

Series 11 - Love Fun

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by Angie

Love Stretches

*O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!*

- William Shakespeare

Catherine had never really been fond of rising early, but she had made a special effort to be up and below by eight a.m, to help with preparations for the Winterfest celebration. Vincent had already left when she awakened at seven o'clock and she decided to dress and go down right away. She could then join the community for a quick breakfast before beginning the day's work.

There was no point in anything but a perfunctory wash, as she would be getting very grubby, if past years were any indication.

She left the brownstone a few minutes later and trotted down the tunnels towards Vincent's chamber, still a little hazy with sleep, thinking of nothing in particular. If he wasn't there, she would probably find him with Father.

She moved quietly, almost as softly as Vincent, these days. Her senses had become more acute as well. She could sense that he was concentrating deeply on something, and wondered what it could be so early in the morning. She was sure it had nothing to do with cleaning the Great Hall.

She slid into the tunnel that led to his chamber and carefully pulled away the privacy curtain. She wanted to surprise him, but stopped dead at what she saw. Her mouth fell open and she slunk back a little, then she moved the rug away from the wall slightly, so she could feast her eyes without being seen.

Vincent had lit just one overhead lamp. She felt as if she had intruded – but could not make herself leave. Here was another surprise about her special man!

Catherine had accepted Vincent's physical differences as an integral part of the man she loved. She wouldn't wish to change any part of him. His leonine face was beautiful: his nose, cheeks and chin softly-furred, his arching eyebrows, that wonderful cleft in his upper lip and full lower lip. Even his canine teeth were special and she loved to see them revealed, especially when he spoke her name.

Most of all, perhaps, she loved the very masculine beauty of him – the play of his muscles under his skin. She loved to feel them against her when they made love, enjoyed watching him move naked. She had never seen him do this before, though, and she found herself entranced.

Vincent was standing naked in the centre of his chamber with his back to her. He had moved his writing table further away from his bed some time ago, but she had never asked why. Now she knew.

In the soft multi-coloured glow of the lamp, Vincent had his hands stretched over his head and was standing on tiptoe. His back muscles rippled under their soft hair as he moved his arms to the side and back above his head. He had tied back his hair with a leather thong, the first time she had ever seen him do that. His buttock muscles tensed and released as he stretched and sagged, stretched and sagged. His legs were slightly akimbo and his calf muscles bulged as he raised himself up.

Catherine found herself getting aroused and quickly tried to think of a song that would distract her. She didn't want him to stop what he was doing. Unfortunately, the only song she could think of was "Beauty and the Beast" by Stevie Nicks. Vincent was certainly "something to see". She calmed herself by thinking of the Foundation ledgers piling up on her desk in the brownstone. She took a deep breath and watched avidly.

He put his hands on the ground between his outstretched feet and slowly began to walk them away a few steps, until he was positioned on the carpet like a large "X". Then he stretched, pulling in his stomach and arching his back until she could hear the muscles pop in his shoulders. Catherine now had a lovely view of his rear end, and what she could see hanging between his legs sent a blast of heat to her core. She resolutely dampened that with thoughts of the dusty tables in her future.

Gods, he was huge! She had never seen him from this angle. Her legs were getting shaky at the sight and she slid down the wall. She carefully kept her eye in the gap between the rug and the wall, though, eying him like a voyeur. She didn't want to miss anything, but had to open her mouth so she could breathe properly.

Vincent now bent his knees, put his rump in the air and dropped onto his elbows. He sank his back until his stomach almost touched the floor, then dropped his rump and lifted himself up on his arms. As she watched, he undulated between this position and the arch, over and over. He moved, she thought, like ... a large cat.

Catherine found it more and more difficult to remain impassive, especially when his rump was in the air and tilted towards her by the lowering of his back. She closed her eyes to try and regain her composure.

There was a grunt from Vincent and her eyes sprung open to look again. He had flipped over into a crab position

and flung back his head. Then he arched his back upwards and stretched both arms and legs until he formed a canopy.

