’s all it was; talk. At the moment, it wasn’t important. But when she was asked by Franky, she told her that there was no decision yet. And it was left at that.

They all watched a movie together before all of them went to bed to go to sleep for their early flight in the morning. Allie walked out of the bathroom and slipped right into bed, cuddling into Bea. She played with the redhead’s fingers for a minute before linking their fingers together. She kissed her girlfriend’s cheek and settled herself into the crook of Bea’s neck.

“Thank you for this, Bea.” Allie spoke. “I almost feel as though my previous life was just a bad, scary dream. These last eight months with you have been nothing short of amazing. You’ve shown me the proper way that I deserve to be treated. I always say this, but you saved me. And I’ll always be grateful for that.”

“You make it sound like you’re breaking up with me.” Bea nervously laughed.

“No!” Allie quickly assured. “That’s not what I’m doing at all. I just...needed to tell you how much I appreciate you. And that I love you.”

“I love you too, Allie.” Bea replied. “I don’t know what it was about you, but you managed to get under my skin and I couldn’t bring myself to stop you. You were so...intoxicating. And I found myself wanting more.”

“It’s the charm.” Allie teased.

“Whatever.” Bea laughed. She turned her body to lean down so that she could press her lips against Allie’s. Her lips were gentle at first and then more demanding. Pulling Allie’s bottom lip into her mouth, she gave it a suck. And then her strong tongue entered into the blonde’s mouth.

Allie moaned. “We have to go to sleep.” She said after breaking their kiss. “We have an early flight.”

“I know.” With one more kiss to Allie’s lips, she laid back down. “Good night, beautiful girl.”
“Sweet dreams.”

Chapter End Notes

asdfghjkl; episode 7 of Wentworth had me shook! It was so good. Kaz is slowly becoming my favorite character. (Besides Bea, of course) I'm sure most of you have already seen that ep already, so how was it for you all?

Thank you for reading and supporting! It truly means a lot to me! This chapter was a bit shorter than the others, I hope that's okay. Anyway, let me know what you all thought?
I'm sorry for the late update, but I've been sick since last Wednesday and I wasn't able to finish the chapter until recently. I'm still not feeling too well, but couldn't have you all waiting any longer. Enjoy!

ps; if something doesn't make sense in this chapter, it's probably because I was roofed up on Tylenol XD and didn't have the energy to change it ... ;)

The crew of six had been at the Los Angeles International Airport for a little over an hour now after flying from New York. It was after eleven am, and the layover was just about to be over so that the travels back to Sydney could continue. But what Allie didn’t know was that her and Bea’s layover still had a couple more hours to go. She still didn’t know about the surprise holiday, so it would definitely come as a shock when Franky, Bridget, Debbie, and Boomer would board the private plane and not her or Bea. Her mind was set on going back to Australia, and her body was prepared for that long flight. But she wouldn’t be going back to Australia, at least not yet.

Bea followed behind the others as they were walking back to the private plane for their travels to commence. As they got closer to the exiting door where some airport officials were waiting, the four who were meant to board the private plane stopped walking so that they could say their goodbye’s. Franky, Bridget, Debbie, and Boomer each gave a hug to Bea and Allie, and told them to be safe. Allie was beyond confused, wondering why she was receiving hugs and being told to be safe when they were all boarding the same plane. Allie was about to walk out the door after the others, but was stopped by Bea grabbing her arm.

“Come on.” Allie said, trying to pull her arm from the redhead’s grasp. “We don’t want to hold everyone up.”

“We won’t be holding anyone up.” Bea replied. “We have plenty of time.”

“What do you mean? They’re boarding the plane now. We gotta go.” She tried walking again, but was stopped once more by Bea.

“Allie, we’re not going with them.” Bea said. “I have something planned for just the two of us, a little getaway.”

The blonde furrowed her eyebrows together. “But...Mr. Alicio...the shop.”
“I’ve talked with Mr. Alicio, he said he’s fine.”

“When Mr. Alicio says he’s fine, it doesn’t mean he’s telling the truth.”

“I talked to Alexander too.” Bea assured. “Everything is okay. We’re only going to be gone for an extra week. And then we’ll be back in Melbourne.”

Though she was very appreciative for her girlfriend’s romanticism, she couldn’t help but worry about the French man in Melbourne. A week getaway with the redhead was something that excited her, really. The look on her face was probably telling a different story though, but she couldn’t help it. She was a worrier. But she decided to go along with the plans.

“Where are we going?” Allie finally asked. “And how are we getting there if they’re getting on the private plane?”

A grin formed on Bea’s face. “Getting so used to the luxurious life that you think there isn’t any other way of travel?” She teased, pulling the blonde into a loose embrace. “We’re going to be flying on a commercial flight; first class. It’s easier that way, especially where we’re going.”

“Where are we going?” She asked again.

“We still have another couple hours of layover, so let’s go grab an early lunch from one of these places in here and then I’ll tell you where we’re going.”

Allie rolled her eyes, but allowed herself to be led by Bea. She hated not knowing where they were going, but loved that Bea planned a special holiday for the two of them. Although she was still trying to get accustomed to Bea’s way of life, it certainly was nice. The spontaneous redhead was definitely a catch, and she was so lucky to have her.

They were sat at a table in the airport eating some pizza. The choice of food came from Allie, and Bea was happy to oblige. She’d do anything for the blonde; that was already proven. She never described herself as the romantic type, but she couldn’t help it with Allie. Her girlfriend made her want to do corny things. Bea would even go as far as taking the time to light up several candles around their room and turn on mood setting music, and then take her time loving up on Allie’s body. In fact, she just added that thought to her list of ways to show appreciation to Allie. That list was obviously imaginary, but there was so much on it.
“I’m on my third slice of pizza.” Allie pointed out. “And I still don’t know where we’re going.”

