

# A FIAT TO ADORATION

by Trisha Kehoe

*(from BATB Tales from a Happy Life)*

*Come forth in the silent stream of night,  
come inside the restlessness of my dreams.  
Come with ebony cloak 'round your form and  
eyes as bright as starlight in a stream.  
Come back in tears, O memory of hope, of love  
and unfinished years.  
O, this dream, too sweet, too bittersweet  
whose awakening must then be in Paradise.  
Where souls brimful of adoration abide and meet;  
where thirsting, yearning eyes gaze on Heaven's door  
that letting in, let's out no more.  
Ah, but come to me in dreams that I may know  
there is no death. Lie thee down beside me,  
sharing touch for touch, and breath for breath.  
Stroke my brow, hold me close - never let me go.  
Yield all to my desire, whisper soft, lean low.  
As long ago.  
O precious love, as long ago.*

Coming grudgingly awake, Catherine peered over at the clock on her bedside table and groaned. Only six am? Oh ... hell. Grimacing, she snuggled back down into the luxury of her bedcovers and buried the tip of her nose into the pillow. On the first morning of a much-deserved and long overdue three day break from work, she had planned to sleep in as late as she possibly could - which was far beyond six freaking am.

"It figures," she grumbled half aloud, smacking her pillows into a more serviceable lump, "When I have to get up, I oversleep. and when I don't have to get up, I'm awake with the flipping pigeons ..."

Yanking the bedcovers up to her chin, she curled over onto her right side into a tight little ball, settled herself comfortably, and then sighed in frustration. After all, what was the good of finally getting some time off if she ...

"Nuh .."

A soft grunt, followed by a sudden shifting of the mattress beneath her, made Catherine stiffen momentarily, then she completely relaxed, as though only now remembering she wasn't alone in this bed on this particular morning. That fact was immediately attested to by a rather muscular backside pressing firmly up against hers - along with the reality of exactly how much of this bed, or more precisely how little of it, she was actually occupying at the moment. Oh yeah, she had company all right. Yes ... yes ... yes!

Easing onto her stomach, she lifted her head just far enough to peer over at the great hulk of a man lying next to her. On discovering Vincent had tossed his portion of the covers to the floor, as usual, she smiled, then allowed her eyes to travel the full length of his body, loving the fact that he had become comfortable enough here, in the apartment, to sleep completely nude.

Noting that he had his left foot curled around his end of the bed, and his right leg draped along most of her side of it, Catherine barely managed to stifle a fit of giggles in the end of the sheet. It was extremely fortunate for both of them that she wasn't any wider in the hips, or she would have definitely been sleeping on the bedroom carpet, for when her Beloved sprawled, he *sprawled*.

Coming fully awake, she watched the early morning light as it seemed to filter lazily into the bedroom. Curling through the pastel floral curtains in a swirling apricot haze, the rays of a late April sun tiptoed across the sleeping form that she loved most in the world. Observing Vincent from the top of his head, right down to his rather large hairy feet, she sighed happily. Talk about '*All things bright and beautiful*' - the sight before her was more than a match for any of them.

Easing two pillows from the bed, she scrunched them behind her as quietly as she could. Rolling slowly over onto her left hip, she made a great effort not to disturb the sizable nude heap snuggled next to her. Then, leaning up on her elbow, she watched breathlessly, almost with a sense of awe, as the morning light swept fully into the room and spilled over onto the bed.

Beholding the union of rose, amber, iris blue, and saffron that strayed over Vincent's sleeping form, she watched as tendrils of the melded colors, resembling sensitive, slender fingers, seemed to lovingly enfold him. The pattern of shimmering radiance, laced with the barest residue of pre-dawn gray,

elongated up over his muscled thighs, caressed his masculinity, and then flowed outward over his broad chest to his shoulders. Coming to rest on his hair, the undulating sparks of light seemed to set it aflame in shades of copper and lucent gold, interwoven with just a hint of silver.

Mesmerized by the astounding reality of exactly who and what was sound asleep in her bed, Catherine reached out to stroke the side of Vincent's face, then hesitated and drew her hand away. No, let him sleep. He looked so tranquil laying there, his brow calm and unruffled, the usually deep furrows along his forehead softened now to tapering, thin lines; his long eyelashes a soft dusting of topaz against the stronger contours of his uniquely handsome face. From in-between his lips, white, sharply pointed teeth peeked out, bidding her an erotic, early morning hello.

