Hypnotized

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by SaltyRedhead

Summary

An old faded photograph sparks a new memory

Notes

A friend sent me a pic of Kate and well…here ya go. Everyone say thank you to Plegg for the pic that sparked the idea for this fic. She also provided a safe landing for me to scream into the void about Meddison.

Okay but in reality there were several pics of Kate and Ellen in bikinis I used as inspiration. But it was a specific photo that inspired this whole fic.

See the end of the work for more notes

Meredith laid on the couch. She stared at the ceiling utterly bored out of her mind. She missed Addison greatly. Their schedules have been off for a week, Meredith working night shifts and Addison on day shifts. It was like ships in the night, passing each other as they crossed the threshold of the house.

Meredith woke up after lunch, itching to hold her wife. Sadly, it wasn't an option right now. Meredith knew she was busy with back to back scheduled surgeries. She sent a simple text to her when she woke up, *I love you*. Addison answered back an hour later. *I love you too, honey*.

Meredith wanted to surprise her with a clean home. They did hire someone once a month to do it for them, a surgeons' life was a busy one with unexpected hours. But they both agreed it was nice to do it themselves when they could do the upkeep. So she busied herself all afternoon with each room. Even doing several loads of laundry.

Now, she was tired after her shower, her toes pressed into the armrest. Laundry was washed, dried, and folded to Addison's standards. She was aching to hold her wife, it was incredibly needy and clingy of her and something Cristina would make fun of her for but it was true. She even missed her tuneless singing in the shower.

Milo meowed—pulling Meredith out of her thoughts, he got on his hind legs and headbutted her arm.

Meredith turned to face him, voice rough she asked him, "Are you hungry?"

He pawed at her shoulder this time, his pupils dilated, he let out another small meow.

Chuckling, Meredith got up. His cries for dinner always started quiet before picking up in volume. "C'mon, let's get you fed, we worked hard this afternoon."

Milo followed her into the kitchen.

Meredith turned on Addison's favorite playlist after she warmed up some leftovers for dinner.

Still bored and not in the mood to dance, she looked at the shelves. One of Addison's photo albums had been displaced after dusting. Meredith stood on her tiptoes to fix it, she hesitated —her fingertips on the worn spine, the gold trim fading in some spots. It wasn't an album she recognized. She grabbed it, she loved looking at photos of Addison as a kid. She'd prefer having Addison to explain the stories behind them but she could fill in the dots.

Milo lifted his head as she walked by his cat tower, she scratched behind his ears. Meredith softly smiled as he purred, leaning into her hand, his eyes closed. She petted him a couple more times and then left him alone for his post-dinner nap.

Plopping down, Meredith retook her spot on the couch. She crossed her legs and set the album on her lap. Anticipation built in her chest, heart beating hard, she flipped the cover

open.

Inside, the first page had Addison's handwriting, in careful cursive it read: *Summer of 1980.*

Meredith did quick math in her head, Addison had been 13 about to turn 14 in the fall.

A small doodle of a rose underneath the words. She carefully traced the drawing with her thumb. There was a smudge from Addison's finger that messed it up a little. To Meredith, it was simply perfect and real, but she knew her wife. It had probably frustrated Addison in her attempts at perfection.

Turning the page, several brochures had been cut and glued on. She had gone to *Cancún, Mexico City, and Guanajuato.*

Meredith smiled as she flipped through pages, pictures of her wife smiled back at her. Even as a teenager, she was pretty. Addison swore up and down, no boys gave her the time of day, her braces and lisp sent them the other way. Meredith thought they were dumb but at the same time…she thanked her lucky stars Addison *chose* her.

She chuckled, there was a ticket stub of *Star Wars V: The Empire Strikes Back*, carefully placed behind the plastic. A picture of a grinning Addison under the marquee pointing up at the movie. She was in a long summery dress with sandals.

One photo stopped Meredith in her tracks. It was a faded photograph in the middle of the page, Addison sat hanging out of the back of a car with the tailgate popped open. Her fair skin had tanned, her auburn hair covered with a straw hat, and she was wearing a patterned bikini. Her brother, Archer, on one side and Bizzy on the other side. She curled her lip at seeing Bizzy, ignoring her, she focused on Addison.

She looked happy, like all of her worries had melted away. She still had that same kind of smile, Meredith saw it during lazy days or when she took care of Addison.

Meredith found it interesting that even after all these years, she *still* wore bikinis. Anytime they went on vacation, several bikinis made their way into the suitcase. Addison would always model them for her and batted Meredith's wandering hands away from the strings.

The garage door opened, startling Meredith from her thoughts. Her heart sped up again. She lowered the volume of the music.

Milo jumped down from his cat tower to go greet Addison.

She distantly heard meows and Addison softly murmuring to him.

