“Hello, my favorite niece.” Willamena stooped to kiss Rebecca gently on the top of the head. The way Rebecca was staring out at the ocean, Willamena knew no matter how gentle she was, Rebecca would be startled.

Rebecca blinked, focusing on the woman in front of her. “Aunt Wills?”

“Oh, good. You remember who I am.” Willamena swatted Rebecca’s legs to the side so she could join her on the lounge chair. “I was beginning to wonder.”

Silver eyes narrowed. “We had lunch last week, woman.”

Willamena chuckled even though her heart constricted. Rebecca looked so much like her mother — Willamena’s sister — that it hurt to look at her sometimes.

“That was eight days ago, young lady. And you promised me Ellie’s pie last weekend, which I did not get.”

“Uh, ladies?” Cass tentatively stuck her head out from the sliding glass door, avoiding Rebecca’s gaze. “Could I get you anything to drink? Or, um, something?”

“How about a nice bottle of red?” Willamena answered for them both. She smiled when Cass gave her a quick nod and disappeared.

“Did Cassidy call you?” Rebecca asked quietly.

“She’s worried about you, Becca. And her expertise only goes so far — clothes optional, but largely unwanted.” Willamena burst out laughing when Rebecca nearly choked after gasping.

“Aunt Wills!”

“Those were Cass’s words!” Willamena insisted. She was having too much fun teasing her niece to tell her the truth. Cass elbowed the door open just then, grasping two wine glasses and a fine bottle of pinot noir.

Cass glanced at Rebecca — still unable to look her in the eye — and noticed the slight blush. She also saw the raised brow. When Cass handed Willamena the glasses, she could see the mischief in the older woman’s eyes.

“Did you get me in trouble?”

“I think you do just fine with that on your own,” Aunt Wills winked.

Thinking that Rebecca was angry with her for calling Aunt Wills, Cass lowered her head, her heart heavy. She can’t regret what she did. And if Cass had to beg for forgiveness in every way possible, she would. But Rebecca’s well-being meant more to Cass than anything. If she had to face Rebecca’s wrath for doing what she did, so be it.

“Cassidy?”

Cass flinched but turned to her wife. “Yes, M. . .babe?”

“Come here, please.”

Cass acquiesced immediately, kneeling next to a seated Rebecca. “I’m sorry,” she began. “I just. . .” A delicate kiss on the lips silenced Cass.

“Thank you.”

Rebecca’s voice was a mere whisper against Cassidy’s lips, but Cass felt them deep down in her soul. Rebecca wasn’t mad at her. Cass’s dread blossomed into hope and pleasure that she did the right thing.

“I love you, Becca.” Cass leaned in and kissed her wife again — keeping it chaste due to the company they had. “I’ll be in my studio if you need anything.”

Rebecca stroked Cassidy’s cheek. “I need you. In so many different positions. But we’ll discuss that later. Right now, I’m going to have a glass of wine with my aunt, who is obviously embarrassed right now.”

“Yeah, well, ahem. . . I. . .” Cass stuttered. Rebecca thought Aunt Wills was embarrassed? It took a whole hell of a lot to fluster Cass when it came to sex—talking about it, doing it, thinking about it—Cass was good with all of it unless it was in front of Aunt Wills. Or Cass’s parents. She shivered at that thought and stumbled back into the house.

“That never gets old,” Rebecca smirked. She nudged her blushing aunt with her knee. “If you’re going to give it, you’re going to have to take it as well.”

“I’m going to pour the wine and skip right over the glaring joke you set me up for.”

Willamena leaned over and placed the glasses on the small side table as Rebecca

uncorked the wine Cassidy had kindly started.

“What did she tell you?” Rebecca asked as she poured a generous amount of wine into each glass.

“Just that you’ve been quiet the past few days. And you sit out here a lot.” Willamena took a glass, offered one to Rebecca, and clinked them together in a toast before taking a sip. “Mmm. This pinot is exquisite.”

“It’s a Sumptor.’

Willamena’s eyebrows shot up. “Eve has a winery?”

Rebecca smiled. This new development was a collaboration between herself and Lainey. Eve’s lovely wife had been navigating her own way in the world of Eve Sumptor. That included taking things that seemed broken and lost forever and making them thrive again. The same thing Lainey did with Eve’s heart.

