

Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

13. China Moon

Ever since that time when my face was bandaged, I have a sense of where Vincent is. I looked up at him on the balcony after the final words of the ceremony. He was looking at me with such a wistful expression. I couldn't accept that, so I sent my love to him and he shifted a little. He had felt me - and I felt some of his passion in return.

There was suddenly no one else in the chamber. I wanted to rush up to him and hug him until his bones creaked. He must have sensed that too because he suddenly shifted his gaze to Henry and Lin. It was too dark to see if he flushed, but I like to think he did.

I was suddenly impatient to get home, to have Vincent to myself, however briefly, but I had to stay and participate in the happiness.

Finally, back home and changed into something comfortable, I knew Vincent had arrived and rushed out onto the balcony. He stood still against the railing, gazing over the city.

When he remarked about how short our time together always was, I knew he was feeling wistful again. I believe we will have our time, some day. I told him the measurement must be ours to decide, and he nodded.

Then I moved close and hugged him, as I'd been dying to do all evening.

"You are right, Catherine. What time we have is precious - but so beautiful that I think the usual chronology does not apply to us."

"Even when we're not together, we are never apart," I whispered into his chest. "Don't envy Lin and Henry. They don't have a bond like ours."

"No."

He hugged me tighter then and the world could have stopped for all I cared. I sent my love along the bond again and felt his in return. He has never stated it, but we don't need words. Our passion entwines every time we touch.

What more do we need?

When I felt Catherine's eyes on me and looked at her, I knew she wanted to hug me ... perhaps even kiss me! I don't know why the prospect of the latter so shocks me, but it does. It obviously does not shock Catherine.

My love for her grows almost daily, even more when we're together. Is there a limit? How can I know?

This ... passion ... I feel, at times I don't know if it is mine or hers. Perhaps it doesn't matter. We are one through the bond. There can be no true secrets between us, although I know Catherine cannot feel the range of emotions that I can. I try not to distress her with mine. She must not be distracted from her work above.

I let her feel my love after the ceremony, wanting her to know that I thought of her as a possible bride - however remote that possibility may be.

Later, on her balcony, holding her tight, I felt our world contained, complete. Nothing mattered but her love, her passion, her patience. I know I have not been very demonstrative, but I melt into her when we hug. I cannot prevent that and do not wish to. It is the most precious time we have, among our too few moments together.

Truly, as she said, we must learn to measure time in a different way. I think perhaps we have already done so. Our time together is never wasted. We know each other's heart well, and there is only us ... forever.

END