



An LA Lovers Valentine's

BY JOURDYN KELLY

Eve & Lainey

“Are you going to tell me where we’re going?”

“No.”

Eve smiled. She was wearing a blindfold, so all she could do was trust her wife. Which, of course, she did with her whole heart.

“You know, I would have been happy with a simple dinner at home with kids.”

“I know you would have,” Lainey said smoothly. “However, the boys were sweet enough to take care of Bella while I did something special for you.”

Lainey had been beyond surprised when Eve agreed to wear the blindfold. She knew that control was something Eve cherished. The fact that Eve trusted Lainey enough to give up that control made Lainey’s love for her bloom even more.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?”

Lainey chuckled softly. “Yes. It’s not often that I get to surprise you. Thank you for playing along.”

“I would do anything for you, Lainey.”

Lainey’s heart skipped a beat. It did that often with Eve. She never knew marriage could be so beautiful. Lord knew her previous marriage was a disaster. Lainey shook herself out of that line of

thinking. The *last* thing she wanted on her mind was her ex-husband. She focused her brain on being with Eve again.

Lainey had been planning this night for nearly two months, which hadn't been easy with such a perceptive wife. It also wasn't something Lainey was used to doing. Surprises were Eve's specialty. If she wasn't bringing home flowers or delicious pastries, she was painting Lainey small masterpieces. Of course, Eve always called them silly tokens to show her love. It didn't matter what Eve called them, Lainey cherished each and every one of the gestures. That was something she wanted Eve to feel.

"Lainey?"

"Almost there, honey."

"You were so quiet."

"I'm sorry. I was just thinking about everything you do for me. I want this night to be perfect for you."

"I'm with you. It's already perfect."

Lainey reached over and took Eve's hand, squeezing it. "I love you."

Eve smiled, wishing she could see her wife's face. *Wife*. It always felt like a jolt of electricity ran through her when she thought of being married to Lainey. Eve hadn't thought they'd ever make it to this point. The years of longing, of regret, of wasting time were behind them now. The hell if Eve was going to waste one second of their married life not showing Lainey how happy she was.

“I love you, too.” Eve felt the car slow down, and her curiosity was piqued. They hadn’t been driving for long, but LA was too new for Eve to have a clue where she had been taken. “Are we here?”

“Yes. Can you leave the blindfold on a little longer?”

“Of course.” Eve felt the car stop and took off her seatbelt.

“Wait there. I’ll come get you,” Lainey said softly. Her pulse was racing now. Lainey was nervous. This was their first Valentine’s together, and she wanted things to be perfect for Eve. She knew Eve would have been happy no matter what they did, but Lainey wanted more for the love of her life. She just hoped what she planned would showcase that.

The door opened, and Eve felt the chilled air on her skin. She waited for instructions from Lainey before moving.

“Ready?” Lainey asked.

“Absolutely.”

Lainey took Eve’s hand, gently pulling her out of the car. “Do you trust me?”

“With my heart,” Eve replied without hesitation.

The sentiment was not lost on Lainey. Eve’s life had been tumultuous at best. Eve would lay down her life for Lainey. That was natural for her. Handing over her heart, completely, wasn’t. But Lainey now held Eve’s delicate heart in her hands. She would protect it with everything she had.

“Walk with me,” Lainey murmured. “I won’t let you fall.”

Eve squeezed Lainey's hand. "I've already fallen," she said with a sexy grin. Of course, she would have winked if the blindfold wasn't there to ruin the effect.

"Such a charmer," Lainey laughed. "And I'm glad you have. Just a few more steps."

The breeze picked up slightly, and Lainey pulled Eve closer to feel the warmth of her body. Uncertainty clouded her mind for a moment. Was it too cold for this? She scolded her insecurity. *You planned this down to the T. Trust yourself as much as Eve does.* Suddenly, the time for worrying was over. They were here.

"Okay," Lainey said a little breathlessly. "You can take off your blindfold."

"Why don't you do it for me," Eve suggested, her tone seductive.

Lainey let go of Eve's hand and reached up to untie the knot of the blindfold. In this position, the first thing Eve would see would be Lainey.

Eve's eyes took a moment to focus. Her beautiful wife's face came into view, and Eve smiled broadly. "Just what I've always wanted."

Lainey shook her head with a grin. "It's a wonder I resisted you for so long."

"Ha! You didn't resist me!"

