

Secret Passions

- by Angie

"Passion, I see, is catching."

- William Shakespeare

Catherine had a secret passion.

It had come as something of a surprise to her that living with a man did not mean that everything was ... open. She had never shared living space with a man, beyond those uncomfortable weekends away with Stephen Bass.

Both she and Vincent kept some things private – and sacrosanct. Bodily functions, for instance, required privacy and those times were not invaded. Catherine found nothing at all arousing in such things, as she read some couples did. She was sure Vincent was even more prudish than she, given his differences and upbringing. There was not much privacy below, but some things required no comment, even there.

On her side, her periods were something she did not discuss with Vincent. He would not make full love to her while she was menstruating. She couldn't blame him. It was messy and the one time they had tried, it had pleased neither of them – the first time that had ever happened. He was quite willing to engage in other excitements though.

It was during one of those monthly breaks in their lovemaking that she had discovered something that had only become more addictive over the years.

Her senses had become more acute. She was now much more aware of smells and sounds, whether because of her strong bond with Vincent, and his much stronger senses, or because time spent below had made such development almost mandatory.

Her heightened sense of smell was a delight. She loved the scent of Vincent, particularly that special part of him. She could bury her face there, lick him, nuzzle him – and breathe in the smell of him. He loved her to indulge herself on him and purred with delight as he felt her joy in that intimate contact. For his part, he loved to sink his face into her womanhood and send her into raptures by capturing her folds in his mouth and running his canines along her creases – to say nothing of his tongue. Just thinking about that made her hot.

Today, Vincent was below, engaged in a work party that was cleaning up the bathing pool. There had been a minor rock fall and the normally sandy bottom was sprinkled with sharp rocks. As a result, the children's swimming lessons had been suspended and they had been sent to Annabelle, their seamstress, with the other children, to help her sort the many boxes of scavanged clothing and fabrics that had been piling up.

Vincent had left very early. Getting the house cleaned and her office tidied – something she had been putting off for some time - had nearly worn her out.

Now, alone in the brownstone, she felt the need to relax and indulge. She took off her now grubby sweatpants and underwear, tossed them at the overflowing laundry hamper, and rooted through her drawers for replacements. Her hand fell on something silky and she pulled out a pair of green satin undies with delicate open lacework. She looked at them, wondering when she had last worn anything of the sort, and sighed. Well, why not now? She smiled as she put on a clean pair of sweat pants. Later they might bring a gleam to a certain pair of eyes. In the meantime, she had other business.

What would Vincent think of her if he knew of her indulgence? She guessed he would be shocked, although he would not want to say so. She sighed and pulled the cotton bag out of the hamper and stuffed the overflow into it. They did as much of their own laundry as they could, not wishing to add to the workload below, but sometimes neither of them found the time.

Vincent's clothing needed special treatment, being somewhat unusual and often of leather pieces. The latter didn't get washed, but they had to remove the thongs and knee pads from his pants, and they washed everything in warm water with a cold rinse, just in case. Vincent's clothes did not come with care instructions.

There was a small washer and dryer in the basement of their home, in the same room as the water heater and furnace. It was warm and dry enough there that they could also hang up the clothing and didn't have to use the dryer, except for towels and sheets. Catherine kept an ironing board and iron there, and a high-backed, heavily-cushioned rattan chair. The latter was a place she could rest to deconstruct Vincent's clothing, and rest between jobs. It had also become the location for a more sensual purpose.

Laundry was usually Vincent's responsibility, but every so often she took it upon herself. She padded down to the basement, dragging the laundry bag behind her. She opened it in the laundry room and dumped the contents into a large plastic basket and began her sorting. Coveralls and shirts were fine and had been washed many times. She put soap powder into the washer, then threw the dusty work clothes into it.

She put aside the socks and underwear and thermal undershirts for a later white wash, and carefully sorted through the rest, extracting two pieces for special attention. Then she gathered it into a bundle and carried it over to the chair. She didn't start the washer right away. She wanted peace and quiet, just for a few, precious minutes.