Addison came in a few minutes later, her heavy coat and boots in the mud room. She looked worn out, hair down but a slight crease from it being up in a bun, lipstick faded, she was in a purple cashmere blouse and designer dark jeans with Milo in her arms. "Hey, you."

Meredith had never seen someone look as gorgeous as her wife. She loved her in all forms, whether that was dressed to the nines or in a hoodie with messy hair. "Addie, I missed you." Meredith set the photo album aside. Her attention squarely on Addison.

Addison set Milo on the couch, he climbed onto the worn armrest—his spot he had claimed a long time ago, he curled up and curiously watched them.

Addison didn't even sit on the couch, she just climbed onto Meredith's lap, straddling her and nuzzled into her neck. Her breath warm against her neck, she whispered, "I missed you too." She wrapped her arms around her neck and sighed.

Meredith kissed her temple, she hugged Addison. One of her hands slipped under her blouse, her skin was warmer—Meredith smiled knowing Addison had the butt warmers on high again. She didn't blame her, it was cold outside. She stuck her other hand in the back pocket, softly grabbing a handful of her ass.

Addison squirmed, arching into her touch. She laid soft kisses in the hollow of her neck, her fingers twining into blonde locks and gently tugging.

Meredith sighed and leaned her head back—she knew what Addison was silently asking her—she wanted some space to work with.

Addison smiled, the front of her teeth against her neck. She lazily kissed up to her ear, leaving soft open-mouthed kisses in her wake. She gently nibbled the shell of her ear.

Meredith moaned, "Addie baby." She melted under her attention. This is what she'd ached for all day. Just them wrapped in each other.

"You've been working hard. I noticed you cleaned today." She pulled back slightly, her blue eyes were dilated and a flush appeared on her cheeks.

Meredith smiled, she tucked a stray piece of hair behind her ear. "I've been bored all day. I needed something to do."

"My nights have been boring without you too. The bed is so lonely without you in it."

Meredith chuckled, "I saw you brought the body pillow out and sprayed it with my perfume."

Addison shrugged, not even a shred of embarrassment on her features. "I really don't like sleeping without you." She tightened her arms around Meredith's shoulders to keep her close.

"I don't either. I drew the short straw with the night shifts. But," she set her hands on Addison's hips. "That was my last one for a while."

Addison lit up, her thighs squeezed Meredith's, and leaned down to kiss her. She kept it soft, gentle smacks filled the air as they kissed.

Meredith followed Addison's lead, not rushing her because there was no rush. They could stay on the couch like this all night and she'd be happy to stay like this. Her hands weren't idle, they traced her soft curves. She delighted in the soft gasp Addison let out when her fingertips ghosted her ribs—Meredith smirked, Addison was incredibly ticklish there.

Addison pulled back with a pop, “No, you don’t.”

“What? I’m just kissing you.”

Addison softly narrowed her eyes, not believing her, “Uh-huh.”

Meredith smiled innocently, “I’m sitting here, admiring my hot wife.” Her hands were up by Addison’s ribs, thumbs softly rubbing them through fabric.

She let out a small giggle, trying to squirm away from her touch. “Meredith!” She tried to sound stern and failed.

Meredith laughed, turning them to the side, she pinned her to the couch. Forgetting the open photo album next to them.

Her giggles turned to a wince. “Ow, I’m on something.”

“Oh, shit.” Meredith sat up letting Addison move to the side. She pulled the photo album out from under her and set it on the floor.

“What was that?” She pulled a pillow to rest her head on and laid down again, her blue eyes curious, and her lipstick was gone.

Meredith was sure it was all over *her* face now. Addison silently confirmed it by reaching a hand up to gently wipe it away with her thumb.

She bent over to kiss the side of her nose. “An old photo album of you on vacation.”

Addison raised an eyebrow, “Which one?”

Meredith pulled away, she gently grabbed the album with one hand. She showed off her prize.

“I haven’t seen that one in ages.” Her eyes widened in recognition.

“I love this one.”

Addison shyly smiled. “Really? It was the first one I ever made.”

“It’s perfect. I was looking at it when you came in and a photo caught my eye.”

“Yeah, which one?”

Meredith laid down and slid between Addison and the cushions. Her head on Addison’s chest, she draped a leg over her thigh. She was warm and cozy, her fading perfume filled her senses —sweet and vanilla.

Addison moved over for her, wrapping an arm around her. She brought her other leg up for Meredith to rest the album on.

Meredith gently flipped through the pages, she pointed out a couple photos before landing on the tailgate photo. “This one,” she gently tapped.

Addison laughed, “That was a fun day, it was a beach day. Archer and I built a sandcastle. It took me a while to convince him but in the end he helped too.” She turned the page, a wobbly sandcastle with turrets and windows was up to Addison’s hips. Brother and sister stood side by side proud of their masterpiece.