"Couldn't," Lainey corrected. "Life hasn't been easy, has it?" she asked softly.

"No, but it brought us here," Eve answered. "I think it was worth the wait." Her eyes had yet to stray from Lainey's.

"It was definitely worth the wait." Lainey stepped back and let Eve take in her surroundings.

Eve zeroed in on the white tent surrounded by strings of light. The tent glowed against the dark background of the sea behind it. "It's beautiful." She then turned her head and laughed. "You drove us home?"

Lainey shrugged. "I needed to get you away from the house so they could set everything up." She retook Eve's hand and led her towards the tent. "Neither of us likes to be far from the kids, but we needed tonight for ourselves. I thought camping out here on the beach was a good compromise."

Eve dipped her head and walked into the tent when Lainey held open the heavy material covering the door. The chill in the air vanished once inside. This was no ordinary tent. She stood at her full height and let the sight fill her senses.

Soft lighting created a romantic ambiance, enhanced by the mounds of pillows that decorated the floor. In the middle of the tent sat a round table, adorned with three fondue pots and various fruits. A bottle of champagne was chilling in an ice bucket next to the table. And in the back of the tent was a bed of more pillows and blankets that looked plush enough the women could lose themselves in them.

"Lainey, this . . ." Eve placed her hand over her heart. It wasn't often she was at a loss for words. Especially when those were words of praise for the woman she loved with all her heart.

Lainey discreetly pushed a button on a remote control, and soft music filled the air as the flames of a faux fireplace danced to life. "If I could do this for you every day, I would. You do so much to show me you love me, Eve. I just wanted to return the favor."

Eve turned to her wife and took her in her arms. "Lainey, you show me every second of every day. This house," she gestured beyond them, towards the house that sat upon the hill above them,

“is a home because of you. You make sure we eat together as a family every night. You tuck the children into bed, read Bella stories, shoo away the monsters. Despite the hours you work, you still have the energy to play with the kids, making sure they always feel your love for them. And you *always* make time for me. For us. *That* is what I’m striving to thank you for when I bring you flowers or treats. Or when I paint for you. You’ve given me everything I’ve ever wanted. And everything I never knew I needed until I met you.”

Tears trailed down Lainey’s cheeks. “Every time I think it’s impossible to love you any more than I already do, you say or do something to prove me wrong.” She pulled Eve with her, settling down on a cloud of pillows in front of the fire. “Life before you didn’t feel like this. It was stifling. Getting up every morning seemed like a chore instead of a gift. Somedays, I thought the only reason I *did* get up was for my sons. But I don’t know how long I would have survived living *just* for them. With you, I hardly want to sleep for fear I’ll miss one single moment with you. You’ve revived my spirit. My soul. My heart. I can do all the things you said with joy now because of you, Eve.”

Eve couldn’t resist any longer. She leaned in and kissed Lainey with all the emotion she was feeling inside. Would they always feel this way? As though every kiss, every touch was the first? Yes, she felt the comfort and familiarity with Lainey that took some people years to find. But, that spark, the butterflies in the belly, the rapid increase of the pulse was never far away. One look from Lainey and Eve melted.

“Happy Valentine’s, my love.”

Eve smiled against Lainey’s lips. “Happy Valentine’s.”

Hunter & Ellie

“Thank you.” Ellie smiled at the delivery boy and tipped him five dollars. She was going to have to make a trip to the ATM if this kept up. So far, she had received three dozen orchids (each dozen delivered separately), five boxes of chocolates (again, separately), and a package that said, “Don’t open without me, Love Hunter.”

She set the latest dozen orchids — blue ones this time — next to the pink and purple ones on the coffee table. Ellie took a moment to sniff in the aroma of the beautiful flowers before bringing her phone out and dialing her wife’s number.

“Hey, baby!” Hunter answered after the first ring. “I’m just wrapping things up here at the clinic, and then I’m on my way home!”

“Does that mean no more deliveries?” Ellie asked with a chuckle.

“I dunno. What’d ya get?”

She could practically hear the grin blossoming on Hunter’s beautiful face. “Oh, not much. Just a couple of flowers and stuff,” Ellie said nonchalantly.

Hunter laughed. “That sounds about right. I think there’s one more thing.”

“I hope that one more thing is you.”

“Okay, one more thing *and* me.”

