

Beauty and the Beast Tidbit (100 words)

by Angie

Words and action

Sunlight caressed Vincent on another serene morning after a night of love.

Catherine was at a loss for words to describe him. To see him in daylight, who had lived all his life below ground, was more than a dream come true.

He gleamed, he shone like ... No! She couldn't use those awful clichés. She needed a new vocabulary.

He opened his eyes and regarded her, his face soft with love. He smiled to reveal his fangs.

She abandoned her musing and draped herself over him, her core on fire. She concluded that words were unnecessary. Actions spoke louder.