“I would say Lainey does, but she would tell you it’s a Sumptor thing. That woman has quite a talent for bringing out the best in things.”

“And people,” Willamena agreed, taking another sip. “Does Cass know?” she asked suddenly.

“About the winery?”

“You are many things, my sweet niece, but obtuse is not one of them.”

Rebecca sighed. “No. One of Cassidy’s main goals in life is making me happy, and that means she doesn’t question me about anything that may upset me.”

“Do you want her to ask?” Willamena knew this was a touchy subject for Rebecca, so she would tread lightly.

“I don’t know. Then again, I don’t know why I don’t just tell her. It’s not Cassidy’s burden, Aunt Wills.”

“It shouldn’t be yours either, child.” Willamena took Rebecca’s hand in hers. “If my Cracker Jack degree has any influence on you, I would advise you to talk to Cass, Becca. She loves you so much. Do you really think she wouldn’t help you shoulder this burden, as you call it? And before you say that isn’t her job or what she signed up for, ask Cass that, too. Sweetie, she called me here because she could feel in her heart that something was hurting you. And this isn’t the first time she’s called. Just the first time I’ve been close enough to get in your face about it.”

Rebecca exhaled sharply. “She’s called before? Cassidy never said anything to me.”

“Well, she wouldn’t, would she? If, by your own admission, her priority is making you happy.”

“I always thought you called because. . .”

“Oh, you were right, Becca. I would have called regardless. This week haunts me almost as much as it does you.”

Rebecca squeezed Aunt Wills’s hand. “Now I understand the change in conversation. They were different before Cassidy. You always allow me to grieve, but you stopped.”

“I didn’t stop, Rebecca. I have missed your mother every day since she passed, and that will never change. She left your well-being in my hands from the moment you were born. I’m not just your aunt, Rebecca. I’m also your godmother. I promised my sister I would take care of you if she couldn’t. I failed once. After Cass called me that first time, I knew I couldn’t fail again.”

Rebecca sat up. “Samantha was not your fault, Aunt Wills.”

“We could argue about that all night, but. . .”

“But nothing. That Cracker Jack degree will tell you the same thing I do every time. There’s nothing you could have done to change what happened. I made you believe that everything was fine. I lied when I said I was stressed from college and working a full-time job. I was humiliated by what I had become. By what Samantha turned me into. I couldn’t let you see me like that. Not you.” Rebecca sat back with a thud. “And now she’s even tainted this.”

Willamena had never hated anyone in her life. To her, hate was a useless emotion. It did nothing to the person who you felt deserved that hate and everything to yourself. Hate forced a person to hold on to something that was better off being let go. But Willamena hated Samantha Pryce with every cell in her body. If the woman weren’t already dead, Willamena would unashamedly wish death upon her. As a psychiatrist, she knew the dangers of those emotions. As an aunt/godmother/caretaker, she hadn’t cared. But Willamena refused to allow that lowlife Samantha to take any more from her niece.

“So we take it back,” Willamena declared with authority. “You are here, Rebecca. You lived, and she didn’t. You are insanely happy with a woman who loves you more than life itself, and I dare say Cass is the love of your life.” Aunt Wills got a smile from Rebecca that was more affirmative than any words that could ever be spoken. “You

won, Becca. It’s time we both let her go. Besides, I’d much rather share silly stories about Gwennie and Declan.”

Rebecca’s breath caught hearing her parents’ names. Gwendolyn and Declan Cuinn died on this day thirty-three years ago. It was an anniversary Rebecca dreaded and looked forward to all at the same time. She used to think that was morbid. Then Aunt Wills explained to her that mourning was healthy. Keeping this day in her heart and remembering them fondly — as best Rebecca could, having only been ten at the time of their deaths — helped Rebecca to keep going.

The problem now was that Samantha had stolen this time of mourning for Rebecca seventeen years ago by nearly killing her. Now, every year, Rebecca relived two of the worst times of her life simultaneously. Even the love Cassidy showered her with wasn’t enough to shelter Rebecca from the pain of those memories. Or was it? Was Aunt Wills right? Should Rebecca lay this burden at Cassidy’s feet? Oh, Rebecca knew Cassidy would carry it for her if she could. But was the possibility of ridding them all of that burden achievable? Cassidy has slain more demons for Rebecca than she cared to admit she carried. Was it fair to give her more?