“Honey, you didn’t have to do all this. I thought we were staying in and relaxing tonight.” Of course, Ellie didn’t count the four-course meal she was fixing for her wife. All of Hunter’s favorites were being served. *Including me*, Ellie thought with a mischievous smile.

“We are. But that doesn’t mean I can’t spoil my wife a little. I’m sure you’re up to your elbows in whatever incredible food you’re cooking.”

“Oh. I — I thought we would just wing it tonight. Relaxing means no cooking, Hunter. We have enough leftovers to munch on. Maybe we could put on a movie or something.”

“Yeah, okay. Sure. Um, let me just finish up here.”

Ellie nearly lost her resolve to tease her wife when she heard the disappointment in Hunter’s voice. “Be careful, honey. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Hunter stared at the phone for a second before tucking it back in her pocket. It was Valentine’s Day. Why wasn’t Ellie as excited as Hunter was? Hunter thought for sure there would be a romantic dinner. Maybe some candlelight and music. She could ask Ellie to dance with her before taking her to the bedroom and spending the rest of the night “relaxing.” At least that had been Hunter’s idea when Ellie suggested staying home instead of fighting the crowd of last-minute romancers. Damn. Was the spark dying for Ellie?

“Nah,” Hunter said aloud. “Can’t be.” They still had a healthy sex life. So, why the disinterest tonight? *The spark is not going out*, Hunter placated herself. *And if it is, you’ll light it up again.*

Ellie was second-guessing herself. She had been trying to throw Hunter off by feigning disinterest in celebrating tonight as if it wasn't different than any other night. She was never good at games, though. And she hated hearing Hunter so defeated.

“Damn it. I didn't even thank her for the gifts. It must've sounded like I was complaining.” Ellie shook her head and sniffed the air. The pie was just about done. Dinner was ready, only needing to be plated. Once Hunter was home, Ellie could begin her night of seduction.

She was going to blame her nervousness for her lack of expressing her appreciation to Hunter earlier. Seduction wasn't Ellie's strong suit. Though she and Hunter had absolutely *no* problems with intimacy, Ellie was still learning how to come out of her shell, so to speak. She was learning more about Hunter's desires — and her own — every day. Today, Ellie wanted to show Hunter a different side of her. She just hoped she hadn't already ruined the mood.

Hunter struggled to push open the door with her free hand. The other was dragging a five-foot teddy bear behind her. God, she hoped this thing wasn't going to be her bedmate for the night. “I'm —”

The aroma of food seemed like it grabbed ahold of Hunter's nostrils and pulled her towards the kitchen. She knew those smells. Beef Wellington, asparagus, and roasted potatoes. Hunter's mouth was watering even before she caught the scent of the apple pie. All her favorites. Ellie had tricked her. Hunter smiled, still dragging the giant teddy bear behind her. She opened her mouth to playfully chastise her wife when her jaw nearly hit the floor.

There stood Ellie in a red bustier with red stockings held up by red garters. Her hair was pulled up into a sexy bun, giving Hunter an unobscured view of Ellie's incredible cleavage. She

held a rose in one hand and a piece of the pie in the other. This was a side of Ellie Hunter had never seen before. There was a learning curve with both of them when it came to sex. Ellie had been inexperienced, and Hunter had to unlearn everything she had been taught. Learning with each other was exciting and passionate. Hunter knew they were still on that path of discovery. And right now, she was discovering how erotic the sight of her wife in sexy lingerie was.

Ellie stood there and allowed Hunter's eyes to roam. The nerves had disappeared as soon as she saw Hunter's reaction. There was no hiding the surprise — or the desire that was evident on Hunter's face. There was also no hiding the colossal companion Hunter had brought home.

“Is that for me?” she asked, surprised by her own voice. *When did I develop a sultry voice?*

The cogs in Hunter's brain began to move again slowly. She wasn't sure yet what Ellie was asking about, but Hunter would move heaven and earth to give Ellie everything she desired.

“Hunter?”

Hunter held up a finger. “You're gonna have to give me a minute, babe. I'm pretty sure there's not a drop of blood in my brain right now. It all went,” she whistled and pointed down towards her crotch.

Ellie chuckled. “Then, you like your surprise?”

“Like doesn't even come close to my feelings about what I'm witnessing. Am I dreaming?”

Ellie set the pie and rose down on the counter and walked over to her wife. “You tell me,” she whispered before kissing Hunter fiercely.