It was almost too much. Catherine now had an unobstructed view of that part of him she loved most of all, and had to hold her breath and pinch herself to prevent her arousal from taking hold. She couldn't tear her eyes away, though, and watched as he stretched and relaxed again.

Really, the man was torturing her, she thought. If this was what he did when he left their bed early in the morning, she would never again be able to get that precious hour or so of extra sleep for thinking about him doing ... this.

As she watched, she realized something more was getting stretched. His penis was now stiffening and that could only mean one thing - he knew she was watching! Catherine immediately let go of the rug at the thought, and sat in the darkness for a few moments.

What would he think of her spying on him? Indications were he didn't mind, but that might not have been his intention. She had disturbed his privates routine. Not *privates*, Cathy, she told herself sternly. Private, er... personal ... um ... exercise.

She was debating whether to lift the rug and see what he was doing now, or leave quickly before she further embarrassed herself, when the rug was abruptly tweaked away and a pair of strong arms lifted her so quickly that she had time only for a gasp. A second later, she was on the big bed and Vincent was arched over her, his eyes glinting in the lamp light. He didn't look annoyed and his manhood certainly looked ready for anything.

Tentatively, she reached up a hand and stroked his soft testicles and then along his stiffened penis. She was rewarded with an explosion of air from him and he abruptly dropped his upper body so he could plant his lips on top of hers.

She gave up trying to think, but desperately wanted out of her clothes. She wriggled and with his help, managed to shed them, grateful that she had put on a pair of old loose pants and a baggy sweatshirt, both of which came off easily. Her under layers came off just as quickly.

Vincent was again looming over her, barely touching her. She could hear something from deep in his chest, almost a low growl. and a rough vibration ran along her skin where their legs touched. She looked up at him, her core aching with desire. She arched her hips wantonly in welcome, a small whimper escaping her.

He moved quickly then, sliding his arms under her hips and quickly flipping her over. His hands were under her hip bones and he lifted her towards him, teasing her rump with his aroused manhood and soft testicles. She groaned softly and shivered in a desperate need for him.

Then he moved apart her legs with his knees and pulled her to him, slowly pushing his penis into her waiting channel. She felt him enter her and sighed in relief as he swelled inside her. The vibration of his growl seemed to run through her core and set her skin tingling where their bodies touched.

He kept his hips still, but she could feel his mouth on her hair, nuzzling. Then he moved to kiss and nip the back of one ear, then run his lips and tongue along the back of her neck to the other ear. He returned to her neck, began to nip and kiss and lick it, holding her so close, she felt herself melt into him.

He began to pump and she remembered the play of muscles in his buttocks and back and felt an inferno building inside her. She could feel Vincent's heat as well, inside and out.

They groaned in unison and suddenly he stiffened. She felt her orgasm meet his and explode into light. His deliciously moist warmth filled her. Joy blossomed along their bond as their love sang a duet.

Vincent held the position for only a moment, then slid to the bed, and rolled over, keeping her close, pulling her onto his chest. He was still inside her and she could feel him pulsing, a sensation she loved. She couldn't see his face, but the feel of him along her back and buttocks was delightful. He cupped his hands around her breasts and wrapped his legs around hers, keeping her close. A soft, sensuous purr began in his abdomen and ran along her skin like silk.

Catherine sighed. She was reluctant to break the silence, but she had to know.

"Why?"

Vincent hugged her closer and she felt his unique mouth play with her ear. His whisper was deep and slow.

"Catherine, my differences are not just skin deep. My senses are more acute. My muscles are also more ...

feline. I can jump from great heights and I do not need to exercise to keep fit. But I do need to stretch.”

“Have you always done this, then?”

“Yes, but not every day. Just when I have not done heavy work for awhile.”

“Why don’t you do it in our bedroom, then? There’s lots of room and it’s warmer too.”

“Catherine, look what happened when you saw me stretching. I can’t control my response to your response. I had to make love to you, exactly as I did. I was barely human.”

“Nonsense, Vincent. You were as gentle and considerate as you always are, and I could feel your love filling me, completing me. That ... position ... is just as human as the ‘missionary’ one. I enjoyed it.”

