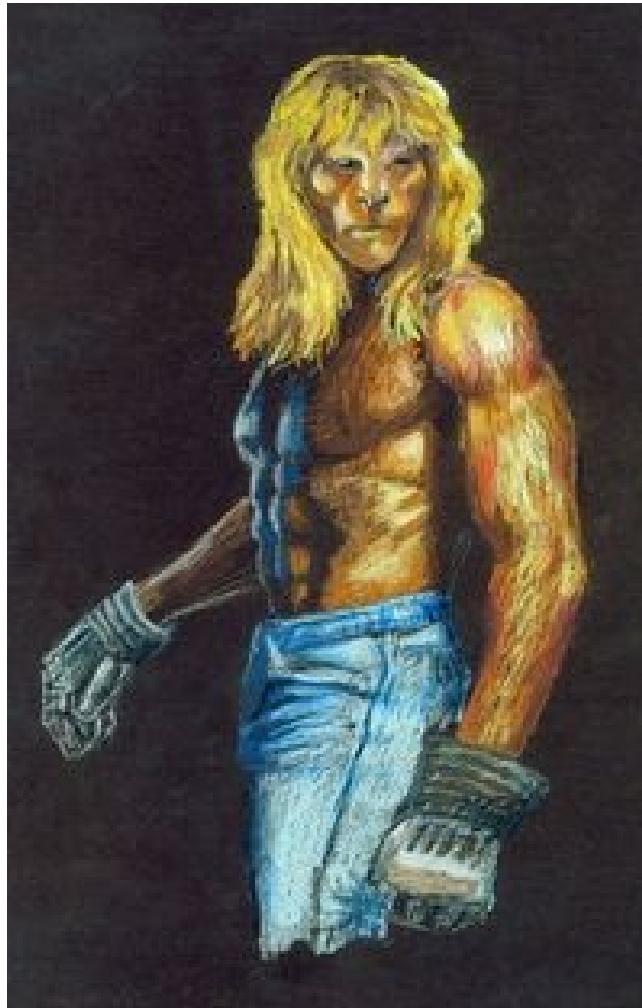


Forged in Iron, Forged in Stone

By Cindy Rae

For the Valentine's Day 2017 celebration on Treasure Chambers



Gorgeous artwork by Lynn Wright

Winslow had been working metal and stone since he was old enough to lift a mallet. Vincent had learned both trades at Winslow's instruction, but easily conceded that Winslow was the master, here.

"Big men get the big jobs," Winslow's father had once assured him. Winslow knew that keeping his home safe (and access to it secure) fell squarely into that category; that construction of the various subterfuges they all used to keep themselves undiscovered was largely his responsibility.

Not to mention many of the jobs which simply repaired what no longer worked, very well. And the occasional rescue job.

His current task was more about the former concerns than the latter ones. But he knew all jobs were important ones.

A false wall was a thing that swung on an unseen hinge, and the hinge had to be strong enough to bear the weight of at least some real stone, steel, iron, wood, or a combination of those. A newly erected gate or door needed a way for a sentry to observe who was on the other side. A real wall often needed support, if it was crumbling. And they often had to re-secure or even patch the heavy pipes that ran above their heads.

All those, and many more, were in his repertoire. All were "big" jobs. And they all required more than a fair amount of strength, not to mention the know-how to craft what was needed.

And of course, they needed a very specific place, for much of that.

The area he'd claimed for a forge, therefore, was Winslow's favorite room, in all the tunnels.

While it lacked the pristine beauty of the Great Falls, or the mystery of the Whispering Bridge, those absent qualities were actually part of why he enjoyed the wide, stony room, so much. There was nothing “pristine” about a space meant for grunt work, and for sweat-soaked labor. And there was no “mystery” to the effect a hammer, tongs, or a chisel had on heated metal.

Winslow knew that his father had used the strength of his massive arms to pound the round door at the park’s culvert entrance into its perfect, fitted shape, in this very room. Winslow didn’t know how much help he’d had, if he’d had any at all. That made the feat all the more impressive, in Winslow’s mind.

