"Hey, babe? Do you think we have too much sex?"

Rebecca poked her head around the bathroom door with a bemused look. Her body ached in all the right places from the sex she and her wife Cassidy just had.

"Excuse me?"

Cass held up her Kindle. "I was reading some reviews on that book from Joslyn Cohan. You know, the one that reminds me of us." Cass gave Rebecca a cheeky grin. "Anyway, there's a review that says there's too much sex. I didn't think that would be an issue. And, um, we have a ton of sex."

Believe me, I know, Rebecca thought with a slight wince as she stretched her sore muscles. She couldn't help but laugh at the confusion on Cassidy's handsome face as she read more reviews. "Baby, why are you reading reviews?"

Cass glanced up and shrugged. "I dunno. I finished the book, and it took me here. I saw a one-star and was curious. Totally a bogus review." She tossed the Kindle aside and hopped off the bed. Her naked, tattooed body on full display as she sauntered toward Rebecca. "They wonder when they worked or, you know, had time to do anything else. We manage just fine. Besides, do people really want to read about characters' bodily functions or boring day-to-day activities? I thought people read to get away from that stuff."

Rebecca feathered her pink fingernails up Cassidy's six-pack. "You're really taking this personally."

Cass shrugged again. "I connected with the androgynous character in that book. I guess it felt a little personal." She wrapped her arms around Rebecca. God, she loved the feel of Rebecca's body against hers. Where Cass's lean, tatted body was hard and muscular from working out, Rebecca was toned and voluptuous with smooth skin, one tattoo, and the sexiest belly ring Cass had ever seen. Cass towered over Rebecca's five-foot-two-inch frame, and in her mind — and heart — they were built perfectly for each other.

"You took it as a challenge, didn't you?" Rebecca guessed, lowering her hands to Cassidy's firm ass and squeezing.

"Maybe." Cass dipped her head, kissing Rebecca's full lips. "I have a mural to paint downtown, but I can spare a few minutes."

Rebecca laughed. "A few minutes? Be still my beating heart." She got on her tiptoes and kissed Cassidy again. "I have to take a shower. Your 'few minutes' will have to wait."

"Nope." Cass bent and grasped Rebecca around the back of her thighs, hoisting her up. She grinned when Rebecca automatically wrapped her legs around Cass's waist. "I can do what I need to do in the shower."

"Did you change your mind?" Rebecca asked when Cassidy hesitated.

"No, I, uh, gotta pee." Cass gently set Rebecca back on her feet. "You get the shower going while I do my bodily functions."

Rebecca chuckled. "You're so weird," she teased as she walked to the shower, turning it on. Since Cassidy would be in there with her doing unimaginable things to her, Rebecca made it a bit cooler than usual.

"Yeah, but you love me," Cass called from the water closet.

"Yes, I certainly do," Rebecca muttered. She checked the temperature of the water, shivering slightly. Cassidy better do an excellent job at heating her up in here, she thought as she stepped in. She turned her face into the spray, allowing the pelting water to wash away the early morning brain fog.

If she didn't have a meeting this morning, she would have stayed in bed with Cassidy all day. Their time together had dwindled between Cassidy's work becoming more in demand and Rebecca being busier than ever with her consulting business. Yes, they had sex, made love, fucked — Mistress still dominated. But it was the little things Rebecca was beginning to miss. The lunches together or takeout on the couch while they watched cheesy TV shows. Things Rebecca didn't think she needed but was quickly learning she did.

"Hey," Cass whispered in Rebecca's ear. She felt Rebecca jump slightly and held her tighter. "You okay?"

Rebecca turned in Cassidy's arms, wrapping her arms around Cassidy's neck. "Yes." She kissed Cassidy softly. "What time will you be home tonight?"

Cass heard the wistfulness in Rebecca's voice. "I can be home early if you need me to be, babe. Do you have something planned?"

"No plans. I don't want anything planned. I just want us to have a quiet night here at home. You," Rebecca kissed a tattoo on Cassidy's chest. "Me," another kiss on another tattoo. "Takeout," another kiss. "Movie," kiss.

Cass closed her eyes, allowing her body to feel each kiss Rebecca gave her. But even the sensation didn't detract from what Rebecca was saying. Cass knew they'd both been busy lately. After Eve Sumptor made Cass a featured artist at Sumptor Gallery, LA, Cass received more commissions than she could handle. She had to turn most of them down for lack of time, but the ones for hospitals or special events kept her busy now. Not to mention doing more canvas work for Eve. Was she neglecting Rebecca? Cass knew Rebecca had been busier than usual, too, but was that because Cass wasn't around?

"Becca?" Cass lifted Rebecca's chin with her fingertip. Rebecca's eyes were shimmering, but not because of the shower. "Am I neglecting you, baby?"

"No, of course not." Rebecca sighed. How could she feel neglected when they were constantly together? Rarely a day passed that they didn't fall asleep or wake up together. And, of course, everything in between those moments. So why did Rebecca feel this way? "I just miss… us, I think. We're too busy."

We're too busy, Cass thought with a bit of relief. Somehow, knowing it wasn't just her, it made it easier. They could work together to figure out how to make things the way they used to be.

"I know I've been doing a lot of work…."

"Charity, baby. I love what you're doing and why you're doing it. You take the jobs that mean the most. I need you to understand that I'm not upset with you. I'm busy, too. One night, baby. Just one night where we can be lazy and snuggle. I think that's what I need. A recharge."

