**it’s you and me, that’s my whole world**

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# it’s you and me, that’s my whole world

by SaltyRedhead

Summary

Red lips and rosy cheeks, Addison and Meredith get lost in the pleasure.

# Chapter 1: Lyrical smile, indigo eyes, hand on my thigh

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Meredith,” Addison moaned, she dug her head into the pillows.

“Yes, Addie.” Meredith paused her movements, she popped her head up from between the redhead’s legs, her chin rested on her thigh.

Addison shakily tapped her hip with her toes, “Please don’t stop.”

Meredith smirked, she teasingly licked her inner thigh, dragging her tongue back to her folds.

Addison flinched, a small whine left her lips. She bucked her hips searching for more.

Meredith held her hips down with both hands, enjoying her gasp at being held down. She licked into her pussy, her walls clenching around her tongue. She moaned—she found it obscenely hot—the vibration had Addison grasping onto the sheets, her thighs shook in pleasure.

Addison choked out, “Please, I’m so close.”

Gasping for a small breath, she dived back in. She tilted her head up and sucked her clit into her mouth.

“Yes, *please*, right there, Mer.” A flush had overtaken her, it spread down to her chest. She brought a hand up to Meredith’s head and played with her hair. She gathered it up into a ponytail with her hand and watched her.

Meredith moaned, she continued sucking her engorged clit and added an occasional swirl of her tongue knowing Addison had a special spot on the left side.

She let out a high pitched whine, her hips tried to buck up. Meredith’s grip tightened, not letting her move.

She focused on *that* spot, and spelled out her own name on her clit. To drive her crazy, she wrote it in cursive. She knew Addison would be putty in her hands.

Addison babbled, “Yes, yes, yes. Just like that…”

Meredith knew she was close; she just needed something to help push her over the edge. She brought a hand up to her chest, she pinched a firm nipple. Roughly rolling it between her fingers. Addison let go of the sheet, she brought her own hand up to roll the other one, her motions rougher than Meredith’s.

Despite her loudness from earlier, she quietly whimpered as she toppled over the edge. Meredith softened her tongue, lazily sucking to guide her through the orgasm. She felt Addison spasming against her mouth, she loved it. She opened her eyes taking in the sight of her wife. Addison was a disheveled mess, her mouth open in a silent scream with her hair spread out in a halo. Her shaky thighs fell open, like she lost the strength to hold them up anymore. Addison was past the point of caring about decorum, not when it was just the two of them.

Meredith smugly grinned, she did that to her wife.

Addison whined, overstimulated. She pushed Meredith's head away from her clit, she needed a break. "Meredith…"

Meredith kissed her clit one last time. Going down to her opening, she licked her juices, humming to herself at the flavor. Salty, a little sweet, and something uniquely Addison. Cleaning her up, she softly kissed the inside of her thighs. She laid kisses up her leg and sucked a hickey up near her hip.

"Come back up here." Addison said breathlessly, her chest heaved up and down.

Meredith crawled up her body, straddling a thigh, she stopped to bestow kisses on her nipples. Softly suckling on one, her tongue made lazy circles, soothing the area after Addison's rough treatment of it.

Impatient, Addison pulled her up the rest of the way, Meredith pulled off with a pop. Addison kissed her chin, it was wet from her. She blushed at the thought; it was hot tasting herself. She hungrily kissed her, and nibbled on her bottom lip, she wanted more.

Meredith read her mind and opened her mouth—letting her tongue in.

Addison licked into her mouth, moaning at her lingering taste on Meredith's tongue. It tasted like them, she wished she could be even closer to her wife.

Meredith unconsciously rubbed herself on Addison's hip, she only noticed when Addison moaned against her mouth. Addison placed her hands on her hips and guided her movements.

Not stopping the kiss, Meredith continued her motions, her clit throbbed with each press. She whined into Addison's mouth on a particular hard thrust, her clit catching onto her wife's hip —her wetness spreading with each thrust. She threw her head back, loudly moaning. Meredith pressed her hands on either side of Addison's head, a thumb caressed the outer shell of her ear.

Addison smiled up at her wife, she loved watching Meredith get lost in her own pleasure. It was hot, she gripped her hips harder. Her eyes caught her engagement ring on her finger. Addison remembered their wedding night fondly, they had fucked all night long, neither one of them could properly walk the next day.

Meredith slid further down her thigh, she left a wet trail as she went, she quietly whined, “Please, I need more Addie.” She desperately grinded on her thigh, Addison experimentally flexed, she yelped on an up thrust—it hit her just right. “Addie…”

Her eyes found Meredith’s, her pupils were blown wide, a sheen of sweat covered her forehead. Addison slid her hand down, she cupped her wife’s warmth. She moaned, Meredith was soaking. “Oh honey,” she crooned. “You need this, don’t you?”

Meredith gasped, “Please, I need you inside.”

Addison spread her folds open with two fingers, she dragged her fingers to her opening, her heel catching Meredith’s clit. Pressing her middle finger in, she stretched her open.

“Addie, I need another. I want to feel you.”

Addison listened, inserting her index finger on the next thrust. Her walls tightened around her fingers. “Mer, you are so tight, clenching around my fingers.” She moaned, hooking her fingers, she found the rough patch. Pressing it with the pads of her fingers.

Meredith whimpered, rolling her hips, she grinded down on her palm. She loved having her g-spot stimulated, Addison’s long fingers could comfortably reach what she couldn’t on her own. Her thighs tightened, fire building in her belly and pooling lower.

Addison couldn’t stand it anymore, pulling her fingers out, she sat up, Meredith paused her movements to swing her other leg around Addison’s hip. She fully straddled her lap, Meredith bucked her hips again, wanting to be filled again.

