

Committed

"Good morning." Anni wrapped her arms around a seated Jasmin's neck, giving her a soft kiss on the cheek.

"Morning. I have your coffee here." Jasmin gestured to the carafe, as well as a readied mug, before returning to her laptop.

"Mmm. Thank you." Anni, her coffee fixed to perfection, took a blessed sip. *Ahh. Now I can wake up.* "Where did you go this morning? I woke up and you weren't there."

"Sorry, sweetie. I have to get this article done before the deadline this afternoon."

"Always waiting 'til the last minute," Anni teased.

"Yeah, well, *someone* decided they wanted to keep me occupied last night."

"Complaining?"

Jasmin glanced over at Anni, giving her a sexy smile. "Absolutely not. Last night was amazing. We should do that more often." She winked at Anni, blowing her a little kiss.

Anni's dimples stood out as she grinned at her girlfriend. *Oh yeah. We'll definitely do that again.* She poured herself a bowl of cereal, while surreptitiously watching Jasmin as she worked. *So beautiful.* Sometimes Anni couldn't believe that Jasmin was finally with her. After so many months of painful-beyond-imagination heartache, she's finally able to hold the woman she loves in her arms. Even in public! The musician was thankful that Jasmin had come to terms with her sexuality. Nothing feels better than to walk hand in hand with Jasmin.

"What are you thinking?" Jasmin asked, unwittingly bringing Anni out of her reverie.

"Hmm?"

"You keep watching me."

"Well, why wouldn't I? You're beautiful."

Jasmin stopped typing, and just stared at Anni. A bright smile bloomed slowly. She stood up, and slid onto Anni's lap.

"I think you're beautiful, baby." Jasmin kissed Anni soundly when she made a face. "You are, so deal with it."

"Couldn't I just be hot?"

"Fine, you're beautifully hot," Jasmin chuckled. "Wanna go mess around?"

"I thought you had a deadline," Anni murmured while giving her girlfriend wet kisses along her neck.

Jasmin sighed heavily. "I do. But if you keep doing that, we're going to end up like we were last night. And, my legs are still sore."

Anni snorted, then slapped Jasmin on the ass, making her yelp. "Up. Get your work done. I have to go shopping anyway."

"Ooo, shopping. Getting anything special?" Jasmin hinted. She knew their one year anniversary was coming up, and was hoping Anni's little shopping trip meant something special for her.

"Nope. Just some food. Maybe some guitar strings. Things like that. I shouldn't be long." Anni smirked behind Jasmin's back. Of course she wasn't going to tell Jasmin that she was going shopping for their anniversary. She may not have experience being in a relationship, especially one this long, but she's no dummy. "Ok, baby. I'm out. I'll see you later." She kissed Jasmin, lingering a little longer than necessary. With a frustrated grunt, she pushed away and hurried out the door.

"Pia! You are not helping me!"

Pia laughed out loud at Anni's irritation. "She would totally like this!" She held the white dress up in front of her, turning this way and that. "You don't think she would look good in this?"

Anni studied the dress. Jasmin would look amazing in the dress, but she also knew how it would be perceived. She just didn't think she was ready for *that* kind of commitment, yet. Yes, she loved Jasmin. Of course she did. But did she really believe that Jasmin was in this for the long haul?

"She would look lovely in that, but I'm looking for something different."

"Ok, what are you looking for?"

"I don't know, Pia!"

"Hey! Don't get all pissy with me just because you are stressing over an anniversary gift for Jasmin." Pia huffed, stuffing the dress back on the rack.

"Sorry, ok? I just want this to be special."

"So, write her a song or something," Pia said absently, flipping through clothes.

"Been there, done that," Anni muttered. But the idea struck something inside her. She had written 'Far Away' when she

thought she had no chance with Jasmin. Maybe now, the musician could write something less heart wrenching. "Ugh! Enough of this. I have two weeks to think of the perfect gift. Thanks anyway, Pia, for coming out shopping with me."

"Sure. And, hey, don't worry so much about it. It'll come to you."

"I don't think she remembers, Tuner." Jasmin started on a cappuccino for 'outside, table one' of Vereinsheim. As much as she loved Dominik and Tuner, Jasmin couldn't wait to be able to make a living off of her articles for Metropolitan Trends. At least that dream seems to be a little more obtainable now that Katrin wasn't in charge anymore.

"Why? Because she didn't tell you she was shopping for you? Did you expect her to?" Tuner watched, amused as the beautiful brunette glared at him.

"Don't be all practical when I'm trying to be dramatic," Jasmin whined teasingly. "Fine," she sighed. "Maybe she didn't forget. I just wish she was more excited about our first anniversary."

"Careful. I may get practical again and ask why you think she's *not* excited about it," Tuner returned with a sly smile.

"Pssh. Whatever. I have to take these drinks out." Jasmin sent Tuner a grin over her shoulder before heading out. As she reached for the door, it opened and Anni walked in, almost running into the tray Jasmin was carrying.

"Oops! Sorry, baby." Anni moved to the side, sweeping her arm in a bow, ushering Jasmin out. She received a winning smile for her efforts which made her feel an intense happiness inside. She shook her head at her silliness, and made her way to the bar. "Hey! Could I get a coffee, Tuner?"

"Sure. How'd the shopping go?"

Anni frowned. "Um. Okay?" How did Tuner know she went shopping? And, why did it matter to him? Unless . . . Jasmin must have said something. Was Jasmin trying to get information from their friends? *Good luck, baby. Only one who knows what I'm up to is Pia. And, she swore she wouldn't say a word.* A quick kiss on the cheek made her snap out of her trance with a smile.

"Did you get everything you needed?" Jasmin asked innocently, walking behind the bar.

"Mmmhmm. Did you finish your article?"

"Mmmhmm." Jasmin studied Anni for a minute, not able to hold back her smile. She never imagined she'd be in love with a woman, but she had to admit, she couldn't have made a better

choice than Anni. There was just *something* about her that touched Jasmin deep down in her heart. It was more than her looks, though Anni was totally hot. More than her talent, which was immense. And, even though Anni had her moments of being extremely blunt, it was that honesty that had drawn Jasmin to Anni in the beginning. She just felt Anni in her heart. It was different than anything else she had ever felt before.

"What?" If it had been anyone else besides Jasmin looking at her that intensely, Anni would've been uncomfortable. But she found herself elated at the blatant inspection.

"Nothing," Jasmin smiled sweetly. "What would you like to do . . . "

Anni frowned at the look on Jasmin's face. Within seconds she went from happy to . . . stunned? She turned to see what had caught Jasmin's attention, and Anni's face fell. There stood Jasmin's ex-husband, Kurt, smiling as though he had just won the lottery.

"Baby! I'm back!" he shouted, his eyes trained on Jasmin.

"*Shit.*"

The whispered expletive had Anni turning back to Jasmin. To say that Anni was scared out of her mind was an understatement. She didn't think she'd be able to survive losing Jasmin now.

Yes, she tried to prepare herself for the day Jasmin decided she was no longer into women. But that doesn't mean it worked.

Jasmin saw the look on Anni's face, and it broke her heart. *She thinks I'll go back to him.* She reached out and took Anni's hand in hers, squeezing it lightly.

"Well? Are you going to give me a proper welcome?" Kurt smirked, holding his arms out.

"What are you doing here?" Jasmin asked, not bothering to come out from behind the bar.

Kurt lowered his arms, looking a bit bemused at Jasmin's lack of interest. "I came back for you, Jasmin. I forgive you."

"You forgive me?" She squeezed Anni's hand harder. Whether it was for strength or to keep from throwing Anni's cup of coffee at Kurt, she didn't know. "Kurt, we're divorced. I couldn't give a shit whether you forgive me or not."

"Come on, baby . . . "

"Don't call me baby. I'm not your baby."

"Look, Jasmin, I just needed some time. You gave me that. I got over it. Now I'm ready to be with you again."

Anni stiffened, trying to remove her hand from Jasmin's, but the grip only tightened more.

"I don't want to be with you, Kurt. I'm happy now."

"Ba . . . Jasmin, you were happy with me. I'm here to give that back to you."

"Go to hell, Kurt. If you want to know the truth, I don't know what or *who* I was when I was with you. You *left* me when I was at my lowest. Why in the hell would I ever want to be with you again? Besides, I'm in love with someone now." Her eyes flickered towards Anni.

"In love? You were in love with me," Kurt retorted.

"No. Maybe I loved you. I'm sure I cared for you. But it was nothing like this," Jasmin confessed.

Anni couldn't help but smile. She was still nervous about Kurt being here, but hearing these words from Jasmin helped ease that fear some. What if Jasmin was just saying these things because Anni was here? Would she feel the same way if she and Kurt were alone?

Kurt frowned at Jasmin, looking at her hand that was still clasped in Anni's. "What is this?" he asked, gesturing towards the interlaced hands.

"I'm sure you remember Anni," Jasmin said, sweetly.

"Of course. What? Did she finally get in your pants? She always wanted to when we were married."

Jasmin smiled brightly even as Anni blushed. "Yes, she did. And, let me tell you, it's galactic!"

"Galactic? Come on! It can't be what it was like with us," Kurt sneered, sending Anni a contemptuous glare.

"You're right, it can't. It's much better." Jasmin glanced at Anni, worried that she had yet to say anything. The usually outspoken woman now sat quietly, shoulders hunched, not even bothering to turn around to look at Kurt. Jasmin leaned close, looking Anni in the eye. "Hey. Are you okay?" she asked softly.

"Yeah. I just have to get to Mauerwerk to work the sound board," Anni answered without emotion.

"Oh. Sure. Can you wait for five minutes when my shift is over? Then I can go over with you."

"Nah. I have to get going now. Besides, you and Kurt should talk." Anni didn't know why the words came out of her mouth, and regretted them instantly, but she couldn't take them back now.

"Kurt and I have nothing to talk about, Anni."

"Yeah, we do," Kurt spouted.

"Wait for me," Jasmin pleaded, ignoring Kurt altogether. "I want to go with you."

"Jasmin, just work out whatever this is with Kurt. You can come by later," Anni insisted, surprising herself and Jasmin.

"Anni, it's over with Kurt. It has been for a long time. We don't have anything to say to each other."

"We have plenty to say, Jasmin. You're not a dyke! I understand that you want to experiment. You're young, that's normal. And, hey, if you want to invite Anni to be with us, I'm down for that . . . "

"Kurt! Will you shut up, please? You're disgusting! I would never share Anni with you. Now, if you don't mind, I'm trying to talk to my girlfriend." Jasmin leaned closer, dropping her voice even more. She didn't want Kurt, or anyone else, to hear her next words. "You still don't believe in my love for you, do you?"

"Man, Jasmin. That's not it. I just think you should talk it out with him."

"Why, Anni? Do you think my words will change if you're not here?"

Anni shrugged a little, not able to deny that she had actually thought that exact thing. The hurt in Jasmin's eyes cut Anni to the core.

"Well, they won't."

"Fine. But I have to go. I'll see you later, ok?"

"Anni!" Jasmin watched with tears filling her eyes as Anni hurried to the door.

"You know she's not a dyke, Anni. It's better for you to get out of this now before it gets too serious for you. She'll never be able to love you like you want."

Anni shot him a death stare before storming out. Once the fresh air hit her, she stopped abruptly, and drew in a deep breath.

"Shit! Son of a bitch!" She wanted to hit something, namely Kurt. Then she thought of the hurt look on Jasmin's face.

"Fuck!" Anni realized then that she had just walked out on the woman she loved because of her own insecurities. Everything that Jasmin said came flooding back to her. The love she heard in Jasmin's voice filled her with a warmth that chased away the chill of the November air. Anni straightened her back, held her head high and pushed her way back into the café.

Jasmin wasn't listening to a word Kurt was saying. All she could think about was how Anni had just walked out. *How could she doubt my love after all this time? Does she really think I'm just going to stop loving her and go back to men?* The sound of the bell above the door caught her attention and Jasmin looked up. Her smile was instantaneous when she saw Anni walking towards her. Jasmin practically ran around the bar, and flew into Anni's arms.

"Thank you! Thank you for coming back."

"Nowhere I'd rather be, doll." Anni glanced over to Kurt, who looked furious. "Your shift over now?" she asked Jasmin.

"Yep!"

"Let's get out of here."

"Gladly!"

"Hey!" Anni yelled over the loud music, tugging on Jasmin's hand to pull her close. "I'm sorry about earlier."

"I had no idea he'd be there, sweetie, but I want nothing to do with him."

"Because you're mad he left you?"

Jasmin stared at Anni for a minute, noticing the fear still lingering in her eyes.

"No. Because I love *you*, Anni!"

Anni searched Jasmin's face and saw nothing but sincerity shining back at her. She wished so much that she could make this insecurity disappear.

"I'm working on it, Jasmin." She said, wrapping Jasmin in a tight embrace. "I'm working on it."

"I know, baby. And, as much as it hurts, I understand. Okay? I know I hurt you before." Jasmin pulled back slightly, taking Anni's face in her hands. "I won't do it again, Anni." She lowered her lips to Anni's, kissing her gently. Just that simple kiss made her want more. "How long will you be tonight?"

Anni smirked knowingly. "Not long. The band has one set, with four songs. Hour? Hour and a half?"

Jasmin nodded. "I'll bring you something to drink. Then, when we get home . . . "

"You'll give me something else to drink?" Anni finished with a suggestive eyebrow wiggle.

Jasmin laughed, slapping Anni playfully on the arm.

"Exactly. Deviant."

"You know you love it."

Jasmin's brow lifted, and she gave Anni that sexy smile that showed her dimple. "Yes, I do. Very much."

"God, I hope no one is home," Anni murmured against Jasmin's lips. She was feverishly trying to unlock the door, kiss Jasmin, and trying to stay on her wobbly legs as Jasmin's hands roamed her body all at the same time. She was definitely multi-tasking.

"Or asleep," Jasmin giggled. "Hurry!"

"I'm trying, *God!* How do you expect me to hurry when you do that!"

Jasmin's hand had found its way down Anni's pants, which had mysteriously become undone. "Well, if you hurry, these can come off and I'll have a better angle."

"Jasmin! You're killing me!"

"But what a beautiful death it will be," Jasmin breathed into Anni's ear, making her tremble.