“It’s perfect, baby. You guys did a good job.”

Addison nodded.

“So…” Meredith smiled charmingly. “You wanna go to the beach?”

“Mer, it’s winter and snow on the ground.” She closed the album and set it on the coffee table.

Undeterred, she said, “…we could go…to where it’s sunny and warm.”

“You just want to see me in a bikini.” She accused and tugged Meredith on top of her.

“Guilty as charged. You wear them so well.”

Addison smirked, “Or we could use the hot tub.”

Meredith scrambled off of Addison. She stood up, impatiently holding her hand out for Addison to take. “That works too.”

Addison laughed, she took her hand and got up.

Meredith tried to drag Addison to the stairs. “C’mon, get changed.”

Addison didn’t budge. She stubbornly dug her heels into the carpet to mess with her.

“Addie,” she whined.

“You better wear something deliciously tiny.”

“Deal.”

Addison let go of her hand and raced to the stairs with Meredith hot on her heels. Their laughter mixed with the thunderous noises as they ran up the stairs.

Addison stood outside, shivering in the cold air, her purple fuzzy robe doing little to keep her warm. She had cleared a path free of snow, so they could walk back without tracking snow inside. Setting the shovel by the door, she took a second to admire the view.

The oceanside house had been a perfect pick for them. The moon high in the sky illuminated the waves gently lapping at the rocks. It was peaceful. Their backyard was secluded from the

view of nosy neighbors. Pine trees glistened in the moonlight, the fallen snow clinging to the branches.

A gust of wind nipped her bare legs. Addison cursed the January weather, her only consolation was that it wasn't raining. She hopped from one foot to the other trying to keep warm, she hated cold weather with a passion.

The hot tub had been a recent addition to the patio. Meredith had mentioned it would be nice to have after long days on their feet. This way they both could relax together. Addison agreed and started looking for one the following day.

She got the cover off the hot tub and turned the jets on. Steam rose in the air, it created a perfectly romantic night. Just what they'd both been craving for.

Addison put the attachable tray on the side, while they were changing they had decided to split duties. One took over wine and snacks and the other got the hot tub ready. Addison had lost that rock, paper, and scissors round.

The sliding of the glass door caught her attention.

Addison stood, frozen in awe, she had never even seen this bikini on Meredith before. She was so beautiful.

Hair pulled up in a messy bun to show off the strapless black bikini hugging her breasts, leaving little to the imagination. The matching bottoms were simple and practical.

Her mouth watered, she gestured for Meredith to turn around.

"Addie, it's cold." She complained but turned anyway.

Desire slowly swirled within, warming her insides, the bottoms hugged her ass perfectly.

Meredith grinned as she faced her again, "Is this what you wanted?"

Addison wordlessly nodded.

Meredith smiled, clearly pleased with herself, she walked over and handed her two wine glasses, a bottle of opened wine, and a bowl of freshly cut strawberries. Meredith set her towel on the hooks by the wall and kicked off her sandals. She carefully got in under Addison's watchful gaze.

Meredith held a hand out for the items and set them on the tray.

Meredith had made the mistake of pouring wine as Addison made a show of slowly untying the robe. Addison pressed her lips together trying not to laugh. "Mer, the wine."

Meredith stopped pouring the wine, she had missed the glass entirely—it was all over the tray. "Oops."

Addison laughed and took off her robe to reveal a baby blue-string bikini. The cut and style was Meredith's favorite. And it made easy access for Meredith. She hung her robe next to Meredith's towel. Stepping out of her fuzzy crocs, she tiptoed to the steps and got in with a splash.

She sighed at the hot water on her skin, braving the cold to set this up had been worth it. She could already feel her muscles relaxing from her day in the OR.

Meredith finished cleaning the tray, she dropped the napkin and forgot about the wine in favor of pulling Addison on her lap. "You are distracting." She punctuated each word with a kiss along the halter. Her fingers teased the tie on her back.

Preening under her attention, she wrapped her long legs around Meredith's waist. "So are you." She moaned, her hips bucked.

Meredith stilled her hips, pulling away from her lips to kiss her cheek in apology, Addison whined at the loss. "We're relaxing right now."

Addison pouted, "But—"

"Baby, you've had a long day. I know you. You'll fall asleep right after an orgasm."

Her pout turned to a mock glare. "I don't do that." She'd deny that accusation til she was blue in the face.

Meredith grinned. "Sure, you don't."

"I don't do that." She repeated, sulking and crossing her arms against her chest. She looked the other way.

Meredith had the audacity to snicker.

Slightly offended, Addison gently pinched her side.

Her actions had the opposite effect, it just made Meredith giggle even harder. Addison couldn't help but join in, the blonde's laughter was infectious.