Though that had been done before Winslow was even born, he admired the talent it took to craft such a thing. His father had had a gift for design, and for a metalworker, he’d had finesse.

Winslow, however, knew he was far more straightforward a craftsman. A bent thing needed to be pounded straight, or scrap needed to be melted, and re-formed into something usable. A broken piece of something might be mended, here in this room, or an old piece made stronger. It was man’s work. Big man’s work.

The hard work got results. And the results were necessary, for all of them.

All these were givens, to Winslow, and he enjoyed the steady surety of the work, even as it made him perspire. Profusely.

A low fire burned in the forge room almost constantly. It was a flame that could be coaxed to higher life with a set of bellows, or more fuel.

It was a place where Winslow could work alone. Or with a welcome companion, as he was, today.

They were building something, together. Something necessary.

The only other man as muscular as Winslow could claim to be stood just a few feet from him, though Winslow wasn't quite sure that the word "man" could be adequately used to describe Vincent.

It was a particular he rarely bothered to worry over. He knew they were friends, and at the moment, co-workers. He didn't need to know anything more.

They were coaxing a section of wrought iron fence into becoming a locking metal gate. It was to be used near Sam Denton's place. Once installed, a spring lock would keep it shut, the opening mechanism disguised as part of the bricks in the wall.

Vagrants had been wandering in through that area, and Jamie had nearly collided with one, last week. She'd been intending to bring Sam his medicine. The delivery had needed to be severely delayed.

"Just a little more," Winslow said, as the heavy metal "door" was straightened, and turned on a wide table.

Vincent's gloved hands wielded a heavy pair of tongs, as he tugged on a hot, bent bar. Cold, the bar would have never moved, or if it had, it would possibly have splintered off. But warmed to the right temperature, and with the proper tools, it could be changed. Changed to fit the narrow opening. Changed, and used for their purpose.

Vincent nodded as he agreed that the bar was now set in the proper position. They'd need it to cool before they set the level to it, but they both knew what they were about.

Winslow grabbed the cold side of the makeshift 'door' with heavy gloves on his hands, and turned it. More work to be done. Always more.

“It will be heavy,” Vincent said, knowing it was true. The new “gate” was tall. It had to be, to fit the space. Height equaled more weight, for them to have to handle.

“Big men get the big jobs,” Winslow said companionably. Vincent merely nodded. It wasn’t a phrase he’d never heard the large black man use, before.

They’d stoked the fire high to heat the metal, and the room was like a sauna. Winslow knew better than to try and keep a shirt on when there was bellows work to be done. So did Vincent.

Sweat ran in a steady stream down the black man’s chest, and not for the first time was he grateful to have a bald head.

Vincent, by contrast, had no such advantage.

They were both shirtless, leather aproned, and sweat-soaked, and the mat of blonde hair above the covering Vincent wore was drenched, from their efforts. The apron was dark stained, at the top, and his golden beard glistened. The hair on his head was a few shades darker than its normal blonde, owing to the perspiration that dampened him. His long locks fell in wet tresses from the crown of his head down the fall of his muscular back. His arms glistened, and Winslow knew they’d both need a soak in the bathing chambers, when the work here was done.

Vincent stepped back and eyed the fruits of their mutual enterprise. The old fence section had needed to be cut down and repaired, more than a little. There was a designated hole where the locking mechanism would go, and one side was now ready for a set of sturdy hinges.

Those were details that Winslow would add when the metal was cool. Vincent knew that Winslow would probably do that tomorrow, or the

next day. Then would come the work of carrying the piece down, and holding it in place while it was installed. By week's end, the area would be safe again, with Sam getting the uninterrupted help he needed, and no one (or at least very few someones), being the wiser.

"I need the other pair of flat iron tongs." Winslow said. "The longer handled ones."

"These?" Vincent said, tugging them off the tool bench. They'd come out of a railroad yard dumpster.

"Yeah. Hold that end steady."

Vincent did so.