Anni, frustrated with the lock on the damn door, switched their positions. She sacrificed a moment of having her lips on Jasmin's in order to get to their destination quicker. Her knees

almost gave out on her when Jasmin's free arm circled around her waist, making its way up to her breast. Close to kicking the door in, she finally got the key in the lock, and hurriedly pushed open the door.

They came to an abrupt stop when they saw Nele and Ayla staring back at them from the couch. From what Jasmin could hear, they had been watching another episode of Lovers & Lies. Not even remotely interested in the TV or her roommates, Jasmin tried guiding Anni towards the bedroom, while being as inconspicuous as she could with her hand still down Anni's pants.

"Hey," Nele snickered.

Anni gave a mock salute, then ran into the room, dragging a stuck Jasmin with her. Once the door was closed, they both burst out laughing.

"Um. That was . . . "

"Embarrassing?" Jasmin offered.

"For them, maybe."

"Oh? Not for you with my hand down your pants?"

"Nope. Was it for you?"

Jasmin smiled, then brought her fingers up to her mouth and licked them clean as Anni's eyes widened with shock and desire.

"Nope," Jasmin answered, sucking her finger one last time, before removing it with a pop.

Anni moaned, grabbing Jasmin's shirt and whipping it off. "You're bad," she said huskily.

"That's good," Jasmin returned. Her breath caught as Anni expertly discarded her bra, replacing the silky material with her mouth. "That's really good," she sighed when Anni ran her teeth lightly over her nipple.

Anni feathered her fingers down Jasmin's toned stomach, hooking them into the waistband of her pants. She tugged lightly, getting Jasmin to follow her to the bed. Once there, she kneeled and unbuttoned Jasmin's pants, sliding them, along with her panties down magnificent, tanned legs. "So beautiful," she whispered, nuzzling the hot wetness of Jasmin's sex.

"Anni, please," Jasmin begged, threading her fingers into Anni's hair, gently guiding her closer to her.

Anni groaned, wanting nothing more than to taste that uniquely wonderful essence that is Jasmin. But she also knew that Jasmin wouldn't be able to keep standing for long. "Lay down, baby," she whispered, staying on her knees.

Jasmin immediately complied, laying back on the bed, resting on her elbows, with her feet still touching the floor. She watched as Anni crawled on her knees until she was between Jasmin's legs.

Anni ran her fingers gently up Jasmin's legs. Starting at her ankles, she barely touched the skin as she roamed over Jasmin's calves, and inside her knees, leaving goosebumps as she went. As she neared Jasmin's thighs, she flattened her hands over the skin, smoothing her way up until she reached Jasmin's glistening sex. Mouth watering, she lowered herself until her tongue reached the copious wetness.

"God!" Jasmin gasped, hands once again burying themselves into Anni's hair, silently begging for more.

Anni wrapped her arms around Jasmin's thighs, pulling her even closer, not able to get enough of the sweet nectar that was pure Jasmin. She groaned when she felt Jasmin begin to move her hips, keeping rhythm with Anni's explorative tongue. Never had it been this way for Anni. She was in complete awe of Jasmin. In complete love. And, it made every taste, every touch, *everything* that much better when she was with Jasmin.

"Anni!"

The musician felt the beginnings of Jasmin's orgasm, and increased her effort, slipping two fingers inside to make the orgasm even stronger.

Jasmin felt Anni inside her, felt her tongue batting her engorged bundle of nerves and grabbed a pillow at the last second to muffle her screams. Anni was relentless as she milked every last drop out of Jasmin, not stopping until Jasmin finally had to beg her for mercy.

Anni kissed her way up Jasmin's soft body, removing the pillow from the panting Jasmin, and kissing her deeply.

"Wow," Jasmin breathed, reveling in the taste of herself on Anni's tongue. "You are really good at that."

"I aim to please," Anni grinned.

"You have great aim, baby." Jasmin chuckled. "But I have one complaint."

The smile dropped from Anni's face. Complaint? She's never had complaints before, and she was way more thorough with Jasmin than she ever was with anyone else.

Jasmin laughed softly. "Not about your skills, sweetie. My complaint is you are entirely overdressed."

"Ah, well." Anni breathed a sigh of relief. "That's easily fixed." She immediately shed herself of her clothes, and they both climbed into bed under the sheets.

"Mmm. I love the way your body feels on mine," Jasmin whispered.

"So do I." Anni situated herself between Jasmin's legs, their sex resting on each other. "God, so do I." Anni began moving her hips against Jasmin's in a circular motion, needing a release of her own. Tasting Jasmin always made her hot and ready, and this was no exception.

Jasmin knew instinctively what Anni needed, and wiggled her hand between them, opening Anni up to her before opening herself. She felt Anni's body jerk when their clits came into contact with each other, and Anni began to pump faster.

"Oh, Jasmin," she panted, rotating her hips.

Jasmin spread her legs further apart, giving Anni more access to the most intimate part of her. "Yes, baby!" She could feel the heat begin to build inside her again, and she knew it wouldn't be long before her second orgasm came crashing down on her. But she willed her body to wait until she knew Anni was ready.

It didn't take long. Anni propped herself up on her forearms, leaning down to kiss Jasmin as her thrusts became stronger, more urgent. "Fuck! Jasmin!"

"Come, baby. With me."

The quiet words were Anni's undoing, and she crushed her mouth to Jasmin's in hopes that her screams would be muted even a little bit. Unable to help herself, she collapsed onto Jasmin with a heavy sigh.

"My God, woman! You're incredible!" she managed to get out, even though her face was buried between Jasmin's neck and the pillow.

"Right back at ya." Jasmin held Anni tight, arms and legs wrapped around her.

After taking a moment to catch her breath, Anni finally slid off Jasmin, not wanting to suffocate her.

"I love you," she whispered, as she burrowed close to Jasmin, wrapping her arm around her lovingly.

"I love you, too, Anni." With a happy smile, content sigh and a small kiss to the top of Anni's head, Jasmin drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Anni watched Jasmin sleep, hoping that whatever Kurt was up to, he wouldn't be able to take this from her. She kissed Jasmin's shoulder, then followed her into a deep sleep.

Committed

(Part 2)

"Hey, Anni."

Anni squinted through the sunlight that was filtering in the window as she headed to the coffeepot. Apparently Nele has forgotten the rule not to speak to her before her coffee.

"Hey."

"Is Jasmin up?"

"Do you see her?"

Anni could feel Nele studying her as she grabbed a cup from the cabinet. She was beginning to feel annoyed at the scrutiny, hoping that Nele wasn't imagining what she had caught a glimpse of last night.

"Are you okay?"

She scowled at Nele. Why the hell wouldn't she be okay? All she needed was a damned cup of coffee. "Mmmhmm."

"Are you sure?"

"Nele, please. Whatever you think is wrong, just tell me. Don't play twenty of the same question with me before I've had my caffeine."

"Kurt showed up yesterday," Nele said carefully, as though waiting for Anni to blow up or fall apart.

Anni sighed. "Yeah. I know."

"What does Jasmin think?"

"Man, Nele! I can't talk about this before coffee! I don't want to talk about it at all."

"Talk about what?" Jasmin's sleepy voice penetrated the tension filled air in the room.

"Nothing," Anni muttered, finally taking a sip of her much needed coffee.

"Kurt," Nele answered, receiving a glare from Anni.

"Oh. There's nothing to talk about," Jasmin shrugged.
"Morning, baby." She kissed Anni sweetly on the lips before going for a mug of her own.

"Morning. Sleep well?"

"Mmm, like a rock." She sent Anni a saucy wink.

Both of them knew Nele was watching them with barely contained questions, but they refused to acknowledge her. Anni just wanted to forget Kurt even existed. Jasmin didn't want Anni to feel uncomfortable, so she stayed quiet. There was nothing to say anyway. Kurt was a part of her past. Anni is her present. And, hopefully, her future.

"You guys are seriously just going to ignore the fact that Jasmin's ex-husband is in town?!"

"Nele!" Jasmin delivered Nele an angry stare.

"What?"

"I already said there's nothing to talk about. Kurt showed up at Vereinsheim, spouted nonsense, then Anni and I left. That's it." Jasmin brushed her hands together as though she were dusting them off. "Done."

"So you're not going back to him?"

The sip of coffee that Anni just took instantly came back up as she began to choke. Jasmin was instantly at her side, gently tapping her back.

"Okay?"

"Yeah. Just went down the wrong pipe." Anni tried to hide her embarrassment - and fear - behind her flippant remark, but Jasmin didn't buy it.

"Nele, why would you ask me that," she asked angrily. "I'm with Anni. Of course I'm not going back to Kurt."

"Sorry. I didn't mean anything by it. It's not like you've been a lesbian for long, I just thought . . . "

"Maybe you should stop thinking, Nele," Anni retorted. "How do you think it makes me feel when you are basically asking Jasmin if she's just going to toss me to the side to go back to her ex?"

Jasmin's eyebrow rose as she gave Anni a look. Anni tsked, waving away Jasmin's questioning look with impatience. Yes, she had the same thoughts, but that's not what they're discussing here.

"I'm sorry, Anni." Nele at least had the good grace to look genuinely contrite.

"Whatever. Can we stop talking about this now?"

"Yes, baby, we can. Right, Nele?" Jasmin looked pointedly at Nele, daring her to say more.

"Right. Um, I'm just going to go upstairs. Mesut . . . "

she trailed off as no one was listening to her anyway.

Jasmin opened her mouth to ask Anni if she was okay again, but thought better of it. Anni's emotions are probably in turmoil right now, and the last thing Jasmin wanted was to argue. Especially this close to their anniversary. Damn Kurt! He just *had* to choose *now*!? *I refuse to let him ruin Anni's and my special time.* She didn't care if Kurt fell to his knees begging for *her* forgiveness, she was over him. Completely.

"What time do you have to work today?" Jasmin asked, hoping it was a safe topic.

"I have to leave here in about an hour," Anni answered flatly.

"Come on, sweetie, don't let Nele bother you."

"It's not Nele."

"Well, then, don't let Kurt bother you."

"Jasmin, I'm sure you wouldn't like it if someone like Lucia came here with the intention of getting me back."

Jasmin's nostrils flared with jealousy. "No, I wouldn't. I know this is hard, sweetie. What would you like me to do? I've

already told him I'm not interested. I've already told him I'm with you . . . "

"Which apparently no one believes is real," Anni snapped.

Including you, Jasmin thought silently. She was determined to show Anni that she is *exactly* where she wants to be.

"I do," Jasmin said softly.

Anni looked up at Jasmin, seeing the love reflected back at her. Her eyes filled with unshed tears as she reached up and caressed Jasmin's cheek lovingly.

"Thank you."

Jasmin smiled with a small shrug.

Anni cleared her throat, pushing herself back from the table. "I need to take a shower and get ready for work."

"Can I watch?" Jasmin grinned, welcoming the change of topic.

"You can wash my back."

"Mmm, even better." Jasmin popped up, placing her hands on Anni's hips as she followed her to the bathroom. "As long as you wash mine."

"Sophie?" Jasmin held up a vest in front of her. "Do you think Anni would like this?"

Sophie studied the garment thoughtfully. "Yeah. I think she'd look good in that."

"Mmm, me too," Jasmin agreed readily, folding the vest over her forearm. She was grateful that Sophie agreed to go shopping with her during their lunch break. She could use all the help she can get finding the right gift for Anni. The vest is a nice beginning, but certainly not that *special* something she's looking for.

"So, what's going on with Kurt?" Sophie asked nonchalantly.

"Oh for chrissake! Does everyone know Kurt is back and being a complete ass?"

Sophie shrugged. "Seems he's been talking to all of your friends, asking about your relationship with Anni."

Jasmin groaned disgustedly. "Has he spoken to you?"

"No. I don't think he knows we're friends. Yay me."

Jasmin joined Sophie's amused chuckle. "Well, good. At least he'll leave *one* of my friends alone. Ugh, he is so aggravating, Sophie! You should have heard the way he was talking to Anni. I could have punched him, I was so mad."

"At least Anni knows where your loyalties lay. Right?"

Sophie looked up at Jasmin when she didn't answer. "Jasmin?"

"She's scared, Sophie," Jasmin confessed.

"Does she have reason to be?"

"No! Absolutely not. But you're the first person who didn't question my intentions. You automatically assumed that my choice is Anni. And you're right."

"Others think you'll choose that ass?"

"Yeah, I guess. And the worst part is, they doubted me in front of Anni."

"Wow. Way to make her feel more confident."

"Exactly!" Jasmin exclaimed with frustration. "She already feels insecure, and they're certainly not helping matters!" She plopped down on a bench in front of the dressing rooms. "What am I going to do, Sophie?"

"About?"

"Anni! What can I do to make her see that being with her is what I really want?"

Sophie sat next to Jasmin and patted her on the knee. "I think you keep doing what you're doing. You keep rejecting Kurt, and once he gives up, she'll see."

"Until the next time? Sometimes I wonder if she'll ever truly believe in my feelings for her."

"She will, Jasmin. Just give her some time."

"It's been almost a year, Sophie!" Jasmin sighed. She knew she was being impatient. She needed to remind herself of what Anni went through before they got together. How hard it must have been for Anni to see her with Kurt. "It doesn't matter. I will keep reminding her until she gets it. I'm not going anywhere."

Jasmin let herself in the apartment, arms filled with shopping bags, yet none of them held that one special gift. She kicked the door shut behind her, not noticing when it was stopped by a hand.

"Whew! I should have asked Sophie to help me bring these things up," she muttered to herself.

"I could have helped you."

Jasmin gasped, dropping the bags at her feet and spinning around at Kurt's voice.

"You scared the shit out of me. What are you doing here?"

"I came to talk to you. Without an audience this time. Now you can be honest." Kurt stepped closer, making Jasmin step back.

"I was being honest. I'm not interested, Kurt." She walked towards the kitchen, putting more distance between them. Being here alone with Kurt made her feel uncomfortable.

"That's ridiculous, Jasmin. You're not . . . "

"If you say the word dyke one more time, I'm going to scream."

"I always liked it when you screamed," he said, leering at her.

"You were never that good, Kurt. Don't kid yourself," she retorted, hating the way he looked at her. Odd. She was once married to this man, thought she loved him, and now he just makes her feel dirty and awkward.

"Seems to me you need to be reminded about how it was between us."

