

Thanksgiving

by Barbara

Entering her apartment, Catherine rushed to open the French doors that led to her balcony. He hadn't knocked, but somehow she knew he would be there.

He stepped from the shaded corner just as she emerged from her apartment.

She lunged into his open arms and he laughed softly, nuzzling his face into her fragrant hair.

"It doesn't matter what time of year it is, Catherine, you always smell like springtime."

She laughed and lifted her head. "Oh, Vincent, I've missed you so... all day."

"I know," was his short reply.

She nodded, and smiled knowingly. "Of course, you did."