She thrust her fingers roughly back in. Meredith moaned, she draped her arms around her shoulders, her back arching in pleasure. Addison wrapped her free hand around her low back, she brought her lips to Meredith’s neck. Dropping soft kisses, in direct contradiction to her fingers below.

“I—I can take another, Addie baby.” She stuttered, her voice was rough with want.

Addison shuddered, something about Meredith’s voice when she was close did something to her. Even though she had just come, she could feel herself dripping onto the sheets, her clit throbbed in response to her wife’s need.

On her next thrust, she slowly inserted another finger. She let Meredith stretch, her walls clenched around her fingers. She slowly thrusted, letting Meredith relax into it, she picked up her speed again. Finding the spot again, Meredith trembled on her lap. She helplessly thrusted, she was a pile of goo for her wife.

Her hips faltered as she got closer, “I’m so close,” she wailed. Her walls milked her fingers.

Addison stilled, she pressed against that rough patch, letting Meredith grind down on her palm.

She whimpered, “Addie, Addie, Addie.” Her fingers filled her so well, her clit caught just right on her palm, she was in heaven. She could feel a strange pressure behind her belly

button, ignoring it, she focused on the pleasure.

“Meredith, you’re so wet and so open for me,” she murmured in her ear, she tugged her earlobe into her mouth.

“Only for you.” She huffed out, impatient, she brought her hand down to her clit, she roughly circled it with two fingers. The added stimulation felt delicious; she groaned.

Addison leaned back to watch, their joined hands at the crux of the blonde’s thighs were hypnotizing. She flexed her fingers to her belly button. The muscles in her abdomen rippled. She did it again and Meredith had the same reaction. Addison held back a grin.

Meredith yelped at the new stimulation, the pressure was building up until the tension snapped. She squirted all over their hands, it leaked onto the sheets. Not caring in the slightest, she chased her pleasure, her swollen clit throbbed with each spasm.

Addison moaned, she thrusted through the tremors, knowing that Meredith could handle another orgasm. Her fingers were being tightly squeezed, she loved that part when Meredith fell over the edge. She ignored her own walls fluttering around nothing. She bit Meredith’s shoulder, and she sucked the skin into her mouth.

Meredith choked back a sob, “Please, Addie, mark me.”

Addison felt dizzy with lust, she bit harder into her skin, her tongue licking roughly. She did that several more times, making a trail to her neck, she stopped before it could be seen through a scrub shirt.

She gushed on Addison’s hand with each bite. She could feel another orgasm coming, she just needed something. Anything really. “More.” She rubbed her clit harder, her eyes huge.

She melted, feeling her walls strongly fluttering around her fingers with each thrust. Her eyes zeroed in on her breasts, she loved how soft and delectable they were. Addison nuzzled her chest, catching a nipple in her mouth, she roughly sucked—her tongue swirling around a couple times before she lightly dug her teeth in.

Meredith screamed, “Addie.”

Her eyes rolled back in her head, she saw stars behind her eyelids. She came again, her walls spasmed around her hand, she let go of her clit—she was too sensitive to continue with direct stimulation of it. She continued thrusting onto Addison’s hand, who had angled her palm away so it wasn’t hitting her clit on every thrust.

Addison lazily thrusted, her mouth watered, she wanted to taste her wife.

“I need a break.” Meredith said apologetically, she was panting, her cheeks were rosy.

Addison slowly took her fingers out, and she softly cupped her.

Meredith whined with sensitivity. She helplessly thrusted onto her palm once before she pulled away from it, she rested her head on Addison’s shoulder. Her breath was hot and heavy

in Addison’s neck, making her shiver.

“You are so sensitive, honey.” She kissed her sweaty forehead. She pulled her hand away, and held it up at eye level. Her fingers were glistening with cum, Addison’s walls clenched around nothing again. Letting out a quiet moan, she popped her wet fingers in her mouth.

Addison loved the taste of her wife, her tongue swirled her fingers. She had a salty tang, and she adored the flavor. She *wished* Meredith could go again, she would love to get lost between her legs for hours if she would let her.

Meredith watched with a slack jaw, her thighs tightened around Addison. Curious, she sneaked a hand down between their bodies, her fingers found her slowly dripping onto the sheets.

Addison yelped, not expecting it. Her face heated up, she pulled her now clean fingers out of her mouth.

“Oh, Addie baby,” she cooed. “Did making me cum get you all hot and bothered?”

Her wet pussy spasmed at her question. She frantically nodded, “Please, Mer.”

Meredith pushed Addison down onto the mattress, she went willingly. Still straddling her, she could feel Addison’s walls clenching around nothing. “Do you want me to fuck you with my fingers?”

Addison whined, stuttering she was lost in the feeling of a hand holding her center, “F–fuck me, please, Mer. I—I need you, in–in any way you want me. I’m yours.”

She melted, her sweet words made her heart feel full. Changing positions, she laid in the cradle of her legs, her cheek resting between her breasts. She spread her folds apart, Addison whimpered, her hips bucked up—searching for any relief she could find.

Meredith dipped a finger in, her walls fluttered, she quickly added another. She knew how Addison could get when she felt she was going too slow and she was teetering towards the edge. Her fingers stayed still, despite her words of earlier, she knew Addison just wanted something to clench around. Angling her hand so could rub firm circles with her thumb on the underside of her swollen clit. But not on the side she loved.

Addison moaned, her thighs shook. “I’m so close, pl—please, Mer.”

And she was close, hovering on the precipice. Addison could feel the wave building. Helplessly, she moaned, she could feel sweat pooling between her breasts.