Vincent sighed. “I know.” He suspected he would not win this argument, but he had to try.

“Then?”

“How can I stretch properly, knowing you are watching and becoming aroused? I have to do this, Catherine. My body screams for it after a few days. I do not get much opportunity to run and the work here below needs less of my muscle than it used to.”

“But now I’ll know what you are up to, Vincent.” And he certainly was “up”, she thought irreverently.

Vincent gave her some of his devastating logic in answer.

“Yes, but only if you are awake. You will not be sure. I often come below early for other reasons.”

Catherine sighed now.

“Very well, Vincent. I guess our lovemaking is not ‘stretching’ you enough either. I would not want to compromise your physical necessities with my incorrigible sexual need.”

Vincent chuckled softly.

“Catherine, our lovemaking is too pleasant to be called a stretch. I know your ‘incorrigible’ needs as well as you know mine. Have I ever refused you – or you me?”

“No – and I hope we never reach that impasse.”

“We will not, I promise you, while I have breath in my body. When I have finished my stretches, if I feel your need, I will come to you. But I have to be allowed to finish them - here.”

“Did you finish them today?”

“Yes. I did not realize I had an audience until I was almost finished.”

“I saw your response.”

“I know. I felt your incorrigible need.”

“I’m going to regret using that expression.”

“No.”

He rolled her onto her back, and with a feral grin and gleam in his eyes, he proceeded to prove it to her.

Afterwards, as they lay supine and satiated, the first breakfast call sounded over the pipes. They both groaned.

“I think I see your point, now,” Catherine whispered to the soft ear under her lips.

“Yes.”

“We can’t miss breakfast.”

“No. And everyone will know exactly what we have been doing.”

“So be it. We are both incorrigible. It’s allowed, so long as we don’t shirk our duties.”

“And after those duties are completed ...”

“We can revert to type,” Catherine completed.

And so they did.

END

The Rose Buffet

*Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
Which we will take, until my roof whirl around
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance.*

- Ben Johnson

Catherine feasted her eyes on the man stretched out beside her, basking in the morning sun coming in the skylight – and purring. She could feel the vibration in the mattress. An unexpected advantage of a rattan frame. It also seemed to transmit the shake of the underground trains and occasionally heavy trucks going by on the street outside the brownstone. She loved the sensation. But Vincent's was unique, of course. It seemed to seep into her bones, like an electric massager.

He was a sight to see. One pane of the skylight had a pair of stained glass roses – a red and a white, of course. They were colouring that part of his anatomy she considered entirely hers. Did he know this? She suspected he did.

Vincent was a gourmet's delight, she decided. Every part of him was fascinating, loveable. He was a sensual buffet. In combination, he was a meal that rivaled anything anyone could imagine. She could not conceive of beginning a day without him.

She loved the tastes, smells and feel of him. He was gentle, as if a big stuffed toy had come to life. He was cuddly and warm, but firm in all the right places. He was tactile, beautifully so, and loved to be touched, stroked, kissed, massaged, and sucked. He responded in ways she had never thought possible in anyone. He shook with delight, quivered with passion - and his skin heated furnace-like. He made her skin tingle, her head roar - and lit a fire in her core that seemed to consume her. And she loved him with total abandon, as he did her.

She was feeling that warmth building again, and watched as his manhood awakened to what he sensed through their bond. The roses seemed to be growing as she watched.

It was very tempting, but no, she decided that today she wanted to explore him as a gourmand.

She moved to lay on her side against him. His purr buzzed against her and sent a shiver down her length. His purr deepened and he turned to look at her.

"I can sense mischief," he whispered. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking what a gourmet's delight you are. And I'm thinking I want to explore you in great detail."

"Oh, is that all? Be my guest," he rasped, the tension in his voice belying the casual words.

She was not fooled, but chose not to say so. Instead she spent a few moments trying to decide where to start. Top to bottom? But then she would have to bypass the middle to continue. She knew herself incapable of that. Begin at the top, switch to the bottom and then work upwards so she could give the delightful main dish the attention it deserved? That seemed awkward. Then she had a brainstorm. Why not just sample choice dishes at random until she could no longer ignore the pull of the main course? Yes, that made sense. Those she missed could be sampled another time.

