

Gianna realized a few weeks before Valentine's Day that she was in a real pickle.

The thing was, she was fucking *bursting* with love for Riley! It didn't matter that they'd officially been together for nearly a year – and unofficially had been together for several months more – and that she'd gotten to shower Riley with the full extent of her feelings every single day.

Because every single day, she had more of it.

Gianna was caught in a constant cycle of loving Riley Beckett more every day, after having loved her so strongly for over a decade already.

That was a whole lot of feelings.

The good news was that they were positive feelings, so that was a huge bright side. All in all, this was a “problem” that Gianna could and would happily deal with.

After all, she and Riley were literally married, now. If Gianna's biggest problem in her relationship was loving her wife too much, she figured she might rank among the luckiest people in the fucking world.

Still...

“Why are you asking for my passport?” Riley asked, for the second time that evening, as they ate dinner.

Gianna continued to twirl her chopsticks even though the ramen noodles were already secured around them, as she gave Riley a wide-eyed look, as innocent as she could manage. “I just need it.”

Riley placed her own chopsticks down, then, staring at Gianna incredulously. “Gi, you know I would give you just about anything without question. Like... anything. And that includes my passport,” she admitted, before she narrowed her eyes and stared intently at Gianna from across the kitchen island. “But – why?”

She smiled, batting her eyelashes, “Don't you trust me?”

At *that*, Riley crumpled up her napkin and tossed it at Gianna's face, where it hit her in the nose and bounced down to the table. Gianna reeled back, laughing.

“You *know* it's not about whether I trust you or not,” Riley shot back, also laughing, even as she shook her head. “It's because I know you so well that I'm questioning you about it.”

Gianna placed her own chopsticks down, sliding her bowl to the side as she laid her arms on the countertop, splaying her hands on the cool marble between them, palm up. Vulnerable and open. “And what is that supposed to mean?”

Riley slid her hands into Gianna's easily, her warm touch such a perfect juxtaposition to the counter. “It *means*, my love, that I am well-aware that Valentine's Day is fast approaching, and that I also know you have the means to take this holiday to new heights. Apparently, up into the stratosphere kind of heights.”

Clearly caught, Gianna had no shame. She shrugged, grinning brightly as the excitement for her plans took hold. “Fine, you caught me. Now, can I have your passport?”

Riley squeezed her hands again, even as she laughingly shook her head. “Babe! No! Valentine’s Day is in less than four weeks; I can’t just take off from work with such short notice.”

“But,” she countered, “It’s on a Friday! We can just take a long weekend...?”

“I *can’t*,” Riley stressed, sounding genuinely regretful about it. And Gianna knew she truly was; she could read Riley like a book. “You know I’m training Jennifer; I have to be available on the weekends for her.”

Jennifer was Riley’s second anchor at BostonNow Digital, who’d just been officially hired at the start of the year. Riley’s direction for the station was taking off, their audience only growing, and Gianna couldn’t have been more proud if she fucking tried.

“I know,” she acknowledged after a second, sighing with it. “I just – this is our first real Valentine’s Day together. I want it to be...” she searched for the right words, before landing on, “Everything. I want it to encompass everything we are to each other. And I know it’s not a *real holiday* – I know the Ellie Beckett lecture. But, still.”

Riley didn’t take her hands from Gianna’s after the explanation, though. Her fingers stayed, the touch assuring and firm and grounding, as she squeezed again. “I never realized Valentine’s Day meant so much to you?”

Gianna blinked back at Riley’s comment, the words sounding so foreign to her when it was phrased like that. “It doesn’t,” she denied, because she’d never spent a Valentine’s Day wishing to be with someone or feeling lonely or anything like that. “It’s just that this is the first Valentine’s Day I’m spending with *anyone*, and it’s not just anyone – it’s you.”

That was it; every holiday was special with Riley, especially the first time she got to celebrate them with her.

Riley’s eyes were so soft and so sweet, Gianna melted into them. “Babe, I love you. And I would fucking *love* to jet-set off to... well, anywhere with you, right now. And if we plan it in advance, I’m totally down. I just can’t, in three weeks.”