Jasmin shivered at the words. Was she really scared of Kurt? Did she believe he would do something that would hurt her? She didn't think he would. Then again, she didn't think he would come back for her.

"Kurt, you need to leave. Now."

"Scared, Jasmin? Afraid that if I kiss you, you'll see that whatever you have with Anni is a lie?"

Jasmin slammed her hands down on the counter. "What I have with Anni is real, damn it!"

"Prove it."

"I don't have to prove anything to you, Kurt. The only one I care about is Anni."

Kurt laughed ruthlessly. "Of course."

Jasmin walked around the counter, towards the door with the intention of pushing Kurt out the door if she had to. Unfortunately, Kurt grabbed her arm as she tried to pass by him, and pulled her close. She pushed against his chest, trying to turn her head when he closed the distance between them.

"Hey, Jasmin, you left the door . . ." The words died on Anni's lips as she took in the sight before her. "Unbelievable!"

"Anni!" Jasmin pushed away from Kurt, only to have him tighten his grip on her arm. "Let me go, damn it! Anni, wait!"

With a furious shove, she dislodged herself from Kurt's grasp, and grabbed Anni before she could leave.

"Let go, Jasmin. Go back to Kurt."

"Anni, please! It wasn't what it looked like!"

"Oh? You weren't kissing your ex-husband?" Anni asked, her voice eerily calm considering the torment she felt inside.

"No, I wasn't."

"I saw you, Jasmin!"

Jasmin stepped into Anni's personal space, not giving her a chance to leave. "What did you really see, Anni? Think about it. What did you see? Not your insecurity."

"I saw you kissing him." Even as Anni said the words, she felt they were a lie. She closed her eyes, thinking about what she saw when she walked in. It hurt like hell, but she made herself see the reality. "I saw . . . Kurt kissing you."

"Exactly. I was pushing him away, Anni."

"You know she's lying, don't you, Anni? She wanted it as much as I did." Kurt's eyes were crinkled, as though he were

laughing at the situation. As if the turmoil between Jasmin and Anni was entertaining him.

"Why the hell won't you just leave us alone, Kurt? Go back to America where you belong." Jasmin took Anni's face in her hands. "That wasn't a kiss, baby. *This* is a kiss." She lowered her head and took Anni's lips in a sensuous kiss, not giving a damn that Kurt was there watching.

"Jasmin . . . "

Kurt's voice invaded the nice moment she was having with Jasmin, and Anni reluctantly tore her lips from Jasmin's, whirling around to confront him. "Get the hell out of here before I throw your ass out!" She took a step closer to him, adrenaline giving her a boost of courage. "If you ever come near Jasmin again, I'll kick your ass. She doesn't want you! Get over it!"

"You're going to get hurt, Anni." Kurt brushed by her, stopping in front of Jasmin. "This isn't over," he said before walking out the door.

"It is over! Don't ever come back here!" Jasmin yelled after him before slamming the door, opening it back up and slamming it again for good measure. "Ugh! He makes me so mad!" She paced the floor, kicking shopping bags in her wake.

"Why was he here, Jasmin?"

The pacing stopped abruptly, and Jasmin took a deep breath to rein in her temper. "He came out of nowhere when I opened the door. Like he was lurking in the hallway or something."

Anni studied her for a moment before nodding. "If he comes around anymore, I'm calling the cops. What he's doing is just creepy, and I don't like him being around you."

"I am trying so hard, Anni," Jasmin sighed. "So hard to be patient. To be understanding." She raised her hand, gesturing for Anni to wait when she began to speak. "I've done everything I can think of to let you know how much I love you. I've defended you. I've defended our love. I've come out over a loudspeaker, joined a protest, assaulted an officer, risked thousands of dollars by coming out to the press. I tell you I love you every day. I *show* you I love you every day. What more can I do? Tell me, please. My actions and words aren't enough, so please, tell me what to do. I will do anything, just tell me, Anni. What will it take for you to trust my love for you?"

A single tear trickled down Anni's cheek, matching the ones flowing freely from Jasmin. She closed the distance between them in two strides, taking Jasmin in a crushing embrace.

"You just did it," she whispered in Jasmin's ear. "No. You've been doing it all along. I'm just an idiot." Anni kissed Jasmin's cheek, tasting the saltiness of her tears. She then kissed both of those tear filled eyes gently, before placing a small kiss on the tip of her nose. "I'm not going to be an idiot anymore." She kissed Jasmin deeply, pouring all of her emotion into the kiss as her tongue caressed Jasmin's bottom lip, asking for entrance.

Jasmin immediately granted permission, gently sucking Anni's tongue into her mouth. As passionate as their kisses and lovemaking has been, she felt a definite shift in what they were doing now. It was as though there were no longer any barriers between them at all. This is what Jasmin wanted. What she needed. And, Anni was granting her access to it all.

"You're in my heart, Anni," she whispered against Anni's lips.

"And, you are my heart, Jasmin." Anni slipped her fingers into Jasmin's silky hair, bringing her back for another heated kiss. She felt more than heard Jasmin's moan as she let her hands roam over the incredibly beautiful body that was pressed against her.

"Bedroom." Jasmin was loathe to break their connection, so she stayed plastered to Anni as they stumbled towards the bedroom. If she didn't think someone would come home and interrupt them, she would have been happy to consummate this turn in their relationship right there on the table. She didn't care where they were, as long as she was with Anni.

They slowly undressed each other, taking time to explore each new expanse of skin that was exposed with tongues, lips, and hands. Neither of them were in a hurry, wanting to prolong this exquisitely more intense connection they each felt deep down.

Anni nudged Jasmin down on the bed, taking a moment to take in the vision that never ceased to amaze and arouse her. She placed a knee on the bed before lowering herself, using her erect nipples and breasts to stimulate Jasmin's smooth skin beneath her. She teasingly grazed over Jasmin's sex, feeling how hot and ready she was, smelling that wondrous aroma that was Jasmin's arousal. It was almost enough to make her abandon her slow seduction. Almost.

Jasmin's hips bucked at the light touch, and she whimpered in protest when Anni moved further up her body. "Anni."

"Patience, baby."

"I think I've already proven I have patience, sweetie."

Anni chuckled. "Yes, you have. Just a little more, okay? I promise, it'll be worth it."

"I have faith in you." Jasmin smiled brightly, then gasped at the feeling of Anni's nipples scraping against her own painfully hardened peaks.

"Good to know," Anni murmured before taking Jasmin's mouth in a sensual, wet kiss. She moved until she was straddling Jasmin's thigh, her own arousal slick against the silkiness of Jasmin's skin, causing both women to moan at the contact.

Jasmin lifted her knee slightly, putting more pressure on the spot Anni needed it most. She matched each move Anni was making, adding pressure before taking it away for a moment, driving Anni crazy with need. Jasmin forgot all about teasing Anni when she felt curious fingers sliding through her oh-so-ready wetness. Anni hovered over Jasmin's sensitive and swollen clit.

"Please. I need you inside me, Anni."

An almost animalistic growl came from Anni before she slipped two fingers inside Jasmin's heat. She immediately felt the muscles contract around her, drawing her deeper.

"You feel so good wrapped around me, Jasmin." The musician kept her rhythm steady, playing Jasmin as expertly as she played her guitar. Strumming each moan, each whimper, out of Jasmin like a master.

Jasmin's fingernails dug into Anni's back as she felt the beginnings of what she knew would be an intense orgasm. "More."

At Jasmin's urgent request, Anni inserted a third finger, increasing the speed of her thrusts a bit as she began to move her own body over Jasmin's thigh once again. "Oh, yes! Jasmin!"

"Anni! Oh God!" Jasmin knotted her hands into Anni's hair, crushing their mouths together in a desperate kiss. She didn't even attempt to quiet her moans, it was impossible.

Anni ignored the nearly painful hold Jasmin had on her, the intensity only adding to her pleasure. "So close, baby."

"Mmm, yes, Anni. I want you to come with me."

Knock. Knock. Knock.

"Jasmin?"

Nele's voice coming through the door startled the lovemaking couple so much they almost fell off the bed.

"Don't stop!" Jasmin pleaded. "Anni, baby, I'm so close, please don't stop!"

Anni wouldn't be able to stop even if she wanted to. She thrust harder, both inside Jasmin and against her completely drenched thigh.

"Yes!" Jasmin held on tight as her body began to convulse. "Oh! Anni!" She cried out as she exploded around Anni's fingers.

"Shit! Jasmin!" Anni couldn't hold back her own shout as she came hard on Jasmin.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

"Jasmin! Come out here, please!"

Jasmin sucked in much needed air, then choked on it when she heard Katrin's voice yelling at her from the other side of the door.

"Please tell me that's not your mother," Anni begged.

"I could. But I won't lie to you," Jasmin answered, still out of breath from their lovemaking as well as her impromptu choking session.

"What the hell is she doing here?"

Jasmin chuckled. "Well, I don't know, sweetie. I've been kind of busy in here with you."

Anni grinned, nipping the tip of Jasmin's nose playfully. "True." She gently pulled out of Jasmin, bringing her coated fingers up to paint Jasmin's still erect nipple. She forgot all about Jasmin's mother as she dipped her head to taste her masterpiece.

Jasmin arched her back, offering more to Anni. Somewhere in her consciousness she knew she should be getting up to greet her guest. She just couldn't find the motivation to do anything but stay in bed forever with Anni.

"Jasmin!"

Anni scrambled to cover both her and Jasmin when she realized Katrin had barged into their room.

"Are you crazy!?" Jasmin clutched the covers to her breast, glancing over her shoulder to see Anni duck her head under the comforter, trying to disappear. Jasmin wished she could disappear right along with her. "This isn't a good time, Katrin."

"If you had been more considerate, I wouldn't have had to come in here," Katrin complained.

"Considerate? This is my home. *My* bedroom. And, I'm sharing an intimate moment with my girlfriend. Perhaps you should learn about this consideration concept."

"Your attitude is unbecoming."

Jasmin barely managed to keep herself from yelping when she felt a pinch on her ass. She was so going to get Anni for that.

"Did you come in here to belittle me, Katrin? If so, I have much better things to do."

"I came to talk to you about your future, Jasmin."

Jasmin sighed heavily. "And, this couldn't wait for a more convenient *future* time?"

"Kurt came to see me . . . "

"Oh no! No, no, no, no, no. I am *not* talking to you about Kurt. I'm not talking about him at *all*."

"Jasmin, he can offer you so much more."

"Enough! I don't know what he's offering *you*, but you can forget it! I've made my choice. I choose Anni. I will *always* choose Anni. Now and forever. So, if that's all you came over here to interrupt me for, you can leave."

"We'll talk when you're . . . "

"What? Alone? More compliant? *Dressed*? No matter *when* you talk to me, my answer will always be the same."

Katrin shook her head before turning to leave.

"Tell me something, Katrin," Jasmin called before Katrin closed the door. "What *did* Kurt offer you to do this?"

"Jasmin, I just want what's best for you."

"If that were true, you would be jumping for joy that I've found what's best for me in Anni. You *never* do anything unless it serves *you*. So, what did he offer you? You know what," she continued when Katrin said nothing. "It doesn't matter. Tell Kurt to go to hell. And if you've decided not to support my relationship with Anni, you can go there with him."

When Katrin closed the door behind her with a distinct snap, Jasmin fell back onto the bed with a frustrated growl. Before she could stop herself, she started kicking her feet, and punching the bed, in an *epic* temper tantrum, while letting out all of her resentment in throaty yell.

"Woah! Hey." Anni tentatively reached out, placing a calming hand on Jasmin's arm. "It's okay, baby."

"It's *not* okay! Who do these people think they are?! Why can't they just leave us alone?"

"Maybe they will now." Even saying it, Anni knew Kurt wasn't finished trying to persuade his ex-wife to take him back.

Jasmin blew out a breath, panting a little from her . . . oh, God, she just had a tantrum in front of Anni. Great. That's all she needed, was for Anni to think she was being childish. She groaned, slapping her hands over her face, hoping to hide the blush she could feel creeping up.

"It was cute," Anni laughed.

Jasmin peeked through her fingers at her girlfriend. *Can she really tell what I'm thinking?* "What was cute?"

"Your little conniption. I thought it was cute."

"Shut up. I did not have a conniption!"

"Oh, it was a conniption alright. Worthy of a true drama queen." She smiled at Jasmin, making sure she knew she was just teasing her.

"Whatever. Lesbian."

"It's true. Bimbo." Anni winked. "This lesbian is hungry."

"Well, I suppose *this* lesbian should feed you then."

Anni threw her head back and laughed enthusiastically.

"God, I love you!"

Jasmin smiled. "I love you, too."

Committed

(Part 3)

"Whatcha cooking?" Anni slipped her arms around Jasmin's waist, peering over her shoulder.

"Pasta."

"So, your signature dish?" Anni teased.

"Hey!" Jasmin pushed her bum back, nudging into Anni. "Be happy I'm cooking for you."

"I am, baby, thank you."

Anni hopped up onto the counter, swinging her legs back and forth, watching Jasmin hum while she cooked. It felt nice spending quiet time, just the two of them. As much as she liked her roommates, Anni would like these moments a little more often.

Jasmin glanced over at Anni. "What?"

"Nothing," Anni smiled. "Do you want to talk about Kurt?"

"No."

"Okay." If she were honest with herself, Anni would admit that she didn't want to talk about Kurt either. But with Katrin

being involved, she couldn't help but wonder what was going on. Why would Kurt come back after so long? He and Jasmin have been divorced for over a year now. "Jasmin?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you not the least bit curious about all of this?"

"Should I be?"

Anni wasn't sure how to take Jasmin's nonchalant attitude. Her ex-husband was back in town, doing everything he can to get her back. Why wasn't she more concerned about it?

Jasmin placed the spoon she was using to stir the sauce to the side, and stepped between Anni's legs. Even though they had turned a corner in their relationship, and she had a feeling Anni was more secure, she knew there was still some trepidation.

"It doesn't matter why he's back or what Katrin has to do with it, sweetie. I'm with you. Nothing is going to change that."

"I believe you, Jasmin. This whole thing just makes me uncomfortable."

"I know. Me, too. But I'm not going to let them ruin things for us. Especially not now," Jasmin smiled sweetly.

"Oh? What's so special about now?" Anni grinned.