Meredith poured the wine and handed a glass over to Addison, she filled her own.

They had separated—slightly—and sat side by side. The jets against their backs, working the kinks out, Addison's lower back had been aching for several days now. Stretching could only go so far, a massage helped take care of the worst of it.

Addison sighed after taking a small sip, letting the flavor sit on her tongue for a moment. It was her favorite red wine, *Pinot Noir*, smooth and fruity—she savored it. "You are spoiling me."

Meredith smiled, she rested a hand on Addison's upper thigh, "You deserve to be spoiled, baby," Her eyes were closed, enjoying the intimacy of relaxing with her wife.

Addison reddened, Meredith had a way of surprising her with romanticism, it warmed her heart to be cherished. She took another sip of her wine and relaxed.

Meredith set her glass down, “Did you want strawberries?”

“Please.”

Reaching over for the bowl, she smoothly climbed onto Addison’s lap and straddled her. She left some space between them for the bowl.

Addison bit her lip and reached over for a strawberry when Meredith swatted her hand away, “Let me.” She picked the one Addison had wanted, holding it up for Addison to take.

Desire pooled low in her belly, she smiled and opened her mouth. Meredith fed her the strawberry, their gazes locked on the other, she wrapped her lips around the blonde’s fingers. She husked out, “Delicious.”

Meredith swallowed heavily, she *knew* Addison was referring to her fingers.

Addison smoothly took a sip of her wine, her eyes never leaving Meredith’s. She didn’t try to hide her desire from her, she was content to stay in their own world—just the two of them.

They fed each other pieces of fruit, exchanging the occasional sweet kiss with the hint of more later. Once the bowl was empty, Meredith put it up, and she plucked Addison’s empty wine glass from her hand too.

Meredith settled back on her lap, she tucked her head against her neck—nuzzling into her. Her thin arms wrapped tightly around her wife.

Addison embraced her and rested her cheek against her temple. Love and affection swelled inside her.

“How were the night shifts?”

Meredith sighed, “There was only one surgery.”

“Only one, my poor baby.”

Meredith pulled back, an adorable pout on her face, “Addie, this is serious. I’ve been dealing with the interns and making sure they don’t kill patients.”

Addison laughed softly, “You were an intern once, too. I trusted you to look after the nursery and nicu.”

She buried her face back in Addison’s neck, she muttered, “It’s not the same. These ones are dumb…”

“Sorry honey, all interns are dumb. Year two will be better for them.”

“I know they will be.” She sighed again. “How were your surgeries?”

Addison smiled and slowly rubbed Meredith's back, her motions gentle. "They were good, it was just long surgeries. My feet were burning after that last surgery, I had to massage them after informing her wife. But it was worth it. A mom is going to have a healthy baby in a month."

Meredith huffed against her.

Addison's eyes widened and shivered at her hot breath landing on her neck. She bit her lip, holding back a sigh. Squirming in her seat, she focused on Meredith's words—not her simmering desire.

"I want my feet to burn from being on them, standing in one place for hours. Ugh I miss it… I'm happy the surgeries went well. I've just been so bored. I cleaned, Addie. I cleaned the whole house and my back is sore from dusting up above my head."

Addison pressed her lips together, desperately trying to hold back her laughter.

"I can feel you wanting to laugh." Meredith grumbled moodily.

She laughed, letting out an unladylike snort, at her wife's expense. Her shoulders shook, making Meredith cling tighter. Her laughter slowly died down, an occasional chuckle leaving her as she tried to pull herself back together. "Never change, honey." She placed her hands on the blonde's waist, slowly lowering them to her hips. Her thumbs hooked under the waistband of her swim bottoms.

"I really missed you, Addie."

"Yeah?" She kissed her temple, her lips lingered.

"Yeah." She sighed, her eyelashes fluttering against Addison's neck. "You make everything better."

"Oh honey, you make mine better too, I love you."

Meredith kissed her neck, "I love you too."

Addison felt her heart speed up. Desire bubbled over inside her veins. It wasn't enough to just hold her, she needed her closer.

She placed her hands on her ass and squeezed.

Meredith gasped, "Addie!"

Addison grinned and did it again. She loved every part of Meredith, from head to toe, inside and out, but her ass was just so squeezable and cute.

Meredith popped her head out of her hiding spot, a flush on her cheeks. "Seriously." Her breathing picked up slightly.

Addison nodded. Her heavy lidded gaze on her lips. She softly bit her own lip before she leaned in to kiss her.

Meredith opened her mouth and let Addison take control.

Addison nipped at her bottom lip, tugging it before soothing the sting with her tongue. Her lust had been carefully pinned back for days now, and now she could let it roam free.

She squeezed her ass once more before roaming everywhere—hips, waist, shoulders. Soft kisses turned heated, she needed Meredith. She could taste the strawberries she had fed her.