Oh God, he was so very beautiful, it brought a lump to her throat, and made her fingers itch to reach out and touch him - everywhere.

Hugging herself around the middle to inhibit her traitorous hands, Catherine held her breath as Vincent flung himself fully over onto his back, licked his lips, and mumbled something she couldn't quite make out. After stretching his amply bulging pectorals, he brought both arms up over his head, proceeded to curl his fingers into the sides of his pillow, and then settled his bottom more firmly into the mattress, grunting contentedly.

Sliding to her knees and leaning forward, over him, to inspect this miracle she adored more closely, Catherine wondered where the land of dreams had taken him? Wherever it was, she hoped that region of Vincent's subconscious would relinquish its claim on him soon, and give him back to her.

Studying the long twists of hair which were caught up against his down-stubbed cheeks, she was unable to resist a sudden temptation to reach out and ease them gently away, before they could trail into his mouth. As the long tresses glided slowly, almost sensuously, through her splayed fingers, she exhaled softly, reminded of the feel of raw silk.

Although Vincent certainly wasn't a vain man, in any sense of the word, Catherine knew that his hair was an unacknowledged source of pride to him. She also knew that if given the choice of admitting to that fact aloud, or taking on an impossible task, he would have elected to teach Mouse to speak Sanskrit.

Edging closer, she rested her cheek lightly on the solid muscles over Vincent's right breast and inhaled deeply, loving the clean, spicy maleness of him, certain that there was no other scent in the world quite like it. Gently and carefully separating the silky hair over one of his puckered, bronzed-tone paps with her thumb and forefinger, she eyed it covetously for a moment, but didn't taste it as she wanted to, knowing that such a touch would awaken him instantly.

When awake, Vincent bore such scrutiny on her part only because he knew she enjoyed looking at him, but she had realized long ago that her staring made him more than a little ill at ease. With that thought, Catherine's mouth curled upward into an openly devilish grin. Ah, but when he was sleeping, she was at liberty to do as she pleased - like now for instance.

Sitting back on her heels and tilting her head to the right, contemplating him, she watched a tad

enviously as tiny sparkles of light danced along Vincent's firm belly, to his thighs, and then lower, to his plump, semi-erect phallus. Oh, he was certainly a feast for the senses. Licking her lips, she wished she would be that sunbeam - just for a moment.

Unconsciously shivering in delight, she could barely manage to believe her good fortune. This incredible man loved her. Even now, after so many years, the reality of that fact could still leave her breathless. *This sweet, gentle being loved her.*

Casting Vincent an adoring glance, she reflected on the previous evening and smiled. The poor dear had most certainly earned his rest. They had made love until well after four in the morning, and to her delighted surprise, instead of dressing and reaching for his cloak as dawn approached, he'd chosen to remain with her in the apartment; not returning Below at daybreak, as was his custom.

In the nine years they had been sharing their lives intimately, on all levels, she could count on her fingers the nights he'd stayed here, with her, instead of returning to the chamber they called home now, at least three nights out of every seven.

Knowing full well the reasons for his caution about being that open to possible discovery Above in the daytime, she admitted to herself that the peril, for him, was every bit as worrisome now as it had been at the beginning of their relationship. This, of course, weighed heavily on Vincent's mind, as it did on hers.

Plus, the laborious workload he shouldered in his world, both mentally and physically, made an ordinary schedule impossible. Added to this, was his incredible stubbornness about being what he considered a '*burden*' to her during the workweek. Catherine grimaced. Burden indeed! Every woman should have such a burden.

So, when Vincent wished to spend the night above with her, he did. It was his decision to make, and only his, and she had never questioned his choices. Delicate eyebrows lifting slightly, she afforded him a mischievous look. Yet, here he was, every lovely inch of him, and she decided that this was the perfect morning to take full advantage of that fact.

Opting to make a cup of coffee and bring it back to bed with her, before continuing her observations, Catherine treated herself to one last inspection of Vincent's impressive physique before leaving the bed. Glancing down, her eyes were widely startled to discover identical sleepy oceans of blue locked to her face.

"Oh ..." she managed, gulping, "Y ... You're awake."

"Hmmmm, barely."

Closing his eyes again and stretching widely, Vincent snuffled and rolled over onto his stomach. After caressing her right knee with the palm of his hand, he gave it a gentle, loving squeeze, murmuring, "Good morning, my Rose."