Jasmin wrapped her arms around Anni's neck. "You better be kidding." She gave Anni a peck on the lips before returning to her task of cooking a meal for her girlfriend.

"This is really good, baby." Anni accepted a bite from Jasmin, leaning in to thank her with a small kiss.

"Thank you." She dabbed at Anni's chin with a napkin, cleaning a bit of errant sauce. Jasmin lost herself in Anni's big, brown eyes that looked at her with such love and devotion. The two women moved together, as if pulled by some cosmic force. Jasmin felt that force often, knowing that was why she ultimately couldn't fight her feelings for Anni any longer. Even when she was married to Kurt, she had felt a strong connection to Anni that she didn't understand at the time.

When their lips touched, she experienced that now familiar electricity flow between them. Jasmin leaned in to the caress Anni gave her cheek, complying readily when Anni pulled her even closer.

"Oh! Sorry guys!" Ayla blushed slightly, witnessing the intimacy from her two roommates. She closed the front door behind her, rushing across the room to leave the two in peace again.

"It's okay, Ayla. Do you want some pasta?" Jasmin gave Anni one more kiss before returning to her own space.

"I don't want to intrude."

"Don't be silly. Jasmin made enough for the entire apartment," Anni smirked. "Come on. It's goood." She taunted Ayla by waving her fork full of pasta around.

Ayla laughed at Anni's antics, then got a plate from the cabinet and joined them. "Thanks, I'm starving!"

"Water?" Jasmin asked, already getting up to get Ayla a bottle. Ayla nodded enthusiastically, her mouth stuffed with pasta. Though Jasmin was thoroughly enjoying her alone time with Anni, she didn't begrudge Ayla's presence. On the contrary, she was happy to share time with someone who was such a great friend to both her and Anni.

"Are we avoiding the topic of Kurt?" Ayla asked, thanking Jasmin for the water.

Jasmin groaned, and Anni couldn't help but to laugh. Kurt certainly found his way into their life, even if just by conversation.

"Not avoiding it," Anni answered, shrugging as she received a side glance from Jasmin. "Did he talk to you?"

"Mhmm." Ayla swallowed her food before continuing. "He asked about your relationship."

"What about it?" Jasmin wasn't even remotely interested in Kurt, but she *was* interested in what others had to say about her relationship with Anni.

"How long it had been going on. If it was serious. Things like that. He seems to think you two had something going on when you were married to him," she told Jasmin with a grimace.

"Please. *He* was the one cheating on me, not the other way around," Jasmin scoffed.

"That's what I told him. I didn't want to talk to him at all," Ayla added hurriedly. "But he wouldn't leave me alone."

"It's okay," Anni reassured her. "Sophie already warned Jasmin that Kurt was talking to our friends. We have nothing to hide. Right, baby?"

"Right. I don't know what he thinks he's accomplishing, but whatever. I have more important things to think about." She smiled at Anni, picking up both of their plates to take them to the sink.

"Here, let me help."

Jasmin placed her hand on Anni's shoulder, stopping her.
"Sit with Ayla so she doesn't have to eat alone. I got this."

Anni's eyes followed Jasmin, concentrating on her beautiful backside. She snapped out of her trance when she heard a throat clearing. "Sorry," she muttered, not really meaning it.

"No problem. Hey." Ayla leaned forward, lowering her voice.
"Are we still going shopping tomorrow? Sorry I couldn't go the other day."

"Yeah. And, it's okay. Pia went with me, but I would like your opinion. You sure you don't mind?" Anni kept glancing over at Jasmin, making sure she wasn't paying attention. There was music playing lightly in the background, and the water was running, so Anni was confident that her and Ayla's conversation remained unheard.

"Not at all! I think it's romantic."

Anni snorted softly at the dreamy look on Ayla's face.

"What's so funny?" Jasmin pulled her chair closer to Anni's, draping her arm around Anni as she sat.

"Um . . ." Anni floundered for an explanation that wouldn't give her intentions away.

"I, um, told Anni that, um . . . I heard Mesut scream like a girl the other day," Ayla answered lamely. "I don't know what Nele was doing to him, but it was funny."

Anni laughed outright at the ridiculous explanation. Jasmin looked between the two, coming to the conclusion that they were either keeping something from her, or just plain weird. It could go either way, she thought with a smile.

"Oookay. Well, I really don't want to know what goes on in Nele's bedroom."

"We don't always want to know what goes on in yours, either," Ayla countered with a grin. "But that's what roommates have to deal with."

Although Anni and Jasmin knew Ayla was teasing them, they both blushed at the thought that the others heard their lovemaking.

"Yeah, well, you just can't hold back when lesbian sex is so incredible," Anni smirked, trying to regain control of the situation. She received a playful smack on the arm for her efforts. "What? Oh, sorry, not just lesbian sex, lesbian sex with Jasmin." She howled with laughter at the stunned looks she got from the other women. "Aww, don't be mad, baby. It's true!"

Jasmin's stunned look turned into a beautiful smile. "As long as you think so, sweetie, that's all that matters."

"So," Anni began, standing behind Jasmin as she got ready for work in the bathroom the next morning. "I'm going to walk you over to Vereinsheim, then I'm going to help Ayla out with whatever she has to do."

"She didn't tell you what it was." Jasmin put the final touches of her make-up on, then turned to her girlfriend. She knew something was up, and she hoped it had something to do with their anniversary. With that thought, she decided not to give Anni too hard of a time with questions.

"Nope. Just that she needed my help," Anni answered evasively, hoping Jasmin would drop the subject.

"Okay!" Jasmin kissed Anni chastely, leaving a bit of lip gloss on Anni's lips. She watched with amusement as Anni licked her lips eagerly with a 'mmm'. "Ready?"

"To take you back to bed? Absolutely."

"You're incorrigible, you know that right? And, insatiable."

"Not true! You always satisfy me, baby. You just do it so well, that it leaves me wanting more," Anni said proudly, nipping at Jasmin's nose, and running away from swatting hands. "Though, I do agree with your incorrigible assessment."

"You're a nut!" Jasmin laughed. "Come on. Walk me to work, woman!"

"As you wish." Anni bowed, opening the door for her lover.

They walked hand in hand out of the building, only to be suddenly bombarded by press. *What in the hell?* Jasmin thought as questions were being barked out from every direction.

"Mrs. LeRoy! What do you say to Kurt's allegations that you're cheating on him with a woman?"

"Mrs. LeRoy, how romantic is it that Kurt came back for his muse?"

"Mrs. LeRoy . . . "

"Flemming!" Anni yelled loudly. "Her name is Flemming! And, just leave us the hell alone!"

"Are you the one she's cheating with?"

Anni put her arm around Jasmin, guiding her through the sea of flashing bulbs and recorders thrust in their faces.

"Mrs. LeRoy! Are you using this lesbian relationship to get back at Kurt for his alleged cheating?"

"Will you be uploading a sex tape of you and your lesbian lover?"

The questions kept pounding in Jasmin's head while her body was being jostled by people clamoring to get a reaction out of her. The only thing keeping her sane at the moment was the weight of Anni's arms around her.

"Mrs. LeRoy, will you be accompanying your husband on his promotional tour?"

"Wait. Stop, Anni."

"No, Jasmin. Come on."

"Wait!" She stopped abruptly and faced the crowd. "Are you even interested in my answers?" She yelled over the chaos.

"Jasmin, it's not worth it, come on," Anni pleaded.

"No. Sweetie, I'm not going to let them do this to us. I know you don't like hearing them call me Kurt's wife. I don't like it either." She leaned closer to whisper in Anni's ear. "Let me just make one statement and then we'll go. I promise. I know you hate this, baby, but I can't let Kurt get away with this."

Anni studied Jasmin for a moment, then nodded. No, she didn't like this attention shit, but she would support Jasmin.

"What do you have to say, Mrs. LeRoy?"

Jasmin glared at the reporter. "First of all, my name is Flemming. I'm no longer LeRoy. Kurt and I have been divorced for over a year now. He needs to get over it. I *am* in love with a woman. I *did not* cheat. And, I *am not* going on tour or anywhere else with Kurt. We are done. I'm no longer his muse. He needs to move on. I have."

With that, Jasmin grabbed Anni's hand and walked away. She knew that the press would follow and keep hounding them, but she had said what she needed to say, and was done.

Finally they reached their destination, and pushed their way into Vereinsheim, slamming the door behind them, effectively shutting out the rest of the world.

"Shit!" Anni leaned on the door, trying to catch her breath. "I guess we know what Kurt's up to."

"He's such an ass," Jasmin spat angrily.

"What's going on out there?" Tuner stood on his toes, trying to peer out the door.

"Fucking press." Anni was *not* happy. *Mrs. Fucking LeRoy.*
That son of a bitch! He knows damn well they're not married
anymore.

"Anni?"

Jasmin's soft voice cut through Anni's angry thoughts. One look at the beautiful face with the worried expression, and Anni melted. She hugged Jasmin to her, smiling when the hug was immediately returned.

"What do they want?"

Tuner's question brought back some of Anni's tension, and Jasmin rubbed her back lovingly to try and keep her calm.

"Kurt set this up," Jasmin answered flatly.

"Why?"

"Because he wants Jasmin back." Anni fought to keep her emotions in check. Just the thought of Kurt putting Jasmin through this was enough to set her off. She had never been more happy about the fact that Jasmin no longer wanted that lifestyle. Being in the press, being famous. None of that mattered to her lover anymore, and that was a blessing to Anni. Especially now. There was no risk of Jasmin leaving her to be in the spotlight again.

"If he thought this would work, he's an idiot. That's not the life for me," Jasmin said, unwittingly echoing Anni's thoughts. She shivered at the thought that the press was out there now, waiting for her. How she ever saw the appeal in that life, she doesn't know. It brought her nothing but heartache.

"Thank you for your statement, baby."

"No need to thank me, sweetie. It's the truth." Jasmin rubbed her nose to Anni's, patting her on the backside. "Want some coffee?"

"Yes, please," Anni answered desperately. Caffeine was exactly what she needed. And, perhaps a huge hose to spray the press down with. Maybe that would cool them off. It certainly would do wonders for Anni's mood.

"I have to call Sophie. I'm supposed to go over to MT after my shift here. If they're still out there, I don't know if I'm going to make it." Jasmin prepared Anni's coffee expertly, setting it in front of her brooding girlfriend. "You'll be careful when you go out with Ayla, right?"

"Oh, no. I'm not going anywhere. I'm not leaving your side."

"Anni, sweetie, you made plans with Ayla. Don't let them ruin it," Jasmin gestured with an angry flick of her hand to the offending crowd.

"I'll call Ayla. She'll understand. Man, Jasmin, I don't want you alone!"

"Baby, I'm not alone. I'm going to stay here. Tuner is here, Dominik is coming." She glanced at Tuner for reassurance, continuing when he nodded. "I won't go anywhere until you get back. I promise."

"What if they come in here?" Anni was almost whining, she knew, but the thought of leaving Jasmin with these vultures circling just didn't feel right.

"We'll take care of it," Tuner assured her.

"Tuner, you need to take it easy, man," Anni argued.

"I will. I am. I'll get Dominik to do all the ass kicking," he smirked.

Jasmin skirted the bar to stand next to the woman she loved. "Hey. I'll be okay. I'm more worried about you being out there with them. On second thought, maybe you shouldn't go." The more Jasmin thought about it, the more she didn't want Anni to leave. Not for her sake, but for Anni's.

"I can handle it." Anni warred with herself. She really wanted to go shopping for Jasmin, but it just didn't seem to be the right time now. She laughed at both herself and Jasmin for their inability to make up their minds on the subject. "We're a pair, aren't we? Go, don't go."

"I think we make the perfect pair." Jasmin wound her arms around Anni's neck, pulling her in for a lingering kiss. "What do you want to do?" she asked, slightly breathless from their kiss.

Anni sighed. "You won't leave?" Jasmin shook her head. "Will you call me if something happens?" Nod. "I think they'll leave me alone. If not, I can just lose them. I won't be long, okay? I'll definitely be back before end of shift for you. Do you think Sophie will let you skip today?"

"I can ask her. I can always work on articles at home, so it shouldn't be a problem. Hang on." Jasmin dug her phone out of her leather jacket, dialing Sophie's number. "Soph? Hey, it's Jasmin. I . . . what? Shit, they're there, too? Yeah, they were waiting for us when we walked out of the building." Jasmin paused to listen. "No, that's why I was calling. Would it be okay if I worked on that article from home? . . . I don't know what he's trying to prove . . . no, I haven't spoken to Katrin since she stormed out of my house . . . wait, she what? Are you

sure?" A heavy sigh came from Jasmin, and she rubbed her temple that was beginning to throb. "I'm really sorry about this . . . I know, but . . . Okay, thanks. I'll call you later, okay?"

Anni waited patiently - okay, impatiently, but she still waited - for Jasmin to end the call. "What's going on?"

"The press is at MT as well, trying to get 'exclusive interviews' with the staff there. Great. Most of those people don't even like me. I can just imagine what they have to say."

"What about your mother?" Anni asked, trying to get Jasmin back on track with their conversation.

"Hmm? Oh! Sophie thinks Katrin is working with Kurt. As in, she's his new PR person."

"No shit?" Anni was stunned by the news, though she didn't know why she should be.

"No shit. She says it's just speculation at this point, but her sources are pretty reliable."

"I guess that explains what she's getting out of this," Anni muttered hotly.

"Guess so. But I still don't understand what I have to do with all of this. Kurt has been doing this on his own, and I'm sure he's been doing just fine."

"Added press?" Tuner suggested, startling the women. They had forgotten he was there. Though, technically, Jasmin should be working right now, and Tuner is the one covering her ass.

"Sorry, Tuner!" Jasmin grabbed the tray from him, asking him where it goes.

"Table four."

"Added press, huh?" Anni asked when Jasmin left. "Why would he need it?"

"I read something about him trying to release a new album, but the dip in sales for his current album doesn't make a new one promising. Of course, that's all tabloid theory."

"So, he's trying to use Jasmin to help his sales?" Anni was so angry she could probably spit fire if she tried. This had *nothing* to do with his feelings for Jasmin, and *everything* to do with his damn image and money! Damn him!

"What about sales?" Jasmin set the tray down on the bar. "Table two needs a milky coffee, please."

"Tuner says Kurt's sales are down, and he wants to drop another album. He's using you to get back into the spotlight."