Gianna acquiesced with a nod, before she brought Riley’s hand up to her mouth and kissed her knuckles. “That’s fair. I’ll think of something else.”

After all, she was equipped with all of the Riley-knowledge in the world. She could write not just a book about Riley, but an entire volume about the information she knew about this woman!

\*\*\*

Therein was the problem, Gianna had realized, only a few days before Valentine’s Day was upon them.

She knew Riley *so* well, that she had a mental index of every Valentine's Day Riley had ever spent while in a relationship with someone, and even with her vast knowledge, Gianna was still drawing a blank.

Riley had received the whole cute stuffed animal and heart-shaped chocolates handfuls of times – but she'd always passed along the chocolate to Gianna... and usually the stuffed animal, too. Gianna, admittedly, found the cuteness of the Valentine's Day gifts to be very appealing! Especially when handed to her by Riley.

It was a conundrum that had been living on her mind with increasing frequency in the last few days, including sneaking onto her mind as she finished up her work three days before the day in question.

She was relieved when she finished planning her content posts for the next week, excitedly shutting down everything in her office, before she made her way to their bedroom.

The best time to put Valentine's Day stresses out of her mind, she'd learned, was getting lost in being with Riley.

Who wasn't in their bedroom, but her side of the bed was mussed, and Gianna knew she'd been in bed for the last hour or so, decompressing after work. Getting some reading done. Scrolling through her favorite news sites. Catching up on texting Ellie or Joel or Mia, or maybe her mom.

Those were Riley's typical winding-down activities, after she changed into her pajamas.

Feeling pretty satisfied with herself for her perfect timing, Gianna strode to their ensuite, leaning against the doorjamb.

Riley was exactly where Gianna suspected: working through her nightly routine. Brushing her teeth, working one of her expensive conditioners into her hair, going through an exhaustive skincare routine.

It was nearly as exhaustive as Gianna's own, and it was something else Gianna loved about Riley. About *them*. They knew all of each other's routines, right down to the exact minute of how long they took. They knew every single one of each other's intricacies and quirks, and had accepted each other as the person they were long ago.

That fluttery feeling settled inside of her, though, still, as she crossed her arms and admired Riley. This was her life, now.

That realization never got old.

"You know I can see you, staring at me and smiling in the mirror, right?" Riley asked, her voice warm and teasing, as her hazel eyes flickered to meet Gianna's through the mirror in question.

"I wasn't trying to hide it," she shot back, arching her eyebrows before she pushed herself off from the doorframe and approached her side of the large counter.

When she'd renovated this house while she'd been living in it by herself, she'd insisted on having a very large double-vanity. And the truth was, Gianna had *never* believed she would be sharing her counterspace with another person.

She'd always envisioned herself as contentedly single, living out her life.

Single or not, though, Gianna needed a fuck ton of counter space for all of her products – and this wasn't even the vanity that housed her makeup. Before Riley had lived here, Gianna's products neatly sprawled over the counter and in all of the drawers.

The second Riley had started spending multiple days in a row, here – even before she'd moved in – Gianna had made a point to clear space in the bathroom for the products she knew Riley used.

Honestly, she already had them stocked in the guest bathroom for her from the before times, so she'd just... moved them in. And then had giddily admired them mingling with her own.

“Gianna, you don't have to rearrange everything in your bathroom for me,” Riley had informed her, tenderly stroking Gianna's hair behind her ear. It was a touch from Riley that Gianna had always relished in, one that had begun years and years ago.

It was a touch Gianna hadn't been used to, before Riley. A touch that spoke of affection and softness and care without words.

“I'm perfectly fine with using the other bathroom,” Riley had informed her, arching her eyebrows and locking eyes with Gianna so that she could truly see that Riley meant what she was saying. Even as Riley gave her one of those precious half-smiles. “I know how many products you use, and I know the system that goes into arranging them; me staying here more doesn't mean I have to interrupt your established life.”