Bea laughed. She took a sip of her drink before wiping her hands and mouth. “Okay, I’ll spare you any more trouble.” She said. “So, this romantic getaway is to somewhere I’ve always wanted to go, but never had the right person to go with me. And I wasn’t going to take Franky.” She chuckled. “We’ll be spending a week in Bora Bora. Just you and me.”

“Bora Bora?”

“Yeah, it’s a little island in French Polynesia. It has the most beautiful water, and the views are amazing.” Bea said, then pulled out her phone. “Here, I’ll show you.”

As Bea scrolled through numerous photos of Bora Bora, her mouth popped open in surprise. The island was beautiful, and it was really going to make for a romantic holiday.

“Bea…” Allie gaped in amazement. “That’s...I mean, it’s…”

“Beautiful?” Bea suggested, a smile on her face.

“Yeah.” She then looked into brown eyes. “Are you sure?”

“Am I sure about going to Bora Bora with you?” Bea asked. “Hell yeah!” She answered after Allie confirmed that question. “I want nothing more than to spend the week with you on a French Polynesian island.” She smiled that smile that would always make Allie weak at the knees.

Allie reached her hand across the table, letting her palm rest against the soft skin of Bea’s cheek. “You are so fucking amazing, you know that?” Out the corner of her eye, she saw the annoying crowd of paparazzi, but ignored them. They could take their photos all they want, it sure would be some amazing photographs anyway. “You’ve done nothing but treat me with respect and love, and I’m so lucky to have you, Beatrice Smith.” She leaned over the table far enough to engage her partner in a loving kiss. “I’m going to make you scream my name so much on our holiday that everyone will think Bora Bora got renamed to ‘Allie Allie’.” She grinned, kissing Bea once more on the lips before settling back in her chair. “What’s their views on same sex relationships anyway? Will I have to pretend to be your friend in public?”

“Do you think I’d book us a romantic getaway to some place where we couldn’t be open as a
couple?” Bea sarcastically asked. “You’re my girlfriend, anywhere I go. So, to answer your question, Bora Bora is very gay friendly.”

“Gay friendly.” Allie repeated with a snorting laugh. “That’s funny. And I had to ask. I know there are still some countries that criminalise homosexuality. So, I wasn’t sure if Bora Bora was one of those places or not.”

“You have nothing to worry about, babe.”

Nearing nine and a half hours later, the two women landed in Tahiti. Tahiti is the largest island in French Polynesia, and it was the main island where travelers landed before going to one of the other French Polynesian islands; it sort of acted like a gateway island. The time zone was three hours behind Los Angeles, so it was a little after six that evening in Tahiti. And since there was only three flights per day to get to Bora Bora from Tahiti, Bea and Allie would spend the rest of the day in Tahiti and then take one of the short flights to Bora Bora the following morning.

It was late, the duo already ate dinner and now they were walking along the shoreline hand in hand. There wasn’t much to do, not that either of them were complaining. They were just enjoying each other’s company and the sound of moving water. The soft sand beneath their bare feet tickled their toes, it was delightful though. Allie released Bea’s hand to settle for slipping her arm around the redhead’s waist. The couple walked like that in silence for a few more minutes before Allie released Bea completely and made her way closer to the water. The blonde padded into the water and let out a joyful laugh. The slight coldness of the water made her shriek, but she didn’t leave the water. Her body got accustomed to it rather quickly.

As Allie walked ahead of her in the water, Bea smiled. Her girlfriend was beyond amazing in so many ways, in ways she didn’t even know was possible to consider someone amazing by. Like the way the blonde ALWAYS smiled as soon as she woke up, it was simply amazing. Bea was so thankful to have someone like Allie. And then suddenly marriage crossed her mind. She never really thought of marriage and it wasn’t a subject that either woman talked about. It was as if they were both content with the way their lives were now. But for some reason, as she continued to walk, the thought of being married to Allie just wouldn’t leave her mind. She wanted to be able to put a ring on her finger and claim her forever. Hell, she wanted everything with Allie. But the question was, when? When does she get to propose to Allie? After the completion of the home she’s getting built? Is there a time frame on when the right time is to propose? Was it too early for such declaration of love? Bea didn’t know a damn thing about what was right or wrong when it came to certain things. Most of the time she just went with the flow of things. But the main question was, would Allie even say yes? She knew the blonde loved her, but marriage was a huge step and she didn’t know if Allie was ready for that yet.

“Babe!” Allie called out, bringing Bea from her thoughts. “Come here!”

Bea lifted her head and looked at Allie, seeing her waving arms in a ‘come hither’ motion.
Without even a second thought, the redhead made her way towards her lover and was soon standing in above ankle deep water. Allie slipped her arms around Bea’s neck and pulled her close.

“I love you so much.” Allie whispered. “You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

Bea wrapped her arms around Allie’s midsection, holding her. “I love you too, Allie.”

“Dance with me.” It was more of a request than a question.

“Right now?” Bea chuckled. “There’s no music.”

“We don’t need music, just the two of us.”

So, there they were, swaying to the sound of the ocean water beneath their bodies, looking deeply into each other’s eyes. There was no one else around, just the two of them. It was probably one of their most intimate moments. And then Allie leaned forward, capturing Bea’s lips with her own in a passionate kiss. The moonlight casted over their bodies in a beautiful way, making it seem like they were in a spotlight.