“What question do you want answered the most, Becca?” Willamena pushed a strand of Rebecca’s blonde hair out of her eyes. At forty-three, Rebecca still looked so young. To Willamena, she was still that ten-year-old girl who sobbed in her arms after losing the two most important people in her life.

“You know, it always used to freak me out that you could read me so easily. It was hell trying to lie to you.”

Willamena’s eyes darkened with bad memories. “Until it wasn’t,” she said, instantly regretting it.

“It still was. Why do you think I avoided any visits? I couldn’t let you see me because then you’d know.” Rebecca held Willamena’s hand again, tracing the faint veins on the back. These hands were growing older. Rebecca wondered if her mother’s hands would have looked the same. “Do you think she’d be proud of me?” Rebecca asked so quietly that the breeze from the ocean nearly carried her voice away.

“Oh, sweet girl.” A tear escaped, trekking its way down Willamena’s cheek. “Gwennie would be bursting with pride!”

“Even knowing who I am and what I do?”

“Who you are as in Mistress or a lesbian?”

Rebecca lifted a shoulder in a rare show of insecurity.

“I’ve actually thought about this a lot,” Willamena began. She motioned for Rebecca to scoot over and got comfortable beside her on the lounge chair. She looked up at the stars as she thought about her sister. Willamena had done this often after the tragedy, taking comfort in the twinkling in the sky. She would tell herself that her sister was looking down at her at the same time, winking and letting her know she was okay.

“And what did your brilliant mind come up with?”

Willamena scoffed. “Don’t try to butter me up for a good answer.” She patted Rebecca’s knee. “I come up with the same answer every time. I think she would find Mistress fascinating, though I’m sure it would also be. . .”

“Weird?” Rebecca supplied when Willamena faltered.

“Well, my dear girl, thinking of your daughter — or niece — that way isn’t something a mother — or an aunt — is prepared for. But she would be proud of you for taking control of your life and finding happiness, which brings me to you being a lesbian. They were different times back then. But Gwennie had such a big heart. She could never understand why some people were treated so awfully. ‘We’re all just humans, Willie. What makes one person think they’re superior to another just because of their race or orientation?’ I could never answer that question.”

Rebecca smiled fondly when Aunt Wills spoke in her sister’s voice. She often questioned whether her memories of her mother’s voice were actually her mother’s or Aunt Wills’s version. Perhaps it was both. Either way, it warmed Rebecca’s heart.

“I’m surprised she didn’t become a psychiatrist,” Rebecca said, lifting her eyes to watch the moonlight dance on the gentle waves of the ocean.

Willamena laughed. “Too many crazies, not enough time. That’s what she told me when I revealed what my path in life would be. Gwennie was more content with falling in love, having a kid — or two — and giving her best to her family and not some random stranger. We fought about it sometimes, but in the end, I learned to understand that what made one person happy wasn’t relevant to what someone else wanted in life.”

“Hmm.” In the grand scheme of things, Rebecca could understand that. Cassidy’s happiness was very much relevant to what Rebecca wanted in life in her own little bubble. But that was a conversation for another day. If Gwennie and Willie fought about it, Rebecca wasn’t about to risk getting into an argument with Cracker Jack betty. “You said ‘or two.’ Did mom and dad want more kids?”

Again, sadness washed over Willamena’s features. “Gwennie wanted four. Two of

each. Declan?" She gave a watery chuckle and shook her head. "Four wasn't enough for Dec, oh no. He wanted a baseball team."

"What happened?"

"They broke the mold with you," Willamena smiled. "Once you were born, they decided they didn't need anymore."

Rebecca blinked at her aunt, disbelief written all over her face. "Are you done bullshitting, Aunt Wills?"

Willamena sighed quietly, leaning her head back. If any of her clients could see her now, they'd be surprised. The usually smartly dressed, well-put-together woman was now barefoot in capris and a tan linen shirt, drinking a healthy glass of wine.

"It wasn't all bullshit, Becca. But the full version is Gwennie had difficulties being pregnant."

"Being," Rebecca echoed as a chill ran through her.

"Yes."

For years, Willamena wondered how she would handle this conversation if it ever came up. She had been fortunate enough to avoid it in the last thirty-plus years, but it would seem Willamena's fortune had run out.