She knew her capacity for indulgence was not infinite. She would have to sample carefully or she would fill to bursting and get distracted. Nothing too rich at first. She must be discriminating.

There was even the possibility that the *piece de resistance* might not await her pleasure. She would have to pace herself very carefully and monitor the state of the centrepiece. Yes, that should work. Catherine smiled.

Vincent saw that smile and knew it meant she was going to test his staying power severely. He wondered how he could prevent himself from combusting. Perhaps if he recited the times tables. On the other hand, he didn't want to be so distracted that he'd miss something – he just didn't want to "misfire". Well, nothing said he couldn't engage in some diversions of his own.

Catherine was already enjoying the feel of his hips against her thigh and decided to begin her repast with something close to hand. Her own hands, she decided, should stay quiet for now.

Vincent had his arms angled beside his head, so she nuzzled under his arm. His hair was fairly short and very fine there, but abundant. It was like burrowing into an angora sweater – soft and sweet. There was the slight scent of herbal soap and a slight dampness. He was not as unaffected as he pretended. She nosed around this concave platter, exploring it thoroughly.

Vincent decided to hold his retribution in reserve, until he could no longer resist. He closed his eyes as Catherine began her exploration of his right armpit. As she pushed her nose around, she seemed to leave a trail of heat behind. If that weren't enough, her breasts, their nipples hard, were pressed against his ribs. Unfair, he moaned to himself.

Vincent thought furiously. Maybe the times tables were a good idea after all. 1 times 1 is 1, 1 times 2 is 2, 1 times 3 is 3. Or should he have started with 0 times 1?

Catherine must have sensed his sudden distraction, because she suddenly sucked hard and he lost his train of thought completely. He groaned. Maybe he would have to take remedial action. He considered and opened an eye to look down the length of her body. Well, that round hip rising above his waist looked very inviting. He moved his other arm across himself and began to stroke it. He felt a shudder and smiled to himself. Ha! She was not so engaged that she couldn't be distracted. He knew she had caught that minor *frisson* of triumph.

Round one, Catherine decided, had gone to Vincent. He had managed to counter her quite effectively. The feel of his warm hand on her hip almost made her want to concede defeat - but she had barely started. She was made of stronger stuff and had to get a grip on herself. She considered her next move. Well, perhaps it was time to take aim at something a little more sensitive.

She walked her lips across his ribs to a nipple hiding in his dense chest fur and began a soft teasing. She put her arm across his chest and let it rest there. She was delighted when the nipple began to harden and rise a little. Then she began a slow massage around it, every so often stopping to give the nipple a lick and then blowing on it. She felt him shiver under her. Aha, he was not so sanguine anymore!

Vincent's nipples were one of his most sensitive areas - and Catherine knew it. He put his head back and let himself drown in the sensation of her lips on it. Then when she licked it and then blew on it, he couldn't prevent a shiver down his length. He felt her satisfaction through the bond.

Meanwhile, her own nipples were pressed into his chest and her arm lay across it. Again, the unfairness of it assaulted him even as he gloried in the sensation. His purr became a bit erratic and did not seem to affect her much. He moved his hand to slide down a little to her hip and then up to her ribs, but knew that would not be enough to distract her either. He couldn't reach her breasts. She began to suck his nipple hard - and he became disconnected again. Ripples of arousal flowed down to his groin. His penis was now almost at attention. He groaned.

Well, she had won that round, Catherine thought. She peeked under her arm and saw the clear evidence of her success. And she had heard him groan. His mouth was open, exposing his canines, and his breath was rasping. Yes, his purr had changed to something almost spastic and his chest was tensing a little under her. But he was not yet dangerously aroused. He was still in control.

However, his warm hand on her ribs was a distraction she would have to overcome for her next buffet dish. How many more could she handle?

She decided it was time to enjoy her second favourite repast - Vincent's face. She could only reach it when they were in bed, and she thought of it now as a platter of *petit-fours*. So many different flavours and textures, all delightful.