Grinning widely, loving his choice of nicknames for her, she smiled, thinking, '*And good morning to you, too, you delectable hunk.*'

. "Morning. I didn't think you'd be awake quite so early."

"Nor I, you." Cracking one eye open, he asked, "What time is it, please?"

"A little after six."

"Oh. I was hoping I was mistaken." Muttering something that sounded like a condemnation of *'Abysmal, internal, infernal clocks,'* Vincent buried his face into the crook of his right arm and sighed heavily.

After kissing the crown of his head, Catherine nuzzled the tip of her nose into his slightly hushed ear, inquiring softly, "Did you sleep well?"

"Like one drugged," came the reply in a voice that always sent gooseflesh chasing itself up and down her entire body.

Looking deliciously ruffled, Vincent opened his eyes again and peered over at the window, trying to decide whether or not to force himself fully awake just yet. Giving in to the sensation of utter uselessness, which seemed to have invaded every part of him, he yawned, then smacked his lips, his mind urging, *'Arise, you fallow lout!'* But every bone in his body seemed to be taking a contrary outlook to that decree.

Silently admonishing himself, *'See what being so overly enthusiastic until the wee hours of the morning has accomplished?'* he barely suppressed a nearly overpowering urge to laugh aloud. Making love to Catherine was truly a miracle unto itself, and being able to stay here with her, all night, was an equally pleasurable gift, one he delighted in. Yet knew he mustn't make a habit of it. But still, he argued with himself, even he needed time to recuperate after hours of ... rather intense joining.

Unable to recall his exact words at the moment, just before midnight he had tried to apologize to Catherine for his unconditional avarice where she was concerned, but his lady refused to allow such an admission. After kissing him at some length, she teased him lightly, offering an opinion that perhaps the *'hunger'* he felt had something to do with the shifting phase of the seasons, or possibly with the coming of a new moon. He hadn't argued the point, at least not aloud, but within a private place in his soul that even *'beasts'* had the right to hold unto themselves, he knew better.

It wasn't the time of the year, or the moon, nor was it the tides, or any other such mundane interpretations, which brought forth the more impassioned side of his nature. It was Catherine, and that was the truth of it. It was his insatiable passion for her, finally unleashed, which brought on feelings of what he secretly considered to be supreme carnality.

Yet, it seemed the more he tried to contain those sensations, the harder they fought to be liberated. Finally, he had been forced to admit the truth, if only to himself; these emotional urgencies simply wouldn't be contained, nor denied - not anymore. And if the truth be told, he had no wish to inhibit them. There had been far too many years of that particular wretchedness as it was.

"Hmmm ..."

Yielding to a delicious indolence, which seemed to have utterly undone him, Vincent tugged his pillow

into a crumpled ball, snuggled down into it, and buried his nose into the plump, delicately-scented fabric.

Thinking that he had decided to go back to sleep, Catherine tried to cloak her disappointment. Then, recalling some of the reasons, all of them of a sexual nature, as to why he might be exceedingly drowsy, she put her right hand over her mouth, barely stifling her laughter.

But not quite stifling it enough to go undetected by a pair of highly sensitive ears.

"What is it you find so amusing this early in the morning, my Catherine?" came a muffled voice.

Caught off guard, she croaked, "H ... Huh?"

"I believe the expression to be *'something has tickled your ... funny-bone'?*"

"Oh, I was thinking about last night, and this morning." With that, a quiet chuckle drifted up from the man on the bed. Catherine eyed him. "What?"

"So was I." Rolling over to face her, Vincent placed a kiss to the edge of her right thigh and then plopped back down on his tummy again. A heartbeat later, he tilted his head up and stared at her as only he could stare. Openly focusing on her mouth, he observed throatily, "I do believe I have been patient with you quite long enough."

Seeming puzzled, his lady very slowly glided the tip of her right forefinger along the division of his buttocks. Smiling as his bottom clenched, then immediately released, pressing upward into the touch, she asked, "Patient about what exactly?"

When Vincent rolled over onto his right hip, facing her, shimmering turquoise eyes locked to Catherine's. "You are determined to make me ask, aren't you?"

Affording him what she hoped was a look of utter innocence, she waited. Oh, those eyes would stop her heart completely one day. Right now, it was still beating, but the cadence was definitely bumpy.

Of course, she knew very well what he wanted, and yes, she was going to make him ask. As a rule, Vincent got anything he desired of her, without words. But, there were times when a woman needed to hear those words spoken out loud. Like now for instance.