"Your mother had multiple miscarriages before you, Rebecca. When she was pregnant with you, she swore to herself that would be the last time they tried. She fought so hard not to get attached to you or the others, but Gwennie had the biggest heart of anyone I've ever known. She was smitten from the moment she saw the positive tests."

"Why did she keep trying if it hurt her so much?"

"Because she just knew you were going to come to her. I honestly think she would have kept going had. . ." Willamena's voice trailed off. She couldn't imagine a world without her niece in it. If that last pregnancy had ended like all the others, who would Willamena be sitting next to right now? "Anyway, you fought just as much as Gwennie did. Oh, you wanted to be born. That's who you are, Rebecca, a fighter. And you made Gwennie and Declan deliriously happy. They no longer needed the baseball team. They had their MVP."

Rebecca took a long sip of her wine. "Why have you never told me this before, Aunt Wills?"

“There was never a good moment, Rebecca. Then, after. . .”

“After Samantha took my ability to have children, you didn’t think I could handle it?” Rebecca offered.

“Oh, sweet girl, there’s nothing to handle.” Willamena patted Rebecca’s knee. “I remember a time when you were just a wee baby. You were colicky and cranky. I wanted to rip my ears off from all the crying as soon as I walked into the house. But your mom had the biggest grin on her face as she bounced you on her hip. I asked her, ‘Gwennie, how on earth can you be smiling when that little girl is about to scream her head off?’” Willamena laughed at the memory.

“What did she say?” Rebecca closed her eyes and tried to imagine the scene. It wasn’t hard conjuring up the image of her mother as they looked alike.

“She said, “Willie, I never thought I would hold this child in my arms. Now that I am, I will cherish every sound this little girl makes for as long as I live. Even this one.’” Willamena wiped a tear from her cheek.

The sound of the waves drowned out Rebecca’s sniffles. “Maybe they would have been better off had I been one of the miscarriages.”

Willamena sat up abruptly, what was left of her wine sloshing dangerously close to the rim of her glass. “Why in the hell would you say that after what I just told you?”

Rebecca cringed at Willamena’s voice. She had told her Aunt Wills everything. From the first time she knew she liked girls instead of boys to her first kiss. And Aunt Wills — or rather Dr. Woodrow — knew every detail of Rebecca’s former life with Samantha. The one thing Rebecca never spoke about was the guilt she felt. Rebecca swung her legs over the side of the lounge chair and sat up. She couldn’t look at her aunt when she said this.

“If I had. . .” Rebecca stopped and took a breath. God, she had never told anyone what she was about to say. What if Aunt Wills hated her after learning the truth?

“Rebecca Aisling Cuinn-Giles. You need to explain yourself right now.”

Fuck. The full name. “That night,” Rebecca began, knowing full well Aunt Wills knew precisely what night she was speaking of. “There was a slumber party. I was nervous. I had never spent the night away from home before. And being around the other girls made me feel awkward — for reasons I probably understand better now. I asked mom if I had to go. She said no but thought it’d be good for me. And then Mom promised me that if I really didn’t like it, she and dad would be there to pick me up. I didn’t like it.”

Willamena closed her eyes as tears stung. Rebecca had been carrying this secret — this guilt — by herself for more than thirty years. She was treating this like a confession, and Willamena would not tolerate it for one more second.

“Rebecca, what happened to your parents was not your fault.”

“Did you just hear what I told you?”

“I did.” Willamena maneuvered herself until she was sitting side-by-side with her niece. She took Rebecca’s hand, toying with the wedding ring that adorned her slender finger. Willamena was going to need Cass to help her with this one. Hopefully, Rebecca will be open to finally telling her wife everything. “Did you hear what I told you? Their accident was not your fault. You did not put multiple drinks in that man’s hands. You didn’t hand him the car keys. You didn’t tell him to drive under the influence.”

“But I did call mom and dad to come and pick me up because I was too scared to just stay one fucking night away from home. Mom promised me they would be there to pick me up. They never showed up, and I had the audacity to be mad at them. Then you were there telling me what happened to them. You were crying. I had never seen you cry before. I knew then I could never tell you it was my fault.”