“Still don't know,” Hunter mumbled against Ellie's lips. “Need more evidence.” She dropped whatever she had in her hand — she couldn't even remember what it was at the moment — and

wrapped her arms around Ellie, kissing her again. Spark? What spark? Hunter was standing in a damn inferno!

“I’m sorry I pretended to be uninterested in tonight,” Ellie managed as Hunter kissed her neck.

“Don’t care,” Hunter muttered. “Made up for it.”

“I also should have thanked you for the gifts.” Ellie’s breath caught when Hunter’s mouth closed over her lace-covered nipple.

“Are now.” Hunter backed Ellie up until her ass hit the counter.

Ellie was close to losing control of the situation. Hunter couldn’t form full sentences, which meant Ellie had very little time to reveal her needs.

“Baby, wait.” She pushed lightly on Hunter’s chest.

Hunter immediately stopped, the fog lifting from her brain. “Did I hurt you? Do you not want . . .”

“Hang on,” Ellie laughed. “You’re doing nothing wrong. I want all of this. But there’s more.” She took Hunter’s hand and led her towards the bedroom. “You’re not starving, are you?”

“Only for you,” Hunter confessed. “The food smells incredible, baby. But right now, all I can think about is you. This is so. . .”

“Different?”

“Sexy. I mean, you’re always sexy,” Hunter amended quickly.

Ellie glanced back at Hunter and smiled. “I know I’ve been a little hesitant with trying new things.”

“Which I get, baby! We’re still relatively new to all this. I get that.” Hunter stopped Ellie before she could lead them into the bedroom. “I don’t want you to think you have to do anything you’re not comfortable with. I love you. I love our sex life. I’m not lacking for anything, baby.”

“Thank you for saying that. I feel that when we’re together, which is why this is easier for me now. I don’t *have* to do this, Hunter. I *want* to. I want to explore more with you.”

Hunter nodded. She didn’t lie about how she felt about their sex life. She was beyond satisfied. Delving deeper into their passions could only bring them closer. Hunter wondered which desire Ellie was giving in to now. Hunter’s query was answered as soon as the door to their bedroom was opened. Good lord! She counted her blessings that they lived alone now and had no one to worry about. Things were about to get downright dirty in here.

“You’re sure about this?”

Ellie lifted a brow. “Do I look unsure?”

Hunter rakishly dragged her eyes over Ellie’s body. “No, you look good enough to eat.”

Ellie sucked in a breath. “I was hoping you’d say that.” She eyed the apparatus she had ordered online a few weeks ago. Ellie had been trying to prepare herself for tonight for a while. She read books, watched a few videos, and discreetly talked to Rebecca. She wanted to learn to let go of the part of her that was still scared to truly be herself. “Tonight, Hunter, you get all of me. No more fear. No more inhibitions.” She brought her eyes to Hunter’s. “Will you do the same for me?”

“Yes, baby. Everything is yours. We have been holding back, haven’t we?” Ellie nodded. “I didn’t think I was, you know? But I guess fears of the past tend to linger. I don’t want that for us anymore.” Hunter slowly undressed while Ellie watched her with keen interest. She picked up the dildo and handed it to Ellie. “No fear. Only trust and love,” she said with pure sincerity.

Ellie stepped closer to her wife, lowering her hands. “Trust and love,” she repeated as she slowly slipped one end of the dildo inside Hunter.

Hunter’s breath caught at the sensation of being filled. Toys weren’t foreign to her, but being on the receiving end of one was. In the past, using toys in the bedroom was never about *Hunter’s* pleasure. When she got with Ellie, Hunter never wanted to let objects come between them out of fear they would hinder their closeness. Now they were learning together that implementing new ways of pleasuring each other didn’t mean losing that intimacy of flesh against flesh. In fact, it was the complete opposite.

Ellie crawled up on the bed. Seduction wasn’t so hard when you loved your partner, she thought. There wasn’t an ounce of embarrassment in exposing herself to Hunter. In fact, it was empowering seeing the hunger evident in Hunter’s eyes.

“It’s been a long time for me, Hunter. And, honestly, I can’t remember what it was like.”

Hunter clambered onto the bed as well, staying on her knees in front of her wife. She didn’t question why this felt natural to her. When she had to use these things before, it always made her feel self-conscious. She had felt like an object. With Ellie, what she was wearing wasn’t the focus. It was *all* of Hunter that Ellie wanted. Hunter could feel that deep in her soul.