“I want it interrupted,” Gianna had swiftly and honestly informed her. Before she'd leaned in and punctuated her words with a kiss that left Riley no room to doubt her.

And now, sharing the bathroom meant that Gianna got to do things like walk up behind Riley and wrap her arms around her waist as she finished her nightly routine. She pressed her body entirely against Riley's back, feeling her ass press between Gianna's thighs, as she lowered her head and nuzzled into the soft, warm spot between Riley's neck and shoulder.

For a moment, Gianna's eyes fell closed as she revelled in the moment. *God*, Riley smelled so good. She always had, but now she smelled this good in *their home*.

Riley seemed to melt right back against Gianna, all of her muscles relaxing, as she tilted her head back to rest on Gianna's shoulder. She lifted her hands and stroked her fingers over Gianna's forearms, letting out the most content-sounding sigh.

A sigh that – no exaggeration – was music to Gianna's ears.

It wasn't like they'd never stood like this in the twelve years before they'd become romantic. There had been many times Gianna had approached Riley and unthinkingly wrapped one or both of her arms around her waist, usually ducking down to kiss her cheek, too.

It had just always felt... right.

And Riley, despite the fact that she'd never knowingly reciprocated these romantic feelings, had never turned away. Usually she'd squeeze Gianna's hand or wrist, tilt her cheek up for the expected kiss.

But then she'd pull away, and Gianna would drop her arms. They'd go about their business as usual.

Now, this was business as usual.

"Did you get everything done?" Riley asked, her voice soft, as she lifted one of her hands and scratched her short nails against Gianna's scalp.

God, that always sent a shiver down her spine.

She nodded, lifting her head enough to meet Riley's look in the mirror. "Sure did. On track to go to bed with you." Before Riley could say another word, Gianna brought her own hand up and pressed a finger to Riley's soft lips. "Uh-uh. My choice. No need to say anything else about it, carina."

There was a sweet, exasperated grin on Riley's lips as Gianna slid her finger away. "I just want you to be *you*. That's all."

"This is the most me," she countered. "Planning my days to go to bed with you."

With that, she gave Riley another soft kiss to the neck, before she released her and started on her own nighttime routine.

Though Gianna had typically always been a night owl, Riley was forced to be a morning person, due to her work. This schedule had worked totally fine for them – as friends. And technically, it could work for them, as partners. Gianna knew that.

But she also knew that she made her own hours, and if she could restructure her time so that she and Riley worked a similar schedule and she could go to bed snuggled up to Riley every night, then she was absolutely going to do that.

She couldn't help but sneak a look at Riley in the large mirror, the smile creeping up on her face as she scooped her hair back into a bun.

God, she was *married* to Riley. Riley Beckett was her wife.

The thought jolted into her, then – she knew exactly what to do for Valentine's Day. Something unique and romantic and something she could guarantee no one had ever done for Riley, before.

\*\*\*

As Gianna walked down the entry hall into their house, she was buzzing with excitement.

Today was the day – she and Riley's first official Valentine's Day together – and she was going to present her gift, and she'd been waiting for this all day long. All throughout the meeting she'd had with Cora about some upcoming sponsor-partnerships, she'd felt antsy to get home.

She'd double-checked their shared google calendar that Riley was scheduled to be home by six, and Gianna had done everything in her power to tie up her loose ends to be home within the same hour.

Except, she found herself fucking baffled when she finally arrived home.

Because none of the main lights were on, and there wasn't a sound to be heard from anywhere in the house?

"Riley? Babe? Are you home?" She called out, pausing in the archway to the living room as she reached into her back pocket to dig out her phone. She'd been going through emails the entire Uber ride home, but maybe she'd missed a text or something? Riley didn't usually –

Oh.

She *did* have a message from Riley. She'd missed it, because, apparently, Riley had sent it to her only a minute ago. Literally as Gianna had been walking through the front door.