She moved herself so she was laying on Vincent's chest, as high as she could get, her legs straddling him so they would not touch what would surely distract her. She put her hands to work cupping his ears and stroking them, felt him shiver, and smiled. Then she began her exploration.

His eyebrows were of coarser hair and swooped from his unique nose like the wings of a seagull. She nuzzled them lightly and then ran her nose along each arc in turn, then against the growth. Then she smoothed them straight with her tongue. When she paused, Vincent's eyes opened and looked in hers. They were dark with passion, but there was a glint in them. She knew she was in for trouble. He closed them again and she moved onto the next delight, closing her eyes and let her lips explore.

She slid her lips over his cheeks, loving the softness of the skin under his eyes, his high cheekbones. His skin

was warm from the sun. She found the rise where his facial hair began and followed it up to where it joined his nose, then went over it to his other cheek. This fur was soft, like a baby's hairbrush, not unlike that in another very precious place, she thought, and felt herself heat up. Resolutely, she dragged her mind back to the treat under her lips.

Next had to be his nose. She moved her lips down its furry length, tasting it lightly with her tongue. When she got to the tip she paused. The area around his nostrils was very smooth and moistly warm. She kissed it, then licked it slowly. Wonderful! Then there was his cleft, which had a name – what was it called? It popped into her mind. Philtrum. She ran her tongue down it, nuzzled the fur on either side of the cleft. It was lovely and soft. She felt him tense under her, knew that this was one of his erogenous zones, decided to sample it a little longer and ran her tongue down it again.

Abruptly she was distracted from an unexpected quarter and had to pause. Something was tickling her crotch. Well, she knew what it was of course, and the folly of her position was made plain to her. He was now fully-extended, without a doubt. And eager.

Well, she wasn't quite ready to concede defeat yet. She moved her mouth to his and began to massage it. He responded with a passion that left them both gasping for air and their tongues reaching for each other. She felt as if she were drowning, felt Vincent's disconnect as well, as if they were sinking together. She reflected that her oh-so-clever move had resulted in a draw.

She gave herself up to sensation, left Vincent's ears to stroke what was worrying the hot moistness between her legs, reached a little further down to try and find his furry balls. But the position was too awkward. She sighed and felt his heat radiating through her.

Well, enough of hors d'oeuvres. Time for the main course. She slid herself down until she was resting on that wonderful work of art. Her legs were inside his and now she could cup those finely-furred globes and did so, massaging them gently. She heard him gasp

She was just thinking that she had countered that well when she felt a long-nailed finger stroke her labia from behind. She groaned in arousal and gave up. She put her chin on his chest to look up him and found him regarding her with a love and passion that ran like fire along their bond in both directions.

Vincent then put his hands under her pelvis and lifted her slowly onto his column. They both sighed in absolute delight as he slid inside and swelled to fill her. He put his arms around her and hugged her close, moving his lips over her hair and finding an ear to nuzzle. He had succeeded in sidetracking her completely. She hugged his broad chest, stroked his ribs - and let herself sink into sensation.

Vincent put his hands on Catherine's hip bones and lifted her a little, then arched his own to meet her, lifted his knees to keep her from sliding down. He wrapped his legs around hers, then began a sinuous motion which made her arch her back and grasp his arms for support.

Catherine looked up and was captured by his half-closed azure eyes, which immediately locked on her own. His mouth was open slightly, his tongue half out in concentration. She had never seen him do that before and found the sight of his tongue quite erotic.

She felt her heat build up to sun-like intensity and suddenly they both exploded in passion, their orgasm soaring, carrying them on its warm waves to a far horizon – Xanadu perhaps, she thought.

Catherine let herself slump onto his chest and felt his legs clamp her close. His arms surrounded her and his purr reverberated with new energy along their length. She shuddered in a minor release and felt him pulse inside her in response.

That was definitely a draw. They were the perfect match. Together, they made a full meal, an elegant sufficiency. Nothing more was needed or wanted. It was perfect.