Winslow beat the metal with his favorite smithing hammer, and chiseled off a burr that had caught his eye. He dropped the heavy hammer with a clatter, when he was through.

"We done, here. Let the coke burn down," he said, giving instructions as to the tending of the fire. "Leave off the bellows."

Vincent nodded, understanding they were finally letting the steady fire die down, rather than stoking it up.

The black man wiped his perspiring forehead with an equally sweaty forearm. "I got a set of hinges in the tool box, back near my other bench. I'm gonna go get those to make sure I've got the right screws for 'em. You got this?" Winslow asked.

Vincent nodded, pushing the refurbished "gate" to the far end of the work table. It would cool while laying flat, so that the warm areas of metal wouldn't bend, with its weight.

“Go on,” Vincent instructed. “I’ll douse the fire. Put away the tongs and hammers,” Vincent said, knowing that for Winslow, the only unforgivable sin was to misuse or lose one of his tools.

“I’ll make sure I’ve got what I need, then probably meet you in the bathing chambers,” Winslow nodded, grabbing a workshop towel. He mopped the sweat from his shining face and neck, and snagged his shirt off the bench, as he exited the sweltering room.

Vincent stirred the hot burning coke so that it spread out, in the stone bowl that contained it. He dipped a metal can into a bucket of nearby water and doused the fire, not wanting to continue to let it heat the chamber. Steam hissed, as the grey, hot-burning coke, the residue from a previous coal fire, settled and cooled.

Vincent tugged off the leather apron he’d used to protect his chest from the sparks generated by the flames, and sometimes by Winslow’s hammer. It felt good to have the weight of it gone.

Grabbing a ragged towel, he wiped down his face and arms.

Man’s work indeed, Vincent thought, knowing that even as he said it, Jamie had been pestering Winslow about teaching her how to use the forge. She wanted to make steel arrowheads for her arrows, and iron bolts (rather than wooden ones) for the crossbow she used.

It was a debate she and Winslow were still having. There was no doubt this was hot work, no matter which gender attempted it.

Vincent settled a ballpeen hammer back in its tray, next to the cross-peon, and arranged the chisels from smallest to largest, the way Winslow liked them. He stirred up the wet coke, then doused it again, this time getting a smaller flume of steam to rise.

The previously hot, dry air in the room turned humid. Between the heat in the room and the steam of the forge, Vincent was a damp, sweaty mess, and he knew it.

The bathing pools will feel good. Not the warm ones. The cooler ones, away from the steam pipes.

Thoughts of slipping into cool water occupied his mind, and he could all but feel the water enclosing him, as he longed for it.

Off to one side of the room lay the section of fence they'd used to shear the gate from. That, too, would need to be dealt with.

Vincent lifted the wide section of fence they hadn't needed, and set it against the far wall, for later use. It was a decent piece of iron, and like its counterpart, it was heavy. If it couldn't be repurposed as it was, Winslow might melt pieces of it down for nails, or forge new chains for the chandelier in the Great Hall, or find some other use for it. Nothing would be wasted.

Vincent grunted as he angled the piece of iron where he wanted it to go, balanced it upright, and "walked" it backward until he felt it touch the wall.

The idea of slipping into the cool water returned, as he settled the heavy piece of metal more securely against the rough stone wall. The notion of a long bath had an almost ... sensual tone to it, and Vincent wanted to be done here, soon.

Soaking in water. That will feel so good...

He wasn't sure the moment he realized that Catherine was standing in the doorway, looking at him. He only knew (without even turning) that it was true.

Arms braced on the wide piece of metal fencework, he knew his bare back was on full display. That he was sweaty, unkempt, dirt-streaked and soot-streaked, and that he had his hands too full of something he could neither step away from quickly, nor conceal himself with.

Catherine?

Suddenly, the rather sensual direction his thoughts had taken made sense to him. Those weren't his thoughts, about how good the bath would feel, or at least, they were not entirely his. They were hers, through their bond.

Distracted by the chore, he hadn't felt her approach. Now that he knew she was here, there was no help for trying to conceal any part of what now lay very boldly, before her.