***Riley – 6:47PM***

*Go upstairs.*

*Strip.*

*And get in bed.*

Jesus fucking christ. All of the sweet, excited Valentine's Day thoughts were immediately banished from her mind, replaced instead with that message. She could *hear* Riley's voice through that message, and as simple as that, she was wet.

"Riley?" She called out again, hearing the quiver in her own voice.

***Riley – 6:49PM***

*If you aren't up here and completely naked,  
spreading yourself over our sheets in another  
minute, I'm going to assume you don't want  
to do this.*

Gianna read exactly what Riley was saying between the lines – this was a check in. If Gianna had a bad day at work or wasn't in the mood for this, then all she'd have to do was call out Riley's name again and whatever Riley had planned for them up in their bedroom would be easily forgotten.

Like hell was Gianna going to let *that* happen, though.

She rushed up the stairs, already aching and wanting in her very core as anticipation worked through her veins. By the time she entered their bedroom, she'd already stripped her shirt off, undid her jeans, and was in the process of taking off her bra.

As she placed her clothing down on her dresser, she *did* pause as she noted the handful of candles Riley had lit through the room. It was very reminiscent of what Gianna had walked into for their first massage – the day that started it all.

“I believe I said: get on the bed,” Riley spoke from the bathroom, and her voice was that octave lower.

The one that Gianna had never known existed, until they’d started to fuck. It had been the most pleasing discovery she’d made in her adult life, if Gianna was being honest. This husky, commanding tone that came out of Riley’s mouth when she took Gianna over during sex, and it never failed to get Gianna’s blood pumping.

It did exactly that in this moment, as Gianna quickly shed her remaining clothing and climbed onto their bed, the desire mixing with that anticipation, causing a heady mix.

She wondered what exactly Riley had planned for her. She wondered wh—

When Riley stepped into the bedroom, she wasn’t able to wonder anything at all.

Not when Riley stood in front of her, wearing a lacy red push-up bra that encased and called even more attention to her prodigious breasts, and a matching thong. The curves of her hips and her thighs *begged* for attention, and Gianna absolutely ate it up.

It was crazy, Gianna thought, as her throat ran dry. Crazy, because *somehow*, seeing Riley in Worthy lingerie was even sexier than seeing her naked. Seeing Riley wearing her lingerie – the designs *she’d* created, on the body she’d lusted after for her entire adult life, knowing that Riley was wearing them solely *for her* – physically marked Riley as hers. Her chest, her pussy, her ass, the most personal parts of Riley that were Riley’s to share with select people she chose...

And she not only chose Gianna to be the person to touch her, but to be the person whose designs got to touch Riley, as well.

Gianna had never been a possessive person, before. Not with a single other person she’d had sex with or even back before she’d realized relationships were fruitless.

But with Riley? Seeing Riley donning lingerie made by Gianna? It awoke this primal, possessive hunger inside of her, every fucking time.

“Mine,” she couldn’t help but whisper, just like the first time this had happened.

Which, she realized as she blinked up at Riley, had been last Valentine’s Day.

“Yeah. Yours,” Riley asserted, her eyes roaming over Gianna’s body, the desire in them so clear, Gianna shivered with it.

“This might be our technical first Valentine’s Day together, but last year with you was my favorite Valentine’s Day I’ve ever had,” Riley stated, walking closer. “Do you remember it?”

“As if I could fucking forget,” Gianna breathed back, staring up at Riley from where she lay on the bed.

“It was the first time you said that – the first time you called me *yours*,” Riley murmured, bending down until she was just centimeters away from Gianna’s lips, breathing the same air.

The sensation of it, of Riley’s hot breath on her mouth, Riley’s hair falling to curtain them, the *almost* touching... *fuck* Gianna wanted more.

She arched up, connecting their lips. Feeling the soft, supple sensation of Riley's mouth against hers, she sighed, luxuriating in the kiss. In the first few seconds of the softness, of saying *hello*, before Riley slid her tongue along Gianna's, toying with her, fanning the flames that built inside of her.

Gianna groaned low in her throat, wanting, as she kept pace with Riley's voracious kiss, nipping teeth and needy, panting breaths. She arched her back into Riley's touch when she felt her fingers trace down between her breasts, before cupping one and pinching her nipple.

