

GAME, SET & MATCH

by Trisha Kehoe

As Catherine entered their chamber, she noted that Vincent still had his nose buried in the same book he'd been engrossed in when she'd been home for lunch three whole hours ago. Not commenting, she settled their son into the cradle in the adjoining chamber and tiptoed back in to stand over her beloved.

"Hi, still at it, huh?"

"Yes." Grunting, he flipped to the next page. "What ever possessed me to promise Father that I'd report on the new aqueduct system at the council meeting tonight? I'll never finish reading all of these schematics."

"Hmmm, I know ..."

Looking up, Vincent gave her a questioning look. "What's wrong?"

She shrugged. "Nothing. I had hoped we'd have some time together, but ... you're busy."

Vincent frowned. "I apologize for this, Catherine." He gestured to the immense book. "If I'd known that you'd be through work early, I ..."

"You don't owe me an explanation. You made a promise."

"Yes, I did." Sighing, he returned to his reading.

She eyed him, thinking, *'But, I didn't ...'*

Standing at the foot of the bed, Catherine quickly shed her 'topside' outfit, then slowly lifted the quilt and the underlying sheet away from the bed.

Nibble, lick, nibble. Jerking forward at the feel of her lips against his toes, Vincent gasped. "Catherine, what are you d ... doing?"

"Playing. Keep reading," she instructed, adding silently, *'for as long as you can.'*

As though sensing her thoughts, Vincent tensed his frame. He would finish this damnable tome and then, as the saying went, *'her buns were his.'* Setting his jaw as she began chomping on his ankle, he steeled himself against any outward reaction.

"Having fun, are you?"

"Uh huh .."

Nibble, lick, nibble. The next attack came at his left ankle. Losing his place, he tried to focus his thoughts, as the words in the manual began running together like total jibberish.

Nibble, lick, nibble. He swallowed a groan. Dear God, she was at his scrotum! Tightening his pelvis and his grip on the book, Vincent stared at the pages.

Nibble, lick, nibble. No... NO... her tongue was in his navel! He'd never make it. His eyes narrowed as Catherine shifted her weight and captured the crown of his phallus between her lips. If she continued doing *that*, she'd pay dearly for her actions. Instinctively, Vincent's eyes drifted shut. As a low growl thundered upward from his chest, he clenched the book in a steely grip. This was a test, right? Well, he'd never give in! He'd lost at this 'game' in the past. Not this time!

Suddenly, Catherine poked her head out from beneath the covers. "Peek-a-boo. How goes the reading?"

Certain that she could hear his thundering heart, he responded in as calm a tone of voice as he could muster. "Admirably."

"Oh, really?" Giggling, she tapped him in the middle of the chest. "Vincent, you're at the table of contents. Are you starting the book all over again?"

"Yesss ..."

Slowly inching her fingers down his thigh, Catherine pressed her palm into his flesh. "My love, I know you're an exceptional being, and that you do many things exceedingly well ..." She tapped the cover of the large manual. "But, even you can't read a book when it's upside down."

"Yes I can."

"With your eyes closed?" she teased.

Vincent flung the book down on the bed. "I'm absorbing the words through my *skin* ...," he hissed.

As a strong arm captured her around the hip, laughing green eyes met defeated blue ones.

"Gotcha."

END