Around 8:45 the next morning, Bea and Allie were boarding the small plane so they could get to Bora Bora. It was going to be a short flight to Bora Bora, lasting around forty minutes. It wasn’t long later that the plane was in the air and for the first thirty minutes of the flight, all that was in sight was blue waters and some other islands. But as the island they were going to came into sight, Allie began to get excited. The plane made a slight turn before beginning to descend to land. And in just a short ten minutes, Bea and Allie were exiting the plane to step onto the Motu Mute airport strip. After exiting the airport with their luggage, they made their way to a pier to get on a transfer boat so that they could be taken to the main island of Bora Bora. The boat ride lasted nearly fifteen minutes, and they were finally at the main island of Bora Bora.

The first thing that was on the schedule of the day was to check into the resort that they were staying in. As Bea guided Allie through along the boardwalk, she smiled widely. They were staying in an overwater bungalow that had a lagoon view. Inside the bungalow was a bedroom with a bathroom, a small kitchen, and a living room area. The bedroom housed a king size bed. In the center of the living room was a section that had a glass floor, giving a view of the vibrant waters beneath the bungalow. There was a back deck that had lounging chairs on them and a ladder that made it easy to get into the beautiful clear waters. This was going to be a special
“We’re staying here?” Allie asked, a smile across her lips.

“Well, I hope so. Otherwise we’re standing somewhere we shouldn’t be.” Bea replied with a laugh.

Allie brought both hands to her mouth. “This place is beautiful.”

Bea smiled. “I’ve always wanted to come here. And I’m happy that I’m here...with you.” She stepped close to the blonde, pulling her into an embrace. “I can’t wait to do some exploring.”

“Thank you.” Allie said after nuzzling her face into the redhead’s neck.

“How about we not spend the rest of the week here with you thanking me.” Bea suggested. “I wouldn’t be here without you, and I did this for us.” She slightly pulled away, studying her girlfriend’s face and seeing the tears in her eyes. “Don’t cry.” She said, wiping at the blonde’s eyes.

“They’re happy tears; I’m happy.” Allie replied. She gave Bea a tender kiss.

“It’s a little after ten, do you want to go grab some brunch or something?”

Allie shook her head. “Not right now. Is it okay if we relax here for a little bit? And then we can start on your exploration?”

“Of course.” Bea nodded her head. “Whatever you want, babe.”

Allie sat down on the sofa and beckoned Bea to join her. Looking down onto the floor, she looked through the glass and at the water. It sure looked beautiful. She laid her head down on Bea’s shoulder and held her hand.

“Can I take you somewhere nice for dinner tonight?” Allie asked. “Before you say no, just please
let me. I hardly get to do anything for you because you’re always doing these things for me. So, just please let me show my appreciation.”

Bea pressed her lips to Allie’s temple before smirking. “I thought you’d never ask.” And that made Allie giggle.

“Oh, Allie!” Bea moaned out, her back arching upwards in complete ecstasy. Her legs were thrown over the blonde’s shoulders as said woman had her face perched in between Bea’s thighs doing such pleasurable things with her mouth.

Bea and Allie had gone out for a little exploring on the island for a few hours. They had found their way to a main street where there was plenty of shops to look around in. Obviously most of the things were hand made and antique, but it was also very unique and beautiful. The shops were enjoyable and Allie even bought a few things for herself and Bea. And she even got a little snack that was served inside the shell of a coconut that she shared with Bea. So far, their time in Bora Bora has been great and the people there was very welcoming. But after their street roaming, Allie had been very persistent in getting back to the bungalow to have an even better time with her other half.

Bea laced her fingers through blonde hair, holding Allie against her core. “I’m so close!” She said with another moan. “Keep going, baby.”

Allie sucked her lover’s clit into her mouth with plenty of suction, giving the best pleasure she could give before releasing the bundle of nerves and went to flicking the bud in reasonable speed, all while slipping two fingers into Bea’s welcoming entrance. Her fingers were met with warmth and wetness, a combination that only proved to Allie that she was doing a damn good job. As she simultaneously pumped her fingers and flicked her tongue against Bea’s clit, she reached her free hand up and squeezed an already rock hard nipple between her fingers; the redhead’s moans echoing through the bungalow room. Allie doesn’t believe there was anything better than being on a beautiful island with a beautiful woman screaming for her to go faster. And if there was something better, then she really needs to get out more. Because this, oh this, was very, very captivating.

“Allie…” Bea said in a bare whisper as her thighs clenched and an orgasm ripped through her body in a warm rave. Her body shook and her eyes rolled back in pleasure, this having to be the best orgasm ever.

Allie helped Bea through her orgasm and once the redhead calmed, she pulled her fingers out of the warm cocoon and gave one last kiss to the sensitive center before crawling up her lover’s body. She kissed Bea’s neck and then her lips before settling down beside her, and then pulling
her to lay on her chest.

“That was amazing.” Bea uttered after a few minutes of regaining her composure.

Allie smiled, feeling very satisfied with herself. “And that was orgasm number one of one hundred of our time here in Allie Allie.”

Bea laughed. “Allie Allie.” She repeated with a playful eye roll. “One hundred orgasms in six days? Is that even possible? That’s like, what, over twenty orgasms a day? When will we have time to see this beautiful island?”

“The night is young.” Allie replied, teasingly. She ran her fingers up the exposed skin of the redhead’s arm. “Do you think our sex would ever...die out?”

“I hope not.” Bea answered, lifting her head to look into blue eyes. “I think that when two people really connect, their sex life doesn’t ever die out or fade.” She paused. “Sex isn’t just a physical connection, ya know…” She ran a finger over Allie’s temple. “It’s in here too.” The words came out in a whisper. “So, as long as we connect in more ways than one, we’ll always have that spark. Are you worried that our sex would get boring?”