He froze, and she didn't speak. He turned his head slightly, but not around, simply to let her know he was aware of her presence.

There was nothing to be done for his current situation, so he did nothing. He was uncharacteristically bare to the waist, and the woman he loved more than anything in the world was standing behind him, taking him in.

And not... repulsed. His mind fed him a truth that his ego had longed for. *Not repelled, or even... put off.*

Like most people, Vincent knew what his bare front looked like, but he had only had a vague notion about his back. Probably less than other people usually had for that, since he studiously avoided mirrors, on instinct, and was never inclined to preen in one.

He knew his broad back was there, and was hair covered, like most of the rest of him. He also knew that the hair was thinner, and that it stopped altogether, at the tops of his shoulders. He knew that the hair

on his arms lay straight down, but that it angled some, on his back, as it ran toward his vertebrae. Where the two sides met, a golden line of hair protected his backbone, then disappeared, inside the belt of his jeans. He knew a hot day often made the small of his back itch. He knew that remaining shirtless was folly, on days like today. He'd soak his shirt clean through to the vest. He knew that much.

And he knew she... approved.

Approved. The word whispered, in his sensitive mind.

Catherine stood silently in the doorway, utterly unwilling to speak. She didn't want to startle him, or to break whatever strange spell was weaving itself, between them. She hadn't expected to come upon him, half-dressed. Neither of them had.

A pair of grey-green eyes stayed wide, as they took him in. *Half-dressed is the same thing as half-naked. Which one is the optimist's view?* She had the ridiculous thought as her gaze was immovably fixed on his incredible form.

He was still standing near the wall, arms spread wide, gloved hands holding the remains of what looked to her to be a section of wrought iron fence. His large hands still gripped the bars, since he'd clearly had to move it, and the action had brought his shoulder blades up, and into prominence. The golden skin shone, in torch and lantern light, and a hissing place where the fire had been still steamed, to his left. His slightly turned head accented the sturdy, sinewy column of his neck, and other than that slight turn of his head, neither one of them had moved, nor had they spoken.

The normally golden color of his skin was now touched with bronze, as the lighter body hair darkened and lay flat, all along his back. His titan's arms were streaked with both hair and sweat, the later calling attention

to the precise shape of his deltoids and triceps, as dirt streaked into the creases the distended muscles made, naturally.

He'd been drawn, by the lines of soot and perspiration.

Steam still hung in the air, and the tops of his massive shoulders gleamed, continuing to draw her amazed eye. His blonde hair now had hints of copper, and it lay damply down his back, as the shimmering locks lay where they would. A slender line of golden body hair proceeded from the fall of his mane, bisecting his back and looking like protection, for his spine, until it flared out again, just above the rise of his pants.

The waist band of his oft-washed blue jeans was dark, with gathered sweat, and his arms glistened, even as they dripped from the elbow. Though his noble head was only partly turned, she knew he knew she was there.

"Catherine?" he said the word aloud, breaking the silent spell.

"Yes." Her voice was a hoarse, choked whisper, from the doorway. If she'd meant the word to come out more strongly, she knew she'd failed.

Vincent stayed where he was a moment longer, letting the feelings she was having come to him, through their bond.

Beautiful. It was a word, as well as a feeling. Vincent continued to try to discern her.

She was happy, and excited. Nervous, and a little off-balance. Surprised. Pleased, but in an unsteady way. *She was... awed?*

The last word seemed far too flattering a thing. He couldn't quite make sense of it all, but he knew none of it was negative.

He turned a little more, but not so far around as to show her his chest. Blue eyes met green, and hers were dilated with... something.

“I didn’t know you were coming down,” he said.

“Neither did I. I just...” But the words trailed away as she forgot what it was that she was “just” about to do. He’d let go of the iron, and continued turning to the side. Standing in profile, his relaxed bare arm was now hers to behold, along with some of his chest.



Oh, lord.

