

Love & Devotion
by Jove Belle

Bonus Scene #1

Emma's feet hurt from standing too long in the wrong shoes and she couldn't wait to get out of her suit. The ability to dress down was a huge benefit to production work. It wasn't the only reason she'd selected the off-camera side of television news, but was steadily rising to the top with every minute she spent in the wrong shoes standing in front of the camera.

She'd made the mistake of smiling in front of an active camera one time, *one lousy time*, and her producer happened to see it. After that, her job changed drastically. Yes, they'd asked first, but Emma was the new girl. It's not like she really had a choice in the matter. They knew it and she knew it. The one upside was that KC really liked to help her out of the suits the station dressed her in.

"Baby?" Emma sat her keys on the coffee table and slipped her shoes off. That one small act granted her so much relief it was unbelievable. "KC, I'm home."

Typically KC greeted her at the door. Or Emma would find her working at her desk. When they'd lived in Fairmont, KC had an entire office to spread her work out. Here she had a tiny desk from Ikea crammed into the space between the living room and kitchen. Emma'd offered her the space where the kitchen table was located--it's not like they ate at it--but KC insisted she was fine where she was. Given a choice between a spacious office alone and a cramped desk with Emma, she preferred the desk.

Thank God for that. Emma would have gone out of her mind with jealousy if KC had stayed behind when Emma moved. She just couldn't abide the thought of her being alone anywhere near that damned Lonnie Truvall.

But that didn't answer the immediate question of where KC was at that moment. "KC?" She called out again a little louder. It's not like KC was away at work. Emma headed toward their shared bedroom. She heard the faint sound of music playing and water running. Not a normal combination for dinner time. "Are you back here?"

When she opened the bedroom door, she found KC dancing naked in front of the mirror. She sang along to the lyrics with a hairbrush serving as microphone. Emma leaned against the doorframe and watched. When they were younger, like seven through fourteen, they spent many a sleepover doing exactly this. Only with clothes and without the lusty feelings building low in Emma's belly.

KC danced wild and careless, but not at all graceful. She was strong, but somehow managed to move like she was all limbs and no core. She flailed with no apparent center to the movement. If it were anyone else, Emma would laugh and never stop. But it was KC. And she was naked. Emma was still amused, but also alarmingly turned on considering the absurdity of it all.

After a few moments, KC spun away from the mirror and stopped moving abruptly. "Oh, hey." She set the brush on the dresser. "Hi."

Emma stepped into the room and stopped well within KC's space, but not touching. "Hi."

KC stared at her mouth, and licked her lips. She was breathing a little hard, but Emma couldn't be sure she was the cause. Generally, when she looked at Emma like that, she had no doubts, but in this case it could have been the dancing.

"You were dancing." Rested her hands on KC's hips, but still didn't kiss her. She smiled, barely holding back a laugh.

KC nodded, but the look on her face told Emma that she hadn't really heard what Emma said. When KC leaned forward to capture her mouth in a sweet, lingering kiss, Emma no longer cared enough to repeat herself.

"Mmmm." Emma moaned. She'd never get tired of coming home to KC. She wanted to do it for the rest of her life. When the kiss ended naturally, she asked, "What are you doing?"

"Oh." KC stepped back suddenly and gestured toward the bathroom. Steam from the still running shower poured out of the door. "I feel bad, you know? You come home sore and tired every night and I wanted to make you a hot bath. But we don't have a tub. So..."

That was one of the big downsides of the apartment, the lack of tub. It was one thing on a very long list. But Emma learned very quickly that all of the wrong things didn't matter to her at all so long as KC was there with her. Maybe that would change someday, but KC promised they'd buy a house as soon as Emma's lease was up. They met with a realtor last week.

"Come on. I set the water to scorching hot, just the way you like it." KC whispered the words into her ear as she slid the jacket from Emma's shoulders. She caught it before it hit the floor and laid it on the bed while kissing Emma's neck. While dancing naked, the woman was all arms and legs and no rhythm, but she was hella smooth when it came to getting Emma out of her clothes.

“Oh yeah?” Emma tilted her head to the side. She loved when KC kissed her there. It shivered all the way through her body with the promise of much more to come. She didn’t see any reason not to make it a little easier for KC to access when she wanted.

“Yeah. And I got that body wash you like, the peach and apple blossom?”

“Really? Where’d you find it?” Emma played her fingers through KC’s hair. It was short enough to spike, but today it was soft and product free. Emma loved her like this, casual and soft to the touch. Lesbian or not, KC was raised to be a proper Texas woman. She didn’t let just anyone see her without her hair done and her makeup on. She saved that for Emma and Emma alone.

KC traced the column of Emma’s neck with her tongue and released her answer on a hot exhale. “Remember that little boutique bath store we found on Seventh?”