“I just wasn’t sure if it would always be like this, is all. I haven’t had great relationships, so I don’t know about how long the spark can last.” Allie said. “My greatest hope is that we’re always happy together. And that the spark never goes out.”

“Trust me,” Bea began as she climbed on top of the blonde’s body. “The way I feel about you...it would take all the water in the world to put out the spark between us.” She gave a teasing kiss to Allie’s waiting mouth. “But even then, it wouldn’t be enough.”

And then Bea worked her magic on Allie, sending the blonde into a state of euphoria. Not once, but twice.

Both woman showered, separately, and was now getting ready for Allie’s planned romantic dinner. Bea was already dressed and ready, and was just waiting on Allie to be finished. The redhead was sat in the kitchen sipping on some wine as she waited. Bea was wearing ramie clothed shorts that was of forest green color and a white blouse that she had tucked into the shorts. She had no idea what Allie had planned for dinner, but she couldn’t wait to eat as she was quite hungry. Just as she placed her wine glass down, Allie exited from the bathroom and Bea’s jaw nearly hit the floor. The blonde was wearing shorts that were of the same material of Bea’s shorts.
But Allie’s shorts were white and fitted close against her form. She was also wearing a white crop top with thin straps.

“A crop top? Your belly showing...Is that safe to wear?” Bea asked.


Bea took a moment to look at Allie’s long, exposed legs. “Not really, but I’ll have to be.”

Allie grinned, holding her hand out. “Great. Let’s go.”

It wasn’t going to be long until the sun started setting, and Allie thought it was the perfect scenario. Very romantic, in her eyes. Allie rented bicycles to get them to where they were going, and Bea happily followed. It didn’t take long to get to the destination, to which Bea was confused. She thought they were going for dinner, so why were they parking their bicycles near a secluded beach? But as Allie led her through the small opening of the trees and to a more open area of the secluded beach, Bea realized that they were having dinner literally on the beach. There were several tiki torches lit up that led to a table for two near the ocean water, with red rose petals scattered along the white sand. Laying over the table was a white cloth with two glasses, two covered plates, and a champagne bottle placed in a bucket of ice. Not too far from the table was a double chaise lounger that had a white sheet covering the cushions.

Allie pulled out a chair for Bea to allow her to sit, and the redhead gracefully accepted the offer. She sat down and followed Allie with her eyes to the other side of the table. Allie sent Bea a loving smile as she uncovered their dishes. The food was an asian cuisine that consisted of sauteed noodles mixed in with onions and carrots with grilled shrimp on top, only Allie’s dish had no shrimp because she wasn’t a fan of seafood.

Bea smiled, shaking her head in disbelief. “This is...how did you even have time to get this organized? We were together most of the day.”

“I’m a woman with many capabilities.” Allie winked. “When you went into that little shop with the hand made leather jackets, I asked a few locals about a romantic dinner, and even in their broken english I knew what they were trying to tell me. So, I got it all set it up when you thought I had to go to the bathroom.”

“I knew something was up, you were gone for quite a while.”
“But this makes up for it, doesn’t it?” Allie asked, her eyes twinkling with love.

“I guess so, except that…” Bea trailed off, picking up the chopsticks that were laying on her plate. “I don’t know how to use these.”

Allie laughed. “Seriously? You have many talents, but operating a pair of chopsticks isn’t one of them?”

“I’ve just never had a reason to learn.”

“Well, now ya do.” Allie said. She spent a few minutes teaching the redhead how to hold the chopsticks properly and the correct way to use them. But Bea ended up not being a fan of the utensils. She used the chopsticks anyway without complaining, not wanting to put a damper on the dinner Allie had planned.

As the couple ate their dinner and sipped their champagne, the sky began to change colors. As the sun lowered to the ocean’s horizon, the sky was a mix of orange and blue. To which pink and purple suddenly played into the mix. The sky was beautiful, but Allie knew that nothing could compare to the way Bea looked.

Once they finished eating their dinner, both women were laying together on the double chaise lounger watching as the sky continued to transform into what looked like was spray painted by a graffiti artist. Allie wrapped her arms around her lover and held her close, enjoying the peacefulness that this moment had to offer.

Bea skimmed her fingers across the exposed skin of Allie’s stomach and pressed her lips to the blonde’s shoulder. “Thank you for dinner. Tonight has been perfect.”

Allie smiled. “I’m glad you think so, but tonight isn’t over yet.” She continued when Bea gave her a confused look. “We’re going to a show in a little while.”

“What kind of show?”

“You’ll see.” Allie said, giving the redhead a peck to the lips. “Come on, we better start heading that way.”
Another bicycle ride later, the two women found themselves at an outdoor bar with a large patio, where Bea guessed where the show was going to be taking place at. Allie ordered herself a club soda and got Bea a beer, then made her way to where Bea was sitting amongst the small crowd. Allie and Bea fell into a comfortable conversation about things they definitely wanted to do while on the island when a group of four men dressed in tiki grass clothing with paint on their skin walked onto the patio. As soon as the music began, the men began swirling their sticks with fire in a synchronized order. Bea was amazed with the fire dancers, and it was her first time witnessing such a show. Once the fire dancers were finished with their display, a group of women began a tahitian dance show. All of it was completely mesmerizing, and it was a great way to end their night together.

