

# Vignettes – Webs

by Angie

## 3. Siege

Vincent sat on the building ledge and looked over the city. He felt connected to this city of his birth as never before. Three times now he had felt the pull of its human web and had gone above to help Catherine.

This time, he been able to help a building full of old people – and been seen by them and accepted. They had overcome their fear and thanked him.

He knew for certain, now, that his connection to Catherine was a good thing. With her at his side, he could be a crusader. He could help her right wrongs and bring rough justice to thugs. She worked in the day and he in the night, but each of them fully utilized their strengths. They were a team.

He and she had fought a powerful, rich man at the centre of a maze of deceit and criminal activity – and they had won.

Certainly, there was danger on this road, but how could he not help? He had physical advantages, and he had to protect Catherine. She protected him too, ensuring he returned to himself after his killings and escaped. That was the most vulnerable time for him.

She understood! To Vincent, that was the most amazing thing of all. She watched him kill, saw what it did to him emotionally - but still cared for him and again made sure he was safe.

He would never have thought that saving a piano player from a Molotov cocktail would have led to this point. He felt at peace with himself and his life as never before.

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After Vincent left her, Catherine had stayed to talk to the police and seen the courage shown by the old people revealed again. None of them had mentioned Vincent – or even hinted that anyone other than themselves had fought the thugs. She had backed them up on this.

They would now be able to get back to their lives and she would ensure that Elliot's management company did its job and ceased its bullying tactics.

It was wonderful to have been able to help the old folks. She felt a happiness and satisfaction she had never known before. Vincent knew – he could feel what she did - and that gave her pleasure too.

Their connection was strong, and she realized that she relied on him to help her at her greatest need. Was it right for her to do that? It worried her that he put himself in danger for her.

On the other hand, without him, she would not be able to deal with the criminal elements that were the source of so many of the challenges she faced in her job.

Elliot had tried to extract himself from the mess, tell her he was innocent. He seemed unable to understand that his demands had consequences, that his hirelings took him literally, that the web of deceit he had spun also trapped himself.

And she had almost fallen in love with him. Was she so gullible? Has she been fooled by his wealth, his good looks? That made her think. Vincent would never deceive her as Elliot had. He could see through deception. She needed to be more like him. Perhaps their bond would help her.

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