

PRINTER PROBLEMS

By JoAnn Baca

The office printer was out of paper, as usual. When Catherine filled it, it printed a page that had been in the queue. She glanced at it.

His mouth descended upon hers, their kiss sending fireworks coursing through them both.

Somebody in the office was writing erotica!

Catherine took the page to Joe's office, intending to laugh with him over it.

He was searching frantically through papers, consternation on his face.

The light dawned.

"Missing something?" She waved the page.

He blushed purple.

Catherine handed it to him and left.

It was nice to have a little leverage...for someday!

SECRETS

By JoAnn Baca

Renting the karaoke machine for the party was an inspired idea, Catherine thought. Even the most off-key singing was met with great applause.

The evening was long over now. After some "alone time," she and Vincent returned to the Great Hall to retrieve the machine. As they approached, they heard a marvelous tenor singing "Danny Boy." Peeking inside, they saw...Pascal!

Why hadn't he sung when others were around?

The song cut off mid-word, their presence sensed.

He'd disappeared before they entered.

"A secret passion?"

He shrugged. "Then we must keep his secret."

"As we keep ours?"

He touched her stomach, where new life grew, smiling. "Yes."

JENNY'S DREAMS

By JoAnn Baca

Lunch was pleasant. Then Jenny dropped a bomb.

"Cath, you've got to tell me. Do you know someone on the run from the law?"

Catherine set her fork down. Carefully, she asked, "What?"

Jenny sighed. "Someone in the Weather Underground? Domestic terrorists from the 1970s, still in hiding?"

Laughing, relieved, Catherine replied, "What? No! Why?"

"My dreams. I think my subconscious is being too literal with an actual underground community, but you are there!"

Forcing a smile, Catherine said, "Weird. But no, no domestic terrorists are my friends!"

"OK. But if you ever go underground, tell me!"

Catherine just smiled.

SEARCH AND YOU SHALL FIND

By JoAnn Baca

Catherine was astonished. Vincent's chamber, normally so neat, was a shambles.

"Have I come at a bad time?"

Vincent looked up from tearing through a drawer in his wardrobe.

"Samantha hid her gift for Father's birthday here while visiting her grandmother Above. She asked me to wrap it for tonight's party, but neglected to tell me its location."

Soon Catherine, too, was scouring the chamber.

"Found it!" She held the clay pencil holder aloft.

"You are a lifesaver."

Vincent hugged her.

One thing led to another...

They barely made it to the party, flushed, smiling guiltily.

But present in hand.

WHAT MATTERS MOST

By JoAnn Baca

It had been weeks.

Renovation work in Catherine's basement and Vincent's responsibilities
Below conspired to make meeting impossible.

The plan to meet at Dr. Wong's shop was an act of desperation: a few
minutes of closeness before much more time apart. When they finally
embraced, hesitation melted away. Lips caressed and pressed to cheeks, to
eyelids, to mouths...

The shop door opened to admit a customer. Dr. Wong smiled in greeting. A
special blend of rare herbs was requested.

They were in the storeroom.

Right beside Vincent and Catherine.

Dr. Wong hesitated, thought, then apologized. "I'll get them in tomorrow!"