Bea had noticed that one of the dancing women kept looking in Allie’s direction. It should’ve unsettled her, but it was quite a compliment on her part because of all the women surrounding them, Bea had the prettiest of them all. As her own eyes connected with the tahitian dancer, she slipped an arm around Allie’s waist in a silent way of claiming the blonde. Bea then turned her head to look at Allie, only to be taken aback by the look she was receiving; it was full of love and adoration. Yeah, the spark between them was never going to fade.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter seems kind of short, but I really hope you all have enjoyed it anyway. Thank you for reading! Let me know what you though :)

But that 8th episode though!!! A couple questions for you all: 1. how do you feel about Ruby and Allie? 2. Is Joan alive?
Melbourne Blues

Chapter Notes

I would normally say to enjoy, but I have a feeling you won't...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their time in Bora Bora had been nothing short of adventurous and perfect. From snorkeling to touring the island, the couple had done it all. Allie’s favorite thing had definitely been the 4x4 excursion they went on on their fourth day of being on the island. It’s not that the blonde had gotten tired of the sand and saltwater, she just really wanted to learn more about the historical and cultural aspects of Bora Bora. The views while on the tour was really breathtaking too, so it wasn’t half bad. The bumps, hills, and mud was also different from their previous days around the water - it wasn’t totally unwelcomed, in fact, it was fun. While Allie had really loved the excursion, Bea tremendously enjoyed taking a more daring approach by feeding sharks and stingrays up close. It was a fun activity for the redhead, but she knew Allie wouldn’t quite enjoy it. The sharks were small and the stingrays were harmless, so Bea had felt safe. But Allie still didn’t want to join on that part, she opted for just waiting until the snorkeling tour. Which was fun and both women liked. They got to explore the ocean floor and the reefs, and even swam alongside rainbow-colored fish. Bea was really happy she had gotten a waterproof camera. There truly wasn’t anything better.

It wasn’t just the adventure that they loved about the island though; the cuisine and relaxation that was offered was definitely high up on their list of reasons to love Bora Bora. Allie wasn’t really big on seafood, but when she had tried their mahi mahi wrapped with banana leaves, she was surprised to have found it delicious. Neither women were up for trying the islands popular suckling pig, as it was a bit out of their comfort zone. The relaxation on the island was a true delight to the couple as well. Whether it being them relaxing in a hammock on the beach or taking a day trip to the spa, it had been wonderful.

So, when it came to the morning of their departure from the French Polynesian Island, Bea and Allie was sad to leave. Their vacation in Bora Bora was going to be an unforgettable experience, that’s for sure. Both women were a bit saddened while they had finished up packing their luggage and even on the boat ride to the airport, then also on the plane ride back to Tahiti. They may have been even more sulkly when they boarded the plane to leave Tahiti to go to Auckland (where the layover was taking place at), and then on to Melbourne. The flight from Tahiti to Auckland was only a little over five hours, but the two women decided to try to sleep it out anyway. And once they got on a different plane in Auckland to go back home to Melbourne, neither woman could sleep. So, they opted for talking about their favorite parts of the trip and looking over the pictures they took. And it only made them miss being in Bora Bora even more.

Landing in Melbourne felt weird for Bea and Allie. Maybe it was because they were on a commercial flight or maybe that it was raining, but whatever it was, it still felt... weird. Almost as if something were missing. It was pushed to the back of their minds though, as they exited the plane and went to baggage claim. And it was assumed that the feeling was because they hadn’t been home in nearly five weeks. Which sounded crazy. Five weeks being overseas? Whew. It should have felt great to be home, but to them it felt weird. And it was even weirder to see Franky standing next to Will in the airport lobby. Shouldn’t the raven-haired woman be in Sydney?
“Franky, what are you doing here?” Bea asked as she gave the other woman a hug.

“I just needed to see how you lovebirds looked when you got back.” Franky replied, giving Allie a hug.

Bea shook Will’s hand and allowed him to grab her luggage. “Bullshit. You should be in Sydney with Bridget and Pink.”

“Hey, how is it coming along with Pink?” Allie asked.

“We’ll talk in the car, now come on. You two must be tired.”

As Will drove, Franky sat in the passenger seat with Bea and Allie in the back. It was quiet for the first five minutes, nobody starting up a conversation. Which was unlike Franky, she’d already be asking about how their time was in Bora Bora and want every intimate detail. Again, weird.

“You gonna tell us about Pink?” Bea finally asked.

“Oh, right, yeah.” Franky replied, slightly turning in the front seat to look at the two other women. “Well, when we got back from the States, we got to have Pink for the entire weekend. Which was awesome, she’s a great kid. Very easy to please. Then we had a meeting with social services and a couple representatives from the state. It was brief, but thorough and the woman who did our home study spoke in our favor.” She paused. “Anyway, long story short, we found out yesterday that Pink will be completely ours in two weeks time. All we have to do is submit a couple forms about getting some legal papers for Pink.”

“Will Pink still be her name?” Allie asked.

“Gidge and I talked about that, and we wanted to change it at first, but we decided not to.” Franky said. “Pink is who we met and fell in love with, that’s her name. And it’s pretty badass.” She lightly laughed. “So, we chose to just give her a full name. She'll be known as Pink Elisabeth Westfall Doyle.”

“Wow, it’s official. Franky is gonna be a mama.” Bea said, a smile on her face.
“Yeah.” Franky smiled, and tears were present in her eyes.

Bea studied the raven haired woman some more. Something was off about her. “Seriously, Franky, why are you here?”

Franky wiped her eyes and swallowed the lump that formed in her throat. “I, uh, I have something that I need to tell you. And it’s not easy.”

“What is it?”