Seeming to home in on her thoughts, or perhaps feeling them to the depths of his soul, Vincent nodded his head slowly up and down. Very well.

"Catherine," he began, his tone openly husky, thick with sleep, among other things, "aren't you ever going to kiss me good morning properly?"

Scraping her fingernail down the exact center of his spine all the way to the inner curve of his thigh, and then lower, to the grandeur of his usual early morning erection, she waited, and was rewarded with an expectant grunt from the man she was lovingly tormenting. Sliding her hand lower, to ever-so-delicately cup his scrotum, she smiled as the twin sacs momentarily lifted closer to his body before nestling back into her palm.

Drawing her hand away, she patted his wonderfully rounded bottom, remarking, "I was going to kiss

you earlier, but I didn't want to disturb you."

"Disturb me?" Settling onto his back, Vincent afforded her a wry grin. "If you don't want to disturb me, my Love, then you'll have to leave the room." Allowing his eyes to glide avidly down her body, he chuckled. "On second thought, you would have to leave the planet altogether."

"But, I don't want to leave the planet," she insisted, pouting at him. Loving this game they played now and then, one that he had become a master at, Catherine studied the ceiling. "Superman isn't my type at all." Beaming at him, she leaned forward and dropped a moist kiss to his chest. "But, you are. So I suppose I'll *'have'* to kiss you, won't I?"

Vincent's eyes flashed knowingly as they met hers, his reply laced with obvious sarcasm. "If it wouldn't be too much trouble."

"Oh, all right ..." After dropping a fleeting peck to the left corner of his mouth, she sat up quickly before he could do anything about it, announcing, "There, is that better?"

Taking the taste of her inside, he explored the flavor on the top of his tongue, savoring it for a moment before grumbling, "That all depends."

"On what?"

Sliding his right hand up Catherine's arm to her shoulder, and then to the nape of her neck, Vincent began to twist the long strands of hair there around the tip of his clawed forefinger. "On what will follow that rather perfunctory kiss."

Oh, oh, he was on to her. "How about some breakfast?"

No reply.

"Juice and a cup of coffee?" Except for the ticking of the bedside clock, the room was inordinately quiet. Barely managing to keep her voice even, Catherine went on, "You must be very hungry."

That got a response.

**"Oh, I am,"** he growled, his impatience obvious.

Making a great show of studying her fingernails, she kept her head down and her thoughts private. So, the game was on, was it? "Well then, what would you like for breakfast?"

After gazing at his lower body, Vincent afforded her a look which said just about everything. "If you have to inquire, then you don't know me as well as I assumed you did."

"But you didn't get very much sleep. Aren't you tired?" Catherine asked, halfheartedly easing away from him.

"Not that tired." With that, callused, unyielding fingers tightened in her hair. Sitting up, he urged her toward him. "Now cease all of this nonsense and come here, you obstinate woman."

Placing her right palm to the exact center of his chest, Catherine kept her distance and arched both eyebrows in his direction. **"Obstinate woman?"** she echoed, trying to sound highly offended.

Cupping her breast in his hand and slowly moving the pad of his thumb along the underside, Vincent focused all of his attentions to the soft nipple hardening beneath his palm. "I believe the term to be an accurate one."

Fighting not to give in to him just yet, his beloved tormentor sniffed haughtily. "*Oh you do, do you?*"

"Hmmm." Bending forward, Vincent drew the tip of his tongue over her left nipple, and then the right one. Easing away, he eyed the wet, stiffening peaks covetously, noting, "You are certainly not a man." Putting one hand to his chest, he afforded her a look of feigned alarm. "Unless you are more adept at keeping secrets from me than I had assumed you to be?"

"Oh you!" Smacking him on the right bicep, which was much the same as hitting a rock with a feather, Catherine fell into his waiting arms. "Aren't you the witty one, though? I ..."

The remainder of the words came out as sighs of pleasure when a searching finger curled into the center of her feminity.

"And it follows that if you are a woman, and I am a ..." Releasing a shaky breath, Vincent swallowed that the rest of the words, groaned, and immediately deepened his strokes.

When Catherine's inner muscles contracted, taking him deeper, a grunt of pure ecstasy burst from his throat. The silkiness anointing his fingers was so warm, so wet, and so utterly enticing. To know this exquisite woman accepted him as he was, loved him, and trusted him enough to allow such a caress, mingled with the freedom of being confident enough now, to do such things, had become one of the consummate joys of his existence. Dear God, he would never get enough of this touch, of her; or the feel of her small body moving eagerly beneath his hands, and beneath him, Never.