She felt along the bond and sensed that Vincent was very pre-occupied in the pool. So much the better. She carefully shut down her side of the bond. She could always say it was because she didn't want to distract him and have him swallow water.

Already the bundle on her lap was calling to her with its unique scents. She carefully held out the piece by the shoulders and gave it a shake until it was almost straight, draping over her knees and onto the floor. Vincent always wore combination underwear now. He had never worn regular men's briefs or shorts because he claimed they chafed him between the legs and got caught in his body hair.

She smiled and lifted the garment to her nose. Beginning with the neck, she inhaled candle smoke, then moved slowly, first to one underarm, then the other. She sighed. Vincent's smell was unique – slightly musky and spicy. She had loved it from their first night of love, but her sense of smell could now detect nuances she had never imagined. Was that a hint of lemon she caught? Ginger?

Taking a deep breath, she shifted the garment and moved her face down the front, sniffed around the buttons, imagining him undoing them in front of her – as he often did. He knew she loved to watch him undress. She could smell his hands there, those strong, beautifully-haired hands, not rough-skinned so much as but tough-skinned – and very gentle. And his chest fur, yes, there was a scent to that which was unique, almost like cinnamon, and his sweat was sweet-smelling, like that of a cat after it had licked itself clean. She imagined herself sinking her face into that broad, muscular expanse and feeling his purr vibrate under her lips as she teased his nipples. Yes ... oh yes ... he was exquisite there!

She moved her face down the buttons until she reached the fly and then opened it so she could sink her face into the crotch of the garment. His scent was most powerful here, as was to be expected. He was meticulously clean, so she never caught any residue of the usual bodily functions – and didn't seek them out in any case.

There was something else she could always find and she ran her nose over the entire area until she found it - that slightly stiff area of fabric where his arousal left its mark. That was a scent she delighted in most of all. It was indescribable – unlike anything else in her experience – which granted, was not extensive where men were concerned. Did all men's discharge smell like this, she wondered? She had no idea. The best way she could describe it was yeasty – but with a nuance of something tropical. Coconut?

There was a largish spot this time and she held it to her nose for a long time, breathing in that wild, raw aroma. It was very erotic and each breath seemed to fill her lungs with excitement and send shivers of delight along her skin. She could feel her core heat up and begin to ache. She ignored it. She would be more than satisfied later, when Vincent returned. This was her time to fantasize, enjoy her man in this very special way.

Leaving that most wonderful spot, reluctantly, Catherine moved her nose out of the garment and down the legs imagining the muscles that filled them and the wonderful amber hair that covered them. The scent here was just a little spicy, without the musk.

She turned over the underwear and began to work her way up the back from the bottom, skimming over the legs, until she reached the sagging bulges where his shapely and muscular rump had left its impressions. She ran her nose across the garment there, wondering anew at the difference in the scent here. Not so much erotic, as earthy. He was heavily-haired here too, and she loved to run her fingers over those wonderful mounds, feel his muscles tense under her hand. She let herself inhale in that scent for some time, before she moved to the back seam and breathed in the slightly salty smell she associated with his sweat.

She sighed deeply. She moved her nose around the back of the garment, imagining his broad, hairy back under her hand, and reacquainting herself with his musk and spice - with just a hint of salty sweat. She moved upwards and, too soon, was back at the neck. She allowed herself to re-acquaint herself with that, imagining his strong, lean neck under her lips and the scent of candle smoke that seemed to always be strong there, where his skin was exposed to the tunnel air.

With a satisfied sigh, she folded the garment on her lap until it was as small as she could make it, then leaned back in the chair and brought it to her face. While each part of the garment was especially Vincent-scented, this potpourri was wonderful. She breathed it in and sighed again, her eyes closed. She couldn't move and she didn't want to. She began to languorously daydream.

She dreamed of a soft lip on her eyes, which moved with a feather light touch down her nose to her mouth and captured it in a lascivious kiss.

That sensation was no dream! She awakened and opened her eyes to look into the dark azure ones of her lover.

