

A SMALL EXPERIMENT

by Sue Glasgow

'Could Vincent blush?' Catherine wondered, as she packed a box of intimate apparel which had been requested by some of the women Below. The question had sprung randomly into her mind. It was an intriguing concept, which she considered as she carried the carton down to the basement where she knew Vincent was waiting.

"What is this, Catherine?" he asked, taking the box and helping her down from the ladder.

"It's something for Rebecca and several of the other women." She smiled, secretly wondering how the women would react to lingerie made of silk and lace rather than cotton. Of course, cotton was more sensible, but lately she had grown very tired of being sensible in matters of the tunnel world.

"A gift?"

"No, not exactly." Her smile widened.

"Is there a special occasion?" He tested its weight.

"No," she grinned, considering the special occasions which the contents of the box could inspire. "Nothing special." She could feel his curiosity. He rarely showed so much interest in the things she brought from Above.

Vincent looked first at her and then the box. Finally, he cocked his head, gazing at her so intently she wondered if it were possible for him to probe their bond for the information he sought. Of course he couldn't read her mind, at least she was almost certain he couldn't. There had been times when he had been so intuitive that she had found it hard to believe he had read nothing more than her emotions.

She watched as he shook the box lightly, holding it near his ear. Suddenly, this seemed to be the perfect opportunity for a small experiment in telepathy.... and in blushing. She knew just the test that would be the most interesting. Leaning back slightly, looking up into his eyes, she envisioned a mental image - calling upon a fantasy which had been invading her dreams rather often lately. She saw herself dressed in nothing more than one of the bits of silk in the box Vincent carried, and slowly and methodically, she watched herself and Vincent recreate each of the scenes in her highly erotic fantasy.

Pulling herself back to the present, Catherine was aware of a warmth that was pulsing up from her chest toward her throat. Suddenly, the warmth turned into an uncomfortably thick and heavy heat, and the floor assumed a peculiar angle. The effect was so overwhelming, she wondered if possibly she was experiencing some kind of feedback from Vincent.

She waited, regarding him breathlessly through lowered lashes, hoping to see a reaction. To her disappointment, his expression remained unchanged. There was no hint of a blush or any sort of discomfort. However, his face did slowly melt into a smile, his eyes sparkling with curious amusement.

"Catherine, are you well?"

Closing her eyes, she inhaled deeply. "Of course...." She paused, trying to regain some sort of balance and control. "What makes you think that I might not be?"

His warm breath hung close to her face, forcing her to open her eyes, only to be greeted by the glided sheen of his hair and the blue gaze that never failed to astonish her.

His smile widened, his eyes showing traces of a mischievous gleam. Balancing the box in one arm and enfolding her gently with the other, he murmured, "Because for some reason, you seem to be experiencing an absolutely charming blush."