Capturing the hand Catherine had pressed to his chest, he kissed her palm and then nibbled on the tips of her slender fingers, wanting her so much the ache in his groin was nearly overwhelming. Sliding her hand lower on his belly, down his right thigh and then inward, he pressed her palm gently into the pulsing erection there, telling her silently what he needed of her.

Perhaps it was one of those '*phases of the season*' that she had mentioned the night before, or just a moment of feminine. '*Let's see what I can get away with*', that made Catherine react as she did.

After caressing Vincent's manhood lovingly for moment, she stopped and slowly eased her hand away, or tried to, for her fingers seemed to be caught in a trembling, yet viselike grip.

"Catherine ...?"

Not looking up, she curled the hair encircling his testes into slender spirals around the tip of her forefinger.

"Yes, Love?"

Fighting desperately to temper his urgency with patience, and knowing the battle was already lost, Vincent reached out and yanked her nearer to the heat of his body. Hungry for the sensation of closeness and acceptance only this woman could provide, he brought her forward in his embrace until her breasts were rubbing against his chest. Whimpering softly and clenching his teeth, he arched his



back in an effort to get even closer. Letting his eyes drift shut, he began moving slowly from side to side, gasping in pleasure as her nipples stiffened against him.

"Ah yes ... yes ..."

Losing himself in the sensation of pure lust rushing through his entire form, as hot and urgent in his blood as it was at the center of his thighs, he rested his mouth at the curve of her neck. Lapping at the warmth he knew would be there, waiting for him only for him, and trembling with need, he bit down lightly on her sweetly-scented flesh, then licked at the love bite delicately with the tip of his tongue.

"Catherine. Oh my dearest Love, you are still too far away. Come here to me ..."

Placing his left hand beneath her buttocks, he lifted her quickly, almost roughly, onto his lap.

"Closer," he moaned, thrusting upwards. "Why can't I ever seem to get close enough to you?"

"Here Love, let me help ..."

When the woman he ached for reached between them to stroke his erection from the base to the already moist tip, then adjusted her position slightly, so that the slick heat of her femininity clutched at the crown of his phallus, Vincent arched his back, shuddering mightily. Placing trembling hands at her shoulders, he quickly urged her body down to encircle his rigid flesh, groaning as he entered her.

"I love you, and I want you so much, I think this hunger to have you shall truly kill me one day."

Surrendering utterly, Catherine hung both arms around his neck and burrowed into him. "I'm here, Love. I'll always be here, for you."

"Every day my heart soars unto the gates of heaven, grasping anew at that truth."

After dropping hot, hungered kisses to her ear, then to the nape of her neck, and lastly to her mouth, Vincent placed his left forefinger under her chin and gently tipped her head back. Fighting the urge to take her roughly, without thought, he agonizingly slowly eased his manhood away from its true home - within her. Knowing the respite would be brief, he locked hooded, eager eyes to Catherine's, struggling against a passionate urgency ripping through him; wanting to lose himself in it; to yield gladly, willingly, to his own needs.

Turning aside his desire for a moment, he lifted his left hand to gently stroke the side of her face, murmuring, "When I was a child, Father taught me that it was considered extremely bad manners not to finish what one starts."

Truly not understanding his meaning, Catherine drew back to eye him, obviously puzzled. Capturing her by the hair and drawing her forward until they were supple, sturdy chin, to chiseled, bristled one. Vincent smiled at her through the rough edges of his bangs.

"If you are going to adore me, as you were so intent on doing a few moments ago, when you believed me to be asleep, I would consider it a great favor if you would complete the exploration."

After easing Vincent's tumbled hair away from his face, Catherine smiled and drew her finger slowly back and forth over his bottom lip. Then, knowing exactly how he would react, she leaned forward and

worried the highly sensitive cleft in his upper lip with the tip of her tongue, murmuring, "Now?"

"Another time."

Closing both hands around her slender waist, Vincent hastily drew the most precious part of his existence down on the bed. Gripping Catherine by the ankles and settling her legs around his hips, he curved both hands around her buttocks and entered her in a single urgent twist of his pelvis, whispering huskily, "Right now, it is my turn to do a bit of adoration of my own."

*TRUE LOVE DOESN'T HAVE HAPPY ENDINGS, BUT INSTEAD, ENDLESS BEGINNINGS.*