Meredith's soft moans were swallowed by Addison, her hands weren't idle either, she played with the strings by her neck with one hand, the other cupping her cheek.

Meredith gasped, she pulled back out of breath, she kissed along her jawline, down her neck, and into her cleavage. Impatient, she pulled the triangle aside, exposing a breast.

Addison pushed her chest up—her nipples hardened at being subjected to the cold air—silently begging for attention.

She bent lower and kissed her way down to where Addison wanted her. Suckling her nipple, drew a loud groan from the redhead. Meredith chuckled and pulled off with a wet pop.

"No, don't stop." She whined.

"Let's take this inside." Meredith said and fixed her top.

Addison nodded reluctantly. She was right, this wasn't a great place to have sex, it was too open and too cold. She slapped the button to turn the jets off. Part of her dreaded what came next…getting out of the warm water and to cold air. "I'll close it down, if you take the dishes."

Meredith smiled, "I'll meet you inside." She got off of her lap.

Addison slid the sliding glass door shut and locked it. She set the tray on the counter, it could be dealt with tomorrow.

Meredith stood there, with a towel wrapped around her body, waiting for her, the dishes on the drying rack.

She shivered, the heat inside wasn't enough.

"I do believe there is a woman in need of warming up." Meredith declared and held a hand out.

Addison eyed her, "Yes there is." She kicked off her crocs. "Race you." She took off without giving her a chance to reply. Steps light as she ran, thanks to her years of ballet training.

“Hey. I was trying to be romantic.” Meredith ran after her wife, her footsteps louder. She held the towel up and was out of the kitchen.

“I haven’t had sex with you in two weeks, Mer. I’m cold, wet, aching for you, and want your body on top of mine.” She said, already by the foot of the stairs.

“You are so impatient.” Meredith scolded from the other side of the living room.

“You love me for it.”

“I do.”

Meredith tested her luck, taking a short cut, she stepped onto the cushions and jumped over the back of the couch. Her landing was loud on the wooden floors.

Milo chirped, startled at the noise and sudden activity. He had woken from a deep sleep.

Addison said, “Stay down here, Milo.” She raced up the stairs.

“Yeah, I would hate for a repeat—” Meredith teased, a couple steps behind her

“Let it go.”

“Nope.”

Meredith caught up with her in the hallway, she had taken the stairs two at a time. She wrapped her arms around her waist and spun her. “Caught you.”

Addison squealed laughing, her toes barely grazing the hardwood floors. Once Meredith set her down, Addison grabbed her hand and tugged her the rest of the way to their bedroom.

The lamps were still on providing a soft glow, it felt easy and romantic. Curtains were drawn, but a sliver of moonlight peeked out through. The skylight blinds had been drawn too. Meredith had set it up perfectly so they could continue without interruption.

She stopped by the foot of their bed and turned around to face her wife. An occasional shiver worked its way through her body, running around had gotten the worst of it out of her system, but she was in need of *warming* up.

Meredith smiled, she took the claw clip out of Addison’s hair and tossed it onto the wooden dresser behind her. She untied the damp robe slowly revealing the bikini again and tugged it off, goosebumps appeared on her skin.

Dropping her towel to join the robe, Meredith wrapped an arm around her waist to bring her closer, their hips touched. She didn’t miss the shaky exhale Addison let out. Meeting her gaze, she once again played with strings of the bikini top.

Addison restlessly shifted her weight from one leg to the other. “Mer,” she whispered, close to a whine.

“Hm, you need something, sweet girl.” Her voice was low and raspy, eyes never leaving Addison’s, one of her fingers was under the string, deliberately sliding it back and forth, knowing it would drive her crazy.

She really did whine that time. “Mer, please. I need you to undress me.”

Meredith grinned, she got up on her tiptoes to kiss her nose. Heels back down, she found the tie on her back and untied it, she quickly undid the other one. Eyeing the newly uncovered skin she hadn’t seen in a while, she was about to drop the top when Addison held her hand.

“The floors,” she protested.

Meredith lovingly sighed, she tossed the top into the bathroom. It landed with a wet thud.

Addison quickly unhooked Meredith’s top. Red lines adorned her skin, fingers trembling, she traced the marks with one hand. The other tossed the top into the bathroom.

Meredith untied the strings on both hips at the same time, she took a step back and unrolled her bottoms down, accidentally scraping her skin with her nails. She tossed both into the bathroom.

She took Addison in, she once again thanked her lucky stars that she chose her. Her wife was beautiful inside and out—and all hers. Buzzing with anticipation, she said, “We can change the sheets later.” She stepped into her space again, hands on her hips, she slowly guided her backwards to the edge of the bed.

Addison nodded, “Later. I need you now.”

Meredith pushed her onto the bed. “Good, I need you just as much.”