Meredith couldn’t help herself; she licked it away. She watched as goosebumps appeared on her arms.

Addison squirmed, eyes closing, her hands landing on Meredith’s back. Firm muscles moved underneath the soft skin of her back.

She smiled to herself, she loved having the intimate knowledge of her wife, her thumb moved slightly to the left.

Addison screamed, “Meredith!”

Her orgasm ripped through her; she came hard and fast. She threw her head back, her fingers dug into Meredith’s back. Her thighs squeezed her hips. Meredith helped guide her through the wave, her thumb slowed and traced slow circles. Moaning, Addison’s hips stuttered.

Slowly, she came back to herself, she pushed Meredith’s hand away. She dug a hand in her shoulder, she wanted her wife up higher.

Meredith heard her wordless plea, she crawled up higher, her nose pressed into her neck. Warm breaths puffed against her neck, Addison absent-mindedly rubbed circles on her back. She was content to stay there in the afterglow.

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They laid twined together, two puzzle pieces becoming one.

Meredith poked her, “Shower?”

Addison stirred from her thoughts, she nodded, the wet spot under her was growing cold. “Yeah.”

She climbed off of her wife, she shivered at the loss of shared body heat.

Addison got up, her legs shaky, she walked towards their bathroom.

Meredith was about to follow when her eyes landed on the dresser. Their toy drawer was slightly open, she could see the tip of the hot pink dildo. Feeling more energized, she *knew* Addison had a weakness for shower sex, something about it had her feral for more. The one time Meredith had suggested bringing a toy…she sighed at *that* memory.

Addison had been a glorious, whimpering wreck who couldn’t string two sentences together to save herself afterwards…

“You coming?” Addison pulled her out of the memory.

Turning around, she tapped the dildo against her palm and closely watched her wife.

Her blue eyes darkened, she glanced at the toy and then back to Meredith several times. Uselessly, her mouth opening several times, she was stunned and at a loss for words. She could feel a fresh wave of wetness pooling between her legs.

“You want this, Addie?”

She nodded, mindlessly she squeezed her thighs together.

Meredith had a wicked gleam in her eyes, she challenged, “Think your legs can handle shower sex?”

Addison pushed her hair behind her ears, she would never turn down shower sex. Nor one to back down from a challenge, she wordlessly answered by starting the shower. She waited a few seconds for it to warm up and then she got in.

Meredith loudly laughed, she raced to follow her in there. She would clean the toy in the shower. They kept a cleaner in there for emergencies.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, Plegg, for everything!

# Chapter 2: We can follow the sparks, I'll drive

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Meredith stepped into the shower with the hot pink dildo in hand. She grinned at seeing that Addison had already been under the spray, and now she was leaning against the wall in wait.

Addison bit her lip, her core aching for that stupid toy. A whole drawer full of luxuriously designed sex toys, and her weakness was a simple silicone one. It had been a surprise to receive it as a wedding gift; if Addison had to guess it had to have been Cristina who anonymously sent it. But she didn't care who gave it to them. It was a simple design, but it hit her in all the right places.

And shower sex, Addison sighed. Something about the water relentlessly spraying them clean while they got dirty was her kryptonite. She licked her lips, her gaze heavy, as she watched Meredith clean the dildo with a practiced hand. It had been Meredith's suggestion to keep a cleaner in the shower, it made for easier playtime.

Meredith finished cleaning it, a fresh scent filled the air, she turned to Addison—a wicked gleam in her eyes. She asked, "Are you going to be my good girl, Addie?"

Her blue eyes darkened—uselessly she nodded—but knowing Meredith wanted her words, she choked out, "Yes."

"Do you want this?" She gestured to her with the dildo.

Her mouth watered, "Please."

Meredith brought the dildo to Addison's chin, "Did you want to wet it before I put it in your pussy?"

Addison nodded enthusiastically, her lips parted and Meredith set it on her tongue. Closing her mouth around the dildo, she softly sucked, her cheeks hollowing. She could feel herself making a mess between her legs with each suck, playing with it, she swirled her tongue around the ridges of the tip. She let it hit the back of her throat, slightly gagging on the length, she moaned prettily around it.

Meredith chuckled, she pulled it back, a string of saliva connecting the tip to her wife's lips. It broke, falling onto her chin.

Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand; Addison eyed the wet dildo, her walls fluttered around nothing. She wanted it inside and to feel full.

Meredith slowly dragged it between Addison's breasts, her breath picking up.

“Mer, please.” She begged, placing her hands on Meredith’s hips, and thrust her hips against hers. She was already trembling in anticipation. “I need more.”

Meredith slipped a hand between them, and she cupped her dripping pussy. “Oh, Addie, you’re so wet for me. You’re dripping onto my fingers. You’re so needy.”

She whined, “For you.”

“And for your favorite toy?” She questioned; smirking because she already knew the answer.

Face heating up, she mumbled, “Yes.”

Meredith tucked wet strands behind her ear, leaning forward her breath hot against her, “Turn around, and put your hands against the wall.”

Addison obeyed, the tiles cold against her palms, she stuck her ass out. Teasingly, she wiggled her hips at her wife.

Meredith groaned, she lightly swatted a cheek. She held her hip, her fingers dug into the mark she had left earlier.

Grinning, Addison pressed her face against the wall tiles. Meredith was in a playful mood, it spelled a good time for her.

Molding herself behind Addison, her hips cradling her ass. She lowly whispered into her ear, she asked, “Ready?”

Addison nodded, “I’m ready.” She spread her legs wider.

Meredith kissed her flushed cheek, pulling away, she brought the dildo from behind and between Addison’s legs. She slowly dragged it along her folds, wet with her juices.