Perspiration and soot had streaked dark lines along his forearms, as well, making them also look subtly traced, for her discovering eyes. She’d always known he was exceptionally strong. Now she was seeing the proof of that. Proof he’d often kept hidden, for his own reasons.

Catherine had never been partnered with an exceptionally strong man. Tom, Stephen, and even Elliot were all men of a particular build. Of average height and weight, they were specimens of a lean kind of masculinity that wore a suit well, as they worked hard, and played golf or tennis on occasion. The kind that sometimes used a suit coat to hide too many three-martini lunches, or the fact that they hadn't been to the gym, in a while.

None of them could lift a wooden beam off a door. Or shift a heavy piece of iron over so that it could be settled securely, against a wall.

Catherine now understood the difference. Vividly.

Even in profile, she could see the delineated lines of muscle on Vincent's abdomen. The soft hair there was laying at a damp angle, and she realized that while the hair at the center of his chest was thick, it fanned out some, and became thinner, as it arched down his torso.

While he wasn't muscle-bound, he was muscular, and those muscles were part of what gave breadth to his shoulders, and size to his solar plexus. She now understood why the shirts he favored were largely untailed, and why they had wide, flowing sleeves. The girth of his biceps all but required it.

The vests he wore now made sense, as well. While others often wore coats, down here, against the chill, he'd be almost impossible to fit, for one of those. Between the length of his arm and the size of his bicep, (particularly when he bent his arm at the elbow), he'd have been hard pressed to fit a tight sleeve, and still accommodate the wide range of motion he favored.

"Catherine?" His voice was soft, but the inquiry drew her questing eye from the appreciative track it had wandered down his arm. His damp,

golden beard gleamed brightly, in the flickering torch light, as did the arch of his questioning brows.

“I know why you wear a vest,” she all but whispered, praying he wouldn’t reach for one, now. “It’s because a coat is too hard to fit.”

It was such an inane comment, she couldn’t believe she’d said it out loud. But something in the spellbound tone of her voice must have communicated itself to Vincent, even if the bond was still sending him signals he could barely interpret, thanks to their complexity.

He continued to turn, carefully, slowly, allowing her to continue to take in what her eyes were clearly curious about.

More than curious, his mind amended.

Perhaps it is past time, for this.

“The cape serves me well enough,” he replied, watching her eyes widen a little more, as the complete view of his chest was hers, for the taking in.

The parts of his chest he’d mopped with the shredded towel were already trying to dry, and Catherine could see hair as light as the hair on his head at the top of his torso, sprinkled just beneath his collar bones in a fine dusting of glistening down. As it descended his torso, it thickened, and darkened some, as she figured it would. The subtle paps that indicated the location of his nipples were all but obscured, by the silky lay of body hair that engulfed them. But the skin over his ribs was all but open to her view, as was the now-full delineation of his abdomen. His waist was compact, but not small. It was simply narrower than the breadth of his shoulders.

“What?” she asked, sounding confused.

It took her a moment. It actually did, to realize he was replying to why he favored a vest and cape, over the coats or sweaters most other tunnel dwellers wore.

“My cape. It keeps me warm enough, and it leaves my arms free to move,” he said, knowing they weren’t actually talking about what he wore. They were talking about what he wasn’t wearing, without either of them having to say the words.

“Oh.”

Ohhhhhhh. He felt the syllable draw out, in her mind, even as it died, on her lips.

He didn’t move any closer, and neither did she. He felt strangely content to let her stare at him, and she felt powerless to do anything but look.

He swallowed, after a moment, and she watched the motion of his throat. It startled her into awareness. His throat. His beautiful throat. She’d seen that much of him, before. Yet, now, as part of a much larger whole, even that looked different.

A second more and she realized she was being rude.

“Excuse me, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to... to...” She faltered, searching for a better word than “ogle.”

“Stare?” Vincent asked. “It’s all right. Everyone does, the first time.”

A bit startled, Catherine realized that was probably true. But she also felt secretly that she’d failed him, on some level, the first time she’d ever seen his astonishing face; however understandable the transgression had been.

She didn’t want to fail him this time.

