

Come Sunrise and a Morning Star

By Cindy Rae

A micro-fic for Halloween, 2017



“I want this night to never end, Catherine,” Vincent said, squiring his love through Times Square. It was their second Halloween together. The bustling crowd was all around them. They’d travelled all over the city, and had come from seeing “Phantom” at a special midnight showing at the Majestic Theater.

The city that never slept was awash in theater-goers, street vendors, and other costumed New Yorkers, all bent on enjoying the night's revels, even as "night" slid into early morning.

"Did you enjoy the play?" she asked, sure he had.

"Almost as much as you enjoyed the ice cream," he said, with a knowing smile.

"I shared," she replied.

"You always do. With everything," he agreed. *You share so much. Invite me to be a part of... so much. Tonight. And always.*

"If it stayed dark, it would last longer," he reasoned, knowing that nothing could stop the sun, but that part of him wished for that power. Not just for him. But for her, as well.

Catherine slipped her hand in his as they strolled, but inside her, within their bond, he sensed a flutter of... what? Disagreement, within her?

"What is it?" he asked, stopping her on the corner of Broadway and 47th Street.

"It's just... I know why you say that, how... how very important this night is for you, for us. But would you forgive me if I said I don't quite share your feelings?"

Of course he would, but he admitted that she had him curious. He knew it wasn't that she wanted the night to end quickly, any more than he did.

"There would be nothing to forgive," he assured, as a magician in a top hat and his scantily-clad assistant shouldered by. "But do you mind if I ask you... why?"

Catherine shifted a bit uneasily, then realized that since she'd opened this can of worms, she'd have to confess something she'd never said to him. Something that might make him a bit... self-conscious.

In for a penny... she thought, smoothing a satin-gloved hand down a brocade bodice. "I think..." She began hesitantly, not sure how to proceed. While he often complimented her looks, she knew she rarely did the same, and there were reasons for that. Vincent's life was a testament to the beauty of the inner self. She wasn't sure how he would handle a comment about something regarding his physical appearance.

His eyes still held the question, though, and she knew she had to answer, and honestly.

In for a pound. "I think the most beautiful thing in all the world is the sight of you," she said. "When we're sitting near the river, and you're looking out over it. Your eyes never look more blue ... and... and the sun paints this..." She touched the back of her gloved hand to the soft, blonde beard on his cheek, "all golden."

She confessed her impression of his face at sunrise, as she traced her fingers along his downy cheek.

Vincent watched Catherine's storm-colored eyes look back to their first Halloween, as she remembered what she described. They both knew that it had been a year to the day since she'd last seen what she recalled. Her expression held a sweet kind of wistfulness. She looked poignantly thoughtful, happy, and utterly beautiful.

Vincent knew he couldn't be more in love with her if he tried. And he well knew the moment she was talking about.

You told me you wanted me to see the beauty in your world. I think I never realized until this moment... that when dawn comes, one of the beautiful things in your world, for you, is... me, he realized, adoring her all the more.

His soft smile was a welcome one. "And now, instead of wishing for an endless night, you will have me wishing for a swift sunrise," he answered, tugging her to him for a swift hug, amid the throng.

He knew that only Catherine had this power over him. Only she had the ability to turn what should be a sad signal of the night's end into an anticipated blessing.

She smiled as they broke the embrace, and slipped her hand back into his.

Vincent had thoughts of his own, regarding that sun-washed moment.

Do you not know that the same sun that paints my cheek glistens in your hair? That I've never seen anything more lovely, that it is worth the year I have to wait to behold it? he wondered.

"Where should we go next?" she asked, stepping with him into the flow of the bustling street traffic. "There's the Guggenheim. Or the Empire State --"

"I think perhaps we should start to head toward the water," he interrupted, knowing they had plenty of time, but wanting to make sure "their bench" was empty, and waiting for them. "If the sky is clear, we'll have a morning star," he predicted, knowing Sirius would be there.

"Can you make a wish on a morning star the same way you make a wish on an evening one?" she asked, loving him as he loved her. She followed, as he guided her toward the bridge.

He glanced at her profile, his eyes focused on her soft, bottom lip. He wanted to know what sunlight tasted like, when it touched that gentle curve. He hadn't done that last year, hadn't kissed her. This year, and at this moment, he knew he was going to. He had only to wait for the sunrise.

"You absolutely can," he answered with supreme confidence. "And you must take my wish, and use it as your own, Catherine."

Her raised eyebrow asked the question, without her needing to say the words.

"Come sunrise and a morning star, I think I shall have nothing left to wish for," he answered her unspoken query.

Her smile became conspiratorial, as she sensed his plan. "Come sunrise and a morning star, I think neither will I," she replied.



No matter where you are in your own fairy tale, I wish you love. ~

Cindy

Happy Halloween