"Oh for fuck's sake! He's putting us through all of this shit for notoriety!?" Jasmin began to wonder if this was payback

for everything she put others through when she was doing that whole reality show shit. *Paybacks are a bitch*, she thought bitterly.

"Here's your order for table two," Tuner said, handing her the drink. "And, I can't be sure that's what's going on. It's just what I've read in those stupid tabloids. I had a lot of time on my hands," he said with an embarrassed shrug.

Jasmin had to will herself not to stomp over to table two. She calmly set the drink down, and gave the customer a sweet smile and thank you. The scowl was back on her face by the time she made it back to Anni.

"It has nothing to do with loving me, does it?" she asked, reiterating Anni's earlier thoughts.

"Don't think so."

"God! Why can't he just leave us alone? Why can't he just let me be happy?" To her surprise and dismay, Jasmin felt her eyes start to water.

"Hey, come here." Anni took Jasmin in her arms, holding her tight. "Look, now we have an idea of what's going on, right? Maybe we should talk to your mother . . . "

"Why would we talk to Katrin?" Jasmin pulled back, a bewildered look on her face. "She's working *with* him!"

"We don't know that for sure, and if she is," Anni continued, cutting Jasmin's protests off, "then we'll see if we can talk some sense into her. Maybe she'll get Kurt to back off? It's worth a shot, baby."

Jasmin sighed tiredly. "You're right. Fine, we'll talk to her. But right now, I've got to get to work. Tuner doesn't need to be doing this all by himself."

Just then, Dominik pushed his way inside, yelling incoherently at the horde of jackass press.

"What the hell is going on out there!"

"Long story," was the answer that came from all three at the same time.

"I gotta get going, baby. I told Ayla I'd meet her at noon." Anni rubbed Jasmin's arms in a comforting gesture.

"You'll be careful, right?"

"Of course. Call me if you need me?"

"Mhmm. You do the same. Have fun!" Jasmin flashed Anni a genuine smile.

"I'll try," Anni laughed. "I'll be back soon, okay?" She kissed Jasmin thoroughly before leaning close to her ear. "Tonight, we're locking ourselves in the bedroom and tuning everyone else out. No exceptions."

Jasmin shivered from the breath that tickled her ear and her senses. "Sounds like a wonderful plan to me. I can't wait."

Anni beamed a bright smile. "Love you."

"Love you, too."

"See ya, guys!"

Dominik and Tuner waved, and wished her luck out in the sea of piranha reporters.

"Think you can work now?" Tuner teased Jasmin.

"Hmm. Maybe. Since I have no more distractions," she winked. Silently, she hoped that the press would leave her girlfriend alone. Jasmin knew how much Anni hated all of that, and she cursed Kurt for bringing it back into their lives.

"Sorry I'm late!" Anni jogged up to Ayla who was waiting patiently for her at their agreed upon location.

"No problem. Jasmin keep you tied up?"

Anni lost her concentration for a moment, thinking of Jasmin tying her up. *Hmm. Not a bad scenario*, she thought provocatively. Clearing her throat, she pushed that image out of her head - or at least to the back of her mind - for now.

"No. Press."

"Huh?"

"Come on, I'll tell you about it on the way."

Anni filled Ayla in on all that was happening with Kurt, Katrin and the press as they walked to the store Anni had decided on.

"Wow. So all of this is for publicity?"

"Yep."

"How is Jasmin taking it?"

"Not well. Or as well as can be expected. She made a short statement, then walked away," Anni announced proudly.

"What did she say?" Ayla asked, intrigued. Not too long ago, Jasmin would have been eating this attention up. Things have changed so much since then.

"She corrected them on her name, told them she was in love with a woman and that she wasn't interested in Kurt."

"Bet that made you feel good, huh?"

"Hell, yes." Anni stopped, and waited for Ayla to notice. "I have no doubts anymore," she confessed. "It shouldn't have taken me this long, and I think, deep down, I knew. But I have no doubts about Jasmin's love for me."

"That's great, Anni! I'm so happy for you guys!"

Anni grinned. "Thanks!" She looked up at the store they stood in front of. "I think I'm going to find what I want in here."

Ayla stood speechless for a moment, then followed Anni inside.

Committed

(Part 4)

Jasmin could barely breathe as Anni's tongue picked up its pace against her throbbing sex. They had been making love since getting home over two hours ago, and Anni has already given Jasmin two incredible orgasms. She was currently working on the third, and Jasmin wasn't completely sure she would survive this one.

"Anni," she panted, torn between wanting to ride out this amazingly pleasurable torture, or pushing Anni away for some much needed relief. As she felt her body start to tremble, she knew there was no stopping now. She let herself be completely overtaken by her lover, giving her everything. A hoarse cry filled the air as the climax shook her to her core.

Anni was in heaven, and relentless when it came to drinking every bit of the essence that was Jasmin. She couldn't get enough.

"Baby, you have to stop," Jasmin begged.

"Don't wanna," Anni murmured against Jasmin's still throbbing nub.

"Please? I don't think I can take any more."

With one more lick with the flat of her tongue, Anni finally eased off. She kissed her way up Jasmin's sweat slicked body, lingering at her hardened nipples for a moment before giving Jasmin a deep kiss.

Jasmin moaned into the kiss. As sated and lethargic as she felt, the sensation of tasting herself on Anni's tongue, ignited her body once again. With a strength she couldn't explain, she reversed their position, a startled Anni now beneath her.

"My turn," she whispered huskily.

Anni could only groan as her body immediately responded to the look of desire in Jasmin's soulful brown eyes. Although she had already had an orgasm of her own from going down on Jasmin, her body needed more. "I'm all yours, baby."

"Yes, you are." Jasmin trailed her lips and tongue down Anni's neck, tasting the saltiness of the film of sweat remnant from their passion. She bared her teeth, and nipped Anni's pulse point, hard enough to mark her lover. Jasmin grinned when Anni's hips bucked at the bit of pleasurable pain. She continued her journey, nibbling and licking her collarbone, then taking a small, firm breast into her hot, wet mouth. Jasmin marked her lover once again, this time with a powerful suck to the tender flesh.

"Jesus! Jasmin!" Anni gasped, her hands instinctively grasping Jasmin's silky hair, pulling her even closer.

"Tell me what you want, baby," Jasmin murmured, licking her handiwork.

"You," Anni ground out, barely able to speak.

"How? Tell me, Anni. I want to hear you say it."

Anni groaned once again, loving when Jasmin was like this. It turned her on so much to know she could tell Jasmin to do anything, and she would satisfy beyond belief. Anni may have been the first woman Jasmin had ever been with, but Jasmin was a natural. Anni had never come as hard as she does with Jasmin. It was amazing. "*I want you inside me,*" she whispered.

"Mmm." Jasmin trailed her fingers down Anni's torso, circling her navel before continuing down to Anni's hot and ready center. "You're so wet."

The musician locked eyes with her beautiful girlfriend as she felt two digits slip inside her. When Jasmin curled her fingers up, Anni's hips immediately lifted, bringing Jasmin even deeper. "More. Please."

Jasmin's body shivered at the words, and she slipped a third finger in, keeping her pace even and slow. She couldn't believe how incredible it felt being inside Anni's wetness, feeling how the silky walls of Anni's sex contracted around her fingers. Especially when she hit that certain spot. "Do you like that, baby?"

"God, yes! Don't stop!"

"Never." Jasmin picked up the pace, using her body to help her thrust deeper, harder as Anni lifted her hips to match each

plunge. She felt the beginnings of Anni's climax, and bent to take a rigid nipple in her mouth, sucking hard.

Anni's orgasm exploded at the overwhelming sensations of Jasmin inside of her, and sucking her. It was so intense, she saw stars behind her eyelids, and was almost afraid she would pass out from the force. Her thighs clamped together, trapping Jasmin between them, effectively stopping her movement.

"My God!" Anni blew out an exhausted, yet completely satisfied breath. "You may very well be the death of me."

Jasmin chuckled softly. "I can see the headlines now. '*Jasmin Flemming kills lesbian lover with fierce orgasms*'."

Anni laughed, pushing Jasmin's sweat soaked hair out of her face, tucking it behind her ear. "Well, if I had to choose a way to go, that would certainly be it."

"Hmm." Jasmin rolled off her lover with a weak sigh. "I have no idea where I got the energy to do that after what you did to me."

"Divine intervention?" Anni suggested with a grin.

Jasmin rolled her head to the side to look at the beautiful musician. "Perhaps."

"Hungry?"

"Uh uh. Too tired to move."

"Go to sleep, baby. I'm going to go make me something light to eat. Okay?"

"Mhmm. Bring me back something?" Jasmin mumbled sleepily before losing her battle with exhaustion.

Anni shook her head, chuckling at her girlfriend. She knew Jasmin would most likely be out for the night, but she would make her a little something just in case. She shrugged into her black button up shirt, grabbed her guitar and quietly stepped out of the bedroom.

Anni sat cross-legged on the couch, strumming her guitar and humming softly. She would play a few chords, sing a few words, then stop to write down what she just played. The musician was pleasantly surprised by the ease the song was flowing from her, and could only attribute it to the intense love she felt for Jasmin.

"That's pretty," Nele said quietly, as if trying not to startle the musician.

"Um. Thanks." Anni was a little embarrassed at being 'caught'. She was normally shy about singing her songs in front

of others, but this one was special. She was even more bashful about this song being heard by anyone other than Jasmin.

"Is it for Jasmin?"

"Yeah. Hey, don't say anything, okay?"

"No, I won't." Nele sat in the chair, a bit tentatively. "I wanted to apologize for the other day."

Anni looked up, a little annoyed by being interrupted, until she saw the sad look on Nele's face. "Don't worry about it. You were just saying what I'm sure a lot of people were thinking."

"I still shouldn't have doubted Jasmin like that. It hurt both of you, and I don't want that."

Anni shrugged with a tsk. "We got over it as I'm sure you saw and heard." She grinned at Nele, lifting her chin towards the bedroom door.

"Oh God." Nele blushed hotly. "Tell me you don't hear Mesut and me like that!"

"Uh . . ." Anni laughed out loud as Nele buried her burning face in her hands. "Hey, it happens when you live with roommates, right?"

Nele shrugged. "Want a drink?"

"Nah. I'm just going to work on this a little longer, then go back to bed."

"Do you want me to leave you alone?"

Anni looked at Nele sheepishly. "Do you mind?"

"No, not at all. I really just wanted to say sorry for everything . . . "

"It's all good, okay?"

Nele smiled with a nod, then said goodnight, leaving Anni alone once again. With a glance towards the stairs, Anni began playing once again. The melody surged through her, flowing through her fingers as if they had a mind of their own. Her smile was wide and happy, thoughts of Jasmin going through her head as the song all but composed itself. Where "Far Away" broke her heart, this song . . . oh this song made her heart sing. She thought that was a good description since it seemed like her heart was what was really writing it.

Putting the finishing touches on paper, she slipped the sheet into her guitar case, placing her guitar over it. Anni snapped the case shut with a smile, and returned to her beautiful girlfriend with a happy bounce in her step.

"What are your plans for your day off, baby?" Anni watched from under the covers as Jasmin got dressed. Her eyes were glued to a perfect ass as Jasmin shimmied into leather pants Anni loved so much.

"Just a bit of shopping," Jasmin answered, knowing full well where Anni's eyes were.

"Who's going with you?" When Anni didn't get an answer, she looked up at her amused girlfriend. "What?"

"Enjoying the show?"

"Immensely," the musician answered, grinning rakishly.

"Good." Jasmin made her way over to Anni, leaning down to kiss her soundly. "Pia and Nele are going with me."

"Great. I'm glad you're not going alone."

Jasmin smiled at her protective lover. "I told you I'd be careful."

"You did." Anni slipped her hands up Jasmin's thighs, settling them on her hips. "Are you okay with calling your mother today?"

"Can we discuss this later, baby?"

"Jasmin, I know you don't really want to do this . . . "

"Anni, wait. I'll do this because it may give us a way to get Kurt out of our lives. That's what's important to me. So, yes, we'll call Katrin. I just don't want to think about it right now, okay?"

Anni nodded. "Sorry."

"Don't be. I know this is hard for you. We'll get through this, I promise."

"I know, baby. Hey, why don't you and the girls stop by Vereinsheim after you're done shopping. Come and see me. I'll buy you a coffee," she winked.

Jasmin laughed. "Sure! See you later?"

"You bet."

Jasmin traced a finger across Anni's jaw, then tapped her on the nose before leaving the grinning musician.

"Are you sure about this, Jasmin?" Pia looked at her friend, then a Nele, who gave her a shrug, and back again.

"Yes." Jasmin's answer was full of confidence and enthusiasm. She handed the guy behind the counter a piece of paper with a rough drawing. "Can you do this?"

The older man pushed his glasses up his nose, picking the drawing up, studying it. "All of them?"

"Yes. Is it possible?"

"Yeah, yeah. This one may be a little tricky," he told her, pointing to one of the sketches. "But, doable."

Jasmin sighed with relief. The 'tricky' one was the most important. "How long will they take?"

"Three weeks? Maybe a month," the old man grunted.

"Shit," Jasmin muttered, then apologized to the man for her language. "Can it be done any sooner?"

He considered her, then the drawing again. "Yeah. I can do rush job. When do you need it by?"

"Next week?" Jasmin answered hopefully.

"It will cost more," he warned.

Jasmin winced. "How much?"

The old man was thoughtful for a moment, and took a pencil from behind his ear, writing a figure down and sliding the paper over to Jasmin.

Jasmin's breath caught at the price, but she swallowed down the apprehension. Anni was worth it. She was worth everything.

She held out her hand. "Deal." She turned to her friends who were still looking at her with disbelief. "Ready for coffee?"

"Hey! How'd it go?" Anni gave Jasmin a quick kiss, nodding to Pia and Nele.

"Good! The press is still following me around, but I think we did pretty well at keeping them at bay." Jasmin grinned proudly, making her girlfriend laugh.

"Well, I don't see any bags. Was shopping a bust?" Anni knew she was fishing, but she wanted to know how much Jasmin would tell her.

"Nope." Jasmin took the coffee Anni held out to her, and plopped herself down on the couch in the corner.

"That's it?" Anni glanced at Pia and Nele who immediately turned away, suddenly finding the café's décor extremely interesting. Anni narrowed her eyes at Jasmin. "Anything you want to tell me?"