“I got a call yesterday morning from Alexandre.” Franky began. “They didn’t want to bother y’all because of the vacation you were on. Alexandre told me that I needed to get to Melbourne quick, so I got on the first flight that I could.” She paused, briefly closing her eyes. “Mr. Alicio wasn’t doing so well. His...his skin was a different color when I got here yesterday, but he kept telling me that everything was going to be okay. That...that it was just another bump in the road that he was going through. And that it wasn’t something he couldn’t handle.” She talked, but she couldn’t even look at the two staring intently at her. “Bea...Allie...Mr. Alicio passed away three hours ago.” A sob escaped her mouth as she finished that sentence.

Bea was stunned, her eyes falling shut. She instantly began to say no, repeatedly. And tears bubbled up in Allie’s eyes before they spilled out. Allie cried, her hands coming to cover her face.

“And...” Franky sniffled. “And I found out that Mr. Alicio had a surgery scheduled for this evening because the tumor in his brain was beginning to affect his eyesight. He wanted it gone, the tumor. He wanted it-”

“No!” Bea interrupted, her face red. “Franky, it’s not funny! He did not die! He is not dead!”

“No!” Bea interrupted once again. “Why are you lying to me?”

Franky shook her head. “I wish I was.”
Bea quickly fished for her phone. “I’m calling Alexandre.” As soon as she found his number, she pressed the call option. The line was answered after a few rings and the young man began asking if Bea was home yet, but she ignored him and went straight into wanting her own information. “Franky just told me something very disturbing about Mr. Alicio, but she’s lying...she’s lying. Right?”

Alexandre choked on his cries. “I’m sorry, Bea. Uncle Alicio passed away a few hours ago. I don’t...I’m sorry.”

“Fuck!” Bea screamed, throwing her phone into the floor. Her head fell into her hands and she cried. It wasn’t fair to her. That man meant everything to her. He had always been there for her ever since she met him. Other than Franky, Mr. Alicio was the one who opened her eyes about Allie. The French man wasn’t just a pastry shop owner to her; he was a father figure in her eyes and her best friend. And now, it seemed as if her world was crumbling.

As soon as Will pulled up into the driveway of the Melbourne home and parked, Bea stumbled out of the backseat. She was quite dizzy from her crying, but she managed to unlock her front door and dart up the stairs. Allie wiped her eyes and blew her nose into a tissue. The blonde couldn’t understand how such a terrible thing happened to a wonderful person. And it hurt her that the last time she had even held the man in her arms was over a month ago. Part of her wished that what Franky had said was a cruel joke.

“I’ll put the luggage just inside the door, go on up to her.” Will said to Allie.

“Thank you.” Allie replied, giving the bodyguard a small squeeze on his arm.

Franky walked with Allie up to the front door before pulling her into a hug. “I know how much he meant to you, even though you haven’t known him long.” She started. “But you meant something to him too, so don’t doubt that. If you need anything, just call me.”

“I know you have your apartment here, but you could you stay here tonight?” Allie asked. “It’s just that I haven’t dealt with Bea like this before, and I’m afraid she’ll try to push me away.”

Franky nodded her head. “Okay, but you go talk to her first. I’ll be down here.”

After the two women entered the house, Allie slowly made her way up the stairs. As she got closer to the top, the sound of Bea’s cries entered her ears. Oh, how she hated to see her girlfriend so hurt and upset. Entering their bedroom, her eyes widened when she saw the redhead swipe
Allie rushed to Bea when she saw that she was about to clear off another shelf. She wrapped her arms around her and pulled her tight against her body.

“Allie...it’s going to be okay.” Allie said in a soothing voice. “I’m here...I’m here and I’ll support you, I’ve got ya.” When the redhead let out a strangled sob, Allie’s heart broke and she tightened her grip. “Oh, baby, I know. Just let it out.”

Bea’s legs began to give out on her, so Allie held her and then lowered them both to sit on the floor. As soon as they got onto the floor, Bea buried her face into the blonde’s neck and cried some more, trying desperately to grab any part of Allie that she could.

“Shhh.” Allie said, rocking her body as her hand ran up and down Bea’s back. “It’s okay.”

Bea lifted her hand and placed it against Allie’s cheek, lifting her head to look her in the face. “I’m sorry.” She croaked out.

“Allie assured. “I love to be able to support you when I can.”

“No...I’m sorry about Mr. Alicio.” Her eyes filled with tears. “I know how much you loved him.”

Allie shook her head. “Bea, you lost him too. He was like a father to you, and your best friend.” She said. “I’m sad about it, yeah, but don’t apologize to me.”

“If only...if only we didn’t go to Bora Bora, we could’ve been here with him...for him.”

“Allie, no. That trip was for us, and we had a great time. Don’t start to regret that, please.” The blonde begged. “He wanted that for us too, he wanted us to have time together. So, please, don’t regret this past week with me.”

Tears spilled from Bea’s eyes. “It isn’t fair.”

“I know, baby, I know.” Allie replied, also crying. “But we’ve got to be strong together. I’ll miss him so much, and you will too. And this feeling won’t last forever.”
Bea dropped her head against Allie’s shoulder, inhaling sharply.

“Let’s get into bed, yeah?”

Bea nodded her head and was soon helped into bed. As Allie snuggled into her, Bea pressed her face into her chest, wanting to feel close.

“He was going to have surgery.” Bea mumbled. “He finally agreed to have surgery and then he just...died.”

Allie held onto Bea, knowing that her floodgates were going to open up again at any moment. And she was right; the redhead began to shake as she tried to hold back her tears. She couldn’t keep herself from crying again though, so her tears spilled against the blonde’s chest.