Addison closed her eyes, moaning, as the tip bumped her swollen clit. She greedily rolled her hips back, seeking more friction.

She swatted at her hip with her freehand. “Be patient,” she scolded.

Frustrated, Addison pitifully whined, she tried to stay still. She really did, but she couldn’t help the tiny thrusts she made with each slow drag along her folds. “Mer,” she pleaded.

Kissing her shoulder, she changed the angle, she slowly pushed the dildo in.

Addison huffed, her eyes slowly closed shut, walls fluttering at the intrusion. She stretched around the toy, each inch just added to her pleasure. She clenched around it, moaning at being full.

Meredith angled the toy to hit her g-spot, she purposefully chose a slow rhythm to drive her wild. Addison liked to be fucked hard with this particular toy, and Meredith denied her.

Addison gasped. She arched her back, trying to entice her wife to speed up. To her dismay, she kept the same pace. Slow, purposeful, and with no real power behind it. “I know—I know what you’re doing.”

“Oh Addie,” she cooed, “And what am I doing to you?”

“Not f—fucking me hard enough.” She tried to accuse, but it came out as a whimper. “Please.”

Meredith chuckled, “I can fuck you harder, Addie baby. All you have to do is ask.” She picked up her pace, she thrust the toy harder—just enough to distract her wife.

Addison moaned, not noticing a hand leaving her hip. Her eyes were closed.

Meredith twisted her upper body behind, she spotted the handheld showerhead. Addison had been insistent about changing it out from a standard one, and she had refused to elaborate on why. Meredith had not been born yesterday, she knew exactly why her wife wanted one. The few times Addison had showered longer than normal had been a dead giveaway. After those solo showers, her mood had greatly improved, a rosy glow on her cheeks, and a spring in her step. Meredith let her keep it a secret…well, until today.

Grabbing the detachable showerhead from its hook, she turned the dial, some of the water diverted to the showerhead. Aiming it away from the clueless redhead, she clumsily switched the spray with one hand to a pulsating massage. It wasn’t at full strength but she knew Addison would love the surprise.

Addison whined, displeased at the lack of rhythm, “Mer, please.”

Meredith quietly snickered to herself, she brought the showerhead around the front of Addison. She aimed it at her, the water mercilessly raining pleasure on her clit.

Her eyes shot open, yelping, her fingers trying to find purchase on the steamy tile. Not finding it, she pushed into the wall. She was still, not sure what she wanted more. The showerhead or the dildo, two of her favorite things combined together had her aching with indecisiveness.

“Mer,” she choked out. Her hips froze, the water was hitting in a really good spot. It made her walls unconsciously clench harder around the dildo, she wasn’t sure what she wanted to angle toward. It was a pleasurable torture and an impossible choice.

Meredith chose for her, whispering in her ear, “I’ll angle the water for you, just the way you love. Chase your pleasure, baby.”

Addison blushed, breathlessly, she thrusted back onto the dildo—it slid along her walls, deliciously hitting her g-spot. “Fuck, Mer.” It always felt like Meredith just knew where to find that spot with the toy. She was a mastermind and could play her like a fiddle. Meredith had learned a long time ago what Addison needed to come, and she was better at it then her.

Meredith was true to her word, the showerhead moved in time with each thrust backwards, it was hitting the spot she loved so much on her clit.

But it could be even better.

Addison sneaked a hand down to her mound, to pull her hood away, so the water was directly pulsating on her swollen clit. Addison was in heaven, she pathetically whimpered from the sheer pleasure. She was trembling like a leaf, shockwaves were hitting her. She was falling apart at the seams with each breath.

Meredith moaned, she was regretting not getting the harness that came with the toy—chafing be damned. It would've been worth it to rut into her from behind. Her hips pressing into her wife's ass with each thrust, the base of it rubbing her clit. Coming together was Meredith's favorite part when they brought a sex toy into the mix of their love making. She knew Addison was close, she was shaking in need.

Letting her natural raspy voice come out, she sweetly asked, "Are you going to be my good girl and come for me?"

Addison cried out, "Yes."

"You're so close," she observed.

She nodded, her mouth opened several times before a word finally came out. Stuttering, she begged, "Pl—please…" she trailed off, unable to finish her plea when a rough thrust took her words from her. She was pent up with lust and wanted to come again. Her earlier orgasms had simply been a warmup, this was the main course meal and she wanted to dig her teeth into it.

"It's okay, baby, you can come for me. Be my good girl."

Her words tipped Addison over the edge. She jerked, her hips stuttering, no longer in time with Meredith. Her mouth opened in a silent scream, closing her eyes, she was lost in the wave of pleasure. It pulled her under, hitting her hard.

She gasped, her walls contracted around the toy, her muscles tried to push it out, but Meredith didn't let that happen. She continued thrusting the toy much to Addison's delight. She just took it.

"Suck me in, baby." She said, and she bit her earlobe.

Addison whimpered, obeying her wife, she clenched—pretending it was Meredith she was fluttering around.

Her wobbly legs barely supported her, she leaned further into the wall. Addison brought her hand back up near her face. She dug her nails into the grout, trying to grip the wall, but she kept slipping. Meredith slowly stopped moving and simply held it inside her. Letting her feel full and flutter around the toy. The showerhead continued its unrelenting pleasure.

She could feel another wave building, this one was hurtling at breakneck speed. “Mer,” she whined. “I can’t—”

“Addie baby, yes you can, I believe in you. Come for me, I want you to come again.”

“Mer, Mer, Mer…” she chanted.

Another orgasm hit her, she screamed as she fell over the edge, her wife’s name on her lips. Her thighs shook as she spasmed around the toy.