She cried out against Riley's mouth, instinctively reaching her hands up to tangle them into Riley's hair and pull her closer. Wanting to make sure she didn't move away.

But as soon as she made contact, Riley pulled away from her and stood to full height again.

Her chest heaved with her short breaths, her visibly hard nipples poking into the lace of her lingerie, making Gianna *throb* with want. Her lips were so full and wet and Gianna sat up without thought, trying to chase for more.

And then Riley's lips curled into a smile as she shook her head and put her hand on Gianna's shoulder. "No. Turn around. Get on your stomach. And keep your hands down on the bed."

Fuck, and there was that tone.

Gianna had always known she and Riley would be sexually compatible, theoretically. Just based on stories about sex. But she'd never known just *how* compatible they truly were, and – just like every other aspect of their lives – they fit together, perfectly.

Excited, needy, she quickly turned over, resting her head on her hands to make sure she didn't reach back for Riley.

She felt Riley climb onto the bed with her, before she threw a leg over the back of Gianna's thighs, straddling her.

"Do you remember the beginning of it all?" Riley asked, quietly. "When you came in here to give me my massage, after your party?"

Riley's hands fell to her back, stroking down it in a smooth, firm motion. Gianna arched back into the touch, feeling both soothed and even more aroused.

"Of course I do," she answered. She'd never be able to forget that; she could be on her death bed in sixty years and she *knew* that moment would be burned into her brain.

Riley's hands continued their own massage – always stopping before she actually touched Gianna's ass, and then back up to her shoulders.

"I do, too. I couldn't believe how much I wanted you. How fucking good your touch felt. How much I wanted you to touch me, everywhere."

"Thank god for that massage, then," Gianna quipped, before she groaned in disappointment when Riley *still* didn't slide her touch down to her ass or between her legs.

Riley hummed low in her throat in agreement. "Thank god," she agreed, "And the box of errant sex toys."



Riley ran her hands down Gianna's sides, then, tracing her fingers over the sides of her breasts. But she didn't dip lower to really touch them like she had before, not even when Gianna pushed her torso up to give her access.

Instead, she ran her hands down to the sides of Gianna's hips, lightly brushing her fingers inwards... so close... before she pulled her hands back, moving them up to Gianna's shoulders to start again.

"And when you massaged me, you were so wet. Do you remember that?" Riley's voice slid through her veins like liquid fire, so smooth and so low, and *of course* Gianna remembered that.

"You were naked in my bed, asking me to touch you. Moaning from it. Of course I was wet."

"I understand. Having you underneath me like this, being able to touch you at my leisure, where and when I want to..." Riley pressed herself down against the thigh she was straddling, and Gianna moaned at how fucking wet Riley was against her. Even through the soft lace of her lingerie. Riley rocked her hips down into Gianna, a whimper leaving her throat and settling low in Gianna's core, adding to the heat. "My clit being so hard, sliding against the lace that you designed – it feels so good."

Gianna was robbed of words, only able to nod. Nod, and wish Riley would touch her.

"Did you ever imagine me? When you designed the fit for your sizes?" Riley asked, her hands sliding down Gianna's back again, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

She stopped right at Gianna's ass, *again*, the warmth of her hands not moving where Gianna desperately wanted them to go. She arched her ass up against Riley, trying to push for more. For what she *needed*.

"Did you?" Riley asked again, holding her hands firmly where they were. *Very* firmly, as she pushed even more and pressed Gianna down against the bed.

She groaned low in her throat at the way her hips grinded down against the bed, any semblance of the friction she desperately wanted remaining just beyond her grasp. "What? Did I what?"

"Did you imagine me, when you designed the different fits for your lingerie?" Riley asked again, her voice low, and her hands inching lower *finally*. Moving slowly, sensuously over Gianna's ass. "I know that you were your own first model. That you'd take your measurements and design lingerie for your body. Which made sense, of course."

