

Vignettes – Webs

by Angie

12. Shades of Grey

After Catherine had taken a shower and changed into her night gown, she allowed herself to remember that look in Vincent's eyes. She had seen and felt something - longing perhaps.

Their bond, it seemed, could now alert her when he was in danger. Somehow, the one way emotional traffic had become two-way - at least in that instance. It made her happy to think that she had that subtle connection to him.

Does he know this, she wondered. It was a new experience for him as well. Although the bond was much stronger for him, she was glad she had known of his danger. Without that headache, she wouldn't have gone below, met Mouse, or gone to Elliot for the supplies Mouse needed.

Perhaps Winslow and the others would have broken through that immense amount of rock and reached Vincent and Father in time - but perhaps not. The thought was too horrible to think about for long.

Vincent obviously believed that they would not have been rescued but for her. He had saved her life so many times. She was so glad she could be of help.

Would anyone have let her know if the worst had happened? That was something she didn't like to think about. Perhaps Vincent had known this somehow, or had been distracted by trying to survive and help Father. That implied that he did control their bond to some extent - an interesting thought.

Catherine decided she should try and spend more time below. She wanted them to know they could come to her when they could not get the help they needed otherwise.

Father, of course, had contacted her when Vincent had gone missing above, when the two scientists captured him.

But this was different. She had been able to help him in his own world, a world she had always thought apart from hers. It wasn't - they were definitely connected - and now Vincent knew it too. She wanted to be closer to him and his world.

Perhaps nothing would ever be the same again. That was a thought that would give her pleasant dreams.

Vincent soaked in the bathing chamber he shared with Father. He was bone weary, but his mind wouldn't let him completely relax. He had much to think about.

Somehow, Catherine had known that he was in danger, had felt it along their bond. He had been frightened, certainly, but mostly for Father, who was older and had been injured. He himself might have been able to find a way to climb out of the Maze, but Father could not. It was fortunate that neither of them had been killed by the falling rock.

He had heard the attempts to hammer away the long yards of rock that trapped them, but it wasn't until Catherine arrived that he began to feel hope. He had been able to feel her fear, but also her determination to rescue him.

Somehow she had fallen down a hole and into the chamber of the one person who had the best chance of finding a way to rescue them - Mouse. Then she had used her friendship with Elliot to get the supplies Mouse needed.

It was fortunate that Catherine could call on Elliot for help, that she had kept that connection open. It was a lesson to him, that connections were important, even in the world above. He could not pretend, any longer, that his world owed nothing to Catherine's.

Their lives, he, Catherine and Elliot - were still tangled in a complex web. He did not know what she had said to Elliot to gain his cooperation, but he knew now that he did not need to worry about their relationship, but he would never forget that Elliot had saved their lives.

More to the point, their bond was now more important than ever. Life below was fraught with dangers. He would not want her to be isolated, left wondering, should something happen to him.

Catherine's last words to him were burned into his mind too. He should have been able to answer her in kind, but he had been struck dumb. What could he say in the face of her love for him?

Vincent sighed. Their relationship had seemed so simple in the beginning. Now it was deeper and richer with every meeting. Their connection was getting stronger. He realized he could not - and did not want to - change that.

Their worlds were now bound in a way he could never have foreseen even a few weeks ago. That thought warmed him and he smiled.

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