

Vignettes – Webs

by Angie

6. The Beast Within

Through the haze of drugs, Catherine saw Vincent standing beside the bed, and wondered at it. Then she remembered that she was in a hospital, again.

She had been having a wonderful dream, but even in her fuzzy state, she knew it was only that.

She told him of it, knowing he would want to know that she had been dreaming of them, walking in daylight, on the streets of New York.

Then she saw him smile, really smile. His face, which had been sombre, was transformed. She wanted to leap up out of the bed and kiss him. But her limbs wouldn't obey her, and she knew she should be grateful they didn't.

She remembered another time, it seemed so long ago, when she had missed him and wondered where he was, and what he was doing. So much had changed. Had they been connected then? She supposed so, but she hadn't known about their bond then.

This time, she remembered getting shot and falling down, then, as if in a dream, hearing him roar. He had been close by, watching over her! That roar gave her a moment of comfort before blackness enveloped her. It meant she was safe, that he would save her - somehow.

She would ask him for the story ... later. She was so tired.

She concentrated, and managed to move her hand, and felt him take it in his large one. Such a gentle hand. She wished she could hold it forever.

Sleep took over, but his warm hand in hers told her everything she needed to know. He would never leave her.

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Seeing Catherine in a hospital bed made Vincent want to roar again, this time in relief. He had left Mitch alive, but didn't care what happened to the man now. Catherine was his only concern. He had felt her regain consciousness and nothing else mattered. He had had to go to her, to see her for himself.

Beyond hope, beyond anything, she opened her eyes and saw him, and smiled. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever experienced. She knew him!

Then she had told him her dream and his heart soared and he had smiled at her, a full smile, something he had feared to do before. She had smiled back and he had felt her joy.

Oh, their bond was everything to him now. She seemed to be wrapped around his heart like a warm blanket. His soul had been captured in a fine silken web spun of ... dare he think it ... love!

Her feelings for him shone bright and pure now, even though she was drugged. He could feel that too. Their bond was stronger. Every time they were together, it seemed to deepen a little more.

Where would it take them? It was still an unknown, even to him. He did not understand it, but he would not be without it now. She was his world, and their connection the most important thing in his life. It kept her close to him, even when they were apart. In truth, they were never apart anymore.

That thought warmed him and when she held out her hand he took it, carefully, happily. He held it until she fell asleep and he had to leave.

But that warmth around his heart was still there. It would be with him forever.

END