“I will be gentle, baby. For both of us. The last thing I want to do is hurt you.” Hunter moved closer, and Ellie laid back, accepting her. Hunter reached between them, taking the lace covering

Ellie's sex in her hand. It didn't take much to rip it away from the area Hunter ached for. The sensual whimper Ellie let out incited Hunter's courage. "I intend to pleasure you in every way you want and need. For the rest of my life."

Ellie cupped Hunter's cheeks. "I look forward to that. Right now, I'm looking forward to this." She lifted her hips, inviting her wife inside. "Happy Valentine's Day, baby."

"The happiest," Hunter breathed as she slipped inside her wife.

Cass & Rebecca

“I can’t believe this jam, baby. It’s fucking awesome.” Cass slathered jam on her croissant and took a big bite.

“It is,” Rebecca agreed. She reached over and dabbed the sticky raspberry spread off her wife’s chin. “I can’t believe we’ve been in Paris for thirty plus hours and haven’t left this apartment yet. I thought you wanted to explore.”

Cass gave Rebecca a rakish grin. “I have been exploring. Every inch of your hot body, baby.”

Rebecca chuckled. “You already know every inch of my body, Cassidy.”

Cass tossed her croissant aside and slid Rebecca’s chair closer to her. They were sitting on the terrace of Eve’s Paris apartment. She already owed the woman so much; Cass mentally added the use of this place and the private jet to the list. Not that Eve was keeping track. Hell, when Cass went to Eve to ask for her help in surprising Rebecca for Valentine’s weekend, Eve didn’t hesitate to accommodate her. Now, Cass sat in this beautiful apartment, in this beautiful city (she assumed it was beautiful), with her beautiful wife. Heaven.

“Every time I look at your body, Rebecca, I find something I’ve missed before. A new mole. A new strand of hair. What parts get goosebumps when I touch you in different ways. I’ll never be done exploring your beauty.”

Rebecca shook her head. “I don’t know how you continue to shock me with how sweet you are, baby.” She kissed Cassidy softly, tasting the sweetness of the marmalade she had been eating.

Rebecca’s shock began when Cassidy woke her up early, their bags already packed, coffee in a to-go cup, and drove them to Eve’s private jet. Of course, during the long flight, they earned their membership into the mile-high club a few times. But no matter how many times Rebecca asked — or threatened punishment — Cassidy wouldn’t reveal their destination. When Rebecca realized they had touched down in Paris, she nearly cried with joy. Cassidy had remembered Rebecca’s promise to travel here early on in their relationship. Unfortunately, life never slowed down long enough to make good on that promise.

A busy life wouldn’t stop Cassidy, though. She had secretly planned every aspect of this trip. Those plans had included scenic tours around the city, visiting art museums, wine tastings, food binges. . . They had yet to leave this apartment. Oh, they did the wine tastings. Meaning, Cassidy tasted wine off Rebecca’s body. The food binges always ended the same way — with more food on their bodies than in their stomachs. A little exploration — they were not snooping — through Eve’s apartment felt much like visiting an art museum. And they had to drive from the airport to the apartment — tour of Paris: Complete.

“Everyone is sweet when they eat the amazing food here,” Cass grinned and began nibbling on Rebecca’s smooth neck. *Ooh, that spot caused a shiver*, Cass thought naughtily. “Hey, Becca?”

Cassidy’s teeth and lips were doing an excellent job of arousing Rebecca. “Mmhmm?”

“Do you know what day it is?”

“I barely know my own name when you do this to me, baby.” Rebecca tilted her head to give Cassidy better access.

“It’s Valentine’s Day,” Cass murmured against Rebecca’s jawline.

It took a minute for the words to register in Rebecca’s foggy brain. “Oh. Right.”

Cass stopped her sensual assault and looked at her lover. “You don’t sound excited.”

Rebecca lifted a shoulder, wishing Cassidy would get back to what she was doing to her neck. “It’s never been that big of a deal for me. I guess I thought it wasn’t for you either since we didn’t celebrate last year.”

“That’s not true, babe. I brought you flowers and chocolate.”

Rebecca chuckled as she stroked a finger down Cassidy’s cheek. “It was chocolate body paint.”

“Yeah, and? If I recall, you licked every bit of that chocolate off me with enthusiasm.”

“I did, indeed,” Rebecca grinned. She remembered that night very well. It hadn’t occurred to her what day it was then. Valentine’s never held much appeal for Rebecca. Before Cassidy, Rebecca had been single for over a decade. Before that — she didn’t want to think about that part of her life anymore.