“It’s just... this is a step we’ve never... never taken with each other,” she fumbled.

They were suddenly speaking about a bit more than just his half-dressed state, and Vincent didn’t pretend to misunderstand her. She was correct. This was a step they’d never taken with each other.

“No. No, we haven’t,” was all he said, this time reaching for his shirt. She both felt she had to stop him, and felt she had no right to do that, if it was what he wanted to do.

She stepped into the room, drawing closer to him, but not invading his personal space. “Vincent, I...I just...”

He sensed her regret, and had no clear indication as to its cause. He stopped moving, leaving his arms down the sleeves of his shirt.

She was conflicted, somehow, and he knew it. Was the sight of more than just his face driving home how very different they were, to her? Now that her initial surprise was fading, was she now realizing they might never be more than they were right now? Or was there something else to the stab or regret he was sensing, from her? A stab of regret she was almost desperately trying to gloss over, inside her mind.

“I just... we might never. And then again, we might. I just want you...”

She reached out and caught the muslin of his shirt as it lay gathered with his arms in the loose sleeves.

I just want you, too, Catherine. He thought, using the mental interruption for his own meaning. *That may be the very problem. But mine is a longing I’m prepared to live with, to keep you in my life.*

Catherine continued to stammer, and cursed her tongue’s inability to find the right words. She was a lawyer. She made her living finding the

right words, at the right time. Yet now, when they could be so important, they evaded her.

“It’s just I... I mean we’ve never even talked about...”

Vincent sensed her consternation, and again, could only guess as to its cause. Though he knew she approved of what she’d seen, he also felt the depth of the conflict, inside her. The bond was no help to him, now. If anything, it was confusing whatever the issue was, between them.

He decided to let his link to her go, and simply find the answers he sought in her lovely eyes. She’d always been honest with him, even if the truths between them had sometimes been difficult ones. He expected no less of her, now.

“I... this has never defined us. I don’t think anything has ever done that, except our love for each other,” she began gamely, trying to form a truly coherent sentence for the first time since seeing him.

She kept a staying hand on the shirt, keeping him from raising his arms to put it on. It was an odd, but not unwelcome restraint.

“Yes,” he replied, watching her feelings dart behind her eyes, some moving too quickly to catch, or to discern.

“I want you to know that if what we are is what you want, I swear I’ll hold that as precious, and never ask for more. But if... “ She looked down and to the side, a little, and blushed. It was a thing he’d never seen her do, before. Not like this.

She is flustered. And not in a way she finds entirely unpleasant, he realized, a bit shocked to do so.

“If?” he prompted, not quite sure how to help, and not daring to assume.

“Well, if you ever wanted... that is, if you ever thought we might ... change how things are, some time. I would... that is, I would be ... I mean, I'd want you to feel like you could come to me and ask anything...”

She was aware she was fumbling like an adolescent, and that she was standing next to a man who was anything but. She chuckled and shook her head in a self-deprecating gesture.

“You wouldn't know I make my living using words, right now,” she said, releasing his shirt. He put it on, not knowing what else to do with it.

He saw her look of regret as he tugged the hem lower, and it fed something inside him that had never known so much as a morsel.

She's sorry I'm covered, he realized, exulting silently, in that knowledge.

He shouldered into his patchwork leather vest since it was either that, or remove the shirt again, and the latter made no sense. But he let his head drop low, so that it was near hers.

He caught her tiny intake of breath, and knew it to be one of anticipation for what was to come next. He didn't need the bond to know what she was feeling. He could tell by the blush of her cheeks, and the soft, welcoming look in her eyes. It made him feel bold.

The next words were out of his mouth before he could call them back.

“I would cherish being your ... lover, Catherine.” He was proud that he barely stumbled over the intimate word. “You must tell me when the time is right, for you. And if it never is, I will always--”

“If five minutes from now is rushing it, do you think maybe after dinner?” she interjected.

Her cheeks went from pink to scarlet, and he blessed her for her temerity.