Willamena stood abruptly, yanking Rebecca up with her. Before Rebecca could say a word, Willamena pulled her into a tight embrace. She squeezed until Rebecca responded by wrapping her arms around her. Willamena felt the silent sobs. Years of guilt, sadness, and anger poured out of Rebecca, and Willamena held on.

“Let it go, my sweet girl,” she whispered. “I don’t blame you. Neither would Gwennie or Declan. They loved you so much. Please, Rebecca, let this go.”

Rebecca let those words wash over her. I don’t blame you. She felt the truth of those words deep in her soul. There was one thing she had to do before she could do what Aunt Wills asked of her. Rebecca had to tell Cassidy everything. Not a confession. A purge. The last of the demons.

“Thank you for being here.” Rebecca kept a tight hold on her aunt. Her godmother. Her guardian.

“I will always be here, Rebecca. Always.”

Cass poked her head out and saw Rebecca and Aunt Wills fast asleep. The bottle of wine was gone, but she didn’t think that’s what put the peaceful look on Rebecca’s face. Something had changed. Cass made her way to Aunt Wills’s side and nudged her gently.

“Aunt Wills?”

Willamena’s eyelids were heavy, but she managed to open them enough to see Cass standing above her.

“Oh, my. I fell asleep.”

“You both did,” Cass grinned. “I’ve made the sofa bed up for you.”

Willamena covered her mouth as she yawned. “I didn’t bring an overnight bag.”

“I’ll get you something of Rebecca’s to wear. There should be an extra toothbrush and whatever else you need in the guest bathroom. C’mon, let me help you up.”

Willamena looked over at her niece, who was sleeping peacefully. “I can make it if you just take care of Becca.”

Cass glanced over at her wife before bringing her gaze back to Aunt Wills. “You sure you’re okay?”

Willamena stood up and stretched. “Very sure.” She caught Cass’s hand. “Thank you, Cass. For calling me and allowing us to have this time.”

“Of course. I’d do anything for Rebecca. And you’re family.”

Willamena nodded. “Do me a favor?”

“Anything.”

“I know you must be incredibly curious about all of this. I think she might be ready to talk to you, but let her make that decision.”

“Aunt Wills,” Cass interrupted with a grin. “Save your favor for something good. You never have to worry about me forcing Becca to do anything, yeah?”

Willamena smiled and patted Cass on the cheek. “Yeah. Now, I’ll get out of your way so you can take care of our girl.”

She watched with interest as Cass went to Rebecca and gently picked her up. Willamena had nothing to worry about when Rebecca was cocooned in Cass’s loving arms.

“Cassidy?”

“I got ya, babe.”

“Aunt Wills? She had too much to drink. Please don’t let her drive.”

Cass tightened her grip on Rebecca as she climbed the stairs. “All taken care of, baby. She’s staying here with us.”

Rebecca nuzzled Cassidy’s neck. “You smell good.”

“It drives me crazy when you do that, babe.”

“I know.” Rebecca pressed her lips against the vein on Cassidy’s neck, feeling it beat even faster. “I could have walked, by the way. I’m not drunk.”

“But this is much more fun,” Cass murmured. She bumped their bedroom door open with her hip, praying her legs wouldn’t buckle under Rebecca’s sensual assault.

“That’s true.” Rebecca’s tongue ran the length of Cassidy’s neck up to her earlobe. She smiled when Cassidy gasped as Rebecca took the lobe between her teeth and bit gently. “You okay, baby?”

“Mmhmm.” Cass was intensely glad when she finally made it to their bed. She placed her precious cargo down, then plopped down beside Rebecca. She looked into Rebecca’s silver eyes. “Hi there.”

“Hi,” Rebecca smiled as she ran a hand through Cassidy’s hair. “What time is it?”

“Late enough to be in bed. Early enough not to be sleeping in said bed.”

Rebecca chuckled. “So, sex o’clock?”

“It’s always sex o’clock somewhere, babe.” Cass tweaked Rebecca’s nose. “You good?”

The love that shone from Cassidy’s bi-colored eyes brought a sense of peace to Rebecca’s heart that even her earlier confession couldn’t touch. She sat up and crossed her legs in the lotus position while she waited for Cassidy to follow suit.