Riley applied more pressure, kneading her fingers into Gianna. The feeling robbed Gianna of breath, her ass feeling so sensitive that every fucking time Riley touched her, Gianna felt the sensation jolt straight to her clit.

"When I was putting on this lingerie, though, I started to think about the times in the past that I've worn lingerie. You know, other lines, from different stores."

Gianna pouted, huffing out a breath at the thought. Which was ludicrous, she knew, but it wasn't about the other people Riley had worn lingerie for in the past. It was the idea of Riley wearing anything other than Gianna's *Worthy* designs on her most intimate places.

“The sizes never fit me so well, you know? Something would be *just* a little off, just a little uncomfortable.” She rocked down against Gianna’s thigh again, and Gianna could feel her clit. She dug her nails into the bedspread, a whimper in her throat. “But yours? It’s perfect. I just can’t help but wonder... did you ever imagine me, when you were designing it?”

“Obviously. Yes,” she admitted, desperation already lacing through her tone.

“You pictured me, wearing the thongs and bras that *you* designed. Made with your own hands. About how I’d look in them.”

Gianna nodded, shamelessly. “And I was right.”

Riley looked just as fucking good as she’d always imagined. It was easy, given that she’d seen Riley naked so many times.

Riley dragged her fingers down between Gianna’s thighs, then, everywhere she touched electrified in her wake. Gianna spread her thighs as much as she could to accommodate her, hoping she’d touch her, wanting –

“I just want you to know that for as much as you call me *yours* while I wear this?” Riley asked, her fingertips tracing Gianna’s slit, wrenching a long, deep moan from her chest. She settled her fingers right outside of Gianna’s entrance, two fingers circling but not dipping inside. Not giving Gianna what she fucking needed. “*You’re mine.*”

With that, she pushed her fingers inside, fast and deep and *yes*.

Gianna nodded – at Riley’s words, at her touch, at everything. Just desperate for Riley to keep going.

And she did.

Riley’s fingers slid out, slowly, nearly all the way, and Gianna’s breath caught in her chest.

Before Riley pressed inside again, hard and deep, and *god*, Riley really did know exactly how to fuck Gianna the way she liked. Needed.

Hard and deep, starting slow before gradually speeding up.

Gianna pressed her hips down into Riley’s hand, rocking into the rhythm Riley set, as the litany of moans and *please* and *just like that* and *Riley’s* left her throat. She didn’t know what she was saying when she was saying it, and it didn’t matter.

All that mattered was that she was being thoroughly fucked and that Riley was the one doing it.

She gasped, which then turned into a groan, as she felt Riley slide another finger inside of her. Perfectly, deliciously full, and she could fucking cry from it. From how good it felt, from how much she wanted to come.

She felt Riley press her body against Gianna’s back, surrounding her, as she kept thrusting her fingers. Felt Riley bite into her shoulder, and “*God, Riley!*”

She could feel herself clenching, then, ready to come. So, so ready. She gripped the bedding even harder, then, realizing just *how* close she was to coming.

“Ri – Rile – I’m, fuck, I’m–”

“Good,” Riley murmured against her ear, curling her fingers inside of Gianna on her next stroke. “Come for me.”

And Gianna did. Hard.

She rode Riley’s fingers, whimpering, as the orgasm washed over her, wonderfully unaware of anything in the world except for how blissed out she felt.

Gianna came back down to earth long moments later, as Riley kissed softly at her shoulders.

“You good?” Riley whispered, nudging Gianna with her nose.

“Mmm,” was all Gianna managed, but she was smiling as she did so.

Riley’s gentle laugh floated over her, before she placed another kiss against Gianna, and slowly slid her fingers out from inside of her.

Gianna’s eyes closed for a beat, then. Totally relaxed. There was no way in hell anyone on earth was having a better day than she was.

“That was, *mm*, an *incredible* Valentine’s Day gift,” she murmured, her body feeling like it was melting into the bed.

Riley’s lips disappeared from her, though, and Gianna frowned, lifting her head and blinking her eyes open. “What are you doing?”