“It was a rough year there for a bit,” Cass said, interrupting Rebecca’s inner thoughts. “We were just getting started in our relationship. Then things happened that I don’t want to bring up here and ruin the mood I’m in. Then, of course, there was the gallery opening.”

“And you becoming a sought after *artiest*,” Rebecca teased.

“Hey, no fair! You said I couldn’t use that accent here!” Cass tweaked her wife’s nose. “My point is, I should have done more for you last year than some lame gift that led to sex. Maybe then you would have remembered celebrating the day.”

“Cassidy, you’re constantly doing romantic things for me. Even if I don’t remember the date, I remember every single, special moment you give me.” Rebecca stood up and straddled Cassidy’s lap. “Why is the date important to you?”

Per usual, Cass’s hands gravitated to Rebecca’s ass. “I don’t know, babe. Maybe because I know you’ve never had that kind of normalcy in your life. I want to give you that, ya know? I want to celebrate the cheesy holidays like Valentine’s. I want to give you romantic gifts and show you how much I cherish you because that’s what people in love do. You deserve to be treated like a princess, baby. No, a queen.” Cass shrugged modestly.

Rebecca leaned down and kissed Cassidy tenderly. “I had no idea you felt that way. But I want you to know, Cassidy, that you make me feel unconditionally loved every day. To me, that’s much better than a queen.”

Cass grinned. “I do love you, unconditionally. Still wanna do more. So,” she slapped Rebecca’s ass smartly. “We can go out tonight to a romantic restaurant, go dancing, and stroll along the *bleu de bleu*.”

Rebecca laughed. “*Bleu de bleu?*”

“I haven’t been out of this apartment,” Cass explained with a raised brow. “I don’t know the streets or rivers or whatever.”

“I’m fairly certain *that* isn’t any of those things,” Rebecca teased.

“*Anyway*,” Cass continued, ignoring her wife’s jabs. “That’s one option.”

“And the other?”

“We stay here. I cook, we dance, and make love all night long.”

Rebecca’s brows raised. “You want to cook?”

“I hear the terror in your voice,” Cass said dryly. “I’ve been practicing!”

“Practicing,” Rebecca echoed. “Okay, compromise? We stay in. *We* cook together. I like the dancing idea — we’ve never done that before. And after we make love, I would love for you just to hold me until we fall asleep.”

“That sounds perfect, baby.” Cass stood and Rebecca automatically wrapped her legs around Cass’s waist. “Let’s go see what Eve has stocked in her kitchen.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to go out and explore Paris, Cassidy?” Rebecca asked, enjoying the ride. Of course, she always enjoyed riding Cassidy.

“What’s that wicked grin for?” Cass adjusted Rebecca slightly so she could see where she was walking.

“Nothing.” Rebecca laughed when Cassidy narrowed her eyes. “I was just thinking about how much I love to ride you.”

Cass nearly stumbled but caught herself before she could fall or drop her precious cargo.

“Are we changing the order of things and making love first?”

“No.” Rebecca tugged on Cassidy’s hair. “But you didn’t answer my question.”

“We can explore Paris at any time, babe. Like tomorrow. Or the next day. Tonight is about you.”

“I would rather the night be about us,” Rebecca countered softly. “Have you celebrated many Valentine’s Days?”

Cass plopped Rebecca down on the kitchen counter. *Sorry, Eve. Then again, it may get much messier in here!* “Nah. Never had a reason. Now I do.”

“Then it’s settled. This is not about you trying to treat me like a queen. This night will be about both of *us*.”

Cass grinned toothily. “I like the way you think, Mrs. Cuinn-Giles.”

“Mrs. Cuinn-Giles?”

“I was just trying it out,” Cass said with a shrug.

Rebecca touched Cassidy’s nose with her fingertip. “I like it.”

“Yeah?” Cass let out a breath of relief. She had been wanting to try that out for a while now but couldn’t drum up the courage. Rebecca was an incredibly independent woman. Cass hadn’t known if Rebecca would be willing to take her name. The last thing Cass wanted to do was make Rebecca think she was losing her identity.

“You seem surprised by that.”

“Kinda, I guess. You like being your own woman.”

“I do. But I *love* being *your* woman even more, Cassidy.”