After a minute, a quiet whine hit the air. She tried to squirm away, but there was nowhere to go. Meredith had trapped her between the tiles and her warm body. It was simply too much.

Meredith smiled, feeling incredibly proud because she did that to her wife. Knowing she was overstimulated, she took the showerhead away. She kissed her flushed cheek, she softly whispered, “Here you take my cock for a moment.”

Blindly, she reached down to hold it in place. Her eyes widened, she asked, “Yours?”

“Yes, you’re the one who gets railed with this one.” She answered. “You go crazy for it, just one look and you’re a goner.”

She couldn't dispute it because it was true.

Meredith admired her wife for a moment, the shaky legs, tiny helpless thrusts from the aftershocks, a lovely flush had overtaken her—Meredith knew that it had spread down her neck and to her chest. She looked deliciously wrecked and she wasn’t done with her yet.

Grinning, she turned the dial, the flow stopped and she hung the showerhead back on its hook.

Stretching her shoulder, her eyes traced the muscles in her back, her shoulder blades jutted out. Wrapping her arms around her waist she took some of Addison’s weight, kissing her spine. Her lips trailed to the left, she licked along the skin, drawing a gasp from Addison.

Smirking against soft skin, she darted her tongue out, licking under her shoulder blade. Moaning Meredith, sucked a hickey, she dug her teeth when Addison arched into it.

Addison cried out, her back was so sensitive, she loved it when Meredith played with her. The few times they had played with soy wax candles had been an experience. She sighed.

Meredith had painted a picture, each drop of the wax on her back had ratcheted her lust up higher. Then the peeling…

She was dragged back into the present when Meredith moved her hair. “I can take over, baby, you were so good for me.” She praised, kissing up her neck, her hand reaching between Addison’s legs. Their hands met, and Meredith took over.

Addison sputtered at the praise, unconsciously her walls fluttered again. Pushing her hips back, silently asking for more. She could feel fresh arousal pooling in her belly; she wanted

more.

Meredith thrust the dildo, slowly picking up her pace. After the rough pounding from earlier, she needed to ease her into it. Meredith released her waist. Teasingly, she dropped her hand lower to rub over her clit.

Addison shrieked, pulling Meredith's hand away, even through her hood she was too sensitive. It was like a livewire being touched. She placed her wife's hand on the soft curve of her belly, and tapped the back of her hand. "Stay."

Meredith had not expected her reaction, she lost her balance. Once she regained it, she accidentally changed the angle.

Addison gutturally screamed; not in pain, but in pleasure. The change made it slide up higher, hitting a new spot. It felt so good, she was fuller than she had ever been. It felt amazing.

She babbled, "So good, so good, so—," she cut herself off with a moan, her eyes slipping shut.

Meredith frowned, she felt something bumping the hand on her belly. It was a thrusting movement against her palm. Eyes widening, she realizes what it was.

She quietly moaned, her chin dug into Addison's shoulder. She was feeling the toy thumping against her hand through her body. It was hot. She idly wondered if could see the movement too.

Even though the haze of her pleasure, her walls clenching around the toy, she could tell Meredith had zoned out. Normally, Meredith was talking to her, her hot breath in her ear. She frowned, she had placed her away from her clit, but what was it still doing on her stomach? If Meredith had a free hand, it would always wander up to her breasts or even try to sneak back down to rub her clit again. Then she noticed her hand was pressing into her skin almost out of rhythm.

Meredith had impeccable rhythm when it came to sex, she was always on beat. What was she doing?

Her clinical brain connected the dots, Addison could feel the toy was deeper. It was hitting up higher, near her cervix…Meredith must be able to feel the dildo hitting her palm.

Addison lustfully moaned, swallowing, she tried to string a whole sentence together. Stuttering, she asked, "C–can you f–feel it?"

Meredith nodded, "Yeah, it's hot." She pressed her hand harder against her belly—her nails digging in— it met her palm each time.

Addison dropped a hand down to her clit, she rubbed the left side with what was now a practiced skill—Meredith had taught her how. She fought through the overstimulation, she needed to come again, she was drunk on pleasure. It was all too much.

Grinding back against her wife, she spasmed with each backwards press. She circled her swollen clit roughly with her finger for a moment, her hips jerked when she went back to the left side.

Meredith swallowed her own moans, she ignored her aching desire. This was about Addison. Nothing was more important than her coming right now. She sped up the pace, “I’m going to fuck you stupid with my cock and turn you into the whining, whimpering wreck that hides behind your sharp wit.”

Addison trembled, she wanted it. She wanted to be fucked stupid by her wife.

“Good girls have to answer in order to get fucked stupid.” Meredith stopped moving the toy, and slowly started to remove it.

Addison whined, her eyes were huge—desire and lust had darkened them. “I…” she trailed off, she was lost for words.

“And good girls stop rubbing their clits to answer their wife.” Meredith pointed out.

Addison blushed but obeyed her. To stop herself from giving into temptation, she set her hand on Meredith’s, the one on her belly. She opened her mouth several times but nothing intelligible came out. She roughly swallowed, a small whine in her voice, “Mer, I—I want it.”

“You want me to fuck you stupid?” Meredith questioned, she paused halfway through removing it, and pushed it back in.

She nodded frantically, “Yes.”

“Such a good girl, using your words for me. Put your finger back on your clit. My hands are busy.” Meredith thrust the toy in and out, searching for the spot, she knew she found it again when Addison squealed and arched her back. Her fingers dug into her belly, the toy thumped her palm. She set a sharp, rough pace, one that would send her wife into oblivion.

Her walls gripped the toy, fluttering. It was deliciously deep inside, each rough plunge set her closer to the edge. Meredith was unrelenting in her need to see her come again.