Immediately, she tried not to feel guilty at what was still in her hands, but which had fallen untidily into her lap. She knew immediately that she had failed. She felt herself blush furiously.

"Vincent ... I was going to do some laundry. I must have fallen asleep."

"Yes, my love. You certainly did." He paused and gave her a feral grin. "It is a wonder you did not suffocate."

Then he was whispering her name into her ear as he nuzzled it and she sighed in delight. She also sensed he was amused and felt herself blush again. She tried to think of something that would explain her compromising position.

“Shhhhhh.” His voice was seductive and low. She obeyed.

He gathered her into his arms, letting the bundle fall to the floor, and carried her up the basement stairs and then up the main stairs to their attic bedroom. He didn't put her on the bed, as she expected, but carried her into the large ensuite bathroom they shared. He put her carefully onto her feet.

He looked at her, a slight smile quirking his lips, and opened a the drawer in the vanity where he kept his scissors, brushes and combs. He reached to the back and brought out a pair of pink silk underwear – hers. She had to scour her memory to recall them. She was again reminded that she didn't wear anything like it often – preferring the more practical cotton underwear of below.

Catherine looked up at him and found herself speechless. There was only one explanation for them being where they were and she blushed again. She saw him colour too, and almost laughed.

“Oh Vincent.”

He hugged her to him and she could feel a purr vibrating along his skin. She found his manhood pressing against her and ran her hands down his buttocks, remembering the scents she had so recently experienced. Suddenly she wanted to experience them at the source.

She pulled away from him and he captured her lips in his. She felt his warm hands moving under her sweater and up her naked back and ran her own up his chest, foiled by the coverall from direct skin contact.

They groaned in unison. Vincent pulled away from her long enough to undo the coverall and step out of it and his long underwear together. He dropped his socks onto the floor. Meanwhile, Catherine flung off her sweater and followed it with her pants and socks. She left the satin underwear on long enough for him to see them, then let them follow the rest. They reached the naked state together and stood for a moment regarding each other, hot eyes raking up and down.

Vincent took Catherine's hand in his and led her to the bed, lifting her in one swift movement to lay on it. He moved to lay beside her and she immediately moved between his legs, He obligingly lifted his knees and she put her hands around his thighs as she sank her face into that special place. He let her enjoy herself there for some time, but then trapped her between his legs and flipped her onto her back.

“My turn,” he rasped, moving down the bed. He dropped his mouth onto her womanhood and sent waves of delight up her body.

Their lovemaking that day was all that Catherine could have wished. She was more aware of the scents than ever before, and Vincent seemed besotted, unable to keep his nose far from her, even as their orgasm overcame them. That, she realized, generated the best scent of all, and one she'd never smell on a garment. It was the scent of love, completely uninhibited. Vincent seemed to realize it too and held her to him so that he could keep his penis inside her longer. His purr was pulsing through them both and their happiness was complete.

“What now?” she asked him when they lay side by side again.

Vincent was silent so long that she wondered if he had fallen asleep. But he shifted a little and spoke very quietly.

“I realize I need a replacement pair of your underwear. That pair is almost scentless now.”

Catherine's eyebrows shot up and she turned to look at him. He was staring at her, his eyes glinting. She could feel banked passion along the bond.

“You're serious!”

“Catherine, I'm loath to give up that indulgence, even though your delicious self is so much more satisfying. We cannot make love as often as I would like to.”

Catherine thought about that and knew that she was no more capable of giving up her now not-so-secret passion than he was – and for the same reason.

“Okay, but we are allowed only one pair at a time – and only until laundry day.’

“Agreed.”

“And there just happens to be a replacement pair for you on the floor.”

She didn’t tell him that they had not been worn long - but she was sure, given her thoughts in the laundry room, that they would be ... adequate.

“Yes,” Vincent whispered, as he gazed at her, and grinned.

Catherine suddenly felt her stomach tense and exploded into laughter. Vincent, his own mirth taking over, joined her and they guffawed uncontrollably, weakly holding hands until the fit passed.

Then their bond transmitted something quite different - and they once again enjoyed an exploration of their various scents.

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