

Vignettes – Webs

by Angie

4. Terrible Saviour

Catherine left Vincent resting in his chamber, after Father had treated the long slashes ripped by Jason's claws. She knew he was tired, but he was too quiet. He had been reluctant to talk.

She had not expected Jason to spy on her and discover Vincent - or take the action he had. It bothered her that she had not anticipated what he would do when her suspicions threatened him.

Had Isaac known? How far had Jason confided in anyone? Why had he wanted to meet Vincent?

There were too many questions, and no answers that made sense anymore. Jason was dead but there were others who would continue his work, hopefully less violently.

She realized that many people in the poorer neighbourhoods had difficult lives. They relied on their webs and tried to keep them strong by helping each other. Jason, while he talked the talk, had been more interested in playing subway vigilante, fighting violence with violence.

It had been Vincent who had saved her and restored balance. Her world and its structure of laws had no meaning for either Jason or Vincent, in the final analysis. That disturbed her.

What was she doing? How could she justify her work if it meant Vincent had to rescue her? If she hadn't pursued Jason, would he have spied on her? Had she any right to condemn him?

Her life was such a tangled web it gave her a headache.

Later that week, when Vincent came to her balcony, she still had no answers, but she loved the comfort of his arms around her. Somehow, she must sort out the threads that bound their worlds and keep Vincent safe and apart from those which threatened him.

Vincent could feel Catherine's relief, tinged with unease as he held her. They had come close to death again, and again he had almost been exposed. He knew Catherine must be attempting to make sense of what had happened.

It seemed obsessions in the world above threatened him, Catherine, and all they held dear. He wondered, not for the first time, what he could do differently. How long before he exposed himself and the world discovered him?

He was always careful, but increasingly he worried about the danger. Catherine had added a new dimension to that danger. When she was in trouble, he could not prevent himself running to her aid. Their bond was so strong that he could pinpoint her location exactly.

Catherine's job was such that she became exposed to criminal groups, whose reaction was instinctive. He did not want her to stop fighting those elements. He had seen the results on his nightly wanderings for too long. But Catherine was correct - they had to be fought legally, if possible.

Jason had thought himself above the law, but in the end, his pride had been his downfall. Neglecting even his own people in the end, he had played a lone game. It was a lesson. Connections were important.

"No man is an island," Vincent mused quietly, holding Catherine close.

Catherine looked up at him and smiled.

"No, and we forget that at our peril."

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