Cass leaned in and kissed Rebecca. “Thanks, baby. Hearing you say that makes the next part of my plan a lot easier. Don’t move!” She gave Rebecca another quick kiss before sprinting out of the kitchen.

Rebecca stared after Cassidy in confusion, then shrugged. She was getting used to Cassidy’s spontaneity. Well, at least she was trying to. Rebecca had always been a planner. Planning greatly diminished the possibilities of disappointment. But Cassidy was teaching her that life can’t always be planned, and that could be good.

“Kay!” Cass slid back into the kitchen on her socked feet and thrust a wrapped gift towards Rebecca. “For you!”

Rebecca frowned. “But I didn’t get you anything.”

“Babe, *you* are my gift. Besides, this is kinda for both of us.”

Rebecca lifted the gift to her ear and gave it a little shake. “For both of us,” she repeated. “I’m guessing some lingerie.”

“Gotta open it to find out,” Cass grinned.

In true Rebecca fashion, she untied the bow and carefully picked at the tape on the gift. She knew it drove Cassidy nuts — which was precisely why she did it. Soon, Cassidy would be bouncing on the balls of her feet. Her hands would be twitching. And the look on her face would slowly turn from excited to exasperated. Cassidy would then dive in and *help* Rebecca out.

“Not gonna work this time, babe. I will wait all night for you to open that thing if I have to.”

Rebecca chuckled. “Figured me out, huh?”

“Oh, yeah.” Cass waggled her eyebrows at her. “But if you *really* want to give me a gift, you’ll tear into that thing and get to the good stuff.”

Rebecca did as she was asked. She ripped the rest of the paper off and opened the box. She had been expecting to find some raunchy lingerie. Perhaps some edible underwear, or a crotchless bustier — Cassidy *loved* those. But what she found surprised her.

“An apron.” She looked up at Cassidy. “You bought me an apron.”

“I have a great reason!” Cass said quickly. “Hear me out?” Rebecca nodded. “Okay, so, um, I don’t know if you realize this — and I’m totally not complaining! This is just an observation!”

“Cassidy.”

“Right. Get on with it so you don’t come up with your own scenarios.” Cass nodded with conviction. “Anyway, I love when you make me food. You know that. But I’ve noticed lately that you only *really* cook if we have company. When it’s just you and me, it’s sandwiches or take-out. Then we had that fight — no, disagreement — in the kitchen that one day. I still find sandwiches, but now you only go in there when I’m sleeping or working out in the gym.”

Rebecca’s eyebrows furrowed even more. “That — I. . .” Does she really do that? “I’m sorry.”

“No, babe. You have *nothing* to be sorry about. Look, I’ve talked to Aunt Wills enough to understand a few things, I think.” Cass reached behind Rebecca and gingerly ran her hand up inside the t-shirt Rebecca was wearing. She touched the scars there softly. “These fade much faster than the scars inside, baby.” She reluctantly removed her hand from Rebecca’s shirt and lifted the apron from the box. “There are two in here, see? One for you, one for me. Baby, we

conquered the demons at the club and in the bedroom. Now, it's time for us to conquer them in the kitchen."

Tears welled in Rebecca's eyes. "You're right. I didn't realize I was doing that." She took a deep breath. It was on her tongue to apologize again, but that's not what Cassidy wanted. "So, you want to, um, cook together?"

"Yep!"

"I know I told you I had many talents, baby, but I'm not Ellie Vale in the kitchen."

Cass laughed. "No one is! Babe, I don't care if we make grilled cheese sandwiches, I just want us to do it together. And I don't want you to be afraid anymore."

Rebecca swallowed the lump in her throat. "I can do better than grilled cheese," she teased lightly.

"I like grilled cheese," Cass smiled. She took out the aprons and shook them out. One said *Chefstress*. She handed that one over to Rebecca. The other boasted *Sub Chef*. "This one is mine," she grinned broadly as she began stripping.

"What are you doing?" Rebecca laughed.

"Putting my apron on!"

"I'm pretty sure it goes *over* your clothes, baby."

Cass shook her head. "Not tonight. Tonight, we're wearing just the aprons. So, catch up, babe." Cass took off her last stitch of clothing and slipped the apron over her head.

“You’re a nut. You know that, right?” Even as Rebecca said the words, she was getting undressed. “Help me down?”

Cass placed her hands around Rebecca’s waist and easily lifted her. Her hands lingered for a while after Rebecca’s feet hit the floor. “I’m *your* nut.”