Addison crawled backwards to the headboard, her eyes never leaving Meredith’s. She kicked the white comforter out from under and laid on the pillows. The dark purple sheets were a nice contrast against her fair skin.

Meredith pulled it the rest of the way down, climbing onto the bed. She covered her body with her own.

Addison sighed, she arched under her, loving her weight on top of her. Despite that she grinned mischievously, hooking a long leg behind Meredith’s knees and flipped them over. She wanted to play.

Meredith yelped, not expecting the sudden move.

She hummed, quite pleased with herself. She loosely pinned Meredith’s wrists.

“I thought you wanted me on top.” Meredith took in Addison, her hair provided a curtain between them and the world.

“I do but I want payback from earlier.” She let go of her wrists, using fingers to ghost up Meredith’s soft skin on her sides.

It had the desired effect. Meredith shrieked, laughing and trying to squirm away. “Addie!”

Her touch was up higher now, underneath her armpits, it had Meredith arching, Addison blew a raspberry on the side of her neck.

“Addie!” She gasped, breathless from the tickle attack. She tugged at red locks, drawing a quiet moan from Addison, her movements slowing. Meredith took advantage of her distraction and rolled them over. “I win.”

Addison hummed, a twinkle in her eyes and shook her head. She flipped her again.

“Oh, it is on.”

They playfully wrestled, giggles and moans filled the air. Hands roamed, hot kisses exchanged, limbs entangled, neither stayed on top for long before one would flip the other.

Meredith pinned her once again, arms on either side of her head, voice low, she growled out, “Addison.” She was aching for her.

It stopped her in her tracks, her pupils swallowed the blue, Addison arched under her, pushing her breasts into Meredith’s. She yielded, loving when Meredith put a hint of authority in her voice. “Please.”

Meredith rested between her parted legs, Addison wrapped them around her waist to keep her close. She cupped her jaw and softly rubbed her cheek with her thumb.

Addison leaned into and dropped an open-mouthed kiss on the inside of her wrist, she reached up to carefully untie Meredith’s messy bun. She put the tie on her own wrist, knowing Meredith would complain about Milo stealing a perfectly stretched out hair tie… again. It was an ongoing battle between them.

Meredith closed the gap between them to kiss her again, lips slotting together like a well loved puzzle.

Addison hummed, she poured all of her pent up pining and longing into the kiss.

Her hand wandered down Addison’s body, her curls were damp to the touch, a mixture of the water and her wetness. Her touch was light, intending to drive her wild.

Addison gasped, hips bucking up. “Tease.” She accused.

“You love it.” She countered back, she pulled away with a pop and left a trail of tiny kisses down her neck to the swells of her breasts. “Gorgeous.” She murmured against her skin, capturing a nipple, she slowly circled it with her tongue adding an occasional suck. Her free hand gently twisting the other nipple.

Pushing her head back into the pillow, she arched off the mattress and into Meredith. Heart beating faster with each suck, swirl, and tug that went straight to her clit.

To her frustration, Meredith ignored the swollen bud. She was tracing her folds with a single finger, almost reverently. As much as she craved for a hot and dirty release, she loved the times Meredith savored the moment even more, not rushing to the finish line, just present with her. It was better, sweeter, and more meaningful.

But there was something else she was craving…

“Mer, I want to taste you. Please,” her voice hitched, “it’s been so long.”

Meredith glanced up to find her big blue eyes pleading with her. Combined with her words, she felt her resolve melt. She reluctantly pulled off the nipple she had been worshipping, she was still twisting the other nipple, the one that was more sensitive, her motions a little rougher now. “How do you want me?”

Addison gasped, swallowing heavily, she concentrated on Meredith, “You…on my face.”

Meredith squeezed her thighs together, a fresh wave of arousal shot between her legs. She crawled up her body while Addison moved the pillows to the side.

Meredith got in position, hovering over Addison’s face, hands on the headboard. Cold hands pulled her down the rest of the way til she was within reach of the redhead.

Addison was right where she wanted to be, warm thighs snuggly pressed into her, her curls were damp, and her smell was divine. She parted her folds and softly kissed her hood in greeting.

Meredith sighed, tilting her head back for a moment, she looked down again to find Addison watching her.

Addison slyly winked. She delved in further with her tongue, moaning at the taste. She explored her folds, and once she got her fill, she slowly licked up to the center of her pleasure. The spot she knew Meredith was needing attention. Sensually suckling the swollen bud, she placed her hands on her hips to help guide Meredith into a languid rhythm.

Meredith moaned. “Just like that, Addie.” She dropped a hand from the headboard and placed it on the hand on her hip.

Closing her eyes, Addison got lost in the haze of pleasuring her wife. She kept her pace easy and almost lazy. Her soft moans and gasps were like music to her ears.