Four days later…

If she could skip through any day, today would be that day. Bea Smith hated funerals. Especially the ones that affected her so much. In the last four days, she couldn’t think on a time that she wasn’t crying. Losing Mr. Alicio had to be one the worst things that has ever happened to her; even worse than the time she broke her ankle when she ten. She didn’t realize she was squeezing Allie’s hand as they walked up the steps to the funeral home, until the blonde said something about it.

“She, you’re hurting my hand.” She whispered.

“Sorry.” Bea replied, lifting the hand to her lips and pressing a kiss to it.

Bea opened the door to the funeral home, allowing Allie, Debbie, and Boomer to enter first. She followed closely behind them until she saw a bathroom, and told them that she was going to the bathroom for a minute. She walked into the bathroom and went straight to the mirror above the sinks. She looked at her reflection, taking in her appearance; the black dress with the black trench coat, her hair straightened down her shoulders and the light make-up over her face. Her feet was in heels, something she didn’t wear often. A woman exiting one of the stalls pulled her from her trance, and she grabbed a couple paper towels. The woman was old and was shorter than her, and also looked to be of French descent. But she’s never seen this woman before. As her eyes locked
with the older woman’s, the woman smiled brightly.

“You must be Bea.” The older woman said, walking towards the sink area with a cane in her hand.

Bea furrowed her eyebrows together. “Yeah. Do I know you?”

“No, we have never met before.” The woman said. “But I have heard so much about you. My name is Emile.”

Bea shook the other woman’s hand and smiled.

“I am... was,” Emile started. “I was Alicio’s lady friend.”

“Lady friend?”

“Lady friend.” Emile repeated. “We sometimes went on dates or to see movies like the young people do.” Then she slightly blushed. “And we sometimes kissed.”

Bea let a smile form on her face. “So, you were his girlfriend?”

Emile shrugged her shoulders. “He was afraid at first because he said he was too old to have love, but then I worked my charm and he could not resist.” She smiled. “Instead of asking me to be his girlfriend, he wanted me to marry him. I, of course, said no because we had only just met at that time. But now...part of me wishes I had said yes.”

“I don’t think marriage would’ve changed the outcome, Emile. You loved him, that’s what matters.”

“It may not have changed the outcome, but maybe I could have helped sooner.” Emile said. “Just like everyone else in his life, he kept the cancer a secret from me too.” She gave Bea’s shoulder a supportive rub. “Anyway, I better get going. I have to find Alexandre. It was really nice to meet you. I am sorry about your loss.”
Bea hugged Emile before she allowed her to leave the bathroom. Then she shook her head. Mr. Alicio had a girlfriend, it was unbelievable. The same man who felt as though his time for love was over just months ago, was the same man who had ended up finding love anyway.

“That sneaky little…” Bea trailed off, a smile present on her face. She couldn’t wait to tell Allie about what she had just found out.

Bea exited the bathroom in search for her blonde girlfriend. She had gotten stopped a few times by Mr. Alicio’s immediate family. Mr. Alicio and his family didn’t see each other often, but they did keep in touch. Not many people were at the funeral because most of his family and friends lived in France and it was such short notice to try to travel over. But they sent their condolences and had flowers delivered. Bea did stop and talk to Alexandre’s mother, who was Mr. Alicio’s sister. She doesn’t see the woman much at all because she lives in Brisbane. Camille, the sister, was the one to organize the funeral since she was next of kin. And when she asked Bea to speak a few words at the funeral at such a short notice, Bea was left shocked. But Camille had said that Bea was the closest person her brother had to a daughter, and that it mean everything if she spoke. In the end though, Bea agreed. She hated talking in front of people, no matter the size of the crowd, but she’d make an exception for Mr. Alicio.

After talking to Camille for some time, she resumed her search for Allie. Finding the blonde crying against Alexandre’s shoulder broke her heart, she hated seeing her girlfriend like that. As she approached the two others, she put her hand on Allie’s lower back in a comforting way. It came as no surprise to her when the blonde quickly latched onto her for support, and Bea kindly held her crying girlfriend.

“It’ll be okay, beautiful girl.” Bea said into Allie’s ear, rubbing soothing patterns up her back.

“Allie, I didn’t think he was serious.”

“What?”

Allie pulled back slightly and held up the large envelope in her hand. “Mr. Alicio…he left…he left the shop to me. It’s all in my name. Everything.” She paused, the tears making her blue eyes stand out even more. “I didn’t think he was serious about that.”

Bea tucked a lock of hair behind Allie’s ear. “Babe, he said he was doing that for you. He said he trusted you to run it.”

“Yeah, but I thought he would have just given it to Alex or someone else in his family. Not me.” She tightly gripped the envelope in her hands. “This paperwork was settled almost three months
ago. What if I fail? What if I let him down?”

“Alexandre didn’t want that responsibility. You won’t fail, okay?” Bea assured, placing her hands on each side of Allie’s head. “You’re Allie; it’s in your nature to make sure you’re always striving. You won’t fail or let him down, you’ll do great.”

Allie sighed, letting her body fall into Bea’s. It was all too much, too soon. She didn’t believe in herself that she could run a business. It was a lot of work and she knew nothing about any of it. And that’s what made her nervous, she didn’t want to fail Mr. Alicio or the business.

Once the funeral started and everyone was sat in the chapel, selected music played before a few people spoke on Mr. Alicio’s behalf. Alexandre was the chosen person to read over Mr. Alicio’s obituary and then he spoke about his uncle for a bit before Camille took a stand behind the podium so that she could say some things. And then Camille called Bea up, something that Bea was completely unready for. As Bea stood up to go to the podium, Allie was looking at her with a quizzical expression. And Bea had just told her to not worry.