Addison dropped her hand back down and roughly rubbed her clit. It had her wailing, she was so close to the edge again. Waves were crashing her shore, she could feel her pussy spasming against her finger. She just needed something.

Meredith let out a breathy moan, her wife was incredibly close. “Addie baby, come on my cock. I want you to come for me. You’re my good girl.”

Her words were the final missing piece, it sent her over the edge. Her gut tightened. Convulsing, she went under the waves of pleasure. She jerked, her rhythm lost.

Meredith fucked her through it, “Good girl.”

Addison moaned deliriously, her knees buckling, she let go of her clit to clutch at the tiles again. She writhed against her wife and her cock. Lost in her own world of sensations.

Meredith smirked against her shoulder. She laid soft kisses on her skin, slowly she brought her down from the height of her pleasure. Lazily, she thrust the toy, her wife grinded back out of sync. She wanted her to have every ounce of pleasure.

The waves pulled back, and Addison came back to reality. She gasped, it was too much. Her thighs shook, she could barely hold herself up anymore.

“I—,” she choked out, her voice thick with emotion. She felt wrecked and raw, all the layers pulled back to show her soft under belly. She was overwhelmed and needed Meredith to take over.

“It’s okay, baby, I’m here. I got you.” She carefully pulled out the dildo.

Addison whimpered when it left her body, she felt empty. Quivering, despite herself tears started falling.

Meredith rinsed the dildo of her wife’s cum from the spray of the shower. She set it on the shelf to clean it later. Addison needed her right now.

“Here, come here, Addie baby.” She helped turn her around.

She looked lost, her blue eyes out of focus, tears streaming down her face. The lines of the tiles had pressed onto her cheek, she was rosy red and looked like she had been fucked stupid. Now she needed Meredith to help pick up her shattered edges and put her back together.

Meredith tugged her into her arms and she followed without protest. Addison hid her face in her neck, throwing her arms around the blonde and rested most of her weight onto her smaller frame.

Meredith adjusted her stance, she held her, one hand cupped the back of her head, her fingers scratching her scalp. “It’s okay sweet girl, you did so good for me.” Meredith whispered sweet nothings to her.

They stayed in an embrace like that for a while.

Addison shivered, her tears had dried up, and now she was cold.

“Are you ready for me to help you get cleaned up?” She asked softly.

Addison nodded, her legs were stronger. Her edges were slowly coming back together.

Meredith kissed her forehead, her lips lingering for a moment. She loved these moments with her, Addison felt safe enough to drop her guard and feel.

After cleaning up, Meredith had planted Addison on the vanity chair. She towel dried her hair and applied her favorite body lotion. She dressed her in an oversized t-shirt and clean panties.

Meredith took aftercare seriously. In past relationships, Addison had gotten used to rolling out of bed, and on shaky legs, and walked to the bathroom to clean up—alone with no one to help guide her through it. Her partner was already asleep, unaware of her tears and the loneliness creeping in.

After the first time Addison had been fucked into sub space, Meredith had recognized it and treated her like a queen. She doted on her in a way she didn't think anyone had really done in all her life.

Meredith showered her with love and attention. Not once was she too much for her to bear. It allowed Addison to finally relax, she felt safe to show Meredith her soft underside.

Meredith kissed her cheek, pulling her out of her thoughts. "I'm going to change the sheets. Do you want the flannel ones?"

"Yeah," she rasped.

Meredith left a lingering kiss on the lingering imprint of the tiles. "I'll be right back to come get you."

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Tucked into bed with clean sheets, Addison cuddled into her wife. Her head rested on her chest, listening to her heart beat. Between all the orgasms and the sub space she entered into after; she was sleepy. But then a random stray thought creeped up on her, poking her wife. "Mer, you didn't come again."

"Sh, it's okay. The shower sex was about you." She assured her, and she rubbed her back.

Turning to look up at Meredith, an adorable pout graced her features, "But I wanted to taste you."

Meredith chuckled, "You are too tired for another round tonight."

"I am not." Her body then proved Meredith right, she yawned several times.

"I knew it. You can eat me out tomorrow."

"Can I wake you up with it?" She tried, fighting a yawn, she suckled softly on her neck. Not hard enough to leave a mark, but enough to distract her.

Meredith moaned. She remembered the last time she had woken up with Addison between her legs. They had stayed in bed all morning, Addison *loved* to play with her food. "Fine, you can wake me up. But if you tease me for hours, there will be payback."

Addison sleepily laughed, "You're threatening me with a great time."

“Go to sleep, Addie.” Meredith closed her eyes.

Addison smirked, her eyes fluttered shut. She hoped she dreamed of her wife tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, Plegg, for everything!

# Chapter 3: So, where you wanna go, I whisper in the dark

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Addison was peacefully dreaming when movement woke her up. Fluttering her eyes open, she was confused. It was still too dark outside, the moonlight bathed the room in silver. She could hear the faint echo of the waves crashing onto the shore, it was lulling her back to sleep. Her eyes slowly closed when…

A shuffling movement had her eyes popping back open.

They had switched positions in the middle of the night. Meredith was stuck to her like glue, not letting go. Her legs entwined around Addison, she rested on her chest with a hand resting between her breasts.

Addison tugged her even closer, she loved being the small spoon and feeling safe in Meredith's arms. It was the first time in a relationship she was allowed to be her true self. She was safe in the knowledge that Meredith would always be her anchor point; the place she could come to and her arms would always be open to her. But the occasional times she was the big spoon and wrapping her warmth around Meredith—protecting her—were her favorites. She fit like a puzzle piece in her arms, all their edges lined together to make a beautiful picture.