Each suck and swirl shot through Meredith, she twitched against her mouth. Her thighs were trembling. She was getting close to the edge, if Addison kept it up, she’d fall over the edge. But she didn’t want to cum like this. She shuffled backwards and sat on Addison’s chest, most of her weight on her knees so she didn’t crush her.

Addison’s eyes shot open, a displeased whine fell from her lips. She tried to pull her back up to her mouth, but Meredith resisted her motions. “Hey, I wasn’t done tasting you.” She pouted.

Meredith chuckled. “I was too close, I want to cum with you.”

Her pout melted into a smile, she nodded. “I want that too.” Her eyes darkened, licking her lips in anticipation.

Meredith rearranged herself to cover her body with her own. She paused to clean the wet spot she had left on her chest, softly nipping at the skin before kissing it one last time. She brought a hand in between their hips to check Addison’s readiness and found her swollen and wet.

Addison whimpered at the loss when she moved her hand away.

Meredith smiled and kissed her cheek in apology. She finished aligning their bodies, chest to chest, hips to hips. Straddling her wife’s hips, she sighed as her clit rubbed against her mound.

Catching onto her plan, Addison opened her legs a bit more and reached a hand down to spread her folds. She gasped as their centers made contact with each other. She could feel Meredith’s wetness starting to drip onto her. This was one of her favorite positions, the closeness and togetherness was exactly what she had been aching for so many days now.

Meredith experimentally grinded, she groaned when Addison moved with her in sync. Their clits brushing against each other.

“Yes.” Addison sighed. “I love this, honey.” She moved her hands up to Meredith’s back

Meredith kissed her cheek. “I know you do. I love it too. You feel so good, sweet girl, so wet for me.”

Addison smiled and embraced her, needing to hold her close. Her hands caressed her back. “All for you,” she said.

They found a rhythm, an easy relaxed pace. Neither one was in a real hurry to rush to the finish line. Their bodies merging together, limbs entangled, hearts beating fast against one another. It was love making. They exchanged sweet kisses that evolved to breathing each other’s air.

Addison let out a shaky exhale when Meredith rolled her hips rougher against hers. “Oh, yes, you feel so good.”

“I’m close,” Meredith warned, her breath hitching. Fire licked up her spine. She was writhing trying in vain to keep in time with Addison, desperate to hold the impending wave back. She could feel her resolve slowly slipping away. Tension coiled in her gut, she was hanging by a thread.

“It’s okay, honey,” she gasped. “I’m—I’m right behind you. Stop fi—fighting it.” She lowered her hands to her hips, she squeezed and guided her motions, moving her own against her.

“I—” Muscles tightening, Meredith arched her back and let go. She buried her face in Addison’s neck. Puffing hot air against her as she came with a gush against Addison. Her

movements were erratic but she pushed through trying to keep steady, she needed Addison to cum.

Addison shuddered at the sensations. The hot breathing on her neck, her weight pinning her to the mattress, their tender flesh smoothly sliding against one another…it was dizzyingly perfect.

Eyes rolling to the back of her head, Addison followed Meredith off the precipice. Her mouth opened into a silent scream and got lost in the waves.

They stilled for a moment, hearts pounding against one another, breathy gasps, lust still bubbling in their veins, hungry for…

“More?” Meredith whispered into her ear, her hips tentatively rolled in question.

“Oh, fuck, yes.”

“Good, I’m not done with you, sweet girl.” She slowly picked up the pace. It was needier than before.

Addison’s breathless chuckle turned into a sigh. “Yes, just like that.” She closed her eyes and met her thrust for thrust, it was noisier as they moved against each other. She reveled in it, a combination of them mixing together between their cores. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Addison smiled.

Meredith’s heart skipped a beat. It was the same smile from the photo, easy and relaxed, she was still the same girl of her youth. Just older and wiser, and age had only added to her beauty.

“You are such a sweet girl.” Meredith kissed her flushed cheek.

Her eyes fluttered open to find Meredith’s gaze on her when she pulled back. Something in her tone was different. It was like she was in awe of her. No one before Meredith had ever looked at her like that, they loved various parts of her. Never her whole self.

Meredith saw past her facade, the walls to keep people at arm’s length, her multi faceted layers were met with curiosity. She saw it all.

It set her aflame to be known because Meredith knew the good, bad, ugly, and the mundane things. And she loved her anyway.

Addison let out a choked cry, “Mer, please.” Her hips bucked up into Meredith. She was close, this one felt bigger than the last one. It was charged with swirling feelings for her wife. Heart full, she whispered. “I—I need you.” She was quivering underneath her.

Meredith never took her eyes off of her, “It’s okay sweet girl, you can cum. I’m with you.”