Not only were Riley’s lips gone, then, but so was her whole, perfect body.

Gianna would never complain about the view of Riley’s ass, but – she could complain about Riley leaving the sanctuary of their bed.

Riley tossed her a sweet smile over her shoulder as she quickly walked into the bathroom. “I’m coming back. One sec.”

Gianna rolled onto her side, curious.

Then blinked in surprise a few seconds later, as Riley entered the room again. Now, carrying a large teddy bear and a box of Gianna’s favorite, expensive Swiss chocolates in one arm, and a vase of Gianna’s favorite flowers in her other hand.

“Riley, what are you *doing*?” She found herself asking, even as she felt her lips pull into a large grin. “What is all of this?”

“I realized that – I think maybe Valentine’s Day means a little more to you than you even realize,” Riley explained, her tone thoughtful, as she placed the flowers on their bedside table, followed by the chocolate, before she smiled and handed Gianna the bear.

“You said it yourself: you’ve never spent a Valentine’s Day with *anyone*, and you’re my *wife*.” Riley nodded decisively with the word, and it never failed – every time Gianna heard Riley assert herself as Gianna’s wife, she swooned inside.

“That means it’s my responsibility to give you every Valentine’s Day experience, from cheesy to sweet to sexy.” She reached out and carded her fingers through Gianna’s hair after

climbing back into their bed, and the look in her eyes was so soft, so sweet. “And not only is it my responsibility, but it’s what I want. I want to give you everything, Gianna. I want you to have every good experience in the world, and I’m so lucky that I’m the one you chose to be with. That I’m the one you love. I see everything you do for me, for us, and I want you to feel just as cherished and appreciated as you make me feel.”

Gianna had to blink back the tears, not even sure where they’d come from, as she clutched one arm tightly around the teddy bear and reached for Riley with the other.

Riley easily slid in toward her, cuddling up against Gianna’s body.

“I am your wife.” Yeah, she didn’t think saying that word, herself, would ever get old, either. She toyed with the soft ends of Riley’s hair, the excitement and anticipation of her own reveal of the day coming alive again. “And that leads me to the present I got you.”

Riley gave her a questioning look, a small, teasing smile on her lips. “There’s not a private jet outside, right?”

“Ha-ha,” Gianna lightly pinched at her shoulder, before smoothing her fingers over it. “*No.*”

Taking a moment, she searched Riley’s gaze with her own, before she said, “Since we got married in Vegas and it wasn’t something we’d planned or anything, we never really talked about names. You know?”

Riley’s eyebrows furrowed, but she slowly nodded in acknowledgement.

“I, um, I filed a petition at City Hall for a legal name change,” she finished, feeling inexplicably nervous.

Riley’s eyes widened, clear shock written all over her face. “Are you – you *did*? Really?”

Gianna nodded, digging her teeth into her bottom lip, searching Riley’s response. “I know that you’ve never wanted to change your name, even when you thought you might marry a man. You’ve always wanted to be Riley Beckett. And I love that.”

She really, truly did. She loved how much Riley knew herself. She always had. Riley’s sense of self had helped Gianna truly find her own.

“I – yeah. But that doesn’t mean I expected you to change *your* name,” Riley murmured, shaking her head, as she reached for Gianna’s hand.

She interlocked their fingers. “I know you didn’t. But... I *want* to be a Beckett. My last name – it’s meaningful, because of where I come from, I guess. Geographically. But I don’t have a connection to it, emotionally, or to my parents the way you do. I want to be your family, in every way. Name included. Is that okay?”

Huh... maybe she should have asked before she’d actually filed.

“I have a middle name, now, though,” she anxiously added, a little smile playing at her lips. “Mäkinen makes a pretty good middle name, I think. Uniqu–”

She cut herself off as Riley’s mouth pressed against hers, Riley’s free hand coming up to cup the back of her neck.

Even when Riley pulled back from their kiss, her fingers stroked in small, comforting touches at Gianna's scalp.

"I love it. I love *you*, Gianna Mäkinen Beckett."