Emma’s skin tingled and she could feel bumps rising in the wake of KC’s words against her skin. She clutched KC’s head closer to her. “Mmm-hmm. What’s it called again?”

At that moment, Emma could not have cared less about the details of KC’s shopping. She just wanted to keep KC’s breath flowing hot against her skin.

“Bubbles, I think.”

KC eased Emma’s shirt open and suddenly KC’s naked skin was pressed against hers. She’d been so distracted by KC’s lips working against her throat that she hadn’t registered her fingers teasing her buttons open. A groan rolled up through her and came out loud enough that she probably should have been embarrassed, but damn did KC feel good. All the years she spent wanting this hadn’t prepared her for how very good it really was.

“Now this.” KC popped the clasp on her bra open with ease, then stepped back. She smiled as she fully removed Emma’s shirt and bra. “Perfect.”

KC stood back, a dirty and yet somehow reverent smile on her face, and simply stared at Emma’s body. Her nipples hardened and puckered in response.

“KC...” Emma had no other words to say, had no way to articulate the deep craving that threatened to overtake her every time KC looked at her like she finally saw her, like she could see the answer to every question she’d ever asked in Emma. It overwhelmed her with gratitude, and a bone deep need to press herself tight to KC and never let her go. She reached for KC, but KC stepped out of reach.

“Nuh-uh.” She pointed to Emma’s slacks. “I need to get those off first.” She took a half-step closer and took Emma’s hand in hers. “This,” She said, then bent her head to Emma breast. She kissed Emma’s nipple softly, then gently sucked it into her mouth.

Emma held perfectly still, her body stiff and slightly arched into KC's touch. It felt so good and she was afraid to move for fear KC would stop. The desire that had been simmering inside her came to a fine, sharp point and threatened to overtake her. It was too much, too soon. But that's always the way it was with KC. She went from perfectly fine, normal functioning to tripping through an orgasm far too quickly.

When she couldn't take anymore--she had to move or explode, or both--she wrenched her hands out of KC's grasp and held her head tight to her chest. She arched and simply let the feeling build. KC sucked hard and rolled the nipple between her teeth, then chuckled with her mouth still against Emma. The tremor of laughter rolled through Emma the same way every other bit of attention from KC did. It didn't matter what the woman did, it left Emma pleading for more.

"So, ready." KC worked her pants open, her movements jerky and urgent as she worked her way across Emma's chest to the other breast. She skipped the gentle kiss and went straight to sucking hard and fast. She pushed the pants down as far as she could without releasing Emma, then moved them until Emma's back was against the wall.

"Yes." Emma spread her legs as wide as possible without taking time to fully remove her pants and juttied her hips forward. She wanted KC to touch her so bad her whole body throbbed with the need.

"We're supposed to be in the shower." KC didn't look sorry at all about the current situation as she raised her head to press a kiss to Emma's mouth.

Emma whimpered as KC eased her tongue past her lips and her fingers into her at the same time. She explored, her movements languid and slow and perfect. The slide of KC's tongue against hers matched the rhythm of her fingers moving inside her.

KC curled her fingers and touched that perfect spot that always made Emma see stars and nearly pass out every single time. Emma gasped and pressed her palms flat against the wall. It didn't help ground her at all as KC repeated the move over and over and over until all Emma could do was grab hold of KC's shoulders and hold on as the orgasm overtook her.

She let her body go, trusting KC to hold her up, to take care of her. With KC grounding her, she surrendered to the overwhelming tide. When she finally came down, KC smiled like she was far too pleased with herself. Then again, she deserved it, so Emma let her get away with it.

"That was nice." Emma smiled lazily. The sound of the shower running in the background finally registered. They'd be lucky if there was any hot water left at this point.

KC raised one eyebrow. "Nice? That was way better than nice. You should see yourself when you come. Nice doesn't even come close."

Emma laughed. She was a bit of a wreck after the day she'd had. Her hair had to be a mess, half-pinned up, half falling down, her make up was smeared, and she had her pants around her ankles. And yet KC made her feel beautiful. She kissed KC softly. "I'm pretty fond of things from my point of view."

Emma kissed KC, slow and lingering. She let herself forget about the day, the sound of the shower running, and absurdity of her pants pooled at her feet. She kissed her until there could be no doubt of the love she felt deep inside her for the other woman. She needed KC to know, through more than just words, how deeply she affected her.

And KC allowed it, she stood, hands loose at her side, body naked and showing signs of need that wouldn't be satisfied by kisses alone, and simply let Emma have her way. When Emma finally pulled away, KC smiled. "How about that shower now?"

"Sounds perfect." Emma bent to free herself of her pants and stockings, then followed as KC led her into the shower.

Surprisingly, the water was still hot. Emma relaxed and let the water massage away the day's challenges. KC had been right. A hot shower definitely helped. Of course, KC's hands sudsing apple and peach scented body wash over her skin didn't hurt. Her touch was slow, patient, and thorough. KC washed her body with care, working her fingers hard and deep to relax the knots she had in her neck and back.