Cass did just that, though she wasn’t as flexible as Rebecca was. So she faced Rebecca and straightened her legs out in front of her, leaning back on her hands. The position looked as relaxed as Rebecca seemed, but Cass’s heart was pumping double-time. Was she still feeling the effects of Rebecca’s sweet nibbles? Or was she afraid of what Rebecca may say to her? Perhaps it was both.

“Is it early enough where we can talk for a bit and then make love until I forget what my name is?” Rebecca asked quietly.

Cass nodded. “Yep. But I need you to know something before you start. When I asked if you were good, I wasn’t insisting you talk to me about what’s been going on.”

“No, honey, I know. I want to tell you, and I should have. . .”

“None of that, babe. I’m here for the long haul, you know? It doesn’t matter when you tell me. All that matters is that you don’t feel obligated. If that means waiting two years or fifty years, I’ll still be here to listen when you’re ready.”

Rebecca cupped Cassidy’s cheek. “What did I do to deserve you?”

“That’s easy. You were born.”

Rebecca exhaled sharply. A small smile played on her lips. Hadn’t she told Aunt Wills earlier that it would have been better for her parents if she hadn’t been born? It was funny how different things look through someone else’s eyes. Rebecca could easily look at everything horrible that had happened in her life and believe what she said before. Or she could look at her life with Cassidy, her friends, and her family and thank whatever force it was that brought her here.

“I know it’s confusing for you when I get in these moods. And I know that instead of asking me about it, you call Aunt Wills.” Rebecca placed a finger over Cassidy’s lips to keep her from speaking. “You did the right thing. I wasn’t ready. But I am now. Of course, hearing the ‘Rebecca Aisling Cuinn-Giles’ from Aunt Wills could have helped that along.”

Cass cocked her head to the side. “Your middle name is Aisling?”

Rebecca chuckled at her wife’s ability to focus on the least important thing said and find it the most fascinating. “Yes. My father, Declan, chose it. He was Irish. My mother, Gwendolyn — or Gwennie as my aunt calls her — chose Rebecca.”

Cass transferred her weight to one arm and rubbed Rebecca’s knee. “That’s the first time you’ve spoken about them.”

“I know. This week is the anniversary of their death,” Rebecca revealed finally. She told Cassidy everything, then. She let go of all the sadness and guilt. It was easy when Cassidy listened without judgment and reiterated everything Aunt Wills had said to Rebecca. If the two people who loved her the most didn’t blame Rebecca, she could take their lead and forgive herself.

Cass couldn't stop touching Rebecca throughout the entire story. She would touch Rebecca's hand, intertwine their fingers, stroke her face. Anything just to keep the connection. Hearing of Rebecca's mom's struggles with having a baby made Cass grateful beyond imagination that Rebecca was a fighter from the beginning. Then, there was Rebecca's misplaced responsibility for her parents' untimely death. Cass shot that shit down as quickly as she could, knowing Aunt Wills probably did the same. What a fucking burden for a young girl to carry for so long. No way was Cass going to let Rebecca shoulder that weight anymore.

Cassidy brought Rebecca's hand to her lips and kissed gently. There was no rush, no impatience. Perhaps a bit of frustration at Rebecca's admission to feeling guilty, but Cassidy was rarely shy about saying how she felt. That, however, was the least difficult of the two anniversaries to talk about with Cassidy. Now, it was time to bring up the person Cassidy hated the most.

"There's one more thing that puts me in this state this week, Cassidy." Rebecca took a long, deep breath before continuing. "If that wasn't enough to dump on you, it's also the anniversary of the night Samantha nearly killed me."

As always, hearing those words seared Cass's soul. The pain of thinking about a life without Rebecca was white-hot. . . and devastating. She lowered her head, closing her eyes. Cass was grateful — once again — that the vile woman was dead.

"That bitch is done taking shit from you, baby." Cass looked up at Rebecca, her blood boiling as she imagined what Rebecca endured emotionally and physically because of that fucking. . "Did she know? Is that why she did it when she did?"

Rebecca knew Cassidy was asking if Samantha chose this difficult time to go completely insane just to torture Rebecca even more. Rebecca shook her head. "She didn't know. We never. . .it wasn't. . ." Rebecca sighed. "We weren't close, Cassidy. Not like that."

Cass nodded. She hated thinking about it, but she said the words anyway. "It was about the sex."