"I love you." The corners of Jasmin's eyes crinkled when she smiled over the rim of her glass.

"Fine. I can take a hint." She made her way back behind the bar, to fill orders. "Want to call Katrin?"

"Ugh." Jasmin drank the rest of her milky coffee, setting the empty glass on the table in front of her. "Fine. Let's get this over with."

Anni sent her girlfriend a sympathetic smile. She knew this was going to be difficult for Jasmin. Her relationship with her mother was already tumultuous at best. If it turned out that Katrin was working with Kurt to break her and Jasmin up, Anni was afraid the thread the mother/daughter relationship was hanging by would finally snap.

Jasmin reluctantly dug out her phone, pressing Katrin's number. Part of her hoped that the call would go unanswered. The other part wanting to do what she just told Anni. Get it over with.

"Hello?"

"Katrin. It's Jasmin."

"I know who it is. Have you finally decided to listen to me?" Katrin's voice held a condescending bite that Jasmin did not appreciate.

"I've decided to ask you a few questions. Do you have time to meet?"

"Of course. Kurt and I . . . "

"No. Just you. I will not have any kind of discussion with Kurt." Jasmin saw Anni's eyes turn to her at Kurt's name. She just shook her head, and focused on her conversation with Katrin. "You can come to Vereinsheim, or you can come by the apartment later. But, Katrin, I swear if Kurt is with you, I will never speak to you again."

"Very well. I trust your friend won't be there either?"

Jasmin frowned at the emphasis Katrin had put on the word 'friend'. "My *girlfriend* will be there, yes. This involves her just as much as it involves me."

"Then I think all parties should be present," Katrin countered.

"All parties that count, will be. Take it or leave it, Katrin. This is the only invitation I will be extending." After a long silence, Katrin agreed to meet at the apartment later that evening.

Anni sat next to her not-so-happy girlfriend, taking her hand. "So?"

"She'll be there tonight. Though, I don't see what the point is. It's obvious she's working with Kurt."

"The point, baby, is to try and get them to stop. We already knew it was a possibility they were working together. Maybe we can appeal to your mom's caring side, and get her to tell Kurt to back off."

"Katrin? Caring side?" Jasmin looked at Anni skeptically.

"Come on, doll. She has her moments." She kissed Jasmin's knuckles. "I have to get back to work. Want another?" she asked, gesturing at Jasmin's empty glass.

"Sure. Get me wired up before this talk tonight," she smirked. "Did Nele and Pia leave?"

"Yeah, they had stuff to do," Anni tossed over her shoulder on her way back to the bar. "Said to tell you bye."

"Bye," Jasmin muttered, deciding to keep herself occupied by browsing the internet on her phone. "Well, that was a mistake."

"What was a mistake?" Anni handed Jasmin her drink, taking her phone from her. ***Kurt LeRoy and Jasmin Flemming: Marriage on the Mend.*** The article included a photo of Jasmin and Kurt kissing, Kurt's hand on Jasmin's ass. "Shit. Katrin's doing, I assume?"

"Probably. That picture was taken right after we were married. We were at some stupid studio party." Jasmin snagged her phone back, quickly closing the internet. "She's not going to be on our side, you know that, right? Katrin will do whatever it takes to be in control of *something*. If it's not Metropolitan Trends anymore, it's going to be this. Or me."

"She can't control you, baby."

"She'll try."

"Come here." Anni wrapped her arms around her girlfriend, holding tight. "We're in this together, okay? No matter what happens with Katrin, I'm here with you."

"Thank you, sweetie. I feel better already." Although she said the words lightly, Jasmin truly did feel better with Anni by her side. She felt as though she could face anything with the love of her life next to her. The thought startled Jasmin a little. Love of her life? She pulled back, taking Anni's face in her hands, looking deep into her eyes. "*It's true*," she whispered.

"Huh?" Anni's brows furrowed in confusion at Jasmin's curious words.

Jasmin smiled brightly. "I said it's true. That you make me feel better," she explained. There was a better time, a better place to tell Anni that she was the love of her life.

The dimples that Jasmin loved so much, stood out prominently as Anni beamed with pride. "Good."

Jasmin paced restlessly as the time for Katrin to come by drew closer.

"Baby. Come sit down." Anni patted the cushion next to her on the couch.

"I can't. Too edgy."

"I can help with that," Anni told her, wiggling her eyebrows.

Jasmin couldn't help but laugh, even though she felt nauseous at the thought of talking to Katrin again. "You can, can you?"

"Mmhmm. Come over here and I'll show you."

Just as Jasmin took a step towards her lover, a knock sounded on the door. With a dramatically heavy sigh, Jasmin straightened her shoulders and opened the door.

"Katrin. Come in." Jasmin warily checked the hallway outside the door, half expecting Katrin would have brought Kurt against her wishes. With a relieved breath at no sign of her ex-husband, she closed the door.

"Okay. I'm here. Are you sure you want to talk about this in front of Anni?" Katrin gave Anni a cursory glance.

"I have nothing to hide from Anni." Jasmin gestured to the chair, offering Katrin a seat, which she declined. "I want to know why you're doing this. Why are you working with Kurt?"

"It's a job. Metropolitan Trends was stolen from me, I have to do something with my time."

"And, you choose to work with Kurt?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" Jasmin repeated angrily. "How about because you're using your *daughter's* feelings for the sake of your own gain! I do *not* want to be with Kurt!"

"Jasmin, you're not looking at the whole picture. That's always been your problem. You're very shortsighted. Never able to see what's good for you."

"Anni is good for me." Jasmin purposefully went to Anni, sitting close to her, and taking her hand.

"Just think about this, Jasmin. Imagine the career you can have as Kurt's wife. If Anni means so much to you, then continue seeing her *discreetly* on the side. But this is your chance!"

"My chance? My chance to what, exactly?" Jasmin knew she was squeezing Anni's hand - or was Anni squeezing hers? - but she felt her body tense at Katrin's words.

"To make a name for yourself, of course! It's what you wanted. With the publicity we could generate from your reconciliation with Kurt, you'll be the new 'It' girl."

"Haven't you been paying attention," Anni practically growled. "She doesn't want that anymore!"

"Is that true, Jasmin? Or, are you just going to let Anni speak for you?"

"It's true," Jasmin answered without hesitation. "That life almost ruined me. I want nothing more to do with it." She could practically feel Anni's entire body relax at her response. *I guess she was still worried about that*, Jasmin thought with another squeeze to Anni's hand.

"Dreams like that don't just go away, Jasmin. I know that it was hard for you . . . "

"You've got to be kidding me!" Anni stood abruptly, and began to pace. She ran a trembling hand through her hair, madder than hell that Katrin was here speaking like this to Jasmin. "You were *pissed* at Jasmin half of the time when she was in the press. The other half, you were asking her not to be herself! Now that it suits you, you want her to go through that all again?"

"This is really of no concern to you."

The self-righteous look Katrin gave Anni stunned her. She had really thought Katrin was on their side. *I guess when it comes to money and control, anyone is fair game*, Anni thought angrily. "It *is* my concern! Jasmin is the woman I love, and you're telling her to go back to being married to someone she doesn't want to be with!"

"Jasmin loved Kurt once. I'm sure it's still there. They just need to spend some time . . . "

"Enough!" The vehemence in Jasmin's voice had both Anni and Katrin looking at her speechlessly. "Stop this now, Katrin. There's nothing either you or Kurt can possibly say to change my mind. I do *not* want to be with him. I do *not* want that lifestyle again. I certainly do *not* love Kurt, nor will I ever again. I'm in love with Anni. *This* is where I want to be, and how I want to

live my life." Jasmin stepped closer to Katrin. "You are my mother. You're supposed to want what's best for me. That life almost destroyed me. I've never been happier than I am right now. If you can't see that, or *won't* see that, I no longer want or need you in my life."

Katrin looked positively shocked at Jasmin's words. It was as though she had no doubts that Jasmin would come running back for a chance to be in the public eye again. "You really don't want that life? The money? The notoriety? You could be huge, Jasmin."

"Do you know why I needed that in my life then, Katrin? I felt unworthy, unloved, and insecure. *You* certainly didn't think I was good enough. Kurt treated me like eye-candy on his arm. No one thought that I, Jasmin Flemming, was special enough just being who I am." She walked over to Anni, holding her gaze as she said her next words. "Except Anni. She always thought I was special. Even when she was sick of all the games I played with the publicity shit, she thought I was special." She turned back to Katrin. "So, the only love and devotion and acceptance I need, is right here in Anni's arms."

Anni didn't bother holding back the tears of joy from Jasmin's beautiful dialogue. She wrapped her arms around Jasmin, and held her tight, murmuring sweet words of thanks in her ear.

Katrin sighed. "If you change your mind . . . "

"She won't," Anni grumbled, wanting Katrin to just leave.

"You realize you're taking a job away from me, right?"

Katrin said, trying another tactic.

"Then find something else that doesn't involve selling your daughter out." Jasmin turned in Anni's arms to glare at her mother. "You're a smart woman. Figure out what to do for Kurt that doesn't include me."

Katrin stared at the both of them for a moment before leaving in a huff.

"That went well," Anni said sarcastically. She felt the body in her arms begin to shake slightly, and she turned Jasmin around to see her sobbing quietly. "Oh, baby, come here." She guided Jasmin to the couch, sitting and motioning for Jasmin to lay her head on her lap. Anni stroked her hair tenderly, letting her lover cry until she got it all out. She reached for a tissue when she heard the sniffing.

"Thank you."

Jasmin's voice was hoarse from crying, her eyes were red and puffy, and her nose was running. Anni had never seen anyone more beautiful in her life. She hated to see the woman she loved

so upset, and wished there was something she could say or do to make her feel better. Making love was always an option, but she had a feeling Jasmin wasn't in a very sexy mood at the moment. Anni smiled as an idea came to her.

"Come on."

"Where are we going?"

"To the bedroom."

"Oh, sweetie, I'm just not . . . "

Anni silenced Jasmin with a sweet kiss. "Not for that. At least not yet. I want to play something for you." She closed the bedroom door softly behind them, escorting Jasmin to the bed. "You just sit there. Don't move." Anni winked as she went to retrieve her guitar. "I was going to save this for our anniversary, but I think you could use it now."

"Did you write me a song?" Jasmin asked, completely charmed by the slight blush that graced Anni's cheeks.

"Yeah," she answered with a shy shrug. "I wanted to do something special. I have a real gift for you," she added hastily. "This is just something a little extra."

"Oh, baby. A song is perfect! I don't need anything else."

"Too bad. Now hush, and listen." Anni blew her a kiss, then began to strum the first notes of her song for Jasmin.

Jasmin's eyes filled with tears, this time happy ones, as Anni began to sing softly.

Never in my wildest dreams

Did I ever believe

I would give my everything

I didn't want to need

Didn't want to open myself

To let my heart bleed

Then you walked into my life

And I found myself not wanting to hide

I gave you my heart, my body, my soul

I wonder if you will ever truly know

You are my

Love forever

I want to leave you never

Love forever

I need you when I remember

All the years before I found

Love forever

Never had I imagined

This joy so burning

*Or pain so deep
The will to give up everything
Just to take that leap
Only when you're near
Does the past disappear
Can you really believe
That you are my*

*Love forever
Baby, leave me never
Love forever
I need you when I remember
All the years before I found
Love forever*

*Baby, be with me
Touch me as no other
And then you will see
You are my*

*Love forever
Baby, be my love forever
Leave me never
I need you to be my
Love forever*

I don't want to be the person

I was before I found

Love forever

Baby, be my love forever

Anni finished the song, fidgeting slightly when Jasmin remained quiet. She saw the fresh tears flowing from Jasmin's eyes, unable to stop her own.

"Can you put your guitar away, please?" Jasmin asked softly.

"Yeah, sure." Anni nervously placed her guitar back into its case, and rubbed her sweaty palms on her jean clad thighs.

"Come here."

The musician obeyed the request, making her way over to Jasmin. Her breath left her in a hurry when Jasmin suddenly pulled her into a crushing hug. Kisses were rained upon her face, before wet lips were pressed against hers in a fiery, seductive kiss.

"I guess this means you liked it?" she managed against Jasmin's lips.

"No. This," she lifted the hem of Anni's shirt, bringing it over her head, and throwing it to the side, "means I loved it. And, I love you!" Jasmin discarded the rest of Anni's clothes,

then rapidly ridding herself of hers, and climbed in bed with who she was now certain was the love of her life.

Committed

(Part 5 - The conclusion?)

Anni hummed as she worked, unable to get the song she wrote for Jasmin out of her head. Or Jasmin's reaction to it, for that matter. Damn. What a thank you *that* had been. Anni smiled, remembering just how many times Jasmin 'thanked' her that night. And, each night since. She chuckled. Her beautiful girlfriend certainly has stamina, and if Anni sang to her before, that stamina always rose a notch. As did Jasmin's adventurous side. *Now I know what it's like to be tied up by Jasmin*, she thought with an amused shake of her head.

Anni's mood was especially good today. It had been a really good week. After Jasmin's talk - if you could call it something as benign as that - with Katrin, they had essentially been left alone. No word from Kurt, nothing from Katrin, and even the press had died down a little. Okay, there were a few press jerks that still hung around, trying to make their lives miserable, but the couple wasn't letting it get to them. On the contrary,

Jasmin had told Anni that if the press was going to follow them, she was going to give them something to write about. Jasmin then took every opportunity she could to make sure everyone knew how she felt about Anni. And, that was just fine with Anni. Just fine, indeed.

Another reason for Anni's good mood? Tomorrow was the big day for the couple. As apprehensive as Anni thought she would be for such a milestone - well, a milestone to her, at least - surprisingly, she was looking forward to it. Excited even. Anni had everything planned. She gave Jasmin explicit instructions to leave all of the preparations to her, and though Jasmin was curious, she consented. Anni rubbed her hands together, smiling like a fool, she was sure. She didn't care. Tomorrow was going to be perfect. The only thing that could make her happier right at this moment was if her girlfriend was here with her. Mauerwerk was going to be hopping tonight, so Anni wished Jasmin could be here while it was still quiet.

"Anni?"

The voice cut through Anni's thoughts, and her happiness. Of course. She was thinking she was on the homestretch, nothing would ruin this, and here comes Kurt.