Bea hugged Camille before taking her place behind the podium. “I wasn’t prepared to give a eulogy at all, so it surprised me when Camille asked me to speak earlier.” She started, nervously. “And quite frankly, I don’t even know what to say about Mr. Alicio that everyone doesn’t already know.” A soft chuckle escaped her lips. “Mr. Alicio was a great man; so giving and loving, and caring. He cared about everyone in his life, no matter your background or where you came from...he cared. When I first met him I was such an angry person, and he used that against me to get me to lighten up a bit. And it worked. It made us butt heads in the beginning, but I grew to love that man. And I began to look at him as a father figure.” She paused, feeling the tears form in her eyes. “I looked after him, he looked after me. I helped him, he helped me. I gave him advice; though not very often because he was a very clever man. And he gave me advice. That’s how our relationship worked. Mr. Alicio was the person who opened my eyes to love; telling me that it was okay to let myself feel, and I’m very grateful for him. I always will be.” She looked down at the closed casket, her tears falling down her cheeks. “I hate that he’s gone. He deserved to live more years. I will miss him...everyday.” As she finished her speech, claps sounded through her ears; a signal that everyone there agreed with her.

Bea found her seat back next to Allie and gripped her hand in hers. All through the rest of the service, along with the priest giving a small sermon, Bea cried. After giving her eulogy, it had finally sunk in that Mr. Alicio was gone. This was basically the last goodbye, and it was really hitting her. And as soon as the pearly white casket began to descend down the aisle to exit the chapel to be placed inside of the hearse, Bea cried some more and Allie tried her best to hold it together for the both of them but it had been impossible. While she held onto to Bea to support her, she was also crying. They were losing someone very important to them, and it felt so unreal.

The graveside service was beautiful, but sad. During their moment of silence, white doves were released to symbolize love, peace, and hope. Many flowers of different kinds were scattered around the gravesite, bringing life where there once was. After the graveside service and after people began leaving, Bea stayed. Allie, Debbie, Boomer, and Franky also stayed, but stood to
the side to give the redhead some space.

“When are we getting food? I’m hungry.” Boomer said, her voice low.

“We’re at a funeral, Booms.” Franky stated. “Just pipe it down, you’ll get some food. Let Bea have her moment.”

As Boomer grumbled, Allie spoke. “She feels so bad that she wasn’t here for him. She wishes we didn’t go to Bora Bora so soon.” She said, receiving a sad smile from Franky. “Should I go up to her?”

“No, I’ll go.” Debbie said. “I want to. I’ll go see if she’s okay.”

As Debbie got close to her mum, she heard her cries. And what she heard her mum say really broke her heart.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here.” Bea said. “You needed me, and I wasn’t here.”

“Mum,” Debbie spoke carefully, slipping an arm around her mother’s waist. “It’s not your fault. He wanted you to go to Bora Bora with Allie, he assured you that everything would be fine. But he knew...he knew what was going to happen, and he didn’t want you to see him like that.” She said. “It’s not your fault.”

“I should’ve been here for him.” The redhead cried.

“Maybe, but you can’t change it. You have to stop beating yourself up about it, you’ll only make your grieving worse.” Debbie explained. “We should get you home.” She grabbed her mum’s hand. “Come on, let’s go home.”

Bea protested at first, but finally relented and let Debbie guide her towards the car. She did not regret her time spent with Allie in Bora Bora at all, it was perfect. But she just wished they would’ve gotten back sooner so she could have seen Mr. Alicio one more time. To have hugged him and talked to him one more time. At this moment in her life, the place that was always sunny and happy for her, felt so blue.

The drive to Bea’s home was quiet, as everyone was in their own minds. As Bea and Allie got dropped off, the three other’s went on to go get something to eat. Bea wasn’t in the mood for
food, and Allie didn’t want Bea left alone so she stayed with her. Debbie, Boomer, and Franky wanted to stay too, but Allie insisted that they go get some food. That they both would be okay.

After Allie and Bea changed out of their clothes and into something more comfortable, they laid in bed together. Like the last four days and nights, Allie took on the role of the big spoon. Her girlfriend needed time to process her feelings and that was okay, she was perfectly okay holding the redhead. She was very happy to be able to give Bea the support she needed.

“Allie?” Bea finally spoke in a soft whisper.

“I’m here, babe. What’s wrong?”

“What do you…” She trailed off, trying to find the right words. “Do...do you believe in heaven?”

It wasn’t what Allie expected, and it showed her how vulnerable Bea was actually feeling. “I’m not sure.” Allie answered, tightening her hold on the redhead. “I would like to believe that there is a nice place where nice people go after passing away, but I’m not so sure in what I do believe in.” She paused. “If there is a heaven, there is no doubt that is where Mr. Alicio is.”

“He was a good man.”

“Yes, he was.” Allie agreed. “A great man.”

“I miss him.”

“I know you do, baby. I miss him too.”

“He had a girlfriend.” Bea said, smiling afterwards.

“Mr. Alicio?”

“Yeah.” Bea replied. “I met her in the bathroom, she said she heard a lot about me.” She paused. “Her name is Emile. I just can’t believe he had a girlfriend.”
Allie let out a laugh. “Me neither. Especially with those crazy eyebrows of his.” She smiled widely when Bea also released a laugh. The sound coming from her girlfriend, after not hearing it for almost a week, sounded like music to her ears. She knew it would take a little bit of time for her girlfriend to get back to her normal self, and she'd be there to support her in whatever way she could.

Chapter End Notes

It all goes downhill from here. Drama is coming!
Let me know what you thought!

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