

# Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

## 4. Terrible Saviour

I have to rescue Catherine when she's in danger. I could no more ignore her fear than cut off a hand - but what is it doing to me?

Today a man is dead because he threatened her. But would he have killed her? It seems he really wanted me, to fight me and pit his metal claws against what I was born with. In the end, cornered, he realized his mistake and tried to escape.

What bothers me is that I enjoyed the encounter. I could have died, but Jason rescued me, just before he jumped to his death. I could see the compassion in his eyes. He knew he was not like me - he could take off the claws and be a man, walk the streets. I think that led him to spare me.

We recognized the passion in each other. He helped people to fight back against thugs. I have acquired some of Catherine's respect and passion for the law. Who can say which is correct? Perhaps they both are.

Here below, we tend to ignore the conflicts of the world above - the constant fight of good against evil. Now I realize that that fight is not clear cut. There are nuances I had never imagined, degrees, shadings. Even a person as obsessed and violent as Jason had elements of good in him.

How can I presume to judge? I must rely on Catherine. Her judgement is clear and on what is considered justice above. Her passion for that will draw me as strongly as her love.

I would not want it any other way.

Safe in his arms after another adventure, I can feel Vincent's heartbeat. His body language tells me all I need to know.

We could both have died in our encounter with Jason. But what could I have done differently? I have to believe in the rule of law.

Vincent has become my protector, yet the role does not seem to trouble him as much as it does me. Perhaps he justifies it in moments like this, when we hold each other and become one, together against the world.

We are both passionate about our worlds. His would never endanger him as mine does, yet he comes to me, cares for me, even rescues me.

He is so strong and never seems to doubt that he would win in any encounter. Yet, he told me he almost died on that bridge, and that Jason helped him.

That was too close. I could not bear to lose him, but especially not to someone I had been pursuing as part of my job. I would never forgive myself. As it was, he was injured by Jason's claws, and that is on my conscience too.

How long can we go on like this? Will my job always put us both in danger? What can I do about it?

He tightens his arms around me, as if he can read my mind. He knows I'm having an attack of conscience and he's telling me not to worry.

Perhaps this passion of ours will win out. It's like nothing I've ever known. Perhaps all we can do is accept what must be and savour the moments like this.

Yes, he seems to agree. I could stay like this, enfolded in his cloak, safe in his arms, forever. But life demands more of both of us, and we must not hesitate out of fear of the future.      END