

Father's Concern

By Judith

Jacob stared at the slender young woman lying asleep in his son's bed. He'd spent the night carefully stitching her destroyed face together. Mary had tended to her battered body, washing away the blood before dressing her in one of her own night-gowns.

Now Vincent's father examined his patient, checking her erratic pulse while his mind wrestled with the worry over the trouble she could bring to them. He frowned at his tall son standing silently at his side.

"Keep a close watch. If her fever rises, let me know at once."

Vincent nodded, his eyes on her. "I will..."