Her last thought was that this buffet had been all she had hoped for. But then this particular gourmet delight had never disappointed her. She felt Vincent's complete contentment.

Catherine drifted into a nap and felt Vincent do the same. The roses moved up her back unnoticed, their beauty no less for gracing a different buffet now.

END

My Wild Love

*“I’m wild again,
Beguiled again”*

- Lorenz Hart

Catherine lay atop Vincent, her favourite position and one she indulged in as often as she could. He was so furry on the surface, so beautifully muscular beneath that velvet softness. The combination made her blood sing.

He lay supine beneath her, but she could feel his arousal beginning to tickle her thighs. His arms were out to the sides and his palms upward, his legs apart. It was a position that seemed to denote complete subservience – and it was, now that she thought about it.

That didn't seem quite right. She knew he liked her to make the first moves and did not consider it unmanly. That set him apart from every man she had ever known intimately – and from what other women reported, most other men as well. He had subdued so much of himself to love her, partly out of fear, partly because he loved to bask in her love along the bond. He had few inhibitions now. Those old fears had been replaced by passion of a different kind.

She knew this, but was suddenly curious. Was there still some wildness in him that she could bring to the surface? He was a superb lover, but she sensed he was still a little careful with her. Well, there was only one way to find out – but what could she do?

Catherine knew that Vincent wouldn't – couldn't – hurt her, but she suddenly wanted to see that other side of him, the one that used to rise to the surface when she was in danger. Carefully, she kept her emotions neutral, but poised herself mentally. There was one thing she could try, but it would have to be done with absolute conviction. Vincent would not be fooled by any pretense.

He had his eyes closed and there was a very mild, barely audible purr in his breathing. Ideal, she thought. She had to surprise him.

Catherine moved her hands to Vincent's shoulders, careful not to stroke him, lifted her head and looked at him. Then she prepared her mouth and gathered in a deep breath.

Suddenly she released a loud, deep growl, from deep in her chest and gripped Vincent's shoulders hard with her hands.

His response was instantaneous and almost made her lose her grip. His eyes popped open and a deep azure shadow ran across them. His upper lip curled to reveal his upper canines and a growl much deeper than her own rumbled from him.

It had taken her some time to realize that, in normal conversation, only Vincent's lower canines were visible. The upper ones, despite being longer, showed only when he yawned or was upset. At those times, his muzzle lifted and those sharp upper teeth glinted. It was a sight he tried not to display, although Catherine found it quite erotic. There was nothing about him that did not give her shivers of delight, but those teeth – they were special. She was sure he knew how the sight of them affected her.

Revealing them now, lit a fire in her core and something rough and wild rose in her. She growled again, louder this time, heard a hint of wildcat in her own voice, which sent shivers of delight along her skin. Vincent snarled then, revealing all his amazing teeth to her. That sight sent a tornado of desire along her veins and she rolled slightly onto one hip so she could reach down and cup his furry globes. She squeezed them lightly and growled again, a deep rumble that mirrored the delight in what her hands were now feeling.

Vincent's snarl turned to a throaty growl, deep and sexual and he stared at her, his eyes dark. What was he thinking, she wondered. Their bond seemed to be thrumming with something primal, indefinable, unmistakably erotic. In response, Catherine's growl evolved into something like a cougar's warning, a wild thrum that seemed to emanate from higher in her throat, feral.

Their fierce, wordless communion might have continued longer, but Vincent suddenly took charge, their bond now humming with heat. He flipped her onto the bed and loomed above her, without touching her. His canines were still fully revealed and his eyes dark with desire. A growl was still rumbling from him and Catherine responded to his passion, matching its intent, adding her own deep thrum of encouragement.

Catherine looked down his body and saw that his manhood was aroused and pointing at her. She reached down and grabbed his penis with both hands, enclosing it and squeezing it lightly.

Suddenly, Vincent threw back his head and roared. That sound made her clutch him convulsively and she tugged at his penis lightly to get him to lay on her. He consented, but only his chest and she had to let go of his organ as he lowered himself. He was resting partially on his knees on either side of her and kept his hips lifted above her. She couldn't reach them, so she played her fingers along his ribs, scored the hair there with her fingers, felt a growl grow deep inside again as she felt his change tenor, become more seductive yet.