“I mean... there’s a concert in the park tonight.” She tried to smooth over the abrupt, potentially graceless invitation with something more refined. “It’s Rachmaninoff. Would you like to have dinner, later, and maybe listen to the music in the Music Chamber? And then maybe we can ... talk... after?” Her blush continued, furiously. And they both knew that the word ‘talk’ was rapidly becoming a euphemism.

He wanted to laugh at her discomfiture, at least a little. *Is that how this is accomplished? Not with seriousness but with... levity?*

He played right along with her, and allowed himself to smile.

“I think five minutes from now has its virtues, and that after three years, there’s not a soul in the world who could accuse us of ‘rushing it.’”

He fastened his vest closed. “But if it pleases you to have dinner, then listen to beautiful music...” He raised a taloned finger and brushed her hair softly behind her ear... “Then it pleases me to share that with you. And whatever comes ... after.”

She caught his not-so-well-hidden smile, and returned it with one of her own.

“You’re laughing at me,” she accused lovingly.

“Perhaps. But I mean no ill by it.” A wonderful thought occurred to him. “Is that how this is done? Light-heartedly?”

Her smile grew. As a woman of her time, she’d had her affairs, and most of those had contained a certain intense, serious flavor. And certainly Vincent was an intense, and serious man. But for whatever

reason, they'd reached this moment with a touch of humor, rather than gravitas. She was grateful for it.

"Perhaps for us, it is," she acknowledged, mentally changing her dress for the evening. Something just a tad more seductive than the peach frock she'd planned on now seemed called for.

"This would be a big step for us," she said. "A big change."

He looked around the room they now occupied. It was a place for making changes to existing things. Why should they be immune?

"If iron and stone are changed by heat and strength, I'm not sure why we can't allow ourselves to be," he replied.

Catherine liked his metaphor. Almost as much as she liked knowing the pattern of his chest hair, now hidden beneath his clothing.

She stayed close to him, loving his nearness almost as much as he loved hers. His shirttail was still untucked. She admired the light blonde hair that was now peeking at her above the neck of his white shirt, realizing with delight that she now knew its more complete, masculine design.

"We could skip dinner," she offered.

He planted a small kiss on her forehead. "We could avoid the concert, as well," he replied, his deep voice a luring rumble in his chest. "But something tells me that I would greatly regret having this night pass without the pleasure of seeing you drenched in music," he concluded, gently enfolding her in his arms.

His quiet tone and enclosing, reassuring stance told her that they now had all the time in the world.

"Perhaps it will rain again," she whispered, resting her ear over his beating heart.

“If it does, then I shall know the joy of seeing you drenched twice,” he predicted, praying silently for a cloudburst.

Maybe more than that, she thought wickedly, staggered by the notion of their first time being in the Music Chamber, soaked to the skin by rain – and each other.

“Just in case it doesn’t rain...” the sound of doubt crept into her voice. She didn’t want him to be disappointed, in case they were both still high and dry at the end of Rachmaninoff.

“It will,” he predicted, content with his own prognostication.

“Oh. It will, then,” she was utterly content to agree, no matter what the outcome. The thought made her smile all the more.

“If it doesn’t, shall I have Mouse standing over the opening with a watering can?” he asked, still keeping her spirit light.

She looked back up at him, mischief sparkling in her lovely eyes. “If what’s going to happen in that chamber is what I think is going to happen, you might want him far away from there,” Catherine teased, giving as good as she got, for levity.

He cupped her strong jaw, and kept her near a moment longer. Lowering his head further, his soft breath whispered over her parted lips.

“Then I shall order a small tempest, and command Mouse to stay far away. Is there anything else you want, for the evening?” he asked, his blue eyes boring into hers.

“You,” she whispered, meaning it with her whole heart. “Just you, Vincent. That’s all I need. I think it’s all I’ve ever needed.”

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And before the night became morning, everything that Vincent ordered and everything that Catherine needed came together as one, joyful blessing. A blessing full of change, and acceptance.

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No matter where you are in your own fairy tale, I wish you love. ~ Cindy