Rebecca got to her knees and straddled Cassidy. "She was a sadist, Cassidy. Even when I thought we were okay, I was afraid of her. What I thought was pleasure back then was nothing more than a young woman's misguided attempt at finding herself. There is not a soul in this world who has touched me the way you have. When we make love, I don't just feel it. . .there," she glanced down between them. "You make my toes tingle, my stomach flip, my heart race. And my brain becomes this mushy ball that has the capacity for one thought only."

"What thought is that?" Cass asked, her voice rough with emotion. It never ceased to

amaze Cass when Rebecca spoke about how Cass's love affected her.

"Cassidy."

Rebecca lowered her lips to Cassidy's. The kiss they shared mirrored their love for each other. It was passionate, deep, and inviting. They allowed themselves just to feel the power of that for a long moment, reveling in the intensity of the sensual dance of their tongues. Then Cassidy's moan vibrated through Rebecca, and she needed more.

Cass acknowledged the change in Rebecca. The way her hips rocked against Cass was quickly deteriorating Cass's control. But she didn't want to fuck Rebecca. Not yet. No, first she wanted to show Rebecca how cherished she was. It got like this for Cass sometimes. The emotions became so intense, so profound, she needed Rebecca to experience every ounce of it. Cass wrapped one arm around Rebecca's waist, using the other to flip their position.

Rebecca landed on her back with Cassidy hovering over her, gazing lovingly down at her. "You're about to make love to me, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah." Cass gave Rebecca a quick kiss before traveling down the length of her body, discarding clothing as she went. Such a beautiful fucking body. Even in an oversized t-shirt and simple cotton shorts, it never failed to drive Cass insane with desire. Every part of Rebecca's body — from the slender fingers and ample breasts to the lithe legs that wrapped tightly around her when she was inside Rebecca — did things to Cass. She took her time trailing her fingers down Rebecca's bare legs. Then she got to the cute fuzzy socks Rebecca always wore to keep her toes warm in the cooler weather. Cass pulled those socks off, revealing Rebecca's toenails — painted a soft pink — Cass's favorite.

Rebecca's toes began to tingle. She felt the pressure of Cassidy's thumbs, and Rebecca closed her eyes, enjoying the impromptu massage. Her entire body twitched when Cassidy hit that one ticklish spot, and she knew Cassidy would note that spot for later. That wasn't hard to decipher from the mischievous grin she received. At the present moment, Cassidy was locked in to drive Rebecca completely mad with desire.

Cass lifted Rebecca's leg, placing one ankle over her shoulder as she showered the other with kisses, licks, and nips. Oh, she knew what she was doing each time her mouth made contact with Rebecca's silky skin. Cass was making tiny promises of greater pleasure the closer she got to where Rebecca needed her most.

Cassidy's lips skimmed the sensitive skin of Rebecca's inner thigh, and Rebecca seriously contemplated making demands for Cassidy to hurry. But she couldn't ruin this beautiful moment, so Rebecca clutched the sheets and enjoyed the tender torment. Before she knew it, Cassidy's mouth clamped around her clit.

As Rebecca arched off the bed, Cass held on, continuing to suck and probe, lick, and nibble. Then Rebecca's hands were in Cass's hair, tugging her away only to pull her back immediately. The tighter Rebecca held Cass to her the deeper Cass buried her tongue inside her.

"Cassidy," Rebecca breathed. She spread her legs wider and thrust her hips higher. God, she needed more. She needed all of Cassidy. "More."

Cass recognized the plea. She had heard it many times before. Though Cass had planned to take this slowly and deliberately, Rebecca's needs took precedence. Reluctantly, Cass moved her mouth away from Rebecca's delectable pussy.

"Turn over, baby," Cass growled as she ripped her clothes off when Rebecca began to move. She was grateful that she had thought to 'equip' herself earlier in hopes of a hot night with her wife. It was always good to be prepared when it came to a life with Rebecca.

Rebecca whimpered at Cassidy's gruff demand and immediately complied. With one leg on either side of a kneeling Cassidy, Rebecca lifted herself to her hands and knees, pushing her ass towards her lover.