Vincent bent his head to her and nuzzled the side of her neck, running his teeth along her skin, then licking her with his tongue. The sensation sent flames down her chest to her womanhood and she groaned loudly, felt something new build inside her.

Catherine was now aching for the touch of his loins and suddenly gave a roar of her own, throwing her head back to reveal her neck. Vincent took the offer and began to nuzzle that soft white expanse, again running his teeth lightly along the flesh and following that with his tongue.

She arched her hips, trying to reach him, wanting him on top of her, all of him. Finally, sensing her almost-despair, he slowly lowered himself to her, and she grabbed his buttocks now, raking her nails lightly across them, a low growl now rumbling in her chest. They were so close now, she could feel Vincent's growl pulsing down her chest and throbbing in his manhood.

Enough, she thought. She ground her hips against him again and at last felt his penis prod for her womanhood, find it and slide into it her moist passage. He was so huge now that it was almost painful, but that sensation was welcome. She wanted him inside her desperately and growled her invitation and delight at that intimate touch.

He didn't hesitate, but pushed himself inside her and she felt his hardness fill her, larger than ever before. He put his hands under her hips and lifted her closer, closer.

Suddenly, their bond opened like a flower and they both roared in ecstasy. Catherine could feel Vincent's eagerness now and she knew he could feel hers, like dynamite waiting to explode. They writhed together, feeling their orgasm swell but still not quite able to bring it to climax.

Catherine realized the initiative was now hers. She found his neck near her mouth and growled as she captured some of that smooth muscular length gently between her teeth. She rumbled in delight, as she felt him shudder in response, and clamped down a little harder.

Suddenly they were both enveloped in a roaring passion that lifted them up ragged steps of climax, higher and higher. Vincent was holding Catherine under her buttocks now, pumping his hips, spilling his seed into her in warm rushes, head thrown back. A deep, joint passionate growl enclosed them.

Catherine could not be still. She ran her hands between his legs from the back and touched his testicles as her hips tried to melt into his. They were both groaning now in sensual expectation. Then suddenly, they were caught in a wild nova flare at the top of their climax and it washed over them like a cleansing fire. They sighed with relief as it passed. They collapsed boneless onto the bed.

Vincent immediately slid to the side, carrying her with him. They remained locked in their embrace for long minutes, breathing deeply, enjoying the musky scent of their sweat and love juices. Catherine could feel him still pulsing mildly inside her and she sighed in delight.

Catherine was the first to find her voice and opened her eyes to find his. They were still closed.

"Oh, Vincent," she whispered, raising a hand to touch the cleft in his upper lip and tease that full lower one.

He took her finger into his mouth, nuzzled it, then opened his eyes. He looked at her, his eyes bright with such supreme love that she was rendered speechless. She could feel his post-coital calm along the bond, a counterpoint to her own joy.

"Catherine," he said softly, as she removed her finger from his mouth and stroked his cheek and then his neck. His purr began to reverberate between them, growing in strength until it felt like a pulsing massage. She surrendered herself completely to the sensation, wishing she could purr too – do something to show her love and gratitude.

Then she realized that his purr was reaching her bones, vibrating along the fine hair on her arms, making her scalp tingle. She put her arms around his neck and hugged him to her, gathered his mouth to hers. Even his tongue seemed to be shimmering with the purr and she explored that sensation with her own. She realized that her body had accepted his purr to the point that it was almost hers. She need only enjoy it – and that she did.

Were there no limits to what this amazing man of hers could do? She decided she didn't want to know. Discovering them was too wonderful.

Their mouths parted at last so they could breathe and Catherine buried her face in his chest. She felt his mouth on her hair and knew, instinctively, that another barrier had fallen between them this night. They had been wild things, completely abandoned. And like any wild thing, this was something to enjoy, accept for what it was. There was nothing that could define it, explain it – and she didn't care to.

They both sighed at this realization and, with their arms still around each other, they fell into a deep, contented sleep.