Meredith sighed, and she did the movement again—it pulled Addison out of her thoughts. Meredith's hips slid against Addison's thigh; a little stutter at the top of the thrust. She sleepily moaned and pressed herself harder for a few more seconds. Her hips lightly grinding before she pulled back again.

Addison gasped, she knew exactly what her wife was doing.

"Mer, are you awake?" She whispered.

Nothing except a snore in her ear.

She bit her lip, holding back a chuckle.

Meredith must be dreaming about her, she only had sex dreams about Addison. And the few times she had woken the redhead up by humping her leg had been her favorite times.

Meredith would be wet and aching by the time Addison slipped a hand in her ruined panties. She was always so sensitive after grinding for a while.

Usually, Addison would wake her up with kisses on her forehead, but last night she had gotten *permission*. Addison loved slotting herself between her wife's thighs and eating her out til she woke up screaming her name. She would lay there for hours if Meredith let her.

Meredith moved again, she whimpered as she grinded against her thigh. She mumbled, “Addie.”

Addison felt a gush between her own legs. Ignoring it, she knew she couldn’t push against her shoulder. Meredith would just latch on tighter—arms and legs holding Addison in place—and hump herself to an orgasm. The first time that had happened, the redhead had been in perfect misery, she could feel her wife getting wetter with each grind even through fabric, arousal pooled in her own belly.

Addison had been a wreck but she had still been too embarrassed to masturbate. By the time Meredith had woken from her slumber satisfied and wanting more, she had discovered Addison writhing on her back, desperately needing her touch.

It hadn’t taken much. One finger on her clit had sent her careening over the edge, Addison had screamed herself hoarse. She had been laying there for an hour being used like a pillow, trembling, lust in her blood. The love making that followed had been passionate. They had been pent up with lust, many toys had been used, they had called off of work and spent the day in bed.

Days later, a red-faced Addison had asked her if she could teach her how to masturbate. Meredith had been delighted, she not only taught her how to get comfortable with the act but she had edged her multiple times in a row to get her to do it. Her cries for more had been ignored for what felt like hours. Each edge pushing her inhibitions down, Meredith whispering in her ear, “My sweet girl, you can come but you have to do it.”

The eighth edge had had Addison smacking the blonde’s torturous hands away. It had been clumsy but her orgasm by her own hand had been liberating. And Meredith had been perfect, she stayed up by her head, kissing her face and whispering sweet praises in her ear.

Addison blushed and shook herself out of the memory. She was in the here and now. Slipping a hand in between their bodies, she cupped her wife.

Meredith sighed and rocked into her hand.

Quietly moaning, her wife had soaked through her panties. Even through the fabric, she could feel how swollen and open she had become.

Meredith grinded against her hand, her lids closed, Addison could tell she was dreaming with the way her eyes were moving. Her thighs loosened their hold around Addison’s leg.

She took her chance and wiggled out from her grip. She pushed Meredith onto her back, her legs naturally spread open, her hips seeking friction on Addison’s hand.

The redhead slid herself between her wife’s legs and held back a moan, mouth watering—she could smell her wife. Addison was in heaven, she could happily drown in her legs.

Addison pushed up her shirt to expose her stomach—she had gotten hot and sweaty—the two moles on her torso were her favorite. She loved circling them, Meredith would whine underneath her, she was sensitive there. She laid a finger on the one by her belly button.

Meredith quietly whined, restlessly she shuffled her legs.

Addison chuckled. She laid soft kisses along the waistband. Dropping kisses down her panty-clad mound, she wrapped her wife's legs around her like a necklace. She nuzzled her nose against the wet spot and licked a stripe against her. She hummed at the flavor, she was salty on her tongue. Wanting a better taste, she pulled her panties aside—she smirked, her wife was all worked up for her. She parted her folds, licking her from her vagina to clit. Meredith's hips bucked toward her face—searching for more friction.

Indulging her own hunger for her wife, Addison flicked her tongue inside, holding back a moan. Leisurely thrusting in and out, warm walls clenched around her tongue. This was exactly where she loved to be and could never get enough of.

Meredith arched her back, sleepily chanting, "Addie, Addie, Addie." Her hips jerked, trying to get even closer, her clit bumping against Addison's nose.

Addison cupped her hips to hold her in place. Blood rushed to her core, she could feel herself dripping into her panties. She squirmed against the mattress, it hit her clit just right. She moaned against her wife's center, and she lazily humped the mattress—desperately wishing for something better to grind against.

But this wasn't about her, it was about Meredith. She pulled back and kissed along her folds up to her clit. Admiring her handiwork, her wife was red and puffy—glistening with cum and saliva—her pussy rhythmically spasming. Addison smiled against her, she swirled her tongue around her clit a couple times before she settled with softly suckling the swollen bud into her mouth.

She looked up at Meredith beneath long lashes, breath heavy, her eyes fluttering behind closed lids and her moans were picking up in volume.

Meredith was getting close.

Addison sucked hard on her clit. She wanted her wife to cum against her mouth but she needed her to be awake for it. Dragging her nails against her hips, Meredith woke up with a startled yelp before it dissolved into a moan.

Meredith gathered herself and started talking. "Oh, Addie baby, what a good girl you are." She praised, her eyes locked onto big blue eyes blown wide with lust.

Addison whimpered. Her core throbbed at the praise, her walls fluttering around nothing.

"Is my good girl going to make me cum?"

She feverishly nodded, her eyes shiny. She loved being Meredith's good girl.

"Keep sucking my clit, baby. I'm close." Meredith dropped a hand down to the back of Addison's head, her fingers twining in tangled red locks.

