

Fate

by Judith

“You would have searched for me?” Vincent queried, adding Catherine’s gift of another magnet to his ever-growing collection.

She nodded. “I wish I had known then about how much I was missing, and how long I’d been searching for you, without truly knowing it. I only knew something was missing in my life. Until I met you, Vincent, I truly did not understand the role of fate.”

“Fate is an ever-fickle mistress.” Vincent drew her close against him. “Truly if I had known then, what I know now, I would never have given up looking for you.”

“Always...” Catherine sighed.