END

Less is More

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace

- William Shakespeare

Vincent stood in the bathroom of the brownstone, dripping after his shower. A light breeze from the window was marvelously cooling on his wet pelt. It was a hot day and the thought of putting on clothes again was unpleasant. However, he had to cook supper – in an even hotter kitchen – so something was required.

Then he smiled. Of course! He patted himself just dry enough so as not to leave wet footprints on the hardwood floors, and padded into the bedroom.

Now where had he put that? Catherine had bought it for him soon after Jacob's birth, a gift for that precious part of him, she'd said, chuckling as she related how she had had to search high and low to find the largest and stretchiest model.

Vincent rooted through his dresser drawers, one by one, coming up empty-handed. Frustrated, he looked around, knowing that he had seen the confounded thing somewhere, but unable to remember exactly where. His eyes fell on the full length mirror and ... there it was, hanging from a brass knob on the top. One of Catherine's jokes, no doubt, but he had accepted its presence and thought no more about it.

Now he took it down and stretched the pouch experimentally between his hands. Yes, that should be adequate. He carefully positioned it and tied it on, then glanced in the mirror. It was bright red and heightened rather than hid anything, he thought. But that was obviously the point, like the old Elizabethan codpieces. He smiled and went down to the kitchen.

He put on a big, bib apron and began making a curry from the left-over leg of lamb they had eaten the day before. He had turned on the burner under the pot, and was cleaning up the utensils and counter, when he heard the 'snick' of the basement door. Catherine had returned from her visit below with baby Jacob. He heard her come up the stairs and then through the door and along the corridor to the kitchen. He was still holding a dripping wash cloth, so turned to give her a smile and a blast of love down their bond. She looked at him lovingly.

"I'll take the baby upstairs. He's tired," she smiled, turning away to do just that. He heard her padding up the stairs.

Catherine had managed to keep her astonishment in check as she looked at the furry behind of her husband, peeking out from behind the white apron, before he turned to her. Was he wearing what she thought he was? At last? It was a hot day, so that must be the explanation. He wasn't particularly modest, but he seemed reluctant to experiment with obviously sexual accoutrements.

She fairly bounced up the stairs with Jacob and put him in his cradle. He would not need feeding for a little while, so there was plenty of time for some fun.

She searched for something he had bought for her in return for what he was wearing. Catherine had not told him that Jenny had been with her when she bought his gift and knew that Vincent had asked her friend to buy his own. Jenny had ribbed her, but had finally given up asking if they had modeled the outfits.

There it was. Catherine held it up in front of the mirror and speculated that she was a little better endowed these days, now that she was feeding the baby. But it should still work. It was quite stretchy. And the same bright red as Vincent's.

She put it on and tied the strings. She was just about to turn away when she saw Vincent behind her in the mirror's reflection. She hadn't even heard him come up the stairs. She took a moment to admire what she saw there, then turned to him.

She knew his eyes were burning at her, but she gave him a slow look up and down his delightfully hirsute, well-muscled body, before meeting them.

"Catherine," he mumbled, holding out his arms. She moved into them and hugged him. He smelled slightly of curry – good enough to eat. She ran her hands around his backside, felt his codpiece press into her belly. Their joint arousal was now singing along their bond. But she wanted to enjoy the moment a little longer. She stepped away from him and he let her go, reluctantly.

She moved to stand next to him and they gazed at their full reflections in the mirror. Neither could speak for a while.

Catherine found her voice first.

“Vincent, you look absolutely divine.”

His eyes caught hers in the mirror. He looked abashed.

“Catherine, I had never realized how erotic such minimal clothing could be. I’m humbled.”

“Oh, I don’t think you’re that,” she whispered, shifting so she could put a hand on his well-filled pouch and stroking what was now obviously eager for release.

Vincent growled lightly, closed his eyes and groaned. He felt Catherine press against him and cupped his hands around her bottom.

“Now what?” he gasped, wondering if he would explode. “Will the magic be lost if we remove these delightful things?”

“Not a chance, Vincent.”

Over the next few minutes, they proved it.

END