"What do you want?" Pleasantries be damned. He just soured her mood, so he can reap the reward for that.

"To talk," Kurt answered, his tone friendly.

"Nothing to talk about, man." Anni busied herself with winding up cables she wouldn't need. If she were honest, she would admit that it was busy work to keep from looking at Kurt. Or, perhaps to keep from hitting him, which is what she really wanted to do.

"You know there is. Man, Anni, you know Jasmin is not a lesbian. What are you doing? Are you really willing to get hurt?"

"It doesn't matter what Jasmin is. Labels aren't important. What's important is that Jasmin loves me."

"Come on. Jasmin is going through a phase, Anni! You know her! She does this. She tries out something new until she gets tired of it." Kurt stepped closer, understanding eyes gazing into Anni's angry ones. "She's going to get tired of you."

"Fuck you."

To her surprise, Kurt laughed. "Look, I get it, okay. Jasmin is hot! Who *wouldn't* fall for her? But you know her Anni. She's pretty flighty. Jasmin is really good at looking good, but

that's about as deep as it goes. Her best bet at anything in this world is to be on someone's arm. Like mine. You want to keep fucking her, fine. Hell, come on tour with me. You're a damn fine musician. As long as she makes appearances with me, I'm good. It's not like I'll be lonely if she's with you every once in a while. I'll have side pieces as well."

Neither one of them were aware that Jasmin was listening to them from atop the stairs. Her eyes filled with tears, her heart breaking from what she was hearing.

Anni clenched her fists, nostrils flaring with rage. She stepped into Kurt's personal space, leaving only inches between their faces. "You fucking piece of shit! You claim to love Jasmin, and *that's* how you talk about her!? If that's what you think of her, you *never* knew her at all. Jasmin is intelligent and generous, and not only beautiful on the outside, but inside as well. Get out of here now before I kick your sorry fucking ass!" She could barely contain her animosity towards Jasmin's ex-husband. She wanted so much to punch him, to make him feel just a fraction of the pain she felt when she listened to him speak so crudely of the woman she loves.

"Wow, she really has your pussy-whipped doesn't she? Yeah, I know how that is, too. She's pretty incredible in bed, isn't she?"

Kurt's head snapped back from the surprise blow to the jaw. It was a surprise to Anni that it happened, so she knew he wasn't prepared.

"You hit me!"

"You deserved it." Both Anni and Kurt whirled around to see Jasmin standing there, unchecked tears tracking down her cheeks. She went straight to Anni, picking up the hand she had used to hit Kurt. Jasmin brought her lover's knuckles up to her lips, kissing them gently. "You okay?" she asked, looking steadily into Anni's eyes.

Tears immediately threatened at the back of Anni's eyes. Had Jasmin heard everything Kurt said? The possibility that she did, hurt Anni's heart. "I'm sorry," she said softly.

"Why are you sorry? You defended me when my ex-husband basically called me a blow up doll. You didn't agree when he said I have no other purpose in life than to be an accessory." Jasmin caressed Anni's cheek lovingly. "You have nothing to be sorry for."

"He's full of shit, baby." Anni took Jasmin's hand in hers, kissing her palm as they both pointedly ignored Kurt who was dabbing at his split lip. "Don't listen to a damn word he says."

"It hurts," she whispered for Anni's ears only.

Anni felt an anger course through her unlike any other. *Fucking Kurt*. If she could get away with seriously maiming him, she would do it in a second. Maybe break a finger or two, she thought sardonically. See how he'd like not being able to play his damn guitar. It hurt her heart that his words caused Jasmin pain. "Forget him, Jasmin. He's no one. I know who you are, baby."

Jasmin nodded, trying to replace Kurt's words with Anni's in her head. Insecurities from her past - that she thought she was over - came flooding back. Anni must have been able to sense her self-doubt, because she stepped forward, taking Jasmin in a fierce hug. Just being in Anni's arms brought Jasmin intense healing. She had never before felt such peace within. With a new found confidence just being in Anni's presence, she turned to Kurt.

"Leave. Don't come back here, Kurt. I've made it perfectly clear to you and Katrin that I want nothing to do with you. Hearing how you really feel about me only solidifies that decision. You don't want me, you want an image. A plastic doll. There are many of those out there. Go and find you one. Leave me and Anni alone."

"I didn't mean all of that, honey . . . "

"Please." Jasmin raised a hand, effectively cutting Kurt off. "Just stop. I don't want to hear anymore." She wrapped her arm around Anni's waist. "I know now that what you and I had was superficial. It wasn't love. Not for you, and certainly not for me. *This* is love," she said, squeezing Anni closer to her. "The way Anni sees me? I feel that inside. You've never seen *me*, Kurt. We're done."

"You heard her," Anni all but growled at Kurt when he opened his mouth to say something else. "You're not wanted here. Leave my girlfriend alone."

"You're going to regret getting involved with her," Kurt snarled. "Your heart is going to get broken into tiny little pieces by Jasmin. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"Being loved by Jasmin, if even for a moment, could never be a regret," Anni called out to Kurt's retreating back. She felt Jasmin squeeze her hand, and before she knew it, she was being dragged upstairs. "Jasmin?"

"Elevator! Now!"

Anni immediately began to grin like an idiot. The elevator holds special memories for the couple, and Anni was determined to make at least one more right now.

"Guys, this is really great! Thanks so much!" Jasmin lifted her champagne glass and toasted to her friends who had thrown her and Anni a surprise anniversary party. After everything Kurt had to say about her, knowing she had people in her life that truly did love her for who she was, meant so much.

"Yeah, thank you," Anni chipped in, touching her glass to Jasmin's and anyone else's she could reach. Ever since the scene at Mauerwerk, she hadn't wanted to be far from Jasmin's side. She knew her girl was still feeling a little vulnerable, and wanted to offer as much comfort as she could without seeming *too* clingy. Though, to be perfectly honest, she wanted to cling. The 'clinging' they did in the elevator was way too brief for the musician, and Anni couldn't wait to get home to continue where they left off.

"We're just so happy for you guys!" Nele's enthusiasm was contagious, and soon everyone was laughing and telling 'JasAnni' stories.

Ahh, a walk down memory lane. Jasmin and Anni glanced at each other, and smiled. They each thought of their own special memories as they listened, and saw themselves through their friends' eyes.

"Remember when Jasmin assaulted that police officer! That was hardcore! So awesome," Nele laughed. "They got their message across though!"

"I wish I had been there," Pia snickered. "I just don't think seeing photos does it justice."

"Oh, it doesn't, believe me," Anni smirked. "My baby-doll was fierce!"

"Hush!" Jasmin swatted Anni's thigh playfully, giving her a indulgent smile. "I saved your life!"

Anni answered with a 'mmhmm', wisely staying quiet by taking another drink.

"Wait! What about that bet!?" Nele snorted.

"Ugh, the bet! I won ten bucks!" Mesut announced. "Then lost it. Thanks, Jasmin," he grunted.

Jasmin grinned, and shrugged. "What can I say? My Anni is irresistible."

"Uh uh, that's you, baby. I told you that day that I knew what you were. I couldn't stay away from you." She leaned over, nuzzling Jasmin's nose with hers.

"You two are disgustingly sweet," Emily laughed. "I'm kidding. You're cute. Disgustingly cute."

Anni nonchalantly scratched her cheek - with her middle finger - directed at Emily.

"Well, I for one think they're perfect for each other," Ayla stated with authority. "They complement each other so well. Jasmin, I don't think I've ever seen you so happy. And, Anni? I'm glad you got the girl."

"You and me both!" Anni saluted, receiving a bump on the shoulder from her lover.

"Wait!" Sophie called over the chatter. "What was this bet?"

"You didn't hear about it?" Nele asked, incredulously. As if 'the bet' was the biggest news around. "Anni bet she could get Jasmin in bed. Of course, this was before Jasmin knew what her feelings were, and . . . "

"Okay!" Jasmin interrupted. That time was both the best, and worst time of her life. One the one hand, she gave in to her feelings for Anni. Her want, her need. On the other hand, she was so confused about how she felt. She ended up hurting Anni, and Jasmin had a hard time forgiving herself for that. "Enough of the bet," she laughed, hoping she didn't sound too panicked about it.

"Yeah," Anni added, sensing Jasmin's discomfort. "We're way past the bet. I won. Enough said," she said cockily.

"That you did, baby." Jasmin kissed her chastely on the lips.

"Hey, what happened with that whole Kurt issue?" Tuner asked, causing the couple to groan. "Sorry. I've given up reading tabloids," he added with a sheepish shrug.

"I think he finally gets it that Jasmin isn't coming back," Anni answered, her voice harsher than she intended. "Sorry. That asshole just gets on my tits," she mumbled grumpily.

"Hey, baby," Jasmin whispered close to Anni's ear. "It's over now, okay? Tonight is for us. As is the rest of our lives."

"You're right. We're not going to worry about Kurt anymore," she told Tuner, in a much calmer tone. Anni got another kiss from Jasmin for that, and she took the opportunity to make it linger a little longer this time.

"Okay, before these two start making out," Nele cleared her throat, "which, believe me, they totally will no matter where they are. It's midnight, and technically your anniversary!" Glasses were refilled, and lifted. "To Jasmin and Anni!"

"Jasmin and Anni!" the others shouted. Then came the chant as the couple kissed again. "Team Janni! Team Janni!"

"Alright, alright! Present time!" Anni announced. Although it wasn't what she planned, she was happy to include their friends in some of the celebration. Especially since they went through all this trouble for them. She hopped off the barstool, and went to get Jasmin's gift out of her messenger bag, glad that she hadn't taken it out to hide it in the apartment.

Jasmin also went to get her gift for Anni, her thoughts unwittingly mirroring her partner's. Nerves crept up as she retrieved the gift from her bag. Will Anni like it? She took a deep breath, and made her way back to her girlfriend. "You first," Jasmin said, holding the box out to Anni.

Anni took it with a smile. She didn't care what was in the box, she knew she would love it. Hell, it was a gift from Jasmin. How could she not love it? She started unwrapping, laughing at Jasmin's wrapping job, wondering if she used an entire roll of paper for the small box. It reminded her of another gift she had once gotten from the beautiful brunette. That gift made all the difference in the world to Anni.

"Come on!" Pia yelled.

"Hey, I didn't wrap it," Anni countered, finally getting the gift free of the paper. Now, she held a velvet, rectangular box. She looked up at Jasmin with a smile, then slowly opened it. Inside sat a white gold link chain with four diamond insets. Resting on the chain was a pendant. A guitar pick of white gold with another diamond adorning the center. Between the chain, there was also a barbell ear cartilage piercing with a matching guitar pick that dangled from the end. "Baby, they're beautiful!"

"The pendant on the necklace is inscribed," Jasmin said shyly.

Anni tore her eyes away from the stunning pieces of jewelry to give Jasmin a genuine smile. Then, with trembling hands, she lifted the pendant, turning it over. In what she immediately recognized as Jasmin's handwriting, the pendant read '***I pick you. Always. Love, Jasmin***'.

Anni's eyes were shining with tears when she found Jasmin's gaze once again. She closed the distance between them in two steps, taking Jasmin in her arms and holding her tight. "*Thank you,*" she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "*I love you.*"

"I love you, too, Anni. So much."

"Do we get to see?" Nele asked quietly, as if hating to interrupt the moment.

Anni reluctantly backed away from Jasmin - a little - and held out the gift for everyone to see. After waiting for what she considered to be an appropriate amount of time for the 'ooo'ing and ahh'ing', Anni was ready to give Jasmin her gift. "Your turn," she grinned, handing Jasmin a gift similar in size to the one she just received.

Jasmin smiled brightly, practically snatching the wrapped box out of Anni's hand. She took much less time opening the package, and in seconds held a black, leather box. The goofy grin turned to a stunned look as she opened the box revealing its contents. Inside was a gorgeous rose gold bracelet with two unique charms attached. One was a silver heart that read 'I love you' and was dissected by a clear vial. The second was a tiny 'message in a bottle'.

Anni took the bracelet from its casing, slipping it onto a crying Jasmin's wrist. "The vial inside the heart contains chlorine," she explained, knowing Jasmin knew exactly what she was talking about. "The message in the bottle is the lyrics to the song I wrote you, so you can keep it with you always."

"Anni." Jasmin couldn't keep the tears from falling even harder at the significance of Anni's gift. She took Anni's face in her hands, gazing into those expressive brown eyes she loved so much. "Thank you. It's amazing," she managed before giving Anni a kiss she was sure made their audience blush.

Both Anni and Jasmin struggled to be patient with their friends for the next hour or so. They loved them dearly, but they also had the need to properly thank each other for their gifts. The frustration was about to get out of control when Nele finally decided to give the couple their much needed chance at escape. With quick good-byes, they hurried home, eager to keep the party going. Only this time, just for two.

Jasmin twisted her arm this way and that, making her bracelet catch the light. "This is so beautiful, baby. And, thoughtful. I love it."

Anni grinned at her lover over her shoulder. "I love mine, too, baby-doll." She unlocked the door to their apartment, and ushered her girlfriend in, heading straight for their bedroom. "Come here," she murmured after closing the door, and locking it.

Jasmin hurried to the musician, immediately wrapping her arms around Anni's neck in a strong embrace. "I'm happy," she hummed close to Anni's ear, taking the lobe into her mouth and sucking gently.

Anni moaned softly, at the words as much as the sensation of Jasmin sucking her earlobe. "Me, too, baby." She brought Jasmin's lips to hers, kissing her tenderly, not bothering to hide the passion and emotion she was feeling.

"Wow," Jasmin whispered, breathless and flushed. She pulled Anni towards the bed, unbuttoning her shirt as they went. She pushed the garment off slowly, her fingertips grazing Anni's soft skin as she followed it down and off her arms. Bringing her hands back up, she kept her touch light, leaving goosebumps in their path, as she trailed them over Anni's breasts.

Anni sucked in a breath at Jasmin's touch, her nipples hardening almost painfully at the contact. Lips joined again as Anni leaned in. Tongues tasted, battling each other in a seductive dance only lovers knew. Bodies delicately pressed together as Anni pulled Jasmin closer.

Jasmin gasped at the connection, feeling Anni's taut nipples through her shirt. "Take my shirt off, baby. I want to feel you."