Beneath closed lids, she saw a constellation of stars, she came undone and fell over the edge with a small moan. Heavenly pleasure set her nerves on fire, she crashed under the waves.

Meredith cried out as she fell with her, she buried her face in Addison's neck. It was sweeter because they came together. Cores spasming as they moved through the aftershocks together.

Once they had their fill, Meredith collapsed against her body. She rearranged her lower body so she could rest between Addison's parted legs. Her muscles were like jello, nuzzling into Addison, she kissed the juncture where neck met shoulder, suckling the skin.

Addison gladly took her weight, she pressed her cheek into her temple, carding her fingers through her sweaty locks. Her eyes shined in the dimly lit room, shedding a few tears. "I really do love you, Meredith." Her voice thick with emotion.

Meredith blinked worriedly, she kissed the mark on her neck. Pulling back, she cupped her face, concern etched on her features. "I really love you too." She swiped her tears away. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," she nodded, "It just hit me that you are it for me. Everyone else pales in comparison to the vibrancy you add to my life. You know me, inside and out."

Meredith took her words in, her blue eyes reflected the honesty and devotion in her voice. "You are the same for me everyday."

Addison nodded and brought her head back down to her chest, "Can we just lay here in the afterglow?"

"Yes, sweet girl."

Addison hummed, quite content.

Meredith poked her shoulder, "Shower?"

Addison woke up with a startled snort, blearily-eyed, she mumbled, "Yeah, shower. I'm awake." She rapidly blinked, she would *not* prove Meredith's claims right.

Meredith fondly rolled her eyes but let it go. She crawled off of Addison and held a hand out. Smiling when she got up and took it, her hand warm in hers at last.

They walked hand in hand to the bathroom and then split up.

Meredith opened the glass shower door, and turned the water on. It slowly warmed up. Closing the door, she bit her lip as Addison bent over to take care of their swim suits. She hung them to dry over the clawfoot tub.

Addison stood up straight, turning to the mirror she made a face at her hair, it was a frizzy snarled mess. Brushing her hair out, she found Meredith's eyes glued to her ass. A faint blush appeared on her cheeks, she teasingly wiggled her hips—carefully watching her reaction. The

soft gasp made her laugh. “See something you like, honey?” She lowered the brush and set it on the counter, smirking at her wife.

“Yes, I love your ass.” She walked up behind her, she got on her tiptoes to rest her chin comfortably on her shoulder and wrapped her arms around her waist.

“Flatterer.”

Meredith spun her by the hips, so they were facing each other. “It’s true.” She kissed the underside of her jaw.

Addison sighed, tilting her head back. “We should really shower.”

“Yeah,” she said.

They took turns washing each other’s hair, exchanging soft lazy kisses as they switched places under the spray. Hands methodically cleaning, their touches light.

Addison slowly dried off. Her movements were slow and lethargic, like she was having a hard time staying on her feet.

Meredith watched her in concern, pausing as she dried off. “Are you still with me?”

“Still here.” Addison murmured, letting out a jaw-cracking yawn. She knew what Meredith was really asking. *Are you in subspace? Do I need to take over?* “I’m okay. Just exhausted. I haven’t been sleeping well.”

She nodded, satisfied with her answer. “I’m off for the next two days.”

“Hm, what a coincidence. I’m off those days too.”

Meredith blew her a kiss.

Addison smiled around a yawn.

Addison slipped into panties and one of Meredith’s oversized long-sleeve shirts.

Padding out of the closet, she tiredly rubbed her eyes to find Meredith had changed the dirty sheets to a soft yellow. “You are an angel.”

Meredith turned while putting the last pillowcase on, she had had the same idea when it came to nightwear. She was in her Yale hoodie and panties too. Throwing the pillow onto Addison’s side, she said, “All in a day’s work.”

“Thank you.” She climbed into bed, scooting to the middle.

Meredith turned off the lamp on her bedside table. “You’re welcome, Addie baby.” She got in and met her in the middle. Laying on her back, she wiggled an arm under Addison.

She curled into her favorite position. Head on her chest, legs tangled together, and hugging her sides.

A quiet meow had her lips curving into a lopsided smile.

“Milo, here boy.” Meredith called him up.

Milo jumped up, his paws quiet on the comforter as he got up to their heads. Sniffing them suspiciously, he eyed Addison and climbed onto Meredith’s chest. His body next to her face.

Addison scratched behind his ears, he purred and leaned into her hand.

She quickly lost the battle against sleep. Her wrist falling limp, his purrs, Meredith’s heart, and the orgasms lulled her to a deep sleep.

Meredith smirked as the softest snore escaped her wife. Her and Milo fell asleep not too long after her.

End Notes

Real tears were shed near the end. I fear I may need to go touch grass.

To be known, is to be loved.

Btw you can find me on tumblr at saltiehead

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