“Yes, you are.” Rebecca finished getting undressed and put her apron on. “Chefstress?”

“Yep! You’re gonna dominate the hell out of this kitchen, babe.”

“You do realize we’re in Eve’s kitchen. In Paris. Shouldn’t I be dominating my own kitchen?”

Cass shrugged with a grin. “A kitchen is a kitchen is a kitchen. Now!” she clapped her hands together. “Let’s see what we can conjure up. Know any french stuff?”

“I know how to french kiss,” Rebecca said saucily.

“Fuck yeah, you do. But we’ll get to that later. Now, food.” Staying focused on her plan instead of forgetting everything except fucking Rebecca here on the kitchen counter was one of the hardest things Cass had ever done. But it was going to be worth it.

“You’re serious about this, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, babe, I am.” Cass took Rebecca in her arms. “I’m always serious when it comes to making you feel safe and happy.”

“I love you, Cassidy.” Rebecca readily accepted Cassidy’s passionate kiss. When she felt Cassidy’s hands move to her ass, she pressed her body closer.

“You’re not gonna distract me, baby. At least not until after we finish in here. After that, you can distract me all you want.” Cass squeezed Rebecca’s beautiful ass, then gave it a quick slap.

“I love you, too, by the way.”

Dinner wasn’t exactly five-star, but it was successful, nonetheless. A scan of the ingredients in Eve’s pantry showed them they could probably have made a four or five-course meal. But they settled on pasta with alfredo sauce. It was quick, easy enough, satisfying, and the carbs would give them enough energy for the second half of the night.

Rebecca had enjoyed cooking with Cassidy. Oh, she was terrible at it, but that was part of the fun. Cassidy got more food on the counters, floor, and them than where it was supposed to go. It was fantastic. After dinner, they danced, and Rebecca had been delightfully stunned at how good Cassidy was at it. Perhaps she shouldn’t have assumed that someone so young couldn’t slow dance. By the end of the first song, Rebecca’s body was humming. Of course, that could have had something to do with the fact that they were still wearing the aprons. *Only* the aprons — which were now adorning the bedroom floor.

Cass held Rebecca’s gaze as she moved her hips slowly. She had promised Rebecca a night of making love, and that’s exactly what she was giving her. Cass could feel Rebecca’s climax — her third — beginning. Her legs tightened around Cass’s hips. Her fingers clenched in Cass’s hair. Her breath became ragged.

“*Cassidy!*”

“Right there with you, baby,” Cass panted as she picked up her pace. “Always with you.”

Rebecca exploded around Cassidy. Another beautiful orgasm. Another beautiful night.
Another beautiful experience with her new wife saving her once again.

Cass pulled out of Rebecca slowly and rolled over to lay next to her. “Wow.”

“Wow, indeed,” Rebecca repeated.

Cass slipped the dildo out of her and tossed it to the side. Now it was time to hold her wife — something she absolutely loved doing. “C’mere, baby.”

Rebecca turned on her side and scooted back until her ass was touching Cassidy. She adored when Cassidy spooned her. The way Cassidy held her made Rebecca feel completely safe. And loved.

“Do you think we did it?” Cass asked, her voice drowsy with satisfaction.

“Did what, baby?”

“Conquered the kitchen.”

“I think we’re well on the way. Are you going to cook with me every night?”

“Yep. I’m going to look for some recipes we can make. It’ll be awesome.”

“Awesome,” Rebecca smiled, then yawned.

“How about this room?”

Rebecca’s sleepy eyes opened, and she glanced back at her lover. “What about it?”

“Do you think we conquered it?”

Rebecca chuckled. “Was that the plan?” She felt Cassidy shrug.

“I kinda wanted to see if we could outdo this room’s memory of Eve and Lainey.”

Rebecca laughed. “Honey, this is the guest room. Not Eve’s room.”

“Heh. You don’t think they’ve christened every room in the place?”

Rebecca froze as that image filled her mind. “Cassidy!” she exclaimed after a moment. “Now you have that in my head!”

Cass snickered. “Do I need to make love to you again and erase it?”

Rebecca turned around and faced Cassidy. “Yes.”

“Well, it’s a hardship, but . . .” Cass flipped on her back, bringing Rebecca on top of her.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, baby.”

Rebecca smiled down at Cassidy. If this was how Valentine’s Day could be, Rebecca was all for celebrating every year. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Cassidy.”