

Making Memories

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Yasmin sighed, padding out to the balcony. The view outside their bedroom was stunning, the mountains laid out in the background with nothing but rolling hills in between. She loved their house, couldn't imagine ever leaving it. It hadn't been easy, the past two years, but she finally felt like she had a place she never wanted to leave.

Now, if only her significant other would come home. It was Valentine's Day, and once again, Eden was running late. Yasmin experienced a twinge of guilt. It was easy for her to say that, since she worked from home. As a writer, it wasn't as if she had to leave the house to work.

It wasn't Eden's fault she was late, and Yasmin knew that, but still... this was supposed to be special. Just the two of them. No worries, no phones ringing, no interruptions.

It was heaven. Except, she was currently enjoying the freedom by herself. Eden was nowhere in sight.

"Probably stuck in traffic somewhere." Yasmin sighed again, crossing her arms over the railing.

"You talking about me?" Strong arms wrapped around her waist, the familiar scent of Eden's perfume surrounded her.

Yasmin turned in Eden's arms, kissing her lightly. "Long day?"

"The longest. Tell me again why I commute to work?"

Stroking her fingers down Eden's cheek, Yasmin smiled gently. "You can't exactly work from home, sweetie."

It was Eden's turn to sigh. She laid her head on Yasmin's shoulder, hugging her tight. Yasmin ran her palm down Eden's back, molding the smooth cotton of her scrubs to her body. Eden smelled faintly of antiseptic, but Yasmin was used to it by now. Hospital scents came with the territory of being a Pediatrician. She was so proud of her love.

“Come on. In the shower with you.”

Yasmin led Eden to the bathroom, the other woman following meekly. Once inside, Yasmin turned, pulling up Eden’s scrub top, sliding her bottoms to the ground. She was wearing nothing underneath, and just the sight of all that pale, milky skin was enough to cause a whimper to escape Yasmin’s throat.

They were such opposites. Eden was petite, almost boyish, but with yards of flawless skin. Yasmin was more voluptuous, her skin the color of a good latte. Where Eden’s blonde hair was cropped close to her head in the most adorable pixie cut, Yasmin’s flowed down her back in thick black curls.

Even after two years together, Yasmin couldn’t get enough of her. She grasped Eden’s hand, drawing her into the walk-in shower. They both moaned when hot water cascaded down over them. Yasmin squirted a dollop of shampoo in her palm, running it through Eden’s short strands. She loved doing this, loved pampering her hard-working partner. Eden deserved to be pampered.

Rinsing out the shampoo, she turned to pick up the new bottle of body wash that had shown up this morning, groaning as the scent of chocolate filled the small space.

“You didn’t...”

Eden smirked, taking the bottle from Yasmin’s lax grip before she dropped it. “How could I resist, Yas? I know how much you like chocolate.”

Eden began lathering her compact body with a cloth, her fingers moving over her skin in sure, steady strokes. Yasmin couldn’t resist, she moved forward, taking over and running the chocolate scented body wash down Eden’s stomach. The cloth dropped to the ground at the same time Yasmin’s knees hit the floor of the shower stall.

Running her fingers over Eden’s skin to rinse the body wash off, she pressed her lips to Eden’s stomach. Eden’s fingers wrapped in her curls, urging her on.

“Happy Valentine’s, love.”

Yasmin looked up, spying the content expression on Eden’s face. She wrapped her arms more firmly around Eden’s hips, pressing her lips to Eden’s stomach once more. “Best Valentine ever.”

Eden chuckled, her laughter turning into heated moans as Yasmin’s lips slipped down. Yasmin smiled. Definitely the best Valentine’s ever.