

Reflections and Reprise

by Angie

“What is the good of experience if you do not reflect?”

Frederick the Great

Valentine's Day was approaching, and Vincent inevitably reflected on his first Valentine's Day with Catherine. That was the night they had discovered each other as lovers, something he had never expected to experience.

He recalled every detail, amazed that he could do so, considering the passion of that particular night. But he needed to; it defined him now.

That night was etched into his memory, written into his heart, burned into his muscles, yet somehow it enlivened his blood too. And one name was the key to the memory – Catherine. His love. The woman who loved him.

Their bodies had come together on her bed, in the dark, the latter something he had insisted upon. At first, they seemed to be all elbows and knees, sometimes in uncomfortable places, eliciting grunts from himself, gasps from Catherine, even soft chuckles. The feel of her warm against him, of her many planes and angles, had soon negated any awkwardness. They inevitably found positions and places that made them groan in pleasure.

Their hands then soothed, lightly playing across textures, stroking smoothnesses, lingering over softnesses, curves, bones, bumps, faces. The accompanying sighs now heightened their urgency, until lips and noses, foreheads even, were employed in places he could not have imagined as so delightful, so ... right.

And threaded through it all, he inhaled their scents, sightless and urgent, poignant, pungent, fragrant ... and always urging them forward.

They found ways to explore and plunder zones which made their blood race and their sighs deepen their desire, and they tasted, nibbled, sucked, licked. Ah, he had wondered if he could survive each sensation more wonderful than the last, his need and hers, the joy, the ardour, reflected in his exploration of this precious land, her land, now claimed as his own.

Finally, they had found the places each needed, where curves found a home, and warmth welded to warmth, legs twined and arms held, where each became the perfect reflection of the other. And they lay there for a few moments, glorying in that exquisite oneness, until their bodies could wait no longer.

They shifted only slightly, then more vigorously, and before either could (or wanted to) prevent it, they knew they had truly become deeply one, settled into a glorious position that neither wanted to change, but which their bodies urgency prevented them the time to

languish in now. They shifted, hugged, kissed, slick and hot, needing no eyes to feel what needed to be done, knowing instinctively.

And then ecstasy shot them to the stars, carried them beyond, shiveringly, achingly, totally, incredibly, as they clutched, rocked - and finally groaned in mutual, exquisite happiness. Then they floated from that pinnacle, relaxed and replete, still together, each breath a joy, each sigh a benediction.

Vincent sighed in remembrance, feeling himself responding, knowing it was too soon. But rather than force his passion back into its proper place, or attempt to deny it, he let himself sigh again and relaxed on his bed. Without a thought, it being too early to think of rising, he fell asleep.

Soft fingers stroked his nose and then his cheek. He awakened to see green eyes looking softly into his own.

“Catherine!” he whispered, then looked around, worried. What time was it? He had not even dressed!

“It's early yet,” she whispered back. “I wanted to see you this morning, of all mornings, Valentine's Day, early, our day. And I'm not going to work – remember?”

“Yes,” Vincent sighed, recalling what she'd told him, what seemed like eons ago. He pulled her to him, hugged her tightly to him and she melted into his body, awakening all sorts of wonderful sensations.

“You seem very mellow today,” she commented.

“I was remembering our first Valentine's Day.”

“Ah, *that* one,” Catherine sighed. “That's why I came down early. Do you think we could have a reprise?”

“Catherine, I don't think we could ever replicate that night, not exactly.”

“You're probably right,” she agreed. “But we can still welcome the day in our own way.”

Vincent looked at the entry to his chamber and noted that the rug was down. Catherine must have done that. She had no doubts at all. That made him smile.

“Yes,” he said, having no reservations either, not now, not ever.

Catherine blew out the big pillar candle on the ledge and slid under the covers. It was not completely dark, not with his fan window lit from behind, but now it didn't need to be. That had changed too. Now he wanted to see her, and he welcomed the look in her eyes as she looked on him.

So he did, and she did. Together they greeted the day in the best way he could imagine. No it was not like the first time, he mused, much later. It was better – much better.

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