Anni didn't hesitate. She rid Jasmin of the offending garment, tossing it to the side. Seconds later, both women's bras were following. "Yesss," she hissed as Jasmin's naked upper body came together with hers. She shivered when Jasmin's nails raked softly down her back.

"I need your mouth on me, Anni."

Anni dipped her head, and used the tip of her tongue to tease a sensitive nipple, batting it gently before covering it with her lips. She alternated between suckling, biting and teasing, knowing she was driving Jasmin crazy with need for more.

"Oh! Yes . . . Anni."

Anni's fumbling fingers worked the button of Jasmin's pants, needing her to be naked for the things she wanted to do. Jasmin took pity and helped, though her hands were trembling just as much. Finally they were both completely naked, much to Anni's joy, and she gently nudged Jasmin down on the bed. She wanted to take her time, make this last for Jasmin, and Anni tried reining in her passion. But when Jasmin's hand found her breast and began massaging, that passion almost got the best of her. Anni arched her back, pressing herself into Jasmin's hand.

It never failed to amaze her that she was granted this intimacy with Jasmin. Anni never wanted to take that gift for granted.

"Touch me," Jasmin whispered.

Anni never lost eye contact with Jasmin as she slipped her hand down between their bodies. When she reached her destination, she could feel how wet Jasmin was. As always, she was astounded that *she* was the one that could affect Jasmin this way. Anni loved the way Jasmin's body responded to her. With that thought, she dipped her finger deeper between Jasmin's swollen sex. She groaned at feeling of Jasmin's arousal coating her finger.

"God . . . yes." Jasmin felt herself get even wetter when Anni pulled her finger out, trailing it along the sensitive bundle of nerves that begged for attention.

Anni stimulated the hardened nub, rubbing her well coated fingers back and forth, pinching it lightly between her two digits. She smiled inwardly when Jasmin moaned loudly, her hips rocking with desire, looking for much needed release. Anni's own body began to burn with need as she entered the beautiful brunette with two fingers. Thrusting deep, keeping her pace steady, she curled her fingers, hitting that one spot she knew drove Jasmin crazy. Confirmation came in the form of a loud

groan from her girlfriend, her hips lifting off the bed, pulling Anni even deeper. The musician gave more, pushing inside as deep as she could while bringing her thumb into play by rotating it in circles over Jasmin's hard, extended clit.

Jasmin cried out with passion, calling out Anni's name as she came. Her body convulsed with the violent orgasm. It was unlike any orgasm she had ever had, so intense, so forceful that her breasts heaved as she tried to catch her breath.

Anni positioned herself over Jasmin's strong thigh, desperate for relief of her own. Watching her girlfriend come, hearing Jasmin calling her name, had her senses on overload, and the musician knew it wouldn't take long for her to follow in Jasmin's bliss. She ground herself against the silky skin, her own wetness painting Jasmin's leg with its abundance.

Jasmin pressed herself harder into Anni, her hands finding purchase on the musician's ass. She gripped the taut backside, pushing and tugging along with Anni's frantic rhythm, until the musician let out a long, throaty groan.

"Jasmin!"

"Mmm, yes, baby. I love it when you come on me."

Anni moaned loudly, her hips bucking against Jasmin again as an aftershock shook her along with Jasmin's words. "I love you," she murmured when she could once again form words.

"I love you, too. Happy anniversary, baby."

A beautiful, content and sated smile blossomed on Anni's face. She never thought she would be in a relationship, let alone one this long. And, the fact that she had someone as wonderful and beautiful as Jasmin to love her, made her feel like the luckiest woman in the world. "Happy anniversary, Jasmin."

Anni snuggled closer to Jasmin's warm body. She was so comfortable and happy there, that she was loathe to get up. *Come on, Anni. It's your anniversary and you need to get up!* She continued her internal pep talk, but listening to Jasmin's soft breathing was starting to lull her back to sleep. *Breakfast in bed!* That did it. Anni wanted to make her girl a nice little breakfast before taking her somewhere special. She let out a quiet groan, and forced herself to get up.

"Morning."

"Shh." Anni shushed Nele quietly. "I don't want Jasmin to wake up yet."

"When does she ever wake up this early," Nele quipped, and Anni could help but laugh. It was true. Her girlfriend wasn't a morning person. But Anni had no doubt that she would be okay with being awake early today.

"True." She went to the refrigerator, gathering ingredients for her surprise.

"I'm actually surprised *you're* up this early. It sounded like you two had a long night last night."

Anni blushed a little as she sent Nele a mock glare over her shoulder. "It's our anniversary, we're supposed to celebrate," she shrugged with a grin.

Nele laughed. "What are your plans for today? More 'celebrating'?"

"Maybe." Anni smiled as she thought about her real plans for Jasmin today. She hoped Jasmin would enjoy herself so much that they would indeed be 'celebrating' *all* night. Again.

"Baby?" Anni lovingly tucked a stray strand of hair behind Jasmin's ear. "Baby, it's time to wake up."

"Nu uh." Jasmin's sleepy voice was muffled from her face being half buried in her pillow.

"Come on. I have something for you," the musician sang cheerfully.

Jasmin opened one beautiful, brown eye, and peered at her lover. "Didn't you get enough last night?" she mumbled teasingly.

"Never! I can ever get enough of you, baby-doll."

"Sweet-talker."

"Truth-speaker," Anni countered happily. "As much as I would like to crawl back into bed and feast on you," she wiggled her eyebrows with a leer, "I brought you food."

"Breakfast in bed?" Jasmin's other eye popped open.

"Oh, that gets you, but me feasting on you doesn't?" Anni teased.

"I can't have both?" Jasmin answered seductively, making the musician chuckle.

"Well, you could, but then we'd be late." Anni brought the food laden tray over as Jasmin adjusted herself to sit up against the wall. The sheets slipped down, leaving her bare breasts exposed. The sight took the musician's breath away, and she fumbled with the tray slightly.

"Late?" Jasmin smiled knowingly as she steadied the glass of juice on the tray. She loved the fact that her body produced that kind of reaction from her lover.

"Mmhhh."

"Late for what?" Jasmin took in the veritable feast on the tray, wondering how on earth Anni had time to do all of this. It wasn't even six in the morning! French toast, strawberries, bananas, juice and coffee. "This is amazing, baby. Thank you."

"Welcome," Anni chirped gleefully. She couldn't remember ever feeling as happy as she did at this moment. She picked up a strawberry and fed it to her love. "Hurry and eat, and you'll get your question answered. Come on, woman! We have stuff to do!"

"You're going to have to help me," Jasmin laughed. "I can't eat all of this!"

"Tsk. Did you think this was all for you?" Anni teased. "Scoot over. And, don't hog the French toast."

"Anni!" Jasmin's voice was perilously close to a whine as she begged her girlfriend to tell her where they were going.

"Please?"

"Nope. Just hang in there. We'll be there soon."

"Be where soon?"

"Nice try, doll. Not going to work."

"Fine," Jasmin pouted playfully. She looked around, finding her surroundings suddenly very familiar. "Anni?"

"Hmm?" The musician knew that her girl had figured out their destination.

"Anni, we can't go in there. What about security? They had dogs!"

"Relax, baby. It's too early for security to be here."

"Yeah, that's what we thought last time," Jasmin muttered as she followed Anni over the fence. Her anxiety faded away when she saw the crystal blue water of 'their' pool. "We're crazy for being here. You know that, right?"

"Eh. We're crazy in love, so come on!" Anni took Jasmin's hand, pulling her towards the platform. "Ready?"

"Let's do it."

They climbed the same platform they did that first night they went out partying together, just the two of them. They were sober this time, though if Anni was being a mushy romantic, she

would say they were drunk in love. She laughed internally at herself, thinking about how she would never have thought things like that before Jasmin. They settled down on the board, swinging their legs back and forth with synchronicity.

"Thank you for bringing me here today, baby." Jasmin grasped Anni's hand, interweaving their fingers.

"This place is special to me, Jasmin." She watched Jasmin nod thoughtfully. The musician turned slightly to watch her girlfriend's reaction to her next words. "I fell in love with you here."

Jasmin's eyes widened slightly. "But I . . . we . . . "

"I know. And, that time was pretty tense for us. But you sat here with me that morning, and *really* talked to me. Not only that, you *listened*. You cared about what I had to say. I don't know, Jasmin. Something happened to me that day, and you've been in my heart ever since. No matter what happened in between then and now, I never stopped loving you."

A single tear trailed down Jasmin's cheek. "I felt it, too," she whispered. "Of course, I didn't know what it was, and it confused the hell out of me. But I felt it. It's why I gave you the bottle of chlorine from here when you were going back to Barcelona."

Anni squeezed Jasmin's fingers, trying to keep her emotions from getting out of control. She knew this place was special to Jasmin, too, she just didn't know how special. Until now.

"Jasmin. Before I met you, I thought I'd be single for the rest of my life. I'm not even sure if I believed in love. The first time I saw you, man, I thought you were so hot." Both of them chuckled.

"Yes, well, you being naked in the bath was pretty hot, too," Jasmin confessed.

"Oh? You thought so, huh?"

Jasmin just smiled, biting her bottom lip.

Anni's eyes lowered to take in those full, luscious lips. She had to force herself not to lean in and take them in a passionate kiss. The musician drew in a deep breath, bringing her eyes back up to Jasmin's soft brown ones. "When I think about my future, I see you. There is no scenario where I don't see you standing by my side." Anni reached into her pocket, pulling out a shiny, black box. "I have one more gift for you, baby."

Jasmin's trembling hand flew to her mouth. Tears flowed unchecked, and her breathing became labored as she thought about what Anni was doing. "Anni," she whispered from behind her hand.

Anni opened the box, revealing a platinum infinity love design ring, with a single carat diamond. She reached up, taking Jasmin's hand in hers. "I love you, Jasmin. I want nothing more than to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Anni! Yes, baby! Yes!"

They had to remember that they were perched high up above the water, or risk plunging in from their excitement. They laughed at their predicament, with Anni wondering if she should have thought this through a little more. One look at the pure joy on Jasmin's beautiful face, and she knew her choice was the right one. Anni plucked the ring out of its resting place in the box, and slipped it on Jasmin's finger. Both pairs of hands were shaking so bad, Anni was afraid she might drop the ring. She breathed a sigh of relief when it slid effortlessly, and safely in place.

"It's beautiful, Anni."

"So are you."

"I can't believe you did this." Jasmin shook her head in amazement.

"You really had no clue?"

"After almost giving you a heart attack when I got on bended knee to give the plectrum for your birthday, I wasn't so sure this would ever happen," Jasmin laughed.

Anni buried her face in her hands and groaned with embarrassment at the memory. "You know, I don't think it was so much me being scared," she finally said. "I think I was just surprised."

"So, you would have said yes?" Jasmin bumped Anni's shoulder playfully.

"Of course!" Anni answered confidently. Okay, *maybe* she wouldn't have said yes then, but things have changed now. Her confidence in their love for each other was strong.

"Good to know," Jasmin said cryptically. "You know, when all of this crap came up with Kurt, it made me realize things."

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"Well. For instance, I realized that you," Jasmin held Anni's gaze as she discreetly took the same silver box that held the plectrum out of her pocket, "are the love of my life." She watched as Anni's expressive eyes widened, and immediately filled with tears.

Those words filled Anni with such bliss that she felt an urgent need to wrap her arms around her girlfriend - no, wait, fiancée. She twisted more towards Jasmin, bringing her arms up . . . hitting Jasmin's hand that was oddly in the space between them.

"Oh no!" Jasmin watched in horror as the silver box flew out of her hand, landing with a small splash in the water below.

"What was that?" Anni asked carefully.

"Something I *have* to get back!" Jasmin answered, pushing herself off the diving board.

"Jasmin!"

Anni's cry was drowned out - literally - by the sound of a bigger splash as Jasmin hit the water feet first.

"Fuck!" The musician waited for Jasmin to come back to the surface, but after a few excruciating seconds, there was still no sign of her lover. Anni took a deep breath, and making sure she wouldn't be landing on top of Jasmin when she jumped, took the plunge.

Jasmin let out a watery shriek when she wrapped her hands around the precious package, then kicked her way to the surface. She barely registered the splash nearby, her need to get air

first and foremost in her mind. As the brunette broke the surface, she took in a deep breath of precious oxygen, coughing slightly as water got in her nose.

"Are you crazy?" Anni sputtered, swimming over to her love.

Jasmin made her way over to the edge of the pool, trying to keep from drowning, she was laughing so hard. "Crazy about you!" She shouted breathlessly.

"What happened?" Anni rested her forehead against the cool concrete next to Jasmin.

"You knocked something out of my hand."

"Was it so important that you had to risk drowning to get it?"

"Yes." Jasmin swam to the ladder, pulling herself out of the pool with a strong sense of déjà vu. "Come on."

Anni shook her head, of course feeling the same familiarity. She looked up at Jasmin, who stood there dripping wet, hair slicked back, clothes clinging to her amazing body. She knew would never see anyone look beautiful as Jasmin looked right at the moment. As she hauled herself out of the water, she watched in amazement as Jasmin got down on one knee and held out

a very recognizable silver box. Anni's brows furrowed in confusion. Speaking of déjà vu, she thought.

Jasmin held the box out to Anni, a bright smile on her face. "Let's see if you were telling the truth."

That only confused Anni more, until Jasmin opened the box. "Oh my God." She stared down at the most unique, and spectacular ring she had ever laid eyes on. The platinum band was designed as a musical staff, with musical notes adorning the intricate design, with a treble clef the central focal point. Within that treble clef, sat a clear, brilliant diamond.

"Will you marry me, Anni?" Jasmin looked up at her with hooded eyes. She had chlorinated water dripping from her lashes, and clothes that were soaked and heavy on her body, but all she could focus on was Anni.

The musician fell to her knees in front of Jasmin, never losing eye contact with her lover. "Yes," she breathed.

Jasmin beamed with love and pride as she slid the ring into place. "The love of my life," Jasmin said again.

"And, you're mine, baby." Since they were now on solid ground, Anni didn't hesitate closing the distance between them, capturing her new fiancée in an intense, passion-filled kiss.

The sound of dogs barking was the only thing that tore them apart. They looked at each other, then towards the sound of the barks, then back at each other. Laughing hysterically, they ran for the fences.

The End??