Addison obeyed. She sucked harder, closing her eyes, and got lost in the sensations of her wife. Her wetness dripped onto her chin. Heels digging into her back. Warm thighs squeezing

her head.

“Yes,” Meredith moaned, “you’re so good to me, baby.”

Addison reached up, pushing the shirt up higher, she kneaded a breast—her thumb flicking a nipple in time to each suckle against her clit.

“Good girl, you read my mind.” Meredith moaned, she arched into Addison’s touch. “Close, I’m almost there.” She babbled.

She needed her wife to cum, she needed it like she needed air in her lungs. Her tongue roughly massaged her clit with each suckle. She switched to her more sensitive nipple, rolling it between her fingers.

Meredith cried out, “Addison!” She came with a wet gush against Addison’s chin, her pussy clenching. Accidentally pulling on her hair, Addison moaned against her.

Addison didn’t pause, she continued sucking her clit. Meredith could take another orgasm. She let go of her nipple and buried two fingers inside, her walls fluttering around her fingers.

Meredith stretched deliciously around her fingers, her hips rolled with the intrusion.

Addison laid an arm against her hips in an attempt at keeping her still. She set a snappy pace; the pads of her fingers hitting that rough spot with each thrust.

She knew it wouldn’t take much for her to cum again.

“I’m coming, I’m coming, I’m coming!” Meredith chanted. She arched her back, her walls squeezed around Addison. She went slack; breathing heavy. Her eyes rolled back, lost in the waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

Addison pulled her fingers out. A soft whimper reached her ears, she kissed her clit in apology.

Meredith whined, pushing her head away. “Too sensitive.”

Addison nipped her inner thigh, she had one thing stuck on her mind. Curious, she couldn’t help but ask, “Were you dreaming of me, honey?”

Meredith frowned, “How’d you know?”

“You,” Addison punctuated with a kiss on her other thigh, “woke me up by grinding against me.”

“I was dreaming about how pretty you looked with my cock in you, all sweet and desperate for me. I just wished I had gotten the harness that came with it. Then it really would’ve been my cock.” Meredith murmured, dropping a hand down to play with red hair. “You were so good for me last night. I could’ve wrecked that pussy and you would’ve been begging for more.”

Her face heated up from the memory of last night. Core aching, she trembled. She licked into her entrance. She wanted to taste her orgasm and she was leaking onto the sheets. It just wouldn't do.

"Oh," Meredith gasped. "Is my good girl wanting to play now?"

Addison nodded, humming at the taste—salty and sweet. Just like Meredith herself.

Meredith chuckled breathlessly, "Later baby, we have the whole morning to ourselves."

She pouted.

"Come sit on my face, I want you."

Heart pounding, Addison threw her shirt off and kicked off her panties. She crawled up her body, and she pulled off Meredith's shirt too. Stopping to drop kisses along the way, she paid special attention to the blooming bruises on her shoulder from last night.

Meredith sighed, arching into her.

Addison pulled away, she sat and hovered over her face, Meredith brought her hands to her hips and guided her down. Grabbing onto the headboard for balance, her sweaty thighs snuggly pressed into her temples.

"Oh, baby, you've gotten all worked up. Your thighs are glistening for me. Have you been wet this entire time?" Meredith asked, she kissed her thighs and waited for an answer.

Addison whined, "Yes, please Mer." She bucked her hips, pleading with her words and body. She didn't care how Meredith did it. Walls fluttering around nothing. Clit pulsing. She needed an orgasm before she combusted.

"Did you touch yourself?" She questioned, she blew air on her center.

"No," her breath hitched.

Meredith arched an eyebrow, "Are you sure?"

Blushing, Addison blurted out, "I was—I was grinding against the bed."

"My sweet girl, why didn't you touch yourself?"

"I just wanted to taste you and needed both hands to hold you down." Her thighs shook, "Meredith, please, I need you."

Meredith rubbed her hipbones with her thumbs. "You want to ride—"

Impatient, Addison couldn't take it anymore. Her questions just added fuel to the fire blazing in her veins. She brazenly reached a hand down, she dipped two fingers inside and spread her wetness up to her clit. Lustily sighing, she rubbed her swollen clit.

Meredith gasped, her pupils blown wide, enraptured by her beauty. She kissed the back of her hand. And just watched her.

Her hips rolled into it, thighs shaking, she moaned. It was like a livewire. Pleasure shot up her spine and into her teeth. Her thighs trembled in anticipation. She arched her back, eyes rolling into her head. “Please,” she whined.

Meredith glanced up, “It’s okay. You can cum, sweet girl.”

Her words sent her flying over the edge. She let out a silent cry, tears falling down her face from the utter rightness it felt. Inserting a finger, her walls clenching around her finger, she quickly added a second one. Not thrusting, just feeling full.

Meredith swatted her ass.

Addison yelped, eyes opening—she peered down and found Meredith smirking.

“That was quite naughty of you, sweet girl. Interrupting me when I was about to give you what you wanted.”

“I wanted to cum.” She said petulantly. “And you wouldn’t stop talking.”

Another swat landed on the other cheek.

Addison shuddered at the sting, wiggling for another.

Meredith chuckled at her horny wife, batting her hand away. “You are going to be begging me to stop.”

“Please, I’ve been naughty.” Addison stuck her fingers in her mouth. Their combined flavors on her tongue had her sucking harder.

“You’re not going to be able to walk without thinking about this later.” Meredith warned.

“You’re threatening me with a good time.” She said around her fingers.

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And sure enough, Addison had a red bottom and her legs ached from holding herself up. But her lust had been sated…for now.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, Plegg, for everything!

Btw you can find me on tumblr at saltiehead

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