It took a considerable amount of control not to come as she focused on Rebecca's perfect ass that she was about to fuck. She gripped Rebecca's hip with one hand and used the other to guide the dildo between the folds of Rebecca's sex. Cass didn't go inside. Instead, she saturated the shaft in Rebecca's abundant wetness. The firm silicone grazed Rebecca's swollen clit with each stroke, and Cass knew she wouldn't wait much longer to be filled. Needing it just as much as her wife, Cass finally eased the dildo inside.

Rebecca cried out in agonizing pleasure. Her entire body ached with need. Every nerve was sensitive, ready to explode at any moment. Rebecca lifted herself, feeling Cassidy's hard nipples scrape her back as she kept time with Cassidy's rhythm. One of Cassidy's hands wrapped around Rebecca's breast, tweaking a nipple with each thrust. The other hand found its way between Rebecca's thighs. Rebecca reached her arms back, wrapping around Cassidy's neck. Rebecca turned her head, taking Cassidy's mouth with hers as Cassidy slipped three fingers inside her, filling her completely.

Cass's thrusts were fast and relentless. There was no stopping at this point. Not with Rebecca moaning in her mouth, grinding on her lap, and fisting her hands in Cass's hair. Her wife was about to explode, and Cass hoped she was prepared for her own orgasm. She could feel it building to a level that Cass wasn't sure she'd reached before. That was saying something since she was pretty sure she'd lost consciousness

on a few of their particularly passionate romps.

“Fuck!” Rebecca’s eyesight began to dim, and her body tightened as the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh became louder, faster. Cassidy pinched Rebecca’s hard, aching nipple, curled the fingers that were buried deep inside her, and lifted her hips in a powerful thrust that sent Rebecca over the edge. It was the mind-blowing mix of painful pleasure, ecstasy, and love that caused Rebecca to cry out as she came hard for Cassidy.

“Fucking fuck!” Cass squeezed her eyes shut as the orgasm ripped through her. Muscles screamed, her body shook, her pussy contracted almost painfully — and she was reasonably certain there was a moment of unconsciousness. Next to having Rebecca’s love, it was the best fucking feeling in the world. Once her mind got back on track, Cass was aware of three things. The wetness between Rebecca’s legs (which made her grin with pride), the grip she had on Rebecca’s tit (which she gingerly loosened), and Rebecca’s ragged breathing.

“Don’t move!” Rebecca panted. “You’re going to have to give me a minute, Cassidy.”

“Did I hurt you, baby?”

Rebecca forced her tired arms to tighten around Cassidy’s neck. Oh, getting out of this position is going to hurt. Despite her inner thoughts, Rebecca kissed her wife.

“In all the right ways,” she answered with a tired grin. Finally, Rebecca lowered her arms — yep, that hurt — and patted Cassidy’s hand that was between her legs. “Slow, baby.”

With the utmost care, Cass extracted her fingers from Rebecca. Then, with the same tenderness, Cass lifted Rebecca off her lap.

Rebecca gasped lightly at the twinge of discomfort. It only lasted for a second, swiftly replaced by Cassidy’s gentle kisses, caresses, and words.

“You okay?” Cass whispered close to Rebecca’s ear. “That wasn’t quite how I envisioned that going. At least not yet.”

“Perfect,” Rebecca answered sleepily. “It was exactly what I needed. The bed, however. . .” She felt Cassidy chuckle behind her.

“Would you like to take a shower while I clean up a bit in here?”

“You’re too good to me.” Rebecca’s body felt so relaxed and sore at the same time. She wondered if she’d be able to stand up on legs that felt like jelly. “You could join me in

the shower.”

Cass smiled. “As soon as I get us some dry sheets, I’ll pop in there with you. But only to shower.”

Rebecca’s eyebrows furrowed as she looked back at Cassidy. “Are you refusing shower sex with me?”

Cass couldn’t help but laugh. Rebecca could barely keep her eyes open. And she couldn’t imagine that Rebecca wasn’t sore in many different places. But how dare Cass suggest a mere shower?

“Okay, baby. If you think you can handle me when I get in the shower, all you have to do is say the word.”

The throbbing in Rebecca’s pussy wasn’t going to cooperate with her need to prove to Cassidy she could ‘handle her.’ But Rebecca was definitely filing this away for Mistress to take care of.

“I think you’ve done a fine job at giving me a night to remember, baby. I’m ready to get cleaned up and fall asleep in your arms.”