"That feels really good," Emma half-moaned, half-whispered. She stood with her arms braced against the wall of the shower and her back in the spray of water. She dropped her head forward as KC worked on a particularly tense spot on her neck.

KC moved until her front was pressed against Emma's back and then whispered into her ear, "Yeah? Ready to feel even better?" She slid her hands down until they rested loose and easy on Emma's hips.

Emma nodded. She was always ready for whatever KC wanted to give her.

"Good." KC kissed her behind her ear and tightened her hold around her waist. "Can you turn around for me?"

Emma turned until she faced KC. The spray of water had cooled considerably since the shower started, but KC's body blocked the majority of it now. She looked into KC's eyes. They were half-closed with the pupils blown wide with lust. More than that, though, Emma could see the love she'd grown accustomed to having reflected back at her.

KC held her gaze as she moved her hands gently over Emma's body. She massaged Emma's breasts gently, palming them and squeezing without directing the pressure in any one spot.

"So beautiful." KC said it without looking at the rest of her body. Emma was never sure if she was talking about Emma's physical appearance, her inner spirit, or the love they shared for one another. KC made her feel like it was all of that and so much more.

KC kissed her softly, then said, "I love you, Emma."

KC kissed her again and Emma opened her mouth to her. The slide of KC's tongue against hers was perfect, increasing in urgency until all she could do was whimper. "Please, KC."

Emma knew she could take control at any time. She could spin them until KC's back was against the wall with Emma knuckle deep inside her, thrusting hard and fast until KC fell apart. Or she could pin KC with her back to Emma's front, then reach around and stroke her clit until she couldn't take anymore. She liked that delicate, feather-light attention. It carried her higher and higher until she came with a shudder in Emma's arms. Or she could drop to her knees and bring KC to orgasm with her mouth.

She could do any of those things, but she wouldn't. KC wanted to take care of Emma and she would let her.

KC kissed her way down Emma's front, pausing briefly to kiss the very tips of her nipples, and then dip her tongue into the indent of Emma's belly button. At KC's urging, Emma spread her legs as wide as possible. She settled her hands on top of KC's head, her fingers tickling against the short, spiky points. There was nothing for her to grip, so she braced herself as best she could and waited for the first swipe of KC's tongue over her clit. She closed her eyes tight and reminded herself to breathe. The first touch always, *always*, pulled at her like a storm through her body.

She felt KC's breath puff against her skin, soft and gentle, but nothing else happened. Finally, after far too long, she pried her eyes open and looked down. KC stared up at her, her eyes open wide and pleading, for what Emma didn't know. Water beaded on KC's scalp and ran down her face. The raw, exposed look on her face was almost too much to bear. Emma hadn't seen KC that desperate since...ever.

"What?" She touched KC's face gently, tracing the contours with her fingers.

"I just..." KC swallowed hard. "I love you, Emma. I can't believe we're here. That *you* are here with me. I don't know what I did to deserve you, but I promise to spend the rest of my life proving I'm worthy."

“Oh, baby.” Emma wanted to kiss KC, to show her with her mouth, with her tongue, how much she loved her. She didn’t know what brought all this on, but she loved KC just as much, if not more, than KC loved her. She felt the same sense of wonder and awe anytime she thought about how they’d ended up together. She knew they were lucky.

Emma was about to pull KC up to her, or drop to her knees with her--she didn’t care which so long as she could feel KC’s mouth against her own--, when KC spread her open and swiped her tongue over Emma. Her legs buckled and she almost slid to the floor from the feeling pounding through her body. Yes, she’d had a pretty decent orgasm no more than thirty minutes ago, but her body was ready for KC again and responded accordingly.

“Jesus.” She scabbled her fingers in KC’s hair, trying to find purchase. It was no use. She locked her knees and held KC’s gaze as KC flattened her tongue and stroked Emma’s clit until she was on the brink of another orgasm. KC never once looked away or closed her eyes. She licked and stroked and pushed until Emma’s orgasm overtook her for the second time that afternoon.

KC stood and held her as she recovered. Slowly her surroundings came back into focus. KC’s body protected hers, but the shower ran cold. The spray stung against her skin. She reached for the knob, but KC beat her to it. She turned off the water and opened the door. Before she stepped out, she kissed Emma. “Okay?”

“Perfect.”

Emma stood passively and let KC towel her body dry. Then she helped Emma dress in a pair of boy shorts and tank top. When KC finally stopped fussing over her and went to dress herself, Emma stopped her.

“I love you, too, KC. Thank you.” Emma had always loved KC. For as long as she could remember, first as friends, but later with a desperate longing that she feared would never be fulfilled. And if KC wanted to spend the rest of her life loving Emma, that was fine by her.