

# Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

## Love's Lens

Vincent's lens, through which he viewed his world, her world, had changed.

He had been unaware, or uncertain, until Catherine had put into words what he had only dared to dream.

Now everything he saw, everything he did, was coloured by her love, and by wondering what she would think of this, or that scene, smell or sound.

Everything seemed bright-edged as under a full moon, or rain-washed and wind-scoured. His skin tingled.

Was love like this for everyone? How could anyone not want it, or worse, deny it?

How could he? He couldn't. He wouldn't. That time had passed.