

What to do with Socks!?

By Cindy Rae

*(This little bit of whimsy was spawned by a bit of back and forth about how awkward it is to write steam when you have to deal with things like the removal of socks. I was promptly reminded that at the end of NIBAC, Vincent's "Come hither" look practically begs for this to happen. Thanks, ladies! I owe you!)*

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Catherine placed her hands on either side of the firmest calf muscle she'd ever touched. The sock encasing it was thick, off-white, and heavily darned. Gently, she slid it down, feeling Vincent tremble at the motion. Her hands stopped moving. Perhaps he didn't want this. Perhaps they were going too far.

"May I?" she asked, not daring to look up, not wanting to see rejection, or fear, in his eyes.

He reached down and tipped up her chin, willing her to see cobalt fire. His dark pupils were blown wide.

"I think I'll die if you don't," he husked.