"We can totally do that. How about I pick up some food on my way home? No later than five, yeah? Then we can veg out in front of the TV. I think we have a few shows to catch up on." Recharging for Rebecca meant Cass needed to keep it in her pants. As much as she loved making love to her wife, Cass loved just being with Rebecca more.

"Thank you, baby."

"I told you before, babe, I'd do anything for you. A recharge would be good for us both. Hey?" Cass kissed Rebecca's forehead. "I love you."

"I love you, too, baby. Now," Rebecca raised a brow. "What about that challenge…"

Cass's eyebrows shot up. "I thought you wanted to recharge."

"That's tonight. This morning, I could use a boost of endorphins."

"Oh, yeah? Did the boost I gave you earlier wear off?" Cass wiggled her eyebrows.

"No," Rebecca brought Cassidy's hand to her sex. "Just needs a little top-up."

Cass slipped a finger past Rebecca's lips to rub her swollen clit. She was sure Rebecca was sore from the pounding Cass had given her earlier. Should have been gentler, she thought as she sank to her knees. The only thing she hated about shower sex — besides the awkwardness of some positions — was being unable to get the full reward of Rebecca's intoxicating scent. However… Cass took Rebecca's clit into her mouth and sucked gently. She could still taste her.

"Mmm." Rebecca held on to the top of Cassidy's head with one hand, the other braced against the shower wall. God, Cassidy knew how to use that mouth. Cassidy also knew when Rebecca needed her to be tender with her.

Cass massaged Rebecca's ass as her tongue and lips did all the work. She lapped at Rebecca's clit with the flat of her tongue in a sensual, intimate kiss. Rebecca's hips moved to Cass's rhythm, granting her deeper access to that sweet nectar only Rebecca could offer her. Cass wanted to drape one of Rebecca's legs over her shoulder, but the slippery shower prevented much movement—another con in shower sex. Rebecca's hand fisted in Cass's short hair, and Cass knew she was ready.

"Cassidy," Rebecca whispered. The noise of the shower nearly drowned out the reverent plea, but when Cassidy hummed against her clit, Rebecca felt her release travel through her body in slow motion. Rebecca knew from experience that it didn't matter if the sex they had was fast and furious or slow and steady. Every orgasm brought Rebecca to her knees.

Cass slipped her tongue inside Rebecca just as she felt the orgasm ripple through Rebecca's body. Cass could live here, her face buried between Rebecca's thighs. She said it many times before. This was her heaven.

Rebecca sighed contentedly, floating down from the high Cassidy always gave her. She stroked a finger across Cassidy's jaw, hooking it under her chin to guide Cassidy up to her. Their kiss was as slow and passionate as what Cassidy just did to her.

"Thank you," she whispered against Cassidy's lips.

"Always my pleasure, baby." Cass picked up the loofah, dabbing Rebecca's favorite body wash and getting it sudsy. Mmm, lavender. "I always think of the first time we

showered together."

"Why? That's not the greatest memory, baby." Rebecca recalled how broken Cassidy looked when Rebecca refused to kiss her. Just after that shower, Rebecca ran away, vowing never to see Cassidy again.

"Maybe not, but when I think about that, I see how far we've come since then." Cass rubbed the loofah over Rebecca's body as she talked. "I wanted to kiss you so much. I'd never had the urge to kiss someone like that. Like my life depended on it. When you said no…"

"Baby…"

"No, Becca, it's okay," Cass smiled. "Because now I can do this." She lowered her head and kissed Rebecca like her life depended on it. "You're mine now. And I'm yours. If I find myself taking that for granted, I think about that day. That shower. When I thought I lost everything I didn't even know I needed."

Rebecca caressed Cassidy's cheek, brushing wet hair out of her face. "You're so sweet, Cassidy. Sometimes I wonder if I deserve you."

"Oh, you deserve the very best of me, babe. And I," Cass rinsed Rebecca's body. "Deserve the very best of you. I'm a lucky son of a bitch that you give me that best every day."

"You're going to make me late for my meeting, aren't you?"

Cass grinned. "Maybe a little. But you are someone people will wait for and say it's a privilege to do so."

Rebecca laughed softly and shook her head. "You charming devil. We're going to be so late."

"Five o'clock sharp," Cass said, handing Rebecca her briefcase. "We have a date. I'm on food duty. You are on drink duty."

"So, chocolate milk for you, Perrier for me. Got it."

Cass laughed. "Since we're being lazy tonight, I'll drink some Perrier with you."

"You don't like sparkling water, Cassidy."

Cass lifted a shoulder. "I'm warming up to it. As long as it's ice cold, I can handle it." She walked Rebecca to her Mercedes and opened the door for her. "Do you need me to

stop and get anything else before coming home?"

Rebecca shook her head. "No, I think we have everything we need." She reached up and kissed Cassidy's cheek. "Thank you for listening to what I need, Cassidy."

"Always, babe. Always." Cass ushered Rebecca into the car and waited for Rebecca to start it and roll down the window. "Be careful with my girl. I'll see you tonight, Becca." She leaned in the window and gave Rebecca a quick kiss.

"See you tonight, baby. I love you."

"I love you." Cass stood back and watched Rebecca drive off, giving her a quick wave. She checked her watch. She had a good three hours to paint today. It wasn't long, but Cass would do what she could in that time. She hopped in her truck and cranked up the tunes for her hour's drive to the location, a grin plastered on her face. This morning was blissful, so today would be a good day. And tonight would be a perfect night of recharging. Now… what was a good lazy night meal? Time to call Ellie.